...ght,
...s,
...pire,
..., and tugged
... thought,
...ed gain."

...ch he was nearly dead,
And thin, and old, and gray,
Quoth lion: "There's no more hard work
You're fit to do. I'll pay."
A barrelful of nuts he gave—ripe, rich
And big, but oh!
The squirrel's tears ran down his cheeks;
He'd lost his teeth, you know.
—*North American.*

A STAGE-DRIVER'S STORY.

FOURTEEN years ago I drove from Danbury to Littleton, a distance of forty-two miles, and as I had to await the arrival of two or three coachers, and I did not start until after dinner, I very often had a good distance to drive after dark. It was in the dead of winter, and the season had been a rough one. A great deal of snow had fallen, and the drifts were plenty and deep. The mail that I carried was not due at Littleton, by contract, until one o'clock in the morning, but that winter the Postmaster was obliged to sit up a little later than that hour for me.

One day in January, when I drove up with my mail at Danbury, the Postmaster called me into his office.

"Pete," said he, with an important, serious look, "there's some pretty heavy money packages in that bag," and he pointed to it as he spoke. He said the money was from Boston to some land agents near the Canada line. Then he asked me if I had any passengers who were going through to Littleton? I told him I did not know. "But suppose I have not," says I.

"Why," said he, "the agent of the lower route came in to-day, and he said that there were two suspicious characters on the stage that came in last night, and he suspects that they have an eye on this mail, so it will stand you in hand to be a little careful this evening."

He said the agent had described one of them as a short, thick set fellow, about forty years of age, with long hair, and a thick, heavy clump of beard under his chin, but none on the side of his face. I did not know anything about the other. I told him I guessed there wasn't much danger.

"Oh, no, not if you have got passengers all the way through, but I only told you this so that you might look out for your mail, and also look out sharp when you change horses."

I answered that I should do so, and then took the bag under my arm and left the office. I stowed the mail away under my seat a little more carefully than usual, placing it so I could keep my feet against it, but beyond that I did not feel any concern. It was past one when we started, and I had four passengers, two of whom rode only to my first stopping place. I reached Gowan's Mills at dark, when we stopped for supper, and where my other two passengers concluded to stop for the night.

About six o'clock in the evening I left Gowan's Mills alone, having two horses and a pung.

I had seventeen miles to go, and a hard seventeen it was, too. The night was quite clear but the wind was sharp and cold, the loose snow flying in every direction, while the drifts were deep and closely packed. It was slow, tedious work, and my horses soon became leg-weary and restive. At the distance of six miles I came to a little settlement called Bull's Corner, where I took fresh horses. I'd been two hours going that distance. As I was going to start a man came up and asked if I was going through to Littleton. I told him I should go through if the thing could possibly be done. He said he was anxious to go, and as he had no baggage, I told him to jump in, and make himself as comfortable as possible. I was gathering up the lines when the hostler came up and asked me if I knew that one of my horses had cut himself badly. I jumped out and found that one of the animals had got a deep cork on the off foot. I gave such directions as I considered necessary, and was about to turn away when the hostler remarked that he thought that I came alone. I told him I did.

"Then where did you get that passenger?" said he.

"He just got in," I answered.

"Got in from where?"

"I don't know."

"Well, now," said the hostler, "that's kind of curious. There ain't been no such man at the house, and I know there ain't been none at any of the neighbor's."

"Let's have a look at his face," said I. "We can get that much at any rate. Do you go back with me, and when I get into the pung just hold your lantern so that the light will shine into his face."

He did as I wished, and, as I stepped into the pung, I got a fair view of such portions of my passenger's face as were not muffled up. I saw a short, thick frame, full, hard features, and I could almost see that there was a heavy beard under the chin. I thought of the man whom the Postmaster had described to me; but I did not think seriously upon it until I had started. Perhaps I had gone half a mile when I noticed the mail bag wasn't in its place under my feet.

"Hello!" says I, holding up my horses a little, "where's my mail?"

My passenger sat on a seat behind me, and I turned toward him.

"Here is a bag of some kind that slipped back under my feet," he said, giving it a kick, as though he would shove it forward.

Just at this moment my horses lumbered into a deep snow drift, and I was forced to get out and tread down the snow in front of them, and lead them through it.

This took me all of fifteen minutes; and when I got in again I pulled the mail bag forward and got my feet upon it. As I was doing this I saw the man taking something from his lap, beneath the buffalo, and put it into his breast pocket. This I thought was a pistol. I had caught a gleam of a barrel in the starlight, and when I had time to reflect I knew I could not be mistaken.

About this time I began to think somewhat seriously. From what I had heard and seen, I soon made up my mind that the individual behind me not only wanted to rob me of my mail, but was prepared to rob me of my life. If I resisted him he would shoot me, and perhaps he meant to perform that disagreeable operation at any rate. While I was pondering the horses plunged into a snow drift, and I was again obliged to get out and tread down the snow before them. I asked my passenger if he wouldn't help me, but he said he didn't feel very well, and wouldn't try; he sat cooked alone, and was all of a quarter of an hour getting my team through the drifts.

When I got into the sleigh again, I began to feel for the mail bag with my feet. I found it where I had left it, but when I attempted to withdraw my foot I discovered it had become fast in something. I thought it was the buffalo, and

...ntle more fore-
...time, I quickly gave it up, and began to consider what I had better do under existing circumstances. I wasn't long in making up my mind upon a few essential points. First, the man behind me was a villain; second, he had cut open the mail bag and robbed it of some valuable matter—he must have known the money letters by their size and shape; third, he meant to leave the stage on the first opportunity; and fourthly, he was prepared to shoot me if I attempted to arrest or detain him.

I revolved these things in my mind, and pretty soon thought of a course to pursue. I knew that to get my hands safely upon the rascal I must take him wholly unawares, and this I could not do while he was behind me, for his eyes were upon me all the time, so I must resort to stratagem. Only a little distance ahead was a house, and an old farmer named Longee lived there; and directly before it a huge snow bank stretched across the road, through which a track had been cleared with shovels.

As we approached the cot I saw a light in the front room, as I felt confident I should, for the old man generally sat up until the stage went by. I drove on, and when nearly opposite the dwelling, stood up, as I had frequently done when approaching difficult places. I saw the snow bank ahead, and could distinguish the deep cut which had been shoveled through it. I urged my horses to a good speed, and when near the bank forced them into it. One of the runners mounted the edge of the bank, after which the other ran into the cut, thus throwing the sleigh over about as quick as though lightning had struck it. My passenger had not calculated on any such movement, and wasn't prepared for it; but I had calculated and was prepared.

He rolled out in the deep snow with a heavy buffalo robe about him, while I alighted directly on the top of him. I punched his head in the snow and sung out for old Longee. I did not have to call a second time, for the farmer had come to the window to see me pass, and as soon as he saw my sleigh overturned he had lighted his lantern and hurried out.

"What's to pay?" asked the old man, as he came up.

"Lead the horses into the track, and then come here," I said.

As I spoke I partially loosened my hold upon the villain's throat, and he drew a pistol from his bosom; but I saw it in good season and jammed his head into the snow again, and I got it away from him.

By this time Longee had led the horses out and came back, and I explained the matter to him in as few words as possible.

We hauled the rascal out into the road, and, upon examination, we found about twenty packages of letters which he had stolen from the mail bag and stowed away in his pockets.

He swore, threatened and prayed, but we paid no attention to his blarney.

Longee got some stout cord, and when we had securely bound the villain we tumbled into the pung. I then asked the old man if he would accompany me to Littleton, and he said, "Of course I will."

So he got his overcoat and muffler, and ere long we started on.

I reached the end of my route with my mail all safe, though not as snug as it might have been, and my mail bags a little worse for the trick that had been played on them. However, the mail robber was secure, and within a week he was identified by some officer from Concord as an old offender, and I am rather inclined to the opinion that he is in the State prison at the present time. At any rate he was there the last time I heard of him.

That is the only time I ever had any mail trouble, and I think that, under all the circumstances, I came out of it pretty well.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

MISS MARY ANDERSON has just celebrated at Long Branch her twenty-first birthday.

IT is announced that Mark Twain's latest work is not for sale. It is a girl—an innocent at home.

MR. W. T. WRIGHTON, the English composer; who died at Tunbridge Wells, was the author of "Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still." He was in his sixty-fourth year.

MRS. MARY J. HOLMES, the prolific novelist, is traveling in Scotland with her husband, and while on the way is reading the proofs of a new novel called "Chateau d'Or."

MISS DUDU FLETCHER, the author of those charming novels, "Mirage" and "Kismet," is about to publish a new one with the striking title of "The Head of the Medusa."

MR. BELL, the inventor of the telephone is thirty-two years old. He received a large round sum for his invention, besides shares in the company as consolidated, and he has a salary of $25,000 a year as an electrician.

BRET HARTE is well satisfied with his new consulate at Glasgow. He will pass some weeks of the summer with Froude, the historian, at his residence in Devonshire. He is engaged upon a novel of country life in England, whose scene is laid in Devonshire.

AT his country seat on the Hudson, called Ardsley after the old homestead of the Field family in England, Cyrus W. Field has nine separate habitations occupied by himself, his son, and his daughters. Four other houses are occupied by his relatives.

MARSHALL O. ROBERTS, the New York millionaire, began life in a lowly manner. He kept a ship-chandler shop, and was glad to retail tar and oakum to the North River boatmen, but he got into the California trade and is now one of Gotham's solid men.

PROF. BAIRD, the Fish Commissioner, is said to be an insatiable novel reader. When he goes away for the summer's fishwork he takes with him a large valise of two compartments. One is filled with the paper-covered novels about to be read, the other with those swiftly disposed of, where his family may browse at their pleasure. When it is remembered that a "fish story" is a synonym for a relation of fiction the suspicion of an incongruous mind will be removed.

Girls A-fishing.

THE Philadelphia *Bulletin* gives the following as an accurate report:

"Oh, I see one!"

"Where?"

"Oh, my, so he is!"

"Let's catch him!"

"Who's got the bait?"

"You lazy thing, you're sitting on my pole!"

"Oh, something's got my hook!"

"Pull up, you little idiot!"

"Oh, murder! take it away! Ugh! take it away, the nasty thing!"

"How will it ever get off?"

"Ain't it pretty?"

"Wonder if it ain't dry?"

"Poor little thing! let's put it back again!"

"How will it get the hook from its mouth?"

...other seat. Having hustled himself into this position, he waited patiently until the conclusion of the hymn, but no sooner had the minister risen to announce his text than the man arose and, taking from his pocket a paper, he addressed the minister by name and commenced to read a long statement purporting to be an interdict forbidding certain lawyers and others in Irvine from proceeding with the sale of certain property. The document occupied about five minutes in reading, and minutely described the situation of the property down to the square yards it measured; but as he apparently did not consider the statement sufficiently explanatory, he took an extremely long handkerchief from his pocket and began a practical demonstration of the measurement. When the man had finished, the minister quietly asked some of the office-bearers to remove him, which was accordingly done without any disturbance taking place. He stated that what he had done was in pursuance of an old ecclesiastic law, entitling people to claim publicly in church any property of which they were threatened to be dispossessed by legal action. The police afterward conveyed him home.—*Edinburgh Scotsman.*

Trials of a Tramp—The Effect of Dr. Tanner's Experiment.

DEJECTEDLY he appeared at the back door—it was on Eugenia street—mournfully told his pitiful tale, and, with a deep-drawn sigh, seated himself at the kitchen table to attack a breakfast set before him by the sympathetic cook. Silently, but dexterously, he stowed away the cold ham and fried potatoes, while his entertainer regarded him with wondering compassion and kept an eye upon the spoon.

Ten minutes devoted he strictly to business, and then, as he poured out his fourth cup of coffee, under the influence of the genial Java, the recuperated tramp seemed disposed to be sociable, and in reply to an intimation that he was evidently no disciple of Dr. Tanner, broke into voluble speech.

"No, marm," he said, "I take no stock in that old maniac. Dr. Tanner has done incalkerlable injury to the cause of humanity, and poor fellows like me find it mighty hard scratching to make a living sence he has undertook to prove that people can live on air and water."

"How is that?" asked the cook, as she cleared away the table.

"Well, marm," said the tramp, giving his chair a hitch back and stretching his legs out comfortably, "I'll tell you jest how it is. Before this fasting experiment was commenced folks were inclined to take pity on a feller when he said he was hungry, and mighty few would turn him away without givin' him something. How is it now, marm? Why, you gets the door slammed in your face at most places, and even those who are charitably disposed have become perverted."

"Perverted? How?"

"For instance, marm, there is one heretofore susceptible young lady who answers my plaintive appeals by drawing invidjus comparisons; she tells me to 'look at that poor Dr. Tanner,' and advises me 'to live on my fat awhile for the benefit of science.'"

"Well, I declare," remarked cook.

"Yes, marm. Another lady, when I informs her in my feeblest tones that I hain't eaten a morsel for two days and a half, encourages me to 'persevere in the good cause,' and to call 'round when I have completed the other thirty-seven and a half days—then she purposes presenting me with a watermelon."

"Land sakes!"

"Yes, marm. One old man, to whom I presented myself in the character of a played-out school teacher from the country, and asked his advice and aid in procuring employment suited to my abilities, told me to hire a hall and go into the starvation business."

"Gracious goodness!" uttered the cook, getting a broom to sweep out the kitchen.

"Yes, marm," said the abused tramp, as he rose hastily, glancing at the broom, "for everybody ain't as soft as you—as soft-hearted as you are, marm."

And he vanished.—*St. Louis Chronicle.*

A Dog That Understood.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to the Detroit *Free Press:* Some years ago we were operating a leather store in a small town in Wisconsin, and it was part of our business to buy hides for shipment East. The hide-house was situated in rear of the lot and a wheelbarrow was employed to convey them. This dog, which we named Watch, part shepherd and Newfoundland, always carried with the greatest delight the key, which was attached to a piece of shingle by a string, to the hide-house. One day as Watch pranced gaily down to the hide-house with the key in his mouth he met a strange dog. The two commenced to snarl at each other, and Watch closed his teeth so tightly into the piece of shingle that he broke it in two and lost one piece and key. When we got to the hide-house he came up and had only the piece in his mouth. "Watch," said I, "this won't unlock the door; where is the key?" Watch looked up, and when the words were repeated and the door shaken, to show that it could not be opened, he started off. In a short time he returned with the other piece of the shingle. He was again shown the two pieces, put together this time, and made to understand that the key was yet missing. It was getting late and we followed him. He stood a moment, as if reflecting where he was at the time he met the dog, and scenting up his tracks, found the key and brought it to us dangling from the string between his teeth. It seems by this that he certainly understood what we said to him about the lost key.

A Handsome Pulpit.

A BRASS pulpit has recently been completed in Philadelphia for St. John's Protestant Episcopal Church, Troy, N. Y. It will be erected as a memorial by William Stone Smith, a very wealthy gentleman of that city, to his deceased wife. The pulpit is about seven feet high by three feet square, and is made entirely of polished brass, except the floor, treads and handrail, which are of solid mahogany. The ornamentation consists of rosettes, intersected with twisted rods, after the style of 1750. The eight posts or columns are intersected at given spaces with square grooved blocks, and the balusters are round and twisted in the center. There is a scalloped apron below the floor, handsomely ornamented, which greatly adds to the appearance of the pulpit. The whole is heavily braced and counter-braced, and is exceedingly strong and massive, though it has a light and graceful appearance. The reading-desk is of brass, and will be covered inside with scarlet velvet. There are four small gas-jets, and the light will be hidden by a nickel-plated reflector from the audience and the speaker. This is not the least ingenious part of this beautiful piece of art. It is inscribed in old English letters, cathedral style, in colors: "In Memoriam. Fannie Burdett Smith. From Faith unto Fruition. March 2, 1880." The cost of the memorial to Mr. Smith, which includes handsome marble stens, alcoves, etc., will be ten thousand dollars.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE Chinese Six Companies in San Francisco own property valued at $22,290,000.

The Fun of Shark Fishing.

I WISH you had been here a few days ago and gone out "sharking" with us, says a correspondent of the Springfield (Mass) *Republican.* Eight went in a whaleboat, and caught nine in about two hours. We have great iron hooks covered with small fish; eight feet of chain are attached to the hook, and then sixty feet of rope strong enough to hold a horse. We let the bait sink to the bottom and wait in tranquillity for a bite. By and by there is a gentle tug at the hook, or a "sensation" as some of our party called it—easy—slow—you are not quite certain whether he is there—you hold your breath—whisper to your companions, "Hush—I've got one!" The shark starts off with the bait, you let him run about a yard, then with one mighty jerk fasten the hook in his mouth, and haul in. That is where the fun begins. If you ever lived on a farm, tried to lead a cow in the road that was bound she wouldn't go at all one minute, and then bound to go both sides of the road at once, then to go backward, and then to climb trees—you can imagine what it is to haul in a shark. You yell all the time, you must yell; you can't help it. You feel that if you don't yell, you won't get the shark. Your companions begin to yell. Hand over hand you tug in the line. You stop yelling for a minute, and inch by inch the shark takes the line out, he brings your hands clean down to the gunwale. You rally, brace your feet—give another yell. The crew help you pull—they yell—they speak encouraging words to you. You puff and yell, and pant and howl, and strain hand over hand while the crew shout, "Hang to him!" Whack go your knuckles against the gunwales, but you still hang and yell. Just when you feel as if you couldn't pull another pound, his great ugly head comes in sight. Then you give a big yell, and right in the midst of it the shark gives a flounce and pours a bucket of salt water into your face and breast. You grab the chain with both hands, lift his head clean out of the water, and then the brute plays he is an auger and turns himself over and over, you think, at the rate of forty times a minute. Then you yell, in right down earnest, "Hit him! hit him! hit him!" Meantime the crew are not idle. Armed with clubs three feet long they pound first his nose (his brains lie in his nose), then the gunwale, then the chain within four inches of your hand, then his nose again. The shark stops dodging for a moment—a few more welts on his nose and he is a "deader." We get him aboard with hooks and levers. Then you sit down and try to draw a long breath—perhaps you will, but I didn't. I concluded one was enough for me, and in the future I would help yell. In the evening I went to teachers' meeting, where the question came up of the divine care of animals. I asked if it was right to take the life of an animal just for the pleasure of it, and it was voted "No."

An Ice Cream Treat at Nantucket.

BURDETTE, of the Burlington *Hawkeye,* tells how the scarcity of young men works for evil at Nantucket: "One evening, I don't remember when, I introduced a young friend of mine, and he is very young and bashful, Mr. Julian C. Elginbrod of Buffalo, to a young lady acquaintance. After a few moments of society chatter he suggested the ice-cream saloon. Then she arose and introduced him to her two bodyguard friends, her mother, the mother of one her friends, and an aunt who was visiting them. Then the aunt introduced him to her elder sister and an old lady who was not a relative, they explained, but was as dear to them as though she was their own mother. Then they all said in a general sort of a way, 'Well, are you all ready?' and answered themselves in the affirmative, as they slowly followed the horror-stricken young man to the door, and the procession filed down street toward the ice-cream saloon, stopping on the way home at a house to pick up the old lady's daughter, and calling at a store for the twin cousins of one of the aunts—beautiful girls they were—from Springfield. I watched the column when it swung by 'fours, right into line' in front of the ice-cream saloon, where it formed like a line of men at a ticket office, the old lady smilingly and patiently bringing up the rear, standing under the flickering gaslight and the steadfast stars, awaiting her chance at the frozen pudding. It was far, far in the summer night when Julian Elginbrod return to the hotel, and when I looked out of the window and saw his pallid face and glittering eyes, and noted the club in one hand and the revolver in the other, and heard him mention my name and ask the night clerk what was the number of my room, I feared that he might feel harshly toward me, and I barricaded the door of my room with the lounge, the bedstead, the stove and the trunk, just before he came banging against it. He slept in the hall that night, across my threshold, and I only escaped the next afternoon, when the landlord, aweary of his incessant pounding of my door panels with his club, had him arrested as a dangerous lunatic.

"Hollering" is a Big Help.

THEY were holding an out-door ward meeting the other night, and a speaker had just commenced to warm up to his work, when a stranger with all his worldly "duds" in an old sheep-skin on his back, boots gone, hat going and a dyed-in-the wool tramp air about him, halted on the outskirts of the crowd. The speech soon caught him, and he began to applaud. At the end of every sentence he clapped his hands and roared like a fog horn. No matter whether the speaker "hit 'em" or not, the stranger never failed to come down with the applause, and he carried a good share of the crowd with him. After the speaker had finished, and while he was wiping his heated brow, the tramp approached him and said:

"That 'ere speech was one of the best I ever heard in all my life."

"Ah? I'm glad it pleased you."

"Pleased me! Why, it lifted me right off'n my feet! I tell you, you're a born orator, and I just wish I could stay in this town and hear you make a speech every night."

"Yes, I wish you could."

"But I can't. I am on my way West. I shall, however, think of your speech a hundred times a day. I can feel the electricity of it yet, and—say, can't you lend me half a dollar to help me on?"

"Why, I don't know you. Why should I lend you half a dollar?"

"Oh, come now—don't try to ride any high horse over me. You know how loud I hollered, and you know as well as I do that if I hadn't put in my best licks you'd have fallen as flat as a shingle! You are a great orator, sir, and that was a great speech, but if you don't know that hollering is what does the business, you'd better hang right up."

The orator pondered over the matter for a few seconds, and then probably concluded that the reasoning was sound, as he passed over the money.—*Detroit Free Press.*

YOUNG authors should not be disheartened in view of the facts that Thackeray was not known as an author until he was nearly forty; Scott was forty-three when "Waverly" appeared; Defoe was fifty-eight before he wrote his first novel; and other notables were equally tardy in gaining celebrity.

MR. FRANCIS COWLEY BURNAND, one of the staff writers for the London *Punch,* will succeed the late Mr. Tom Taylor in the editorship of that paper.

ALL SORTS.

MADAME LASAVONNE, an "accomplished" foreign lady, has opened training schools in several Eastern cities, where she is teaching women how to shave.

LINDSAY MUSS has been messenger at the office of the Secretary of the Navy for more than half a century, having been appointed under John Quincy Adams, July 15, 1828.

SARAH WINNEMUCCA will take up her abode hereafter at Vancouver, Washington Ter., where she will be pensioned at $600 per annum, with quarters and rations, for good conduct as scout in the Bannock war.

THE census enumerator of Nevada County, Cal., came across two ladies who were twins. One of them placed her age at twenty-eight years and the other at twenty-two years. Cause—one was married and one was single.

A UTAH writer says that John Mackay, the mining millionaire, walks about Virginia City in a thirty-dollar suit of gray clothes, goes to work in his mine at five o'clock in the morning, lives in the plainest style. But Mrs. Mackay, who is abroad, spends more money than any other American woman in Europe.

THE highest monument in Great Britain, and possibly in Europe, is that erected by his tenantry to the first Duke of Sutherland, on the summit of Ben Braggie, Sutherlandshire, 1,400 feet above the sea. The pedestal is 105 feet high; the statue, from a model by Sir Francis Chantrey, thirty. It is a conspicuous landmark on both sides of Moray Firth.

SOME painters while at work on the outside of a Methodist Episcopal Church at Bladensburg, Md., recently discovered holes in the weather-boarding and many bees passing in and out. Some of the boarding was removed, and between the joists was found a solid mass of honey twelve feet in length, sixteen inches wide and four inches thick.

A NEW YORK society belle who has a strawberry-mark on the under side of her arm near the shoulder, offers one of the hospital surgeons $1,000 if he will remove it and graft the skin of a healthy white person upon it. She says if she got married her husband wouldn't like the looks of it, and then, too, she is kept from wearing the low-necked and short-sleeved party costume.

MISS HATTIE E. FARNSWORTH, who has been Postmaster at Groton, Mass., for thirteen years, has resigned, and the official examiner bears this testimony to her fidelity: "From experience I can safely say in our 55,000 post-offices we have few Postmasters who can compare with the one at Groton, Mass., and in her retiring from the office the Post-office Department loses one whose place it will be difficult to fill."

INITIATORY steps are being taken to establish a circle of observing stations around the North Polar region, all to be connected by telegraph. The proposed points for stations are at Upernavik in West Greenland; at the mouth of the Lena in Russia; Switzbergen, Holland; on the new Siberian Islands; Novaya Zemlya; Point Barrow in Alaska; at some point on the Arctic coast of Canada, and possibly at other intermediate points.

THE following is from a fashion article in the Cincinnati *Enquirer:* "A friend of mine held a wad of something in one hand, and it was not so large but that she could close her fingers over it. I asked her what it was. 'A new pair of stockings,' she said. 'Stockings!' I echoed, incredulously. She showed them, and stockings they surely were, but of such a gossamer texture that they were of next to no bulk or weight at all. They were rather bright scarlet in color—too bright, I remarked. 'Oh, they look so now,' the young lady said, 'but they won't be when they are on. See that,' and she stretched one over her plump, white arm; 'the skin fairly shows through, and makes the stocking a very light pink.' 'So the color, when worn, depends considerably on whether the wearer is a blonde or a brunette.' 'That's a fact—sure enough. On a negro woman, I guess they would be a reddish brown.'"

HUMOROUS.

A BLIND man cannot be obliged to pay a sight draft.—*N. O. Picayune.*

THE conductor who divided his collections with the company claimed that it was a fare arrangement.—*Boston Transcript.*

IT is difficult to conceive how a woman can put up her back hair, rock the cradle with one foot, look into the mirror and lecture her husband with her mouth full of hair-pins all at the same time.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

DETROITERS are complaining of the poor quality of ice sold in that city. They say it is worm-eaten, mildewed and much of it warmed over from year before last, and a ten-cent chunk won't last a family of six over two days. Why don't they lynch the ice-dealers!—*Norristown Herald.*

WHEN the prudent girl takes a notion to make over an old dress, what is the best to let her do? Let her rip.—*Boston Traveller.* Sew say we all of us.—*Yawcob Strauss.* We don't know what the needle be fore any more remarks on this subject.—*Rome Sentinel.*

THE hottest man seen lately was at work, in the blazing sunlight, on a church steeple. There is some joke in this about per-"spire," but we have not energy enough to dig it out.—*The Score.* If the man is really sitting on the top of the spire of course no one can see the point, but he himself may feel sure that there is one.—*Boston Advertiser.*

IT is said that a woman's voice can be heard at a distance of two miles by a man in a balloon; but if the black-haired spider, which can stretch itself to several inches in length and eats mice, were to get on her neck, her voice could easily be heard a distance of ten miles on a level.—*Norristown Herald.*

"HELLO? when did you return?" asked Snopson of his friend Binns, whom he met on the street. "Why—I haven't been away," replied the latter. "You haven't?" incredulously asked Snopson. "Why, you look so worn out and near dead that I positively thought you had been away to one of the watering places for a few weeks for the benefit of your health.—*New Haven Register.*

A Caution to Horsemen.

A SURGEON in the German army calls the attention of all who have to do with horses to the danger of using the pocket-hankerchief to wipe away any foam from the mouth or nose of a horse which may have been thrown upon their clothes. Some months ago, the writer states, an officer came to him suffering from an obstinate cold and cough. The usual remedies were prescribed, but in vain; a visit to the baths at Reichenhall also did the patient no good. Returning to duty, the officer became worse; fever, attended with great pain in and swelling of the head, set in, and ultimately, after much suffering, he died with every symptom of glanders. Inquiries were set on foot, and it was found that some time before he was taken ill he had ordered a horse which he believed was suffering from glanders to be shot. Neither the groom nor any of the other soldiers who had been near the horse have been attacked by glanders, and consequently it is suspected that the officer who died may have conveyed the disease into his system by perhaps using his handkerchief to wipe some of the foam from the mouth or nose of the horse from his uniform.

Our Young Readers.

OUR YEAR.

JANUARY so bleak and drear,
With icy breath and snow-clad wing,
First reigns supreme; then leaves his throne
For airs not milder than his own—
Who only can his praises sing.

Then February brings with her
No balmy airs, or fragrant flowers;
But blasts so wild, that then the trees,
They rudely blow, and scatter leaves,
That once were green from sun and showers.

But March winds now are whistling loud,
And passing by their leave their trace
Of chilly air and frost work fine;
Upon our panes, which Father Time,
With magic wand, will soon efface.

Next come the gentle April showers,
Which clothe the fields in garbs of green,
While in the meadow, flowers bright
Spring up from darkness into light,
And are rob'd in their brightest sheen.

But April soon gives way to May,
Who comes with dainty, graceful tread,
And brings rich buds and blossoms rare,
With balmy days, both bright and fair,
And sunny skies above her head.

And May to June, with roses crowned,
Who brings the clear and pebbly brooks,
The leafy trees, the summer birds,
Whose singing is o'er the wood is heard,
From every deep, sequestered nook.

July beams down upon us next,
With kindly smiles and cheerful face,
Her bearing stern, as warm and bright,
And skies of blue with fleecy white,
No lowering cloud in them we trace.

But August now bids July haste,
And leave for her the sultry sun,
That makes the dainty flowers fade
Their petals bright, of red and gold—
And then her fleeting race is run.

The month of harvest time has come!
September, with her golden glow
Of autumn leaves, with berries red,
In graceful wreaths twined round her head,
And festive garlands hanging low.

October's sun now floods the sky,
With streaks of red, both rich and light;
But soon to fade and pass away,
Like man's fleet winged and sunny day,
Yet glows the deeper in its night.

October's sun has ceased to shine
And flood the sky with crimson bright,
November, dreary queen, has come,
To gather her in sad harvest home,
And wield her sceptre, now, with might.

December, saddest queen of all,
Your time to reign has come!
But soon in death your eyes will close,
And you will gather sweet repose—
While angel forms will bear you home!
—*A Little Girl, in New York Tribune.*

THE "DARNING-NEEDLE."

THE darning-needle has the wise family name *Libellulide,* the plain English of which is dragon-fly. It doesn't object to either of those names, or even to the common name of darning-needle, if you only don't associate it with anything stiff or blind. It is really no clumsy affair. There is not a stiff joint in its body, and as for seeing things, why, bless your eyes! it is a perfect marvel. You never saw anything more wonderful. It would take your bright-eyed, smart little Johnny six hours—the longest, busiest hours he ever spent in his life—just to count the eyes of the dragon-fly. Twenty-four thousand eyes! Just think of a little chap with twelve thousand eyes to your one. He can look to the right and to the left, down and up, backward and forward, toward all points of the compass at the same instant of time. Who can tell all that he sees? Wouldn't you like to borrow his eyes for about ten minutes?

The dragon-fly is not only marvelous on account of its vast number of eyes, but it is curious in many ways. There are about two hundred known species, some of which are very beautiful. The largest and most brilliant kinds are found on the Amazon River. "Some of them," says a traveler, "with green or crimson bodies seven inches long, and their elegant, lace-like wings tipped with white or yellow."

The dragon-fly is the most ferocious of all insects, and he has for this reason been called the "devil's darning-needle," but it is better to drop the big adjective and not call hard names. Yet he is truly the greatest cannibal of the insect world. He dines with keenest relish upon his many cousins, has a special appetite for tender young mosquitoes, and does not hesitate to devour the prettiest, loveliest butterflies or any of the family relatives that he is able to catch.

All the little fellows are afraid of him, but it is useless to try to escape him. Even the swift mosquito, with its three thousand vibrations of the wing a minute, cannot outfly this terrible, swift dragon.

He takes his meals while on the wing—a whole insect at one swallow—and you can hardly guess how many victims are served up for a good "square meal." Quite a little swarm is needed for his dinner, and he is always ready to make way with all the scattering ones that he finds for lunch between meals.

The dragon-fly knows all the ways of the world. He can dart backward just as well as forward, and fly sideways just as well as any other way, and so there is no chance to get out of his way. When he once goes for his victim, it is all over with it.

Naturalists have been greatly interested in this insect, and have studied its habits closely from its babyhood up.

Mrs. Dragon is a firm believer in the use of plenty of water in bringing up her babies, so all her little ones begin life in an aquatic nursery. From the leaf of a water-plant, in which they are at first cuddled up, they come out with rough-looking, grub-like bodies, having six sprawling legs. They find themselves all alone in the world. Their mother has gone and left them, and they have no one to provide them with their "bread and dinner." They must stir themselves and "grub it for a living." But they have such a stupid, lubber-heel look, that no one would think they knew enough to take care of themselves. On their head is something that looks like a hood, and this is drawn over their faces as though they were ashamed.

But this hood is only their natural head-dress. These little water-nymphs don't really wear their hoods for bonnets to keep them from taking cold, but they are really masks, and very curious ones, too. This mask is made of hinges, slides and hooks, and it is their trap to get a living. When they see something which they would relish for dinner, the hinges spring open, the slides shove out, and the hooks cling in, and in one instant of time their prey is secured. And that is the way these dumpish-looking little chaps "go a-fishing." You surely would never call them dull fellows if you should once see the lively way they serve up refreshments. Quicker than we can tell it, they pack their lunch-baskets from capsized gnat and mosquito-boats, and they overtake the swift little tadpoles and serve them up in "smacking good" meat-pies.

Perhaps you would like to know how these little fellows get about so fast. Neither fins nor paddles of any kind are used in chasing their prey, nor to help them handle it when caught. But to get about they have a way of their own, and, a few years ago, a British war vessel was built to go by a method like theirs.

You may have read that Benjamin Franklin once had an idea that a boat could be made with a pump in the stern, by which water could be drawn in and pumped out with such force as to propel the boat along. But the ingenious Franklin, although he could coax lightning from the clouds and make it obey him, had to give up the idea of pumping boats about. And here is just where this little grub beats the great philosopher. In the stern of his little worm-skin boat he has a pump that works like a charm. When the little nymph wants to go on an exploring voyage his clever little muscles instantly set the pump at work, and away shoots the boat like a rocket, while at the prow of the boat is the masked pirate, always ready for his booty. He is very voracious, and banquets on multitudes of little creatures during the one year of his grub life.

At the end of the year, the little pump-boat that has served him so well is anchored to a water-plant, and in two hours Jack, the sailor-grub, starts out on another voyage.

But this is an aerial trip. He hoists sail, unfolding four lovely wings of gauze, and speeds away into the air, the rich-robed monarch of the insect world.

To every enemy of insects the dragon-fly is a friend, for what uncounted hosts of water-insects does the swift boat of this pirate overtake before it comes to shore, and what swarms and swarms of little animal life have been buried in that one grave—the voracious, never-satisfied, long stomach of the great insect dragon!

But only insects have reason to fear him; and he generally proves quite sociable with the boys and girls who cross his path, knowing himself well insured against capture by his swift-darting wings and myriad eyes. You will find him much more difficult to catch than his cousin Butterfly, but when you go fishing he will flit along the bank in front of you as you wade through marshy places, or hover above the tangle of drift-wood near which you have dropped your line, as if he enjoyed your company. Now and then, perhaps, he will even poise gracefully for a moment above your outstretched rod, or silently settle on the very same log on which you are seated, and almost within reach of your hand. Make the slightest motion to entrap him, and see how quickly he is gone! Yet he does not go far, returning sometimes to the very spot from which you drove him away. Be sure, then, that at least some hundreds of his thousand eyes are on you; but, though he is such a terror to his own tribe and kindred, he is at peace with all mankind, and you may become acquainted with this beautiful but fierce darning-needle with as much safety as with the homely, stupid one in grandmother's stocking-basket.—*St. Nicholas.*

The Will-Power

SOME one once made the pleasantry: "What is mind? No matter! What is matter? Never mind!"

Where matter leaves off and mind begins, is a question that has puzzled, and still puzzles, all our philosophy.

But that the one influences the other, is a matter of fact which cannot be questioned. Emotion causes a variety of physical, no less than of mental results. Mind operates on matter; our intellectual and spiritual being on our bodily. If grieved, we weep; if in fear we grow pale; if angry, or hurt, we blush.

Fright may bring on headache. The juices of the body have been known to be dried up by great terror; even the coloring matter that circulates through the hair like water through a tube, has been destroyed by fear.

The nervous system acts upon the rest of the body and produces these changes. In grief it increases the flow of the liquid that we call, when it comes from the eye in drops, tears. In blushing, it swells the small blood-vessels that lie close to the skin, and they let a larger quantity of blood flow along them, and this gives the redness to the flesh that we call a blush.

The will may control, not all, but many of these emotions. A person may conquer fear, for example, by a vigorous effort of his will; crying, by thinking of some less sad subject, and blushing by changing the line of thought he is pursuing.

For instance, if another is taunting him for doing what seems to be open to ridicule, let the person reflect that he is, in his own opinion, standing up for what is right and this consciousness of rectitude will take the place of consciousness of self, and ten to one cure the evil.

In a thousand ways the will has a vast influence over the body. It may make us brave, instead of cowardly. Let a man fully make up his mind that he can and will walk through graveyards at night, and though he may have been timid before, and though he may suffer a little in doing so, he can do it. The will is either master of us, or we are of it. It makes the soldier stand his ground in time of battle. It *lets* us do a mean thing, or it *makes* us do a brave one.

A boy or girl who is awkward in company, who feels ill at ease, as some most excellent young persons do, may, to a great extent, and, it may be, entirely cure themselves by a resolute exercise of the will. A thing is often practically half done already the moment we make up our minds that it *shall* be done.

Determine that you will be cool, collected, listen attentively lest you make a blunder, keep ears and eyes open in order to be at ease and appear well, and ten to one, you will carry your point.

The efforts of the will keep you up, somewhat as a pair of inflated bladders do in swimming. The will may be made a great friend. It controls, to a great extent, the nervous system.

The nervous system is, as it were, the boiler that moves the rest of the engine; but the will is the engineer that keeps the boiler up to the "hundred and plenty to spare," as the railroad men say—supplies the fire, pokes it, piles on the coal, furnishes the steam, and sees, too, that it is applied in the right way.—*Rev. R. W. Lorne, in Golden Days.*

The Blundering Druggist.

THE residents of this place were startled this morning by the information that Mr. George Van Brunt, the druggist, had made a terrible mistake in compounding a prescription, and that the patient had taken a fatal dose of Magendie's solution of morphine instead of two ounces of magnesia sulp. (epsom salts). The patient, Elizabeth Monaghan, forty-five years old, an employe at Mrs. Barnes' cottage, cut the index finger of her right hand last Tuesday on a broken dish, and inflammation of a painful character set in. Dr. Robert Conover, of Red Bank, on Thursday ordered two ounces of "magnesia sulp." The druggist was hurried by a pressure of business and confused by several who were talking to him, and he made the fatal error. The mistake was detected three hours after by Van Brunt's clerk, who asked him, on the clerk's arrival from a visit, if he had put up a prescription.