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The Rattle of the Bones.

How many bones in the human face?
Fourteen, when they're all in place.

How many bones in the human head?
Eight, my child, as I've often said.

How many bones in the human ear?
Three in each, and they help to hear.

How many bones in the human spine?
Twenty-six, like a climbing vine.

How many bones in the human chest?
Twenty-four ribs, and two of the rest.

How many bones the shoulders bind?
Two in each—one before, one behind.

How many bones in the human arm?
In each arm one; two in each forearm.

How many bones in the human wrist?
Eight in each, if none are missed.

How many bones in the palm of the hand?
Five in each, with many aband.

How many bones in the fingers ten?
Twenty-eight, and by joints they bend.

How many bones in the human hip?
One in each like a dish they dip.

How many bones in the human thigh?
One in each, and deep they lie.

How many bones in the human knees?
One in each, the kneepan, please.

How many bones in the leg from the knee?
Two in each we can plainly see.

How many bones in the ankle strong?
Seven in each, but none are long.

How many bones in the ball of the foot?
Five in each, as the palms were put.

How many bones in the toes half a score?
Twenty-eight, and there are no more.

And now, altogether, these many bones fix,
And they count in the body, two hundred and six.

And then we have, in the human mouth
Of upper and under, thirty-two teeth.

And now and then have a bone I should think,
That forms on a joint or to fill up a chink.

A sesamoid bone or a wormian we call,
And now we may rest for we've told them all.

—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

An Unexpected Meeting.

It was a small, one-story frame structure, presenting some of the characteristics of a cabin and cottage, built only a little way in from the road, and approached from it by a narrow wooden bridge, under which meandered, in temperate seasons, a gentle stream, but which, in the fervid vigor of the summer and the rigor of the winter, was dry and silent.

Away down in a meadow behind this little sentry-box was a large farmhouse, with a colony of smaller buildings springing up about it, and back of those was a wood, rising precipitously to the brow of a protecting hill.

In summer-time this homestead of Farmer Gilman was a smiling, shady place to look upon, as was, indeed, all the country in which nestled the hamlet of Fairbank, distant a couple of miles away; but now that the iron fetters of winter were on everything, it looked cold, cheerless and uninviting.

It had been snowing all day—snow was everywhere. It was on the rich pasture lands, on the closely-shaven meadows, on last year's tillage; it crowned fences, and maintained a precarious existence on the roofs of houses; it rendered sightless gaps in broken roads, and lent a treacherous expansion to highways; it, in short, blotted ou the ordinary landmarks, and was on great, white, staring eyesore on the face of the landscape.

Night had come on, and with it increased activity on the part of the storm. It was bitterly cold, too, and there was an edge on the air like a knife.

It was a night to enjoy a grateful meal and a comfortable fireside, and this was what May Sefton was preparing for her father's return in the little cottage by the roadside.

The ample stove was aglow with the crackling wood-fire; the bright lamplight illumined the neat, decorous little kitchen; the old easy-chair wore a look of expectation as it stood by the table that awaited the burden of the substantial supper, and the blue-eyed rose-bud herself was blithely singing snatches of a ditty, as if in defiance of the gloom and storm without.

For a dozen years and upward May Sefton had occupied this same abode with her father, and had been his sole companion and housekeeper.

About that time George Sefton had made his first appearance in Fairbank, bringing with him little else than a fair, sweet child of four or five years old, and carrying about him an air of suppressed suffering that silenced inquiries, albeit that it somewhat excited curiosity. But this curiosity was satisfied and turned to sympathy when it was learned that the stranger had recently buried his partner, and that the golden-haired child he so tenderly cherished was motherless.

George Sefton had not furnished Fairbank with this information in so many words. From the day of his arrival to the time whereof we write, he had never opened his lips on the subject of his antecedents.

Abraham Gilman, or old Abe, as he was more universally called, to distinguish him from a younger Abe, had once asked George, when they were working in the fields together, if he was not a widower like himself, whereat Abe's new employee had bent his head, and then maintained a silence so impressive that the fact was taken for granted, and never after discussed.

As for May, if questioned on the subject, she could only tell of a big town and a large house, and a fine lady that used sometimes to kiss her, and who, one night, she was told by her father, had died and was buried away for evermore.

"Six o'clock," cries May, stopping her warbling to laugh up in the face of the old clock that chimed the hour. "Six o'clock," she laughs, as she turns the fragrant rashers in the oven, and casts a searching glance at the table to see that it contains all her own homemade dainties. "Father will be here presently. I wonder if Abe will—Hush, you naughty thing," she adds, under her breath, and pressing her hands to her rosy mouth, as she hears a crunching sound drawing nigh.

The sound draws nearer till it stops outside, when there is a scraping and stamping of feet, and then the door opens, and a fragrant, warm smell, and a bright gleam of light, and a smile of delicious youth and innocence stream out in the face of the night and salute the intruders.

The first to enter is a man, tall, and slightly bent, with a thin, aged face, and a fair, long beard, plentifully lined with gray hairs. He bends down, with an air not quite in keeping with his homely garb, and impresses a fervent kiss on the sweet, upturned face that greets him. He then steps aside with a courteous movement and discloses the figure of a robust youth, with a beardless face wreathed in smiles, half-diffident, half-assured, altogether guileless.

"Come in, Abe," says the little hostess, as he beams at her from the doorway.

Smiling, Abe insinuates himself past her, without a word, merely rubbing the top of his frost-smitten nose by way of salutation.

In or about this hour, Abe Gilman generally insinuated himself into the presence of May, and beguiled his evenings in the company of her and her father. George Sefton had some books which greatly interested him, especially when read to him by the owner or his daughter, and he occasionally borrowed one, though frequently puzzled by some of the words; for Abe was not much of a scholar, but he had a taste for literature, and for May's society, which was a sort of education in itself.

"You haven't had supper, Abe," said May, invitingly, to the visitor, with a peep at him that might have upset a more confident youth.

"I'm just goin' back to it," said Abe, apologetically. "I only kem for a book yer father promised to loan me."

"Better stay for supper now, Abe," said George Sefton, in his quiet but kindly way.

"Don't require to be coaxed too much before you consent," said May, with mock gravity, and a merry twinkle in her blue eye, that sent Abe into a convulsive titter, and brought him to the table without further parley.

"Who went to Fairbank to-day?" inquired May, when she had set the meal in full motion.

"Abe, my dear; he brought you your paper," answered her father. "I was chopping wood all day; much warmer work—eh, Abe?"

"Yes, sir," returned Abe, with an emphasis on the second word that left no mistake as to his thorough agreement with his friend's opinion. "I never thought I'd get home. There wasn't a soul to be seen in the village, 'cept what was keepin' the stove warm in the store. There was a lady that kem by the cars, an' she wanted to start straight away for Mansfield, an' she offered ten dollars to any one that'd take her, an', by golly, sir, she couldn't to save her life git one that'd face it."

"She was a trump," laughed May, "and she'd face it herself?"

"Yes, by golly, she would that," said Abe; "but she had so many shawls an' furs, an' wraps with her, that I think she could have slep' in the snow for a week without being frozen."

"It's a nasty road from here to Mansfield, such a night," said George Sefton; "but that was a stiff price."

"I guess they'll get some one that'll take her yet," said May.

"She may, and she mayn't," said Abe, grinning comfortably at the fire. "If Jack Price was around, I don't think he'd let so much money go. I think he'd risk himself an' that horse of his for the whisky that ten dollars'd buy."

"I fear he'd run the risk of it, Abe," said George, smiling. "Poor Jack is a rare fellow for his whisky."

"Hush!" cried May, "this is a sleigh coming now; I'm sure I heard the bells. Perhaps it's she. Look and see, Abe."

"He couldn't see his finger outside, my dear," said her father, taking down his pipe off the mantle and filling it, whilst Abe rose to peep out.

The tinkling sound advanced rapidly, but it was dark as pitch, and sleet and snow were traveling furiously with the wind.

Abe could see nothing from the doorstep, so he ran down to the wooden bridge that spanned the frozen stream. He could now discern the dark object coming furiously toward him, but he noticed, with anxiety, that it was inclining dangerously near the side of the road on which was the little ravine.

Onward came the snorting horse at the top of his speed, but closer and closer to the brink of the highway.

Abe raised his hands and voice in alarm to the driver, but his warning was not heard, or heard too late, for the next instant the horse and sleigh had tumbled into the bed of frozen water.

The hoarse cry of a man in pain and a stifled moan reached the ears of the horrified Abe, as he shouted out, "George! George!"

But George, who had heard the crash, was on hand a moment after the accident with a lantern, and, taking the situation in at a glance, first released the furiously struggling horse, and then lifted up the heavy sleigh that had completely turned over on the occupants.

Jack Price—for he it was—was so full of whisky that, when he regained his liberty, he scarce felt the pain of his broken arm and bruised and bloody face.

George Sefton had already raised the other traveler in his arms, and a troubled look had gathered on his brow.

"Take that druken fellow back to the village, Abe," he said, when Jack Price and his vehicle were once more in running order; "and make all the haste you can back with the doctor. I fear this is a serious case."

"Is it the lady, father?" said May, who had come forward and was holding the lantern, as George clambered up to the road with the unconscious bundle in his arms.

"I suppose so, May," he replied, following her into the cottage. "Whoever it is, is, I dread, badly hurt."

May drew the lounge close to the fire, and on it the insensible woman was laid.

Abe did not exaggerate when he stated that the lady was well protected from the weather. She was wrapped and muffled up till her face was no longer visible, and May's first efforts were directed to relieve her from some of this now unnecessary covering.

George Sefton was bending anxiously over the two women, watching for a glimpse of the stranger's face.

When it was revealed to him, ghastly white, but still aggressively beautiful, his breathing for a moment ceased, and a scared expression lit up his mild, blue eyes.

May, too, was startled at the sight of the death-like face; but when she glanced up at her father, and beheld his ashen countenance and trembling form, she was filled with terror.

"What is it, father?" she exclaimed. "Do you think, then, she's dead?"

His dazed look wandered from the prostrate figure on the lounge, and rested on the innocent being kneeling at her side.

"No, I don't think she is," he replied, at length, in a voice scarcely above a whisper.

The scared expression in his face had stolen into his voice, and it was hushed and frightened.

Tears welled up into May's eyes, and dropped on the cold hands she was chafing.

The lady, after a while, showed symptoms of returning consciousness. Beyond her pallor and insensibility, she presented no outward sign of injury.

"I don't think she's much hurt, father," said May, leaning tenderly over her patient, the tears still glistening like pearls on her eyelashes; but noting, with hope and pleasure, the increasing evidences of animation.

He made no response to May's remark, but continued to stare straight down at the pallid, beautiful face of the lady.

Suddenly a pair of eyes, larger and more liquid than May's, but of the same azure hue, are opened out upon him, and the conscious woman is scrutinizing his weird, haggard countenance.

For a brief moment a crimson flush banishes the pallor, and the hands that May holds are clutched convulsively. Then the red blood deserts the face again, and it becomes ten times more livid. The beautiful, liquid eyes droop abashed before the man's gaze, and traverse searchingly the room, till they rest on May kneeling by her.

"I'm not deceived, then," she feebly mutters. "This is this—"

Her voice broke the spell, or stupor that had seized George Sefton at the first glimpse of her, and, in a low and decisive tone, he said:

"You mustn't speak just now, madam, till the doctor arrives, and we know what's the trouble. Prepare your bed for this lady, May," he added, motioning the young girl to her room, gravely.

May had scarcely disappeared, when he was at the woman's side, whispering excitedly in her ear:

"You mustn't let her known nothing. It's better for her—it's better for you. I don't want to reproach you now. I don't know what strange fatality brought you to my cabin to-night; but whatever it was leave us—leave her in the peace and innocence that you have found her. Since the hour that you deserted her I've led her to believe you dead. I've striven to hide you and your sin from your child with the charitable mantle of the grave, and for that sole purpose I've since hidden myself here. Don't seek to undeceive her. Let her still think of you with regret. Let her memory of you continue to be a fragrant one."

The erring woman listened with closed eyes and blanched cheeks to the man's passionate words.

"May I kiss her?" was all she faltered.

"Yes, if—"

May entered, and George Sefton moved away, and flung himself into a chair in a far corner of the room.

May resumed her watch by the lady's side, taking the cold, slender hands once more in hers. She noticed that the lovely eyes, which were turned with infinite tenderness on her, were dimmed with tears, and that the hands she clasped pressed hers caressingly.

The monotonous tick, tick, of the old clock was all that broke the silence of the room.

The lady closed her eyes, and May was beginning to think that she was going to sleep, when a sweet voice whispered in her ear:

"Kiss me, darling."

The young girl crept closer, and winding her arms round the woman's neck, wrapped the poor soul in her chaste embrace.

Was it the instinct of love or pity?

When George Sefton awoke from his painful revery an hour later to admit Abe Gilman and the doctor, he found the two women asleep, the elder resting on the bosom of the younger. The girl was easily aroused, but the other awoke no more.

The friends who came for the dead woman knew not the unhappy husband under his assumed name and altered appearance, and May never learned that her mother had passed out of the sphere of sin and shame in her arms.

Her father lived long enough to see her the happy wife of Abe Gilman, and then passed away, carrying his secret with him.

TIMELY TOPICS.

It is proposed to build in certain districts on the western frontier of Kansas churches made of sods. A few such already exist. The walls are of sods, the roofs are covered with sods, and the floors are of earth. A church can be built, in size about 26x36, for an outlay in money of only $10, and this has already been done in at least one instance. A wall of sods, if properly built, and protected, will last 100 years. Roofs of shingles and floors of wood are greatly to be desired, but, of course, they add very much to the cost of a church.

Germany, with a population of 42,000,000 has 60,000 schools and an attendance of 6,000,000 pupils; Great Britain and Ireland, with a population of 34,000,000 has 58,000 schools and 3,000,000 pupils; Austria-Hungary, with a population of 37,000,000, has 30,000 schools and 3,000,000 pupils; France, with a population of 37,000,000, has 71,000 schools and 4,700,000 pupils; Spain, with a population of 17,000,000, has 20,000 schools and 1,600,000 pupils; Italy, with a population of 28,000,000, has 47,000 schools and 1,900,000 pupils; and Russia, with a population of 74,000,000, has 32,000 schools and 1,100,000 pupils.

Glucose manufacture is making an excitement in the maize districts of the West, the factory at Buffalo and its remarkable success being the prime stimulant. Half a dozen establishments have been planted within a month in Indiana, Illinois and Iowa. Cyrus McCormick and others have, it is said, put $650,000 into one at Chicago. It is to have a capacity of 20,000 bushels a day, which is the equivalent of 300 tons of sugar. A bushel of corn, costing about forty cents, produces thirty pounds of grape sugar, or three gallons of syrup. This sugar, which costs them net two cents per pound, they can sell at from three and one-half to four cents, while the three gallons of syrup can be sold at from thirty-five to forty cents a gallon.

One of the Irish parish priests to whom Mr. Redpath, the New York *Tribune* correspondent, sent a letter of inquiry concerning the distress caused by famine, says: "It would be impossible for me to individualize, where hundreds and hundreds in my parish are in this state. May God, in His mercy, open wide to us the American heart. In it, under God, is our hope. A better day, I trust, is coming; and when it comes and when the merry word and joyous laugh are again heard, believe me, though we forget everything else connected with the dread times of the year 1880, we shall never, never forget America, who, by being the true 'friend in need,' proved herself to be the 'friend indeed.'" Another priest writes: "My house is actually besieged from early dawn till late at night by hundreds of ragged, hungry-looking persons, most piteously craving and clamoring for relief. No amount of private charity, I fear, will be sufficient to meet the present appalling distress."

Professor Swing, the well-known Chicago minister, thinks it must be accepted as a fact that there is great suffering in Ireland to-day, and that the money forwarded from this land, and from all lands, and from England herself, is the tribute due from the fortunate to the unfortunate in an era which declares all men to be brethren. If the grasshoppers in Nebraska made outside help necessary, if the yellow fever in the South demanded an uprising in Northern charity, so the famine in Ireland proclaims that another time has come for help to pass over from the strong to the weak. The utter failure of crops for several seasons has made it impossible for parents to buy new clothing for the children, and hence the awful scene of several little ones wrapped in one ragged blanket, at once without food and without covering. Before these repeated failures of crops there were thousands in this afflicted country who were just on the edge of starvation. In good times these had not enough food or clothing, and now that the crops have failed for three consecutive seasons, it ought not to require much more than a rumor to convince one that there must be great distress in many parts of the Irish country.

He Remembered Exactly.

A lying witness will often tell a very glib story, but he generally fails to guard all his weak points. At a recent trial in court the following took place in attempting to prove an alibi:

Attorney S.—You say that Ellis plowed for you all day on the 20th of November?

Witness referring to his note-book—Yes.

S.—What did he do on the 30th?

W.—We chopped wood.

S.—On the 31st?

W.—That was Sunday, and we went squirrel hunting.

S.—What did he do on the 32d?

W.—He thrashed wheat on that day.

S.—What did he do on the 33d?

W.—It was raining, and he shaved out some handles.

S.—What did he do on the 34th?

W.—He chopped wood.

S.—What did he do on the—?

But before the question could be finished, the witnesses's wife seized him by the collar and whisked him outside of the witness-box, yelling in his affrighted ear:

"You old fool don't you know there are only thirty days in the month of November?"

When old Mr. Higginsworth was asked if he took a newspaper, he replied that "since our member of Congress has stopped sending me the *Congressional Record* I don't take any, but I guess I kin get along without it. It never gives much news anyhow.—*St. Paul Dispatch.*

"Mother, Have We Any Meal This Day?"

Mr. Redpath, the New York *Tribune* correspondent sent to Ireland to inquire into the condition of the famine-stricken people, has received many letters from parish priests detailing a deplorable state of affairs. The following letter from Rev. John J. O'Keane, dated Dramore West, is a tale of suffering that ought to move a heart of stone:

The area of this parish is over 10,000 acres, the greater part of which is bog and mountain, and the remaining portion, with the exception of a couple of hundred acres of grazing land, consists of poor marshy lowlands. The average size of the holdings is between six and eight acres, and the population, including all denominations, is about 600 families, nearly 4,000 individuals. Over 400 families are dependent on the relief committees, and 100 families in the parish are almost entirely in want of clothing, and the children in a state of semi-nudity.

On Sunday morning last, as I was about going to church, a poor young woman, prematurely aged by poverty, addressed me. Being in a hurry I said: "I have no time to speak to you, Mrs. Calpin; are you not on the relief list?" "No, father," she answered, "and we are starving." Her appearance caused me to stop. She had no shoes, and her wretched clothing made her a picture of misery. I asked her why her husband had not come to speak to me. Her reply was: "He has not had a coat for the last two years, and this being Sunday did not wish to trouble Thomas Feeney for the loan of one, as he sometimes lends one to him." "Have you any other clothes beside what I see on you?" "Father, I am ashamed," was the reply; "I have not even a stitch of underclothing." "How many children have you?" "Four, father." "What are their ages?" "The eldest, a boy, eight years; a girl, seven; another four, and a little one on the breast." "Have they any clothes?" "No, sir; you might remember when you were passing last September you called into the house, and I had to put the children aside for their nakedness." "Have you any bedclothes?" "A couple of guano bags." "How could you live for the last week?" "I'll tell you, sir. I went to my brother, Martin McGee, of Farrelinfarrel, and he gave me a couple of porringers of Indian meal each day, from which I made Indian gruel, of which I gave the husband the biggest portion, as he was working in the fields." "Had you anything for the children?" "Oh, father," she exclaimed, "the first question they put me in the morning is, 'Mother, have we any meal this day?' If I say I have, they are happy; if not, they are sad and commence to cry." At these words she showed great emotion, and I could not remain unmoved. This is one of the many cases I might adduce in proof of the misery of my people.

The Chinese Theater.

In the north of China every town and every large village boasts of its permanent theater, while the inhabitants of other villages, too small to be so fortunate, find little difficulty in extemporizing theaters of mat and bamboo on any chance arrival of an itinerant troop of actors. As long as the visit of these wandering players last, the people of the district give themselves up to the enjoyment of the holiday. Early each morning the roads from all the country round may be seen crowded with people, the poorer ones on foot, and, if in the north of China, the weithier classes on mules or in carts, all tending to the one point of attraction; the women gay in blue, red or green silks, and the men in their best and brightest attire. If we follow this pleasure-seeking crowd, we enter a theater built in the form of a parallelogram, at one end of which is a platform, generally, though not always, as wide as the building. The platform is divided breadthwise by a wooden partition with two entrances, the front part forming the stage, and the rear portion serving the purposes of green room, property room and abode of the troupe. The body of the theater, answering to our pit and stalls, is without seats or partitions; while above and encircling the whole are the boxes in which the women and principal subscribers have their places. If the district should be a very poor one the probability is that we find ourselves opposite a covered stage on an open piece of ground, in front of which the carts of the visitors, full of their occupants, are arranged in a semi-circle, thus forming the walls of a truly Thespian theater. Within this enclosure stands a densely packed, good-natured, eager crowd, whose power of standing is only equaled by their power of unflagging enjoyment. No money is taken at the doors. The troupe is generally hired either by a private individual or by a public subscription for a certain number of days, and free admission is granted to every one. The performances last from the early morning until late in the evening, with short intervals between each four or five pieces. The acting, generally speaking, is good, for the Chinese are naturally quick of observation, and are thus able, in every day life, to catch easily the tone of those with whom they associate, and on the stage to assume the characters they wish to represent. The possession of these faculties is the more important, as the actors get very little guidance from the play book, which almost entirely consists of their directions to "enter," "exit," and "aside," or as Chinese literally translated means, "ascent," "descend," and "turn the back and say."—*Contemporary Review.*

A certain painter was bragging of his wonderful command of color to a friend one day. His friend did not seem to take it quite all in. "Why," continued the painter, "do you know that there are but three painters in the world, sir, myself being one of them?" "And who are they?" at last asked the friend. "Why, sir, there is—and—and—and I forget the name of the other two!"

A Weird Fancy.

If the dead, lying under the grasses,
Unseen linger near the bereft,
Having knowledge and sense of what passes
In the hearts and homes they have left,
What tear-drops, than sea-waters salter,
Must fall when they see all the strife—
When they see how we fail, how we falter,
How we miss in the duties of life.

If the great, who go out with their laces
Bedewed by a weeping world's tears,
Stand near and see how their places
Are filled, while the multitude cheers;
If the parent, whose back is bent double
With delving for riches and gold,
Lends an ear to the wrangle and trouble
About him, before he is cold;

If the wife, who left weeping and sorrow
Behind her, bends down from above,
And beholds the tears dried on the morrow,
And the eyes newly burning with love;
If the gracious and royal-souled mother,
From the silence and hush of the tomb,
Can hear the harsh voice of another,
Slow-blighting the fruit of her womb;

If the old hear their dearly-forgotten
Rejoicing that burdens are gone;
If the young know how soon they're forgotten,
While the mirth and the revel go on—
What sighing of sorrow and anguish
Must sound through the chambers of space,
What desolate spirits must languish
In that mystic and undescribed place!
Then life were a farce with its burden,
And death but a terrible jest!
But they cannot. The grave gives its guerdon
Of silence and beautiful rest.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

M. de Lesseps never indulges in alcoholic beverages.

The number of families living in New York city is 213,467.

A hoarse shoo never brings good luck to a foraging hen.—*Wheeling Leader.*

Peter Cooper has a fine collection of Greek and Roman coins which he has been gathering during the last fifty-nine years.

A slab of wood marks the grave of Stonewall Jackson's mother, who was buried on an eminence 700 feet above the river at Hawk's Nest, Virginia.

The proverb, "Every bullet has its billet," is said to have originated in a superstition common among soldiers fifty years back that their name was written on the bullet that stretched them dead.

He told her that he loved her
In tones so soft and mellow;
But she said she couldn't marry him,
For she'd asked another fellow.
(This is leap-year.)
—*Steubenville Herald.*

"Two sisters of Glasgow got mad at a plumber and threw him out of the fifth story window." But he got even with the sisters. He charged them double time from the minute he left the window until he struck the sidewalk.—*Norristown Herald.*

In digging the Suez canal Egyptian workmen were forced to make loads of their backs, placing their hands behind their backs and clasping the left wrist with the right hand. Boys under twelve years of age were made to do this. It is hardly necessary to add that thousands perished under such inhuman treatment.

A physician at Arcata, Cal., had for a patient a girl for whom he entertained a high regard, as she was the daughter of an intimate friend. He could not cure her, however, and she died without the exact nature of her disease being discovered. Immediately on hearing of her death he accused himself of a lack of medical skill, and committed suicide.

There hangs in the office of the Walla-Walla (W. T.) *Statesman* the sign under which the Nez Perces fought and surrendered to General Howard in the war of 1877. It is nothing more than the skin of a red fox, with the exception that at the base of the neck there is a scalp lock. When fighting at Bear Paw mountain, this was hung up on a high pole, as a sign that they would use all the cunning and strategy of that animal while fighting.

Two gushing Boston girls were walking one day in the suburbs of the Hub, when they stumbled on a little old-fashioned mile-stone, forgotten in the march of improvement. One of them stopped, and parting the grass discovered the half-effaced inscription, "I. m. from Boston," upon which she exclaimed, ecstatically: "Here is a grave, perhaps, of some young girl who wished it written on her tombstone, 'I'm from Boston.' How touching! so simple and so sufficient!"

An erring husband, who had exhausted all explanations for late hours' and had no apology ready, recently slipped into the house, about two o'clock, very softly, denuded himself gently, and began rocking the cradle by the bedside, as if he had been awakened out of a sound sleep by infantile cries. He had rocked away for ten minutes, when Mary Jane, who had silently observed the whole maneuver, said, "Come to bed, you fool! the baby ain't there."—*Toronto Graphic.*

There are at present in Europe 719 princes and princesses, each having a claim more or less remote to a crown. The first of them in the greatest number of titles is the Emperor of Austria, Francis Joseph. In addition to his title as emperor, he is nine times king, once archduke, twice grand duke, eighteen times duke, four times margrave, five times count prince, twice prince, and many times count and lord. His cartes de visite make the fortune of photographers. The King of Portugal has eighteen first names, his eldest son has twenty and his youngest twenty-nine.