

A Baby's Feet.

A baby's feet, like sea-shells pink,
Might tempt, should heaven see meet
An angel's lips to kiss, we think,
A baby's feet.

Like rose-hued sea-flowers toward the heat,
They stretch and spread and wink
Their ten soft buds that part and meet.

No flower-bells that expand and shrink,
Gleam half so heavenly sweet
As shine on life's untrodden brink,
A baby's feet.

II.

A baby's hands, like rosebuds torrid,
Whence yet no leaf expands,
Ope if you touch, though close upcurled,
A baby's hands.

Then fast as warriors grip their brands
When battle's bolt is hurled,
They close, clenched hard like tightening bands.

No rosebud yet by dawn impoiled,
Match, even in loveliest lands,
The sweetest flowers in all the world—
A baby's hands.

III.

A baby's eyes, ere speech begin,
Ere lips learn word or sigh,
Bless all things bright enough to wh
A baby's eyes.

Love, while the sweet thing laughs and lies,
And sleep flows out and in,
Sees perfect in them Paradise,
A baby's eyes.

Their glance might cast out pain and sin,
Their speech make dumb and woe,
By mute, glad godhead felt within
A baby's eyes.—*Swainburns.*

COUSIN ROLF.

Get out, you old scamp!"

It was a brilliant July day, with skies of cloudless blue, the air scented with clover blossoms, and the brook wending its melodious way under green masses of peppermint; and Mr. Carey, who had walked a long distance, and had just fallen into a doze, under the refreshing shadow of a gnarled old apple-tree, started galvanically up at this ungentle address.

"Ma'am," said he, "I assure you I am not trespassing; I—"

But his apologetic words were cut short by the rattling of a stout stick on the stone wall, close to him; and in another moment, a belligerent-looking red cow, came plunging through the high grass, directly toward his haven of refuge.

He started to run, but his foot catching in the gnarled root of an ancient tree, he fell headlong. The cow executed a hurdle leap over his prostrate form, and vanished in a clump of hazel bushes; and a resolute, bright-eyed woman, of some forty odd years, came to the scene, with a flapping sunbonnet over her ears, and the stick balanced across her shoulders.

"Don't strike!" pleaded Mr. Carey, "I'm getting off the premises as fast as I can. I assure you, I didn't know I was trespassing."

Desire Welland blushed very prettily, as she pushed back the sunbonnet, and endeavored to adjust her luxuriant red-brown hair, which had broken loose from its pins.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" said she. "It wasn't you I meant at all, sir; it was the cow who had got into the cabbage-patch. Did I hit you with the stick? But I never dreamed of any one but Bossy being there. Oh, do let me run home and get the camphor bottle?"

Slowly, Mr. Carey raised himself to sitting and then to a standing posture; slowly he felt his knees, elbows and collar-bones.

"I'm not hurt," said he—"not to signify, that is. It wasn't your stick, ma'am; it was the roots of this old tree. It's enough to startle any man, don't you see? to hear himself called—an old scamp."

"But it wasn't you I meant," breathlessly cried Desire; "it was the old cow. Won't you let me run up to the house and get a caprine plaster? Oh, do."

Desire was fair to look upon, in spite of her forty summers, with big black eyes, a laughing cherry-red mouth and cheeks just browned with the healthful hue of mountain breezes. Mr. Carey felt himself gradually softening as he looked at her.

"No," said he. "I don't care for a caprine plaster. But I've walked a good way, and I should like a bowl of coffee if it's handy."

"Oh, pray come up to the house then," said Desire. "It's only a step across the orchard. Oh, that cow, that cow! We must certainly have her hampered after this!"

"Perhaps," said Mr. Carey, solemnly, as he endeavored to straighten the edges of his hat, "you know a family by the name of Welland who live hereabouts. Two old maids, who manage a farm all by themselves. Very peculiar females, I am told."

Desire stood still and began to laugh, while the deep crimson suffused her cheeks.

"Why," cried she, "it us. It's me and Malvina. We are the Welland girls."

It was Mr. Carey's turn to flush and look awkward now.

"Oh!" said he. "Well, it don't matter. I've business at the Welland farm—that's all."

"Isn't it strange that things should happen so?" cried Desire, opening the gate into the dim, shadowy orchard, where scarlet lilies grew in the tall grass, and robins darted in and out of the drooping boughs. "There's the house. You can see it now. Malvina and I have managed the farm ever since father died. Philo—that's our brother—has a house and an estate of his own, and his wife don't want any single relations. But we've done very well, every one says. Here's the place. And here's Malvina!"

Miss Malvina Welland was diligently hoeing sweet corn in a man's hat and boots. She was a tall, Amazonian sort of female, with high cheekbones, hair cut short, and a masculine way of leaning on her hoe. She looked sharply around at the sound of footsteps.

"Is it the new hired man?" said she. "Then, Desire, you may tell him that we don't want help that comes at this time of day. I'll have no eight-hour men on my place."

"Oh, Malvina, hush!" cried the younger sister, in despair. "It's a gentleman on business."

In came Brother Philo from the back yard, with an auger in his hand.

"Eh?" said Brother Philo, a wrinkled, hard-featured man in a blue overall, and boots that looked as if they might have been carved out of lignum vitae. "Bus'ness? It ain't a sewing-machine I s'pose? or a new patent reaper, nor any o' these labor-savin' humbugs? Because—"

"It's about your Cousin Rolf," said Mr. Carey—"Paul Welland's son. He's come back from Australia. He resquested me to come over here, as I happened to be passing this way, and see what his relations would do about giving him a home."

At these words, Mrs. Philo Welland emerged from the currant-bushes, where she was picking the sparkling, ruby-colored fruit to make jelly. For Mrs. Philo believed in always picking her neighbor's fruit before she began on her own.

"A home, indeed!" said Mrs. Philo—"It's what I always told you, Philo! Says I, that man'll be sure to come back some day, poorer than poverty says I. And he'll expect us to take care of him then. But we've worked a deal too hard for our money—me and Philo—and if he wants to be supported, let him jist go to the poor house. Paul Welland always was a rovin' creature, and Rolf ain't no better, I'll go bail!"

Mr. Philo Welland screwed up his face into an expression of the utmost caution.

"I'ra'ps you're his lawyer, sir?" said he.

Mr. Carey nodded.

"I act for him," said he.

"Then tell him," said Philo, succinctly, "that if he expects we're goin' to support him, he's consider-a-bly mis-taken! We've always took care of ourselves; he can do the same! Come, Betsy, we'd better be goin'!"

"Philo!" cried out Desire; "how can you be so selfish? Rolf Welland is our cousin. If he is in want or trouble, whom has he to look to but us? Malvina, you won't be so hard-hearted? The old farm-house is big enough for our Cousin Rolf as well as for us. You never would turn a sickly old man adrift upon the world?"

"No, I wouldn't!" said Miss Malvina, thumping her hoe upon the ground. "Look here, stranger, tell Rolf Welland and he's welcome to a home with us. We live plain, but we're ready to give him a hearty welcome. Tell him to come here at once. The sooner the better!"

"Women is fools," incidentally remarked Philo Welland, chewing a stalk of currant leaves. "If you lost what little you've got, do you s'pose this relative o' yours would raise a finger to help you? Let every man take care of himself, say I!"

"And who knows," cried Desire, brightly. "Perhaps we can get him the district school school to teach? I heard Squire Loames say that the new teacher wasn't going to stay more than a quarter longer."

"I'm glad you can afford to take free boarders," said Mrs. Philo, acidly. "Me and your brother—we can't!"

"Do come in, now, and get the coffee," said Desire. "And a few late strawberries, Mr.—Mr.—"

"Carey is my name," said the stranger, who had stood immovable beneath the fiery hail of this conversational episode. "That is to say, it is my name now. I chanced to make myself useful to a rich old gentleman in the East, who took a fancy to me, and left me his property in his will. The only condition appended

was that I should take his name in addition to my own. And Carey isn't a bad name."

"Certainly it ain't," said Philo, with watering eyes. "I only wish we had a few of that sort of old gentlemen out this way. I'd change my name half a dozen times a day if it would be any accommodation to 'em. So you're rich, eh? Betsy,"—to his wife—"if this gentleman would be so kind as to come and take dinner with us to-day—"

"No," said the stranger, in a clear, decisive voice. "Will you be so kind as to hear me out? Carey, as I have already told you, is only my adopted name. My real name is Rolf Welland."

"What!" roared Philo.

Mrs. Philo scrambled so hastily to her feet that she upset the pail, half full of currants. Miss Malvina dropped her hoe; and Desire, who had just brought out a little saucer of late, luscious, red strawberries stood amazed at this revelation.

"You!" she cried, "our Cousin Rolf! And I nearly hit you with the stick, chasing the cow, and half started you out of your senses, and—"

"And taught me," said the old bachelor, with a strangely-sweet smile, "that there is yet left a spice of unselfishness in the conglomerate called human nature. Cousin Desire, I thank you for the lesson. Believe me, I shall not soon forget it!"

And before the day was over, he had helped Miss Malvina finish her patch of sweet-corn, and mended the defective fence-rails where the offending cow had broken through, besides staking up the sweet-williams, and nailing the big rose-tree to the frame from whence its over-blossoming weight had dragged it.

"I declare," said Miss Malvina, "he's a real comfort about the place!"

"And he has traveled so much," cried Desire; "and he talks so beautifully! I only hope he'll be contented here!"

There was no sort of doubt about that. Rolf Welland Carey was very well contented. He had always hungered and thirsted for the details of a home life—here it was to perfection.

But Mr. and Mrs. Philo were not so well suited. All their spasmodic efforts toward friendliness were checked with Arctic frigidity.

"It's too bad!" said Mrs. Philo, at most crying. "He'll be certain sure to go and make a fool of himself by marrying Desire, and we shall never get a cent of his money. Desire ought to be ashamed to think of such a thing at her age!"

But Desire was only forty, and there are late roses as well as early ones. At least, so Mr. Welland thought. At all events, he married Desire, and the Philo Wellands were disconsolate.

"It's all our bad luck!" said they.

For they had forgotten all about the passage in the Bible that speaks of "entertaining angels unawares!"—*Helen Forrest Graves.*

Bird-Eating Frog.

The following curious narrative is taken from the Cape Times, (South Africa.) A lady living in the George district supplies the following particulars of the habits of this creature:

"I have much pleasure in furnishing all the information we have regarding the large frogs which have proved so destructive to our young chickens. A water sluic runs round our terraced, and passes through the ground where the poultry range, and in this the frogs harbor. The first time our attention was drawn to their bird eating propensity was by the cries of a small bird in a fuchsia near the stream. Thinking it had been seized by a snake, several hastened to the spot, and saw a beautiful red and green sugar bird in the mouth of a large greenish frog; only the bird's head was visible; and its cries becoming fainter, the frog was killed and the bird released. Its feathers were all wet and slimy, and for some days we could distinguish it in the garden by its ruffled plumage.

Since then the same species of frog have on several occasions been killed with young chickens half swallowed, and once a duckling was rescued from the same fate. Whether the noise is natural to these frogs, or assumed to decoy the chickens within their reach, we know not; but they constantly make a chuckling sound so exactly like a hen calling her chickens for food that we have seen whole broods deceived, and rushing toward the sluic where they supposed the hen to be. The frogs are very wary, and it is difficult to find them except by the screams of their victims. We have lost large numbers of small chickens in an unaccountable manner, and now feel sure that these frogs must be answerable for very many of them, as there are no rats here, and the chickens are carefully housed at night."

A MIND OBSCURED.

A Man Once Insane Describes His Sensations.—Reason Regained After Twelve Years.

I was once insane and I often muse over my experience. There are, of course, many kinds of insanity. Some mental disorders take place so gradually that even the closest companions of the victim are at a loss to remember when the trouble began. It must have been this way in my case. One evening, after an oppressively warm day, a day when I experienced more fatigue from the heat than ever before or since, I sat on the porch fanning myself. "This arm that is now in motion," I mused, "must one of these days be dust. I wonder how long will the time be." Then I mused upon the evidence I had of immortality. I could do things that other people could not accomplish. I had gone through battle after battle, and though bullets sang and struck around me thick as hail, yet I remained uninjured. I had passed through epidemics of yellow fever. My idea gained strength as I mused, and I was convinced that I should live forever. No, this cannot be, for death follows all men alike. Yes, I am to die like other men, and I believe it is my duty to make the most of life; to make money, and enjoy myself and to educate my children. I wanted to be rich, and I began to study over an imaginary list of enterprises. At last I hit upon radishes. People must have radishes. They should be in every store. They could be dried and sold in winter. I would plant fifty acres with radish seed, and people all over the country would refer to me as the 'radish king.' I would form a radish syndicate, and buy up all the radishes, and travel around and be admired. I hastened to the house to tell my wife that she was soon to be a radish queen. At the breakfast table I said:

"Julia, how would you like to be a radish queen?"

"A what?" she exclaimed.

I explained my plan of acquiring great wealth, and during the recital she acted so curiously that I was alarmed. I feared that she was losing her mind. Finally she seemed to understand. She agreed with me, but told me not to say anything more about it. After breakfast I saw her talking earnestly with her father, and I knew that she was explaining to the old gentleman how she intended to pay his debts when I became known as the radish king. The old man approached me, with much concern, and told me that I needed rest, and that I must not think of business. He was old and sadly worried, and I promised him that I would not think of business. Pretty soon I went out to inspect my radish kingdom. Looking around I saw the old man following me. From the field I went to the village. I approached a prominent citizen, who had always been my friend, and told him how I intended to become rich. He seemed grieved, and I saw at once that he was contemplating the same enterprise. It seemed mean that he should take advantage of me, and I told him so. He tried to explain, but he made me so mad that I would have struck him if my father-in-law had not come up and separated us. I tried to calm myself, but could not. Those who had been my friends proved to be my enemies, and I was determined to be avenged, but before I could execute my will, I was seized by several men. My father-in-law did not attempt to rescue me, and I hated him. I was taken to jail. My wife came to see me, but she did not try to have me released. I demanded a trial, but no lawyer would defend me. Then I realized that the whole community was against me. I became so mad that my anger seemed to hang over me like a dark cloud. It pressed me to the floor and held me there. Men came after a long time, and took me away. I thought, to the penitentiary. One day a cat came into my cell, and I tried to bite it. She made the hair fly, but I killed her. I don't know how long I remained there, but one morning the sun rose and shone in at me through the window. It seemed to be the first time that I had seen the great luminary for months. A mist cleared from before my eyes. My brain began to work, and suddenly I realized that I had been insane. I called the keeper, and when he saw me, he exclaimed: "Thank God!" and grasped my hand. I was not long in putting on another suit of clothes, and turning my face toward home. A physician said that I was cured, and everybody seemed bright and happy at my recovery. I boarded a train with a gentleman, and went home. My wife fainted when she saw me and learned that I had recovered my mind. I asked for my little children and two big boys and a young lady came forward and greeted me. I had been in the asylum twelve years.—*Colon Weekly, in Arkansas Traveller.*

Gloves remain very long wristed.

AMERICAN GIRLS AND TITLES.

Unfortunate Alliances Which are Made With Alleged Noblemen of Foreign Lands.

Writing from London to the Detroit Post, W. A. Croffut says: If I felt free to mention names I could tell tales to wring the heart, about American girls who have married English noblemen. In almost every instance it proves fatal to the bride's happiness. It isn't long since Lord Flyfinger married the heiress of an American Crossus. There was a tremendous time about it. She was envied by all her marriageable cronies and old Crossus was congratulated on the fine alliance. He grinned with self complacency and handed over \$1,500,000 to His Lordship Flyfinger on the spot. Flyfinger took the wife and the money and brought them to England, where he introduced her to a few acquaintances and then left her to shift for herself, while he travels with relays of fast horses, races and hunts, gambles and lives a wild life on the million and a half of money for which he sold the shelter of his title to a bright, hopeful, ambitious American girl.

Five or six years ago an American girl whose name was on all lips married a rich Englishman, who had the entree of high society in England. She was feasted, toasted, envied. But she has slept in a social cocoon ever since, heartily wishing herself home, not seeing for months sometimes the husband, who loves to follow the hounds.

An American gentleman living here whose name would be recognized by the reader if I were at liberty to mention it, told me yesterday: "I have been approached within a month by an English lord, who may be a duke some day, but whose fortune has become greatly impaired by his dissipation. He has fixed his eye on an American girl whom he has never seen. She is comparatively uneducated and not very bright and fearfully plain. Her nose is snub. Her mouth is large. Her eyes are small and watery. Her father is an Irishman. But he is worth at least \$20,000,000. This lord wants me to bring about a match between himself and this girl. I'd see him hanged first, for I know what a sacrifice of her it would be."

One other case: There is a young lady now in high society in America, her native land, whose husband is an English lord and whose father-in-law is a duke. She is beautiful, accomplished, interesting, and she might have made a good match in New York. But she wanted a lord, and she got him. He inherited gambling from his mother, the duchess, and he gambles away all he can get. He is dissolute and unscrupulous; she is neglected and wretched. So she pays long visits to her relatives in America, where she can plunge into society and forget her pitiful European experiment.

A City of the Dead.

Two miles from Mandan, on the bluffs near the junction of the Heart and Missouri rivers, is an old cemetery of fully one hundred acres in extent, filled with bones of a giant race. This vast city of the dead lies just east of the Fort Lincoln road. We have just spent a half day in exploring this charnel house of a dead nation. The ground has the appearance of having been filled with trenches piled full of dead bodies, both man and beast, and covered with several feet of earth. In many places mounds from eight to ten feet high and some of them a hundred feet or more in length have been thrown up and are filled with bones, broken pottery, vases of various bright colored flints and agates. The pottery is of a dark material, beautifully decorated, delicate in finish, and as light as wood, showing the work of a people skilled in the arts and possessed of a high state of civilization. Here is a grand field for the student, who will be richly repaid for his labors by excavating and tunneling in these catacombs of the dead. This has evidently been a grand battle-field, where thousands of men and horses have fallen. Nothing like a systematic or intelligent exploration has been made, as only little holes two or three feet in depth have been dug in some of the mounds, but many parts of the anatomy of man and beast, and beautiful specimens of broken pottery and other curiosities have been found in these feeble efforts at excavation. Who are they and from whence did they come, dying and leaving only these crumbling bones and broken fragments of their works of art to mark the resting place of a dead nation? Five miles above Mandan, on the opposite side of the Missouri, is another vast cemetery as yet unexplored. We asked an aged Indian what his people knew of these ancient graveyards. He answered: "We know nothing about them. They were here before the red man."—*Mandan, Dakota, Pioneer.*

The Removal.

A nervous old gentleman, tired of trade, By which, though it seems, he a fortune had made,

Took a house 'twixt two sheels, on the skirts of the town,
Which he meant, at his leisure, to buy and pull down.

This thought struck his mind as he viewed his estate;
But alas! when he entered he found it too late.

For in each dwelt a smith—a more hard-working two
Never hammered an anvil or put on a shoe.

At six in the morning, their anvils at work
Awoke our new Squire, who raged like a Turk.

"These fellows," he cried, "such a clattering keep,
I never can get above eight hours of sleep!"

His afternoon's nap and his daughter's new song
Were battered and spoiled by their hammers' ding-dong!

At last, both his health and spirits to improve,
He cried, "I'll give each fifty guineas to move!"

"Agreed," said the pair; "that will make us amends!"

"Then come home," said the Squire, "and let us part friends.
You shall eat, and we'll drink on that joyful occasion,

That each may live long in his new habitation!"

"Now tell," said the Squire, "where you each mean to move?"

I hope to some place where his trade will improve!"

"Why, sir," replies one, with a grin on his pliz,
"Tom Forge moves to my shop, and I move to his!"

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

The early bud catches the worm.

Speaking of the avocations of the heavenly bodies, there is no doubt that the sun is a tanner.

The single eyeglass is worn by the dude. The theory is that he can see more with one eye than he can comprehend.

The engaged couple is not two souls with but a single thought, as is generally supposed. The thought about staying single never occurs to them.

"Ah! I'm saddest when I sing,"
She sang in plaintive key—
And all the neighbors yelled—
"So are we! So are we!"

"What is a color guard, papa?" the good boy asked. "A parasol and a veil, my son," and the boy silently wondered what soldiers wanted with such things.

A Western paper announces the fact that an acrobat turned a somersault on a locomotive smokestack. This is nothing. We know of an engineer who turned on the steam.

When one little boy runs away with another little boy's tart, the proper caper for another little boy to cut is to strike a stained glass attitude and warble, "Good-by, sweet-tart, good-by."

"There is one thing connected with your table," said a drummer to a Western landlord, "that is not surpassed by the best hotels in Chicago." "Yes," replied the pleased landlord; "and what is that?" "The salt."

"You must bathe regularly," said a physician, gravely, as he looked at the patient's tongue and felt his pulse. "But, doctor, I do," returned the sick man, "I go in swimming regularly every Fourth of July."

Honored for Their Deeds.

A peasant was one day driving some geese to a neighboring town where he hoped to sell them. He had a long stick in his hand, and to say the truth, he did not treat his flock of geese with much consideration. I do not blame him, however; he was anxious to get to the market in time to make a profit, and not only geese but men must expect to suffer if they hinder gain.

The geese, however, did not look on the matter in this light, and happening to meet a traveller walking along the road they poured forth their complaints against the peasant who was driving them.

"Where can you find geese more unhappy than we are? See how this peasant is hurrying on this way and that, and driving us just as though we were only common geese. Ignorant fellow as he is, he never thinks how he is bound to honor and respect us; for we are the distinguished descendants of those very geese to whom Rome once owed its salvation, so that a festival was established in their honor."

"But for what do you expect to be distinguished yourselves?" asked the traveller.

"Because our ancestors—"

"Yes, I know; I have read all about it. What I want to know is what good have you yourselves done?"

"Why, our ancestors saved Rome."

"Yes, yes; but what have you done of the kind?"

"We? Nothing."

"Of what good are you, then? Do leave your ancestors at peace. They were honored for their deeds; but you, my friends, are only fit for roasting."