The Story of Innach Garden.

"Armo virumque cano,"
The man with two arms and a hoe,
I sing.
The spring
Saw him with spade and hoe and rake,
With back and arms that burn and ache,
Dig and swear
At the hard earth where
Over the adamantine sod
All winter long the family trod.
All day long like a slave he wrought,
The spade was dull and the day was hot;
When a cooler or softer place he sought,
Sunstrokes and brick bats filled the spot,
From rosy dawn,
Till the day was gone,
With tears and sw—rs he labored on.
By Luna's light the lettuce bed
With seed of *lactuca sativa* were fed;
Where the onion wept at its breathful taste
The bulbs of the *allium cepa* be placed;
And you never have seen a
More charming verbena
Than those he put in the oblong mould
With *viola tricolor* bordered round.
And on each side of the walk from the gate a
Row of the *reseda odorata*
Back in the kitchen garden bed,
Raphanus sativus, white and red;
Where the tall poles burned the haunted air is.
The place where he plants *phaseolus vulgaris*
All of the seeds that the grocer had,
Lots of things good, and some things bad;
Things that he didn't know how to spell,
Roots that bite and bulbs that smell;
Unknown vines of suspicious breeds;
Sprouts that come up and turn to weeds,
Things it would poison the children to pull,
Every inch of his garden he filled it full.
Daybreak came, and its early ray
Smiled on the garden just as it lay.
Eight o'clock, and the man went down
To his office desk in the busy town.
Nine, and his family flitted away,
With a rich relation to spend the day.
Then,
Just as the whistle was tolling ten,
Ahen,
Pride of the flock that lived next door
(Numbering a hundred and seventy-four,)
Peeped through a crack of the neighbor's fence,
And said to her comrades, "Lettuce, hens."
Hens!
They come by ones, by scores, by tens;
Gallus old birds, a clarion crew,
Came with the crowd, as they always do;
Bantams, hardly as big as a match,
But worse than a snow-plough on the scratch;
Dorking-fowls that make things whir
When they dig up the ground with their extra spur;
Malays and Hamburgs, spangled and plain,
White-cheeked chickens that hail from Spain;
Fighting game chickens, Polands black,
Guinea hens, with eternal "squack;"
Hens with chicks that weetled and cried;"
Hens bereaved, whose weetles had died;
Giddy young hens, that never had set,
Grave old hens that were at it yet;
Portly old roosters solemn and stout;
Old time bruisers with one eye out;
Hens, with broods of awkward ducks,
That paid no heed to their anxious clucks,
And never regarding their worried looks,
Plunged into gutters and ponds and brooks;
Mortified roosters, with tail feathers lost;
Fowls whose claws werenipped by the frost,
Business like birds, with no ear for fun,
Pullets whose troubles were just begun;
Tough old fowls, for the boarders collation,
Yellow-legged hens, of the Wesleyan persuasion,
Bright gems in the circuit rider's vacation;
Baptist-like ducks, with their awkward totter,
Hunting around for some waist-deep water,
Blue looking turkeys, scratching a living,
Fore-ordained to die next Thanksgiving;
And here in the mob was a solemn passel;
Of geese, with tremendous feet for a wrestle,
Not much on the scratch, but 'twas easily seen
They were worse on grass than a mowing machine.
Where they all came from nobody knew,
But over the fence in clouds they flew;
And into the garden, for life or death,
They scratched till they panted out of breath;
No pause, no stop, no stay for rest,
Till the sun went down in the crimson west;
Till the man came home from his work an found
The yawning clifts in the riven ground.
And he gazed for a space, with a fearful start,
While the deep sobs broke from his grateful heart;
And he clasped in his arms his babes and spouse
"Thank heaven, the earthquake spared my house!"

Burlington Hawkeye.

SELFELOGE'S EXECUTION.

A Gloomy Episode in the Reign of King Frederick William IV, of Prussia.

The jailer in the Moabit Prision in Berlin entered on the 24th of September, 1850, a dark cell, in which a tall man, with long black hair, and a pair of restless black eyes in a face by no means unprepossessing, was chained to the wall.

"Sefeloge!" said the jailer, in a tremulous voice, "Will you be a man?"

The prisoner looked at him with an expression of terror. He muttered a few incoherent words.

"To-morrow at daybreak," proceeded the jailer, "all will be over."

The prisoner sprang to his feet. The clanking of his chains caused the jailer to shudder.

"You mean that I shall not be among the living to-morrow morning at day break?" he gasped, stepping close up to the jailer.

The latter nodded his head.

"You will now be prepared for the scaffold, Sefeloge," he said to the prisoner.

Sefeloge uttered a cry of terror, and staggered back to his humble couch.

"I am not prepared to die," he moaned, bursting into tears. "Is there no hope?"

"None. He will be here directly?"

"Who?"

"The headsman. He will cut off your hair."

"A convulsive tremor passed through the prisoner's frame. He began to utter heart-rendering cries for mercy.

At this time the door of the cell opened. A middle-aged man of very resolute mien stepped in.

"You can leave us alone," said the newcomer to the jailer, who quiety withdrew.

And now commenced to truly revolting scene.

The prisoner shrank from the stranger in mute terror and despair.

"You had better be as docile as possible. I am the headsman," said the stranger. "Sit down by my side."

"No! No!" shrieked the ill-fated prisoner. "I am not ready to die yet!"

"You shall not die yet," rejoined the headsman. "You will be decapitated to-morrow."

"No! No!"

The headsman dragged him by his chain toward him. The prisoner endeavored frantically to resist him but the headsman's great strength enabled him to overcome the resistance of the struggling wretch.

While the latter was wildly clanking his chains, the headsman cut off the collar of his coat with a small but a very sharp nife.

The shirt-collar was removed, and, with a pair of sharp scissors, the hair of the prisoner was removed, the whole opeation occupying only a few minutes.

In the mean time the prisoner, whom the touch of the cold steel caused to shudder again and again, uttered loud yells, groans and imprecations.

"Oh, that my bullet had not missed the heart of that cruel King!" he finally exclaimed.

"Silence" thundered the headsman, "Annother such remark and I shall have gag you!"

"Down with King Frederick William IV?" cried the prisoner, definantly.

The next second the headsman had fastened a small iron gag in the mouth of his victim.

The latter tried to cry out, but was able to produce only a sort of a low gurgling sound.

The headsman then began to examine the prisoner's neck with his hands. He nodded his head with an air of satisfaction.

"That is a good neck," he murmured.

Then he left the cell.

The doomed man was no other than the would-be regicide, Sefelogue, who had deliberately fired at the breast of King Frederick William IV. of Prussia. But his bullet had rebounded, the King having worn a mailclad vest. What Sefeloge's motive was in attempting to shoot the King has never been definately ascertained. He seemed to be a sort of crack-brained utopist, and a number of eminent physicians pronounced him insane.

Efforts were made to induce the King to commute the sentence of death that had been passed upon Sefeloge. But Frederick William turned a deaf ear to those remonstrances. His reason had been unsettled by the revolutionary commotions of 1848, and there can be but little doubt that in 1850 he was already insane. Thus a crowned madman signed the death warrant of another lunatic!

Until midnight Sefeloge remained in his cell heavily ironed and gagged. Then his fetters were removed, and a sumptuous repast was served to him.

On the eve of their execution Prussian culprits are treated with great liberality. They gave him also a bottle of port wine, which he drank so rapidly that he was soon completely intoxicated. And now the doomed regicide became horribly hilarious.

He made fun of himself, and joked about his impending death. He demanded more wine, and it was given to him. At last he fell into a sort of stupor, and passed a few hours in fitful slumber.

At five o'clock in the morning the headsman shook him by the shoulder. Sefeloge uttered a cry of alarm. Upon recognizing the headsman he turns deadly pale.

"It is time!" said the headsman.

The prisoner threw himself upon the stone floor of his cell, and rolled on it, a prey to indescribable anguish.

His appeals for mercy become deafening, and in this condition he had to be carried to the scaffold. There he almost became superhumanly strong, and for six minutes the headsman and his assistants were unable to drag him to the block upon which he was going to end his life. The witnesses of the shocking scene on the scaffold were terribly excited. One of the clerks of the court fainted. Others had to leave the scaffold in hot haste Sefeloge's yells and roars were so deafening that they were heard at a considerable distance.

At last he was fastened to a block.

He uttered the last cry when the headsman's ax descended on his neck, and a thick stream of blood rose from the his trunk.

He was dead.

School Lunches in Paris.

Daily, we have seen the children pass our house on their way to school. At night the same return, each one bearing a basket, which was not the case in the morning. This article is too long for mere lunch, and, as their books are carried in straps, it is evidently not for this use. To-day, in my noon rambles, I saw arranged in semi-circles around each of the two doors of a large building, well-dressed, apparently well-to-do women, with these baskets on their arms. As my age invariably demands respect, I stepped toward one of these ladies and said: "Will you please tell me what this means?"

Instantly she replied; "O, yes! this is a school-house, one of the best in the city. No parent is allowed to visit it. The children are not dismissed till night and are not allowed to take anything eatable with them in the morning. After a few minutes, you will see them marched into a lunch room, when each boy will come in turn to this door to receive his basket, and each girl to the other for a similar purpose."

I did not quite understand yet why a long basket was necessary, until she added: "Would you like to see the contents? mine are a type of all."

Whereupon, raising the lid, she disclosed, first, a napkin in a ring, then a knife and fork, after which a roll af bread, slices of cold chicken, a slender tall tin pail, lastly, which accounted for the length of the basket—a bottle of wine! What should we think of introducing a like beverage into our Primary schools?

—*Mrs. Alfred Macy, in Wide Awake.*

An Incident of the Plague.

At the corner of St. Joseph and Baronne the reporter entered a room on the ground floor of a two-story brick-building. On a crib lay a boy apparently about thirteen years of age, whose tossings and twitchings were watched over by a fond mother. When the reporter entered, the wet eyes of the mother told the tale. Mistaking the identity of the reporter for a doctor she, with no little emotion, said: "Oh! doctor, Jimmy is dying."

Entering the room, the poor little sufferer was found to be breathing stertoriously, his eyes fixed, and evidently with but a short time to live.

"Doctor, do tell me," said the mother, "how long can he live! He was a good boy, and would not associate with bad boys. He was one of the best boys in the world."

The sun slanted down in the western sky, the shadows of the houses and fences lengthened out, the quiet of our short twilight stole over the streets, and as mother and cousin watched over the thin form of their beloved little one, without a warning, its spirit, in quietude and and peace, left its habitation, and, with those gone before, entered into the great unknown world.—*New Orleans Democrat.*

STANLEY.

The Early History of the Great Explorer.

From the Baltimore Every Saturday.

The age of discoveries is upon us. The hieroglyphics of Egypt have unraveled the mysteries of their designers. Burned Troy has yielded the tiara of the frail Helen to Dr. Schleimann. Henry M. Stanley, the *Herald's* special detective, traversed the wilds and jungles of Africa, and discovered the long-lost Livingstone, and in a recent journey drew a new geographical line across the entire breadth of that impenetratable, dark continent. It now remains for *Every Saturday* to give to its readers a startling piece of news that it has discovered, which is nothing more nor less than an effort to discoverer, and answer that almost enigmatical question of "Who is Henry M. Stanley?"

That he has been the first white man that has crossed that land of myth and mystery the homage of all countries attest. But although he has solved the great questions that have puzzled the geographers, he has reserved to himself a mystery that almost every one instantly clears up willingly, cheerfully and satisfactorily, viz: "Who were your parents?"

The papers all teem with graphic accounts of his exploits, but not one of them has attempted to dilate upon his history, for the simple reason that they are ignorant of it the only allusion to his birth being in a foot note to a little penny pamphlet published in London, which says: "Of Mr. Stanley's early life little is known Wales and America both claim him. He himself will probably soon settle the vexed question." That question we propose to settle now on the very best of evidence, that of his own mother, from whom we are in receipt of the entire particulars, and his desire to shield his ingratitude to the woman who bore him is undoubtedly the reason why his early life is shrouded in such mystery. The letter is dated High Park street, Sefton square, Liverpool, August 13, and from it we glean the following facts.

The explorer, whose right name is Henry M. Eastaway, was born in New York city on the 26th of October, 1843, and christened by the Rev. Father Smith at James Street Roman Catholic Church, near the Bowery. His mother was born in Ireland, but for some time resided in Baltimore. His father was a sea captain and when the child was still very young the family went back to Europe. During a voyage in 1858 the father died, and the boy soon after, while sojourning at his aunt's farm, at Clay Castle, had some words with his mother, and, in a fit of anger, she said to him: "Would to God you were somewhere from me;" to which he replied; "Never mind, mother, as soon as I can get a ship I will take care that I shall not come back. Should I get to America I can claim it as my birthplace." The boy was as good as his word, and in the same year ('58) he sailed from Queenstown in a bark called the Jacob Kellerd; and a few lines for his mother from Limerick, asking for her prayers and acknowledging the filial love he had for her, were the last she has ever heard from him; nor did she ever lay eyes on him again until the day of Livingston's funeral at Westminster Abbey. In company with a friend, Capt Lamont, (a letter from whom is also in our possession) she recognized him among the six pall bearers, and the captain, to satisfy her, asked some one standing by, who the person was, and the reply came, "Why, that's Henry M. Stanley, the man who discovered Livingston."

It is hard to deceive the unerring instinct that pulsates in a mother's heart, and beneath the searching scrutiny of her eyes he quailed and hid his face in the folds of the silk flag. Captain Lamont, referring to the scene, says in his letter: "I see by what you say that the people in Liverpool will not allow Mr. Stanley to be your lost son, but I think if they were present at the interview we had with him at Mr. Livingstone's uneral, they would be of a different opinion. The poor woman sought her ungrateful son at the Langham Hotel, in London, and was shown into the parlor. We had best let Mrs. Eastaway describe the scene in her own words: He put out his hand to me. Said I, 'Are you not a nice son?' 'Well,' he answered, 'I fancy there must be some mistake here.' 'Then,' said I, 'you can rectifiy it.' 'Well,' he answered, 'any money you want you can have.' 'Why,' said I, 'do you offer me money if I am not your mother? Did I not write to you and to Mr. James Gorden Bennett, saying I need no aid, only to relive my distracted mind."

He then questioned her as to any particular marks her son had, and when she told him that if he were her boy he had peculiar India ink marks upon his arms, and a mole on his neck, he winced and refused to satisfy her, but said, "Have patience for a year or so, Mrs. Eastaway; your son will turn up." This was too much for the mother's heart to bear, and she cried to him. "He may turn up to be a brother to your brothers, but never a son of mine," and left the room.

The fact of this statement we can substantiate by the letters in our possession. Mrs. Eastaway is by no means in poverty, a comfortable home and two strong sons to depend upon. One of them is second officer of the steamship La Place, now bound from Rio de Janeiro to New York, and the other one is on the Explorer, now in Australia. We have only stated plain facts as they came to us. If they be incorrect, then let the New York *Herald*, in whose employ Mr. Stanley is, rectify the error.

The Brave Southern Howards.

We want our readers to stop just for one moment and look at this matter. These nurses who have gone out of the pure air of their homes to plague-stricken towns, to handle and tenderly care for dead and dying men, who are utter strangers to them, need a higher courage than any soldier marching into the thick of battles. They gain nothing, neither pay nor glory. Their victories are not watched by a proud country, for those honors they give their lives. If they die no weeping nation will, year by year, hang laurels on their graves. The Howard nurse is only mentioned in the papers as "one of twenty-five' arriving on such a date, or "one of twenty" who are dead. His name nobody knows. If he falls, his friends only learn of it because he fails to return. There is no battle-cry or martial music to cheer his soul in its last struggle with death; in the future there is to be no roll call of a victorious army, with the proud answer to his names "Dead upon the field of honor." He gives, his life for some poor plague-stricken wretch, probably of less value to the world than himself, in the poisoned air of a solitary chamber, where there is none but God to know. He is buried hastily in a nameless grave, with shuddering and fear, and quicklime is thrown upon his body. This sacrifice he makes out of pure love to God and humanity, and this sacrifice is now making, not by one man, but by every one of the hundreds of nurses sent out by the Howard Association. Every one of them carries his life in his hand as he goes.—*N. Y. Tribune*

The Carpet Bug.

The following, from the Boston *Herald*, will be of interest to all housekeepers whose homes have been or may be invaded by the carpet bug:

The recently imported "carpet bug" or "buffalo moth," the two names by which the thing signified is best known, threatens to become a pest compared with which the Colorado beetle will rank as second in the order of destructiveness. This misnamed moth is the larva of the tiny beetle, so small as to escape observation unless specially looked for. The writer's knowledge of it begun near the close of July, 1874, when it was suddenly discovered that every room of his house in Cambridge was infested with numerous black, hairy larvæ, about a fourth of an inch long, of oval shape and of very quick motions. They were found chiefly under the edges of the carpets, and wherever a larvæ was lodged there a hole was eaten through the woolen portion of the carpet. In a back chamber, the flooring of which was so shrunken as to leave wide crevices between the boards, the ingrain carpet was found to be cut in places, along the cracks, for several inches, as if with scissors. It was the appearance of the cuts that led to a thorough search and to the discovery of the author of this mischief.

In August, 1874, several larvæ were placed in glass-covered boxes and their changes watched. After casting their skins one or more times, according to their respective stages of growth, the larvæ became motionless in October and so remained for some weeks. At length, during the late fall and winter, those that survived imprisonment without food split lengthwise along the back and gave forth each a small beetle, about an eighth of an inch in length, spotted with white and red. In March and April following, 1875, numerous beetles of precisely the same description were found crawling upon the inside of the windows and many of them were killed. After thorough beating of the carpets, at the time of the usual spring house cleaning, peper, stuff and various insect powders were strewn about the borders of the floor, beneath the edges of the carpets. These were found then and the next year absolutely ineffectual as remedies, and, in spite of them and of frequent examinations and killing, kept up throughout the summers of 1875 and 1876, the larvæ were found as numerous and as destructive as before Kerosene oil was also tried to some extent, but its use was soon discontinued, as it was found to soil the carpets. One point only was gained. Thick floor paper laid beneath carpets was found to prevent any further eating along the cracks.

In the spring of 1877, after the cleaning and beating, benzine was liberally applied by means of a common flat paste-brush. The borders of the floors, including the crevices between the boards and beneath the base-boards, were well saturated with the benzine, and the carpets were laid down without nailing. Several times in the course of the summer the edges were turned up, all larvæ found were killed, and new applications of benzine were made—between four and five gallons being used in a house of moderate size. As a result of this treatment scarcely any beetles were seen in the spring of the present year, and comparatively few larvæ have been found at work upon the carpets. The benzine would doubtless been still more effectual if it had been applied on the first appearance of the beetles in March, for then it is that pairing and egg-laying probably begin. The beetles are sluggish in their motions, and are easily caught and killed, while the larvæ are so nimble that skill and practice are required to crush them before they dart away into the shelter of some neighboring crevice.

The devourer does not confine its ravages to carpets alone, but attacks furs, soft brushes, leather dusters and woolen clothing as well, whether hanging in closets or folded in drawers. In any house where it occurs, its cast-off skins will be found in closets, trunks and boxes, and in packages of all sorts, whatever the contents or however securely tied. It seeks refuge in there that it may safely accomplish its final change from the larvæ to the perfect stage.

If now, when the ravages of the carpet bug are just beginning, such destruction is wrought as is already reported from the States of New York, New Jersey and Massachusetts, what may be expected a few years hence, unless some insect antagonist shall appear? It is evident that only "eternal vigilance" and constant fighting will hold the pest in check. It adds still another serious item to the toils of housekeeping. Some well informed persons express the opinion that the use of carpets will have to be abandoned. A house shut up for the summer, during the absence of the family, is in great danger from the carpet bug. Several instances are known where, on the return of the occupants in the fall, carpets have been found entirely ruined, and the house swarming with the insects from the celler to the attic. Another source of danger arises from the use of ottomans, or other like pieces of furneture, that rest closely and continuously upon the carpet. Beneath these, or even under a pile of newspapers that may be left upon the corner of a study floor, abundant marks of the devourer will always be found. Its mischief was detected in some Cambridge houses in 1873 and in some cases, perhaps a year earlier, but it was not till 1874 that any considerable attention was aroused. During the latter year news of ravages came almost simultaneous from Massachusetts, New York and New Jersey

The insect has long been known in Europe, where, however, it does not injure carpets or other woolen fabrics. Its food there is said to be dried meats and similar animal substances; and, as the harm which it does in its old home is trifling, so little has been written about it that any one who has tried to look up its history has been puzzled on finding its very name and existence not even mentioned in entomological works of high repute Since its importation it has acquired fresh vigor, and a new appetite to correspond. Its scientific name is *Anthrenus scrophularius*. Just when it "came over" is unknown. A rilative of the carpet bug, *Anthrenus varius*, was imported many years ago from Europe, where as here, it has been hitherto been regarded as the worst museum pest, preying upon all kinds of dried or stuffed animal specimens. The genus *Anthrenus*, belongs to the family *Dermestidæ*, of which the common bacon bug *Dermestestaedarius*, also an importation, is a troublesome member. And it is a remarkable fact that, with the single exception of the Colorado potato beetle, all our worst insect enemies have come to us from Europe, and that with their introduction, their numbers and destructiveness have almost invaribly increased to an extent unknown to the old world. On the other hand, our few imported insects have, so far, not spread widely in Europe, and have seemed to lose, in great measure, both in number and destructive energy. All our worst weeds, too, are of foreign origin and are displacing our native plants, just as the white European has crowded out the aboriginal red man. Surely Bishop Berkeley enunciated more than he knew when he sang: "Westward the course of empire takes its way."

Sprinkling the Streets.

Mr. Trevelyan, who lives on Court street, has had trouble already with his garden-hose. Since the introduction of the Holly water system it has been the delight of Mr. Trevelyan to turn himself into a pipeman at sunset, and with garden hose sprikle the thirsty street with the clear cool waters of the mighty Mississippi. Miss Norah Donovan, a young lady who is connected with the culinary department of Mr. Trevelyan's house, and is also superintendent of dormitories and general overseer of carpets, had often watched, as her duties would permit, this process of cooling down the streets at eventide, and she had been heard to wish that this duty might be intrusted to her. She finally framed her wish in a direct petition, and last evening she entered upon the active duties of her new office.

When Miss Donovan took the nozzle from the hands of her master, it was pointed almost directly at the middle of the street, and Miss Donovan conscientiously retained it in this position, while her whole frame was convulsed with delight. Presently there came dashing down the street, in a light, open phæton, two happy young people. In vain the young person shrieked and essayed to hide behind a parasol no larger than a water lily. Miss Donovan only started at them and wondered if preadventure they might be crazy, and when they passed through the torrent they came out on the other side very sad, very silent and very damp, not to say limp. Then the gentleman that lives next door came out and called to her as he approached, intending to instruct her how to shut off the deluging stream or turn it aside when any one approached. But Miss Donovan, hearing him calling her name, said "Sorr?" and turned about and faced him with the nozzle doing its level best, wide open and fire pressure on.

He turned with the first shot and fled for his own door, the cooling stream following him every inch of the way, like an angel of mercy in disguise. But by the time he reached his own door, he was so thoroughly drenched that his suspenders mildewed. Then a North Hill street-car came rattling down, an open, summer car, just crowded with people coming in from a picnic at Sunnyside and when they heard the driver shout, and then dodge, and then swear, they saw their fate and Miss Donovan, and just howled and wailed and screamed, and tried to get behind each other, and crept under the seats, and some of them even jumped off the car, and all of them by their frantic gestures, wild shrieks, and singular behavior, impressed Miss Donovan with the idea that they were dreadfully drunk. The street-car passed on, and when it was beyond the line of Mr. Trevelyan's garden stream, the dryest man in that car could have put out a conflagration by simply leaning back against the house that was burning, and before the car reached the next corner there were four well-defined suits for damages fixed up against Mr. Trevelyan.

By this time Miss Donovan was pretty thoroughly convinced that the manipulation of a garden-horse required that judgment and liberal education and shrewd insight into men and motives that belong only to the aristocratic classes, and she determined to resign her position forthwith. She went into the hall, carrying the nozzle with her, and spreading desolation and dismay wherever she went. "Whist!" she shouted, as the torrents drenched the hat-rack. "Murther!" she howled, when it knocked the globe of the hall lamp "Misther Trevelyan!" she shrieked, "where in the wide world is the sthopper? And then she bent over the irrepressible nozzle and essayed to stop it with her finger. The howl of dismay that followed this attempt brought the startled family up into the hall, and in less than three minutes every seat in the house was taken, standing-room all gone, and the play declared a success.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A Case that Puzzled the Doctors.

A recent dispatch from New Haven, Conn., to the New York *Sun*, says: The case of George H. Willis, aged 23 years. of Fairhaven, puzzles the physicians. He was a freight clerk in the office of the New York and New Haven Railroad Company in this city, and on Friday last went to work complaining of a severe pain in his head. He went home and a physician was summoned. On Saturday he grew worse, but nothing serious was feared until yesterday. On arising he went for a glass of water, but while raising it to his lips was seized with a convulsion which was succeeded by another, so he suffered until death supervened at noon to-day. Large quantities of morphine were injected into him hypodermically yesterday and last night, and early this morning it was found necessary to chloroform him, so violent had he become. His struggles in his convulsions were frightful and toward the end it required four men to hold him in bed. He snapped and bit at anything within reach, and narrowly escaped biting the physician when the latter approached to administer the chloroform. Between his spasms he talked very rationally, and yesterday seemed aware that death was near. He gave minute directions about his funeral, the flowers, and the services, divided his peronal property among his brothers, and insisted that the physician should hold a post mortem examination. He was a strong minded young man, of deep religious convictions, and not at all subject to his imagination. Hence the physicians think that the effects of a fear resulting from a monkey bite some twenty years ago had nothing to do with his death.

When young Willis was three years old he attempted to hand something to a monkey led by an itinerant organ grinder. The animal bit the lad in the leg. The wound was not a serious one, and was forgotten until lately. When taken ill, and after convulsions had set in, Willis insisted that he was suffering from hydrophobia, the result of that bite. The attending physicians hardly believed this, yet are compelled to accept it in the want of any other cause of the death of the young man.

Miscelaneous Items.

A justice of the peace in Arizona ruled out the evidence of all the witnesses, chased both lawyers out doors, knocked the plaintiff over a bench, and decided "no cause for action."

There isn't much difference between an old Roman soldier and a cannibal who has just dined on a nice young female Missionary, for the former was a gladiator, and the latter is glad-he-ate-her too.

A young lady of six summers, in the southern part of the city, rushed into her mother's presence on Sunday last, with the remark, "Mother, wonders will never cease!" "Why my dear?" "Why, Mr. and Mrs. W. are sitting on the porch talking just as sweet as though they weren't married!"

A Mount Aubin gentleman pointed out the constellation of the "Dipper" to his little girl the other night so plainly that she caught the idea, and after looking upon it with much interest for a minute, turned and said: "Now, papa, show me the wash-dish.—*Breakfast Table.*

An indifferent actor was playing Othello at the Dunedid Theatre. When he came to the passage, "O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!" a stentorian voice roared from the gallery, "All right, old fellow, drink away; you're safe."

CARRIED BY "A LARGE MAJORITY."

He pressed her to his manly breast
She seconded the motion.
His lips on hers he fondly pressed,
There was a slight commotion.

I'll put the question now, said he,
That you and I be married;
He voted "aye," and "aye," said she
—Decided—vote was carried.

He was a bachelor, had traveled extensively, and could speak any language, dead or alive. Hieroglyphics were nothing to him. But when he returned home the other day, and talked to his sister's baby, and when it cried and was pacified by its mother saying, "Did his naughty, wauty uncle wunkle come homey womey and scarey warey my little putsey wutsey"—he just leaned over the back of the chair and wept.

He was an entire stranger to the girls present, and the boys were mean and would not introduce him. He finally plucked up courage, and stepping up to a young lady, requested the pleasure of her company for the next dance. She looked at him in surprise, and informed him she had not the pleasure of his acquaintance. "Well," remarked Cazanovia, you don't take any more chances than I do."

Fact. Lady going along the street t'other day, 'Maciated boy pathetically accosts her:—"Please, mum, won't yer gimme a penny to buy some bread? H'aint had nuthin' t'eat all day. Mother's sick and fathea's dead. Please mum!" "Have nothing for you." 'Maciated boy trots feebly along side, tearfully repeating his affecting story. Lady gets tired, says, "No, little boy! And I don't want you running after me." "Humph! Need't be so d—n stiff about it!" Lady turns 'round and sees 'maciated boy standing on his head against a wall.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

A minister's life has frequent disappointments. During the great revival a stolid, matter-of-fact farmer went into the inquiry-room, and was at once taken in hand by anxious and zealous workers. He seemed to be visibly affected by the hymn that was sung, and after the prayer one or two tears were apparently discovered. When asked, "Brother, do you feel any change?" he made a rapid and instinctive movement of his hand in the direction of his vest-pocket, and then settling back in his chair with a sigh, replied, "Not a cent; that's just what I'm after."

The practice of a widow retaining her superior title on her second marriage occasionly leads to awkward mistakes. Not long ago a gentleman who had esposed a lady with a handle to her name was travcling in the north, and entered in the visitor's book at a hotel in Edinburg: "Mr. —— and the Countess of ——." Presently the landlord asked to see the gentleman privately, and on his requesbeing gratified, scandalized the unfortunate bridegroom by saying: "You ken, sir, I am a mon of the world like yourself, and dinna you think you had better just put Mr. and Mrs.——, if its only for the looks of the thing."

A friend of mine, a native physician, was called in a few days ago by a Turk, and found him dying of dyspepsia, arising from torpor of mind and body. He advised him to ride. "I don't like riding," said the patient. "Then," said the physician, "spend a few hours every morning in your harem." "I hate my harem, was the answer. "Then," said the physician, "count your money a few hours.' "I don't care about money," said the patient. "Then." said the physician, "hang yoursef, for how can life be endurable to a man who does not care for his horse, or his wife or his money?"—*Fortnightly Review.*