This is how I make a man— Make him better if you can.

Gentle eyes, for love and laughter, Handsome hands, because they Form an artist might look after, Sunny mouth where smiles lurk; Sun-kissed cheek, not art enameled, Mind kept free by reason's sway, Waist by fashion never trammeled, Soul for study, work and play:

This is the lady of my dreams, Tell me how her portrait seems? J. Wm. Lloyd.

## My Little Dog Pickle,

Toward the close of a dull Novemthe fire, in a small but well furnished apartment in—street. Scattered ing, as their titles indicated, upon witchcraft, spiritualism, mesmerism, and various supernatural phenomethey were frequently and deeply studied. Seated on the hearth rug, close to the young man's feet, was a small black-an-tan mongrel, very sharp about the muzzle, very bright about the eyes, and very tremulous about the tail. Every now and then she looked up into her master's face, with that look of wistful wonder so common to the canine features, giving at the same time a little whimper, in order to attract his attention.

"What is it, Pickle?" he exclaimed at last, rousing from his reverie, and looking down at the dog; "what is it my girl?"

"Bow, wow, wow!"

"That's a very general answer, my

At that moment some peculiar idea evidently flashed across his brain, for, looking earnestly at the dog he exclaimed:

the experiment. Let me just read it over again."

He walked quickly from the fireplace to the table, and opened one of the volumes at a marked place. For day, and returned long after her usua quarter of an hour he sat, and nev- al time, looking very muddy about er raised his eyes from the book; then, leaving it open, he pushed it a little way aside, and called his dog. It was on his knee in a second.

"Pickle," he said gently, "would you like to talk?"

"Bow, wow, wow!" "No, not to bow, wow, wow, but to talk-like I do?

The dog put his head on one side and looked at him earnestly, with that painful endeavor to understand must often have noticed.

"Let me see what it says once at your coat!" more," muttered her master, and he turned to the book again. "Hm!- canal, and I don't know any low power of strong will-condition pro- dogs. duced by mesmerism-experiment of Von Glaben-act on brain and tongue -transmitted capacity and sympathetic action on muscles. Yes, I'll do it, come what may.

With these words he lifted the dog from his knee and placed it upon the table in front of him, so that its face was level with his; then he raised his finger and exclaimed sharply: "Pickle, look at me!"

The dog's eyes were fixed on his in a moment. The last rays of the November sun had long ago departed, and the room was filled with that visible darkness which gives a weird aspect to the commonest of objects. In this obscurity, relieved only by a fitful flare from the dying erabers in the grate, the pupils of the animal's eyes seemed to the young man to dilate under his glance, and became balls of liquid fire. Never for a moment allowing his steadfast gaze to vary, he lifted his hands quickly from his side and made the usual passes, adding to them certain others evidently prescribed in the recently \*tudied article.

At the first few strokes the dog rembled violently, and the bristles ose on its neck like a ruff. Then it suddenly became rigid; the jaws dropped asunder, and the ears were pricked in the most painful tension. "Pickle!" exclaimed the young man

bringing his face suddenly so close to the dog's that their noses touched: "Pickle, speak to me! Say Master."

The opened jaws closed with a sudden snap; the lips twitched spasmodically; the working of the throat showed that the tongue was violent-

ly agitated.
"Pickle, if you love me speak." The words were this time accompanied by a powerful attack upon the animals's brain and tongue. The appeal; and then, from between the must this awful danger be faced? clenched teeth, there came, harsh way up the dog's throat, the word

Pronounced in an unearthly tone, the word, half expected as it was, had heard." momentary effect upon the operof his influence over the dog had been a wistful glance at the half gnawed destroyed he recovered himself and bone on the hearth rug.

continued the experiment. "Do you know what I say to you?" This time the answer fell easily and | master, angrily. softly from the dog's lips. The unused muscles of the throat had under en at once into working order. "I manner, not usual with her when

understand all you say to me.' "Can you speak except under the influence? I mean, could you speak if I withdraw my eyes from you-so?"

operator then continued: 'Do you retain the remembrance of your tormer life, or are you ob-

livious to the past? "You use very long words." "Is your condition altered? Do

you remember anything that happened to-day?" bone you sent away on your plate at dinner time?"

"Yes; and every night, if you are good, you shall have a big bone after you have been mesmerized. I want can, and then in the evening you must tell me all about it."

Rapidly making the liberating passes, the young man withdrew his springing from the table, it rolled a chair. His position was desperate. ber day, in the year 186-, a young prostrated the dog, and left it weak his man was standing, with his back to and languid. For the moment even the bone was forgotten.

the feat he had performed dawn upabout upon the table were several on Pickle's master. It was only by open and evil looking volumes, bear- degrees, as he sat thinking before He felt his collar tighten around his the dying embers, that the revelation came to him of what he might accomplish with a talking dog. He never for a moment entertained the na. Their appearance showed that idea of making the discovery public. was in direct violation of the laws of make it. nature, and as "uncanny" as the wild revels peculiar to a witch's holi-

> For many a night after that Pickle and her master talked together for a quarter of an hour in the evening. The doors were always carefully locked before the preliminaries commenced, and the Von Glabenistic influence was limited to a short period, as the dog evidently suffered physically if the interview was prolonged.

An intelligent and observant animal, Pickle brought to her master neighbors, and he encourged her ceived the idea of earning fame as an muzzle of a little dog. amateur detective and employing

the dog as an unsuspected agent. When Pickle had anything of importance to cummunicate, her intelligence was rewarded with a choice bone, but when she had been spend-"By Jove! I've a good mind to try ing the day with other dogs, and listening to them instead of to their owners, her conversation was not interesting to her master, and she for-

> One evening she had been out all the feet and very tumbled and dirty about the coat. Her tail, usually defiantly poised in the air, was curled tightly between her legs and she crawled rather than walked into the library, where her master was

waiting for her. The door was closed and the curtains drawn, and then Pickle, looked the picture of downcast doggedness, was lifted upon the table and Von

Glabenized. "You bad dog, exclaimed her master, sharply, "what makes you so which every one who talks to a dog late? You've been playing with those low dogs by the canal. Look

"No; I haven't been playing by the

"Where have you been, then?" "Only next door."

"Then, you wicked dog, why didn't you come into the house before?" "Because-well, because I didn't want the police detectives to see me. "What had you done, then?"

"Don't be cross and I'll tell you al about it. You know little Tommy Bowles, who lived next door?" "The boy that comes after my ar

"Yes; and you said you'd cut his head off if you caught him again. Well, somebody has cut his head off, for his father found him lying just against the garden wall without it, and I saw him picked up, and so I thought I'd listen; and presently I heard them say they believe you'd done it, but the difficulty would be

"But I never cut Tommy Bowles' head off!" "Yes, you did."

"What do you mean dog? Are you

"You know you flung a broken plate over the wall this morning, didn't you?"

Bowles was climbing up the wall to get at your apple tree, and it caught his neck and cut his head right off." The young man sprang to his feet in an instant. A cold perspiration burst from every pore. He had taken human life, and his victim lay

headless next door. He turned hurriedly to Pickle for further information, but the dog had left the table, and was stretched quietly on the hearth-rug, gnawing a bone. The consternation of her master's will had been disturbed, the conditions under which the phenomena were same symptoms followed the second possible had been destroyed. How

For fully an hour he endeavored to and grating, as though tearing its bring himself into a fit state to control the animal's will. At last by a mighty effort he succeeded. "Pickle, go on; tell me all you

ator's nerves, but before the current | for Pickle, instead of answering, cast | deceive me before?"

"You shan't have that bone again at all, if you don't answer," cried the

For a moment the dog cocked her head on one side, and appeared to be the influence of Von Glabenstein, got | thinking; then she resumed her narquickly over the first shock and fall- rative, but in a hesitating, timorous | did that night?"

> talking, "Did any one see the-ah-accident,

Pickle?' No; but Tommy Bowles' father and The young man turned away; and a neighbor who'd dropped in said destroyed for a moment the rapport | they'd heard you threaten to do it between the dog and himself. The over and over again. Then one of animal was powerless to reply. Resuming the former conditions, the

it, I warrant;' and then-"Go on, go on!"

"Hush! Perhaps somebody's listen-

"Whisper." "Well, then the detective jumped up and said, 'By Jove! it wouldn't be the first dog who'd hanged a man! "I am still your little dog Pickle; and then said presently, If that dog and please will you give me that big saw it done-and ten to one she did -I'll have it out of her, see if I don't,,

"What did he mean, Pickle?" "Why, he's found out that you Von Glabenize me, and make me talk: and he'll do the same if he catches you to go about into the people's me. When I heard this, master, I gardens and houses and hear all you sneaked out of the room and ran for my life; and I went, oh! such a long way round, and waited till it was "Yes; but let me go now; I want to quite dark, for fear he should see me scratch myself, and I can't move my | come in; and that's what made me so late. I may finish that bone now,

Freeing the dog from control, the eyes from the dog, and instantly young man flung himself heavily into over on the hearth-rug, and, heaving The little harmless dog, gnawing a deep sigh, went off into a doze. It away at its bone as if nothhad happened, had life upon his tongue.

Why, in the hands of a man like the detective-a man who evidently Not at first did the full meaning of knew the secret he fancied he himself alone possessed-the dog's evidence would hang him twenty times over. neck as he thought of it. Who would believe it was only an accident? His threat to cut off Tommy Bowles' head had been heard all over the neighborhood. He had flung the

> Suddenly the thought struck him. prove the actual deed. How if I were to-to-put her out of the way?"

The worst! Great Powers! Why at any moment the myrmidons of the law might be hammering at his door; he might be in jail, and Pickle in the power of that confounded, meddling detective. Not a second was to be lost.

Late that night a young man stole cautiously down the steps of the many queer items of news about his house in — street, and hailed a passing hack. From beneath the prying habits, having already con- folds of his ulster peered the sharp

> Three weeks later man and dog stood upon the deck of the good ship Grampus, bound for Ujiji, with ice, lucifer matches and gray shirtings.

"What is that island vonder?" asked the man of the first mate, who leaning over the bulwark near him. The man shaded his eyes and

We're out of our course, through the fogs, a good bit, or we shouldn't be "Don't ships go nearer than this

"That? Oh, that's a desertisland.

"No fear. There's generally nasty rocks off such places. We always keep as far away from 'em as ever we

That night, shortly after dark, the captain walking around his ship, must have noticed an unusual appearance on the port side, for one of the boats

And so were the man and the dog. And the man and the dog were sitting side by side now, as this confession was written, and the boat is high and dry on the desert island, where it has been their hut and home for ten long years.

So ends our confession. "Bow, wow, wow!"

"Ah, my doggie, if you'd never been able to speak any language but that we shouldn't be here now. Still, it was best we came. Whenever we had gone amongst the haunts of men. once? Shall we, old girl?

then. So! look at me well while I fearfully you tremble!"

"Master!" "Why, what a tone; Are you frightened, my dog?"

"Master, I want to talk about Tommy Bowles. "Hang it, my dog! some pleasantersubject than that now please."

"Well, just as you threwit, Tommy to tell you about Tommy Bowles for ten years. Oh, master! you didn't cut his head off."

"Nobody cut it off-it wasn't cut off at all. Oh! do forgive me! and there wasn't any detective; and, please, I made it all up.' "But-surely-confound it, Pickle!

I don't understand! Ain't I a murdemer, then?" "But, in the name of all that' cannine, why should you make all

"Because I had been playing with low dogs up by the canal all day. and I thought you wouldn't give me the bone if I didn't tell you something, and be cross with me, and so I made it up about Tommy Bowles."

lie! Why the deuce didn "How could I? You never Von

Glabenized me." "Pickle, old dog, we've been friends too long to quarrel over this. Give me your paw. I forgive you."

"Master, do men ever, when people

want news, and they haven't got any to give them, make things up like I "Certainly not; only a foolish dog would do such a thing as that. Halloa! there's a boat coming, Pickle.

We're discovered!" "Bow, wow, wow!" "It comes nearer! Never mind, we don't dread it now. Why, Pickle,

[From the "Times," Aug. 13, 187-.] The ship Jemima, Capt. Bowles, with Iron

rails and cutlery, from Ujiji. arrived this morning. She brings with her a gentleman and his dog, who were discovered by Capt.

where they had been cast away ten years ago. There is no reason now why this confession, written on that island, should be kept from the public. Pickle is agreeable to its publication; and if she is not ashamed of her share in the story I am sure I need not be. -George R. Sims in the London Re-

Why Sixty Seconds Make a Minute. From the Fortnightly Review.

Why is one hour divided into sixty

minutes, each minute into sixty sec-

onds, etc. Simply and solely be-

cause in Babylonia there existed, by the side of the decimal system of notation, another system, the sexagisimal, which counted by sixties. Why that number should have been chosen is clear enough, and it speaks well for the practical sense of ancient Babylonian merchants. There is no number which has so many divisors as sixty. The Babylonians divided the sun's daily journey into twentyfour parasangsor 720 standia. Each parasang or hour was subdivided into sixty minutes. A parasang is a German mile, and Babylonian astronomers compared the progress made by the sun during one hour at the Rather should it be to him a source fatal plate; the dog had see him do time of the equinox to the progress of secret enjoyment, heightened by the it; the dog could be made to speak, made by a good walker during the knowledge that the whole proceeding and the detectives knew how to same time, both accomplishing one parasang. The whole course of the sun during the twenty-four equipoc-"Pickle is the only witness who could | tial hours was fixed at twenty-four parasangs, or 720 stadia, or 300 degrees. This system was handed to the Greeks, and Hipparchus, the great Greek philosopher, who lived Of course Jack will never love again." about 150 B. C., introduced the Babylonian hour into Europe. Ptolemy, who wrote about 150 A. D. and whose name still lives in that of the Ptolemaic system of astronomy duced to take him in hand it would be gavestill wider currency to the Baby- the making of him." onian way of reckoning time. I was carried along on the quiet stream of traditional knowledge through the middle ages, and, strange to say, it sailed down safely over the Niagara of the French revolution. For the French, when revolutionizing weights measures, coins and dates, and subjecting all to the decimal system of reckoning, were induced by some unexplained motive to respect our clocks and watches, and allowed our dials to remain sexagisimal, that is, Babylonian, each hour consisting of time, if anything ever should occur to 60 minutes. Here you see again the shorten my days, it would not make wonderful coherence of the world, me any happier to think that my death and how what we call knowledge is must cast a gloom over the whole of the result of an unbroken tradition your remaining life; indeed it would of a teaching descending from father to son. Not more than about a hundred arms would reach from us to the builders of the palaces of Babylon, and enable us to shake mortals, to make that life as innocenthands with the founders of the oldest pyramids and to thank them for what they had done for us.

A Good Time in a Coal Cellar.

Senator Hearst of California does not appear to find much enjoyment in his wealth. His wife in the family's Washington mansion gave a reception which made even the extravagant people of the Capital open their eyes. It is said that the flowers alone cost \$25,000. Moving uncomfortable and alone through the glittering throng the master of the house met a well-known newspaper correspondent. Said the wealthy Senator eagerly; "Get a few good we should have been recognized. A fellows together and we'll go to some man and dog-full description-two | quiet room and enjoy a bottle of wine thousand dollars reward! No, my and some cigars together." There poor old Pickle, we should have been | were whispers in the ears of two otheaught; and you wouldn't have liked er correspondents, and then, led by to hang your master, would you? the Senator, the quartet marched By Jove Pickle, I've a good mind to through the big house from parlor Von Glabenize you again, just to to attic. In every room there was a talk over old times. I have never | chattering throng or a wrap-divestdone it since that fatal evening. | ing bevy or piles of hats and over-Shall we have a talk again, just for coats. With a sigh the Senator turned backward. He descended to "Why, if ever a dog said yes with the cellar. Besides the coal-hole a eyes and tail, you do now. So I will, colored servant arranged a table and chairs and brought wine and tobacco. make the passes. Come, that's it! "Now," said the millionaire, with a Why, you go off easier now, my dog, sigh of relief, "we can have a good than you did ten years ago. Steady! | time here without being interrupted Now for a try. Pickle, why, how by those idiots up-stairs. I can't see the fun in my wife's rackets." New York World.

## In the Soup.

Nearly everyone knows that it is safer to humor and pretend to agree with a lunatic than to oppose him. "But, master, I've been wanting This rule would also frequently be productive of peace if applied in disputes between rational persons; but here is an incident to illustrate the

first proposition: A medical inspector, on his round through a French lunatic asylum, received numerous complaints from the inmates anent the bad quality of the broth. In order to verify the truth of their statements, the inspector went down with them into the kitchen. where he saw an enormous boiler filled with hot water. Suddenly one of the patients, a powerful, strapping fellow, stepped forward and said: " say, doctor, you are fine and fat; I am certain you would make excellent broth; we will try." The other lunatics testified their approval, and they were about to hoist him into the "Oh, Pickle! Pickle! and for ten boiler, when he called out: "Stop. long years have you and I been on gentlemen. That is a capital sugthis desert island because you told a gestion of yours, but my clothes character. might spoil the flavor: allow me to go first and take them off." The argument seemed a good one, and the madman allowed the doctor to leave the kitchen.

A Breach Pin in a Boy's Head.

Marietta (Ga.) Journal. Last week Dr. Will Dean was sent for to assist in taking a breach pin out of a boy's head. The boy's name is Roach; is about 14 years old, and the act of discharging a gun the breach pin flew out, striking the boy in the temple and entering his head very well at last accounts.

LET IN THE LIGHT.

BY DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Wait all their radiance to restore.

So learning's treasured jewels shine

No lackeys cringe, no courtiers wait-

How fair the prospect we survey, Where howled unheard the wintry blast,

This palace is the people's own!

Heirs of our narrow-girdled past,

These chosen precincts, set apart

Yield willing homes to every art

For learned toil and holy shrines,

The queen, the handmaid of them.

OUR ROBIN.

CHAPTER VIII (CONTINUED).

say, or even think, of such a thing?

"Umph!" mutters Harry, while the

"And do you mean to say," I return,

rather indignantly, "that, if I died,

you would marry some one else; or-

or-supposing you died, I should ever

dream of doing anything but sorrow

"Look here, little woman," says

for you to the end of my days?"

"Oh, Harry," I cry again: and this

Their gems invite the hand that delves.

Let in the light! in diamond mines

Behind the ever open gate

of losing her. [Read November 28, 1888, at the laying of e corner-stone of the Boston new public Proudly beneath her glittering dome, Our three-hilled city greets the morn; Here Freedom found her virgin home— The Bethlehem where her babe was born. The lordly roofs of traffic rise Amid the smoke of household fires, High o'er them in the peaceful skies Faith points to heaven her clustering

gloomy view of matters, and yet I feel vaguely that much of the sunshiny Can Freedom breathe if ignorance reign? Shall Commerce thrive where anarchs brightness which pervades the house will faith her half-fledged brood retr. win leave us when Robin's merry and often playfully mocking laugh ceases Let in the light! from every age
Some gleams of garnered wisdom pa
And fixed on thought's electric page,

moments into the empty dining room, and, after cautiously shutting the door Ranged on the alcove's ordered shelves. says, with a gleam of fun in her hazel

No pikes shall fence a crumbling throne, "Bee Bee, do you feel yourself equal to a shock—a thorough galvanic bat-

"Is it anything about Harry?" I ask reathless.

And rolled unchecked the storm-swept you goose! No, it is something which

concerns Jo ... your brother." That trains, or strengthens, or refines again?" I ask, still unsuspicions. Here shall the sceptred mistress reign Who heeds her lowest subject's call,

now don't be too much startled-buthe has asked me to marry him."

"No, it is not impossible; why

should it be? Am I so very unlovable? time my voice is expressive of the most profound horror at the treacherous suggestion-"oh, Harry, how can you amused look deepens in his eyes. "I hope you may be mistaken, Bee Bee. If some sensible girl could only be inyou for a sister!"

"I have said 'Yes' conditionally,' admits Robin, frankly.

"Conditionally!" I repeat after her dreamily. Surely Robin cannot be very deeply in love! No one deeply in love would accept an offer conditionally; but then again, Robin is such

Harry, placing his strong arm around a practical little body. my waist, "what is the good of sup-"Yes, conditionally; and not only posing this or supposing that? We have I made one condition but severare both of us tolerably strong young al," declares Robin, with a determined people, and likely, as far as I can see, to live to a good old age. At the same earn, either with his head or hands, think of the matter seriously." rather conduce to make me miserable. My heart sinks within me. We have but one short life allotted to

us in this world, and we owe it not only to ourselves, but to our fellowly bright and happy as we can." dred pounds?" "You don't love me, you can't really love me, or you never would say such

done if he wants me." "Not love you! Bee Bee, look me in the face and say that again if you ear without working." dare!" says Harry, placing his hand "Just so; and it has envervated his under my chin and forcing me to meet his gaze. "I love you with all my heart, little woman; but I am no dreamer. My calling is, of perhaps all callings, the most precarious, and

my ship-"Oh, Harry, how dare you, dare you say such things!" I ery in an agony, and placing my hand over his mouth to stop the utterance of further horrors.

you are too sensitive for anything; if

dreadful things!" I say, almost weep-

Harry does not dare. He calls himself all kinds of unpleasant names for having touched on such a gloomy subject; then, the storm having somewhat abated and a perfect reconciliation having taken place, we leave the shelter of the ash and wander about the grounds. In the course of time our steps take us in the direction of the Lovers' Walk.

About half-way to the summer-house a most amazing tableau meets my eyes-indeed for the moment it nearly takes away my breath. Under a sweetscented lime-tree, which is now in full flower, sits Robin on a little mossy mound. By her side Jack is reclining in an attitude of the greatest ease and contentment. His right elbow is buried in the yielding moss, and his upturned palm supports his head. In his left hand he holds a small volume bound in crimson and gold, out of which he is evidently reading aloud to his com-

While Harry and Jack are exchanging civilities respecting the weather, the crops, and the dusty state of the roads-in fact about anything and everything which does not touch on last night's adventure-I bend down and whisper into Robin's ear-

"Is he reading to you out of one of those dreadful volumes?" "No, indeed," answer my friend, with an upward glance of sly triumph. "He is reading 'Evangeline,' and, what is more, he reads uncommonly

"I had no idea that you cared for pathetic poetry," I say, a little scorn-

"Well, Rome was not built in day, vou know," confides Robin, still under will be reading the Pickwick Papers." I give an unbelieving shake of my of his life. head, but do not flatly contradict her.

So many of her extraordinary predic-It turns out to be just as well that I the newly-wedded pair.

which take place in the neighboring over, thousands of pounds. county town.

lives near Holly Springs. While in hear her departure mentioned, for she nieces. eye was cut in two. He was doing obliged to bow to the necessity of him to leave the navy. her departure.

Aunt Louisa, who had looked forword with dread to her advent, is overwhelmed with sorrow a thought

"I am sure," she confides to me been a soldier, went to Stockton-onwith a doleful shake of her head everything will get back into its old groove as soon as she leaves us. John will shut himself up in his study again and you will take to alternately weep ing for Harry and gazing moonstruck | down from the box, but had scarcely out of the window. I do not quite coincide with thi

to echo through the rooms.

On the morning of her departure, when her boxes stand all labeled in road, waited until the advancing the hall, she takes me aside for a few

"What should I know about Harry,

"Has he been digging up the books future.

"Of course not!" answers Robin, flushing slightly. "But, Bee Bee-

"Asked you to marry him! Impos-

"No, no," I answer, recovering my scattered senses a little, "of course not, Robin- only it staggered me at first;" and then suddenly it flashes did so and was met by a carriage and across me what an admirable arrange- pair, and taken to the home of the ment it would be for everybody, should | child-now a woman-whose life he Robin accept him. "Oh, Robin, dear, had saved. Arrived there he was dear Robin" I say, impulsively flinging hospitably entertained, and before my arms around her neck, "do say leaving was presented with a handand it would be so cheering to have

nod. "In the first place he is to get his hair cut two inches shorter; secondly he is to walk or ride every day, wet or fige; and thirdly, he is to

"The third condition is impossible," I say despondently. "Jack could not do it. He has never been brought up to anything. How could be earn a hun- pany in the town was on one occa-

"But why? He has a thousand a

poor man, and had to work for his liv-"Oh, Robin, you are a thorough Radical! Besides, your conduct is

one taller than the other.' "Oh, you delicious old goose! softness in her eyes, straight into

"Robin, do relent," I say, counting on that half-pathetic look. "No, dear," she answers quietly, but decidedly; "he must prove himself nities constitutional liars, and a man, He must prove that, should though they might receive the regenever our money take wing, he could erating influences of the Holy Ghost. keep me by his own efforts. Don't the seed would remain, and there think me hard, Bee Bee; it is for his would be no Ananias, and a Sapphira own good-and, notwithstanding my to the end of the chapter. seeming hardness, I love him very

"Not so dearly as I do Harry." A strange smile flits around Robin's

"Just as dearly, though not in the same way," she answers with a kiss. Then Jack appears at the door, and situation; so, with some excuse about 'sandwiches," I glide away.

As, in the oft-told fairy legends, the overcome the obstacles placed in his oath by at adverse fate, so does my prother Jack vanquish the giant that intervenes between him and happiness.

Our small home-farm falling vacant about the end of Robin's visit, a brilliant idea enters his head. He takes the management thereof into his own hands, and engages the services of a practical working bailiff. Soon a deep interest in his healthful occupation springs up, and what he at first underner breath. "In a week I dare say he took merely as a means of winning Robin becomes the engrossing business

Before six months pass over our heads he is honorably entitled to claim tions respecting Jack have come true Robin, nor is he slow in availing himthat I feel the ground slipping from | self of that privilege. So, whilst the under my feet, and have consequently bailiff is left in charge of the prosperlost some of my self-confidence as to ing farm, there is a gay wedding in my knowledge of my own brother's the north, after which aunt Louisa and I return home to await the arrival of

held my peace, for again Robin proves | So our merry, light-hearted Robin is herself a true prophet. Not only does | caged, and Jack the dreamer trans-Jack make acquaintance with the formed into Jack the practical man of pages of Pickwick and other unlikely business; for, having once felt the deworks, but he frequently joins us in lightful stimulus of work, he clings our daily walks and drives, and even ever after to the home-farm. Under goes so far as to volunteer himself as his care, it yields not only the coveted Globe Democrat. escort to some amateur theatricals hundred, but, before many years are

Aunt Louisa still lives at Podmore, Robin's visit of a month steals on to alternately spoil and gently scold into eight weeks before I can bear to her second generation of nephews and

has not the heart to leave me until I As for myself-well, Harry's ship have in some measure recovered from came back some years ago; and, as a the dire loss of Harry's daily visit. rich old uncle left him some money to the depth of nearly two inches. Then however, her friends in the north about the same time, instead of setting When it was taken out some of the grew ciamorous, and as her visit can- him to work, after Robin's example, I, brain came with it. The cord of one not be prolonged forever, we are not without some difficulty, persuaded sation, while the uneducated often

#### Affer Fifteen Years.

In the autumn of 1874 Thomas Kelk, of Worksop, England, who had Tees in his regimentals to have his photograph taken. He noticed a carriage stop in one of the principal thoroughfares. The coachman got reached the ground when the horse dashed off at a teriffic pace dragging the carriage behind it, in which was seated a girl 6 years of age. It was evident that unless the horse was stopped the child would be killed. Kelk walked into the middle of the horse reached him, and then sprang at its head. He was carried about 100 yards hanging on to the horse's neck, but succeeded eventually in

The child, who was very much frightened, thanked the man again and again, took his address, and told him that she could not reward him for his bravery then, but would do so when she came of age, and told him he would hear from her in the

True to her promise, on attaining the age of 21 a few weeks ago, she made inquiries as to the whereabouts of Kelk, but her efforts for a time were unavailing, until a commercial traveler happened to know a carter named Kelk at Worksop, and promised to make inquiries.

His investigations proved the Worksop man was the one wanted. Kelk received a letter asking him to go to a station near Manchester. He 'Yes!' it would be the making of John; some gold watch, a gold guard and seal, and \$500 likewise in gold. The watch bore the following inscription: "Presented to T. Kelk for his bravery at Stockton-on-Tees in 1874."

### He Lied, but Not Under Oath.

An Evangelical clergyman, in a town not far distant from Boston. was recently summoned as a witness before a legislative committee on a question of the town division. He was a resident who objected to having the town divided, and he was also a resident on that portion of territory which sought to be set off. In the zeal of his testimony, and under the screws of an accomplished crossexamining counsel, he stated that the captain of a steam fire engine comsion, while in the discharge of his du-"Where there's a will there's a ties, unmistakably intoxicated. The way," quotes Robin. "I leave him man, alluded to, reading the testito find out how; it simply has to be mony, at once went to the house of the divine and asked him, in the presence of his wife, why he, a minister, should tell such a flagant untruth. The clergyman hesitated benature. He should have been born a fore the indignant remonstrance of the captain, who is well known as

a strict teetotaller, and then said: "I was pressed to it by the persistent questions of the lawyer. 1 know I senseless. It would be much kinder to told a falsehood, but you see I was refuse him outright. He can't even not under oath." His wife joined in earn a shilling, so far as I can see, let and exclaimed, "Oh, no; husband was alone a hundred pounds. He used to not under oath." This is a remarkbe able to work a lathe a little; but I am able case of casuistry. That minissure the wooden candlesticks he made ter must have an armor of brass wouldn't sell for much. He never when he appears before his little miscould make a pair; there was always sionary congregation Sundays, to expound the beauties of truth and honesty. His predecessor, who, by laughs Robin, as she gazes with a new the way, was one of the genuine saints, ought to rise in rebuke. There is only one excuse for this act, and it is found in a remark made years ago

by the venerable Lyman Beecher, D.

D. He said there were in all commu-

# A Double Dinner in Russia.

The Russian eats on an everage once every two hours. The climate quent meals, the -oh, wonderful sensation!-it is I, which is said by frequent Bee Bee, who am de trop. There is draughts of vodki and tea. Vodki is nothing to be done but to accept the the Russian whisky, made from potatoes and rye. It is fiery and colorless, and is generally flavored with some extract like vanilla or anlucky Prince always managed to orange. It is drank from small cups that holds perhaps half a gill, Vodki and tea are the inseparable accompaniments offriendly as well as of business intercourse in the country of the czar. Drunken men are rare. Russia and Sweden are the only countries in which the double dinner is the rule. When you go to the house of a Russian, be he a friend or a stranger, you are at once invited to a side-table, where salted meats, pickled eel, salted cucumbers, and many other spicy and appetizing viands, are urged upon von with an impressiveness that knows no refusal. This repast is washed down with frequent cups of "vodki." That over, and when the visitor feels as if he had eaten enough for twenty-four hours, the host says: "And now to dinner." At the dinner table the meal is served in courses, with wines grown in the Crimea and in Boss arabia, where excellent clarets and Burgundies are made and sold for from a shilling to half a crown the bottle.-Boston Budget.

## Our Vecabualry.

It is worth remembering that, Shakespeare produced all his wonderul plays with a stock of about 1 000 words; that Milton found & sufficient for his lofty and impress purposes; and that the whole of the Old Testament comprises less than 5,500. As a general rule, people of the educated class do not use more than 3,000 or 4,000 words in conver-

get along, even in the halls of Con-

gress, with a few hundreds.