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BREAD UPON THE WATER.

Mid the losses and the gains; Mid the pleasures and the pains, And the long days and the years, And the restlessness of years, We repeat this promise o'er— We believe it more and more— Bread upon the water cast— Shall be gathered at the last.

Why I Didn't Marry.

You see I was nineteen years old before I thought of such a thing as marrying. I was too foolish to do so. I never used to look at a girl at breakfast or quilting frolics without feeling as if some one was pouring hot water down my back; and once, when a neighbor's daughter stayed at our house one night in the evening (I believe she did it on purpose, too), and my father insisted that I should go home with her, I went out into the barn and cried an hour before I could make up my mind to go in and ask her the awful question.

A Monkey's Fear of Serpents.

In the monkey house at the Philadelphia Zoological Garden a dead snake was coiled up in a newspaper, the corner of which were twisted together in such a manner that they would readily come undone, and the package was then set on the floor of a cage containing forty or fifty monkeys of a great variety of species. It was instantly spied by a female *Cynopithecus*, who was the principal leader in all the pranks with which the monkeys constantly amuse themselves; she seized the paper by one corner and set off across the cage, dragging it behind her, evidently intending to have a good time with it. Before she had gone more than a few feet, the paper became unfastened, and the snake slipped out. She instantly dropped the paper and sidled off in a very comical manner with her head over her shoulder, keeping an eye behind her, much as a dog's eye must have looked back at the fascinating terror of the city of the plain. No sooner did the rest of the monkeys perceive the dreadful object in their midst than they approached step by step, and formed in a circle of six or eight feet diameter, having for its center the snake quietly coiled up on the floor. None dared, however, to touch it or go beyond the established line of safety, with the exception of one large *Macaca*, the acknowledged leader of the cage, who cautiously approached and made an occasional snatch at the paper, apparently to see if the enemy was really as devoid of life as it appeared to be. The other monkeys meanwhile looked on in breathless attention. At this point, a string which had previously been attached to the tail of the snake was gently pulled. The serpent lengthened slightly, and the monkeys fled up the side of the cage, chattering like magpies; when they got to a safe distance they halted for observation, and after some moments, seeing no further sign of danger, they gradually returned, one by one, to their original position—the large ones in the front rank, and the smaller ones, crowded out by superior strength, forming behind and looking over the shoulders. This was continued for some hours without the slightest change in the disposition of the monkeys, all of their actions showing a most intolerable fear of the snake, mingled with an attraction or curiosity which would not allow them to remain away from it. This was so universal that not one of the monkeys in the cage was entirely free from it. The snake was finally taken out and several other snakes belonging to the same species were put in its place, but with very different results. Of a tortoise, for instance, and a small dead alligator, they were at first very shy, they approached and looked at them, and in a few minutes they were playing with them and passing them from one to another with the greatest curiosity. The same snake was then shown, in turn, to a group of other monkeys, including Carnivores, Rodents, Ungulates, Edentates, and Marsupials, but none of them paid it any special attention, with the exception of a peccary, which finding the dead snake seemed disposed to make a meal of it.

Graves of the Presidents.

Every American, of course, is familiar with Mount Vernon, Va., either by actual sight or description. The tomb is a roomy brick vault, with an arched roof, and very substantial. Through an iron gate two marble sarcophagi stand on a raised platform. The tomb is in an enclosure which rests the remains of General George Washington. The coffin, which lies in the open vestibule of the vault proper, is of Pennsylvania marble; that of Washington bears an American shield, the other two words, "Martha Washington." John Adams and John Quincy Adams sleep side by side beneath the Quinarian church at Quincy, Mass. The tomb is an imposing monument in the front part of the cellar under the church, walled in with large blocks of roughly-hewn granite. A granite slab, six feet by three feet, is fastened to the wall by large iron bolts, and is supported by a massive hinge of iron, all red with rust, forms the door. Within the bodies lie in leaden caskets, placed within cases each hewn from a single block of stone. The grave of William Jefferson is in a thick growth of woods, a few hundred yards to the right of the embowered road leading to Charlottesville, Va., to Monticello. The spot is as lonely as a lover's solitude could desire. The graves are partly enclosed by a brick wall about 100 feet square and ten feet high, which on the south side has been topped over bodily, and now lies in level courses as a level of masonry. The grave of James Madison lies buried on the place which he owned at the time of his death, at Montpelier, Va. The graceful shaft over his grave is a monument of marble, and is about 100 feet high, surrounded by a substantial brick wall five feet high. The remains of James Monroe sleep in Hollywood cemetery at Richmond, Virginia, at a point from which the city can be taken in a great part of the city. The plot is 804 feet in area, and was bought by Gov. Wise for the State. Monroe died in New York in 1817, and is not until several years had elapsed that his body was removed to Richmond. The grave of Martin Van Buren is in the northern corner of the cemetery at Kinderhook, Columbia county, New York. The remains of Henry Harrison, the very recent occupant for only one month of the Presidential chair, repose, with those of his wife and children, in a plain brick vault on the summit of a hillside at North Bend, Ohio, about five miles west of Cincinnati. Just ten yards east of Monroe's grave at Richmond is a turfed mound beneath which lies buried the body of John Tyler. At its head is a small magnolia tree, beneath which are scattered a blooming green rose. The James K. Polk mansion is at the corner of Vine and Union streets, Nashville, Tenn. A few feet from the gate a white-shell path conducts to the tomb of the ex-President, which stands in the centre of a smooth grass-plot, encircled by another path of white shells, by which a clump of white lilies are growing. Zachary Taylor's body now occupies the third grave, and soon will find a final resting place in a fourth. It was first placed in the cemetery at Washington, and thence removed to the Taylor house at Lexington, Va. In 1852, when a few months ago it was taken to Cave Hill cemetery, at Louisville. In the course of the summer it will be taken to Frankfort, where over the State will be performed the funeral. The remains of the late President, who died in 1875, are now in the State of New York, and are being prepared for removal to Buffalo in Forest Lawn cemetery. Almost upon the crest of the hill and near the centre of the cemetery rises the obelisk of Scotch granite that marks the resting place of Millard Fillmore. The remains of Franklin Pierce were laid in the Minot cemetery, on Main street, in Concord, N. H. The Pierce lot is surrounded by a neat iron fence six feet high, traversed by concrete paths and neatly sodded, though there are neither inclosures nor curbs. The grave of James Buchanan is in Woodward Hill cemetery, Wheatland, Penn., on a bluff in the southeastern part of the city.

An Unexpected Bill.

A few days since, a well-dressed couple, in the prime of life, stopped at a hotel in a neighboring town, and sending for a Justice of the Peace, informed that functionary that they wished to be married. The Justice said "All right," and inquired their names. After being told, it struck him that he had performed the same service for the lady some years before. Upon inquiring if such was not the case, the lady said that she had been married previously. "Have you a bill from your former husband?" asked Mr. Justice. "Yes," she replied, and the ceremony was performed, and the couple were declared "man and wife." As they were about departing, the Justice, who had never seen a "bill of divorce," and having a strong desire to behold the document, thought this an excellent opportunity to satisfy his curiosity. He therefore said to the lady, "Have you the bill with you?" "Have you any objections to allowing me to see the bill?" said our friend. "None whatever," she replied; stepping to the door, and calling to a little boy some three or four years of age, she said—"Here, Bill, come here quick, here is a gentleman that wishes to see you." The gentleman walked.

Just Like a Woman.

It is now over one hundred years since an American philosopher propounded the query "Why is woman weaker than a cow?" and yet no one has ever succeeded in giving a satisfactory answer. There is once in a while a woman who doesn't seem to have the slightest fear, even when passing a cow with one horn all twisted out of shape; but follow that woman home and you will find that she kicks the dog, cuffs the children, jaws her husband and knows how to sharpen a butcher-knife and use an ax. The real woman has a merial terror of cows, and the real cow seems to have an antipathy for her.

All Right.

In Little Rock, Arkansas, recently, a young man, whom it would no doubt be well to call James, fell in love, or thought he did, with a young lady whom it would be well to call Susan. Fratricidal maxims. The father of the young man, who was of New Haven granite on a concrete foundation. The monument over Andrew Johnson's grave was unveiled recently. It stands on the summit of a lofty cone-shaped eminence half a mile southwest of the town of Greenville, Tenn.

How She Found Out.

It was one of the most provoking and unaccountable things ever heard of. Lina Rivers had two lovers; and, for the life of her, she couldn't tell which of them she loved best, or if she loved either. But if she were perplexed to Lina, it was doubly so to the two candidates for her favor, Harry Byrne and William Goodwin, who however willing to give each other fair play, were as much in earnest as men are apt to be in such matters.

Wonders of the American Continent.

The greatest cataract in the world is the Falls of Niagara, where the water from the great upper lakes flows a river of three-fourths of a mile, and then plunges suddenly into two columns to the depth of 175 feet. The greatest cave in the world is the Mammoth cave, of Kentucky, where any one can make a voyage on the water, and a subterranean river, and catch fish without nets. The greatest river in the world is the Mississippi, 4000 miles long. The largest valley in the world is the valley of the Mississippi, it contains 3,000,000 square miles, and is one of the most fertile regions of the globe. The greatest city in the world is Philadelphia. The greatest group in the world is Chicago. The largest lake in the world is Lake Superior, which is truly an inland sea, being 430 miles long and 1,000 feet deep. The longest railroad, at present in the Pacific railroad, over 3,000 miles in length. The greatest mass of solid iron in the world is the Pilot Knob of Missouri. It is 350 feet high and two miles in circumference. The best specimen of Grecian architecture in the world is the Grand college for orphans, in Philadelphia. The largest aqueduct in the world is the Croton aqueduct, New York. Its length is 40 miles and it cost \$12,500,000. The largest deposit of auriferous coal in the world are in Pennsylvania, the mines of which supply the market with millions of tons annually, and appear to be inexhaustible.

The Little Boot-Black.

There was once a small boot-black in one of the large cities of the state of Ohio. We shall call him Joe. Joe was a very honest boy, although very poor and was only a boot-black.

Snugg's Corners.

The officials of a Michigan railroad, now being extended were waited upon the other day by a person from the pine woods and sand hills who wanted to know if it could be possible that the proposed line was not to come any nearer than three miles to the hamlet named in his honor.

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