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Origin of Robin Red-Breast.

A little brown bird with a breast of white was banking himself in a beam of light. A dark brown youth and fair haired maid arm in arm through the sunlight strayed. And the girl's blue eyes were in rapture bent. And her heart was filled with a rich content. As she lists to the story so old and so sweet, Till in love's true clasp the two hands meet.

And a warm, bright blush has taken the place Of the fair, white roses that slept in her face; When just as the blush was taking its flight The little bird flew from his beam of light. And the rose hued from the bird's white breast, And there forever it found a rest. And his song to-day, so sweet and low, Tells of their love in the long ago.

I listened and caught the bird's refrain, And sweet, my darling, I'll tell it again. See! here in this golden light let me stand, And in love's true clasp let me take your hand.

Oh! red-breast robin, your boom's bright glow Is reflected here in her cheek of snow, And, darling, my darling, as girl and youth, We will vow to each other our love and truth.

THE WIDOW IN THE L.

It had been Mrs. Butterkin's doings, letting the L. Mr. Butterkin had objected to the proceeding, but mildly, as was becoming in the good humored husband of a "whimsy" wife, so prone to tears that there seemed some foundation for it. She had applied to her "blood was turning to water." Grievously lorned by nerves, she longed for womanly sympathy, and on Mr. Ebbeson's decease, nothing would do but his widow should sell her farm and bury the Butterkin L. for had not Ruth and she been friends from girlhood? After due deliberation, Mrs. Ebbeson came, having first secured a life lease of the building.

A busy little woman was Ruth Ebbeson, as she had need to be, her intemperate, worthless husband having left her barely enough to make both ends meet. If she would lap them comfortably, it must be by her own exertions with the needle. And as she sat cheerily stitching by her invalid mother's couch, Mrs. Butterkin would often run in with beans to pick over or apples to pare, with a rainy day's worth of her mother's suggestions. Mr. Butterkin did many a neighborly turn in way of carpentry. The two families were almost as one. Indeed, the letting of the L. seemed a provident arrangement for all parties. It was a relief to Mrs. Ebbeson to be relieved of the care of the house, her mother should be within easy access of a physician. Especially was it of advantage to Mrs. Butterkin to enjoy cheerful companionship, and whatever was of advantage to Mrs. Butterkin necessarily affected Mr. Butterkin.

Three years ago, bringing mental vigor to the nerve-diseased Mrs. Butterkin. She had never seemed in better health than in that fatal spring when she was prostrated by pneumonia, death-stricken from the first.

"The Lord wills it, Ruth, and I don't feel to marry," she would say, with a dying grace; "but husband'll miss me, I know. You'll keep an eye on him, won't you, dear, when I am gone, and make him comfortable?"

Mrs. Ebbeson sobbed a promise; but after Mr. Butterkin's bereavement she found the covenant unbinding, for this subsidiary world of ours a widow who "keeps her eye" on a widower challenges unpleasant comment, and little Mrs. Ebbeson deprecated the speech of people. Consequently, though she conscientiously ministered to Mr. Butterkin's comfort, it was in unobtrusive ways not suspected by him. He had realized by the niece who kept his house. The door between the two sitting-rooms no longer, as formerly, stood invitingly ajar, but was lapsed upon the widow's side. She never passed through it now, save in the gentleman's absence, when she occasionally assisted the dear Ruth in compounding his favorite dishes, or surreptitiously possessed herself of his fine mending. With his wife's demise the old free-and-easy life had ended. They were two distinct households, growing further and further apart, as the years passed, for the widower's hat waxed rusty beneath accumulated months of mourning. It could scarcely have been otherwise. The closed door was but a symbol of the barrier which, in the very nature of things, must exist between the bereaved Mrs. Butterkin and the similarly bereaved Mrs. Ebbeson. When a right hand glove has lost its mate, and a left hand glove with its calamity, one naturally desires to fit the remaining two together, if haply they may make a pair, and the widow shrunk sensitively at the thought of the neighbors thus mentally matching herself and Mr. Butterkin. As far as in her lay she tried to make it apparent to them that the twin were two odd ones, which could by no possibility be mated.

But not so the gentleman in question. That people should gossip never entered his head. If in Roxanna's lifetime, to please her, he had done her dear Ruth frequent neighborly favors, all the more would he do now that Roxanna lay cold in death. And as day after day went by, and he felt more and more closely drawn to the cheerful, bright-eyed widow, the simple man believed this was solely for his departed wife's sake. She had been dead a year and a day, when Mrs. Ebbeson winked out upon the doorstep one warm July morning to the stables the tablecloth.

"Oh, my stars!" ejaculated she, looking not into the firmament, but straight earthward at her hens darting hither and yon for the breakfast crumbs. In the midst of the flock bridled two Brahmas, with sullen eyes and feathers on end, clucking for chickens that were not.

"Anything wrong, Mrs. Ebbeson?"

Mr. Butterkin paused on his way from the barn with the milk.

"Only those Brahmas, Mr. Butterkin. I've broken them up, and broken them up, but they will set." (Mrs. Ebbeson had been reared in a rural part of New England where hens never "set.")

"Well, why not let 'em?"

"In July? Now, Mr. Butterkin!"

"Then supposing you tied red yarn about their feet?"

"Why, they'd peck my eyes out," laughed the widow, dextrously folding the tablecloth in its former creases.

She was sorry the moment she had said it, for Mr. Butterkin at once offered to assist in the girdling process. Why should he not? Yet, as he held the hens, first one and then the other, while she bound about the right leg of each the anti-incubating anklet, she was inwardly agitated and could not help being thankful it was early morning, and they were not likely to be seen by passers-by.

No such feeling perturbed Mr. Butterkin. He was honestly glad to help Roxanna's friend—because she had been her friend, he would have said if he had thought about the matter at all; and in the kindness of his heart he presently asked if the chickens' bran was not getting low. He was going to the village; should he call at the mill?

"Or, if you have any errands, I can take you over as well as not," he added, as an afterthought, and was mildly bewildered at seeing the sudden flush on her face as she hurriedly answered that she had no errands.

Picking up the milk pail, in which the froth had perceptibly settled, he walked away with a troubled expression. He hoped Ruth had not any hard feeling toward him. What could have made her color up so? And then it occurred to him that though he had asked her often, he was sure, she had not ridden with him for a long while—not since—why, not since Roxanna died! and his own face flushed under the dawn of a new idea. Ruth was afraid the neighbors might talk. Strange he didn't know it before. Dear! dear! what a timid little woman she was!

As he jogged lonesomely along in the great wagon which used to carry two, and seemed dimly empty with one, he could not banish her from his mind, and he began gradually to realize how constantly she had been in it of late. What had made her manner so distant these months past? Was it fear of village gossip, or did she really dislike him? He wished he knew! and he jerked the reins, unwittingly wounding the feelings of his faithful roan, conscientiously trotting her best.

Turning in at his own gate, a rebellious clamor from Mrs. Ebbeson's henery greeted his ear. Alas for his vain attempt to overcome maternal instinct! He had left her right sight when the clucking Brahmas came to their nest where the little widow found them bill to bill, the scarlet anklets hidden beneath the straw. Six times she dislodged them; six times they reinstated themselves; and now at noon there they sat brooding over the pile of bricks which that day for stringing the tomatoes, and the small round eye at her in lazy triumph. It was too much. Was an immortal woman to be outwitted by a couple of finite hens? The little widow renewed the conflict, but not daring again to lay hands upon the belching bipeds, she had heaped in their nest, winking their eyes, the discarded scraps of their poking at them through the open window, thus affording Mr. Butterkin, as he rounded the corner, a confused vision of agitated calico dancing about a distracted rack handle.

"What! setting again, Mrs. Ebbeson?"

The small lady, till then unconscious of the gentleman's proximity, hastily withdrew her head from the window and looked down in some confusion from her perch on an inverted barrel.

"Yes, they're setting again; but it's just the way they exactly do well," said she, rather incoherently, harrowed by the fear lest she were displaying her ankles.

"Now, now, we must see about this," responded Mr. Butterkin, fishing in his pocket for a ball of twine he had bought that day for stringing the tomatoes, and he began to unwind it, winking their eyes, and apparently to assure himself that the orchard was where it should be. He would have liked nothing better than to lift the widow down, but his instinct told him she would prefer to descend by herself, unobserved, and he was a man of no small capacity of self-sacrifice. "We'll tie the hens to the fence," he added, presently, conscious of a thrill of delight as he pronounced the "we."

He knew himself better than in the early morning, and could not disguise the fact that he felt a personal satisfaction in entering into even the humblest partnership with Mrs. Ebbeson—satisfaction evidently not shared by the Brahmas, who, resenting his continued interference, tore his coat mercilessly. It was a jagged rent, from pocket to hem, in his Sunday garment too, which in Roxanna's time had never gone to the village on a week day; but who was he to care? He had done his duty, and he was a man of no small capacity of self-sacrifice. "We'll tie the hens to the fence," he added, presently, conscious of a thrill of delight as he pronounced the "we."

"What a wicked, wicked shame!" cried Mrs. Ebbeson, in distress. "But I'll darn it just as well as I can."

"No, no, thank you; it's of no consequence," replied Mr. Butterkin, with manly indifference.

"But Eather can't mend broadcloth."

"Can't you don't say so!"

Imbued with the masculine superstition that incapacity with the needle be token of idiocy, Mr. Butterkin looked aghast.

"No; she's young, you know, and not used to sewing. Besides, I'm responsible for this rent. Let me attend to it, please."

He removed the garment without a word, his face flushing like moose-berries in autumn. Not at the thought that, since Esther was incapable, he must be indebted to the widow for past favors with the needle—indeed, he would have unblushingly declared that this was the first occasion since Roxanna's decease that garment of his had needed repair—but he felt a reluctance to being dependent upon Ruth for a menial service, when it was now the growing desire of his heart that she should lean upon him.

Seeing him color, Mrs. Ebbeson, out of sympathy, colored too, and such a vivid and lasting crimson that her mouth at dinner mildly chided her for going out without her bonnet.

But over his coat that afternoon, Ruth naturally thought of Mr. Butterkin, while he, weeding the late turnips, recalled her blushes, and clumsily tried to analyze them. On the whole, he

couldn't believe she went so far as to dislike him. And so night came, the mended coat hung in its place, and under the fence the undiscouraged Brahmas brooded above imaginary eggs. Next morning they brooded there still, and there, had they been his own, might they have continued to brood, forgotten by Mr. Butterkin, who, as his late wife often said, complainingly, never charged his mind with hens; but these especial Brahmas possessed peculiar interest as giving him a lesson with the charming widow. Accordingly, in the days that followed, he hovered about the luckless bipeds like a bird of prey. He bought the latest treatise on hens, and patiently tried in succession all the experiments therein suggested for subduing the wills of obdurate sitters. Mrs. Ebbeson assisting, as in common gratitude she must. This without producing the least effect upon the Brahmas. It was the widow that grew restive, conscious of the absurdity of Mr. Butterkin's sullen and ostentatious regard for fowls. She knew the very moment when his heart turned toward her, but whether hers inclined similarly toward him wasn't for her to say till he asked; yet, coy little woman, she gave him no chance to put the question.

And, such is human perversity, the more she seemed not to care for him, so much the more did she care for him. He solved that she should care for him. Before July was ended he had fully made up his mind to propose, inwardly assured that his late wife would sanction the proceeding, not if she were returned to flesh, of course—in that case he would not ask it. He was a shrewd fellow, and he knew that a shrewd fellow would not wish to stand between him and her beloved Ruth. Of Mr. Ebbeson's shade he scarcely thought, doubting, perhaps, whether a man on earth destitute of moral substance could at death attain the dignity of a heavenly shadow. But there was a vast difference between purposing to propose and proposing. Mr. Butterkin learned this to his chagrin after repeated abortive attempts at giving his frequent interviews with Mrs. Ebbeson a sentimental turn.

At each advance of his she sped away as shy as a girl, and the secure retreat by her mother's side was as unapproachable as if seated aloft in the chair of Cassiopea. In regard to a written declaration of love, Mr. Butterkin would sooner have attempted an essay on prologues. Angust found him still waiting for an opportunity. He usually so prompt and unhesitating in his selection of the town! The better he loved the widow, the more he despised himself, till one soft twilight, when the zephyrs were whispering tender thoughts to the leaves, he rose with desperate resolve, and strode boldly round to the open door of the mill. He sat just within the sitting-room, but he was too crafty to enter.

"If you'll kindly step this way a moment," he said, "I've another experiment he might try on those hens."

"But having loved her to him, his next words were with a smile, "I've another experiment he might try on those hens."

"I came to ask—that is, I wanted to know—in fact, I wanted to have a serious talk with you."

She believed in free will, he in foreordination; but his "serious talk" was not a word of theology, she knew. She reverently essayed to confine it to poultry.

"Really, Mr. Butterkin, you take too much trouble about those hens. They—"

"Nothing I do for you, Ruth," a trouble.

"You're fairly rheumatic from standing in that barrel of water, and, for all that, they're not cured of setting."

"As I was saying, Ruth—"

"Don't say any more about 'em, Mr. Butterkin, I beg."

"I'm not speaking about hens, Ruth."

Here Mr. Butterkin wiped his brow with his handkerchief, and he was a man of no small capacity of self-sacrifice. "I'm not speaking about hens, Ruth."

"I came to talk about you. Don't go. Your mother didn't call. Why won't you marry me, Ruth?"

She gave him a dozen reasons on the spot; but the fallacy of feminine logic being proverbial, Mr. Butterkin was not the man to be taken in. At least this he knew: before the snow melt, the widow Ebbeson had become Mrs. Butterkin, and frosty evenings she and her husband might have been seen carefully sheltering two late broods of chickens, for in the end the Brahmas had their way.—*Basar.*

Not an Octagon.

"Do I look like an octagon?" asked Mrs. Partington, as she sat at breakfast at the Grand Central, Oakland, with the *Chronicle* before her, and George, the beaming and genial exponent of gastronomic science, pouring her Mocha.

"Do I look like an octagon?" placing her fingers smilingly on the paragraph fixing her age at seventy-seven.

"Octagon, indeed!" she continued, not severely, a smile wreathing her lips as the odor of the coffee exhaled, and her spectacles were dewy with rising vapor from her cup; "they will, perhaps, make me a centurian next and a relief of antipathy; but this is the year for such, and perhaps I should be grateful for it, as age is honorable, and I might find a place at the great national exposition. Yet it is best not to assume years any more than virtues, and I shall be content if I am never older than I am now. The coffee is very fragrant, George," and as she spoke she opened her eyes, seeing therein her good looks reflected which sixty years had not impaired, while George beamed down upon her with radiant satisfaction.

NOT SATISFIED YET.—"I reckon people are satisfied now," said Mrs. Galbraith, as she walked out of a court-room in Hopkinsville, Ky., with her third husband, after a jury had failed to convict her of murdering her second husband. The people were not satisfied, however, and every night her house is guarded against lynchings. She was a beautiful widow, and had two offers of marriage. One was from young Mr. Galbraith, who was poor, and the other was from old Mr. Wolf, who was rich. She accepted Wolf, avowedly because she loved his money, and two months afterward he was murdered. Having secured his property she married Galbraith. The proof of her guilt fell short of satisfying the jury.

The Verdict.

The coroner, in summing up a recent case, pointed out to the jury that there was no evidence whatever that the deceased had come to her end by foul play, and therefore there was nothing for them to do but to return a verdict of "Death" by the visitation of God. The jury, however, thought it dignified to retire for consideration. They dared not, of course, give a verdict right in the teeth of the coroner's summing up, and so, after a long consultation, this is how they satisfied their own consciences and the demands of justice: "We find that the deceased died by the visitation of God, but under the most suspicious circumstances."

Disease Germs.

Mothers know too well, says Prof. Samuel Lockwood, why meant by the word "thrush" or "sprout," that mouth malady too common with little children. To the profession it is known as an aphthous ulceration of the tongue—aphthous being the name of the disease, and signifying a burning. The tongue interferes among the epithelial cells are excoriated spots, sometimes true ulcers, varying in size, perhaps, from that of a pin's head to that of a half pea, and these are severally capped with a white, curd-like mass. However diminutive these pustules may be, they are in their number of any place, for each one contains many thousands of parasitic fungi, often called *torula*. These fungi attach themselves to the mucous membrane, and burrow among the epithelial cells. They are "composed of threads matted together like felt," whose basal ends interlock among the epithelial cells in the prepared mortar of the plasterer. At a recent meeting of the academy of natural sciences, Professor Leidy exhibited a mouse with little curdy patches on his ears, face and nose. The query was: "What called the little fellows and white spots on the mouse?" The microscope showed that the white spots were colonies of a parasitic fungus; and, strange to tell, they were as much like the thrush fungus as one pea is like its fellow in the same pod. The truth told, Monnie was captured in the children's department of Blockley hospital, where she had picked up the crumbs that had fallen from the mouth of a child patient. The diagnosis now seemed natural and direct. Monnie had been and got it—namely, the thrush—and strange to say, he had got it bad, for it was on his ears and nose and face. Soon, in all probability, it would be on his mouth, and even if it had not already. A minute portion of one of these white spots was subjected by skilled hands to a lens of very high power, and lo! there were the morbid parasites, tiny spicular bodies, some single, some double, and others in pairs, each with a dozen or more radiating filaments. The fungus was pronounced to be a *torula* or oidium, like that found in the disease known as thrush or aphthae. A drawing of it would simply be like a number of elongated beads strung together. But how diminutive these beads or cells are! Each being the size of the 1,650 of a line in length, that it takes 7,800 of them in line to make an inch.

The Dunkers.

A correspondent, writing of the Dunkers, says they relate the Quaker like garb, and the men wear long hair and full beards, objecting to the wearing of mustaches alone. The men kiss when they meet, though it is thought of abolishing this custom.

The semi-annual love feasts are a favorite resort of young pleasure seekers, not only when held in barns, but at the churches of to-day, and the crowds greatly annoy the humble brethren. Their charity is proverbial, and their homes are well known to professional tramps. They help each other, and provide in unknown among them.

A bright illustration of their practical application of the precept, "Bear one another's burdens," was given last year. A barn belonging to one of the fraternity was destroyed by fire. Following the disaster a meeting of the church members was held, the loss was estimated, and the full amount paid over to the sufferer by his sympathizing brethren.

The sect known as the Seventh Day Baptists is a seceding branch of the Dunkers, though now weak in comparison. They have strength enough to cause the serious discussion of their proposition before the Pennsylvania Legislature to permit them to work on Sunday because of their observance of Saturday.

These religionists have monastic institutions in Lancaster and Franklin counties, which are said to have been founded by the Dunkers, and which have been the scene of a number of suicides. The diagnosis now seemed natural and direct. Monnie had been and got it—namely, the thrush—and strange to say, he had got it bad, for it was on his ears and nose and face. Soon, in all probability, it would be on his mouth, and even if it had not already. A minute portion of one of these white spots was subjected by skilled hands to a lens of very high power, and lo! there were the morbid parasites, tiny spicular bodies, some single, some double, and others in pairs, each with a dozen or more radiating filaments. The fungus was pronounced to be a *torula* or oidium, like that found in the disease known as thrush or aphthae. A drawing of it would simply be like a number of elongated beads strung together. But how diminutive these beads or cells are! Each being the size of the 1,650 of a line in length, that it takes 7,800 of them in line to make an inch.

A Co-operative Experiment.

In *Scribner* for May, Charles Barnard has a paper on "Some Experiments in Co-operation," in which he speaks as follows: "In the Springfield (Vt.) industrial works, a successful co-operative enterprise: At the benches are young men and women in about equal numbers, distributed according to the demands of the work or their own ability. Precisely as in a factory, there is a regular system of work, and the men and women are paid according to the amount of their labor. By the peculiar method of selection, each one has the work that the majority think he or she is best suited to perform consistently with the best interests of the establishment. On going through the various departments, one cannot fail to notice the quiet and order that prevail. There is a rigid adherence to business that is positively refreshing. Persons familiar with working people in mills and shops can readily recall that calmness of manner, and ingenuity in doing nothing with apparent energy than that of some of the workers. Not a trace of this can be seen in the industrial works."

The sun goes down, the lamps are lighted, and the work goes on without a pause. It is hammer, hammer, hammer, with all the regularity and twice the energy of a clock. The whirling shafts of the machinery are kept in motion by the hand of the operator. The paint brushes slip along quickly in nimble girl fingers. It is work, work, work with a jolly persistence. The six o'clock bell rings, and no one seems to discover it till the reluctant engineer turns off the water, and the clattering machinery runs slowly and finally stops, as if it also held shares in the company.

We may join them at their liberal table; forty or more young men and women in good health and the best of spirits. They are well dressed, intelligent, with manners self-respectful and courteous. After supper some amuse themselves with books, music, and games, and some return to the shop for extra work. All are apparently contented and happy, and all, without exception, are making money at a rate seldom equaled by people in their position.

Not Satisfactory.

After worrying his father for three or four years on the subject, a young man who has grown up with Detroit succeeded in becoming the owner of a timepiece the other day. His father purchased it on the sly, took it home, and when the young man turned over his plate at dinner he found his watch.

"Good! Bully for me! You are a noble father," he exclaimed, in delight. As he opened the watch his smiles faded away. Noticing the change, his father asked:

"Isn't the watch all right?"

"It's a good enough watch," was the reply.

"Then what's the matter?"

"Why, you have had my name engraved on the case, and no pawnbroker will give me five dollars on it if I get hard up."

Full of System.

Peter Cooper in speaking of the late A. T. Stewart's system in his establishments, and the strict discipline he exacted of his employees, said: "Once I met Mr. Stewart in his uptown store, and while conversing with him about the magnitude of his business he took me by the arm, and, pointing at the great array of salesmen, cash boys and porters, he asked me if they did not display an evidence of thorough training and an intelligence uncommon with the peculiarities of human nature. I, of course, assented. 'And yet,' said he, 'not one of them has discretion. They are simply machines, working in a system which determines all their actions.' And so Mr. Stewart managed all his business affairs. Method and regularity were the first considerations he gave his attention to."

Man's Microscopic Enemies.

A recently published paper by Professor N. P. Piper says: The name "trichina spiralis" comes from two Greek words, signifying hair and curled, alluding to the hair-like form of the animal and the curled position which it assumes in the cells in which it is found in the muscular system. The male worms measure only the one-twentieth of an inch in length. The female is a little longer. It was discovered by Professor Owen in a portion of human muscle sent to him from St. Bartholomew's hospital in 1834.

In a few hours after the diseased meat is taken into the stomach, trichinae separated from it are found free in that organ. Thence they pass into the duodenum, and afterward into the small intestine, where they are developed. On the third or fourth day eggs are discovered, these eggs being alive, as we have seen only the one-twentieth of an inch in length. The female is a little longer. It was discovered by Professor Owen in a portion of human muscle sent to him from St. Bartholomew's hospital in 1834.

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These cases, we think, must be more frequent than is generally supposed, from our having so many brought to our notice within a short time, and this fact would be a good reason for giving the central point of inflammation, and so far developed that the young entozoa have almost attained a size equal to that of the full grown trichina. They progressively advance into the interior of the small bundles of muscular fiber, where they may be often seen several in a file, one after the other. Behind them the muscular tissue becomes atrophied, that is, hardened, and around them an irritation is set up which ends in producing a cyst in about two weeks. Thus it will be seen that the whole muscular system is filled with parasites, each one the central point of inflammation, and the course of terrible suffering, until the friendly hand of death closes the scene.

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Items of Interest.

A nice thing in oil for your dining rooms—A box of sardines.

"I would not for any money," says Jean Pierre Richter, "have had money in my youth."

Mosnba, a converted thief, is a very successful revivalist in the Maltratia country, India.

There is an artesian well in Prairie du Chien 717 feet deep, which yields 30,000 barrels of water daily.

At last the use of the grasshopper is determined. He is to be pulverized and sent to Paris for fish bait.

A Sicilian was found lying in a New Orleans street with a dagger driven to the hilt into his head through one of his eyes.

In Meigs county, Tennessee, a few days ago, four hunters, all old men, with sixteen hounds, ran down and captured eight foxes.

There are two millions of peasants in Russia who have not yet been able to fulfill the conditions of the act of emancipation of March 3, 1861.

A good disposition will carry a man through a private party, make him hold a plate of refreshments on his knees full of stuff he does not want to eat, and yet say he is happy.

General Sherman says: "To be strong, healthy, and capable of the largest measure of physical effort, the soldier needs about three pounds gross of food per day."

A mountain of superior white chalk has been discovered in Idaho, and now, if a never-failing spring is in close proximity, an enterprising man might start a dairy there without investing in a single cow.

There are 62,552 churches in the United States, with sittings for 11,395,542 people, the Methodists being the strongest denomination. The total value of church property is placed at \$349,619,780.

Chicago Times: Being President isn't such a fine thing, after all. Grant is no better off than the rest of us. It's no uncommon thing to hear him say, "Fish, lend me a dollar till Saturday, when I draw my pay."

A man in Florida brought a handful of creeping things to a native, saying: "Look at the young terrapins!" They were scorpions. A fire had been built upon a shell mound, and they were driven out by the heat.

In Anaheim, Los Angeles county, Cal., a few days since, a large bull eagle held upon a baby eight months old, and was about to carry it off when its mother arrived, just in time to save it after a big fight with the bird.

A Preston man has been missing for three days; and, as he was recently married, grave doubts exist as to whether his sitting course in a hayloft somewhere, negotiating on the