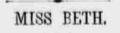
Like an Anvil.

"Stand like an anyli" when the store of stalwart men falls firece and fast Storms but more deeply root the oak. Whose brawny arms embrace the blast.

"Stand like an anvil" when the sparks Fly far and wide, a firery shower: Virtue and truth must still be marks, Where malice proves its want of power

"S'and like an anvil" when the bar Lies red and glowing on its breast, Duty shall be life's leading star, And conscious innocence its rest.

"Stand like an any 3" when the sound Of pond'rous hammers pains the ear: Thine but the still and stern rebound Of the great heart that cannot fear. (Our Dunch Animals



BY MENNETTI SLAVEACE.

By all odds the most attractive house in town was that of Miss Beth Davenport. It was a charming little modern aflair, full of gables and windows, with a square porch before the front entrance, and s-t back in a yard overflowing with flowers and shrubs. Miss Beth was pleased to style herself tran old maid." She was thirty years of age, and in the tipe prime of a heaviful womanhood. Being without near kin, she kept house alone, save for her servants, and lived a happy independent existence. She was a believer in fresh air and exercise, and her rosy checks and graceful movements were very pleasant to gaze upon.

So, at least thought a young man of tive-and-twenty, who leaned upon the fence one day, and watched Miss Beth watering and tending her flowers-She had op a large white hat trimmed with poppies, and wore a white dress with while puffed sleeves, through which gleaned the outlines of her shapely arms. She did not at first see Mr. Mendon, then, looking up in a quick way, as people sometimes do as feeling the eyes of others upon them, she howed and smiled.

"I suppose you want me to ask you to come in?" she said.

"Ob, no," he answered lazily. "I see you are busy. It struck the at home, however, that this cloudy morning would be fine for a game," And it would be better to walk up the he nodded in the direction of the tenhis court.

60h, indeed, Sir Leisnreiy! And it occurred to me that this would be an admirable time to foster my neglected plants. Come! I have some exercise for you. You shall be a shoruy-handed son of toll now for a while, and help me train up those vines over the porch."

Mandon looked down at his spotiess flannels.

"They are spanking clean," he said. "Go home and get into some worklog clothes," said Miss Beth's voice from somewhere near the ground. She was weeding.

"Pshaw!" he said, opening the gate and coming in. "I was trying to creep out of it, but you make me feet ashamed of myse f. You're a great worker, Miss Beth."

"That is the only way to be happy," said the spinster. She stood up and looked at him with clear gray

reason for the little quarrei-sne felt | on with the new.' You know that, would ask no questions of either side. Now, when Elizabeth Devenport was twenty years old, she had been very much in love with a young man, and the shadow. was betrothed to him. She afterward decided that she did not love him, and had sent him away. He was proud, and did not return. She at length realized that she did love him, but she could not call him back, for she had up idea of his wherealmuts. Then the news of his marriage reached the town.

So, drawlog from her own expecience, Miss Beth desired to save Max and Ethel much sorrow. She admired Max extremely. He was college bred, unusually bright, and promised to be a light in the literary world. She had once laughingly told him that it was fortunate he was five years her junior, she might strive to rival Ethel. All

this Max parried good-naturedly, and they were excellent companions, Max lived next door to Miss Beth, and had a little habit of dropping in at all bours of the day. He did not offer to go in the evening nuless E hel was to be there, too.

Miss Davenport frequently summoved the young people of both sexes to help her overcome the quiet of the evening hours. The old woman who lived with her was not a Inctor in the entertainment problem, and the young people adored Beth.

One day, after Max Mandon had been over in Miss Beth's yard all the morning, she wrote a note asking him to come for a while to chat with her that evening. Max was nothing loth to go. If he were fortunate enough to be the only caller, they would discuss plots and material, pick books to pieces and argue the progress of art generally.

It was perhaps two weeks after Max had confided to her his misun lerstanding with Ethel, and it was about 8 o'clock in the evening when he strolled over in answer to Beth's summons. There was a light in the parlor, and another in Miss Davenport's little room over the porch. He stood for a moment wondering whether she were ready to receive him yet, and thinking street for a while. But he decided to enfer.

He was very much at his case in the house, so when the old woman who let him in told him Miss Davenport was at home, he crossed the little square hall, laid his hat and cane on the table, and lifted the curtain of the parlor door with perfect composure.

But inside-what then? He saw a young lady seated facing him, cyldently waiting for Beth; a girl with large blue eves and masses of pale brown hair, seated with o e hand resting between the back of the chair and her head, looking straight at him with a very frightened little gaze. It was Ethel.

Max did not enter beyond that first step. With a movement quick as lightning, he turned on his heet and was out in the hall. He seized his belongings and fled.

Now Miss Beth's house, as I said before, was a modern one, and some what peculiar. Max, in his perplexity and confusion, rushed out by a door not your only object here today. that led straight to the back yard, and Shall I keep you from anything if 1 the walk ended in the door of the make yon tie up vines? Did you want stable. John, Beth's hired man, was in the vard. Seeing a figure flee from the house and running toward the stable, he naturally supposed it to be a thief. One of these gentry had been making great excitement in the neighborhood. So, before Max could halt on the threshold of the stable door, perceiving that it was not the gate, he found it elapped to behind him-upon him-and himself a prisoner.

sure it was a little one-although she My love! Can't you see that I don't want Ethel? 1 want you-1 love vou!"

She shrank back against the wall, in

"Max," she said, "I am five years older than you are."

"Ah! But if we love each other," he said, "what can that matter?"

"What will people say? What will Ethel say?" "I do not care. It is enough that I love you and you love me. We shall be happy, and Educt will find speedy consolution."

. Once I loved somehody else," said Miss Beth, thinking of her little buried romance.

"Then you can love me better now," he replied. "Come, Beth, you have not answered my question yet."

"Well," she said, "if you in ist upon having me, take me, for 1 love von:

And he was answered. - [New Yor! Journai.

"The Star-Spangled Banner."

Oue afternoon in September, 1814, a party of Baltimore gentlemen, grieved at the defeat of the American troops at North Point, met together in an old house at Upper Mariborough, and there formed a plan for capturing some of the British soldiers who would pass through the village that night. Meanwhile the main body of the British army had gone on to a point some distance beyond. Their plans were so well laid that they actually took over twenty men prisoners and put them in "durance vile." News of this attack was, however, suried to the British fleet beyond by me man who contrived his escape, and the tables were unexpectedly turned. A detachment of Britishers descended on the village, compelled the liberation of the English soldiers and took as their prisoners the gentlemen who had planned their capture.

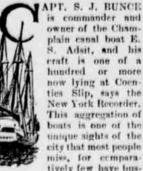
Angered by what they considered a violation of the rules of war, the British colonel in command refused to allow the gentlemen, who were all asleep in their beds, time even to dress. They were placed on horseback and carried to a British ship, hoo ed and jeered at, Dr. Beans, with whom the idea of the capture had originated, being especially insulted. A day or two later all but the poor doctor were set free, but he was detained as a valuable prize worthy of taking back to England.

Meanwhile his friends in Baltimore went to work with a hearty will to obtain his release, and as he had been known on more than one occasion to have treated wounded British soldiers with great kindness, his niece, a girl of eighteen, ventured herself to write a strong appeal to the English officer in command of the flset. She succeeded in persuading a Mr. Francis Key to take the letter with a flag of truce, and the young man procuring a small boat and permission to use the white flag, set out. He boarded the admiral's vessel in safety, but found preparations for the bombardment of Fort Mellenry in full swing, and, as a consequence, he was detained by

CANALERS' VILLAGE. pictures on the walls, books and papers this victority, costdes the one at Coenties on a table, curtains at the little win- Slip-in Erie Basin, Brooklyn, at Jersey dows. TOW-PATH MARINERS IN THEIR WINTER'S SNUG HARBOR.

A Merry Floating Settlement Temporarily Annexed to Gotham

-The Social Side of Life on a Canal Boat



iness along that part of South street. It is well worth a visit, not only to look at the boats from the stringpiece of the nier, but to walk about upon them and call upon the people who live in them. The "canalers" are very hospitable people, and are rather pleased than otherwise at any attention paid them by strangers.

basin between the piers at The Coenties Slip is a geouine village in winter time, in most respects as different from the great city as if the inhabitants were living in some remote part of Ul-ster County. It is as if a rural community, with its peculiar customs, had been litted up, houses and all, and set down at the edge of the city, there to remain a while, maintaining contentedly its rustic life, and having but slight communication with the busy town.

A reporter for the Recorder entered the canalboat village to learn what man ner of existence might prevail there. He had been attracted to the spot by the spectacle it presented one pleasant after-The white streets of the village -that is, the roofs or upper decks of the boats-were alive with women and children hanging out elethes. Posts. had been set up on every boat to support the lines, and in a few minutes thousands of garments-socks. shirts, skirts and so on-were flapping merrily in the breeze. There was an uncon scious art in the picture, with bright red and dark blue skirts standing out



budity as points of color nere and there I down the river, in tows, it is the most in the prevailing white. The next day matural thing in the world to pass from not a sign of pole or clothesline could heat to boat, and visit friends. I came be seen anywhere about the village. 10 was evident that one of the unwritten laws of the community made that day a there are in the slip now, and it means Loneral wash day.

When the reporter began his investigation of the village he was directed to Captain Bunce as the "likeliest" man to give m'orantion. The captain, a tall, powerful looking map, was just leaving his locat, but he turned back willingly on the lakes. We go the length of and led the way to the cabin. The roof Lake Champlain, you know, and there of the calls a is about two feet above the is sometimes dreadful weather there.

Slip-in Erie Basin, Brooklyn, at Jersey a carpet on the floor-in short, City, and at the foot of Fourteentia street, Hoboken. They are of the same everything except space that the most could demand. fastidious housekeeper character as the one at Coenties Slip, and "I suppose," said Mrs. Bunce, smiling, "that most housekeepers would wonder are inhabited by the same kindly, hospitable class of people. where I manage to put things. Well, I have all the room I need. The cabin, Well, I have all the room I need. The cabin, you see, really extends the whole width

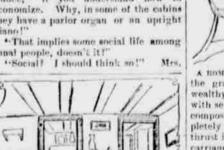
of the boat, and that part of it that is relies recently discovered have under the deck is made into a series of been found in the Western Oasis of lockers," Theba, and sent to the Louvre in Paris "What do you go with the children for exhibition.

at night?" bests. These busts originated during the "The couch where the little ones are brief era of prosperity at the close of the playing now is made into a bed ..t night,

and there's a berth just back of you." The reporter turned, and, raising a little curtain, saw a regular steamer berth made up for occupancy. "Plenty of room, you see," said Mrs.

Bunce, "if you understand how to economize. Why, in some of the cabine they have a parlor organ or an upright piano!

canal people, doesn't it? "Social? I should think so!"



5== They are not, as it would reem, detatched pieces of statues, but are complete in themselves. They are masques used for a special class of mummies, and like most of the Egyptian A BOMAN RELIC. curiosities come from

They are plaster casts

second and the

ginning of the third

contury of our time.

1

just

the grave. The departed members of wealthy families were provided not only with sepurchres but with a sort of armor composed of several pieces which completely incased the body. The feet were thrust into a pocket shaped affair like a carriage foot warmer, and separate pieces were made for chest and neck, as well as the bair, with a mask for the ince, which often resembled the features of the dead.

A Roman Relle.

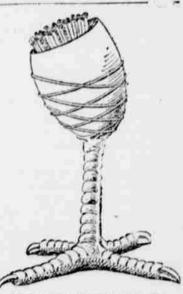
Four of the most remarkable Roman

it

These peculiar coverings were made of several pieces of fine linen, which were glued together and pressed into a mould, then bedaubed with several layers of plasters, over which the artista traced the most peculiar characteristics of the defunct. Each bust is composed of several pieces, the face comprising one which is painted in deep yellow and other tints, as in the case of the Ezyptian statues. Hair and beard are painted black. The mantle, part of which covers the back of the neck, is white, with purple stripes. - Post-Dispatch.

Mate i Box of Od I Design.

To what is the decorative craze coming? The latest object which it has attacked is the unassuming leg of a chicle. en, and a newly killed chosen at that, The first step in the transformation is to null up the tendons of the chicken's leg, so making the claw almost flat. The the tendons at the top of the leg with a piece of fine wire and then twist the wire in and out around them so that a or: of mp shape is formed. Take an g , prick a hole in it, and pour it contents out; then break off the top. Cover the chicken leg and claw with bronze paint and gild the egg. Fill this with matches, and there you have a match cave which will rival all others in oddity of design and peculiarity of origin. there is any trouble to make the matou case stand up with proper dignity this may be obviated by twisting fine wire in





i-We Bunce spoke with enthusiasm. are all acquainted, and make calls back and forth just like other people. 1.46 had as many as six callers at a time in

here, all friends, who just happened to drop in about the same hour. "On, yes," put in the captain, "we frequently arrange parties, and pass the jolliest kind of evening together. The entertainment? Oh, we tell stories and pop corn. This social life is maintained to a considerable extent, even during the working season. On the way up or

eyes. "What is it with you?" she asked. "You must confess tennis was to see me-particularly?"

" "Yes, I wanted to see-you particutarly," he said, changing the em. phasis.

"Has she been cruel again?" she asked, showing her white teeth as she smilled.

"That is all over," he said, "It has been off for three weeks."

"Why, Max! You never told me." "No, I was ashamed to tell you." "Why?" she asked shortly, "Was it your fault? Ah, Max, it was, you fickle thing ! "

> She said the last in a low, disapproving tone that made the blood rush to the young man's fair face. He pulled a leaf from the lilae bush and turned toward Miss Beth.

"There !" he said, "I thought you were my friend."

"So I am," she stammered. "But f am her's, too, and though I have een you every day you have never told me before. And I had been thinking her so happy."

"She is not," he said, wretchedly. "She is miserable. Every time I meet her I hate myself for the pain I have given her. But it was as useless to struggle further, Miss Beth. I had ceased to love her."

Miss Beth said nothing. She turned toward the house, up the little gravelled walk, and Max slowly followed. They soon began to work upon the vines, and Max's little love affair was kindness. Well, perhaps you were," not mentioned again.

Miss Beth kept her own counsel.

In vain he shouled and argued. Through the heavy door his voice sounded unnatural; and John, excitedly happy at having captured the burglar who had been terrorizing the vicinity, could not recognize it at all. At length, finding expostulation useless, Max lay down upon some hay and fell asleep.

He was awakened by a light shining in his eyes. He opened them to find a policeman with a warrant and a pair of manacles; John, looking much crest-fallen; Ellen, the cook; two or three men, and last and most, in perfeet agonles of laughter, Beth Davenport herself.

It was then about 12 o'clock. It took some time to make explanation to satisfy the crowd, but at length they were all gone, and Beth and Max stood on the front porch alone.

"You understand, do you not?" he said. "I saw her, it was your doing. I know, you thoughtful' creature. You believed you were doing me a musingly. "It enables me to speak

She puzzled her active brain for a the off with the old love before yon are Weekly.

Admiral Cockburn's orders

It was a moment of most critical importance, for which the fall of McHenry Baltimore's doom was sealed, and we can easily fancy Mr. Key's feelings as from the English flag-ship he watched during the long hours of that day and night the furious onslaught upon the fort. So long as daylight lasted, he could scarcely take his eyes from the flag floating from the fort, and with feverish anxiety, he hailed the "dawn's early ligh..." The first break of day showed him his country's flag proudly floating to the breeze, and in the first Heather siasm of rapture," as he told a friend, he wrote the verses dear to every American heart, "The Star-Spangled Bauner."- [Harper's Young People.

Large Libraries of Asia.

In Asia there are some twenty large public libraries, containing 20,000 and more volumes. The Royal Asiatic Society Library in Bombay has 80,000 volumes, and annually expends 3000 rupees in increasing the number. This society possesses, also, a valuable and large collection of Sanserit manuscripts, as also a goodly number of Persian. The Tiflis Library has 35,000 volumes. It was established in 1846, and receives \$6000 annually from the Russian Government for the purchase of books on the Caucasus, Persia, Asia Minor, etc.- [New York Independent.

Unselfish.

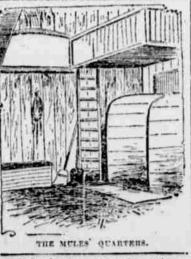
Sweet Girl-Is you love for me absolutely unselfish? "

Adorer_Absolutely.

Sweet Girl-Then I wish you'd go somewhere else tonight. Jack Haumy mind. You know they say better som promised to call -[New York

level of the deck--or shall we say street To enter the cabin, a batch had to be pushe i back and a tiny door opened. Then down a steep, narrow flight of stairs, and the captain was at home People who feel cramped in an eightroom flat, and have to use an empty coal bin in the basement for storage purposes would be wofully dismayed at the proscect of housekeeping in that place. There are three rooms in Captain Bunce's home. The living room is perhaps as much as eight feet square. Two rooms open from it, one just large enough to old a bed, with space to watk by it and turn around; the other sufficient for a cooking stove, with very little space left for the cook. Keep house in such quarters? Certainly: Captain Bunce does it and is bringing up a family there, too. When the captain and his visitor entered Mrs. Bunce was attending to her housework, and two children were play-

ing upon a couch. A third child Way away at school. That makes a family of



tive living in apparent comfort and con ent in the E. S. Adsit, and, besides them, there is a frisky pet dog, and in summer time there is a hired man who sleeps in a bunk in the forward end of the boat. A very cheery, neat little place is the captain's home. Tacre are

Leaving the quaint little home, the captain and visitor went forward, The quarters for the crew were not very pttractive, but they were no worse, apparently, than the accommodations for and out the toes of the claw until a sulors on ocean steamers. Miny of the round mat is formed. This should, of boats have a stable for their horses or course, be gilded. --New York World.

down the river once in a tow consisting

of 101 boats. That's about as many as

"You wouldn't think seriously of be

ing seasies on a cana' boat, would you?"

asked Mrs. Bunce. "It does happen,

though. I've been fearfully sensick.

not in the cana', of course, but

quite a population."

On, no,

"When we tie up for the winter," said the captain, "we send the horses into the country to board. It costs too much to keep them here.'

"Is your cargo on board !"

"Yes. This time it consists of farm produce, though too Champlain caalers usually bring lumber. The cargo remains on board in my cuse for ninety days. I pay fifty cents a day for door charges, and I get paid by the owners for storage. When the ninety days are up I shall discharge the cargo and go up the river as soon after that as the weather omes suitable."

"What is the capacity of a canal boat, compared with a treight carf

On this boat we can put about 2000 bushels of wheat. They usually put about 1000 bushels upon a freight car. so, you see, a couple of our boats would oad a very respectable freight train. Some of the captains own their cargoes, going into the business as a speculation; thers dispose of the goods on commission, and others still are simply comm in carriers. I own this post and five others, but I'm not too good to run one of my boats myself. Boats like this cost about \$2809, and they last, with proper care, from fifteen to twenty years. I've known boats to last twenty-five years.

"I suppose," he continued, "that it must seem duil to you, this quiet life of the canal men, but I guess we average to be as contented and happy as m st. It is mostly open air life in the summer, and never unhealtny. If people like good scenery they have an opportunity with us. When we tie up we can take lu some of the pleasures of city life, if we want to. The women go ashore now and then, of course, to get provisions, and when we are on a trip they stop off occasionally for the same purpose. The boat, you see, becomes just as much home to us as your house on hand."

THE CHICKEN LEG TRANSFORMED.

The Ibis.

You have all read about Egypt, that ancient country which has its areat pyra-



mids and monuments thousands of verirs old, and dates back beyond the times of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob,

Many of the old Egyptian monuments have hieroglyphics on them, in which the figure of this bird is frequently found. Taeir mummies, or preserved re mains, are also found in old Egyptiar tombs; hence it is called the sacred ibis. as it must have been an object of wor ship to the ancient Egyptians, who, as your Bible tells you, were idolators. seems indeed strange that human being should worship a mere bird like the ibis which is only the size of an ordinary

There are three canal boat villages in fowl .- New York Mail and Express.