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Our Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 7, 1881.
The annual report of the Secretary of War was made public last Friday. General Sherman's recommendation that the Army be increased to 30,000 men receives earnest endorsement. The attention of Congress is called to the necessity for legislation to prevent intrusions upon Indian lands, especially from Kansas into the Indian Territory. The necessity for increased sea-coast defences is strongly urged. The Secretary shows that a defense by fortification and torpedoed is the only one which is at all practicable for coasts as extended as ours, comprising so many rich maritime cities, extensive navy yards, and depots of supply; that any attempt at other modes of defense would be enormously expensive, both for first cost and for maintenance, and that it is the only mode adopted by maritime nations.

Experience shows that modern wars come on suddenly; that serious international disputes occur between nations, the relations of which are apparently the most unlikely to be other than friendly, and that a condition of readiness for defense and an attitude of beligerency are sometimes the best preventives of actual war. We know that the necessary new works and the proper modifications of old works will require many years for their completion, and it seems simply a matter of common prudence that we commence without delay, and under liberal appropriations to put our coasts in an efficient condition of defense.

This subject is treated more fully and emphatically in this report than ever heretofore, and that it should demand substantial attention from Congress to enable our engineers to place exposed points in fitting condition to meet any contingency, however remote, is a necessity which is becoming more thoroughly realized both by those having heavy interests upon the seaboard and those in the interior, to whom the coast cities are a market for. We will see what disposition Congress evinces to correct this evil.

Touching the Military Academy, the report strongly deprecates the proposition to raise the standard of excellence for admission.

The Secretary says: "The result of the last examination in which 49 out of 118 candidates were rejected, shows that the standard is already so high as to prevent the admission of many who would undoubtedly, if they had been so situated as to receive proper preliminary training, prove valuable officers."

Undoubtedly the Secretary has caught the correct idea in what he says upon the question.

The Military Academy, instead of affording a training suitable for officers who are to command our armies, has degenerated into a forcing house for the culture of a few precocious brains, the owners of which are no more fit to lead, command and inspire respect and obedience than an infant in the cradle. The army wants brave practical men to command it. This country has other openings for scientific gentlemen: than in the army.

The actual expenditures under the War Department for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1881, were \$42,122,201; the appropriations for 1882 were \$44,880,725, and the estimates for 1883 call for \$44,541,276. The estimates presented to the Secretary for revision included: For armament of fortifications and other works of defense, \$4,187,500; improving rivers and harbors, \$29,101,300; improving Mississippi river, by commission, \$4,328,000; public buildings and grounds in and near Washington, \$749,000; surveys of lakes, \$20,000; total, \$39,099,800. This amount, he says, "has been reduced on my own revision to aggregate \$10,680,000, which sum, if judicially allotted by Congress, will be, in my judgment, a reasonable allowance for this class of expenses during the next fiscal year."

The Republican congressional caucus on Saturday last selected, on the sixteenth ballot, General Keifer of Ohio for speaker of the House. One hundred and forty-seven votes were represented, and if all are cast for him, will insure his election. Hon. Edward McPherson was nominated for clerk and Colonel George W. Hooker of Vermont for sergeant-at-arms. He was assistant secretary of the National Executive Committee. Walter P. Brownlow of Tennessee was selected for door-keeper and Captain Harry Sherwood of Michigan for postmaster. The office which occasioned most interest was speaker. Hiscock of New York supposed himself quite sure of the position at one time, but his record proved to be against him. He had gone into the Greeley movement in 1872, and was, so far as he dared be, a halfbreed last year. He aimed to quietly work his way into the speakership, but failed. Kasson had advantages in location and experience, but he was doubted as to the tariff. His record in this particular was against him. This left Keifer as the prominent candidate, and the concentration of Pennsylvania on him carried him through. Mr. McPherson is a fair offering to the independent element, and his selection, no doubt, was on that account. As Keifer, the speaker, is a stalwart, it was advisable to give the clerkship to the independents. He had in his favor, also, the fact of former experience,—a very important matter with a new and untried speaker. Thus he was selected, and will, no doubt, with the rest of the caucus candidates, be elected. There is always more or less of soreness in such contests, but after a little all will die away.

The Forty-seventh Congress met at noon Monday and adjourned, having fully completed its organization. For the first time in six years—the Republican party is in the majority in the House of Representatives, and a Republican Speaker presides over its deliberations.

The election of a Speaker followed the call of the roll of members elect by the Clerk. Messrs. Keifer, Randall and Ford were nominated respectively by the Republicans, Democrats and Greenbackers. Four tellers were appointed by the Clerk—Messrs. Burrows, Holman, McCook and Ladd. J. Hyatt Smith, the New York Independent; Messrs. Paul and Fulkerson, the two Virginia Readjusters, voted for Mr. Keifer. The whole number of votes cast was 285; necessary to a choice 143, of which Keifer received 148, Randall 129 and Ford 8. The Clerk declared Mr. Keifer duly elected, and he was escorted to the chair by Messrs. Hiscock and Randall amid applause from the Republican side.

All the new members were sworn in and the House proceeded to the election of a Clerk. Mr. Robeson, who led the Republicans on the floor put Mr. McPherson in nomination, who was elected, receiving the same number of votes as Mr. Keifer. The Democrats nominated Mr. Adams, the old Clerk, and the Greenbackers Mr. De La Motte.

The Senate convened at noon and proceeded promptly to business, President pro tem. Davis in the chair. A large audience watched the proceedings apparently with much interest. The most important events of the day were the introduction by Senator Sherman of a bill providing for three per cent bonds, and by Messrs. Galbraith and Morrill of tariff revision bills. Mr. Lapham, one of the new Senators from New York, introduced a bill providing that any person convicted of attempting to kill a President of the United States should be sentenced to solitary imprisonment for life and Mr. Edmunds a resolution that the committees of the last session should be continued. Morgan renewed his bill of last year for placing General Grant on the retired list of the army. A number of unimportant bills were introduced and the Senate adjourned early in the afternoon.

"How do you manage," said a lady to her friend, "to appear so happy all the time?" "I always have Parker's Ginger Tonic handy," was the reply, and thus keep myself and family in good health and spirits. See adv.

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Philadelphia & Atlantic City

Time-table of May 7, 1881.

Station.	M.	P.	A.	M.	F.	S.	A.
Philadelphia	6:45	8:00	4:30	8:00			
Cedar Brook	6:55	8:10	4:40	8:10			
Williamstown Junction	7:05	8:20	4:50	8:20			
Cedar Brook	7:15	8:30	5:00	8:30			
Windsor	7:25	8:40	5:10	8:40			
Hammonton	7:35	8:50	5:20	8:50			
Da Costa	7:45	9:00	5:30	9:00			
Elwood	7:55	9:10	5:40	9:10			
Windsor Junction	8:05	9:20	5:50	9:20			
Atlantic City	8:15	9:30	6:00	9:30			

Station.	M.	P.	A.	M.	F.	S.	A.
Atlantic City	7:15	10:45	3:35	3:35			
Pleasantville	7:30	11:10	3:50	3:50			
Egg Harbor	7:45	11:25	4:05	4:05			
Elwood	8:00	11:40	4:20	4:20			
Da Costa	8:15	11:55	4:35	4:35			
Hammonton	8:30	12:10	4:50	4:50			
Windsor	8:45	12:25	5:05	5:05			
Cedar Brook	9:00	12:40	5:20	5:20			
Williamstown Junction	9:15	12:55	5:35	5:35			
Philadelphia	9:30	1:10	5:50	5:50			

The CENTURY Magazine,

Scribner's Monthly
For the Coming Year,
With the November number began the new series under the title of "The Century Magazine," which will be, in fact, a new, enlarged, and improved "Scribner." The page is somewhat longer and wider, admitting pictures of a larger size, and increasing the reading matter about

Fourteen Additional Pages.

The following is a summary of the leading features of the new series:

- A new novel by Mrs. Burnett (Author of "That Girl of Lorelie," etc.) entitled "Through One Administration," a story of Washington life.
- Studies of the Louisiana Creole, by Geo. W. Cable, author of "The Grandissimes," etc. A series of illustrated papers on the traditions and customs of the Louisiana Creoles.
- A Novel by W. D. Howells, Author of "A Chance Acquaintance," etc., dealing with characteristic features of American life.
- Ancient and Modern Sculpture. A "History of Ancient Sculpture," by Mrs. Lucy M. Mitchell, to contain the finest series of engravings yet published of the masterpieces of sculpture. There will also be papers on "Living English Sculptors," and on the "Younger Sculptors of America," fully illustrated.
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- Architectural and Decoration in America. Will be treated in a way to interest both possessor and housewife, with many practical as well as beautiful illustrations from recent designs.
- Representative Men and Women of the Nineteenth Century. Biographical sketches, accompanied by portraits of George Eliot, Robert Browning, Horace Eggleston, Henry James, Jr., John Fair, Miss Gordon Cumming, "H. H.," George W. Cable, Joel Chandler Harris, A. C. Rowland, F. D. Millet, Nath Brooks, Frank R. Stockton, Constance F. Wood, H. H. Johnson, Albert S. Keyser, Washington Gladden, John Burroughs, Parke Godwin, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Henry Kiss, Ernest Ingersoll, E. L. G. Lakin, E. B. Washburn, and many others.
- One or two papers on "The Adventures of the Titie Club," and an original Life of Beatrix, the engraver, by Austin D. Lewis, are among other features to be later announced.

The Reform of the Civil Service. Arrangements have been made for a series of able papers on this pressing political question.

Poetry and Poets in America. There will be studies of Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, Lowell, and others, by E. C. Sweeney.

Stories, Sketches, and Essays. May be expected from Charles Dudley Warner, W. D. Howells, "Mark Twain," Edward Eggleston, Henry James, Jr., John Fair, Miss Gordon Cumming, "H. H.," George W. Cable, Joel Chandler Harris, A. C. Rowland, F. D. Millet, Nath Brooks, Frank R. Stockton, Constance F. Wood, H. H. Johnson, Albert S. Keyser, Washington Gladden, John Burroughs, Parke Godwin, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Henry Kiss, Ernest Ingersoll, E. L. G. Lakin, E. B. Washburn, and many others.

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The Editorial Departments. Throughout will be unusually complete, and "The World's Work" will be considerably enlarged.

The price of the Century Magazine will remain at \$4 per year—35 cents a number. The portrait size (2 1/2 x 3 1/2) of the late Dr. Hutton is used just before the new size, photographed from a life-sized drawing by W. H. Easton, will possess a new interest to the readers of this magazine. It is offered at \$2.50, subscribers with "The Century Magazine" for \$6.00, subscribers are taken by the publisher, and by book-sellers and news-vendors everywhere.

THE CENTURY COMPANY,
Union Square, New York City.

Camden & Atlantic R. R.

DOWN TRAINS.

Stations.	H. A.	A. A.	M.	F.	S. A.
Philadelphia	6:10	4:30	8:00		8:00
Coper's Point	6:14	4:34	8:04		8:04
Penn. R. R. Junction	6:18	4:38	8:08		8:08
Haddonfield	6:23	4:43	8:13		8:13
Ashland	6:28	4:48	8:18		8:18
Kirkwood	6:33	4:53	8:23		8:23
Berlin	6:38	4:58	8:28		8:28
Elwood	6:43	5:03	8:33		8:33
Windsor	6:48	5:08	8:38		8:38
Windsor Junction	6:53	5:13	8:43		8:43
Hammonton	6:58	5:18	8:48		8:48
Da Costa	7:03	5:23	8:53		8:53
Elwood	7:08	5:28	8:58		8:58
Egg Harbor	7:13	5:33	9:03		9:03
Pennona	7:18	5:38	9:08		9:08
Atlantic City	7:23	5:43	9:13		9:13
May's Landing	7:28	5:48	9:18		9:18

U TRAINS.

Station.	H. A.	A. A.	M.	F.	S. A.
Philadelphia	7:35	9:20	5:50		6:20
Coper's Point	7:39	9:24	5:54		6:24
Penn. R. R. Junction	7:43	9:28	5:58		6:28
Haddonfield	7:47	9:32	6:02		6:32
Ashland	7:51	9:36	6:06		6:36
Kirkwood	7:55	9:40	6:10		6:40
Berlin	7:59	9:44	6:14		6:44
Elwood	8:03	9:48	6:18		6:48
Windsor	8:07	9:52	6:22		6:52
Windsor Junction	8:11	9:56	6:26		6:56
Hammonton	8:15	10:00	6:30		7:00
Da Costa	8:19	10:04	6:34		7:04
Elwood	8:23	10:08	6:38		7:08
Egg Harbor	8:27	10:12	6:42		7:12
Pennona	8:31	10:16	6:46		7:16
Atlantic City	8:35	10:20	6:50		7:20
May's Landing	8:39	10:24	6:54		7:24

Up express stops at Hammonton 8:48 A. M. Philadelphia 9:50. Down express leaves city at 3:30 p. m., Hammonton, 4:20, Atlantic City 5:15.

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How Miss Jenkins "Got out of it."

It was "writing afternoon"—said Miss Jenkins—and my scholars were new. If you had ever been a teacher, my dear, you would realize what the combination of those two simple facts implies—the weariness of body and the utter vexation of spirit. First, there's the holding of the pen. If there's one thing more than another in which scholars exhibit their own originality, it is in managing a penholder. Then, the ink. To some it was simply ink, nothing more. To others it seemed an irresistible tempter, whispering of unique designs, grotesque or otherwise, to be worked out upon desk or jacket, or perhaps upon the back of one's small hand.

Well, upon the afternoon of which I am going to tell you, I had more correcting to do than usual, and for some of the scholars were stupid, and could do as I wished, and others were cunning, and didn't try. What with the looking and stopping, and continual showing, I felt my patience giving way, and when I saw that three of the largest boys had left the page upon which they should have been practicing, and were making "unknown" characters in different parts of their books, I lost it utterly. "That I will not have," said I, sharply. "I will punish any boy who makes a mark upon my book this lesson page."

They were very still for awhile. Nothing was heard but the scratching of pens, and the sound of my footsteps as I walked up and down the aisles. Involuntarily I found myself studying the hands before me as if they had been faces. There was Harry Sanford's large and plump, but fleshy wrist, and not over-clean. His "n's" stood weakly upon their legs, seeming to feel the need of other letters to prop them up.

Walter Lane's, red and chapped, with short, stubby fingers, nails bitten off to the quick, and yet a certain air of sturdy dignity; and his "n's" if not handsome, were certainly plain, and looked as if they knew their place, and meant to keep it.

Tommy Silver's, long and limp, and smeared with ink from palm to nail, vainly strove to keep time with a tongue which wagged, unceasingly, this way and that, and which should have been red, but was black, like the fingers. His "n's" had neither form nor comeliness, and might have stood for "u's," or even "v's," quite as well.

Then there was Hugh Bright's hand, hard and rough with work, holding the pen as if it never meant to let go, but his "n's" were "n's" and could not be mistaken for anything else.

At length I came to Frank Dunbar's desk—for Little Frank, who had been a real help and comfort to me since the day when he bashfully knocked at my door, with books and slate in hand. His hand was white and shapely; fingers spotless, nails immaculate, and his "n's"—but what was it that sent a cold chill over me as I looked at them? Ah, my dear, if I should live a thousand years, I could never tell you how I felt when I found that Frank Dunbar had written half a dozen letters upon the opposite page of his copy-book!

"Why, Frank," said I, "how did that happen?"

"I did it,"

"You did it before I spoke?" said I, clinging to a forlorn hope.

"No, m'; I did it afterward, I forgot."

"Oh, Frank! my good, good boy! How could you? I shall have to punish you."

"Yes, m'—the brave blue eyes looked calmly up into my face.

I did look at them. Walter Lane's sharp black eyes and Harry Sanford's sleepy orbs were fixed curiously upon me. Nor were these all. Gray eyes, blue eyes, hazel and brown eyes—all were regarding me intently; I almost fancied that they looked at me plying. I could not bear it.

"Attend to your writing, boys." Then I walked slowly up to the desk. "You see how it is," said the troublesome owner. "You will certainly have to punish him."

But I had thought of a possible plan of escape. "Frank," said I, "you have been disobedient, and you know good boys that cannot bear to punish you—not in that way, I mean. You may go to the foot of your class instead."

"I'd rather take the whipping." The honest, upturned face was very sober, but betrayed not the least sign of fear, nor was there the slightest suspicion of a tremble in the clear, childish voice.

"Bless your brave little heart," thought I. "Of course you would! I might have known that, and again I waded the aisles, up and down, thinking, thinking.

"You will have to do it," repeated the voice. "—There is no other way."

"I cannot—Oh, I can't," I groaned, half aloud.

"The good of the school requires it. You must sacrifice your own feelings and his."

"Sacrifice his feelings! Loyal little soul—good as gold, and true as steel!"

"No matter, you must do it."

"I won't!"

I walked quickly to the desk, and struck the bell. The children looked wonderingly. "Listen to me, boys," said I. "You all know that Frank Dunbar is one of our best scholars."

"Yes, m'—yes, m'—" came from all parts of the room, but two or three of the larger boys sat silent and unsmiling.

"You know how ambitious he is in school, and what a little gentleman always."

"Yes, m'. That's so. We know." Only two unsympathetic faces now; but one of them, that of a sulky boy in the corner, looked as if his owner were mentally saying: "Can't think what you're driving at, but I'll never give in—never."

"You all know how brave he was when Joe Willis dropped his new desk—how he knew the boards of that unfinished building—on Corlies street. How he did what no other boy in school would do—let himself down into the cellar, and groped about in the dark until he found it for him."

"We know that—yes, m'. Hurrah for—"

"Stop a minute. One thing more." Sulky boy's companion was shouting with the rest, and sulky boy's own face had relaxed.

"You all know," said I, "how he took care of Willie Randall when Willie hurt himself upon the ice. How he drew him home upon his sled, going very slowly and carefully that poor Willie might not be jolted, and making himself late to school in consequence."

"Yes, m'. Yes, m'am. Ho-roy for little Dunbar!" Sulky boy is smiling now, and I know that my cause was won.

"Very well," said I. Now let us talk about to-day. He has disobeyed me, and—of course I ought to punish him."

"No, m', you oughtn't. Don't punish him! We don't want him whipped!"

"But I have given my word. It will be treating you all unfairly if I break it. He has been such a faithful boy that I should like very much to forgive him, but I cannot do it unless you are all willing."

"We'll forgive him. We'll—"

"Stop! I want you to think of it carefully for a minute. I am going to leave the matter altogether with you. I shall do just as you say. If, at the end of one minute by the clock, you are sure you forgive him, raise your hands."

My dear, you should have seen them! If ever there was an expression in human faces, I saw it in theirs that day. Such a shaking and snapping of fingers, and an eager waving of small palms—breaking out at last into a hearty, simultaneous clapping, and sulky boy's the most of all!

"Disorderly," do you say? Well, perhaps it was. We were too much in earnest to think of that. I looked at Frank. His blue eyes were swimming in tears, which he would not let fall.

the divisors larger than the dividends, or written the numerals upside down, it would not have been strange to me, under the circumstances.

And the moral of this—concluded Miss Jenkins (she had been reading "Alice in Wonderland")—is that a teacher is human, and a human being doesn't always know just what to do.

Odds and Ends.

Man-Who-Hasn't-Saved-Anything—This Year is writing an ode to Oumma.

A plink fog settled over New York a few days ago, but landlords refuse to put up color blinds.

"I occasionally drop into poetry," as the man said when he fell into the editorial waste-basket.

Glass bricks are to be made in Pittsburgh. The Pittsburgher needs something lighter for his hat.

A Virginia hangman has worked off fourteen of his fellow-beings. He eats no mince-pie in the evening.

That was sound advice the band leader gave to the boy when he told him to drum a little louder.

A Hartford man weighed his coal and found it—four hundred pounds short. This, however, made him ponder rather than sigh.

No use fighting for the friends of your youth. Better skirmish about for some one to stand by in old age.

A thousand servant girls are wanted in Manitoba. There seems to be no part of the earth that have not been subdued.

"I jumped at the conclusion," remarked the cat when she grabbed for the rat's tail as he went out of sight down a hole.

A recent railroad accident is charged to the drunkenness of the engineer, but it is more than likely it was the locomotive that was "on a toot."

One of the most disagreeable things in the world is the comparison of the "I will" at the marriage ceremony with the "I won't" after that event.

The idea has become prevalent that the young ladies who practice tight lacing are fast. This is an error, as they are really the most stayed among their sex.

"Money does everything for a man," said an old gentleman, pompously.

"Yes," replied the other man, "but money won't do as much for a man as some men will do for money."

Conversation on a sea-side hotel veranda between a young man and an elderly guest: Young Man—"I must have seen you somewhere, sir?" Elderly Guest—"Very likely; I am a pawnbroker."

The water of the Hudson river at Poughkeepsie has been pronounced unfit for drinking, but the people pay no more attention to this fact than if it were an advertisement.

Unexpected affirmative. Professor in psychology: "Can we conceive of anything as being out of time and still occupying space?" Musical student (thoughtfully): "Yes, sir; a poor singer in a chorus."

Selected Humor.

A boy in a country school was reading the following sentence—"The lighthouse is a landmark by day and a beacon by night," and he rendered it thus—"The lighthouse is a landford by day and a deacon by night."

A certain domestic event having occurred in the family of a distinguished clergyman, he sent the following post-card to his mother:—

From sweet Isaiah's sacred song, ninth chapter and verse six.

First thirteen verses please take, and then the following—"nix."

From Genesis the thirty-fifth, verse seven.

Then add verse twenty-six of Kings, book second, chapter four.

The last two verses, chapter first, look of second.

And you will learn that on this day your loving son befall.

And others, who want to learn also, must search the Scriptures."

Waco is threatened with another daily paper. The names of the suspected parties are suppressed on account of their families.—Texas Siftings.

Longfellow's First Poem.

When our great poet was nine years old, his master wanted him to write a "composition." Little Henry, like all children, shrank from the undertaking. His master said:—

"You can write words, can you not?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Then you can put words together?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then," said the master, "you may take your slate and go out behind the school-house, and there you can find something to write about, and then you can tell what it is, what it is for, and what is to be done with it, and that will be a composition."

Henry took his slate and went out. He went behind Mr. Finney's barn, which chanced to be near, and seeing a fine turnip growing up, he thought he knew what to do, and what it was for, and what would be done with it. A half hour had been allowed to Henry for his first undertaking in writing compositions. In a half hour he carried in his work, all accomplished, and the master is said to have been affected almost to tears when he saw what little Henry had done in that short time:—

Mr. Finney's Turnip.

Mr. Finney had a turnip, And it grew behind the barn, And the turnip did no harm.

And it grew, and it grew, Till it could grow no taller; Then Mr. Finney took it up And put it in the cellar.

There it lay, there it lay, Till it began to rot; When his daughter Susie washed it, And she put it in the pot.

Then she boiled it, and boiled it, And she ate and she ate, Then his daughter Lizzie took it, And she put it on the table.

Mr. Finney and his wife Both sat down to sup; And they ate and they ate, Until they ate the turnip up.

—SOUTHERN CHURCHMAN.

There have been set up in the Grand Opera House at Paris a number of mirrors, measuring forty-five by fifty-two feet, and weighing from 1200 to 1600 pounds.

The Hidden Husband.

It was during the troublous times in Poland, when many of the chief nobles fled to their native land, were looking for their beloved country once more free and independent. The Russian emperor called it an insurrection, and proposed to punish the leaders thereof with death. Upon the head of a certain Polish nobleman a price was set. The emperor was very anxious to gain him into his power, and having been informed that the nobleman's wife had been heard to declare that she had hidden her husband, he ordered her to be brought before him.

Accordingly she was apprehended and ushered into the imperial presence.

The emperor was forcibly struck by the lady's surpassing beauty, and her queenly bearing. Having been asked her name and station, she was asked if she had hidden her husband. She answered in the affirmative. She was then asked where she had hidden him.

But she shook her head; she would not tell, whereupon the emperor informed her that if she would not confess otherwise, he should put her to the torture. Upon that, she looked up into the monarch's face, and said to him with outstretched hands:—

"Sir, I have hidden away my husband. If I tell you where he is hidden will you spare me?"

"I will."

"You will keep your word, even though you do not find him?"

"If you tell me truly where you have hidden him—yes," I swear it."

"Then," she said, laying both her hands ever her throbbing bosom—"know ye—I have hidden him in my heart!"

We may suppose that the emperor kept his word; for he was not without a heart of his own, which could respond, on occasion, to a noble and generous sentiment.

A shark recently caught in New York harbor had a fluke and a pack of cards in his pocket. A telegram was immediately sent to Long Branch to inquire who was missing.

By far the best marriage, in point of commanding social position, made by any American lady in England in recent years, was that of Mrs. W. W. M. to Mr. W. W. M. by Sir William Harcourt. Lady Mandeville gained higher rank, but her husband is utterly destitute of any position arising from personal merit of any kind.

On the Origin of Sand.

The majority of the people probably never thought anything about it, but it will bear a great deal of thinking. The origin of sand is one of those geological problems which has been settled by common consent, without very great reliance on a practical reason.

This sounds rather cynical, and is very easily said. Let us examine the weak points of a prevalent hypothesis. Sand consists of minute boulders, of which gravel is a medium, in process of disintegration—says a geologist.

But the sand which has passed under our microscope is not part of a boulder or a gravel stone. Rubble stone, constantly ground down by the action of the waves, maintains to the finest texture both its molecular construction and its chemical constituency. Arenaceous shells will be stratified as directly upon gravelly pebbles—fiftieth of an inch in diameter, as in a rock the size of a cocoa-nut. The chemical composition of a minute pebble of limestone is a calcic rock in miniature.

But sand is a remarkably homogeneous collection of minute globules of silica, or siliceous oxide (oxide of silicon), discolored with iron.

It is suggested that the other constituents of igneous rocks like granite were washed out in solution, leaving the siliceous pebbles, we observe that oxide of alumina and oxide of calcium are quite as insoluble in water as the silicates of alumina and potash, and the form in which much of our granite appears. But if it be the case that the sand is the rock washing of centuries, then the boulders of these sands should be granite, and their bottoms should be covered with sedimentary rock of the same base as that dissolved. These conditions do not usually present themselves where the great sand drifts appear, at least where we have examined them.

Probably the most interesting accumulation of sand on this continent is at the head of Lake Michigan, where for a distance of over a hundred miles, the shore consists of broken areas of pure sand, often elevated into vast ranges of precipitous hills, of almost pure, whitish-yellow siliceous acid, barren and glistening. Along the shore there is still much boulder and gravel debris, and immense quantities of slate rubble, worn smooth and flat. Around the sand hills there spreads out a low or rolling alluvial soil, with immense lagoons and marshes cut off from the lake so effectually by the sand ridges that not a single stream enters the lake for a distance of nearly forty miles.

It has seemed to the writer that in the production of melted silicates of the alkaline bases, like the granitic and gneissic complex constituents, into water by volcanic agency, sand would result. Silt is often a result of volcanic action. Volcanic agencies are evident in many forms of silica. In the limestone pavement on our street are multitudes of flint nodules, and the closest scrutiny indicates that they were placed there by volcanic projection.

The wear of water never produced a boulder, for in laminated rocks, with thin strata, the wear would, and does, run with the grain. But gravel and boulder stones have apparently been fractured across the grain and worn into pebbles. Volcanic action alone could break up rock in this manner. A cursory examination of gravel or pebbles along the shore will exhibit this. At the same time the stratification of pebbles shows that they are not of immediate volcanic origin, but are only broken up by it.

Try.

Try popcorn for malice.

Try cranberries for malaria.

Try a sunbath for rheumatism.

Try gingerale for stomach cramps.

Try clam broth for a weak stomach.

Try cranberry poultice for erysipelas.

Try gargling lager beer for cure of sore throat.

A young gentleman, being pressed very hard in company to sing, even after he had solemnly assured them he could not, obeyed, testily, they intended to make a bit of him. "No, my good sir," said Coleman, "we only want to get a stove out of you."

Just lovely! "My daughter's painting," said Bullburr proudly, stopping before an alleged work of art. "Beautiful, isn't it?" "Yes," replied Fogg, slowly, "but what do you call it?" "What does it represent?" "Ah, well—yes—the fact is we have not decided what to call it yet; but isn't it lovely?"

See the lawyer as he stands Moving jaws and waving hands, Telling lies he understands, Pressing hard his suit.

See the tailor with a zest, Like an alligator's teeth, Tearing coat, pants and vest— Pressing of his suit.

Mark the lover while he kneels; Toilt the thrilling throbs he feels; Hear the nonsense he reveals— Pressing of his suit.

Lawyer's suits may be amended, Tailor's suit may be amended, Lover's suit may be amended, When the suits don't suit.

An Iowa school master knocked down a hornet's nest, to use in illustrating a lecture; but if he remarks he made immediately after, while killing across the country, were merely those he intended to use in the lecture relative to the hornet's nest—and they certainly referred to the nest—the discourse was one totally unfit for people to hear.

A Northern Pacific Train Stopped by a Herd of Bisons.

The passengers on a train from the Yellowstone had an experience exceedingly rare. When about two miles from a certain battle, the dividing line between Montana and Dakota, a herd of sixteen buffalo were seen a short distance ahead, within easy rifle range. There were soldiers on board with army rifles, and numerous small revolvers were also pointed toward the excited bison. A perfect volley of lead was poured into the herd but to no effect. They bounded away over the divide, and were soon out of sight.

The passengers had no sooner begun the discussion of what they had seen than a herd of twenty or thirty buffalo were making direct for the train, and fearing the engine would strike them and be thrown from the track, the air-brakes were set, and the train nearly brought to a stand still, while the buffalo crossed the track a few feet ahead. Every gun was leveled. Such excitement began to be described. Bullets flew in all directions, some striking the ground as near as ten feet from the train, others raising the dust a mile distant. The train moved on slowly and the volleys of lead continued to pour from the guns of the excited passengers. Finally the smoke cleared away, and the buffalo could be seen about half a mile away trotting along as unconcerned as though the had never seen a railroad train. The disgusted passengers drew in their breath as they saw the appearance of having been set out by human hands to ornament a park or pleasure garden. The different growths year after year, can be counted in regular gradation, from the sapping of the present year up to the most magnificent tree of the forest of five or six feet in diameter.

Western Life.

With only a team and a few dollars the emigrant determines to make himself a home in the wilds of the West. His first care is to build a sod house, as he must have a shelter. That done, about the middle of May he commences breaking prairie, and if he has a good horse team, succeeds in getting from forty to sixty acres broken by the middle of June. A few acres of the first breaking are usually planted to corn, dropped into a cut made through the sod with an axe, which incision is closed with the foot of the planter. This cannot be cultivated, and is wholly at the mercy of the season. Half the time it is a failure, but in a few years it is a daily occurrence. Very, very the northern Pacific is the sportsman's paradise.

Presence of Mind.

Visitor (in cathedral town, desirous of information, and willing to pay for it, to respectable-looking party, whom he takes to be a veger)—I suppose, now, these cloisters (slips a florin into his hand) are not older than the sixteenth century? Respectable party—Wet, sir, I'm sure I (pockets the coin)—thanky, sir, can't say, sir, 'cause I'm a stranger ere myself! (Exit hastily.)

Tableaux.

stains on the waist of Angey's dress. "Them ain't no banister stains," returned the truthful maiden, who ran a little boys' bible class in the parish church. "Charley was feeding me caramels last night and I guess them's the prints of his fingers."

Various Jokes.

A young gentleman, being pressed very hard in company to sing, even after he had solemnly assured them he could not, obeyed, testily, they intended to make a bit of him. "No, my good sir," said Coleman, "we only want to get a stove out of you."

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Tableaux.

The Mississippi.

The Mississippi is a wonderful river, and although I have traveled through the four quarters of the globe, I have never seen its compeer. The Nile, so famous in history, is insignificant in comparison. The Mississippi is constantly making changes in its hydrographic features. The workings of the currents and their changes are observed by the ordinary traveler who plows his way over the turbid surface on a swiftly-moving steamer. All are hidden from him. It requires a residence of years on its banks to rightly understand the peculiar philosophy of its waters. This I attentively studied during the fifteen years I was trading in flat-boats among the Indians and settlers along its banks in my early life.

One of the most striking peculiarities of the river is the uniformity of its meanders, or bends. Some of these are so uniform and regular that they have the appearance of having been described by the sweep of a compass, and consequently the course of the stream is very sinuous. The bends are constantly doubling on themselves, and forming what are called "cut-offs," and the river is traveling about in the alluvium, after changing its bed many miles, as well as its form.

The Red river bend swept around some fourteen miles, Walker's bend sixteen miles. The Red river bend broke through, cutting off its extent of fourteen miles. The State afterward sent men to work to cut off Walker's bend into Tunica bend, thus apparently reducing the river sixteen miles more, a total in the two cut-offs of about thirty miles, which entirely changed the hydrography of the stream, and gave it its form instead of the very crooked one it had previously.

This also broke the mouth of Red river some miles lower down than its original position in the bend. When these "cut-offs" occur, the channels of the old river into the new, close, or, as the people call it, "grow up," and in a few years the old river is shut completely out of sight and forms a lake back in the forest. These lakes or "old rivers" are traceable all along the lower river. This "growing up" is an other feature of the Mississippi, and would not be noticed by an ordinary traveler, unless a bend or island that was undergoing this process was pointed out and the philosophy explained to him.

The explanation is this:—When a bend breaks through an eddy is formed directly under the point of the "old river." In this eddy a sandbar forms, and on this sandbar, in a short time the alluvium, held in suspension by the waters, is precipitated, and immediately the young cottonwood trees begin to grow. Every year a new line of trees makes its appearance, and so on year after year, and shuts the old river out from view. The rows of cottonwoods are so exceedingly uniform and regular in their growth that they have the appearance of having been set out by human hands to ornament a park or pleasure garden. The different growths year after year, can be counted in regular gradation, from the sapping of the present year up to the most magnificent tree of the forest of five or six feet in diameter.

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Tableaux.

Why Ladies Are Not Permitted on American War Ships.

Literary Curiosity.

Every student of nouns, pronouns, and verbs, knows the necessity of transposing language for the sake of ascertaining grammatical construction. The following shows twenty-six different readings of one of Gray's well-known poetical lines, yet the sense is not affected—

A Faithful Dog.

A dog in New Mexico returning one evening with his sheep to the fold, discovered that his master was still in his shanty, and kept very quiet. The next evening it was the same. But after peeping up the sheep the dog smelled about the door, scratched, barked, and howled, as he was getting very hungry, but his master did not move. The dog, true to his appointed duty, went out with the sheep on the third day, but that night when he drove the flock into their pen the last one to attempt to get in became the victim of the dog's appetite. This method of providing for his own wants became a part of the faithful dog's daily duty. Every evening the last sheep to try to enter the fold was seized by him and served for supper and breakfast and for dinner the following day. The ranch to which the dog belonged was in a solitary part of the territory, and out of the track of travel or visitation. For two years after the master's death, as ascertained by data left by the latter—the faithful dog tended the flock committed to his charge, and had fresh mutton for his supper every night. The flock was not decimated by this steady drain upon its resources. On the contrary, it increased in numbers, and when at the end of two years after the death of the proprietor, the ranch was visited, and the remains of the owner were found, the dog was still at his post of duty, jealously guarding his flock, and driving them to the best pastures every day and to the fold at night, before which he slept to keep the wild shepherders of the plains at a civil distance. Advance.

Our taste declines with our merit. Hope is like the sun, which, as we journey toward it, casts the shadow of our burden behind us. Craftiness is a quality in the mind and a vice in the character. Men with missions do not disappear till they have fulfilled them. One owns hearts, and not other men's opinions, form our true honor. I have lived to thank God that all my prayers have not been answered. He who thinks his place below him will certainly be below his place. The Russians readily learn foreign languages.

Some Thoughts from Emerson.

Skepticism is slow suicide. Can't is useful to provoke common sense. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. The essence of friendship is trustness, a total magnanimity and endurance. The less a man thinks or knows about his victims the better we will like him. Truth is too simple for us; we do not like those who unmask our illusions. Souls are not saved in bundles. The Spirit asks it of every man, how is it with thee? Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy. Self-command is the main elegance. If there is any great or good thing in store for you, it will not come at the first or second call. Life is hardly respectable if it has no generous task, no duties or affections that constitute a necessity of existing. Every man's task is his life preserver. The best part of human character is the tenderness and delicacy of feeling in little matters, the desire to soothe and please others—minute of the social virtues. No congress, nor mob, nor gullibility, nor fire, nor all together, can avail or cut out, burn or destroy the offense of superiority in persons. The superiority in him is inferiority in me. Self-trust is the essence of heroism. It is the state of the soul of war and its ultimate objects are the last defiance of falsehood and wrong and the power to bear all that can be, and it is just, generous, hospitable, temperate, scornful of petty calculations and scornful of being scorned. It persists; it is of an undaunted boldness and of a fortitude not to be wearied out. Most men gamble with fortune and gain all or lose all, as her wheel rolls. But do thou leave as unawakened these winnings, and deal with cause and effect, the chancellors of God. In the will work and acquire, and thou shalt claim the wheel of chance and shalt always drag her after thee. A political victory, a rise of rents, the recovery of your sick, or the return of your absent friend, or some other quiet external event, raises your spirits and you think good days are preparing for you. Do not believe it. It can never do so. Nothing can bring you peace but yourself. Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles.

Bowen's Bonanza.

The Colorado Millionaire Owner of the Summit Mines. I believe Judge Bowen came to this country a poor man from the State of Arkansas, where he was formerly a wealthy planter. For seven long weary years he has prospected, ever in debt and getting deeper so every month and year; putting every dollar of his earnings in prospect holes; contending against fate seemingly, yet ever hopeful and courageous; fighting on while others grew faint-hearted and left the field. Success has been his reward at last. But he has grown gray in the fight. During the years when he was Judge of this district he plodded on foot over the mountains from county to county, being too poor to own a horse for the purpose. He was overwhelmed in debt when he made the strike in the Ida mine. He had kept up his nerve, and, with wonderful confidence in his luck and judgment, had been able to hold the confidence of men and get their labor with promissory notes. Gold fairly rolled into his coffers, and in an incredible short time he had money to pay off all his scores and have a surplus in bank. He has paid off all his own debts and all the debts of the mining companies whose stock he had bought. One of these is a Dwyer bank, of \$49,000, was charged to Tess last year. Judge Bowen has paid it this year. I shall relate an anecdote told me, at the risk, perhaps, of offending the Judge, because it will indicate pointedly the generous and honorable characteristics of the man. Some months ago he learned of the poverty of an old friend and neighbor in Arkansas. He remembered at once that he owed that friend \$300, an old debt of honor of eleven years' standing, and he procured a draft for the amount and enclosed it to him. As a matter of course, in due time there came a grateful letter acknowledging the welcome check.

An Indian Legend.

The following story, selected from an eastern teacher, may be applicable in all climes and by all people. "There was once a beautiful damsel upon whom one of the good geni wished to bestow a blessing. He led her to the edge of a large field of corn, where he said to her:—"Daughter, in the field before us the ears of corn, in the hands of those who pluck them in faith, shall have tallennic virtues, and the virtue shall be in proportion to the size and beauty of the ear gathered. Thou shalt pass through the field once, and pluck one ear. It may be taken as thou goest forward and thou shalt not stop in thy path nor halt thou retrace a single step in quest of thine object. Select an ear full and fair, and accord-

About Love.

Mrs. Fadsandancy has noticed—"That the boy who is most afraid of the girls is the first to be corralled into matrimony. That the little girls prefer boys to girls. That they soon change, never to go back to their old love. That the little girls love the girls best. That they don't get over their preference as soon as the boys do—some of them never. That the women love the men because they love everything they have to take care of. That men love women because they can't help it. That the wife loves her husband so well that she has no thoughts for other men. That the husband so loves his wife he loves all women for her sake. That the married man is apt to think his wife all kinds of things, but he simply because he has found one woman fool enough to marry him. That homely husbands are the best. They never forget the compliment paid them by their wives for accepting them. That homely wives are the truest. They know how to make the most of what they have. That the man who marries late in life does well. That the man who marries young does better. That the man who never marries is to be pitied. That the woman who marries does well. The woman who does not marry does better nine times out of ten.

Opera and Electricity.

How the Grand Opera House is to be Lighted. The Grand Opera at Paris is to be illuminated by a combination of nearly all the known forms of electric light under the charge of M. Garnier, the architect of the building, who has obtained a grant of public money for the purpose. The great foyer or vestibule is to be furnished with twenty of the so-called "sun-lamps," such as are used to light the picture gallery at the Electrical Exhibition, but arranged in such a way as to be concealed from the spectators by bronze ornaments, which will throw the direct rays upon the agreeably diffused brilliancy through the room. Nothing could well be conceived more noble than such an illumination as this, reflected from the pictures and mosaics of the most gorgeous apartments of modern times, and the affect will be rather heightened by the clusters of Edison incandescent lamps which are to take the place of the present gas-burners. The little parlors which open from each end of the great foyer are to be lighted by a hundred and fifty Maxim incandescent lights, and the auditorium is to have five hundred of the English incandescent lights, under Swan's system, attached to the great chandelier. The loggia which forms so picturesque a feature of the exterior is to be furnished with twenty Jablochkoff candles, and the grand staircase with thirty-five Brush lights, while the low hall under the auditorium is to be lighted with a central sun-burner by the Werdermann system, and the neighboring passage-way by the reflecting Jaspard lamps. For fear of accidents the gas will for a few evenings be lighted at all the burners, and turned down to a feeble flame, so that if a wire should break, or any other occurrence should make it necessary to interrupt the electric current, the building may not be left in darkness.

A Town of Tripoli.

Derne or Beled el Soot, the ancient Darnis, is placed near the mouth of a large river, or wady, on a point of low land running out from the foot of a high range of barren hills about a mile from the coast. Unusually well supplied with water for that region, it has numerous date-palms, vineyards, and gardens. In the winter the hills are full of rushing water from the wadis, but in summer the market is held in the bed of the torrent. The streets of the town, which contains some good houses, are, like those of most places in Barbary, narrow, irregular, and filled with the filth and rubbish which seems indispensable to Arab comfort and happiness. The port is small and inconvenient, with no protection from the north or north-east. So little do such towns change, that the traveler of to-day looks upon much the same scene as was presented to Gen. Ekin's eyes when his looking down upon the little city in the spring of 1855, while the head of his weary column mounted the crest of the hill and encamped for a night of well-earned repose.

The Last Reservation.

(The removal of Sitting Bull and his wife was accomplished. A square of the tribe, made desperate by the removal, killed her baby and committed suicide. ASSOCIATED PRESS DISPATCH.) Sitting Bull and his wife were on the bank of the river. They waited the boat that should bear them away from their poor homes forever. For progress strides on, and the order had gone. "To these words of the nation. "Give us land and more room," was the cry "and move on." To the next reservation." With her babe, she looked back at the home "neath the trees From which they were driven, Where the smoke of the last camp-fire, borne on the breeze, Rose slowly toward heaven. Behind her, fair fields, and the forest and glade; The home of her nation; Around her the gleam of the bayonet and blade. Oretivization. Clapping close to her bosom the small dusky gown. With tender caressing, She bent down, on the cheek of her babe soft and warm. A mother's kiss pressing. There's a splash in the river—the column moves on. Close-guarded and narrow, With hardly more note of the two that are gone. From the old place of a sparrow. Only an Indian! Wretched, obscure, Forfeiture a stranger. And a babe, that was born in a wigwam as poor. And rude as a runner. Moved on—to make room for the growth in the West. Of a brave Christian nation; Moved on—and, thank God, forever at rest. In the last reservation.

Peculiarities of Japanese Theatres.

The entrance and exits to and from the stage of a Japanese theatre are all made through the audience by a long, raised platform down one side, corresponding with one of our side aisles, and introductory remarks are made from it. Prompting is not so audibly done as with us. An attendant in black squats behind the star, book in hand, and reads every word of his part to him in full view of all but those of the audience directly in front, since lights are not used, but each actor is accompanied by an invisible (a man with his face covered by a black cloth) who holds a candle at the end of a long pole just under his face. The attendant must be well up in the action of the part, for he is never in the hands of the principal, but nimbly manipulates his candle so as to avoid intercepting him. Women do not act, but men represent them, and it is noticeable that men who are above the average height are always chosen and whose natural voices are anything but offensive. Stars are paid well, the best at the best theatre getting \$1000 per month. The dressing is quite as extravagant as ours, and the actors' expenses, like those of all high-salaried people are large. The stage has a thirty-foot turn-table in the middle of it, by which scenes are changed quickly by simply turning it around. The stage machinery is quite simple. An upright post a foot in diameter was the pivot of the turn-table, and the periphery rested on well greased wood bearings, and the power was that of a couple of coolies applied to a stick attached to the rim. The curtain is a light cotton cloth hung on a wire. The lights are large candles with thick paper wicks, which requires snuffing every few minutes and are snuffed by an old fellow who handles the snuffers with a professional flourish, occasionally dropping a red end into a box without stopping to apologize. The foot and fly-lights he snuffs while the play is in progress, going in and out among the players, regardless of the situation. The play lasts all day and all night. A box for four costs two dollars for a whole day or a whole night. Parties go and stay all day, lunching and smoking at pleasure. It is an extremely social sight. The Chinese theatres do not give any idea of it. The ventilation is good, odors not offensive; the gay dresses of the people in the boxes are pleasing as well as their glad faces and their bright eyes. That they are a sympathetic people is proven by the fact that during the melodrama, while a poor, blind orphan was reciting his tale of sorrow, heads were bowed all over the house and women had "real good cries," such as might flatter Clara Morris, were she on the stage. The theatres are filled with poor, blind and moping soldiers, and low-priced comic theatres and wax figures and side shows of all kinds, which are interesting for a glance, but not generally entertaining.

Female Slavery.

(From the Buffalo Courier.) Paul Boyton, in his trip down the Missouri, has run across a curious matrimonial custom that the Government should look into. One night he was entertained by a rancher named George Mince. A comely squaw presided over his household, and three pretty half-breed children called him father. To his great chagrin he confessed the fact that he had bought this woman at Sliding Rock agency for a horse. He purchased her as a substitute for his Indian wife, whom he had bought several years ago, and with her head on one side, the action gave her quite a foreign air, she thought. "What matters it whether you did it purposely or not?" she retorted, contemptuously. Those great awkward hands of yours are forever doing mischief—they are truly good for nothing." Kathleen looked down at her brown hands and smiled sadly. "True," she said, as she bent down and gathered up the lovely roses, that and seemed to cling tenderly to the little, brown fingers—"are good for nothing, but as these things count in your world, Maud, but we are not at the end of time yet, and my record may read differently then!" "What nonsense! You will never be lady-like or graceful, so do your best with your other virtues!" cried Maud, angrily, as the proud, quiet manner of the other betrayed a natural dignity she could not imitate. "Put the roses in another vase and clear away that rubbish!" Kathleen was looking at the broken glass with a sad relief in her face. "I can mend this, Cousin Maud," she quietly said, "and it can be used with safety." "It will take gentler fingers than yours" laughed Maud, coolly. "But do as you please. Only, Kathleen," she paused at the door, looking back over her shoulder—"you need not think it worth while to appear to-night. Mamma thinks three unmarried daughters sufficient to entertain the guests without—" "A portliness niece of her dead husband's" quietly interrupted the young girl, with a far away smile. "I understand, Maud. Don't think I shall regret it. I do not like good-for-nothings any more than you do." Maud stamped her foot angrily. "At least the new doctor is good for something," she cried, eagerly betraying her own tactics for the evening. "So he should be, to fill the position he assumes. I trust he has more ambition than vanity, or the poor of Gullford will suffer." Kathleen carried the vase within doors and though she was quick at repartee, there were tears now less in her gray eyes, and a wistful pain in her heart. "But she quickly completed her task of arranging the table and flowers,

What Time Is It?

What time is it? Time to do well, Time to live better, Give up that grudge, Answer that letter; Speak that kind word to sweeten a sorrow, Do that good deed you would leave till to-morrow. Time to try hard In that new situation, Time to build up on A solid foundation. Giving up needless changing and drifting, Leaving the quick sands that ever are shifting. What time is it? Time to be thrifty, Farmers take warning, Plow in the springtime, Sow in the morning; Spring rains is coming, zephyrs are blowing, Heaven will attend to the quickening and growing. Time to count cost, Lessen expenses, Time to look well To the gates and the fences, Making and mending as good workers should; Shutting out evil and keeping the good. What time is it? Time to be earnest, Laying up treasure; Time to be thoughtful, Choosing true pleasure; Loving stern justice, of truth being fond, Making your word just as good as your bond. Time to be happy, Doing your best, Time-to-be-trustful, Leaving the rest, Knowing in whatever country or clime, No'er can we call back one minute of time.

Good for Nothing.

Crash went the beautiful cut-glass vase on the stone steps, and down at the feet of the culprit lay the crushed roses amid the glittering ruin. "Oh, Maud!" cried a low groined voice. A white robe, dainty and perfumed flashed through the open door an angry haste, and paused beside the gingham dress of the culprit. "I knew it! I knew it! a high pitched voice in a calm despair. "Each day sees my opinion of you verified, Kathleen. You are not to be trusted!" "Surely, Maud, you do not think I purposely broke your vase?" asked the girl in gingham, looking half proudly at the angry face of her elegantly clad companion. Maud Severn shrugged her shoulders—she had learned how from her French master, and with her head on one side, the action gave her quite a foreign air, she thought. "What matters it whether you did it purposely or not?" she retorted, contemptuously. Those great awkward hands of yours are forever doing mischief—they are truly good for nothing." Kathleen looked down at her brown hands and smiled sadly. "True," she said, as she bent down and gathered up the lovely roses, that and seemed to cling tenderly to the little, brown fingers—"are good for nothing, but as these things count in your world, Maud, but we are not at the end of time yet, and my record may read differently then!" "What nonsense! You will never be lady-like or graceful, so do your best with your other virtues!" cried Maud, angrily, as the proud, quiet manner of the other betrayed a natural dignity she could not imitate. "Put the roses in another vase and clear away that rubbish!" Kathleen was looking at the broken glass with a sad relief in her face. "I can mend this, Cousin Maud," she quietly said, "and it can be used with safety." "It will take gentler fingers than yours" laughed Maud, coolly. "But do as you please. Only, Kathleen," she paused at the door, looking back over her shoulder—"you need not think it worth while to appear to-night. Mamma thinks three unmarried daughters sufficient to entertain the guests without—" "A portliness niece of her dead husband's" quietly interrupted the young girl, with a far away smile. "I understand, Maud. Don't think I shall regret it. I do not like good-for-nothings any more than you do." Maud stamped her foot angrily. "At least the new doctor is good for something," she cried, eagerly betraying her own tactics for the evening. "So he should be, to fill the position he assumes. I trust he has more ambition than vanity, or the poor of Gullford will suffer." Kathleen carried the vase within doors and though she was quick at repartee, there were tears now less in her gray eyes, and a wistful pain in her heart. "But she quickly completed her task of arranging the table and flowers,

Table Service.

(From the N. Y. Evening Mail.) On the elegantly-furnished table, mustard may be contained in a mouton jar with silver mounts. Cups show quite opposite shapes, some being square bottom and others raised on a slender stem like a champagne glass. One of the recent styles of glassware has the crocodile pattern, and representing curiously the lines of the saurian skin in fine navy crystal, either rimmed with gilt or plain. Wall paper sometimes has the same pattern as that of the crocodile covering the furniture. The effects of the style as seen in certain elegant New York residences has been much admired. A recently imported China service, which is most appropriate for desert, is decorated with paintings of Shakespearean characters on a gold flower starred ground. For a dozen plates the price is \$300. It is said that in consequence of advanced prices at which Donekool wool is selling, the prices of Brussels carpets, and also of all kinds described in trade terms as "extra supers" will be higher before the new year. Choice styles of the American cut-glass goblets are worth \$20 per dozen. These are elaborately wrought in cluster diamond pattern, which is cut also in the feet, underneath, and shown reflected at their upper surface. The canister is not usually seen on the fashionable table. It is replaced by a pair of cut-glass bottles, either straight or in the form of jugs with handles, held in a light silver frame, with four small pepper boxes distributed around the table. Chamaiskins which we may buy in the streets are not from the chamais but from sheep. They are the flesh side of the skins subjected to certain processes with lime water, sulphuric acid, fish oil, etc., with final washing in a solution of potash. A game service recently decorated by an American artist, otherwise is adapted from Pope's American Game Birds. On the platter is represented a ruffled grouse, while the eighteen plates are decorated with woodcock, snipe, quail, partridge, plover, duck, etc., with a different bird pictured on each piece. A novelty here in glassware is the "Peloton" fabrication, and which is appropriately named by the word, signifying "flashing fire." In this fanciful style the clear crystal of the piece, either tinted or otherwise, is covered by a tracery formed of colored threads, as perhaps deep and light red, shooting in every direction over the surface. Flashes of Fashion. Cashmere and chevots continue to be the leading fabrics for ordinary wear. Among new watch trinkets and charms the wish-bone, in gold and silver is seen. Bangle rings have pendants in the form of padlocks, horseshoes, bells and balls. The Jersey is now used for fatigue costumes in the country or on long cruises. Copper and brickdust shades are growing deeper and darker as the season advances. Derby fets, under new names and only slightly different forms, will again be worn. Peaked or pointed bodices with gathered scarf panel draperies will be much worn. It takes very little of the striped novelty goods or plush to renovate a half-worn dress. Loose twisted chamais leather and undressed kid gloves are as much worn as ever. Rhine crystal ornaments are now made so very fine as to simulate diamonds wonderfully well. Heavy double box-plated ruchings adorn the bottom of the skirts of many handsome costumes. Moire is as fashionable this winter as Surah was last, but Surah is by no means discarded. There are some silent people who are more interesting than the best talkers. "Now Susan, my boots. Do hurry with them. I am sure I have called for them a dozen times." "Yes'm; in a minute. I heard you, and to save you time and trouble, I thought I'd button them for you before you put them on."

Pleasant Homes.

A little time and labor will make the grounds about the house look tidy, neat and inviting. There is no life in having the yards all covered with sticks, chips and last year's burdock stalks to stick their hateful knes into clothes and stockings. Use the garden rake and a wheelbarrow. If there are dry leaves drifting around, so much the better, they will make a good abetter for the manure shed or piggy pen. Matter if the house is old, or brown or moss green with age, if it is cleaned up neatly it will look as if it were comfortable and give a favorable impression of the inhabitants, and a few flower beds set out and trimmed up nicely, will make the homeliest place look pleasant. A few vines, running up the sides of the house so as to shade the windows and doors are as much of an ornament to an old house, or they are to a fine mansion. A pretty porch can be made over the door, by setting long poles each side of the steps, and passing strings over the top backward. If you cannot get hop vines, plant beans, morning glories, or sweet peas, and train them to run up, and you will have something that will give pleasure all along summer days. Boys will enjoy helping if you only show them how to do it, and it will be a life-long pleasure to them to know how to make things look pretty. Do not think it will take too much time. Children can be taught early in life to make themselves useful, and there is no child but that likes to see a pleasant home, and if they know how to do it, will take hold and help make it pleasant. We all of us form an idea of a person's character when we pass his dwelling. If we see the yards all in a litter, and pigs, calves and chickens hopping over logs and chips, we are immediately impressed with the belief that shiftless people live there. A row of sunflowers, or a clump of hollyhocks are an improvement on any place, and look far better than rank grass weeds, or mayweed, growing everywhere. There is no excuse for the surroundings of a farm house to be filthy and cluttered up with everything; only just sheer laziness, and don't-care-attitude. I guess that is a new word, but it is as expressive a one as I know. Aristocracy. 'Tis a charming sound "to the ears of those who consider themselves wellborn as against the common herd. Yet it is an exotic in a republican country, transplanted from the hot beds of luxury and despotism. It has really no chance to flourish on our soil. English customs and traditions have built up a British aristocracy, hardy, snowy, full of daring, cultivated, able and really "high-toned," which can point to achievements on all the great fields of history, diplomatic and military activity as its warrant for being. But the American endeavor to maintain an exclusive order is only redolent of the close, stifled atmosphere of opulent seclusion and lack of contact with the busy, hard-working world. The aristocracy that plumes itself here looks with lavender contempt upon the mass who have their fortunes and reputations to make. This sniping and arrogant class, numerically weak, may be discovered wherever extensive means coexist with enfeebled brains and deficient good breeding. New York possesses specimens of such insipid and disgusting illustrations of humanity as well as Boston. When found, they are not worth making a note of, but should be allowed to live and die unsung and unhonored, except by their own peculiar coteries. It is the striving after just such a vulgar pre-eminence as that—the desire of people, who should be above such an unworthy ambition because of unquestioned gifts and attainments, to be recognized or patronized in circles that can add nothing to their qualities—which keeps in countenance the exceeding few composing the vague and filmy aristocracy of the American Republic. This caste has a very dubious existence, at the best, and deserves not to be encouraged by complaints in widely-circulated magazines of its leaning toward acknowledged artists, whose works have an odor of immortality about them, and should raise their creators to an elevation of mind above hankering after social prizes only secure at the expense of manliness and self-respect. Being asked if he would return to the United States, Salvini replied:—"I have been there twice, and America has had all the Italian tragedy it wants."

besides numerous little touches to fruits and leaves, without which the effect would have been marred, if left to the one clumsy servant, or the indolent daughters of the house.

When all was done, she left free to seek her own pleasure on that lovely June evening. And a strange pleasure it was for one so young! She took down a broad-brimmed hat from its familiar hanging place behind the kitchen door—it was needed to often in her daily duties to rest idly beside her cousin's on the hall rack—and in her simple gingham dress, with its neat white collar, hastened quickly through the back garden out on the highway and took the road to the village. "The new doctor!" she pondered. "Ah, how he has disappointed me. I did hope that a clever, earnest physician would come to Gullford and help the poor folk, and instead we have a fashionable, gay young man, who frequents lawn parties and flirts with silly girls. Oh, if it were only a man!" Kathleen was crossing a muddy patch in the road as she arrived at this wish and making a quick spring to the dry side of the road, turned her ankle with a sickening pain and fell prostrate upon the grassy bank. "Oh, dear, Maud is right, after all," she groaned in despair, half comical and yet painful wail. "Two miles from the village or home, on a by lane very few frequent, and unable to move with a sprained ankle." And after summing up her position, Kathleen first laughed then cried. "Poor old granny!" she sobbed. She will think I have deserted her, and she is poor and ill, with no one to care for her but me, and now I cannot go to her. "Perhaps I can help you," said a pleasant voice from the bank above her. Looking up quickly, Kathleen met a pair of frank, brown eyes, that looked sensible enough to help her in her foolish predicament. "I don't know—" she began dubiously. "Well, there's nothing like trying," laughed the man on the bank, and down he came with a flying leap to her side. "What is it? Broke anything, eh?" Kathleen had to laugh, he was so pleasant and breezy. "Oh, no; only twisted an ankle," she said, shyly. "Only! Humph! You are used to making light of great matters, I see." And to Kathleen's horror down he dropped on his knees, and coolly took possession of her foot. "So much for wearing low shoes," he said, half angrily, as he looked at the active little foot, clad in an Oxford tie, and then—delighted and undisturbed it off. Kathleen grew indignant and red. "You need not trouble yourself—" she began. "Be still! I am a doctor, young lady, and know what sprains mean," he coolly retorted, moving the foot so gently, though her lips quivered with the pain. "A doctor! Kathleen looked full at him in astonishment. Not the new doctor, surely. "You are going to spoil two engagements for me this evening, with this foot, young lady, so you must repay me with obedience. "At one place, music, laughter and bright smiles await me, to welcome him to my new home; at the other, a poor old woman is waiting to thank me for looking up my pocket, the first thing after I take possession of my practice." His frank eyes met the conscious grayness looking so eagerly at him. "You speak of my home and my poor old woman!" she cried out. "Oh, I am so rejoiced you are good for something!" He laughed heartily. "Which you doubted. And so you were going to see the old woman when this happened? Then you are—" "Kathleen Severn," said the girl. "Doctor Oscar Ware, at your service," retorted the cheery voice as its owner doffed his hat. "Now, Miss Kathleen, I know all about you, for Gregory Duff is generous, and as you are used to obedience I expect you to mind me now. My horse is at the blacksmith's across the field, where I left him to be shod, while I came over here to gather wild roses for a sick lad in the village, and while I go for him you must sit still and wait for me." Kathleen started. Would he drive her home? "Oh, but you must not!" she protested in terror. "Very well, then. I'll leave you

slitting in the mud, awaiting a deliverer more to your taste," said the doctor, coolly; rising from his knees.

Kathleen felt her eyes droop with pain. "Thank you!" she said, gently, with a sadness in her voice that made him look at her. "I will accept your help since I must." "Only because you must?" "I am used to helping myself, but at last I am useless." "I am glad to be the first to offer you help in your weakness," said the frank voice, gently; and then away he sped across the field, leaving Kathleen dazed with sudden ideas and emotions, yet laughing low and shyly. In a short while the doctor appeared on the road, driving a light wagon behind a strong brown horse, which he drew up before the mud-puddle, and sprang down lightly beside the young girl. "He raised her by her hand on the one foot; she put the other down carefully, winced, turned pale, and before she knew what next would happen, she was caught up in a strong pair of arms and lifted high above the mud into the wagon. "There," said the cheery voice, as the self-reliant young man took the reins. "Your foot is all right, Miss Kathleen—it is only strained a little. Then you had better hurry you may try another jump." Kathleen listened aghast; she was feeling emotions so new and strange that silence seemed to protect her from herself, and through the dreary home she could only listen and rejoice at the brave nature of the new doctor. Once only she spoke, to ask him to drive in the back way and through the barnyard so that her entrance might not be seen from the house. Then as he left her at the door, and gave her a little glass bottle, with the directions to apply it to her foot until the pain ceased, she raised her eyes, and said:—"I am glad you have come here, Doctor Ware. So many sad hearts need you." "But not brave ones like yours?" he said sharply. "Even I," she softly said, as she turned away. Kathleen grew more cheerful as the days went on, for her earnest, helpful nature rejoiced that there was another to care for and assist the poor and sad-hearted in the village. A great pride grew in her as she heard her cousins condemn the new doctor as too democratic and hard-working to suit their idle tastes, and her eyes and lips grew brighter each day as some new tale of his kind deeds came to her through village gossip. They met but seldom, and then only a few words were uttered, but Kathleen felt the need of even those few words and knew they helped her. One day a letter came. She was not surprised, it seemed to her as if the time must come when his nature would claim hers, and she was tremulous with proud joy. He spoke of their first meeting:—"Of that task were enamoured my fingers I was weary. For they lingered full long o'er these fetters of sin." "She smiled me my thanks, and turned from me with a look in her eyes I never forget. For I seemed to say, in language too true, 'Thou hast fastened thy heart in the string of my shoe!'" "Good for something at last!" Kathleen said softly, as she told her tale to her aunt and cousins; and in the great light that beamed from her earnest gray eyes, they felt their selfish nature shrink and grow pitifully small.

The Horse Knew the Druggist.

The horse lives in Wilmington, Del., and the Star of that city tells this story of brute intelligence:—A few Sundays ago he was running loose on the streets, in the neighborhood of a certain drug-store, where the proprietor noticed that he had a severe sore on his back, and that the proprietor had kindly put a suitable plaster on each of the wounds. The animal then went off, and he saw no more of him until the next Sunday, when he again went to the door of the establishment where he remained until his wounds were again dressed, and since then he has regularly appeared every Sunday at the door of the drug store to have his plasters put upon his back and shoulders, and that the proprietor has kindly accommodated him. It is supposed that his owner keeps him busy all the week and turns him loose on Sundays. The sympathy of sorrow is stronger than the sympathy of prosperity.

