" Strike While the Iron's Hot." Strike while the iron's hot! Strike-and with a will; He is no skillful smith Who lets the iron chill. Ere the iron hardens, strike, Shape it to what shape you like, To the scythe or knile or sword, To slay or heal or mow the sward.

Strike while the iron's hot, Strike with hand and heart: Quickly turn the bar,

And smite on every part. Bring the sledge down with a swing Till it makes the anvil ring. So great master workmen wrought, So struck the iron while 'twas hot.

So, when the time is ripe To act, or think, or say, The precious moment seize Before it pass away. Shapen the action to your ends, As the smith the iron bends; Let the word and let the thought Promptly into deed be wrought.

Strike while the iron's hot, Or do not strike at all; Strokes the cold bar will break, Not fashion, when they tall. If you're slow in arm and brain. All your labor will be vain; The quick of head and quick of hand May rise from serving to command. -John Francis Waller

THE TURN OF AN ACCIDENT.

It was six o'clock of a crisp October morning, and John Boyd, farmer, rous-ing from his sound night's sleep, sprang out of bed with the alert readiness of a man who knows the value of the first hours of the day. It was a tavern bed from which he jumped; home and its cares were many miles away; but a long ride lay before him, and he washed and dressed briskly, as one in haste, hum-ming a cheerful air meanwhile, as be-came a man who felt himself in good spirits, and had ample reason for doing go. For, be it known, this year had proved the best for farmers since John had been his own master. Harvests had been large, prices high, and John, on his way back from the annual mar-ket, carried a sense of freedom and lib-eration at his heart from the final ex-tinguishment of a mortgage on his farm his mortgage which had pressed as heavily on his conscience as did the burden of Christian on his shoulders. The burden was lifted now; and, fur-ther, than that, John carried in his fat rea wallet two hundred dollars, over and above, toward the expenses of the next year. He had never been so 'fore-handed' before, and the sensation was a joyfil one. 'My neck is out of the collar now.' he muttered to himself as he brushed his thick brown hair. 'I asain. No more mortgages for me?' Then, his toilet completed, he ran downstairs, two steps at a time. The our the mark time. downstairs, two steps at a time. Farmer-like, his first visit was to his

downstairs, two steps at a time. Farmer-like, his first visit was to his horses. They were munching their corn satisfactorily; and after a look or two, and a pat, John returned to the inn, where a jangling bell announced breaktast. It was smoking on the table —a substantial meal of the kind univer-sal in taverns thirty years ago; and John Boyd, whose appetite was of the kind proverbially said to accompany a good conscience, was doing it ample justice, when a sudden instinct led him to thrust his hand into the inner pocket which held the two hundred dollars. The wallet was gone! In the suddenness of the shock, John felt himself pale, and then flusn pain-fully, as he confusedly tried to remem-ber if he had taken out the wallet, and when. Under his pillow—that was it. He recollected distinctly, or so its eemed, putting it there, for security's sake, when he went to bed the night before. With a muttered excuse, he left the table and hurried upstairs. The door of his room stood open, and a maid-servant was putting fresh sheets on the bed, the solied linen lying in a heap on the floor. Toward this heap John hurried and began turning it over.

Toward this heap John hurried and

began turning it over. "Have you lost something, sir?" asked the maid. John straightened himself up to an-

the maid. John straightened himself up to an-swer. He had not noticed the maid be-fore, though she had waited upon table at supper. Now he observed that she was young and rather pretty-fair, with a trim, slender figure, beautiful glossy hair, neatly dressed and braided, and a near of sweet anorchensize blue even

suppose? Who else had the chance? Answer me that. It serves me just right for taking in a girl with no recom-mend—a girl I didn't know nothing about, not so much as her name, or where she come from, or who her folks are. Five weeks to-morrow, that's all the time she's been in the house, sir; but this is the end of it. It's the last time I'll ever have a help I don't know all the long and short of, so you needn't feel airaid to stop with us again—no, nor none of your friends, either; and as for her, out she packs this day.' 'Id better go for the constable, hadn't IP—if you're sure it was under the pillow you put it,' suggested the land-lord. uppose? Who else had the chance!

pillow you put h. suggested the hand-lord. 'Oh, don't, please; please don't,' pleaded the girl, weeping violently. 'Give the gentleman his wallet back, then, and perhaps he'll let you off.' 'I can't. I haven't got it. I never saw it. Oh, please believe me. Don't send me to jail,' she urged.

The landlady only answered by a ound expression of disgust. And throwing her apron over her head, the poor girl wept in silence, saying no more

more. John had held his peace during this altercation, sharply eyeing the parties concerned in it meanwhile. The Nashes he knew something about. They were of good reputation as far as he was aware. The maid was a stranger to them, as to him; but spite of the cir cumstances, and her manner, which was hardly less suspicious, he could not bring himself to believe her guilty. He was not a hasty man, and he was a just one, with a kind heat to back his tem-perate judgments; and after a few min-utes' reflection he made up his mind what to do. what to do.

tices' reflection he made up ins mind what do. 'I can't swear that I put the wallet under the pillow or anywhere else,' he said. 'I'm pretty sure that I did, but my thoughts about it are confused somehow, and it may be that I left it at Bolton, where I slept on Tuesday. I don't want no injustice done on my ac-count. So don'tery like that '-address-ing himself to the girl. 'I'll tell you what I'll do. Get the bay shod during the day, will you?-to Mr. Nash-' and if you'll lend me a saddle I'll ride back to Bolton and make inquiry there. If I find the money, well and good; if I don't, it'll be time enough to talk fur-If you'll lend me a sadue 1 if ind back to Bolton and make inquiry there. If I find the money, well and good; if I don't, it'll be time enough to talk fur-ther about it to-morrow.' 'I'm sure it is very good of you to take so much trouble, 'declared the landlady.

whether or no, the girl don't stay I'll have no suspected thief in

here. I'll have no surprise my house.' 'There'll be nothing to suspect her of 'There'll be mothing to suspect her of 'There'll be nothing to suspect her of if I find the wallet,' rejoined John, dryly. 'Don't give the poor thing a bad name till you know that she de-serves it.' Then he left the room, un-mindful of the look of gratitude which shone upon him from the blue eyes of the girl, who had dropped her apron, and gazed after him till he was out of sight.

and gazed after thin the structure sight. His reflections were not agreeable as he retraced his footsteps over the dusty highway traveled but yesterday with so light a heart. The loss of his money meant a great deal to John Boyd. The pressure of anxiety seemed to settle meant a great deal to John Boyd. The pressure of anxiety seemed to settle sgain upon his shoulders, as he thought over the probabilities of its non-re-covery. 'But I won't give in without a fight for it,' he thought, grimly, as he urged on his horse. Miles seemed doubly long when measured by a heavy heart, and what with dust, heat and the continual effort to clear his mental con-fusion es to where and when he last

continual effort to clear his mental con-fusion as to where and when he last had seen his wallet, the young farmer was fagged and dispirited enough before noon was fairly come. He stopped to dine at a little tavern attached to a toll-gate, and with some vague hope that the money might have been picked up on the road by some one, mentioned his loss. The toll-keeper shook his head. 'Bolton's your only chance,' he said.

shook his head. 'Bolton's your only chance,' he said. 'If 'twas on the road you dropped it, there's no likelihood that you'll ever hear of it again. The dust's eight inches deep, I should say, and there's been three big droves of sheep and one of bullocks along since yesterday, so if your wallet was a-lying there, they must have trampled it under pretty thor-oughly. It is buried deep enough, you may be sure, unless, which is just as likely to happen, some one has picked

your watter was a symp there, they must have trampled it under pretty thor-oughly. It is buried deep enough, you may be sure, unless, which is just as likely to happen, some one has picked it up and made off with it. Your chance is a slim one, I reckon.' Cold comfort this; but John was forced to agree with the opinion. De-spondingly he rode through the after-noon, scanning the way as he went; for, despite the toil-keeper, a faint hope still lingered in his heart, though the track, deep in dust, and churned and trampled by the crowding droves, presented a sorry field for either hope or discovery. He had gained the top of a long hill, from which Bolton was dimly visible, when a moving object far ahead caught his eye, and he rose in his stirrups in order to see more clearly. As he did so his horse made a false step, stumbled, and threw him forward in the saddle, so tha? his hend grazed the horse's neck. It was in this position that a tiny object, a patch of red not over an inch square, in the dust beneath, caught his quick eye. His heart gave a little leap; then he called himself a fool; but all the same he dismounted to examine. Already a random hoof-stroke had buried the red batch from sight, but John recollected the spot, and stooping, dug and scooped till again it became visible. His fingers recognized a solid substance. Trem bling with excitement, he continued to dig; another second the object was uncovered, lifted out, and with a wild, incredulous whoop of joy, John Boyd held in his hand his wallet, buried deep by the hurrying herds, and uncovered for one passing moment that his eye might detect it, and no other. Except for that lacky stamble, he too would have ridden over the lost treas-ure, and never dreamed what lay be-neath his home's feet.

and a-saying all day that likely as not this scare would turn out all for noth-ing? And you wouldn't listen to a word, but just kept on to that poor thing inside there, and she's nothing to blame all the time. I declare, it's too bad the way women act to each other-and folks calling them "the softer sex!" A man would be ashamed to be so hard. Well, do tell! and so the money was a lying there in the dust all the time! Well. I'm mighty glad, for your sake and ours too. Go right in, sir, and wife 'll give you some supper. I'll see to the horse.'

horse.' Mrs. Nash waited on the meal in grim silence. She seemed only half re joiced at the denouement.

'It's mighty queer,' she remarked, as she set the last dish on the table, 'I don't feel as if we'd got to the bottom of it yet. Why didn't Lucy deny more positive?' 'But she did,' said John, between two mouthfuls; 'she said she hadn't got it.'

'Why, course she said as much as that. You didn't expect her to say that she had got it, did you?' rejoined the landlady, with a fine scorn. 'But she didn't speak up violent and bold, as you'd expect an innocent girl would.' 'But she was innocent all the time,

'I ain't so over sure about that,' re-plied Mrs. Nash, with a shake of her head. 'It's a queer business.'

head. 'It's a queer business.' Hurrying out to the barn next morn-ing in the best of spirits, a low sighing sob called John's attention to a bench outside the kitchen door, where sat a figure crumpled up into a forlorn little heap, in which he recognized the pretty maid of the day before. She wore her bonnet, and a bundle lay beside her. Her face was hidden on her arms, which were crossed on the back of the bench.

which were crossed on the pench. 'W by, what's the matter ?' said John, turning back. The girl looked up with a start. 'I beg your pardon,' she faltered. 'I'm just going. I didn't mean to stay so long.'

'Going? Where?' 'I don't know where,' she said, de-jectedly. 'I'd try for another place, only there doesn't seem much chance of getting one without any recom-mend.'

'Do you mean to say that they are sending you away from here?'

Yes.' 'Yes.' 'But, in the name of goodness, why?' 'I don't know. Mrs. Nash says she don't like to have servants about who are suspected of stealing.' The blue eyes filled again as she spoke, and she hid her face.

hid her face. 'By George! I never heard of such injustice in my life,' shouted John. 'Now, Lucy, if that's your name, you just sit still where you are. Don't stir or move till I come back. I'll see Mrs. Nash. I'll put things right.'

To put things right seems easy enough to a trong, hearty man, with justice and argument on his side, but that is because he dors not calculate properly on those queer hitches and crotchets of human nature, especially woman nature, which have no relation to justice and

on those queer hitches and crotchets of human nature, especially woman nature, which have no relation to justice and fair dealing, and are unaffected by ar-gument Mrs. Nash proved impervious to John's choicest appeals. Her mind was made up; she 'didn't wart to bear no more on the subject; finally, her temper rising, what business was it of his, she demanded, what help she kept, or if she kept any help at all? He'd got his pocketbook back; accounts were squared between them; there was no further call, so far as she could see, why he should meddle with her concerns. The upshot of the interview was that John flew out of the kitchen with his face as red as fire, tackled his horses, threw valise and feed-bag into the wagon, flung the amount of his reckon-ing on the table, and addressing Lucy, who, pale and terrified, stood, bundle in hand, prepared for flight, called out: 'Now, then, my good girl, you've lost one place by my fault, and I'm blamed if 1 don't offer you another. Will you jump into my wagon and go home with the relumatics; se you're just the one we want She'll treat you fairly enough, I'll be bound, and you shall have whatever you were getting here. And if you behave yourself you'll be well used, not turned out of doors for othing, I'll be bound, and you shall have whatever you were getting here. And if you behave yourself you'll be well used, not turned out of doors for othing, I'll be bound, and you shall have whatever you were getting here. And if you behave yourself you'll be well used, not turned out of doors for othing, I'll be bound, shot of rigidly planted in the doorway. 'We don't set up to be extra Christians, but there's a little benesty and decency left among us, which is more than can be said for all places. Well, what do you say? Y es or no. There's my hand on it if it's yes.' He held out his broad palm. Lucy hesitated but for a moment only.

'She didn't know what sort of a man he was,' said Lucy. 'And he wasn't that kind of man when sho was alive. I was too young to notice much, and mother always put herself between him and me when things went wrong. After she died it was dreadful. Elkins -that's his son-came home to live. He never lived there before, and-and he-'

• Wanted to marry you? • Yes; and his father said I must. But I was afraid of him—of them both. And people began to come to the house -bad people, not good—and I began to suspect things.' 'What kind of things?'

"What kind of things?" It was not easy to get an answer to this question. In fact, the terrified and inexperienced girl had hardly dared to formulate her own fears; but John gathered the idea that coining or other unlawful practices were going on, and Lucy, only half comprehending, had un-derstood enough to startle and frighten Lucy, only half comprehending, had un-derstood enough to startle and frighten her into making her escape. She had effected this by night six weeks before, and her great dread was of being dis-covered and forced to go back. John reassured her as well as he could. 'You'll be just as safe at the farm as if you ware in an iron safe,' he pro-tested.

tested. But, spite of his assurances, the lurk-ing terror never left Lucy's eyes, though weeks sped safely by and nothing oc-curred to alarm her. Every sudden noise made her start; the sight of a strange figure on the road blanched her roses to paleness. Except for this fear-fulness, she proved an excellent 'help' in all ways, quick, neat-fingered, sweet-tempered. Old Barbara wondered how ever the farm had got on without her, and John in bis secret heart wondered also. It never should be without her, argain-on that he was firmly resolved. 'Lucy,' he said one day, three months after she became his inmate, 'I'm tired of seeing you jump and quiver and sout-tle upstairs whenever the peddler or the ragman comes along. It's bad for yon, and it worries me almost to death. Now, there's just one way that'll make all sate, and set your mind at ease, and ich at is, that you just marry me out of hand, and give me the right to protect you. Once my wife, I shouldn't care if your stepfather and all the gang came after you; let them lay a finger on you at their peri', while 'I'm alive and have the right to interfere. Will you, Lucy? It's the best thing to be done, trust my word for it. I don't mean to pretend that 'I'm doing it for But, spite of his assurances, the lurk-Will you, Lucy? It's the best thing to be done, trust my word for it. I don't mean to pretend that I'm doing it for your sake entirely," added John, with a broad smile, "for I ain't. I want you for my own sake the worst way, but both ways it will be a gain; so, unless you have something 'against me, say "Yes," Lucy, and we'll have the parson over to-morrow, and make all safe. Will you, Lucy?" "Oh, how could I have anything against you? replied Lucy, with the sweetest blush.

*Well,' declared John, a moment after, as he raised his head from his first long lover's kiss, 'now I forgive Mrs. Nash!'-Harper's Bazar.

A Double Brain.

A Double Brain. The human body is, in the main, double. It has two eyes, two ears, two nostrils, two lungs, two kidneys, two arms, two legs. Two sets of the same nerves issue from the two sides of the spinal column. Indeed the spinal column is itself double throughout. One advantage of this dual member-ship of the body is, that if one organ or member is destroyed, the other supplies its place. It is also a familiar fact that we incline to use the right side more than the left, and, as a consequence, the members and organs of the right side are more fuily developed, and become specially expert.

are more fully developed, and become specially expert. Now the brain belongs to the class of double organs, and not to the small class o. single ones. A deep furrow cleaves the brain down to its point of junction. As a consequence, it seems probable that if one brain could be safely removed, all mental acts could be equally performed by the other; and doubtless it is owing to this, that large portions of the brain have been destroyed without an appreciable loss of intellect. of intellect.

of intellect. To some extent, however, so far at least as physical sensation and move-ment are concerned, the two brains adopt the principle of division of labor, each presiding over one side of the body; but, singularly enough, each over its opposite side. This is due to the fact that the nerves of sensation and motion cross before

This is due to the fact that the nerves of sensation and motion cross before passing out of the cranium. Hence, when the left side of the body is para-lyzed, we know that it is the right brain which is injured, and vice versa. Further, in using the right side of the body most, it is not only more gener-

TIMELY TUPICS.

A rich and eccentric Parisian has con cluded a search for some cluded a search for some new pleasure by establishing a private circus for the amusement of himself and his friends.

From a paltry seventy-five cents' worth of iron ore may be developed, it is said, \$5.50 worth of bar iron. \$10 worth of horse-sloes, \$180 worth of table knives, \$6,860 worth of fine needles, \$29,460 worth of *hirt buttons, \$200,000 worth of watch springs, \$400,-000 worth of hair springs, or \$2,500,000 pallet arbors (used in watches.)

statistician, curiously and clo A statisticana, curiously and closely inquiring, declares the result of his in-vestigation as to the products of the United States to be that the agricul-tural products of one year amount to nearly as much in value as the products of the mines since 1849. In plain words, or wather former here are 15.04 or rather figures, he sums up \$1,594,-000,000 as the total value of the agri-cultural production of leading staples in 1877, whereas, the estimated yield of all the mines during twenty-seven years that is, 1849-75-was \$1,617,000,000.

The entire length of the costly railway line of which the St. Gothard tunnel forms a part is 151 miles. The main tunnel is about nine and one-third miles long, but there are twelve other long tunnels which aggregate nearly ten miles in length; twe tunnels between 220 and 550 yards long, and twenty-five between 110 and 220 yards long. There are in all no less than fifty-two of these subsidiary tunnels, having a total length subsidiary tunnels, having a total length of sixteen miles. There are also on the line over sixty-four bridges and viaducts.

The Germantown *Telegraph* says that since the law to prevent the spread of contagious diseases among the cattle of New Jersey was passed by the legisla-ture of that State, little has been heard ture of that State, little has been heard of the pleuro-pneumonia which at one time was quite prevaient there. The report of the State treasurer states that the gross sum paid last year in the proper enforcement of the law was \$23,431.81, of which veterinary surgeons received \$14,624, and other sources of expense the balance. Eighty head of affected cattle were killed, for which \$954 were paid by the State.

A manuscript supposed to have been written by St. Peter, has lately been dis-covered among the property of a man named Bore, who died last year at Jerusalem, at the age of 169. The style of the work has led to the conclusion that it is authentic, and it is stated that the London Bible society, which has dispatched a committee to the spot, has offered Bore's heirs the sum of \$100,000 for its possession. The heirs, however, refuse to part with the manuscript, though it seems probable that they will allow the society to reproduce and allow the society to reproduce translate it. and

A great improvement has just been announced in the audiphone. After a jong series of experiments, says the English scientific journal, Nature, Mr. Thomas Fletcher has found the best material of which the audiphone can be made is birchwood veneer. Cut into an oval disk, steamed and bent to a curve, it can be conveniently held be-tween the teeth almost without con-sciousness of its presence. For some persons any audiphone is a more efficient heip than the trumpet, and this last-named modification of the instrument promises to become a boom to thousands of deaf persons.

of deaf persons.

of deaf persons. The interesting old Flemish city of Bruges, which in the height of its pros-perity had a population of some 200,000 souls, has, since the sanguinary persecu-tions under Philip II., been gradually declining in wealth and numbers, so that at present it does not possess one-fourth the population it had three centuries ago. The population of the city, which in 1869 numbered 47, 621, fell to 44,950 in 1877. The lethargy of the inhabitants is attributed to the effect of the number-less convents and the richly endowed benevolent institutions which, by per-petually supplying the wants of large numbers of the inhabitants without any exertion on their part, have tended to deprive them of that energy and spirit of independence which are indispensa-ble to success in commercial life.

New Albany, Ind., has a curious case in the person of a thirteen-year-old boy whose heart is on the right and his liver on the left side of his body. The boy, when confined in the house, behver on the left side of his body. The boy, when confined in the house, be-comes very nervous and restive, and often falls as in a faint. On this ac-count he cannot be sent to school. Ap-plication to books at home produces the same results, and any sudden ex-cit ment, either from fright or labor, will cause these fainting spells. The boy spends most of his time out doors hunting in the woods and fields for squirrels and birds, and has become very expert in the use of the gun. He is very cautious in his movements, never suffering himself to become wearied from hunting, but when feel-ing the least tired sitting down and resting. The boy's general health is very good, but he has not the vitality usually found in boys of his age. boy,

very good, but he has not the usually found in boys of his age.

Wabash, Indiana, has walked in

lot, of a favorite dog, elicited much com-ment, and was the occasion of many re-monstrances, addressed to the truste es, requesting them to prohibit such inter-ments in the future. The intensity of feeling exhibited could not but be re-spected, and the board accordingly passed a resolution prohibiting hereafter all interments of brute animals in the cemetery. cemetery.

Some Italian physicians have been in-vestigating the peculiar condition of the miners who worked in the St. Gothard tunnel. They have dizcovered that the abor in remote galleries engendered in the intestines of th-', workmen animal-culæ resembling ti-'dinæ "The gene-ral appearance of the St. Gothard inculæring the st. Gothard inculæring the st. Gothard in the majority-affected by the malady in question, is described as deplora-ble in the extreme. Their faces are yel-low, their features drawn, eyes half closed. Jiss discolored, the skin is humid and the gait difficult. If they ext with appetite they cannot digest, and when wine is taken it is invariably re-pected. Let a man be as strong as he may, three or four months' work in the tunnel ser ously injures his health, and a the end of a year, or a little more, he is a confirmed invalid." The investi-gators have given the worm the name of arising ankylostonia, and the malady arising from its presence is said to be Some Italian physicians have been in-

Moung Edwin, a Burmese, who has been educated in America with the view of sending him as a Baptist missionary to Burmah, lectured recently in Balk-more. Speaking of the deplorable con-dition of women in the East, owing mainly to peculiar religious teachings, he said : Girls in China are believed to have no souls, and to kill them is not murder, and therefore not to be pun-ished. Where parents are too poor to support the girl children they are dis-posed of in the following manner: At reg-ular intervals an appointed officer goes through and collects from poor parents all the girl children they cannot care for, when they are about eight daysold. He has two large baskets attached to the ends of a bamboo pole and slung over his shoulder. Six infants are placed in each basket, and he carries them to some neighboring village and exposes them for sale. Mothers who desire to raise wives for their sons buy such as they may select. The others are taken to the government asylum, of which there are many all through the country. If there is room they are taken in, if not they are diowned.

Some Interesting Facts.

A peculiar substance has been found by Professor A. Scaochi in the lava which issued from Vesuvius during the year 1631. He supposes it to be a new metal, and gives it the name veshium. In Prussia one person in every four hundred and fifty is insane. A Berlin scientist attributes this large proportion to intemperance among the lower class, and to educational cramping in early years among others.

and to educational cramping in early years among others. Some two years since, according to a foreign medical report, a girl of seven-teen received a severe fright, which, within a few days thereafter, resulted in a total loss of her hair. None has grown since and she remains completely held

A since, and she remains completely bald. A small quantity of the essential oil of aloes was recently exhibited in Edin-burg. It is believed to be the only specimen in the world. The oil exists

only in very minute quantity in aloes, but two fluid drachms having been obtained from five hundred pounds of aloes. A process has been patented in Ger-many whereby a fur-like material is produced from feathers in combination with other textile substances. The pro-

duct can be used for a variety of pur-poses, such as rugs, carpets, and some articles of clothing. Feathers, other-wise valueless, can be utilized by this means

wise valueless, can be utilized by this means. The lats of natives of British Colum-bia are adorned with figures resembling tattooo marks. Dr. Dally has discov-rred that these marks all have a definite meaning, being, in fact, records of events which have taken place in the lives of the wearers. Each individual thus displays his history upon his head. A remarkable discovery was lately made in the region of the Pyrenees. In a cave of the paleolithic or "old stone" p riod there were found teeth of the cave-bear adorned with drawings, some of which represent human beings cov-ered with long hair. These rude pic-tures must date thousand of years before the dawn of historic times. A horse recently captured in the wilds of Turkestan was found to be exceedingly sensitive to cold, having

exceedingly sensitive to cold, having no ordinary coat. This unique speci-men of the equine breed now figures at

hair, neatly dressed and braided, and a pair of sweet, apprehensive blue eyes. He voice was soft, too; and she had a shy, modest manner which suggested an idea of refinement. All these facts Farmer Boyd absorbed in a flash, and instinctively noting, weighing, estimat-ing, by that wonderfully rapid process of which the human mind is capable, whit yet his thoughts were full of his money and bis loss and his loss. I am looking for my wallet,

which I left under my pillow. Did you find it?

The girl's face blanched to a deadly whiteness, and her eyes dilated as with

whiteness, and her eyes dilated as with sudden terror. No, sir,' she said, her voice trem-bling and sinking away as she spoke. 'I didn't see any wallet.' John looked at her distrustfully; but there was something in the pale face which disarmed suspicion. 'I'd like to search the bed.' he went on. 'It may have slipped under the mattress.'

'I'd like to search the bed,' he went on. 'It may have slipped under the mattress.' Together they turned the mattress, but no wallet was visible. 'That off horse of yourn has got his shoe loose somehow,' announced Mr. Nash, the landlord, at the door. 'I thought I'd better tell you, so's you could stop to the blacksmith's as you pass, and get him to put in a couple of nails. Why, what's the matter?' John explained. The landlord looked very grave. He whistled softly to himself for a minute, with his cycs fixed on the tumbled bed-di g; then he went to the stair head and ceil/d his wife. Presently they came in together, the londlady's face very red and troubled. 'Such a thing never happened in my house before,' she protested. 'But ther's only one person been in your room since you came besides yourself, and she's the person you must reckon with.' pointing to the maid, who, with white cheeks and downcast eyes, leaned against the wall as if awaiting ser-ence. ''Oh, indeed, indeed I didn't take it!

ure, and never dreamed what lay be neath his horse's feet.

He held out his broad palm. Lucy

He held out his broad palm. Lucy hesitated, but for a moment only. 'Yes, I will,'she'said. 'I've nowhere else to go, and you seem kind.' Another moment and they were driv-ing off together down the maple-shaded road, whose yellow and crimson boughs danced overhead against 'October's bright blue weather.' There were pare and calming in the fresh stillness of the early day. Gradually a little color stole into Lucy's pale cheeks, and John's hot mood gave place to wonted good humor mood gave place to wonted good humon and cheer.

'You've had no breakfast, I'll bet,' he 'You've had no breakhast, 1'll bet,' he said, with a smile. 'And no more have I. I was so mad with that woman that I couldn't swallow a mouthful, but now I begin to feel sharp enough. We'll stop at the next tavern. Southwick, isn't it? Five miles and a halt. Can you hold out till then?' 'Oh was indeed' with a grateful look

'Oh. yes, indeed,' with a grateful look out of the blue eyes. John's tone grew more and more

John's tone grew more and more friendly. "We'li have something hot and hearty there,' he said. 'You look pale. I guess you didn't sleep any too much last night." "Oh, I couldn't sleep at all. Mrs. Nash told me that I must ro the nrst thing in the morning, and I felt so badly." I shouldn't think you would want to stay with a woman like that." "But it's so dreadful to have nowhere to go to. And besides..." She stopped abruptly, with a look like terror in her eyes.

eyes. 'Have you no friends, then?' asked

"Have you no friends, then?" asked John. "No." The tone was very reserved; but reserve could hardly fail to meit under so sunshiny a presence as John Boyd's, and before the long day's ride was done he had won from her the main facts of her story. Lucy Dill was her name. Her mother had married for the second time when Lucy was twelve years old, and three years aso, when the rirl was barely lifteen, had died, leaving her to the protection of her stepfather.

ously developed, but the left brain

body host, it is not only into a characteristic set of the left brain also more fully developed, so that the diffi-culty of using the left hand in adult life does not depend wholy on the less de-veloped hand, but also on the less de-veloped brain. It is a mistake thus to develop one hand at the expense of the other. We might just as well d velop both alike. We could thus often divide labor be-tween them; and, in many cases, both might work equally well together, where the work is ordinarily wholly done by one.—Youths' Companion.

Lawyers Under Peter-

Lawyers Under Peter. Peter the Great, of Bussia, was a mon arch of large views but invincible preju-dices. He loved his country, and longed to see it take a higher place in European history. He saw clearly that progress could be made only by the introduction of new industries and by skillful train-ing in mechanical labor. To forward this end he visited in dis-guise the older nations of Europe, made himself thoroughly acquainted with their forms of industry, and worked as a common mechanic at various trades. He sent, also, numerous young men of promise to great cities in other coun-tries, to acquire skill in the mechanical arts, and to become teachers of their countrymen.

arts, and to become teachers of their countrymen. But, while honoring all weil-trained mechanics, he had a rooted contempt for lawyers. It puzzled him to understand how they oc-cupied high positions in England and France. They multiplied quarrels, he said, and fattened on the life-blood of others. Vexed at the high esteem in which they were held elsewhere, he vented his wrath in the memorable threat:

threat: "I am thankful I have only two l wyers in my empire. When I return w ean to execute one of them."

According to the report of the board of trustees of the celebrated Green wood cemetery, Brooklyn, for 1879, there were 231 lots sold last year, making a grand total of 23,076. There were 5,139 burials, making an aggregate of 199,747. The gross receipts amounted to \$452,207.96. The gross disbursements, including in vestments--which aggregated \$371,000 -amounted to \$446,908.98. The general fund for the improvement and permanent care of the cemetery is now \$565,201.31, an increase during the year of \$13,479,15. During the year 345 lots were enclosed, and 196 monuments and 482 headstones were erected. The report says: The interment in Greenwood, in a private Governor Smith, of Wisconsin, has issued an order establishing the uniform of the United States army as that of the national guard of Wisconsin.

men of the equine breed now figures at the Zoological gardens at St. Peters-burg, where it is comfortably habited in an otter-skin jacket. The pitcher plant of Borneo has been found to be a natural insect trap. in-curving ridges effectually preventing the escape of any creeping insects which may enter. In order to safely reach the prisoners thus entrapped, a species of black ant ingeniously perforates the stalk of the plant and tunnels upward to the pitcher, providing in this man-ner a highway by means of which ready access is had to a sumptuous fare of dead and decaying insects.

How Peter the Great Cut Off Heads.

Wabash, Indiana, has walked in ad-vance of many larger and older towns by introducing the electric light in its streets. Four electric lamps of 3,000 candle power each went into commission recently. The lamps, suspended mid-way of the iron flagstaff on the court-house, which towers two hundred feet above the business part of the town, were furnished with electricity by a No. 5 generator driven by a seven-horse power engine. According to contract the machinery was to light one mile in diameter from the court-house, and be equal to a gas-burner 2,680 feet from the light. The council placed men at different parts of the city to observe, and they reported satisfactorily. At Arbans, five miles north, the light was said to be beautiful. The Detroit Free Press says the test has given general satisfaction How Peter the Great Cat Off Heads. Some of the recent executions in Russia recall a very striking incident of the reign of Peter the Great. The Nihilism of that period was represented by the revolt of the Sterlitz (Archer) ished with merciless severity, behead-ling aman for every turret on the Krem-ing aman for every turret on the Krem-ling aman for every turret on the Krem-ing aman for every turret on the Krem-ling aman for every turret on the Krem-ing aman for every turret on the krem-spective agas of the two men rendered this all but impossible.

In building or choosing a house to live in, take care that the kitchen is roomy, and has plenty of sualight. A dark kitchen is an abomination, and a cramped kitchen increases the labor of housekeeping one half. Let the kitchen be supplied with all modern conveni-ences, even if the parlor suffers in con-sequence.