

Whistle, Whistle, Loving Daughter.

"Whistle, whistle, loving daughter, and you shall have a cow."
"I never whistled, mother, and neither can I now—
It puckers up my mouth so!"

"Whistle, whistle, loving daughter, and you shall have a horse."
"I never whistled, mother, and I cannot now, of course—
It puckers up my mouth so!"

"Whistle, whistle, loving daughter, and you shall have a sheep."
"I never whistled, mother, neither will I yet—
It puckers up my mouth so!"

"Whistle, whistle, loving daughter, and you shall have a man!"
"I never whistled, mother, but I know very well I can."
And the whistling soon began.
—Old Song.

"THAT SWORD-CANE."

"Confound the thing!" said Mr. Linton.

The hour was 9. P. M., the place was the Dalston station of the North London railway, and in a compartment of a second-class carriage Mr. Linton sat alone.

"Confound the thing!" he repeated, glancing nervously toward the door. "One comfort, this is a through train, and if no one gets in here I shall be safe till we reach Broad street," and as he spoke he made an effort, but an ineffectual one, to replace in its sheath the long steel blade of a sword-cane.

"Ah, we're starting," he muttered, with a sigh of relief, and was just about to place the cause of his annoyance quietly in a corner, when there came a sharp voice:

"Step in, please."
The door opened hastily, then shut, the whistle sounded, and the train moved on. Mr. Linton clutched his cane, and looked furtively at the newcomers. They were two ladies—one stout and elderly, the other evidently quite young. As they scarcely glanced at him, but entered at once into earnest conversation, he thought he might possibly be able to overcome his difficulty unperceived. He was unwilling to leave his cane behind him at the end of the journey; but the prospect of stepping on the platform at Broad street with two feet of steel in his hand was one from which he recoiled, being a nervous man.

So, becoming desperate, he renewed his attempt; but the carriage at the moment gave a sudden jerk, and the stick fell with a clatter to the floor, leaving him firmly grasping the long, blue blade, glittering wickedly in the lamplight. His fellow-passengers started and looked round.

"Mercy on us, what's that?" exclaimed the elder lady.

But, as she looked more intently at their traveling companion, she rose hurriedly.

"Why! what! we shall be robbed and murdered. Here, guard! guard!" But the noise of the train drowned her voice.

"My dear madam," began Mr. Linton, as suavely as possible, forgetting, in his anxiety to explain, that he was brandishing the sword-blade in a manner which, though no doubt graceful, was to an entire stranger somewhat threatening. "My dear madam, I assure you—"

"Keep off, sir, keep off!" ejaculated the lady, in a tone half-terrified, half-defiant.

But here her young companion interposed. She had maintained her composure, though, as her eyes fell upon the weapon, she had grown a shade paler.

"Perhaps, aunt, we are mistaken. This gentleman—"

"Gentleman, indeed," returned her relative, excitedly; "a pretty gentleman to be in a public carriage with a thing like that in his hand. Don't tell me, Ethel."

In the interim Mr. Linton, thinking it best to remain quiet, and trust to the storm blowing over, had picked up the sheath of the offending weapon, and once more endeavored to readjust it, but in vain. It fitted in only one way, and could not be sheathed except by pressure upon a concealed spring, the position of which he had for the moment forgotten.

Finding that he remained silent, and uttered no threats of robbery or murder, the elder lady began to regain her courage, and by one of those rapid transitions not unusual in the feminine mind, now became as indignant as before she had been alarmed, and with as much reason.

"I'll give you in charge, sir, as soon as we reach Broad street," she continued. "A pretty state of things, indeed."

"But, aunt," repeated her niece, "don't you see it's only a sword-cane the gentleman has. Jack has one something like it."

Mr. Linton looked at the fair speaker, and met the glance of as bewitching a pair of eyes as ever led poor, helpless man a captive.

There was a slight smile on Miss Ethel's rosy lips, half saucy, half de-

maure, and the thick curling tresses shaded a face best described by one word, "winsome"—a face that owed its beauty as much to expression as to regularity of feature, and, gazing at it, Mr. Linton utterly forgot the awkwardness of his position. But he was speedily recalled to himself by the shrill whistle and slackening of speed of the train as it neared Broad street. One or two remarks, with which the other lady had favored him, he had allowed to pass entirely unheeded, and this only added fuel to her wrath. Scarcely had the train stopped, than she flung open the door.

"Guard, I say, guard."
The wondering official appeared close at hand.

"Here, guard," she continued, emboldened now by a sense of security, and, stepping on the platform, she motioned toward the carriage with the air of a tragedy queen. "I give that man into custody."

By this time Miss Ethel had joined her excited relative, and Mr. Linton, now the sole occupant of the compartment, in his turn, appeared at the door. As he emerged, the guard discreetly stepped back a pace or two. He was not wanting in courage, but he had a wife and family at home, and the long blue blade in the passenger's hand had an ominous look. But he recovered himself in a moment and beckoned to a colleague.

"Here, Bob! And what's the charge, mum?" he went on, turning to the lady, while, much to Mr. Linton's annoyance and disgust, a little crowd slowly gathered round.

"Yes, mum," repeated the guard. "What's the charge?"

But the lady was somewhat nonplussed at the question, and Miss Ethel seized the opportunity.

"Our name is Gray. This lady is my aunt, and she has been alarmed by this—this gentleman"—Mr. Linton bowed—"carrying an unsheathed sword-blade."

"Ah," said the official, reflectively; then, as having made up his mind, "name and address, sir, please."

Mr. Linton gave them readily enough, and his explanation with them. He had bought the cane only that evening, and had not noticed with sufficient accuracy the position of the spring which held together handle and stick. In stepping hastily into the carriage he had struck the cane in some way. The blow, he supposed, had loosened the spring, the sheath had fallen off, and he had hitherto been unable to replace it. For the annoyance and alarm which he had inadvertently caused, he begged to apologize. As he spoke, he once more endeavored to replace the offending weapon, and, as if in mockery of his former futile efforts, sheath and blade slid smoothly into their respective positions, there was a sharp click, the bright steel vanished, and a light handy cane alone was visible.

The guard and his colleague looked at each other.

"You see how it is, mum," said the former to the still irate old lady. "You see how it is, all a mistake."

"Don't tell me, man; all a mistake, indeed," she retorted. "Is he to be allowed to go at large, and alarm respectable people by carrying a dreadful thing like that about?"

"Well, mum," said the guard, imperturbably, "all I can say is, what do you charge him with?"

"The old lady's been scared about nothin'," said one bystander, while another opined that the gentleman was "a hactor, and 'ad been a goin' through 'is part."

But the official now lost patience, and saying to his colleague, "Come on, Bob, we've no time to stand here foolin'," went off to his van, heedless of Mrs. Gray's threats to report him to the company.

The little group round them, seeing no further prospect of amusement, slowly melted away and left Mr. Linton alone with the ladies. He would have recommenced his explanation and apologies, but Mrs. Gray cut him short by demanding, in icy tones, to be favored once more with his name and address. These given, she vouchsafed no further word, but sailed majestically away, Miss Ethel dutifully following.

Mr. Linton's glance pursued the graceful form till it disappeared down the steps; then recollecting himself, he hurriedly took the same direction. But the two or three minutes he had delayed had enabled the ladies to reach the street, and when he gained the door they had disappeared from view. There was nothing left for him but to make the best of his way homeward, carrying with him the unfortunate cause of his contretemps, and influenced by mingled feelings to which he hitherto had been a stranger. Miss Ethel's bright eyes had done more mischief than that young lady perhaps suspected, and despite all his efforts his mind continually reverted to the recollection of the sweet face he had seen, to the utter detriment of his ordinary pursuits. There was one question that haunted him: "Who was Jack?" and for this he could find no satisfactory answer. The next thing was, how and

where to meet her again? The task seemed hopeless, and he could think only of one chance. So he began to haunt the Dalston station with such pertinacity that an official of a facetious turn, who had read "Mugby Junction," dubbed him "the gentleman for nowhere."

Time went on, and his patience was long unrewarded. But "all things come to him who will but wait," and one fine summer evening, as he took his usual post, he saw at a little distance the face and form that, though only seen once, he had never forgotten. She passed him unnoticed, and, entering the station, booked for Broad street, and for Broad street Mr. Linton, who had followed closely, also took a ticket.

A train was waiting. The young lady stepped into a carriage, fortunately an empty one. He waited a moment till the train was about to start, then sprang in and closed the door. As he took his seat their eyes met, and he saw that he was recognized. He raised his hat; the lady bowed and smiled; and thus encouraged, he began a conversation. It so happened that he had with him the very cane that had been the cause of the former unpleasantness. And he now made it serve his purpose, and, entering upon a full explanation, contrived to put the matter in such a light that Miss Ethel, who had evidently a keen sense of the ridiculous, could not fail to be amused. Then he went on to ask after her relative.

"Thanks, aunt is very well."
"I should much like"—this as a stroke of diplomacy—"to have the opportunity of giving her a satisfactory account of the matter."
His companion was about to answer, but the train drew up at the platform, and she had opened the door and alighted before Mr. Linton, who was never anything of a ladies' man, and who, moreover, was so preoccupied as to notice nothing just then, had realized that the journey was ended.

There was nothing then but to follow her, and as they reached the barrier together, a lady came toward them with a smile, evidently intended for Miss Ethel only, but as her eyes fell upon Mr. Linton, she exclaimed:

"Why! what! that's the—"
She stopped suddenly, and he completed the sentence.

"The person who so unintentionally caused you so much annoyance at our last meeting. Pray let me apologize once more."

"Your name, sir, is, I think, Linton," said Mrs. Gray, who was evidently in a very affable mood. Mr. L. bowed. "And I have reason to believe that you are the son of an old friend of mine. After you had left us, I could not for some time remember whom it was, among my acquaintances, that you so closely resembled. The similarity of name gave me a clue, and—well, I think now it is I who should apologize."

"Pray do not mention it," said the young man, now in the seventh heaven of delight at the unexpected turn in events. "Pray do not mention it," he repeated. "I have often heard my mother speak of her friend Mrs. Gray, but I did not anticipate that we should meet under such circumstances."

"Stranger things happen in life," said the old lady, sententially, and Mr. Linton expressed his entire concurrence. But, in his present state of mind, he would have agreed with anything that she said. Still, there was the old question, oddly enough, cropping up in his mind. "Who was Jack?" And Fortune, as if in amends for her former treatment, solved the problem for him. "We have been out of town," said Mrs. Gray, "or I dare say I should have met you before this, Mr. Linton. But you must call on us, and I am sure Jack—my nephew—will be pleased to make your acquaintance."

Her nephew. Then he was Ethel's brother, of course. Mr. Linton was walking on air. But, too wise to intrude further, he contented himself with seeing the ladies into a cab, Mrs. Gray, remarking as they left him:

"I see you still have that—"
"That dreadful sword-cane," put in Miss Ethel, with a roguish smile at her aunt.

The latter laughed good-humoredly, nodded to the young man, and the cab drove away.

As soon as politeness permitted he called at their house, and made so favorable an impression on the old lady that he speedily became a constant visitor, and—well, the story is ever old and ever new, and such stories should have but one ending.

In Mr. Linton's hall is a choice collection of walking-sticks. Every man has a hobby, and that is one of his. There is a long, black, sedately-respectable stick, fit for a parson; the heavy, stoutstick, suitable for a country gentleman whose walks are over hill and dale; there is the light bamboo, the polished Malacca, the plant switch. Each and all are at the service of any intimate friend who may be on a visit, and, before taking a stroll, is disposed to suit himself from among them.

But there is one stick in particular, which is kept carefully apart from the rest in Mr. L.'s own private room. To that no friend, however intimate, lays claim, or ventures to borrow.

"I will never lend it," says Mr. Linton, "to any one; for I should have been a lonely, miserable bachelor to the end of my days, if it had not been for that dreadful sword-cane."

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Better a diamond with a flaw than a pebble without.

Choose such pleasures as recreate much and cost little.

Zeal without knowledge is a steamship without a rudder.

Small faults indulged are little thieves that let in greater.

Trouble is easily born when everybody gives it a lift for you.

Cast your nets in the right water, and they may take fish while you are sleeping.

A good deed is never lost; he who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness gathers love.

Men are never so ridiculous from the qualities which really belong to them, as from those which they pretend to have.

Healthy, beauty, vigor, riches and all the other things called goods, operate equally as evils to the vicious and unjust as they do as benefits to the just.

We are all of us more or less echoes, repeating involuntarily the virtues, the defects, the movements and the characters of those among whom we live.

Round dealing is the honor of man's nature; and a mixture of falsehood is like alloy in gold and silver, which may make the metal work the better, but it embaseth it.

It will afford sweeter happiness in the hour of death to have wiped away one tear from one cheek of sorrow than to have ruled an empire, to have conquered millions or enslaved the world.

Strength of resolution is in itself dominion and ability, and there is a seed of sovereignty in the barrenness of unflinching determination. Unselfish and noble acts are the most radiant sparks in the biography of souls. When wrought in earliest youth they lie in the memory of age like the coral islands, green and sunny amid the melancholy waste of ocean.

A Bunko Man Surprised.

A New York paper tells this story: A stocky man with square shoulders, round vest, and close-clipped sandy beard, hurried out of the main entrance of the Fifth Avenue hotel the other morning and started along Twenty-third street toward the elevated railway station. Two bunko men stood in the shadow of a mournful cab horse and watched the stocky man with the close-clipped sandy beard. The habits of bunko men are well defined. When their victim approaches, No. 1 rushes up, and grasping him warmly by the hand, says: "Mr. Jones, of Skeneateles, how are you?" The intended victim, who is possibly Smith, of Penn Yan, tells his name and address to No. 1, who retires with diffidence and blushes, and confides it to No. 2. A little later No. 2 runs up and exclaims, "Why, Smith, of Penn Yan, 'ow are yer?" whereupon Smith promptly affirms that he is enjoying good health, and betrays his mental condition by immediately accompanying No. 2 into a barroom and losing \$150 on the two spot.

On the bright morning referred to the short and stocky man hurried along, his bristly sandy beard cutting the air sturdily. Bunko man No. 1 jumped from behind a hack, gazed at him for an instant, and then cried, as his face airily blazed with joy:

"Mr. Farlington, of Hornellsville, how are you?"

With this he seized the hand of the stocky man and wrung it as though it were his long lost brother's. The stocky man shook him off and said:

"G'way, g'way. I don't know you!"

"What are you not Mr. Farlington, of Horn—"

"No, I ain't!"

"Well, this is the most astonishing resemblance. May I ask who you are?"

"Yes, you may."

"Well, who are you?"

"I'm General Ulysses S. Grant."

Anecdote of Bismarck.

Prince Bismarck, it is said, has become so stout of late years that he can no longer occupy an ordinary dining chair and sits accordingly on a low sofa, with his famous dog lying at his feet. He likes to exhibit his accomplishments to visitors, and it is related that one day on receiving a visit from Signor Manlini, the present Italian minister of foreign affairs, he sat down at the piano and played a composition of his own, remarking in an off-hand manner that "in Prussia politicians found time to cultivate the arts." "So they do in Italy," replied the Italian, and going to the piano he played over from beginning to end, and entirely from memory, the piece which he had just heard Prince Bismarck play for the first time.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Ordinary combustible substances may be set on fire by nitric acid.

Coagulation serves in nature the purpose of stopping wounds. Salt prevents it.

The temperature of the blood depends on the rapidity with which it is oxidized.

A muscle develops less heat when doing work than in contracting without doing it.

A new celluloid is said to be obtained from well peeled potatoes, treated with a solution of sulphuric acid.

Defective color vision is chiefly manifested in the inability to see the difference between red and green.

The raw materials of which dynamite is made are sulphuric acid, saltpeter, glycerine and infusorial earth.

Glucose is used for manufacturing table syrups, candies, food for bees, artificial honey and in brewing.

It has been suggested that noxious insects may be driven away by cultivating the fungi that are destructive to them.

The raising of pyrethrum, from which insect powder is made, is carried on in California and various parts of the country.

Grape sugar possesses the property of fermenting or breaking up into alcoholic and carbonic acid, on the addition of yeast.

German scientists are making a study of the relative distribution of blondes and brunettes, in aid of their investigations of the origin of the German people.

It is reported that a thick vein of a substance yielding fifty per cent. of pure paraffine has been discovered at Hawkes Bay, New Zealand. The deposit is said to be of great extent and to be worth about \$200 a ton.

A French chemist has obtained a very valuable oil from the kernel of the grape—the refuse left after distilling brandy, or making verdigris, being dried and ground fine in an ordinary mill, and the yield of oil is in direct proportion to the fineness of the grinding. The oil is sweeter than nut oil, and remains fluid at a lower temperature. When burned in lamps it gives a bright, smokeless, odorless and agreeable flame.

Kate Shelley's Brave Deed.

The newspapers have been filled with the story of the brave deed of Kate Shelley, aged fifteen, living with her mother in a little shanty on the east bank of the Des Moines river, in Iowa, near the track of the North western railway.

One night during the summer there was a fearful storm. The mother and daughter heard a crash, not unlike the sound of lightning splitting a tree. The girl, recollecting that her father, a railroad employe, had been killed by an accident, lighted a lantern, and went out in the wind and rain to see if aught was the matter. Her light was blown out, but she soon found a wrecked train, and all but one man had shared the fate of her father. She knew that another train would be along in about half an hour, and was liable to run on to the debris of the first. The nearest telegraph station was one mile distant and over a bridge 400 feet in length. Another station was four miles in the opposite direction. The only hope of averting a second disaster was to give notice at the station over the bridge. On her hands and knees a great part of the railway bridge was crossed, and with wet clothes and bleeding limbs she was liable at any moment to fall through into the torrent below, or to be too late to avert a second railway wreck. She reached the station in time to telegraph and stop the coming train, but from exposure and fright she fainted then and there.

The Northwestern railway, of course, could spare a trifle from a good dividend, as some recompense to this poor girl. The public, of course, would be grateful; she had saved so many lives. It would be a reflection on all if the little heroine was forgotten. She is still in abject poverty with her mother, on the banks of the Des Moines river, in Boone county, Iowa, unappreciated, neglected, forgotten.—Chicago Express.

A Railroad in the Tree-Tops.

It may not be known outside of the neighborhood where it is situated, but it is nevertheless a fact that, in Sonoma county, Cal., there is an original and successful piece of railroad engineering and building that is not to be found in the books. In the upper part of this county, near the coast, may be seen an actual road-bed in the tree-tops. Between the Clipper Mills and Stuart's Point, where the road crosses a deep ravine, the trees are sawed off on a level and the timber and ties laid on the stumps. In the center of the ravine mentioned two huge trees, standing side by side, form a substantial support, and they are cut off seventy-five feet above the ground, and cars loaded with heavy saw logs pass over them with as much security as if it were framed in the most scientific manner.

CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIOUS.

Gold wire was first made in Italy in 1350.

The first botanical garden was at Padua, in 1583.

There are forty-six species of the English cuckoo.

Black lead pencils were known to the ancient Romans.

Dusters were at first made of the tails of oxen or foxes.

Coral was anciently deemed an excellent antidote against poison.

Queen Elizabeth left 3,000 changes of dress in the royal wardrobe.

Egyptian sieves were made of papyrus, or rushes; those of horse-hair were first used by the Gauls.

The early sheriffs of London had before their door two posts, upon which were exhibited public edicts.

In Denmark a diet of bread and water for a month was formerly considered equivalent to a punishment of death.

The paper for the Bank of England notes has been made in the same mill in Lanerston, Hampshire, since 1719.

The Persians swore by the sun; the Scythians by the air and their scimitars; the Greeks and Romans by their gods.

The next use of the Mayflower, after her memorable voyage to America, was to carry a cargo of slaves to the West Indies.

Gluck composed in a garden quaffing champagne. Sorti in a dark room and Sacchini with a favorite cat perched on each shoulder.

A kind of portable chafing dish, upon which perfumes were burnt, was carried as an ensign of honor before the Roman magistrates.

Flints are found in the tombs of the Northern nations, they having been supposed to be efficacious in confining the dead to their habitations.

Froissart mentions a person who, having his chin cut off in a riot, replaced it by one of silver, which he tied by a silken cord around his head.

The office of marquis was formerly to guard the frontiers and limits of the kingdom, which were called the marches, from the Teutonic word *mark*—a limit.

Office Buildings in New York.

You can imagine, says a New York gentleman, how great the investment is to put a large office building up in New York city when you compute the rents of the offices in the Mills building, which have to be thrown away for a period of one year while the building is being constructed. At the corner of Broad street and Exchange place was a plain brick building of a shabby character, crowded with offices. Yet the smallest office brought from \$400 to \$500 a year. Probably the combined offices in the different small buildings which Mr. Mills is supplanting with his one huge building produce a rental of \$75,000 a year. This is one item in the cost of putting up a great building in the business quarter of New York. He had to tear down from the corner to the quicksand, evacuate all his rents, purchase additional property at a tremendous figure, and then bring in pile-drivers, as if he was building out in the sea, and ram the quicksand, if there were any, level, and then put in his cement and beton. Not until next spring, as I understand, will this great edifice be finished, and it will, perhaps, cost with the ground \$2,500,000. Of course those who take offices afterward will have to pay the back rent insensibly. Another enormous building is going up opposite the Bowling Green, at the foot of Broadway, for the combined produce, grain and cotton exchanges. This will be the principal edifice of its kind in the world.

A Queer Superstition.

I observed a broad silver ring on the middle finger of the left hand of a man, formerly of Chudleigh, now of Torquay, a painter by trade, who was working at my house at the time. In reply to my questions he stated that he was twenty-seven years of age, and had worn the ring about seven years for the purpose of protecting himself from fits, to which he had long been subject. The ring, he said, was made of nine sixpences, given to him for the purpose by nine unmarried females, all, as was necessary, of the parish of Chudleigh, where he resided at the time.

The sixpences were given in response to his question: "Will you give me a sixpence?" he being careful not to say, "Will you please to give me a sixpence?" and careful also to avoid saying "Thank you," on the receipt of the coin—either of which would have vitiated the charm. He took the nine coins to an ordinary jeweler, who made them into a ring, but it was necessary for the success of the charm that he should receive nothing for his labor. The givers and the receiver of the sixpences must be of different sexes, and the ring must be worn on the middle finger of the left hand. It had not quite kept away the fits, but they had been much less frequent than they were before he wore it.