Motherhood.

"Her lot is on you,"—woman's lot she meant,
The singer who sang sweetly long ago;
And rose and yew and tender myrtle blent.
To crown the harp that rang to love and woe.
Awake O Poetess, and vow one strain
To sing of Motherhood, its joy, its pain.

What does it give to us, this mother love—
In verse and tale and legend glorified,
Chosen by lips divine as type above
All other passions? Men have lived and died
For sisters, maiden queens, and cherished wives,
Yet, sealed by God, the one chief love survives.

Yet what is it it gives us? Shrinking dread,
Peril and pain and agony forgot,
Because we hold the ray of gladness shed,
By the first cry from lips that know us not,
Worth all that has been paid, is yet to pay,
For the new worship, born and crowned that day.

Then nursing, teaching training self-denial,
That never knows itself, so deep it lies;
The eager taking up of every trial,
To smooth Spring's pathways, light her April skies;
Watching and guiding, loving, longing, praying,
No coldness daunting, and no wrong dismaying.

And when the lovely bud to blossom wakes,
And when the soft, shy, dawn-star flashes bright,
Another hand the perfect flower takes,
Another wins the gladness of the light;
A sweet, soft, clinging, fond farewell is given;
Still a farewell, and then alone with Heaven.

With Heaven! Will He take the fond heart,
The God who gave the child and formed the mother,
Who sees her strive to play her destined part,
And, smiling, yield her darling to another?
Ay, on His cross He thought of Mary's woe;
He pities still the mothers left below.

Rattlesnakes.

From the Reading Eagle.

A young lady in this city has received the following letter from her friend who is at boarding school, giving a thrilling account of her adventure with a huge rattlesnake:

"Three weeks ago yesterday afternoon two young ladies besides myself, who had gone out in a walking party with one of the teachers at the school in this place, strolled off from the rest of the party, and, losing our way, were unable for some time to tell where we were, as the woods and underwood were so thick that the further we penetrated into it the more difficult our passage became. We wandered to and fro for a long time until almost overcome with fatigue, when we sat down on a huge boulder to recover our lost strength.

Looking at our watshes we found that we had been on the mountuin nearly six honrs, and felt hungry, distressed and tired. It was about five o'clock in the aiternoon, and twilight was fast approaching. 'Oh, but for something to eat,' my companion said, "and then we could struggle on and try to find the school again." She appeared to be the picture of despair. We were setting some feet above the ground alongside of a huge oak tree, and presently I felt something moving on my neck. I placed my hand to my neck to remove it, when horrible to relate, I grasped something round and soft, which hissed like an adder. I tried to pull it from me, but it wriggied and squirmed, and my companion seeing the monster on my body, shrieked and screamed and almost fainted. Just at that moment the head made a dart at my breast, with mouth wide open and tongue elongated, and hissing a death-like and horrible sound.

My left hand was but six inches from its head, and, in order to prevent being bitten, I grasped it right behind the eyes with my right hand. Holding it in this way for several seconds, my companion shrieked to me to throw the snake from me. I tried to do so, but was powerless being, as it seemed to me transfixed or charmed to the spot by the horrid eyes of the monster. I tried to talk, but my jaws would not open, and my tongue appeared stiff. I felt the cold sweat trickling down my back, and large drops of perspiration stood on my forehead. My face was as white as the driven snow, and I could neither move nor talk, but seemed to be as stiff as a post. It makes me shudder as I write, to think of the stare of the reptile. Annie, my companion, seeing my dangerous situation, screamed for help. She seemed to have been bereft of reason, for instead of coming to my assistance she started to run away. Trying to turn my head to see whether she had gone, the eyes of the snake were also directed in the direction in which Annie was screaming.

From that moment the snake's spell on me was broken, and with all my might I hurled it from me. No sooner had the snake landed on the ground than I ran with the fleetness of a deer, fearing that it would overtake me. Judge of feelings when almost out of breath and ready to sink down to the earth from sheer exhaustion, I turned around and found a snake with three others several paces from me, in hot pursuit. I remembered that snakes were afraid of anything red. Fortunately having on a red skirit, I immediately exposed it to the reptiles' view, and they at once stopped the pursuit. I advanced toward them, shaking my red skirit, and they retreated. I gathered up stones and trew at them and killed the largest one, and the others escaped through the rocks. Just at this moment a deputation from the school who had been in search of us came up. The large snake that had coiled itself around my neck was found by the escort, and it measures nine feet and four inces.

How Delos Lost His Scalp.

I know'd just as well as I know'd any thing that my hair was goin' to be raised in less'n two seconds unless some of the boys seen my fix and made the devil a present o' that Injin. I heerd some o' the boys give a shout, an' knew by scatterin' 'mong the squaws and young ones that some o' 'em were comin'. I heerd a shot and a yell, and the squaw that yanked me down fell dead with half her body on me. The big Injin was game anyhow. He kicked the dead squaw off o' me, and then set one o' his feet on my chest. The numb feelin' had almost left me, and I could see the fringe on the leggings of the Injin. I know'd what he was after, and if ever a man cussed and swore to hisself, that man was me, because none o' the boy's seemed to get there, nor to shoot. Two o' the soldiers war a comin' for me all the time, but the business was done so quick that they didn't have time to shoot again' after killin' the squaw, till the thing was over; but it seemed mor'n a week to me.

The Injun bent down quick and grabbed me by the scalp-lock. Lord! how he jerked! I shut my eyes. Then it felt as if some one had ripped a gash with a dull pair of scizzors all 'round the top o' my head and then poured a ladlefull o' hot lead onto it. A flash of the awfulest, sharpest pain that can be imagined ran all through me, clean to the end o' my toes. Then it seemed as if a horse were hitched to my hair and he was struck with a whip, give a sudden spring, an' tore the top o' my head off from side to side. I could feel my knees draw up' and my hands go shut and grab in the snow, and I set my nails clean into the flesh. The sensation was jest as if from the top of my head there had run cords down through my body, which were fastened in my flesh all along, and that these had all tore loose from my toes up, and followed the top o' my head when it was jerked off. I knowed I were scalped, and that were all I knowed for three days.

About the time I lost my hair the cav'ly came up, and the Injin was licked, and there wasn't m any of 'em got away. The boys who seen the Injin scalp me said they killed him, but if they did they didn't get my scalp back. It mought a got lost in the snow, though. They sent me to Laramie, an' for four or five weeks I had a little the sorest head that ever set on a man's shoulders. They let me come East to get sound, and I've sence been hon'ably discharged, the Gov'ment sayin' that a man that had been scalped once by the Iejins had done all that could nat'rally be expected of him for his country. I'm a itchin', though, to get out 'mong them dirty Nez Purses. They's one thing certain, the devils can't get any m ore scalp out o' me if they ever have a chance.

Fine Tell Tale Skelletons.

On the 20th of October last, a ranchteo in search of a stray horse came upon a group of five skeletons, firmly bound in a standing position to so many mezquit trees in a dense chaparral near the Loma de Borregos, within a short distance from the high road, about one day's journey from Matamoros. The skeletons were tied to the trees with strips of raw hide, and from their peculiar position it was inferred that they had been partially stripped and tied up alive, and had been left to starve. The skeletons were all close together and in the fleshless jaws of each a gag of rough mezquit wood was firmly fastened. The victims, therefore, were in full view of each other, and must have perished without even the poor consolation of calling out for aid and encouraging one another during their agony.

At the feet of one of the skeletons, a valuable gold watch and several papers were found. One of the latter was a certificate of deposit, signed by a well-known firm in Matamoras, for $7,000 in the name of Mrs. Rita Chapa de Mendoza. By means of this clue the identification of the remains was affected.

Upon inquiry in Matamoras it was learned that about the middle of September last Mrs. Rita Chapa de Mendoza, accompanied by Miss Rumualda Garza Oria, and Miss Damiana Garza, and her coachman, Gregorio, and Augustin Guillen, her footman set out from Matamoras for the interior. Nothing was heard from the party after their departure, but no uneasiness had been felt on their account as it was thought they had reached their destination in safety. It was known that it was Mrs. Mendoza's practice to carry her valuables in her bosom, and it is supposed that the robers were frightened off before they had time to search her person thoroughly, and in that way failed to get the watch and papers. There is no doubt as to the identity of the remains, for by the hair yet remaining on the skulls and a part of the clothing found, it was ascertained that two of the skeletons were of males, and three of females.—*La Epoca of Mexico.*

How Woman Loves and Suffers.

As a reporter was walking through on of the streets on the South Side last nigh he saw a woman sitting on a horse-block in front of a saloon, weeping bitterly. The reporter stopped and asked if he could aid her in any way, for she was a neat, tidy looking woman, with a pleasing, honest face. After several questions the story came out. Her husband, who is a workman, had been paid some money that morning, and had gone to this saloon and was carousing inside with some of his companions. Her little girl was sick at home; and several things were needed for her, which the father had promised to buy, but she was sorely afraid that the money would all be gone before the morning. As the woman told her sad story, with an air of patient resignation, her hands lay folded in her lap, and on the upper one was a long ugly scratch. "Does your husband ever ill-treat you?" asked the reporter. She drew the wounded hand quickly under her shawl, and answered promtly, "Oh, no, sir; he is a good man, only when he's drinking he is sometimes a little quick with the children."

"Why don't you ask some of your friends to aid you in trying to stop his drinking, or else get a magistrate to interfere?"

She sprung from the stone, and, drawing herself up, said in a trembling indignant voice: "He is my husband, sir; do you think I would go to a magistrate about *my husband*, sir! my Harry? Oh no, sir, I never could do that, no matter what he did."—(*W. Va.*) *Register.*

That Fetched Him.

[Henderson Times.]

In one of the western States a man was brought into court on a charge of assault and battery, presented by his wife, and his honor asked him why he struck her.

"She called me a worthless, lazy loafer; but it wasn't that."

"Well?"

"She said our whole family weren't fit for fish bait; but I didn't get mad at that."

"What was it, then?"

"She shook her fist under my nose and said I was too lazy to die; but I knowed she was excited, and I let that pass. She's got a fearful temper, your honor."

"I wish to know if you had sufficient cause for provocation" said the court.

"I guess I had, Judge. She came close up and spit in my face, and said I was meaner than pizen; but I didn't hit her for that."

"What, then?"

"I knowed her temper, and I sot there and whistled 'Hold the Fort,' and I was bearing with her, when she turned round, gin my coon dog the smashingest kick,—lifted him right out'n doors onter his head. That fetched me. Judge, if there had been forty lions and a camel in the road, I'd have skinned her or died trying.

Difficult Love-Making.

[Rockland Courier.]

The boy who sells fruit and confectionery on the train is usually a vigorous sort of a boy, with an eye strictly to business, and with no romantic thoughts running through his active brain. One of them came very near ruining the happiness of two young souls for life the other day.

A young man seat in the seat with a prett't girl, and though the passengers couldny distinguish their conversation from the noise made by the cars, it is pretty evident that what was being said was of great interest to the young couple.

He was saying, "Jennie, darling, I have long been wishing an opportunity to tell you of my great regard for—"

"Peanuts?" inquired the fruit and confectionery boy, thrusting his basket in front of the pair.

"No;" exclaimed the young man in an annoyed tone, and waving his hand to one side.

"As I was saying, Jennie," he continued, when the boy had passed on, "I have long wanted to tell you of my regard for you. You are everything to me, and always in your absence my thoughts are continually dwelling upon—"

"Nice candy—prize in every box," interrupted the boy, totally ignorant of the interesting conversation he was injuring. The young man shook his head, while the girl looked mad enough to bite a hairpin in two. When the boy had left, the young man resumed:

"I do not think you are entirely insensible to my regard, and I feel certain that you in some degree reciprocate. Tell me, darling, if I have a right to think that you are fond of—"

"Nice fresy figs, ten cents a—" The boy saw by the countenance of the pair that he could make no sale, and moved ahead with the basket. The young man finished with his eyes the sentence he had commenced, and waited for an answer. It came, murmured in his ear that no person might learn its importance:

"Oh, Charlie, you've no idea how happy you make me by your avowal. You know that I care for you only, and my regard for you is as lasting as—"

"Maple candy—very nice" said the boy displaying a tempting array of delicacy.

"Clear out!" ejaculated the young man between his teeth, in a savage tone, and as the boy cleared out, he turned to his sweet-heart for the continuation of her answer.

"As lasting as eternity. I have always cared more for you than anybody else. All our folks say you are just splendid, and mother says you are as good as—"

"Pop-corn—fresh this morning."

The young man rose hastily and lifted the boy several seats down the aisle, and the girl fell to crying in her handkerchief. The youngman resumed his seat, and sat in a moody silence until the train stopped at his station, when, in company with the young lady, he alighted, while the boy, after nursing the spot where he was kicked or a few minutes, went on his business, in utter ignorance of the fact that he had perhaps broken up a most interesting and happy courtship.

The Use of Paper in the Household.

Newspapers and wrapping papers can be put to many valuable uses in the household. Few housekeepers can find the time to black their cooking-stoves every day; but even if they wash them daily, in clean water, they will soon become shabby; but if they are rubbed over with newspaper every morning, after the dishes are washed, they will keep black for a long time. If a spot of grease or stain of some kind adheres, moisten tho paper a little and rub it off.

Newspaper or wrapping paper will keep the outside of the tea and coffee-pots and all tin utensils about the stove, brighter than the old way of washing them often in soapsuds.

Rubbing with dry paper is the best way to polish knives, spoons and brasses, after they have been scoured clean, and if a little wheat flour is sprinkled over the paper while rubbing them, it will make them shine like silver or gold. For polishing lamp chimneys, and for washing mirors and windows it is far preferable to any kind of cloth.

Preserves and pickles will keep much better if brown paper is tied over them. Canned fruits are also better if a piece of writing paper is laid directly on the top of the fruit.

Paper is much more serviceable to put under carpets than straw or hay. It is also warmer, and does not rattle as you step upon it. There is a kind of paper especially manufactured for this purpose. There are papers also in use for sheathing the walls of the house, and for overlaying the roofs. Indeed the uses for paper have increased greatly in the past quarer of a century, and whoever will invent paper dishes of cheaper manufacture than those of *papier-mache*, will be a benefactor to his race.

Seeding to Grass in Spring.

The practice is becoming more and more common among progressive farmers of sowing grass seed in the spring on ground occupied by no other crop. The land should if possible, be plowed in the fall, not only to save time for hurrying spring work, but also to expose the surface to the ameliorating influence of frost. If sown early enough the grass will get such a start as to place it beyond the injurious effects of dry and hot weather. In fact, it will stand droughts much better when standing alone than when sown with grain. Reported experiments have proved that a soil occupied by the roots of any growing crop contains much less water than one entirely unoccupied, and the difference is in proportion to the weight of the growing vegetation. Every plant of wheat or other grain is pumping the water out of the soil through its roots. A young growth of grass in a grain-field is not only deprived by its latter neighbors of the air and light it needs, but its roots are also robbed of the necessary moisture. If grass is sown by itself in spring on well-prepared land, it will be ready to cut in from ten to twelve weeks from the time of seeding. An aftermath may be cut before the frost comes and then the field should have a top-dressing of well-rotted compost. The practice of pasturing off the "after-feed," always injurious, is never more ruinous than in the case of newly seeded land, for the soft surface will cut up and puck worse under the hoof of cattle than older and more compact meadows.

Review of Fashions.

There are several things which go to make up what is called good taste in dress; form, color, quality, adaptability or becomingness, and, more than all, that discrimination which stands for restraint. Without the latter, everything is likely to be a sacrifice to mere novelty, there will be no "honorable retreat for waning charms" in dark colors and old lace, and low necked dresses, beautiful for the white shoulders of girls in their first seasons out, will upon elderly matrons recall the remark of the portrait-painter that he prized a variety of scenery quite as much as if he worked at landscapes. As the present is the social season of the year, full-dress toiletts are of speceial interest and, if special fancy inclines to extremes, these may be looked for in evening costumes. While the princesse form still holds the first place in favor, a great number of dresses made in this manner are decidedly low in the neck, and these are worn by young married ladies as well as those still more youthful. Plain princesse models as well as those which have simulations of basques, etc., serve for this purpose, and the shape of the low-cut neck is a matter of taste or becomingness.

Occasionally the back of the dress is somewhat high and square, and the front is very low and built up to a surplice shape with frills of tulle. Round necks, too, are once more "in the fashion," and are drawn up high upon the shoulder like the old-fashioned spencer waist worn by children, the centers, front and back, being very low. All such waists or necks to waists are built up to a proper height by puffs of lace, with ribbon and flowers mingled; the garniture is carried over the shoulder, and from below the short sleeve appears. All short sleeves are longer than they have been for several seasons. Belts are also worn with princesse dresses, and those for evening toilets, made rather wide, are composed of folds of satin, harmonizing with, or matching the dress material, laid in narrow folds, and fastened either with a flat bow which is a continuation of the belt pleats, or else by a silver slide or buckle. Pompadour and surplice-shaped necks continue to appear upon princesse dresses, and are the chosen shapes for dresses of heavy materials.

Ordering a Wife.

The following occurred on the Atchison, Topeka & Sante Fe Road: A gentleman traveling between Pueblo and Kansas City was engaged in conversation by a very intelligent but rough-looking minor, who had been for fours years an auriferous adventurer in San Juan country and who had "struck it rich". He made no secret of the fact that his visit to a certain town in Michigan was for th purpose of marrying "the girl he left behind him," for whose future comfort he had built and furnished a house high up among the snow-capped mountains of Colorado. But this does not interest the reader as will the remainder of his story. He left in San Juan a partner, whom he describes as "as square a man as ever struck a drill," with whom he had constantly labored three long years as mere prospectors," and with whom he now jointly held one of the most valuable properties in their district.

Jim, too, desired to go East, but their mutual interests made the absence of both partners at the same time impossible; he didn't know anyone in particular East, but then he wanted to go. Jim was rather a bashful, reticent man and did not like to tell even his partner the real purpose of his coveted visit; but upon the eve of the departure of the latter, the purpose of whose visit was known, Jim made the request, in dead earnest, that he bring him a wife

"Will you do it?" he was asked.

"Do it; you bet!"

"Had he any instructions to give in regard to, the selection?"

"Yes'; he said: 'Harry, bring me a good, honest, sensible girl, what there,s no foolishness or show about—a girl what'll make an honest man an honest wife,' and that's just the kind o' woman I'll take out, and the one that'll be Jim's wife."

While this manner of choosing a wife is a somewhat novel one, it must be confessed that Jim's idea of the woman best calculated to make with him th journey of life was a good one.—*Denver Tribune.*

A Touching Letter.

Everybody knows the story of the little girl who, wishing to ask something of Heaven, wrote a letter to God, which she put into the hands of the Virgin's statue in the parish church

A circumstance nearly analogous has just taken place near Marchiennes, in Belgium. A girl named Blanche was in the service of Monsieur and Madame C., who were much attached to her on account of her fidelity and piety. Some days ago Madame C. fell ill and died very suddenly.

The day after her death, Blanche profiting when the corpse, already prepared for the grave, was alone, made her way into the chamber of death, lifted the shroud and then retired precipitately.

Those who saw her suspected she might have been trying to pilfer the jewelry of the corpse. Search was made and nothing was found missing, but there was a letter in the dead woman's hand. This being opened, was discovered to be a letter from Blanche to her mother, dead a long time before. It was as follows:

"My Dear and Good Mother: This is to let you know that M. R. has asked me to marry him; as you are no longer here, I beg you will let me know in a dream, if I ought to marry him, and to give me your consent. In order to communicate with you I profit by the occasion of Mme. C., who is going to Heaven.

This letter, which bore the superscription, "To my mother Josephine, who is in Heaven!" is truly a poem of ingenious piety.—*Baltimore Bulletin.*

Absent Minded.

A letter from New Preston, Conn., to the Litchfield Enquirer, contains this anecdote: A man who had been sorting tobacco for one of his neighbors, stopped at one of the stores on his way from work and purchased a pair of shoes. He threaded his dinner-pail upon his arm, took the shoes in the same hand, and with the other thrust deep in his breeches' pocket, started for home. Having got opposite Dr. Ed's, he missed his dinner-pail, and, thinking he had left it at the store, back he went for it. As he went through the door it swung to, and hit the pail strung on his arm. His only ejaculation was, "Thunder!" I thought I'd left it!" He's the same man who took his watch to New Milford to be repaired, and two days afterward found it in his vest-pocket.

Did He Tell a Lie.

A good story is told of a ship-owner of Liverpool, which will bear repeating. Our merchant was a Quaker, and prided himself on his honesty. He would not have told a downright falsehood to save the value of his best ship. Jacob Penn was his name.

Once upon a time Friend Jacob suffered one of his ships to set sail from Calcutta for home without any insurance upon either vessel or cargo. At length he became uneasy. He was confident that his ship had encountered bad weather, and he feared her safety. In this strait he went to Friend Isaac.

"Friend Isaac, I would like for thee to insure my ship which is at sea. I should have done it before, but have carelessly neglected it. If thee canst have the policy signed, all ready for delivery, at three o'clock on the afternoon or the morrow, I will send and get it, and send thee the money in full.

Isaac did not seem anxious to insure the ship, but upon being assured that no unfavorable intelligence had been heard from her, he said he would have the policy made out, to take effect on and after three o'clock of the following day, but to cover the ship and cargo from the day of her leaving India.

Early the following day Jacob received a message by the hand of a Captain just arrived, to the effect that his ship was stranded and her cargo lost. This was very unfortunate. Should Friend Isaac happen to hear the news before the policy was made out, he would not make it at all; or, if made out and not signed, he would not sign it. What should he do? He wanted to act honestly. It would not be right to let Isaac go on and make out the policy under such circumstances. Finally he hit upon a plan. He summoned his confidential clerk and sent him with this message:

"Tell Friend Isaac," he said, "that I have heard from my ship, and if the policy is not signed, he need not sign it at all."

The clock was close upon the stroke of three when the clerk arrived. Friend Jacob's message was delivered. The ship had been heard from, and if the policy was not yet signed, he need not sign it:

"I think I am in season to save it," the clerk said.

"No, sir," answered Isaac, promptly and emphatically. Now, in truth, the policy of insurance had not been signed, for the insurer had been in doubt; but when he heard the message he judged at once that the ship was safe, and that Jacob desired to save the heavy item of the premium he had agreed to pay.

"No, sir," he said; "you are not in time. It is past three o'clock. The policy is signed. I will go get it."

He slipped out and hastily finished and signed the policy, and, having dried the ink, he brought it to the clerk, demanding in return the sum which had been agreed upon. The money was paid, and the policy was taken home to Friend Jacob, who received it very gladly.

The end we can readily imagine; and it is not difficult to judge which of the two felt most sore about the matter.

The Death of Nero.

Nero wandered out into the streets of Rome, knocked at the doors of friends; none would answer or let him in. He came back to his bedroom, called for Spicillus, the gladiator, to kill him, but Spicillus was gone. "What!" said he to Epapdroditus, his Secretary, who had now joined him, "have I neither friend nor foe?" And he rushed out again to throw himself into the Tiber; but, his courage failing him, and, his reason growing clear once more in the face of appalling calamity, he wished for some quiet place where he might consider his strange and sudden position, and collect his thoughts for death. With his head muffled up, and covering his face with a handkerchief, dressed only in a tunic, with an oiled cloak thrown over his shoulder, he trudged along barefoot in the gloom of the early twilight, accompanied by Phaon, Sporus and Epaphroditus. As these four slunk out of the Nomentane gate together like common, wayfaring men, they could hear the soldiers in the Pretorian camp, on their right, cursing Nero the beast, and hailing Galba as Father of his country. "They are in pursuit of Nero," said a man as he passed them.

"Any news in the city about Nero?" asked another. There was no time to spare. They found him a broken down horse, which he mounted and they hurried on. At last they reached the villa of Phaon, parched with thirst; the emperor lapped up some water with his hands from a running tank, with the bitter jest; "This is Nero's distilled water." He crept quietly into the house on all-fours, through a hole in the wall, and threw himself on the first matress, prostrate with hunger and fatigue. Then he ordered a grave to be dug before his eyes, for he refused to fly. He bade them to pave the pit with marble, and weeping theatrically, he prepared, surrounded by his only remaining friends, to play his last act. "What an artist is now about to perish!" he exclaimed, but ere the words left his lips a dispatch from Rome arrived which he snatched out of Phaon's hands. He read it and shuddered. He had been condemned by the Senate to be beaten to death, and dragged by the heels and flung into the Tiber. Seizing two daggers he felt their points. Greek verses occurred to him, and he began to recite.

He begged Sporus to set up a wail for him—to kill him—to kill himself first. At this moment the tramping of horses and clash of armed men where heard below He broke out in a verse from the "Iliad:" "The noise of swift-heeled steeds assails my ear." In another moment he would be taken alive. "Come then, courage, man!" he cried, and feebly pushed the point of the dagger into his throat. But his nerve was gone, and Epaphroditus came to his help and pressed it home. The guards burst in and would have seized him. "Is this your fidelity?" he murmured, and expired, with staring eyes, to the terror of all who beheld him. It was his last pose, and, as the end of such a life, it could not have been outdone. "Is this your fidelity?" "He had never made a better comic bit," writes M. Renan. "Nero uttering a melancholy plaint over the wickedness of the age, and the disappearance of good faith and virtue! Let us applaud! as the drama is ended and the curtain falls. Once in history, O Nature, with a thousand masks, thou hast had the wit to find an actor worthy of such a role."—*Good Words.*

Honesty Rewarded.

George and Harry worked in the same shop; but as the working season was almost over, and there would be little work to do during the summer months, their employer informed them, as they settled up on Saturday evening, that he could only give one of them work hereafter. He was very sorry, he said; but it was the best he could do. He told them both to come back on Monday morning, and that he would then decide on the one he wished to retain. So the young men returned to their boarding house a good deal cast down; for work was scarce, neither knew where he could obtain a situation if he was the one to leave.

That evening as they counted over their week's wages, Harry said to his friend:

"Mr. Wilson has paid me a quarter of a dollar too much."

"So he has me," said George, as he looked at his.

"How could he have made the mistake?" said Harry.

"Oh, he was very busy when six o'clock came; and, handling so much money, he was careless when he came to pay our trifle," said George, as he stuffed his into his pocketbook.

"Well," said Harry, "I am going to stop as I go to the postoffice and hand it to him."

"You are wonderful particular about a quarter," said George, what does he care for that trifle? Why, he would not come to the door for it if he knew what you wanted; and I am sure you worked hard enough to earn it."

But Harry called, and handed his employer the money, who thanked him for returning it, and went in the house. Mr. Wilson had paid each of them a quarter more than their wages on purpose to test their honesty.

So when Monday morning came, he seemed to have no difficulty in determining which one he would keep. He chose Harry, and entrusted the shop to his care for several months when he was away on business, and was so well pleased with his management, that, when work commenced in the fall, he gave him the position of superintendent. Five years afterward Harry was Mr. Wilson's partner, and George worked in the same shop again, but as a common laborer.

There is nothing like a good character when you want employment. Some young men can always get work, no matter how dull the times are; while others can find nothing to do when hands are scarce, simply because they cannot be trusted.—*Kind Words.*

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAHPS.

Richard Cœur-De-Lion once took the Bishop of Beauvais prisoner in battle The Pope, hearing ofit, sent to him to say that he had broken the privilege of holy church and taken his son. The king in reply, sent him the armor in which the bishop was taken, with this, in writing, "Vide num hæc sit vestis filliitui. (See whether this be thy son's or no.)

A good reputation should be preserved with especial care, for when once lost, it is always difficult, and sometimes even impossible, to recover it. Good renown is like ice which, when once broken, can never be made whole again. The following fable affords a very useful lesson on this subject. It happened one day that Fire, Water, and Reputation were traveling together; they were deliberating how they should meet again, in case of losing each other. Fire said, "You will find me when you see smoke," Water said, "Where you see marshy places, you will find me." But Reputation said, "Take care you do not seperate from me; should you do so, you run a great risk of never meeting me again; for when I am once lost, it is very seldom I am ever recovered."

A day or two since a lad some eight years of age said to his mother: "Mother which are we, Catholics or Episcopals?" "We ain't any of them," said a younger brother, chipping in, "we're Pacific Coast Pierneers."—*Virginia Enterprise.*

At dinner the host introduces to the favorable notice of the company a splendid truffled pheasant, amid murmurs of admiration. "Isn't it a beauty?" he says. "Dr. So-and-so gave it to me—killed it himself." "Aw, what was he treating it for?" says one of the guests.—*Paris Papers.*

It's a good plan to square up with evrybody at this season, even if the money to pay is not on hand. We ought to know just how much we owe to each and how much each owes to us. These old accounts that stand along year after year are bad things, and they are intolerable nuisance unless they are run over occasionally so that they may be kept straight between man and man.—*Rural New Yorker.*

It is often asked why a certain kind of paper is known by the name of "foolscap." When Oliver Cromwell became Protector, after the execution of Charles I., he caused a stamp, representing the cap of liberty, to be placed upon the paper used by the government. Soon after the restoration of Charles II. he had occasion to use some paper for dispatches, when some of this paper was brought to him. On observing the stamp he asked its meaning, and, on being informed, he said, "Take it away; I will have nothing to do with a fool's cap!"

"Soon after I came to Washington, three years ago a waif on the howling sea of journalistic adventure, I gathered up my courage and felt that I must see Mary Clemmer or die," writes a female Washington correspondent. The Brooklyn *Union Argus* adds that "it is a gloomy reflection that she succeeded in seeing Mary Clemmer."

A correspondent asks what is the best method of feeding cattle in winter? We don't exactly know. One man might prefer to take the ox in his lap and feed him with a spoon. Others would bring him into the dinning-room and let him sit at the table with the old folks. Tastes differ in matters of this kind.