FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

Grammar in Rhyme

It is seldom that one sees so much valuable matter as the following lines contain, comprised in so brief a space. Every little grammarian just entering upon the mysteries of syntax, will "poem" to memory, as by so doing many a "black mark" will be avoided, for with these lines at the tongue's end one need never mistake a part of speech.

one need never mistake a part of speed.

Three little words you often see, Are Articles—a, an, and the.

A Nom's the name of anything, A school or garden, hoop or swing.

Adjectives tell the kind of Noun, As great, small, pretly, white, or brown.

Instead of Nouns the Pronouns stand—Her head, his hee, your arm, my hand.

Verbs tell of something to be done—
To read, count, sing, laugh, jump, or ru.

How things are done the Adverbs tell, As slowly, quickly, ill, or well.

Conjunctions join the words together—As men and women, with or whether.

The Preposition stands before a Noun, as in or through a door.

The Interjection shows surprise, As oh! how pretty—ah! how wise.

The whole are called Nine Parts of Speech, which reading, writing, speaking teach.

Not a eastle that had been suddenly swallowed by a hungry earthquake, neither had it been buried for years and years beneath the stones and ashes of an

weither had it been buried for years and years beneath the stones and ashes of an active volcano.

It was indeed a curious affair, this castle about which I am going to tell you, for it was planned and built under the ground. The only visible part of it was a queer little turret in which could be discovered not the least trace of loopholes, windows or, doors. The fortress itself contained a number of mysterious winding passages and graduated gallerges, and though the walls were smooth and most perfectly hard-finished, they were bare and gloomy enough, and no old paintings from the master-artists were suspended there. There was many a niche and alcove too, alike undecrated by flower-vase or statue. Not a ray of light was ever permitted to enter its cheerless apartments or dispel its melancholy gloom. ty of light was ever permitted to enter s cheerless apartments or dispel its lelancholy gloom.

As for the master of this hidden cas-

he seemed only intent upon enlarg-his subterranean domains. With n, he seemen, he seemen has been also and the subterranean domains.

on-derful skill and never-flagging eneron-derful skill and to construct new paswonderful skill and never-flagging energy, he continued to construct new passages and apartments, adding a chamber here and a hall there, with apparently no other purpose than that of making his hermetical stronghold unmistakably convoluted and security.

complicated and secure.

This eastle was logated in the midst of a forest, and for many days I climbed a tall beech tree that overshadowed its tall beech tree that overshadowed its visible tower, and strange to say, every day at precisely twelve o'clock, I was rewarded with a sight of the princely architect himself. As he never varied in his time of coming to the surface, I at first inferred that he doubtless obtained his luncheon outside, and came up at the proper dinner hour to secure it. But I afterward decided differently as you will see.

I afterward decided differently as you will see.

Earnestly desiring an intimate acquaintance with this interesting stranger, I one day descended from my observatory in the tree, and with shovel in my hand, awaited his noonday appearance. Suddenly he came to the surface, and in a twinkling I placed my spade under the base of the tower, and tossed this hermet lord into a deep bucket, which I had placed at a convenient distance. The movement was too sudden to allow him any hope of escape, and I carried my prisoner home in triumph, but soon made the discovery that I had no beggarly straggler in charge. On the contrary, he appeared to be a right royal recluse. He was richly clad in a very soft velvety fur suit, of dark lead color, the tips of the coat-tail, pants, and waist-bands being trimmed with a band of pure white. The cleanliness of his fur was simply marvelous. Buried in the mud and earth as it had been in its little underground dwelling, still its coat was beautifully fresh and free from spot or dust. Although he evinced great strength, he was diminutive in size, the length of his body being no quite five inches, though his smooth, narrow coat-tail dragged about an inch on the ground, and I wondered how he kept the white pointed tip so glossy and and unsoiled! He was decidedly stout and "thick-set," and his pretty oval head was joined directly to his sleek body without any visible neck. For some days I believed him to be a blind mute, and therefore did not wonder at his indifference to the gloom of his subterranean quarters, but after bringing my good microscope into requisition. I discovered that his eyes were not only very minute, but that they were almost hidden by his soft fur robe. But they were there, two very bright, twinkling eyes, actually smaller than a grain of mustard seed, and evidently adapted to nocturnal explorations. His sense of hearing, too, appeared to be very acute, though I could discover no appearance of an external ear. He struggled while I held his fat, broad palms in one hand, and Will see. Earnestly desiring an intimate It seemed rather unfair, thus to treat a helpless prisoner, but I excused myself on the ground that I was only seeking for information.

Then I untied his hands and feet, and

threw him into a tub of water, where I was delighted to see him swim like a fish. "Where could he have learned to do this?" I exclaimed; and then I tried to imagine that his castle-grounds might be beautified with fountain sprays and silver lakes of his own construction. and silver lakes of his own construction I took him out of his bath, smoothe and silver lakes of his own construction. I took him out of his bath, smoothed and dried his fur robe, and placed a rich repast before him, which was made up of earth-worms and ground nuts. This he devoured very greedily, even exhibiting a degree of ferocity as he hunched his round back, and ravenously pushed the food into his mouth with his fat, chubby hands.

And now allow me to introduce you to [this curious little king-architect of the Under-ground Castle. His family name is Tulpido, but he is generally known as Scalops aquaticus. And so, after all, he is only the common' blind mole," whose little hillocks here and there are familiar to every one. And yet, by patient and castle losservation,

his body, though when I threw him into the water I found that a little dirt settled in the bottom of the tub. The little creature searched deep into the earth for insects, tender roots, and worms, and it will even sink a well to supply its young with water.

earth for insects, tender roots, and worms, and it will even sink a well to supply its young with water.

Every spring and autumn from four to five baby-moles are added to the family; and as my little captive was born and reared under the ground, he naturally soon began to pine for his 'mative element.'' So one day I carried him back to the ruined hillock, and, quicker than a flash, he disappeared beneath the surface. As his tower had never been rebuilt since his capture, I inferred that he was the sole occupant of the hidden castle. Immediately on his return another mound began to form, and as I watched it from day to day I discovered that his noonday visits outside were for the sole purpose of getting rid of loosened earth, which would otherwise be in his way, though why he should select just that hour for his "out-door" exercise I cannot imagine. During the months of June and July the males and females mate, and at that season the males engage in deadly conflicts with one another, probably through jealousy and rivalship.—Golden Hours.

A Butterfly Collector.

A Butterfly Collector. Mr. Metzger, a resident of Albany, N., has one of the largest and finest col-cetions of butterflies in the world. It bok Mr. Metzger twenty-live years to Mr. Metzger, a resident of Albany, N. has one of the largest and finest collections of butterflies in the world. It took Mr. Metzger twenty-five years to gather them. From Russia, France, Great Britain and Spain; from Florida and Texas; from Maine and Canada; from the woods of the North and the groves of the South, these marvels of nature have been brought and now preserved in a manner maintaining their living features, they present a picture of beauty simply indescribable. There are over ten thousand of these richly colored flies, and they are a study indeed. The writer suggested they represented a fortune, "Yes," said Mr. Metzger, with a shrug oil his shoulders, "but I never sell a fly. That I would not do. Sometimes I want a particular fly from abroad, and it costs me often ten or twenty dollars, but being a poor man I endeavor to effect an exchange with my duplicates. Others more fortunate than I can buy them outright. I confine my collection to the latitude of the Northern Hemisphere. There is a fly named after me, and over in that corner is one that is simply priceless. There are but two known to exist. You see that delicately constructed insect. That is of a remarkable family. It hatches as a butterfly in September; lives through the frost of winter; cold, however intense, cannot kill that gossamer bit of God's handiwork, but when the spring comes and the soft nights of May makes all nature lovely, this little thing gives up its eggs and dies. Its mission is over. There is the common moth. How graceful and dainty it is! There is the outcome of the tomato worm, which has desolated acres of tomatoes in certain years. There is an insect of which the male only is winged, and yonder a fly of metalic hue, which is considered by us very valuable."

"Have you caught many of these butterflies yourself?"

which is considered by us very valuable."

"Have you caught many of these butterflies yourself?"

"The greater part of them. When a boy in the old country. it was my hobby, and for eighteen years in America I have been busy. Even in this neighborhood I am out nearly every summer night, hunting for my treasures. I will spend all day in the woods, or all night, for that matter, in search of what I spend all day in the woods, or all night, for that matter, in search of what I want. In this way I got many flies that I had not, and many that are wanted abroad. I am an enthusiast, of course, and take great care of what I have."

"To you, then, it is a delightful occupation to search for and find a new butterfly."

pation to search for an understand terily."

"It is a delightful occupation. Every thing in nature is beautiful, not merely butterflies. Take the birds or fish, or different insect life. It is a study of man for which a lifetime is tool short Nature is as rich and bountiful in beauty as in utility, and it is pleasant to find this out by personal experience."

Burdette's "Hawkeyetems."

There's bound to be trouble in this id country yet. They are Taunton fassachusetts and Macon Georgia mad.

Probably it is because man was created from the dust of the earth that he is still advised by his friends to "get up and dust."

"I am going to Colorado for my health," said young Keepitup to old Bobyshell, the other day. "Ah!" re-plied the old man, " nd when did you leave your health there?"

Over on West Hill a man wants to match his hired girl against time for \$500, to smash one thousand china cups in one thousand quarter hours, gate money to go to the man, and push shots barred.

"When I was a boy," said a very prosy, long-winded orator to his friend, "I used to talk in my sleep." "And now," said his friend," "you sleep in your talk." But somehow, that didn's seem to be just exactly the point the orator was going to make.

orator was going to make.

"What a horrible, base bawl;" the frog shouted, from the shade of his lilly let in the pond, to the big red cow who was trying to sing "The last rose of summer," on the bank of the pond. "What an awful croquet," sighed the cow, contemplatively turning her quid while she looked around for some boy to chase across the meadow.

A correspondent who signs himself

A correspondent who signs himself "Inertia," wants to know "what is the best cure for laziness?" Well, there are several good cures, but suppose you try carrying a new laid hornets nest around the block every morning, for a week. There wouldn't be anything lazy about you during the latter part of the promenade, and unless the nest gives out before you do it will prove a perfect cure.

Evading the Customs Duty.

This he devoured very greedily, even exhibiting a degree of ferocity as he hunched his round back, and ravenously pushed the food into his mouth with his fat, chubby hands.

And now allow me to introduce you to this curious little king-architect of the Under-ground Castle. His family name is Talpidae, but he is generally known as Scalops aquaticus. And so, after all, he is only the common 'blind mole," whose little hillocks here and yet, by patient and cateful observation, we find that he is a most interesting little animal. His small body is a combination of mechanical implements. His long snout serveys as a crow-bar, pickaxe and spade, and his whole frame is an ingeniously complicated machine, each part of which is well adapted to its purpose. By the constant rubbing of his sides against the walls of his dwelling they become smooth and hard, so that he scarcely carries any dust upon

A MARRIAGE BY PROXY.

The Curious Marriage by which a Wo-man in New York Married a Man in Holland-Secking to Annul the Mar-

Holland-Seeking to Annul the Marriage.

The rather singular fact of a marriage solemnized by proxy has been brought to the notice of Dr. John T. Nagle, Registrar of Vital Statistics, of New York city. The parties to this marriage are John William Adrianus de Vletter, a resident of Rotterdam, Holland, and Mrs. Louise Stahl, of New York, and the proxy, through whose intermediary services the marriage was solemnized, is M. Margat Pauer, a resident of New York. The certificate of the marriage was found on record. It was dated May 6, 1877, and was duly witnessed. The certificate shows that the bridegroom was at the time of the marriage a widower, sixty-one years of age, and a resiwas at the time of the marriage a widower, sixty-one years of age, and a resident of Rotterdam, while the bride, who was a widow, was forty-two, and resided in New York. Mr. Goldzier, a lawyer, stated to Dr. Nagle that the transcript from the record was required in certain proceedings which had been instituted to have the marriage annulled, and the first step in the proceedings referred to was to have the record of the marriage by proxy expunged from the records of the Health Department, and an application to that effect would, he said, be at once made to the Board of Health. To sustain the application, a number of affidavits have been made, from which it appears that De Vletter and Mrs. Stahl met in Rotterdam, Holland, several years ago and became betrothed. Before any marriage was solemized between them, Mrs. Stahl came to this country and settled in New York. trothed. Before any marriage was solemnized between them. Mrs. Stahl came to this country and settled in New York. Pauer, the proxy, is a mutual friend of the parties, and on leaving Holland to visit Ne.: York, De Vletter, being anxious to marry the widow Stahl, made Pauer his proxy, and gave him a power of attorney, properly drawn up and attested, to represent him at the solemnization of the marriage. The widow had no objections to the ceremony being performed in the manner indicated, and they went before the Rev. F. J. Schneider, who performed the marriage ceremony between Mrs. Stahl and Pauer, as proxy for his friend De Vletter, and had the same recorded. Mrs. Stahl, or De Vletter, visited Rotterdam shortly after the ceremony, but only remained there a short time. She urged De Vletter to return with her to this country, but as he was disinclined to do so she left him in Rotterdam and returned to her home in New York. Since that time, over a year and a half ago, she has not seen her husband. It is also stated that the reason Mrs. Stahl, otherwise Mrs. De Vletter, is more than ordinarily anxious to have such an anomalous marriage dissolved is that she has formed an attachment for a young German living in New York, and that the only impediment to

son Mrs. Stall, otherwise Mrs. De Vietter, is more than ordinarily anxious to have such an anomalous marriage dissolved is that she has formed an attachment for a young German living in New York, and that the only innediment to their speedy marriage is the union by proxy, which it is now sought to annul. It is believed by the authorities of the Health Department that the marriage is not legal under the laws of the State, and that there will be no difficulty in having the same set aside, leaving Mrs. Stallifece to contact a new marriage.

The Rev. Mr. Schneider, who solemn zed the marriage by proxy, said that he had a power of attorney, subscribed to m March 20, 1877, by E Vletter before A. C. Van Wyngnorden, a notary public at Rotterdam, Holland, and attested by the signature and seal of the United States Consul at that place, which empowers M. Margat Pauer "especially to conclude in the name of the undersigned. (De Vletter) and in his behalf, his proposed marriage to Pame Louise Reuter, widow of the late Herman Stahl, residing in New York. Also to make and perform the required declaration of marriage before the required officers of the State, and before ail other officers of the State, and before all other officers of the State, and before all other officers of the State, and under the laws of the State, and that it is valid and binding upon both parties. He further said that the marriage was perfectly legal, both by the canonical law and under the tread of the polestrial of the content of the state, and that the said states of Tangle? Sund, the length of the town, terminating at the steamboat wharf at the harbor, rests on year oach bed of oyster shells, as carried on the reverse of Crisfield; a crisp ratile of loose shells sounds under the tread of the pedestrian; a sait breeze blows from the beautiful waters of Tangler Sound, tainted, and solid as can be desired. Along this and in the side streets collect the houses of a road-bed of oyster shells, as firm and solid as can be desired. Along this and in the si

A Great Place for Ovsters.

Howard Pyle writes about Crisfield Md., in Harper's Magazine as follows:
A general whiteness illumes the streets of Crisfield; a crisp rattle of loose shells sounds under the tread of the pedestrian; a salt breeze blows from the beautiful waters of Tangler Sound, tainted, alas! by a slight odor of defunct oysters. Oysters, oysters everywhere, in barrels, in boxes, in cans, in buckets, in the shell and out. But little business is carried on here except oystering; a little fishing and a little crabbing, perhaps, but nothing else. The railroad thatruns through the length of the town, terminating at the steamboat wharf at the harbor, rests on a road-bed of oyster shells, as firm and solid as can be desired. Along this and in the side streets collect the houses. and solid as can be desired. Along this and in the side streets collect the houses, all of frame, varying in architecture from the cottage to the negro shanty. Along the water's edge are a number of large barn-like buildings—the oyster packing houses. Here the chief interest of Crisfield centers—the "shucking" or opening of oysters, and the subsequent "packing," or closing them in kettles to be distributed over the rest of the country. Considerable freight expense is saved by this mode of exporting them without their shells, and in cool weather they will carry for days in these kettles as fresh and good as they would in the shells. The oysters are generally shucked early in the morning, so as to be ready for the first northward-bound freight train.

for the first northward-bound freight train.

At the first glance into a shucking-house it looks terrible dirty, with trick-ling oyster juice and piles of muddy shells, but in the shining pans in front of the shuckers are quarts of clean, fat, succulent oysters, looking tempting enough. It is surprising to see the quickness and dexterity with which a shucker opens an oyster. She uses a sharp little knife, and does not break theedge of the shells. She seizes an oyster, inserts the thin knife between the shells, then with a quick turn of the wrist the shell is opened, the oyster cut loose and dropped into the pan, all with one movement.

The season from September 1, 1877, to

into the pan, all with one movement. The season from September 1, 1877, to June 1, 1878, was extraordinarily poor, on account of the warmth of the winter, but an idea can be obtained of the quantities shipped from this point when the record informs us that 25,000 barrels of shell oysters and 300,000 gallons of shucked oysters were shipped during that season. that seas

"Never," says a writer on etiquette, "take bits out of your mouth with your hand." He is evidently writing for the lower class of society. People of tone and culture never take bits out of their mouth with their hands. The remoye them with a fire shovel.—Norristown Herald.

How Games Travel.

How Games Travel.

Travelers, observing the likeness of children's games in Europe and Asia have sometimes explained it in this wise:
That the human mind being alike everywhere, the same games are naturally found in different lands, children taking to hockey, tops, stilts, kites, and so on, each at its proper season. But if so, why is it that in outlying barbarous countries one hardly finds a game without finding also that there is a civilized nation within reach from whom it may have been learned? And, what is more, how is it that European children knew nothing till a few centuries ago of some of their now most popular sports?

For instance, they had no battledoreand-shuttle-cock and never flew kites till these games came across from Asia, when they took root at once, and became naturalized over Europe. The origin of kite flying seems to lie somewhere in Southeast Asia, where it is a sport even of grown up men, who fight their kites by making them cut one and

when they took root at once, and became naturalized over Europe. The origin of kite flying seems to lie somewhere in Southeast Asia, where it is a sport even of grown up men, who fight their kites by making them cut one another's strings, and fly birds and monsters of the most fantastic shapes and colors, especially in China, where old gentlemen may be seen taking their evening stroll, kite string in hand, although they were leading pet dogs. The English boy's kite appears thus an instance not of spontaneous play-instinct, but of the migration of an artificial game from a distant center. Nor is this all it proves in the history of civilization.

Within a century, Europeans becoming acquainted with the South Sea Islanders, found them down to New Zealand adepts at flying kites, which they made of leaves or bark cloth, and called manu, or bird, flying them in solemn form with accompaniment of traditional chants. It looks as though the toy reached Polynesia through the Malay region, thus belonging to that drift of Asiatic culture which is evident in many other points of South Sea Island life.

The geography of another of our child ish diversions may be noticed as matching with this. Mr. Wallace relates that being one wet day in a Dayak house in Borneo, he thought to anuse the lads by taking a piece of string to show them "cat's cradle," but to his surprise he found that they knew more about it than he did, going off into figures that quite puzzied him. Other Polynesians are skilled in this nursery art, especially the Maoris of New Zealand, who call it mani, from the name of their national hero, by whom, according to their tradition, it was invented; its various patterns represents cances, houses, people, and even episodes in Maui's life, such as his fishing up New Zealand from the bottom of the sea. In fact, they have their pictorial history in "cat's-cradle," and whatever their traditions may be worth they stand good to show that the game was of the time of their national hero, by whom, according to their traditio

beside his face. He tried to bow and speak, but something wouldn't let him, and when he started to put on his coat he held it tails up and collar down. He was still struggling with it when the solid man rose up, looked around and walked out, saying never a word. The warked out, saying never a word. Imbarbers wet the young man's head and held cologne to his nose, but he walked sideways when he went out and there was an uncertain wobble to his knees. In applying for the vacant position tostate what shop you shave at .- De troit Free Press.

Prime Minister and Cardinal.

The following curious paragraph was eemed of sufficient interest by the Lon-on correspondent of the New York don correspondent of the New York Hexald to send it by cable to that jour-nal. It refers to the present Premier of England and Cardinal Newman: On most Saturday afternoons in the last year of the first decade of the present year of the first decade of the present century two boys, aged respectively nine and five, might have been seen playing in the grounds of Bloomsbury square, London. The boys, both natives of the square, offered the most complete contrast to each other in appearance. The younger, whose head was profuse with long, black, glossy ringlets, was a child of rare Jewish type of beauty and full of life and activity. The other was grave in demeanor, wore his hair close cut, and walked and talked and moved in a way which in young people is called and walked and talked and moved in a way which in young people is called "old-fashioned." He was of pure English race and puritanical family. The names of the children denoted these differences as much as their appearances. The one was Benjamin Disraell, the other John Newman. Sixty-eight years have passed since then and much has happened in the meantime, but nothing more wonderful than that the handsome little Jew boy should become a Christian and prime minister of Protestant England, and the puritan lad a Catholic and a cardinal of the holy Roman Church.

Extremes—A lady clutching her dress to save it from the mud meeting a gentleman grabbing his hat by the crown in order to bow.

TIMELY TOPICS.

It was recently said that no new heathen temples were now building in Northwestern India, but a missionary writes home that the people are "still mad on their idols; almost every house has them; new temples are constantly being built in honor of these idols, and the religious bathing-places and assembly-grounds are crowded."

In New York city there are dealers, In New York city there are dealers, incredible as it may sound, who make a living by buying broken meat, given as alms by tender-hearted servants to importunate beggars. These mendicants, from out of their day's receipts, select such lumps of meat or half-picked bones as will prove salable, and at nightfall proceed direct to these stores, where they dispose of their unsavory wares. Then dispose of their unsavory wares. Then the scraps from the tables of the rich are resold.

A wealthy old gentleman living in Berlin fell in love with the young daughter of a poor widow. He wooed and won the girl, and before the wedding-day arrived, he made a will leaving her all his property, amounting to several hundred thousand marks. The marriage was celebrated in brilliant style, and the wedded pair with their guests sat down to breakfast. Scarcely style, and the wedded pair with their guests sat down to breakfast. Scarcely had the feasting began, when the vener-able bridegroom dropped his knife, and sank back in his chair, dead from heart

A lighthouse keeper near the mouth of the Potomac has devised an ingenious plan for the slaughter of the ducks and geese which light on a sand barnear his station. He has a battery of twelve muskets firmly fastened to two heavy timbers, six above and six below: these are heavily loaded and connected with the lighthouse by a long wire cable. As soon as he sees geese near enough he soon as he sees geese near enough he pulls his cable and explodes all the guns at once, and then takes his skiff and picks up the game. His most successful shot this year gave him thirty-three

A New York veterinary surgeon asserts positively that even the saliva of a dog may communicate hydrophobia. "One of the most marked causes of hydrophobia that ever occurred in this city," he says, "was that of a gentleman who had allowed a pet slut to lick his face. The animal had shown no symptoms of madness, and did not afterward become mad, so far as I am informed. The victim had a slight abrasion of the skin on his face, and allowed the creature lick it, with an old-fashioned faith in the healing virtue of a dog's tongue. He died within four weeks of pronounced hydrophobia."

There is a story that a wealthy Chicago merchant lately prevented the breaking of his will by calling his relatives about his death-bed and getting them to make affidavit before a notary that he was competent to make a will. After the funeral it was found that all his property was given to a lunatic asylum. Then the heirs tried to have the will set aside by showing that though sane at the last, in 1875, when the will was made, he was raving mad. There up sane at the last, in 1875, when the will was made, he was raving mad. Thereup on the executor produced a will exactly like the first, except that it was signed and witnessed a few minutes before the affidavits as to the testator's sanity were

It seems that the common people in Sweden do not continue the family name from father to children. Indeed, they have ro family name. The name of the child gives no intimation whatever of the surname of the father. Thus, suppose a man is named Peter Ohlson, his boy may receive the name of John Peterson, and his grandson perhaps Peter Johnson, the surnames being formed from the given name of the parent, and thus being changed with every generation. It will be seen that this makes it impossible to trace families. This custom does not prevail among the higher classes in Sweden, but is universal among the common people who compose the greater portion of the emigrants to this country. to this country.

A remarkable case of lynching has occurred at Cheyenne, Wyoming. A man named Dug Reed, who had been guilty of a crime particularly obnoxious to the citizens, was taken out of iail. Then, with unusual courtesy, the lynchers allowed Reed to select the method of death most agreeable to him; and when he stated that he would prefer to be hanged, they went stil, further in their courteous regard for his feelings, and allowed him to be his own executioner. He took the rope in his hand, climbed a telegraph-pole, fastened one end around the top, and formed a noose in the other end through which he passed his head. Then he made his last dying speech, which was short, being no more than "Good-bye, boys," and, jumping off, was launched into eternity.

autording to the Springfield (Mass.) republican, "an effort is being made to provide a permanent exhibition building in Boston for the industrial products of New England. The New England Manufacturers' and Mechanics' Institute, chartered by the State, seeks to erect a suitable building for the holding of stated fairs and exhibitions and for the permanent exhibition of such products as our manufacturers

would have nothing to do but appro

Darmstadt, Germany, is the region of romance. A young man, son of a professor in the gymnasium, walked with his betrothed, a young and pretty girl, to a pond some two miles off in the adjoining wood; they there tied themselves together and jumped in, intending to end their troubles in suicide; however, the cold water brought the gentleman to his senses and he contrived to free himself and scramble out, leaving the poor girl, in spite of her cries, to drown, which she did. He was sentenced to three years and nine months' imprisonment for the offence. Now for an incident of a less tragic sort. The Darmstadt Football Ciah, composed of English boys residing there for education, got up a "calico" ball. Three of the most adventurous spirits hird beards for the occasion, but instead of carrying them home in their Darmstadt, Germany, is the region paris inred beards for the occasion, but instead of carrying them home in their aper wrappings from the hair-dresser's, hey unwisely put them on and then valked home. It was late in the even-ing, yet not so dark but that the police aw something dangerous in the proceed-ing. The boys were fined fifteen shillings ach.

Indian Trappers, Hudson Bay.

Indian Trappers, Hudson Bay.

About the first of November, when the mimals have got their winter coats, and ur is "in season," the Indian trapper ays out his trapping walk for the winer, along which he places a line of traps rom ten to fifteen miles in length. Once if twice a week he makes the round of his walk, and gathers such furs as may be caught. Most of the finer furs are aken by means of the wooden dead-fall and steel traps of various sizes, the larger ur-bearing animals being either shot, aught in snares, or killed by the poismed bait. ed bait. Toward the latter end of March the

Toward the latter end of March the Indian trappers leave their hunting grounds, and make a journey to the forts with the products of their winter's toil. Here they come, moving through the forest, a motley throng. The braves march in front, too proud and lazy to carry anything but their guns, and not always doing even that. After them come the squaws, bending under loads, driving dogs, or hauling hand-sleds laden with meat, furs, tanned deer-skins and infants. The puppy dog and inevitable baby never fail in Indian lodge or procession. The cheerful spectacle of the two packed together upon the back of a woman is not of infrequent occurrence. Day after day the mongrel party journeys on, until the fort is reached. Then comes the trade. The trader separates the furs into lots, placing the standard valuation upon each. Then he adds the amounts together, and informs the trapper that he has got sixty or seventy "skins." At the same time he hands his customer sixty or seventy little bits of wood, so that the latter may know, by returning these in payment for the goods for which he really barters his furs, just of wood, so that the latter may know, by returning these in payment for the goods for which he really barters his furs, just how fast his funds decrease. The first act of the Indian is to cancel the debt contracted for advances at the beginning of the season; then he looks round upon the bales of cloth, blankets, etc., and after a long while concludes to nave a small white capote for his toddling boy. The price is told him, and he hands back ten of his little pieces of wood, then looks about him for something else. Every thing is carefully examined, and with each purchase there is a contest over the apparent inequality between the amount received and that given. In the Indian's opinion, one skin should pay for one article of merchandise, no matter what the opinion, one skin should pay for one arti-cle of merchandise, no matter what the ralue of the latter may be. And he in-ists, too, upon selecting the skin. The steelyard and weighing balance are his special objects of dislike. He does not know what medicine that is. That his know what medicine that is. That his tea and sugar should be balanced against a bit of iron, conveys no idea of the relative values of peltries and merchandise to him. He insists upon making the balance swing even between the trader's goods and his own furs, until a new light is thrown upon the question of steelyards and scales by the acceptance of his proposition. Then, when he finds his fine furs balanced against heavy blankets, he concludes to abide by the old method of letting the white trader decide the weight his own way; for it is clear that the steelyard is a very great medicine, which no brave can understand.

When the trapper has spent all his lit-When the trapper has spent all his little pieces of wood, and asks for further advances, he is allowed to draw any reasonable amount; for, contrary to the rule in civilized life, a debt is seidom lost save by the death of the Indian. He may change his place of abode hundreds of miles, but he still has only a company's post at which to trade. The company has always been a good friend to him and his, and pays when he can. He knows that, when he liquidates his old debt, he can contract a new one just as big. No attempt was ever made to cheat him, and there never will be. When he is ill he goes to the nearest-fort, and is carced for and attended until he recovers. When he does his duty well he gets a cared for and attended until he recovers.
When he does his duty well he gets a present, and he never performs any labor without receiving fair compensation. Such humane treatment strongly-binds the Indian and half-breed to the company. — H. M. Robinson, in Harper's Manazine.

Canary Bird and Chippy.

A lady who lives on Olive street relates the following: A few days ago there fell in front of her window from a chanics Institute, chartered by the State, seeks to erect a suitable building for the holding of stated fairs and exhibitions and for the permanent exhibition of such products as our manufacturers shall find it for their interest to leave in the building. The proposition is to make each exhibitor pay a small rental for the space occupied, and to distribute the interest in the undertaking as widely as possible throughout New England, the shares being put at twenty-five dollars, and no one man can take over four shares. A fair will be held as soon as a place and funds are secured; and thereafter annually, beginning the first Wednesday of September."

Mrs. Jane Grey Swisshelm, in an open etter to the Rush Medical College, stoutly reaffirms her belief that in the early part of this century a German of Chester county, Pa., acquired and kept until his death in extreme old age a very widespread reputation for curing hydrophobia; that he guarded his secret carefully and always carried his medicine with him, and it was known to be a root which he himself orcured in the woods. He stewed a portion of this root in a pin of sweet milk, which he himself drew from the cow; stewed it slowly and stirred for a half hour; then gave it to his patient fasting, i. e., before breakfast; permitted him to take neither food nor drink, except water, for six hours after taking the milk, and repeated the old man s death a son sold his recipe for \$1, and it was simply two ounces of the cleampane root stewed in a pint of milk, and given so that the digestive organs