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My Dog.

I love my dog—a beautiful dog,
Brave and alert for a race;
Ready to frolic with baby or man;
Dignified, too, in his place.

I like his bark,—a resonant bark,
Musical, honest, and deep;
And his swirling tail and his shaggy coat
And his sudden, powerful leap.

Oh, never a corpulent pug for me,
Nor a Spitz with treacherous snap!
Never a trembling, pattering hound,
Nor a poodle to live on my lap!

No soft-lined basket for bed has Jack,
Nor bib, nor luxurious plate;
But the doorstep brown, that he guards so well,
And the lawn are his royal state.

No dainty leading-ribbon of silk
My grand, good dog shall fret;
No golden collar needs he, to show
He's a very expensive pet;

But just my loving voice for a chain,
His bound at my slightest sign,
And the faith when we look in each other's eyes,
Proclaim that my dog is mine,

He'll never be carried in arms like a babe,
Nor be dragged like a toy, all a-curl;
For he proudly knows he's a dog, does Jack,
And I'm not that sort of a girl.

WHAT THE OCEAN DID.

It was a bright, cheery day—a day when singing birds, whispering trees, and playing sunshine should have inspired all hearts with gladsome mirth and poetic musings, and yet Louisa Fair had a womanly fit of the blues—regular and unadulterated blues. She felt restlessly unhappy, thoroughly despondent and hopelessly miserable, and yet the most critical research could not detect the least shadow of a reason for all this misery. But that the cause was invisible made the fact none the less a miserable fact; and so she went on, most unreasonably having the blues the very worst way. She tried to work them off by out-door exercise, but this failing, and having learned by experience that solitude and an interesting book, if she could manage to get interested, was the best panacea for these moods, she retired to her own room.

Louise had come from San Francisco down to her aunt's country seat at Santa Cruz, to spend a few weeks during the hot summer months. Her aunt, Mrs. Winslow, always had at this season of the year, her house full of friends and acquaintances who, by the kind invitation of the host and hostess of Shady Villa, had come to spend a few weeks in pure country enjoyment, in preference to going to some fashionable springs where one endures more annoyance than undisturbed comfort.

But what made Louise have the blues? No one could tell; in fact, she could not have told herself. It was one of those strange feelings which come over one at times, and one cannot tell how they come, or what is the cause. Everything seems dark, and life does'nt seem worth living; a sort of inanimation pervades the whole system, foreboding thoughts crowd upon one another, and it requires a great deal of will force to become cheerful, and to throw off such depressing feelings.

Louise looked beautiful as she sat by her room window, dressed in a dress of pure white, her head having a majestic carriage, her face bearing a very thoughtful expression, and her abundant, rich black hair plainly twisted. As she sat by the window her chin resting on her hand, and her eyes looking with fixedness upon the ocean in the distance, she was truly a picture of beauty very seldom witnessed by any one.

Shady Villa was situated on one of the numerous hills for which Santa Cruz is famous, commanding from its elevated site one of the finest views of the harbor and the broad Pacific. Mrs. Winslow was going to give a dinner in the afternoon; a few of her city friends were coming to spend a few days with her.

Mrs. Winslow and her niece were waiting patiently for the arrival of that afternoon's steamer, Santa Barbara. The carriages had already been sent to the landing to convey the guests to the house. As the whirr of the wheels was heard on the gravelled drive, the ladies stepped through the low windows of the drawing room out upon the broad piazza, to receive their friends as they alighted from the carriages.

Mr. Winslow approached his wife with a stranger by his side.

"My dear, this is the son of my old friend, Henry Tracy, whom you already know by name as a young gentleman bidding fair to be one of our brightest lights at the bar."

As Mrs. Winslow was showing her guest all the courtesy that was due to a friend of her husband, and as he was expressing his great pleasure in thus meeting the wife of his father's dearest friend, Mr. Tracy suddenly started as a merry, rippling laugh was wafted toward him, and involuntarily he exclaimed.

"What a musical voice!"

"My niece," rejoined Mrs. Winslow.

Mr. Winslow came forward with Louise on his arm, and completed the formal introduction between his niece and his friend. She had changed greatly since the morning, one could hardly believe that the thoughtful girl at the window was now the smiling and laughing creature talking so spiritedly with Mr. Tracy, and whose musical laugh inspired everybody.

Dinner over, they all retired to the drawing-room, to have a pleasant chat and some music before withdrawing for the night, and further to form their plans for whiling away the time in the most enjoyable manner.

The next morning Mrs. Winslow came into her niece's room in a great hurry.

"Come, get your hat and shawl! We are all going down to the seashore, taking our lunch with us, and we are going to have a pleasant time in Redwood Grove. Where is Mr. Tracy? I have been looking everywhere for him. He must be found to go with us."

"I thought I saw him in the music-room as I was coming up from breakfast," answered Louise.

"He is not there, because I just came through; I suppose he has taken a stroll, to enjoy his cigar in solitude. I will tell John to look him up while we get ready."

Mr. Tracy was waiting by the carriage as Mrs. Winslow and her niece came up to the party. The carriages were soon conveying a gay, light-hearted crowd to the beach, which was some three miles off. Fast horses put distance in the background, and soon they scattered up and down the beach, picking up shells, pebbles and seaweed of innumerable varieties, strewed abundantly along the shore. The day was beautifully bright, with warm, cheering sunshine, but there was a strong wind stirring, and the waves rolled high, and broke upon the shore with a dull, rushing, roaring sound. The sea-gulls hovered on the cliffs, breaking the echoes with their cry, and in the sky there was not a streak of white to be seen upon the pure azure canopy.

"This is playing with the ocean," said Louise, turning with her fresh, bright face to Mr. Tracy, as she ran gayly back from the advancing waves, narrowly escaping having her dainty feet wet by the water. "Ah, beautiful, treacherous sea!" she said, turning her gaze from Mr. Tracy toward the ocean; then back again to her companion." Over how many lives has it closed; how many found relief from their woes in its encircling bosom; how many more have found a grave too soon by its treachery."

"Are you talking with your old friend?" asked Mr. Winslow, as he came up to them, "and are you as fond of him as ever?"

"Yes, I believe I am amphibious," returned Louise, vivaciously.

"I am sorry to see our privacy intruded upon," said Mrs. Winslow. "A family have just come down with several children."

"Rather an unsafe place for children," observed Mr. Tracy.

"Well," exclaimed Louise, "you two seem to think that children have no rights. Why should they be debarred from being here any more than grown people?"

"You're right, Louise," said Mr. Winslow. "But never mind discussing the subject; let us look after something more substantial. For my part, I am getting ravenous."

The sea air had given appetites to all, and they were soon making sad havoc among the tempting viands set before them. A fresh breeze was blowing and rustling the mammoth limbs of the red woods. The grove was on the side of the cliffs facing the ocean. Every one was full of mirth, and "pop" went the champagne corks, and toasts of all descriptions were offered. But what stopped this joyousness all of a sudden? Every one was still. A cry or horror, repeated by many voices! They all rose and rushed toward the spot whence came the sounds.

"My child! My child! Will no one save my child?" came from the lips of an agonized mother.

All was excitement and confusion. The father of the child, unable to swim, was rushing frantically up and down the beach. No one seemed to make any effort to save the little fellow.

"Louise, you shall not do it!" cried Mrs. Winslow. "Come back!"

"It is folly for you to attempt it," said several of the bystanders.

"She was standing on the cliff. A look of resolve was her only answer as she impatiently hastened her steps to the edge of the rocks. In spite of the general cries of remonstrance, she was about to take the plunge, but was arrested by a hand laid gently on her arm.

"Stay! I will save the child. Stay for my sake, Louise!"

The voice was low and passionate, and a thrill rushed through her whole frame. She paused. In a minute more, Mr. Tracy plunged into the water. Louise anxiously watched him. He had swam but a short distance when she turned to her aunt and said in a low, determined accent:

"Swimming as he is, he cannot possibly save the child in these rough waves, with the undercurrent running so strongly. I must go."

A leap, and she was soon gliding gracefully through the water. She showed immediately that she was by far the better swimmer, and understood the nature of the currents. With easy speed she was soon by his side.

"Miss Fair, why did you venture?" he asked in reproachful astonishment.

"To save the child," she answered, curtly, and would have darted rapidly past him, but his hand stayed her.

"This is unkind, ungenerous of you?" he exclaimed. "I can easily save the child, and why do you thus risk your life?" I entreat of you to return—if not for my sake for your own."

A moment Louise hesitated, her heart throbbing painfully; then she answered.

"Mr. Tracy, I can soon reach the child, for I can swim very fast"—she could not say that she could swim faster than he—"and I know my strength in the water. Indeed you will render a greater service by doing as I request, for wind and tide are against us returning; and without assistance, if you do not go back, it is possible that neither of us may reach the shore."

"It will be cowardly for me to desert you. Let me go."

"It will not be as you think—meet me with assistance, and both will be safe."

All this was said so rapidly that no time was wasted. He saw that she was right, and, though it cost his pride a struggle, he did as she requested.

A few rapid strokes in advance, and then Louise slackened her efforts. She watched the child ahead of her, and measured her strength with the distance, her speed with the rapidity with which the little one was being carried out. To those on the shore the distance seemed so great—her movements so slow.

"She will never reach him in time. Can't some one get a boat? Oh, my child! What shall I do!" exclaimed the anguished mother.

"It does not seem possible to reach him at the rate she is going," rejoined Mrs. Winslow, "and the distance is constantly increasing, for the tide is taking him out rapidly, and they are nearing the White Rocks, where the currents are a perfect whirlpool. They will be lost!"

"Don't worry about her movements," said Mr. Winslow. "Louise has undertaken to save the child, and you may depend upon her doing it. She understands the water."

A scream burst from several at once. The child had sunk. Breathless with fear and anxiety, they gazed with straining eyes upon the swimmer. Now they saw her put out—long, steady, cleaving strokes, which lifted her through the water with immense rapidity. The time had arrived for her to exert her speed, and swiftly she neared the child as he rose and floated on the surface. Nearer and nearer she came. Again he sank, but now she was over the spot; instead of waiting for him to rise, she dived under. Another moment, and she raised him aloft to show that he was safe.

"Hurrah! Well done!" bursts from the excited throng on the beach.

She had turned, but her progress was less rapid. She was very near the White Rocks, and the current was strong. She was burdened with the child, and wind and wave were against her. But men had arrived with ropes, and Mr. Tracy had swam out some distance with them. When near enoughed, she signed hurriedly for him to throw her the rope. He did so. With a quick movement she fastened it around her body.

"Have you another rope?" she called out.

"Yes."

"Then tie it around yourself and let them drag you in. You cannot make headway against the tide and the waves.

At first, Henry Tracy was proudly unwilling to be assisted by the rope, but was soon obliged to do so, for he found that she was right. Though Louise's movements were greatly assisted by the ropes, she found her strength fast giving way. By the time she was little more than two-thirds of the distance in she tossed her arm as a signal for them to pull; and pull they did with a will. But, alas! only the child's face was seen above the water. Louise's face could not be seen—only her white hands gleaming now and then above the surface, as she lifted the child firmly in her grasp.

Mr. Tracy was in before her. He urged the men to pull harder, and was restrained from plunging in again only by the strong seamen.

"She is under water—she will surely drown!" he exclaimed.

"Can't be helped," answered the men. "The quicker she comes in the better."

Faster and faster she was pulled in; all that fearful way she was under water. Those who brought her ashore found her holding the child so that his head might be above the surface. Means were taken to revive the boy and Louise. With him, it was a matter of a few minutes; with Louise they worked hour after hour, pouring stimulants down her heart, and applying hot bottles to her feet. Finally she opened her eyes and look about inquiringly.

"She is looking for the child," said Mr. Winslow. "He is all right, Louise, and is talking cheerily, looking none the worse for his bath."

This satisfied her, and she lay back upon the pillow. In a little while she was well enough to be taken to the carriage and conveyed home.

What a different aspect the party presented on its return to what it did in the morning! Then joyful and full of excitement, now sad and anxious.

A few days more, and Louise was again enjoying the pleasures of the country. All through her illness Henry Tracy had paid her every attention, and seemed anxious for her speedy recovery. The villa was brightly lighted every night, and the guests spent many an enjoyable evening together.

One evening Henry Tracy and Louise were sitting together on the veranda. He had a letter in his hand. They were silent for a long time, when Henry broke the silence.

"I shall be compelled to go back to the city again in a few days, as one of my clients has written for me.

"How provoking!" answered Louise.

Another silence ensued after this.

"Louise, do you remember the day you saved the child? Since that time I have loved you sincerely. When we first met you awakened a new hope in my heart, and infused a greater ambition into my life. I have been pining to know if this affection is returned by you." He put his arm around her waist and drew her closer to him. "Only say that you will be mine."

A bright flush suffused her face, and she was silent. In that short time what emotions filled her breast, and what thoughts passed through her mind! He clasped her in his arms and imprinted a kiss upon her brow. She nestled closely to him, and the answer came, low and sweet—

"Yes!"

Mr. and Mrs. Winslow were pleased with their niece's choice. A few months afterward the marriage was celebrated at Trinity Church, San Francisco, and one cannot find a happier pair than Henry and Louise Tracy.

Rag, Tag and Bobtail.

This is probably an old hunting expression to signify a herd of deer. In Prescott's "Philip the Second," quoted by Strype and Hollingshead, is the following: "They hunted the deer, and were so greedy of their destruction that they killed them rag and tag, with hands and swords." The word tegg, or tag, signifies, according to Bailey, "a doe in the second year of her age." Rag is defined by the same writer as "a herd of young colts," but older writers have raeg to signify a herd of deer at rutting time. Bobtail means a fawn just after it has been weaned. Tag and bobtail are used in the same sense when speaking of sheep, but rag does not seem to be known in this connection. The complete original sense of the phrase "tag, rag and bobtail" seems to have been a collection of sheep or deer, of all sorts mixed indiscriminately.

Selling Souvenirs of Sedan.

A camp following "tourist" found himself caught in the railway station at Sedan during the engagement. Of course he could not go out except at the risk of his life. So he amused himself within the innermost doors of the office. "Look here," he said to a friend afterward, opening a small bag full of railway tickets. "I've got some souvenirs of Sedan." They were all marked "Sedan, September 1," and indicated an immense number of quite impossible journeys, such as that to Metz, as having been made on that day. While the storm was raging around, he had stamped all the tickets he could lay hands on with the date of the battle till the ink gave out. "These will be curiosities," said he, adding, "and I've got money out of the pocket of a dead soldier; they say it's lucky." He showed some silver of which he had robbed a corpse.

A Fashionable Woman's Whim.

The extent to which money is wasted at a fashionable woman's whim was illustrated to me the other day. I was in the shop of a well known florist on Broadway when a lady came in from a private coach. She purchased three huge roses, for which she paid $5, and carried them daintily away by their long stems. An hour afterward, going by Delmonico's, I saw my lady of the roses lunching at one of the windows with a companion of her own sex. Fifteen minutes afterward, returning by the same way, I noted that the table where they sat was vacant. Three bare rose stems lay amid the dishes, which were buried in rose leaves. The lady of the roses had plucked $5 worth of flowers to pieces in a few minutes' idle conversation after her luncheon.

SEEN AT THE REHEARSAL.

Lively Times in the Old Board of Trade Building.

Three lithe young men placed their arms around the waists of three supple young women. The three young men were in knee breeches and flannel shirts; the three young women wore ballet skirts. A throng of children and young girls gathered in the old Board of Trade building looked on in silence.

"These," said Capt. Alfred Thompson, who was superintending the maneuvres, "are Deviled Lobsters and Dressed Turkeys."

It was a rehearsal of "The Crystal Slipper."

The leaders of the Dressed Turkeys was Mr. Rinaldo, a dancer of reputation. Mr. Rinaldo is a disciple of the naturalistic school of dancing. "I do not believe," he says, "that a Dressed Turkey should have the same movements as a Deviled Lobster. Do turkeys in real life move as lobsters move? No, sir. Then why should they adopt the same movements on the stage?"

Sig. Novissimo, the ballet-master, listened with feelings of alarm. He belongs so the old school of dancing and defends its traditions manfully.

"Evero," said he, "Losba, he walks like this." And curving his arms and legs, he crawled round the piano. "And torkee," he added, "torkee, he go like that." With which he distended his stomach and waddled towards the violin-stand.

"Precisely," said Mr. Rinaldo.

"But," cried Sig. Novissimo with a gleam of Italian triumph, "you are no live losba; you no live torkee. You only devil losba and dress torkee."

Mr. Rinaldo having admitted that a turkey and lobster on the dinner-table had not the same motions as a turkey in the barnyard and a lobster in the sea. Capt. Thompson came to his rescue and said; "The dance is merely symbolical. Deviled Lobster and Dressed Turkey are well matched on a bill of fare. Let your steps suggest a flirtation."

"I have it," said Sig. Novissimo, striking his forehead. "The dance of seduction in "Tannhauser."

Before Capt. Thompson could protest the mob of children were clamoring around him. "What are we, sir? What are we, sir?"

"Some of you will be oysters on the half shell," he replied.

"I want to be an oyster each of them cried.

"Please, sir let me be an oyster."

"Millie can't rehearse Saturday," said one, pointing to a child of 7. "Millie has a matinee."

"What is her matinee?"

"She buries the canary in 'May Blossom."

"My two little girls would make nice oysters, I think, sir," said an anxious mother, leading by the hand two golden-haired tots.

"How old are they?"

"Just 5. They are twins."

"I was with 'Round the World," said one of the tots proudly.

"I was with 'Ratcatcher" said the other.

"Let me see you march," said Capt. Thompson.

And off they went, their little hands clasped, their mites of feet stamp, stamp, stamping, and sheir golden hair floating behind them. It was not till they reached the old wheat-pit that Capt. Thompson cried "Halt!"

"I fear they're too young" he said to the anxious mother:

"Everybody noticed them in 'Around the World," she pleaded, "and they were the great hit of the 'Ratcatcher."

"Well, I'll take them next year," said Capt. Thompson. "They will look no older then."

"Please, sir," cried another little girl, "can't you do something for 'Melia?"

And 'Melia, a child of 7, slipped off her little dress and stood in tights, a baby acrobat. She placed on the ground a tin cup and a dirty blue handkerchief, smiled upon the audience as she had seen trapeze performers smile at the circus, and leaning backwards, picked up the tin cup and handkerchief with her teeth. After which she contorted her body in an astonishing fashion.

"I might use her as a Lizare," mused Capt. Thompson "But I think," he added, that she had better go to Barnum."

A great commotion now arose. Sig. Novissimo had made a startling discovery. He had been rehearsing eight young women and putting them through the conventional measures. Mr. Rinaldo suggested that they should hop.

"'Op?" cried Sig. Novissimo, "why should they 'op?"

"Because all blackbirds hop," said Mr. Rinaldo, in his craze for naturalism.

"What have these girls to do with blackbirds?" demanded the Signor.

"Are you not aware, sir," replied Mr. Rinaldo, "that those are the Four and Twenty Blackbirds Baked in a Pie?"

"What? What? These eight girls the Four and Twenty Blackbirds! Mio Dio, I never heard such a thing. What? What?"

"There will be eight more," said Capt. Thompson, who plays the part of peacemaker, "and with all the other nursery rhymes we can get no more upon the stage."

"Eight and eight; that makes sixteen," pondered the Italian. "Then for what you call them four and twenty?"

"Because the rhyme says so. Because Mother Goose says so."

"To the devil with the rhyme. To the devil with Madra Goose. I been master of ballet thirty years. I teach in La Scala at Milano, at San Carlo, in Napoli. And never, never seen I sixteen ballerine put down as Four and Twenty Blackbirds."

Novissimo's trouble was so sincere that Mr. David Henderson, the manager, had to be summoned. Hearing the case, he said that he would consider the feasibility of breaking down the rear wall of the stage to accommodate eight more blackbirds and oblige the ballet-master. Thoroughly pacified, the latter turned his attention to the eight young ladies who were to represent Ice-Creams.

"Our only fear," said Capt. Thompson, "is that during the hot summer months the Ice-Cream will melt."

"Sig. Novissimo had them all by name. "Vanilla you are running into Pistachio. Strawberry I want you to dance with Chocolate. Why you look so sour Lemon?"

But the children were clamoring to begin their rehearsal. "What parts you take?" asked Sig. Novissimo.

"Humpty Dumpty," cried the children.

"Ompee Dompee? What he do?"

"He had a great fall."

"Good. Fall then. Fall, all together. And what Ompee Dompee do next? He got up again?"

"No," cried the children!

"All the king's horses and all the king's men—
Can't put Humpty Dumpty together again."

"Ah?" said Novissimo. "Then stay where you fell. I cannot get you off the stage if the rhyme says you remain. Hh, this stupid rhyme. Ah, this foolish Madre Goose. Who the devil she was, this Madre Goose idiotic?"

Then, with Beccbanalian air and arms upraised, the Bottles of Champagne bore down on the puzzled ballet-master. "Dry Champagne on one side," he directed. "Sweet Champagne on the other, my dear," he added, addressing a pretty little girl. "Why, you dance with the Drys. You not Dry. You are Sweet,"

"So the boys tell me," she said, and cast down her eyes.

Eveline's Luck.

Eveline Morton was employed by a large London mourning establishment, and she had been sent down according to the advertisement, to "fit" a recently bereaved family. She had been told to take a cab, but there was no cab to be had, and North Lodge was "quite a three-mile walk."

Eveline paused suddenly and looked down the path she had to pursue with frightened eyes, for she distinctly heard footsteps. The footsteps approached rapidly, and soon a dark figure came in sight. Eveline shrank back to get out of its way, but it moved also, so that it was still right in front of her.

"Good-night!" said a gruff voice.

"Good-night!" repeated Eveline.

"It is a dark night for you to be out in," went on the man. "Have you got such a thing as a copper about you to give a poor fellow?"

Tremblingly Eveline took out her purse to look for a penny; as she did so, it was suddenly snatched out of her hands. Eveline gave a little cry of distress at the loss of the money; but she was too much alarmed to utter a single word of remonstrance. The man's burly figure still barred the way.

"Let me pass," she pleaded. "I have no jewelry. My purse was the only thing worth stealing; you have that, so pray let me go."

"Don't be in such a hurry, pretty one," said the man with a hoarse laugh, and he caught a hold of her arm. "I want to speak to you."

"Oh! pray—pray—let me go," cried Eveline, dropping the parcel, for her poor little heart was beating almost to suffocation.

"Not till I've given you a kiss," he said, insolenty. "You are a pretty girl."

And he drew her nearer to him, so that his rough bearded face touched her cheek. Eveline pushed him from her with all her force, uttering scream after scream. Her terror gave her sudden strength, and for quite a minute she kept him at arm's length.

"You little vixen!" he exclaimed with an oath. "I'll have that kiss in spite of all your struggles; I will, by ——"

He never finished his sentence, for at that moment a well-directed blow from a powerful fist felled him to the ground.

"You cowardly blackguard!" cried the newcomer indignantly. "How dare you insult a lady! Stand up, and let me knock you down again."

But this the tramp wisely declined to do. He rolled over in abject terror, whining out an appeal for mercy; as the young man spurned him with his foot.

"I am indeed sorry that you should have been frightened by the fellow," said the stranger, lifting his hat and turning to Eveline.

The girl tried to thank him, but her emotion was too great, and putting her hand to her eyes she cried bitterly, while the young man looked on sympathetically, scarcely knowing what to do or say under such embarrassing circumstances.

"My parcel!" she exclaimed suddenly, thinking of her employer's property.

"Is here!" returned her new friend, picking it up as he spoke, "and your purse, too," he added, for in the struggle the tramp had dropped Evelin's shabby little portmonnaie.

Eveline took the purse and then mechanically held out her hand for the parcel; but Ralph Vernon—such was the name of the gentleman who had come to her rescue—shook his head.

"I'll carry it," he said, dubiously, "You don't think I am going to leave you in the lane after what has happened. Where are you going?"

"To North Lodge," faltered Eveline.

"You will find the Thursbys in great trouble," said Ralph Vernon, looking at her curiously.

"I know it," returned Eveline, coloring. "I have come from London to make up their mourning.".

"Oh!" cried Ralph, a little surprised, for he had imagined that she was some poor relative, at least.

His manner was far more respectful than before, and Eveline felt so glad of his company that she soon brightened up, even laughing at the recollection of the tramp, as he crawled away on his hands and knees, and then suddenly sprang to his feet, flying off like the wind. It was too dark for Ralph to distinguish the girl's features plainly, but he could see that she was pretty, and that her figure was slight and graceful. Her voice, too, pleased him; it was so sweet and refined.

The little dressmaker was a lady in every sense of the word.

"Pray take my arm," he said, kindly. I know you are very tired and upset by the fright that ruffian gave you."

"But you have the parcel to carry," returned Eveline, hesitatingly.

"I can manage both you and the parcel," he told her, with a laugh.

"You have never carried a parcel before in your life," observed Eveline, as she accepted his arm.

"How do you know that?" he asked good-humoredly. "Well if I have never made myself useful before, it is high time I began now."

"Don't you know that I fell desperately in love with you that night when I rescued you from the tramp?" They were sitting together in the conservatory some weeks after Eveline's adventure. "At least I think I did, although it was not till I saw you peep at me through the window that I knew how exquisitely pretty you were. Be my wife and let me take care of you not only on dark nights, but all your life."

And Eveline said yes.

Idleness is the hotbed of temptation the cradle of disease, the waster of time, the canker-worm of felicity.

Judge Not.

I was teaching a private school in a flourishing town in one of the Western States, when an incident occurred that showed me how wrongfully we sometimes judge those whom we consider beneath us socially.

My school, with one exception, was composed of children from the best families in the place—well-behaved little girls and boys, who never gave me any trouble with their lessons or their play. The exception I spoke of was a half-clad, half-starved orphan boy about ten years old, that a friend of mine had persuaded me to take into my school. I had expected some of my patrons to object, but they did not, and things moved on smoothly for a month or more. Some of my scholars lived in the suburbs, and as it was quite a walk to the school-house, they usually brought their dinners. One day at noon, two of the children came to me, and said some one had taken most of their dinner.

"It is that little starved Moore boy; I know it is," said one of them spitefully.

"No," said I, "you do not know that Jack Moore did it; you only think he did. You must say nothing to any one but me about this, and we will watch and see if we can catch the thief. I am going home now to my dinner and when I come back I will bring you something to eat."

The dinner-baskets were always left in the hall on a shelf that had been placed there for that purpose. I watched Jack Moore constantly, never allowing him to get out of my sight until noon, but I watched in vain. Before the week was gone every basket had been robbed of its contents. Some days one only would be disturbed, sometimes two, sometimes a little would be taken from them all. I felt sure Jack was the thief, for he was the only child there that did not have plenty at home of the very best food the land afforded, but when he did the stealing was a mystery to me. The story of the theft was soon known by every scholar in school, and it was very evident from their actions that they all thought they knew who the thief was. Some of the larger ones even suggested that it would be best to send him away from school. I concluded to give the whole school a lecture on the sin of stealing, and then if that did no good, to send Jack away. So the next morning after this decision, I delivered my lecture. I grew excited, forgot the school, forgot everything except the miserable little sinner in his tattered garments sitting all alone at a desk by the window. I did not mean to be so personal, and felt mortified when I found I had delivered my lecture to Jack Moore, and not to the school. The child's face was crimson, and he looked the very picture of guilt as he twisted his little, dirty fingers in and out of one another. I felt like hiding my face in my hands and taking a good cry; I felt so angry with myself, and so sorry for the desolate little child. But I controlled myself, and began to hear the lessons. Jack opened his book, but seemed to have no heart to study, and turned the leaves listlessly. His face lost its crimson glow, and settled into a kind of sullen despair that puzzled me.

"Daisy Davis," I said, glancing at my watch, "it is time you were going to your music lessons."

My voice softened, and I smiled when I spoke to her. Everyone, old and young, spoke in a caressing way when they addressed Daisy. She was such a sweet delicate little child; she looked just like a fragile flower. A short time after Daisy quitted the room, I saw Jack lean out of the window by his desk, and then sit down again with such an expression of amazement and joy on his face. When he saw that I had seen him, he motioned to the window back of my chair. I looked to see if any of the scholars had noticed him, but no one seemed to have seen him. I went to the window and leaned out as I had seen Jack do, and there close to the wall sat Daisy devouring cake, pickles and cheese most ravenously. I don't know how I finished my morning's work, but noon came at last; and when the scholars had all left the school-room I called Jack and told him how sorry I was that I had misjudged him.

"You needn't be sorry nothing about it," he said kindly; "I knew you could not help thinking it was me; and then, as if talking more to himself than to me, he added: "but I'm glad you found out it wasn't;" then still more softly, "I am sorry for that little girl, she is such a pretty little thing."

"I am sorry for her, too," said I. Suppose we never tell."

"All right," said he, "I'll never tell," and he never did.

That evening I told the scholars that Jack Moore was innocent, that I found the thief, but would give no name, and that in future their baskets would be safe. When I asked Daisy about it, she burst out crying:

"Oh, Miss Morris," she said, "I was so fearfully hungry. The doctor says I must not eat anything but oatmeal, graham bread and milk, and I can't eat that. The very sight of it makes me sick. But I will try, if you will never tell mamma that I am a thief. Oh," she sobbed, "I'll never steal again, if I starve."

And she never did, but tried to follow the doctor's directions as best she could, and it was not long until she was able to eat anything she wanted without it hurting her. "Judge not, that ye be not judged."

Does it Pay?

"Does it, after all, pay to be honest?" a disappointed young man writes. No, my son, not if you're honest for pay, it doesn't. Not if you are honest merely because you think it will pay; not if you are honest only because you are afraid to be a rogue; indeed, my dear boy, it does not pay to be honest that way. If you can't be honest because you hate a lie and scorn a mean action, if you can't be honest from principle, be a rascal; that's what you are intended for, and you'll probably succeed at it. But you cannot make anybody believe in honesty that is bought and sold like merchandise.

His Eyelid Saved Him.

A farmer living in Fayette county, W. Va., became suddenly ill, and before a physician could reach him he was apparently dead. All efforts to bring him to "life" seemed fruitless, and preparations were finally made for his funeral. While taking a last look at the supposed dead man, it is said, a friend noticed a twitching of one of the eyelids, and when medical aid was summoned and restoratives applied he regained consciousness. He has since fully recovered from his curious attack.

"WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE."

An Invalid's Experience with Disagreeing Physians.

In the month of August, 1882, I came down from Engelberg to Luzerne. The next day I met a friend who, knowing of my search for health, informed me that the great lung specialist, Professor Kussmaul, of Strasburg, was at Rigi-Kaltbad and advised that I consult him. Within a few hours I had made an appointment by telegraph, and the following day the train carried me from Vitznau, up the famous Rigi mountain. The doctor—a perfect type of a German professor—received me cordially, auscultated my lungs with care, and pronounced the following opinion. Said he: "You are not a very sick man and, with prudence, ought to live to old age. I find a catarrhal condition at the base of the right lung. This you should try to remove. The lung is sluggish at that point and needs some shock to make it work. Go to the great water cure establishment at Divonne, near Geneva. The French understand the water cure treatment better than we Germans. Dr. Vidart, the physician of the Divonne establishment, will arrange a cold douche to fall direct on the catarrhal point with great force, say from a height of twenty to thirty feet. A few weeks of such treatment will help to remove this catarrhal condition."

I paid a liberal fee and returned to Luzerne. The doctor's advice filled me with concern. I feared that such a violent shock might induce hemorrhage. The same night I wrote particulars of this interview with a request for advice to Dr. Messing, a clever physician of Meran, Tyrol, who knew my condition perfectly. Three days later came the telegraphic response: "Do not go to Divonne. Such treatment dangerous for you. Messing," So I did not go, but went to Italy and, later, Mentone instead.

The following summer I spent several weeks at Rilchenhall, Bavaria. I heard so much of the ability of a Dr. Schmid that I consulted him. His diagnosis and treatment agreed with that of Professor Kussmaul. He advised strong douches on the affected part of the lung. I still had my doubts. The next day I consulted Professor Schneider. He rather undecidedly advised against the douche business. A day or two after I had my chest thumped by Dr. Kammerer, a physician of reputation. He opposed the douche idea most decidely. Said he: "It can only do you harm. You eat well, sleep well, feel well and, to all practical purposes, are well. Be satisfied! Don't try dangerous experiments." The balance stood—two for cold water treatment, three against. So I still kept away from Divonne.

A few months thereafter, en route from Frankfort to Baden-Baden, I left the train at the little station whence one drives to Falkenstein. I was curious to inspect the great Sanitarium and to meet the eminent Professor Dettweiler. Soon after arriving I had the professor pronounce on my condition, telling him the treatment Kussmaul had advised. Dettweiler thought it a good idea; said, however, that it was not necessary to go to Divonne, that a fine water cure establishment was conducted at Baden-Baden; that I should call in Dr. Schliep, a man of ability (physician of the Empress of Germany), who thorougly understood water cure treatment and would arrange to give me the powerful douches required. I left Falkenstein delighted. At last I was to have my douches. The very day I reached Baden-Baden I sent for Dr. Schliep—a bright, wide-awake young man, who has a hobby that the majority of lung and throat diseases originate from breathing through the mouth. I explained to him all that Dettweiler had said. He examined me attentively, then asked what form of bath I was in the habit of taking. I answered that for many years I had taken a daily cold sponge bath, followed by vigorous massage. "That," said Dr. Schliep, "is all you need. I see no necessity for any violent douches in your case." Cheated again!

I spent part of the winter in Mentone. I laid the case before Dr. Stiege. His opinion was that the treatment proposed wouldn't do me much good, but that it couldn't do me any harm. Then I consulted Dr. Cube, a Russian physician. He most emphatically believed in the treatment, and urged me to go to Divonne. Then I went to Nice and consulted Dr. Drummond, a Scotchman. He just as emphatically, with the broadest brogue, said: "Don't you go to Divonne. You'll burst the machine."

My medical balance now stood four in favor, five against and one on the fence. The physicians of greatest reputation, however, favored the treatment. I had pondered on the subject some two years, and so I finally decided that I should at least visit Divonne. In the month of April, 1884, therefore, I entered the Etablissement Hydrotherapique de Divonne, and stood in the presence of Dr. Vidart. I explained to him the original suggestion of Professor Kussmaul, that a very violent cold water shock should be made to fall on the deceased part of the lung, with all the other medical pros and cons. The doctor devoted considerable time and care to the examination, and finally delivered the following opinion: "Cold water douches will do you good, but not violent douches, and the whole body must be douched except the very part which has the chronic catarrhal affection."

Comment unnecessary. Did I follow the treatment? Yes, for five weeks. Did it benefit me? No! It robbed me of flesh and vitality, which it took me two years to regain.

Getting Square With His Dad.

He was the son of a worthy Chicagoan, and he had just returned from college. The father was a brusque, matter-of-fact man, who had no liking for anything dudish, and he noticed with sorrow that his son returned with bangs and various other insignia of dudeism. The old gentleman surveyed him critically when he appeared in his office, and then blurted out:

"Young man, you look like a fool."

Just at that moment, and before the young man had time to make a fitting reply, a friend walked in.

"Why, hello George have you returned?" he asked. "Dear me, how much you resemble your father."

"So he has just been telling me," replied the youth, And from that day to this the old gentleman has found no fault with the bangs.

The fire-fly only shines when on the wing. So it is with the mind, when once we rest we darken.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Dried shark fins are sold in every Chinese provision store in New York, and are esteemed such a delicacy that they bring nearly $4 per pound.

—A parrot that was valued at $300 died in Poughkeepsie recently. It could sing, talk and swear in the English, Dutch and Portuguese languages.

—Generals Sherman, Sheridan, Howard and Terry are the only men now living who have personally received the thanks of the Congress of the United States.

—The Emperor of China has four physicians, each of whom receives a weekly salary, stopping when he becomes sick. Therefore his indisposition is never of long duration.

—A Maine clergyman's donation party recently netted $6. The stuff that the guests devoured cost the poor preacher $28. Now he prays earnestly to be delivered from his friends.

—Under the high license law of Pennsylvania there are now only 250 places in Pittsburg where liquor is sold, whereas before the law was passed there were 1,500 such places.

—Nearly all the United States Senators are large men, the average weight running close to 180 pounds. Their entire weight, according to a statistical correspondent, is nearly 14,000 pounds.

—"Pilgrim's Progress" has just been translated into the language of the Fantes, a tribe occupying a district in Upper Guinea, on the gold coast. This is the eighty-first foreign version of Bunyan's work.

—Roscoe Conkling managed to satisfactorily dispose of $200,000 worth of property in a will of seven lines. It is safe to say there will be no fat pickings for lawyers in a contest of that document.

—A Methodist church at Augusta held a "hard boiled egg festival" for the purpose of raising money. Each lady attending was expected to bring a hard boiled egg, the proceeds to go to the purchase of an organ.

—A French engineer has recently invented an improved key, which simplifies and renders lasting the tuning of stringed instruments. The violoncellists of the Grand Opera at Paris have had them adapted to their instruments.

—A number of New York ladies have subscribed a fund of $6,000, whose interest shall be used to pay the college expenses of the New York woman who each year shall pass the best examination for entrance to Harvard.

—Deering (Me.) people were amazed at seeing what appeared to be a luminous cloud floating high up over their heads about 10 o'clock in the evening recently. An investigation made from a roof showed that the cloud was composed of fire flies.

—What is pronounced the smallest circular saw in practical use is a tiny disc about the size of a British shilling, which is employed for cutting the slits in golp pens. These saws are about as thick as ordinary paper, and revolve some 4000 times per minute.

—According to the San Francisco *Alta*, a church organ in that city has been benefitted rather than injured by the accidental discharge of a bullet into it. The instrument was out of order, but since receiving the bullet has produced almost as good music as when new.

—The following is the seating capacity of the eight largest churches of Europe; St. Peter, Rome, 54,000 persons; Milan cathedral, 37,000; St. Paul, London, 25,000; St. Sophia, Constantinople, 23,000; Notre Dame, Paris, 21,000; Florence cathedral, 20,000; Pisa cathedral, 13,000; St. Mark, Venice, 7,000.

—The largest bell in the world is the great bell of Moscow, Russia, which lies at the foot of the Kremlin. Its circumference at the bottom is nearly sixty-eight feet, and its height more than twenty-one feet. In its stoutest part it is twenty-three inches thick, and its weight has been computed to be 443,772 pounds. It has never been hung. It was cast on the spot where it now stands.

—The character of thieves' (a certain class of them) booty seems to be undergoing a complete revolution. Only a short time ago their boldness extended to carrying off stoves. Then it became more expansive, so as to include house roofs, and now one of the rascals out in Kansas has capped the climax by digging up and carting away 500 sweet potato plants

—The anti-German crusade is being carried on within Russia with great vigor. Officials who are Lutherans, and not of the Russian faith, are being removed. In the Baltic provinces, German, which was authorized by Peter the Great, is to be replaced by Russian. Criminals of German nationality are being discriminated against by the courts.

—The cost of maintaining the imperial family of Germany, with all its various branches, is $20,000,000 a year. The Sultan of Turkey costs $15,000,000 annually. The most economical court in Europe, considering the wealth of the Empire, is the Austrian. Royalty comes high, but some of the people of the old world think they must have it.

—Six months ago a resident of Millersburg, Kentucky, received a pony from a friend living in the Indian Territory, and the story is that, very recently, the animal escaped from his new master, wandered off through several States, swam over a number of rivers, and on Monday last reached his old home. Horse anecdotes bid fair to eclipse fish stories in interest and picturesqueness.

—On February 28, 1571, Marcby Hill, near Hereford, England, began to move, bearing with it the cattle, trees and hedges on its surface. It continued in motion for two days, overthrowing a chapel that lay in its path, and leaving, where it formerly stood, a chasm forty feet deep and thirty long. A similar phenomenon happened in Dorsetshire in 1583.

—The French Minister of War, before giving an order for the manufacture of military clothing, investigated the wool product and gives the following figures: world's annual product of wool 800,000 tons, value $600,000,000. Of this Europe produces one-fourth part, Australasia one-eighth part, India, Central Asia and China three-sixteenths, the United States one-tenth. France has 22,000,000 sheep, and imports 80,000 tons of wool per year. Half of this is used for the army and navy.