☞All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain.

NOT MORE—NOT LESS.

Calm was the night, in that still autumn weather,
And calmer still and colder were the twain
Who, parting then, might yet have kept together,
Had pride not stronger been than even pain.

There were no bitter tears, no signs of sorrow,
No sad reproaches uttered at the end;
And, should they meet, years hence or on the morrow,
'Twill be with courteous ease, as friend meets friend.

Oh! mocking words for those who once loved madly,
Henceforth to be mere friends—not less—not more—
Deep in each heart a death-knell sounded sadly
For love, deemed deathless in glad days of yore.

Not more than friends—the voices must not falter,
Lest broken tones betray a vain regret;
And on the lips the forced smile must not alter
To show how, 'neath that mask, grief's lines are set.

Let them take heed, lest any word be spoken,
To rouse some ghost from out the buried past;
Though the dear ties, that bound them once, are broken,
A strange spell lingers yet, and holds them fast.

Not less than friends—but ah! the friendship offered
Seems of such little worth now love is done;
'Tis hard to take the hand thus coldly proffered
And feel the tender, thrilling touch has gone.

Gone with the day, when just one word was needed
Those heavy clouds of pride and doubt to lift;
But all in vain love's dying voice had pleaded,
Now far apart, each lonely life must drift.

And she will never know, at their next meeting,
How hard he fought an outward calm to gain;
Nor will he see, beneath the friendly greeting,
How her true heart still yearns to him through pain.

—*Belgravia.*

OUR PARLOR FURNITURE.

We had been married something more than a year. Had boarded at the Mason House for a few months, until we were heartily sick of hotel life, and then had retreated to a private establishment. You know how that goes. Life became a burden. A burden? I might as well call it an intolerable bore. We grew domestic very fast. We envied Hawkins the trim little cottage that had been among the many gifts bestowed upon his fair bride, and of which neither he nor his bride seemed particularly fond. We marveled at their indifference to the blessing thus forced upon them. The conclusion of the whole matter was that we engaged 512 East Tenth street, the third house in the white brick block on your right as you turn off from Locust avenue. The house would not be ready for us before the expiration of thirty days.

In the meantime we sat down to reflect, and you may rest assured that the abstract consideration of this enterprise was attended with no small amount of pleasure. There were some very delightful visions of the coming bliss, some very sharp contrasts drawn between our present lot and that which was to be, and some very astonishing calculations. As for the last, it might amuse you to look over the schedule of probable expenses made out at that time and fortunately preserved to our future edification. After a long series of household belongings that should constitute the original outlay it proceeds with the items of ordinary daily expense: Butter, so much per pound and so many pounds per week; lard, so and so and so and so; potatoes, so much per bushel and to last so long; flour, etc., etc. And to the grand total were added rent, and fuel, and light, and water, and a servant's wages.

"There, you see, wife," cried I, "we shall save annually an even $300 and live as people should live. Three hundred the first year! probably more; it's a low estimate. I think, my dear, we might as well begin to talk about that new piano."

"Oh, no," she replied, always preferring another's joy to her own, "not until the encyclopedia and the bookcase are bought and paid for."

"Ah, yes," said I, "that is like you; we shall discuss that matter again."

I say that you would smile if you could see that outline of probable expenses; and the effect would be heightened not a little if you should contrast with it the itemized account kept with scrupulous care by my wife. Suffice it to say that neither piano nor bookcase was bought out of the first year's savings.

But to go back. We had thirty days to wait before we could get possession of the house. In the meantime my Uncle John paid us a visit. Uncle John was a man well advanced in years, lived in the West, had no family, and had the matter of his fortune comfortably settled. He was on his way to Buffalo to attend a meeting of the stockholders of the P. N. & C. Railway. He stopped off for a day to make the acquaintance of my wife and to see what kind of a man his nephew had come to be. Nothing remarkable happened during his visit, and he soon resumed his journey. We told him of our housekeeping plans, of which he heartily approved. And in that connection he casually remarked that as he had not remembered us in any substantial manner at the time of our marriage he wished to do so, if he could find anything to suit, while he was in the East. What he said, however, was in such an air that at the time neither wife nor I gave the matter a second thought.

We furnished our house simply but comfortably. Clara, my wife's schoolmate in other days, lived next door. She is a cheery little body, and when it comes to home affairs knows everything; so we esteemed ourselves fortunate in being able to retain her counsel. She advised on the carpet-patterns, the wall-paper, and even the gas-fixtures; in short, went with us in all our preliminary shopping. It is astonishing what a store of wisdom some women carry about with them as to the primary comforts and little luxuries that make every-day life tolerable. Yes, she knew everything and why it was so. If there was any mistake in her counsel it consisted in the fact that she was inclined to estimate the contents of our pocket-book by those of her own fat one. But we succeeded in getting through quite satisfactorily in the first outlay. And this rather surprises me, as Clara was in and out constantly for a week, coaxing us into what seemed extravagances, but which we shortly learned were necessities that we had overlooked.

And now that we were settled and the first blush was beginning to subside, we received a shock of surprise such as we shall not soon forget. My wife had left the house early in the afternoon and I had joined her in the evening at the house of a friend where we took tea. Circumstances made it necessary for us to return to our own abode at an early hour. I do not think that it could have been as late as eight o'clock. In the afternoon's mail we found a shabby little postal-card stating that at the freight depot of the C. & M. Road there were some six hundred pounds of furniture, from New Buffalo, consigned to my address; and that the same had been on hand for several days, and that it would be well for me to pay the charges and remove the aforesaid furniture at once. My wife leaned over my shoulder and read the postal with me. We read it again. Furniture? furniture? New Buffalo? We looked at each other; looked again, and smiled. The bright thought struck us both at the same instant. I have always been particular about the exact date of that idea's rise in our minds; the bright thought struck us both *at the same instant:* namely—Uncle John! a substantial token of regard! furniture! We read the shabby little postal once more, and once more we smiled. Bless his dear old heart! Just like him! always so thoughtful! My mother's brother, indeed! But New Buffalo? never heard of such a place.

"You understand, don't you?" I said; "he has bought the furniture in Buffalo, and this New Buffalo is some suburban village where the firm has its factory. The goods would naturally be shipped from that point. And six hundred pounds! What can it be? There does not seem to have been any serious doubt in my mind on the score of the charges not having been prepaid; nor yet from the fact that I had received no announcement of the approach of this formidable gift. The former might have been due to forgetfulness—uncle always was so forgetful in small matters—or it might have been owing to certain necessities of the situation. And, as for the announcement, why, of course the whole thing was his odd way of giving us a surprise. And had he not announced it? Had he not said that he meant to see what he could do for us? *Furniture! Six hundred pounds!* Oh, that some artist might have photographed for us the expressions of joy and complacency that spread over our faces as we sat and looked at each other, and chewed the cud of satisfaction, and gave each other knowing winks, and turned that miserable little postal for the hundredth time.

"Come, my dear," cried I, "what do you think it is?" And we laughed again in our joy.

"I am sure I can not guess," she said. "But we know it is not a kitchen stove, and it would hardly be anything for the dining-room. If I had to guess I believe I should say—in fact, I think something seems to tell me that it is parlor furniture."

"A correct observation, my dear; certainly correct. I should have said so myself, but I wished to get the benefit of your woman's intuition, and was afraid that any opinion of mine thrust forward might throw it off the track. You know I have great confidence in your intuition. Have I not often said so?"

"Yes," she replied, very soberly; "and if my intuition tells me anything, it indicates parlor furniture. But then, we must not feel too sure; it might be a bedroom set. Yet Uncle John knew that we had one fine set. I remember distinctly of my telling him that everything in our room was ours."

"You will allow, I suppose," said I, "that six hundred pounds of furniture means several articles. If it had been a bookcase, the postal would have said bookcase; but no, it uses the name of a class, not of a single object. This tells me that whatever it may be, it consists of several pieces. Now, how much does that sofa weigh? A hundred pounds? Less, if anything. I'll warrant you. That marble-top table can not possibly go over seventy-five, and each of these easy chairs will weigh—say eighty. Let me see, that makes three hundred and thirty-five. We'll fill in with these common chairs at fifty pounds apiece. But see here, my dear; what would you think of an elegant sideboard for the dining-room? It would not weigh much. Let us put that down; yes, an elegant sideboard; what do you think?" She thought well of an elegant sideboard.

At this juncture Clara, having heard our front door open at our return, came tripping in with a blush and a smile and spread out on my wife's lap piece after piece of a very dainty tidy set which her own deft fingers had fashioned, and which my wife received with the usual kiss and the inevitable tears. We admired the delicate pattern and praised again and again the cunning workmanship. By this time both my wife and I were in such a very genial mood that we could do nothing but smile and smile. It became really quite silly. I could see by the trembling of the folds about my wife's mouth that her cheeks ached with smiling. There was at first, a very charming flush of pink confusion tingeing Clara's brow and cheek, as she noted the very great satisfaction with which her gifts were received. But her quick instinct divined other causes.

"What has happened?" she cried, taking my wife's hand; "some pleasant fortune, I am sure. You seem so happy this evening."

My wife's eyes sparkled. She looked to me.

"Yes, Mrs. A——," I said to Clara, "in addition to your very thoughtful kindness, we have received another surprise of an extremely agreeable nature. My Uncle John who was here last month has sent us a gift of some furniture. We are not sure yet whether it is a parlor or a bed-room set. Have not seen it; it's at the depot; will be here in the morning." Then the ladies had another little celebration in the way of kisses and tears, while I sat back in my chair and with such gravity as I could command descanted on the virtues, the oft-tested goodness, the genuine "milk of human kindness" that constituted the prominent characteristics in the personality of Uncle John. I was on the point of pushing in a little farther and detailing what we might expect—I was even about to hint at the practically unlimited abilities of the aforesaid relative, when a momentary suspicion of the insufficiency of evidence as a basis of our expectations bade me draw it mildly. But the six hundred pounds overcame me. Such a heavy invoice of household goods at one consignment so powerfully stimulated my sanguine nature that discretion seems to have been utterly prostrated. I did go on; yes, fatally onward. There was "nothing like what you might call *mean* about Uncle John;" and "when he made up his mind to do a thing he did it royally;" and "it was not every one on whom the blessings of Heaven had descended in such unstinted measure as to render such good works possible." Yes, such and more. Of course, this was, without doubt, very flat. I can not gainsay it. But the circumstances, my friend, the circumstances! And I do not believe that such folly has ever been habitual with me. When I was through my wife looked quite serious. Clara merely bit her lip between "ah" and "yes," and at length bade us good-night.

"There is but one drawback in the whole matter," said I when Clara had gone; "if we had only known it a little sooner! We might then have been saved the expense of this parlor set. What can we do with two suits of furniture.

"I suppose," said my wife, "that we can manage to find room for both in the house. If not we can take this back—exchange it for other goods."

I opened the blind and looked across the street. Mr. Bathurst, the chief salesman in the establishment which we had patronized, lived over the way. As I had supposed, and as was his wont at this time of the evening, he sat on the veranda smoking. I took my hat and went across. Don't be too harsh in your judgment, my friend; you have the joke by my voluntary confession. Remember, too, "Whom the gods destroy they first make mad." I went across.

"Bathurst, do you suppose that your folks could be persuaded to take back some of the goods I bought the other day, and let me trade it out in some other line?"

"You see, I have a good-hearted old uncle who has taken it into his head to send me a parlor set," etc., etc. Thus I ran on in my folly.

We were up for an early breakfast, after which I flew in fast haste to the office. I laid hold of Sam, who does the draying for our house, thrust $4.85 into his hand to pay the charges, and directed him to proceed at once to the freight department of the C. & M. It was a very busy morning with me; there were a thousand and one things pressing for immediate attention; it was out of the question to think of going home before dinner. But what can a man do with an inheritance of six hundred pounds resting on his mind! I added a column of figures and, being conscious of a slight wandering of thought, went down the column for a test. As the result was different, I climbed the ladder again, only to light upon a third value; and then down down again, only to find a fourth. Oh, shocking! I resorted to the blacking-brush and applied it to my boots vigorously for ten minutes. It is a capital remedy for nervousness when one hasn't the time for a ride or a walk. But the mental disturbance of this morning was out of the reach of boot-blacking. So I took my hat and pressed hotly for home. I wished to reach home before the goods arrived. In this I was successful. I found my wife posted at a front window, and there I also took my stand. We waited for a half-hour, very cheerful, very happy, and as serene as eager expectancy would permit.

At length—at length—there was the rumbling and heavy grating of slow wheels on the stone pavement. We crooked our heads out of the window and caught the first possible glimpse of the horses' noses and then their full lengths as they turned the corner. And there was Sam, unmistakably Sam. "Oh, well, wife," I said, "let us not be childish." So we took in our heads, but stood watching just within. I say we stood watching, for we could not for some moments do otherwise than stand and watch. We could not look at each other, but stood mute and motionless, our eyes fixed intently on that vehicle and its contents. My throat began to swell. Then came a hot surge rising at my cheeks and temples and creeping through the roots of my hair, down the back of my neck, down, down, to my heels—to my toes; and then another hot surge, and then another, while the perspiration flowed freely. Oh, it was painful! And that drayman — that drayman! — having thrown down his lines, sat on the end of the high seat with his feet hanging over the wheel, while with his whip he cut off the leaves of a weed that grew by the curbing; at the same time his face beamed with malicious mirth. Now and then he stole a furtive glance at the wares behind him and then went on cutting the weed, his face wearing alternately a smile and a squint of interrogation. Of course, I bolted out upon the porch. As I shut the door I heard one of the up-stairs shutters on Clara's side close gently.

"Well," said Sam, with a painful effort to compose his features, "I guess there must be something wrong about this."

"Take the stuff around by the back alley," I shouted, hoarsely. I slipped through the house, and noticed on my way that my wife, who had recovered from her mortification and disappointment, had dropped down in a corner and was laughing hysterically. I was provoked enough, but my chagrin gave way to a smile as I met Sam at the back gate. A smile was all that was needed to touch him off. He fairly roared. And, as abominable luck would have it, that alley was full of people—my neighbors—going and coming. I have never seen such a concourse of people in that alley, before or since. Boys climbed over fences and ranged themselves about, girls peered through chinks and whispered to one another, and toddling infants cried to be lifted to some place of vantage.

Yes, there was "something wrong." Contrary to my wife's expectations there was a kitchen-stove. And the kitchen-stove had been used; in evidence of which, there were elaborate frescoes of grease ranging in more or less detached flakes around the oven doors and on the edges of the hearth and along the overlapping margin of the top. There was a bundle containing two or three joints of pipe whose ends were raveled by rust and wear. And there were chairs, several of them; none of your effeminate rockers, but serviceable concerns, built to stand firmly on four legs; not plush, no; not cane-seat; not walnut; but sound, straight-grained, poplar, splint-bottoms. In the obscure nooks of each chair there were the tell-tale reminiscences of the pride of other days—paint; but for the most part the surface was classically nude. Bedroom furniture? Yes, indeed; at least a bedstead. The artist had designed this latter article as a companion piece for the chairs; and as far as harmony of style went his design was a success. We can lump off the rest of the six hundred pounds in this way: a sewing-machine without cover and a broken treadle, a kitchen-table with a game leg and a warped top, an open crate of pans, and pots, and kettles, suggesting alike to optic and to olfactory nerves the frizzling of sausage and salt pork and whatsoever is greasy and maketh a lasting stench.

Yes, there was some mistake—same name. I looked at the postal again and noted for the first time that there was no number given in the address.

At this juncture the real owner of the goods drove in the alley and claimed his own with loud curses. This had the effect of drawing out on the back porches such of the neighboring population as had not been present at the previous exercises. There was a grain of comfort in the reflection that none of them could believe that the stuff belonged to me. But even this consolation was turned to bitterness when it occurred to me that most of them would suppose that I was trying to steal the goods or, perchance, was "grinding the face of the poor."

Clara had the kindness never to mention the affair to us, although I have always thought that she talked it over with Bathurst. The next day the mail brought us a fifteen-cent pamphlet copy of the Revised Edition of the New Testament. It came from Buffalo. We have not heard from Uncle John since.

—*Chicago Tribune.*

Timely Health Hints.

The farmer, of all men, should enjoy good health. He can have the best and freshest of nature's productions for food and drink; his work is healthful exercise, and the air he breathes is free and pure. Yet statistics show that the life of the farmer is below the average, and that several classes who lead sedentary lives in the city are longer lived than he. This must proceed from a gross disregard of the requirements of health on his part, and if we look at the matter critically, we must confess that many of us farmers treat ourselves as if we did not care particularly whether we lived or not. Now I shall, perhaps, say some plain things, and I say them without exempting myself. Do not think that I speak from a high pinnacle of fancied personal perfection. I am quite willing to admit that I am as much at fault as any of my brethren.

We must confess that we are uncleanly about our bodies. All over the surface of the body there are many little glands, opening upon the skin, whose office it is to excrete from the body the particles of broken down, dead tissue. This effete matter is cast upon the skin, and must be frequently removed with soap and water, or it will finally close up the glands, and the dead matter must be retained in the body, producing disease. There are also other glands opening on the surface of the body, whose office it is to pour out an oily liquid. This liquid soon becomes unfit for the purpose for which it is designed, and other must take its place. But unless that first thrown out is removed, it will close up the mouths of the glands, and prevent the exit of fresh matter. It is plain that if no matter fell upon the surface of the body from external sources, frequent ablutions would yet be necessary. But our work is such that the body must continually receive dust from the air. Currying the horses; milking the cows; plowing, harrowing, or dragging the land; binding or handling the grain, all are attended with the settling of dust upon the body. At this season, when the sweat glands are unusually active and keep the skin damp, this dust is more than usually liable to adhere to the body. Thus from both within and without the body is contaminated and made unclean. So rapid is the work at this season that the body should be cleansed every twenty-four hours, and it is best to do this when the day's work is done, for then the body's liability to receive dirt from external sources is small, and the functions of the glands can be properly performed during the night, insuring healthful slumber.

But how many of us do cleanse the body each night? I am afraid the truth would be that full as many cleanse the body only once a week, as those that cleanse it once a day. Not one farm-house in fifty, take the country over, has a bath-room; and I doubt if one farmer's family in twelve has even a bath-tub. This is a sad commentary on our way of living, and explains the prevalence of fevers in the country, where they should be almost unknown.

I know only too well how tired the plowman is at the close of the day, and the fatigue is yet greater if the day has been spent in the harvest field. It seems a great task to drag the wearied body even twenty feet to bed. The thought of going to the trouble and expense of time of bathing may appear almost absurd. But my word for it, that you will be largely the gainer by so doing. To bathe will not require more than ten minutes, and you will have added two hours to your slumber. You have shortened the time for sleep by ten minutes, but you have made slumber so much more sounder and sweeter that you have gained a dozen times the time expended. Try bathing each night for a week, and you will no more think of retiring without first cleansing the body of sweat and dirt than you would of going to bed with your boots on. And remember that while you have gained so much in rest and comfort, you will ultimately gain more in health.

During warm weather meat and oily food should be almost entirely discarded, and fresh vegetables, and ripe fruit should make up the bill of fare. As a people we eat too much meat; yet New Englanders do not sin so greatly in this respect as their Western brethren. Yet it is safe to say that even New Englanders eat too much meat in warm weather. At this season of the year, comfort, which is another name for health, demands that we keep the bodily heat at the lowest possible point while exercising in the hot sun. The bodily heat is produced by a slow combustion, the fuel for which is carbon. Meat and oils are rich in carbon, and when used for food increase the bodily heat. Vegetables and fruits for diet keep the bodily heat at a minimum figure; hence the wisdom of the use of the latter for food. But fully half of the farmers do not have a good garden or a good orchard. It is hard to account for this, for when properly attended to, no other part of the farm is more profitable than the orchard and garden. From a money point of view alone the farmer should be convinced that good policy dictates an early and productive garden.—*John M. Stahl, in New England Farmer.*

—The finest private ship in the world, William Astor's Nourmahal, is nearly as large as some of those ocean steamers which first began trans-Atlantic navigation. She is built of steel, and her length is 232 feet, her breadth 30 feet, and depth 20 feet. Her engine is 1,400 horse-power, and her supply of fresh water is 4,500 gallons. To this is added an ice-machine which will make 500 pounds per day. Think of such an immense vessel devoted to one family. The finish of the saloon is in the finest possible style, and the Nourmahal is really a Fifth avenue palace afloat.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—At Mount Mitchell, in Western North Carolina, is a mine containing a white rock which is called "deception," for the reason that, crushed into powder, it can be used for adulterating sugar without detection. Three hundred barrels are shipped to New York weekly.

—Amos Perkins, at the age of ninety four, is Treasurer of the town of Unity N. H.—*Rutland Herald.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Lord Rupertswood, an Australian sheep and cattle man, lives in a $4,000,000 house at Melbourne.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has been asked to write a poem to be read at the dedication of the Washington Monument, February 22, 1885.

—Mrs. Robert G. Ingersoll is said to resemble Martha Washington, and dresses her hair and arranges her neck-wear in the same style.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—It is said that of Stephen C. Foster's song, "Old Folks at Home," fully 1,000,000 copies have been sold; of Payne's "Sweet Home," over 2,000,000 copies; of Tom Moore's "Last Rose of Summer," 1,500,000 copies.

—It has been contended by those who knew him best that Allan Pinkerton possessed the faculty which has been termed "mind reading" to a remarkable degree, and that this was the basis for much of his success.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Miss Phæbe Couzins, the lecturer, was sworn in as Deputy United States Marshal at St. Louis recently, and will assist her father, the Marshal, as private Secretary. Miss Couzins is the first lady ever made a deputy in the United States.—*St. Louis Post.*

—M. Renan announces a new work on religion, and says that his highest ambition would be satisfied if he could enter the church after death "in the form of a little volume bound in black morocco, to be held between the long tapering fingers of a finely-gloved hand.

—The London *World* says that Mme. Patti has signed her engagement for America for the coming operatic season, and will sail for New York on Saturday, November 1. Patti's property in Wales is worth about $300,000, her diamonds about $200,000, and in addition she has about a million of dollars.

—The late Paul Morphy played several games of chess with the great monarchs of Europe. He gallantly allowed Queen Victoria to beat him, but treated Napoleon III. and king William of Prussia very differently, giving them at first an advantage over him and then sweeping them from the board unmercifully. He was, before his health gave way, a brilliant conversationalist and a favorite member of society.

—The map-publishers have all they can do to keep up with the times. The progress of exploration, the changes in frontiers, and the building of new cities and towns make an old atlas as inadequate for to-day's use as a last year's newspaper. The map of Africa is changing more rapidly than that of any other part of the world. Many explorers and pioneers there, supported by governments, geographical societies or missionary agencies, are all the while adding new facts to geographical knowledge.—*Chicago Herald.*

HUMOROUS.

—A correspondent asks: "Do blondes or brunettes have the worst tempers?" We are constrained to answer that they do.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Lady—Have you given the gold-fish fresh water as I told you, Marion? Marion—No, ma'am, and why would I? Sure they haven't drunk what they have yet!—*The Judge.*

—"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Gushington, looking at the portrait. "How natural those eyes are! They look as though they were alive!" "Yes," replied Charles, "it is a life's eyes picture, you know."—*Philadelphia Call.*

—Bigsby was telling Blobson about a friend who was injured in a railroad accident. "He ought to have got heavy damages from the road," said Blobson. "He did," replied Bigsby; "he got both legs and one arm broken."—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

—"You look as if you had been kissed by a breeze from Northland," said a poetic young lady to a pretty friend, whose cheeks were glowing with color. "Oh, no!" was the laughing reply, "it was only a soft heir from Baltimore."—*Burlington (Vt.) Free Press.*

—Professor: "Mr. Jackson, do you know the monastic theory of the universe?" Mr. J.: "Yes." (Pause.) Professor: "Why don't you tell me, then?" Mr. J.: "Well, you see, there is no telling what I know." (Professor dismisses the class.)—*Harvard Lampoon.*

—"Uncle," said Ralph, "what gender is 'misery?'" "The neuter gender, my boy." "Are you sure, uncle?" "Quite sure." "Well, I'm sure it's the feminine gender." "And how do you make that out?" "'Cause it says here in this paper that 'misery loves company,' and don't all women love company?"—*Golden Days.*

—"What are you going to do with the dog?" asked a gentleman on the street of a friend who was carrying a small poodle under his arm: "take him down to the river and drown him?" "I wish I might," was the sad response, "but he belongs to my wife. I am taking him over to the barber's to have his hair cut."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A lady living in Chelsea employs a girl named Bridget to take care of her youngest child, a two-year-old boy named Freddy. Bridget took the little one up to bed the other evening, and when she again appeared was asked by her mistress if Freddy had gone to sleep. "Yis, mum," she replied, "I waited till I heard him shtill."—*Boston Globe.*

—The other day a visitor surprised a distinguished professor, who was saying to his baby: "On-ny, no-ny o mussy tick his little footsy tooties." Just then he caught sight of the visitor, blushed, and muttered: "No, no, you must not expose your pedal extremities by extending them beyond the protecting covering of the blanket, or you will lay your system open to attacks of catarrhal affections.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—At a meeting of the Austin Literary Club, not long since, during the discussion the President spoke of printing having been invented during the fifteenth century, whereupon one of the graduating class of the University of Texas, who happened to be present, laughed derisively and said: "That's all bosh. I've got a 'Life of Christ' in my room, and he lived more than three thousand years ago."—*Texas Siftings.*

Another Dream Dissipated.

They were watching a vessel coming up the river, and he remarked:

"Think, darling, of what an immense expanse of ocean that vessel may have passed over. It may be that she is laden with precious stones and ambrosial perfumes from the flowery East. Is it not like a dream when you contemplate it? Wait, I will call to them, and see how nearly I have guessed it. Hello, where do you come from, and what is your cargo?"

Voice from the vessel: "New London; onions and bricks."—*Boston Post.*

Our Young Readers.

OUR BABY.

Ten little fingers and ten little toes;
Two eyes and two ears and one little nose;
Two little lips as red as a cherry;
A laugh irresistible, hearty and merry;
Pretty bright roses on each little cheek;
A pert little tongue trying so hard to speak;
A warm little heart, and a sweet loving way;
A kiss and a hug, any time in the day.
For papa, or mamma, or sister, or me—
Oh, such a bright darling I never did see.

—*Harper's Young People.*

ONE WAY TO BE BRAVE.

A True Story.

"Papa," exclaimed six-year-old Marland, leaning against his father's knee after listening to a true story, "I wish *I* could be as brave as that!"

"Perhaps you will be when you grow up."

"But may be I shan't ever be on a railroad train when there's going to be an accident."

"Ah! but there are sure to be plenty of other ways for a brave man to show himself."

Several days after this, when Marland had quite forgotten about trying to be brave, thinking, indeed, that he would have to wait anyway until he was a man, he and his little playmate, Ada, a year younger, were playing in the dog-kennel. It was a very large kennel, so that the two children often crept into it to "play house." After awhile, Marland, who, of course, was playing the papa of the house, was to go "down town" to his business; he put his head out of the door of the kennel, and was just about to creep out, when right in front of him in he path he saw a snake. He knew in a moment just what sort of a snake it was, and how dangerous it was; he knew that it was a rattlesnake, and that if it bit Ada or him they would probably die. For Marland had spent two summers on his papa's big ranch in Kansas, and he had been told over and over again, if he ever saw a snake to run from it as fast as he could, and this snake just in front of him was making the queer little noise with the rattles at the end of his tail which Marland had heard enough about to be able to recognize.

Now you must know that a rattlesnake is not at all like a lion or a bear, although just as dangerous in its own way. It will not chase you; it can only spring a distance equal to its own length, and it has to wait and coil itself up in a ring, sounding its warning all the time, before it can strike at all. So if you are ever so little distance from it when you see it first, you can easily escape from it. The only danger is from stepping on it without seeing it. But Marland's snake was already coiled, and it was hardly more than a foot from the entrance to the kennel. You must know that the kennel was not out in an open field, either, but under a piazza, and a lattice work run very near it left a very narrow passage for the children, even where there wasn't any snake. If they had been standing upright they could have run, narrow as the way was; but they would have to crawl out of the kennel and find room for their entire little bodies on the ground before they could straighten themselves up and run. Fortunately, the snake's head was turned the other way.

"Ada," said Marland very quietly, so quietly that his grandpapa, raking the gravel on the walk near by, did not hear him, "there's a snake out here, and its a rattlesnake. Keep very still and crawl right after me."

"Yes, Ada," he whispered, as he succeeded in squirming himself out and wriggling past the snake till he could stand upright. "*There's room*, but you mustn't make any noise."

Five minutes later the two children sauntered slowly down the avenue, hand in hand.

"Grandpapa," said Marland, "there's a rattlesnake in there where Ada and I were; perhaps you'd better kill him!"

And when the snake had been killed, and papa for the hundredth time had folded his little boy in his arms and murmured: "My brave boy! my dear, brave little boy!" Marland looked up in surprise.

"Why, it wasn't *I* that killed the snake, papa! it was grandpapa! I didn't do anything; I only kept very still and ran away!"

But you see, in that case, keeping very still and running away was just the bravest thing the little fellow could have done; and I think his mamma—for I am his mamma, and so I know just how she did feel—felt when she took him in her arms that night that in her little boy's soul there was something of the stuff of which heroes are made.—*Mrs. A. W. Rollins, in Wide Awake.*

Archie's Dainty City Cousin.

"Oh, go 'way from me, Archie, your hands is dirty," said Miss Daisy, tossing her golden curls.

"Why, Daisy," stammered poor Archie, "I did not know you would be like that when you came to see me. Aren't you going to play with me?"

"I don't play wis boys wis mud on their shoes," Daisy pouted.

"But I had to help papa dig some potatoes for you to eat at dinner. Truly, that's why," pleaded Archie. "Come, Daisy, and I'll show you the pigs. We've got five of the cunningest little ones."

"Pooh; pigs is greedy," Daisy said, scornfully.

"Then I'll show you the chickens, or the calf, or the turtles," Archie begged. "Oh, do come."

He had looked forward so eagerly to this visit from his lovely little city cousin that the tears came into his eyes as he asked: "Aren't you really going to play with me at all?"

"Not until you're all cleaned up," said Daisy, shutting her eyes and leaning back in her chair.

When she opened her eyes again Archie had slipped away. She really had meant to play with him after a while, only she wanted him to know she did not like dirty hands—and now he had to run away from her.

"Oh, dear, I want my cousin-boy again," she sighed, peeping out of the door.

"Perhaps he's in the garden," she thought, getting bolder, and she ran down the steps, and tripped and fell. "Oh, you dirty, dirty dirt," she cried, picking herself up and energetically brushing her hands. "You 'est ought to go in the corner your own self. There, now! Oh, my dwacious, what's that?" she added, as she caught a glimpse of the funniest little pinky-white creature with a curly tail, who was running about, poking his long nose into the ground and grunting.

Daisy had never been on a farm before, and she could not imagine what it was.

"Might be a dog, but I fink it isn't," she meditated. "It's too little for a calf and I know its not a chicken. Oh, I wish my cousin-boy was here, to tell me about it, 'less it might be a porky-pine."

When she tried to catch it, away it ran with a squ-e-e-e, underneath a board fence!

"Where's it gone to? Where does it live?" Daisy gasped, scrambling up the fence. The boards were so far apart that there was plenty of room for her little feet between them.

"O-o-h!" she cried, peeping over. There were "One-two-three-eleventeen dozen of the funny little animals, and a great big fat creature that Daisy thought must be the mother.

"Is 'is your house, 'little munnings?" she asked. "Well, it is a wefly dirty one, and I fink you better sweep it out."

And she shook her head at them so hard, that over she went right into the muddy, dirty place.

"Squee! Squee!" cried the little pigs, and off they scudded to the furthest corner, frightened half out of their wits, while Daisy lay perfectly still, hurt and bewildered and so dirty, oh, so dirty!

After awhile the mother pig plucked up courage, and came grunting over to see what this could be. Was it a new kind of pumpkin, somebody had thrown into the pen?

Then Daisy thought she was going to be eaten up, and gave a wild, wild scream!

Somebody heard her, and that somebody was Archie!

All this time he had been blacking his boots until you could see your face in them, scrubbing his hands, and plastering his hair all over with soap.

At first he did not know where the scream came from; then he rushed to the pig-pen, and peeping in saw the dainty maiden who had turned up her nose a few minutes ago lying flat on her back, right in the mud, with the old pig, snorting and grunting around her.

"Never mind, Daisy, I'm here," cried her gallant little cousin, as he flew to unlatch the gate. "Come on! Run out as fast as you can! Shoo! get out! Go away, you great big ugly thing!" This last was meant for old sow, of course, not for Daisy.

And what do you think that ridiculous child sobbed out, the moment she was safe, and the gate shut between her and the pigs?

"Oh, ain't I a dweful fwight?"

Her little white dress was black now, water was dropping from her yellow curls and her tears made dirty little furrows down her cheeks.

"No you ain't," cried Archie, stoutly. "You look just splendid," and he put his arms around her neck and gave her a hearty kiss.

"But perhaps you would feel more comfortable if you was washed," he added."—*Bertha Watson, in Youth's Companion.*

History of the Alphabet.

How many of the millions that daily use the alphabet ever stop to think of its origin and long history? In the true spirit of a student Isaac Taylor, a well-known English writer on philosophical and philological subjects, has recently written and published in London two stout volumes under the title: "The Alphabet: An Account of the Origin and Development of Letters." It is only by help of recent discoveries of early inscriptions and the progress in the art of reading lost languages and deciphering hitherto unknown symbols, that such a well-posted history has become possible. By careful study of the learned essays and scientific investigations of the latest philologists, Taylor has set forth in language of easy comprehension the origin of the alphabet, showing that our own "Roman" letters may be followed back to their very beginning, some twenty or more centuries ago, as he asserts. We have no more letters, according to this account, than those of the Italian printers of the fifteenth century. These were imitated from the beautiful manuscripts of the tenth and eleventh centuries, the lettering of these being derived from the Roman of the Augustan age. Roman letters, in their turn, are traced to those employed at Rome in the third century B. C., and these do not differ greatly from forms used in the earliest existing specimens of Latin writing, dating from the fifth century B. C. The primitive alphabet of Rome was derived from a local form of the Greek alphabet, in use about the sixth century B. C., and that was a variety of the earliest Greek alphabet belonging to the eighth, or even to the ninth century B. C. The Greeks got their letters from the Phœnicians, and theirs are clearly traceable in the most ancient known form of the Semitic.

The most ancient of books, a papyrus found at Thebes, and now preserved in the French National Library, supplies the earliest forms of the letters used in the Semitic alphabet. The stone tables of the law could have been possible to the Jews only because of their possession of an alphabet, and thus the Bible and modern philological science unite in ascribing a common origin to the alphabet which is in daily use throughout the world. The nineteenth century B. C. is held by Taylor to be the approximate date of the origin of the alphabetic writing, and from that time it grew by slow degrees, while from Egypt, the home of the Jews during their long captivity, the knowledge of their captivity was carried in all directions where alphabets are now found.

The Aryans are thought to have been the first to bring the primitive alphabet to perfection, and each letter and each sound may be traced, by Taylor's careful analysis through all the changes that have marked the growth, progress, and, in some instances, the decay of different letters of various alphabets. It is an interesting fact that the oldest known "A, B, C" in existence is a child's alphabet, scratched on a little ink bottle of black ware, found in one of the oldest Greek settlement in Italy, attributed to the fifth century B. C. The earliest letters of many later ones are known only by inscriptions, and it is the rapid increase, by recent discoveries, of these precious fragments that has inspired more diligent research and quickened the zeal of learned students in mastering the elements of knowledge of their origin and history throughout the world. As late as 1876 there were found in Cyprus some bronze plates inscribed with Phœnician characters, dating back to the tenth, even the eleventh century B. C.

Coins, engraved gems, inscribed statues, and, last of all, the Siloam inscription, found in 1880, at Jerusalem, on the wall of an old tunnel, have supplied new material for the history. From the common mother of many alphabets, the Phœnician, are descended the Greek and other European systems on the one side, including that which we use and have the greatest interest in; and on the other, the alphabets of Asia, from which have sprung those of the East, Syriac, Arabic and Hebrew.—*The Household.*

—Before the construction of modern machinery for pin-making, pins were so expensive that "pin money" became a household word.