All Sorts of Paragraphs.

THE ulster covers a multitude of shins.

MAN expects everybody to be true to him but himself.

SOOT imparts remarkably bright green to grass and grain.

WHEN grapes are squeezed it makes them w(h)ine.

IF time is really money, any man ought to be worth his wait in gold.

THE fire-weed seed remains in the ground for years without sprouting, and shows itself after the land is burned over.

STEREOTYPING was invented in 1780, almost simultaneously by W. Ged, of Edinburgh, and C. Coldin, of New York.

A TOAST drunk with Highland honors involves throwing the wine glasses over the left shoulder, the idea being that the glasses should never be degraded by use for any other purpose.

"JANE," said he, "if you would take your two feet from before the grate we might have a little warmth in the room!" They had been married only six months!

A YOUNG man who sneers at a girl's false teeth hasn't a well-balanced head. Let him marry a girl who has toothache and neuralgia and he will see where he was lame.

HE told me that he was now regularly engaged as a writer for one of the leading dailies. His honest old mother said, "Writing wrappers at $3 a week."

A REPORT is made to the California Academy of Sciences that sulphate of iron (copperas) is a remedy for mildew and grape-rot. A mixture of four pounds to five of water is applied to the stems of the vine.

MOLASSES CAKE.—One cup molasses, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter or fried meat grease, one-half cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two eggs, flour enough to make as stiff as sponge cake.

IT was a temperance meeting. The speaker increased in eloquence and noise, and he cried: "Yes, my friends, we'll lift our temperance vessel out of the mire and mud onto hard, dry ground, and then sail beautifully along."

PRIOR to the invention of paper-making our Teutonic forefathers wrote their letters, calendars and accounts on wood. The "Boc," or beech, being close-grained, and plentiful in Northern Europe, was generally used for this purpose; and hence the word *book*.

She passed just now in the falling snow,
And left the print of her dainty shoe;
From the edge of the heel to the pointed toe
The most I can make is a number two.
Yet her brother showed me her morning slipper,
A number seven, as I'm alive,
And broad in the sole as a Portsmouth skipper.
Now how the d—ce do the girls contrive
To squeeze a hoof like a camel's foot
Into a number two French kid boot?

AT a small country town there once died a middle-aged man, leaving a widow of 35. At the funeral the deacon of the village alluded to the good qualities of the deceased, and among others his generosity. He said the deceased had lent him some money once. Upon which the weeping widow raised her head and inquired how much, and whether he had paid it back or not.

A PRINTER'S devil was formerly the boy who took the printed sheets from the tympan of the press. Old Moxon says: "They do commonly so black and bedaub themselves that the workmen do jocosely call them devils." The errand boy is now so called because he is the *servus servorum* of the establishment. The words at one time used to signify a wretched, poor, persecuted, or ill-used creature.

MAKE YOUR OWN PASTE.—A German scientist gave the following recipe for making a good, durable paste: He takes twenty grammes of wheat starch and makes it into a stiff paste with a little cold water, then he pours 100 c. c. of boiling water all at once—not gradually—into this paste and stirs it gradually; a little carbolic acid or salicylic acid is then stirred in, and a paste is obtained which will keep until it dries up. Care must be taken to have the best starch, as good paste cannot be made with inferior kinds.

TO CLEANSE THE TEETH.—A good way to cleanse the teeth is to dip the brush in water, rub it over genuine white castile soap, then dip in prepared chalk. A lady says: "I have been complimented upon the whiteness of my teeth, which were originally anything but white. I have used the soap constantly for two or three years, and the chalk for the last year. There is no danger of scratching the teeth, as the chalk is prepared, but with a good stiff brush and the soap it is as effectual as soap and sand on a floor."

CHEAP ICE HOUSES.—Cheap ones may be quickly constructed in the form of strong shanties with good, but not tight, floor. Place a few inches of sawdust on the floor, pile up the ice compactly in square blocks; leaving a space from eight to twelve inches all around, next to the boards, to be filled with sawdust, trodded in as the structure of ice is built upward. Cover the whole with eight or ten inches of sawdust, and let plenty of fresh air blow through the shanty over the top. Ice will keep this way as well as in the most costly and elaborate building. Chaff or finely-cut straw may be substituted for the sawdust; but being less perfect non-conductors, should be in thicker layers.

THE FAMILY SCRAP-BOOK.—In many papers which you do not care to preserve you will find items of interest which are worth saving. To meet this case, make a scrap-book. You can get, from a junk dealer, some old books with good bindings, as, for example, old blotters, day-books, journals, etc., of defunct firms, or public reports of all descriptions. Always index the contents of your book. You will find it tedious work, but it is worth a mine when done. It is not a bad plan to cut slips from political papers from time to time, which represent your views politically. A back look at these will give you an idea of how men change, and will tend to make a man less partisan. On all accounts a scrap-book is invaluable.

A GOOD workshop containing such tools as can be used to advantage by the farmers should be found on every farm. A room with a stove in it and large enough to permit of the construction of a hay rigging, a gate or portable fence, will furnish a place where many hours may be healthfully and profitably spent in the most inclement weather of winter. Here a great deal of repairing may be done that would otherwise find its way to the professional mechanic. New tools may be built, that will be needed on the farm, or harnesses may be oiled and repaired and a great many things that will suggest themselves may be done. In mild weather the thoughtful can find profitable out-door work, such as repairing outbuildings and cutting up falling branches from trees.

A REPLY

BY EMELIE CLAIRE.

'Tis the motive, my friend, gives the color to friendship;
Had you needed a tonic or stimulant wines,
I should justify measures in dealing out nostrums
As safeguard 'gainst ills in malarious climes.

You affirm that the tone of your system is perfect,
Your business successful, your politics true,
Your fireside the center of peace and attraction—
No place in the wide world so sunny for you.

Then, why, I demand, should a creature inhuman
Repeat all the scandal maliciously said,
And dub himself friendly while stirring up discord
Where kindness once flourished so gayly instead?

I would say, though with license I make the suggestion,
For the world will plod on, though a seer might proclaim,
When a friend condescends to barter contention
He should lose your respect, while he forfeit the name.

But my motive is not to estimate losses;
Philosophy argues from cause and effect—
Look up and press onward; Time's never a laggard;
The walk of the man shows you what to expect.

It needs not a prophet to predict the future
Of a babbler who feasts upon gossip and strife—
A nondescript meddler, who fawns for a favor,
Bewailing the ill that is heir to this life.

Yet be not surprised; this affectionate creature
Existed for ages and ages ago;
His mission seemed friendly—too well he succeeded
Man's peace with his Maker and God to o'erthrow.

What I've said may prove useless in causing conviction;
You may give your old trust for the polished and new;
Yet, remember one maxim, the friend who loves truly
Is loth to hold up a world's mirror to you.

THE LOST CHILDREN.

There were three of them—Kitty, Mary and little Tommy—the children of the station-master at Black River Junction, on the Great Southwestern railroad. The station stood alone on the open prairie, miles and miles away from anywhere in particular. Black river flowed through the mountains, a hundred miles away to the north, and on clear days the snowy mountains could be seen glimmering on the glassy horizon. The line leading to the Black river met the Southwestern here, and thus it was that the place was called Black River Junction.

The station-master and his wife and three children lived in the little depot quite happily, but there was not another family within ten miles in any direction.

At times the children thought it rather lonely. There was nothing in particular to be done, except to watch the trains that stopped at the junction several times a day. Once in a while a freight car would be left on the side-track, and the children soon found that an empty freight-car makes a capital playhouse. They could keep house in the corners and make visits, or sit by the open door and make believe they were having a ride.

One morning they were awakened by a curious humming sound out of doors, and they all scrambled up and looked out of the window. How the wind did blow! It whistled and roared round the house, and played upon the telegraph wires upon the roof as upon a huge harp. As the wires were fastened to the roof, the house became a huge music-box with the children inside. After breakfast the morning trains arrived, but the wind was so high the passengers were glad to hurry from one train to another as quickly as possible. Then the trains went away, and the great wind-harp on the roof sang louder than ever.

The station-master said it blew a gale, and that the children must stay in the house, lest they be blown away into the prairie and lost. The station-master's wife said that it was a pity the children must stay in the house all day. There was an empty freight car on the side track; perhaps they might play in that. The station-master thought this a good idea, and he took Kitty by the hand, and Tommy in his arms, while Mary took hold of his coat, and they all went out to the empty car. Whew! How it did blow! They certainly would be lifted up by the wind and blown quite into the sky. The empty car was warm and snug, and, once inside, they were quite out of the way of the wind.

Mary thought the rear end would be a good place to keep house, but Tommy preferred the other end, so they agreed to keep house at both ends of the empty car. This was a nice place, for it gave them a chance to visit each other, and the open part of the door made a promenade to walk on.

Louder and louder roared the gale. Safe and snug in the car they went on with their play, and thought nothing of the weather outside.

Suddenly the car seemed to shake, and they stopped in their housekeeping, and ran to the door to see what had happened.

"Why, it's moving! Somebody's pushing it," said Mary.

"They're taking us away on the freight train. Come, we must get out."

"I didn't hear the whistle," said Tommy. "I guess something is pushing the car."

The girls leaned out of the door to see what had happened. Why, where was the platform? What was the matter with the station? It was moving away. No, it was the car. It had left the siding and had rolled out upon the main line, and was moving faster and faster along the road.

"O, we must get out. They are taking us away."

"No, no," said Kitty, "we must stay here till the brakeman comes round. I didn't hear them when they took us on the train."

"There isn't any train," said Tommy, looking up and down the line.

"O, it's the wind! It's blowing the car away. We must put on the brakes and stop it."

This was a good plan, but how were they to carry it out? The brake wheel was on the top of the car, and they were inside.

Faster and faster rolled the car. It began to roar and rattle, as if dragged along by a swift engine. In a moment Tommy began to cry. Mary tried to look brave, and Kitty stared fast at the level prairie flying past. It was no use. They all broke down together, and had a hearty cry alone in the empty car, as it rolled on and on before the gale.

The station-master's wife rolled up her sleeves to put the house in order, while the children were safely out of the way. The station-master, feeling sure the children were safe in the freight car, sat in his office nearly all the morning. At last the beds were made, the dinner put on the stove, and the mother wondered how the girls were getting on in their play-house on the track. She threw a shawl over her head and went out on the platform. At once the wind blew the shawl over her face, and she could not see exactly where she stood. Turning her back to the wind, she began to call the children. How loudly the wind roared through the telegraph wires! Perhaps they could not hear her in all this din. Maybe they were inside the car, out of hearing. She walked on toward the siding. Not a thing to be seen. She wondered if there had been a mistake. Perhaps the car was on the other side track. No, the rails were unoccupied as far as she could see in every direction. What did it mean? What had happened? She staggered back into the station and startled her husband with a cry of despair.

"The car! The children!"

The station-master ran out on the platform and looked up and down the line. Not a car in sight! It had been blown away by the terrible wind, and perhaps at this instant was rolling swiftly onward with its precious load to destruction. What would happen to it? Would it meet a train, or run into a station? Would the children try to get out, or would they stay in the car until it was wrecked?

He sprang to the door of the depot to telegraph the terrible news down the line, but, just as he opened the door, he saw a faint white cloud on the western horizon. It was a train. Help was coming. At the same moment his wife appeared with a new grief and terror in her eyes.

"I cannot get a call in either direction. The wires are blown down."

This only added to the danger, for there was no means of sending word in advance of the runaway car. It must go on to its fate without help or warning.

"Help is coming, mother. Here's a train bound east."

Nearer and nearer came the train, and the father and mother stood watching it as it crept along the rails. It seemed as if it would never come. At last it reached the platform, and proved to be a passenger train bound up the Black River road, and not intended to go in the direction in which the car had been blown away. The instant it stopped the station-master ran to the engineer and told his terrible story. The mother, with quicker wit, found the conductor and demanded that the engine be taken off and sent after the children.

The conductor was a man of regular habits, and such a bold request struck him as something extraordinary. Take the engine off, and leave the train and passengers waiting at this lonely station! The idea was preposterous. Some of the passengers gathered near and asked what was the matter.

"Three children lost; blown away in an empty car." Some one said, "Yes, go at once. We can wait here till the engine returns." The conductor said that he must telegraph for instructions; but some one said, "The wires are down," and the people only cried out the more, "Let the engine go!" so the mother ran to the tender and began to pull out the pin, that the engine might start.

"Hold on, marm," said a brakeman; "I'll cast her off. You jump aboard if you want to go, too. Fire up, Jack, and make her hum!"

It was all done in a moment, and away flew the engine, leaving the conductor and station-master staring in surprise at this singular proceeding. The station-master did not feel very happy. He had half intended to go with the engine, but it would never do to leave his post.

"Fire steady, Jack," said the engineer to the fireman. "It's no use to get excited, for we're in for a long race."

"It's enough to make a fellow excited to see that woman," said the fireman.

The engineer turned round, and there by his side stood the mother, her eyes straining ahead down the line in search of the missing ones.

"Oh, sir! open the throttle wide. Don't try to save coal at such a time as this."

"We must keep cool, marm, and go steady, or we shall run out of coal and water, and come to a standstill on the line."

The woman said not a word, but nodded mournfully, and leaned against the side of the cab for support, and the fireman gave her his seat, where she could look out ahead over the line. How the engine shook and roared. The little finger of the steam-gauge trembled and rose higher, as the steam pressure increased over the raging fire. The engine seemed to be eating up the track in front, and behind the rails spun out like shining ribbons in the sun. The station and train had already sunk down out of sight, and the grassy horizon on either side seemed to fly away in a kind of gigantic waltz. The wind died away to a dead calm, and in a few moments a little breeze sprang up, and blew in at the front windows.

"We are beating the wind," said the engineer. "If we can keep up this pace, we shall soon overtake them."

"How long have they been gone?" shouted the fireman, above the roar the engine.

"I don't know," screamed the woman, without taking her eyes from the horizon where the rails met the sky. "It may have been two hours or more. They were playing in the empty car."

"How did she get out of the siding?" (He meant the car.)

"It's one of the new switches," said the engineer. "Cars can easily jump out upon the main line."

Ah! something ahead. Was it the runaway car? No, the next station. What a terrible pace! Twenty miles already.

"O, don't stop," cried the woman, as she saw the engineer put his hand on the throttle-valve.

"I must, marm; we are getting out of water. And perhaps we can learn something of the runaway."

The sudden arrival of a solitary engine containing two men and a woman startled the station-master, and he came out to see what it meant. He seemed to guess at the truth, for he said:

"After the runaway car?"

"Yes, yes. There are three children inside."

"O, marm, I'm sorry for ye. It went past here, going twenty miles an hour It came down grade all the way, but the up grade begins about two miles out. I was inside when it passed, and didn't see it till it had gone past the door."

How long it took to fill the tender! The engine stood hot and smoking by the water-tank, and the water came out in a slender stream, while the poor mother stood looking on, tearful and impatient.

"Good-by! I'll put up my pipe—Heaven help ye!—the up grade—"

The rest was lost, for the engine shot ahead on and on over the open prairie. The water-tank seemed to sink down into the earth, and the shining rails stretched longer and longer out behind.

Ah! what was that! A cloud of steam on the horizon far ahead. The engineer took out his time-book and studied it carefully.

"Freight No. 6, bound west, stopping on the two-mile siding."

How swiftly freight No. 6 rose above the grass and grew big along the way. Listen! A whistle! The engineer whistled a reply and shut off steam. Their engine slowed down, and they could see men leaning out from the other engine as if to speak to them.

"It's ten minutes back. Running slow on main line—road—clear—"

"Thank Heaven!" said the woman. The engineer said nothing; but, at that instant, the engine gave a great leap and shot ahead at the rate of fifty miles an hour up the easy grade. How long the minutes seemed, and yet each meant almost a mile.

Ah! a speck—a black dot on the horizon! The car? Yes, it was the car. It grew bigger and bigger. Now they could see it plainly. But the children! Where were they? The fireman sprung out through the forward window and ran along the engine and down upon the cow-catcher. The monster began to slaken its terrible pace, and in a moment it struck the car with a gentle jar and stopped.

The fireman thought himself a lively man, but the woman was before him, and sprung up into the car.

There they lay, safe and sound, in a corner of the car—Mary and Tommy fast asleep, and Kitty watching over them.

"Oh, mother! I knew you would come. Mary and Tommy cried themselves to sleep, and I—I—"

Nobody could say a word. The fireman tried to rub his eyes, and only marked his face with black streaks. The mother laughed and cried all at once. The engineer picked up the little ones and quietly took them into the cab of the engine.

"There, now, my hearties, you have had a risky ride; but it's all right. Come. We're more than thirty miles from home, and it won't do to be late for dinner. Fire up, Jack."

REPARTEE.

"To this night's masquerade," quoth Dick.
"By this missive I am beckoned;
I think 'twould be a pleasant trick
To go as Charles the Second."
Tom felt for repartee a thirst,
And thus to Richard said;
"You'd better go as Charles the First,
For that requires no head."

A Young Doctor Sacrificing His Life for Others.

George Herbelin, 28 years old, was house surgeon at the Hospital of Sainte Eugenie in Paris, where croup and diphtheria were raging. M. Herbelin's devotion to his young charges was the subject of much remark among the visiting physicians, and the sisters connected with the hospital. While at the bedside of two children suffering from diphtheria, symptoms of the disease were noticed in himself by another medical man, who insisted upon young M. Herbelin going home. He did so, and died in a few days. While M. Herbelin was on his deathbed, the circumstances were related to M. Grevy, who had an interview with Gen. Vinoy, Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honor, at whose instance the cross of the order was awarded to the young surgeon. It was taken to the dying man, who, overjoyed at the news, exclaimed:

"I am decorated! I wish to live—I will live. Cure me, my friends!"

He sank upon his bed exhausted, and died clasping the ribbon attached to the cross. The Hospital of Sainte Eugenie was founded by the Empress Eugenie under circumstances of a peculiar character. The Municipality of Paris had voted the sum of 600,000 francs to be spent in the purchase of a diamond necklace as a wedding present to the Empress in 1853. The money was preferred to the diamonds, and was devoted to the foundation of this hospital for children, since become so famous. M. Lepere, Minister of the Interior, M. Herold, the Prefect of the Seine, several Municipal Councilors, and a number of leading physicians and medical students attended M. Herbelin's funeral. A detachment of infantry rendered him military honors. Several speeches by professors of the faculty were made over his grave. Deceased's father, who was a doctor, lost his life in the same way.

A Story of Clay.

When Henry Clay ran for the first time for Congress, he was billed to address an assembly in the open air. A vast crowd had convened to hear the young orator, and conspicuous above all arose the tall form of Jim Burnim, a rough with an unenviable reputation, and a great personal enemy of Clay's, owing to repeated defeats sustained by him from Clay in his political aspirations.

When Clay had commenced his address Burnim placed himself directly opposite him in the crowd, and annoyed the speaker continually by interruptions and personal remarks, but chiefly by hissing every good point Clay produced. No matter how smooth and lucid his stream of oratory might be, or how forcible his argument, Burnim was ready at the finis with his insulting hiss. This continued until Clay could stand it no longer, and when, after a particularly pungent thrust at the morality of the anti-Federalists, he was greeted with the indomitable silent howl of Burnim's, he turned savagely to him and, with flashing eyes, delivered this cutting speech:

"Mr. Burnin.," said he, "when your last hour has come, and your evil, sinful soul has sought the dark shades of hell; when, standing there before its sulphurous gates, your spirit, charred with sin, awaits admittance, Satan, glowing in his crimson majesty, shall ask his vassals gathered around him who it is that stands outside his portals, and, when he's told that you are there, he'll rise and, with a look of dark disgust, cry to his waiting menials: 'Go, take the slave and burn him till he hiss!'"

Culprit and Judge.

Lord Chief Justice Holt in early life was very dissipated, and belonged to a club of wild fellows, most of whom took an infamous course in life. One day, when his Lordship was engaged at the Old Bailey, a man was convicted of highway robbery whom the Judge remembered to have been one of his old companions. Moved by curiosity, Holt, thinking the prisoner did not know him, asked what had become of his old associates. The culprit, making a low bow and fetching a deep sigh, replied:

"Ah, my Lord, they are all hanged but your Lordship and I!"

OUT IN THE COLD.

BY B. R. LONG.

Out in the cold now I'm wandering alone,
Far from my friends and far from my home;
Far from the scenes of my childhood so dear,
Shrinking before the cold world's heartless jeer,

Once I had friends I thought loving and true;
Once, amid pleasure and honor, I grew;
Once, Oh! the word has a sorrowful tone,
For pleasure has left me and honor is gone.

Children at one time I fondled with glee:
Where are they now, with light hearts and free?
Where are the dear ones I once loved so well?
Why have they left me, can any one tell?

Ah! I remember my poor wife had died;
Myself and my two sons stood close by her side;
She took both their hands, and whispering said—
Take care of thy father when mother is dead.

The homestead I gave them; 'twas all I could give;
Beneath its old roof they said I could live.
But soon a change came, and I, poor and old,
Was turned from its threshold out in the cold.

Father, forgive them the deed they have done,
Though they have plenty and I have none;
Though their old father is left all alone,
Far from the ones he loves, far from his home.

Soon the cold waters of death rippling by
Will waft my frail spirit to regions on high;
There will I meet my dear children of old,
That once turned their father out in the cold.

APPLETON, Ohio.

MADELINE.

All the girls who were leaving school carried with them anticipations of a gay winter, a round of parties, balls and operas. Not so with Madeline Delauney. The dying will of her father made her aunt's house her home for the years between 18 and 21; and, even if Madeline had been unwilling to comply, she would still have gone, so great was her respect for her father's memory.

Mrs. Chathard was an invalid, and her family consisted only of a son—a man over 30, and said to be eccentric—and the old family servants. Decidedly not a very brilliant prospect for Madeline.

It was a sullen autumn day when Madeline rode, for the first time, up the avenue leading to her aunt's house. She saw a gray sky, flying clouds, and a white beach on which the sea beat heavily in, and, standing in the midst of a cluster of pines, was a low, massive building that might have been a prison, and possibly was a house. No one came to the door to welcome her. Mr. Chathard was not at home; Mrs Chathard was in the library, and begged that Madeline would come to her there. She found her lying on the sofa, busy with some sort of knitting—a sallow, delicate, fretful woman.

"No," she said, shrinking back, as Madeline showed a disposition to kiss her; "no one but Frederic has kissed me for years. Don't commence. I am a creature of habit; I don't like to be disturbed in any of my regular habits. I only came down to-day on your account, and it has quite unnerved me. I shall not try it again. I must have perfect repose. Frederic comes to see me morning and evening; that is as much as I can bear."

With that, Madeline was waved off to her rooms, where indignation supplanted a strong desire to cry, and curiosity gradually got the better of both. It was really, she decided, on looking about her, a pleasant room, with crimson curtains and furniture, and a deep window looking out on the sea. There was a bureau, with a great many little drawers that she pleased herself with arranging mentally. There was a vase of flowers that spoke of a conservatory; she had seen that the library was well filled; a pretty piano occupied a recess in her room.

"I shall pass my time very tolerably," thought Madeline, resignedly. "I wonder what my cousin is like."

Perhaps this last thought had some influence in her toilet, else why should she have braided her hair and put on her most becoming dress? It was hardly to be supposed that her charms would have much effect on the quiet parlor-maid, who alone was in attendance.

Madeline ate her supper with curling lip and stormy brow.

"He is a barbarian! I know I shall hate him!" was her inward comment. "He must have known that I would be here. He might have been civil. However, I shall do very well without him!"

And, getting a book from the library shelves, she sat herself down resolutely to read. But, try as she would, her thoughts wandered back to the pleasant room where she used to sit with her girl-friends, reading and talking—so different from this great, silent, handsome house. I am afraid the contrast was not too favorable, for her pillow was wet with tears that night.

A week passed away. During that time Madeline saw Mrs. Chathard once—that was all. The rest of the time she passed in solitude, till Saturday evening, when the prim old housekeeper entered the parlor where Madeline was sitting, work-basket in hand.

"Mr. Frederic is at home," she said, "and Mrs. Chathard thinks it proper that I should sit in the room;" with which explanation she walked over to the extreme end of the apartment and vanished behind the curtains of the bow-window.

Madeline curled her lip slightly at these prudential preparations and went on with her reading, trying to convince herself that her heart was not beating fast. She heard a quick, masculine step without in the hall—heard it come in the room and advance toward her, but did not raise her eyes until he stood directly before her. She had hard work to suppress her surprise, he was so little like what she had imagined. Not old—for if he was really 30 he by no means looked his age—not tall, thin and sallow; on the contrary, small, though well formed, with an abundance of curling brown hair; large blue eyes that should have belonged to a woman, so evenly arched were the brows, so long the lashes, so soft, so almost suffering, their expression; clear-cut features; teeth that showed white and even through his thick mustache; a gentle, quiet, assured manner, neither austere nor frownish, as Madeline had imagined, but that of a gentleman and a man of the world.

He apologized easily enough for the apparent incivility. "Important business," that much-enduring scapegoat, had detained him—he was extremely sorry.

But Madeline, who had no patience with his lame excuses, interrupted him, sharply:

"Pray spare your regrets; it is quite evident that your sorrow is of the deepest dye. Your countenance bespeaks it."

Mr. Frederic opened his eyes wide and sat down. Hitherto he had seemed undecided on the question.

"So, then, you are really offended, and show it after a spirited fashion. Good! I shall have to make my peace. It will give us something to talk about."

"Is there really any necessity of talking at all?" demanded Madeline, still more indignantly.

"A few minutes ago I thought not I intended to have gone through the necessary formalities, and, after that, to have sat occasionally with you, by way of keeping you in countenance; but now I say yes! There is something original about you; it may be only a spark, a glimmer; but, whatever it is, I will develop it.

"You leave my individuality out of account, I think."

"Not in the least. I count on it for my amusement."

"Amusement? We share the same blood, Mr. Chathard. I think you should know something of the will which is among our heirlooms. I doubt if I shall choose to serve even a Chathard as amusement."

"You will have no choice. You will go to church with me to-morrow. You will see and be seen of all the magnates. They will forthwith call upon you; you will go to make a round of dreary visits; you will go to solemn tea-drinkings; you will talk to Capt. Fanway and Sir Peter Farquhar, the two eligibles of the parish, and when you have talked over the weather you will begin to fidget, and wish yourself home with me. Even a bear like me will prove more endurable than those unmitigated young men. You will talk with me, and, in the nature of things, you will amuse me. You cannot help yourself."

"I have other resources," answered Madeline, loftily. "I have arranged a dramatic course of study."

Mr. Chathard smiled.

"Try it, my dear cousin, by all means. It is the most enchanting thing in the world—in prospect. Try it, I say again, and remember, I shall be very happy to aid you if any difficulties occur—which, though, it is to be presumed, is not possible."

With which he took himself off, leaving Madeline piqued and curious. She had ample time, however, to recover herself, and proceeded with her studies. It was three mortal weeks before he presented himself again. When he did come, it was in a ghostly fashion. She was bending over a book, and, looking up suddenly, found him standing before her, watching her keenly, looking weary and strangely dissatisfied. He gave her a cool nod, and threw himself into a chair near her.

"Talk!" he said imperatively. "I am bored."

Madeline's hot blood leaped up in revolt. Words hovered on her lips that, cool as he was, could not but have placed an effectual barrier between them. Something arrested them. A pained look was in his eye, anguish about his mouth, showing dimly through the mask of cynicism. A new impulse possessed her.

"Cousin," she said, gently enough, "why should we be at war? We are of the same blood, and I think we are alike in this one thing, at least—that we are both alone. Why goad each other with bitter words? Would it not be better to help each other? I don't ask nor offer any confidence; only if there could be a liking and a friendship between us, let it develop itself. Let us not hinder it. I am so lonely; and I think if you would let me that I should like you."

Strange emotion glistened in his eyes and shook his voice.

"I swore once," he said, "never to trust mankind, still less womankind, again."

"Unsay the rash oath," she said, eagerly. "It shuts you from all happiness and goodness."

"How dare you ask me! In whom shall I trust?"

"In me."

"A girl—a child, that doesn't even know the meaning of things about her, much less her own heart!"

"I know one thing—the truth that I feel within me. That never dies, and never fails. Only try me, cousin. I long to be good."

"I believe you do," he said, much softened. "I believe, with all my innocent fervor, you do wish it. I will trust till I see that you, too, are going to deceive me. Will you take the responsibility?"

Madeline held out her hand, and so there was truce between them. Every night they studied and talked under the supervision of the prim housekeeper; and at last he fell into a way of taking a morning walk with her in the garden and riding with her in the afternoon. He even went with her to several parties, and always to church; and the neighborhood held up its hands in astonishment.

Months passed away. Very peaceful, happy ones they were. But one evening he failed to make his appearance. All the next day Madeline watched for him, but in vain.

"He has gone away," she thought, with a keen pang, "and did not tell me."

One week passed—two—three. Suspense grew unendurable. She ventured an inquiry of the prim housekeeper.

"Mr. Frederic is not away—he is ill."

"Ill! Why was I not told? I will go to him at once!"

"He has the typhus fever, miss; and Mrs. Chathard ordered that you should on no account be admitted, for fear of the infection."

Madeline left the housekeeper without another word, and went straight to Frederic's room. She was not very sure of its locality, for it was in the other wing of the house—a place where she had never ventured. She was, however, exceedingly doubtful of the propriety of going at all; but, if he should die without her, would propriety console her? She went in trembling. He was alone and awake. He turned toward her hollow, reproachful eyes.

"Are you better?" was the first question.

"Yes; but why have you left me alone so long? I thought you cared for me."

"I do, I do! I never knew. I waited and wondered, and grew sick at heart. No one told me, and to-day I asked. I was too proud to do it before I thought you had gone away, after the old fashion, without telling me. Then they said I mustn't come to you for fear of the infection."

"There is danger! Go away at once!"

"I will not. Why should I not share danger with you? All the orders in the world shan't drive me from you!"

He turned toward her with sudden animation, seized her hand, looked earnestly into her face, and said, "My little darling, I really believe that you love me as I do you."

And from that moment he mended, in spite of doctors and physic, and the somber old house is gay enough under the blithe supervision of its young mistress, Mrs. Frederic Chathard, our Madeline.

How Far Bells May be Heard.

In a hilly locality a bell will not be heard half as far as if the land were level, or nearly so. A bell will be heard a great deal further lengthways of a valley than over the hills at the sides. It is frequently the case that bell-rooms are lower than the surrounding buildings and trees, and these obstructions break the sound and prevent its free passage to a distance. It is frequently the case, too, that towers have small windows or openings, with the louvre boards so close together as to almost box up the sound. In cities the noise of steam and horse-cars, manufacturing establishments, carriages and carts rattling over the pavement, etc., is so great that bells are not expected to be heard at any considerable distance, and this is the reason why, in all cities, several bells are used for fire-alarm purposes, it being impossible for one bell, no matter how large it may be, to be heard above the thousand-and-one noises incident to every large place. The largest bell ever made in this country weighed 22,000 pounds, and, before it was fractured, hung in the City Hall in New York. On one or two occasions this bell was heard up the Hudson river thirteen miles, in the night, when the city was comparatively quiet. Water is a good conductor of sound, and added materially in making the bell heard as above mentioned. It is a great mistake to suppose that bells can be heard in proportion to their weight—that is, that a bell of 2,000 pounds will be heard twice as far as one of 1,000 pounds. This is not so, for the reason that the larger bell does not possess anything like twice the resonant surface of the smaller one. What is gained and admired in the larger bell is its deep, majestic, dignified tone, which it is impossible to secure in the smaller one, the weight of a bell invariably governing its tone. When hung stationary and struck, or tolled, bells will not be heard, as a rule, half as far as when swung. The swinging motion throws the mouth of the bell up, and not only carries the sound off, but imparts to it a richness that is always absent when the bell is at rest and struck. A great deal is to be gained by ringing a bell properly, throwing the mouth well up, and not lazily jingling it. It is not physical strength that is required in ringing a bell so much as "getting the knack" of catching the rope just right, particularly on the second "down pull." The windows in the tower should be as open as possible, and the tower should be ceiled just above the windows.—*Scientific American.*

A Strange Story.

In 1848 a chestnut tree, quite 300 years old, was blown down on the banks of a little creek near the church called "South Carolina," within a mile of the village of Yorkville, in Pickens county, Ala., and about seventeen miles southeast of Columbus, Miss. Beneath the roots of the chestnut tree were found a pair of brass scales for weighing, with the brass weights having Spanish inscriptions and numerals on them. Two three-pound cannon-shot were found with the scales. The soil beneath the tree was very dry, drained as it was by the little stream hard by, and these relics of the Spanish adventurer were well preserved. But it does not follow because these portable articles were found at that spot that De Soto visited it. He had little use for scales, and may have left them at some distant place of encampment, or lost them in some battle, and a curious red man, assigning little value to the "treasure trove," left it when he drank on the bank of the stream. Indians had no wagons or wagon ways, and yet when Eastern Mississippi was first settled by the white people in 1830, and while the Choctaws still owned and occupied the country, there was a broad, deep wagon road following the course of the river some distance and deeply cut in the hillsides and into the river's banks. It crossed the river at the mounds, ten or twelve miles below Columbus, on Butler's plantation, of which I have spoken. The Choctaws said that this road was carved out by white men, who marched across the country, fighting and killing, long before their recollection. If this be the tradition, as I heard it stated long ago, there can be little doubt that De Soto made the road and crossed the Tombigbee at the place indicated by the Spanish scales and weights, and the old highway was certainly made by no race of modern Indians. But, if this be true, it does not follow that De Soto spent the winter preceding this passage of the Mississippi in the vicinity of Columbus or at Tupelo.—*New York Herald.*

A Colored Brother's Philosophy.

Hanner, dat was a pow'ful sarmon we hearn Brudder Wilkerson disco'se f'om de pulpit las' Sunday. De tex' was dis: "Shall we know each odder dar?" but I'se kinder mixed in my 'pinion 'bout de 'clusion dat he cum ter—dat we would. All I got ter say is dis: I'se been er gwine wid you to Brudder Wilkerson's meetin' 'ouse, an' a payin' as I go, now gwine on fo' long yeahs, an' I ain't got 'quainted wid mo'n fo' or five o' de congregashun yit, an' all I got ter say is dat, 'cordin' ter Brudder Wilkerson's ideer, if dey's as long gittin' 'quainted wid one 'nudder "ober dar" as dey is in dat 'ar congregashun o' his'n all I got ter say is, dat dey'd better begin to interdoosin' one 'nudder w'en dey're young, or dey won't "know each odder ober dar." Hit'll be "ober dar" jes' as 'tis down hyar—de upper crus' won't mix wid de common trash, an' turn dar noses up at one 'nudder jes' de same as dey do in dat meetin' 'ouse. Ef dey don't know one 'nudder down hyar, dey won't know one 'nudder "ober dar," an' Brudder Wilkerson knowed he wuz a givin' dat 'ar congregashun "taffy an' pea-nuts" w'en he wuz a disco'sin' f'om de pulpit.

"The Greater the Truth the Greater the Libel."

Among lawyers and editors one of the sayings most frequently quoted is: "The greater the truth the greater the libel." It is a misquotation from an epigram of Burns. When on a visit to Sterling, during the time of his connection with the excise, the poet wrote some verses reflecting rather unfavorably upon the reigning dynasty, as compared with the exiled Stuarts. Upon being admonished for his imprudence, he said: "Oh, but I mean to reprove myself for it!" and thereupon wrote: "Rash mortal and slanderous poet, thy name shall no longer appear in the records of fame! Dost not know that old Mansfield, who writes like the Bible, says the more 'tis a truth, sir, the more 'tis a libel?"

A SOLE-STIRRING incident—Treading on the point of a tack.