that she drank ravenously, that her eyes were unusually bright, and her step unusually lagging; and so it chanced that when the eyes of Mrs. Warren were at length opened, and after tedious delay the poor-house doctor at length took the trouble to call on his patient, little Rose lay senseless, and almost past hope.

* * * * * * *

The Burkhardts' were a very grand family—in fact, uncommonly grand—the father being of Dutch and the moth- of English descent.

They had one son who was yet but a boy of fifteen, but he had already acquired an admirable proficiency in pomposity, conceit, self-indulgence, and skepticism, thus honoring both his nationalities. He was a handsome boy, tall, well-grown, fair, and not without talent. If he had been plain John Smith, a carpenter's son, he would have been considered a boy of fair ability, who might reasonably hope to succeed to his father's trade, and to succeed at it; being Master Friedrich Clarence Lenox Burkhardt, with a genealogy that would reach half way round the world, and a purse that would reach the other half way, it was customary to speak of him as a young man of transcendent ability.

The Burkhardt estate was by far the most imposing in Saxton. It stood on the summit of a low hill about half a mile from the Wilsons' cottage, and its grounds extended down to the dale on all sides.

This place had been christened Rose Hall by a gentleman whom, Mrs. Burkhardt, lofty as she was, did not venture to contradict.

At the time of which we speak, the family were traveling, having taken a fancy to go to England for a few months and the Hall was in charge of domestics and a superannuated second cousin of the proprietor, one Miss Margaret Fairfield, who had apartments in a secluded corner of the building, and lived there quite invisible to the gay company that came and went.

She was nearly sixty years of age and in feeble health. Mrs. Burkhardt used to say, when any person had the bad taste to ask for her relative, that poor Cousin Margaret was not able to see company.

In truth, Miss Margaret was the scion of a *mesalliance*, as the family considered it, and would have utterly ignored had it been possible; but since she was well known to be a relative, the only alternative was to hide her. She lived in the great house a somewhat uncomfortable life, not associating much with the family, never seeing their company, yet not allowed to make companions of the seamstress or housekeeper.

It was she whom Rose Paulier's mother had been sent for to nurse, and little Rose could just recollect the pretty rooms where she had spent a few days with her mother and a gentle invalid, the wide windows looking out on gardens, the silence, the sweetness, the plenty. The mother's death had been tragical, though the child knew it not. As she felt unwell, the doctor, on calling to see his patient, had prescribed also for the nurse. Mrs. Burkhardt had taken the prescriptions to the apothecary when she went out for her daily ride.—Such an act of condescention looked well, and as though she were Christianly anxious for every one under her roof.—The apothecary was old and dull, so it was said, and he made a mistake in putting up the nurse's medicine. Mrs. Paulier took her powder on lying down at night, and in five minutes was seized with convulsions. Before morning, she was dead.

Of course there was a great stir in the house, but Mrs. Burkhardt kept the matter close. Since the mischief was done, it was just as well to have as little talk about it as possible. The doctor was discreet, and so were the housekeeper and Miss Fairfield; and it was given out, and believed, that the stranger had died of cramps. Had any relative appeared, or any near friend who might have authority to inquire, the truth would have been communicated to him; but no such person was forthcoming. Mrs. Paulier was buried at the expense of her employers, and, as we have before said, the child was sent to the poor-house. Miss Fairfield had in vain protested against this latter step, and begged that Rose might be given to her.

"I could keep her here with me, and she would be company for me," the poor lady said. "She never need be any trouble to the family. I'm sure there's room enough. Besides"—

"I object to it," interrupted Mrs. Burkhardt, with unusual asperity. "Her position would be embarrassing to all.—Brought up by you as your companion, she could not be called a servant. And I do not choose to bring up such a child in the house with Clarence. She bids fair to be a coquette. I saw her smiling askance when he spoke to her yesterday."!

"Besides," pursued the cousin with unwonted courage, resuming her broken sentence, "it seems to be that you are under obligation to take care of her."

Mrs. Burkhardt grew pale as she turned fiercely to the speaker. — To be Continued.

He Knew How to Keep School.

"MISTER, no doubt you have all the learning that's required in a school teacher, but it wants more than learnin' to make a man able to teach school in Cranberry Gulch. "You'll soon find that out if you try it on. We have had three who tried it on. One lays there in the graveyard; another lost his eye and left; the last one opened school and left before noontime for the benefit of his health. He hasn't been back since. Now you're a slender build, and all your learnin' will only make it worse, for all our young folks are roughs and don't stand no nonsense."

This was what one of the trustees of district said to my friend Harry Flotee, when he made application for the vacant position of the teacher.

"Let me try. I know I am slender, but I am tough and I have a strong will," said Harry.

"Just as you like. There's the school house, and I'll have notice given, if you want it done."

"I do," said Harry, "and I will open next Monday at 9 A. M."

The notice was given, and there was a great deal of excitement in the Gulch and along the Yuba Flats. More than fifty people of both sexes made an excuse to drop in the tavern to get a sight at the fellow who thought he could keep school in that district and many a contemptuous glance fell on the slender form and youthful face of the would-be teacher.

Eight o'clock on Monday morning came and Harry Flotee went down to the school house with a key in one hand and a valise in the other.

"Ready to slope, if he finds were're too much for him," said a cross-eyed, broad-shouldered fellow of eighteen or twenty.

The school house was unlocked and the new teacher went to the desk. Some of the young folks went in to see what he was going to do, though school was not called.

Harry opened his valise, and took out a large belt. Then after buckling it around his waist, he put three Colt's revolvers there, each of six barrells, and a bowie knife eighteen inches in the blade.

The new teacher now took out a square card, about four inches each way, walked to the other end of the school house, and tacked it up against the wall. Returning to his desk he drew a revolver and sent ball after ball into the card, till there was six balls in a spot not much larger than a silver dollar.

By this time the school house was half full of large boys and girls. The little ones were afraid to come in.

Then the teacher walked half way down the room with the bowie knife in his hand, and threw it with so true a hand that it stuck quivering in the very centre of the card.

He left it there and put two more knives of the same kind in his belt and quickly reloaded his yet smoking pistol.

"Ring the bell: I am about to open school."

He spoke to the cross-eyed boy; the bully of the crowd, and the boy rang the bell without a word.

"The scholars will take their seats; I open school with prayer," he said sternly, five minutes later.

The scholars sat down silent, almost breathless.

After the prayer the teacher cocked a revolver and walked down on the floor.

"We will arrange the classes," said he; "all who can read, write and spell will rise. Of them we will form the first class."

Only six got up. He escorted them to upper seats, and then he began to examine the rest. A whisper was heard behind him. In a second he wheeled, a revolver in hand.

"No whispering allowed here!" he thundered, and for an instant his revolver lay on a level with the cross-eyed boy's head.

"I'll not do so any more," gasped the bully.

"See you do not. I never give a second warning," said the teacher, and the revolver fell.

It took two hours to organize the classes, but when done, they were well organized. Then came recess. The teacher went out too, for the room was crowded and hot. A hawk was circling overhead high in the air. The teacher drew a revolver and the next second the hawk came tumbling down before the wondering scholars.

From that day on Harry kept school for two years in Cranberry Gulch, his salary doubled after the first quarter, and his pupils learned to love as well as to respect him, and the revolver went out of sight within a month.

They had found a man at last who could keep school.

A Family Re-united in a Very Singular Manner.

DURING the last fourteen years, in the little city of Dayton, Ky., has lived a lady named Martin, a widow, having with her three children, all girls. The family was from Murfreesboro, Tenn., and came there in 1863, when that place was occupied by the Federal troops. Mrs. Martin's husband and son had a year previous entered the Southern army. Some time after coming North she heard of the death of her husband, but the last tidings of her son were that he was still well and unharmed. This was some time in the early part of 1864. After that she heard not a word for him.

After the war had closed she wrote to every place where she though it possible for him to be, but no tidings of him could she get. She refused to believe him dead, and through the long years that have passed continued her search for him. Advertisements were inserted in newspapers North and South, and letters were written to dozens of places where a name similar to his happened to appear in some connection in print. As time wore on her three children grew up and married, the last one, who was almost a baby when they left Tennessee, becoming the wife of a son of Mr. Jas. Peters, of Dayton, a little over a year ago.

Mrs. Martin's friends have tried to persuade her to give up the search for her lost boy, as they were sure he was dead, but nothing could induce her to do so. She firmly believed that he was alive, and that she would yet find him. A couple of weeks ago Mrs. Martin and a lady friend, while in that city, were walking out George street, while a fortune-teller's sign attracted their attention. Immediately the former said:

"Let's go in and see if she can tell anything about my boy."

Her friend endeavored to dissuade her, but it was no use, and in they went. After the usual interview Mrs. Martin came away with the information that her son was in St. Louis, and a letter addressed to him in that city would lead to a reunion of the family. She was delighted with the result of her visit and wrote at once.

Her friends, feeling sure that she was again to be disappointed, endeavored to persuade her to place no faith in the statement, but she implicity believed that she was about to find her son, and, sure enough, promptly came the reply—a long, loving letter, full of filial affection, and saying that he had been looking for the family ever since the Southern army disbanded.

Mrs. Martin and her son-in-law, Mr. Peters, left for St. Louis at once, and now for almost a week this mother and son, separated by the stern incidents of war and by misfortune left in ignorance of each other's whereabouts for over fifteen years, have been enjoying each other's society.

Of course it was mere chance that made the fortune-teller's story prove of such advantage, for an enlightened community knows that no human being possesses the power to know the affairs of the world in such a way as any other construction would indicate.

Animals at Sea.

IT is a fact perhaps not widely known [says a Southampton letter to the Washington *Star*] that most of the wild animals procured for the menageries and zoological gardens of Europe and America are brought from Africa by a German New Yorker named Reichie, who has an aquarium in that city. It is another curious fact that these animals should come from Africa mainly through North Germany. It seems they are collected in Africa (mainly cubs) and brought to Trieste, and thence to North Germany, and from there are distributed to the country where they are needed. It thus happens that the North German steamers frequently carry these animals to the United States, and it is interesting to hear about their habits on shipboard.

The lions, tigers and hyenas are great cowards in a storm. They also suffer a good deal from sea-sickness, and whine about it. The elephant has little to say when he is sea-sick, but he sways his great head from side to side, and looks "unutterable things." It has been described by a writer (Charles Reade) how the sagacious elephant in storms at sea saves himself from being washed off the deck by throwing himself flat upon his belly with all his four legs and his trunk spread out with suction power upon the planks. Captain Neynaber being interrogated upon this point, remarks, with a sly wink in the direction of the undersigned, that it will not do to believe all we see in print.

He says that no ship master would undertake to carry a loose elephant on deck. A loose elephant tumbling about in a gale would be a more dangerous object than the loose gun told of by Victor Hugo. The elephant and all the other wild animals transported by steamer are confined in the strongest kind of boxes, and the boxes themselves are secured in the firmest manner. The horse, it appears is the most nervous and sensitive animal that goes to sea, and a hen shows the most utter disgust with life when sea-sick, by vomiting and eccentric movements.

A Singular Method of Courtship.

Among the Turkomans of Central Asia, who may be styled the Comanches of the East, the ancient and much discussed usage of "marriage by capture" takes the form of a very singular game, which is universally popular with the tribes of the Lower Oxus. It is known by the curious appellation of "kok-buri" (green wolf), a name which has never been satisfactorily accounted for. The mode of playing is as follows: When a Turkoman belle finds herself embarrassed by a crowd of rival suitors, her father settles the matter by assembling them all in a convenient place on the open steppe. He then brings out his daughter arrayed in the pomp of Turkoman "full dress," and setting her upon a swift horse places in her hand the carcass of a lamb or kid, well greased from head to tail, with which she instantly gallops away. The young gentlemen follow her at full speed, and endeavor to snatch the prize from her hands, any one who can succeed in doing so being thereby entitled to consider himself, "the happy man." It sometimes happens, of course, that when the cavalier, who is the object of the young lady's secret preference comes within arm's length, she will hold the kid in such a way that he can easily wrest it from her: but should a less favored suitor overtake her, she grasps it with all her strength, and the ill-starred lover gets nothing but a good roll in the sand for his pains. When all is over the father regales the whole company with a sumptuous feast of rice and mutton suet, for which he afterwards "sends in the bill" to his future son-in-law, who is often anything but flattered by this expensive compliment.

For the Feet.

Among the first things that strike the traveler in Japan are the wooden sandals worn by these thirty-five millions of people. They have a separate compartment for the great toe, and make a clacking noise on the street. Straw are slippers also worn, and a traveler setting out on a journey will strap a supply of them on his back that he may put on a new pair when the old ones are worn out. They cost but a cent and a half a pair. They are not rights and lefts, and leaving the foot free to the air—we never see those deformities of the foot in Japan which are so frequent in this country. They are never worn in the house, being left outside the door; passing down a street you see long rows of them at the doors old and new, large and small. It is surprising to see how readily the Japs step out of them, and pick them up again with their feet, without stopping, when leaving the house.—Constant habit makes them dexterous.

The Discovery of Quicksilver.

A cooper in Carniola having one eveing placed a new tub under a dropping spring, in order to try if it would hold water, when he came in the morning found it so heavy that he could hardly move it. At first, the superstitious notions that are apt to possess the minds of the ignorant made him suspect that his tub was bewitched; but at last perceived a shining fluid at the bottom, he went to Laubach, and showed it to an apothecary, who immediately dismissed him with a small gratuity, and bid him bring some more of the same stuff whenever he could meet with it. This he frequently did, being highly pleased with his good fortune; till at length the affair being made public, several persons formed themselves into a society in order to search further into the quicksilver deposits, thus so unexpectedly discovered, and which were destined to become the richest of their kind in Europe.

☞President Day used to tell of a neighbor into whose mind it was impossible to cast a glimmer of logic or mental philosophy. On one occasion he thought he would get the obtuse to see the truth of the metaphysical proposition, "Man cannot do anything against his will," but all at once the man burst out with: "Oh, yes, he can'! A neighbor of mine went to prison against his will only the day before yesterday."

Great Merit.

All the fairs give the first premiums and special awards of great merit to Hop Bitters, as the purest and best family medicine, and we most heartily approve of the awards for we know they deserve it. They are now on exhibition at the State Fairs, and we advice all to test them. See another column. 48 2t