THE LAST GOOD NIGHT.

Clad in their night gowns, clean and white,
The children come to say good night;
"Father, good night!" says Marjory,
Climbing for kisses on my knee.

Then Ernest, Kittie, Harry next—
And baby—till I feel perplexed.
Whiling the last good night was said,
And each and all were packed to bed.

These small folks take me unawares;
I hear them call, when safe up stairs,
As I sit down to read or write,
"Father, we want to say good night."

The book or pen is laid aside;
I find them lying open eyed—
Five rosy rebels, girls and boys,
Who greet me with tumultuous noise.

Can I be stern with such as these?
Can charming ways and looks displease?
They hold, and scarce will let me go,
And all because they love me so.

Then, in a vision, suddenly
The future seems unveiled to me.
It is my turn, though all in vain,
To long to say good night again.

I see the years stretch on and on,
The children all grown up and gone;
No chamber echoes to their tread,
The last good night has long been said.

And by his fireside, desolate,
An old man sits, resigned to wait,
Recalling joys that used to be,
And faces that he may not see.

Therefore, what bliss is mine that now
I still can smooth each fair young brow!
And feel the arms that clasp me tight,
The lips that kiss the last good night.
—The Quiver.

MY LITTLE DOG PICKLE.

Towards the close of a dull November day, in the year 186—, a young man was standing, with his back to the fire, in a small but well furnished apartment in —— street. Scattered about upon the table were several open and evil looking volumes, bearing, as their titles indicated, upon witchcraft, spiritualism, mesmerism and various supernatural phenomena. Their appearance showed that they were frequently and deeply studied. Seated on the hearth rug, close to the young man's feet, was a small black and 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 doggie."

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

"By Jove! I've a good mind to try 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 a quarter of an hour he sat, and never 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 its head on one side and looked at him earnestly, with that painful endeavor to understand which every one who talks to a dog must often have noticed.

"Let me see what it says once more," muttered her master, and he turned to the book again. "H'm! power of strong will—condition produced 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 riveted 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 from the dying embers in the grate, the pupils of the animal seemed to the young man to dilate under his glance and become 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 studied article.

At the first few strokes the dog trembled violently, and the bristles rose round 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 open jaws closed with a sudden snap; the lips twitched spasmodically; the working of the throat showed that the tongue was violently agitated.

"Pickle, if you love me, speak!"

The words were this time accompanied by a powerful attack upon the animal's brain and tongue. The same symptoms followed the second appeal; and then, from between the clenched teeth, there came, harsh and grating, as though tearing its way up the dog's throat, the word "master."

Pronounced in an unearthly tone, the word, half expected as it was, had a momentary effect upon the operator's nerves; but before the current of his influence over the dog had been destroyed he recovered himself and continued the experiment.

"Do you know what I say to you?"

This time the answer fell easily and softly from the dog's lips. The unused muscles of the throat had, under the influence of Von Glabenstein, got quickly over the first shock and fallen at once into working order. "I 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?"

The young man turned away, and destroyed for a moment the rapport between the dog and himself. The animal was powerless to reply. Resuming the former conditions the operator then continued:

"Do you retain the remembrance of your former life, or are you oblivious to the past?"

"You use very long words."

"Is your condition altered? Do you remember anything that happened today?"

"I am still your little dog Pickle; and please will you give me that big 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 you to go about into the people's gardens and houses, and hear all you can, and then in the evening you must tell me all about it."

"Yes; but let me go now; I want to scratch myself, and I can't move my legs."

[illegible] making the [illegible] the young man withdrew his eyes from the dog, and instantly springing from the table, it rolled over on the hearth rug, and, heaving a deep sigh, went off into a doze. It was evident that the experiment had prostrated the dog, and left it weak and languid. For the moment even the bone was forgotten.

Not at first did the full meaning of the feat he had performed dawn upon Pickle's master. It was only by degrees, as he sat thinking before 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 idea of making the discovery public. Rather should it be to him a source of secret enjoyment, heightened by the knowledge that the whole proceeding was in direct violation of the laws of nature, and as "uncanny" as the wild revels peculiar to a witch's holiday.

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 many queer items of news about his neighbors, and he encouraged her prying habits, having already conceived the idea of earning fame as an amateur detective, and employing the dog as an unsuspected agent.

When Pickle had anything of importance to communicate, her intelligence was rewarded with a choice bone; but when she had been spending the day with other dogs, and listening to them instead of to their owners, her conversation was not interesting to her master, and she forfeited the dainty honorarium.

One evening she had been out all day, and returned long after her usual time, looking very muddy about 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, looking the picture of downcast doggedness, was lifted upon the table and Von Glabenized.

"You bad dog," exclaimed her master sharply, "what makes you so late? You've been playing with those low dogs by the canal. Look at your coat!"

"No, I haven't been playing by the canal, and I don't know any low dogs."

"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 all about it. You know little Tommy Bowles, who lived next door?"

"The boy that comes after my apple tree?"

"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 believed you'd done it, but the difficulty would be to prove it."

"But I never cut Tommy Bowles' head off!"

"Yes, you did."

"What do you mean, dog? Are you mad?"

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

"Well?"

"Well, just as you threw it, Tommy 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 concentration of her master's will had been disturbed, the conditions under which the phenomena were possible had been destroyed. How must this awful danger be faced?

For fully an hour he endeavored vainly to 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 heard."

The influence was evidently weak, for Pickle, instead of answering, cast a wistful glance at the half gnawed bone on the hearth rug.

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

For a moment the dog cocked her head on one side, and appeared to be thinking; then she resumed her narrative, but in a hesitating, timorous manner, not usual with her when talking.

"Did any one see the—ah—accident, Pickle?"

"No; but Tommy Bowles' father and a neighbor who'd dropped in said they'd heard you threaten to do it over and over again. Then one of them said, 'Ah, if that dog of his could speak, it would tell us all about it, I warrant;' and then"——

"Go on, go on!"

"Hush! Perhaps somebody's listening."

"Whisper."

"Well, then the detective jumped up and said, 'By Jove! it wouldn't be the first dog who'd hanged a man!' and then said presently, 'If that dog 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 me. When I heard this, master, I sneaked out of the room and ran for my life; and I went, oh! such a long way round, and waited till it was quite dark, for fear he should see me come in; and that's what made me so late. I may finish that bone now, mayn't I?"

Freeing the dog from control, the young man flung himself heavily into a chair. His position was desperate. The little harmless dog, gnawing away at its bone as if nothing had happened, had his life upon his tongue. Why, in the hands of a man like the detective—a man who evidently knew the secret he fancied he himself alone possessed—the dog's evidence would hang him twenty times over. He felt his collar tighten around his 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 fatal plate; the dog had seen him do it; the dog could be made to speak, and the detective knew how to make it.

Suddenly the thought struck him, "Pickle is the only witness who could 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 house in —— street, and hailed a passing hack. From beneath the folds of his ulster peered the sharp muzzle of a little dog.

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

"What is that island yonder?" asked the man of the first mate, who was leaning over the bulwark near him.

The man shaded his eyes and looked.

"That? Oh, that's a desert island. We're out of our course, through the fogs, a good bit, or we shouldn't be near it."

"Don't ships go nearer than this to it?"

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

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

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. Wherever we had gone amongst the haunts of men, we should have been recognized. A man and a dog—full description—$2,000 reward! No, my poor old Pickle, we should have been caught; and you wouldn't have liked to hang your master, would you? By Jove, Pickle, I've a good mind to Von Glabenize you again, just to talk over old times. I have never done it since that fatal evening. Shall we have a talk again, just for once? Shall we, old girl?

"Why, if ever a dog said yes with eyes and tail, you do now. So I will, then. So! look at me well while I make the passes. Come, that's it! Why, you go off easier now, my dog, than you did ten years ago! Steady! Now for a try. Pickle, why, how 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 pleasanter subject than that, now please."

"But, master, I've been wanting to tell you about Tommy Bowles for ten years. Oh, master! you didn't cut his head off."

"What!"

"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 murderer, then?"

"No."

"But, in the name of all that's canine, why should you make this all up?"

"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."

"Oh, Pickle! Pickle! and for ten long years have you and I been on this desert island because you told a lie! Why the deuce didn't you undeceive me before?"

"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 did that night?"

"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, look! That face in the bows! Why, I'm blest if it isn't Tommy Bowles!"

* * * * * * *

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. Bowles' son Thomas, on a desert island 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. Simms.

Mother and Wife.

In no country in the world have mothers more power than in China, and in no place is filial affection more shown. How Qua, though 49 years old, obeys his mother as well as when he was 10, and he would not think of going out at night without asking her permission. Not long ago he was invited to our consulate for dinner. He replied: "I would like to come, but I cannot tell till I ask my mamma." Still, How Qua is nearly 50 and his mother 69. The Chinese mother selects the bride for her son, and How Qua, during his visit, seemed much prouder of his mother than his wife.

He introduced us to the old lady, who was sitting in a chair wrapped in furs and powdered and painted. Her seat looked out upon her flower garden and she had two maids beside her. Upon her cloth cap was a great button of diamonds as large as the biggest full blown rose and of about the same shape. It was made of numerous stones and the central one was as large as the egg of a robin. Pearls hung in her ears, and what interested us most were the "golden lilies" which shone out beneath her embroidered petticoat. "Golden lilies" is the Chinese expression for the smallest of ladies' feet, and Mme. How Qua had shoes not more than two inches in diameter. Their soles were round rather than oblong, and their tops were embroidered in silver and silk. They were so small that she could not walk alone, and this old lady, who has for years controlled a fortune greater than that possessed by Miss Mary Garrett or Mrs. Mark Hopkins, cannot move from one room to another without the assistance of her maids.—Frank G. Carpenter.

Interesting Experiments.

Try the following simple experiment and it will explain the interchange of fluids in the lungs. Put a mixture of water and alcohol in a bottle and leave uncorked, the water and alcohol have a greater affinity for air than for each other. Alcohol having the greatest affinity for the air will be diffused through it more readily than the water when there is no intervening obstacle; but tie a piece of bladder over the mouth of the bottle, let it stand a few days. The water will leave the alcohol and pass through the bladder.

The presence of carbonic acid and watery vapor in the expired air can be proven by the following: Breathe into lime water, and in a few minutes it will become a milky white color. This is owing to the carbon given off by the breath uniting with the lime forming the carbonate of lime; second, breathe upon a cold, dry mirror, and it will quickly be covered with moisture. This is condensed vapor from the lungs, which in warm weather is invisible in the expired air, but on a cold, dry morning in winter is quite obvious. The lungs give off other impurities beside carbon, the qualities of which vary in different persons. The disagreeable and offensive breaths of people may be caused by decayed teeth, but more often by secretions in the lungs of substances which previously existed in the system.—Boston Globe.

A TALE WITHOUT A MORAL.

Three giddy, giddy, little flies,
Upon a summer's day,
Longing to see the outside world,
Resolved to run away.

Old Grandpa Fly sat on a bowl,
And overheard the scheme;
Quoth he, "Children, I'm old and wise,
Have had that self same dream.

"Though life so glittering seems to youth,
And everything looks grand,
The world is treacherous at the best—
Be careful where you stand."

Now, when the little flies heard this
Their spirits 'gan to droop,
When—Grandpa Fly slipped on the edge,
And fell into the soup. —Life.

ENTERING IN.

The church was dim and silent
With the hush before the prayer;
Only the solemn trembling
Of the organ stirred the air.
Without, the sweet, still sunshine;
Within the holy calm
Where priest and people waited
For the swelling of the psalm.

Slowly the door swung open,
And a little baby girl,
Brown eyed, with brown hair falling
In many a wavy curl,
With soft cheeks flushing hotly,
Sly glances downward thrown,
And small hands clasped before her,
Stood in the aisle alone.

Stood half abashed, half frightened,
Unknowing where to go,
While like a wind rocked flower
Her form swayed to and fro;
And the changing color fluttered
In the little troubled face,
As from side to side she wavered
With a mute, imploring grace.

It was but for a moment;
What wonder that we smiled
By such a strange, sweet picture
From holy thoughts beguiled?
Up then rose some one softly,
And many an eye grew dim,
As through the tender silence
He bore the child with him.

And I, I wondered, losing
The sermon and the prayer,
If when sometime I enter
The many mansions fair,
And stand abashed and drooping
In the portal's golden glow,
Our God will send an angel
To show me where to go!
—Sunday School Visitor.

FRENCH LUXURY.

Rich Surroundings of Cabinet Ministers and Their Wives.

I often wonder whether it is, after all, an evil for French ministries to be short lived—unless for the ministers and their wives. If they were not often overthrown the number of persons to taste the sweets of office would be so much less. The constant shuffling of the cards and new deals have also the advantage of preventing the formation of a governmental caste, which would be the most unendurably conservative one that ever existed, and, I doubt not, the most insolent and puffed up. You have no idea in England of the magnificence in which members of French cabinets live. They are housed in palaces, at once handsome, luxurious and snug—a rare combination. Admirably trained footmen are thrown in with the palaces. Lords chamberlain and masters of the ceremonies might take lessons in deportment from the reserved, respectful and self respecting ushers in black, with steel chains round their necks, who show visitors into the presence of the minister on the ground floor or of the ministress on the first floor.

The funiture of a ministry is all very handsome and imposing in the ground floor rooms. All this splendor takes away the breath of an Englishman fresh to Paris, who has been used to the dinginess of the Irish office, and the plain brick house at Whitehall in which the G. O. M. resided when in office. At a French ministry, the foot sinks in winter in the deep pile of the carpets. In summer the oak parquet floors are beautifully polished, giving a charming sense of coolness and dustlessness. Immense windows of the folding door model thrown wide open, if the weather be sunny, afford prospects of velvety turf, old trees, shrubberies and flowerbeds in bright bloom. There is not a ministerial residence that has not a garden spacious enough to deserve the name of a park, and the atmosphere of Paris is free from smoke blacks.

The ministress lives generally on the first floor of the official residence, which is just as spacious and handsome, but more gay and elegantly coquettish, than the ground floor rooms. The sitting rooms of the outgoing prime ministress—the nicest one we have had for an age—were done up for the Duchess de Persigny when she was running her curious rig under the empire. For her pleasure the Garde Meuble, which is an infinite wealth of beautiful furniture, was rifled of some of its most lovely Eighteenth century treasures. The duchess was, on her father's side, the granddaughter of Ney, the cooper's son. On her mother's side she stood in the same relation to Jacques Lafitte, of financial celebrity, who came to Paris with worn out shoes and an empty pocket, but who won the heart of a miserly banker by stooping to pick up a pin in his courtyard, and so was able to make his way to fortune.

Yet the duchess was as dainty as if her ancestors for centuries had been of the duc's class. A crumpled rose petal on her couch would have made her cry out. She afterward had to slave in the house of her second husband in Egypt (Lemoyne, an Orleans attorney) like her great-grandmother. The sitting rooms, the use of which Mme. Floquet enjoys, are done up with rare old brocades and old pink Sevres and Dresden porcelains. The bedrooms are just as elegant, and the dining room is a bijou. All the year round ministresses can have what flowers they please from the state green houses. How, then, could they help regarding themselves as sovereign ladies, were their husbands' tenure of office long?—London Truth.

A Change in the Prince.

Hidden away in the weekly gossip column of The Birmingham Post is the following remarkable account of the change which has come over his royal highness the Prince of Wales:

"We are all Socialists at heart," said the Prince of Wales the other day, when talking to a statesman of the old school, who was lamenting the progress of Socialism, "and this conviction renders the outward semblance of Conservatism more and more difficult to maintain." This feeling on the part of his royal highness, combined with the necessity of upholding the old institutions at court, must have rendered the prince's position irksome at times. Report declares that he has for many seasons been using every endeavor to establish discipline among the ladies and gentlemen of the court circle by observance of the strict rules of etiquette established in the early part of the present reign.

During the long retirement of her majesty after the great affliction which befell her, the discipline she had established grew somewhat relaxed, and various court scandals served to point the moral and adorn the tale of the stump orators and brawling demagogues, who remained unmolested in their attacks, until it became difficult to put them down. The Prince of Wales was only awakened to the necessity of assuming the responsibility of his position by his own name being unjustly compromised, and he then resolved to restore the dignity of the court, which had been suffered to become a prey to the slanders of the Socialistic party. He has been for some time pursuing his task, not of restoring, but modifying, the severity of the ancient costumes, so as to render than tolerable both to the courtiers of the past and those of today. The idea of dispensing with the bare necks and naked shoulders of the ladies frequenting her majesty's drawing room seems to be the first step in this direction, and, it is said, emanates from the prince himself, who, being present at a court reception at Vienna, was struck with the dignity and propriety of the dresses of the ladies. The queen was much averse to the change; but the Princess of Wales urged it so earnestly that her majesty has yielded at length.—Boston Herald.

Napoleon's Memory.

A gentleman once said, in Wellington's presence, that great memories are generally the sign of great talents, and instanced Napoleon, who could single out soldiers in reviews and call them by name to step out of the ranks.

"That is a great mistake," replied the duke. "I'll tell you how he managed it. One of his generals, Lobau, used to get ready for him a list of soldiers to be called out from each regiment. When Napoleon rode up opposite to a regiment he would call out the name of the soldier to be honored, and the man would step forward—that was all.

"I also doubt the goodness of his memory," continued the duke, "from the looseness and inaccuracy of his statements. In his works—I mean all that he has ever written—you never find a thing related precisely as it happened. He seems to have no clear nor distinct recollection; scarcely once has he ever tripped into truth!"

In another conversation Wellington said that Napoleon's genius made him so pre-eminent that all of his marshals seemed inferior to him. "He suited a French army exactly, and at their head there never was anything like him. I used to say of him that his presence on the field made the difference of forty thousand men."

The devotion of the French army to Napoleon is illustrated by the fact that several of the French prisoners wounded at Waterloo shouted during the agony of amputation, "Vive l'Empereur!"—Youth's Companion.

English Novelists and Their Earnings.

With regard, writes a well informed correspondent, to a paragraph in your "Literary Notes" of Saturday, on the subject of the gains of novelists, I believe you are right in stating that the highest price ever paid for an English work of fiction was the £12,000 which Lord Beaconsfield received from Messrs. Longman for "Endymion," and, by the way, they made a very bad bargain. He also obtained from the same firm nearly as big a price for "Lothair." George Eliot, who received £7,000 for "Romola," made, from first to last, quite £10,000 by at least one of her novels, in which she retained a large share of the copyright. Including American and foreign rights, Dickens was to have received £9,000 for "Edwin Drood." Wilkie Collins received £5,250 for "Armadale."

Of Sir Walter Scott's novels, "Woodstock" produced about £8,200, and as he was writing at the same time the "Life of Napoleon," the first and second editions of which realized £18,000, he made (including sums received for reviews and other minor works) £28,000 in the course of eighteen months! Thackeray was to have received a very high price for "Denis Duval," the story he was writing when he died; but the largest sum he ever was paid was, I believe, a trifle under £5,000, which he obtained for "The Newcomes." Going back a hundred years, we find Miss Burney obtaining 3,000 guineas for "Cecilia," her second work, and this was probably the highest price paid until the Waverley era.—St. James' Gazette.

Singular Cases of Intoxication.

A prominent military man, who had drunk moderately during the war and had abstained from that time on, while attending a dinner with his old comrades, where most of them were intoxicated, suddenly became hilarious, made a foolish speech, and settled back in his chair in a drunken state, and was finally taken home quite stupid.

He had not drunk any spirits and had only used coffee and water, and yet he had all the symptoms of the others, only his was intoxication from contagion—the favoring soil had been prepared long ago in the army.

Another case was that of a man who had been an inebriate years ago, but had reformed, says The Popular Science Monthly. He was recently elected to office and gave a dinner to some friends. Among them was a physician who has been greatly interested in these studies. He sent me a long report, the substance of which was this:

On the occasion referred to many of the company became partially intoxicated, and the host, who drank nothing but water, became hilarious and finally stupid with them. He was put to bed with every sign of intoxication, but recovered, and next morning had only a confused notion of these events.

The third case occurred four years ago. A reformed man, of twelve years' sobriety, went on a military excursion with a drinking company, and, although he drank nothing but lemonade, became as much intoxicated as the others.

This event was the subject of much comment and loss to him, socially and otherwise, although he protested, and others confirmed his statements, that he did not take any spirits at this time.—New York Journal.

A Perfect Smoke Consumer.

I have just returned from Springfield, Mo., where, in the shops of the St. Louis and San Francisco road, I saw a furnace in operation that at once solved the problem of smoke consumption and the reduction of coal consumption to the minimum. It is bound to revolutionize the entire system of steam making. It is the invention of Carney, the master mechanic of the road, has been in operation for nearly a year, and is a complete success. To put it briefly, by Carney's process the highest degree of heat is secured by burning with every pound of coal two pounds of water. In fact, water gas is made, and I wonder that no one ever thought of it before. The slack coal is mixed with water in the proportion of one part to two, and the result is the formation of the gas. Every part of the coal is consumed.

At the end of twenty-four hours there were but three wheelbarrow loads of fine ashes carried away. Had the furnace been fed dry there would have been from eighteen to twenty barrowfuls of ashes and cinders. There was actually no smoke escaping from the smoke stack, which was but twelve feet high. I was struck by the shortness of the stack, and remarked it to the engineer, who replied: "Why have it any higher? Nothing goes through it." At my request the water was cut off, and the furnace was fed dry for two hours, with the result that the furnace was unable to make sufficient steam to run the machinery in the shop. This water burning furnace is to my mind the greatest invention of the past twenty-five years.—Boiler Maker in Globe-Democrat.

A Card in the Pocket.

Several young married ladies in a certain private boarding house in St. Paul are just now having oceans of fun at the expense of one of their sex in Rochester, N. Y. The husband of one of the ladies recently purchased a spring overcoat. With true womanly instinct his better half, the first time the coat was left at home, proceeded to explore the various pockets, and hidden in the little side pocket she found a card on which the name and address of a young lady at Rochester, N. Y., was written. Of course the husband was asked to explain, but could not, as he had not been aware of the presence of the card. The idea that it had been placed there by a young tailoress who had handled the coat last at the factory struck the spouse in a forcible manner.

His wife was loath to believe such a story, but followed the advice of her husband and wrote to the address given, pretending that she was a young man who had bought the coat. In the meantime she told the other ladies at the house of the affair and all waited impatiently for an answer. It came, and of course it was as the husband suspected. The writer was willing to continue the correspondence if the gentleman was sincere, etc. Another letter is now being written. I wonder how the girl will feel when she discovers that her address fell into the hands of a female instead of some gay deceiver?—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Pine Products.

In the Landes district of western France, on the Gironde, the soil is sandy and will grow little but pines, of which forests have been successfully cultivated. The inhabitants subsist almost exclusively upon the revenues derived from the production of pit props, railway ties, telegraph poles, fuel and resin. The annual shipments of pit props from Bordeaux to England now amount to about 175,000 tons, which is twice as much as we shipped ten years ago. The ties and poles are used mainly in France. A large quantity of young pines are also shipped to England for manufacture into paper. The poorer classes, especially those farthest from transportation facilities, give their attention to resin, but there is said to have been a serious decline in the exportation of that article from Bordeaux through competition from the United States, which has greatly increased its exports, and is the chief source of supply.

This has been a serious misfortune to the inhabitants of the Landes district. Pine oil is made from the refuse of resin left in making turpentine. It is used extensively in Bordeaux as an illuminating oil. It burns brightly, is cheaper than petroleum and is non-explosive. It is also prepared and sold to some extent in this country, patents having recently been taken out for its production. In France the pine does not appear to suffer from the extraction of resin, where care is used, but on account of it the wood is said to be better fitted for certain purposes, such as the manufacture of paper and pyroligneous acids. The Landes forests are of comparatively recent origen.—Northwestern Lumberman.

A Boy of the Present.

"It appears to me," said another man in the party, "that the youngsters nowadays go ahead much faster than they did when I was young. Now, for instance, the other day I overheard my small son call his little sister a 'chippy.' I reproved him for so doing, when he answered, 'All boys is kids, and all girls is chippies,' as though wondering at my ignorance of the current vernacular. When I awoke the other morning I found the boy wide awake in his crib beside the bed. As I turned to look at him he saw that my eyes were open, and he said to me: 'Pa, I've got a new one for you.' Of course, I naturally expressed a desire to hear it. Raising himself upon one elbow, he looked me square in the face and recited this:

"'A big bull pup with a curled up tail,
A very small boy with a big tin pail;
They tried this scheme, but it would not do,
And they buried the boy where the daisies grew.'

"Well, of course, I howled. If I had ever had the nerve to spring such an epic on my own father when I was his age I would have been obliged to stand up to my meals for a week. It only goes to show the precocity of the youth of the present day."—Chicago Herald.

A Popular Poet.

Will Carleton is 41 years of age and looks five years younger. His hair is slightly gray, but he has the figure of an athlete, the face of a youth and the hearty laugh of a schoolboy. He lives in Bedford, a suburb of Brooklyn, and writes his poems at home. He is devoted to outdoor exercise, swings a pair of Indian clubs for fifteen minutes daily, and says long walks saved him from consumption. Mr. Carleton does a certain amount of reading and writing daily, but at no stated time, although, like most literary workers, he finds morning hours most productive. For his famous poem, "Betsy and I Are Out," the poet received no compensation, as The Toledo Blade, in which it was published, could not then afford to pay contributors, but the verses were copied into hundreds of papers and attracted the attention of the Harpers, who gave Mr. Carleton an order for a poem. He wrote for them "Over the Hills to the Poorhouse," for which they paid him $30.—Current Literature.

After Tea.

Said Mrs. G. to Mrs. D.
('Twas over a cup of fine Bohea):
"Our pretty hostess yonder,
Has gained in looks surprisingly;
She seems as well as well can be!
What is the cause I wonder."

Said Mrs. D. to Mrs. G.,
"She's changed indeed, but then, you see,
She put aside objection,
And tried the famous remedy,
Which did so much for you and me—
Pierce's Favorite Prescription."

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English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses; blood spavin, curbs, splints, sweeney, ring-bone, stifles, sprains, all swolen throats, coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted. Sold by C. B. Stillman, druggist, Columbus. 6-1y

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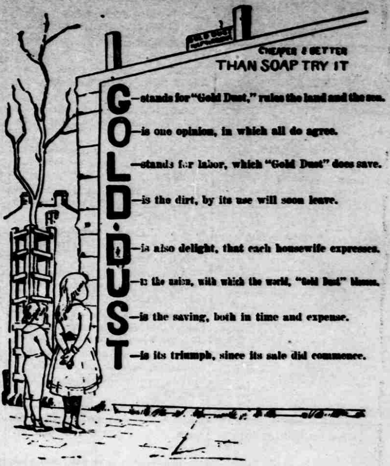

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—stands for labor, which "Gold Dust" does save.
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—is also delight, that each housewife expresses.
—is the union, with which the world, "Gold Dust" blesses.
—is the saving, both in time and expense.
—is its triumph, since its sale did commence.

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