...is-
...t, asked me
...ing the building
...that it was closed as
... After our examination
...ourselves in the veranda op-
...te the door, while some of Runjeet
Singh's people dug away the mud wall,
and one of his officers broke the seal
and opened the padlock. When the
door was thrown open nothing but a
dark room was to be seen. Runjeet
Singh and myself then entered it, in
company with the servant of the Fakir,
and, a light being brought, we de-
scended about three feet below the
floor of the room, into a sort of cell,
where a wooden box about four feet
long by three feet broad, with a sloping
roof, contained the Fakir, the door of
which had also a padlock and seal sim-
ilar to that on the outside. On opening
it we saw a figure inclosed in a bag of
white linen, fastened by a string over
the head, on the exposure of which a
grand salute was fired, and the sur-
rounding multitude came crowding to
the door to see the spectacle. After
they had gratified their curiosity, the
Fakir's servant putting his arms into
the box, took the figure out, and, clos-
ing the door, placed it with its back
against it, exactly as the Fakir had
been squatting (like a Hindu idol) in
the box itself. Runjeet Singh and
myself descended into the cell, which
was so small we were only able to sit
on the ground in front of the body, and
so close to it as to touch it with our
hands and knees. The servant then
began pouring warm water over the
figure, but as my object was to see if
any fraudulent practices could be de-
tected, I proposed to Runjeet Singh to
tear open the bag and have a perfect
view of the body before any means of
resuscitation were employed. I ac-
cordingly did so; and may here remark
that the bag when first seen by us
looked mildewed, as if it had been
buried some time. The legs and arms
of the body were shriveled and stiff,
the face full, the head reclined on the
shoulder like that of a corpse. I then
called to the medical gentleman who
was attending me to come down and
inspect the body, which he did, but
could discover no pulsation in the heart,
the temples, or the arms. There was,
however, a heat about the region of
the brain which no other part exhib-
ited. The servant then commenced
bathing him with hot water, and,
gradually relaxing his arms and legs
from the rigid state in which they were
contracted, Runjeet Singh taking his
right and I his left leg, to aid by friction
in restoring them to their proper ac-
tion, during which time the servant
placed a hot wheaten cake, about an
inch thick, on the top of the head—a
process which he twice or thrice re-
peated. He then pulled out of his
nostrils and ears the wax and cotton
with which they had been stopped, and,
after great exertion, opened his mouth
by inserting the point of a knife be-
tween his teeth, and, while holding his
jaw open with his left hand, drew the
tongue forward with his right, in
the course of which the
tongue flew back several times
to its curved position upward, in
which it had originally been, so as to
close the gullet. He then rubbed his
eyes with ghee (or clarified butter) for
some seconds, till he succeeded in open-
ing them, when the eyes appeared quite
motionless and glazed. After the cake
had been applied for the third time
to the top of the head the body was
violently convulsed, the nostrils became
inflated, when respiration ensued, and
the limbs began to assume a natural
fulness; but the pulsation was still
faintly perceptible. The servant then
put some of the ghee on his tongue
and made him swallow it. A few
minutes afterward the eyeballs be-
came dilated, and recovered their nat-
ural color, when the Fakir recognized
Runjeet Singh sitting close to him, and
articulated in a low, sepulchral tone,
scarcely audible: 'Do you believe me
now?' Runjeet Singh replied in the
affirmative, and invested the Fakir with
a pearl necklace and a superb pair of
gold bracelets, and pieces of silk and
muslin, and shawls, forming what is
called a khelat, such as is usually con-
ferred by the Princes of India on per-
sons of distinction. I share entirely in
the apparent incredibility of the fact of
a man being buried alive and surviving
the trial without food or drink for
various periods of duration; but, how-
ever incompatible with our knowledge
of physiology, in the absence of any vis-
ible proof to the contrary, I am bound
to declare my belief in the facts which
I have represented, however impossi-
ble their existence may appear to others.
—*London Telegraph.*

Premiums Offered by the Limekiln Club.

THE Committee on Agriculture re-
ported that all space wanted by the
Club at the coming State Fair could be
secured, and recommended that the
members bestir themselves on the mat-
ter of entries. After considerable dis-
cussion it was resolved to offer pre-
miums as follows in the name of the
club:

1. For the largest watermelon grown
in a cornfield eighty rods from a house,
a prize of a wheelbarrow with red
handles. Exhibitors must make affi-
davit that they did not set a watch on
the melon patch. In case no colored
man lived within two miles of the corn-
field, the exhibit will not count.

2. For the biggest 'possom grown in
the State, a prize of fifty cents in cash.

3. For the best lot of ten dogs owned
by any one colored family in the State,
a prize of a grind-stone making forty-
four revolutions per minute.

4. For a dozen fowls which have
roosted each night for six months in a
hen-coop not guarded by a bear-trap,
alarm-bell, spring-gun, or other device
to prevent a full and fair investigation
of their manner of roosting, a prize of
a photograph of an ice-house contain-
ing fifty tons of ice.

Later on several other premiums will
probably be offered, and the Club in-
tends to offer a prize for the best speci-
men of frescoing on a board fence
with a whitewash brush, competition
open to the world.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Connecticut Drummers.

IN some of the small cities and towns
there are business establishments whose
travelers make journeys as extensive as
any undertaken by the drummers of
New York. Connecticut men are
among the leaders in seeking new mar-
kets for their productions. Some of
the large manufacturers of tools, ma-
chinery, hardware and other kinds of
goods in that State send men to South
America, Europe and elsewhere in the
same matter-of-fact manner that smaller
houses might send to Syracuse or Cana-
joharie. A firm of carriage manufac-
turers in New Haven send a man
around the world. They sell many car-
riages in New Zealand, Australia and
South Africa. On his last trip their
traveler drummed the trade up the Red
Sea and along the south shore of the
Mediterranean. He sold some carriages
in Egypt, but none in the countries to
the westward, where the British and
Continental manufacturers yet retain
command of the market. On his next
trip he will again tackle the carriage
buyers of that region. He overcame
British opposition in South Africa, and
expects to accomplish the same result
in North Africa.—*Hartford Courant.*

"I AM sawdust when I slug," as the
board remarked to the buzz-saw.

...ing
...Excess of ... anything but once
...ven approaching them, and that was
the New York oysters. I had then
just come on from California, where
oysters are very small and unimpor-
tant, not to say insignificant, and I had
often eat a hundred there at a time,
and had always felt that I could eat
more if I had them. So, when I ar-
rived at the Metropolitan Hotel I or-
dered my dinner to be served in my
room, and told the waiter to bring with
my dinner a strong cup of coffee and a
hundred raw oysters. He looked at me
a moment, and then said:

"Did I understand you to say a hun-
dred oysters?"

"Yes," I answered; "raw, on the
half shell, with vinegar; no lemons,
and as soon as you can, for I am very
hungry."

"Ahem! Miss, do you want a hun-
dred?"

"Yes, I do. What are you waiting
for? Must I pay for them in advance?
I want nice large ones."

"No, no, miss. All right, you shall
have them," and he went out. I con-
tinued my writing and forgot all about
my dinner till he knocked and came in
with my dinner on a tray, but no oys-
ters.

"How is this?" said I. "There are no
oysters."

"Dey's comin', miss, dey's comin'," and the door opened and in filed three more sons of Africa's burning sands, each with a big tray of oysters on the half-shell. I was staggered, but only for a moment, for I saw the waiters were grinning, so I calmly directed them to place one tray on a chair, one on the wash-stand and one on the bed, and I said:

"They are very small, aren't they?"

"Oh! no, miss, de bery largest we'se got."

"Very well," said I; "you can go. If I want any more I'll ring."

When they got out into the hall one said to the other:

"Fore goodness, Jo, if she eats all them oysters she's a dead woman."

I did not feel hungry any longer. I drank my coffee and looked at the oys-
ters, every one of them as big as my
hand, and they all seemed looking at
me with their horrible white faces and
out of their one diabolical eye, until I
could not have eaten one any more than
I could have carved up a live baby.
They leered at me and seemed to dare
me to attack them. Our California
oysters are small and with no more in-
dividual character about them than
grains of rice, but these detestable
creatures were instinct with evil inten-
tions, and I dare not swallow one for
fear of the disturbance he might raise
in my interior, so I set about getting
rid of them, for I was never going to
give up beaten before those waiters. I
hung a dress over the keyhole after I
locked the door, and just outside my
window found a tin water spout that
had a small hole in it. I carefully en-
larged it, and then slid every one of
those beastly creatures down one by
one—one hundred and two of them—
they all the time eyeing me with that
cold, pasty look of malignity. When
the last one was out of sight I stopped
trembling and finished my dinner in
peace, and then rang for the waiters.
You should have seen their faces! One
of the waiters asked if I would have
some more. May he never know the
internal pang he inflicted upon me; but
I replied calmly:

"Not now. I think too many at once
might be hurtful."—*Cor. Philadelphia Press.*

Farmers' Lives.

IT is related of Prof. Swing that in a
recent discourse before a convention of
Western farmers, he told them that their
lank bodies and sorrowful faces came of
too much work, too little sleep and too
little good food, and that the same was
true of their boys. His granger audi-
ence must have taken him for a plain,
blunt man to intimate in so direct a
manner that he was addressing an as-
semblage of gaunt and uncanny scare-
crows; and it is possible that he put the
case a little stronger than the circum-
stances made necessary. Prof. Swing
knows a good many things. As a theo-
logian, a philosopher, a teacher and a
preacher, he has attained considerable
success, and won considerable reputa-
tion. It is possible that he was once a
farmer's boy, and was well acquainted
with the hardships and the deprivations
of a farmer's existence. But if he has
sketched the Western farmer correctly,
the latter fares worse, with all his
boasted immensity of crop, than the
average agriculturist of the East. The
farmers of New York and New England
are not especially lank. They certain-
ly do not make the smooth, rotund,
delicate and well-groomed appearance
that is peculiar to many business and
professional men; but they have mus-
cles like whip cord, and surfaces that
can receive the sun, the wind and the
rain without shrinking or suffering in-
jury. They live as long and enjoy as
good health as other people, for hard
work does not kill as fast as even the
mild dissipations of society.

Bodily labor does not consume nerve
tissue, and consequently physical
strength, as rapidly as brain labor
alone. The professional man needs
more sleep than the man whose hands
are in as constant and active employ as
his head; but he rarely obtains more.
The former works into the night, but
the latter retires as soon as the dark-
ness deprives him of the opportunity
to work, and enjoys refreshing slumber
—that is in New England. The food
upon which the farmer subsists might
be varied considerably more to advan-
tage. But while it lacks variety, the
quantity or quality is seldom insufficient.
A farmer worthy of the name and
standing of that honorable class who
till the soil can hardly help having a
great deal of good food that city peo-
ple, who live right by the markets,
envy him. He has pure water and
fresh air, to begin with. These afford
an excellent basis of health, and it is
an extravagant theorist who will main-
tain that a good sound superstructure
cannot be erected thereon, with vege-
tables right from the garden, and milk
drawn directly from its native founts,
which have no affiliation with the clear
well or spring water; with butter like
gold, and sweet as the daisies that en-
ter into its composition, and bread such
as only a country housewife knows
how to make. "Lank bodies and sor-
rowful faces" do not apply to the hus-
bandman of the East. Perhaps they
eat more salt pork than is good for
them, but they offset that surfeit by a
thousand inexpensive dainties that are
considered in town the height of lux-
ury. There are no people in the world
that live as well as the well-to-do farm-
ers of New England, and Prof. Swing
should spend a summer in an Eastern
farm-house and revise his opinions.—
Boston Post.

A Discarded Wife.

ANOTHER American girl who sought
distinction in a titled husband has come
to grief in the dissolution of the mar-
riage between Miss Moulton, of this
city, and Count Von Hartzfeldt, of Ger-
many, who gives up his wife in order to
enjoy political honors. Mrs. Moulton's
mother was a Miss Metz, and her
grandmother was once a favorite
actress. Her parents several years ago
made their home in Paris, and it was
there that their daughter met the Ger-
man Count whom she married in 1869.
A German resident in this city is quot-
ed by the *World* as saying that the law
which the Count has obeyed in discard-
ing his wife is only a social one. The
German Court, according to the strict
notions of the Empress Augusta, re-
gards either a connection with the
stage (even by inheritance only) or a
divorce as a bar to social intercourse,
and the fact that the Countess's grand-
mother was an actress may be the only
reason why the Count could not become
Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs so
long as he acknowledged his American
wife. If this is the reason for his course,
the moral lesson which it teaches of
German Court usages is not a flattering
one.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

One's Own Possessions.

THERE are certain articles of personal
property which ought in every house-
hold to be recognized and guarded as
belonging to the individual, and re-
spected accordingly. Among these,
not the least important is the umbrella.
In sunny weather an umbrella is almost
universally regarded as an incum-
brance, and nine out of ten people in
the community if the prospects are
doubtful, prefer to think that the skies
will clear, and leave the umbrella at
home. But once let the rain pour down
in earnest, and the independent, the
envied, the happy person is the person
who is provided against the storm. It
is droll to observe the flurry and fuss
which a rainy morning causes in some
improvident circles. Father and the
boys, who must go to business, march
off with their own special umbrellas,
but pretty Susie, delicate little Fred,
and careless Will, having none which
they can respectively claim, are re-
duced to the state of explorers and
beggars. A corner in the lower hall,
from remote and prehistoric times, has
been occupied by umbrellas in various
states of dilapidation. It is a dim and
traditionary spot. Cook has frequently
complained of the umbrellas as rubbish,
but they have been considered by the
authorities too good to throw away,
and now they are sought for as for hid-
den treasure. Alas! as one superannu-
ated, faded, rickety wreck after another
is exposed in the light of the dining-
room, it is evident that they have seen
their best days, and are no more to be
trusted for defense and comfort. The
older boy trudges off sturdily between
the drops, and the little brother and
sister find refuge under the reluctantly-
lent, fragile, silver-plated, much-prized
silken umbrella of the mother, who
would fain have kept it from
school-room perils. The ordinary and
easily taken care, which gives every
member of the family his or her special
boots and gloves, should extend equally
to the umbrella, which in our change-
ful climate is a necessity and not a lux-
ury. Much inconvenience, many squab-
bles and a great deal of undignified
fretting, would be prevented if each
person likely to have out-door business
of any kind were always properly
equipped to encounter the weather.

Sisters are frequently careless about
having their own collars and cuffs,
brushes and toilet necessities. One
uses another's, perhaps without the
ceremony of asking. The result is
that the neat and systematic girl is
trespassed upon by the disorderly and
untidy one. Matilda, who saves her
things, whose handkerchiefs are not all
in the wash at once, whose ruffles are
fluted, her laces in place, her collars
unfrayed, is used as a convenience by
the giddy Miss Patty, whose bureau
drawers are generally in confusion, and
whose things are astray here and there
about the house. Some free-and-easy
families carry this state of affairs even
farther, and wear dresses and bonnets
in common, so that Lettie is seen in
Sarah's gown, and Maria appears as
often as Ethel in the latter's hat. In
this way all the individuality of costume
is lost, and something is sacrificed of
the sacredness of personal rights.
Mother is, in such a family as this, the
amiable victim of her daughters, and
the chances are that she never has the
means for a complete toilet ready to her
hand on the rare occasions when she
wants to go out.

It is every way better to be somewhat
disobliging in such matters as these
than to be too weakly submissive. Well-
bred people should be careful to give as
little annoyance and trouble in the
world as possible, and to that end they
must learn to say "No" to themselves
if they are tempted to needless borrow-
ing, and to the host of careless borrow-
ers.—*Christian at Work.*

He Could Read Latin.

THE profit to druggists from the
practice of writing prescriptions in
abbreviated Latin received a good illus-
tration in Boston the other day: A
young man went into a druggist's shop
and handed him a prescription on which
a few grains of chloride of zinc in a
pint of water was ordered in regular
prescription form. The total cost at
retail was probably about a cent, but
the druggist unblushingly asked for
seventy-five. When remonstrated with
for charging so much for putting up a
prescription, the ingredients and cost
of which were named to him, he an-
swered that he did not suppose that the
customer could read the prescription,
and, as he could, only ten cents would
be charged. In this state of affairs it
seems advisable to learn to read pre-
scriptions.

Sea Craft in Miniature.

AN old gentleman living a short dis-
tance out of Portland recently had on
exhibition two ingenious pieces of
mechanism. One was a steam barken-
tine and one a steam bark, built on a
scale of one-eighth of an inch to the
foot. They were framed, planked and
bolted exactly like a large ship. Each
plank was bolted and riveted with bolts
made from a pin, hammered out to
about the size of a horse hair. They
had wooden blocks, rope strapped, the
rigging was twisted silk, made in exact
imitation of hemp rope, and everything
about them was made after the same
style. The gentleman who made them
said he had taken four hundred and six-
ty-four working days to complete them.
—*Bangor (Me.) Whig.*

THEODORE DE BEAUVILLE says:
"The Parisienne has created for her-
self a youth, which is the result of will,
and which lasts thirty years, for it re-
quires that time at least to arrive at the
completion of the charming and aston-
ishing being she is. And I insist upon
it that this magic does not consist in
painting and hiding the wrinkles, in re-
placing the hair that has fallen, the
flesh that has withered, but in having
nothing of that at all. The true Paris-
ienne, and therein lies her strength,
knows neither the hair merchant, nor
the dentist, nor the perfumer, and
washes herself with pure water, like a
sister of religion."

AT Hillsville, Va., the Primitive Bap-
tists held a meeting for the ceremony
of feet washing, the other day, after
the example set by Christ with his dis-
ciples. This strange people live only
among the mountains from West Vir-
ginia to the hills of Georgia, and the
number present on the occasion re-
ferred to was about 800, from different
parts of the South.

THE first lighthouse in America was
built at Brant Point, the entrance to
Nantucket Harbor, in 1746, and a light
was maintained there for forty-five
years, through private subscriptions of
the merchants of the town, before it
passed, in 1791, into the hands of the
United States Lighthouse Board.

THE tree keeps its trunk in good
order during the winter, so that it
shall be ready to leave early in the
spring.

How Tim O'Neille Learned to Telegraph as Fast as a Man Could Speak.

THOSE who have visited the Gas
Works at Fort Wayne, Ind., and par-
ticularly Colonel Edgerton's laboratory,
need not be told of his accomplish-
ments in various branches of arts and
science. One day before leaving New
Orleans for his home in the West, he
said to O'Neille:

"Now you want a telegraph from the
office to the works. It will save you a
man who must constantly be running
back and forth."

This, be it remembered, was before
the tramp-saving telephone had been
perfected.

"Yes," said Tim, "we have been
thinking of putting up a ribbon-printing
machine."

"Hang the printing machine," said
the Colonel, who scorned the use of
such childish things. "Get yourself a
regular Morse instrument and learn to
send your own messages and read by
sound."

Three months had elapsed when Edg-
erton returned to the city on business,
and he took occasion to see how things
were getting on at the Gas Works.
After looking about he said, in his quick
way:

"O'Neille, how are you progressing
with the telegraph?"

"Oh, very well," said Tim, trembling
as in the presence of a master, "we can
communicate slowly."

"Let me try you," said Edgerton,
looking about him as if for some printed
matter, as an expert will when about to
send messages on trial.

"Hold on, I will get you the morning
Picayune," timidly suggested Tim,
shaking all over, and moving toward
another room.

"Never mind, this will do," said
Edgerton, as he picked up a volume of
Shakespeare which happened to be ly-
ing near, "sit over there and take what
I send."

Tim, with paper and pencil, obeyed.
By a remarkable chance, which can
never be explained, Edgerton opened
the book at the play of "Hamlet," and
his eyes fell on the first speech of the
"Ghost."

"Are you ready over there," asked
the Colonel.

"All ready," said Tim.

And then the Colonel commenced to
sound:

"I—a-m—t-h-y—"

This came very slow, according to
the supposed capacity of the listener to
read. Tim had it down, and then
came:

"Fa-ther's—spirit:
Doomed—for—a—cer"

"Are you taking me?" asked the
Colonel, looking anxiously in Tim's
direction.

"I am," said Tim.

And he was, for every line of the
Ghost's speech was alive in Tim's mem-
ory. He has played the part a dozen
times when Judge G. H. Braughn, C.
F. Buck, Esq., and others had appeared
as Hamlet at amateur entertainments.
But of this Edgerton knew nothing.
He was only sending words for Tim to
read, and as Tim kept on writing Edg-
erton increased his speed. Tim had
lost all connection with the sound of
the instrument; but he knew what to
write and he kept on writing. Edger-
ton grew more and more astonished as
he sent faster and faster and faster
until he reached a speed seldom ex-
celled by the most expert operators.

"Let me see what you have writ-
ten," demanded the surprised Edger-
ton, as he finished the speech.

He looked from the book to the pa-
per, and from the paper to the book, as
if he could not believe his eyes; but
there it was on Tim's sheet word for
word, the speech written as he had
sent it.

"This is something wonderful," said
the astonished Colonel. "You must
have given your whole time to this."

"Yes, sir," said Tim, "I have stud-
ied hard."

"Studied hard! I should say so.
Why, sir, I don't know of a better oper-
ator in the United States than you are
to-day."

At that stage of the proceedings Tim
did not have the face to confess how
shamelessly he had imposed upon the
Colonel. After receiving such compli-
ments for expert work, he could not
give himself away and acknowledge
that he knew next to nothing about tel-
egraphing. He has never told Edger-
ton to this day, and never will, of the
ghostly trick played on him.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Rats in India.

A CAPTAIN in the army, holding an
appointment in the Bengal staff corps,
was staying with his wife and young
child in the same station. The father,
a right brave man he was, who had
been wounded not a great while before
by some hill savages, wanted to bring
up his son to be hardy and fearless,
like himself I should add, so the pa-
rents put their little one in a room to
sleep by itself. But they soon noticed
scratches and strange marks on the
young childs hands, which, getting
worse, made them call in a doctor.
This gentleman's advice was encourag-
ing: "If you don't want your child to
lose his hands you had better keep him
away from the rats, for they have been
biting him."

Traveling at one time in an out-of-
the-way district, I had to put up for
the night at a "d'ak bungalow," i. e.,
travelers' rest-house. I asked the na-
tive in charge whether any sahibs had
been there lately, and he said no, not
for a long time. Before lying down to
rest, I took off my riding boots and
flung them on one side. When I came
to put them on in the morning I found
I should travel with much less leather
than I had the previous day, for the
rats had made a complete wreck of the
upper parts of the boots. I hadn't an-
other pair with me or I should have
worn them, for my appearance was
somewhat novel, as I was wearing white
trousers at the time, and the holes in the
boot uppers were painfully manifest in
consequence.

An old planter in India, whose word
I readily believe, assured me that the
zinc lining of some grain-bins was
eaten through and mended, and eaten
through again several times by rats,
and that the performance was quite
skillful, in that the bins were built on
brick pillars, and great care was taken
never to leave anything beneath for the
rats to stand upon. But, nevertheless,
they managed repeatedly in some way
to gnaw through the wood and then
through the zinc until the grain fell
out.

I was living for a few months in an
isolated, swampy district, and as a
natural consequence, the place being
excessively unhealthy, I was frequently
attacked by the constant companions
of Indian jungle life, fever and ague.
The bungalow was a very rough build-
ing, and had been put up in a great
hurry, and every time the wind blew
with any violence I anticipated it coming
down in a space of time even less
than that in which it was put up.
When laid up with fever, and unable to
read, I used to watch the rats running
about the beams and rafters of the
roof. Their performances would have
put Blondin altogether to shame. I
amused myself by waiting until the
rats got into difficult parts of the roof,
and then clapped my hands to startle
them. But endeavoring to cause them
to lose their balance was utterly futile.
They always got out of sight in safety.
I sometimes had something eatable left
on the table, and then watched the
maneuvers of the rats to carry it away.
I was sorry afterward, because they
got impudent and courageous, and
frequently stole things intended for my
own consumption.—*Bradford (Can.) Observer.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

MARK TWAIN fathers three books and
five children.

W. H. SINGERLY, of the Philadelphia
Record, has fallen heir to $700,000.

REPRESENTATIVE ALEXANDER H.
STEPHENS is reported to be now in
better health than at any time for years
past.

ROBERTS BROTHERS, the publishers
of Jean Ingelow's poems in this coun-
try, say that they have paid her $18,000
in seventeen years.

SALVINI will speak Italian during his
tour next winter in this country, while
the subordinate parts in Shakespeare's
tragedies will be in English.

MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, the com-
poser, has written and sent to the Mar-
quis of Lorne, Governor-General of the
Dominion, a Canadian National hymn.

A RECENT photograph of Mrs. Au-
gusta Evans Wilson, taken by a Mobile
artist, represents that lady in the plain-
est of black dresses, with a quaint little
white cap on her head.

MISS GERTRUDE GRISWOLD, a niece
of Bret Harte, has won this year the
chief honor in the concours de chant of
the Paris Conservatoire—the first in-
stance of its being accorded to an En-
glish-speaking person.

THE Rev. S. F. Smith, who wrote
"My Country 'Tis of Thee," is still
living in Newton, Mass. He says he
wrote the verses on a waste scrap of
paper one dismal day in February,
1832, while at Andover Seminary.

EDWIN BOOTH is to act at the new
Princess' Theater, London. The delay
in his appearance was caused by his
refusal to play Iago to the Othello of
Charles Warner, which would in a
measure subordinate him to a popular
English star.

WILLIAM M. SHEPMAN, of Fair Ha-
ven, Conn., the oldest printer in the
State, who assisted in setting up the
first Webster's Dictionary, and who
could set type in Greek, Hebrew and
Arabic, died recently at the age of sev-
enty-six years.

MISS BOOTH, the editor of *Harper's Bazar*, who gets $5,000 a year salary,
believes in women as workers, but finds
that the great majority attempt what
they have not fitted themselves for, and
consequently make dismal failures, re-
tiring disheartened and ready to rail at
the injustice of men.

THE Princess Dora D'Istria has been
passing the summer peacefully at
Swampscott, Mass. She has dined
there with Mr. Longfellow, who re-
cited to her an unpublished poem, and
with James T. Fields, who mercifully
did not. Her name is now her most
romantic belonging. She is fifty and
stout, but retains traces of personal
beauty. She is not even divorced, as
reported, and her husband has been
dead fourteen years.

HUMOROUS.

A DANBURY young man bought an
accordeon and took lessons. A month
later his wife presented him with an
heir. Not being able to hold its own,
the accordeon is offered for sale.—*Danbury News.*

MEN whose names are seen oftenest
in the public prints are the writers who
make certificates of what wonderful
things conservative pills or Dr. Tape's
vermifuge has done for their constitu-
tions.—*N. O. Picayune.*

WHEN a Vermont farmer came in
and said he had been hooked by the
bull, he didn't seem to appreciate his
wife's sympathetic inquiry: "Oh,
John, did he tear your nice new
pants?" for he replied: "No, dum ye;
I wish it was the pants that he hurt."—
Boston Post.

EVERY other man you meet these
mornings has a fish-pole and all other
angling accouterments, and is hurriedly
walking toward the good fishing
places. The singular thing about it is
that you never meet a man coming
from the fishing ground. They always
sneak home by some cross road. And
yet the elastic fish story rolls easily
from their tongues the next day.—*New Haven Register.*

"IN closin' dis meetin'," said Brother
Gardner, as the usual hour was marked
by the clock, "let ebery one o' yer
b'ar in mind dat blowin' up a bladder
doan' make a bar'l. Git it as full of
wind as you may an' its nuffin' but a
bladder. De Lawd made each one fur
a speshul purpose, an' de chap who was
created to use a shovel will git busted
ebery time he believes dat he was cut
out fur a statesman. We will now be
scattered."—*Detroit Free Press.*

COUSIN EMILY (whose young man sits
opposite in dreamy contemplation of
his inamorata)—"Do you like your new
doll, Bertha?" Bertha—"Et, tuzzin
Em'ly; I loves it weal lots, all but one
fing!" Cousin Emily—"Why, what is
that, Bertha?" Bertha—"Dolly's hair
will come off; but, tuzzin Em'ly, she
isn't a truly lady, oo know, 'cause her
toofins wont come out all in a bunch,
like oours does, oo know." Which was
more than Emily's young man ever
dreamed of.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Baby Plant.

A PORTLAND (Oregon) paper says:
One of the strangest and most interest-
ing flowering plants ever brought to
this country is on exhibition at Mr.
Shanahan's Madison Street store. It is
said to be indigenous to Japan. Its
technical term has not been ascertain-
ed, but it is known, and appropriately
so, as the "Baby Plant." It is of the
genus lily, sometimes attaining a
height of four feet, and blossoms semi-
annually. The one of which we write
is, however, not more than twelve
inches in height, with leaves about six
inches long and two inches wide. The
flower is star-shaped, having five petals
of a handsome brown and yellow color.
The calyx encircles and protects a tiny
little figure that bears an exact resem-
blance to a nude baby, its little arms
and legs outstretched, and the eyes dis-
tinctly marked. Hovering over this
diminutive form is a small canopy,
angel-shaped, having extended wings
and peering closely into the face of the
infant. The plant was examined by
large crowds, and people who have a
penchant for floriculture will find this
an interesting study.

A Sluggish Country.

THERE is a story told of a tourist
who, happening to be at Lisbon, was
present one day at a sitting of the
Cortes. The Lower Chamber was de-
bating the clauses of a bill for reim-
bursing a Provincial postmaster, whose
mules had been stolen by a gang of
gypsies. The traveler left the Tagus
and sailed to Callao; thence he went to
Paraguay, and some months later he
was in California. He crossed the
American continent to New York, then
proceeded to England, and at the expi-
ration of about eighteen months he
turned up again at Lisbon, where he
found the Cortes still gravely delibera-
ting over the bill indemnifying the Post-
master of Tras os Montes for the loss
of his mules; the moral of which mani-
festly is, that Portugal, although ap-
parently so peaceful and prosperous that
she is scarcely ever heard of, is an ex-
tremely sluggish and backward coun-
try.—*London Telegraph.*

THE willow which overshadows the
grave of Napoleon at St. Helena is the
second planted since the interment of
the Emperor, and is twenty-six years
old. Willows on that island rarely ex-
ceed thirty years of age, and the shoots
are carefully preserved for replanting.

WHAT is the difference between a
fixed star and a meteor? One is a sun,
the other a darter.

Our Young Readers.

MICHAEL'S MALLET.

Long, long ago in the olden day,
On a slope of the Tuscan hills there lay
A village with quarries all around
And blocks of marble that piled the ground!
And scattered among them, everywhere,
With wedge and hammer, rule and square,
With the dust of the marble powdered white,
Sat masons who chiseled from morn to night.

The earliest sound that the baby heard
Was neither the whistle nor the song of bird,
Nor bleating of lambs, nor rush of linnet
Through the tops of the tall old chestnut trees,
Nor the laughing of girls, nor the whoop and shout
Of the school at the convent just let out,
Nor the tinkle of water plashing sweet
From the dolphin's mouth in the village street.

But foremost and first, that sharp and clear
Arrested the little Michael's ear
When he waked from sleep, was the mallet's knock
On the chisel that chipped the rough-hewn block,
From the dawn of the day till the twilight came,
The click of the tools was still the same;
And constant as fell the fountain's drip,
Was the tap-tap-tap! and the chip-chip-chip!

And when he could crawl beyond the door
Of the cottage, in search of a plaything more,
Or farther could venture, a prying lad,
What toys do you think were the first he had?
—Why, splinters of marble white and pure,
And a mallet to break them with, he sure;
And a chisel to shape them should he choose,
Just such as he saw the masons use.

So Michael, the baby, had his way,
And hammered, and chipped, and would not play
With the simple and senseless sort of toys
That pleased the rest of the village boys.
They laughed at the little churches he
Would daily build at his sires' knee;
They scouted the pictures that he drew
On the smooth, white slabs, with a coal or two;
They taunted and teased him when he tried
To mold from the rubbish cast aside
Rude figures, and screamed "Sculptor!" when
His bits of marble he shaped like men.

But who of them dreamed his mallet's sound
Would ever be heard the earth around?
Or his mimic churches in time become
The mightiest temple of Christendom?
Or the pictures he painted fill the dome
Of the Sistine—grandest of sights in Rome?
Or the village baby that chiseled so
Be the marvelous Michael Angelo!
—*Wide Awake.*

THE UNINVITED GUEST.

"Molly, put the kettle on,
Molly, put the kettle on,
Molly, put the kettle on—
We'll all take tea."

Thus sang the cheerful mother of the Donald family, as she set the kettle of potatoes over the fire to boil for breakfast. The kettle was a tight fit for so many potatoes, and Bonny, looking on with interest from his high chair by the fire, remarked:

"Full, mamma; ain't it?"

"Yes, laddie, full as it can hold—just like our house."

"How it spatters and boils over, mamma?"

"And our house spatters and boils over with us, too, wee one."

Sure enough the Donald dozen did live in such a small tenement that it was a puzzle how they ever could all get packed into it at once.

But then early in the morning the father went out to his work; Alec followed to the shop, Jeanie to the store, Nickie to sell morning papers, some to school and some to do errands, till Bonny and the baby would be left alone with the mother. Then, shutting the door after the last, she would say:

"Do you see how they all boil away, Bonny?" and she would sing merrily as she scrubbed, swept and cooked.

She did not sing so often after father Donald fell one day and broke a leg. Nor did she fill the kettle of potatoes as full either after that. Mr. Donald lay helpless, and worried about the place he feared he should lose.

"But I've worked for the house till it seems I could not work anywhere else. If they'd only promise to let me back again when I'm able, I'd bear the rest with an easy mind," said the sick man, getting fevered and flushed.

"Lad, I can't have you fret so," spoke his wife at last. She took down her bonnet and shawl. "I'll go and ask the master myself. I don't believe he'll refuse a woman, and you such a faithful hand. Bonny is so good he won't be any trouble to you, and I'll take the baby along."

So Bonny climbed up by the window, and watched his mother and the baby "boil away" like the rest.

Then Bonny played by himself a long while, it seemed to him. He built a church tower with his blocks, like the tower he could see shooting up above the low roofs. He changed the blocks into street cars, and dragged them up and down the window-sill. He thumbed his torn picture-books; he thumped his rag doll. Getting tired of all, he flattened his dear little soft nose against the pane, watching the people tramp, tramping by on the brick sidewalks, and the carts, drays, carriages, that clamp, clamped over the stony street. He liked this, and crooned over to himself, contentedly, tunes that were no tunes, and words that he made up as he went along.

But time went on, and still his mother did not come. Bonny grew hungry, and crept down to ask papa about it. Papa was lying quiet and breathing heavily. Bonny had fairly sung his father to sleep.

It occurred to Bonny, as he tiptoed back, that there could be no good reason why he should not go and find his mother, or else Jeanie, or Nickie, or Ted. Jeanie's old red cape hung in the corner; quickly he threw it over his yellow head, and holding it fast under his chin with one hand, he lifted the latch and stepped forth.

He walked slowly and thoughtfully off in the direction he had seen his mother take, with short, nipping steps, like a meditative chickabiddy's. He had not a doubt that he should come to some member of his numerous family before long, but meanwhile he was thinking less of that than of the sights by the way. Two boys were racing velocipedes. To Bonny that was a splendid sight.

"I wist I had a velehorsipede," he whispered, with a pensive air.

On and on he plodded, blissfully bewildered, absorbed in these enchanting visions, until he found himself before a caterer's show window, tempting with crisp loaves of bread, daintily frosted cakes, and unspeakable cookies, tarts, jellies.

"Oh my! oh my!" cried Bonny, beginning at last to remember that he was nobody but a little hungry boy. "I'm hungry—I'm so hungry!"

While he stared with all his longing eyes, he heard these words spoken loudly right by his side, "Come on then; we shall be sure of a good dinner."

Bonny turned round. Two men in tall black hats were striding by, and one, as he spoke, clapped the other on the shoulder. The invitation was not meant for Bonny at all. But that did not make any difference to him. He simply received the idea that if he followed these two men he should get to a dinner. So he pressed sturdily after them. He had to walk fast, and sometimes he almost lost sight of them in the throng. But Bonny was so hungry by this time that he was very much in earnest. He did not stop to watch the people, nor to look into any more shop windows.

It was really not long before the two tall hats were seen turning up some low, broad steps. The panting Bonny, tugging after, followed unnoticed through a wide door into a vast hall, all paved with marble. Quite confused and out of breath, Bonny suddenly stood still. Where he had lost sight of the two tall hats and the wearers of them he did not know.

"Seems like another out-doors," the child thought, looking up at the high ceiling; "but where's the dinner? There *is* a dinner; I smell it; it smells good. Seems to me I never did smell so much dinner in my life."

By this time he also became aware of a cheerful clatter of dishes and voices, and following the sound across the wide hall, he pushed open a great door that stood half ajar.

Sure enough, there before him lay table after table, adorned with spotless linen, and spread temptingly not only with flowers and fruit, but with plenty to eat.

How should little Bonny know that this was the day when the grand new Metropolis Hotel first opened to the public? How should he know that he were all the mighty men of the city—merchants, editors, ministers even—with their wives, met together by invitation to celebrate the dedication dinner? You see, they had not invited Bonny: nobody expected him; so at first nobody noticed him as he slipped noiselessly in.

The tables seemed so full of people that Bonny had to walk up the room to find a place. A queer hush fell on the clatter and the chatter. People dropped their forks. They watched this little figure with the sunny hair, the baby face, the shabby shoes, the faded check apron, that dragged after it the well-nigh forgotten red cape, and at last mounting into an empty chair, said, with a sigh of satisfaction, and in a very clear voice, "I want dinner, please."

Bonny glanced round him. He thought everybody looked pleased, and catching the eye of a lady who beckoned toward him, he smiled back a shy, friendly smile.

This lady was the first to speak to him. She crossed eagerly over and said, "May I sit beside you, dear? I knew a little boy once with yellow hair like yours."

Bonny never noticed that she had tears in her soft eyes now.

"I like your hair best," he answered, half timidly, half frankly. The lady's hair was very dark, and she wore in it a splendid yellow flower.

"But, please, I am so hungry. May I have dinner?"

Before the lady could answer, a stout gentleman came hurrying up.

"Well, well, let's see about this," he began, in a rollicking tone. "Shake hands, little stranger. So you came for my dinner, did you?"

Bonny dropped his head. He was rather afraid of the loud voiced man, but the lady whom he was not afraid of said, reassuringly, "This is the man who gives the dinner, little one; this is his house; he'll be very good to you, never fear."

So Bonny looked up then, and replied, simply, "I came; I was hungry