Poetical Selections.

A QUESTION.

As Annie was carrying the baby one day, Tossing aloft the lump of inanity, Dear to its father and mother no doubt To the rest of the world a mere lump of hu-

Sam came along, and was thinking then maybe. Full as much of Annie as she of the baby.

"Just look at the baby" cried Ann in a flutter, Giving its locks 'round her fingers a twiri; "If I was a man I know that I couldn't

Be keeping my hands off a dear little girl.' And Sam gave a wink, as if to say "Maybe, Of the girls 1'd rather hug you than the baby,"

"Now, kiss it." she cried, still hugging it closer, "Its mouth's like the roses the honey-bee sips!" Sam stooped to obey, as the heads came together, There chanced to arise a confusion of lips! And it occurred, it might have been, maybe, That each got a kiss, Sam, Ann, and the baby.

It's hard to tell what just then was the matter, For the baby was the only one innocent there; And Annie flushed up like a full-blown peony, And Samuel turned red to the roots of his hair; So the question is this—you can answer it, maybe— Did Annie kiss Sam, or did both kiss the baby?

AN INTENDED ROBBERY.

OT to go over on foot!" exclaim-Not a chance of anything else," re-

plied the agent. "But, then, it's only five miles and you'll have better quarters than here, in this vile shanty. The money will be safer, too-let alone that the men won't go to work again, unless they

are paid in the morning."
"Is the road safe? I don't like the idea of lugging so much money. I could defend myself, or run; but fifteen thousand dollars in small bills is a big package to run with."

"Send your valise over in advance."
"By whom?"

" My man."

"Is he trustworthy?"

" Honest as the day; and he need not know there's anything in it but dirty linen. He can start now; and you will wait till after supper, if you will."

And so saying, the agent of the railroad company stepped to the door of the shanty and shouted for Patrick; and shortly that individual came-as bright, lively, honest-looking a son of the Green Isle as ever helped build a western railroad.

"Patrick !"

"Yis, yer honor." "Take this gentleman's valise over to the village, and leave it with the super-intendent. Tell him the owner will be after it some time this evening.

"An' is that all, yer honor?"

"That's all—only be quick about it,

and you'll earn an extra dollar."

"I'm jist the b'y for that, anyhow.—
Sure, it's a small bit of a valise."

And, so saying, Patrick picked up the object of his contempt, and trudged off, with an utter absence of curiosity as to the nature of what he was carrying.

The temporary station at which the "construction train" had landed the contractor-a gentleman named Perkinswas at the end of the new air line railroad to ---; and as the laborers thereon had not been paid over promptly, they had now for some days been on a strike, abandoning the works and congregating at a hamlet, a few miles distant, thereby compelling their delinquent employers to come to terms. Mr. Perkins had brought a good share of the "terms" with him, for immediate distribution; and, after a plain and hearty supper with the agent, he was about to start on his tramp, when it was discovered that a good-sized western thunderstorm was just about to burst, and the walk was postponed until the sky should clear. In a few minutes more the rain was coming down in torrents and kept up for an hour or so, at the end of which time the contractor paddled away over the road, congratulating himself that the valise in Patrick's care was water-proof.

"He's had a rougher time than I will, anyhow; and, now, if I ain't robbed and murdered before I get there, I shall do well enough, in spite of the mud." And so muttering to himself, the worthy agent splashed forward.

Our present business, however, is not with his employer, but with Patrick himself.

The parting injunction to make haste had not seemed to make a very deep impression on the careless son of Erin, and he trudged easily along, with an occasional shrewd glance at the somewhat threat-

A little more than half way across the stumbling over logs, tearing through bri-open prairie that lay between the railroad ars, but sticking faithfully to the valise. terminus and the village was a tolerably dense grove, and it was after sunset when Patrick plunged under the shadows .-Nor had he gone far before the gloom es of lightning, and the deep, smothered roars of the thunder gave token that the storm was upon him.

"Now, an' I cud only git to the ould log house, it 'ud kape me dhry. Howly Moses, what a big flash that was!"

And, so saying, Patrick broke into a very respectable trot, which quickly brought him out into a little weed-grown clearing. In the centre of this there was a small log house, the deserted homestead of some discontented squatter who had moved farther westward. It consisted of but two rooms, front and back, and all vestiges of doors and window shutters had long since disappeared; but it prom-

Patrick was just in time, for hardly had he stumbled over the grassy threshhold before the first big drops began to patter, and these were quickly followed by such penetrating torrents as compelled him to select his standing-place under as good a shelter as he could possibly find,

" Bless me sowl, but this is wet rain, anyhow! I'd not like to be found drowned with another man's portmanty about my clothes. Whist, now, Patrick, me jewel-what's that?

And, as he spoke, Patrick once more advanced towards the doorway. It was now all but pitch dark, and he could it. hear the half-muffled voice of a man whose profane utterances seemed to try and direct another toward the shelter.

"Here it is, Bob; I wonder if there's anybody in it?"

"Not to-night, there won't be. Go right in ; we're comin'."

Patrick was no fool, and he had heard something in the tones rather than in the words-though these were mingled with horrid profanity-which conveyed to his mind the impression that the new comers were men with whom he did not care to scrape an acquaintance; neither did he like to go out into the storm-and so he quietly glided back into the little "lean-to" that formed the other part of the house, and curled himself up against the logs.

In a moment more he perceived that three men had taken possession of his late quarters, and he lay as still as a mouse, while they continued a discussion which had evidently been interrupted by the storm.

"He won't try to get over to-night, reckon."

"Yes, he will, he's got to."

"But the storm?" "He'll wait till that's over."

" Maybe he's started."

"If he has, he'll turn back. are safe enough to bag him, an' it's a little the best lay we ever had such a chance

"Pretty good pot, that's a fact. Do you know how he's got it?"

"In a valise, Jim says." "Well, we can take it as well in that as in anything else, as the man said about

the whisky.' "But what'll we do with him?"

" Dead men will tell no tales." "That's the safest, I guess; and they will lay it to the strikers."

" Most likely. Have you got the dark lantern ready?"

" Not much oil in it."

"Let's fill it then. I went to get some, and got into the boss's private office, and I just found one little can hid away in the desk. Not another thing was worth bringing away. Here it is; let's fill up, and take a look 'round here."

Thus far, Patrick had listened with breathless interest, while his mind teemed with horrid visions of robberry and murder. As we have said, he was by no means lacking in sharpness, and the reference to the valise had not been by any means re-assuring.

"Howly mither! how did they iver know I was comin' over wid the portmanty? I'd like to know that. Begorra, I'd better have turned back before I iver come! An' what's a dollar to pay for being murdered !"

Patrick's thoughts were troubling the very soul within him, when he heard what was said about the lautern, and it needed no one to tell him that his only begets a vigorous appetite for breakfast, safety from discovery was in retreat .-There was some little noise and loud ening sky, growling to himself: talking in the other room, not to speak
"Faith an' I'll be there before he will of the rain on the roof, and Patrick had an' it don't rain, an' mebbe I will it if it no difficulty in escaping, unheard. Once it's ground.

Meantime, the three robbers had probably been filling the lamp of their dark lantern; and as Patrick reached the edge of the woods, in the cover of whose rapidly deepened, the premonitory flash- darkness he knew he would be safe, he turned and strained his eyes to the log house. As he did so, a faint glimmer of

light came out through the chinks.
"Strikin' a match," muttered Patrick "bad luck to the same for sindin' me out into the wet! Howly mither! What's

While Patrick had been speaking, the light had gained somewhat in strength, as if the match was blazing higher; but as he uttered his concluding exclamation, there came a sudden blinding flash, equal to many lightnings, and then a dull and sudden sound, as of some mighty explosion, followed by the crushing sound of heavy falling bodies among the tree-tops ised some sort of imperfect shelter from near him, breaking their way through the branches.

> Patrick waited no more, but found the road as quickly as possible, and made double quick time for the village, regardless of the rain. When, less than half an hour afterwards, the breathless Irishman, with his precions burden, dripping with water, opened the door of the superintendent's office, in the village he heard that gentleman remark :

"What did you say, Jordan?"

"Why," replied the boss, in an anxious tone, "some fool has broken my desk open and stolon a can of nitro glycerine, and I'm afraid harm will come of

"Divil a fear," interrupted Patrick; sorra a mischief was done by that same. Only we'll have to search the woods for days to foind enough o' thim for a decent wake, or I'm mistaken.

The explanation which followed, left little room for doubt, and subsequent investigation left less; but as Patrick had surmised there was little for a "wake."

The contractor got in all right, the men were paid, the road was built, and three first class rascals were disposed of.

Position in Sleeping.

T is better to go to sleep on the right side, for then the stomach is very much in the position of a bottle turned upside down, and the contents of it are aided in passing out by gravitation. If one goes to sleep on the left side, the operation of emptying the stomach of its contents is more like drawing water from a well. After going to sleep, let the body take its own position.

If you sleep on your back, especially soon after a hearty meal, the weight of the digestive organs and that of the food resting on the great vein of the body, near the back bone, compresses it, and arrests the flow of the blood more or less. If the arrest is partial, the sleep is disturbed, and there are unpleasant dreams. If the meal has been recent and hearty, the arrest is more decided; and the various sensations, such as falling over a precipice, or the pursuit of a wild beast, or other impending dangers, and the desperate effort to get rid of it, arouses us, and sends on the stagnating blood; and we wake in a fright, or trembling, or in a perspiration, or feeling exhausted, according to the degree of stagnation, and the length and strength of the efforts made to escape the danger.

But when we are unable to escape the danger-when we do fall over the precipice, when the trembling building crushes us-what then? That is death! That is the death of those of whom it is said, when found lifeless in the morning,-"That they were as well as ever they were the day before;" and often it is added, "and ate heartier than common!" This last, is a frequent cause of death to to those who have gone to bed to wake no more, we give merely as a private opinion. The possibility of its truth is enough to deter any rational man from a late and hearty meal. This we do know with certainty, that waking up in the night with painful diarrhea, or cholera, or billious cholic, ending in death in a very short time, is probably traceable to a late large meal.

The truly wise will take the safe side. For persons to eat three times a day, it is amply sufficient to make the last meal of cold bread and butter, and a cup of some warm drink. No one can starve on it; while a perseverance in the habit soon so promising a day of comfort .- Hall's Journal of Health.

When is coffee real estate? When

his Wife.

BY G. W. CUSTIS.

NE bright Sunday morning, in the year 1758, an officer, attired in the military undress, and attended by a body servant, tall and militaire as his chief, crossed the ferry called Williams'. over the Pamonkey, a branch of the York river. On the boat touching the southern or New Kent side, the soldier's progress was arrested by one of those personages who give the beau ideal of the Virginia gentlemen of the old regime, the very soul of kindliness and hospitality. It was in vain that the soldier urged his business at Williamsburg, important communications to the governor, &c. Mr. Chamberlayne, on whose demain the militaire had just landed, would hear of no excuse. Colonel Washington was a name and character so dear to all the Virginians, that his passing by one of the old castles of Virginia without calling and partaking of the hospitalities of the host, was entirely out of the question. The colonel, however, did not surrender at discretion, but stoutly maintained his ground, till Chamberlayne, bringing up his reserve in the intimation that he would introduce his friend to a young and charming widow then beneath his roof, the soldier capitulated on condition that he should dine—and then, by pressing his charger and borrowing of the night he would reach Williamsburg before His Excellency could shake off his morning slumbers. Orders were accordingly issued to Bishop, the colonel's body servant and faithful follower, who, together with a fine English charger, had been bequeathed by the dying Braddock to Major Washington, on the famed and fatal field of the Monongahela. Bishop. bred in the school of European disipline, raised his hand to his cap, as much as to say, "Your honor's orders shall be obey-

The colonel now proceeded to the mansion, and was introduced to various guests, (for when was a Virginian domicil of the olden time without guests?) and above all, to the charming widow .-Tradition relates that they were mutually pleased on their first interview; nor was it remarkable. They were of an age when impressions are strongest. The lady was fair to behold, of fascinating manners, and splendidly endowed with worldly benefits; the hero, fresh from his early fields, redolent of fame and with a form on which "every god did seem to set his seal to give the world assurance of a

The morning passed pleasantly; evening came with Bishop true to his orders, and firm to his post, holding his favorite charger with the one hand, while the other was waiting to offer the ready stirrup. The sun sank in the horizon, and yet the colonel appeared not; and then the old soldier marvelled at his chief's delay. "Twas strange, 'twas passing strange;" surely he was not wont to be a single moment benind his appointments, for he was the most punctual of all punctual men. Meantime, the host enjoyed the scene of the veteran on duty at the gate, while the colonel was so agreeably employed in the parlor; and proclaiming that no guest ever left his house after sunset, his military visitor was without much difficulty persuaded to order Bishop to put up the horses for the night. The sun rode high in the heavens the next day, when the enamoured soldier pressed with his spur his charger's side and speeded on his way to the seat of government, where, having dispatched his public business he retraced his steps, and at the White House the engagement took place with preparations for the mar-

And much had the biographer heard of that marriage from gray-haired domestics, who waited at the board where love made the feast and Washington was the guest. And rare and high was the revelry at that balmy period of Virginia's festal age, for many were gathered to that marriage of the good, the great. the gifted and the gay, while Virginia with joyful acclamation, hailed in her youthful hero a prosperous and happy bridegroom.

"And so you remember when Colonel Washington came a-courting of your mistress?" said the biographer to old Cully, in his hundredth year.

"Ay, master, that I do," replied this ancient family servant, who had lived to see five generations; "great times, sir, great times; shall never see the like

"And Washington looked something like a man, a proper man-hey, Cully.
"Never seed the like, sir; never the

likes of him, though I have seen many cannot cure. Sold by druggists.

does. Och, but it's a wake one to be given a dollar for carryin' the loike of this." of it for a couple of hundred yards, washington's First Interview with in my day: so tall—so straight—and then be sat a horse and rode with such then be sat a horse and rode with such an air ! Ah, sir, he was like no one else. Many of the grandest gentlemen in their gold lace were at the wedding, but none ooked like the man himself.

Strong indeed must have been the impressions which the person and manner of Washington made upon the rude untutored mind" of this poor negro. since the lapse of three quarters of a century had not sufficed to efface them.

The precise date of the marriage the biographer has been unable to discover having in vain searched among the records of the vestry of St. Peter's church New Kent, of which the reverend Mr. Mossem, a Cambridge scholar, was the rector, and performed the ceremony, it is believed, about 1750. A short time after their marriage, Colonel and Lady Washington removed to Mount Vernou on the Potomac, and permanently settled

Grindstones.

LETTER to an exchange paper A gives some interesting facts about the locality where grindstones are procured, and the method of the manufacture. The English grindstones are quarried at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and near Sheffield. These quarries are worked by hand, and all the grindstones are made with the mallet and chisel. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick stones come from sandstone formations overlying the coal districts on the Bay of Fundy and crossing the Province of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. These immense deposits contain a great variety of grits, known as the Nova Scotia grindstones. These quarries are generally worked by the French people known as " Acadians," from the name they gave this country. "Acadia," and are the descendants of the "Hugunnots." who were driven out of France by religious persecution. They are a very industrious and simple-minded people, and the females retain to this day the style of dress brought over from France by their ancestors.

The tides of the Bay of Fundy rise and fall from 60 to 70 feet every twelve hours, and these people avail themselves of this power to work the quarries, which extend from a high bluff on the mainland down to low water mark in the bay. At low water a huge mass of stone is loosened from its bed, and a heavy chain is passed under it and over a large boat, which is placed alongside. As the tide rises, the stone attached to the bottom of the boat is floated into a sand cove at high water, and made into grindstones after the tide recedes. This work is done with mallet and chisel, the rough parts being first chopped off with a heavy axe. Machinery has been recently introduced, and the small grindstones are now turned in a lathe by steam-power.

The sandstone deposits of this country which are made into grindstones, are found along the shores of Lake Erie, and extending for a considerable distance east and west of Cleveland, and inland as far as Marietta, on the Ohio. They are alsofound on the shores of Lake Huron, above Detroit.

These deposits are of a different character from the foreign stone, and do not seem to be the overlying strata of coal formations, but appear to be a later formotion, as the quaries look as though this part of Ohio has once been the bottom of the lake, the sand of which had become solid and been heaved up by some convulsion of nature. Nearly all the Ohio grindstones are made by machinery, driven by steam power. The blocks of stone being loosened from the quarrybed, are roughly hewed out, with a square hole in the centre. This is placed on a square iron shaft furnished with a nine inch collar against which the stone is securely fastened by means of another collar keyed against the side of the stone .-The shaft and stone being driven by steam-power, two men on opposite sides of the stone turn it off perfectly true by means of soft iron bars about 6 feet long and 2 by & inch thick, which is curved upward. This was formerly a very unhealthy occupation, owing to the shaft dust being inhaled by the workmen, but this difficulty is now obviated by means of blowers which drive it away.

Send a postage stamp to R. V. Pierce, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y., and get Dr. Sage's pamphlet on Catarrh, or send sixty cents and get Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. \$500 reward is offered by the proprietor for a case of Catarrh which he