GRANSIR.

A grand old man,
Built after the olden plan;
A muscular body, a massive head,
A man to value the longer he lives,
A man to remember when dead.
I wish you might see him
Sit back at his ease
(Awake or asleep, as you please),
While he whiffs and whews
And I read him the news.

'Who's killed to-day?'
He asks in his ancient way;
"And what have they stolen this time, my lad?
The rascals they thrive like 'pusley' in peas—
Bad works, boy, bad—very bad!"
Then for the ludicous perch of the eye
While the pipe gets a slide
Where he puffs and poohs,
Keeping up with the news.

A character!
When he begins, "I tell ye sir,"—
'Tis worth a whole book of our modern talk;
Then the silence after his "say"—
The solemn shuffle of his walk
And tramping of his cane,
You may put down
When you see that frown,
And the dim gray lights unsually clever,
He's about to settle some subject forever.

He's so complete
From his head to his feet,
Inside and out so made to keep!
There's no one featnre before the rest;
He makes you laugh and he makes you weep,
He stops the hole in your soul;
He softens the tough
And levels the rough,
And he snoozes and smokes
And preaches and jokes.

His children and wife
Have gone to the better life.
And not a companion is left;
But he says: "They've only the start—that's all,"
And you never would think him bereft.
He wears the calmest face on the farm,
And with a genuine stamp of joy
Often declares he's young as a boy!'
Still he smiles and he smokes
Between sermons and jokes,

A grand old man,
Built after the old plan;
A muscular body, a massive head,
A man to value the longer he lives,
A man to remember when dead.
Years yet may he limber his cricks.
This peerless old son of the past!
And may I be the last
While he whiffs and whews,
To listen or read him the news!

—Sunday Afternoon.

Rubenstein's Piano Playing.

Jud Brown's Description Thereof.

"Jud, they say you heard Rubenstein play when you were in New York. Well, tell as about it."

"What, me? I might's well tell you about the creation of the world."

"Come, now; no mock modesty. Go ahead."

"Well, sir, he had the blandest, biggest, cattycarneredst pianner you ever laid eyes on. Somethin' like a distracted billiard table on three legs. The lid was h'isted, and mighty well it was. If it hadn't been, he'd a-torn the insides clean out, and scattered 'em to the four winds of heaven."

"Played well, did he?"

"You bet he did; but don't interrup' me. When he first set down he 'peared to keer mighty little about play, and whist he hadn't come. He tweedleleedle'd a little on the treble, and awoodleoodle le-oodle'd some on the bass; just foolin' and boxin' the thing's jaws for bein' in his way. And I says to a man sittin' next to me, s' I, what sort of a fool playin' is that? And he says 'Hee'sh!' But presently his hand commenced chasin' one 'nother up and down the keys, like a passel of rats scamperin' through a garret very swift. Parts of it was sweet, though, and reminded one of a sugar squirrel turnin' the wheel of a candy cage.

"Now,' I says to my neighbor, 'he's showin' off. He thinks he's a doin' of it but he he ain't got no idee, no plan of nothin'. If he'd play me up a tune of some kind or other, I'd—'

"But my neighbor says 'Hee'sh!' very impertinent.'

"I was just about to git up and go home, bein' tired of that foolishness, when I heard a little bird waking up away off in the woods, and calling sleepy like to his mate, and I looked up and I see Rueben was beginin' to take some interest in the business, and I set down again. It was the peep o' day. The light came faint from the east. The breeze blowed gentle and fresh; some more birds waked up in the orchard, then some more in the trees near the house, and all begun singin' together. People begun to stir, and the gal opened the shutters. Just then the first beam of the sun fell upon the blossoms, a little more and it techt the roses on the bushes, and the next thing it was broad day; the sun fairly blazed, the birds sang like they'd split their little throats; all the leaves were movin' and flashin' diamonds of dew, and the whole wide world was bright and happy as a king. Seemed to melike there was a breakfast in every house in the land, and not a sick child or a woman anywhere. It was a fine mornin'. And I says to my neighbor, 'that's music, that is.'

"But he glar'd at me like he'd like to cut my throat.

"Presently the wind turned; it began to thicken up, and a kind of gray mist come over things; I got low-spirited d'rectly. Then a silver rain began to fall. I could see the drops touch the ground; some flashed up like long pearl ear-rings, and the rest rolled away like round rubies. It was pretty, but melancholy. Then the pearls gathered themselves into long strands and necklaces, and then they melted into thin silver streams running between golden gravels, and then the streams joined each other at the bottom, and made a brook that flowed silent except that you could kinder see the music, 'specially when the music went along down the valley. I could smell the flowers in the meadow. But the sun didn't shine nor the birds sing; it was a foggy day, but not cold. The most curious thing was the little white angel boy, like you see in pictures, that ran ahead of the music brook, and lead it on, away out of the world, where no man ever was—I never was, certain; I could see that just as plain as I see you. Then the moonlight came, without any sunset, and shone on the grave-yards where some few ghosts lifted their hands and went over the wall, and between the black sharp-top trees splendid marble houses rose up, with fine ladies in the lit up windows, and men that loved 'em, but could never get a-nigh 'em, and played on guitars under the trees, and made me that miserable I could a-cried, because I wanted to love somebody, I don't know who, better than the men with the guitars did. Then the sun went down. It got dark. The wind moaned and wept like a lost child for its dead mother, and I could a-got up then and there and preached a better sermon than any I ever listened to. There wasn't a thing left in the world to live for, not a blame thing and yet I didn't want the music to stop one bit. It was happier to be miserable than to be happy withcut being miserable. I couldn't understand it. I hung my head and pulled out my handkerchief and blowed my nose loud to keep from cryin'. My eyes is weak anyway. I didn't want anybody to be a gazin' at me a-snivelin', and its nobody's business what I do with my nose. It's mine. But some glared at me, mad as Tucker. Then, all of a-sudden, old Ruben changed his tune. He ripped and rar'd he tipped and ta'rd, he pranced and he charged like the grand entry at a circus. Peared to me that all the gas in the house was turned on at once, things got so bright, and I hilt up my head, ready to look any man in the face, and not afeared of nothin'. It was a circus and a a brass band, and a big ball, all goin' on at the same time. He lit into them keys like a thousand of brick; he giv 'em no rest day or night; he set every liven joint in me agoin', and not bein' able to stand it no lonnger, I jumpt, sprang onto my seat, and just hollered, 'Go it, my Rube!'

"Every blamed man, woman and child in the house stared at me, and shouted 'Put him out! put him out!' 'Put your great grandmother's grizzly, gray, greenish cat in the middle of next month!' I says, 'Tetch me if you dare! I paid my money, and you just come a nigh me.'

"With that some several p'licemen run up, and I had to simmer down. But I would a fit any fool that laid hands on me, for I was bound to hear Ruby out or die. He had changed his tune agin. He hopt, like ladies, and tip-toed fine from eend to eend of the key board. He played soft and low and solemn. I heard the church bells over the hills. The candles in heaven was lit one by one; I saw the stars rise; the great organ of eternity began to play from the world's end to the world's end, and all the angels went to prayers. The music changed to water, full of fellin' that couldn't be thought, and began to drop, drip, drop, drip, drop, clear and sweet tears of joy fallin' into a lake of glory. It was sweeter than that, it was as sweet as a sweetheart sweetenin' sweetness with white sugar, mixed with powdered silver and seed diamonds. It was too sweet. I tell you the audience cheered. Ruben he kinder bowed, like he wanted to say, 'Much obleeged, but I'd rather you wouldn't interrupt me.'

"He stopped a minute or owo to fetch breath. Then he got mad; he run his fingers through his hair, he shoved up his sleeves, he opened his coat-tails a leetle further, he dug up his stool, he leaned over, and, sir, he just went for that old pianner. He slapt her face, he boxed her jaws, he pulled her nose, he pinched her ears and he scratched her cheek till she fairly yelled. He knocked her down and he stamped on her shameful. She bellowed like a bull, she bleated like a calf, she howled like a hound, she squealed like a pig, she shrieked like a rat and then he wouldn't let her up. He run a quarter stretch down the low grounds of the bass, till he got clean into the bowels of the earth, and you heard thunder gallopin' after thunder through the hollows and caves of perdition; and then he fox-chased his right hand with his left, till he got way out of the treble into the clouds, whar the notes were finer than the points of cambric needles, and you couldn't hear nothin' but the shadders of 'em. And then he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He for'ard two, he cross't over first lady; he balanced to pards; he chassade right--lett, back to places; he all hands'd aroun'; ladies to the right; promenade all, in and out, here and there, back and forth, up anp down, perpetual motion double and twisted, and tied down, and turned and ticked and tangled into forty-leven thousand mixtery. And then wouldn't let the old pianner go. He fetcht up his right wing; he fetcht up his left wing; he fetcht up the center; he fetcht up his reservers. He fired by files, he fired by platoons, by company, by regiments and by brigades. He opened his cannon, siege guns down thar Napoleons here, twelve-pounders yonder, big guns, round shot, shells, grapnels, grape, canister, mortars, mines and magazines, every livin' battery and bomb a-goin' at the same time The house trembled, the light danced, the walls shuk, the floor come up, the ceilin' come down, the sky split, the ground rockt, heavens and earth, creation, sweet potatoes, Moses, ninepences, glory, tenpenny nails, my Mary Ann, hallelujah, Samson in a simmons tree, Jeroomsal'm, Tramp Thompson in a tumble-cart roodle-oodle-oodle-oodle-ruddle-undle- uddle-raddle -addle -addle -addle -addle -addle -riddle-iddle-iddle-iddle-reetle- eetle- eetle- eetle-eetle-eetle-p-r-r-r-r-lang! p-r-r-r-r-lang! per lang! per lang! p-r-r-r-r-r-lang! BANG.

"With the *bang*! he lifted hisself bodyily into the air, and he come down with his knees, his ten fingers, his ten toes, his elbows and his nose, striking every single, solitary peg on that pianner at the same time. The thing busted and went off into seventeen hundred and forty-two hemi-demisemi-quavers, and I knowe'd no mo'. When I come to I were under ground about twenty foot, in a place they call Oyster Bay, treating a Yankee that I never laid eyes on before, and never expect to agin. Day was a-breakin' by the time I got to the St. Nich'las Hotel, and I pledge you my name I didn't know my name. The man asked the number of my room. I told him. '*Hot music on the half shell for two*!' I pointedly did.

A Boa-Constrictor.

Two soldiers of an Anglo-Indian regiment near Lucknow, last summer, left their encampment to indulge in a bath. They had a portion of juugle to cross, and in doing so, the foot of one of them slipped into a hole. This proved to be an old elephant trap. The soldier got his foot withdrawn from the trap, though at the cost of his shoe, which the closeness of the branches caused to come off. On looking down to see whether his shoe was gone, and if it was recoverable, he beheld a sight which made him shake from sheer horror. Through the opening made by his foot he saw an enormous boa-constrictor, with its body coiled up and its head curved, watching the opening above, and evidently prepared to dart on the falling prey. Hurrying from the spot, the two soldiers informed their officers, who repaired to the trap with firearms. The creature was still there, and had most probably remained in the place for a long time, preying on the unfortunate animals, great and small, which tumbled into its den. Ball and swan-shot soon brought the reptile's life to a close, and it was pulled out of the hole. It proved to be fifteen feet long and about the general thickness of a man's thigh.

NOT YET.

Not yet, O friend, not yet.
The patient stars
Lean from their lattices content to wait.
All is illusion till the morning bars
Slip from the levee of the Eastern gate.
Night is too young, O friend, day is too near,
Wait for the day that maketh all things clear.

Not yet, O friend, not yet.
All is not true;
All is not ever as seemeth now;
Soon shall the river take another blue,
Soon dies yon light upon the mountain brow.
What lieth dark, O love, bright day will fill.
Wait for the morning, be it good or ill.
Not yet, O love, not yet. *—Bret Harte.*

ZACL'S LESSON.

What Neglect of Duty Sometimes Costs

It is a true story. Jack H. told it to me of his own boyhood. He was born and reared in the North of Ireland. The winters there are not usually severe, he says, but occasionally they have very deep snows.

Father came through the shed where I was fixing straps to my new snow shoes one day, and said: "Jack, do you get the sheep together, before night, into the lower fold. It looks as if this storm would last all night; and if it should, it may be easier done to-day than to-morrow."

I looked up through the open door at the snow that was falling gently and steadily. It did not seem likely to me to be much of a storm. But I had been taught unquestioning obedience, and only replied, "Yes, sir; I will," and went on with my work. Before it was finished Tom Higgins came, and he had a new plan for making a rabbit trap, and we spent half the afternoon trying to carry it into execution, and the short winter day passed and the sheep were not folded. In short it quite slipped from my memory, only to be recalled by my father's question, as he drew the Bible toward him for evening worship: "Jack, have you folded those sheep?"

The blood leaped to my forehead, as I was forced to reply: "No, sir; I got to playing with Tom, and forgot."

The silence that followed my reply was dreadful to me. If my father had upbraided me with violent anger I think I could heve borne it better.

"I am very sorry, sir!" I stammered out at last.

"I fear you will have reason to be,' said my father. "If those sheep are lost to-night, remember there will be no more play for you till they are found. People who will not take trouble will be overtaken by trouble."

Nothing more was said. The reading and the psalm and prayer over, I slipped quietly away to bed, taking a peep, as I went, through the shed door, to see how the storm was progressing; I saw it had increased, and the wind was rising.

Nothing had power to keep me long awake in those days, however, so I slept soundly. In the morning I found the storm was still raging. The snow lay deep on the ground, and the wind was drifting it into the hollows, and packing it away into solid masses. Father came in from taking a survey of the weather, bringing a rod full fifteen feet long.

"The snow is deep," said he. "I am troubled about those sheep. They always seek shelter in the hollows, and along the hedges, just where the drifts will be the deepest. How we shall find them I do not know. I hope you are ready for a week's hard work, my son Jack."

"Yes, sir; I am very sorry, and will do my best," I replied.

"Your best would have gone much farther yesterday than it will to-day. But we won't spend our strength groaning over a bad job. After breakfast we will go out and try what we can do."

"In this storm, father?" said my mother, deprecatingly. It is the worst storm of the year. The snow blows so that you can scarce find your way."

"There are two hundred of those sheep," said my father. "I can't afford to lose them."

Breakfast over, we bound on our snow shoes and with a long pole and snow-shovel, went to seek for the lost sheep. It cleared a little before noon, though the wind sent the snow whirling about our faces, so it was not easy or agreeable working. Father found one here and another there, and I was set to dig them out. Fifteen sheep were found and brought home that day.

The next day the neighbors came and helped, for the weather had moderated, and there was always danger that a sudden thaw would follow such deep snows, and the sheep be drowned before they could be rescued. One by one or twos and threes, the poor creatures were found and taken from the snow. But at the end of a week of hard work there were still seventy-five missing.

"How long will any live under the snow, father?" I asked, when a second week of work had only reduced the number of missing to forty.

"I've heard of their living three weeks. We will keep on as long as we can find any alive," said my father.

The snow had settled into compact masses, nearly thirty feet deep in some of the valleys, but we still found now and then a sheep by the hole which the warm breath of the creature made in the snow as it rose. I searched diligently for these holes. Litte I cared that I had not a moment's play in all the days since the storm. I was most anxious that all the sheep should be found alive. I think the first real prayers I ever offered were sent up then, that the thaw might keep away till all the sheep were found.

It did keep away wonderfully. At the end of three weeks all but twenty-four were rescued. Still we searched, and now and then found a poor creature, famished and emaciated, but alive which we carried to the farmhouse, and consigned to my mother and the the girls, who chafed and fed and tended, till it was won back to a degree of strength, while we spared no time from the search.

"It no use to hunt longer; the rest are all dead," said father, one night when we were coming home, disparted and weary, having found five of the poor things lying together, drowned, in one of the hollows. "You have worked well. I think I must release you now."

But I would not be released. The word had been, "No play till every sheeep is found," and alive or dead, they should all be found. I toiled alone, next day, but I found three, and one was alive. The thaw carried away the snow so fast that I had less and less area to search over now. But it was poor incouragement to work, for all I found were dead. A dozen times I was tempted to yield to my mother's persuasions not to throw away any more labor. But my father said not a word, and I kept on.

"The sheep are all found now, father: I took off the pelt of the last of the dead to-day," I said, one evening, when he came in late from work.

"Well, Jack, this lesson has cost me almost a score of sheep, and both of us a good deal of hard work; but if it teaches you to be faithful to your duties in future I shall not be sorry."

"Thank you, father!" said I. And I vowed inwardly that it should, and I believe that it did.—*Episcopal Register.*

Stocks Did It.

The Hosmers, says the Virginia, Nev., *Enterprise*, live on North Stewart Street. Mr. Hosmer is an industrious and competent carpenter. Mrs. Hosmer is a frugal and painstaking housekeeper. During their nine years' residence in this city they have had little to do with mining stocks. In these years they had not saved enough money to make them rich, but were a few hundred ahead of the world, and were happy and content.

But there came to them that which has not added to their happiness. It was all through a dream. When Sierra Nevada was $7 per share, Mrs. Hosmer dreamed that the stock would go up to a big figure. She was so impressed with this idea that she gave her husband no rest until he had invested their savings in the stock. When it went up to $20 they sold out. The speculation made them a little fortune of $3,500. Mr. Hosmer carried all this coin home in a sack to show it to Mrs. Hosmer.

It was more money than they had ever before possessed at one time. They were afraid to trust it in any of the banks. After much reflection, they moved the bureau back out of the corner of their bedroom, turned back the carpet, took up the floor, and buried the coin in the ground. They then put down the floor, turned back the carpet, and returned the bureau to its place.

Mr. Hosmer worked away at his trade for two or three days, but was very fidgety. But shoving the jack-plane seemed a slow way of making money. He began to imagine he was cut out for a stock speculator. In this frame of mind he quit work and cruised the street about the offices of the stock-brokers. In a day or two he got a "dead point." It was to buy Wells-Fargo at $1 and sell in three weeks at $5. He showed Mrs. Hosmer how they would get $17,500 for their insignificant little $3,500.

So they hauled out the bureau, turned back the carpet, took up the floor, dug up $3.500, and put it into Wells-Fargo.

The stock went up to $1.10, and then began to go back.

"No matter," said Hosmer; "they will soon begin work, and then we shall see her boom."

"Yes, she'll boom then," faintly said Mrs. Hosmer, trying to smile.

Down, down crawled the stock; then, like a thunder-clap, came an assessment of fifty cents. The stock is now down to twenty cents, and astride of it sits the fifty-cent assessment.

Peace has fled the home of the Hosmers. The husband says that the trouble began with the wife's dream, while the wife says they were all right until the husband got that "big point." So the war goes on. Neither can approach the bureau in the corner, or even look that way, without thinking of what was once so snugly buried beneath it, and their mutual upbraidings break out afresh. Now we hear that each has applied for a divorce from the other.

The Charity of Extravagance.

Whenever the laboring men are out of employment they begin to hate the rich. They feel that the dwellers in palaces, the riders in carrages, the wearers of brodcloth, silk and velvet, have in some way been robbing them. As a matter of fact the palace builders are the friends of labor. The best form of charity is extravagance. When you give a man money, when you toss him a dollar, although you get nothing, the man losses his manhood. To help others to help themselves is the only real charity. There is no reason in boosting a man who is not climbing. Whenever I see a splendid home—a palace—a magnificent block, I think of the thousands who were fed--of the women and children who were clothed, of the fireside made happy. A rich man, living up to his privileges, having the best house, the best furniture, the best horses, the finest grounds, the most beautiful flowers, the best clothes, the best food, the best pictures, and all the books that he can afford, is a perpetual blessing. The prodigalty of the rich is the providence of the poor to save. The rich man who lives according to his means, who is extravagant in the best and his highest sense, is not the enemy of labor. The miser who lives in a hovel, wears rags and hoards his gold, is a perpetual curse. He is like one whom dams a river at its source.

The moment hard times come, the cry of economy is raised. The press, the platform and the pulpit unite in recommending economy to the rich. In consequence of this cry, the man of wealth discharges servants, sells his horses, allows his carriage to become a hen-roost, and after taking employment and food from as many as he can, congratulates himself that he has done his part toward restoring prosperity to the country,—*Robert G. Ingersoll.*

How so Get On in the World.

A bit of advice to young men who are trying to get ahead: Never complain that your employers are selfish. Not that they are otherwise, but it will help matters to growl about it. They are selfish. Their employers, when they were young, were no doubt selfish and from them they learned the lesson. You, too, learn it, and when you become employers you'll be selfish too. It is from selfish motives that men engaged in trade, and selfishness rules their actions. Of course it would be better, and wiser, and all that, if were not selfish, but they are. Now, what are you going to do about it? Why, make it for their selfish interest to do better by you, and they will. Respect yourselves and you'll make them respect you. Remmber that you are at a disadvantage, that there are a hundred ready to climb into your place if you do not fill it, and that those who employ you are fully aware of the fact and ready to make the most they can out of it. Remember that if you are getting $1,000 this year and want $1,500 next year, you've got to earn $1,500 this year. You've got to pay for promotion, often an exorbitant price, and as you have no other means to pay with, you've got to pay in work. Of course its unjust, of course its seems hard that your employer should keep and spend money that you have justly earned, but, Causeur's word for it, it won't pay to fret or growl about it. Never be satisfied with having "earned your money." Earn more than your money, and then, in a manly, straight-forward, business-like way, ask for more pay. Ten chances to one you'll get it. If you don't, look about, and as soon as you've found a better place, discharge your employer. The hard work that you have done, the record of it, and the reputation you will have established for hard work will make the task of finding new employment comparatively easy. Your capacity for work is your only capital. Invest heavily and you are sure to win—*Boston Transcript.*

Old-Time Discipline.

Zion's *Herald* tells a good story of old-time discipline at Wilbraham Seminary, when Rev. Dr. Fisk was the presiding officer: There was one minister's son, now in the New England conference (and a very faithful and useful pastor he has been), a member of a large ministerial family, who in his academic days was as full of mischief as the proverbial minister's son is supposed to be. He taxed the well-known elastic patience of Dr. Fisk to the last degree. Finally the doctor said to him, after a capital act of misconduct, "You must prepare yourself for a good whipping;" the time for which was duly appointed. The doctor was on hand, very much more affected, apparently, than the irrepressible mischief-maker. After a solemn discourse in that most melting tone of voice that no one can forget who ever heard it, the doctor drew his rattan and laid it with considerable unction upon the boy's back. Nothing but dust followed the blow. The subject of the discipline was entirely at his ease, and evidently quite unconscious of the stroke. "Take off your coat, sir!" was the next command, for the doctor was now a little roused. Again whistled the rattan around the boy's shoulders, but with no more effect. "Take off your vest, sir!" shouted the doctor. Off went the vest; but there was another under it. "Off with the other!" and then the astonishment of the administrator of justice can well be imagined as he exposed a large codfish, defending the back of the culprit like a shield, while below there was evidently stretching over other exposed portions of the body a stout leather apron.

"What does this mean?" said the doctor, choking with wrath, or something just its opposite. "Why," said the great rogue, in a particularly humble and persuasive tone, "you told me, Doctor, to prepare myself for punishment, and I have done so in the best way I could!" It was out of the question to pursue that act of discipline any further at that time. And it is doubtful whether it was ever resumed again.

Bismarck and His Police.

Edward King writes as follows in the Boston *Journal:*

Some very amusing stories are told about the police agents employed to preserve Bismarck from any possible attacks during his recent visit to Gastein, where the chancellor has been to make a cure. It appears that it was next to impossible for any one to walk anywhere near the valley in which Bismarck was promenading without finding himself shadowed by two or three gentlemen of the detective profession. Now Gastien is in Austria, and the Austrians not only do not feel particularly well disposed toward Prussians, but are also especially opposed to Prussian police agents. One day a bather who found his way blocked by one of the agents, shouted out to Bismarck, who was near by, "Your men spoil all the pleasure of the bathers!

Bismarck did not like this, and sent home two of the most indiscreet of the agents. But not long afterward another adventure occured. An old gentleman, an Austrian, was in the habit of promenading a shaded alley with his right had thrust into the tail pocket of his coat. A prying police agent had seen this for some days, and one morning, unable to control himself, he pounced down on the astonished Austrian, violently pulled the hand out of the pocket and shouted: "We'll see what you carry so mysteriously!" But of course he found nothing.

"Oh, you will, will you!" said the Austrian, striking him a fearful blow in the face. "Take that, and remember that you are not in Prussia, and if you ever bother me again I will thrash you within an inch of your life."

The police agent retired somewhat discomfitted.

A Novel Feat in Dentistry.

Scalp-grafting has become a quite common performance, but it will be news to many that teeth may be similarly transplanted and made to grow in other mouths than the original owner. Dr. Thomas, of Detroit, details in the *Dental Cosmos* a case in which he successfully performed this operation; inserting in the mouth of a gentleman, who had lost a right superior cuspidate, a solid and healthy tooth that he had removed from a lady's mouth four weeks previously. He opened into the canal and pulp chamber of the tooth, from the apex of the root only; cut the end off one-eighth of an inch (it being that much too long), reduced the size somewhat in the center of the root (it being a trifle larger than the root extracted), filled and placed it in position. He states that the occlusion, shape and color were perfect, so much so that several dentists who saw the case were not able to distinguish she transplanted tooth from the others. The two features in the case that he calls particular attention to are: first, that although the tooth had been in his office four weeks, there is to day no perceptible change in color; and, second, that the re-attachment is as perfect as though it had been transplanted or replanted the same day of extraction. Dr. Thomas knows of but two obstacles in the way of the perfect practibility of "transplanting;" first, the difficulty of obtaining the proper teeth at the proper time; and, second, the possibility of innoculation. The latter is the more formidable of the two, and, to escape the ills that might follow, the greatest caution is necessary. The first difficulty is more easily gotten over, for it is not necessary that the tooth transplanted should correspond exactly in shape and size to the one extracted; if it is too large, it may be carefully reduced; or, if too small, new osseous deposit will supply the deficiency. Neither is necessary as we have seen, that the transplanted tooth should be a freshly extracted one.

"Call A Man!"

A plain, unassuming, bashful young man was John Eldred, living with his mother on a good farm, left him by his father, who was dead. They were in excellent circumstances and John was as happy as a well-to-do farmer can be. He was no fool, either, for he had a good library—and read it, too—and gained a great deal of useful knowledge. John was good-looking, not a handsome man, but a tall, finely-formed man. But John had one failing in my eyes; he was twenty-six years old and not married. Nor was there any prospect of any such event happening very soon, for of all the bashful men that ever wore a shirt collar John Eldred was the worst. The girls in that immediate vicinity were strangers to him. John always avoiding everything that wore a dress, save his mother and sister.

John's mother was a quiet, loving woman, who ever had uppermost in her mind the happiness of her children, consequently she had for some time secretly wished that John was married.

Gertrude, John's sister, was a pretty young lady, and also shared her mother's wish, but how to bring it about she could not imagine.

In the same neighborhood lived Judge Clark, who had a daughter named Mabel. Now, John had for a long time admired Mabel, and although he had never betrayed it, his sister had guessed his secret, and resolved to bring about a match between the two, but just how to do it she did not know.

It happened in July, the anecdote I am now in shape to relate. Gertrude had invited a number of girls to a quilting party one afternoon, Mabel among the rest. She told John they were coming, and then added:

"Now, John, for my sake, do come into tea this afternoon. You know all the girls that will be here, and—"

"But, Gertrude, that patch of timothy by the north wood must be cut, and as Jim has gone to stay over Sunday, I shall have to cut it."

And so, much to Gertrude's chagrin, he took his scythe over his shoulder after dinner and started for the patch of timothy. But he lingered around the orchard until he saw the plump figure of Mabel Clark coming, and then heaving a sigh, he started for his work.

The patch of timothy referred to was a newly-cleared piece of land, nearly surrounded by woods, and so full of stumps and log piles that it was impossible to use the machine. Here we will leave John mowing and return to the party.

It was a very warm day, so the girls had moved the chairs out-doors in the shade of some large maples, and there they sat chatting, joking and laughing as only a parcel of high-headed girls can.

Meanwhile John had mowed several times across the patch, and it began to be terribly hot. The sun poured its rays down with great intensity, and the thick wood on all sides kept off any breeze that might be stirring. John was more than hot—he was fairly boiling, and as thirsty as an old toper. So John, thinking that no one could possibly see him, sat down on a log and took off his shoes and pantaloons, and then, with his long gingham shirt and wide-rimmed straw hat and his socks, resumed mowing. He had mowed twice across the piece, and was picking out the tall grass around an old log pile, when right beside him he saw a pair of blue racers.

John was no coward, but he was mortally afraid of snakes. If he had been warm before he was a lump of ice now. With a dash of his scythe he cut off the head of one of them, and the other one raised his head and darted toward him. John dropped his scythe, turned and jumped just as the hooked teeth of the snake caught above the wide, firm hem of the rear end of his gingham shirt.

He cast one look, behind him and saw his dreaded enemy—streaming out like a pennant from a steamship—and, thinking only of the terrible fate that awaited him if he stopped, bounded toward the house with the speed of an express train.

On, on he ran through the north meadow and orchard, and, as he neared the house, the thought of the party flashed on his mind. But there was no other way, and so on he ran.

He dashed down past the west end of the house, and as he rounded the corner the whole party of girls met his view.

"Call a man!" he yelled, and then turned the corner. So great was his momentum that the snake swung around and struck him on his bare legs like the sharp sting of a rawhide whip.

The girls screamed and jumped, and the quilt went over on the ground. The vision sped around the corner, and once more came the cry:

"Call a man!"

No quicker did he disappear around the corner of the house than he would appear at the other corner. Every time he turned the corner he would receive a terrible blow from the cold, slimy snake, which would raise him from the ground at least four feet, and at every blow he would yell:

"Call a man!"

The frightened girls rushed for the house, and they had hardly got inside the door as John flew past it with the shout:

"Call a man!"

Around the barn, back again toward the house, went the strange pair, and as the gate was again leaped, came the cry this time of:

"For God's sake, call a man!"

As he again disappeared around the house, Mabel Clark ran out of the door, and, seizing a stick some four feet in length stationed herself at the corner, with the cudgel elevated above her head. On came John, panting like an engine, and as he came around the corner down went the club, barely grazing John's head but striking the racer a blow that broke its hold and back at the same time.

John concluded it best not to wait, but gathering his remaining strength for a final dash, bounded into the house, up stairs, and into his room.

An hour later Gertrude tapped at his door "John, will you come down to tea or shall call a man?"

"I will come down, Gertrude," was his answer, in a firm tone.

And he did. He made a careful toilet, and there was not a feature of his face that betrayed embarrassment. Mabel had exacted a promise from the girls not to speak of the episode, or betray any knowledge of it whatever.

Mabel had John's company home that night and in the glorous October weather there was a wedding at Judge Clark's. It was not until then that the story came out, but John often says to Mabel, "I am thankful to Providence that you did not call a man!"

A few years ago there lived in an ajoining county a physician who, though not an Adonis, was not the less respected for his profesional attainments than admired for his social qualites. On one occasion, after a consultation in a neighboring county, and while at dinner with his host, he asked him if he ever saw his (the doctor's) wife, and was answered in the negative. "Then," said the doctor, "will you do me the favor to call on her the first time you go to town?" "Certainly, sir, if you wish it," said the host, in some surprise; "but why?" "Why?" repeated the doctor; "why, because my wife insists that I am the homeliest man in the world and one look at you will convince her of her mistake."—*Binghamton Republican.*