

### Lanes to a Skeleton.

[Exactly sixty years ago the London Morning Chronicle published a poem entitled "Lines on a Skeleton," which excited much attention. Every effort, even to the offering of a reward of fifty guineas, was made to discover its author. All that ever transpired was that the poem, in a fair clerical hand, was found near a skeleton of remarkable beauty of form in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn, London, and that the Curator of the Museum had sent them to Mr. Perry, editor and proprietor of the Morning Chronicle.]

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull.  
Once of ethereal spirit full;  
This narrow cell was life's retreat  
This space was thought's mysterious seat,  
What beauties visions fled this spot!  
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!  
No hope, no joy, no love, no fear,  
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy  
One shone the bright and busy eye;  
But start not at the dismal void;  
If social love that eye employed;  
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,  
But through the dew of kindness beamed,  
That eye shall be forever bright  
When stars and suns are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung  
The ready, swift and tuneful tongue.  
If falsehood's honey it disdained,  
And where it could not praise was chained;  
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,  
Yet gentle concord never broke,  
This silent tongue shall plead for thee  
When time unveils eternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine?  
Or with its envied rubies shine?  
To hew the rock, or wear the gem,  
Can little now avail to them.  
But if the pace of truth they sought,  
Or comfort to the mourner brought,  
The hands a richer meed shall claim  
Than all that wait on wealth or fame.

Avails it whether bared or shod  
These feet the paths of duty trod?  
If from the halls of ease they fled,  
To seek affection's humble shed,  
If grandeur's guilty bride they spurned,  
And home to virtue's cot returned,  
These feet with angels' wings shall vie,  
And tread the palace of the sky.

### OUR PASSENGER.

#### THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

It was a lovely autumn afternoon toward the close of September, when we weighed anchor, and sailed out of the river Mersey, bound for Melbourne. We had a good ship—Janet's Pride—loaded with miscellaneous articles. On board were fourteen passengers, and take them all in all, a pleasant lot I never steered across the stormy seas.

There were three old gentlemen, who were going out to share their fortunes, come what might, and which, poor old souls, they seemed to think fashioned in the brightest colors, long before the English coast was out of sight.

Then there was a solitary old gentleman, who, judging from the general tone of his conversation, was seeking the new world for the ostensible purpose of finding fault with it.

There were two young married couples, all full of hope and activity, bent upon making a new home far away from their native land.

There were also a very jolly elderly brother and sister, neither of whom had ever entered into the bonds of matrimony, but instead, had stuck by each other through life.

There were three old Australian settlers, who had been over to have a peep at the old country, and who were now returning to the land which to them, through long communion, had become the dearest of all others—"Home, sweet home!"

Lastly, though not least, there was a solitary passenger, who soon became the pet of all on board. He was a man of about eight-and-twenty years of age, possessing a very clear complexion, a very handsome, long-down beard, and a very silky mustache.

His name was Reginald Moore. His given reason for taking this sea voyage was the delicate state of his health. There was not the least doubt that the poor fellow's chest was considerably affected, though his voice, charmingly sweet, was one of the weakest I ever remember hearing; and it had a certain hollowness in its sound that in my mind is invariably associated with that terrible disease commonly termed consumption.

He always wore a thick muffler round his neck to protect his throat and chest.

In all my experience—and it has been pretty wide—I never knew any one with so many friends, and such undivided esteem, in so short a space of time, as Reginald Moore. There was not, I believe, a sailor on board who did not entertain the warmest possible liking for him.

As for the passengers, they never seemed so happy as when listening to his amusing anecdotes, of which he seemed to possess an inexhaustible store. And this delicate young English paragon of passengers had made his conquest over all our hearts before we had been three weeks at sea.

He was, too, such a clever fellow with his hands. He could cut and shape you anything out of a piece of wood, from an oyster to an elephant; and at making models of ships, I never met his equal. He was, besides, such a kind and considerate fellow toward his fellow-passengers.

When the three elderly gentlemen, who imagined their fortunes made, were afflicted with sea-sickness, he was the first to come forward and help them about while they slowly recovered. He would insist upon their taking his arm, weak as he was himself, and he would lead them about on the deck with a firmness that spoke volumes in favor of his "sea legs."

I do not remember any voyage passing so quickly as the one when the pleasant passenger was on board. I could, with infinite pleasure, make a long pause at this juncture in the thread of my story, to dwell upon the pleasant memories I still retain of Reginald Moore.

We were within a week's sail of Melbourne. Reginald Moore had all but completed a model of the Janet's Pride, which he proposed presenting to me the night before we landed.

Now the work at this model principally on deck, and strangely enough, he had chosen for a work table one of the empty water-casks that stood on deck, afloat, and under the shelter of the bulwarks.

time in our experience of him, the pleasant passenger appeared at the dinner-table with a solemn, downcast expression of face and a silent tongue. Before dinner was over, I asked him what troubled his mind and caused this unhappy change in his wonted cheerful manner.

At first, he tried to evade my queries by replying that it was "nothing, nothing in particular;" but I pressed him persistently until I won from him an explanation.

"Perhaps, after all," he said, "it is only fair that I should explain matters. The fact of the matter is, my watch has been stolen."

"Stolen!" we all exclaimed in a breath.

"Undoubtedly," he answered; "but I pray you, captain—here he turned to me—"say not one word about it. The only thing that renders the loss of consequence to me is the fact that it once belonged to my poor mother. On that account alone, I would not have lost it for any amount of money. However, it cannot be helped, and therefore it is useless to cry over spilt milk, as the old adage has it. My only request in the matter is, my dear captain, that you will leave the matter entirely in my hands, and I think it very probable that I may recover it. This request I am sure you will oblige me by granting."

"Certainly, my dear sir," I replied; "but still!"

"Exactly," he interrupted, with one of his pleasant smiles, "you would like to take the matter in hand and investigate it to the utmost of your power. I know that, my dear captain, full well; but I can trust you to keep your promise, and leave the case entirely in my hands."

How could I deny him his request. You will readily imagine what consternation this event gave rise to among the other passengers. The three old gentlemen instantly proceeded to explain that they possessed jewelry to the value of at least three hundred pounds, which they usually kept locked up in a brown leather writing case; but unfortunately, at the present time, the lock was out of order.

Mr. Reginald Moore suggested a safer deposit for their valuables.

The young married couples announced the fact of their owning at least two hundred and fifty pounds' worth of jewelry; and they, too, consulted Mr. Moore as to the safest plan of securing it.

The kind-hearted brother and sister had, it appeared, more valuables in the way of jewelry than any one on board, since fifteen hundred pounds had never purchased what they possessed.

The whole of the evening was occupied in speculating as to the probable perpetrator of the theft, and in condoling with Mr. Reginald Moore on his great loss.

Every one turned in, that night, in an uneasy state of mind; and it was with astonishment that they found themselves in the morning still in possession of all their worldly goods. This improved condition of affairs seemed to reassure our passengers, who once again began to look cheerful and at ease.

Reginald Moore's pleasant face wore its wonted smile, and, as heretofore, he enlivened and charmed us with his vivacity and anecdote. All day through, he worked at the model of the "Janet's Pride," still using the top of the empty water-cask for a work-table.

That night we retired to rest with minds far more at ease than on the previous one. Alas! what a scene of anger and distress came with the morning! Every passenger on board possessing jewelry had been robbed during the night.

The three old gentlemen, the young married couples, and the kind-hearted brother and sister, found themselves minus every article of jewelry that they had possessed. Even the grumbling old gentleman had lost his gold snuff-box.

There was no keeping matters quiet this time. The theft must be traced and brought to justice. What was the wisest method of procedure? What would Mr. Moore suggest?

"I would suggest, though most reluctantly," said Mr. Moore, "that every sailor and every sailor's luggage be carefully searched."

To this proposition we unanimously agreed.

"This," he continued, "must be most humiliating to the feelings of your crew, captain, and therefore, in common fairness to them as our fellowmen, let me also suggest that every passenger and every passenger's luggage be also thoroughly searched."

A little hesitation on the part of one or two of the passengers was demonstrated before acceding to this last proposal, but our pleasant passenger soon contrived to bring those who at first demurred to his side of thinking.

"Or course," he said, "there is not a passenger on board who is not above suspicion, yet, in justice to the feelings of the crew, it is, in my humble opinion, the least we can do."

This delicacy of feeling and this thoughtfulness on the part of Reginald Moore, rendered him, if possible, more admirable and praiseworthy in our eyes than ever.

Many of the crew objected strongly to this mode of procedure, but all were compelled to submit. The old boatswain was furious with indignation, and vowed that if it cost him his life he would trace the thief who had caused him to be searched like a common pickpocket. Even the pleasant passenger failed to soothe his sense of injury.

"Well, a thorough search was made by myself, in company with the kind-hearted old gentleman and his sister. Every one's "traps" were ransacked from top to bottom, but without success.

Further search was useless. What was to be done?

I was about to open my cabin-door and invite him in to join me in my restlessness, when the peculiar nature of his proceedings riveted my attention. He looked around on all sides, as if afraid of attracting observation.

Then, suddenly, as if assured the coast was clear, he made rapidly toward the empty water-cask, on which he was accustomed to manufacture his model of the Janet's Pride. Once more glancing cautiously about him, he then applied his hands to the top of the cask, and with a rapid movement lifted half of the top bodily off.

My astonishment and my excitement were intense. Another hasty glance round, and he plunged his hand down into the cask, then quickly withdrew it, holding in his grasp a small bag, which he rapidly concealed in the breast of his coat.

Again he took a hasty survey, and was about making another dive into this strange receptacle for hidden goods, when he suddenly withdrew, having, with astonishing rapidity, replaced the lid of the cask. In another moment the cause of his alarm was made apparent, as a couple of sailors passed him on their way to relieve the man at the wheel.

When all was again quiet, for an instant he seemed determined to at once return to the cask, and no doubt withdraw something that the interruption had prevented him withdrawing in the first instance. But suddenly changing his mind, he went down the stairs that led from the deck to the saloon and sleeping cabins.

Scarcely had he disappeared, when another figure, stealthily crossing the deck, met my anxious observation. It was the boatswain.

I saw him glance toward the stairs, down which Mr. Reginald Moore had taken his departure. He then made direct for the water-cask. It was now obvious to me that the old boatswain had been watching the pleasant passenger.

Just as he reached the water-cask, a heavy green sea struck the ship to windward, necessitating the boatswain to hold on by a rope so as to keep his footing, and precisely at the same moment Reginald Moore appeared at the top of the cabin stairs. I shall never forget the scene.

The instant the ship had steadied herself, the boatswain commenced his examination of the water-cask. For a moment only, Moore stood looking at him with as evil an expression on his face as I ever beheld.

With one bound he was upon the boatswain, before he could turn to protect himself. I waited no longer, but flung open the door of my cabin in an instant, and in another was to the rescue, and in a few moments we had our pleasant passenger in irons. So, you see, he was the thief after all, hiding his knavery under the pleasantest exterior I ever knew a man possess. The manner in which he had manufactured the top of that water-cask was the most finished and ingenious piece of carpentry I ever beheld.

In the interior of the side of the cask he had driven several nails, about two feet from the top, on which he had suspended, in wash-leather bags, the jewelry he had stolen.

You may easily imagine the surprise evinced by our passengers on discovering that the thief was the man for whom each and every one of them entertained such regard and even affection.

At the expiration of three days from the date of the pleasant passenger's detection, we landed in Melbourne, where duty compelled me to hand him over to the police; but as no one cared to remain in that town for the purpose of prosecuting him, he was summarily dealt with. The magistrate sentenced him to six months' imprisonment with hard labor.

Emperor and Boy.

One of the commissioners from Brazil to the Philadelphia exposition told a pleasant story of the emperor. A lad of good family in Rio Janeiro found himself left by the death of his father friendless and penniless. One day, he saw a middle-aged gentleman, plainly dressed and with a singularly candid, kind countenance, walking alone in the street.

The lad's companion told him it was the emperor, adding, "He chooses to be unnoticed, to go up and down as the father of his people."

"If he is the father of his people," said the boy, "he will take some interest in me," and approaching the emperor, though trembling with fright, he told his story in a few direct words. Dom Pedro listened attentively.

"What is it that you want, then, my boy?"

"An education, your majesty. If I had that I could be of some use to myself and others. Now I am of none."

"For what business did your father design you?"

"That of a civil engineer, sir."

"Come to me at noon to-morrow."

The emperor inquired concerning the lad, and then took upon himself the whole expense of his support and education, sending him to this country to receive the latter. The fact which gives more significance to the story is that the emperor is comparatively a poor man, his income being much less than that of many wealthy Brazilian gentlemen. Even the education of this one boy involved a certain amount of self-sacrifice on his part.

Dom Pedro cares nothing for luxury, pomp, or even the honors of the world; his whole aim is the elevation and improvement of his subjects. For this purpose he has visited almost every civilized country, carrying home the best in theory and practice, to experiment upon in Brazil. He was accustomed on his tours of investigation at the exposition, to go about incognito, in shabby coat and trousers, to the great disappointment of the crowd. They did not recognize the fact that no insignia of royalty could add dignity to such real majesty of character.

A class was being examined recently in a sea-beated town of Sussex. The subject under discussion was the flood. Among the first questions put was, "How did Noah understand that there was going to be a flood?" "Cause," shouted an urchin, "he looked at his almanac!"

A Chicago girl lost her overshoe while traveling through Virginia last year, and now some newspapers are writing up long articles about the discovery of a subterranean cave in that State.

### My Little Love.

HESTER A. BENEDICT.

I.

My little love, asleep so far, so far  
Beyond the hills I cannot cross nor climb,  
Singing across the laughing-love land,  
Yet saying, sometimes, with my voice dropped low—  
"If only she could wake and understand!"  
I pray you, in the silence grown sweet  
And full of heaven—since having you to hold,  
Dream that the wind hath kissed for your feet,  
Blown from my heart with blessings manifold.

II.

The palms are proud above me! and I go,  
Singing across the laughing-love land,  
Yet saying, sometimes, with my voice dropped low—  
"If only she could wake and understand!"  
It may be that my fancy ranneth riot,  
Watching the wee birds peering from the nest,  
But O, it seemeth often in the quiet  
Your light breath rocks the roses on my breast.

III.

And so I say: "My love, awake so far  
Beyond the hills that yet I may not climb,  
I think you know where all my treasures are;  
I think you hold the meaning of my rhyme.  
I think you stand, this moment, warm and sweet,  
And reaching dimpled fingers as of old,  
To catch the kisses for your face and feet,  
Blown from my heart with blessings manifold."

IV.

And so I sing with brooks, and birds, and bees,  
Under the palms and where the pampas grow;  
Choosing my many friends from them and these  
And from wild winds that seek Sierra's snow,  
And so I wear the raiment of delight;  
And so I walk with glad, unflinching feet;  
And so I wait, till past the day and night,  
Finding my love, I find my love complete.

—Baldwin's Monthly, February, 1879.

### THE AVALANCHE.

The following graphic account of the perils of avalanches in the Alps is from "Hours of Exercise in the Alps," by the celebrated John Tyndall, the scientist. A party of six were being conducted by two local guides and a famous Alpine guide, Johann Joseph Bennen, over the Haut de Cry, one of the Swiss Alps. They advanced in the beginning of the ascent very rapidly. The peak was glistening before them, and hopes of success cheered their spirits. After a time they came to snow frozen upon the surface which would bear them a few steps and then break down. This, of course, delayed matters and was very fatiguing. Finally it came to a point that, in order to reach a certain *areté*, they would be obliged to go up a steep snow field 800 feet high, 150 feet broad at the top and 500 feet at the bottom. During the ascent they sank about one foot at every step. After mounting for some distance the two leading men suddenly sank above their waists. They were enabled to get out after some struggles and presently found better footing and came to the conclusion that the snow was accidentally softer there than elsewhere. But Bennen was afraid of starting an avalanche, and said so. They started forward again—but let the book complete the story.

The snow field split in two about fourteen or fifteen feet above us. The cleft was at first quite narrow, not more than an inch broad. An awful silence ensued, and then it was broken by Bennen's voice: "Wir sind alle verloren" (we are all lost). His words were slow and solemn, and those who knew him felt that they really meant when spoken by such a man as Bennen. They were his last words. I drove my alpenstock into the snow and brought the weight of my body to bear on it. It went in to within three inches of the top. I then waited. It was an awful moment of suspense. I turned my head toward Bennen to see whether he had done the same thing.

To my astonishment, I saw him turn round, and face the valley and stretch out both arms. The ground on which we stood began to move slowly, and I felt utter uselessness of my alpenstock. I soon sunk up to my shoulders, and began descending backward. From this moment I saw nothing of what had happened to the rest of the party.

With a good deal of trouble I succeeded in turning round. The speed of the avalanche increased rapidly, and before long I was covered up with snow and in utter darkness. I was suffocating, when, with a jerk, I suddenly came to the surface again. The rope had caught, most probably on a rock, and this was evidently the moment when it broke. I was on a wave of the avalanche, and saw it before me as I was carried down.

It was the most awful sight I ever witnessed. The head of the avalanche was already at the spot where we had made our last halt. The head alone was preceded by a thick cloud of snow-dust; the rest of the avalanche was clear.

Around me I heard the horrible hissing of the snow, and far before me the thundering of the foremost part of the avalanche. To prevent myself sinking again I made use of my arms, much in the same way as when swimming in a standing position. At last I noticed that I was moving slower; then I saw the pieces of snow in front of me stop at some yards distant; then the snow straight before me stopped, and I heard a large scale the same creaking sound that is produced when a heavy cart passes over hard-frozen snow in winter.

I felt that I had also stopped, and instantly threw up both arms to protect my head in case I should again be covered up. I had stopped, but the snow behind me was still in motion; its pressure on my body was so strong that I thought I should be crushed to death. This tremendous pressure lasted but a short time, and ceased as suddenly as it had begun. I was then covered up with snow coming from behind me. My first impulse was to try and uncover my head, but this I could not do. The avalanche had frozen by pressure the moment it stopped, and I was frozen in.

Whilst trying vainly to move my arms, I suddenly became aware that the hands as far as the wrists had the faculty of motion. The conclusion was easy; they must be above the snow. I set to work as well as I could; it was time, for I could not have held out much longer. At last I saw a faint glimmer of light. The crust above my head was getting thinner and it let a little air pass, but I could not reach any more with my hands; the idea struck me that I might pierce it with my breath. After several efforts I succeeded in doing so, and felt suddenly a rush of

air toward my mouth; I saw the sky again through a little round hole. A dead silence reigned around me.

I was surprised to be still alive, and so persuaded at the first moment that none of my fellow sufferers had survived that I did not even think of shouting for them. I then made vain efforts to extricate my arms, but found it impossible; the most I could do was to join the ends of my fingers, but they could not reach the snow any longer. After a few minutes I heard a man shouting. What a relief it was to know that I was not the sole survivor! To know that perhaps he was not frozen in and could come to my assistance! I answered. The voice approached, but seemed uncertain where to go, and yet it was quite near.

A sudden exclamation of surprise! Rebot had seen my hands. He cleared my head in an instant, and was about to try to cut me out completely, when I saw a foot above the snow, and so near to me that I could touch it with my arms, although they were not quite free yet. I at once tried to move the foot; it was my poor friend's. A pang of agony shot through me as I saw that the foot did not move. Poor Boisole had lost sensation and was perhaps already dead. Rebot did his best; after some time he wished me to help him, so he freed my arms a little more, so that I could make use of them. I could do but little, for Rebot soon tore the axe from my shoulder as soon as he had cleared my head. (I generally carry an axe separate from my alpenstock, the blade tied to the belt and handle attached to the left shoulder.)

Before coming to me Rebot had helped Nance out of the snow; he was lying nearly horizontally, and was not much covered over. Nance found Bevard who was upright in the snow, but covered up to the head. After about twenty minutes the two last named guides came up. I was at length taken out; the snow had to be cut with the axe down to my feet before I could be pulled out. A few minutes after one o'clock p. m. we came to my poor friend's face. I wished the body to be taken out completely, but nothing could induce the three guides to work any longer, from the moment they saw that it was too late to save him. I acknowledge that they were as nearly as incapable of doing anything as I was.

When I was taken out of the snow the cord had to be cut. We tried the end going toward Bennen, but could not move it; it went straight down, and showed us that there was the grave of the bravest guide Valais ever had, and ever will have.

### A Gambling Incident on the Alabama River.

From the London Truth.

I once found myself on a steamer going down the Alabama river. These steamers have on the saloon-deck a very long cabin, and at one end of the cabin is a bar where liquor and cards are sold. One evening, for the voyage occupied several days, a passenger asked me whether I would play at whist. I assented, and a whist party was made up. I soon perceived that I and a decent-looking old man, who was one of the players, were being victimized by the other two; but I played quietly on until every one except the captain, who was seated at the other end of the cabin, had gone to bed. Then my brother victim, after paying his losses, which amounted to several hundred dollars, went to his cabin. I took the cards in my hand and asked what I owed. It was \$200 or \$300. "Captain," I said, "be good enough to come here; I've been cheated." Up jumped the gamblers and asked me whether I wished to insult them. The captain, a sturdy-looking man, was now by my side, so I handed him the cards and requested him to examine them. They were marked in the manufactory, the stars on the backs of each particular color being made either higher or lower at the corners. The gamblers swore that they knew nothing of it, and had bought them of the bar-keeper. Half a dozen citizens were at once called up to act as jury, and the bar-keeper interrogated. After some shilly-shallying he owned that one of the gamblers had given him some packs to sell. This was enough, the engines were stopped, and the gamblers landed on a swamp, where probably they died, for it was a very long way from any habitation, and, as the captain said, a place where only snakes could live. It is almost a pity that there is not this sort of prompt justice nowadays in Europe.

### A Warning to Girls Who Chew Gum.

We find the following curious story in a St. Louis paper of late date: Late last Saturday evening an accident occurred on Portland avenue that may serve as a warning to hundreds of young persons who have entered upon a career of wax-chewing. A girl named Lida Smith had been a chewer for nearly a year. She is about eleven years old, rather bright and intelligent, and chewed about the same quantity of the material that was used by neighboring girls along the avenue. On Saturday evening she took her wax from her mouth, stuck it under the edge of the mantel until she could go to the kitchen to get a swallow of water, and on her return her parents were horrified to see her jaws moving rapidly. She was told to throw the wax from her mouth; but on investigation it was found that she was not chewing anything; still her jaws kept moving at a rapid rate. The parents sent for a physician, who came and attempted to hold the jaws in a proper position, believing it to be only temporary, but he could not stop the regular movement. The child grew nervous, and the excitement only increased the action of her jaws. The physician put a tight bandage over her face, and this partially relieved the movement, but then the twitchings of the muscles extended all over her face. As a last resort, a moderate dose of morphia was administered, and the little girl kept up incoherent mutterings, accompanied by a general disturbance of the muscles of the upper portion of the body during the early portion of the night, and toward morning the little sufferer was restored to her normal condition. The physician says he never heard of such a case before, and thinks it was brought about by a spasmodic action of the muscles of the face caused by overaction. The little girl after enduring a night of suffering, is now restored, but nothing in the world could induce her to again chew wax.

### Miscellaneous Items.

"Marriage," says a cynic, "is like putting your hand into a bag containing ninety-nine snakes and one eel. You may get the eel, but the chances are against you."

A courtly negro recently sent a reply to an invitation, in which he "regretted that circumstances repugnant to the acquiescence would prevent his acceptance to the invite."

A lady in Louisville has a husband who snores. She keeps a clothes-pin under her pillow; and when his snoring awakes her, she puts it on his nose, then sleeps in peace.

"How does my mustache impress you?" asked a conceited fop of a young lady. To which she replied: "It impresses me with the idea that your upper lip is mourning for the loss of your brains."

In the midst of a quarrel—"I don't know what keeps me from breaking your head!" "Well, I know what keeps me from breaking yours. I'm a member of the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals!"

The Boston Transcript says, "A North End man calls his baby Mabeth, because it murders sleep." The story is something like that of the Irishman who called his pig Maud, because she would come into the garden.—N. O. Pica.

A French paper reports a trial in which a witness testified that he heard two pistol shots on the staircase, and sent his wife to see what was the matter. "You did not go yourself?" "No, sir; I was afraid of the revolver."

The Austrian-Bosnian question has been thus cleverly hit off. "Two Parisian gamblers are conversing. 'A Congress—what is it?' 'Well, this: I want to do something for you, so I give you that gentleman's watch and chain. Now it is for you to go and take it.'"

Facetious Old Party—"How long do you say this wine has been bottled, waiter?" "Walter—" "Fourteen years, sir." Facetious Old Party—"Lor, I didn't know flies would live as long as that." Walter—"Yes, sir?" Facetious Old Party—"Yes; I mean that one kicking about in the bottle."

Examination day: present, the school committee-man; class in morals on the floor. Teacher—"What do the sunshine, the songs of birds, the flowers, the beautiful green fields teach?" Bright Pupil—"They show the greatness and goodness of the equator."—N. E. Jour. of Education.

A little girl, visiting a neighbor with her mother, was gazing curiously at the hostess' new bonnet, when the owner queried, "Do you like it, Laura?" The innocent replied, "Why, mother said it was a perfect fright, but it don't scare me." Laura's mother didn't stay long after that.

Souvenir of the exposition by "Cham." Small gentleman appears in huge hat, which ingulfs him to his shoulders. His wife—"But that hat doesn't fit you, my love. He—That's what I told the man; but he showed me his gold medal, the only one awarded for hats, and what could I do?"

Patti gets ninety-nine thousand marks for singing in Berlin nine nights. We remember of getting about that number at a boarding-school once for singing one night—and we didn't sing long either. And they weren't flat marks either. And we've got some of em now, too.—Osh kosh, Christian Advocate.

A Norwich youngster of five years, having been found playing in various private stables in the neighborhood where he lived, on being remonstrated thereupon by his mother, replied: "Well, I dess if a barn was dood enough for Jesus to be born in, it's dood enough for 'little boys to play in!"

A little Portland girl recently testified innocently to the life of drudgery experienced by the average "Queen of the household" who does her own housework. Somebody asked the child if her mother's hair was gray. "I don't know," she said, "she is too tall for me to see the top of her head, and she never sits down!"

A colored child had a fall from a second-story window, the other day, and his mother, in relating the occurrence at a grocery, said "Dere dat child was a coming down feet fust, wid every chance of bein' killed, when de Lawd, he turned him over, de child struck on his head, and dere wasn't so much as a button flew off."

The champion long-nosed man resides at Sacramento. Its owner was at breakfast, when a friend seated on the opposite side of the table, remarking him to be a little near-sighted, knew him to be a fly on the end of your nose. "Is there?" responded the owner of the horn of plenty. "I didn't know it. Just please scare him off; you're nearer to him than I am!"

"Are you engaged?" said a gentleman to a young young lady from Marysville, at a ball the other evening.

"I'm going to sit here and see him squeeze that freckle-faced Wilkins girl's hand all the evening, he'll be mistaken, solitary or no solitary!"

The gentleman explained, and went out to get air.

A German, in telling a rather Munichish story of his exploits, "gave himself away" in one of the incidents of his narrative thus: "In this battle we lost the brave Captain Schultz. A cannon ball took off his head. His last words were, 'Bury me on the spot where I fell.'" Had the narrator been an Irishman, the statement would not have been reflected so seriously on his veracity.

"Pizarro" was the play. A verdant actor was cast for one of the smaller roles. To him fell the line, "My Lord, 'neath yonder palm we have captured a casique. What is your pleasure?" The fellow, when his cue came he rushed upon the stage, exclaiming, "My Lord, 'neath yonder palm we have captured a casque. What is your pleasure?" "Roll him in," howled the tragedian, "and let's bust in the bung!"—Courier Journal.

High Church Housemaid (to Low Church Cook)—"Lor, cook, how can you sit and listen to a man as wears nothin' but black alpaca. You should have seen our young priest this morning! He had on a black silk skirt with a white cambric tunic trimmed with red. Walsheems lace a missis give him, a narrier 'igh-art green scarf round his neck; an' when he