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A SONG FOR THANKSGIVING.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

A song for Thanksgiving. The corn's garnered in;
The wealth of the wheat-field is safe in the bin!
The air is fragrant with odors that rise
From Greenings and Sweetings and plump Northern spys!
There's hay in the loft; there is wood at the door;
Of all things there's plenty, and shall we ask more?
Nay, not so, my neighbor. Be thankful, and pay
Earnest tribute to God for his mercies to-day.

A song for Thanksgiving. To-day they will come
To gather once more by the hearthstone of home,
The "boys" and the "girls" who can never forget
The place that is home of all homes to them yet.
They still gather to-day round the bountiful board
And each heart will be glad and give thanks to the Lord
For blessings that sprang up like flowers by the way
And gladdened the hearts that are grateful to-day.

A song for Thanksgiving. The "boys" and the "girls"
Who have frost on their temples and snow in their curls
Bring back to the old home their girls and their boys,
And the old rafters ring with their frolic and noise.
But grandfather laughs with them over their fun,
And grandmother smiles at the mischief that's done,
And it seems that all hearts have forgotten the gray
And grow young in the gladness of Thanksgiving Day.

A song for Thanksgiving! The old clock strikes one.
There's a stir and excitement,—the turkey is done!
It steams on the board and makes fragrant the air
With odors a rose might be happy to share.
The gold of the pumpkin gleams out in a pie
That makes little mouths water and gladdens the eye
Of the old boys and girls. O, be thankful, I say,
For God's best day of all—and that's Thanksgiving Day!

—*Exchange.*

THE BLUE CAT.

There was, once upon a time, in an island of the East, an incomparable Princess, gifted with all the perfections of heart and mind. Her graces were celebrated a hundred leagues round; her kingdom was flourishing, her subjects respectful, her ministers capable. She lived in the time of the fairies. More than a thousand suitors, all kings or sons of kings, aspired to her hand; but the Ailla showed no favor to any of them, the only preference she had ever exhibited having been concentrated on white Velvetpaw, her favorite cat.

Velvetpaw was a charming little playful animal, with large irised eyes, tufts at the ends of its shapely ears, and a coat so soft, silky, and abundant that the Princess's hands disappeared when she caressed it.

In imitation of the sovereign, all the great people in the kingdom possessed at least one favorite cat, which they petted and nursed incessantly. They were seen with jewels in their ears, bracelets on their paws, or with collars inconceivably magnificent, they slept on down and satin, ate out of golden or silver dishes, and had servants to themselves.

Those of the middle class had to content themselves with silver jewelry, and with eating out of porcelain dishes; but, more philosophic than men, they ate with no less appetite. This island was, at that time, truly the paradise of cats; their lives, protected by special laws, had nothing to fear, either from traps or from the river, which, amongst us, makes so many victims. They increased and multiplied at leisure, and their wishes were carefully respected. So it was that no country had ever cats so beautiful or so numerous.

When the shades of evening closed in, the inhabitants went forth into their streets, without lanterns, their path illuminated by thousands of flaming eyes, beaming from the house-tops to the cellar-gratings, sparkling from the shadows of every bush, from the tree-branches above their heads, from the hollows between the stones at their feet, climbing, crossing through space, like a flight of disordered stars.

Then it was a strange concert, a discordant symphony, in which the mewing of all ages and conditions mingled without confounding each other; at first, a mere confused rumor, which speedily grew into a tumult, filling the shades of night with alarms, augmenting, hissing, growling, to burst into a deepening fracas, in which the affrighted ear might imagine it was listening, in the midst of inhuman roaring, to the agonizing cries of a child being put to death.

But, with the coming of day, flames and battling dispersed, order returned, and the mutineers of the night once again became peaceful citizens, resumed the insignia of their dignities, their mild and inoffensive demeanour, and all the airs of honest people incapable of committing the smallest peccadillo.

Ailla was living happily in this way, and all her people with her, when, one fine night, she took it upon herself to dream of blue cat with topaz-colored eyes having upon its neck a collar of diamonds, the most sparkling in the world. Could a poor princess, who has nothing to desire, dream of anything else? So there would have been no great harm done, but for the intervention of an enchanter one hundred and twelve years old, wh , twice before, had explained to the Princess what had troubled her sleep.

This magician lived not far from the royal palace in an old ruined tower haunted by spirits, a place thoroughly fitted, if there ever was one, for carrying on of mysterious operations.

Ailla went there, the very morning after she had that dream, attended by one slave only; for neither for evil spirits nor women would the magician put himself in the least out of the way. At the first sound of approaching footsteps, the owls, the daws, and the ravens, who inhabited the sinister old tower, took wing with a frightful clatter, and from under the shuddering grass vipers and serpents glided, hissing now softly, now angrily.

At the entrance to a large room, draped with enormous spiders' webs, a great toad croaked three times. Though the sun had been for some time risen, a dim light, like that of the moon, alone entered this awe-inspiring dwelling, which was almost filled with darkness.

In the obscurest corner of the room sat the magician, or, rather, he lay half buried i an immense wheeled arm-chair, in which he ceaselessly, and with prodigious activity, moved about. He was, besides, so well wrapped up in a red and black robe garnished with bells, and his hat, three feet high, and tipped with the eye of a lynx, was pressed down so tightly on his head that it was with difficulty that his face, angular and polished as ivory, could be distinguished. Not content with being legless, he was one-eyed, his unique eye, deep-set, glittering like a firefly in a glass case. His beard, white and abundant, descended to the ground, forming on his black robe a snowy cascade.

On every side lay, heaped in strange disorder, objects of odd form; living animals motionless, others, that were stuffed, writhing; on overthrown trunks were seen open books, written in undecipherable characters; in another place, a vessel filled with bloodstained water, in which floated, like streaming weeds in a dark pool; great locks of human hair decked with tinsel spangles; and when a gust of wind passed through the wide openings from without, the rattling of skeletons hanging from the roof was heard.

On perceiving Ailla, the magician made her a sort of bow; but scarcely had she told him, in trembling tones, what had brought her to his abode, than he uttered a frightful imprecation. After which, having made with his chair three rapid circles about the Princess, he stopped short, and, in a piercing voice, announced to her that, if she wished to avoid terrible misfortunes, she must instantly have search made for the Blue Cat, the presence of which could alone save her from impending disaster.

At these words the screech-owl perched on the master's-shoulder, flapps its wings and uttered a dismal cry; a monstrous spider crouching on his knees set up the bristles on its back; all the bells on the magician's robe jangled at once; the lynx eye shot forth a greenish beam; then all became obscured. The Princess fainted, and, without paying any other heed to her the old enchanter had her carried out of the tower by one of his familiar animals.

To tell the truth, the wicked old enchanter had wished to make a strong impression on the Princess's mind, though it is possible that he meditated some other dark project. Everybody knows how deep is the rascality of enchanters. However, it may have been, his cunning did not much profit him; for that same evening while he was preparing a brand-new enchantment his big cauldron burst, and next morning nothing was found in his dwelling but a heap of cinders, in the midst of which were some still smoking bones.

Ailla saw in this death a confirmation of the prophecy, and fainted for the second time.

Now the whole kingdom was turned upside down. By order of the Grand Vizier search was everywhere made, from the floor of the palace to the roof of the highest garret. Notices were published, rewards were offered to whoever should discover, seize, and bring to the Princess the marvelous cat.

It was spring-time, and there was no lack of kittens; the entire army was occupied in examining all the new-born, amongst which were found every known hue of cat; but not one that was blue. Then the open country was minutely explored, the forest, the rocks—vainly.

The Princess visibly declined day by day, trembling unceasingly, and turning from all food.

At length, weary of waiting, Ailla convoked an extraordinary sitting of the Grand Council, and solemnly declared that she would give her hand to whoever should bring her the marvelous cat.

Great was the stir amongst her suitors; never before did so many travellers stream over the surface of the globe! Panting horses crossed and recrossed each other everywhere; the roads in every direction were encumbered with overthrown carriages. Ships were seen to sink under the weight of passengers on board of them; while the sky was dotted with balloons ballasted with travellers. The easy explanation of all this voyage energy is that every one of the Princess's official suitors had published, far and near, promises of rich rewards to whoever should succeed in finding the Blue Cat. The result was that one-half the world rushed upon the other half.

A year sped; the Princess had become the merest shadow of her former self. Her temper was sharpened; she saw about her nothing but crime and treason. Horrible phantoms disturbed her sleep; and, on awaking, she confounded the dreams of her brain with the actuality of things. Instinctively she condemned all those of whom she had conceived any doubt. The executioner, hitherto unemployed, demanded an increase of salary; he even spoke of taking an assistant!

In utter despair, all the most learned men in the world were consulted. They came from all countries, and, greeting each other with a thousand civilities, did not fail to exchange a vast number of compliments on their own works, of which they spoke with reverence, while, not having read a line of them, each, on his side, firmly believed that his own works alone were worthy of sincere praise and deep study. These salaamings got through, one banquet and then another w s organized for their edification—and thousands of subjects were discussed, all wide of the matter which had brought them together.

On that subject, they speedily divided themselves into two camps; one affirmed that the Blue Cat was but a variety of the tiger; the other party, on the contrary, maintained that the tiger is nothing but a completely developed cat. From tigers the discussion passed by insensible degrees, to leop rds, to the lion—even to monkeys. In short, at the end of six months, the Prime Minister, wishing to know the result of their labors, found them almost smothered under a mass of reports; their heads alone were yet visible, and all at the moment were profoundly occupied in active researches on the subject of a certain kind of *coleoptera* missing since the time of the Deluge, and which one of them flattered himself he had refound. So hotly were they disputing over this matter, indeed, as hardly to be conscious of the purpose which had brought them together. Furious at their conduct, the Princess ordered them all to be hanged, which had the effect of making them all of one opinion, this time at least.

Next day an edict was posted on the walls of all the cities in the kingdom, announcing that each day, in alphabetical order, ten citizens, men and women, should be hung, and that the extermination should be continued until the Blue Cat was found and brought to the Princess.

The consternation was extreme. In all directions the streams became swollen with the tears that were shed to such a degree as to threaten an inundation in several parts of the kingdom and the wind was drowned in the sounds of the cries forced from the despair which such a tyranny excited. The boldest spoke in low tones of revolt which, in the times of the fairies, was a thing unheard of.

It was then that a young man, well made and of distinguished bearing, took a violent resolution. His name was Brisloun, and he desired to save his country, his fellow citizens, and himself. Possibly he had a wish even beyond all this. With this purpose he went to the house of the Prime Minister, who, before being hung next day (his name beginning with an A), was in a very bad temper, and very little disposed to receive visitors. However, a message given by the young man having been conveyed to him, reawakened in the diplomatist's downcast soul a gleam of hope. He ordered the stranger to be shown in to him.

In two words the young man explained his idea and plan. The idea was a very simple one, which readily accounted for the fact that nobody had before thought of it. The plan was a bold one. It was nothing less than to play the oracle, mystify a queen, and gull a people—who could tell? perhaps to falsify for ever the history of science in regard to the color of cats! The mere thought of it made the Minister's forehead burst into a cold perspiration.

"If the trick is discovered," he objected, "we shall be impaled like traitors, beheaded life forgers, and burned at a slow fire like men guilty of sacrilege."

But Brisloun was not in the least degree weak-minded?

"One can but die once," he replied. In the situation of the Minister he ran but little risk.

These arguments were, in the end, successful, and the young man's plan accepted. Velvetpaw was confided to him.

The night passed feverishly and slowly for the unfortunate Minister. At length dawn appeared, shedding rosy tints upon the long row of gibbets which had been set up.

Exhausted by a terrible nightmare, the Princess hardly closed her eyes. One of her thin hands hung down from the side of her couch; her bosom heaved.

At that moment one of the doors of her chamber was partially opened, and, a moment afterwards, closed again noiselessly. At the same instant a strange sensation awakened the Princess. An enormous weight was stifling her. Feebly she raised her heavy eyelids, pressed on by the finger of death. Oh, miracle! Curled up upon her breast—soft, supple, graceful, and of an azure the most beautiful imaginable—a cat was admiring her, smiling at her, in its way, with its great limpid golden eyes. Diamonds, big as stars, sparkled amid its silky coats. Ailla had only power to utter a loud scream, to break the cord of her bell, and to faint away once more.

Some hours later, happy, appeased, and already less pale, the Princess went in great pomp to the Council Chamber. Before her, on a cushion of cloth of gold, the azure-colored cat allowed itself to be devoutly borne. Then the Prime Minister, prostrating himself, and with all the usual ceremonial, presented Brisloun to the princess, and related to her how, after having discovered the Blue Cat at the bottom of an inaccessible cavern, guarded by frightful monsters, this young man had, at the peril of his life, and after overcoming a thousand difficulties, brought it away.

During the delivery of this address the Princess had very attentively regarded her deliverer. She even suddenly remembered that she had promised her hand to whoever should succeed in accomplishing the difficult task in which so many others had failed. As she appeared inclined to keep her word, the Minister again prostrated himself, and, not without embarrassment, observed to his sovereign that Brisloun—otherwise gifted with all the qualities that make an amiable husband—was unfortunately only a draper. But, without pausing to hear more, Ailla replied quickly:—

"His address and courage shall stand him in stead of letters of nobility, and to begin with I will name him Grand Commander of the Blue Cat, of which order the lowest chevalier shall be prince of the blood! The wedding shall take a place a week hence!"

Many days sped happily, and probably no cloud would have shown itself upon the horizon, but for the fancy which overtook the precious Blue Cat to escape from the royal apartments, where it was kept with great ceremony, to scamper for awhile on the roof of the palace. The moon, it was true, was shining that night with brightness, and it may be imagined that being a cat does not necessarily imply inability to admire the beauties of nature.

In short, imprudent pussy, intoxicated by her air and liberty, pranced about so widely as suddenly to lose her balance, to slip down a gutter which descended perhaps perpendicularly, into an inner court of the palace, and, finally, to pitch head first into a big basin in which aromatics and essences were in course of soaking. Stunned by the fall and half stifled by the violence of the perfumes, the poor creature struggled some time before being able to extricate itself.

The agitation of the Princess may be conceived when, next day, she beheld this cat on which the security of the kingdom rested enter her chamber shivering, soiled, dazed, with the aspect, in short of a half-drowned animal. This agitation, however, was as nothing compared with that which followed on her discovering that large patches of white marred the robe of azure, obtained at the cost of so many sacrifices.

Presently, alas! even doubt was no longer possible; for, by force of rubbing against the bed-curtains to dry itself, Velvetpaw, Oh perfidious—Velvetpaw herself reappeared, still slightly blue, but nevertheless only too recognizable! It had been able to save its skin in the accident of the past night, but not its color, which was not proof against essences.

The anger of the princess was extreme on learning in this way the trick by which she had been abused. Instantly she wished to avenge herself, but in a terrible, cruel manner; and she was hesitating on the choice of a punishment, when the Prince entered, handsomely dressed in a cherry-colored satin robe embroidered with pearls, which admirably set off his gallant bearing.

As soon as she saw him she pointed an accusing finger towards discolored Velvetpaw, which, with a very crestfallen air, was curled up at the foot of the Princess's bed.

"Torture shall make you repent, miserable impostor!" she cried, trembling with passion, and with flashing eyes.

Brisloun was not in the least alarmed.

"What has made you so angry, madam, and what crime has drawn down upon me such severe reproaches?" he asked.

"Tricking me!" replied the Princess furiously.

Brisloun was still unmoved.

"You ought, on the contrary, to thank me," he said. "The cat of which you dreamed has no existence; I made it; your life, your beauty, your happiness—I say nothing of that of your whole people—depended on this caprice; I staked my head on satisfying it." And in a gentle tone he added: "Say, Princess, have you been less happy?"

"To have played the oracle!" said Ailla, her bosom heaving.

"To have interpreted it, you would say." And, as she suddenly became thoughtful, Brisloun went on: "Your dream, my beautiful Princess, was at once a warning and a lesson. The sorcerer gave you the word, if the sense of it. Happiness, Ailla, is not like the grenades, less red than your lips, which are brought to you on a salver of gold, fresh gathered, perfumed and perfectly ripe; the divers elements which compose it are floating free y about in the world; it is for us to seize upon them and bring them together."

Was it the effect of this address, or a new caprice? Did the large black eyes of Brisloun influence her who had many times before submitted to their powerful fascination? No one has ever known; but the anger of Ailla suddenly disappeared, like the melting of thin snow under the rays of spring. With a slightly pouting smile, she held out to the Prince a hand which he needed no beseeching to carry to his lips.

Velvetpaw, thinking that a good moment for re-entering into the Princess's favor, went and gently rubbed her tiny head against her skirts; and, thinking of something else, the Princess sat down and caressed her.

Ailla was superstitious, and, more over, she was a woman. She reflected for a few minutes, then turning with irresistible grace to Brisloun, who was watching her she said:

"Prince, you have discovered the true meaning of the oracle, and I thank you for doing it. And now I am going to ask a favor of you."

He hastened to protest that he was ready to give his dear Princess all the proofs of love and devotion it should please her to require.

Without speaking she took up Velvetpaw and handed it to him.

"What!" cried Brisloun, laughing, you want a new one?"

"I should feel more at ease; only—," she paused, laughing also; but presently added in a coquettish tone, "since it makes no difference to you, dye it rose-color this time."

The moral of this story is this:—

A white cat is as good as a blue cat. What is most important is, to have a box of colors and to know how to use it on due occasion.

A Baptist Minister Who Was Always Ready for Business.

A Vermont Baptist minister, who is not too grave and dignified to enjoy a joke even when it is on himself, narrates a ridicrous incident in his early life. Soon after being settled over a new congregation, he one day received a note asking him to be at home that evening at eight o'clock. The writer added that he was intended to be married at that hour, and would call at the parsonage with his bride. It was but a few minutes before eight when the door bell rang, and a moment later a servant announced that a young couple awaited the minister in the parlor. Going down into the parlor, accompanied by his wife, the pastor, found a neatly dressed, intelligent appearing young man, and a bright-looking young woman, who rose to receive him.

"I am Mr. Homer," said the young man, "and this is Miss Cross."

Having another engagement for the evening, the minister said, immediately:

"I received your note this morning, and we will proceed with the ceremony at once. Please join your right hands."

In great bewilderment, which the minister mistook for natural embarrassment, the young couple timidly clasped hands, and the ceremony was about to begin, when the young man said:

"I—we—what ceremony is it?"

"Why, the ceremony of marriage, of course."

"G-o-o-h!" shrieked the young lady, withdrawing her hand and covering her face with her handkerchief.

"I don't understand this at all," said the young man, sharply; "we came here simply as a committee from the Young People's Society of the Methodist church, to ask you and your wife to be present at a public entertainment we are about to give, and—"

It is now the minister's turn to be astonished, but at that moment the maid ushered in the right couple.

Sending A Decoy Letter.

"You want to know how we 'get on' to mail clerks or letter-carriers who steal money from letters, you say," remarked a postoffice inspector. "The method is simple enough, and yet we catch them every time. Of course there are a good many schemes we can work on them, but the least complicated is the decoy letter.

"When we think a man is opening letters, we prepare a letter and give it a semi-fictitious address—to the wrong street, the wrong number or something of that sort. We put in a dollar or so, and make it just bulky enough that it will attract the clerk's attention, when he handles it. These clerks get so skillful, you know, that they almost invariably can tell by the sense of touch, when a letter contains money. This decoy letter is stamped with some postmark selected, and is thrown into the clerk's or carrier's box.

"He gobbles it almost every time. We are on the watch, and if we hear nothing from it, we know that it must have been lost in transit. This test is used oftener outside the post-office than in it, however, in the interest of business men, who suspect their employes and others."—Boston Globe.

—It is known that wasps' nests often take fire, supposed to be caused by the chemical action of the wax upon the paper material of the nest itself. May this not account for many mysterious fires in barns and outbuildings?

The name "grippe" is supposed to be derived from the Polish word "chrypka" meaning catarrh.

As we truly are only as far as God is with, us, so neither can we truly possess (that is, enjoy,) our being, or any other real good but by living in the sense of his holy presence.

TRY to keep clear of prejudice, and be willing to alter any opinion you may hold when further light breaks upon your mind. He is clever beyond precedent, or weak beyond measure who never sees reasons to change his judgment of men and things.

THE PROUD PENNY.

A penny, having traveled around the world a bit, became very proud and conceited. "I belong to the peerless aristocracy of money," it said to itself and to all who would listen. "There is no one who does not bend the knee to my family; we are sought after by the proudest people on earth and we rule the world."

One day the penny was talking in this strain to an iron nail. The nail and the penny chanced to rest side by side in a workman's pocket. The man was a carpenter who had been engaged in completing some work upon the balcony of a new house. His wife was busily engaged scrubbing the floors and cleaning the windows of the new house.

"It must be very dull and humiliating to be a nail," said the penny. "You are obliged to occupy such a menial position in life."

"Oh, I do not know about that," answered the nail. "We nails help to hold homes together, and that is a noble mission I am sure; and whatever our niche in life may be, we realize that we belong to the great iron race—we are proud of the stuff we are made of."

"Oh, as for that, you have little to boast about," sneered the penny. "Think of my family—the proudest and greatest on earth. We could buy yours up and pitch you into the sea if we cared to do so and the world would go on without you. Men would invent something to take your place. But society could not exist without us."

"But you are a mere nobody in your own family," retorted the nail, becoming angry. "Your gold and silver relations look down upon you—common copper that you are."

"Oh, it is mere spleen which makes you talk like that," replied the penny.

"You know very well that it is taking good care of me and treating me well that gives men a chance to possess my grand relatives. Anyone who despises me is never the associate of silver or gold. I am welcomed in every circle, am petted and sought after wherever I go. Already I have traveled over half the world. My life is full of adventure and excitement. Although now I am housed in an obscure workman's pocket, to-morrow I may be reposing in the purse of a prince. No such future awaits you. You are doomed to an obscure and humdrum existence."

Just then the workman's wife complained that she could not remove the paint stains from the windows she was attempting to clean."

"Why, let me tell you how to do that," said the workman. "A painter told me only the other day. Take a penny under your thumb and rub it over the paint spots. They will all disappear. It is far better than a knife. Here is a penny—try it."

He took the boastful penny from his pocket and the woman did as directed.

The paint disappeared as if by magic.

"I am so glad to know about this," said the woman. "I will keep this penny with my scrub brushes and scouring cloths, that I may always be prepared for such an emergency."

And thereafter the proud penny remained with scrub brushes, while the nail was afterwards used to fasten a United States banner to the mast of a ship.—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in N. Y. World.*

A "Divorce Cap" to Distinguish Her Widowship.

A San Francisco lady writing to the Chronicle is anxious for some distinguishing mark to distinguish widows and suggest for the one a Divorce Cap. It might be pertinent to remark that there might be two kinds—one trimmed with weeds, the other with grass. This lady says: "I think there ought to be some kind of a divorce cap. A man does not need one. He always looks single. But if some inventive milliner will think up a design for a hat that will permit you to understand whether a woman is a spinster, married or divorced she will save men a great deal of trouble. The most trying thing for a man to find out about a woman he has fallen in love with is a husband. He can stand almost anything else and still hope. But the pretty widow with the child always dresses the child up in a way to attract attention. There's something about the contrast between the two and the way she treats the child that seems to say, "This poor child has no father." And man, poor sympathetic man, with his heart drawn to youthful innocence, thinks he is catching the mother by giving candy to the infant. The mother, bless her dear, unsuspecting, frank, ingenious heart, is catching him and saving the expense of the family bonbons. Pity is akin to love, is it? It seems to me that love is akin to pity. Anyway, men don't pity women when they don't love them, but they love them very often when they don't pity them. Other women do the pitying.

THAT which makes the question concerning a future life to be of great importance to us is our capacity of happiness and misery. And that which makes the consideration of it to be of so great importance to us is the supposition of our happiness and misery hereafter depending upon our actions here.

Vicarious Punishment of a Supposed Son-in-law.

"When I reached Philadelphia recently" said Mr. Mooney of Chillicothe, Mo., "I had written several letters, and about 11 o'clock thought I would take a walk down Chestnut street and finish my cigar. I walked as far as Ninth street and then started back for the hotel. When I reached Twelfth and Chestnut I thought I would buy another cigar and went into a neighboring store.

As I came out of the store a picture in the window attracted my attention and I leaned over to examine it more closely. I had hardly stopped when someone hit me a terrible blow across the shoulders with a heavy stick, at the same time exclaiming:

You miserable villain! You will desert your wife and seven small children and leave them to suffer starvation, will you? Come home you scoundrel, and take that, and that!' at the same time bringing the club twice more over my shoulders with terrible force.

The blows were so severe and the pain so intense that for a moment I was stunned. Before I had time to realize what was next coming or put up any defense the man grabbed me by the coat collar and dragged me across the street to a lamp light said:

'Ain't you ashamed to leave your wife?'

At the same time he looked up into my face and then retreated as if terror stricken.

'O, I beg your pardon,' he exclaimed. 'I mistook you for a son-in-law of mine. I hope you are not hurt. I did not think I could be mistaken,' and at the same time he drew a handkerchief from his pocket and, placing it to his eyes wept bitterly.

I thought that mighty funny, but as I was 'green' in your eastern ways and did not know what was coming next I thought it best to make tracks for the hotel and I got there as soon as possible.

TWO USEFUL WOMEN.

Mrs. Gladstone's life is a very simple and useful one. Her charitable work has been enormous, and in the direction of convalescent homes she may be regarded as the pioneer of a movement which is only now beginning to receive the recognition it now deserves. Her attention was first directed to the subject after the great cholera visitation, when she promptly established several such institutions. She is also particularly interested in the welfare of the Newport Market Refuge in Westminster, and when she is in London she is a regular visitor at the London Hospital. Mrs. Gladstone has appeared once or twice as an authoress on matters of social and charitable concern, and the little treatise she wrote on "Healthy Nurseries and Bedrooms" embodies the practical observations and experiences of the upbringing of her own seven children. To her poorer neighbors she is a true friend, and is ever ready to sympathize in their troubles and help in their distress. Her countenance to the higher education of women has been given through her talented daugher, who is now principal of Newnham College, Cambridge, and it may safely be said that no movement for the real elevation of the sex, whether at home or in India, whether physically, socially, or educationally, has not received from her due consideration, and, if found worthy, wise counsel and true assistance.

Another useful life is that of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. She built and endowed, at her sole cost, the handsome church of St. Stephen, Westminster, with its schools and parsonage. In the endowment of three Colonial bishoprics she spent £50,000, and in South Australia she was the founder of an institution for the amelioration of the aborigines. For the poor outcasts of London she provided shelter and a real home at Shepherd's Bush. Her kind hand lifted up the wretched when destitution was rife in Spitalfields, where she set up sewing schools, training schools for nurses, and a helping organization for giving outfits to maid servants and others. She has equipped hundreds of destitute lads for the Royal Navy. She cast sunshine on one of the bleakest spots of poverty-stricken London—by buying the freehold of Nova Scotia Gardens—and there built the industrial dwellings called Columbia Square and later Columbia Market. Her charity, moreover, has never known any distinction of race, or country, or creed.

BALAKLAVA

The little town of Balaklava lies beneath a sterile mountain on the shores of the beautiful bay which is the only harbor on the south coast of the Crimea where, owing to the rocks rising suddenly from the sea, the largest ships can anchor close to the shore. The Crimea played a considerable part in ancient history, and Balaklava, which, from its position and surroundings, must always have been a place of importance, is supposed to be one of the ports visited by Ulysses during his wanderings. The Greeks, the Genoese, the Turks, and the Russians have all held the town in turn, but it gains its chief celebrity from its occupation by the Allied armies during the Crimean War. The Allies advanced upon the town on September 26th, 1854, and on October 25th, following, some 12,000 Russians made an attack upon the British Army. The battle was famous for its brilliant cavalry charges, the heavy cavalry under General Scarlett, and the Light Brigade (the "Six Hundred"), under Lord Cardigan, making the engagement one of the most celebrated in history. On March 22d, 1855, the garrison of Sebastopol made a most vigorous sortie, and were repulsed with great loss outside Balaklava.

UNTIL a man can control his own nature, with its various desires and passions, thoughts and emotions, actions and expressions, he cannot acquire that real strength which will enable him to conquer the difficulties of life or to obtain any true influence over others.

—Baron Alphonse de Rothschild has purchased from Prince Borghese's splendid collection at Rome, for $120,000, the portrait of Cæsar Borghia by Raphael. It is a splendid work in every way.

—One Galowski, a Russian runner, has just covered the ground on foot from Bordeaux, France, to Angouleme and back, a distance of 145 miles in twenty-four hours with forty minutes to spare.

A mother's love is indeed the golden link that binds youth to age; and he is still but a child, however time may have furrowed his cheeks or silvered his brow, who can yet recall, with a softened heart, the fond devotion or the gentle childings of the best friend that God ever gave us.—*Boree.*

THE CAMPHOR BOAT.

MYSTERIOUS VAPORS WILL KEEP THE CRAFT IN MOTION FOR SOME TIME.

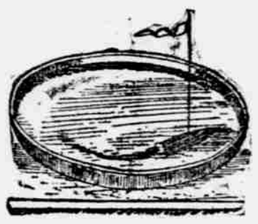
There is nothing more captivating than machinery in motion. Movement is a long way toward life, and when a thing can be got to move for hours at a time, without any visible means of propulsion, people are, as a rule, very proud of its possession.

Now, although we do not hold out any serious hopes that we are introducing a rival to steam or electricity, yet we strongly advise you to invest a few cents in a piece of camphor and experiment with the herein illustrated little ship.

Take a slip of tin—the thinner the better—and cut into the shape we show with a pair of scissors. Do not mind about the flagstaff at first; that is to hoist the flag on when you have succeeded, and not before.

Now put on the stern, in such a way as to rest on the boat and just touch the water, a small piece of camphor. The vapors of that piece of camphor will, in a mysterious way, put the boat in motion, and steadily it will cruise about for hours.

Camphor is not the only substance that has this driving power. A drop of pure alcohol—that is chemist's alcohol, of course—if dropped in such a way on to the boat as to just touch the



THE CAMPHOR BOAT.

water—will give a really satisfactory speed; as will chloroform, ether, and many of the essences and oils.

To get the circular movement, you must have a tiny rudder to the ship in which case, with the flag complete, you will have the apparatus used in the lecture rooms, to which you must go for a full explanation of the reason of these things; or, if you prefer it, you can look up the subject of "superficial tension" in the physics book.

It is not an easy subject, and it has by no means been worked out.

The "general idea" is that the boat is equally attracted on all sides by the water, but that when the substance is placed aft, the vapor of the substance takes the place there of the water, and, as the attraction of the vapor is less than that of the water, the boat moves in the direction of the strongest force.

—*Golden Days.*

This Bar Had Ginger.

When Judge Rombauer was on the bench he one day made a ruling against a young attorney, whose superfluity of diplomas was only equaled by his scant knowledge of the law. Much disgusted, the lawyer said:

"I don't know where your honor goes to find such a law as that."

When ruffled, Judge Rombauer speaks with a strong Bohemian accent, and he replied in very emphatic language:

"I am not surprised, Mr. ——, zat you know not where I go to fine ze law, for I find it in ze books."

The second incident was that wherein a judge overruled a motion of Counselor Garvey, one of the best known lawyers of the St. Louis bar. The counselor is usually most respectful to the court, but he lost his temper this time, and declared in his broad though rich and cultured Irish brogue:

"Your Honor, I hope for your Honor's honor that it will never be noised abroad to your Honor's hurt that this honorable court ever made a ruling so dishonorable to his own honor."—St. Louis Republic.

A Soldier's Farewell.

Now rest, my sword,
Rest, for I ne'er shall wield
Thy faithful blade again on battle field;
Slow through my veins the scanty life drops run—
My work is done.

Aye, done at last;
I shall be still, I know,
When home with song and shout my comrades go
E'en now the Easter voices call
Peace! peace to all!

And peace to me—
Rest after the long fight
And suffering for fatherland and right.
After the victory, by heaven sent,
I am content.

Oh! mother heart,
Weep not that o'er my tomb
No sculptured marble stands, no roses bloom,
To mark the spot where, 'neath a stranger sky,
My ashes lie.

Until this hour
Life's book was full of stain—
Now God himself has made it pure again,
Has closed the volume, and His hand divine
Now rests on mine.

And so, farewell!
I may not see again
The golden sunlight fall on hill and plain;
A long, a last farewell! my work is done,
My rest is won!

—From the German.

Oddities of Noted People.

Samuel Richardson wrote his novels attired in full dress; Benjamin Disraeli's writing room, wherein he wrote his earlier novels, was extravagantly furnished, and he himself was clothed to match, as he wrote. Mrs. Radcliffe ate raw pork before working at her novels. Handel was accustomed to order dinner for five at a certain tavern in London, and then to eat the entire meal himself. A story relates that an ignorant waiter explained that he did not serve the dinner because he was waiting for the other guests. "Il sm de oder guests," cried the indignant musician; and he got his dinner.

MME. SARAH BERNHARDT, who has for several years entertained a nervous fear that she should perish through fire, has commissioned a Lyons manufacturer to make for her some fireproof materials, to be used for her stage dresses. The material is made fire-proof by being impregnated with some chemical substance, and several Parisian ladies of fashion have followed the example of Mme. Bernhardt.

PAINTED windows were photographed in their original colors recently by a Swiss doctor who has devoted long study to this subject.

It is hard to find people in misfortune who will not tell you somebody else was to blame for it.

OBSCURE MARTYRS.

They have no place in storied page,
No rest in marble shrine;
They are passed and gone with a perished age,
They died and made no sign.
But work that will find its wages yet,
And deeds that their God did not forget,
Done for their love divine—
These were the mourners, and these shall be
The crowns of their immortality.

O! seek them not where sleep the dead,
Ye shall not find their trace;
No graven stone is at their head,
No green grass hides their face;
But sad and unseen is their silent grave—
It may be the sand or deep sea wave,
Or a lonely desert place;
For they need no prayers and no mourning bell—
They were tombed in true hearts that knew them well.

They healed sick hearts till theirs were broken,
And dried sad eyes till theirs lost light;
We shall know at last by a certain token
How they fought and fell in the fight.
Salt tears of sorrow unbeheld,
Passionate cries unchronicled,
And silent strifes for the right—
Angels shall court them and earth shall sigh,
That she left her best children to battle and die.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—German silver was invented in China.

—San Francisco has a $3,500,000 residence.

—There are 527 members of the British House of Lords.

—A twenty-eight pound turbot contained 14,000,000 eggs.

—The Vatican contains 208 staircases and 1100 different rooms.

—Every second a clock ticks some one of earth's inhabitants gives up the ghost.

—One Pennsylvania man's memory has just come back after a lapse of sixteen years.

—The words in common use by the ordinary individual are estimated at from 1000 to 3000.

—In Africa, when the weather prognostigator fails to bring rain, they cut him up and eat him.

—A doll that writes letters on a slate is a recent invention of a machinist in Nuremburg, Germany.

—In Bali, an island in the Indian Archipelago east of Java, the burning of widows still goes on.

—Extensive smuggling of horses and cattle from Mexico is reported on the upper Rio Grande.

—There is a well near Crab Orchard, Ky., the water in which will burn when a match is applied to it.

—England's Naval Exhibition in London closed after having cleared $250,000 for naval charities.

—It is proposed to raise $50,000,000 by a loan for public works in the colony of Victoria, Australia.

—A man who died recently in Lehigh County, Penn., at the age of ninety-two, had never ridden on a railroad.

—A clock at Port Huron, Mich. recently made its first stop in thirty-four years, breaking the main-spring.

—Indians who live along the Pacific Railroad in Western Canada make a living by selling polished buffalo horns.

—Out of the letters in the sentence "Let charity arouse your zeal," a St. Louisian has formed 29,039 words.

—There is a cat in Belfast, Me, which, during the green corn season eats each day half a dozen cooked ears

—One of the latest novelties advertised is a masticator, which cuts up children's food, preparing it for the mouth.

—When a Frenchman marries, under the law he become responsible for the support of his wife's father and mother.

—In Corea, sheets of paper pass for money. One sheet brings one quart of rice, or twenty sheets a piece of hemp cloth.

—The doors in a house of a wealthy widow in Philadelphia all open and close in obedience to a touch-button apparatus.

—A wild goose in California when killed had a grain of wheat in its crop which, when planted, produced a variety hitherto unknown.

—The Kickapoo Indians own over 200,000 acres of and, and as there are only about 250 of them, their possessions represent considerable wealth.

—The British Parliament allows to each of the daughters of the Queen an income of $30,000 a year. The younger sons of the Queen receive $125,000 each a year,

—Out of a population of 260,000,000 in India less than 11,000,000 can read and write. The total number of scholars of all sorts is but 1 1-2 per cent. of all the inhabitants.

—The cranberry crop of New Jersey this year is valued at $600,000. The cost of getting the berries to market averages $1 a bushel and the market prices range from $2.50 to $5.25 a bushel.

—From eleven squash seeds which weighed not half an ounce John F. Staples, of North Berwick, Me., raised 1800 pounds of squash.

—The marble Capitol Building at Hartford, Conn., is 300 feet long and the engineers declare that it is three inches longer in summer than in winter.

—Last year there was a potato famine. This year, in one California district near Sacramento, 60,000 bushels of potatoes were not dug up because it would not pay to market them.

—"Bear, the old dog that was taken to the Arctic regions by the Greely expedition and survived all its horrors, is still alive, and is owned by Commodore Gridley, of Erie, Penn.

—The Imperial University at Tokia, Japan is probably the largest in the world, having an enrollment of 2000 scholars, and a faculty of forty members. It is under government control.

—Not a hat or bonnet was seen in any part of the audience that attended the Worcester (Mass.) music festival. The managers of the festival made it a rule that no hats or bonnets should be worn.

—A Bridgeport (Conn.) boy was recently treated for a cut in his foot at the Emergency Hospital. After probing to the depth of an inch the surgeon felt an object that was removed with difficulty. It pro