

"DESULTORY READING."
Of finest essence of delicious meat.
To bid for some other space the busy mill
Of anxious, ever grinding thought be still.
And let the weary brain and throbbing head
Be by another's cooling hand caressed.
This volume in my hand, I hold a charm
Which lifts me out of reach or wrong or harm.
I walk away from trouble, and most blessed
Of every blessing, can myself forget;
Can rise above the instance low and poor
Into the mighty law that governs yet.
This hinged cover, like a well-hung door,
Shuts out the noise of the jangling day.
These fair leaves fan unwelcome thoughts
Away.
F. M. P., in the Spectator, London.

SUMMERSVILLE.

"Oh, Teddy, can't you get any more apples than this? I'm sure I could if I were only up there," cried the girl standing with up-turned face under an old apple tree, from which a small boy was trying in vain to gather a few apples.

"I know you could. Do come up, Lew. There is no one here to see, and I won't tell."

"Why, Teddy Chesleigh! I am eighteen years old," with indignant emphasis.

"Well, I didn't suppose you'd do it. But there is a bunch of daisy apples right near the fence. You might reach that."

"I will," she replied, after a moment's hesitation. Here goes," and looking around to assure herself that no one was within sight, she tossed down her hat and mounts with nimble steps the rickety old fence, catching the branch, heavily laden with delicious fruit.

"Oh, Teddy, they are elegant!" she exclaimed, with a gay little laugh, disclosing a row of white, even little teeth. She makes a perfect picture there, her uplifted arms forming a frame for the bright, laughing face with its crown of bonny brown hair, which the winds blow recklessly about, and her slender figure in a close-fitting dress of soft, clinging ray, standing out in bold relief against the blue sky, while the wind throwing the dress aside, shows a pretty little foot and a slender little ankle.

Clutching the branch lightly in both little brown hands, she gave a vigorous shake, when looking down to note the result of her shaking, she sees, much to her horror, a young gentleman, equipped for hunting, standing not far off, whom she immediately recognizes as one she had met during the past winter in Albany.

With a little gasp she turns her crimson face up to her brother with a reproachful glance, but, undaunted by her indignant looks, the shameless youngster sits grinning in the tree apparently enjoying the situation immensely.

The gentleman turns toward the more friendly face and addresses a few remarks to him about the apples, thus giving Lew an opportunity for descending from her lofty position.

When she is again on the ground, she tries in vain to smooth her hair, which is blowing in dire confusion all over her face. The gentleman now raises his hunting-cap, and smilingly offers his hand, saying, "Miss Chesleigh, I believe."

"Yes," she answers, her face bright with blushes, as she hesitatingly holds out a little tanned hand. "Am I not speaking to Mr. Delmarre?"

"At your service. I must beg pardon, Miss Chesleigh, for my untimely intrusion," with a smile still lurking in his dark eyes, as he looks at the still-confused maiden.

"I grant it, but I wish to assure you that I do not do such undignified things often, but the fruit did look so tempting."

"Let me congratulate you on your success," glancing at the goodly number which lay on the ground. "I used to be quite an expert in such matters, and have come in to this country to renew my skill, and as a beginning have started out to hunt, but awkwardly broke my gun at the first attempt to use it."

Then Lew calls to Teddy, who is gathering up the apples, and adjusts her hat.

"Teddy, it is getting late and auntie will be worried about us. Besides it is tea-time." Then she says to Mr. Delmarre: "I must say good-bye to-day, but if you spend the summer here will be such near neighbors that we shall probably see each other often."

"Allow me to talk with you as I go this way and am beginning to think it is supper time, also."

Then, as silence gives consent, he walks on with them, helping Teddy carry the fruit. The conversation is carried on chiefly by Teddy and Philip during their short walk, for Lew has not yet quite regained her composure. When they reach home and Mr. Delmarre left them Teddy receives a severe scolding, but as usual, proves invulnerable. But Lew succeeds in extorting a promise that he will never, never tell. For she knows her Aunt Mary, a sedate spinster of uncertain age, who has presided over the household since the death of their mother, would be utterly shocked.

the usual way, that she is sorry, but does not care enough for him to marry him, etc. Only one consolation does she give him, and that is that she shoves no one else. So Phil is comforted in a degree, thinking that someday he may be able to win her love.

Less than an hour there and wanders down the bank of the river, for in his great disappointment he can hardly bear to see her.

Suddenly he hears a sharp cry and his heart almost stands still, for it is Lew's voice. Can she have fallen into the water? Blaming himself for leaving her there alone and so near the water, he rushes back and sees Lew standing on the bank wringing her hands, while in the water he discovers Teddy.

Without hesitation he throws off his coat and leaps into the river. He is a good swimmer, but Teddy has become unconscious and is very heavy, and it is not without difficulty he gets him to the bank.

Lew is standing perfectly motionless, but this moment has brought her to the knowledge that she loves Phil Delmarre with all her heart, and that without him her future life would be a dreary blank.

When Phil reaches the bank with the unconscious boy in his arms he carries him to his uncle's house, which is not far away.

Lew follows, silent and unremonstrating, and they soon reach the spot where Mr. Delmarre is enjoying his morning cigar on the porch, and as the procession neared the steps he called out to Phil in a grateful voice.

"Hello! What's up now? Looks as if you'd been near the river!"

"Yes, we've had an accident," replied Phil, still holding the boy in his arms.

Here the old housekeeper made her appearance, much to the relief of Phil, who began to give orders for her to prepare a bed for his little charge, and for once she did not wait for her master's bidding, because the distressed look on Lew's face, who was standing by, touched the heart of the old woman.

When Lew was left alone with the old gentleman she summoned all her courage and stepped up to his chair and stood before him, much to his surprise, for all the neighbors had looked upon him as an ogre, and no one had ever before been known to speak to him unless it was absolutely necessary.

"Mr. Delmarre, I am very sorry we have been obliged to intrude upon your quiet household, but it was quite unavoidable, and I can only hope our stay will be as short as possible."

She stood waiting for an answer, but received none save a deep grunt, which very nearly made her jump.

Just then Phil came out, his dripping garments being changed for a dark suit that was very becoming to him.

"You had best go to your brother," he said in polite tones, leading the way.

"Yes, but let me first endeavor to thank you for the great service you have rendered me, but here she was interrupted by Phil.

"Let us not discuss that. I am now going for a physician. There is the room," and he hurried away. Lew and Mrs. Smith made Teddy as comfortable as possible, but when he recovered from his sleep he was delirious.

When Phil and the doctor came he was in a restless sleep.

The good old doctor pronounced him to be moved for a week or two, to Lew's great horror. "To stay a week with that horrid old man!"

None knew what the old man thought for he kept his thoughts to himself, and sat most of the day on the porch with either a cigar or paper.

Phil went to Teddy's aunt, but Teddy would have no one near him but Lew, her aunt packed a few things in a valise and went to her room.

It was not long until the whole town had heard of the accident, and one and all declared that "it was the strangest thing that they had ever heard of that old John Delmarre would allow them folks at his home."

Mr. Chesleigh, Aunt Mary and the doctor paid regular visits at the farm, and Teddy improved slowly under their care. She had left her bed, and her newly discovered love grew stronger as she learned more of Phil's noble nature. He was the life of the house, kind to everyone, but his great kindness to Teddy would have won Lew's heart alone.

At last the day has come for Teddy's departure, and preparatory to this Lew has persuaded him to take a nap. She is sitting near the lounge, her deft fingers busily employed in putting the finishing touches to a smoking cap for Mr. Delmarre. Her eyes are fixed on him, making herself necessary to his comfort in a thousand different ways, such as reading his newspapers to him and making dainty dishes for his luncheon.

In the meantime her thoughts are with Mr. Delmarre, Jr., whose heart she had won long ago.

Suddenly the door opens and the object of her thoughts comes into the room. With a pretty gesture she waves a finger on her lip for silence. Thinking himself unwelcome, he is tipping his hat out of the room when he hears his name, "Phil," pronounced in soft, low tones.

Turning with a surprised glance he retraces his steps and comes to her side, and is still more astonished to see her sitting so near over her work, and covered with blushes.

"Phil," she repeats, with one swift, upward glance, "do you remember that once I said I could never repay you for saving Teddy's life?" her face trembled slightly.

"I beseech you not to allude to that day," for he remembers another incident of that day—one that brings painful thoughts to him.

"But I have changed my mind, and will give you a very worthless gift, but only if you will accept of it, and—"

"—then, breaking down, and covering her face with her hands. "Oh, Phil! Don't you understand! Must I propose to you?"

"Oh, my darling!"

But just at this juncture Teddy raises upon one elbow, and is watching these interesting proceedings with two large eyes from which all signs of sleep have fled.

"Well, Lew, I always thought you had lots of cheek, but I didn't think you'd have the gall to propose to a fellow!"

"Oh, Teddy!" cries Lew reproachfully, with turning cheeks, while Phil breaks into an undignified roar, at which Lew's face grows rosier still, as she beats a hasty retreat, but rushes into the arms of Mr. Delmarre, who, holding her tightly, marches into the room.

"What's up now?" he exclaims with a smile that has become quite common to him during Lew's stay.

When Phil's explanation is given he says to Lew.

"So I'm not to lose you after all? I had quite decided to ask you to remain here, if this scamp didn't," nodding toward Phil, "for you have become quite indispensable to—the family."

Then, taking the hand of the confused girl, he placed it in Phil's and gently pushed them from the room. From there they go into the little garden.

Here we will pause for lack of space and leave our readers to imagine what took place in the garden.

Experiments in Implanting Teeth.
From the New York Herald.

It, as many eminent physicians assert, the dietary and habits of Americans are rapidly causing widespread dental degeneracy, the recent successful experiments in implanting teeth are of a national importance. Dr. Younger, of San Francisco, has demonstrated that it is practicable to replace lost teeth, even after the socket has been filled up with bony substance. He simply drills into the jaw, gouges out a new socket, and then, taking a foreign tooth that has long been extracted, cleans it thoroughly, soaks it in bichloride of mercury and inserts it in the socket thus artificially formed.

Describing this marvellous process in its issue of the 23rd inst., Science states that Dr. W. M. Gray, the microscopist of the United States Surgeon General's office, has examined a tooth which had been implanted by Dr. Younger's method and then extracted. Dr. Gray's microscopical examination shows beyond question that the tooth so implanted is actually revived that circulation is established between the socket and the implanted tooth and that the socket takes an active part in anchoring the tooth. Dr. G. M. Curtis, of Syracuse, N. Y., has successfully repeated Dr. Younger's experiment, and has implanted a tooth which was so firmly anchored that it broke when he was extracting it.

The value of these experiments to afflicted humanity can hardly be overrated. Dentists who learn to implant teeth will be almost as great benefactors of the race as the discoverers of modern anesthetics. As soon as teeth are indispensable to healthy digestion and nutrition of the body, the discovery of means for replacing them when lost is about as near an approach as we can ever expect to the discovery of the fabled fountain of perpetual youth.

Rag Carpets.
One of the profitable ways to dispose of the accumulation of woolen clothing in the attic is to make a rag carpet. It is durable, easily swept, and may be pleasing to the eye. Do not seem discouraged at the seeming magnitude of this undertaking. One pound, or at most, one and a half pounds will weave a yard of carpeting, and an afternoon devoted to the work will result in a carpet which will last for years.

If the rags, or the time that can be given to them, are insufficient to furnish the desired quantity this season, the balls will keep in a bag made of new cotton cloth until another spring. When contemplating the manufacture of a carpet, examine the cast-away clothing and be sure that these carpets, quite as readily made, will wash coats after being ripped. Cut thick cloth in strips about half an inch wide; soft thin ones, which are quite as good, somewhat broader. Lap the strips, sew them firmly, and wind on balls. The beauty of this floor covering depends very much upon the colors used in the strips. Many are obtained by dyeing worn-out blankets, with coloring that can be purchased for a trifle; cotton goods are sometimes used when of the desired hue, and Turkey red cotton is a valuable aid in increasing the number of gay-colored spheres. While stripes are the regulation pattern, these carpets, quite as readily made, are of no particular design, the hit or miss style. Care is necessary in the distribution of colors even in the latter manner of weaving. Cotton warp, doubled and colored is a good foundation for the filling; No. 7 cotton yarn doubled is preferred by some. After a brief examination the medical man announced his opinion that the scout was shamming. The little toe on his right foot had been cut off at the joint in boyhood. The deserter had seen the foot several times, and now he suddenly remembered the stump.

When Rosmore saw that he was doomed he owned up to his identity, and pointing his finger at the man who had betrayed him he said:

"Lew Warner, listen to me! Through you I shall hang, but sooner or later my death will be avenged upon you! General, I am ready."

He was allowed to be hanged at sunrise, and went to his death as a martyr.

Warner was from Tennessee, in the neighborhood of Knoxville. In August, 1865, he returned there to settle down, and one evening, before he had been home two weeks, some one fired a bullet through his heart as he traversed one of the back streets.

Pathetic History of a New York Model.
Cincinnati Commercial.

A beautiful woman was admired at the last picture exhibition of the Lotus Club, New York. She was on canvas in a frame, but as big as life, and so natural that she easily reigned queen over all the alive women in the assemblage. There was nothing remarkable about her. She was adequately clad in a white woolen robe, which draped her perfect form in classic style, though she was labeled a modern girl at her toilet; and the ribbon round her hair, while it was like the circlet of a Greek goddess, was presumably for mere convenience in holding up her hair temporarily. The clever idea was to create a medieval effect with wholly modern material. The face and arms were those of a stately blonde, her pose was commandingly erect, her color was that of brimming health and spirits and she looked a very prosperous individual. The artist, James Carroll Beckwith, was repeatedly asked if he had painted from a model. He admitted the picture was as nearly a portrait as any artist cared to admit in an idealistic picture.

In response to special inquiry, he said: "My model was an English girl. She was born to a good position, for her family was almost rich, and highly respected. But she eloped to America, and sank into abject poverty. She had suffered seriously from cold and hunger when I chanced to come across her. I employed her to sit for this painting, and I have no doubt that she had once been as proud and queenly as she therein appears, but, poor creature, she died before this presentment of her beauty. Her fatal illness was caused by privation, though she was made as comfortable as possible towards the last."

The trial of Billings in the murder of Kingley at Waverly, Iowa, has reached the point where the state rests, and the evidence for the defence will follow.

The Secret of Hood's Defeat
Atlanta on the 17th of July, 1864. We were at that time about five miles from the city on Peach Tree Creek. Hood's division had passed over the creek. About 5 o'clock in the afternoon our boys brought in a citizen they had captured on that side of the creek. He was brought before me and I questioned him closely. He did not appear to know much, but said that he had read in an Atlanta paper that Gen. Johnson had been relieved of the command of the opposing army and had been succeeded by Gen. J. B. Hood. Col. McKay of our side soon happened along and asked me if there was anything new. I told him of the change of commanders on the part of the enemy; that Johnson had been succeeded by Hood. He appeared greatly alarmed, and he exclaimed: "My God, general, that means trouble—I tell you Hood's a fighter." I was somewhat alarmed myself, and asked McKay what he knew about Hood's fighting qualities.

"McKay said: 'well, sir, general, I was in San Antonio, Tex., once, before the war, and I saw that man Hood beat \$2,000 on a hand in a game of poker, and he didn't even have a pair of jacks.'"

"Well, I didn't say much in response but I decided in my mind that a man who could bet \$2,000 on a hand in a friendly game of poker when he didn't even have a pair to back him would be a hard man to meet on a field of battle when he was backed by several thousand able-bodied confederate soldiers, and the sequel proved that McKay was not wrong in his estimate."

"It was then about dark. I got my men together and told them I expected we would have to fight to-morrow. I threw my men across the creek and commenced that night to build fortifications, and the next morning our forces were all across the creek, and we had plenty of earthworks for any emergency. I ordered dinner to be served to the men by 11 o'clock. About that time Gen. Thomas came along, saluted me, and asked: 'What is the matter?' I told him the same thing: 'we must be ready to move forward as soon as Hooker's men have had their dinner,' and expressing the opinion that he would now march into Atlanta without opposition."

"I said, 'General, I think you are mistaken. I think we are going to have a fight.' I had scarcely ceased speaking when we heard a terrible firing to our left. I immediately dispatched a messenger in that direction, who soon returned with the information that Hood had made a terrible charge on our left, and had already broken through two lines of Davis' division and was now charging in our direction and, sure enough, he was down upon us. But with my preparations, already described, we were ready to meet him, and you bet we gave him a warm reception, and we defeated him after hard fighting, and soon thereafter marched victoriously into Atlanta. Had it not been for McKay's story of the \$2,000 bet he would have made it very uncomfortable for us. As it was, we were ready for him."—Gen. John M. Palmer.

Canada's Black Bear.
From the Popular Science Monthly.

Mr. William Pitman Lent gives an interesting account of the "Black Bear" in the "Transactions" of the Ottawa (Canada) Field Naturalists' Club. The young of bears are produced in March, and no female has been killed by the Canadian hunters, before or after the wintering season, that showed any evidence of being in the gravid state. The cubs are very small—no larger, when two days old, than kittens of the same age. The animals feed principally on vegetable food—grapes, roots, berries, beechnuts, oaks, and Indian corn. They sometimes, and may be taken there by a skillful hunter. They are inordinately fond of honey, and they feast luxuriously in the fall on the berries of the mountain ash. When their natural food is scarce they visit the farmyard and carry off pigs and sheep, and will even kill a cow or a horse, and a hunter. They are also fond of fish; they have been known to wade and swim in the rivers for the purpose of catching them, and are frequently to be seen along the coast of the island of Anticosti, devouring herring spawns. They are active, though clumsy, and will run a mile or two with astonishing speed. When closely pursued by dogs a bear will take to a tree, up which he can climb rapidly, but from which he descends more slowly head upward, as soon as it appears safe to do so. They are very shy and timorous in the presence of man, and will take off rapidly when they perceive a human being by sight or scent, but they are most affected by the scent. The black bear fights with teeth and claws, and by hugging. When in an erect position he is a perfect master of the art of self-defense, and it would puzzle a pugilist to get in a blow at him. His most vulnerable part is the nose, which is provided with many sensitive nerves intimately and directly connected with the brain. When a bear is standing on all-fours, there would be no difficulty in striking him with a club; but, when he is sitting erect, it would be an entirely different matter. Canada black bears retreat to their dens—generally under the roots of large trees, or occasionally in rocky caves—at about the setting in of the season of frost and snow. They remain there in a quiescent state, although not—as has been well established by hunters who have killed them in their dens in the depth of winter—in a torpid condition of torpidity till the opening of spring. When they first emerge from their four months' slumber they are heavy and fat, and their fur is in prime condition, but shortly afterward they fall off in flesh, and soon become ragged in coat and lank in appearance. Toward October, if they have had a favorable summer, they are found in good condition, and at any time after the middle of November their skins have the finest color and the thickest and heaviest coat of fur. Bears are still found within eight or ten miles of the city of Ottawa.

Don't try, if you are an ordinary man to occupy two seats in a crowded horse car. Only women can do that and look as innocent as a lily-of-the-valley all the while.

Being asked to state her birth-place and when she was born, the witness, an actress, answered: "England. I was born on a date which I was too young to know. I am old enough to testify."

THE TALE-TALE HEART.
If it Were Worn on the Sleeve There Would be No Bluffing at Poker.

Some years ago, on the frontier, in a little den, half hotel and half gambling house, I saw a most astounding feat performed.

It was done by a gambler named Paxton, a tall, cadaverous, nervous-looking fellow, who is pretty well known in the West, partly through his professional dexterity and partly through a certain facility in applying his index finger to the instrument that has immortalized Mr. Colt. I think he is at present in Dodge city, Kansas.

The way it came about was this: I met Paxton at the supper table and fell into conversation with him. He had been a keen observer throughout a very checked career, and interwove a running description of the country and some very free-hand portraits of prominent citizens with a vein of sardonic philosophy that was extremely entertaining. In short, I wanted to see more of him, and in the course of the evening dropped into the barroom, where he was the presiding genius at a faro table, for the particular purpose of drawing him out. Presently the game dwindled down to nothingness, and pushing back his chair he picked up the thread of our talk, and so it drifted on from one topic to another until something was said about coolness in trying positions.

"Coolness is like beauty," said Paxton: "it's only skin deep. No man is really cool in the presence of a question, but if he can appear to be and carry it off that is all that is necessary. And, by the way," he added, "that reminds me of something that may interest you. Just run your eye over that faro layout, and pick out a card, in your mind."

I did not exactly see the right card, but did as he told me. On the layout, or board, were pasted, face upward, the cards of one suit, from ace to king. I mentally selected the jack.

"Now then," he said, laying his hand impressively on mine, "let's see if I can read which it was. But it seems to me you have forgotten." I assured him I remembered perfectly. "All right," he continued, "think just how it looks."

I pictured vividly in my mind's eye the idiotic elf on the jack, and he began to count: "Ace, deuce, tray, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, jack, queen, king. It was the jack," he said.

I was a good deal surprised, and protested that it must be a guess.

"All right," he said, "select another. I chose the four, and he began again. "Ace, deuce, tray, four—that's it—the four."

Of course there was no room for the guess theory after that, and I went away completely mystified. It seemed to be a perfect example of mind reading, pure and simple, much more clever and open than anything done by Browne. Bishop had not then come to the front. A few days afterward Paxton became so fond of me that he told me how he did it.

"It's all in the heart," he said. "You may stiffen up your face, waltz your eyes, and not move a muscle, but all the while your heart, which you can't control, is throbbing, throbbing away, blabbing everything it knows. When I put my hand on your pulse I dropped my finger on your pulse, and I read the right card. It gave a little quaver, plain as day. The talk about your forgetting the card was simply to make you think about it as hard as possible."

The pulse trick that Paxton showed me is simple and easily performed by any one of reasonably sensitive touch. I have done it over a hundred times with as many different people, and never made a single failure after the first few attempts when I was getting the hang of it. The jog or quaver of the pulse is very characteristic and quite unmistakable, and the trick forms a neat and effective parlor amusement.

Of course faro layouts are not supposed to be accessible, but a deck of cards or blocks, lettered with the alphabet will answer. I have found in most cases, particularly with ladies who are delicately organized, it can be done by simply requesting the subject to think of a number or letter, but to insure success it is better to have the subject directly concentrated.

Following on this lines several other things suggested themselves which are pretty experiments and easily performed. Here are a couple of them: Take a sheet of foolscap and rule it across with six spaces of equal width. Then number the spaces, and request the subject to think intently of one of them. While he is doing so let him take a pen by the tin of the holder and draw a line from right to left across the sheet, and the line when it enters the space on which his mind was fixed, will almost invariably incline toward the body. Furthermore, it will show, on close inspection, a tremulous edge, while the balance of it is firm.

Another and more striking test may be performed as follows: Lay the ace, deuce, tray, and four of ordinary playing cards upon a surface on the table. Then let the subject hold a pen suspended by a short string tied to the end, above the center of the square, and tell him to shut his eyes and think of one of the cards. In a few seconds the pen will begin to oscillate toward the one, and finally swing directly over it. Neither of these experiments should be explained beforehand, as in that case the subject will probably exert his will power to defeat them, and they may fail.

In connection with this curious tendency of the heart and muscles to betray themselves I had my attention called some time ago to an article in the Revue Scientifique (Paris) describing an apparatus to do on a large scale what Paxton did on a small. It was the invention of Prof. Maso and consisted of a table on which a man could stretch at full length and, having an equatorial scale attached, the slightest disturbance of his centre of gravity would cause a large indicating needle below to move to one side or the other. It was designed to show how the heart and circulation are instantly affected by the mind, and some strange things were done on it. The slightest emotion would cause the needle to incline toward the head, and it would dart in that direction even when the man on the table was asleep and a noise was made in the room, though not sufficiently loud to awaken him. Maso related that an Italian professor submitted to the experiment, and, standing at full length, read to himself from two books, a poet in his own language

and Homer in the original. The needle was passive while he read the Italian's verses; but when he came to the harder task of translating Homer, it moved toward the head and remained fixed immovably there. Taking all in all, I am inclined to think that the little force pump in one's breast is about the only truthful organ, and that when novelists speak of a false heart they slander it. As a matter of fact, its delicate throbs are attuned to every hidden thought, and perhaps some day genius will devise a form of Maso's instrument which may be attached to a witness in court and enable justice to dispense with the formality of a oath.

Buy the Best.
Many anecdotes of the early Quakers are preserved in Philadelphia, to show how even, under Pen's rule, the impulses of human nature strugled against their rigid laws of duty and submission.

Not a few of the young men of Quaker families served in the Revolutionary Army and in the navy in 1812, and wore on the field their broad-brimmed hats and shad-bellied coats. It is said that one of these young "Fighting Quakers," as they were called, met his father on the street on his return home. The old man laid his hand rebukingly on his son's arm, saying, "The wool in thy coat was sheared from my sheep, and woven in thy mother's loom, yet there is blood on it!"

"And the blood is thy blood," boldly replied the young man. "If thou hadst been twenty instead of sixty, thou, too, wouldst have fought under Washington."

"Zachariah!" stammered the old man. "It may be so, Zachariah. Thou hadst better go in to thy dinner."

A well known story is that of a friend who was in a sailing vessel boarded by a British press-gang in 1812. He paced the deck with folded arms during the fight, until he saw one of the assailants climbing on deck by means of a cable.

"Friend, dost thou want the rope?" he said, calmly, holding up his knife in hand. "Thou shalt have it," and he cut it. The man dropped into the sea.

A better authenticated story is that of a grave old Quaker, two of whose sons went into the late Civil War without his knowledge. The youngest son was fired, as was almost every other young man at that time, from Maine to Florida, with the wish to give his life for the cause which he believed just. He had accepted a commission, but did not wish to go without his father's consent.

He took occasion to make his preparations rather ostentatiously in his father's sight, laying out his uniform and tried to attract attention, but all in vain. As a last resort he seated himself in the room where the old man was pacing up and down, and began polishing his sword.

His father watched him, with a face growing paler and with dim eyes. At last he went up to the young man and said quietly: "Samuel, if thou thinks thee must use one of those tools, buy the best and—I will pay for it, Samuel."

When Wolves Were Plentiful
Chambers' Journal.

Ancient chroniclers state that King Edgar attempted to extirpate the wolves in England by commuting the punishments of certain offences into the acceptance of a certain number of wolves' tongues from each criminal, and in Wales by converting the tax of gold and silver into an annual tribute of 300 wolves' heads. In subsequent times their destruction was promoted by certain rewards, and some lands were held on such terms, that the wolves which infested the parts of the kingdom in which they were situated. In 1281 these animals troubled several of the English counties, but after that period our records make no mention of them. The last wolf known in Scotland was killed in 1680 and in Ireland one was killed in 1701. Very fearful accounts are on record of the ravages committed by wolves when in hard weather they associated in immense flocks. So lately as 1760 such terror is said to have been excited in France by ravages of wolves that public prayers were offered for their destruction. Since India has become so much the country of Europeans the race of tigers has been much thinned, and ere long it is probable that they will be driven to the most remote and impenetrable districts. The wolf in these islands was hunted by an animal known under various appellations, as the Irish wolf dog, the Irish greyhound, the Irish greyhound, and the Scotch greyhound. There appears to be no doubt that all the dogs thus denominated were essentially of the same breed. Its original home is supposed to have been Ireland, whence, during the proud days of ancient Rome, it was frequently conveyed in iron cages to assist in the sports of the city on the Tiber. Buffon observes: "The Irish greyhounds are of a very ancient race and still exist (though their number is small) in their original climate; they were called by the ancients dogs of Epirus and Albanian dogs. Holmshead, in his 'Description of Ireland and the Irish,' written in 1580, says: 'They are not without wolves and greyhounds to hunt them, bigger of bone and limb than a colt.'" In Anglo-Saxon times a nobleman never went out unaccompanied by these dogs and his hawk, and so highly were they esteemed that by the forest laws of Canute it was ordered that no person under the rank of gentleman should keep one.

A case was being tried in the west of England, and at its termination the judge charged the jury and they retired for consultation. Hour after hour passed and no verdict was brought in. The judge's dinner hour arrived and he became hungry and impatient. Upon inquiry he learned that the jury had not yet returned, and he holding out against eleven. That he could not stand, and he ordered the twelve men to be brought before him. He told them that in his charge to them he had so plainly stated the case and the law that the verdict ought to be unanimous, and the man who permitted his individual opinion to weigh against the judgment of eleven men of wisdom was unfit and disqualified ever again to act in the capacity of jurymen. At the end of this excited harangue a little squeaky voice came from one of the jury. He said: "We've no objection to saying a word." Permission being given, he added: "May I please your lordship, I am the only man on your side."—Singapore Review.