#### Sleep.

BY ANDREW B. SALTON. he weary portals of the sight we close; And, in the bark of Somous, sails unfurled, In snowy wreaths of cloud, our souls are

At mercy of each fitful breeze that blows. Then from the depths that prescience never We through a varied flood of dreams

And wake to curied For ages round our planet, changeless flows. And so, when drowsy death shall seal our eyes,

And from lamenting friends we pass away, It may be that, awaking, we shall rise Re re hed and strengthened for a longer stay,

And find the same old earth, the same That we but lost in slumber yesterday.

Scribner for October.

#### A MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISE-MENT.

BY DI AMOND.

"Toast burned to a crisp! coffee like mud! and beefsteak as tough as leather! I'd like to know how in thunder a man is going to live on such stuff as this! I'll die of indigestion in less than a week if I keep on in this way. Here, Bridget, take this mess away, and just pack up as quickly as you ever did anything in your life," growled Mr. Aaron Allen, as he arose from the table, giving it a violent push that set the dishes rattling Bridget sullenly set to work, and Mr Allen strode out of the room, banging the door behind him.

"Well," he muttered, as he reache his study and threw himself into chair. "This is a go! Five cooks in as many weeks, and no prospect of anything better. It will certainly drive me distracted trying to live in this way. I do hate to break up and board after keeping house so long. If Sophia hadn't made such a goose of herself she might be here yet, and all would be well."

Mr. Allen was a middle-aged bachelor, whose maiden sister, a few years younger than he, had always directed his household affairs since the death of their mother, twenty years previously, when Sophia was a girl of sixteen. They had always lived peaceably enough until about two months since, when Sophia took mortal umbrage at her brother. For Miss Sophia had a pet parrot, a beautiful, talkative bird, which she was very fond of; but one unlucky day she unthinkingly left the cage door open and went out calling. Her brother came from his business before she returned; and a sight met his eyes which set his quick temper in a blaze at once. On his study table sat Poll, busily engaged in tearing into minute bits some of his most important documents, which she had pulled from the half-open drawers while over what few remained untouched by her bill streams of ink were pouring from the overturned stand.

"Fun! fun! fine fun!" shouted Poll. pausing a moment in her work of destruction, and cocking up one eye maliciously at the intruder.

"Yes, I'll make it fun for you, you scoundrel, you-you-" sputtered Mr Allen, using, I am afraid, a few not very refined expressions, and seizing Poll unawares, he thrust her into the cage, and rushing out on the street, gave her to the first person he met. Miss Sophia soon came home, and missing her bird, made inquiries, when her brother at once related the whole affair. His sister stormed and fumed and raged, calling him ", cruel monster," and ended by declaring she would not remain in a house where she was so abused. Mr. Allen, in a passion, told her to do as she liked about it; it was immaterial to him whether she went or remained; so she departed without even leaving her future address, but her brother had no fears on her account. She had relatives and plenty of money, and she was certainly old enough to take care of herself. The cook, who had been in the family for years, left when Miss Sophia did, declaring that she "would not be bossed over by a man." Mr. Allen. thinking it would be easy to fill her place, had taken five in succession from the intelligence office, with what success we have already seen.

"Hum!" mused Mr. Allen, aloud, habit he had when alone. "If I knew where Sophia was, I'd send for her, even if she did act foolishly, but I don't know, so there's an end of that. Heighho! to manage it, anyway? Something's live in this way any longer. I believe I'll get married!" looking around half frightened at his termerity in giving utterance to such a thought. "But wouldn't Sophia fume then! Still, there's nobody I exactly take a fancy to. Miss Boggs is too old," (vain man) Miss Stepup know of any nice widows."

over his face. "The very thing! Why didn't I think of it before;" and he sat down before his desk, and drawing pen, ink, and paper toward him, commenced writing. After frequent pauses and much reflection, he finally laid down his pen, and read over what he had written.

"I guess that will do," he said; "what an old fool I am; but then I really don't

see any other way out of my dilemma.' Miss Sophia, on leaving her brother's house, had immediately gone to a cousand soon made herself quite at home. The New York papers came in daily and she always perused them with interest. One day, in glancing over the advertisements, one among the "Personals" caught her eye, and she read it over carelessly, then again with more

and position is desirous of opening a cunningly packed in Baltimore. There correspondence with a lady of educa- have recently been dinners given in tion and refinement, with a view to London and Paris, at which every arti- knees, and leading him to her mother. matrimony. Address 'Alpha,' 'Herald | cle of food upon the table came from

America.- W. M. Laffan, in Scribner Office." "Well," mused Miss Sophia, drawing for November.

a long breath, "I wish, I really wish I dare do it. There can't be any harm in trying, anyway. Wouldn't Aaron be astonished if I should get married after

An hour later found Miss Sophia on the way to the postoffice, with a letter hidden in her pocket which made her heart throb strangely every time she thought of it. The missive was sent and an answer anxiously awaited, which came in due season addressed to "Angelica," in a rather stiff, unnatural hand she thought, but then her correspondent might be disguising his hand-writing as she had hers. Miss Sophia now made frequent excursions to the postoffice, and one day she returned home in quite a flutter, and ran up to her room at once, where she again perused the letter which she had read while walking slowly home along the quiet country road.

"He wants me to appoint a meeting, she mused. "And matters have reached such a point that of course I can't refuse to do so, and I don't know that I would if I could, for I will acknowledge that I am just as anxious to see him as he is to see me. I do wonder what he is like?" and she went off into a train of musing and conjecture which we will

not attempt to follow. A few days subsequent to Miss Sophia's soliloguy, on a beautiful, bright May morning, she donned her most becoming apparel, and quietly leaving the house, made her way to the one hotel of which the village boasted, where she called for a private parlor, and sat down to wait with what patience she might, for the coming of her correspondent. A few moments of anxious expectancy, then the door slowly opened, and some one entered, closing it behind him. Miss Sophia, peering through her thick veil, saw no handsome stranger, but-could she believe her eyes, her brother, Aaron Allen! He approached her.

"Angelica," he said, softly. Miss Sophia threw aside her veil and

sprang to her feet. "Aaron Allen!" she cried, "what ar you doing here?"

"Why-why-Sophia," stammered Mr. Allen, utterly confounded by this sudden denouement, "you here?"

"Yes, Aaron Allen, I am here: and want to know what you mean by addressing me by that name," demanded his sister.

terly bewildered.

"Angelica," replied Miss Sophia, blushing in spite of herself. "I-oh, I made a mistake in the person; that's all," replied Mr. Allen, confusedly. "I'd like to know what you are

doing here, Sophia?" "That's my business, Aaron," she reretorted sharply. "And now tell me

whom you mistook me for?" "Well, Sophia, I may as well inform you that I am engaged to be married. said Mr. Allen, sheepishly, "and came here by appointment, to meet the la-

"And-and was her name Angelica? asked Miss Sophia, breathlessly, a fearful suspicion beginning to dawn upon her. "And is yours Alpha?"

"By Jove! Sophia, you don't mean-Thunderation! what a confounded pair of fools we have been!" ejaculated Mr Allen, as the truth flashed upon him I think the best thing we can do is to go home, and live as we have done for so many years, and let matrimony go for the future." And Miss Sophia was of the same opinion.- Waverley Magazine.

## Maryland and Other Cookery.

The Chesapeake has conferred upor

Baltimore the title of the "gastronomic capital" of the country. The fish, the game and the reptiles of its generous waters, and the traditions of the Maryland kitchen, have made Baltimore the Mecca toward which the eyes of all American bon-vivants are turned with a veneration that dyspepsia cannot impair. Places have their dishes and exult in them. New England points with pride to an unsullied record of pumpkin pies. New Orleans has its pompano. and boasts it much as Greenwich does its white-bait. In San Francisco you win the confidence of the Californian by praising his coppery oysters and saying that they remind you of "Ostend penn'orths," or Dublin's Burton-Bindins, and that, after all, the true taste of the "natives" is only acquired in waters where there is a great excess of copwhat's a house worth without a woman | per in suspension. At Norfolk, the sacred dish that is offered upon the altar got to be done, and soon, too. I can't of hospitality is the hog-fish. The modest New Yorker, in the acerbity of the lenten season, asks his foreign friend if he ever saw anything like "our shad." In Albany you partake of "beef" sliced from a Hudson river sturgeon; a fish of which cutlets from the shoulders are served in San Francisco to excellent too vain and extravagant, and I don't purpose as filets de sole. Chicago has been heard to speak of white fish. In He sat a moment pondering deeply on | Calcutta one inwardly consumes with this important matter, then a light broke | curry. Bird's nest soup, made from the gelatinous and insipid secretion of the sea swallow, is the dish of honor at Shanghai. But Baltimore rests not its reputation upon the precarious tenure of a single dish; it sits in complacent contemplation of the unrivaled variety tinues to give it its terrapins, its canvasbacks, its oysters and its fish, this may be done with safety; and among the pleasantest recollections that a stranger may have shall be those of a in's residing about sixty miles distant' Maryland kitchen in the "season." Visiters from the mother country seldom overlook it and they have recorded to know how her little daughter would their sentiments ever since the old colonial days. In these days of rapid transit it were strange if our trans-Atlantic of all present, Princess Isabella replied: cousins did not know more about it: and Liverpool receives many a crate of that I be Queen of England, I shall be canvasbacks, many a barrel of choice "A middle-aged gentleman of wealth oysters, and many a can of terrapin

Down in a Siver Mine.

Those who have never personally in pected the lower levels of our mines may obtain some idea of the degree of heat to be found therein by visiting the Savage works at the change of shifts. The men-packed together as close as they can stand on the cage—are popped up out of the shaft all steaming hot, for all the world like a bunch of asparagus just lifted from the pot. They make their appearance in a cloud of steam that pours up continuously from the "depths profound," and are dimly seen until they step forth upon the floor of the works. As the men land and separate each carries with him for half a minute, his own private cloud of vapor. As this passes off, the man is seen to be naked from the waist up, his skin as wet as though he had just been lifted out of a pool of water. The men bring up with them-beside the steam-an amount of heat that may be felt by the spectator as they pass.

All this is at the top of the shaft, where it is considered quite cool,what then must it be hundreds of feet below, where the men started fromdown where the water stands at 175° Fahrenheit? Down there no steam is seen,--it is too hot for it. It is only when the hot, moist air coming up from the lower regions strikes the cool air toward the top of the shaft that it takes the form of steam. Down there where the men come from you must keep your hands off the pump column and the pipes, and if you pick up any iron tool you will at once put it down without being told to do so. Down there they handle things with gloves on, or wrap rags about the drills they are guiding and iron apparatus they are moving. and down there, too, you will learn to keep your mouth shut, after you have irawn a few mouthfuls of hot air into

your lungs. Perspire? It is no name for it. You are like a sponge that is being squeezed. You are ready to believe that you have 10,000,000 pores to the square inch of surface, or as many more as any authorty may mention, and that all of these pores are as big as the cells of a honeycomb. You go for ice-water, and it almost seems to hiss as it passes down your throat,—you keep going for it, and thus, in a short time, find out what becomes of the tons and tons of ice that are daily consumed in the mines. Remain among the miners an hour or two and when you are finally popped out at the top of the shaft, all red-hot and steaming among the other asparagus sprouts, you will appreciate the beauty, the light, and the coolness of the upper world.- Virginia (Nev) Enterprise.

#### A Child Queen.

I wonder how many of the little girl readers of St. Nicholas are fond of history? If they answer candidly, I do not doubt that a large proportion will declare they prefer the charming stories they find in St. Nicholas to the dull pages of history, with its countless battles and murdered sovereigns. But history is not every bit duil, by any means, as you will find if your elder sisters and friends will select portions for you to read that are suitable to your age and interests. Perhaps you are very imaginative, and prefer fairy tales to all others. I am sure, then, that you will like the story I am about to tell you, of a little French princess, who was married and crowned Queen of England when only eight years old, and who became a widow at twelve.

This child-sovereign was born many hundred years ago-in 1387-at the palace of the Louvre in Paris, of whose noble picture gallery I am sure you all have heard-if, indeed, many of you have not seen it yourselves. She was the daughter of the poor King Charles VI, whose misfortunes made him insane, and for whose amusement playing cards were invented, and of his queen, Isabeau of Bavaria, a beautiful but very wicked woman. Little Princess Isabella was the eldest of twelve children. She inherited her mother's beauty, and was petted by her parents and the entire court of France.

King Richard II, of England, who was a widower about thirty years old, was urged to marry again; and, instead of selecting a wife near his own age, his choice fell upon little Princess Isa-

"She is much too young," he was told. "Even in five or six years she will not be old enough to be married." The king, however, thought this objection too trifling to stand in the way of his marriage, and saying, "The lady's age is a fault that every day will remedy," he sent a magnificent embassy to the court of France, headed by the Archbishop of Dutlin, and consisting of earls, marshals, knights, and squires of honor uncounted, with attendants to the number

of five hundred. When the embassy reached Paris, and the offer of marriage had been formally accepted, the archbishop and the asked to see the little princess who was soon to become their queen. At first the French Council refused, saying so young a child was not prepared to appear on public occasions, and they could not tell how she might behave. The of its local market and calmly forbids | English noblemen were so solicitous, comparison. While the Chesapeake con- however, that at last she was brought before them. The earl marshal immediately knelt before her, and said, in the old fashioned language of the time:

> "Madam, if it please God, you shall be our lady and queen."

Queen Isabeau stood at a little distance, curious and anxious, no doubt, answer this formal address. To her great pleasure, and the great surprise "Sir, if it please God and my father well pleased, for I am told I shall then be a great lady."

hand to kiss, she bade him rise from his she presented him to her with the grace and ease of a mature woman.

According to the fashion of the time, give money to be able to carry away slowly.-Cicero.

of Queen of England. Froissart, a celebrated historian living at that epoch, says: "It was very pretty to see her,

the queen." In a few days, King Richard arrived forgotten there was such an element, from England with a gay and numerous retinue of titled ladies to attend his little bride. After many grand festivals they were married and were taken Queen was crowned in the famous land, in St. Nicholas

Mars.

When Gaiileo turned toward Mars the telescope with which he had discov ered the moons of Jupiter, the crescent form of venus, and many other wonders in the heavens, he was altogether disappointed. His telescope was indeed too small to show any features of interest in Mars, though the planet of war is much nearer to us than Jupiter. Mars is but a small world. The diameter of the planet is about 4,400 miles, that of to-night." our earth being nearly 8,000. Jupiter, mense diameter of more than 80,000 miles to make up, and much more than make up, for the effect of distance. With his noble system of moons he apsmall telescope, but Mars shows fewer | ture in the forest. features of interest even with telescopes of considerable size.

It was not, then, till very powerful telescopes had been constructed that arstronomers learned what we now

know about Mars. It is found his surface is divided into land and water, like the surface of our own earth. But his seas and oceans are not nearly so large compared with his continents and lands. You know on our own earth the water covers so much larger surface than the land that the great continents are in reality islands. Europe, Asia and Africa together form one great island; North and South America another, not quite so large: then come Australia, Greenland, Madaislands, larger or smaller. On the other hand, except the Caspian and the Sea of Aral, there are no large seas entirely land bound. In the case of Mars, a very different state of things prevails, as you will see from the three accompanying pictures (bitherto unpublished), drawn by the famous English observer, Dawes, called the Eagle-eyed. The third and best was drawn with a telescope constructed by your famous optician, Alvan Clark, of Cambridge, Massachusetts. The dark parts are the seas, the light parts being land, or in some cases cloud or snow. But in these pictures most of the lighter portions represent land; for they have been seen often so shaped, whereas clouds, of course, would

change in shape. The planet Mars, like our earth, turns on its axis, so that it has day and night as we have. The length of its day is not very different from that of our own. Our earth turns once on its axis inbut before reading on, try to complete this sentence for yourself. Every one knows the earth's turning on its axis produces day and night, and nine persons out of ten, if asked how long the earth takes in turning round her axis, will answer, 24 hours; and if asked how many times she turns on her axis in a year, will say 365 times, or if disdisposed to be very exact, 'about 3651, times." But neither answer is correct. The earth turns on her axis about 3661, times in each year, and each turning occupies 23 hours 56 minutes and 4 seconds and 1 tenth of a second. We, taking the ordinary day as the time of a turning or rotation, lose count of one rotation each year. It is necessary to mention this, in order that when I tell you how long the day of Mars is, you may be able correctly to compare it with our own day. Mars, then, turns on his axis in 24 hours 37 minutes 22 seconds and 7 tenth-parts of a second. So that Mars requires 41 minutes 18 seconds and 6 tenths of a second longer to turn his small body once round than our earth requires to turn round her much larger body. The common day of Mars is, however, only about 39 minutes longer than our common day.

Mars has a long year, taking no less than 687 our days to complete his circuit round the sun, so that his year lasts only about one month and a half less

than two of ours. Like the earth, Mars has seasons, for his polar axis, like that of the earth, is aslant, and at one part of his year brings his northern regions more fully into sunlight, at which time summer prevails there and winter in his southern regions; when at the opposite part of his year his southern regions are turned more fully sunward and have their

northern regions. Cook or Wilkes or James Ross our ant- prise and perplexity. Said he: arctic pole.

tor, in St. Nicholas.

A Camp Fire Reverie. ing out is your camp-fire at night. What an artist! What pictures are boldly Then, giving the marshal her tiny thrown or faintly outlined upon the canvas of the night! Every object, every attitude of your companion is striking and memorable. You see effects and groups every moment that you would

Princess Isabella was immediately with you in enduring form. How the married by proxy, and received the title | shadows leap, and skulk, and hover about! Light and darkness are in perpetual tilt and warfare, with first the one unhorsed, then the other. The young as she was, practicing how to act | friendly and cheering fire, what acquaintance we make with it! We had almost

we had so long known only its dark offspring, heat. Now we see the wild beauty unchanged and note its manner and temper. How surely it creates its in state to England, where the Baby own draft and sets the currents going. as force and enthusiasm always will Westminster Abbey. - Cecilia Cleve- It carves itself a chimney out of the fluid and houseless air. A friend, a ministering angel in subjection; a fiend, a fury, a monster, ready to devour the world, if ungoverned. By day it burrows in the ashes and sleeps; at night it comes forth and sits upon its throne of rude logs, and rules the camp a sover-

eign queen. Near camp stood a tall, ragged vellow birch, its partially cast-off bark hanging in crisp sheets or dense rolls.

"That tree needs the barber," said Aaron, "and shall have a call from him

So after dark he touched a match into though much farther away, has his im- it and we saw the flames creep up and wax in fury until the whole tree and it main branches stood wrapped in a sheet of roaring flame. It was a wild and striking spectacle, and must have adverpears a remarkable object even with a tised our camp to every necturnal crea-

What does the camper think about when lounging around the fire at night? Not much-of the sport of the day, of the big fish he lost and might have saved of the distant settlement, of to-morrow's plans. An ewl hoots off in the mountain and he thinks of him; it a wolf were to howl or a panther to scream he would think of him the rest of the night. As it is, thir gsflicker and hover through his mind, and he hardly knows whether it is the past or the present that posses ses him. Certain it is he feels the hush and solitude of the great forest, and whether he will or not all his musings are in some way cast upon that huge background of the night. Unless he is an old camper-out there will be an ungascar, and so forth; all the lands being der-current of dread or half fear. My companion said he could not help but feel all the time that there ought to be a sentinel out there pacing up and down One seems to require less sleep in the woods, as if the ground and the untemp ered air rested and refreshed him sooner The balsam and the hemlock heal his aches very quickly. If one is awakened often during the night, as he invariably is, he does not feel that sediment of sleep in his mind next day that he does when the same interruption occurs at home; the boughs have drawn it all out of him.-From "A Bed of Boughs," by John Burroughs; Scribner for Nov.

### Skobeleff.

The Skobeleffs have a singular origin In 1839 the Emperor Nicholas, while a a review of his whole army, ordered a Gen. Skobeleff to select the finest men in the army to form into a body of Imperial Guards. In the first regiment examined the general came across a stalwart young soldier, who far surpassed his comrades in appearance. The soldier said that his name was Kobeleff and that he came from a village in the Province of Novgorod. The general, upon hearing this reply to an inquiry he had made, seemed greatly interested. and being told that it was only the youth of Kobeleff, that had prevented his promotion, gave orders that he should be made a non commissioned officer. That evening, Gen. Skobeleff, at a dinner given to the officers of the regiment to which Kobeleff belonged, told an anecdote. He said that many years before, when he was a private soldier, he was on guard one day at the Winter Palace. While keeping guard the empress passed by, and after looking at him a few moments, asked him his name. He replied that it was Kobeleff. Kobeleff," said the empress; "I don't ike the sound of that name; hereafter you are to be called Skobeleff." From that time the empress took an interest in his welfare, and eventually, through her favor he became aide-de-camp to the Czar. "I have only one remark to make," said the General, "and that is that the young fellow whom I raised to be an officer to day, is the son of a brother I left at home to look after the village homestead." The nephew took his uncle's name, and subsequently himself became a General. It is his son, "Skobeleff the younger," who has just distinguished himself before Plevna.

# Mathematics and Medicine.

Among other talks to-day it came out that whale ships carry no doctors. The Captain adds the doctorship to his own duties. He not only gives medicines, but sets broken limbs after notions of his own, or saws them off and sears the stump when amputation seems best. summer, while winter prevails over his | The captain is provided with a medicine-chest, with the medicines num-Around his poles, as around the earth's | bered instead of named. A book of di- | sels to be making all de there are great masses of ice, insomuch rections goes with this. It describes that it is very doubtful whether any diseases and symptoms and says: "Give inhabitants of Mars have been able to a teaspoonful of No. 9 once an hour." penetrate to its poles, any more than or "Give ten grains of No. 12 every half Kane or Haves or Nares or Parry, des- hour," etc. One of our sea captains pite their courage and endurance, have came across a skipper in the North Pabeen able to reach our northern pole, or | cific who was in a state of great sur-

"There's something rotten about this In the summer of either hemisphere | medicine-chest business. One of my of Mars, the north polar snows become | men was sick-nothing much the mat-Mark Twain in Atlantic.

A wound from a tongue is worse than a wound from the sword; the latter affects only the body, the former the spirit -the soul - Pythagoras.

To live long it is necessary to live

HUMOROUS.

A minister telling a beautifuf young girl who was about to become a bride, that she must remember that the man and wife are one,-"Lord!" she exclaimed, "if you were under my father and mother's window when they are quarreling, you would think they were at least a dozen."

"Poor boy!" said a lady, as she took out her purse to give a little beggar some change. "Yes, I am a poor boy." said the young rascal, squeezing a tear out of his eyes, "and have three sick mothers to support." The lady shook her head, put back her purse, and sadly walked away.

A charming and a coquettish woman deserts her husband's roof. "What grieves me most," he says to a friend, "is that I cannot understand why she should have flown-whether for this reason, or that, or the other." "Oh," says his friend, "make your mind easy. She has left you for the other."

A gentleman observing a servant girl who was left-handed, placing the knives and forks on the dinner-table in the same awkward position, remarked to her that she was laying them left-handed. "Oh, indade!" said she, "so I have; be plazed, sir, to help me turn the table round."

"He is a man after my own heart, pa," said Julia, referring to her Augustus. "Nonsense," replied old Practical, "he is a man after the money your uncle left ou." And then all was quiet.

A very tall, thin Highlander said he "had a cold in his head, originating in wet feet." She looked at him slowly from head to foot and back again, as if measuring the distance the cold had to travel, and then ejscalated: "Gracious me! you must have got your feet wet some time last year."

At a recent sale of short-horn cows n England, one animal brought \$22,000. That is a tremendous price, but it has its compensations. To be kicked in the stomach by a cow worth \$22,000 must be accompanied by a variety of ennobling sensations. Not every man can afford it.

A tramp applied to a lady in Des Moines for something to eat, and to the inquiry why he didn't go to work, said there was not any chance to work at his trade now. The lady asked him what his trade was: "Shoveling snow," was the confident answer. He got his

He was about six years old. He pointed to the face of the dial and said, "why, there's another little watch." I said, "that is called a second hand." He tossed his head contemptuously and walked off, saving: "I wouldn't own a secondhand watch."

Customer (to proprietor of a large establishment)-"I want a mourning suit, please." Proprietor-"What is the bereavement, may I ask?" Customer-"My mother-in-law." Proprietor (to a distant shopman) - "Mr. Brown show this gentleman to the 'Light Affliction Department."

The exact sciences may demonstrate the precise distance of the most remote star, and make the phases of surrounding worlds as familiar as our household words, but no amount of figuring will ever be able to indicate where the stone which a woman throws is going to

The way to make wood "go further," in cold weather, is to have it sawed and own head-farewell." split and piled up outside the door, in place of being in the woodshed. By this means a load of wood has been known to go more than half a mile in that he wondered if the old woman one night.

It makes a boy's heart feel sick as the winter wood begins to loom up in steadily growing piles in the back yard, and he sees his mother making preparations for organizing him into a "workingman's

A shipwrecked Irish sailor was nar rating how he and his companions had floated about at sea for twenty days in an open boat. "And what did you do for food, Pat, when the provisions gave out?" asked a bystander. "Shure, and we dined on one of the officers. 'I was the first mate we'd had in a fortnight," was

the reply. A slow fellow of a lover asked a lad whom he was feebly paying his dilatory attentions, what form of marriage she thought the most beautiful. "Oh. never mind the form!" she exclaimed "the substance is what I care for." The invitations are now being issued for the wedding.

"Brethren," said the realistic parson, when you drop your contribution into the box, you may drop it in gently from beneath your hand, so that the collector can't tell whether it's a dollar or a nickel; but you can't cheat the Lord."

A Pennsylvania Dutchman, who married his second wife after the funeral of the first, was visited with a two hours' serenade by the "Calathumbian" band. in token of disapproval. He expostulated pathetically, thus: "I say, poys, you ought to been ashamed mid yourvas somebody dead here so soon."

### Living in Washington.

The expense of fiving in Washington is now quite as low as in any of the Eastern cities. This was not the case the two had made up a purse to pay the years ago. Rents were, a few years since, enormously high at the Nationa Capital, but now "houses for rent" and "rooms for rent" are placarded on nearly half the buildings of the city, and both greatly reduced in extent, as is natural, ter. I looked in the book; it said give houses and rooms can be had at reasonwhile in winter they reach to low lati- him a teaspoonful of No. 15. I went to ably low figures. Board, too, can be had tudes, showing that in parts of the the medicine-chest and I see I was out at astonishingly low rates. Several explanet corresponding to the United of No. 15. I judged I'd got to get up a tensive boarding houses and hotels are States, or mid-Europe, as to latitude, combination somehow that would fill supplying table board at \$15 per month, bitter cold must prevail for several the bill, so I hove into the fellow half a \$4 per week, and 25 cents per mealweeks in succession.-Prof. R. A. Proc- teaspoonful of No. 8 and a half a tea- People coming to Washington to spend spoonfull of No. 7, and I'd be hanged if weeks or months, and desiring to make it is the last time," saying which she it didn't kill him in fifteen minutes! expenses light while here, instead of There's something about this medicine- paying \$3 to \$5 per day at the Ariing- any aid could be given her. She was Not the least of the charms of camp- chest system that's too many for me!- ton, Riggs, Ebbitt, Willard, National, or Metropolitan, can secure a good room for \$19 per month, and meals for \$15 per month, making their entire outlay for both board and lodging only \$25 per please the mob, and not a very arduous month, which is certainly cheap enough. | task to astonish them, but essentially to considering that this is the great capital benedt and improve them is a work of a great nation .- Washington Corres- fraught with difficulty and teeming with pondence Chicago Journal. danger.-Colton.

A Heart of Stone.

A woman about 50 years old resterday sat behind a chestnut stand, on Congress street East, waiting for the avaricious public to come along and gobble up her 50 cents worth of stock. There was a motherly, benevolent look to her face, and a physiognomist would have said that she felt sorry for every body who wasn't able to start a chest nut stand. She hadn't been there long. when a lump of a boy 9 or 10 years old. having the blackest pare feet ever seen in Detroit, and his left hand rolled up in a dirty rag, sat down on the curbstone within three feet of her and began weeping and wailing in the most affect ing manner.

"Boo! boo-hoo! oh! boo-hoo-hoo!" he wailed as he wandered to and fro in seeming great distress of mind.

The woman gave him a passing glance and then looked across the street. He wailed again, louder than before, she never moved her eyes.

"Oh! oh! I'm most dead!" he sobles! but her only response was to bend over and pick out a bad chestnut and crowd it down into the middle of the full halfpint measure. The lad then moved along until !

was at her feet, and pulling his old cap down a notch further, he wailed: "Oh! how I wish I had a ma and pa,

and wasn't a poor orphan boy!" The woman looked up and down the street to see if any runaway teams were coming. That same benevolent look nung around her mouth, but she didn't seem to know that a poor orphan was

"Oh! how cold and hungry and sick 1 am!" howled the boy, as he looked up at her with tearful eyes.

Shedidn't even wink one of her optics. "Nuthin' to eat for three days-slept n an ice-house—arm out of jint-fever almost burstin' my head op n, and how I want to be somebody's darlin' and bring in the coal, and build the fires. and be awful good!"

The woman found another bad chest nut and slowly put it where it would do

The boy was getting discouraged. Wie rose right up before her and cried out "Won't you give a sufferin' orphun ten chestnuts?"

"Gwoff!" she growled while the be-"Won't you give a starvin orphan

just five five wormy ones?" "Three-two one-just one old

wormy chestnut to strengthen me till can git to the bank Her face broadened and lengthened with motherly benevolence as she reached down for a club. When she rose up

he stood in the middle of the street, his tongue run out and his nose wrinkle la "G'long!" she called, as she waved the He advanced till he was just out of reach of her weapon, and, pointing his

dirty finger at her nose, he slowly said "I will go, my lord, I will go, kase I see a peeler down on the corner; I'll fotler you home this noon, and i pizen your dog, and I'll put tar on the door, and I'll stone your cat, and if have any cabbage in the back var i I it rend them limb from limb! You have scorned an orphan! You have sot the unmoved! Your blood be upon your

The officer got there 200 feet behind the boy, but he was not too late to see a face so full of pity, kindness, and charity didn't give the boy a ten dollar bill by mistake for a five. - Detroit Free Press

### The Poor Man's Bond

The bill introduced by Senator Walace to authorize a leng bond for the investment of savings, directs the Secre tary of the Treasury to issue in lieu of an equal amount, of 4 per cent bonds authorized by the act of July 14, 1876, a sum not exceeding \$100,000,000 of United States coupon bonds in denominations of \$25, \$50 and \$100 in equal sums, each denomination redeemable in coin of the present standard value, after 60 years from date of their issue, and bearing interest payable semi-annually in such coin at the rate of 3 65 100 per cent per annum. These bonds are to be exempt from all taxation. The remainder of the bill is as follows: "The Secretary of the Treasury shall keep said bonds for sale at different sub-treasuries of the United States and shall dispose of the same at par and accrued interest for coin or for United States legal jender notes at the rate which they dray then stand in the market, and such legal tender notes shall be re-issued, but their proceeds and coin received for such bonds shall be applied to redemption of the 5-20 bonds of the United

Died of Joy.

Last week a Mrs. Clinton, an Irish oman, about fifty years of age, arrived in the city from England, intending to pass her remaining years with her daughter, a married woman, living at Globe Village. She had another daughter living in a neighboring State, and mother's passage to this country. Mrs. Clinton arrived here the first of the week, and went directly to her daughter's house. A few days after her arri val the second daughter came to visit . . her, bringing two grandchildren, whom the old lady had never seen. Going to the door to meet them, the grandmoth er lifted the children from the carriage. and when the daughter alighted, embraced her with, "Oh dear, I have so longed to see you for the last time, and buried on Sunday last. - Fall River. Mass , News.

It is an easy and vulgar thing to