A Plain Man's Philosophy. A gloomy world," says neighbor Black

- Where clouds of dreary dun, In masses rolled, the sky enfold, And blot the noonday sun !" Ay, so it is," says neighbor White
- But haply you and I Might shed a ray to cheer the way-Come, neighbor, let us try.'
- "A vale of tears," says neighbor Black, "A vale of weary breath,
 Of soul-wrung sighs and hopeless eyes From birth to early death !"
- " Λ y, so it is," says neighbor White, "But haply you and I, Just there and here, might dry a tear-
- Come, neighbor, let us try."
- "A wilderness,' says neighbor Black, " A desert waste and wide,
- Where rank weeds choke, and ravens
- croak, And noiseme reptiles hide !"
- "Ay, so it is," says neighbor White, "But haply you and I
- Might clear the ground our homes around Come, neighbor, let us try."
- Frederick Langbridge, in Sunday Magazine

Aunt Betsey's Thanksgiving.

CHAPTER L.

It was a golden November day; the day before Thanksgiving. Aunt Betsey was busy as a bee in her neat though somewhat primitive kitchen, where most of the "modern improvements" were unknown; and the sun shone broadly in at the shutterless window, on whose open casement sat a boy of Jerus.

were unknown; and the sun shone broadly in at the shutterless window, on whose open casement sat a box of Jerusalem cherry, full of red berries and glossy leaves, making a photograph of the same on the spotless kitchen floor.

Out of a large pot that she had just lifted to the hearth from the blackened crane in the yawning kitchen fireplace, she had dished out a generous supply of golden pumpkin sauce.

"Here, Margaret," she called to a little apple-cheeked girl in the doorway, "just step over with this dish of stewed 'punkin' to poor Mrs. Linn. for it will be a sorry enough Thanksgiving to her at the best, with her husband all out of his head with whiskey. Well, he is a good husband when he is sober; and that is more than some women can say whose husbands never touch a drop. Tell her to send over this evening after milking time for the milk and eggs to make it up with too."

"May I take Billy and Barbara each one of your cookies, ma?" asked the little girl, her bright eyes dancing at the

"May I take Billy and Barbara each one of your cookies, ma?" asked the little girl, her bright eyes dancing at the thought of the kindly errand she was to do, for already she had caught somewhat of her mother's benevolent spirit, and her young heart often felt how much better it is to give than to receive.

"I guess not, daughter," answered Aunt Betsey, reflectively. "You know poor old Lawson always smells them baking when he is sawing the wood, and expects some 'takes,' as Le calls them.

baking when he is sawing the wood, and expects some 'takes,' as he calls them, to carry home; and I did not feel able to afford many this week, as we are to have so many other things."

"Yes, we will have quite a feast, even if the famine does follow. But oh, ma! you would think our dinner was just nothing at all, if you only saw the nice things Mrs. Carpenter is getting. Marcia says they are to have two turkeys and the greatest quantity of mince pies; just think of that!" And the bright eyes danced more than ever.

the greatest quantity of mince pies; just think of that!" And the bright eyes danced more than ever.

"Ah, child! we must not let our neighbor's happiness dazzle our eyes till we are blind to our own blessings. If we cannot have turkey, roast beef is very good indeed; and we can have all the 'punkin' pies we want, for we have a whole load of 'punkins' under the fodder, and a bucket of bran-slop every morning for old Rose keeps us in oceans of milk; and you know, my dear, Thanksgiving would be no Thanksgiving at all without them."

"That would be the play of 'Hamlet' with poor Mister Hamlet left out, wouldn't it, ma?"

"Never do vou mind about such heathenish things, Margaret; but when you feel like grumbling at our lot, think of Mrs. Linn."

"Yes'm. I didn't mean we were not to be thankful at all, only just a little mite less, you know, than the rich peo-

of Mrs. Lann.

"Yes'm. I didn't mean we were not to be thankful at all, only just a little mite less, you know, than the rich people;" and the bright eyes ceased dancing ust long enough to twist out a little leer at "mother's hobby," as she and her bro her Bob styled Aunt Betsey's extention.

her bro her Bob styled Aunt Betsey's about Aunt Betsey's kitchen (which I should have told you before, was sitted a thriving Western town, and maintained herself and her children chiefly by her own labor. She was not above any honest work either that came to her hand. She was a notable shirt-maker, however, and in those days a shirt front was a wonder of tucks and stitching, and all done by hand, too. She had but just completed halfa dozen for John Unyet, the builder, to whom she still owed a small sum on the cottage which she h d carned by her own industry, stretched hand of him who had been Unyet, the builder, to whom she still owed a small sum on the cottage which she h d carned by her own industry. She had carried them home only the day before, and somehow a sad face she saw there then had haunted her ever since. It was the face of a young widow just from England, and this Thanksgiving eve, as Aunt Betsey made her pumpkin pies, its sweet pensiveness came before her like a prayer.

"I do wender why I cannot get rid of that lady's looks. I never exchanged more than a dozen words with her at any time that I have met her there, and yet it seems to me-like I ought to go right straight and see after her—kind of as though she was a-calling me. I won-

right straight and see after her—kind of as though she was a-calling me. I wonder what made her ask me so particular where I lived? And I believe she was just about saying something that she didn't say when Mrs. Unyet came in," soliloquized she, beating her eggs with unusual vigor, as the suspicion entered her mind that perhaps that lady was not as great a consolation as she might be to 'the stranger within her gates."

"Law sakes! How you frightened me!" she exclaimed, as the veritable object of her thoughts stepped upon the threshold, with her two babes, a gir

me!" she exclaimed, as the veritable object of her thoughts stepped upon the threshold, with her two babes, a gir and a boy, clinging to her skirts. "But come right in; why how stupid of me to leave you a standing there for me to stare at. There, let me take off your bonnet," she went on, as she discovered by the swollen cyclids of her visitor that she had been weeping. Then, never seeming to notice anything unusual, she bustled about, making her visitors comfortable, getting her own cliddens! fortable, getting her own childrens small chairs for the little one to sit in and waiting till the lary chose to un-burden hersell, as she knew she would; and while she is doing so, we will tell the same story, in somewhat fewer and

more coherent words.

Mrs. Welford's husband had known
the Unyet family in England. In fact,
he had several times assisted the head
of that family in business, he being well-

to-do, while they struggled for a maintainance. So when upon the death of her husband, just a year before, they wrote inviting her to make her home with them, she concluded to do so, as she thought it would be easier to get her living in America than in England, for her husband had died poor. So, after settling up his business and paying all his debts, she took the pittanee that was left and came to them. Now it turned out that they were not aware of her changed circumstances when they wrote for her, and had been very unkind since they discovered it, finally ordering her out of their house that very day upon a hatched-up charge of some misdemeanor, she knew not what.

"And what I am to do I am sure I do not know; so I thought as you looked good and kind I would come to you and ask your advice, for I know no one else in all this great country," sobbed the poor young thing in conclusion.

The big lump in Aunt Betsey's throat prevented her from replying for some time, but at length she said:

"Weil, my dear Mrs. Welford, my first advice is for you to stay right here till you can do better. Now do not stop me to say you could not think of burdening me," she continued, seeing a deprecating protest upon her visitor' countenance; "for I am not a-going to let you. You can help me enough to pay all expenses, you know; you have two children and so have I, and we will each do an equal share of the work and each bear half the expenses, and then halve the profits. I guess it will mot be heard to divide what is left," and Aunt Betsey ended with a cheerful laugh at her own joke to cover Mrs. Welford's emissance.

barrassment.

barrassment.

So the beautiful Mrs. Weiford became a member of Aunt Betsey's family, while the Unyets, in order to excuse themselves, spread industriously all kinds of evil stories about how they had

kinds of evil stories about how they had been deceived in her; could not risk the well-being of their own daughters by keeping her after they discovered what she was, and many other dark hints, without a single direct charge, after the usual manner of their copper-head species, darting their venom from the grassy cover of innendo.

Through it all Aunt Betsey heroically, though belonging to the sex commonly supposed to be most unheroic, shielded and comforted her, although the scandal injured her own business and made ter poorer day by day, while Mr. Unyet pressed her to pay the small amount she owed him, which, though small, seemed so very large as her resources diminished; oved him, which, though small, seemed so very large as her resources diminished; steadily turning a deaf ear to all Mrs. Welford's self-reproaches for bringing so much trouble upon her kind friend. Another Thanksgiving was approaching, and in order to have a few luxuries for that occasion Aunt Betsey had put them on "short allowance," as she

them on "short allowance," as she called their supper of corn-dodger and

called their supper of con-milk.

"Thank God for a good supper," said Mrs. Welford's gentle voice at the end of the meal, and "Tank Dod for a dood suppee," lisped her little ones after her, as was their invariable habit.

CHAPTER II.

Some years before the opening of this little story Sarah Burton had been the belle of the rather considerable shiretown where she resided, and when from half a dozen suitors she chose the thriving young tradesman, Charles Welford, every one predicted an unclouded life for them and pronounced her a most fortunate girl. They did not see the little secret corner in her heart where another image was veiled away from human sight, so closely that even she herself did not see it. But truth to tell, had William Henshaw been less modest, Charles Welford might not have found it so easy to win his bride.

Just before her wedding young Henshaw had bidden adieu to his native place and "gone to seek his fortune," as he said, and since that time no one had learned whither, though it was believed he had gone to Austraiia.

Sarah had otten wondered, in common with her husband and others, about him; but never until these adverse days had she done more. Now, as the iron entered her soul, plowing up that which lay hidden there, she found herself frequently thinking of him, and a queer little thrill, such as she used to feel in his presence years ago, would send a delicious pain quivering all through her heart, only to end in the duil wonder if he were still alive.

This Thanksgiving day, as she moved about Aunt Betsey's kitchen (which I should have told you before, was situated in the front of the house, right by the side of the best room), humming a gay little English air, which, to be frank with you was undenstudit inscirated he

doorway, and turning, she met the out-stretched hand of him who had been most in her thoughts as she caroled the ballad they had so often sung together, "William!" with a joyous ring in her voice, long unknown to it.

voice, long unknown to it.

"Sarah, my poor dove!" and the story
which should have been told years before found utterance in the tone, so full
of protecting tenderness in which those
four words were spoken.

What a Thanksgiving day was that!
Mr. Henshaw was introduced to Aunt
Betsey, and captivated her heart forthwith by his frank, manly ways, as well
as his ha alsome face, with its pleasant with by his frank, manly ways, as well as his ha idsome face, with its pleasant brown eyes and lips red enough for a maiden's. He accepted her invitation to dine, and contributed to the dinner such a dessert as they had never dreamed of an hour before. He was a Southern laster now and down at the landing

such a dessert as they had never dreamed of an hour before. He was a Southern planter now, and down at the landing he had a boat-load of tropical fruits going northward, from which he selected an abundance of the finest, to grace Aunt Betsy's Thanksgiving.

After dinner, when the others had discreet y excused themselves, Aunt Betsey taking for a walk Mrs. Welford's little ones, who had been duly admired and petted by Mr. William Henshaw, Sarah Welford learned how the Being, whom she had thanked for the poor dinner as well as the good one, had wrought from her direst misfortune her greatest blessing.

A fornight since, as Mr. Henshaw was superintending the loading of his boat, he overheard a conversation between

superintending the loading of his boat, he overheard a conversation between two river men, in which her name, mentioned by one of them, had attracted his attention, and he heard the whole story of her trials and persecutions, told by the very man who had been deceived into insulting her a year before.

"And you may believe, darling I felt like blessing him in spite of the pain he had caused your tender heart, for in his talk I had learned your whereabouts, as well as that I might now tell you the

story I once so bitterly regretted delaying; for I could not help believing, even then, that had I spoken I might have gained this dear hand for myself."

"O, you vain fellow!" smiled the happy woman, with the tears in her eyes, as she thought how good God had been to her.

"So," continued he, "instead of sending an agent as usual with the boat, I came myself. Are you glad, dearest?" and he drew her toward him for the kiss that was given as coyly as a maiden might do, for this was her first love. That was answer enough, and Aunt Betsey on her return surprised a tableau that did her old eyes good.

They were married that same evening, for oranges and bananas would not keep, and he declared he would never go on without her if the whole boat-load spoiled; for he had tasted the fruits of procrastination once before and found them scarcely as pleasant to the palate as those of the tropics.

But even in their happiness they did not forget Aunt Betsey. And Mr. Henshaw feft money enough to pay Mr. Unyet's claim against her with a handsome little sum besides, which she found in her well-thumbed Bible that evening when it opened at her favorite place, as was natural for the book to do. since it had been opened so often there. "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and it shall return after many days."

And every Thanksgiving from their sunny Southern home came a box containing Aunt Betsey's dessert, though I am bound to say some of these articles were scarcely intended for eating, for along with the fruit always came a goodly roll of bank notes that might have suspended the shirt-making en.

along with the fruit always came a goodly roll of bank notes that might have suspended the shirt-making en-tirely had Aunt Betsey possessed a dis-position for a life of idleness.

Where the Toys Come From.

Where the Toys Come From.

Toys and playthings are in continual demand wherever there are children to be amused, and the supply of them grows larger and more varied every year. Most of the toys which gladden little hearts in English nurseries come from Germany, and the quaint old town of Nuremberg is the center of that kind of industry, which employs a great many hands, and keeps the grim wolf of poverty from the door of many an industrious household. Thence come the wooden boxes containing villages, gardens, sheepfolds and Noah's arks; the grocer's, baker's and butcher's shops, which form such delightful Christmas and birthday presents; the cube puzzles, with the containing villages. which form such delightful Christmas and birthday presents; the cube puzzles, with pictures on each face of the blocks of wood which fit so neally irto their bexes; the jointed dolls, now aimost out of aste; the substantial-looking horses and carts; and, last of all, the mechanical to swhich are wound up by clockwork and perform such extraordinary. and carts; and, last of all, the mechanical tors which are wound up by clockwork, and perform such extraordinary maneuvres that one almost fancies them alive. The tiny lamps, the bright reflectors and shining balls, which render our Christmas trees so brilliant, are also imported from Germany, as well as the ornamental and useful articles made of horn, bone and lacquered ware which make such capital presents for those young folks who have outgrown the delights of dolls and wooden animals. The Swiss peasants who in summer time find plenty of employment in tending their cows and goats, gathering the basket of Alpine strawberries that are piled up in great dishes on every hotel table, and all sorts of services for the great army of tourists who came annually to make a peaceful invasion of their lovely land, are frequently snowed up in the chalets and mountain villages for weeks together in the winter, and employ the long hours in cutting out bears from pieces of beechwood, often with no other tool than a strong knile, making wooden nut-crackers, match-boyes, and other tool than a strong knife, making wooden nut-crackers, match-boxes, and the curious little cottages which slide in and out of well-fitted boxes, and are universally bought by travelers as mementoes of happy holidays among the mountains.— Lattle Folks.

A Veteran's Remarkable Record.
Cotone: Frederick Von Werder died in Baltimore not long ago, at the Aged Men's home, at the age of ninety-nine years ten months and sixteen days. A morning paper says: Von Werder was one of the Old Guard. He was with the first Napoleon in his retreat from Moscow; witnessed his wedding with Maria Louisa; entered Paris with the allied armies in 1814; served under Blucher at Waterloo; assisted in organizing the Greek insurrection in 1820; and fought against Abd-el-Kader on the plains of Algeria. Col. Von Werder, as appears from a manuscript sketch which he left behind him, was born in Prussia', Jan. I, 1780. In June, 1795 he joined the Prussian army, and at the battle of Jena was made prisoner by the French, afterward joining that service. In 1867 and 1808 he fought in Spain, and later he married the daughter of a Spanish grandee. He took part in the battle of Aspern, Elchingen and Wagram, and was made aide-de-camp to Gen. Murat. In the spring of 1812 he was appointed was made aide-de-camp to Gen. Murat. In the spring of 1812 he was appointed aide-de-camp to Marshal Ney, and marched to Russia, entering Moscow with Napoleon. At Berisina he was twice wounded, and after his recovery again joined the Perssian and Washall News. twice wounded, and after his recovery again joined the Prussian army, fighting in all the battles from 1813 to 1815. Between the years 1816 and 1827 he led an adventurous life in Greece and Turkey, and from 1827 to 1836 served with distinction in Africa. In 1849 he came to this country with his wife and children, and invested his money in a nursery in Virginia. In 1852 his property was destroyed by a severe flood, and other misfortunes befell him. Three of his sons fell during the late war, his of his sons fell during the late war, his wife and daughter died in 1864, and last summer the veteran was compelled to seek the shelter of the aged men's home. During the last five years he was par-tially blind, but retained his faculties

An old Bible is now in a bookstore in Albany that was picked up by a Union soldier in the streets of Fredericksburg on December 14, 1862. The soldier gave on December 14, 1862. The soldier gave it to his chaplain, who forwarded it to Albany, and there it has been ever since. It is a Latin Bible that was printed in the year 1500. The first person of the Godhead is represented in it in the semblance of an old man with the Papal crown on his head. The flood is pictured—Noah and his wife with their heads out of the winds w looking at the flight of four birds. Manna is represented about the size of a bread cracker, Moses is invariably pictured as having horns. horns.

Some one has invented a machine for breaking the cactus into a mass of white, elastic fiber, which will be used in making mattresses. It is said the cost of mattresses will be reduced forty per

Remarkable Work of a Montana Horticulturist.

Remarkable Work of a Montana Horteuthurst.

Among those exhibiting the Perrickin form of the Prickley Pear value, whose and lies sever mile north of Helena. He has a spiended collection, the has a spiended collection of the Childronia measured travely, and considerably the smallest "bulb" of the Childronia measured travely, and considerably the smallest "bulb" of the Childronia measured travely, and considerably the smallest "bulb" of the Childronia measured travely, and considerably the smallest "bulb" of the Childronia measured travely and considerably the smallest "bulb" of the Childronia measured travely and considerably the smallest "bulb" of the Childronia measured the properties of the Childronia measured the properties of the Childronia measured to the content of the childronia of the Childronia measured the properties of the childronia of the Childronia measured the properties of the childronia of the childr The Mint's Dealings in Precious Metals

The Mint's Dealings in Precious Metals. Some interesting figures are given in the annual report of Mr. Buchard, director of the United States mint. The coinage during the year amounted to \$88,312,602.50, and consisted of 2,759,421 pieces of gold, of the value of \$40,986,-912 and 27,228,850 pieces of silver. The production of the precious metals in the United States in 1879 was match less than that of the preceding year. It has resulted from the diminished yield of the mines of the Comstock Lode. Although the production of Nevada will be large and continuous for many years, it does not appear probable that the mines of that State will make such enormous contributions to the mineral mines of that State will make such enormous contributions to the mineral wealth of the country as they have in previous years. This decrease has been in part compensated by the results of the more thorough exploration of the mining regions of the Rocky mountains, mining regions of the Rocky mountains, especially in central and southern Col-orado. The production of that State was at least \$6,000,000 greater in the last than in the preceding year, and will probably furnish an undiminished, if not increasing, amount of silver in the future. After careful inquiry and con-sideration of the yield of different lo-calities and mines in the United States, the director estimates the total produc

the director estimates the total production of the precious metals in the country for the fiscal year 1879 at \$79,712,000, which \$38,900,000 was gold and \$40,812,000 silver.

Nearly all of the gold and a large portion of the silver produced in the United States during the last year was coined at the mints or used in domestic manufactures, arts and ornamentation. The surplus was exported to non-producing countries. From all information it is safely assumed that the annual consumption in the United States of precious metals in all forms for manufacturing purposes now averages \$7,000,000 of gold and \$5,000,000 of silver. The tota amount of gold coin in the country, June 30 last is estimated at \$18,490,698, and of silver, \$112,050,985, the gain in the country was a soling \$15,1400,698, gold amount of gold coin in the country, June 30 last is estimated at \$.86,490,698, and of silver, \$112,050,985, the gain in the past six years being \$151,490,698 gold, and \$107,050,985 silver. Since the close of the last fiscal year, and up to Nov 1, the imports of coin and bullion and the dom-stic coinage have increased these amounts to \$305,750,497 gold and \$121,-156,355 silver, a total of \$427,206,852 or about \$9 per capita of coin. It is estimated should the flow of gold continue from foreign countries, the metallic circulation of the country at the end of the present itseal year will have swollen to over \$600,000,000. The report discusses at great length the monetary statistics of forcign countries, and states that the world's production of gold has declined in the past few years from \$131,000,000 in 1853 to \$86,000,000 in 1879.

The untruthful witness is tried for erjury per jury.—Rome Sentinel.

TIMELY TOPICS.

and he playfully proceeded to show how it could be done. A large meat knife lay on the table, and, taking firmly hold of his wife's scalp, he drew the edge of the knife across her throat. It was done in the most playful way, and all for fin. but they way, and all done in the most playful way, and all for fun, but there were serious consequences. The knife was sharp, and a deep gash was made several inches in length. As soon as the family could recover from their consternation at sight of the blood, a messenger was sent for a physician, who, with some difficulty, sewed up the wound. The woman will recover, but will always have a deep scar to remind her of her morbid curiosity. morbid curiosity.

The forger Cooper was evidently what is known as an "astonisher" to the English people among whom he re sided. He gave splendid dinners, rented the English people among whom he re sided. He gave splendid dinners, rented a magnificent house, spent money freely, called himself the grandson of the famous novelistand created an excellent prejudice in favor of Americans. In the hunting field he created great sensation by sliding down and riding out of sight on one side of his horse while the latter was in full gallop; and he invariably came late to a train so as to gather a large crowd that went daily to the station to see him rush for it. He would run and cling on to it by the sides, doors, windows, or wherever he pappened to catch hold. He attended church with great regularity, gave money to the poor and depended largely upon wigs and false mustaches to conceal is identity. In his pitcous speech to the judge after being sentenced to five years penal servitude there was not a wor't of truth, but every word was well chosen and his part was not overdone.

Crime is rampant and misery unpre-edented in Paris at present. "The series of crimes," says the *Parisian*,

"which have been committed in Paris during the last eighteen months, in constant succession, has hitherto failed to attract attention to the misery of this great city. Foreigners who come here and walk about the boulevards and parks, and visit the sights, only see the bright side of Paris. They do not visit La Villette, Montmarte, Saint-Ouen, the Quartier-Monffetard, and the banks of the Blevre. They do not see the children in rags, huddled up in damp holes that are warmed only by the heat of the fermentation of rotting ordure. The Parisians themselves see this misery, and if you speak to them about it they reply with an incredulous 'Is it possible?' Yes, and from these dens come the criminals—the Troppmans, the Prevosts, the Abadies and Gilles. In no city in Europe is social reform more needed than it is in Paris. The Monteplete, the hospitale, the relieving offices, the administrative and judicial systems are such as were created by fallen dynasties. To say that they are defective is to say very little."

Words of Wisdom.

Riches got by deceit cheat no man so nuch as the getter.

Manner is one of the greatest engines f influence ever given to man. Flattery is a talse coin which has cir-ulation only through our vanity.

Conscience is the voice of the soul; the passions are the voice of the body.

A talent without a tact has been said a be like a fiddle without a fiddlestick. Men seldom improve when they have no other models than themselves to copy

Modesty is to worth what shadows are a painting; she gives to it strength of relief.

You cannot dream yourself into a baracter; you must hammer and torge ourself one. The preservation of life should be only secondary concern; the direction of it

ur principal.

It is very dangerous for a man to find my spot on this broad globe that wester to him than his home.

Joining in the amusements of others s, in our social state, the next thing to sympathy in their distress.

Happy is he who has learned this one thing—to do the plain duty of the mo-ment quickly and cheerfully, whatever

it may be.

Energy will do anything that can be done in the world; and no talents, no circumstances, no oppyrtunities, will make a two-legged animal a man with-

Cheap persons will stand upon cere-mony, because there is no other ground, but to the great of the earth we need no introduction, nor do they need any to Blessed be the man who knows how

to caper and enjoy nonsense; woe to the man that parted early with his boyhood, and blessed be the man that carries his boyhood down latest into life. Love one human being purely and warmly, and you will love all. The heart in this heaven, like the wandering sun, sees nothing, from the dewdrop to the ocean, but a mirror which it warms and

Good intentions are at least the secu-of good actions; and every man ought to sow them, and leave it to the soil and seasons whether they come up or not, or whether he or any other gathers the

the new instrument. The deaf hear, the dumb speak—let this be called the age of miraculous inventions.

Emigration to the United States will reach for the current year about 160,000. In nine months the number of emigrants from France has amounted to less than 1,700, and will not much exceed 2,000 for the whole year. This is interential proof that the French are too well off at home to make emigration desirable, a fact which is a direct result of the frugality and industry of the people and of the enormous benefits of a subdivision of landed property among millions of small proprietors who till their own grounds, live in their own houses, raise their own food, pay no rents, support no non-producing landlords, contribute liberally to the support of a wive government and repose in contented industry literally under their own vines and fig trees, with none to make them afraid of want and none to monopolize the results of their thrift and toil.

A Cincinnati family were discussing at dinner some marvelous tricks which they had seen a sleight-of-hand man perform on the previous night. The feat that interested the wife was that of the beheading of the woman, which the professor is accustomed to do with a big knife in full view of his admiring audiences. To the husband, on the contrary, the trick was as plain as daylight, and he playfully proceeded to show how it could be done. A large meat knife any other group of organisms. 3. That, despite their minuteness, their fossil remains are much greater in bulk and of far more consequence than those of large quadrupeds and serpent-like monsters, such as the mastadon, megatherium, plesiosaurus, ichthyosaurus, etc. 4. That, as builders, they have produced immense structures, which far surpass in size all the colossal works of man. The evidence of these statements will be presently given; but meantime it may be remarked that such grand results redeem the study of microscopical objects deem the study of microscopical objects from that pettiness which is often imputed to it —Popular Science Monthly.

A Strange Story.

New York abounds so in strange tories that the one just related concern-New York abounds so in strange stories that the one just related concerning a boy eleven years old, who played truant one day last summer, and, afraid to go home, joined a band of boy thieves may as readily be true or not. At any rate, that it is in some points authentic, is proved by the fact that his mother and sister traced him to the Catholic protectory, where he was sent by Judge Bixby, for picking pockets. He belongs to a respectable family, was well brought up, and did not return home at the close of his day of truancy, for fear of a flogging with which his father had threatened him should he be guilty of the act again. According to his story he lodged with a sort of Fagin, on Eighteenth street, between Seventh and El hit avenues, and while there became instructed in the art of picking pockets, and indoctrinated (from the reading of vicious books) that he was born to do great things as a professional bandit. The moral is that parents cannot exercise too much supervision over their children, and that the pretty little rosy-checked boy, who is the pet of his mother and sisters, may be steeped to the lips in vicious propensities which only ask opportunity to blossom into deed.—New York Telegram.