... "Roast
... bird waiter
... spread the fat
..., and I whispered
... ought to tend to that
... he has been waiting quite
... obliging waiter at once ap-
...ached him, apologized for the delay
—very busy, you know—what did he
wish?"

"Are you deaf?" asked the young man, angrily.

"Well, no, sir, I hope not."

"Then listen for the last time: *Roast—beef—rare!*" he said, with startling distinctness of tone.

A few minutes afterward I heard the stentorian voice of the kitchen fiend yell:

"Four roast beefs, rare."

Then the four waiters appeared, innocently enough, each with roast beef for my young friend. "Excuse *me*," said the first waiter, "*I* took this gentleman's order."

"I should think you did, took it four times," said the victim. "Blamed if I'm going to take dinner where I'm made fun of," and he shoved back his chair and strode hotly out, leaving four astonished waiters with four roast beefs, rare.

A friend of mine objects to a certain restaurant because they shout out the order so that every one knows just what a person dines on.

"I'll take a spring chicken," says a rural visitor.

"ONE SPRING," yells the waiter.

"*One spring*," cries some one further on.

"One spring," echoes another from the dim recesses beyond.

"It takes three springs to catch a chicken here," said a man at another table. The rural visitor evidently thought they kept chickens already cooked, and he chafed at the long delay. When the waiter at last brought in the smoking fowl he said crossly:

"A person would think you had to cook the chicken, you were so long of coming."

"Cook it," said the waiter, "why, bless you, boss, I had to chase dat chicken free times round de back yard wid a pole 'fore I cotch it."

A little incident occurred one day last week that impressed me very much, and brought up some old recollections that are apt to lie dormant in the busy, bustling life of a city. Only one table was vacant. A young man with a young woman stopped hesitatingly at the wire door that led to the den of devouring humanity. Instantly the proprietor opened the door, invited them in and placed them at the vacant table, where I had an excellent view of them. The young man had a noble face; clear-cut, self-reliant, and something about it that seemed to inspire confidence. The young lady had a pale, sweet face—a good face—and when she looked up truthfully at her comrade with a smile that said: "As thou dinest so shall I dine," I thought she was his wife, but when she studied over the bill of fare there was a resemblance that made me think she might be his sister. When their waiter spread the bounties before them, they reverently bowed their heads, shaded the eyes and quietly offered up a silent prayer. Among the hurrying to and fro of waiters, the clash of dishes, the rattle of knives and forks, the shouting of orders, the clanking of money and the hurly-burly of a bustling restaurant anything devotional seemed utterly incongruous. They evidently didn't think so; if they gave the matter a thought, they probably imagined that each of us had said "Grace" before we began our dinners. But we hadn't. It seemed to me like a breath from fields and woods far away. It reminded me that there are quiet, deep pools along the river of life, where the rushing tide of "advanced opinion causes not one ripple. There is no doubt a great deal of religion in the city—although a business man does not run across enough of it to materially retard his progress—still I think that like good milk, pure butter and fresh vegetables (we are dealing in restaurant similes), the real gilt-edged article comes from the country.—*Luke Sharp, in Detroit Free Press.*

Haphazard People.

PEOPLE who are regulated by no system in living are a great nuisance to their neighbors. They place no value upon time; they seldom keep an appointment. If you ask them to be your guests, they rarely appear at the time designated, and are quite sure not to go when the day for their departure arrives; they are down late in the morning, and sit up very late at night; are uncertain about their meals, intrude upon your privacy at unseasonable hours, and are sublimely indifferent to the fact that they are a plague and a nuisance to the whole household. These haphazard people are also careless and inconsiderate in other matters; keeping everything in confusion, mislaying book and papers, tucking things away in odd places, where they cannot be found when they are most needed; making a chaos of the room which they occupy; cracking the furniture, smashing bowls, soiling the curtains and carpet, and making all sorts of extra work. And so far from feeling it necessary to apologize, these free and easy visitors rather pride themselves upon their indifference to trifles, and profess to despise "picayunish" folks. They are, in fact, very careless in reference to money matters, and delay paying their just bills as long as possible. All in all, a man who is throughly unsystematic in all his ways is a very disagreeable and troublesome member of society—much more so than others who carry the matter of system to excess, which is a very possible thing. There is no virtue that may not be "run into the ground."

The Teeth of the Ancient Greeks.

ONE of the most remarkable features of the discovery of the band of Thebans who fell at Cheronea is that, according to the report, all the teeth of each member of the Sacred Band are sound and complete. Either these gallant patriots were exceptionally lucky, or the condition of teeth in old Greece was enviably different from that of later and more degenerate days. The Romans were well acquainted with the evils that attend on the possession of teeth, and had some considerable knowledge of the use of gold in counteracting these evils. If we remember rightly, an exception to the rule of not burying precious objects with departed Romans was made in favor of the gold that had been used for stopping teeth. We moderns may compare favorably with the Romans in the skill of our dentists, but we cannot pretend to rival the defenders of Thebes in their superiority to the necessity for these gentlemen. Rare indeed are the happy mortals of to-day who can truly boast that their teeth are in the perfect condition that nature intended, and that the craft of the dentist has never been employed upon them. It would be a difficult task to select from our army, or any modern army, three hundred men with teeth as sound as those of the Theban warriors are reported to be.—*London News.*

THE man who seeks one thing in life, and but one,
May hope to achieve it before life be done;
But he who seeks all things wherever he goes
Only reaps from the hopes which around him he sows—
A harvest of barren regrets.
—*Owen Meredith.*

BILL for repairing—the clergyman's fee for your second marriage.

Time for Transplanting.

SOME of the agricultural papers are debating the question of spring or fall planting of orchard trees as vigorously as if it was up for the first time. And, no doubt, every generation will require to be freshly told—if anybody can tell—which of these is best. A writer, whose earnest and lengthy article is before me, declares strongly against fall planting; and says that, although it may be successfully performed, yet, in most cases it is at the expense of at least a year's growth. This I take to be mischievous doctrine, bad for all concerned—for the trees, for their growers, for the planter, and for those who are to have the fruit. The autumn is, in our climate, by far the most convenient time for planting; for the soil is dry and warm, and there is time to do the work well. In the spring, on the other hand, the roads are bad, the soil is wet and impracticable, and winter often lingers so that summer weather comes all at once. The planter is crowded with other cares and labors of plowing, sowing, digging and dressing, and the trees must share the risks of delay and disadvantage with the rest. In both seasons early planting is the main essential for deciduous trees. And undoubtedly the best season of all is the early autumn—October, and next to that the early spring—the trees being on hand, either growing near, or if brought from a nursery in November, well heeled-in in dry ground or stored with the roots in ashes or sand on a cool and but slightly damp cellar-floor, so that they can be set out on the first day that admits of it.

It is essential in either case—but especially in fall planting, when the trees will be exposed for months to the often dry and parching winds of winter—that the wood be plump, solid and so nearly ripe as to show something of the protective varnish on the bark of the young shoots, and of the septum of separation which permits the leaves to be detached readily. Young trees of many early-ripening kinds can be planted as early as September, and even if it is necessary to shear the leaves off in order to such early planting, the long season of favorable weather yet remaining will fill and finish out all deficiencies, and the tree will be thoroughly established with new rootlets before winter, ready to open and rush with even more vigor than an unmoved tree, if soil and roots are in good condition. Leaves that are still active must be cut off on removing a tree, or they will soon cause a shrivceling of the shoots by evaporating the moisture which the roots are no longer in a condition to supply. We never see a tree set in the spring start so early or make so much growth as trees do that have been well and firmly set early in autumn. But there is little danger of total loss in spring planting. If the tree does not grow much, it will remain alive unless the roots have been frozen, or some part of its channel of circulation is irrecoverably dried or decayed. Spring planting is, for this reason, most frequently successful in some degree with the average of planters.—*Shelah, in N. Y. Tribune.*

Decency Toward Horses.

A HORSE cannot be screamed at and cursed without becoming less valuable in every particular. To reach the highest degree of value the animal should be perfectly gentle and always reliable, but if it expects every moment that it is in the harness to be "jawed" at and struck, it will be in a constant state of nervousness, and in its excitement as liable through fear to do something which is not expected as to go along doing what you started it to do. It is possible to train a horse to be governed by the word of mouth, almost as completely as it is to train a child, and in such training the horse reaches its highest value. When a horse is soothed by the gentle words of his driver—and we have seen him calmed down from great excitement by no other means—it may be very fairly concluded that he is a valuable animal for all practical purposes, and it may be certainly concluded that the man who has such power over him, is a human man and a sensible one. But all this simply means that man must secure the animal's confidence. Only in exceptional instances is a horse stubborn or vicious. If he understands his surroundings, and what is required of him, he gives no trouble. As almost every reader must know, if the animal when frightened can be brought up to the object he will become calm. The reason is that he understands that there is nothing to fear. So he must be taught to have confidence in the man who handles him; and then this powerful animal, which usually no man could handle, if it were disposed to be vicious, will give no trouble. The very best rule, therefore, which we would lay down for the management of the horse, is gentleness and good sense on the part of the driver. Bad drivers make bad horses usually.—*Western Rural.*

The Chinch-Bug in Winter.

PROF. CYRUS THOMAS, of the United States Entomological Commission, has made an exhaustive report upon the chinch-bug, which gives some useful facts concerning its winter habits. Insects may pass the winter either in the egg, the "worm" or larva, the pupa, or as the full-grown, perfect insect. The chinch-bug adopts the last as its winter state. "When cold weather comes on those of the fall brood leave the now dry and hardened corn-stalks, and seek secure places in which to remain during the winter. Occasionally they take flight at the time, but usually they seek the most secure places which can be found in and immediately around the field. Any rubbish left in the field, if of a nature to meet their wants, is eagerly sought; corn shocks, straw piles, stumps, logs and fence rows are used as hiding-places; they even conceal beneath the clods when no better places can be found." Many go into the forest and along the bush-bordered streams. "During the winter they remain in a torpid or semi-torpid state, but are easily warmed into life and activity. As the cold weather becomes more and more severe they press deeper and deeper, if possible, into the recesses of their hiding-places. They prefer dry quarters if readily obtained."

There are two broods of this injurious insect during the season. The perfect insect comes forth in spring (March to May), deposits its eggs, which soon hatch and pass through the stages of development, to in turn lay their eggs, which produce the fall brood to hibernate until spring again.—*American Agriculturist.*

Snakes at the Smithsonian Institute.

YESTERDAY there arrived at the Smithsonian Institute another lot of snakes from the Everglades of Florida, forwarded by James Bell, who is exploring the swamps and jungles of that State in search of specimens for the Institute. One of these venomous reptiles is a *Crotalus Adamantens*, or diamond rattle snake, about six feet long and measuring nearly a foot around its body, and of the same family as the large snake described a few weeks ago as being on exhibition at the Smithsonian, but which was killed for the purpose of having a plaster cast taken. This serpent is very little smaller than the one on exhibition there several weeks ago. In the same lot are two *ancistrodon piscivorous*, water moccasins, one four and the other about five feet in length.—*Washington Star.*

HORNED frogs are reported to have saved the cotton crop of Clay County, Louisiana, by destroying the web worm.

A Sample Chinese Story.

AT Ch'ang-ch'ing there lived a Buddhist monk of exceptional virtue and purity of conduct, who, though over eighty years of age, was still hale and hearty. One day he fell down and could not move, and when the other priests rushed to help him up, they found he was already gone. The old monk was himself unconscious of death, and his soul flew away to the borders of the province of Honan. Now it chanced that the scion of an old Honan family had gone out that very day with some ten or a dozen followers to hunt the hare with falcons; but, his horse having run away with him, he fell off and was killed. Just at that moment the soul of the priest came by, and entered into the body, which thereupon gradually recovered consciousness. The servants crowded round to ask him how he felt, when, opening his eyes wildly, he cried out: "How did I get here?" They assisted him to rise and led him to the house, where all his ladies came to see him, and enquire how he did. In great amazement he said: "I am a Buddhist monk; how came I hither?" The servants thought he was wandering, and tried to recall him by pulling his ears; as for himself he could make nothing of it, and, closing his eyes, refrained from saying anything further. For food he would only eat rice, refusing all wine and meat, and he avoided the society of his wives. After some days he felt inclined for a stroll, at which all his family were delighted; but no sooner had he got outside and stopped for a little rest than he was besieged by servants begging him to take their accounts as usual. However, he pleaded illness and want of strength, and no more was said. He then took occasion to ask if they knew the district of Ch'ang-ch'ing, and, on being answered in the affirmative, expressed his intention of going thither for a trip, as he felt dull and had nothing particular to do, bidding them at the same time look after his affairs at home. They tried to dissuade him from this on the ground of having but recently risen from a sick bed; but he paid no heed to their remonstrances, and on the very next day set out. Arriving in the Ch'ang-ch'ing district, he found everything unchanged, and, without being put to the necessity of asking his road, made his way straight to the monastery. His former disciples received him with every token of respect as an honored visitor, and, in reply to his question as to where the old monk was, they informed him that their worthy teacher had been dead for some time. On asking to be shown his grave, they led him to a spot where there was a solitary mound some three feet high, over which the grass was not yet green. Not one of them knew his motives for visiting the place; and by and by he ordered his horse, saying to the disciples: "Your master was a virtuous monk; carefully preserve whatever relics of him you may have, and keep them from injury." They all promised to do this, and he then set off on his way home. When he arrived there, he fell into a listless state and took no interest in his family affairs. So much so, that after a few months he ran away and went straight to his former home at the monastery, telling the disciples that he was their old master. This they refused to believe, and laughed among themselves at his pretensions; but he told them the whole story, and recalled many incidents of his previous life among them, until at last they were convinced. He then occupied his old bed, and went through the same daily routine as before, paying no attention to the repeated entreaties of his family, who came with carriages and horses to beg him to return.

About a year subsequently his wife sent one of the servants with splendid presents of gold and silk, all of which he refused with the exception of a single linen robe. And whenever any of his old friends passed this monastery they always went to pay him their respects, finding him quiet, dignified and pure. He was then barely thirty, though he had been a monk of more than eighty years of age.—*From "Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio."*

Mrs. Simmons' Best Black Silk.

CONSTERNATION in the household! Solemn whispers! Sad ejaculations! What has happened? Just this: Mrs. Simmons' black silk, which has been laid away in a drawer for ten years, has been discovered to be cut in every fold. There is not a spot on it. It shimmers in the sun. Tissue paper was beneath it and over it, and dried rose leaves perfumed it, but it is merely a mass of ribbons.

"And I've never had any good of it," says Mrs. Simmons, remembering the fact suddenly, and with tears. "Never! I've been too saving of it. I bought it for my son's wedding, and I haven't worn it since. It seemed too good to wear in the wagon to church. It was six dollars a yard. And it was too nice for tea drinkings, and I just kept it folded by. And here is Abijah going to graduate—my youngest boy—and he said, 'Mother, wear your black silk, do!' and now *look at it!*"

But looking avails little. Saving has done more than wear for the ruin of that black silk, as it has for many another possession. Let us draw a moral from it. Saving is good, but use is better. What one does not need now is well kept for the future; but to-day is at least as valuable as the morrow that may never come; and once started on a hobby, most people ride it too far. To suffer in youth that one may be rich in old age is sheer folly. If it is necessary to live on water gruel at any time of one's life, the period after one has lost one's teeth is probably the best. Besides, the average duration of life—I am told—is forty years.

The children—well, save for them; at least that shows love; but do not save too much; do not let them grow up in ignorance, that they may fight over your grave for your savings. Feed them well; let them have comfortable and suitable garments *now* while they are young and sensitive. They will be less apt to wait greedily for your old shoes. Educate them and teach them to work for you in your old age as you work for them in your youth. Children thus trained are the boys and girls who love their parents most, and who become the best citizens.

Besides, peeping outside the family circle, there are people to help in this world—things to do that should be done—causes that are worthy. A spendthrift is foolish; but the future is a sealed book, and our duties are for to-day, for to-morrow may not be ours. One may be too saving, as Mrs. Simmons has been with her best black silk.
—*Mary Kyle Dallas, in N. Y. Ledger.*

Save The Brain.

DO NOT overtax the brain. No man should do more work of muscle or of brain in a day than he can perfectly recover from the fatigue of in a good night's rest. Up to that point, exercise is good; beyond are waste of life, exhaustion and decay. When hunger calls for food, and fatigue demands rest, we are in the natural order and keep the balance of life. When we take stimulants to spur our jaded nerves or excite an appetite, we are wasting life. There is wrong and mischief in all waste of life. A man should live so as to keep himself at his best, and with a true economy. To eat more food than is needful is worse policy than tossing money into the sea. It is a waste of labor and a waste of life.

"OLD gold hair" is now the thing.

The Aristocratic Goose and Her Goslings—A Modern Fable.

ONE day when summer had begun her business of blistering the ears of small boys, and helping the ice men to grow rich and high-nosed, an old goose suspended her frog-hunting operations in the pond and called her three dear goslings about her for a family chat.

"My dear, dear daughters," she began, as she put up one foot to see if her bean-catchers were properly curled, "I am grieved that we are compelled to reside in such a neighborhood as this. Since your father died and I got his life insurance, I have found no one here good enough for me to associate with. You, too, have had a hard time. The young ganders around here are a mud-puddle set, and the old widowers would have to be parboiled a whole week before a wolf could chew them. We must continue to reside here for a time, but that is no reason why any of you should remain single."

The goslings blushed and hid their heads, as proper young goslings should, and the mother arched her neck and continued:

"Of course, I want you all to marry rich young ganders and put on the style that becomes the daughters of a goose like me. It is true that your father was brought up with a lame dog, and that I was glad enough to get a mud hole to swim in, but things have changed. If I don't set the fashions for this locality I at least lead the styles, and no other goose dares quack her mouth until I give the signal."

Here she plumed her feathers and gave a hiss which was heard clean over to the barnyard, and the delighted goslings swam around her and applauded.

"Therefore, my dear goslings, I have planned a trip for us all. As rich ganders do not seek us out, we will seek for them. While I am none too old to marry again, being far from an old goose, I shall not allow the thought to enter my head, but shall devote all my time to securing suitable mates for you. Arabella, you must pencil your eyebrows, and wear a sad, far-away look and quote poetry. Viola, you must be gushing and frank, and talk about our bonds and diamonds and servants. Eleanor, you must seem innocent and confiding, and if you can be found weeping now and then, it will surely lead to a proposal. Now, then, to get ready."

A few days later the quartet appeared at a frog-pond much frequented by fashionable fowls and animals, and they had no sooner struck the water than they created a swell.

The best places were everywhere reserved for them, and such other geese as they could not swim over they stared out of countenance and passed around. Arabella saddened, Viola gushed, and Eleanor wept, and three sleek-looking Foxes, wearing mutton-chop whiskers and speaking with a lisp, were caught in the traps. It was a happy idea to have three weddings at once and be in a hurry about it before the Foxes could get away, and the plan was duly carried out.

The honeymoon had only begun when one Fox was arrested for having too many gosling wives. A second turned out to be a buzzard in disguise, and he stole old Mother Goose's diamonds and lit out, while the third got drunk and was smothered in the mud. When the down-hearted and chagrined quartet had waddled back to their own frog-pond, feet sore and feathers missing, and ashamed to look old friends in the face, a drake walked down to the bank and said: "While I would not utter one quack to add to your over-wrought feelings, let me in all kindness gently remark that the difference between marrying a home gander or a foreign fox is seldom seen by a goose until she has been baked and eaten."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Universal Statistics—What an Industrious German Has Discovered.

A LONDON paper condenses the following facts from a book of universal statistics by Baron G. F. Kolb: Among the languages of civilized nations English is the most widely spread. It is the mother-tongue of about 80,000,000 people, German of between 50,000,000 and 60,000,000, French of between 40,000,000 and 50,000,000, Spanish of 40,000,000, Italian of 28,000,000 and Russian of between 55,000,000 and 60,000,000. The general condition of the masses of a nation is the most valuable element in natural progress or degeneracy, and Baron Kolb shows that the reproductive capital existing in the living generation far exceeds the value of all other capital. Every needless impediment to the development of this capital, and anything which tends to deteriorate the bodily condition of the population, is proved to be a squandering of the nation's wealth. Every advance made by a people in morality, in profitable and healthy employment, and useful knowledge, brings it nearer to the ideal—the greatest natural tenure of life. Domestic virtue also tells favorably on the health and wealth of a population. Thus in Bavaria, out of 1,000 children born alive, there died, of legitimate children, 248 boys and 212 girls; of illegitimate, 361 boys and 342 girls. Out of 100 children suckled by their mothers, only 18.2 died during the first year; of those nursed by wet-nurses, 29.33 died; of those artificially fed, 60 died; of those brought up in institutions, 80 died in the 100. The influence of prosperity or poverty on mortality is also shown by Baron Kolb. Taking 1,000 well-to-do persons and another 1,000 of poor persons—after five years there have remained alive of the prosperous, 943; of the poor, only 655. After fifty years there remained of the prosperous, 557; of the poor, 283; at seventy years of age there remained 235 of the prosperous, and of the poor, 65. The average length of life among the well-to-do was 50 years, and among the poor, 32 years. The effects of professions and trades on mortality are great, the term of life varying from 65 years 11 months for clergymen to 40 years and 10 months for lithographers and copper engravers. In England the duration of life has been found most defective among the steel-workers, polishers and grinders: and next to these the collier's life is least secure, owing greatly, no doubt, to the occurrence of accidents in mines.

One of the most potent shorteners of life is the anxiety of providing for bare subsistence. The lack of sanitary conditions also shortens man's years. Idleness, as compared to intense industry, outweighs—prejudicially outweighs—all the advantages of ease and abundance. Of all countries in the world, England shows a pre-eminence in the abstention from suicides, while in France they increase with advancing years. Taking 1,000 suicides which occurred in France, and dividing according to sex for each month, it is curious to note the effect of long and short days. In January, 68 men and 63 women killed themselves; in February, 75 men and 70 women; in March, 84 men and 78 women; in April, 94 men and 93 women; in May, 96 men and 92 women; in June, 105 men and 110 women; in July, 99 men and 106 women; in August, 82 men and 106 women; in September, 74 men and 78 women; in October, 77 men and 99 women; in November, 61 men and 68 women, and in December, 62 men and 62 women were suicides. As Mr. Buckle argued, statistics show that there is no exercise of will, no act in the entire compass of men's dealings, which does not fall within the lines of an absolute regularity. Of all human actions, marriages seem to be most arbitrary, and out of the region of fixed laws. Yet the registers prove that it is especially in marriages the greatest steadiness and regularity obtains; taking three quinquennial periods, it will be found that the following proportions exist:

Bachelors married to widows	351	354	371
Widowers to spinsters	262	267	334
Widowers to widows	239	223	300

Marriages of men under 30 years of age to women of 60 and over occurred twice in the first period, and once in each of the others. Statistics prove that, in countries where consanguineous marriages are permitted, there are to be found a greater number of deaf mutes and idiots than elsewhere.

The Time for Sleep.

MOST Americans sleep too little; and almost all Americans fail to sleep to the best advantage. It is curious how reluctantly we take God's best gifts. The Gospel is not the only one which men put away from them. At night God puts the light out and calls upon every thing and every one to go to sleep. Nature accepts the invitation; the flowers, the bees, the birds go to their sleep soon after sunset, but we are all like children; and we fight against sleep till it overpowers us and carries us off despite ourselves. "He giveth His beloved sleep;" but we do not know that we are His beloved, nor that sleep is His gift; and we rarely appreciate it till some overmastering anxiety drives the nursing sleep from our home; and then we bemoan her exile and try to charm her back again. In the morning God's sun tries to awaken us, as a mother her child, by the gentlest of kisses—for what kiss is so gentle as that of the sunbeam?—and the flowers, and bees and birds awaken to beauty and song; but we shut the tender mother out, and refuse the gift of resurrection life which the morning brings, and cling at sunrise to the sleep which we so stoutly repelled in the early darkness. Twice every day God says to us, "Rest and life are my gifts," and twice every day we push them from us till we can no longer resist them. The two sweetest and most delicious hours of the day ought to be the hour of falling asleep and the hour of awakening; and we make them both hours of discomfort, even from our childhood. For there are two things that nearly all people are reluctant to do—go to bed at night, and get up in the morning.

No one person can lay down rules for another's sleep any more than he can for another's eating; for every nature is a law unto itself; but there are some general principles of almost universal application. We put them here tersely for easier recollection:

Night is the time for sleep; daylight is the time for activity.

A healthy person is his own best alarm clock. Do not waken your children. If they sleep too late in the morning it is because they do not go to bed early enough at night.

The early night hours are the best sleeping hours; the early morning hours are the best working hours.

The best remedy for sleeplessness is a tired body (not too tired) and a trustful mind. Sleepless children are rare; for their bodies are ceaselessly at work and their minds do not worry.

Different natures need different measures of sleep; Humboldt is said to have lived on four hours of sleep. But eight hours is a fair average; and he who borrows from his sleep for his work borrows at a frightful rate of interest, and of a usurer who will prove to be a veritable Shylock.—*Christian Union.*

Tea-Table Gossip.

SOME of the new black stockings have red bands woven into them, so as to make them look as if cross-gartered.

The big button, the owl button, the scallop shell or palmer's button, the Watteau button, hand painted on pearl, and the many-tinted cut steel buttons are some of the new styles.

Bonnets of white plush, with pearl and silver faceted beads, white ostrich and graceful drapery of Spanish lace, are shown for wear at day receptions, the opera and the theater.

The daughter of a wealthy Turk is having her wedding outfit made in Paris, and part of it is a gown of heliotrope satin with a court train and a trimming of velvet and point lace, and a point lace apron and veil.

Tablecloths are becoming so rich and beautiful that nobody will dare to use them. One of the newest patterns is of damask embroidered with peacocks in three shades of blue silk and with apple blossoms. It is valued at one hundred and fifty dollars.

Some of the new trimmings are made with beaded braid, which imitates beads without their weight. This braid consists of fine round cord, wound around with a strip of tinsel or fine metal resembling gold, silver or jetted beads.

A mammoth bow of very wide satin ribbon is now worn on the left side, just below the waist line. This gives a pretty finish to many simple toilets, especially when worn with a mull fichu. Three wide loops and two short ends form this square bow.

The beaver and felt hats come in all colors. In place of the slightly rolled brims of last year these have straight flat rims, raised at one side with a pompon or bunch of feathers. They come in old gold and two colors—the outside of a light tint, the facing of darker beaver.

Some of the bonnets are almost barbaric in their rich materials and tropical colored plumage. Among the new and unique shapes are the Charlotte Corday and the Monsignor, an imitation of an Italian Bishop's hat; and the caleche, a revival of the old-fashioned "calash;" this last comes in beaver, and does not require any trimming but strings.

A simple way to make raised worsted work is to take a hairpin or a stiff wire, bent in shape of a straight hairpin, bend the wires near or far apart, according to how high you want your work. Wind the worsted around the wires, the threads close, continuing until you have it as long as you want a single leaf or part of a flower. Now lay this on your cloth, or whatever you wish to put your work on. Sew through the middle, catching down each thread or worsted. Pull out the wire, cut in the middle of each loop on both sides, pick out with a pin until it all stands up round, then trim with scissors. Before sewing on it is best to draw the threads tight together, passing a thread around with your needle and fastening. For a rosebud, wind shaded worsted, the light at one end and the dark at the other; over this wind green, a few threads over the light and thicker over the dark, and you will have a shaded bud with a calyx outside. You can vary shading and size according to taste.
—*N. Y. Graphic.*

Not in the Play.

THE humors of the stage are ofttimes impromptu and entirely unforeseen. A real mule was recently one of the attractions in the play of the "Forty Thieves" as produced in Virginia City, Nev. The result is described by the *Chronicle* as follows:

"No sooner had Ali came out of the cave with his bags of wealth, and attempted to put them on the back of the beast, than he began his part of the performance. He let fly with his heels, kicked the shavings (the supposed riches) out of the bags, kicked down the cavern, kicked down the whole forest, kicked down the wings, kicked the end of the bass-viol, leaning against the stage, to pieces, smashed the footlights and finally doubled up Ali by planting both feet in the pit of his stomach. A rope was fastened around him and he was dragged off by the united strength of the company."

"HE sleeps where he fell," says a late ballad, which suggests that he must have been drunk.

Our Young Readers.

THE CARELESS BOY AND HIS ARK.

THERE was a wee boy, just as bright as a lark;
He had many toys, and among them an ark,
Where lions, and leopards, and tigers, and bears,
And all sorts of animals gathered in pairs.

Two camels in green and a pink kangaroo;
Two elephants black, a rhinoceros blue;
A keeper to drive them all in—when it rained,
I can't tell you half what this boy's ark contained.

This wee boy was careless. How many boys are!
Although his two eyes were as bright as a star,
He often neglected to lock up his toys,
When daylight was done, with its games and its joys.

So, just how it happened I never could tell,
But one balmy evening this boy heard a yell,
A clatter of hoofs and a low muffled growl,
Then something not unlike a terrible howl!

For out of the ark all the animals strayed—
A sight to make most little people afraid.
They climbed up the bed-posts and walked over the bed,
Where lay this wee boy, in perpetual dread.

The monkeys, they squeaked in his wee, pearly ears,
And chattered and danced, with grimaces and leers;
The elephants trod on his breast and withdrew;
While a sloth sang duets with a gay kangaroo.

And all the night long that procession went by,
Till gold and red flooded the beautiful sky;
Then, stealthily peeping from out of his bed,
That horrified boy peered his unhappy head.

And there stood the ark, but its wide-open door
Showed the way its contents had jumped out on the floor.
"It might be a dream," said the boy; "but it's plain
I never will do to be careless again."
—*George Cooper, in N. Y. Independent.*

"ANNA'S FONDLIN'."

"I THINK I'll leave her asleep here—it is so cool and pleasant, and I'll hear her if she cries. She's sure to sleep two hours, she always does—dear little rosebud! There never was a baby like her!" So baby's carriage was left on the front piazza with baby lying fast asleep in it.

Young Mrs. Hall stood a moment at the door before going to her room, and congratulated herself at being nearly settled, for they had just moved to the village. "I will rest for fifteen minutes, and then dress for papa, and come down here to sit by baby till she wakes."

Two hours later the young mother woke with a start from the sound sleep into which she had fallen. "My baby!" was her first thought, "but she must be asleep, or I would have heard her." Not a moment was lost, for though she would not acknowledge it to herself, Mrs. Hall was very uneasy. Down she ran, saying, to reassure herself, "What a nervous little woman I am! One would think this was my first baby instead of my third." As she stepped out on the piazza it felt empty and deserted, and—where was the carriage?

She ran around to the kitchen—Bridget had heard her darling and taken her, carriage and all. "Give me the baby, Bridget," she called, "I'm ready for her."

"The baby, mum! Shure, I've niver heard a sound of her but wanst this afternoon! She was crying pretty hard, but my hands was in the dough, and I heard you wheel her on the front piazza, and then she was quite quiet."

Mrs. Hall sank down on the steps. "O, Bridget, it was not me! Baby is gone!"

"Oh, shure you're fuling, mum! Who'd take the baby?"

The poor mother could only burst into tears; then with a feeling that something must be done, she sent Bridget on one side and she went the other, to ask the neighbors if they had seen any one taking the baby off. But every one had been sitting with closed blinds or sleeping, and not one had heard or seen the darling. Poor little mother! It seemed impossible to meet her husband and the two boys, who were coming home that night after a long visit at grandmamma's.

How the time went by Mrs. Hall never knew, till John and the boys came and heard the dreadful tidings.

"Depend upon it, you'll get her back," said John, hoping no one would be so foolish as to mention Charlie Ross just then. "If she were older it would be different, but she'll cry and raise a row, and they'll bring her back. I'll have posters all over the village before nine o'clock, and we'll find her before morning."

Up and down the street all were talking on the same subject. "Those new people, you know, that have moved into the Kirby cottage. They've lost their baby!"

"Why, shocking! How did it happen?"

"Left it on the front piazza!"

"Well! Who ever thought," etc., etc.

The Halls might have lived for years in the village with hardly a friend, for it was noted as a place where strangers were treated in anything but a cordial manner, but her sorrow and agony drew out every one's tenderness, and each tried to comfort and help find the little one. But—what comfort could one give?

"I would so much rather she had died," moaned the poor mother.

"Don't say that, Nellie," said her husband. "I can't feel quite desperate. She's such a cunning little morsel—somebody that was baby-hungry has kept her awhile; but we'll get her back, please God, safe and sound."

CHAPTER II.

"If only we had a baby—dolls ain't any good, they're such make-believes!" and Ella dragged her beloved Susy Ann by one arm through the dust as if she despised her.

"And we could wheel a baby in a carriage. Pshaw! there's plenty of babies that haven't any mothers. Ma might get one of 'em."

"But I don't believe she'd buy a carriage—you know she never can afford anything nowadays."

"I don't care! If I could find a baby that didn't belong to anybody, I'd take it home, and when mother once saw it she'd keep it."

On trudged the two little girls. They were going nowhere in particular. Anna, the oldest, loved to stroll off to the new and prettier part of the village, and as Ella was Anna's devoted follower, she went on unquestioningly. Suddenly both children stopped and listened. "It's a baby!" said Anna, enthusiastically.

"It is, sure's anything! And the poor little thing's crying! Let's find it."

Following the sound, the children turned down a side street, and then saw that the sobs and cries proceeded from a pretty little baby carriage on the piazza of the second house.

"Poor little thing! Let's go and speak to her," said Ella. The baby, at sight of the two little sunbonnets, stopped crying and smiled, stretching out her hands.

"Oh, the dear little thing! Let's wheel her a little." Back and forth the children rolled her, and baby, soothed by the motion, dropped into another doze.

"Ella," said Anna, "I mean to take this baby home!"

"Oh, Anna! 'Tain't yours!"

Anna had some uneasy questionings of her own, but she stifled them. "I don't care! The folks here don't want her, or they wouldn't leave her crying out on the stoop. She's a 'fondlin',' I do b'lieve!"

Ella had never heard of foundlings, but Anna's tone carried conviction with it. "Anyhow we can just give her a little ride and bring her back. You see if anybody cared, they wouldn't let us do this. You just lift the front wheels, and I'll get her down on the sidewalk. There! Ain't she just lovely? And what a pretty carriage!"

"If they don't want the b... how they wouldn't give us a carriage."

"I tell you we're only going ... her to mother, so hold your tongue."

Ah, Anna's voice was not ... sharp as that, and somehow ... they had the baby and the ... carriage, the children were not ... happy as they expected. It was long walk home, for they lived at the ... other end of the village, and by the time they had reached the little ... baby was awake and beginning to ... hungry, giving important little ... and looking piteously into the strange brown eyes that looked out of ... white sunbonnets, instead of the bright blue ones she longed to see. To ... their perplexities mamma was ... when they arrived home, and when they lifted baby out of her carriage she cried aloud from fright and hunger.

"Oh, dear! if mother'd only come!" sighed Ella, while Anna began to wish she had not been so very sure the baby was a foundling—her clothes did not look as if she were neglected.

In the midst of baby's loudest screams Mrs. Reed came home, and heard with consternation of what her little girls had done. The first thing was to make the poor little stranger comfortable, and that took time. By-and-by, after she had swallowed a cup of arrowroot, baby sat up and cooed and laughed. In spite of her anxiety on the mother's account, Mrs. Reed and the little girls enjoyed a few moments of the sweet baby talk, but soon the mother, remembering what agony that other mother must be suffering, said:

"Now, Anna, you and Ella must go straight to the house you took the baby from, and tell them where she is. I will keep her quiet till you come back. Make haste now, for the mother must be nearly dead with fright. Are you sure you know the house?"

"Oh, yes, mother! It was a gray house with brown blinds and a low stoop—only two steps up—and the folks had been moving, for there was a big box"—

"Well, well! Only hurry off. Go as fast as you can."

Off went the children, Ella half crying at leaving the baby, but Anna too well aware of the mischief she had done to care for anything half so much as to find the poor mother. "This is the quickest way," she said, and hurried on. Her very anxiety confused her, and after a long walk she could find no such house as she had described to her mother. At almost every corner one or the other would think they saw a gray house or a big box on the sidewalk, so they turned and twisted till they were fairly bewildered, and at last, after walking for nearly two hours, they reached home, and with sobs and cries told their mother they could not find the right house.

The baby was asleep again, and Mrs. Reed, without waiting to give the children their supper or eat herself, started out. She inquired of several people if they had heard of a lost baby, but they were at the very further end of the town, and the news had not reached them.

"The paper comes out to-morrow—I'll advertise," thought the widow, and then hurried to the office of the *Democrat and Eagle*.

As she entered a gentleman was coming out. "I'll pay double," he was saying, "to have the posters all over the village by nine o'clock. I promised my wife, who is half crazy"—

"Oh, sir," cried Mrs. Reed, "is it her baby?"

"Yes, do you know anything?"

"I have it safe and sound."

"Thank God! Come home with me"—and seizing Mrs. Reed's hand, Mr. Hall thrust her into a carriage, and ordered the coachman to drive full speed for home.

In another half hour Mrs. Hall was standing between the two penitent little girls, with her baby in her arms. Mr. Hall and Mrs. Reed would have punished Anna, but Mrs. Hall insisted that she was as much to blame for leaving her baby on the front stoop, and that it was punishment enough for the poor little girls to have their "fondlin'" taken from them.

The happy father and mother lay awake almost all night, too excited to sleep, and there in the darkness Mr. Hall told his wife that he was going to bring home a nurse for baby.

"Oh, John, if you'll only trust me again! I'm nurse enough. I don't like a great Irish girl—you can't trust them."

"Oh, I don't mean an Irish girl, my dear," said John, with a queer smile which in the darkness his wife could not see.

CHAPTER III.

"I wan't a dog I can trust—that has been trained to watch a thing, and not let any one but its owner touch it."

"Ere's your hanimal! A better critter never was found. Watch that, Dash!" said the dog fancier, throwing a glove on the ground. "Now, sir, you try to pick that up."

Mr. Hall stooped, but a fierce, low growl, evidently with plenty of bite behind it, warned him off.

"Take care of that till I come back, Dash," and the two left the dog alone. After a saunter through the building they came back to find Dash sitting motionless beside the glove.

"Is he fond of children.

"Yes, sir but most of all a baby. You see, he was brought up with a baby, sir. They were poor folks, but it most killed 'em to sell Dash, only I paid a good price for him, and they needed money badly."

"What do you ask?"

"Seventy-five dollars."

After a little bargaining Mr. Hall walked off, and that evening baby was shown her new nurse. Mamma and the boys were delighted, while poor Dash seemed to think his first ba