

Decreed.

"Into all lives some rain must fall,"
Into all eyes some tear-drops start.

Over all pathways some clouds must loiter,
Under all feet some sharp thorns spring.

Crushing the heart with its dreary weight,
Or lifting the soul from earth to heaven.

At the Gate.

It was a bright day in early November,
with clear skies and a keen breeze rustling
the few many-colored leaves clinging
to the trees along the streets, of the
fine old country town.

She came down the long garden walk
slowly and thoughtfully, and paused at
the gate, leaning over it with an exclamation
of surprise.

Evidently he had fallen headlong,
for his clothes were in great disorder,
and his hat crushed under the side of his
head, which lay against the garden-fence.

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Having gained her uncle's promise,
which she knew would be kept, Agnes
again dressed and set out for her long-
delayed walk.

"How is your mother to-day, Mr.
Bell?" asked Agnes as they walked
along.

"Quite well, thank you. We are
expecting my sister home from school, and
she is all excitement."

"Fanny will be quite an addition to
our circle this winter."

"Yes. By the way, Miss Carroll, will
you lend your assistance in getting up
those tableaux for our fancy fair?"

"I am sorry, Mr. Bell; but my time is
so fully occupied there, I cannot undertake
to be anything more than a spectator."

Mr. Bell was disappointed evidently, and
left Agnes at the gate with a parting
request that she would call when she heard
of Fanny Bell's arrival.

Agnes when she entered the house, in-
quired after the strange man. He was
still in a stupor, she was told, and they
were afraid that he would die.

Agnes stole up to the room where he lay,
above the servants' hall; and her heart gave a
great throb of pain and pity as she gazed on
the white face and shrunken fingers of
the poor fellow.

There was one she remembered most of
all, a poor struggling law-student, half-
starved, and half-clothed, who supported
an invalid mother from the miserable
pittance earned as a copyist; but not all
the pearly and want which was his daily
portion could disguise the fact that he
was a true and honorable man, and that
he had talent and would rise in the
world if the laborious life he was leading
did not kill him; and in Agnes Carroll's
eyes he was a hero to be worshipped at a
distance.

They had been friends—nothing
more. The blue eyes and premature-
ly-old face of the young girl had found
no entrance to the frozen heart of
Harley Morton. He was kind, as he was
to all created beings, nothing more.
From the misery of hopeless poverty and
hopeless love combined, he, at least, was
spared.

And Agnes Carroll went away to her
good fortune with good wishes and a
warm pressure of the student's hand,—
that was all; she, and all women but
his mother, were mere shadows on the wall.

She went away and forgot him, for she
was young and life afforded her many de-

lights; but she measured all men by the
idol of her girlhood, and though she knew
that he never cared for her, and that at
last his memory was indifferent to her, yet,
strangely, all men fell short of her stand-
ard, and eight years after she was twenty-
five, and still Agnes Carroll.

Two days after, when Mr. Percy Bell
came to tell Agnes that his sister Fanny
had come, she told him the story of the
stranger she had found at the gate, and
added that he was now dangerously ill of
a fever; told him also to beg Fanny to
waive formalities and come and see her.

There was nothing on the stranger's per-
son to give the slightest clue to his iden-
tity, and his chances of life were meagre,
indeed. Would Percy Bell like to see him?

No, Percy did not care to see him.
Very likely he was some wandering
scamp, much beneath the notice of re-
spectable people. Percy Bell said this in
a very nice language and in a polite
tone, emphasized by the pleasant smile
in the light gray eyes; and he wondered
very much why Miss Carroll was so very
haughty immediately after and never
offered him her hand at parting. He did
not know that Agnes Carroll had been
on the watch to measure the soul of her
admirer, and that again her ideal lifted
itself to an unapproachable height above
him. He did not know, he never knew,
that after that speech his star set from
the heaven of Agnes Carroll's vision.

Perhaps it would be well for her to
hunt up some beggar, and bestow her
hand and fortune on him! Anything to
get rid of her senseless folly about Harley
Morton, who had probably never thought
of her since their paths had diverged
so widely; and Agnes strove to put
her troublesome thoughts to flight by
taking her work to the sick man's room
and sitting down by the window, sewed
or read by turns, or talked to the nurse
who was there, until the shades of night
came on and the dinner-bell summoned
her down stairs. That night the doctor
pronounced his patient out of danger,
and Agnes went no more to the sick-room
but resumed her old round of duties and
in her busy life nearly forgot him, until
her uncle introduced the subject.

"My dear," he said, "I have been talk-
ing to the stranger invalid, and I find
that he is quite a gentleman. He has
studied law, and I don't know but that
I shall take him into the office. Besides
he is from Asheville."

"As Asheville!" repeated Agnes, with a
sudden interest. "I should like to know
about some of my friends in Asheville.
I wish you would ask him down to din-
ner, uncle, if he has anything to wear.
Such a wretched-looking object as he was!
I am anxious to see how much a good bed
and care and food have done for him. It
was certainly a strange plight for a gentle-
man. Has he told you his story?"

"No," he only said that he came from
Asheville, and was in search of employ-
ment. He was robbed on the way, and
says that he should doubtless have died
had we not found him as we did. I be-
lieve I will ask him to dinner."

Accordingly, when Agnes came to the
parlor before dinner, she found the
stranger there; her uncle was with him,
and as Agnes entered he said:

"My dear, permit me to present Mr.
— Upon my word," he ejaculated,
"I never asked your name!"

"It is Harley Morton. It may be that
your niece remembers me."

Agnes looked into his face, and laid her
cold hand on his. She did not remember
him, for the young beard and unkempt
locks were gone; but, oh, how changed!
Thin and pale he had always been, but he
was ghostly now—a mere shadow of the
old man.

Agnes had never, in her wildest imag-
inings, dreamed that her first love would
be cast helpless and broken down at her
feet; she always pictured him as a rising
power in the world, as esteemed and hon-
ored for his goodness and talent; and now
he stood before her a failure, his life-work
untouched. She drew her hand away;
and, coldly kind, she sat down to enter-
tain him.

She went to dinner in a sort of dream,
and listened to the story he told in a
dazed way. It was certainly a pitiful
tale; and Mr. Carroll promised to help
him; and he did so by taking him into
his office as managing clerk, and letting
him sit at his table, and converse in his
parlor.

And Mr. Morton was gentlemanly, and
kept his place, never presuming on his
old acquaintance with Agnes—never seek-
ing to build the old acquaintance between
them.

Percy Bell and Fanny came to see
Agnes often and Agnes returned their
visits. She was quite as friendly to Percy
Bell now as before the entrance of Har-
ley Morton upon the scene; and that gen-
tleman's hopes were again in the ascend-
ant, and he certainly made an agreeable
contrast to the ghostly, hollow-eyed clerk
whom Agnes barely recognized. So af-
fairs went on until Harley Morton had
regained all his original good-looks, and
had made himself indispensable to his
employer.

One night Agnes gave a large party.
It was her twenty-sixth birthday, and she
laughingly told her friends that it was
the inaugural ball of her old-maidhood,
and she meant it to be a success. And a
success it was. Fanny and Percy were
there, and so was Harley Morton.

Just before supper Agnes came across
some gentleman in the shadows of the de-
serted drawing-room, and, tapping him on
the shoulder, she playfully said: "And
whom do I find playing the wall-flower?"

She started back ere the words were
finished, for the gentleman turned a face
of unutterable agony towards her, and
she saw that it was Harley Morton.

"Miss Carroll," he cried, "I love a lady
who is as far above me as you cold moon
is above us now, and my heart is break-
ing."

"Why do you tell me this?" she said
retreating haughtily, as he sought to take
her hand.

"Aggie, Aggie!" cried Fanny Bell at
the door. "Will you show Percy those
engravings you told me about?" And
Agnes hurried off, and Harley Morton
turned to his silent contemplation of the
cold heavens, at the long window.

"To-morrow," he said, "I leave this
house forever."

It was three o'clock before the last
guest had departed, and the house was
still. Mr. Carroll had gone to his room
long ago; but Harley Morton still stood
at the window, and watched the stars.

herself upon the sofa, and, taking the
cushion under her head, began to weep
violently. There was no light in the
room save that which came from the open
grate; but he could see that Agnes had not
removed her evening dress; and, wonder-
ing what could be the matter, he was
about to make known his presence, when
he was conscious of a stealthy step in the
hall. In a moment the room door un-
closed, and a man muffled to the eyes, and
carried a dark lantern; and then, as Agnes
became aware of the intruder's pres-
ence, she started up with a terrified shriek,
and rushed into the music-room, and
covered in the shadows. The man with
the lantern stood in thought a moment,
and immediately followed her.

"Come, girl," he said, grasping her
shoulder, "hand over them rings and
bracelets, and you're all right. I locked
the old gentleman's door and the door
from the servants' hall; and how in the
name of wonder you found out I was un-
der your bed, I don't know. You might
scream all night, and gain nothing by it
but a sore throat."

Agnes by this time was senseless, and
the robber proceeded to remove the
jewels from his unresisting victim, when
he found himself caught in a powerful
gasp, overpowered, and bound before he
could recover his wits, Harley Morton
did his work quickly and well, and pin-
ioned the burglar with the heavy cord of
the lace curtains, which he was drawing
carelessly between his fingers when Agnes
entered the drawing room.

By this time, Mr. Carroll had forced
open his door, and hurried to the scene
of action. The burglar had left a coarse
sack in the hall, containing the most val-
uable of the silver plate he had found in
the dining-room, and had he been satis-
fied with that, he might have got off
safely. But he was tempted to enter
Agnes's room, and had just time to secrete
himself, when Agnes, who had remained
in the parlor a long time after her other
guests, came into her room, and sat
down before her dressing glass, and lean-
ing her head upon her hands, was buried
in deep thought, when at the foot of her
bed, which was just aloft-side of her
glass, she saw a strange looking sack, and
beside it a man's boot protruding from
beneath the bed. It was in the glass she
saw them, and, with a thrill of terror, she
rose up and stole down to the parlor; re-
membering the presence of Harley in the
music-room, was about to seek him when
she was overcome by her excitement and
terror, and threw herself upon the sofa,
hoping he would come out and speak to
her. All this she told afterwards; but
when the police arrived with the messen-
ger whom Mr. Carroll had sent for them,
the robber knew all was over, and his
night's work undone by Agnes's opportu-
nity discovery.

At his trial, he confessed that he had
stolen into the house during the bustle of
the entertainment, and after the supper-
table was deserted, had helped himself to
every article he fancied. His sack was
laden; and, doubtless, he would have
escaped had he been satisfied with its con-
tents.

Harley Morton left the house as he had
resolved. To all Mr. Carroll's entreaties
and Agnes's proffered thanks, he said:
"I only did my duty as you did yours
when you found me at the gate, houseless
and starving. It is only heaven's mercy
that I was saved, a brand from the burn-
ing. I feel that self-respect alike com-
mands my departure."

He went, but not to stay long. For
one day there came to him a note which
read as follows:

"Mr. Morton, will you come to me and
finish the story you were telling me,
when Fanny Bell interrupted us the night
of the party?"

"Agnes Carroll."

Harley Morton went; and the story, no
doubt, was long and interesting, for Mr.
Morton had to take his tea alone, and
Agnes astonished him by walking into
the library where he was dozing over
his papers, and saying: "Uncle, permit
me to inform you that this gentleman,
who styles himself 'a brand from the burn-
ing,' is from henceforth my exclu-
sive property."

Mr. Carroll was quite satisfied and made
Harley Morton his partner; and he and
Agnes were married quietly, and the first
intimation their dear five hundred friends
received of the turn affairs had taken, was
the marriage-notice—no cards—in the
local papers.

Playing Funeral.

One day I was lying on my lounge
trying to sleep, when I heard the pattering
of childish feet along the hall, followed
by a scratchy tap at my door. I did not
answer, for I did not feel like inter-
rupting two such frolicsome visi-
tors as my little twin nephew and
niece, Willie and Tillie Blackstone; but
after a brief silence the door was pushed
cautiously open, and two curly heads
peeped in.

"Oh, dear!" sighed one, "auntie's
asleep."

"Oh, dear!" sighed the other, "what
shall we do?"

"Let's go in."

"Sh—sh—don't wake her."

They tiptoed by over to the window,
and looked down into the muddy streets
and sighed, and up into the gloomy sky
and sighed. I felt sorry for the
forlorn little creatures, and was going
to wake up and cry "boo," when Tillie
said:

"Let's play funeral, and bury
auntie!"

"Fush, said Willie, sternly, 'don't talk
so loud, you will wake her up.'
'You can't wake dead folks," laughed
Tillie.

"How many did she have?"

"Seventeen—all twins," she answered,
so plaintively that I almost laughed.
'They'll grow up,' he replied logical-
ly.

"By who will take care of them?"

"God. He takes care of the sparrows,
and children are bigger. Play, the
mourners have come in," whispered Wil-
lie.

"All right," said Tillie cheerfully; then
suddenly she sobbed.

"There's her be-grieved mother."

"Which one?"

"The one with a crape handkerchief."

"I'll make the eulogy," said Willie,
after a short pause.

"Go ahead," said Tillie, who sometimes
forgets she is a girl.

"The deceased was a woman. She
liked children, and was the auntie of
us."

"No, no, Willie; she had seventeen
children."

"She had seventeen children—to some
she gave water, to some she gave bread;
she whipped them all soundly, and sent
them to bed."

"That was the old woman that lived in
the shoe," laughed Tillie aloud, much to
the discomfort of poor Willie, who al-
ways gets things mixed.

As soon as he restored order he went
on: "Do not weep for her my brethren.
She is happier than you. Let us pray."

Together the dear little things repeat-
ed the "Our Father," and Willie added:
"Dear God, we know that she is in
heaven. We know all good people go to
heaven, because Jesus Christ went there
when he died. Make us all love as well
as she did, so that we shall see her when
we die. Do not let us wish she was here
again, because you took her away, and
you know best. Amen."

Just then their nurse called them to
their luncheon, and they ran away, leav-
ing me to rejoice at their great faith, and
pray that it may not falter when the time
comes for them to give up their treasures
and say, "Thy will be done. God knows
best."—Elinor Elliott, in Congregationalist.

Unearthly Visitors.

Colley Cibber, the dramatist, in com-
pany with three friends, once made an
excursion. Cibber had a false set of
teeth; one of his friends, a glass eye; a se-
cond friend, a cork leg; but the third
friend had nothing particular, except a re-
markable way of shaking his head.

They traveled in a post coach; and
while at the first stage, after each had
made merry with his neighbor's infirmity,
they agreed that at every halting place
they would all affect the same singularity.

When they came to breakfast, they all
squinted; and as the people stood gaping
around when they alighted—

"Or rot it," cried one, "how that man
squints!"

"Why," said a second, "here be another
squinting fellow!"

The third was thought to be a better
squinter than the other two, and the
fourth better than all the rest. In short,
language cannot express how admirably
they all squinted, for they went one de-
gree beyond the superlative.

At dinner they appeared to have cork
legs; and their stamping about made
more diversion than at breakfast.

At tea they were all deaf; but at sup-
per, which was at the "ship" at Dover,
each man resumed his character, the bet-
ter to play his part in a farce they had
concerted among them.

"I'd rather live with mother," said the
stranger, drawing his jacket-aloose across
his eyes.

Bright Eyes looked sober half a min-
ute. Then he smiled.

"Halloo, this is my place!" he said,
'I'm sorry—good-by—take these, won't
you? The balloon makes lots of fun.'
'He's jolly!' said the lame boy, hold-
ing the balloon string and cranking a pea-
nut with his teeth.

A crying baby in the next seat began
to stare at the red toy and to leave off its
roars, and soon the two were having a
merry play, while the baby's mother
looked thankfully on.

I got out at Handon, too, and when I
offered to help the lame boy out of the
cars, he said:

"Thank you; I'm not lame always, you
know. I hurt my foot with a big rock,
and it's getting better."

We walked up the street together, and
at the next crossing there was a little girl
crying so hard that the tears had half-
washed her very dirty face.

"What's the matter?" we both asked.

"Lost my penny," sobbed the child.

"Here's some peanuts," said my com-
panion. Don't cry, and you may hold the
string of my balloon all the way down
this block."

Tearful mopped her eyes with the end
of her shawl, and laughed almost as hard
as she had been crying. So we three
walked on, but perhaps her hands were
not used to toys, and certainly the wind
was pretty strong. However it happened,
the string slipped from her grasp, and in
a minute the red balloon was sailing far
above our heads.

"Oh dear!" cried we all, and
tried to run after it. But how could we?

Then the boy said:

"Well, never mind; I had some fun
with it."

The girl said: "I'm awful sorry!
Thanky!"

"It has made five people have a good
time, at least," I said.

"Who? There isn't five of us," said the
boy.

"The boy that gave it to you, the cry-
ing baby, and we three," said I.

"And if some body finds it, it'll be fun
for him," said the lame boy. "I go this
way now, and I hope grandma's got ginger-
bread for supper. She knows I'm
coming."

I have seen him since that day, and w-
spoke to each other. But I have never
seen Bright Eyes, or the dirty-faced
girl, or the baby again.

Shooting the Spanish Spy.

Scenes in a Carlist Camp.

"Make my peace with Heaven—how
can I, and no priest to hear my confession?
Take me to Estella, that I may at least
be judged." "Oh, bah! it's useless your
wasting words and time. There is no
need to trouble a court martial. Come
take my advice; either say your prayers
in yonder corner, or else sit down quietly
to a final glass and another cigarette."

As my ready imagined Francisco did
not readily abandon the hope of mov-
ing the cabacilla to mercy. He begged
and prayed to be allowed to live; he re-
minded them of many incidents of their
boyhood; he promised a considerable sum
of money which he had hid away; and of
which no one knew but himself; he en-
treated for sufficient delay that his wife
and children might be sent for; but it was
of no avail—the partida chief remained
obdurate. At length, growing impatient,
the latter said:

"Come; since you will neither pray,
smoke, nor drink, we had better finish,"
and he rose to his feet.

Francisco, with a bound, was across the
room at once, striving to unbar the window
which looked out on the back, but he was
quickly seized by the two partidistas and
dragged down. "Now, this is behaving
foolishly," said Rosas; "you see you are
powerless. Again, will you have another
glass and a smoke? Come, I do not wish
to be unfriendly; and I should like to see
you as comfortable as possible at the last."

"Yes, yes," replied the now thoroughly
beaten man, sinking into a chair. "And
see here," he continued, with something
like a smile hovering at the corner of his
mouth, "see here, since the smoke is to
be final let it be a long one—not a cigar-
ette, but a cigar." The landlord was sum-
moned and desired to replenish the pitch-
er, and Rosas possessed nothing but
cigarettes and was also told to bring a
puro. "The longest and the thickest
that you have," echoed Francisco, de-
spontedly. And so the wine and cigar
were brought, and the cabacilla again re-
sumed his seat fronting Francisco, whose
glass he kept continually filled. Under
the influence of the liquor, the poor
wretch grew recklessly humorous, affect-
ing to treat the whole affair as a capital
joke, over which he and Rosas would
laugh at some future day.

But whenever his somewhat unsteady
face rested on the cold, expressionless
face of the cabacilla, he seemed at once
to realize the position, and instinctively
he stopped smoking. Then he would
quarrel with the quality of the puro, com-
plaining that he could not get it to burn,
and making all kinds of difficulties when
endeavoring to relight it. Rosas at
length stated to his feet, saying that he
really must bring the matter to an end.

"A compact is a compact," exclaimed
Francisco, in a thick, unsteady voice.

"You have agreed to my smoking a last
cigar; if you want me to finish, had better
give me one that will draw. Here, it's
out again," and he leaned swayingly to-
wards the lamp, missing the wick each
time he approached it. Rosas was now
pacing to and fro, halting occasionally to
watch the apparently futile efforts of the
miserable wretch to rekindle the puro.
Suddenly he came to a determination.

The revolver was drawn from its leather
sheath; a couple of strides of the sandaled
feet brought him silently to the back of
the doomed man; the muzzle was quickly
placed at the nape of the neck; there was
a sharp report, and Francisco and his
troubles were at an end.

Mrs. Custer.

A letter from the widow of Gen. Custer
to Gen. Wells, of the Vermont cavalry
organization, written in September just
before the funeral ceremonies took place
at West Point has been published. Mrs.
Custer says that since her recovery she
has taxed her nerves in some work that
helped her to forget herself, and adds:

"If the soldiers who so loved their her-
oic commander think me worthy to be
his companion and wife, I shall go to my

grave comforted with such a tribute.
God has answered my prayers and given
me back the sacred dust that I may do as
he wished. Gen. Custer loved West
Point, and when he lies at rest peacefully
where he asked to lie, I shall be thank-
ful for his sake. I wish that I might
some time see you and the loved soldiers
and officers who followed my husband
so faithfully. I long to believe that they
claim me as belonging to them, in a
measure. New York is my home solely
because I can find the work there that
will make my life less useless.

A Boy's Wrong.

A story in real life, involving the in-
human treatment of an interesting little
boy and his subsequent rescue from his
unhappy condition by his father, was de-
veloped to-day in the Supreme Court
Chambers before Justice Glibert. Short-
ly before noon Counselor John U. Shorter
entered the court rooms, accompanied by
a respectable-looking, middle-aged man
and a child of eleven years. The boy,
who clung confidently to his father, was
a handsome little fellow with bright gray
eyes and nut brown hair. He was very
neatly dressed in a tweed suit. His name
is Thos. Conlin, and with his father, Mar-
cus Conlin, he appeared in response to a
habeas corpus sued out by Mrs. Alacia
Monahan, a resident of this city.

From the statements of the counsel and
of the parties in interest, it appeared that
Mrs. Monahan is a sister of Mrs. Marcus
Conlin, who resides in Pensacola, Fla.

Some time ago Mrs. Conlin informed
her sister by letter that Mr. Conlin had
unlawfully assumed custody of the child,
and that she desired her to take such legal
measures as would restore him to her
charge. Mrs. Conlin based her claim to
the boy on the ground that about ten
years ago she obtained an absolute di-
vorce from her husband in Florida, and
that the State court awarded the custody
of the boy to her. By virtue of that de-
cision and the decree of divorce, she for
ten years has controlled the boy. Mrs.
Monahan appeared to press the claim of
her sister.

The little boy, Thomas, told a pitiful
tale of the sufferings he had endured af-
ter he had been left in the hands of his
mother. He related it in an intelligent
and straightforward manner. He stated
that for a long time past, while in his
southern home, his treatment had been of
the most inhuman manner. His mother
was in the habit of beating him on the
slightest provocation, and she had in-
structed a colored man, how was in her
employ as a baker, to beat him also.

About the first of November, the boy
said, his mother and the negro, for some
trivial offense, committed a shameful out-
rage upon him.

They placed a heavy iron chain around
his neck and locked it, and then tied his
hands behind his back and pounded him
with heavy sticks until his body was
covered with bruises. They then left him
almost senseless with the chain still fast-
ened about his neck by a padlock. When
the poor child recovered the use of his
faculties he crept to the house of a neigh-
bor, where he begged for protection. The
person to whom he applied took him in
and unlocked the chain. When the iron
was taken from the boy's neck it was
found that it had made a deep scar.
Thomas remained in the house of the
neighbor for a week and was kindly
cared for. He recovered in that time and
was carried back to his mother, who upon
seeing him at once gave him a terrible
beating with a rope, and in which shame-
ful act she was assisted by the stalwart
negro baker. The boy bears the marks
of the latter beating to this day.

As soon as he could sit up, the little
fellow, who, despite his youth and the
harsh usage to which he has been sub-
jected, writes a good hand and expresses
himself correctly, wrote a letter to his
father to come and rescue him from his
awful situation. In the letter, which was
produced in court to-day, he piteously
besought his parent to save him from
death, which he felt sure would overtake
him if he were left to the mercies of his
mother. The summons reached Mr.
Conlin on the Pacific coast, and he at
once hastened to the rescue of his offspring.

He soon reached Pensacola and secured
the boy, and together they took their
flight northward on their way to San Fran-
cisco, where the father has established a
thriving trade. Mrs. Monahan, upon
hearing that the father and son were in
this city, at once communicated with her
sister, who instructed her to take the pro-
ceeding in the Supreme court. It was
decided that the boy should remain with
his father. The little fellow's joy when
the announcement was made was very af-
fecting.

France probably presents more, and
more ingenious, modes of earning a liveli-
hood than does any other country. There
is a man in Paris who manufactures worms
for anglers. He calculated, on beginning
the trade, that the thousands of anglers,
who now and then catch a minnow in the
Seine have no time to lose in the search
of bait, and set up worm making. He
breeds them out of the foul meats he buys
off the chiffonniers, and feeds them with
the thousands in immense tin boxes. His
emulator to another man who has a pro-
cess for the breeding of worms for night-
ingales. He gets them out of bits of cork
mixed with bran and flour. A lady liv-
ing in the Faubourg Saint Germain hatch-
es ants for pheasants. She has a room
full of them, and is well known by the
keepers of rare preserves. This is a trade
that has been over a hundred years in
the family, and is hereditary. There are
red, brown, and black ants, and they swarm
in the heated room, walking up and down
as well as in and out of corners, planks
and barrel.

He had stayed till the clock-hands
hung to-gether at eleven, and that valu-
able recorder of time was menacing a
strike. She had yawned till her mouth
felt large enough for a horse-collar, and
yet the young man evinced no symptoms
of speedy departure. "I've been working
on a motto to-day," she finally said,
"don't you want to see it?" He said he
did. She brought out the article and pass-
ed it to him for inspection. He held it
up to the light, and read the cheerful sen-
tence. "There's no place like home.
The young man guessed he'd be going.

Dr. Lunsard Oydandell, celebrated as a
physician and editor and well known through-
out the country, died on the 4th inst., in his
73d year.