CHILDROOD'S COUNTRY.

BY LOUISE CHANDLES MOULTON, Oh, pleasant land of childhood, I turn to say good by To all your spring-time pathways That now behind me lie—

To the happy skies above you, The roses by the way, And the well-remembered places Wherein I used to play.

When on my knees I tended Doil-children still and fair, And washed their patient faces, And brushed their golden hair,

thought they knew and loved me, Those children on my knee; When sore affliction found them What grief it was to me!

One fell and broke her ankle, And one put out her eye, and one her wicked uncles Shot at maliciously,

And left her sadly lying,
The saw-dust bleeding fast
From her poor wounded body,
Until she died, at last.

buried her at nightfall, Beneath a lonely tree, and from her grave a violet Sprung up to comfort me.

My dogs, my cats, my pony— Ah, childhood's land was gay With all these boon companions I've left upon the way!

But that so pleasant country, With all its joy and pain, Lost in the mist behind me, I cannot find again.

I miss its verdant woodlands,
The promise of its skies,
The days that dawned upon me,
Each one a sweet surprise.

Farewell, oh spring-time valleys, Wherein I used to stray— A summer-world awaits me; It is no longer May!

SEEING THE CIRCUS.

It was the day before the circus, and four small boys sat on the back steps dolefully discussing that longed-for but unattainable pleasure. They had asked, sed, insisted and implored, but the powers that were had vetoed the

nad the poor little fellows were almost heart-broken.

"I wish we could do something to earn the money to get in," said Johnny.

"We might drop potatoes for old smithy," suggested Davie. He and Johnny were the same age and always

"Pooh! lots o' money you'd get!" sneered another, whom the boys, for some reason known only to themselves, called "Rabbity." His father was chor-ister in the church where Davie's father was deacon. "Here 'tis after school," he continued, "and the circus comes off to-morrow afternoon. You wouldn't have time enough to get the money to

pay my way in, even."
"Ho! You're a healthy one! You don't s'pose we'd pay more'n our own fare, do you?" cried Johnny and Davie

fare, do you together.

"You can pay y'own way," said little
Ted, who always sided with his big Ted, who always sided with his big brother Johnny. "Well," said Rabbity, apologetically.

"I thought you meant to get rich 'fore morning an' treat all yer friends. But then," he added, with much sanctimony I don't know's I care to go. low set to a circus."

"Yaas," said Davie, scornfully, "ye heard yer father say that, so you think

it's smart."

"Bet you'd go quick's we would, only give you the chance," and Johnny knowingly nodded his closely-sheared head.

"Bet you'd go quick 'nough," echoed

"Oh dear! I wish we could sighed Johnny, returning to the subject

"It's too dirt mean't we can't." Davie

"You see, times is so hard," said Johnny, reflectively. "Our folks can't afford it for the two of us, an' 'twouldn't do to let one go, 'cause t'other'd be read."

"You ain't goin' 'thout me, Ted de-clared, setting his chin in the palm of a very dirty little hand. "Well, that's just what I said," scolded Johnny. "You see if the said."

"Well, that's just what I said, scolded Johnny. "You see, if they'd only give father bigger pay, why, we'd go." "Taint that that keeps me," said Davie, nournfully. "If that was the reason, 'twouldn't be so hard;" and he

wallowed his hardships in a big gulp.
"Why don't they let you go, then?" seked Johnny, in amaze

"Won't let you go when they got the oney!" Johnny stood right up on his money!" Johnny steel, i gummy!"
feet. "Well, I gummy!"
feet. "Taint 'refine' or

"No, they won't. 'Taint 'refine' or suthin'. They think I'll get so't I'll like it. I'll bet I'll ride some o' them hosses yet, if they don't look out. They'd better let me go while I'm little an' can pay for it, an' then maybe when I'm a man I'll be tired of it, an' save my

"What's the reason you don't go what's the reason you don't go, Rabbity?" asked Johnny.
"Well," said Rabbity, slowly, "my father thinks they are half drunk, and they cheat and lie, and, if I go, I'll learn it. He thinks 'tain't proper, and I guess he's 'bout right, so I don't want to go."

"Pooh! Guess you don't need to learn how to lie," muttered Johnny, un-der his breath, at the same time punch-

ing Davie.

"S'pose you'd like to go and get bad,"
returned Rabbity, who heard the re-

'I'll risk gettin' bad. Just gimme

chance to go in, that's all I want."

"Here's something I picked up commend home," called Davie's older brother, as he approached the house with a paper in his hand. "It tells all about the rens. There's Barnum himself, and we's all his horses and things," and he throw the paper at them and went in.

It was like a match thrown into a heap
of gunpowder. And the exclamations
and elbow joggings that follows: sel gunpowder. And the exclamations and elbow joggings that followed would have driven any one but a boy crazy. As long as they could see, they pored over it, now admiring the elephants, and then squealing in ecstacy at the wonderful performances of the equestriennes. And when it was too dark to read any more they discovered that there was to \(^1\) on street parade. Then they went in assarch of Davie's father.

"Eag. father," cried Davie, "won't you take us to the street parade to morrow

morning? It's free, an' we can see the chariot. An' his horses cost no end of money!"

money!"

After much entreaty the boys were told that if they would be good and obedient they could go to the street parade, and they promised unlimited wisdom and discretion, and withdrew to the road, where they sat down in a row, and talked of the lions and elephants

till they hardly dared go home.

The next morning Davie was up bright and early. As soon as breakfast was over, his father said: "Now, if I am to give you a pleasure, you must do something for me in return. You can take a basket and pick up the chips in the wood-yard, and when that is done we will start.

"Can't I do it when I come back?" "No, you can do it now, or you needn't go."

Davie resigned himself philosophi Davie resigned himself philosophically, and went out to work with the biggest basket he could find and a shovel. But the chip business became a weariness to the flesh and a vexation of spirit before it was finished. At last, however, he ran in to get ready, while the horse was being harnessed. We have already mentioned that Davie's father was a deacon. He was a believer in the "herea little and there a little" system, and, as the boys climbed into the buggy, he saw an opportunity too precious to be neglected, to "impress precious to be neglected, to "impress them with a sense" of—well, their total depravity as much as anything. Accordingly they were profoundly admon-ished and counseled during the drive to the city regarding "the evils of that form of dissipation known as circus-

'It has a corrupting influence on the manners," said the deacon, as loftily as if addressing a convention of Congre-gational churches. "And it debases the morals to an unlimited degree. It cre ates a taste for low and sordid amuse ments, which, once formed, can never be wholly eradicated. I intend to hitch the horse at the upper end of the town where he cannot be frightened, and so where he cannot be inguiened, and so injure himself, by the noise and bustle of the parade. An evil tendency once implanted in the mind is like a noxious weed. It will grow and spread and eventually crowd out all the good. This street parade will no doubt draw many who should be better employed and will cause them to long for the intenser excitement of the circus itself, thereby causing them to waste money as well as time. I hope that none of you boys will ever be tempted to waste your time, energies, and money in that

This last was said so pointedly that the boys felt that an answer was sary lest he should turn around and take them all home again. Rabbity spoke up loudly:

"I'd like to jus' find money enough to git into the big tent," said Ted; at which Johnny shook him and whispered:

'You dry up your gab. He's tellin'

"I ain't doin' to dry up my gab. Dry up y'own. He ain't dot nothin' to say 'bout it, any way."

"Oh shut up! Be still!" whispered

Johnny, in terror. "He'll take us home if you don't look out. You keep still." "Dess I've dot 's much yite to say

"Dess I've dot's much yite to say suthin's you'n' Dave has to be a talk-in' to yerselves all the time," muttered Ted, half crying.
"Well, we won't. We'll keep still, won't we Dave?" said Johnny, willing to do anything to keep Ted's contrary little tongre guiet.

little tongue quiet.

The sermon was resumed again, and Dave and Johnny, who sat on the back scat with Ted between them, nudged each other occasionally, and tried to smother their giggling at the sight of Rabbity, who sat on the front seat be-side the deacon, and listened attentively, apparently drinking in every word; which so encouraged the speaker that his discourse seen began to control like his discourse soon began to sound like some of the columns of "words of four syllables" in Webster's old spelling

But the drive was not long, and, once out of the buggy, the boys gave their whole attention to the sight-seeing, and the admonitions they had received had the fate of the seeds which once fell by the wayside. The deacon had his hands full when the "panoramic pageant" ap-peared. The three older boys forgot all their promises, and wormed their way through the crowd that made street almost impassable to the curbstreet aimost impassable to the curp-stone, where they stood "rapt in aston-ishment," as the old anthem has it. Ted could not follow, his hand being firmly held by the deacon, who vainly tried to attract the attention of the boys, of whom he now and then caught a glimpse.

"If ever I get these boys home"-

said the deacon, vengefully.

But there seemed to be a possibility that he would not get them home, for, when the last chariot passed, the boys started with the crowd, and the staid deacon had to trot along, too, whether he would or not, with Ted in his arms. The day was very warm, and Ted was heavy, and the deacon has not taken of his flannels, and he felt like ignoring his position, dropping his oratory, and indulging in a sulphuric oath. To tell the truth he did say "Godfrey" with considerable emphasis.

Suddenly he came upon his party talking with an acquaintance. But he was too breathless to say anything, and, between the crowd and the determined boys, he found himself hurrying toward the great white tents at the other and the great white tents at the other end of the town. It was useless to resist so he gave up the contest and soon became almost as eager to go on as the boys themselves. There were the usual scenes on the circus ground—the shouting agents, the flaming show-bills, the time-worn "accidental escape" of the "wild man," and the mysterious sounds from the tents, which the boyse-"wild man," and the mysterious sounds from the tents, which the boys were soaitive were caused by the wild and mats rushing around loose; and this and the presence of the blue-coated gentry in the crowd rendered them quite manageable, so that in the course of time the deacon was able to start on the return trip.

If the deacon had talked all the way into town, the boys made up lost time on the way home; and, more than that,

they all talked at once, and he could THE NORDENSKJOLD EXPEDITION. hardly hear his own voice when he spoke to the horse. So they were left to themselves, except that once, when they were bemoaning their lack of funds, he said impressively: "Save your money, boys, against the time of need. Once lost you never can get it again." No one noticed this remark again." No one noticed this remark except Ted, and it was so simply worded that he understood it, and accordingly, when they were passing the village store, he insisted on going in. Presently he came back to the buggy with a stick of candy in each hand, and a coulter in his month. The last he discretized in his month. another in his mouth. The last he di

wided between the other boys.

"What do you spend your money for, so near home?" asked the deacon. For candy."

"For candy."

The query was repeated with "whf" substituting "what."

"Oh!" said Ted, scrambling up on the seat. "'Cause you tol' us to look out not lose it, an' I had one a' them

out not lose it, an't had one a' them nasty little th'ee-cent things, an' I was 'fraid I'd lose him, so I spent him an' dot all this candy. Want some?" Perhaps the deacon was not thor-oughly satisfied with the result of his counsels, but he made no sign.

About 10 o'clock that same evening a man, who looked much like the deacon, might have been seen leaving the city. As he was passing the last street lamp, a vehicle, going in the same direction, slackened up and a voice called, "Hallo, deacon! Is this you? Won't you

"Why, good evening?" returned the addressed, recognizing the chorister of his church. "Yes, very glad to ride. My horse was pretty tired, so I walked in to-night. How do you do?"
"Yield the complete and received."

"First-rate. Seems to me you're out late to-night. Must have been to the circus. Ha! ha! ha!"
"Well, to tell the truth, I had a ticket

given me, and I—felt kind of obliged to use it. Had a little business in town and had to come in. But, to be honest
—it—isn't as bad as I thought. I wish
you'd been there. Those horses are worth seeing."

"Well," said the chorister, rather-sheepishly, "I came in to see about those hymn-books, you know, and I had two or three errands, and—well, I had a lit-tle time, and I met some parties who were going into the show, and—I— went along with 'em. Never went before-didn't know what a circus was; but, as you say, those horses are worth seeing. Those women had 'em under pretty nice control."

was quite surprised to find thos er—bareback riders—dressed. I had an idea that—'bareback'—referred to— the—er—riders, rather than the horses." the—er—riders, rather than the norses.

Then followed a long discussion of the merits of the different performers, were pronounced as glibly as Barnum himself could have do

When it leaked out the next day, as of course it did, that those two "pillars" had been to the circus, there was a was a council among the boys. And Davie said, with a gentleness that betokened

a perfect hurricane:
"You can bet one thing, fellers. He'll
take me to the next one!"
Then he shut his lips together, and

they couldn't get another word from him.

A Tale of Fashionable Life.

The night was stormy and dark—the wind most awfully blew; even the tramps, who snore sweetly in Madison Park till the hands of the clock early morning do mark, by midnight were

frozen quite through.

From a house on the Fifth avenue (wherein McGinnis did dwell), from 10 in the eve till 4 in the morn—from the darkness of night till the brightness of dawn—did the sounds of gay revelry

McGinnis was giving a hop on his charming daughter's birthday; from 10 in the eve till 4 was no stop of the whirl of the dance, of the wine's fiz and pop; McGinnis was able to pay.

The belles were lovely and fair, with their robes so costly and bright; but,

had they spit-curls or bangs in their hair, not a maid in the room had the conquering air A Bella McGinnis that She had bet a rather large stake ten

laps of the gay giddy dance in each quarter-hourthat night she would make, and a different beau for each ten she would take in order to lessen her Her eyes were as bright as the day,

and constantly peering around; as round in the waltz her body would sway she'd look at the men in a languishing way until the next partner was found.

She counted up laps with her feet, most honest and true was her score;

but, as 4 o' the clock was struck by the bell, she turned her last lap and sud-denly fell—fell all in a heap on the Alas for the gambler who gains! To

her bed the maiden they bore. And now she is full of weakness and pains, and rheumatic joints and varicose veins.
She'll never make laps any more.—
Puck.

American Competition in China.

In his report on the trade of Shanghai for the year 1877, Consul Davenport directs attention to the rapid increase in the imports of cotton piece goods from America. The growth is shown in the following table:

The great increase in 1877 is all the The great increase in 1877 is all the more striking because it has taken place concurrently with a considerable diminution in the import of the same fabrics of British origin. The American has to some extent taken the place of the English article, and of this Mr. Davenport suggests two explanations. It is popularly supposed, he says, to be due to the purity of the American goods, but some hold the opinion that the New England manufacturers have been pushing off their stocks of cotton because they have not been able to find a market for them in America. As to the superfor them in America. As to the superior purity of the American products there appears to be no question.—London Economist.

Through the Arctic to India-A Great Ge-

ographical Problem Solved. One of the greatest geographical problems of the last four centuries, says the Chicago Journal, has at length been solved. Even before Columbus set out to reach India by sailing westward, the thought of discovering a pass age around Europe and Asia, by sailing to the north and east, had inspired more than one navigator to make attempts in

is direction. While jubilant Americans were brating the Fourth of July, 1878, Prof. Nordenskjold weighed anchor Gothenburg, and set forth to res Behring straits, and finally India, by sailing through the Arctic. The dis-patch from Yatutsk, received from St. Petersburg last week, assures us that the Vega, with the expedition all in good health, had then arrived in Behring straits, and that after a brief stay Prof. Nordenskjold would sail for Japan, China and India, and return to Europe

via the Suez canal.

Some of the most thrilling narratives in the history of maritime adventure record the struggles of Prof. Nor-denskjold's predecessors in attempts to find this passage. Many of them per-sisted in their daring endeavors. There is evidence that as early as 890

of our era, a bold Norway navigator named Ochter sailed around the North cape of Europe and eastward as far as the mouth of the River Kola. The last great expedition planned by Sebastian Cabot, after he had skirted North and Cabot, later he had safted North and South America in two vain attempts to find a passage to the East Indies, was one directed to the same object by cir-cumnavigating Europe and Asia. He was too old to accompany the expedi-tion, but it set forth, and ended in dis-

Sir Hugh Willoughby and Richard Chancellor, under the auspices of the Muscovy Company, of London, in 1853, sailed no further than Nova Zembla. salied no further than Nova Zembia. Willoughby's vessel was lost with all on board. Chancellor and his vessel barely escaped back to Europe.

In 1856 the same company dispatched Stephen Eurroughs, who pushed east-

ward to the Kara sea, lying east of Nova

Dutch in 1594, one of which crossed the Kara sea to the mouth of the great Si-

berian river Obi. In the latter part of the sixteenth century Russian navigators explored the northern coast of Russia in Europe and Asia, sailing from Archangel to the Obi river, and thence eastward to the river Yenesei. It was not until 1630 that a party reached the mouth of the Lena, and then not by sea, but by sledges overland. By similar means the river Kolima was reached in 1644.

Then the spirit of discovery slum-

bered until it revived under Peter the Great. Under this energetic sovereign the celebrated Dane, Vitas Behring, entered the Russian service. He made several Arctic voyages with but trifling results, but in 1728 he began an over land survey of the northeast coast of Siberia, in which he penetrated to the eastern extremity of Asia, East cape, and looked eastward over the broad straits that now bear his name.

Through such means as these the general outline of the Arctic shores of Europe and Asia became tolerably well known to geographers before Nordenskjold set out, but no voyager had ever sailed the length of this entire coast, and many disbelieved that such a feat was possible, until now the triumph of this renowned scientist and navigator puts an end to doubt and ranks him with the immortal Columbus and Vasco

In June, 1875, Prof. Nordenskjold, under the ans ices of that enterprising merchant, Oscar Dickson, of Gothen-burg, made an exploring and trading voyage to the mouth of the Yenesei. Such were the results of this able navigator's previous experience and study of the seasons and currents of these seas, that he astonished all Europe by making the voyage from North cape to Nova Zembla in six days; halted to make three explorations of the interior of that island; crossed the dreadful Sea of Kara with comparative ease, and anchored in the mouth of the Yenese Aug. 15. On the return his vessel made the voyage from that distant, hyperborean river to Hammerfest, Norway, in only ten days.

Again, in 1876, leaving Tromso

the 25th of July, he reached Nova Zembla in less than five days, and, after some delay in the Karasea, anchored ter some delay in the Karasca, anchored at the mouth of the Yenesei on the an-niversary of the day he had reached there in the year before; this time only twenty days from Tromsoc. He dis-posed of his cargo at a fair profit, and, after eighteen days in harbor, returned to Hammerfest within seven weeks of to Hammerfest within seven weeks of hir setting forth.
Emboldened by success, he applied

to King Oscar, of Sweden and Norway himself one of the greatest geographer himself one of the greatest geographers of the age, for assistance to make a more extended voyage. The King and Mr. Alexander Sibiriakoff contributed £8,000, to which his old patron, Mr. Dickson, added £12,000, and, on July 4, 1878, the gallant explorer turned his year, is to the farge face of the Argtic. 4, 1878, the gallant explorer turned his prow into the fierce face of the Arctic, to win, if possible, for this nineteenth century the honor sought in vain by the centuries gone by. This time he was provided with a steam whaling vessel, the Vega, and accompanied by a large staff of navy and scientific officers detached from the service of various European countries, all eager to have a share in the discoveries of this remarkable Captain. They left Tromsoe July 25; reached the Yenesei Aug. 6; rested there three days, then boldly ventured around the dreaded North cape of Asia, never rounded by sailing craft before, and came to anchor in the mouth of the far-off Lena on Aug. 27. The good news filled the heart of every geographer in all lands with rejoicings, and congratulations to King Oscar and Mr. Dickson poured in from every court and scientific academy in Europe and America.

After Sept. 25 nothing was heard

America.

After Sept. 25 nothing was heard from the Vega, until in January word came from Yakutsk that she was caught in the ice only forty miles east of East cape. Since then all has been anxious silence, which had begun to yield to sad forebodings of disaster. Mr. Ben-

nett, of the New York Herald, volun-teered to send his famous vessel, the Jeannette, in search of Nordenskjold, and she was about to start from San Francisco when the good tidings came which relieves the world of all anxiety.

If this age is not wonder-hardened, Prof. Nordenskjold will be welcomed back to Europe with such marks of hom-or as have been accorded to no other discoverer of this era, not even the heroic Stanley.

Bill Arp on Dogs.

I knew that Harris had got hold of some sheep meat somewhere, for he had another violent paragraph against dogs the next morning. I can always tell when he has had mutton for dinner. It seems to affect his head, though I never did consider him mutton-headed. He is too dogmatic for that. Old Bows is dead, my loving and trusting friend, the defender of my children, the protector of my household in the dark and silent watches of the night. For thirteen years he has been fond and faithful, and now we feel like one of the family is now we feel like one of the family is dead. Bows was the best judge of human nature I ever saw. He knew an honest man and a gentleman by instinct. He never frightened a women or a child—he never went tearing down the front walk after anylody, but the very looks of him would mighty night skeer a nigger to death. When they had come to our house they begun to holler "hello" a quarter of a mile off. Bows loved to skeer 'em, he did. He had character and emotions. Having had character and emotions. Having no tail to wag (for he was not curtailed) he did the best that he could and wagged whereit ought to be. Bows was a dark brindle. He was a dog of an-cestors. His father's name was Shylock, and his grandfather's name was Sheriff. They were all honorable dogs. Sheriff. They were all honorable dogs. I never knew him to run up and down a nabor's palings after the dog on the other side. He was above it—but he never dodged a responsibility. He has come in violent personal contact with other dogs a thousand times, more or less, and was never the bottom dog in the fight. And, then, what an honest voice he had. His bark was not on the , but was a deep, short basso proudo. We have buried him on the brow of the hill where he used to sit and watch for tramps and stragglers. Slowly and sadly we laid him down. Talk about your sheep—I wouldn't have given him for a whole flock. Sheep are to eat and wear, but Bows was a friend. It's like comparing appetite with emotion—the animal with the spiritual.
But I am done now. Let Harris press
on his dog law. I've got nothin agin
sheep—in fact, I like em. Ever since
Mary had a little lamb I've thought
kindly of sheep, and I am perfectly
willin' to a law that will exterminate all couns and suck-egg pups and yalter dogs, and bench-leg fices. They are a reflection on Bowses memory.—Atlanta Constitution.

Transfusion of Sheep's Blood. At St. Luke's Hospital, Friday even-

ing, an operation was performed in the presence of several surgeons and interested witnesses upon William Boeckler, a young man who has been sick for a week with severe hemorrhages, which gives every promise of saving his life and effecting his complete restoration to health. The patient had been suffering with daily hemorrhages which reduced him from a strong and vigorous man in less than a week to so emaciated a condition that unless something was promptly done his death would have resulted in a few hours at the farthest He was so weak that the usual remedies utterly failed to stop the bleeding caused by quinsy. Dr. Dedolph, who was in attendance, after the failure of all other attempts to save his patient, decided to attempt the transfusion of blood into Bockler's system taken from a sheep. Friday evening Drs. Dedolph, Stone, Stamm and McDonald met at St. Luke's Hospital, and per-formed the experiment. The sick preformed the experiment. The sick man looked like wax, and he was so weak as to be hardly conscious. A live sheep was brought in, and, when all was ready, a tube was inserted into the carotid ar-tery in the animal's neck, and then into a prominent vein in the sick man's right arm. The blood spurted through the arm. The blood spurted through the inclosure, and was permitted to continue till Boeckler commenced to breathe short and fast. Then the tube was removed. All of the while the patient's condition was carefully watched, it is estimated that about six onnces of the blood of the sheep passed into his arm. He soon after commenced to revive, and last evening, at a late hour, was feeling much better. The physicians see no reason why he should not completely recover. The operation is unusual, but is not regarded as a remarkably-delicate one. It is the first of the kind performed in the State, and probably the first west of Chicago, as far as any record is to be found.—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

Bigh-Priced Trotters.

an excessively fancy price for a trotter was Mr. Robert Bonner, who gave Mr. George Alley \$15,000 for Dexter. Mr. Bonner afterward gave \$20,000. Bonner afterward gave \$33,000 for Cooley, \$45,000 for Pocahontas, \$20,000 for Startle, and \$15,000 for Grafton. Large as these sums aggregate, they have been exceeded by Mr. Henry N. Smith, who has paid more money for trotters than any man living. He paid for Lady Thorn, \$30,000; for Goldsmith trotters than any man living. He paid for Lady Thorn, \$30,000; for Goldsmith Maid, \$35,000; for Lucy, \$25,000; for Jay Gould, \$35,000. Gould he bought of Fisk, George Hall and Jay Gould. They owned the horse, having bought him from a New Bedford party when his name was Judge Brigham. Tattler he bought of A. J. Alexander for \$17,000; Gen. Knox he paid \$10,000 for; Rosalind cost him \$13,000; Socrates, \$26,000; Idol, \$7,500; Western Girl, \$1,000; Martha Nutwood, \$1,500. Daisy Burns he traded Harry Harley for with Commodore Vanderbilt; she stood him in \$3,500. What does all that feot up? \$204,500 exactly. Goldsmith Maid was on the go, in the cars, for thirteen years, from one end of the country to the other, traveling over 100,000 miles, always taking her regular rest on the cars as if in her box stall. She has netted to her owner over \$75,000, after paying all her expenses and giving Budd Doble one-half.

BIRDIE'S BATH,

Down beside the river. In a quiet path.
Did you e'er see birdie
Take his morning ba

On the branch above him,

Now he hops again.
Then he flies around,
Takes another sip,?
Whirls upon the ground, Wades into the water,

Opens, then, the feathers Wide upon his breast. Fliris the water through them, As upon his crest;

Ducks under and then out In such a desterous way That the clear, cool water Down his back shall play.

Whirls and springs about

Once more on the bank, Gives a little shiver. Shaking out his feathers, Making each one quiver,

Sways around a moment,
Like a passing breeze,
Then he files away,
Up among the trees.
HERO, Vt.
MARIE S. LAPD.

PITH AND POINT.

A LADY up-town, joking about her nose, said: "I had nothing to do with shaping it. It was a birthday present."

The injurious effects of "forty-rod whisky" we presume is attributable to the fact that forty rods make one rude. THE end man of a negro-minstrel

company calls himself the Napoleon of troupe because he is the bony part. A SMART up-town boy lately informed his grandfather that he didn't like to hear him joke-"it's bad-in-age," he ex-

lained.

A California politician says that the path of rectitude has been traveled so little in that State, of late years, that it has all run to grass.

"My son," said an old lady, "how must Jonah have felt when the whale swallowed him?" "Down in the mouth," was the young hopeful's reply. "Woman is a delusion, madame," claimed a crusty old bachelor to a witty young lady. "And man is always hug-ging some delusion or other," was the

quick retort. A NATURALIST claims to have discov ered that crows, while in flocks, have regularly organized courts, in which they sit around and try offenders—a sort of crow bar.

sort of crow bar.

JEANETTE—"Ma, are you going to give me another piece of pie?" Ma—
"What do you want to know for?"
Jeanette—"Because if you ain't, I want to eat this piece slowly."

A THURL POLITICAL

A TIMID Bostonian has married a lady whose weight verges closely on 200 pounds. "My dear," said he to her "shall I help you over the fence?" "Yo," says she to him, "help the fence."

A LITTLE Waterloo Sunday-school miss was asked by her teacher, must people do in order to go to heav-en?" "Die, I suppose," replied the little one. The teacher did not ques-tion her any further.

THE gift-chromo business lags, and it is now possible to purchase a pound of tea in some localities without being obliged to invest \$4.87‡ for a frame to encircle the artistic production smilingly handed you by the dealer.

A CORRESPONDENT of the St. Louis Globe Democrat tells this story: "An Irishman, upon his arrival in the United States, noting the great number of mil-tary titles, exclaimed, 'What a divil of a battle has been fought near here, where all the privates were kilt." THE pretty girl that all men seek is

a combination of rare and precious stones. Her lips are rubies, her teeth pearls, diamonds must flash from her eyes, bright and sparkling gems must fall from her lips, while her pocket must fairly groan with its pile of rocks. "Have you given electricity a trial for your complaint, madam?" asked the minister as he took tea with the old

lady. "Electricity!" said she. "Well, yes, I reckon I has. I was struck by lightning last summer and hove out of the window, but it didn't seem to do me no sort of good."

Twice Resurrected.

A San Francisco correspondent writes: The ups and downs of mining towns were well illustrated last week. Long years ago Bodie had its ups and then its down. It was buried, and even Second Adventists did not believe iv its Second Adventists did not believe in its resurrection. About three years ago the Bodie mine was reprospected, and a show of gold sent the stock a kiting and resurrected the town. It was literally born again, and Solomon's Temple, in all its glory, displayed no such brilliance by night as the gorgeous alloons, gambling-shops and groggeries, open as day to public gaze. Four bits a drink," and "Here is a handful of nuggets I'll bet on that game, either way geta I'll bet on that game, either way you darn please. If that don't suit, pay for the drinks or fight." Oh, it was jolly! In a brief year the mine petered out, and silence reigned in Bodie's halls. out, and silence reigned in Bodie's halls. Only ghostly sobs from spirit-lands were borne on the midnight air from brained gamblers whose stock losses drove them to suicide. Now, again, Gabriel's trump proclaims salvation strikes of gold, and sounds the call to resurrection. Behold! Bodie, that was dead, is alive again. Its highways are fall phage as of yore and the gild textile. all abuzz as of yore, and the old familiar sounds come back—I bet, you bet, he bets. Bodie stock takes a sudden bound bets. Bothe stock takes a sudden bound from \$6 to \$40, and from the priest to the shee-black, from aged women to young maidens—all the world rushes blindly into the gamble!

A KEONUK (Iowa) pickling establishment advertises for 200,000 heads of cabbage, and the New London Telegram says: "Go West, young man, go West."