Did our beloved never need Our patient ministration, Faith would grow cold, and miss, indeed, Its sweetest consolation.

If sorrows never claimed our heart, And every wish were granted, atlence would die avd hope depart— Life would be disenchanted.

# OUR ROBIN.

CHAPTER VII (CONTINUED).

The distant village clock booms out the midnight hour. Jack pauses in the open to listen, and then advances swiftly to the paling which separates our ground from the meadows. Apparently he is gazing at the distant trees which overhang the lake, and presently from the misty shadows a dim form emerges.

For a moment I hide my eyes in Harry's coat sleeve, with a shudder: then the fascination is upon me, and I turn again to watch. There can be no mistake, Across the meadows advances a gliding misty figure. It is enveloped in a gray haze, which floats around it on all sides like a thick fog. Nearer and nearer-always glidingwith no apparent steps, it moves, until in the midst of the floating entourage can be seen the shadowy form of a woman, clad in white flowing robesstill nearer and nearer, till the face gleams out white as purest marble in the moonlight.

In describing Jack's features I used the word 'ghastly'; but his complexion, as seen even by the rays of the moon, is healthy when compared with the livid hue of the advancing figure. Nearer and nearer it comes, always gliding, till it pauses motionless within a few feet of the railings; then the right arm slowly rises, and, with a sweeping movement, the enveloping mist is waved back from the head and

I bend eagerly forward, and discern clearly in the brilliant moonlight the regular features and straight black brows of Lucy. Trembling in every limb, I cling to Harry with both hands, and every sense is for the time sharpened.

Jack stands gazing at the apparition for some moments in silence: then he stretches out his arms over the railing that divides them, and says, in a broken impassioned voice-

"Lucy, my own, my love!" For some time there is no answer; then, in clear cold tones, frigid as the moonlight, I hear the words-

"Jack, restrain yourself! You must not try to touch. Why will you of-

"How can I see you standing there without longing to touch and comfort "Comfort me!"-slowly and scorn-"I do not want comfort; I am

"Happy, and without me?" pleads Jack, bending far over the railing as he speaks.

"Yes. Why not? My peace is per-"And I," cries John wildly-"I only long to join you, Lucy; and yet, my love, I dare not! The mystery of life

is as nothing compared with the mystery of death." "And yet," say the calm lips, with a wan cruel smile, "you sent me to my

"No, no," cries Jack, whilst I see his tall form literally writhing in his agony-"not so, Lucy! I would have died a thousand deaths to save you.' "Idle words," answers the figure, with a slow and unbelieving shake of

the head-"idle words!" "Not idle words!" protests Jack; and I hear no more of his denial, for at this moment the interview is suddenly cut short by Harry, who, after first giving my hand a premonitory squeeze, discharges his pistol in the air; two sec-

onds later Robin sets Nell at liberty. For a time I close my eyes, expecting some awful judgment to follow their temerity, so fully do I believe in the spiritualistic apparition; when I reopen them a strange sight meets my view. In the foreground John, looking wild and dazed, leans for support against a tree, while across the meadow speeds the cloud-like figure, closely

followed by Nell, Robin, and Harry. The apparition has had a fair start but the race is in the open. There is absolutely no cover nearer than the belt of trees which shade the pond. Gradually, but surely, Nell gains on her prey, till, with a sound half snarl, half bark, she seizes the flowing drapery in her strong teeth; at the same time Harry's voice rings out clear on the night air-

Stand, or I fire!" The challenge is superfluous; for, even as he speaks, the swift-footed figure trips over a loose stone, and falls a crumpled mass on the short

"Come!" I say, placing my hand on my brother's arm, Like one in a dream he allows me to guide him through a gap in the

railings and across the meadow to the spot where Harry and Robin are bending over the prostrate figure. "She must be dead," Robin is say. ing as we approach; for the white

heap is making no effort to rise. "Not a bit of it," responds Harry, who is kneeling on the ground, and whose hand is placed over the region of her heart. "Her pulse is going about ninety to the dozen, and no

wonder after that spin!" Still the figure lies there with its face pressed on the sod, but for its rapid, heavy respirations inanimate. "Come on!" cries Harry, as we slowly approach. 'Your spirit is very much real, Jack, and very much

out of breath." "Who can it be?" I ask vaguely, looking down at the heap at my feet. . Go away, all of you, and leave me alone!" murmurs a low stifled voice.

"Certainly not, until we have made your acquaintance and ascertained that you are uninjured by your fall," answers Harry politely.

"Come now, be sensible and get up; you can't lie there forever," reasons Robin, as she bends down and presses an assuring hand on the passive shoulder.

There is a short consideration, and then the figure makes an effort to rise. As she does so however, a sharp exclamation of pain escapes her, and, but for Harry's ready arm, she would have fallen again.

As her head falls back inertly on Harry's shoulder, I step forward and gaze earnestly at the upturned features; they are those of Lucy's step sis-

"It is Alice. What can have induced her to play such a trick?" I ex-"It is not much odds what induced

her," interrupts Harry; "the present question is-what are we to do with "I suppose we must take her home," suggest vaguely.

"Umph! Do you think so? She looks a trifle weighty, and its a good distance round the Lovers' Walk.' "Why not take her to her own asks Robin, who has been

scanning the surroundings anxiously. "There is a light in one of the lower windows." "A very sensible idea," responds Harry, preparing to lift Alice in his

arms; "only some of you run on first and get the door open.' Before starting to do his bidding, I glance round, and become aware that Jack is slowly retracing his steps

across the meadow in the direction of the Lovers' Walk. "Oh, Robin, go with him!" I whisper imploringly. "Go with him and soothe him. Explain how it all came about, and, no matter how angry he is,

don't leave him till I return. "How delightful for me! Such leasant sort of mission!" answers Robin, looking—a most wonderful thing for her-almost unequal to the

o hesitate for more than a few moments; then she pockets her scruples, and, running swiftly after my brother, overtakes him before he reaches the

Assured that Jack is in good hands, turn my attention to Harry and his burden. · He has already traversed nore than half the space which interrenes between us and the house; but it does not take me long to outstrip him and reach the front of the residence. which, up to within the last few minutes, we had imagined untenanted. make my way straight towards the only window which shows signs of light. t is that of the small morning-room, used in former days by Lucy and Alice as their own particular sanctum.

The French window, opening to the ground, stands carelessly ajar. I has- life. Firstly, they always speak among an , that journal well says that if cut tily throw both sides wide open for the themselves a singular patois called arrival of Harry and his burden; then enter the room. Apparently the apartment is used as a general sitting room. The small center-table is covered with a white cloth, and the remains of a meal still lie scattered thereon. The room is untidy-nay, almost dirty in appearance, with no oright touches of work, books, music, or flowers to denote the presence of a woman used all her life to refinement, as Alice has been. This I take in with one searching rapid glance; the next moment I am occupied with the hasty arrangement of the sofa-pillows.

"Where am I to put her?" cries Harry, who is decidedly out of breath with his unwonted exertion."

"Here-here!" I answer, pointing o the sofa as he stumtles over the window-sill with his inanimate load. He places Alice gently on the little couch; and then, straightening his back, takes out his handkerchief and proceeds to wipe his forehead.

"I would not have believed that a woman could be such a weight," he remarks, contemplating the still form with a kind of wonder, "I had a misty idea, gathered from books and the stage, that they were about as heavy as kittens; but, my word, that young woman is solid enough at any rate! There seems to be a preponderance of body over spirit, instead of the

way about. While he speaks, I am bending over Alice, trying to discover whether she is really unconscious or note

"She must be in a faint," I say, gazng with a certain degree of fright at the ghastly cheeks and the drooping heavy eyelids. "Is there any water on he table, Harry?"

"Yes," he answers, pouring some into a tumbler and bringing it to my

I wet my fingers and moisten her ips, then sprinkle her brow plentifully with the cold, clear drops. Suddenly a great fear comes over me.

"Oh, Harry," I cry, "what can be the matter? Her skin is all coming off like powder."

Before making any answer, Herry urns up the wick of the lamp, which has hitherto been burning dimly, then steps to my side. "Flour!" is his laconic reply.

He is right. It is easy enough, now that the lamp is burning full, to see that Alice's whole face and neck are covered with a thick coat of white pow-

der or flour. For a few minutes I stare at that still recumbent figure blankly. I feel no inclination to laugh; and yet a more truly ridiculous object has seldom been presented to my sight. In addition to the floured face, she is dressed in a loose white robe, belted in at the waist; this is again covered by seemingly endless yards of gray gauze, whilst the long trailing end which in the meadow escaped from her head and shoulders has been trampled by Harry into a dirty, torn, limp mass of rags. All the folds of her enveloping oud have been tightened in her transit, and she looks more like a mummy than anything else of which I can

think. With my handkerchief I wipe some of the flour from her cheeks, which, when their covering is removed, look, in contrast to their former ashy hue, gaged, a slow quiver passes over Alice's form; then she opens her eyes

and stares wonderingly round her. "What has happened?" she asks, in

a strange, startled way. "You were playing what I suppose we may term a practical joke," answers Harry, hesitating before the utterance of the last two words; "and when we wished to take our part in the game, you turned and fled, tripping over a

stone on your way." A storm seems to gather on Alice's brow-up to this moment her expression has been simply perplexed.

"A practical joke!" she cries, blazing into a feeble kind of wrath; for her strength has not fully returned. "It would have proved no joke for him in the long run, if you had only let me course of lectures to the students of are left out only long enough to caused by the front end of the an-"Oh, my foot-my foot!" she mur- alone. He played so beautifully into the West Ohio university this pear.

murs, and then apparently becomes my hand"-curling her lip-"poor weak-minded fool!

"You wicked, wicked woman!" I exclaim, all my pity swallowed up by a feeling of resentment. "You shall be punished for this-I will have you taken up for intimidation."

She laughs a low, scornful laugh. "Why need you come and spoil it all?" she asks angrily. "In a few more meetings my work would have been accomplished. I should have driven him out of his wits."

"You would have done nothing of the kind," I cry indignantly; for I cannot endure to hear her gloat over my brother's weakness. "John would soon have found you out."

To this she deigns no answer; but steadying herself by the back of the sofa into a sitting posture, prepares to leave the room. As however her foot touches the ground, she gives utterance to a sharp cry.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Pennsylvania Dutch. It is not generally known, even by people who have visited America, that there is in Pennsylvania, very near the cities of Philadelphia and New York, a population of more than two million inhabitants which is in many respects strangely like what its rura ancestors were in Germany more than two centuries ago. Some years since there were to be seen in a shop in Philadelphia several large books of Lutheran devotion, in the type and spelling of 1540, bound in deeply stamped white vellum with heavy brass clasps. They did not look like imitiations of old books, they seemed

was recent. "They are for the Pennsylvania Dutch," said the bookseller. "They would not believe that the Lord would hear them if they prayed to him out of a modern-looking book, And those books, as you see them, have been printed and bound in that style for nearly 200 years for the Pennsylvania Dutch market, just as they were printed for their ancestors during the re-

formation." There is probably no more striking instances of conservatism to be found anywhere in Europe than this; but the spirit manisfested by the "Dutchmen" is carried out by them consistently in everything else. "Follow thy father, thee has done," is their golden rule of "Orchard and Garden" as m dest, good-natured morgue-keeper that he Pennsylvania Dutch, from the word

Deutsch. "It belongs," says Dr. Bansman, in his edition of the poems of Dr. H. Harbaugh, "to the South German dialects," and, while partaking of all, "it is most closely allied to the Plalzisch"-this is to the Rhine German of the Palatinate. In the valley of the Susquehanna, and beyond the Alleghany, it is much mingled with English. Farther in the west we find in it traces of Scottish, Irish, Swedish and French. It is specially remarkable in its having retained great numbers of old and curious German words, such as are now to be heard only in the remotest places of the Fatherland. We find the influence of the unchangeable English article the in der. Thus a man will say: "Hen-scherr der blind Gaul uf, wer welle uf der markt fahre"-i. e., "Henry, harness the blind horse; we will go to market!"-Portland Tran-

The Camel's Humps.

Structurally, of course, the humps are nothing-mere lumps of fat collected under a convenient fold of the skin, and utterly unprovided for in the framework of the skeleton. When the animal is at its best and well-fed, they are full and plump, standing up on his back firm and upright; but on a long journey they are gradually absorbed to keep up the fires that work the heart and legs, and in the caravan camels which arrive at the coast, the skin hangs over, an empty bag, upon the creature's flanks, bearing witness to the scarcity of external food during the course of his long forced march from the interior. A starved small camel in this state of health far more closely resembles a Peruvian llama than any one who has only seen the fine, well-kept beasts in European menageries or zoological gardens could

readily imagine. But water is even scantier in the desert than food; and against want of water, therefore, the camel has had to provide himself, functionally at least, against want of herbage. His stomach | tion, has accordingly acquired the power of acting as an internal reservoir, and he can take in as much water at the Bahrs or Wadys, where he rests for a while in his toilsome march, as will supply his needs for four or five days together. There are some differences in this respect, however, between the two chief varieties of the camel. The African kind is most abstemious, and best adapted to the sandy deserts, the Bactrain, a product of more varied and better watered country, is larger and stronger, but less patient of hunger and thirst, while at the same time it can manage to subsist and to make its way into somewhat rockier and more rugged country. - Popular Science Monthly.

A Powerful Sermon.

to tell a lie or to steal? The mother, taken by surprise, recouldn't tell which was the worse:

been thinking a good deal about it, cision as older cattle. By this daily his invention will save human beings no apparent cause, suddenly changed and I think that it is worse to lie than tying up and hand feeding the calf as well as rabbits. to steal. If you steal a thing you can becomes accustomed to much the almost pink. While I am still so en- take it back, unless you've eaten it; same treatment that it will receive and if you have eaten it, you can pay for it. But," and there was a look of awe in the little face-"a lie is forev- the heifer with the first calf .- Orange er."-Portland Press.

An Absent-Minded Clergyman.

A clergyman, whose name we suppress on account of his sacred calling, was absorbed in thought a few Sundays ago just before divine service began, when he was approached by the organist, who asked, referring to the said: opening hymn: "What shall I play?"

"What kind of a hand have you got?" responded the absent-minded clergyman. Rev. Dr. McCosh will deliver

THE FARM.

Agricultural Notes, Corn properly fed to hogs at this time is worth 40 cents per bushel. Sold at the railroad stations it is worth 20 cents.

cattle, sheep, or hogs intended for food purposes in the State.

If a pig or a lamb gets chilled the best way to warm it is by immersion in warm water: then wrap in a flannel till it is dry. See that all the farm animals have

water.exercise and frequently changes of food. Pigs want water to drink even when they are fed on slops.

eight inches from the floor to keep

the sow from lying close against the wall and crushing the pigs. Cattle should be supplied with salt daily, specially if they are fed on ensilage or roots. A lump of rock

of providing a supply. Wolves, lions and covotes kille \$200,000 worth of domestic stock in Colorado last year, according to estimate of "Field and Farm" of

Stock of all kinds should be kept regular, and prevents constipation." off the meadows and grass lands while they are soft and spongy. The But she was too truly good-hearted to be "the thing itself," but the date damage done by the hoofs in cutting up the turf is many times more than any possible value of the withered forage they can pick up.

The turnip has been called the sheet anchor of British agriculture, and without the silo our farmers would do well to follow England's example. But they cannot grow corn as we can, and their climate is better for and stiffened limbs. He approaches turnips than ours; and with the silo a corpse with no feeling, of repugnwe have the advantage of them.-

ation last year, to enable him "to undertaker, with less use for the study the native silkworm of California," Joseph Neumann now wants good son, and live as thy father before \$25,000. This is characterized by feeted by his surroundings is the down to twenty-five cents "the result will probably be the same to those who pay the bill."

> If the farmer will remember what it is to be hungry himself, he may sometimes have a kindly feeling for his young stock. If he adds no meat to exposed stock, he may feel his pocket touched, for in the spring if The Graphic. the young things look well they will bring double the money that other fellow's will who took no care of his.

Much less land is wasted in fence corners than was formerly the case. The crooked rail fence was a great nuisance in very many ways. It was a harbor for weeds, especially since the advent of mowers and reapers, and most farm workers have forgot- been sick, all the same." ten the use of the scythe. The loss of pasture that this excessive amount from your mother, or I'll punish you of fencing was designed to prevent is severely. a mere trifle compared with the cost He went off and was gone about of saving it. In most cases the Fall feed is worth more as a mulch to the work, and when he handed the note ground for Winter than for the pas- to the teacher she thought that the ture it affords.

Sheep Losing Their Wool. Oldish sheep are apt to lose wool from their bellies if grain fed, especially in feading with corn. The cause is indigestion from over feeding. This produces fever, and the extreme heat under the sheep when lying down destroys the fibre of the wool, and loosens it from the skin. It is very hard to feed old sheep corn, without over-feeding. In extreme cases clumps of wool are loosened from all parts of the body. Such sheep are utterly worthless for keeping. After being behind the desk of a restaurant lingering through the Winter their all day. Every one knows a cigar owner has their hides and some very tastes better after a hearty meal poor wool in the Spring for their keep. than at any other time of the day. The experienced sheep breeder will and is less injurious then, if injurious not keep any sheep longer than six at all. This accounts for the cigar years, and he will not feed any sheep cases in resturants nowadays, but with corn except those he is fatten- there was a time when it was not the if not structurally, quite as much as ing, and even then with great cau- rule. I have noticed time and again

Method of Feeding the Calves. To feed a number of calves grain or milk out of one box will soon make bosses among them. This will result in a few of the fast eaters and best fighters making a rapid growth; while the others are forced to one side and remain thin and poor. I have found that a very satisfactory which he uses in restoring life in case way to handle calves is by having a of drowning and asphyxiation. He barn fitted especially for them. It is located in the pasture set apart for has already drowned it and has rethe calves, and is fitted up on the same plan as a barn for milch cows: having platform raised from the floor tumes of burning charcoal until all coppers, done up in brown paper. to stand upon and stanchions made signs of life were extinct. The proon the same plan as those for cows. lessor then attractes his patent ber and at the same time one perfectly lows to the animals mouth and forces and at the same time one perfectly A little girl came to her mother These stanchions are made so they animal. The calves soon learn their gases, and the artificial respiration plied that both were so bad that she own places, and when feeding time a muscular contraction and expancomes are generally on hand and sion of the lungs until life was re-"Well," said the little one, "I've take their places with the same pre- stored. Professor Poe claims that when grown, and which is of such great.value in the management of Judd Farmer.

Management of Dairy Cattle.

held at Cortland, N. Y., Mr. E. C. and Management of Dairy Cattle,"

"The comfort of cows is indispensidrink. By actual test my cowsshrink | imal, -Sent ton Truth

more by standing out in the storm for a few hours than by remaining in the barn and going without feed. Keep half your cows in a warm stable and turn out the other half, and note the result. Always give feed enough for a full flow of milk. All that the cow can digest, above what is required to keep her alive, is A bill passed the Kansas house pro- where the profit comes in. In runviding for the inspection, alive, of all ning an engine, if you furnish just enough fuel to keep it in motion and not enough to run the machinery, the fuel will be wasted. It is the same principal exactly in feeding cows. I am feeding 53 cows, and give each cow 15 pounds of beets and 10 pounds of corn meal and wheatmiddlings, equal parts of each, and give half at night and half in the morning. Towards calving time the middlings are substituted for cornmeal, so that when the cow calves Spike a pole to the posts about she is getting no meal at all. Do not always expect to get returns the next day from feeding grain. I do not expect to get the best returns from a cow the first year after buy-

the time of buying. "Ripe hay will not make a large salt placed within reach is a safe way flow of milk. If it were possible, ed cost of help in summer is considered. Give each cow a pinch of salt daily. It tends to keep the bowels

Using a Corpse for a Dinner Table.

Morgue-Keeper Herman Praedicow actually takes a delight in his work. He has served a deputy coroner under different coroners for several Jims." years, and in that official relation to the dead subjects has become familiar with, and attached to, clammy faces, sightless eyeballs, cold cheeks, ance, no qualms, nausea, or squeamishness. Trifling improprieties don't deter the old man from attending to Having secured a \$2,500 appropri- his business, which is like that of an presence of fastidious and easily shocked people. Indeed, so little af has been seen, when eating lunch, to turned to the subject of murder, and sandwhich on a newly washed corpse | their first impulse would be if they he was causing the eyes of visitors to | wood. Continuing in this strain, the his establishment to bulge,-St. Louis Star Sayings.

### But John Was Birehed.

He had been in the habit of playing truant from school and he had been moderately lucky in getting out of the scrape. But he was caught one day and brought before the teacher. "You're late. Where have you

"I've been sick." "You don't look sick." "Well, I'm better now, but I've

"You go right home and get a note ten minutes. It was pretty quick hand-writing did not look altogether like his mother's. She kept her eyes on him as she opened the note, but

best boy in the world. The note Miss --: Please excuse John this mornin' fur bein' late, cos he broke his leg.—Mrs. ———.

he was as bland and innocent as the

## Facts About Smokers.

By close obsevation I estimate that 20 per cent. of the men in this eity smoke or use tobacco in some form. I am in a position to see it, that a smoker who is short of cash will not takeenough of food, but will buy a cigar when he has finished eating. There are many men who spend more for their cigars than they do for their food, and some double the amount.-St.Louis Globe-Democrat.

Artifical Lungs Professor Poe, of Bridgeport, Conn. has invented an artificial pair of lungs is experimenting on a pet rabbit, and stored it to life eleven times. The rabbit has also been suffocated by shilling, but twelve pennyworth of fessor then attaches his patent belward, according to the length of the ing suction draws out the deadly ing writer, "Taverner," of The Bos-

A Queer Partnership.

An interesting case comes up at the next court in Tioga county. A man, who for the purposes of this paragraph is named Brown, went into partnership with his ..eighbor, Jones, in the purchase of a cow. At At a recent Farmers' Institute, that time it was understood that it was to be share and share alike be-Rindge, in a paper on the "Feeding | tween the co-proprietors. Brown region | give me the provocation.' We had day, while others buy laudanum and fused subsequently to divide the milk, maintaining that Jones owned the front half of the cow. The cow recently lifted Mr. Brown with her horns ble for success in dairying. My cows and now he sues Mr. Jones for damare mostly put in for the winter, and ages. Jones, in view of the fact that are watered in the stable. In mild he was cheated out of the proceeds weather they are turned out to water of the rear end of the cow doesn't in lots of about ten at a time, and feel easy about paying for damages

RESIGNING AN OLD SONG.

BY EUGENE FIELD. Miss Mary had, that is she owned, A lamb of unknown gender:

Go where she might, by day or night, That cosset would attend 'er. When as she went to school one day The lamb went stagging after; Which circus di d throw every kid Into a fit of laughter.

Kicking the cosset out of doors, The teacher spanked the friskers. But the lambkin cried in the cold outside And the wind blew through its whiskers. Then all the blistered children asked,

"What makes the lamb love her, sir?

Like a case of vice versa. Now from this story you shall lears That there is nary creature That is above the power of love,

Unless it be a teacher.

"My dears," said he, "it looks to me

# Strange Occurrences.

A coincidence of the war, of a seri ous nature, is that of the "three ing her, unless in prime condition at Jims." A group of four men were in the trenches during an artillery engagement. They were lying on the would cut all my hay between June ground, chatting and smoking, out 15, and July 1. Milk can be pro- of the direct reach of fire, when a duced almost if not quite as cheaply shell suddenly exploded over their in winter as in summer, if the increas- heads and so seriously injured three of the men that it necessitated amputation of the left leg in each instance. The Christian name of each of these three men was the same-James. The fourth, who was untouched, bore another name. The glories in handling the dead, and three veteran pensioners have ever since been known among their acquaintances as the "three legged

> BROWNING'S EXPERIENCE. A curious story of coincidence is related by Robert Browing in an English newspaper as having occurred to himself and sister while visiting a remote valley in Switzerland some years ago, the circumstances of

which are substantially as follows: While strolling about one evening to admire the calm and repose of the valley, which lay spread out before thoughtlessly lay a meat-and-bread leach began to speculate as to what and pick up the hand-out again to should be so unfortunate as to find continue eating without noticing that | the body of a murdered man in the Brownings talked until they reached the hotel, when the matter was dropped. Mr. Browning applied for the use of a carriage the next morning, and was referred to the landlord, who informed them that it would be impossible for them to have the two horses intended for their carriage, as one of them was wanted to bring in the body of a man found early that morning, murdered, at the head of the valley. Questioning him. Mr. Browning learned that in all probability the murder had been committed

very soon after the conversation of the evening before. On visiting the spot where the body had been discovered it was found to be the identical place where on the previous evening, they had stood speculating as to what they should do in case of such an event. To heighten the dramatic effect of the coincidence, they were told that no crime of violence, so far as known had ever before been committed in that valley. The fact that the mind of the poet should have turned to tramp. such a subject just at that time partakes of the nature of a presentiment,

and the coincidence is certainly one of the most peculiar on record. In Forster's "Life of Dickens" a curious story is told of what Dickens called a "paralyzing coincidence," experienced on the Doncaster race course. On the St. Leger day, in 18-57, Dickens bought a card of the races, and facetiously wrote down three names for the winners of the three chief races. He had never heard or thought of any of the horses in his life, but, as he wrote to Forster. "if you can believe it, those three races were won, one after the other,

by those three horses."

AFTER MANY YEARS. The poet, Samuel Rodgers, narated a coincidence which, although it may have been a humorous invention, is quite within the bounds of possibility, missionary work in Chicago, invading and at the same time somewhat amusing. An officer who was order- divers places. One Sunday morning ed to India went, on the day before while he was distributing temperance leaving England, to his lawyer's, tracts he entered Buck & Raynor's The day being wet, he took a drug store. At the back of the store hackney coach, and when he got out, sat an elderly and distinguished as he was paying the driver, dropped citizen reading a morning paper. a shilling. He looked in the slush Mr. Moody approached this gentlefor it in vain, and so did the coach- man and threw one of the temperance man. On his return home after some tracts upon the paper before him. years' service he had occasion to go The old gentleman glanced at the to his lawyer's. When leaving he tract and then, looking upbenignantly recollected his lost shilling and, by at Moody, asked: "Are you a reformsome unaccountable impulse, began ed drunkard?" to look for it, when strange to say, he found, just at the very spot where reform?" quietly asked the old he had paid the coachman-not the gentleman.-(Elmira Tidings.

Perhaps the most astonishing coincidence of any we might mention ton Post. "I was walking," says Taverner, "on my way down town, by an inquiry concerning a common

ner, don't you see it's the very man and I've done it, after all!' Sure enough, it was the distant traveler. who had turned up to be knocked down, so to speak, by a coincidence.
—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Lincoln Addresses the Queen.

The Cincinnati Commercial Gazette tells the following story of a personal letter written by President Lincoln to Queen Victoria: Mr. Lincoln, after grave thought over possible storms which Palmerston's schemes might bring, determined to ignore the slow and uncertain diplomatic methods, and write a personal letter to Queen Victoria. This he did, addressing her in very earnest terms, as a ruler, wife and mother, and speaking of himself as president, husband and father, both deeply interested in the welfare of their people and both able to understand and doubtless anxious to avert the horrors of war, between nations as closely allied

as England and America. He then went on to speak briefly of the cause of the north, and to express regret that the taking of Mason and Slidell from an English ship should have put in peril the relations of the two nations. He closed by assuring the queen that whatever disposition of the case she might, in the ight of his letter, regard as just and honorable, he would see that it was promptly accepted.

According to the same authority, Queen Victoria, upon receiving the letter, which Mr. Lincoln had sent over by the hand of a special friend, submitted it to Prince Albert, who entered fully into the spirit of it, and advised the queen to give it the ullest and most friendly eonsideration. Prince Albert further advised that Lord Palmerston, whase secret hostility to the north was well understood at the court, should be sent for and informed in the most decided terms that a dispatch of friendly terms must be sent to Washington. While the release of Mason and Slidell and their two companions was to be insisted upon, it was to be done in such terms as would not disturb peaceful relations. Prince Albert, who was well aware of Palmerston's designs, suggested further that he should be required to submit them, their talk unaccountably his dispatch to the queen for inspection. This was done, and as forseen by the prince, there were several passages which did not strictly conform to the general directions he had received. At length a satisfactory draft was submitted, when Lord Palmerston was pointedly ordered to see that no word of it was changed. and that it should be dispatched at

#### He believed the tramp.

Mr William H. Crane, the comedian, tells an interesting experience he had in Pittsburg the other day. He was approached by a besotted 'tramp, who looked earnestly at him and inquired: "Is your name Crane?"

"It is sir." said Mr Crane. "Are you William H. Crane, the comedian?' asked the tramp, cau-

"Yes sir."

"Mr. Crane," said the tramp in reassured tones, "give-me fifteen cents?" "Fifteen cents?" echoed Mr. Crane. Why, what do you want with fifteen

"I want to buy a drink." said the

"Ah, my friend," said Mr. Crane, ln a reproachful tone, "I fear you are deceiving me. I have already met about twenty of your kind of people to-day and each of them has asked me for fifteen cents to buy bread with. Now, what assurance have I that if I give you fifteen cents you won't spend it for

something to eat?" The tramp drew himself up as proudly as he could and said: I oledge you my word of honor as a gentleman that I shall spend the money for liquor."

Oh that's an entirely different thing," said Mr. Crane, shelling out

a quarter. "I think I can trust you This incident reminds us of a story that is told of Mr. Moody, the revivalist. In his younger days he did saloons and distributing tracts in

"Then why in thunder don't you

Optum in Society. One of the leading physicians o. the national capital recently rewith the question: "Which is worse, may be moved backward and forthe forehead of every woman who used opium in some form society with a neighbor who was going the would go to pieces. He attributes the same way, when my companion, for this frightful condition of affairs to dissipated life led in Washington by the women of the upper tendom. The acquairtance, who had disappeared endless round of balls and recentions out of our lives several years before, is such a strain upon them that they and whom I knew he held in especial must seek relief in some way. They detestation. \* \* \* My friend begin by taking a soothing syrup. had heard of him the year before as a rule, to put them to sleer in San Francisco, and later as some- This, after a while, fails to act; the where on the continent of Europe. paregoric is resorted to. From this 'And there is no man,' he went on to it is only a step to pure opium and say, 'that I should more heartily en- absolute ruin. Some people buy the joy knocking down if he would only crude gum and eat it regularly every at that instant reached Tremont drink it in quarter-ounce, half lonnce street, where, suddenly turning the potions. Then there are Dover's corner, one of the passing crowd powers and morphine pills, both of came squarely into collision with my | which act rapidly, and especially the friend, slipped upon a spot of ice as latter. The habit seems more of a he struggled to keep his balance and disease than a vice, for the whole fairly measured his length on the nature of the victim undergoes a sidewalk. I turned to pick up the complete revolution, moral, mental hat of the fallen man, when I felt my- and physical. After a short time the self grasped by the arm by my friend, victim will sacrifice honor, friends who whispered: 'Great Scott, Taver- and family for the fatal drug.