

THE GIBBS OF THE CHINESE.

[From the Edinburgh Scotsman.]

Broken and crushed and sad,
Father comes home now at night;
Scenes have stript him of all that he had,
And his hair is thin and white,
Gravely he tells all the day,
And thinks that we do not see
His heart in his mouth, when he looks the way
Of mother and Winnie and me.

Work with the hand or the head,
With needle or bobbin or quill,
Daily work for my daily bread,
Work I must love, and will.
I have youth and health and brains—
They said I was clever at school;
Others are earning their honest gains,
And why should I sit here and pule?

I know that he does not care
For the coat that is no more new,
Or the dingy house, or the scanty fare;
If he could but pay all men their due;
But it pains him to think that we
May not lounge in our easy chairs,
With music and novel and afternoon tea,
And gossip of other's affairs.

O, if he only just knew
How weary I was of all that!
How I longed for a life that was earnest and true,
And some useful work to be at!
I heed not what people may say,
All the bondage of fashion I scorn;
To bring girls up in that idiot way—
It were better they never were born.

But what can I do! I could teach;
But scores will be eager to try,
With their music and German and French,
And each
Far abler to do it than I;
I had nice, stambling fingers of old,
For trimming a bonnet or gown;
But now folk will find better use for their
gold
Than to flaunt it in gay dress about town.

I know I could tidy a room,
And give it a lady-like look,
And I'm almost sure I could handle a broom,
And trim a little, and cook;
But I must be at home every night
To kiss him and plague him a while,
And comb the old hair that is thin now, and
white,
And send him to bed with a smile.

Work! O dear, what can I do!
I hurt my soft hand, and it bled,
And I toiled it were roughened and blistered
and toiled,
If it would only win me bread,
Yet I shrink from the girls at the mill;
I watched them last night in the dark
Coming out, and it smote my weak heart
with a chill,
But I could be a telegraph clerk.

Sick! I am weary and sick,
Ever fretting for something to do;
O, wouldn't I work my nails to the quick,
Father and mother, for you!
Ye are dearer than ever to me,
So meek and gentle and brave,
But your shadows grow long, and I seem to
see
Them creeping out close to a grave.

Work with hand or with head,
With broom or needle or quill,
Daily work for my daily bread,
Any true work that you will!
O, just for a week to have toiled,
And to give him my wage, and his kiss,
Saying, father, dear father, my hands may
be soiled,
But my heart is the purer for this.

WALTER SMITH.

SWEDISH ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

Professor Nordenskjöld's Report of His Observations in the Nova Zembla Region.

The northeast passage expedition in the Vega, under Professor Nordenskjöld, reached the mouth of the Lena in the latter part of August, and we may every day expect news of its safe arrival at Yokohama.

Meantime, Mr. Oscar Dickson, of Gottenburg, the generous supporter of the expedition, has published a letter from Professor Nordenskjöld, giving some of the results obtained in the Novaya Zemlya region. While detained at Yugor Strait, to the south of Novaya Zemlya, a visit was paid to the Samoyede village of Chabarova. Dr. Stuxberg collected many specimens of the fauna of the strait, including some remarkably large ciliates, sponges, and other marine life. Many specimens of various kinds of fish were brought from the natives. Dr. Kjellman collected numerous specimens of the flora of the region, and directed his attention specially to the phanerogamous plants of the arctic regions, a subject hitherto little studied. Lieutenant Nordqvist devoted his attention to insects, while Dr. Almqvist examined the Samoyedes with regard to their sense of color, and found it normally developed in them.

Professor Nordenskjöld bought some costumes, utensils, etc., from the Samoyedes, and, after some difficulty, succeeded in obtaining specimens of their "gods." They at first evaded his inquiries, but at last an old Samoyede woman consented to show him some. She drew them from a bag, where they were packed with much care in reindeer skins. Professor Nordenskjöld at last succeeded in persuading the old woman to sell him several idols at the price of 7 rubles. Each of them had a different purpose and aspect. One, which fine rags transformed into a kind of doll; another was a marionette, with a plate of copper for a face; a third was a fur, adorned with earrings and pearls. In general, these objects of veneration and adoration of the Samoyedes resemble the rude rag dolls of children who are unable to obtain anything better.

Chabarova is inhabited in summer by nine Russians, who, in spring, come from Foustosk, where are their wives and children. They depart in autumn. During their sojourn, these Russians carry on a barter traffic with the Samoyedes, and engage in fishing and in rearing reindeer. The Russians inhabit little wooden cabins, low and covered with turf, while the indigenous have tents of reindeer skin, similar in form to those of the Lapps. The Russians have formed a company to fish the white dolphin, two out of the twenty-two shares of the company be-

ing reserved for St. Nicholas, to secure his blessing. In spite of this, their enterprise has not been very successful.

Dr. Nordenskjöld, guided by one of the Russians, visited one of the official altars of the Samoyedes, who, although baptized Christians, retain many of their old heathen customs. This altar is on a promontory of Vagat Island, in a cave regarded as sacred by the Samoyedes. Notwithstanding that an archimandrite thirty years ago destroyed the original altar and erected a cross, the Samoyedes have chosen a neighboring spot, where Dr. Nordenskjöld saw many signs of recent sacrifices to the native gods, many images of which were fixed around. The island of Vagat Dr. Nordenskjöld describes as very regular, about ninety kilometers long and forty broad. It may be considered as a single plateau, terminating perpendicularly in the sea. The silurian and limestone beds contain many fossils, and the island as a whole forms a good pasturage for reindeer.—London Times.

The Steam-Engine.

The Marquis of Worcester is commonly regarded as the inventor of the steam-engine; but perhaps, the most that can be justly said is, that he was the first person who imagined the possibility of constructing such a machine. The individual who actually first constructed an engine for raising water by the alternate force and condensation of steam, was Captain Savary, who published an account of his invention in a small tract, called the "Miner's Friend." In 1705, Newcomen obtained a patent for an improved steam-engine; and in 1717 Henry Beighton made some further improvements, one of which is generally allowed to have been that of causing the steam-cock to be opened and shut by the machinery; a man having been previously employed for the express purpose. A few other improvements were made by different persons, but they did not effect the general action of the engine; and, although defects in its power had been noticed, their cause was unknown till 1765, when happily for the prosperity of the arts and manufactures of Britain, the subject engaged the ingenuity of Mr. Watt. The model of a Newcomen's engine fell into his hands to be repaired, and in this he presently observed the immense loss of steam occasioned by its admission into the cylinder, just cooled for condensation; indeed, he went so far as to ascertain by experiment that half the steam of the boiler was thus lost. But the circumstance that excited his greatest surprise was that the injection water gained infinitely more heat than if a quantity of boiling water, equal to that required to form the steam, had been added to it. In this dilemma, he is understood to have consulted the celebrated Dr. Black, whose discoveries on the subject of heat were then the theme of wonder, and from him he obtained such an explanation of the difficulty as enabled him so to alter the construction of the engine that with rather less than one-third of the quantity of steam it could produce the same power as one of equal dimensions on Newcomen's plan.

But great as was this improvement, it formed but a small part of the successful achievements of Mr. Watt in this department of mechanics. The application and utility of the engine he extended in various important ways; and at last arrived at that climax of improvement which consisted in making the steam serve to elevate as well as to depress the piston. An engine upon this plan, executed at Mr. Watt's manufactory at Soho, near Birmingham, was first employed at the Albion Mills, in 1778.

A Man-Baby.

In the second story of one of the low, rickety buildings on the east side of Chatham street, in humble apartments, there lives one of the most curious of human monstrosities. It is a boy, or man, twenty-one years and six months old, having been born in 1857, that is in all respects, physically and mentally, nothing more than an overgrown infant. Its parents are Mr. and Mrs. Jacques Jenn, of No. 165 Chatham St., industrious French people. The child was born on the 10th of June, 1857, and was christened Julie. Up to his eighth month he did not differ from other children, but at that age he was taken sick with the measles, and for six months it was thought he could not live, one disease following rapidly upon another. His last ailment, and the one to which his parents ascribe his deformity, was one that baffled the attending physician, and is described by the father as "the English disease." Both physical and mental growth seemed to be arrested by this disease. The boy is not quite three feet high, but measures four feet around the waist, being inordinately corpulent. His head is well shaped, but looks much too large for his body, being more than two feet in circumference. His hands and feet are exceedingly small, like those of a one-year-old infant, and he weighs 160 pounds. Every effort has been made to educate him, but he is not capable of learning anything. When ten years old he was scarcely two feet high, but weighed one hundred pounds. The physician who attended his birth predicted that he would not live to be fourteen years old, but he is now in good health. The boy's skin is remarkably soft and white, like a baby's. All of his habits are childish, and he can speak only a few words, such as "papa," "mamma," "yes," and "no." His extreme corpulence prevents him from walking, but he is very active with his hands and feet. He amuses himself with childish toys, and is very shy when strangers are about. Ex-polyce Surgeon Baker, who has watched the case closely for several years, says that it is the most wonderful case he ever heard of. The boy has been examined by a number of scientists, who have all come to the conclusion that he is a perfect baby in mind and body. His father has been approached by many showmen, who were anxious to add the boy to their list of attractions, but Mr. Jenn has declined every offer, not desiring to have his son exhibited to the public.—New York Times.

In France, parsnips are very common horse food.

HOW TO SHAVE.

A Few Hints to Gentlemen.

The shaving-brush should be simple and rather soft, the soap of the most soft and lubricant sort that can be got. Lay it on hot and work it freely, the thicker, hotter, and softer the lather, so much the pleasanter and easier will be the shave. Never use biting or acid soap; probably the more glycerine, honey and grease that enters into the composition of the soap, the more agreeable it will be to the skin; but in this, as in so many other great affairs, experience will be the surest guide. The man who has shaved for a year or two and has not found out what soap is pleasantest to his cheek is deficient in the bump of research, and will never do great things in the world.

The choice of a razor is commonly thought so difficult that many give up all attempts at forming an opinion of their own, take what the cutter pleases, and rely upon his good faith and the credit of the house for a happy result. Probably there exist tradesmen who will take back a razor which after a few days' trial does not prove up to the mark. If so, we shall be only too happy to make their acquaintance; personally, we never met with one. And this is hardly to be wondered at, for nothing equals the delicacy of a good razor edge except perhaps the tenderness with which it requires to be treated. If a razor in tempering has not received sufficient heat, its edge will be brittle; if, on the other hand, it has been too much heated it will be soft, but how is the purchaser to tell? He may, however, take with him a microscope, and carefully examine the edge all along. If it shows no bluntness or inequalities under this test, a prima facie case is made out in favor of the razor. We ourselves do not use the microscope, but never on any account, buy a razor which will not with any part of its edge sever a hair plucked from our own head and held freely between the left finger and thumb, while we chop at it with the razor in the right hand. The tool which will successfully pass this test seldom turns out badly. We may also here record another fact, namely, that mounting has nothing whatever to do with excellence, and that expensive razors are not as a rule a whit better than the cheap ones. A shilling razor, bought of a small cutter, in a country town, is just as likely to do its work well and long as one mounted in tortoise shell, costing ten times the money, and purchased at a West End establishment. That is, of course, if you have taken the trouble to verify the state of its temper by the means which we have above pointed out.

Never dip your razor into boiling or very hot water to make it cut better; it is a most wasteful and deceptive proceeding. At first it certainly seems to answer and to make the edge keener, but in the long run it softens the steel, and you will find the weapon fail you at some critical moment when smoothness and dispatch may be invaluable.

If you put your razor away wet, or with the edge ill-cleaned, you have no sort of right to blame anyone but yourself when it fails to do duty the next day. Treat it tenderly, as if you like it, like Isaac Walton's worm, and you will, if you have a fair start, be sure of a good and faithful servant. From time to time you must use the hone. You should wipe your hone before using it with some soft rag or piece of old silk to remove all dirt; next spread a few drops of oil on the hone, and then griping the razor firmly by its handle with the thumb and forefinger, firmly holding it below the shoulder of the blade, push the razor away from you, taking care to press evenly, flatly and firmly, and to give the blade a sliding motion along the surface of the hone; when the whole of the blade has traversed the hone, reverse it, and do the same thing over again on the other side, always remembering to work from shoulder to point; by this means the minute teeth of the saw, which, as a microscope will show you, form the razor, will all be set in a proper direction, so as to give you the most benefit from their touch against the bristles of your beard when you set to work at your morning shave.

Recollect that a razor stop must be used in the same manner; but that however carefully you strop your razor, it can never prevent your sometimes being driven to the hone. When choosing a razor stop, be careful to pick out a flat one. This is very important, as otherwise you will never get the teeth of your microscopic saw to be evenly set on the edge of the razor with an equable, keen and fine-cutting faculty all along from one end of the blade to the other. The leather on the smooth side of the razor stop should be calf, and of the best quality, and this side of course used after the razor has been sufficiently sharpened on the side spread with the composition. It has the effect of smoothing the edge, and will so far be found useful.—Vanity Fair.

Becoming a Journalist.

A young man in Roxbury writes asking advice about becoming a journalist and the best way to begin. As there seems to be an inordinate number of persons who are anxious to join the already overcrowded ranks of journalism, perhaps it may be as well to answer his letter here. And the first suggestion made is that which Punch made to people contemplating matrimony, "Don't." Of the thousands that enter the ranks very few attain even moderate prominence, and a mere handful eminence. Boston has a dozen eminent lawyers; it has not a single eminent editor, and wouldn't support him if it had. The best paid editor in Boston doesn't get as much salary as the chief cook of a first-class hotel, and the profession as a whole, though honorable, is far from gainful. It involves steady, persistent work; a constant strain of the mental faculties, and no end of unintelligent, yet annoying criticism.

There is no profession that exacts so much work for so small a return; none in which the steps of promotion are more numerous or more difficult to ascend. With this by way of preface it may be said, that the only way to get into the profession is to take some subordinate position. This should be on a country weekly or daily, where the candidate will have an opportunity to try

his powers on pretty much all kinds of work. If he goes into a large daily office at the start, he is confined to some one branch, and his chances for promotion out of that special department are very small indeed, for the reason that he has little or no opportunity to acquaint himself with the work of any other. But the editor of a country paper has to be reporter and proof reader as well, must keep the run of his exchanges, attend to all correspondence, and often see to the business department also, and his assistant, if he can afford such a luxury, gets an insight into the management of the whole establishment. Success under such circumstances results, in time, in advancement, the candidate for journalistic honors gets a chance on some city weekly or daily, and must take his chances for further promotion, which will depend upon his industry, his ability, and accident. The demand for service such as he can render is necessarily limited, the supply large and increasing, and he must be content to accept the best position and the best pay that he can get. One thing more must be said, and should be carefully considered as it is hard to get into journalism, it is harder still to get out. The training which a newspaper affords is not calculated to fit a man for any other known vocation or profession. In nineteen cases out of twenty the novice enters upon it for better or for worse, and all for time. If he can make an honest living in any other way he had better eschew journalism. If he must engage in it, let it be with his eyes open to the difficulties and disappointments that will inevitably beset his path.—Boston Transcript.

A Popular Divine Mistaken for a Toronto Burglar.

An amusing incident occurred at Yorkville, a short time since, and has somehow or other leaked out, as these stories will. A tall lanky individual, with his hat slouched over his left eye, made his appearance on the streets of the suburb village, and created some talk by his peculiar appearance. With a free and easy step he sauntered into a drug store, and after gazing about the shop for a few minutes, made use of the remark, with an unmistakable Yankee drawl, "I reckon it's a pretty fair store for this town." Immediately afterward he purchased a couple of cigars, and took his departure as unceremoniously as he had entered. Taking into consideration the peculiar actions of the customer, the proprietor made up his mind that he could be no other than a "prospecting" burglar. His strange conduct in the shop, and his buying the cigars merely as "a blind," confirmed the opinion he had formed, and he immediately informed a village constable of the circumstances of the customer's visit. With a knowing look on his face the officer explained to the suspicious druggist that the stranger had been under the supervision of the police for several hours, and that he was at present being "shadowed." The proprietor of the store, feeling satisfied that his place would be visited by burglars that night, borrowed a couple of revolvers and kept a watch all night, determined to give the visitors a warm reception. But the thieves did not arrive. And the druggist was correspondingly happy. But the policeman wasn't. He had "shadowed" the stranger to Bloor street, where crossed to the city, and here he was lost sight of. After a couple of days the affair was forgotten, but it was revived in a most peculiar and uncomfortable manner. A few Sabbaths ago the mystery was solved. The storekeeper and policeman were among the congregation assembled in the Methodist church on that day, and were considerably startled to find that the supposed burglar was none other than the Rev. Dr. Thomas, of Chicago. Imagine the feelings of the suspicious druggist and the worthy and efficient "shadow."—Toronto Telegram.

Wages and the Cost of Living.

Comparing the present market prices of all the articles of necessity and luxury that go to make up the cost of living, with the prices that obtained when wages were higher, it will be seen that wages have fully held their own. And if men will make the same comparison with regard to men's earnings and purchases, twenty, fifty, a hundred years ago, they will see that thanks to cheaper and rapid means of production and carriage through mechanical invention—in every element of living, in housing, clothing, food, luxuries and the rest, the workman of to-day has infinite advantage over his father, grandfather or great-grandfather. And he enjoys a multitude of privileges and benefits, in stable government, personal liberty and protection, gratuitous education for his children, free medical attendance, pure water, lighted streets, and other untaxed advantages which his ancestors never dreamed of or hoped for. His wages are higher and his money will buy more, dollar for dollar, than his father's would.

We do not say that the real as well as the relative cost of living is not advanced by every step forward in civilization. For ten days work an East India Islander, according to Wallace, can manufacture or earn sago cakes enough to last him a year; and less labor will keep him supplied with the limited clothing he needs. A man needs more clothing here, and a greater variety of food; yet when it comes to the absolute necessities of men—the minimum cost of living—a very small portion of a man's yearly wages will keep him alive and comfortable. Thoreau built him a shanty in Walden woods and lived in it at a total cost of twenty-seven dollars, and never approached either squalor or starvation. The experiment is of value only in that it proves it possible for a man to get as much bare living here for a given amount of labor as a Polynesian can. If one man wants more—and very properly most men do want more—one must work for it; and our civilization happily offers at once more opportunity for labor, and infinitely more to be had for the proceeds of such labor, than have been attainable in any other land, under any other social or industrial conditions. And we doubt whether there was ever a time when industry and economy—using the term in its

true sense of judicious management—would or could have met with a surer or more generous reward than in our own land to-day.—Scientific American.

A Muskrat Story.

The attack made upon Charles Newmoyer by a large number of muskrats on Sunday night last, at Tenth and Spruce streets, in this city, and published in the Eagle, created a profound sensation in this city and the surrounding country. About twenty-five muskrats attacked Mr. Newmoyer, with a deadly purpose, and it is fortunate that he got off as well as he did. There are plenty of illustrations of muskrats and other rats, when hungry, attacking women and children. Not long ago the Eagle published an item of an aged, bed-ridden woman being attacked by the common house rat, and badly bitten, in the city of Boston. She did her best to drive them off, and had her niece come to her rescue, the rats would have taken her life. Muskrats, when hungry, are much more powerful and wicked than the common house rat. Recently, along the Connecticut river a cow broke her leg. Unable to get along and lying by the river bank, she was attacked by muskrats, and would have torn her to pieces had not her owner come to her rescue. Some time ago, as Joel Stayer, in Clinton county, this State, was returning home, he approached a small creek, and he and his horse were attacked by a large number of muskrats. His horse was bitten badly, and the rider was bitten and severely scratched by the rats. There are plenty of instances where muskrats and other rats, through hunger, have become very dangerous. The brown rat is the enemy of the common black rat; this rat, when introduced in this country, was called the Norway rat. It destroys all native rats, for it is a subtle, and implacable enemy to them. It is especially destructive to chickens, young pigeons, rabbits, ducks, geese, young pigs, and anything that is edible. The brown rat, like the muskrat, swims with great facility, and both species, when moved by hunger and in large numbers, are very dangerous to both man and beast.—Reading Eagle.

An Incident of Gettysburg, which did not occur During the War.

The Pittsburgh Telegraph says: Some of the boys who have just returned from the Grand Army encampment at Gettysburg tell an amusing story at the expense of a gentleman of this city, well known in military circles. The veterans went into camp with the determination to get a good deal of fun out of the few days they spent on the field, and right well did they succeed. The incident referred to occurred when the sport was at its height. The gentleman alluded to, who might be called the Major for the purpose of this story, had been spending some time with a genial ex-rebel General from Maryland. In the afternoon the Major, overcome, doubtless, by the fatigue which followed a long tramp over the battlefield, lay down in one of the tents, and soon a loud snore from that locality told that he had fallen into a deep sleep. It happened that not very far away an Italian band-organ was grinding out some mottonous music, and one of the boys bribed him to give a concert in front of the Major's tent. The regular schedule of tunes was played two or three times, but the sleeping veteran never stirred. The musician, however, succeeded in drawing about the tent nearly half the men in the camp, and when one of them suggested a funeral, the others joined with one accord in the enterprise. The body was wrapped in the American flag, and couch and all were borne through the camp, the band-organ man playing his most melancholy air, and one of the boys, who personated a priest, marching in front of this strange procession, bearing a large, open book. And still the hero slept. Arriving at the spot where the band was located, a dirge was played over the prostrate, but he was still unconscious that he was playing the principal "role" in a funeral procession. As a final resort, the small brass piece which the Allegheny Commandery had taken with them, was loaded and fired beside the bier, and this aroused the victim to a sense of the ridiculous position in which he was placed. He was for a time about the maddest man who had been on that battlefield since the war and expressed an ability and willingness to whip the entire funeral procession, and doubtless he would have made it interesting for the master of ceremonies, but fortunately for that individual he could not be found.

Nickname of the States.

The Detroit Free Press asserts that the following list of nicknames, as applied to the different States, is "entirely correct":

Arkansas, Toothpicks; California, Gold Hunters; Connecticut, Wooden Nutmegs; Delaware, Muskrats; Florida, Fly-up-the-Creeks; Illinois, Suckers; Indiana, Hoosiers; Iowa, Hawkeyes; Kansas, Jayhawkers; Kentucky, Corn Crackers; Louisiana, Creolews or Creoles; Maine, Foxes; Massachusetts, Bay Staters; Michigan, Wolverines; Mississippi, Tadpoles; New Hampshire, Granite Boys; New York, Knickerbockers; North Carolina, Tuckers, Tar Boilers or Tar Heels; Ohio, Buckeyes; Pennsylvania, Leatherheads or Pennamites; Rhode Island, Guffints; South Carolina, Weasles; Tennessee, Cotton Mines; Texas, Beetheads; Vermont, Green Mountain Boys; Virginia, Beadies or Beagles; Colorado, Rovers; Georgia, Buzzards; Maryland, Crawthumpers; Minnesota, Gophers; Missouri, Pukes; Nebraska, Bug Eaters; Nevada, Sagehens; New Jersey, Blues or Clam Catchers; Oregon, Webfeet.

Mr. Cheever, of the New England Farmer, very justly says that "the question whether butter made from milk which is closed in tight cans as soon as drawn, is every way equal to that made from milk which is exposed to the open air, is, we believe, still an undecided one. Much would depend upon the purity of the milk when brought to the milk room, and also upon the purity of the air in which it is set. We never drank sweeter or better milk than that which had been submerged in Cooley cans, within ten minutes after being drawn from the cow."

CHASED BY WOLF-DOGS.

How Charles Warren Stoddard Broke His Arm on the Roman Campagna.

We debated over black coffee until the last number of the concert in the piazza had ended in a flourish of trumpets, and then, without further hesitation, we ordered steeds and swore we would cross the Campagna at midnight, through fever and damp, spite of the brigands and the sheep-dogs and the black holes that line the solitary road to Rome. It was 12 midnight when we mounted. The bell of some convent in the hills was calling the monks from sleep to prayer; the piazza was deserted; a few friends who had supped with us stood by us to the last, and we turned from them as they stood in the warm light of the café—the only light visible at that hour—and departed under a thick shower of benedictions. The long road wound down the hill between high walls and terraced gardens. From time to time we passed the wayside shrines so common in Catholic countries; broad bars of light fell across our path, for there was ever a lamp lit by some faithful hand and burning brightly at the feet of the Madonna. The way grew lonely. We set forth with songs, but our voices were lost in the immense, eternal silence of the vast and vacant land.

It came at last—a low growl, away off in the blackness of darkness; a long, low, wolfish growl that ended in a sharp and vicious yelp, which was followed by a chorus of howls and barks that chilled the very marrow in our bones. "Avanti!" cried our guide, as he plunged the spurs into his horse's flanks and dashed forward into the night. We followed as best we could; followed madly, knowing not whither we went, but seeking to keep within sound of the hoofs that uow thundered upon the road like hail.

The wolf-dogs were upon us—monsters that guard the flocks in the Campagna, and are the terror of all pedestrians, for in their case escape is impossible, and more than one mangled corpse has been found by the wayside in the morning, the partially devoured remains of some belated pilgrim whose only memorial is one of the small black crosses that are so frequent in some parts of Italy, and mark the spot where blood has been accidentally or unlawfully shed. The air was filled with the hideous yelps of the infuriated pack, and the whole Campagna seemed alive with monsters clamoring for blood. We plunged into the darkness, relying upon the instinct of our horses to keep the road. Once off it we must have fallen into one of the ditches that follow it an intervals, or have driven full speed against the low walls that border some of the meadow lands, and in either case our destruction was inevitable. I was following the party, bringing up the rear of the procession—Indian file—when suddenly everything went from under me, and in the next moment I was groveling among loose stones, with my horse vainly striving to regain his feet at my side. The whole earth sank at that moment, and out of the chaos that followed came fearful voices asking if I was hurt. I thought not, but ere I could render this verdict a two-edged agony went corkscrew-fashion through my arm, from the shoulder to the wrist, then returned to the elbow, where it threw out a taunting red-hot tendril and struck root forever and ever.

Meanwhile a pack of dogs, awakened by the clamor, bore down upon our quarter, and we were in danger of being intercepted, but with desperate haste we passed them just as they leaped the wayside wall and struck into the road, gnashing their teeth with rage at the very feet of our horses. It was a narrow escape; one poor devil was struck by the flying heels of my horse and knocked aside, and then we saw dimly the gray shadowy forms slackening their pace. Gradually the whole tribe retreated, the noise subsided, and there came the grateful season of silence that ever creeps into my life.—San Francisco Chronicle.

An Odd Affair.

A correspondent of the Golden Rule tells a humorous story of what happened to a lady at a dinner-party in a western city. Seeing that the gentleman who handed her to dinner was not of a literary turn, the lady, a good conversationalist, entertained him by talking of hunting, dogs, horses and fishing. The man was entertained and the lady exhausted.

It was not many days after that she encountered the same gentleman at another dinner-party, and lo and behold! it again fell to her lot to go to dinner with him. Turning frankly to him when they were about seated, she said: "Mr. So-and-so, you know quite well that we have talked up every subject which would mutually interest us. Come, I propose that instead of talking (since for the sake of our hosts we must appear happy and pleased with each other), we begin to count like this: One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen and then laugh; and the other take it up and go on the same way."

She had counted nearly up to fifty before he saw the joke, when suddenly he let forth a perfect roar of laughter, and catching up the idea went on—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, etc., until she had to laugh in spite of herself, and they began to be the envy of the whole table, and were pressed with inquiries as to what amused them.

The lady told this in the presence of another bright woman, who lives in quite another part of the country. They both happened to be in New York on a visit. The story pleased her very much. She went home, and being at a dinner-party herself, she narrated it, producing peals of laughter from every body but a single gentleman. He did not even smile. Their hostess at last cried out: "Why, John, by your looks I should think it had been you!"

With an indescribable expression he answered softly, "It was."

This is a true tale.

When a girl begins to take an interest in the arrangement of a young man's necktie it is an infallible sign of something more serious than sisterly regard.