

### ETERNAL REST.

A little while we'll carry here,  
A little while our crosses bear.  
With hearts oppressed:  
A little while the weight of woe  
Will be our stricken spirits flow—  
A little while sad tears will flow,  
But soon comes rest.

Life seems a dream, bleached day,  
Where seldom falls illumining ray,  
To break the mist:  
Yet let us not despairing sigh,  
Nor in our weakness question why  
Our day has not a fairer sky—  
Beyond is rest.

Though from the bitter, bitter cup,  
Of mingled sorrows we must sup,  
'Tis but to test  
Our faith in Christ; and make us live  
For higher things than earth can give;  
And all that true and faithful prove,  
In heaven will rest;

It matters little though our lot  
Be cast in dreary, desert spot:  
For life, at best,  
Has much of sadness, and a gloom  
Hangs o'er the passage to the tomb;  
Yet, in Eden's bowers of bloom,  
Remaineth rest.

A few short moments more of grief,  
Then death will bring us sweet relief;  
Within the breast  
Of peaceful earth we'll calm repose,  
Forgetful of our toils and woes;  
And where life's holy river flows  
Our souls will rest.

Although we cannot understand  
The chastening of God's dear hand.  
It rules for best,  
Then let us be resigned to fate,  
And, with patience, trusting wait  
Till He shall open Heaven's gate,  
And bid us rest.

How sweet 'twill be at close of life,  
To leave this weary world of strife,  
And with the blest  
Dwell in the land of Paradise;  
Where ever cloudless are the skies,  
And where the soul may realize  
Eternal rest.

—[Clara Bush.]

### SHIPWRECK ON LAKE ERIE.

"Tell us how your hair turned white," said one of the party at the fire.

"In June, 1851," said the man with the white hair, "I left my home in Ohio for Buffalo. Being in a hurry to return I took passage by the steamer G. P. Griffith for Toledo, on a late Sunday afternoon. The ship carried over eight hundred passengers and crew. I must have slept soundly for about two hours in my berth when I was awakened by the sound of hurrying footsteps overhead, and, looking through the ventilator to the upper deck, I saw two or three sailors running along dragging a hose pipe. I partly dressed and went forward to the promenade deck, where I heard from the pilot house above the voice of the captain crying, 'Starboard! Hard starboard! and steer her for the shore!'"

"The ship veered from her course and headed for the shore, five miles away. I went back to my stateroom, awakened the man in the other berth and rapped on several doors. As I came out again into the cabin I saw smoke curling out from the side. The command had been given to call up the passengers, and when I again reached the forward deck they were crowding upon it. Just aroused from sleep, they hurried out half-dressed or in their night-clothes, many carrying children, bundles, bird cages, carpet bags and boxes, all anxious to save something. I climbed up on the railing and, taking hold of a stanchion, swung myself to the main deck below. Stepping over the forms of many who were lying there still asleep, I went around to the engine and, looking up, saw that the fire had broken out near the smoke-stack in a spot so difficult to get at that in all probability the ship was doomed. Hurrying back to the main deck, upon which the crowd was fast increasing, I removed all my clothing but my night shirt and drawers. Taking my money and valuables, I rolled them up with my trousers and laid them carefully away on deck where I might recover them if the ship should escape destruction. Climbing up on the raft near the gang-plank, I held on until the frantic crowd, pressing forward, forced me away. I crept along on the gunwale to near the wheel on the land side, where I clung and watched the crowd as they surged forward from the approaching flames.

"There was scarcely a scream heard. As the flames drove them further and further forward whole columns of people were pushed into the water. Husband caught their wives and children, and, throwing them overboard, jumped after them. Women with babes in their arms went about piteously begging some one to save their children, and when they were pushed or jumped into the water held their infants high above their heads. After they were drowned their quilted shirts buoyed them up, and I saw babies actually trying with their little hands to catch the dancing light of the flames in the water.

"The ship grounded at daybreak in about ten feet of water, a little more than half a mile from the shore. The water all about the forward part of her was full of drowned and drowning people. Many good swimmers struck out for the shore, but from all sides the poor drowning wretches would clutch them and drag them down.

"The flames drove me off at last. In the water just beneath me was a struggling crowd of drowning creatures clinging to each other. Suddenly a space of about twenty feet cleared instantly by their sinking out of sight. I determined to jump, swim toward the stern of the boat until out of reach of the clutches of the drowning, and then make a detour for the shore. Remembering how I used to jump into the water as a boy, when learning to swim, I put my feet closely together, arms straight by my side, and plunged down like a wedge to the bottom, with my eyes wide open. For a brief second

I saw lying on the bed of the lake heaps of dead bodies in all positions. On rising to the surface I struck out with my arms, but to my horror found my feet bound tightly together. The band of my drawers had burst, and slipping down had bound my ankles as securely as if tied. Turning on my back I carefully disentangled them from each foot. These efforts greatly exhausted me, but, once free, I swam toward the stern until clear of all obstructions, and then struck out for the shore. One strong swimmer passed me and spoke some encouraging words. I saw others who must have become dazed, swimming back into the lake.

"I was not an experienced swimmer, but I had passed, as I had judged, nearly half the distance to the shore when a deathlike coldness and numbness came creeping over me. All the life I had left seemed centered in my head, which felt like a ball of fire. I found that I was turning round and round in the water, now catching glimpses of the burning ship, to which even yet a few human beings were clinging, and now on the beach. Could I ever reach it? Was it worth while to struggle any longer? Every movement caused intense pain in my chest and lungs. It seemed so easy to die now.

"I ceased all efforts and raised my eyes for a last look at the sky. I was struck by a peculiar golden haze to the atmosphere, and the air seemed filled with human forms hovering over the drowning. The air was filled with them, and close beside me I recognized my father, brother, and other friends who had died many years before. They called me by name. They pressed closely around me, telling me to struggle on and they would aid me—that my work was not done—that I could not be spared yet.

"A little strength came back to me. I remembered that I must be more than half way to the shore. The water could not be over five feet deep. I let myself down, and felt the sand under me. Aided by spirit friends, whose hands and presence were a real to me as any human touch. I crept on my hands and knees on the sand for some distance, rising often to breathe. Becoming too weak for this, with my heavy head constantly falling backward, I sank to the bottom, and drew my body with my arms nearer and nearer to the shore, rising to the surface as often as necessary. A man was lying on the beach, one of the few who ever reached it. When he saw me feebly struggling, he crept down to the water's edge, and, reaching out his hands, tried to aid me. I slowly crept up a little way out of the water, but he was so weak that, falling backward, I would lose my hold and sink again.

"At last I was lying on the dry sand. How good it seemed to lie there, if only I need never move again. My companion spoke roughly yet kindly to me, telling me that it was sure death to remain there. I refused to move, but, being much stronger, he compelled me to get up, and, half supporting me in his arms, dragged me unwillingly along. A farmer met us and almost carried me across the fields to a low, two-roomed log cabin. In the smaller room, containing two beds, I was at last permitted to lie down. The long, black neck of a bottle was inserted between my lips, and I drank and drank until it was gently removed. The draught warmed me.

"I alternated between consciousness and unconsciousness, but remembered much that passed about me. A large man, with a tall hat, black satin vest, and heavy gold chain came in and lay down on the other bed. He certainly had not been in the water, and I wondered if he had been saved in a boat. A man in the next room was exclaiming mournfully:

"'Mine Gott! Mine Gott! Mine monish is all gone. Mine wife is all gone. Mine wife is gone, mine son is gone. Oh, mine Gott, mine monish is all gone!'"

"Again and again that mournful wail went up. Then I heard the tall man call out wrathfully:

"'Won't some one kill that d—n Dutchman?'"

"Then I dozed off again. When I awoke more people were coming in, bearing a woman, and they were saying she was the only woman saved. I heard them say that eight men swam ashore, and twenty were saved in a boat. Only twenty-eight saved out of over four hundred! Toward evening they put us all in a heavy lumber wagon—on beds of straw—to take us, they said, to 'Lloyd's tavern, three miles away.' Jolting along over a rough road, the pain in my chest and limbs became unbearable, and I remembered nothing more.

"Days afterward I awoke from what seemed a long sleep. I found myself lying on a bed in a strange room alone. The sound of voices came in through the open window and from the halls, where people were constantly passing to and fro. They were talking of a great disaster, of dead bodies lying in heaps on the sand waiting to be claimed, and others being buried in a trench. There was something about county lines, of coroners quarreling over fees, of thieves in boats at night stripping the drowned bodies, and leaving rings from fingers and ears. Those monotonous voices were forever talking about the one thing.

"Well, what if they are dead? The dead were at rest. What had I to do with that shipwreck? Why did I do some one come to me? What was I doing here in this strange room? Why was I so stiff and sore, so full of pain, so weak I could not move? I fell asleep again and when I awoke still the same voices were talking about poor drowned bodies, thieves, coroners and boats; and then came a dim recollection that I had known something about that shipwreck. It all came back to me clear and distinct. Soon afterward a man came with broth and nourishing food, of which I ate with a relish while he answered my questions. This was Saturday, and I had left Buffalo on the Sunday preceding. Lloyd's Tavern was fifteen miles from the city of Cleveland. I must get up. How could I lie here? I must get into the air. I must go home. Home? Why, at home doubtless they mourned me as dead. I had been dead for days to them. I

begged the man to bring me some clothes. He brought some old garments much too large for me, with an old black slouched hat, and helped me to dress, for I was too weak to stand alone. He then placed me comfortably in an easy chair, and told me to rest awhile. At length, feeling rested and stronger, I arose and moved slowly across the room, toward the open door.

"I saw a gray headed old man coming toward me, poorly dressed, with an old hat in hand, and a stubby beard on his face. I thought that perhaps he was one of the shipwrecked. I spoke to him kindly but he did not reply, and still advanced. I stopped, he stopped also. We stared at each other. I spoke again. His lips moved but not a sound left them. I drew forward a chair and sat down. He sat down also, staring half fearfully at me. Great God! was that myself? That white hair—could it be mine? No it was a wig. Some one was playing a joke upon me. I put up my hand. No; it would not come off.

"I went back and lay down upon my bed, very weak, utterly disheartened. Later I was driven slowly down to the beach, and I saw that that was left of the steamer—a few blackened spars and the charred hull. Many people were examining, either from curiosity or for identification, the bodies as they were brought in. There was a long trench in the sand, in which was placed the bodies not identified. It appeared that the steamer had been wrecked on a county line, and two coroners were there quarreling over the bodies and claiming their fees.

"My friend helped me out of the wagon, and seated me on a rock close by—a most forlorn and unkempt figure I must have presented. Two men stood near where I sat and one of them spoke of having received another telegram from Cleveland inquiring if the body of the man K— had been found. A cold chill ran down my back. Producing the telegram he read the description:

Twenty-eight years of age, 5 feet 9 inches in height, weight about one hundred and sixty pounds, fair skin, blue eyes, black hair, small hands and feet, mole on left shoulder. Has the body been found? Have it properly prepared for burial, and sent to H—, Cleveland.

"I was 'K,' and they were hunting for my body to prepare it for burial? My friend came back just then, and I begged to be taken to the hotel immediately. I must start for home, I said, as soon as possible. Arriving at the house, I saw a carriage and horses standing at the door. Four gentlemen came out and agreed to take me with them.

"I learned from their conversation that my companions had been sent out from Cleveland to identify the dead and find the living. Each related incidents connected with the search. They spoke of being out in boats, sometimes all night, dragging for bodies, of seeing the thieves at their villainous work, of the disgraceful quarreling of the coroners, and of the discomforts of camping out. At length one of the gentlemen said he regretted going back with no news of the young man K, whose friends were so anxious about him.

"I half believe," said he, "that he was not on the boat at all. We have seen everybody, dead or alive, who has been found, and no one answering his description is discovered."

"Where is his description?" asked another.

"I have it. No, not here. I remember, I gave it to the coroners. He was, as I recollect the description, a man about 28, fair skin, blue eyes and black hair. It is hard to go back with no information. By the way, stranger, did you see any one answering that description?"

"Would you be willing to take the body without preparation for burial?" I asked.

"Why, of course. Any way we could get it."

"Well, then," said I, "drop me at H's house."

"A shout went up from the carriage. A few days later, after having enjoyed the delightful experience of being kissed, cried over, and welcomed back from the dead, I lighted a cigar, seated myself comfortably, and had the novelty experience of reading my own obituary, and a good orthodox obituary it was, too."

### A Fat Man's Predicament.

Boston Herald.

A jolly old gentleman, fat and hearty, whose aldermanic obesity betokened \$50 a year, had a rather laughable experience in a herdic on Tremont street, Boston, within a few days. He took a herdic up town and, upon reaching the corner of Beacon street where he wished to be left, found he could not get out as the spring latch of the door had become disarranged and the door could not be opened except by breaking it. The idea of getting out through the windows of the herdic presented itself to the old gentleman, and he proceeded to carry it into execution. After getting his head and shoulders out his body became so wedged that he could not move. The driver pulled and tugged to get him through, but in vain. A crowd of some two hundred persons gathered, and many were exceedingly liberal in their suggestions as to how the unhappy man could be relieved from his dilemma. After much difficulty the unhappy victim decided to follow the advice of one of the crowd, and proceeded to lower himself out, legs first, but the united efforts of the officer and the Jehu were unavailing, and the poor old man was soon in a worse predicament than ever. For some time he remained balanced on the sill of the window, unable to get in or out, and the crowd continued to throw out suggestions. After much labor the old gentleman, crestfallen and completely crushed, was pushed back into the herdic, which was driven to a blacksmith shop at the north end. Then the door was forced and the unwilling prisoner was soon at liberty.

The Reverend Joseph Cook prefers to be called "Simple Joseph Cook." When he fully realizes the meaning of the word "simple" in this connection he will say: "Oh, no, no! Not for Joe."

### LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

The Wooten of the Arizonian.

A tall man, with a full beard the color of old gold, and a wide-brimmed hat such as is invariably associated with the denizen of the wild west, and wearing a suit of ready-made clothes with the shelf marks of an Omaha store plainly visible, got off the train as it reached the Northwestern depot, and had his grip sack checked for safe-keeping in the waiting-room.

"I'm goin' to take in the town, pardner," he confided to the man behind the counter, "and the grip might be onhandy, like."

"Say, mister," said he of the checks, "mebbe you'd better leave that thar gun," pointing to a 44-caliber revolver, the down-pointing muzzle of which hung some inches below the tail of his short sack coat. "The police might take you in, and then you'd be fined \$50, besides confiscatin' the shooter."

"P'raps you're right, pardner," said the westerner, after a moment's consideration. "I've never been in a big town before, and ain't exactly fly on the ways of the people. You're sure I won't need it?"

"No, you won't need it," said the checkman; "leastways if you don't drink too much."

"I never drink," said the new comer, un rapping the formidable weapon and handing it over.

Then he stepped out of the depot and walked east on Kinzie street, looking curiously at the buildings and the peculiar merchandise of that thoroughfare, and making up his mind that the trade in hides monopolized the energies of Chicago people. When he reached the corner of Clark street he glanced up and down admiringly at the crowded street, thronged with wagons, street cars and people. Setting his hat firmly on his head the stranger stopped a hurrying man and asked:

"Say, stranger!"

"Well, sir," said the other, stopping impatiently.

"Say, can you tell me where the business part of town is? I'm a stranger—"

But the man had gone before the sentence had concluded.

"Pears like they didn't tumble to in-nercent jokes," he said to himself. Then he looked across the street and saw the signs of the Chicago museum. "A show, hey? Well, I'll take that in sure." He bought a ticket and passed in, and was soon contemplating the pretty girls in the costumes of all nations. Round and round he walked, and all the time his wonder grew. He glanced furtively and bashfully at the beauties in their gorgeous and becoming costumes. "Wonder if they can talk United States?" he thought. Finally he found a post against which he could stand, and, thus braced, he pushed his hat-brim up out of the way and stared long and earnestly at one of the young ladies, who seemed to take his eye. The girl was fully conscious of this admiring look, but a well behaved girl, took no notice of it until after the space of some minutes, when the steady gaze brought the color to her cheek and a half smile to her face, which she attempted to hide by quickly turning about. This was not lost to the keen eye of the western man, and several times he moved forward as if to speak to the girl, but each time he shrank back bashfully and resumed his first position. The girl became somewhat nervous. She attempted to dust off the front of her booth with a feather brush, but it flew from her fingers on the floor. The western man sprang quickly forward, and handed it to her with untaught grace.

"Thank you, sir," she said, with a smile and a blush.

"Oh, can you talk American?" he asked.

"Yes sir," she replied. "Why not?"

"Oh, I dunno; you wearin' a furrin rig, you know."

"Yes, I am an American," she said.

"It's a mighty purty rig, anyhow," he said.

"Do you think so?"

"Yes. Do you stay here all the time?"

"No; I live at home. I'm only here for a couple of weeks."

"I'm a stranger in town," said he.

"Indeed."

"Yes; I live in Arizony."

"Is that far away?"

"Yes; it's lonesome for me out there sometimes."

"Why don't you live in a city?"

"'Cause I've got a ranch and a lot of cattle."

She looked at him with sudden respect, for she had heard of the western cattle kings.

"I was going east to see a gal," he said after a pause; "but I don't think I'll go now."

"Why not?"

"'Cause I've found one that suits me in Chicago."

"You're lucky," said the girl, smiling at the simplicity of the man. "Who is she?"

"You."

"Oh, go on with your foolishness. You never saw me before."

"No," said he, "but I'm going to stay in Chicago and see you again. Fact is, I want a wife. I'm a plain man, with no trimmings. If you'll marry me, say so."

"This is so sudden, and I don't know you, and—"

"Never mind that. Where do you live?"

"No. — street."

"Father and mother living?"

"Father is dead. I live with my mother."

"And you come here to make a little money toward paying the rent?"

"How do you know it?"

"Never mind. I'm coming up to see you to-night. I can convince your mother that I am able to take care of you, and I've got letters to Chicago men that'll show who and what I am. If your mother will go along out I'll be glad to have her along. Anyway, I'm going to take you."

"You're very confident, seems to me," said the young lady, who had suddenly come to think a yellow beard handsome.

"Never mind," said the Arizonian. "Tie up the dog and leave the lath-string out to-night, for I'm coming,

### The Mother's Longings.

New York Observer.

Last night I wanted a boy. I was sitting alone in my dressing-room, thinking of the "long ago," while preparing to retire. The garments of the day, along with its pleasures and perplexities, had been laid aside, and, as is my wont, I was idly smoothing head and heart by a gentle movement of the brush through my disarranged hair. This is one of my favorite times for thinking, and many's the castle that has been planned and built, and many the ghosts of the rosy past that have come in their gray-clad robes before me, while seated on my rocker, brushing and musing, dreaming and brushing. Last night as I thought of my boy and looked up at his picture, an intense longing came over me to hold him once more in my arms. I wanted to press his cheek to mine, to clasp his hand, to kiss his lips and smooth his bonny brown hair. I wanted to feel him with these warm hands of mine. I wanted to hear his merry voice and look into his beautiful eyes. I must cuddle him up close to my heart as I used to when my own little baby, while I prayed over him as Hannah did over Samuel. But how could I satisfy my hungry, and aching heart? For more than three years the blue violets and the green grass had hidden him from my sight, and still my heart was yearning for a touch of his, a word from him. A look from his dear eyes. More than three years since he had said, "Mamma, I want to go home," and then in a little while whispered, "I'm almost home," and soon, oh, how soon, pointed upward, smiled, and was in his home. Ah, too well I remember all this sad parting, and yet last night I felt that I could not sleep without an embrace. Suddenly a thought came to me which made me pause in my passionate longing and brought a glow to my cold heart. Hastily I unlocked a drawer, containing treasures sacred to the buried past, and took from it a Bible in which was written, "For my boy on his fifteenth birthday." In it lay a lock of golden-brown hair, which had rested on the head of him I loved. It was a part of himself. I took it eagerly, looked upon it and he was before me. I pressed it to my cheek and to my lips, caressed it with my fingers, while tears of satisfaction rolled from my eyes; then quieted and soothed, I tenderly replaced the tress of my darling in the casket from which he had taken "the pearl of great price," and which had enabled him to say 'e'en while dying in early manhood, "For me to live is Christ, to die is gain."

### A Bewildered Traveler.

Boston Globe.

"Well," said Conductor Jones, "one of the funniest things that ever happened occurred on my train one day at Bethlehem. An old man whom I had noticed in the drawing room car as a very lively and talkative traveler, got off at the station. I was standing at an open window of the car just as the train was starting off, when whom should I see but the jolly old man rushing toward me from the outside. He pointed frantically to a window just back of me, exclaiming as well as he could while trying to catch his breath:

"My valise—left it—there—throw it out."

"Turning quickly I saw a large black valise in the seat indicated, and seizing it, rushed to the rear platform of the car, where there was quite a number of gentlemen. Tossing it to one of the men as they blockaded the way, so that I could not get through, I shouted:

"Throw it to the old man there."

"Without a moment's hesitation the man did as directed. As the valise left his hand he made an ineffectual effort to regain possession of it; then with a muttered exclamation, which I couldn't comprehend, leaped from the train, seized the ill-fated baggage, and was just in time to board one of the rear cars. It was all done in an instant. He made his way forward and angrily asked:

"What did you tell me to throw this valise off for?"

"Because the old man wanted it."

"Well, then, he is a thief. That valise is mine."

"Then," said I, laughing, for the whole situation seemed so perfectly ridiculous, "why under the sun did you throw it? Didn't you know your own property?"

"Yes, but then it was so sudden, and you told me to throw it, and—"

"But the roar of laughter that greeted his explanation broke short his sentence."

### Sparing His Feelings.

Chicago Herald.

As you approach Cincinnati from the north the railroad runs directly through the beautiful Spring Grove cemetery, and passengers are always interested in the sights to be seen. In the seat ahead of us was a couple, evidently on a bridal tour, but yet accompanied by a little girl about nine years of age. Some thought the mother was stepmother to the child, and others that the husband had become stepfather, but the mystery was solved as we entered the cemetery. The little one was quick to notice the locality, and as the husband went back to the cooler for a drink, she cried out, "Oh, mamma, this is the place where we buried papa. Maybe we can see his grave!"

"Hush, child!" she whispered. "But if we do see it," continued the prattler in spite of a pinch, "we won't let on about it nor say a single word, 'cause it might make our new papa feel cut up!"

### QUEER THINGS IN PEOPLE'S EAR.

Terrible Sensations of One Whose Ear Had Been Long Stopped.

"You would be astonished," said a skilled aurist in one of the public eye and ear infirmaries, "at the large number of children who are brought to us in the course of a week to have something removed from their ears that they have foolishly stuck in them and have been unable to get out again. I have sometimes disposed of ten such cases in an afternoon, and have pulled almost everything out of the human ear that it is possible to get in—there—shoe buttons, pieces of slate pencil, candies and wads of paper. Four times out of five the youngster is old enough to know better; but it is a habit they fall into, the same as biting their nails or scratching their heads. One boy not 12 years old is almost a weekly visitor here. 'Well,' I said, as I saw him come in as usual yesterday afternoon, 'what have you got in there this time?' 'Nawthin' but a bean,' he drawled. Oh, yes, I took it out."

"But I recently met with the most remarkable case of the kind in twenty years' practice. A young woman of 23 came in so deaf that I could hardly make her hear my shouting through a trumpet. After removing a great quantity of wax from her ears I found something metallic.

"'What's this?' I said, 'have you been putting something in your ear?'"

"'Oh, dear, no,' she said, 'I'm not so foolish as that.'

"Imagine her surprise when I pulled out a smooth, round brass button, with quite a large shank to it. 'This seems to have been in there a great many years,' I said. To my surprise the young woman crouched in the corner in undisguised terror.

"'Oh, doctor,' she said, 'what is that awful noise?'"

"'It was nothing but a wagon rumbling by, but I instantly saw what the trouble was. Her hearing had become normal when I removed that button, and she was frightened and bewildered at the jumble of confusing sounds. The ticking of the clock, chirping of the canary, or dripping of water distressed her, and the rustle of her own silk dress made her start with fear. I sent one of the assistants home with her in a carriage, and he said that the clatter in the streets so distracted her that he was compelled to hold her in her seat. About a week afterward she came in again—"

"And wanted that button put back, I suppose," interrupted the reporter.

"'Oh, no she was brimming over with happiness, though for a day or two she was afraid to leave the house. But she told me about that button. 'When I was about eight years old,' she said, 'I was sent to a village church in New England with my grandmother. The sermon was always long and tiresome, and I used to amuse myself by pulling at the brass buttons on my cloak. One of them came off on Sunday, and I occupied myself for a time with putting it in my ear and then shaking it out again. Suddenly I felt it sink away in there and I could not get it out. I was afraid to tell my grandmother at the time, and soon afterward forgot it. At 10 years of age I began to grow deaf and have been getting worse ever since, but I never thought of that button until you removed it.'"

"Do grown up people," asked the reporter, "ever come to you with things in their ears?"

"Frequently, but in most cases it is through no fault of their own. I know one man, a butcher, who comes here regularly in the summer to have flies removed from his ears. I have taken out six at one time for him. However they get there I don't know. He says they fly in; but they don't fly out, I'm sure of that. A man called me out of bed one night to get a Croton bug out of his ear. Now, a water bug will never back. He must either turn around or go straight ahead. This fellow had crawled into the man's ear, and, not finding room enough to turn around, went ahead. He was pawing away with his feelers on the drum, causing the poor man fearful agony."

### Should Women Carry Umbrellas?

Letter to Boston Globe.

Humph! And so everybody on your staff is audacious enough to advocate the legislative prohibition to woman of the means of keeping her head dry when it rains. We do hope and pray that he is a married man with at least a half-dozen unmarried and unmarried daughters, and that they and his wife will all be caught out in an April shower with their new Easter bonnets on, and will march into his sanctum and refuse to stir a peg till he shall call coups and let them stop at Mme. Fussandfeathers and order seven new bonnets. Serve him right if he had to pledge his watch to get rid of them. We will wager a new hat that we can tell just how he carries a closed umbrella. He will balance it on the top of his shoulder, or else hug it under his arm a square right angle to his side, with the greater part protruding in the rear, and then, pray, who holds the "death-dealing weapon" above the "danger-line?" and who can do the most harm, he or a woman with an umbrella at full sail? He can, probabum est, for we were down town yesterday and in a crowd came within range of the metal tip of an umbrella perched upon the shoulder of a man. We knocked it away in self-defense; he growled and knocked back, then turned and knocked again. Result: He has been released on bail to await consequences.

### For His Mother's Sake.

Edward King tells one of the most delightful anecdotes of Carlyle yet put forth. That portentous pseudo-philosopher, Mallock, called on the old Scotchman and let himself loose, talking Carlyle almost to death. Carlyle listened imperturbably, invited him to tea and had him to smoke in the library afterward. When at last the youthful sage thought proper to take his leave Carlyle accompanied him to the door and said: "Well, good-bye; I've received you kindly because I knew your mother, but I never want to set eyes on ye again!"