Whenever I seek a dewy wood In May, she flits thereunder A spellful doubt of solitude, A passion, and a wonder .-

Something escaped from happy dreams, Still nearly overtaken,— Now here her fairy covert seems;

I come, and 'tis forsaken! Now there she waits with hands outstretched, A phantom that the dew leaves, subtler beauty somehow stretched

In sunshine under new leaves. But still the phantom will not brook Pursuit, approach, or beckoning,-Nor even the shadow in my look Of memory, doubt, or reckoning.

When thought in brief exalted moods
Its mortal cumber loses,
She whispers, through my solitudes, The spells of all the Muses;

But when I turn for nearer bliss, To lips as sweet as dreaming. The mere conception of my kiss Dispels the lovely seeming.

Anon I find her at my side. Among some gay throng's shifting, And life's last shadow seems to bide Just her fair eyelids' lifting.

I bend above their shy eclipse Of all my hopes and holies. They rise, and their apocalypse Is greater than my soul is!

Surcharged with new delights my heart Their culmination misses,-Still vexed for some divinest part Not compassed with its blisses And, lo! my spirit's rallying-while

Has dimmed the empyreal presence, The glowing of the scraph's smile Exhales the scraph's essence. O Phantom, have I any good

Of thee with all thy sweetness! Still leadest thou, not understood, Toward some divine completeness! Am I the stronger than pursuit Makes life one upward hastening?

Is our Desire, forever moot, A true behoof of chastening? O Joy, just once with me-and vouth-Transcend this vain suggestion! Or is it that thine utmost truth Is an eternal question?

A SECOND THOUGHT.

-Hart Vance, in the Current.

The Story of a Wife's Good Sense. "I must have it, George," said Mr. Vhitman's handsome little wife. "So, on't put on that sober face."

"Did I put on a sober face?" asked be husband, with an attempt to smile, hat was anything but a success.

"Yes, sober as a man on trial for his fe." she replied. "There, dear, clear overs you men are!"

"How much will it cost?" inquired Ir. Whitman.

There was another attempt to look heerful and acquiescent.

"About six pounds," was answered. with just a little faltering in the lady's pice, for she knew the sum would sound xtravagant.

"Six pounds! Why, Mary, do you hink I am made of money?"

And Mr. Whitman's countence underzent a remarkable change of expresclare, George, 'said his wife, a

"vou look at me as if , instead of afthis is kind of three silk dresses married, while Amy six or seven during the od, and everyone of hers cost n mine. I know you think extra agant, but I wish you had a vife like some women I could name. I ather think you'd find out the differ-

mee before long.' "There, there, pet, don't talk to me fter this fashion! I'll bring you the noney this evening-that is, if-"No ifs nor buts, if you please. The

entence is complete without them. Chank you, dear! I'll go this afternoon and buy the silk. So don't fail to bring he money. I was in --- street yesterlay, and saw one of the sweetest paterns I ever beheld. Just suits my tyle and complexion. I shall be inconplable if it's gone. You won't disappoint me?"

And Mrs. Whitman laid her soft, white hand on the arm of her husband and smiled with sweet persuasion in

"Oh, no. You shall have the noney," said Mr. Whitman, turning

In his precipitation he had also forotten the usual parting kiss. "That's the way it is always!" said

Mrs. Whitman, her whole manner changing, as the sound of the closing treet door came jarring upon her ears. "Just say 'money' to George, and at mee there is a cloud in the sky." She sat down, pouting and half an-

"Six pounds for a new dress!" menally ejaculated the husband of the rain, pretty and thoughtless Mrs. Whitman, as he shut the door after nerchant's bill to-day, but don't know where the money is to come from. The oal is nearly out, and more must be ordered. Oh, dear! I'm discouraged. Every year I fall behind hand. This winter I did hope to get a little in adrance; but if silk dresses are to be the arder of the day, there's an end to that levoutiy-to-be-wished-for circumstance. Debt-debt! how I have always shrunk rom it! But steadily, now, it is overpowering me. Oh, if I could but disentangle myself now, while I have the strength of early manhood; but the nonds that hold me are weak. If Mary taken from the envelope addressed to sould see as I see—if I could make her anderstand rightly my position! Alas, that is hopeless, I fear.

And Mr. Whitman quickened his steps, because his heart beat quicker, should never have been purchased; but and his mind was unduly excited.

lid so, "I wonder who this can be you beside." Tom?

Something more than curiosity movd her. There intruded on her mind a vague feeling of disquiet, as if the missive bore unpleasant news for her husband. The stamp showed it to be a city letter. Several times of late such letters had come to his address, and she noticed that he read them hurriedly, thrust them, without remark, into his pocket, and became suddenly silent and

Mrs. Whitman turned the letter over an over again in her hand in a thoughtful way, and as she did so the image of her husband, sober faced and silent as he had become for most of the time of late, presented itself with unusual vividness. Sympathy stole into her heart.

"Poor George!" she said, as the feeling increased; "I'm afraid something is going wrong with him,"

Placing the letter on the mantelpiece, where her husband could see it when he came in, Mrs. Whitman entered upon some household duties; but a strange impression, as of weight, lay upon her heart-a sense of impending evil-a vague, troubled disturbance of her usual inward self-satisfaction.

If the thought of Mrs. Whitman recurred, as was natural, to the elegant silk dress of which she was to become the owner on that day, she did not feel the proud satisfaction her vain heart experienced a little while before. Something of its beauty had faded.

"If I only knew what that letter contained!" she said, half an hour after it had come in, her mind still feeling the pressure which had come upon so strangely, as it seemed to her.

She went to the mantlepiece, took up the letter, and examined the superscription. It did not enlighten her. Steadily she became more assured that its contents were of a nature to trouble

"He's been a little mysterious of late," she said to herself. This idea affected her very unpleasantly. "He grows more silent and reserved," she added, as thought, under a kind of feverish excitement, became active in a new direction. "More contemplative. as it were, and less interested in what goes on around him. His coldness chills me at times, and his irritation pains me."

She drew a long, deep sigh. Then, with an almost startling vividness, came before her mind in contrast, her tender, loving, cheerful husband of three years before, and her quiet, silent, sober faced

husband of to-day. "Something has gone wrong with him this year?" she said aloud, as feeling grew stronger. "What can it be?" The letter was still in her hand. "This

may enlighten me. With careful fingers she opened the up, and look as if you had at least envelope, not breaking the paper, so me friend in the world! What money | that she could seal it again if she desired to do so. There was a bill for fifteen pounds, and a communication from the person sending the bill. He was a jew-

> "If this is not settled at once," he wrote, "I shall take proceedings. It has been standing for nearly a year, and I am tired of getting excuses instead of my money.
>
> The bill was for a lady's watch,

which Mrs. Whitman had almost compelled her husband to purchase. "Not paid for! Is it possible?" ex-

claimed the little woman, in great astonishment, while the blood mounted to her forehead.

Then she sat down to think. Light began to come into her mind. As she sat thus thinking, a second letter for her husband came in. She opened it without hesitation. Another bill! and another dunning letter!

"Not paid! Is it possible?" she re-It was a bill of four pounds for boots and slippers, which had been standing

for three or four months. "This will never do!" said the astonished wife-"never-no never!" She thrust the two letters into her pocket in a resolute way, and from that hour until the return of her husband she did an unusual amount of thinking for her little brain. She saw, the moment he entered, that the morning cloud had

not passed from his brow. "Here is the money for that new dress," he said, taking it from his vest pocket and handing it to her as he came

He did not kiss her. nor smile in the old, bright way. But his voice was calm, if not cheerful. A kiss and a smile just then would have been more precious to the young wife than a hundred silk dresses. She took the money, saying: "Thank you, dear! It is kind

of you to comply with my wishes." Something in her voice and manner caused Mr. Whitman to lift his eyes to iff from his wife, as she thought, a lit-her face with a look of inquiry. But he abruptly, and hurrying from her she turned aside, so that he could not read its expression.

He was graver and more silent than usual, and ate with scarely an appearance of appetite. "Come home early, dear," said Mrs.

Whitman, as she walked to the door with her husband. "Are you impatient to have me admire vour new silk dress?" he asked,

with a faint effort to smile. "Yes. It will be something splenshe replied.

He turned off from her quickly, and left the house. A few moments she stood, with a thoughtful countenance, sim. "I promised to settle the coal and her whole manner completely changed. Then she went to her room and commenced dressing to go out. Two hours later and we find her in the jeweler's shop. "May I speak a word to you?" she

said, addressing the owner, who knew her very well. "Certainly," he replied, and they moved to the lower end of one of the

Mrs. Whitman drew from her pocket a lady's watch and chain, and laying them on the glass case, said, at the same time holding out the bill she had

her husband: "I can not afford to wear this watch, my husband's circumstances are too limited. I tell you so frankly. It nome, the postman delivered a letter to 1 say this to take the blame from him. and said, with all unctuousness: ais address. His wife examined the Now, sir, meet the case, if you can do writing on the envelope, which was in so in fairness to yourself. Take back | you a child of God?" bold hand, and said to herself as she the watch and say how much I shall pay

The jeweler paused a little to think. press.

The case took him a little by surprise. He stood for nearly a minute; then takng the bill and watch, he said, "Wait minute," and went to a desk.

"Will that do?" He had come forward again, and now presented her with the receipted bill. His face wore a pleasant expression. "How much have I to pay you?" isked Mrs. Whitman, taking out her

ocketbook. "Nothing," he replied, "The watch suninjured." "You have done a kind act, sir," said Mrs. Whitman, with a tremulous

voice. "I hope you will not think un-

avorably of my husband. It's no

ault of his that the bill has not been paid. Good morning, sir." Mrs. Whitman drew her veil over per face, and went with light step and ight heart from the shop. The pleasure she had experienced on receiving her watch was not to be compared with that which she now felt in parting with it. From the jewelers she went to the bootmaker's, and paid his bill;

from thence to her millener's, and setiled for her last bonnet. "I know you're dving to see my new lress," said Mrs. Whitman, gayly, as she drew her arm within that of her ning. "Come up stairs and let me back, George, as if you were afraid."

George Whitman went with his wife passively, looking more like a man on his way to receive a dreadful sentence but he surmised that the dog was mad, than in expectation of a pleasant sight. and he so informed his wife, two grown His thoughts were bitter.

"Shall my wife become lost to me." he said in his heart-"lost to me in a world of folly, fashion and extrava- It was decided that the best thing to do gance?" "Sit down, George, she said, leading"

him to a chair. The brightness of her countenance had departed, She took something in a hur- maddened animal had recovered, and his affairs again. He would put in ied way from a drawer, and catching was dashing blindly around the yard up a footstool, placed it on the floor near him, and sitting down, leaned upon him, and looked tenderly and lovingly taken, and the trigger pulled. There into his face. Then she handed him the eweler's bill.

"It is receipted, you see," she said, and her voice fluttered a little. "Mary! how is this?" he asked.

"What does it mean?" "I returned the watch," she replied; "and Mr. Rose receipted the bill. I would have paid for any damage; but at everything within reach. The chicktake anything."
"Oh, Mary!" said her husband.

"And this is receipted also; and this," she said, handing the other bills which she had paid. "And now, dear,"

my dress? Isn't it beautiful?" tion the explanations and the scene death. that followed. If, however, any fair The Barker family being very matterjewels, is at a loss to realize the scene, let her try Mary's experiment; and, our chicken pot-pie, and the former was walked behind it to the grave. word for it, she will find a new buried at the foot of a grapevine. The and glad experience in life. Costly silks and jewels may be very pleasant band's embarrassment, mental disquithese unhappy conditions. Tranquil markable phenomenon occurred. hearts and sunny homes are precious things; too precious to be burdened and show. Keep this in mind, oh, ye fair ones, who have husbands in moderate circumstances. Do not let your pride and pleasure oppress them. Rich clothing, costly laces, and gems, are poor unshadowed by care. Take the lesson into the coop. No fox was found, but takes about all these men earn to buy and live by it, rather than offer another illustration, in your own experience of inforced by a matronly yellow hen families. If we must reduce wages I the folly we have been endeavoring to and three half-grown cocks. All of will begin with year, who are better expose and rebake.

Dan Rice and the Rowdies. Said the old circus man: "Did you ever hear how Dan Rice got square

with the Troy thugs; well, I'll tell you: markable state of excitement. Some the toughest town in New York State, and twenty years ago it was a terrorwell, Dan Rice's show was mobbed there one night, and the circusmen were all vuite roughly handled. The next day Dan telegraphed to his advance agent to go back and bill Troy. as the show would go back there again. When the Troy rowdies saw the return of the show announced they smiled unnatural as to cause great merriment. grimly, and promised to demolish it en. This was kept up all Saturday aftertirely this time. In the meantime Rice noon, and became noised about the Went to New York and engaged 100 neighborhood. Old Teddy Brown drove sluggers, regular short-haired brutes who would rather fight than eat, He brought them to Troy with the show. in the evening the tent was filled, but there wasn't a single lady in the entire audience. Dan and his nundred pugilists scattered through the audience, and had the canvasmen ready to jump in at the word. well, the show went along all right until Dan was in the ring doing his fanou" act with his blind horse. There was something thrown into the ring by one of the spectators. That was enough. Dan yelled 'Hay, Rube!' and those hunderd pugilists began their work in royal style. 'Biff!' bang!' went their ponderous blows right and left, and you could see men falling in all directions. The circusmen were soon into the melee. and how they did pulverize the Troy toughs! It was four or five years before the bad men of Troy ever tackled another circus."-Milwaukee Sentinel.

Taken a Firm Stand.

Max knows a young woman who is not afraid of her convictions. She lives in a house where Methodism is the prevailing creed. One day not long since the dominie who has the care of the sous in that particular family came to make a pastoral visit. After conversing with the elder members of the a too indulgent busband yielded to the family on their spiritual welfare, he Not long after Mr. Whitman had left | importunities of a foolish young wife. | turned to the young woman in question "And you, my dear daughter, are

"No, doctor," said the young woman,

"I am an Episcopalian." - Buffalo Ex

The Queer Anties of a Lot of Chickens

That Were Bitten by a Mad Dog. Farmer Barker is a great lover of anmals, says The Philadelphia News, and n addition to the bob-tailed quadruped nat helps to drag an antiquated plowshare in summer and a bob-sled in winter, he is the owner of two goats, a cow, three black-and-tan terriers, a gaunt hound whose pedigree is not much longer than his abbreviated tail. This hound has since puppyhood been addicted to wandering about the surrounding country, and his reputation for peaceable behavior toward sheep has always been bad. On the fifteenth of last month the dog was chased out of Haine's potato patch on the plank road, and it was observed then that the animal was frothing at the mouth and snapping, not only at passers-by, but at every obstacle in its path.

HYDROPHOBIA.

Nothing particular was thought of this at the time, but on the day following the dog dashed into Barker's back vard with bloodshot eyes, foamed flecked jowls, and a howl that could be heard for a quarter of a mile. Old man Barhusband on his appearance that eve- ker picked up a stake and tried to drive show it. Come along! Don't hang refused to obey, and ran wildly around the animal into its kennel, but the beast the yard in a circle until it fell exhausted against the pailing fence. Mr. Barker is not a particularly well-read man, sons, and a couple of small children. As a consequence the house was instantly barricaded and a council of war held. would be to shoot the dog with an old | tled, and he urged them not to put it army musket that had lain in the garret off, as he had done. He was willing since the capture of Richmond. By now to die, but if it was the will of Her manner had undergone a change. the time the gun had been brought down stairs, oiled, and loaded, the

A window was lifted, aim was was a terrific explosion, and one of the Barker boys was thrown on his back. A great squawking in the chicken coop followed the firing of the musket, and twenty or thirty of the frightened birds

flew over the fence. The dog did not appear to notice them, but kept galloping on, snapping he said it was uninjured, and would not get out of his way, and a dry cheek in the room as he talked to at least half a dozen of them were them and called them by name and killed within five minutes. The rest | bade them good-by. Three days later were mangled badly, but as the dog's he died. He was buried on his own second paroxysm ended in : nother fit farm a short distance back of the house of exhaustion, they had a chance to where he had lived. He picked out the she added quickly, "how do you like huddle together long enough to permit spot himself. It is on the top of a

who, like Mrs. Whitman, has of-fact people, there was not much sen- as idle as his own. Not a wheel turned been drawing too heavily on her hus- timent wasted either upon the dead in any of the mills. Nobody did any band's slender income, for silks and hound or the dead chickens. The lat- business in the stores. Three thousand ter was plucked, drawn, and made into people looked at him in his coffin and injured chickens were driven back to

Very little attention was paid to this at again, and said: first, but it kept up so long that Mrs. substitutes for smiling peace and hearts Barker went to see if a fox had gotten the two pullets had been re- necessaries for themselves and their them were squaking and flying and paid. Say no more about it; I guess I running about the yard like mad. Mrs. | can stand a loss better than the men Barker called for her boys, and they can a reduction.' came from the house to enjoy the singular spectacle. By that time every chicken in the yard was in a most re-"Troy has yet the reputation of being were lying on their backs flapping their wings; others were fighting imaginary foes, and others again were seemingly bent on dashing out their brains against the fence. After awhile all the chickens, except two of the cocks and one of the gray pullets, quieted down. These excited fowls continued to roll about in the sand and give utterance to the most unchickenlike eries. Their mouths were wide open, like chickens with the pip, and their antics were so all the way up from Frogtown, and on his way back stopped to tell Dr. E. F. Shriver, who visited the house on Sunday morning, and after a careful examination gravely announced that the chickens were suffering from hydrophobia. Although this was scouted by physicians generally, Dr. Shriver was positive that his diagnosis was correct. A draught of air started the peculiar anties, and the fowls refused to drink water. The strange behavior continued all day Sunday, and on Monday a number of persons visited the farm and were promptly charged 10 cents to see

the chickens dance. A prominent physician was asked this morning by a reporter whether such a disease could exist in chickens. The doctor laughed. "No," said he. 'Hydrophobia could not exist in a graniverous animal. It is a malady peculiar to omnivorous animals and affects the carnivora proper more than any other species. I can not imagine what ails those chickens at Barker's. I saw them yesterday, and I must confess that I never was more astonished or amused in my life."

Count Brenner bought three pairs of The number is now estimated at five hundred, and the count enjoys his shooting very much.

Several cheese factories in Chautauqua county, New York, have lately reason for the change.

AN AFFECTING SCENE.

The Sermon John Dubois Preached from His Death-Bed.

The circumstances surrounding the death of John Dubois, the father and patron of this town, were very pathetic, and have left a deep impression on the community, writes a Dubois (Pa.,) correspondent of The New York Sun. Although not an intidel, he had lived a careless life. He seldom went to church, preferring to spend Sunday walking about his mills or his fine farm of one thousand acres. For a year or more, however, his mind had been inclined to religious matters. He did not go to the preachers with his perplexities. He read his bible and consulted with his lawyer about it. His lawyer was Hon. George A. Jenks, who has just resigned the assistant secretaryship of the interior in order to keep a promise to Mr. Dubois that he would country the whole year round, he is just take the place of the latter as confidential adviser to a young nephew who

gets the vast estate. A few days before his death Mr. Dubois sent for Rev. Mr. Bell, and, after a long conversation with him, he was baptized and received into the Presbyterian church. He immediately sent for the heads of all the departments in his works, and as many of the men as could crowd into the sickroom, to the number of about fifty. When they were gathered he gave them such an exhortation as had never been heard before in this region. He told them he was dying and that if he had been well assured of his eternal welfare a week before he would not be living to talk to them. He could not let go life, he said, until he got that question setprovidence that he should live one year longer, he would not wish to take up every day, he said, going about the mills telling his men the great truth that he had at length found out, and trying to undo some of the evil his example had wrought in his long lifetime.

His voice and brain was strong, although his body was wasted almost to a skeleton, and he could scarcely sit up in bed propped with pillows. The men had worked for him-some ten, some twenty, some thirty years. They were rough, grizzly fellows from the logging camps and the mills, but there was not his funeral all hands in the town were

Although his works were divided up into different departments, each under their coop, and the Barker family re- its responsible head, he knew all of the things, but they are too dearly bought fired to bed without any other thought eight hundred men who, worked for when they come as the price of a hus- than chicken for breakfast. In a week him, and always spoke to them as courthe whole thing was forgotten, and teously as if they were all millionaires etude or alienation. Too often the gay would probably never have been as well as himself. Some years ago. young wife wears them as the sign of thought of again had not a most re- when times were dull and lumber fell to a low figure, the managers of his About five o'clock last Saturday after- works agreed that there must be a renoon there was a great commotion in duction in the wages of the men, and clouded by weak vanity and love of the chicken-yard. Two gray pullets so told him. He heard them through were discovered flying blindly about, and took the figures they had brought upsetting meal-pans, water-troughs, him, but made no decision. The next and playing old scratch generally. day he summoned them to meet him

'This will not do. I have examined the books at the store, and find that it

Another Maine Snake Story. Speaking of the venomous snake which caused the horrible death of the little boy who lived near Grand falls, a short time since, says The Lewiston, (Me.) Journal, a Lewisten man vouches for the truth of a similar occurrence in the eastern part of this state which came under his observation not long ago. A young fellow who was a noted sportsman, always running about the woods gunning and fishing, one day about a month since took his fishing-rod and started for a brook trout where he was wont to make his headquarters during the fishing-season. He tells the story himself that about noon, the day being warm, he became thirsty and stretched himself out on the bank of the trout brook and began drinking a cool draught from the clear pool just below a small waterfall. How the misfortune happened he can hardly explain, but when in the very act of drinking he sucked into his stomach a large water-

It was with difficulty that he crawled home and obtained assistance of physicians. His symptoms grew alarmingly serious soon after medical aid was summoned. The doctors did everything in their power, but all their efforts only resulted in making the young man's condition more critical. The snake nearly choked the young man to death several times by crawling back and forth in his throat. The young man was nearly dead, when his friends advised him as a last resort to go back to the trout brook, lay down near the water, and perhaps the gurgling of the water brook might entice the water snake out of his stomach into his native haunts. The victim of this awful calamity thought the experiment only a foolish chance for life, but he consented to it. He was carried to the brook and placed directly beneath a waterfall where the stream rushed down a steep. rocky descent, making noise enough to American wild turkeys in 1880, and let | wake a dozen snakes. He hadn't rethem loose on his estate in Austria. mained by the water long before he felt a motion of something in his stomach. Gradually the sensation came higher and higher, and the viper began slowly enough; we had all been asked to write erawling up the poor man's throat. our autographs in a boo The water had won the victory, for the ed the house, and I had unwittingly slimy reptile stuck its head out of the poor man's mouth, saw the water rushbeen transformed into creameries for ing past, and leaped into the brook. An the manufacture of a butter of a high attempt was made to capture the watergrade. Low profits in cheese is the snake, but it was unsuccessful. The de cuisine, may be cooked in two hundred difman lives to day to tell the story.

CITY AND COUNTRY BOYS.

Their Respective Advantages and Disadvantages. The half-grown boy and his cousin,

the half-grown boy of the rural districts, are envious of each other, inversely as the square of the seasons, as the mathematicians would put it. For instance, just now when the April showers are falling and the flowers are commencing to bloom, the city boy sits in the close school-rooms and wishes himself out in the country where there is good fishing in the little streams and where there are flowers in the woods showing themselves, and where there are birds and a thousand other things that lead to his enjoyment. The country boy is just as desirous of staying where he is, for though he is in the as glad to live in the sunshine and among the flowers and green fields as the city boy would be. No, he don't want any city mixed up with his life when the charming spring weather comes. But there is a time when he would like to be in the city; when he plans and plans how he could get there and what he would do if he were there. This is when the summer work is over, and the chilling blasts of approaching winter are felt. The country is a dreary place in winter, and the boy thinks that if only he could be fixed like his city cousin he would be supremely happy. To tell the truth, the boy on the farm has a hard time of it in winter. There is always a lot of work to do which the older people seem to think is just the thing for the boys, and therefore they have to do it. True, they get some sleigh-rides and have a little fun at school, but it is a dreary time notwithstanding.

The city boy, if his parents are wellto-do, has a great advantage in the long run-he has a long vacation in the summer, and he can go out and spend it with his country cousin. He has nothing to do, and if his parents are in a position to live half and half, that is, the winter in the city and the summer in the country, he is pretty well provided for. The country boy can't do anything like that. He has too much to do in the winter to come into town and have a good time, and he is a fortunate boy if he can get a few days' visit

every year to the city. The country boy, if he don't like farm life, and not one-half of them do-not because they are indolent or anything of the kind, for they will work hard enough at what they do like-will, in course of time, drift away from the farm and find himself clerking in a city one of the Barker boys to come out of gently sloping hill, and overlooks his store or working in the shops, and hav-We leave to the reader's imagina- the house and club the mad dog to mills and the town that he built. For ing a much harder time of it than he the three days between his death and had on the farm. Yet you could not get him to go back. He may like to get out of town occasionally and see the green fields, and fish in the streams as he did when a boy, but a week or so is enough, and back he comes to the crowded city.

Boys are very queer some way or other, and a really contented boy is not found at every turn of your elbow. This is the reason, perhaps, why there are so many discontented men in the world-they are so because they did not have things to suit them when they were boys .- Pittsburgh Chronicle-Tel-

Danger in the Streets of Paris. A Russian boy of 17, named Alexar

der Shelthord, who is now attend M. Pasteur's laboratory, has met a serious accident, writes a Paris respondent of The London Telegr The poor fellow was crossing ? Boulevard St. Michel, when he suddenly knocked down by a c. which was driven past at great speed One of the weels of the vehicle passed over the boy's legs and he was taken home insensible to his lodgings in the Rue Gay Lussac. A man who was struck subdenly in the breast by the shaft of another cab, which was going at a headlong pace, fell down and was picked up dying. He had hardly been placed in a bed at the hospital of the Hotel Dieu when he breathed his last. These are further instances of the danger of the Parisian streets, which do not seem to have been obviated by the recent enactments of the perfect of police respecting the speed at which cabs are driven and the distances they are to be kept from the footpaths. The drivers, especially the younger ones, often manage to dodge the vigilance of the officers of the law, and they still indulge not only in furious driving in some of the wider portions of the city, but in racing for mere mischief's sake. Until the Parian jehus learn to drink less and to behave themselves better, many accidents which might be avoided were common care exercised, are bound to occur. In addition to the more serious cab accidents registered during the erowded state of the streets, there were also some eases of persons being run over by omribusses. An elderly woman and her nephew were crossing the Rue de Rivoli near the Louvre, when they were both knocked down by the omnious that runs from the Orleans railway station to St. Philippe du Roule, The wheels passed over the woman's stomach, and she died almost immediately. Her nephew only had some scratches

Bronson Howard at a Fancy Ball.

Bronson Howard spoke of being with George H. Boughton in London, and said that the last time he saw him he went to a funcy ball at his house as

"How could you dress such a part?" "Why, I wore a white dress suit," said Howard. "Everything white about me, as I supposed, until) made my addresses to our host. Hello! what are you!' said Boughton. 'Purity,' said I, proudly conscious of my clean appearance. 'Yes, and you're gone and lost your character with the pen,' was the quick rejoinder. Sure gotten a daub of ink on my coat."

New York Star. Eggs, according to an eminent French che