

### The Reason.

Dear! dear! what is the matter now  
With papa's precious little pet?  
How troubled is the little brow!  
The cheeks with falling tears are wet.  
Come here, and tell your papa, sweet,  
What it is all about. "I sha'n't!"  
And on a stool she took a seat.  
Back to me with an angry frown.  
Of course she needed discipline:  
But who felt the rigorous rule  
In childhood, are quite apt to sin  
At the extreme from that old school.  
So I read on and let her pout  
"While, and then said pleasantly—  
"Come, Fussy-Fussy, turn about."  
And tell me what your grief can be.  
Did daily cry when she was dressed,  
Or Carlo bark till you were 'fraid,  
Or Kitty scratch because you pressed  
Or pinched or scolded her as you played?  
Did mamma—"Yes! that's what is it!"  
She cried, and faced me in a trice.  
"She wouldn't do my hair in friz!"  
And then she said I wasn't nice!  
"Well, yes, I s'pose—of course—I cried,  
And that was why she said so, but—  
She's cross! I won't be pacified!  
She's just as ugly—" "There! tut, tut!  
Come see your papa, and forget  
About it—that's a darling—do!  
Come, dry your cheeks, all soiled and wet:  
Your papa loves you—mamma, too."

### CHASED BY AN ENGINE. A Conductor's Story.

BY E. P. RUFFITT.

was riding on a night-train of the Pennsylvania Central from New York to Washington on a mission as newspaper correspondent. We had passed Baltimore, and within an hour's time would be at our place of destination. The conductor had finished collecting the fares, and seeing a vacant seat by my side had dropped into it as if for a little rest at the end of a tiresome day's work. He made an entry in his note-book, closed it, placed it in his breast-pocket, buttoned his coat, folded his arms, and then turned to me with a friendly remark, as if now he felt at liberty to lay aside all official dignity and be sociable. I was glad to while away the time as the train was rushing along in a darkness which concealed all objects of interest without, and so I encouraged the conversation.

"You must have met with some interesting experiences, and perhaps with some great dangers, in the course of your life," said I, the conductor's grizzled beard showing that he might have seen a long service.

"Well, perhaps the most exciting time in my experience was the night I was chased by an engine—a night which this one reminds me of," said he, looking out into the darkness.

"Chased by an engine?" said I, getting interested. "How did that happen?"

"Well," said the conductor, settling down in the cushion and bracing his knees against the back of the seat in front, "many years ago I was running the night-express on Long Island from Brooklyn to Greenport, a distance of ninety miles, the entire length of the road. The Long Island road was then a one-horse affair, having only a single track, switches at the different stations to allow trains to meet and pass. On the evening to which I now refer I started from Brooklyn at ten o'clock with the old Constitution, long since broken up, but then the crack engine of the road, with a baggage or freight-car and three passenger cars. The night was just as dark as a pocket, or, if any thing, perhaps a little darker," he added, as if he had accurately tested the internal obscurity of that useful portion of the dress.

"It must have been very dark," said I.

"We were the only regular train upon the road that night, with the exception of the Greenport express to Brooklyn, which was to start at ten o'clock and meet us at Lakeland station, in the middle of the island, switching off there to allow us to pass."

"Well, we were perhaps six or eight miles on our way when I stepped out on the back platform of the rear car to see if it was growing any lighter. We were then going over a part of the road which was as straight as an arrow for a distance of four or five miles. As I was looking back over this stretch I saw behind us, at the distance of three miles or so, what I knew was the head-light of an engine, as it was too bright for any thing else; for of course I did not suppose the government had been putting up any light-houses along the road."

"Probably not," said I.

"You may be sure I was a little surprised," said the conductor, "for there wasn't an extra train once a week upon that road, and I knew that there was none going out from Brooklyn that night, anyhow. I waited for a few minutes, until I saw that it was really an engine coming, and, what was more, was gaining rapidly on us, although we were going at our usual rate of speed. When I was satisfied of this fact I hurried forward, and said to the engineer, 'Jake, there is a train close behind us.'"

"Jake dropped his oil-can and his lower jaw at about the same moment, and looked to see if I was crazy or joking."

"Well, let the fireman attend to matters here, and come back and see," said I.

"We hurried to the rear, and in a moment Jake saw as well as myself that if there was any joke in the matter we were the victims of one; and of rather a serious one, too, for the train in the rear had gained on us a full mile while I had been forward. The red cinders were pouring out of the smoke stack as if from a blast-furnace; the headlight threw a glare along the road, burnishing the iron rails to our very wheels. Close as he was upon us, the engineer of the advancing train had not given the slightest signal to warn us of his approach, and made no response to our repeated whistle of alarm. He was violating all railroad rules, and if he had determined to secretly run us down he would act just as he was then doing. Jake at first seemed to be struck dumb—not so much because he then thought of danger as at the cool impudence of the engineer behind. He looked as if he would like to throttle him. His tongue after awhile got in working order, and he broke out, 'What does that crazy fool mean?'

"The engineer must be either crazy or drunk," said I. "If he keeps on in that way ten minutes longer he will surely be into us; and I signaled the fireman to put on more steam. 'What busi-

ness the train has upon the road at all to-night is what puzzles me.'

"I wonder if it isn't an engine the old man is sending down to Jamaica to the shop for repairs?" said Jake. "I saw the Ben Franklin standing on the side track with steam up just as we started. From the way she overhauls us, there can't be much of a train behind her."

"I did not know but that Jake might be right, for I had seen the Franklin standing at the depot when we left. That engine was just as fast as our own, and if it was without a train attached, as Jake supposed, might easily gain on us, as it seemed to be doing. At any rate, we shall see when we pass Jamaica Station whether Jake's theory is correct," I thought and said to him.

"By this time the fireman, acting as engineer, had given our engine all the steam she would take, and we were slashing along at a lively rate, I tell you," said the conductor. "The good people along the road who were out of their beds must have thought that a railroad Gilpin was riding another race according to the new style. I was angry enough to have sent a bullet at the crazy engineer following us, and I determined that my first business the next day should be to complain to the superintendent of his foolhardiness. I thought that possibly, being for the moment his own master and no longer under the immediate orders of a conductor, he was indulging in a kind of railroad spree, and for a lark was driving us to the top of our speed, expecting to end the race and his day's work at the same time at Jamaica."

"Well, we tore through that sleeping village without stopping long for refreshment, I can assure you, and then Jake and I looked to see our comical friend in the rear pull up at the station and take ledgings for the night. But we were mistaken in our guess. Not a whistle was given by our pursuer as a signal that he intended to stop; not a sign of slackening was shown; but on the contrary he was gaining upon us when we were doing our very best. Sometimes a curve in the road would shut him a moment from our view, but he would round it in an instant, and every new turn brought him that much closer upon us. Jamaica had been left far behind, and we were out on the wide Hempstead plain. The old Constitution was on her muscle. Our train was actually swaying and rocking with speed like a yacht on the waves. The telegraph-poles, upon which the light from our windows would glint in the dense darkness, were flying behind us at every second. The sound of our wheels as they struck the end of the rails was a continuous hum."

But, do the best that it might, our engine with its heavy train was no match for the light-weighted one behind. That was gaining upon us and was not the eighth of a mile off. The glare from its lantern shone brightly in our faces; I thought Jake's face looked a little pale, and perhaps mine did, too. Now that our pursuer did not halt at Jamaica, we were entirely off our reckonings, and we could make no guess as to the cause of our chase, nor when it would end. The prospect seemed that we might be driven to the end of the road, if we were not overtaken and smashed before it could be reached."

"That's the Franklin, sure," broke out Jake once more. "No other engine on the road could overhaul us as we are going now. What can that fool of a Simpson mean by driving her at such a rate? He must be drunk. If the boss don't break him to-morrow he won't get his deserts. He will be into us in two minutes."

"You right, Jake," said I. "Go forward and see if you cannot get up a little more headway. Empty a few of those petroleum-cans on the wood, and pitch it in, and see what can be done."

"While Jake was forward on his errand I thought over the situation. Here I was with a hundred or two passengers under my care, all ignorant of the danger which I knew they were in. If we should be overtaken and crushed in the rear, the disaster would be a serious one, and would probably cause the death or injury of some of the passengers. If we were not smashed in this way, there was another and perhaps a greater danger before us. The train of which I have spoken, which left Greenport when we left Brooklyn, was on its way to meet us on the same track. It should switch off at Lakeland in the middle of the island, and allow us to pass an hour after we started, or at eleven o'clock. It was not half-past ten, and we were close to Lakeland already, and would pass there long before the arrival of the Greenport train, which ordinarily got there first. The result would be that we should meet that train beyond Lakeland without warning of our approach, and collision in front as well as the rear would be the consequence."

"We reached and flew through the Lakeport depot nearly half an hour ahead of time. Of course the Greenport train was not there yet, but was coming down the road. Our speed was now a little ahead of any ever before made upon the Long Island road. The telegraph-poles fairly danced behind us, and the bushes on either side of the track seemed a continuous wall of fire as they were lit up by the flame which was pouring out of our smoke-stack. But dangerous as it was for us to keep on, it was just as dangerous to slacken speed, and so on we went."

The conductor roared his quid from one cheek to the other, raised the window by his side and expectorated into the outer darkness, and became silent for several moments as if burdened by the recollection of his former perils. After waiting a reasonable length of time for him to resume his story, I said, "When the collision occurred, was it with the train in front or in the rear, or with both?"

"O, the collision!" said the conductor. "Well, now you come to the ridiculous part of the story. The collision did not take place at all," he said, in an apologetic tone, as if there ought to have been a serious accident after so much preparation.

"While I was standing on the platform, thinking whether I had better warn the passengers to hold themselves ready for a shock, Jake came from forward dragging after him two large petroleum cans, each of which would hold a quarter of a barrel of oil."

"Now, then," said Jake to me, "if you will oil one side of the track, I will try the other."

"I saw at once what his plan was. We

each brought the mouth of an oil-can as near to the polished surface of the rail as possible and commenced pouring on it the kerosene. In less than a minute a half-mile of the iron rails on both sides was nicely oiled, and as slippery as the tongue of a Hebrew dealer in second-hand clothes."

"You have raised my expectations of a catastrophe so high that you have been obliged to grease the track so as to let him down again easily," said I, for I felt a little nettled at the unexpected turn of the story had taken, and was inclined to believe that the conductor was drawing largely upon his imagination for the facts.

"Why, don't you know that an engine can no more make headway on a greased track than a tom cat can climb a steep roof covered with ice?" said the conductor, with a pitying glance at one so profoundly ignorant of railroad matters as myself. "I slapped Jake on the back, and said, 'Old fellow, your cuteness has brought us all out of a bad scrape.'"

"In a few seconds the lantern of the train behind us was getting dim in the distance. We slackened speed and backed down to see, 'what the matter was with Simpson,' as Jake said. There stood the old Ben Franklin puffing and snorting and pawing like a mad bull, the driving wheels buzzing around on the greased track like all possessed, but not gaining an inch. We sanded the track and hore down upon the old machine, Jake was the first aboard, spoiling for a good chance at the engineer Simpson. But no sign of an engineer, fireman or any other living being, was to be found. The engine had only a tender attached, and although there was still a full head of steam on, the fires were getting low. We made short work in pushing back to Lakeland."

"We reached the station, and got fairly upon the switch when the Greenport train, which we should meet there, came in, and were waiting as if nothing had happened, and as if we had not been fifteen miles out on the road to meet it a few minutes before."

"The telegraph-operator at Lakeland handed me a dispatch, which read as follows: 'To Conductor C.—The Ben Franklin has broken loose and is coming up the road. Turn switch at Lakeland and run her off the track.'"

"Barton, Supt.  
"Brooklyn, 10:5 P. M.  
"You see, we did not have much time for turning switches at Lakeland," he continued, "so we did still better, and saved the old Ben—which was not responsible, after all—from a smash-up."—Lippincott's Mag.

### Ennuyee.

Yes, I have everything that wealth can buy—House, carriage, servants, jewels, lace—all! And here's my husband's latest present—see! He paid five thousand dollars for this shawl.

I know he loves me in his cold, hard way; Is proud, too, of my beauty and my style; He likes to have the people stare and say— No matter what. I liked it for a while.

But one grows weary of the self-same praise Men give the modistes' dolls upon Broadway.

We tire on bonbons after many days, And even children cannot always play.

Loves was not in the bond when we were wed; I do my duty—honor and obey; What heart I may have had I think is dead; Ah, well, poor thing, it never had its' way.

What would I, dear? What money cannot buy, Is happiness, pray, ever bought or sold? Are slaves made glad for that their price is high? Ah, chains are heavy, though they be of gold!

—Harper's Bazar.

### A Queen's Death.

ELIZABETH OF ENGLAND'S LAST DAYS.

If the ministers and courtiers were counting on her death, Elizabeth had no mind to die. She had enjoyed life as the men of her day enjoyed it, and now that they were gone they clung to it with a fierce tenacity. She hunted, she danced, she jested with her young favorites, she coquetted and soiled and frolicked at sixty-seven as she had done at thirty. "The Queen," wrote a courtier a few months before her death, "was never so gallant these many years nor so set upon jollity." She persisted, in spite of opposition, in her gorgeous progress from country house to country house. She clung to business as of old, and rated in her usual fashion "one who minded not giving up some matter of account."

But death crept on. Her face became haggard, and her frame shrank almost to a skeleton. At last her taste for feasts disappeared, and she refused to change her dress for a week together. A strange melancholy settled down on her.

"She held in her hands," says one who saw her in her last days, "a golden cup, which she often put to her lips; but in truth her heart seemed too full to need more filling."

Gradually her mind gave way. She lost her memory, the violence of her temper became unbearable, her very courage seemed to forsake her. She called for a sword to lie constantly beside her, and thrust it from time to time through the arras, as if she heard murderers stirring there. Food and rest became alike distasteful. She sat day and night propped up with pillows on a stool, her finger on her lips, her eyes fixed on the floor with silence it was with a flash of her old queenliness. When Sir Robert Cecil declared that she must go to bed the word roused her like a trumpet.

"Must!" she exclaimed; "is must a word to be addressed to princes? Little man, little man! thy father, if he had been alive, durst not have used that word."

Then, as her anger spent itself, she sank into the old dejection.

"Thou art so presumptuous," she said, "because thou knowest that I shall die."

She rallied once more when the ministers beside her named Lord Beauchamp, the heir to the Suffolk claim, as a possible successor.

"I will have no legate's son," she cried, hoarsely, "in my seat."

But she gave no sign save a motion of the head at the mention of the King of Scots. She was, in fact, fast becoming insensible; and early the next morning,

on the 24th of March, 1603, the life of Elizabeth, a life so great, so strange and lonely in its greatness, ebbed quietly away.

### A Mayor's Fight with a Pugilist.

The Mound City (Ill.) Argus says: Not many of our Pulaski county readers are probably aware that their distinguished fellow-citizen, Dr. N. R. Casey, of this city, once fought the celebrated prize-fighter, Mike McCool, and came out of the engagement with laurels. It happened in this wise:

The doctor was mayor of Mound City at the time, away back in 1865 or thereabouts, and he was in his room at his residence shaving, when he observed from his window a crowd in the street near by, and a great, overgrown man bounding another man unmercifully. With only one side of his face shaved, the doctor rushed out to command the peace and put a stop to the disturbance. He rushed up to the great pugilist, who was none other than Mike McCool, and taking him by the arm told him he was under arrest, and to go with him. Mike eyed the doctor with contempt, then let fly a right hander and knocked him over.

The doctor saw stars for a moment but picked himself up and clinched McCool. They went to grass together with Mac on top and hand well fastened in the doctor's topknot. Seeing the opportunity the doctor let drive his feet, hitting Mac in the pit of the stomach a violent kick and knocking him clear away from him, but McCool took a handful of the doctor's hair with him. McCool felt a weakness in the stomach for a moment from the doctor's foul blow, during which time the doctor obtained a perpendicular.

In the mean time, the spectators, who were mostly coal-bait men, had formed a ring and called for a fair fight. Having had a touch of McCool's quality the doctor was a little slow coming to time on the third round, and while Mac was edging toward him the city marshal, John McCune, rushed through the ring with revolver in hand and cocked, and placing the muzzle at McCool's ear told the pugilist to go with him, and he went, deeming discretion the better part of valor, and grately to the relief of the doctor, who turned white when informed who his eminent antagonist was, for McCool was noted then as about the best man in America as a pugilist.

The crowd he was with were mostly strangers in the city, and did not know the doctor any better than he knew McCool. The pugilist left ten dollars in the city treasury and gave Mound City a wide berth ever after.

### Madame De Stael's Mistake.

From the New York Times. Almost immediately after her arrival in London Mme. De Stael is said to have determined to visit the tomb of Richardson, for whose works she entertained an enthusiastic admiration. "Richardson, the great Richardson," the head waiter of her hotel, to whom she applied, said to himself: "The lady surely can not mean the great tavern keeper in Covent Garden, for I've never heard of his having died. Oh, it must be Richardson, Goodluck & Co., of Cornhill. Ha, yes; I've no doubt she's got some claim on the estate of the senior partner, who died some time ago." So the lady was dispatched to the office of the firm in Cornhill. Arrived there, she passed by the young clerks, and addressing herself to a graving looker man perched at a high desk said: "I wish to see the tomb of Richardson."

The gentleman opened his eyes widely, exclaimed: "God bless me ma'am, our Mr. Richardson was never better in his life, and has just driven off to the country." "You misapprehend me, sir, I mean the divine Richardson."

"Oh, a clergyman; I knew none of that name." "No, sir, not a clergyman, Clarissa's Richardson." "Really, madam," (assuming rather a stiff demeanor.) "we are not acquainted with any one connected with a lady of that name." In despair she rushed out of the shop, and espying a bookseller once more sought the desired information, and at length gained it. Hurrying off to St. Clement Dane's church she silvered the sexton's palm, and accompanying the man, lantern in hand, for the shades of evening had fallen, dropped on her knees upon a mud covered stone, beside the parish pump, bearing the long sought name, and kissed it. In the right hands the scene would make a good picture. A somewhat similar incident occurred much more recently at Wakefield in Yorkshire. The servant of a clergyman there told him that some highly respectable looking people desired permission to see the house.

"What on earth do they want to see the house for? There's nothing whatever to see; but by all means, if they wish it." They entered, bowed, looked around, seemed immensely interested, and presently he heard something said as to wondering whether it was much the same as in Goldsmith's day. They were, in fact, traveling Americans, who had imagined the house was the scene of the vicar of Wakefield.

### Women who Save.

Mrs. Hansen put fifty dollars in the oven of her stove one night, to keep it safe. Next morning after breakfast the national debt had been diminished exactly that much. A student of the curious would find it interesting to note the places in which women hide their money. One excellent and frugal dame used to tuck her little savings away under a corner of the carpet. The tiny roll of greenbacks grew fatter and fatter in the course of a year or two, when the day after it counted up to two hundred and fifty dollars, the house took fire, burned to the ground, and again the national debt was diminished by a little roll of woman's pin-money.

There was that other careful lady, too, who used sometimes to hide her diamond rings between two teacups in the kitchen cupboard, sometimes behind a certain brick in the cellar, and again under the lining of an old hat. She had divers other places of safety for her jewels also, the only trouble being that she had so many hiding-places she occasionally forgot where she had last put her precious things, and about every three months would fancy she had been robbed, and the house would be turned inside out, and all therein made very uncomfortable until the missing gems would be found carefully tucked away in the folds of the

bottom towel of the pile in the left-hand corner of the lower drawer in the clothespress at the east end of the dining-room. This periodical excitement about Mrs. McGillicuddy's diamond rings was the only event which broke the monotony of an otherwise rather dull life in a suburban residence.

### It Matters Not.

It matters not how dark the sky,  
Yet am I happy, knowing I  
Will see the sunlight by-and-by.

It matters not how drear the day,  
Within my heart a voice doth say,  
"Thank God, 'twill not be so away."

It matters not how deep the snow,  
I comfort take, for well I know  
Ere long the flowers will bud and blow.

And so, some time, when over me  
Sweep high the waves of sorrow's sea  
I say, "There are better days to be."

I've seen dear faces slip away  
From out the blessed light of day;  
Not lost, but gone before," I say,  
Love never here can lose its own,  
For days of peace my life has known;  
My lips are still too glad to moan.

### LORENZO DOW.

Every body has heard or read of this famous revival preacher, and a great many anecdotes are related of him. He was living at one time in a hilly and rocky place in Connecticut, when a very comical joke was played on Mr. Dow by some unruly boys.

"I don't suppose," said our informant, "that there's a prominent spot round the place that the old man has not preached and prayed on more than a half-dozen times. That is the right kind of a country," the speaker continued, cynically, with a sweep of the hand towards its stony fields and pastures, thatched with briars and bayberry bushes, "to produce a religion hard enough for any body. No wonder that the preachers were tough. No nonsense at all about 'em. There's material enough lying round loose there to turn a hell without any very great strain of imagination. The old man got his religion and his mission to preach direct from there and from the Bible. He didn't belong to no denomination, but set out on his own hook. He didn't take no pay, and went about as the apostles of old, wherever the spirit called him."

Lord, how he used to sail into preachers that got salaries! He had ideas of his own, and was independent of every one and everything, specially fashion. He always wore his beard long when every one else shaved theirs off, and he wore an old straw hat, summer and winter, with the brim half tore off.

"Every body went to hear him, and when it was known that 'Old Dow' was going to preach, all the other meetings were deserted. The boys sometimes put up jobs on him, though. I recollect once that he was to preach in an orchard, and a big crowd gathered to hear him. Well, just before the meeting began the fellows got him a great hoghead to stand on and filled it about two-thirds full of water. They put in the head rather loosely, and waited for fun. Dow mounted on the barrel, gave out his text, got fired up, and was prancing and thumping around on that barrel-head in lively style, and suddenly in she went, splash, slush, boards, Dow, straw hat and all. The water was about up to his neck, and he scrambled out, dripping all over. Jerusalem! how the people laughed, and how Dow, well, he went on preaching on the ground, but (significantly) he had commenced on grace, mercy and peace, but he wound up on hell-fire and eternal damnation."

### The Devil's Fruit.

Potatoes were first introduced at Moscow by a Mr. Rowland, between eighty and ninety years ago. At first people would neither plant nor touch them, saying they were the devil's fruit, given to him on his complaining to God that he had no fruit, when he was to search in the earth for some, which he did, and found potatoes. A curious Berwickshire legend, which, however, is palpably anachronical, attributes the introduction of potatoes into Scotland to that famous wizard of the north, Sir Michael Scott. The wizard and the devil being in partnership, took a lease of a farm on the Mertoun estate, called Whitehouse. The wizard was to manage the farm; the devil managed the capital. The produce was to be divided as follows: The first year, Sir Michael was to have all that grew above the ground, and his partner all that grew below; and the second year their shares were to be just the opposite way. His satanic majesty, as is usual in such cases, was fairly overreached in his bargain, for the wizard cunningly sowed all the land in the first year with wheat, and planted it with potatoes the second, so that the devil got nothing for his share but wheat stubble and potato-tops; and this scourging rotation Sir Michael continued, until he had not only beggared his partner, but exhausted the soil. In spite of this legend, however, we must continue to give credit to Sir Walter Raleigh for having been the introducer of potatoes into this country. The first that tried them, we are told, fell into the very natural mistake of eating the apples, and disregarding the roots. —The Agricultural Mag.

### Remarkable Self-Cremation.

Two novel kinds of incendiarism lately appeared in Rome. Two or three weeks ago the Royal Carbiniers at Porta del Popolo were attracted by an unusual light which appeared on the road outside the walls leading from the Porta del Popolo in the direction of the ancient Porta Pinciana. On drawing toward the scene of the illumination they heard cries of "Vittoria! Evviva!" and found that both the light and the cries proceeded from a man who was enveloped in flames. Before they could extinguish the flames the man was reduced to carbon before their eyes. He had soaked his garments in petroleum and set fire to himself. A box of matches and an empty petroleum flask lay near him, and his hat, which had mourning crape round it, was hung on the adjoining hedge. His features were horribly disfigured. The gentleman who thus committed self-cre-

mation was a vice-secretary in the office of the minister of war. He was a good intelligent public servant and was noted for his steadiness and diligence. He was unmarried, and somewhat taciturn and gloomy at times, but gave no indications of insanity.

The other instances of incendiarism was the burning of the marriage notices which hung up in frames under the portico of the palace of the conservators, at the capitol. The motive for this burning was set down as jealousy. The burning had no effect in delaying the marriages, many of which have been celebrated between members of the aristocracy.

### Blinding a Child with Hot Irons.

We find this in a New York paper: Mr. Edward Chiardi, of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, explaining to Justice Duffy, in Jefferson Market Court, the case of the blind girl Marie, found with the organ grinder Luigi Carigano, said: "I hardly think that small-pox would have so frightfully disfigured the child. It could not have entirely made her blind. When I took her to police headquarters, after you had ordered the man to the Island, she became quite communicative. She said she did not remember living with anyone else except this man. They used to live in another city. When driven from one place," Mr. Chiardi said, "these people go to another."

In his opinion, the child's blindness is due to a cause most horrible to contemplate. "Children when not one year old," he continued, "have an iron bar heated to white heat held before their eyes. None of the little ones whom I have met have been able to give an account of their blindness. They have, they say, always been so. Little Marie is nine years old, and is very intelligent. When I questioned her about her blindness she said: 'Oh, I never could see.' The tricks which these children are taught, and the appearances they can at will assume—all intended to excite sympathy—are surprising. Marie gave an exhibition of her power. She could almost instantly throw herself into hysterics or feign such a pitiable yet horrible look, owing to her disfigurement, that one seeing her would deem it impossible for her to feign such an appearance."

### Address to Sextons.

Bishop Huntington, of the Protestant Episcopal church, has a word to say to sextons from which they may profit. A great deal can be done for quietness in churches by the sexton. The most perfect sexton I ever saw was an apostle of silence. His eye and ear and hand were everywhere, and his genius for forestalling and suppressing confusion was wonderful. Before service he always changed his boots for slippers. He gilded about the aisles as noiselessly as a ghost. He made door-keeping a fine art. Doors and windows were fixed so that they would never be heard. He took care that no sound should come from the furnace or gas fixtures after the service began. The fact was that this was not a mere instinct of propriety or crafty measure of success in his office; it was a constant answer of his believing and humble heart to the solemn sentence, "The Lord is in His holy temple." What a contrast to the clumsy tussy, heavy-shod brother, in charge of the stoves in a rural sanctuary I remember, who was sure to start up two or three times in the midst of prayers, sometimes when the preacher was doing his best to get or hold the attention of his hearers, march around from his seat to the fire, swing open a stridulous stove door, punch the sticks with a poker, and tuss in an additional supply of fuel, giving another shrill screech from the hinges as a finale.

### A Royal Feast.

A private letter from a bandsman of the United States ship Pensacola, contains the following amusing account of a recent royal Hawaiian ball and supper: "The king and prince gave a grand ball a few days since at the palace. All the officers of the ship were invited, and, of course, the band had to go to furnish the music. I was very much surprised when I had a good look at the palace. It is nothing more than an immense chicken-house—a place built of laths and painted white, and a chair with a piece of carpet for a throne. I was under the impression that it was something grand; when the pay of the king is \$40,000 a year, you would think so too. Well, we played for them till about 4 A. M., and then supper forthcoming. We went into the dining saloon, expecting to find something very enticing and delicate to eat, when what was our surprise to find nothing but raw fish and poi—a thing the natives make out of roots, and which has a taste like starch and looks like it very much. We told the waiter that we were not in the habit of eating raw fish and poi, and would like to have something more substantial; but nothing more was to be had. We afterward learned that it was the custom of the royal family to give a ball and native supper once a year, and this was the one for this year."

### How Things go Wrong.

There are certain times in each man's life when every thing goes wrong. By a kind of total depravity, which extends to things material, whatever happens seems to become a new wild animal in the menagerie, and one's life, for the time being, is a fearful snarl. For instance, you hunt all over the room for a pencil, which you are sure you have seen within five minutes, and, having lost both patience and temper, find it at last behind your ear. You are in a hurry and want a penknife. You always keep it in one place, because you know that some time you will get befooled, just as you are now; but when you put your hand out to take it, it is not there. Then you fret and scold and vow that somebody has surreptitiously entered the room and purloined it. After you have fumed yourself into a fever you look again, and there it is, lying in its accustomed place, just as serenely as a child in its cradle. You were looking straight at it and didn't see it. Then the whole household, which you have sent to hunting it up, and each individual member of which you have accused of having it in his pocket, rushes in and asks you where you found it, and makes you feel like an idiot when you confess that it was just where they all told you it was. Things like these happen upon these ill-starred days and emphasize the advice to always keep calm yourself.