FAIRLY CAUGHT.

My employment is that of carver in stone. Many years ago, soon after I had learned my business, the firm in whose employ I was undertook the erection of a gentleman's mansion, and I was sent to execute the ornamental work. The village near to which the mansion was built was on the shore of an estuary of the bay of Morecambe, not far from a market town whose name I need not give. As my work would keep me from home for several weeks, a good lodging was a most desirable thing; but although I tried to get accommodations in a private house, I failed, and was forced to lodge in the village inn, the Lord Admiral.

Among those who were in the habit of frequenting the afore-said hostelry was a man of singular habits and odd temper. His home was about a mile from the village, on the side of a lane leading to a couple of farms. His house, like himself, was a queer one. Originally it had been built for the storage of corn, the produce of fields at a distance from the farmstead. Somehow it had ceased to be needed for that purpose; so its owner turned it into a dwelling house, and as such it was now occupied by the aforesaid strange man. It was divided into three apartments on the ground floor, one of which, a very large one, was set apart and used as a kind of museum, its occupant being a stuffer of birds and small quadrupeds. When he had no work of this sort for other persons, he worked for stock, and this large room was his warehouse.

He was a man of ill temper and loose habits, and for some time had borne a dubious character. When people were asked why he was suspected, they would not give a satisfactory reply.

"He lives," they would say, "without doing work equal to his expenditure, which looks bad."

As I got to know him, I found that he had an unamiable temper; was morose, sour, and at times passionate. He was also fond of display, given to betting, and, like all such, led a loose, uneven life, oftener loitering about than at work. So I did not wonder that well-meaning people did not like him.

He mostly came on wet nights to the Lord Admiral. As we became acquainted, he invited me to look over his collection of birds and quadrupeds. I was pleased with what I saw. He had, indeed, a good collection, and, as well as I could judge, had done his work well. He had also a good assortment of butterflies and moths; and in a corner, close to the ceiling, had what he called a butterfly breeding-box, which he said belonged to his son, a young man of my own age, also given to bird-stuffing amusements.

But I was taken up most with two animals which differed from the rest. One was a beautiful dog, and the other a *lusus naturae*—a lamb with the rudiments of a fifth leg, and some other abnormal characteristics which I have forgotten. The old man said he had stuffed both for their original owners, who had somehow failed to take them away. They were placed at one end of the room, one in each corner, away from the window, and close to the wall, where, except in strong daylight, they could not be easily seen. The connection of these particulars with my story will be seen in the sequel.

I had been in the village about six weeks, when the neighborhood was aroused and alarmed one morning by the report of the robbery of a jeweller's shop in the market town already referred to, that had been effected during the preceeding night. Much valuable property had been taken. This robbery had been effected in such a way as led to the belief that a gang of practical thieves had done it. The prevailing question was, "Do the robbers live among us, or have they come from a distance?"

This query was still going from mouth to mouth when we were startled, astounded, indeed, by a report of the second robbery of the same premises, and on the night following the breaking into and purloining of a provision warehouse in our own village. Were I writing fiction, I would not have made the robbers pay so soon a second visit to the jeweller's, as such an act would have been deemed preposterous; but I am relating what really occurred, and so am forced to say what I have said.

The jeweller had been so taken up by efforts to find out the thieves and regain his first loss that he had not placed additional guard over what was left; besides, he was sure, he said, that thieves would not think of revisiting him for a long time. As for the provision dealer, he said in my hearing that he had no fear of his place being entered, as he believed robbers would not care to touch property so bulky and of such inferior value as his. But he had reckoned without his host; for he had lost a fine ham, a large lot of tea, a deal of spices, a few boxes of cigars, and indeed a portion of most of what he dealt in. The excitement and alarm occasioned by these robberies was great and wide-spread.

Two batches of detectives, one from Lancaster and the other from Kendal, came to our village to see what they could find out. They were not short of questions, I mind; but they took care what sort of questions they answered. It was easy to see that one of their aims was to make it appear that they believed that the robbers came from a distance, in order to put the thieves off their guard; for their own opinion was the opposite of this.

No event, however serious, can keep hold of people's minds beyond a certain time; and these robberies were beginning to give place to some other subject, when the next act in the drama began to be played. It was on a Friday afternoon, about a month after the robberies. The day was wet and wild; and as my work was the out-door carving of stones which had been placed in position in the rough, I was unable to go on with it, and so had to return to my quarters. I had got my dinner, and had just called for a pint of ale with my pipe, when an elderly ill-dressed man came in, and sitting down on the bench beside me, said, in broad Lancashire accent:

"I'll sup wi' tha lad, if tha doesn't care;" on which he lifted my mug to his lips, and drank freely.

I had not got over my surprise when he, wiping his mouth with his hand, gave me the history of the past day or two. The account was this: He had been a gentleman's gardener, near Lancaster, over twenty years; had a capital place, but had not had sense enough to keep it, for he had gone on the loose for a fortnight, which was more than his master would put up with; so he was discharged.

"This wor day afore yesterday," he said, "and I've drank from vary vexation ever sin', trampin' as I drank; an' so here I am, wi' a dry meth an' wi'out a 'openny i' my pocket. Dosta think," he concluded, "aw con raise a penny or tippence amang th' company?"

I gave him a trifle; others did the same; so having thus 'raised the wind,' he called for bread, cheese and ale, and made a good meal.

During the time the gardener had been talking to me, the landlord had been within hearing. So accosting the old man while he was eating his dinner, he said, "You are a gardener, I understand?"

"I am," was the reply.

"Well," said the landlord, "I've a garden which needs fettling. I have not time to attend to it myself; and as it is time the seed was in, I'll employ you if you are willing. I'll find you plenty to eat and drink; you can have a bed as well; and if you please me, I'll not see you leave without a few shillings in your pocket. What say you?"

"I say agreed," replied the gardener rising to his feet and grasping the landlord's hand. "I'll not begin to morn, however; but I'll look rand, an' git riddy for Monday morn."

This proposal was satisfactory, wherefore the gardener was made happy.

Shortly afterward we had an addition to our company by the incoming of the old bird stuffer, whom I shall henceforth call the naturalist (as this designation was the one which pleased him), his son the butterfly breeder, and two other men whom I had not yet seen. These—the strangers—first looked hard at the company; but the naturalist, giving them a significant nod, which seemed to say, 'All's right,' they settled down and called for a glass of rum apiece.

By this time the gardener had finished his dinner, when, putting his arms on the table and his head on his arms, he fell, or seemed to fall, asleep. The rain, which continued to come down, compelled me still to abide under cover; so, placing my chair in a corner, and putting my hand against the wall, I tried to [illegible] a nap also. The naturalist and his companions were now in the room beside the gardener and me.

I cannot tell half nor quarter of what was said by the first one and then another of the four persons; nor did I understand some of the phrases which they used. 'Bruce' and 'Wonder,' 'flax' 'stuffing,' were words often employed by them. I recollect that 'Bruce' was the name of the dog, and 'Wonder' the name of the lamb, in the museum before spoken of; and the other terms, I judged referred to the materials with which they were stuffed; but I could not see why they should speak in so low a tone as they did when they spoke of them. Once or twice they referred to the birds by some slang phrase. But after-events made this clear enough.

By-and-by the weather took up, when the men, draining their glasses, got up and went away. The moment they were gone the gardener roused up, took a memorandum-book out of his pocket, and began to write therein. He then asked me if I knew who the men were, and what was their occupation, and if I understood any of the words they had uttered in the lower tone of voice. I gave him what information I could. "But," I said, "both they and I believed you were asleep."

"It is well to go into dream-land at times," he said; and then added: "Did you say that the old man keeps a museum? Have you seen it? Do you think I could get a look at it?"

The questions were put one after another in quick succession, as though he were eager and anxious about something. I said "Yes" to each; but I was surprised at the good English in which he now spoke, at the refinement which marked his manners. Still I could make nothing of it.

I pass over the next few days, as they brought forth no remarkable incident. The gardener had stuck to his contract with the landlord, and I had been enabled to go on with my work. The four men did not again visit us; but as I went on with my carving, I saw first one and then another of them pass my place. And once I saw them all in earnest converse in a retired lane.

After supper one night I took the gardener to the bardlike habitation of the old naturalist. As we went along, he asked me to take particular notice of the dog and the lamb. "For," said he, "I was struck with the questions one of the men put as to whether 'Bruce' or 'Wonder' could take any more 'cotton' or 'flax.' And it is just possible that he has a way of taking out and putting in the stuffing after the skin has become set and hard: a thing worth knowing, I should think."

When we got to the house, the old man came to the door, closing it after him. Being asked if he would allow the gardener to see over his collection of preserved animals, he at first seemed perplexed, and saying, "I'll ask my son." He went in, leaving us outside. Shortly he returned, and said, "It is not convenient to enter the room to-night, as it is being cleaned and the contents re-arranged; but if your friend will come to-morrow night, and come alone, he shall see over it."

We agreed, and came away. I was at a loss to account for the condition imposed; but my companion was set up with the arrangement.

Next night came, and the gardener set off on his errand. I was all impatient for his return. But when he came back he seemed unwilling to relate the result of his adventure, simply saying, "I'm in no humor for talk to-night; I'll relate what I've seen and said to-morrow."

My friend had got on well with his gardening. His potatoes and onions, his turnips and carrots, had been got in; and it was clear that if the next two days should prove fine, he would finish the job on the Saturday night.

On Friday night he came to me in the kitchen, in a corner of which I was reading, and asked me to take a short walk with him. I got up and went. The night was fine, but dark. We walked in the direction of the museum. He asked me if I could keep a secret for a day or two. Replying in the affirmative, he said he had a strong suspicion that the old naturalist or his son was no better than he should be; that he was sure he or they knew more about the late robberies than other folks; and that he believed if he had a few shillings which he could call his own, he could come at the truth, and concluded by asking me to lend him a sovereign for a few days. I agreed, for I had begun to feel an unaccountable curiosity growing within me.

We had not walked far before we met the naturalist's son, apparently by appointment; for my companion told him that I had promised him a loan and therefore he would be at his father's house the next day and make a purchase. We parted and came home.

About the middle of Saturday afternoon he set off, and in less than an hour he came back, bearing a tolerably sized parcel. Giving me a signal as he passed me, I joined him in the back yard. He said: "I'm on the track of the thieves, I believe. Last night but one, on reaching the house, and while looking over the museum, the old man said that his son was rather short of money, but having exchanged a frame of moths and a few birds for a lot of provisions, if I would buy some of the latter I might sell them at a profit, or they would keep me in eatables for a while, and the sale would relieve his son."

I agreed to buy if I could raise the money. Now I am without cash, but it would not have done to say so; hence I agreed to ask for a loan. Well, I've got a lot of things to-day dirt cheap, which I really believe belong to one of the late robberies. I go hence to-morrow on the sly, but on Monday you may look for my return."

Giving me a playful dig in the side, he left me. His absence during the night and the day after surprised the landlord, but I said nothing.

I was all patience until Monday came. It came at last. I was busy at my carving, when I heard a well known voice below. On looking down from my stage, whom should I see in the road beneath, smiling all the face over, but my old friend the gardener in a policeman's uniform. The truth flashed through me in a moment. I went down. Grasping me by the hand, he said, "The secret's out, you see! Come along with me and see the upshot."

I was about to witness a *denouement* I had not looked for. Up the road were a couple of policemen. My old companion was the chief, being a sergeant of police. He led the way to the museum, and was first to enter.

"Good morning, old friend," he said, on encountering the naturalist. "I've come to take away a few more parcels of your cheap provisions."

I saw that the old gardener was detected in the speaker, and that the game was seen to be up. The old man's son rushed to the door and scrambled off, only, however, to fall into the clutches of one of the officers who was on the watch. The old man was utterly helpless, and almost beside himself. Sinking into his chair he cried out, "I'm not the thief; the thieves are there," pointing to the door and meaning, I could see, his sons and his confederates, though they were not present.

We went into the museum. The first thing the old gardener—as I shall still call him—did was to take hold of "Bruce," while he desired one of his comrades to lay hold of "Wonder." On moving them a noise of loose metal was heard. A moments examination sufficed to reveal the secret. In the off side of each animal, in the soft part, an orifice had been made by cutting the skin in such a way as to enable the operator to replace it with little care. A part of the stuffing had been removed, leaving a vacancy just like a throstle's nest. This was filled with jewelry—watches, guards, ear rings and finger rings. A futher examination of the museum revealed other and singular hiding places, for example, a game cock was found put out of sight; on taking hold of it, a noise of clinking metal was heard; on lifting up the feathers of the crop, a small hole was seen, out of which rolled, when it was shaken, a number of trinkets.

Nearly all the proceeds of the two robberies of the jeweller were recovered, one watch and a few guards only being absent. And some of the property of the provision dealer was also found stowed in the breeding box, though most of it had been used or sold. I scarcely need say that parcel sold to the gardener was a part of it, and had to do with the detection. My friend the sergeant informed me that he had been induced to assume the character which he had so well enacted, entirely on speculation. While making a survey of the neighborhood, a few days before he began to play his part, he had observed the backward state of the the landlord's garden; and believing that he would redily catch at a chance of getting it finished off in a cheap way, and being a good hand at gardening, he had hit upon the schemes which had answered so well. He had believed that the robbers were not far from the locality of the public house, and might come there now and again, and so, there without being known or suspected, he might come at all that he desired. And as he had hoped, so did it come to pass.

The naturalist, who, it came out, had long been a receiver of stolen property, and his son, whose first burglaries these were, got each five years' penal servitude; one of the other men who came from a distant town, and were old hands—was likewise convicted and punished; but the fourth, by some forgotten reason, got off. My friend came in for the good reward offered in this case; and for the part which I had taken in the affair the jeweller gave me a gold pencil-holder, which I treasure as a memento.—*Harper's Weekly.*

A Song's Wages.

An opinion has been delivered in the Orphans' Court, in this city, by President Judge Hanna, which should make young men careful how they work for their fathers with the idea of being ultimately paid for their services when the father dies. Elisha M. Hess, Jr., worked for his father, Elisha M. Hess, Sr., as a tinsmith. He received no pay but Mr. Hess had been heard to say, "He never paid his son's wages, but was going to make him an appropriation at his death." The father died and the son put in a claim for wages. It was allowed by the Auditing Judge and exceptions were taken to the adjudication.

Judge Hanna disallowed the claim and in his opinion said that labor performed for another raised and implied a promise to pay it, but this implication may be rebutted by proof of a relationship existing between the parties inconsistent with any understanding for compensation. Where the claimant is a child of the decedent to recover for services the relation of master and servant must exist. The present case did not exhibit evidence sufficient to show the relation of master and servant nor of an express contract between decedent and his son. The Judge, in conclusion, said:

"We think the present case falls within the class of claims against the decedent's estate which should be looked upon with suspicion by the courts and to which the remarks of the present Chief Justice may be appropriately applied when he says: 'Claims of this character against the estates of decedents resting on mere oral testimony of declarations or admissions are very dangerous and certainly ought not to be favored by the courts.' The exceptions to the award of said claims are therefore sustained and the adjudication is corrected."

PARIS LETTER.

(From our regular correspondent.)

PARIS, Jan. 28, 1879.

One of the chief topics of the day is the behavior of the mutinous students at the School of Arts and Trades, at Angers. The cause of the outbreak is now made tolerably clear. Four of the scholars having outstripped their companions, and been especially favored at the prize distributions, their comrades' jealousy was excited to the point of brutal persecution. The result was that one of the victims died from his injuries, as already reported. The greatest indignation naturally prevails against the perpetrators of the outrage, who in adopting the "brimade," so long in use in the military schools of St. Cyr and Saumur have added a refinement of cruelty to the custom. Hitherto the "brimade" has been a series of practical jokes inflicted on new comers, such as have been known to occur in the public schools of England, but in the case of Angers the motive of the barbarities seems to have been jealousy. No fresh outbreak is reported, the military having quickly brought these young men to reason, but the affair has made a deep impression throughout France. The funeral of Guyot, the student who died from ill-treatment, was the occasion of a very large gathering. The Minister of Agriculture and Commerce has sent a telegram to the father of the deceased expressing his regret at the sad occurrence and announcing that he had instructed the Prefect to be present at the funeral ceremony. Arrangements are being made for the judicial inquiry.

News comes of the death of a celebrated cook, M. Cazeneuve, who has just died in Paris at the remarkable age of ninety-six. As far back as 1815 he was *chef de cuisine* to General Blucher to whom he was recommended by the then Duke d' Angouleme, afterward Charles X. After the Treaty of Peace, Cazeneuve followed his master to Berlin, whence he returned to France in 1825 on the occasion of the King's coronation. He entered the service of M. de Talleyrand, and soon after reached the acme of his ambition in being attached to the Royal kitchen of the Tuileries. After the death of Charles X. Cazeneuve served his successor with equal zeal and retired from his profession at the Revolution of 1848.

The greatest excitement was occasioned in the neighborhood of the Opera last evening by an attempted murder in the open street. Those who were passing in the Rue Auber shortly after eight o'clock were startled by a young woman, described as "elegantly dressed," firing three revolver shots in rapid succession at a gentleman with whom she had been engaged in animated conversation. A police officer immediately seized the would-be murderess in the act of firing again, and several persons went to the assistance of the object of this attempt. It was found that he was wounded in the leg. The woman was locked up.

A double announcement has appeared, containing the story of a life heroically sacrificed for others. Geo. Herbelin a young man twenty eight years old, was house surgeon at the Hospital of Sainte Eugenie, where croup and diphtheria have been raging among the infant patients during the present winter. M. Herbelin's devotion to his young charges was the subject of much remark among the visiting physicians and the sisters connected with the hospital. While at the bedside of two children suffering from diphtheria, symptoms of the disease were last week noticed in himself by another medical man, who insisted upon M. Herbelin going home. He did so and died in a few days. While M. Herbelin was on his death bed the circumstances were related to M. Grevy, who quickly had an interview with General Vinoy, Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honor, at whose instance the Cross of the Order was awarded to the young surgeon. It was taken to the dying man, who, overjoyed at the news, exclaimed: "I am decorated! I wish to live—I will. Cure me, my friends!" He sank back upon his bed exhausted, and died clasping the ribbon attached to the Cross.

TWO YEARS AN INVALID—CURED.

NEW BETHLEHEM, PA., July 12, 1865.
Dr. M. M. FENNER, Fredonia, N. Y.

DEAR SIR:—About two years ago I had an eruption of the skin and swelling of my upper lip and both legs. I could not wear a boot for nine months. I also had a cough for fifteen years. I began the use of your Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic with your Salt Rheum Ointment and Cough Honey in Ferbuary last. I improved so fast that I commenced work the first of March. The cure is complete, no trace either of the cough, eruption or swelling remains.

Yours truly,
J. M. SEYLER.

Dr. Fenner's Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic may well be called "The conquering hero" of the times. It is *the* medical triumph of the age. Whoever has "the blues" should take it, for it *regulates* and *restores* the disordered system that gives rise to them. It always cures Biliousness and Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Headaches, FEVER AND AGUE, SPLEEN ENLARGEMENTS, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Pimples, Blotches and ALL SKIN ERUPTIONS and BLOOD DISORDERS; Swelled Limbs and Dropsy; Sleeplessness, Impaired Nerves and Nervous Debility; Restores flesh and strength when the system is running down or going into decline; cures Female Weakness and Chronic Rheumatism, and relieves Chronic Bronchitis, and all Lung and Throat difficulties. It does these things by striking at the root of disease and removing its causes.

Dr. Fenner's Improved Cough Honey will relieve any cough in one hour. Try a sample bottle at 10 cents.

Dr. Fenner's Golden Relief cures any pain, as Tooth-ache, Neuralgia, Colic or Headache in 5 to 30 minutes, and readily relieves Rheumatism, Kidney Complaint, Diarrhœa, etc. Try a sample bottle at 10 cents.

Dr. Fenner's St. Vitus Dance Specific. One bottle always cures. For sale by C. N. Boyd.

A Great European Oil-Field.

LONDON, January 29.—A dispatch from Berlin says the borings in the Hanover petroleum region are now 60 feet deep, and the existence of a basin as large and rich as the one in Pennsylvania is regarded as beyond doubt by mining experts. The deepest borings already yield four hundredweight of oil per well daily, and as the oil is becoming more and more inflammable as the bore approaches the basin, the discovery of an European oil region may be pronounced impending. The borings are exclusively in the hands of Hamburg and Bremen firms engaged in the American trade.

A YOUNG DOUGLASS.

WHY THE SON AND NAMESAKE OF THE LITTLE GIANT IS A REPUBLICAN.

Stephen A Douglas, Jr., son of the Little Giant, whom he really resembles, has been lecturing recently in Central and Southern Illinois, and below is given an extract from his speech, made before a large audience in Mattoon last week, and reported in the *Journal* of that city:

"I am a stalwart Republican. Naturally enough I could be expected to feel a warm affinity for the Democratic party. Every association of my boyhood, and every atom of respect for my father made it so. After the war, I went to North Carolina to settle the estate of my mother, which did not require much work, for between the ravages of the war and the bankrupt courts, little was left. When I went there I was prejudiced in favor of the Democracy, and considered myself a most enthusiastic and loyal Democrat. On the principles of that old party, I believed, rested the true foundation of our Government, and in the party that had always advocated them I expected to see them perpetuated. As time wore on and I made the acquaintance of Democracy as interpreted in the South, I wondered how the word came to be so effectually lost. It was the course of those who misrepresented themselves as Democrats that converted and made me a Republican. However, I still claim to adhere to the three great principles on which my father based his political creed. These are: First, loyalty to the country; second, hard money; and third, the sovereignity of the people. The idea of this third principle is that the majority shall rule. This is disregarded in the South, and therein is a cardinal principle of my father's Democracy constantly being set aside. At least 40,000 fraudulent votes were counted against us in North Carolina. Before the election, Vance, the Democratic candidate for Governor, admitted that if Judge Settle, his opponent, received 98,000 votes in the State, which were the figures claimed for him by his Republican supporters, he [Vance] was defeated. The Republican vote was 110,900, and the Democrats made theirs 123,369. I would be willing to swear that in my own county 600 more votes were returned than there were voters in the county. I knew the people of the county thoroughly, had canvassed it several times myself, and knew exactly what the lawful vote ought to be. They turned out the grave-yards and had them all back again before the polls closed. The people of North Carolina, and, in fact, most of the Southern States, are purely local in their politics. They will often take more interest in the choice of a constable than President. In that campaign the interest centred in the contest for Governor. Little comparatively was said about the President, because the people did not take so much interest in that branch of the contest. Yet the Democrats contrived to put Tilden's vote several thousand ahead of their candidate for Governor, which every man in the State knows must have been by fraud."

Speaking of the candidates for President, Mr. Douglas said:

"The people of the South want Grant. They have confidence in him. They believe that he will furnish the protection that the Republicans need. They do not say just how they expect him to regulate things, but they think he can, and will do it. Blaine's opposition to the 'Force bill' injures him with the Republicans, and, while they admire him for his bold utterances and gallant course, yet they want Grant. Grant is their man. Every Southern man who has a difficulty with another and gets worsted, has a respect for his successful opponent. That is the case with the feeling for Grant. He never does or says anything that anybody can make a handle of, and seems always to do just the right thing without any parade or ostentation. Just take that Dennis Kearney. Everybody stood back in amazement at the boldness of the demagogue and Communist, and actually felt apprehensive that he would lead the laboring people of the country to do some dreadful thing. But when Grant reached San Francisco and Kearney sent up his card, Grant quietly sent it back with instructions to say 'that if Kearney represented a political party he did not wish to see him.' If he was simply one of the people he could attend the public reception. That settled Kearney. He has been steadily gliding into obscurity ever since that time. Grant never flops. The South believes he can be trusted, and will stick to him."

Patch, But Not Cross Patch.

The following pleasant little story was written for the little folks by Tennie Truman—but it can be read with equal profit by the children of a larger growth.

"Mother, I just can't wear this patched coat to school!" said Fred, flinging himself into a chair and sticking out his feet, while his face was drawn up in such an ugly scowl you would have thought him a dreadful boy.

"Why, Fred, I am surprised; only this morning you looked at those patches, and said, 'Good for you, mother; those sleeves are jolly, now the elbows are all in;' and when you put it on you smoothed it down, and gave me a kiss, and told me I was the best mother in the world."

"Yes, so I did;" and at the pleasant voice of his mother the boy drew in his feet, and the frown went off of his face a little.

"But you don't know how hard it is," added Fred; "every boy in my class has a new coat, and some brass buttons and all. I can see the very shine of them now," and Fred kicked the poor cat as it was lying in the sunshine streaming over the bright kitchen floor.

"Come, come!" spoke up the mother, "this will never do! Your coat is well enough if you only think so; at any rate, I cannot buy you a new one," and Mrs. Green put the baby in his arms and began dishing up the soup for dinner.

Out on the little porch went Fred with baby. The sun was so bright and warm that in spite of all his trouble he could'nt help feeling just a little happy.

Seating himself on the step he began talking to the dear little fellow, as he often did when in earnest about things.

"Baby, wouldn't you hate to wear patches? Patches on the elbows, patches on the knees, patches all over! Why, I am almost all patches, and the boys have nicknamed me 'Patch!' I tell you, baby, it is pretty hard, but when I get to be a man, *you* shan't know what a patch looks like."

Here the baby crowed and jumped as if he understood every word that was said.

"Come!" called mamma, "bring baby in; your dinner is ready."

Fred seated himself at the small table and waited for his mother, but she took the rocking-chair by the stove and commenced to sing baby to sleep.

"Mother, aren't you going to eat dinner?"

"No, son; I feel too tired now."

Fred helped himself to a plateful of the delicious soup, but somehow it didn't taste good, and there was a big lump in his throat, and glancing around to his mother he saw a sad, troubled look on her face. She had stopped singing, and was stroking baby's hair softly. He couldn't stand it any longer, but, jumping up, ran to her, and hugging her tight around the neck, boy fashion, burst out with:

"Mother don't you look so sorry, I can wear the patches as well as not, and the old coat's real warm. I guess it won't kill me if the boys do call me 'Patch;' and Mr. Maxwell said yesterday I learned ever so fast, and he hoped some day you'd be proud of me. But you can't if I don't get over these proud fits, can you? Come, now, mother, let's eat up all the soup, and have a good time.',

And they did; and how they both enjoyed that dinner. Just before Fred started for school that afternoon he ran up to his little room, kept so clean by his own hands, and there he asked the loving Saviour to give him more help to overcome the small trials of every-day life, and to make him a wise, good boy, adding at the close, "Please to make me a comfort to my mother."

He reached the school room just as the bell rang, so was spared any taunts from the boys then. But at recess Harry remembering how easily he had fired up in the morning, began again calling him 'Patch,' but to his surprise Fred's laugh rang out pleasantly, and he answered:

"Yes, I s'pose that's my name as long as these clothes last. But, boys, look! I tell you there's some fine work on this old coat, and if I've got to wear it and be called 'Patch,' I'd better keep my temper, and not give you a chance to call it 'Cross-Patch.'"

Coarseness.

Any lack of refinement in one's manner, or any incivility in one's ordinary personal address, ought certainly to be a matter of regret to the person whose daily life displays such a defect. But it is by no means uncommon for men and women to think or to pretend they think, that rudeness of manner and neglect of the courtesies of life are evidences of a strong character; and that a coarse and uncivil habit of speech is an admirable proof that the speaker is a "plain, blunt man," who is above shams and pretences.

Now, while coarseness may exist along with strength of character and righteousness of life, it is always a blemish to them, and never a help. It is, of course, true that refinement is not righteousness, and that a rude and ignorant saint is always better, in God's sight, if not in man's, than a refined and intellectual sinner. But that is not the question at issue. The only point concerning which one ought to think is the question whether a lack of graciousness in character and courtesy in manner is in itself a good thing or a bad thing. Unfortunately, there is too common a tendency to confuse this question by considering it along with totally irrelevant matters. Badness is sometimes polished; goodness is sometimes rough; therefore, illogically concludes the hasty reasoner, anxious to excuse his own coarseness, rude strength is better than courteous strength. This shallow argument finds plenty of acceptance, because it is a great deal easier for most people to be thoroughly coarse than to be studiously gentle; and so they conclude that it is a matter of little moment whether their manners are attractive or not.

Every one who is trying to lead a good life, should also try to lead a winsome and courteous life. By abandoning geniteness of disposition and graciousness of word and deed, he throws away a means of growth and an effective weapon. Coarse Christians little know how often they play into the enemy's hands. It is almost always a grave mistake, in a matter of manners, or in any other matter, to try to put yourself on other people's level.

If you are trying to do right, the chances are that, by adopting a coarse manner of speech or action, you will degrade yourself, both in your own eyes and in those of him whom you are trying to reach, and yet will fail in the good you seek. Rude and rough people are ready to excuse themselves for their own coarseness; but, after all, they despise it in those who are striving to instruct and help them.

Cleanness and brightness and winsomeness in thought and word and deed and manner and material surroundings are always ready to help what is good. Coarseness and dinginess and ugliness are evils that must sometimes be endured, but ought never to be defended as virtues in themselves. If a bad man lacks refinement, his manners are of a piece with his morals. But for a good man to be common in tastes, ungrammatical in speech, repulsive in personal appearance, and rude in conduct, is a proof that he is willing to put his goodness to a very severe test in the eyes of the world; and that he does not find, from his reading of the Old Testament and the New, that God desires thrt all things be done decently and in order.—*Sunday School Times*

The Law of Trespass.

What constitutes trespass is a question that arises continually, especially among farmers and owners of smaller tracts of real estate, and the ideas concerning it are about as vague as they well can be. An interesting article on the laws governing this question appears in the last quarterly report of the State Board of Agriculture, which deserves to be read by every farmer in the land, as they are oftener called on to face the troubles arising out of such cases than any other class of men in the community. Trespass is defined as "any transgression or offense against the law of nature, of society or the country in which we live, whether it relate to a man's person or his property."

Ordinarialy, however, it has reference only to an entrance on the property of another without authority, and in doing damage while there, whether much or little. The laws give the owner exclusive control over his property. Any infringements of his rights without his permission, or justified by legal authority, therefore constitutes a trespass. It does not need that the land should be enclosed by fences. The law supposes an imaginary enclosure, which answers every purpose, and the simple act of passing it constitutes trespass, although no harm should result to any crops, cattle or aught else. Even a person legally authorized to seize certain goods on a man's premises dare not break open doors for that purpose; if he does his authority avails him nothing, and he becomes a common trespasser.

Neither is a person justified in so arranging spouts as to discharge water on another man's land, even though he never step off his own grounds, nor to permit filth to pass a boundary line without due permission. When a spout first discharges on a man's own premises and the contents then find their way to a neighbor's premises, it does not constitute a trespass. Hunting and fishing, however, constitute the most common and annoying sources of trespass to which our farmers are subjected. No matter that neither grass nor grain are trampled down, whether gates are left closed, bars left up, and no rails broken, the pursuit of game on the lands of another without permission is trespass.

To even enter an enclosed piece of wood, where there are no crops to be injured, in pursuit of game, which may have taken refuge there, is a violation of law—quite as much as if a wheat field in ear had been trampled down. In fishing, as in hunting, the ordinary ponds and streams are the exclusive property of those through whose land they flow or in which they happen to be situated. In the case of navigable streams, any one may boat up and down them and fish in them, but has no right to land on the shores and do so.

BERLIN LETTER.

(Regular Correspondence.)

BERLIN, Jan. 17, 1880.

Recent concentrations of troops and material of war, effected by Russia upon her western frontier, do not appear to have caused much alarm either in North German military or financial circles. Prussian generals contemptuously deride the notion of a Russian raid into East or West Prussia or the "Duchy;" and a well-known German military periodical, among the contributions, to which are several members of the Grosses Generalstab, has taken the pains to explain to its readers what would be the results to Russia of a war against Germany within six weeks of the date of which the order for mobilization should be signed by the German Emperor.

Among these results are the occupation of St. Petersburg and Moscow by German armies, which the writer does not conceive to be regarded as desirable by the Russian Government; wherefore he attaches no more importance to the "massings" and "dislocations" the marchings and the counter-marchings, &c., that have been indulged in of late by some 8 or 9 Russian army corps, than he would "to the yellings and drummings of African savages, who think to frighten their enemies to death by making a hideous noise."

Russia, he observes, will certainly not terrify either Germany or Austria by displaying "clumsy accumulations" of badly armed and worse drilled men in her Western provinces.

At the same time the leading financial sheet of Berlin points out that the last war has added sixty millions of roubles per annum to Russia's budget for interest upon new loans alone. It is expected that the amount set down in the budget of 1880 for payment of interest upon the Imperial State debt will be one hundred and seventy millions of roubles, thirty millions more than in 1878. That Russia should dream of attempting to fight Germany under these circumstances is regarded as altogether out of the question upon the Berlin Bourse.

At a time when Europe is more than ordinarily troubled with concentrations of troops and rumors of war, it is, at any rate, satisfactory to know that one of the most necessary adjuncts to a victorious army is wanting just now both in Russia and Italy. According to the German papers, a great part of the Muscovite forces are still armed with the Krinka rifle, a weapon, of which the best that can be said of it, is that it may be generally relied upon to go off without hurting its holder. And now comes a Parliamentary paper, issued by the Government of King Humbert, to show that as yet only about four hundred thousand of his Majesty's soldiers have got the Veterli rifle, and before the remaining two hundred thousand receive it, a grant of nearly $2,500,000 must be obtained of the Parliament and the rifles ordered. War was probably never averted for want either of money or weapons, but it has sometimes been postponed; and in the prolonged consideration which delay affords more peaceful consels may always appear.

The authorities of Gotha have made their report for the year 1879 on the subject of cremation. The first body submitted to this mode of disposal was treated on the 10th of December, 1878, since when fifteen others have been similarly dealt with. The time required for the complete incineration of the bodies is about 2 hours on an average, and it is regarded as a most satisfactory fact that not only has no complaint as to the result been made at Gotha, but that a number of other German towns are preparing to follow in its wake.

Getting Married.

In marrying you make your own match. Do not marry any one to get rid of him, or to oblige him, or to save him. The man that would go to destruction without you, would quite likely go with you, and perhaps drag you along.

Do not marry in haste, lest you repent at leisure.

Do not marry for a home and a living, when by burning up your corsets and taking care of your health you can be strong enough to earn your own living.

Do not let aunts, fathers, or mothers, sell you for money or position into bondage, tears, and life-long misery, which you alone must endure. Do not place yourself habitually in the company of any suitor till you have decided the question of marriage; human wills are weak, and people often become bewildered, and do not know their error till it is too late.

Get away from their influences, settle your head and make up your mind alone. A promise may be made in an hour of half-delirious ecstacy, which must be redeemed through years of sorrow, toil and pain.

Do not trust your happiness in the keeping of one who has no heart, no head, no health. Beware of insane blood. Do not rush thoughtlessly, into wedded life, contrary to the counsel of your best friends. Love can wait; that which cannot wait is something of a very different character.

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