

## A BATTLE STORY.

"A thousand thanks, my dear Henri," said the young German, as he turned the precious railway pass over in his hand. The American Minister in a splendid fellow, and your acquaintance with him has been worth something. Now I shall escape this horrible siege. Hurrah for the Rhine! How I wish you and Louis were going with me."

"Not we, Becker, my friend; our place is here. I care very little for that, since Lauri and Mathilde and the old people are safe south of the Loize."

"Give my love to Katrina, and tell her that I shall fight as hard as I can against her darling king and those swarms of her destroying countrymen."

"She will love you none the less," for that, I think," said Carl. "Good-by."

The two strong right hands were wrung hard for a moment, but no other word was spoken.

The De Rosats, though patriotic, had been wise, and they had left in Paris only those of the family who were able to fight the Germans as well as help consume the stores of provisions—the only reliable garrison of the beautiful city.

Carl was safe, thanks to the American Minister, but the bitter siege dragged on through week after week of the terrible winter, until the enemy within began slowly to wax even more menacing, in its deadly silence, than the thundering foe without.

The famine was likely to prove stronger than King William.

Henri De Rosat had seen little of his brother Louis since the siege began, for Louis was an officer of the engineers, and his duty had kept him on the outer lines, but one frosty morning they met in the Place Vendôme.

"The brothers had really too much to say to talk a great deal, but each, as he looked in the other's eyes, could discern that deep and mournful shadow of the siege which will never be forgotten by any of those whose lives were darkened under it."

"You keep your flesh marvelously, Louis," said Henri. "I am daily growing thin, both in soul and body."

"Because you are penned in the city," said Louis, "while every day I can see beyond the siege from the fortifications."

"But the Germans, Louis, you see them also."

"Yes, but I am mining nowadays, and I make myself merry by thinking that, perhaps, I shall dig my way under them, and come out into the bright world beyond. I believe I could do that or anything else to escape the siege. How I envy those balloon men. They get out."

"We, too, may get out," said Henri. "My gay Hussars and I are to have our chance to-morrow in the sortie."

"Your gay Hussars?"

"Yes, indeed. We have eaten our horses, but we shall charge in our Hussar uniform. I could charge a milliard of Uhlans if I saw any hope of cutting through."

"You will not. We shall none of us get out. The city is doomed."

The last words came in a deep, solemn, sepulchral voice, and the brothers turned quickly as they recognized it.

A tall, broad, blue-eyed man, in a dark blouse, stood near them.

"Dr. Spielberg!" exclaimed Louis, "why man alive, I thought you had been killed!"

"They will not give me a chance. I look too much like a German, and so, because I am a physician as well, I am forced to do hospital duty instead of fighting these vandals that have burned my home in Alsace."

"This is a good duty for you, too," said Henri, "the best of duties."

"But I learn things there, and I have learned that Paris must fall."

The brothers looked at their stern, sad-faced friend, and at each other; and as the shadow of the siege settled more and more heavily over them, they muttered only a few more sentences, and then separated to their duties.

He worked like all the rest, with a fierce and feverish impatience, which found relief in repeating over and over the most trivial duty.

Then came the long hungry sleepless night; but that, too, passed, and the sharp, clear, frosty morning found the young officer leading his dismounted Hussars rapidly across the frozen mud.

Hours went by, for the struggle was extended over a wide area, and there were many fierce fluctuations of success and failure, but as yet Henri and his Hussars were compelled to fight on foot.

Long hours they were, and all the while Henri could hear or feel nothing but the urging instinct within him that seemed to be continually—"Forward!"

Then came a mad-dumping turn of the battle, a whirl of doubt and disorder, and with it a cloud of charging Uhlans that seemed to be sweeping all before them.

Just then a flash of lightning seemed to come down through the smoke and out of the reverberating thunder of the guns, and Henri felt himself so dazzled and blinded by its sudden blaze that for a few moments he lost the record of events.

He felt as if some shot had swept him bodily into space, and Henri knew that he was falling.

Such a fall—so very long and far.

Could it be?

Yes, there was no shock.

The terrible descent had been broken by something soft, and Henri heard voices around him.

"Yes, Major Becker, your friend is all right. It was a terrible cut, but he will come to himself soon, now that the fever is going down. He must have good care to pay him for sending you out to us. How is your shoulder?"

"Oh, Carl, he will get well?"

"Yes, Katrina dear, and he may be thankful to have escaped from Paris even by so hard a way as this."

"Carl, Katrina!" faintly exclaimed Henri. "Are you here? Where am I?"

Neither Carl nor Katrina could have exactly related what was said or done in the next few moments. Henri least of all, but as his brain grew clearer the young Frenchman learned that for ten days he had been living in a German field hospital, delirious from a sabre cut in the head, and that, by fair fortune, both he and Carl, who had been wounded in the same great sortie struggle, had been nursed by Katrina herself, for she had given her services to the wounded almost since the beginning of the war.

"Now I have my reward," she said.

"Bless you, Katrina," said Henri.

And then he added,

"Poor Louis! I have cut my way through, but he is still in Paris, and the American Minister cannot send him out. Poor Louis! he does not command a Hussar company."

Evidently Henri's brain still suffered

from the sabre cut, but he was right about poor Louis.

That morning he and Dr. Spielberg met again in the Place Vendôme.

"De Rosat, my dear fellow," said the surgeon, "you use too much stimulant; you are a ghost already."

"But you don't know, Spielberg; we are working underground like moles in the dark and cold, and I do not know at what moment we may break in on their counter-mines, or be blown higher than this column here."

"Mining? Ah! Well, you must be careful; you cannot dig your way out, you know."

"Perhaps I shall," said Louis, with a weary, melancholy half smile; and the stern doctor shook his head doubtfully as the officer of engineers turned on his heel and strode away toward those outer ward lines, over which the shadow from the city had already crept and settled.

Mine and countermine.

Each side felt sure that the other was working at that; but the French did more than the Germans, in very few of what might be, and Louis DeRosat had become a very enthusiast in his subterranean duties.

It was night when Louis DeRosat returned to the mine; but, as he stood on the rampart of the fort for a moment, it seemed to him that he could see in spite of the darkness, away over into that outer world beyond the German lines and the suffocating siege.

"Henri," he muttered; "nobody knows what became of him. I wonder if he got through with his Hussars. They sent out three balloons yesterday."

"If they can fly over, why should not we dig under? I must go down now."

"Spielberg is a fool; a man must take a little brandy and absinthe before going down to dig in a hole like that."

The men are tired to-night, and the rats were short to-day. I will take a spade myself."

In a few moments Louis found himself in a long, narrow passage that was being bored through the earth in the direction of the nearest German works.

Not a human being did he see, though the scanty lights were burning blue and dim in the foul air.

There lay the tools, however, for he had made his way to the further terminus.

"If at least will work," said he to himself; "I am ahead of time, and they will soon be here."

As he tore down the soft earth and loose gravel with pick or spade, he cast it hurriedly behind him, for the men to take it away in their barrows; but it was long before they arrived, and he had so piled it up as almost to wall himself in.

Then he heard voices, and knew by the ring of the tools that the men were there, and had begun their work, but he never paused.

"If we could only make such headway as this all the time, we would dig to the Rhine in a week," he said aloud.

And he piled his spade with more frantic energy than ever.

The men, too, as if animated by the example of their officer, toiled as Louis had never known them to toil before.

But for all that they were compelled to send for another and another squad of helpers, to keep pace with the avalanche of matter that kept pouring back into the mine by the wonderful work of their leader.

"More men!" shouted Louis. "I feel as if I could make work for a regiment. I am going deeper now under them all, and if no water comes in, we shall be beyond their mines by daybreak."

There was now no sound in the long tunnel but the rattle of the barrows, the click of the spades, and the loud, quick breathing of the diggers.

It was a long night, and sometimes, Louis half wondered that no relief came. But he was not at all fatigued yet, and as for his men, he had never seen such willing fellows.

"All Paris could get out through this mine, or we could let in all France by it," he muttered, "but it seems as if I had been digging here for a week. There is no such thing as knowing when it is day away down here in the mine. Ah! what is that?"

His exclamation seemed to bring its answer, and Louis dropped his spade in astonishment, for a dim, but fast increasing ray of light came pouring through thin and crumbling walls in front of him.

"I must have dug out into a valley of some kind, and that may be bad. But what is this? Iron? Little bars? How came they here at the end of the mine?"

He grasped the bars firmly in his hands, and pressed his face against them, for broad daylight was now pouring through into the mine, and all his men had swiftly fled and disappeared.

Poor Louis!

His was a bitter disappointment, for right in front of him, in long and serried array, were slowly glittering by the lances of German horsemen, and the spiked helmets of German foot.

"I've missed my distance, alas! and come out among them!"

"Louis, my poor boy, I am glad you have stopped digging, there is no use for it now."

A hand was on his shoulder, and Louis replied, for he knew the voice.

"Why not, Dr. Spielberg? What does all this mean?"

"Mean? Why, that the siege has ended, and Paris is now within the German lines. You are at the front window of the old Maison de Sante, in the Rue de Rivoli, and King William's troops are marching in. He is Emperor William now."

"And I? What does it all mean?"

"It means that your digging and your bare food and your brandy are ended, as I told you they would, and you have worked your way out of the siege for the past three weeks under my own care."

"You would have mined out of it if I had left any tools in your reach. I have thought yesterday that your fit would break it in a day or two."

"Then the siege is over?"

"Over."

"Doctor!" sharply exclaimed Louis, "do you see that Uhlan Major on the white horse? That is Carl Becker."

"Yes, I have already had a letter from him. Henri is safe and well, and may soon be at liberty now."

Louis loosed his hold on the grating, and turned his eyes away from the glittering column.

"Do," he said, "tell me about it some other time. I am tired out now. I'll go back into the mine and lie down. Put out the lights please."

"Somebody too much at once," said Dr. Spielberg to himself; "but I think there's no doubt that I can bring him round, now that the siege is over."

"To think that so many of our poor fellows should have developed these symptoms. I'm glad now that they put me at hospital work."

An exchange says it is wrong to tell a man he lies. It depends, however, on the size of the man.

## Catching the School-master.

"Young and handsome?"

"Yes, just as nice as can be."

"Single?"

"Why, of course. He is too young to be married."

"Then let's see who'll catch him," laughed the pert girl of the village.

"You won't," said pretty Jessie Warner.

"And why not, I wonder?"

"Because—I don't think he's the kind to be caught that way."

"O, you're going to try the coy and retiring young woman, are you?" said Frank. Her name was Frances.

"I'm not going to try anything," was the response. He has only been here a few days."

"We'll see," said Frank, tossing her black curls. They say he is studying law, and I mean to marry a lawyer if I can."

The "catching" had hitherto been done by the wily, much-enduring schoolmasters, made tyrants by the idleness and insolence and insubordination of the larger scholars. They had caught boys by the collar; caught the older girls reading novels under cover of well-thumbed school-books; caught them writing love-letters instead of compositions, and held them up to the ridicule of the school. One who is always on the watch for mischief is sure to find it.

This regime had passed away. A young and handsome man, a very Chesterfield in manners, had met the scholars as a gentleman meets young ladies and gentlemen, and now some of the girls declared, as no girl with self-respect would, that he was to be caught himself.

So enthusiastic, so really imbued with his work was he, that he easily inspired the best spirits in the school, so that they vied with each other in keeping up in their studies and in general good behavior.

But, strangely enough, the master seemed determined not to be "caught." In vain invitations poured upon him to parties, to all the Baywood gayeties; in vain the nets were spread in his sight; in vain some of the young ladies dressed for him, smiled for him—he was apparently insensible to all attentions. He could be seen only at school, or in the street, or at church.

"He is just a poke," said Kate, pointing, "and I do hate a poke, young or old."

One pleasant evening several of the girls met together in the sitting-room of Deacon Tufts. Now the deacon was a deacon, and as he had been chosen postmaster, and could not go out to the office, the office came to him.

It was a pleasant room, and generally quite well filled for applicants for letters. As was often the case in the informal little meetings, the master was the subject under discussion.

"Have you caught him yet?" asked one of the girls of Frank, slyly.

"O, Jessie, here, seems to be the favorite," said Frank. He has eyes only for her. Hope she appreciates the attention. He ought to be good to her, or maybe his supplies would be cut off."

"Of course I appreciate his kindness," said Jessie with a laugh. "Why, only think! He's going to teach me French!"

"Indeed! The district doesn't pay him for giving you private lessons though!" said Frank, almost angrily.

"Certainly not," replied Jessie, "but his time is his own out of school hours. Of course I try to return his kindness."

"I don't doubt it; but pray tell us in what way?" asked Frank, ironically.

"O, I put flowers in his room to make it look cheerful, and on the table, or I make a little bouquet for his coat—that is, I did make one, but he didn't wear it," she added.

"Quite sentimental! You have the coast clear before you, haven't you."

"Well, if you mean he boards at our house, and must be treated kindly, yes. The night you were all at the dance he took mother and me to ride."

"So that's the reason he didn't come to my party!" cried Frank, her eyes red as well as her cheeks.

"Partly, and partly because he hates dancing; he told me so."

"How well you are matched!" retorted Frank. "You don't dance, and he don't like it. If you keep on with your flowers and your rides you will catch him, never fear!"

"O, but I neither wish nor intend to catch him."

"Maybe he is engaged to somebody already; he acts like it," was the suggestion of Frank's cousin. "I told Frank she ought to find out."

"He has plenty of letters addressed in a lady's handwriting," said the deacon holding one up for them to see, and he turned away with a smile; but I'm pretty sure none of them are from a sweetheart."

"Maybe he's got a sister."

"He has, and a mother, too. His sister is married, and the mother is with her."

"Oh, but then what does he want to hire the brown cottage for?" queried a quiet little girl. "Father has it to let, you know; it seems to me I heard him say the schoolmaster wanted it for his family."

"Absurd!" exclaimed Frank.

At this the postmaster laughed aloud.

"If he's engaged, he's mean enough," said Frank, with warmth. "The idea of his coming here under false pretenses."

"Did he ever tell any body he was not engaged?" asked the deacon.

"I don't know as he did, and I am sure I don't care if he's engaged to a dozen girls! If he's conceited enough to think I do, I will soon undeceive him."

It was always self with the foolish girl. Her undue consciousness had led her in to trouble more than once.

"Hush, Frank, there's Mr. Evans! I hope he didn't hear us," said Jessie, as the tall figure of the clergyman entered.

"Who cares? If you suppose I am afraid of the minister you are mistaken," she added, boldly walking up to him, heated with temper and chagrin.

"Mr. Evans you are one of the school-committee," she said with the assurance of a business matron of forty. "Will you please tell us what is the mystery about the teacher you have employed for the winter?"

"Mystery—mystery!" said Mr. Evans looking at her in surprise. "Really Miss Frances, I have never heard that there was any mystery about him."

"Well, there is and I think it ought to be cleared up. Tax-payers ought to know what kind of men come into our midst, especially when he has charge of their daughters."

"He came with the best recommendations," said the minister, was more and more surprised.

"Well, sir, the deacon declares he is not engaged to be married, and yet he is looking for a house in which to live, I understand, and he is at the same time playing the free young gentleman among us."

"Has he showed any special attention

to you, or trifled with any of my young flock?"

"He is certainly trying to with Jessie, sir."

"O, Frank, how can you say so?" cried Jessie, her face aflame, her eyes sparkling indignantly. "He is a perfect gentleman," she added turning to the minister, "and I know all about him, and mean to tell Frank, after having married a little fun. Why, he has been married a year to a most beautiful girl. He told mamma, after we had become a little acquainted, that he married her just after he graduated, because she was alone, and had no friends or protector. He is now studying day and night to get admitted to the bar, and he is anxious to bring his wife here; that is why he was looking at the little cottage, as it has a few rooms furnished. Now you have the whole mystery."

"You might have told us before!" cried Frank, with a scarlet face. "You, too, Deacon Tufts, ought to be ashamed of your conduct, for of course you knew it."

"To be sure I did. Didn't I answer all your questions, young lady? I thought I would let you run on awhile, and get all the nonsense out of you. The master has made no particular secret of his marriage, that I know of, neither has he proclaimed it from the house-tops. Maybe he ought to—I don't know. You knew he was married, Jessie?"

O, yes, I knew it. He showed mother his wife's photograph, and it seems she can teach botany and conchology and music. She can help him a great deal if she comes here."

Then the minister read Frank and the girls a short lesson, ending with these words:

"When you are old enough and wise enough to have homes of your own, you will wait till some worthy man throws out the line and catches you. And I am sure you will find in the young woman coming a beautiful, discreet and lovable companion; and although none of you have caught the schoolmaster, you ought to catch many a wise lesson from his manly, modest demeanor, as we—as from his instruction from the desk."

THE PARTING WORD.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

I must leave thee, lady sweet,  
Morn shall wait before we meet;  
Winds are fair, and sails are spread,  
Anchors leave their ocean bed;  
Ere this shining day grow dark,  
Sikes shall give my shrouds bark;  
Through thy tears, O lady mine,  
Read thy lover's parting line.

When the first sad sun shall set,  
Thou shalt tear thy locks of jet;  
When the morning star shall rise,  
Thou shalt wake with weeping eyes;  
When the second sun goes down,  
Thou more tranquil shall be grown,  
Thou too well thy will despair  
Dimms thine eyes and spoils thy hair.

All the first unquiet week  
Thou shalt wear a smileless cheek;  
In the first month's second half  
Thou shalt once more laugh and laugh;  
Then in Fickwick thou shalt dip,  
Slightly puckering round the lip,  
Till at last, in sorrow's spite,  
Samuel makes thee laugh outright.

While the first seven mornings last  
Round thy chamber bolted fast,  
Many a youth shall fume and pout,  
"Hang the girl, she's always out!"  
While the second week goes round,  
Very shall they ring and pound;  
When the third week shall begin,  
"Martha, let the creature in."

Now come more the flattering throng  
Round thee flock with smile and song;  
But thy lips unweaned as yet,  
Lisp, "O how can I forget!"  
Men and devils both contrive  
Traps for catching us lovers;  
Eye was duped, and Helen kissed—  
How O, how can you resist?

First be careful of your fan;  
Trust it not to youth or man;  
Love has filled a pirate's sail,  
Often with its perfumed gale.  
Mind your kerchiefs all;  
Fingers touch when kerchiefs fall;  
Shorter all than mercers' clip  
Is the space from hand to lip.

Trust not such as talk in troops,  
Full of pistols, daggers, ropes,  
All the help that Russia bears  
Secure would answer lovers' prayers;  
Never thrust was spun so fine,  
Never spider stretched the line,  
Would not hold the lovers true  
That would really swing for you.

Fiercely some shall storm and swear,  
Beating breasts in black despair;  
Others murmur with a sigh,  
You must melt, or they will die;  
Painted words on empty lips,  
Grubs with wings like butterflies;  
Let them die in welcome too;  
Pray, what better could they do?

Fare thee well if years efface  
From thy heart love's burning trace  
Keep O, keep thy hallowed seat  
From the tread of vulgar feet.  
If the blue lips of the sea  
Wait with joy for me,  
Let not time forget the vow,  
Sealed how often, love as now!

De Musset And The Dogs.

Alfred De Musset always declared that he hated dogs, for the reason that twice in his life an animal of the canine race had come within an ace of wrecking his fortunes.

The first time was at a royal hunting party, when the poet, Louis Philippe's guest, when a bird was flushing, fired hastily, and sent the Citizen-King's favorite pointer to meet Cerberus.

The second time was when, a candidate for the Academie, De Musset went to pay the customary visit to an influential Immortal whose chateau was in the environs of Paris.

At the moment that the poet rang at the gate, an ignoble whelp of incredible ugliness, covered with mud, rushed to meet him to the detriment of the poet's new pantaloons.

Disgusted as De Musset was, it would have been perilous to drive of the Immortal's faithful dog, so he was compelled to let the frightful animal lick his hands, cover him with caresses and mud, and precede him to the drawing-room.

A moment later the Academician entered. De Musset noticed his embarrassment, at which he was not surprised considering the behavior of the animal. They adjourned to the dining-room followed by the dog, which, after giving vent to his delight by various gambols and cries, placed two muddy paws on the table, seized the wing of a cold chicken, and began contentedly to devour it.

"That's the most abominable brute I ever heard of," thought De Musset, and continued aloud, "You are fond of dogs, I see."

"Fond of dogs?" echoed the Immortal. "I hate dogs."

"But this animal here?"

"I have only tolerated the beast because it is yours, sir!"

"Mine!" said De Musset; "I thought it was yours, which was all that prevented me from killing him!"

The two men roared with laughter, and De Musset made a friend.

Late that day a yellow dog crossed the frontier of the Rhine at Strasburg with

the air of an animal that had scored up on the tablets of its memory a decidedly unpleasant recollection, and headed for Constantinople with undiminished celerity.

WOMAN GOSSIP.

Wouldn't You?

He told me my face was the fairest  
And purer he ever had known;  
The blushing cheek my rosy  
The nightingale mimicked its tone;  
My smiles they quailed with cherries,  
And under eyes that were as blue as  
My roses they squired the sunbeam—  
I half disbelieved—wouldn't you?

He told me my fingers were dainty,  
My lips only molded to kiss,  
And "would I give one of the sweetest  
For such a poor bauble as this?"  
Maybe I shouldn't have done it,  
But he looked so pleading and true,  
The ring was so pretty, I took it,  
And gave him the kiss—wouldn't you?

He told me there was a dear cottage  
Just down west by the rocks by the sea,  
Where sweet roses nodded a welcome,  
And mocking-birds waited for me,  
With himself, of course, for the master—  
"Was made plenty large for us two;  
I forgot what I said, but I'm thinking  
I kissed him again—wouldn't you?"

ELLA, WICH. LITIA F. HUNMAN.

Such an Unreasonable Doctor.

One of our leading physicians was recently aroused at night by a frightful knocking at his door. Sticking his head out of the window, he asked what was the matter.

"Oh, doctor, it is my poor wife!"

"I beg your pardon, but I haven't the honor of your acquaintance, and I am not accustomed—"

"I know it, doctor, but her life is at stake. If you only knew how much I love her! For Heaven's sake, I beg you!" And he went on for a considerable time in this fashion, until the doctor relented, in spite of the cold winter night. He dressed himself, went out, waded far through the snow, prescribed and saved the cherished woman. Several days passed, and, hearing nothing of any pay, he sent in his bill. Nothing. Then he sent a collector. The devoted husband greeted the dun with anger, exclaiming:

"Go to the devil. The idea of my paying that bill for a woman who has since run off with another man!"—New Orleans Picayune.

A Woman's Life-Work.

Miss Nancy N. Clough died in Enfield, New Hampshire, aged 80 years and 3 months. The story of the life of this woman seems more like romance than reality. It may well be called romance in real life. She was the oldest of a family of ten children, five of whom are still living. While she was yet young, her father's farm in Enfield became heavily incumbered, and was likely to be sold under the hammer; his health, too, was broken down, and the future of that family appeared well-nigh hopeless. Nancy, foreseeing the disastrous consequences threatening the future, resolved to save the dear home, and went to work with heroic energy to carry the resolution into effect. She enlisted her brother Theophilus, next younger than herself, in the laudable enterprise, who cordially seconded her efforts and gave his efficient aid.

Learning of the factories that had just started in Lowell, Mass., she left home and went to that city to find remunerative work. She entered one of the factories as an humble operative, but wrought, with such energy and skill as to accomplish more work than two ordinary operatives, receiving more than double pay. Every leisure moment outside of the mills was also faithfully employed to the same end. As her younger sisters and brothers came to a suitable age she summoned their ready help, while she was the ruling, directing genius and moving power in the undertaking.

The result was that, after some years of persistent efforts, the mortgage was lifted from the farm, and the old home was freed from every claim that others held upon it. Then she decided that the old house must be rebuilt and refurnished, and the grounds beautified, and, when all this was done, the brave girl went back to the home of her childhood, with three sisters and one brother, to pass the remainder of their days.—Boston Journal.

Love's Echoes.

A pretty bird store and shell store, hundreds of softly-tinted and fantastic-shaped sea shells, and a thousand hopping, chirping, happy birds, and there enters an amiable young couple from the inland country, who are so absorbed in each other as to be oblivious to the gaze or comments of the world around them. She has upon her innocent head a daisy of a bonnet with daffodil trimmings, and he supports on his head no less an object than the identical Leghorn hat his father, who is a Justice of the Peace, was married in. She looks at the birds because she is a woman, and he at the shells because she is a man; and by and by he carries a large convoluted shell to where she is, whispers in it, and lays it with loving care against her pink ear, which was so pretty that it seemed a reflection of the shell itself. She listens, comprehends, blushes fairer than any tinted shell that finds itself cast naked from its bed on the open shore, takes down the shell, replies to the whispered words, and holds it with both hands against the ear of her stalwart lover, and then they both smile and look ineffably nothings, and turn their heads away. What were those whispered words that lingered, and will linger, in their hearts as long as the murmur dwells in the dainty sea shell? What were those words that started a song in their souls sweeter than that caroled by any of the song-birds there when beautiful morning waited upon them in purple and gold, and reminded them of their singing with the rustle of its breezes? They were the old, old words that young lips will forever utter—"I love you!"—Providence Journal.

Errors of Type and Telegraph.

Lately some one attempted to say that critics asserted Rubinstein was not a correct player. The printers corrected the slur by saying he was not a "correct-player"—which is probably true. Another, essaying to describe a certain personage as "the great I am" of local matters found that he was "the great 9 A. M."—a preadulter charge, if somewhat vague. According to a veracious Western paper, one editor was horrified by finding "The Death of an Angel-Worm" heading an obituary instead of the decorous "Death of an Aged Woman." The rascally truth-seeker had his name set up "Turtle-Seeker," recently—which was a severe joke for the turtles. Once a paragraph beginning "Miss Dickinson" (meaning the eloquent Anna), appeared with the auspicious start of "The disburion," which naturally made the subsequent remarks somewhat confused. But the telegraph makes as amusing blunders as the type. A sentence of Lord Carnarvon's essay on sermons, at a recent Anglican Diocesan

Conference, was thus dispatched: "The worst paid country curate is expected to preach twice on Sunday with the persuasiveness of a journeyman tailor, and the eloquence of a barrow." For "journeyman tailor" read Jeremy Taylor, and "initia" "barrow with a capstall letter, and all is right."

Retribution.

A quietly-dressed lady passed down the aisle of a crowded car, looking for a seat. Presently she came to one occupied by a finely-dressed young woman who sat directly in the middle of it, talking to a friend in the seat before her. The young lady looking for a seat said very politely, "Is this seat engaged?" The young woman, without offering to move along, or rise to let her pass, said, in a careless and exasperating tone, looking impudently in her face, "No. Do you want to come in?" Offended by her tone and manner, the lady blushed with displeasure and passed on. By this time a gentleman acquaintance had found her a seat, which she accepted.

"Did you hear how that woman answered me?" she said, indignantly.

"I could not have believed that one of my own sex would be so rude. And the best of it is I know her by name, and, if she had known who I am, she would have been very polite to me. She is enamored of my cousin, and is doing her best to secure him as a husband. I am afraid she has made a mistake in not being civil." Mark the sequel: The young lady during the day joined her cousin, and in the evening they were returning home on the train, when in came the other young woman, and, at once catching sight of the young gentleman as she entered the door, smiles wreathed her countenance. He, not knowing what had happened, rose and saluted her cordially, and at once introduced her to his companion. Why did she turn pale, then red? She simply saw what a fool she had been, and, if she failed to see the immeasurable depth of her folly, it was revealed to her when, afterward, the favorite cousin of the man she wanted for a sweetheart said coolly to her, "I noticed you on the train this morning." There was no longer any doubt that she had been recognized, and that her rudeness would be reported to the ears to which of all others she desired it not to come. So, you see, if you are not polite from principle, it is well to be so from policy. The man or woman who is invariably civil and obliging need fear no awkward adventures like this one.

An Acedian Curstip.

The wooing must be done at balls, or in the presence of the family. Flirting being impracticable, it is always understood that the wooer means marriage, and consequently he eagerly avails himself of the privileges deemed by the rural Mrs. Grundy consistent with the proprieties. These usually begin with prancing, carooling and racing his horse on the road in front of his "belle's" dwelling-place. He repeats the performance as often as possible, and enjoys it immensely. The more spectators, the greater his delight. The sweets of courtship are necessarily expended on the old folks. Many a snuff, a la vanille, a bottle of anisette, etc., for maman, go far toward making the course of true love smooth. With the old gentleman, tact as losing half-dimes at play is equally effective, always provided the love comes under that comprehensive descriptive "bon garcon." While thus courting the parents, he avails himself of every opportunity to make "sweet eyes" at the daughter, and after a few weeks of such wooing, proposes. The ball-room is generally the place, when the pleasurable excitement of the waltz has reached its climax, while her slender waist is encircled by his arm, and her head almost leans upon his shoulder, then comes the opportunity. If the coy maid favors his suit, he instantly seeks the approval of her parents. With that one night the matter is settled. But no; he must obtain the permission of the numerous relatives of the bride-elect, even to the cousins, who may be of no special importance. Dressed in his spiciest suit, he proudly prances round on the grand tour, and formally asks the consent of each in turn.—The Acadicians in Louisiana, in Scribner.

Fish as Brain Food.

Since during the acts of sensation and intellection phosphorus is consumed in the brain and nervous system, there arises a necessity to restore the portions so consumed, or, as the popular expression is, to use brain food. Now, as every one knows, it is the property of phosphorus to shine in the dark, and, as fish in a certain stage of putrefactive decay often emit light or become phosphorescent, it has been thought that this is due to the abundance of phosphorus their flesh contains, and hence they are eminently suitable for the nervous system, and as a valuable brain food. Under that idea many persons resort to a diet of fish and persuade themselves that they derive advantage from it in an increased vividness of thought—a signal improvement in the reasoning powers. But the flesh of fish contains no shining deposit on that element. Decaying willow shines far more brilliantly than decaying fish. It may sometimes be discerned afar off at night. The shining in the two cases is due to the same cause—the oxidation of carbon, not of phosphorus, in organic substances containing, perhaps, a perceptible trace of the latter element. Yet, surely, no one ever found himself rising to poetic fervor by tasting decaying willow wood, but a better brain food than a much larger quantity of fish.

His Name Was Smith.

In the grammar department of one of our public schools, a few days since, the teacher, after talking with her class on the subject of mythology, read to them as follows:

"Vulcan, smith, architect and chariot-builder for the gods of Mount Olympus, built their houses, constructed their furniture," etc.

"The following day the subject of the preceding day was given as a language lesson, and, as no mention was made of Vulcan, the teacher asked the class who built the houses for the gods on Mount Olympus? For a while the children seem lost in profound thought, when suddenly a gleam of intelligence illumined the face of one little girl, and she replied:

"I can't think of his first name, but his last name is Smith!"—Boston Transcript.

GERMAN MILK SOUP.—One quart milk, one pint water, one-half teaspoonful sugar, one-half teaspoonful salt, six slices of a 5-cent wheat loaf.

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

To REMOVE DANDRUFF.—Wash the hair thoroughly in rain water, with a good deal of borax dissolved in it.

PUMPKIN-PIE MADE OF SQUASH.—Take a good-sized crooked-necked squash, one-quarter of a pound of butter to a milk-pan of squash. Sweeten to taste. A bottle of cream; one quart of milk, unless too thin. Season with mace, a little nutmeg, brandy and rose-water. One dozen eggs and a little salt—eggs beaten.

A CURE FOR STAMMEERING.—A correspondent says: Go into a room where you will be quiet and alone; get some book that will interest but not excite you, and read for two hours aloud, keeping your teeth together. Do the same thing every two or three days, or once a week, if very tiresome, always taking care to read slowly and distinctly, moving the lips, but not the teeth.

A NICE DISH.—Two eggs, one pint of milk, bakers' bread—as it is more porous—cut into thin slices; dip the bread into the batter and fry each side brown in butter. Then boil one cup of sugar in two cups of water, and, after adding vanilla or lemon flavoring, pour over the bread, and cover dish so as to steam and keep hot. It is well to reserve part of the sauce to put on each slice when serving.

To MAKE ROCK CAKES.—Break six eggs in a basin, beat them till very light; add one pound of pounded sugar, and when this is well mixed with the eggs dredge in gradually half a pound of flour; add a few currants. Mix all well together, and put the dough with a fork on the baking-iron, making it look as rough as possible. Bake the cakes in a moderate oven for half an hour. When done allow them to cool, and store them away in a tin canister in a dry place.

To SOFTEN HARD WATER.—Take two pounds of washing soda and one pound of common lime, and boil in five gallons of water for two or three hours; then stand away to settle, and dip off the clear water from the top and put in to a jug. Can be used for washing dishes or cleaning, and one teacupful in a boiler of clothes, put in after the water is hot, will whiten the clothes and soften the water, without injury to the hands or clothes. I use an old iron pot to make it in.

SWEET POTATO PUDDING.—Ingredients: Two pounds of raw sweet potato, half pound of brown sugar, one-third of a pound of butter, one gill of cream, one grated nutmeg, a small piece of lemon-peel, and four eggs. Boil the potato well and mash thoroughly, passing it through a colander; while it is warm mix in sugar and butter; beat eggs and yolks together, and add when the potato is cold; add a table-spoonful of sifted flour; mix in the grated lemon-peel and nutmeg very thoroughly; butter a pan, and bake twenty-five minutes in a moderately hot oven. May be eaten with wine sauce.

Suicide of the Scorpion.

Mr. Allen Thomson in a letter says: While residing many years ago during the summer months at the baths of Luoca, in Italy, in a somewhat damp locality, my informant, together with the rest of the family, was much annoyed by the intrusion of small black scorpions into the house, and their being secreted among the bedclothes, in shoes, and in other articles of dress. It thus became necessary to be constantly on the watch for these troublesome creatures, and to take means for their removal and destruction.

Having been informed by the natives of the place that the scorpion would destroy itself if exposed to sudden light, my informant and her friends soon became adepts in catching the scorpions and disposing of them in the manner suggested. This consisted in confining the animal under an inverted drinking glass or tumbler, below which a card was inserted when the capture was made, and then, waiting till dark, suddenly bringing the light of a candle near to the glass in which the animal was confined. No sooner was this done than the scorpion invariably showed signs of great excitement, running round and round the interior of the tumbler with reckless velocity for a number of times.

This state having lasted for a minute or more, the animal suddenly became quiet, and, turning its tail or the hinder part of its body over its back, brought its recurved sting down upon the middle of the head, and, piercing it quite forcibly, in a few seconds became quite motionless, and, in fact, quite dead. This observation was repeated very frequently; in truth, it was adopted as the best plan of getting rid of the animals, and the young people were in the habit of handling the scorpions with impunity immediately after they were so killed, and of preserving many of them as curiosities.

Astonishing Faith.

Once upon a time, years ago, plain Mr. Disraeli was in Leeds, and he was waited upon by the Secretary of a certain institution in that town, who asked him to give a lecture or an address. He first made several excuses, then refused utterly, and at last, being further pressed, said: "Well, I will come and give you an address this time ten years." With that assurance the Secretary went away and waited. The ten years rolled along, and at their expiration he came to London, sought and obtained an interview with the Premier, reminded him of his promise, and claimed its fulfillment. The great man had, of course, forgotten all about the matter, but when it was brought to his recollection he again made polite excuses, pointed out that circumstances in the meantime had greatly changed, and that he had other duties to attend to now. But the Secretary was an old-fashioned man; he had the curious and obsolete idea that a promise was a promise, and ought to be carried out, and said as much. "And did you really believe at that time," said his Lordship, "that I should carry out that promise?" "Certainly," was the reply, "if you were still alive and able to do it." "Well," said the Premier, in a musing tone, "it is truly astonishing what faith people have in me." He did not deliver the lecture, and is still, therefore, considered to have broken his word by the Secretary of the institution.—London Letter.

A MAN of bad reputation was complaining to the writer that a certain person had ruined his character. "So much the better," replied the writer, "for it was a very bad one, and the sooner it was destroyed, the more to your advantage."