A MOTHER'S DIAKY. orning! Baby on the floor, Making for the fender: Making for the fender: Sunlight scenns to make it meens; Baby " on a bender?" All the spools upset and gone, Chairs drawn into file. Harnessed strings all string screes, Ought to make one smile. Apron clean, curls smooth, eyes blue (How these charms will dwindle!), For I rather think-don't you -Baby " is a swindle?"

Noon! A tangled, silken floss Getting in blue eyes; Apron that will not keep clean, If a baby tries! One blue choc united, and one Underneath the table; Underneath the table; Chairs gone mad, and block and toys, Well as they are able; Baby in a high chair, too, Yelling for his dinner, Spoon in month; I think-don't you-Baby "is a sinner?"

Night! Chairs all set back again Night! Chairs all set back again Blocks and spoons in order; One blue shee beneath the mat Tells of a marauder; Plaid dress tort, and wrinkled, Two pink fect kicked pretty baro, Little fat knees crinkled; In his crib, and conquered, too, By sleep, best evange!, Now I sarrely think-don't you-Eaby is an angel?

OLD-TIME REMINISCENCES.

Rough Traveling in Virginia and Kentucky, in Early Times.

BY W. W.

On one occasion it was ny fortune to take a horseback trip from Big Saudy to the Kanawha valley, across the coun-try; and, as my time was rather limited, I was constrained to ride after dark in a region at that time altogether un-settled and wild; and, worst of all in my case for a night ride, one quite un-familiar to me. On the night in ques-tion, I had gone on several miles after passing the last cabin seen in the afternoon, and as the thick darkness came down like a pall, preventing me in the dense forest from even seeing the ground itself under my horse's feet, to my dis-comfort and perhaps dismay, I began to hear the deep muttering of thunder re-echoed by the mountain ranges in the far distance ; while so rocky and rough was the winding pathway along which my tired horse was stumbling that there was no such thing as hurrying him in the chance of finding some place of shelter for the night, and from the soming tempest.

Of course, I blamed myself for not stopping at the last cabin I had passed, instead of tempting untried and wild forest paths at that time of night, but that did not help the case, and I could only drop the reins on the neck of my jaded steed, and leave him to find his way to some "clearing," if such was way to some " clearing," if such was within reach, in time enough to escape the storm.

1 was creeping along in this manner. slowly, my horse sometimes stumbling over a log or fallen tree and coming to his knees, at other times sliding down some bank, when, in the far distance, I heard something that sounded I heard something that sounded worse than the muttering thunder to mo-that pest of those wild mountain regions at that period-the scream of a panther. It came occasionally in short. snappish quavers, making my horse restive and fairly tremble under me; and yet, after hearing it once or twice, I felt reassured when it seemed to grow fainter, as if dying away in the distance, finally ending allogether. But it had had the effect of hurrying me forward at whatever risk of possibly breaking my neck, until at length I was satisfied that I had gotten into the bridle-path again, as I came to an open piece of water, the crossing of a creek, appar-ently-the faint reflection of the sur-face, despite the deep darkness, making it plainly perceptible.

Supposing, of course, that it must be a "ford," or regular crossing-place, rode straight across, and found myse mvself on the opposite side in a thicket of laurel bushes—I could feel them—but my horse couldn't climb up the steep bank. Thoroughly perplexed, and get-ting nervous as the heavy thunder-storm was rapidly coming closer and I had no desire to be caught out there in had no desire to be caught out there in the creek, or even on its banks, I got off my horse and down into the water, off my horse and down into the water, and undertook carefully to feel for borse tracks, to see, if possible, how, after entering the creek, they turned on leaving it. Unable to satisfy myself, I next tried, in the deep dark-ness, to ride down the bed of the creek; but fifty yards or so of experi-ment, as I floundered in and out of deep holes and over subken long astisfied me holes and over sunken logs, satisfied me ford once more, fortunately a sharp flash of lightning showed me horse tracks, and a sort of path leading down the bank of the creek on the same side I had approached it; and finally a sharp gallop of twenty minutes, as the light-ning was more frequent, enabled use to reach a clearing and a cabin, and to get my horse and myself under shelter just as the storm came down with the utmost fury, making me thankful enough that it had not caught me out in the dark caught me out in the woods. That joint was one of many such experiences, where I had, in the blind forest-paths, to trust the instincts o my horse for holding the right di-rection to places of shelter, although-as it proved-he was not capable of the dime of after gutting clear of the leading off after getting clear of the woods and into the bed of the creek. I had dropped in upon a settler named Bill Short, who, late as it was, did not intend to let me go supperless to bed. With a house full of children, and cole the one woor below and the and only the one room below and the loft above it to accommodate the whole crowd, he was about the jolliest chap I had ancountered for many a day. Takhad encountered for many a day. Tak-ing down some strips of dried venison, his wife soon made a sort of savory stew his wife soon made a sort of avory stew of it, and this, flanked by corn-dodgers hurried up in the same handy way, and some honey--for he had found a bee-tree a few days before -left me nothing to wish : for, besides this, milk supplied the place of coffee, to me always a first rate substitute or alternative. The lodging was not so sasily man-aged; at least there was no chance for eged; at least there was no chance for me except on the floor, with my saddle for a pillow and my saddle-blanket un-der me; but it has always been a puz-zle to me where and how the good woman stowed away eight children, three of them daughters almost grown, aithough two truckle-beds played a large part in disposing of the smaller fry, and the loft sufficed for the boys, there being but two beds in the room

pelow. It, after all, shows how very little could accommodate, and satisfy too, the early settlers, for a merrier crowd I have seldom fallen among in

erowd I have search halen among in any carele cr condition in life. The next morning, when I came to leave, I couldn't induce my kind-heart-ed and pleasant host to take anything; but it was some satisfaction finally, to remunerate him with a good supply of remunerate him with a good supply of powder, which I caused to be conveyed to him; for that articls seemed to be all that he craved or needed to make him reasonably happy, apart from his innate and complete freedom from care.

On my return by another road, how-aver, on reaching the banks of Big Sandy, and proposing to ford it, I was diverted to a ford several miles from where I struck the bank of the river but my trials on this journey appeared uncommonly numerous, for, on calling at a cabin in the vicinity of the place where I was expecting to cross the stream, a little boy was sent with me to beint out the crossing. I didn't much like the looks of the alleged "ford" (if it was one), but, riding into the river promptly, I soon found my steed swim promptly, I soon found my steed swim-ming instead of wading the stream. However, considering myself fairly in for it, I pushed boldly for the other side, but, to my disgust, on reaching it I found I had to encounter a ledge of rocks under water, and not far beneath the surface; but, after two or three efforts, my horse reared out on the bank. after narrowly escaping rolling over backward into the deep water, and I at last succeeded in getting up the high bank. Encountering just here an old hunter, who lived in the neighborhood, I inquired of him "if that was indeed a 'ford?" His reply was startling enough.

" His reply was startling enough "I reckon, stranger, you're the first one that ever forded it, for it's the one that ever forded it, for it's the deepest part of the river this high up." I have never yet been able to under-stand what the people were thinking of who sent to that point for a "ford."

Bat even yet my mishaps were not ended. Obliged to find my way along the high bank of the stream for some miles before reaching my destination. I dralk ext find a filler finally got tired of riding around the heads of the small, although deep, gullies which cut the river bottoms at the edge of the bank. I was mounted on an extra-fine horse, one I had taught on an extra the hours one of more easily getting over large fallen trees and logs always encountered more or less in riding through the primitive forest. Glancing across the ravine, some ten or twelve feet wide, although the depth of the same must have been some les than that, and, seeing that it extended almost a quarter of mile, irregularly, for me to ride around, I determined to test me to ride around, i determined to test the jumping powers of my horse by a running leap. Retiring, perhaps, twenty or thirty yards, I came at the ravine on a full run, and my horse, indeed, cleared it, or would have cleared it handsomely but his hind fret broke through th edge of the further bank, where an old stump had rotted out, and down he went backward into the deep gulley, I sliding off behind as I best could. Be-fore I could straighten up he rolled over toward me, and I was compelled to make a sort of scramble on all-fours out of his reach, until, with one or two flounders, he stuck; and, when I go him up and out of the place, I found h limped, and, to punish me for my ad-venturons folly, he never got over it. I have only to add that this adventure pretty well cured me of attempts to play the English fox-hunter in the play the English wilds of Kentucky.

My adventures on my way down the river some six weeks afterward were not hver some all weeks interward were not much of an improvement on those I have already given. Having business down the Ohio river, I concluded to take my way down Sandy to its mouth in a small cance or "dug ont," in com-pany with a remarkably-tall fellow, some in fast four inches high and with a six feet four inches high, and, with a small box containing his "plunder," we started. The river was quite low, and by this time the nights had become frosty, and, while my companion was too big and clumsy to stand up and "pole" the cance, I could do it when tired of padding the craft.

Just a out sunset, while I was thus ccupied and while looking for some settler's cabin on the bank of the river where we could spend the night, the canoe struck a sand-bar with such a shock as to throw me out into the river The water was not very deep, but it certainly was very cold, and, wet almost to my shoulders, and the weather frosty as I have already said, it became pretty as I have already said, it became pretty imperative to stop somewhere soon. And here was the first occasion where I had reason to complain of both Vir-ginia and Kentucky "hospitality," for the river was the boundary along there between the two States. Calling first on the Kentucky side, after a shivering walk up to a double log cabin, I found some sort of a grand frolic on hand some sort of a grand frolic on hand— perhaps a wedding—and no chance to entertain strangers. Getting into the cance again, I resumed the paddle, and my teeth fairly chattered as the night became colder; suffice it that I tried three colder; suffice it that I tried down the river in the cold and dark-ness, having had a long tramp up and nown the river in the cold and dark-ness, having had a long tramp up and across the river bottom in one instance to where I had seen a light. Various excesses were proferred until at last having, in the dark, come to a part of the river studded with great rocks and where the water ran more swiftly, I de-termined to borrow a light, and, build-ing a bonfire, spend the night in camp-ing out as we best could. Fortunately we, about that time, heard the barking of dogs, and, following the sound, we finally fetched up at an old settler's house, who welcomed us with a blazing fire and the other accommodations so much needed. For some time after-ward, however, Virginia and Kentucky " hospitality," I mast confess, seemed somewhat at a discount with me; but, after all, it is fair to suppose that the after all, it is fair to suppose that the banks of a river, in almost any case, are not a fair test for a section or district, and for the very good reason that it is too and for the very good reason that it is too often tried overmuch by a class of roughs seldom seen to so much disad-vantage in the interior, to say nothing of the frequency of such occurrences. But perhaps a settler whom I once encountered, and at whose cabin I lodged upon the healwaters of the Kentucky river, could beat even my

friend Bill Short, in his placid contentment with short commons and other disabilities, always more or less incidental to an endeavor to make one of dental to an endeavor to make one of the army of occupants or skirmishers on the outposts of eivilization. As was so often the case, we had teen driven into harbor with him by stress of weather, and the slim chance there was to reaching any more eligible place; and after lodging myself and compan-ion in a bed that had about two inches of straw on the bords and that stood of straw on the boards, and that stood at right angles to and almost touched that of himself and wife, all he could furnish us besides was some frost-bitten sweet potatoes and a tin cop of water. sweet potatoes and a tin cup of water. It didn't appear to discompose the good couple at all. He said he "had *intended* to take some corn to the mill and get it ground; and he had *intended* to go and shoot a deer, but he had put it off." My friend thought that his cabin was something like what is said of the bot-tomless uit with most something like what is said of the bot-tomless pit-if not "paved with good intentions," it was-for any traveler driven to it-"tophet" all the same. However, I consoled both him and myself finally with the suggestion that if the mountaineer could stand such the whole time, surely we should put up with it once without grumbling. CHIGAGO, III.

CURRENT CURIOSITIES.

THERE were two chickens hatched from the same egg, at Cumberland, Ky. a few weeks ago. Both are hving and doing well.

A CHILD was born in Queen's county, Canada, a short time ago, with a bear's head, the rest of the body being per-fectly natural. The mother was at Fredericton with her offspring during the visit of Barnum's exhibition, and the veteran showman, hearing of the curiosity, attempted to purchase it, but nothing would induc part with her child. induce the woman to

An English physician relates that on the 11th of February his wife, after mix-ing some corn meal for feeding the fowls, missed her wedding ring from her finger, and after a fruitless search gave it up for lost. On the 8th of April, it up for lost. On the out of any while eating an egg at breakfast she felt the eggspoon grate against some-thing hard at the bottom of the egg below the yelk, and on further investiga-tion found the lost ring firmly fixed by membranous adhesions to the bottom of the egg. The egg was of extra-large size, and was laid the day before.

THE Mexico (Mo.) Ledger relates the following: "On the 23d day of last May, Daniel Corker, of South Mexico, died, as it was thought, in rather poor circumstances. B. R. Cauthorn was appointed administrator of the estate, and a few days since, M. Y. Duncan and J. J. Steele, as appraisers, visited the house of Corker to invoice the property of the deceased. After going over various old notes, etc., etc., they were about to leave when they saw an old leather trunk in the corner, which they kicked open more out of curiosity than with the expectation of finding anything valuable in it. When will we nder cease? In that trunk was nearly \$20,-000 in old, rusty coin and musty bank notes. The coins and notes all bear and old date, showing that Corker did not notes. believe in banking his money, but harded it up."

We clip the following from the Tal-lahassee Floridian: "We are informed that a gentleman residing in Wakulla county, by the name of Cox, who is cul-tivation are and the name of Cox, who is cultivating a small farm, upon arising one morning last week was surprised to find-that during the night his residence had been changed from a region where water could not be seen and was situated on the border of a lake. When he retired the evening before his house was far away from any pond, lake or river, but upon going out next morning his sur-prise can be imagined when, instead of his garden, an immense sink, fifty or sixty yards square, filled with water, running up within eighteen or twenty feet of his residence, met his gaze. During the night this transformation d, leaving not even a vestige of the tallest pine trees which were stand ing in their full majesty only twelve hours before. These sinks, however, are not infrequent in that county. It has only been a short time since that a sink occurred near Lavender's mill, more remarkable than the one alluded to above, in that it occurred upon the very top of a hill-one of the highest

OUR YOUNG FOLKS. Dulay Lost, The little dolls' mamma had washed out th

The little dolls' maxima use "series" clothes And hung them'all out on the line. I suppose Your children don't have such sterrible wash? And, pray, does your line ever fall with a crash? But at last they all hung in the sunlight to dry Batd Julie: "I fink at my Datey did ky." Ho, wijnig the scoap from her pretty white hands, the trotted up-stairs, where the baby-hou stands.

Irottod up-stairs, where the baby-hou stands. Opened the door; all was still as a mouse. Daisy, the doly, was not in that house. Daisy up-stairs and no Daisy in bed. I what shall i do if my dolly's went dead ?" Mrs. Mamma. "Prips she's dest runn

oo fink so. Kitty?" " Miaurr." Kitty did Don't

Oh! Dat may, i Daisy, my own 'itile gurl, are oo dere?" the whole row of dollies did nothing but st little white hat Mamma Julie put oa, ee if her child to the garden had gone, arden and orchard no dolly was scen, uph the cherries were ripe and the apples v green.

green, green, So down to the meadow, where grasses are deep, She troited, and found, neath a haycock, asleep Pray, who do you think? Little truly Boy Blue, In the very blue jacket that Mother Goose knew! And slowly he opened his heavy, sweet eyes, And looked at sweet Julie with sleepy surprise.

LITTLE JULIE SPEAKS.

Oh! "ittle Boy Blue, is oo oo truly? Dess what's my name. Dest "ittle Mecourse. Why, I'm the whole of Don't oo wis oo was as old as me?

I'm dot a broidery dress. Have co? One sash an' five an' 'leven' an' two Lots of sashes. Oh! where's my Daisy? She's my dolly. F'r'aps oor lazy

Title boy. Don't oor mamma say 'litte girls didn't ought s'eep all day! I wis I was down there 'long wiz you, Oh! Daisy's lost! What s'all I do?

She's my bestest tild of all! She's dot on a traly shawl

She's dot on a truly shawl, An' ony free legs an' one arm, We've dot hay, too, up'n our barn. Dere's a fower right by your head. Ittle boy. Don't you fink it's dead? Oh! wake up, p'ease, 'ittle boy! Sa Didn't my Datay tum dia way' Say LITTLE BOT SLUE. How could a follow asleep in the hay Know if a dolly ahould happen this way? I was fagged out, you ase, waiching the sky, Huser and bluer and everse to high? I as we the clouds as they picked up the rain, effiling at little bit backward again. Out of their aprons, so funny and gray. Then I've been smelling the breath of the hay. Finl of red clover and presty dead flowers. I as we the mouth of the little brock kissed Under its bonnet of white morning mist: Saw the sky look and grow dreadfully red. Then I've bonnet of white morning mist: Saw the sky look and grow dreadfully red. Then I heard all that the little brids said. I heard the grasshoppers' spinning wheels all Humming at once in their cool, gramsy hall. Listen! a fairy is blowing his born! Bee him there, perched on that tassel of corn. Waiting to take me to fairy-land. Pray Now, little girl, won't you please run away! Bo Little Boy Kine impolitely turned over. Par off in the distance the merry bells' time Told where the sheep wandered this bright after. moon, While dear Ulie Joile, disconsolate mother. LITTLE BOT ALUS.

noon, While dear little Julie, disconsolate mother. Boon trotted away, with her griefs, to some other ELLEN F. TERRY.

The Timer Berthe

DEAR CHILDREN: I am a Tiger Beetle. This much is easily told, but a man might say his name was John Smith, and you would be as wise as before; so I am afraid it may be difficult work to make you understand who I am, so that you can recognize me when you see me again, in case you are not already acquainted with me. I did not have the choosing of my own name, but since it has been given to me I have made the best of it, and adopted it till I can get one I like better. Although most of you who live in the country have seen me, yet I venture to say that very few of you who have seen me have taken the trouble to ascertain who am, and where I live, and what I look like close by; so, for the benefit of who-ever may want to know, I will tell all I can about myself. Pray don't respond, though, by chasing us about next summer, and sticking pins through us, and calling us "bugs" after you have caught us; for we don't like such treatment a bit better than you would. I will, however, give you a cordial invitation, one and all, to call around next summer, and make us as many visits as you please, provided you will leave me alone when you depart, and will promise not to carry me off with you; for, if you call without such a promise first being made, I am afraid I will have to be so impolite as to be "not at home.

an indistinct recollection of assing through a long, happy "hunch-backed" childhood, living in a hole in the sand, out of which I pulled myself by the aid of a pair of hooks in my back, whenever I got hungry, and wanted to go up and take the fresh air and procure something to eat. I was undeniably homely then, I must con-fess, with my huge teeth, big head and small body, with the hooks I spoke of giving me a humpbacked appearance. never strayed very far away from

content. At last, when I grew

I was content. At last, when I grew large, I grew lazy, too, until a strange feeling came over me, and I went to aleep. How long I slept I never knew, for when I woke I crawled out of my hole in the sand, and found I was en-

childhood was spent; but some of my consins would rather live among the grass, and I have even heard it reported

and race over? In walking along a sandy road in the

I was

rily. A cheerful, good-natured com pany we are when the sun shines warm and the wind don't blow; for when it blows we can't always go the way we would like, and sometimes, I am sorry would like, and sometimes, I am sorry to say, this makes us cross and disa-greeable. You can hardly imagine a more pleasant sight than a group ot us chasing each other up and down and around until our legs are 'most ready to drop off. For we are good-looking, and no mistake; for some of my cous-ins wear a green-and-gold suit, and some a purple. I am more modest, and am content with a brown ccat, curionaly forured with white and under I wear a figured with white, and under I wear a satiny green-and-gold vest. I am very careful of my clothes, since one suit has to last a lifetime, and many and many an hour I spend in washing and brush-ing myself from head to foot, polishing and rubbing till my breast shines like an emerald, and a speck of dust gives me a great deal of uneasiness till it is

removed. My legs are long and slim, and I am quite famous among the other beetles for the rapid walking and running I can accomplish when I have a mind to try. This speed is useful to me in more ways than one, for when I want my dinner it is not very difficult to run some down; and when one I have my dinner it is not very difficult to run some down; and, when once I have outrun my game, it doesn't take me long to tear it to pieces and swallow it. Cook it? Why, that's the very way to spoil it, for my eating, anyway. I once happened to come on a place where a man had eaten some lunch and scat-tered some crumbs of meat, and, just out of curiosity. I tasted them: but you out of curiosity, I tasted them : but vor can't make me do it again, since that experiment made me so sick I thought I would die. Been so sick I thought would die. Raw and warm is the

only way to eat it, and if you knew as much as I you would agree with me. My mouth is quite a savage-looking piece of machinery, and perhaps you would like to hear about that. Instead of owning a whole row of teeth, I have only two on each side of my head, but those two are so long and so strong that any more would only be in the way. They are curved like an old-fashioned sickle, and are notched on the inside of the curve, something like a saw. Be-tween the teeth, or mandibles as they are called, above and below, are several pairs of joined fingers, or what answer in the place of fingers, for holding what

ever I am eating, and for turning it around as I eat it. These "fingers" are called maxulæ, and are so useful in taking care of my dinner that without them I should be as helpless as an old man without teeth. Immediately back of my mandibles are set my eyes, which are so placed on the side of my head that I can see backward as readily as forward. Like those of most other insects, my eyes are compound-that is, made up of hundreds of small eyes close together, and this fact explains the difficulty you may have in approach-ing me, when I appear to be perfectly motionless

But I am getting hungry, and I think there is a fair chance of some dinner in yonder clump of grass, so, if you will ex-cuse me for this time, I may give you another talk some day, or coax some of my cousins to do so; that is, of course, you have not grown weary listening to me. Truly your friend,

CICINDELA VULGARIS. The Footman Who Wouldn't Announce Bismarck.

They are telling a good story in Ber-lin of the visit paid by Bismarck to Lord and Lady Dufferin, at the Kaiserhof, when the newly-made Ambassador and his wife were passing through the Kaiserstadt. The footman to whom whom Bismarck gave his card returned, after keeping the Prince waiting several min utes, and, in reply to the Prince's de mand whether he had announced him. said, rather impertinently, "No!" M Bismarck, as I suppose all the w knows, is irritated in a moment, and ow he flunkey's imperturbability simply th him into a white heat. In great r ge he burst out, "You old fool! why part?" and was going away when Lord Dufferin looked out of i is room and pro ceeded to explain. It seems that Lady Duffern was dressing, and that Chawles, who thought the Prince wished to see Dufform was dressing, and that Chawles, who thought the Prince wished to see the Countess, had been told by the Lady's maid that her mistress was not at home. By the time that Lord Duf-ferin had explained the mistake to Bis-marck, Her Ladyship had finished dressing and was able to receive the Prince. Now just imagine what tre-mendous consequences might have en-sued from Chawles' absurd mistake.— London paper.

Bodie's Foremost Chizens.

Bodde's Foreness Catavass Boene, Main street, Bodie. Drama-tis persons: An old resident and a new arrival. Time, 4 p. m. O. R.—There goes Jack Dalling. N. A.—Who's he? O. R.—One of our first citizens.

Haven't you heard tell of him? N. A.—No. O. R.—Why, he killed Tom Wilkins.

He's a prominent saloon man. There's Bill Thompson stepping up to speak to him.

N. A.-Who's Thompson? O. R.-One of our leading citizens.

Haven't you heard tell of him?

N. A.-No. O. R.-That's queer. Why, he killed Sandy Sowens and Aleck Haggis and put Pete Scragg's eye out in one night. He's a prominent schemet schemet. He's a prominent saloon man, too. Hullo, they've stopped to speak to Abe

Dickey? N. A.—Who's Dickey? O. R.—Oh, he don't amount to nothing. N. A.-Never killed any one, I sup-

O. R.—He kill any one! Pshaw! He wouldn't kill nobody. Hullo! By thun-der, them three's having a spat. Hunt yer hole, stranger, they're pullin' their

(They hunt their holes. Bapid firing ensues, and ceases. Old resident and new arrival emerge from under the stove and seek information.)

Time, 8 p. m. O. R.—I tell you the camp ought to be proud o' that feller Abe Dickey. He's got nerve. I hope the boys will turn out big at the double funeral. I used to know Abe's brother in the States. He come of a critty foundar what come of a gritty family. Wonder what his bail'll be?-Virginia Chronicle.

How to Get a Lover.

In Lancashire, if an inquirer wishes to know the abode of a lover, an apple-pippin is taken between the thumb and finger, and, while moving round, squeezed out, when it is supposed to fly in the direction of the lover's houser's the direction of the lover's house. These words are said at the same time

These words are said at the same time: Fippin, pippin, pardise, Tell me where my true love like; East, west, north or south, Halling Brix or Cockermouth. Halliwell, in his "Popular Rhymes" (1849), says that girls formerly prac-ticed divination with a "St. Thomas onion," which they peeled, wrapped in a clean handkerchief, and laid under "heir heads, saying the following their heads, saying the following

rhyme: Good St. Thomas, do me right, And ese my true love come to night. That I may see him in the face. And thim in kind arms embrase. In Shropshire, to find one's future partner the blade-bone of a lamb must be procured, which is to be pricked at midnight with a penknife, and these words repeated:

Mininght with a penknike, and these words repeated: In noth his hone I wish to pick. But my lower heart I wish to pick: If he comes not and speaks to sight. If he comes not and speaks to sight. In Derbyshire they have a method which it would take a bold heart to perform the young woman to find out perform; the young woman, to find out her future husband, runs round the church at midnight, as the clock strikes 12, repeating the following: I sow hemp-seed hemp-seed I sow; He that loves me best Come, and after me more. After which her destined partner is be

lieved to follow her.

"Mother Shipton."

Concerning "Mother Shipton's Proph-ecy," beginning-Carriages without norses shall go.

Carriages without norms shall go, and ending-Expland shall at last admit a Jew; The world to end shall come In eighteen hundred and eighty one-"Texan" writes to the New York World "Texan" writes to the New York World from Texas, to ask who was the author and when was is "mblished, and that paper makes repry. This prophecy is an old friend of ours. It appeared in the edition of Mother Shipton's proph-ecies issued by Mr. Charles Hindley, of Brighton, in 1862, a book purporting to be an exact reprint of a chap-book ver-sion issued in 1641, but really as old as is a text of the second the later ones contained a line of any the later ones contained a line of any importance being a vague jumble of local predictions, and not long after Mr. Hindley confessed that he had fab-ricated the "prophecy" of which our correspondent speaks, and ten others, so as to make his book sell.

Cemeteries.

The old system of cutting cemetery grounds into small lots surrounded by hedges, bids fair to pass away entirely All over the country, the park land scape or lawn system is gaining favor. It consists in a series of plantations of shrubs and trees, so arranged that the effect of the entire cemetery, from the main drives, is that of an extensive park, all evidence of existing burial grounds being shut off by foliage. Of course, in this system, the hedge and fence monstroyity finds no place. Vaults or catacombs are excavated in the hillsides, and memorial buildings of all kinds erected in retired nooks. More land is required for this arrangement, but its attractive, rural character seems to commend it to all.

points of land in that county. Will home for there were always not some one explain these occur-rences?"

Indian Wars-The Rights of Enlisted Men.

The Secretary of War having decided that enlisted men who have served in Indian campaigns approaching the mag-nitude of wars are entitled to wear dia-tingtive chevron "for service in war," the following campaigns against hostile Indians have been selected, and are an-

nounced as being within the scope of the Secretary's decision: Campaign in Southern Oregon and Idaho, and northern parts of California and Nevada, 1865 to 1868.

Campaign against the Cheyennes, Ar-rapahoes, Kiowas and Comanches in Kansas, Colorado and Indian Territory, 1868 to 1869.

Modoc war, 1872 to 1873.

Campaign against the Apaches of Ari-zona, 1873.

Campaign against the Kiowas, Co-manches and Cheyennes in Kansas, Col-orado, Texas, Indian Territory and New Mexico, 1874 to 1875.

Campaign against the Northern Cheyennes and Sioux, 1876 to 1877.

Nez Perce war, 1877. Bannock war, 1878.

Campaign against the Northern Chey-ennes. 1878 to 1879.

The Panama Canal.

In walking along a sandy road in the springtime, you have very often seen my brothers and me, as we jumped up and, flying a ways, lit, to repeat the operation when you were again near enough. And you have, no doubt, won-dered to yourselves what kind of "flies" those were, but most of you have gone on and were content with merely won-dering. If you had tried to eatch me, you would have found plenty of busi-ness on hand before you got me there, for I haven't lived so long and looked out for myself for nothing. A good share of my life has been spent in get-ting what I wanted to eat, and I am blessed with a good aspetite, too, I tell yon; and when I am not hunting 1 an playing hide-and-go-seek with my broth-ers and play-fellows, dodging in and out of the grass and weeds right mer-M. de Lesseps, in a lecture at Amiens on the Panama canal, stated that in No vember he should start for the isthmus, vember he should start for the isthmus, that the first sod would be turned on New Year's day, and that with 30,000 or 40,000 navvies, some of them Chi-nese, but 15,000 of them free negroes from Brazil, whom the Emperor Pedro would doubtless agree to send, the work would be completed in soven or eicht vers. eight years.

plenty of small insects, weaker than I, crawling London paper. about, to supply me with food, and with plenty of that and plenty of sleep

The Three R's.

Somebody mourns because he has nothing but the three R's to teach. Poor soul! From the very depths of our feelings we pity you. Nothing to teach! The world is before you. Sun, moon and atoms, stars and comets, a whole universe full, and nothing but hole in the sand, and found I was en-tirely changed; and in place of my former ill-looks I was exceedingly handsome, if I do say it myself, and could run and fly as fast as you please. Since then I have enjoyed myself in my own peculiar fashion, and fee' as young and spry to-day as I did a month ago. For myself, I prefer a jolly good piece of sandy shore, like the one where my childhood was spent: but some of my whole universe full, and nothing but the three R's left you. But after all we suspect you have not taught those branches very much. Can you read? We should like to examine you. How we would try you all the way up from Mother Goose to Milton. Can you write? We would give you a ven, and ten minutes in which to write a thought worth remembering one second. Then ten minntes in which to write a thought worth remembering one second. Then writhmetic! Why, my dear, ignorant oull do you not yet know that arithme-ic is the science of sciences, that even the highest calculus is only an expand-ed arithmetic? Go home! Leave your work to others who will honor the grandest of all studies, reading, writing and arithmetic. There are those who understand that to know these well is to be well learned. God bless the teacher who knows the three R's! God bless the child who learns them!-Ed-ucational Monthly. Exactional Wonthly. grass, and I have even heard it reported that source of ray fifth cousins, who live away down at the Tropics, are in the habit of staying up in the trees all the time. Well, every one to his taste; but after all, what pleasure is there in iving where there is not plenty of sand to run and was page?

Experiments with Roosters

Experiments with Roosters. Dr. P. G. C. Hunt, the dentist, has been experimenting in tooth-grafting. Two weeks ago he took a couple of ro-bust chanticleers and inserted in each of their combs a human tooth of the bicuspid variety, and to-day the teeth are as firmly imbedded in the combs as if they had grown there. A chicken-fancier who saw the fowls desired to buy them of the doctor, being moder the impression that the birds were of a new strain. To secure their growth it was necessary to remove the nerves and fill the orifloes in the teeth.—Indian-apolis News. apolis News.

He Got Off.

A little 6-year-old boy in Natchez, Mass., had been listening to the re-marks of a legal-minded uncle in regard to the prospect of an indicted person getting clear by securing a continu-ance of his case from time to time. ance of his case from time to time. Shortly after the little fellow got into a scrape, which secured for him from his mother a promise of a little dose of slipper at an early period. He anx-iously sought his uncle for advice on the subject, but could get sympathy only, with no prospect of relief. Finally, said the younster: "Uncle, don't you think you could get mother to continue the case? If we could get a continuance, I think I could get off." He got off.

Another Cure for Hydrophobi

Another Cure for Hydrophobia. Another alleged cure for hydrophobia is reported from Russia. It is simply the inhalation of oxygen gas. A little girl who had been seized with convul-sions was made to inhale three enbio feet of the gas, when the symptoms dis-appeared. They returned the next day, and the treatment was reposited with such success that they had not returned at last accounts.