

My Garden Neighbor.
All the woods are swart and bare
Said the late November rain
Sole without the lattice pane
In the gusts of bitter air
But with many a cherry call
Tit-Bird plumes his ruffled wing
Where the dripping branches swing
Low against the garden wall—
"Sweet, sweet, sweet—two-dee—two-dee!"
Though the rain rains drearily,
Sunny days are yet to be.
Little friend, for you and me!"

Dull and cold the landscape lies
Stript in her frost-bound sleep,
Naked by all the winds that sweep
Waiving under wintry scies:
Bastily for hungry needs
Tit-Bird skims each winding walk—
Flits from withered stalk to stalk—
Prying out ungodly seeds—
"Sweet—sweet neighbor, are you there?
Through the globe is gleamed and bare,
We may trust the Father's care
Still His loving bounty share!"

Pipes the Northern shrill and loud—
Blow and bright the morning break—
Slow the winter-world awakes,
Clothed in whiteness as a cloud!
In any neighbor, trim in brown
Home-pan fustian, weather-proof,
From some windy perch aloft
Caut'ly twittering datters down—
"Sweet," he answers to my call—
(Scattering alms for pensioners small,
Sawdred of the garden wall—)
"Sweet, good-morrow, little friend!
For the charity you lend,
He who marks the sparrow's fall
Tenfold will repay you all!"

OLD MAGGIE AND THE BURGLARS.

"You are not afraid, Maggie?"
"Me afraid!" said Maggie. "I'd no fear
born with me. As for the house, it's the
strongest fastened ever I was in. You say
yourself there's no lock a burglar could
force, and I'm not one to let traps or the
like in of my free will. God knows the
place will be safe enough when you come
back—as safe as though there were a regiment
of soldiers in it; and I'll have all
bright for your new wife, Mr. Archibald!"

She called her master Mr. Archibald still,
this old woman; but she was the only one
who still used his Christian name. He was
an elderly man himself, and had few intimate
friends, hospitality not being one of his
virtues. He was rich, and there was
much that was valuable in the house; more
ready money, too, than most men keep
about them; but this was as secure as a
bank-vault—patent locks and burglar alarms
that first sent a bullet into any one who
sought to enter by stealth, and then rang a
bell to wake the household, were attached
to every door, and a furious watch-dog, that
lived on raw meat, was in the back-garden.
The Van Nott mansion could have with-
stood a siege at a moment's notice.

Mr. Van Nott was a money-dealer. He
had ways and means of accumulating prop-
erty which were mysteries to his neighbors,
and they were suspicious that the little back
parlor, sacred to business, had even seen
such lesser dealings as the loan of money on
the gold watches, cashmere shawls, and dia-
monds of genteel distress. Two or three
mortgages that he had bought up had been
rather cruelly foreclosed; and he was a hard
landlord, and a bad person to owe money to
altogether. On the whole, he was disliked
in the place, and as rich as he was, would
have found it hard to get a wife to his liking
among his neighbors at Oakham. How-
ever, having resolved to marry again—there
had been a Mrs. Van Nott, who died years
before—he had sought out a wealthy widow
of a saving disposition, who lived on a small
farm some miles out of town, and having al-
ready disinherited her daughter for espous-
ing an estimable man of small means, and
turned her only son out of doors for equally
prudent reasons, was not likely to bring any
troublesome generosity into his household,
and had offered himself to her, and had been
accepted. And now, though both their
economical souls revolted against it, custom
decreed a wedding of some sort, and a
honeymoon trip somewhere, and they had
decided to do it as cheaply as possible. For
this brief time Mr. Van Nott must leave his
business and his house, and it was upon the
eve of his departure that he held the above
conversation with his old servant, standing
with his portmanteau in his hand, and re-
garding her gravely.

"Yes, yes," he said, "I presume it is all
safe enough. And I'll speak to the night-
watchman, and give him a dollar to take a
particular look at this house. Well, good-
by, Maggie, make things as neat as possible,
for if they look dirty my wife may think
the furniture old, and want something new
for the parlor." And Mr. Van Nott de-
parted.

"Yes, yes," said old Maggie, "no doubt
she'll have fine, extravagant ways. Poor
master! What a pity he should marry,
after all—but old folks are the worst folks.
A young thing of eight-and-forty, too, when
he has a sensible servant, sixty last January,
that knows what belongs to good house-
keeping. If he wanted to marry why didn't
he ask me? I'd not have gone gallivanting
and spending. Ah, well, he'll suffer, not I!"
And Maggie trotted away to begin her
sweeping and dusting.

She had said truly that there was no fear
born with her, but as the night drew on she
began to feel somewhat lonely. Her mas-
ter's presence was strangely missed out of
the great house, and there was something
ghostly in the look of his empty chair when
she peeped into the little back office.

"If I was superstitious," she said to her-
self, "I should think something dreadful
was going to happen. I feel chilly up and
down my back, and I keep thinking of fun-
erals. I'll make myself a cup of tea, and
see if I can't get over it."

And accordingly old Maggie lit herself
into the snug kitchen, and lighting two candles,
drew a pot of the strongest young
hyson, and putting her feet close to the
cooking-stove began to feel much more com-
fortable.

The old clock ticked away on the mantel,
the hands pointing to half-past eight.
"I'm going to bed at nine," said Maggie.
"I've worked well to-day. Much thanks
I'll get for it, I doubt. Hark! What's
that?"

It was a sound outside the door—a slow,
solemn grating of wheels. Then feet trod
the pavement, and the bell rung faintly.
"A carriage!" cried Maggie. "Has he
changed his mind and brought her home at
once? But that can't be—he's not married
yet." And taking one of the candles she
trotted to the door, but not before the bell
had rung again.

"Who's that?" she cried, holding the
door slightly ajar.
"A stranger," said a voice, "one who
has something particular to say to you."
"You'll have to wait for to-morrow,"
said Maggie. "You can't come in to-
night."
"My good woman," said the stranger,
you are Margaret Black.
"That's my name."
"Mr. Van Nott's housekeeper for twenty
years?"
"Yes."
"My good woman, if you are attached
to your master I have very bad news for
you."
"Gracious Lord!" cried Maggie, but she
did not open the door much wider—only
enough to thrust her head out. "Don't
scare me, mister. What is it?"
"The worst you can think of," said the
man. "Mr. Van Nott traveled on the
railroad. There has been an accident."
"Preserve us!" cried Maggie letting the
door fall back, "and him on his way to his
wedding. He's hurt badly then?"
"He's dead," said the man. "Dead, and
we've brought him home."
Maggie sat down on a chair and began to
cry.

"We've done what we could," said the
man. "The lady he was to marry, and her
friends, will be down to-morrow. Mean-
while my instructions are that you shall
watch with him, and allow no strangers to
enter the house. There are valuable things
here, I'm told; and Mr. Van Nott's lawyer
must take possession of them, and seal
them up before strangers have access to the
rooms."
"Oh! dear, dear," cried old Maggie.
"That it should come to this. Yes; I'll
watch alone. I'm not afraid, but—oh,
dear!"

Then she shrunk back, and let two men
carry a horrible coffin into the front parlor.
They came out with their hats off, and
the other man held his also in his hand.
"I regret to leave you all alone in the
house," he said.
"I don't mind that," said old Maggie,
"but it's terrible, terrible."
"If you'd like me to stay," said the man.
"No," said Maggie. "I've no fear of
living or dead folk. You can go."
Then she locked the door and went into
the parlor, and putting the candle on the
mantel, looked at the coffin through her
tears.

"He was good enough to me," she said:
"poor Mr. Archibald! And this comes of
wanting to marry at this time of life, and
gallivanting on railroads. I wonder whether
he is changed much. I'll take a look," and
Maggie crossed the room and lifted the lid
over the face of the enclosed body.

"I'll take a look," she said to herself
again. "I'm not afraid of dead folks."

In a minute more Maggie dropped the lid
again, and retreated, shaking her head to
foot. She had seen, within the coffin, a face
with its eyes shut, and with bandages about
the head, and the ghastly features of a
clown in a circus, minus the red mouth.

But it was a living face, well-chalked, and
not her master's; and Maggie knew at once
that she had been well humbugged—that
this story of her master's death was a lie,
and that a burglar lay within the coffin,
ready to spring upon her and bind her, or,
perhaps murder her at any moment.

"She could, of course, open the door and
try to escape; but the accomplices of the
man were doubtless outside. It was a long
distance to the nearest house, and, even if
they did not kill her, they would execute
their purpose and rob the place before she
returned.

"Master looks natural," said Maggie,
slood, and tried to collect her thoughts.

Mr. Van Nott's revolvers were in the next
room, she knew, loaded, six shots in each,
Maggie could use pistols. She had aimed
at troublesome cats with great success more
than once. If she could secure these pistols
she felt safe.

"Poor, dear master," she sobbed, and
edged toward the back room. "Poor, dear
master." She lifted the desk lid. She had
them safe.

She glided back to the front parlor and
sat down on a chair. She turned up her
sleeves and grasped a pistol in each hand
and she watched the coffin quietly. In half
an hour the lid stirred. A cautious hand
crept up the side. A wily eye peeped out.
It fell upon the armed figure, and closed
again.

"You'd better," said Maggie to herself.
Again the head lifted. This time Maggie
sprang to her feet.

"You're fixed quite handy," she said
coolly. "No need of laying you out if I
fire, and I can aim first-rate, especially
when I'm afraid of ghosts, as I be now."

The head bobbed down again. Maggie
recoiled herself. She knew this could not
last very long—that there must be a conflict
before long. It was as she supposed. A
moment more and the coffin was empty, and
a ferocious young fellow sat on its edge, and
thus addressed her:

"We meant to do it all quiet," he said,
"and I don't want to frighten old women.
Just put them down."
"I'm not frightened," said Maggie.
"I'm coming to take them things away
from you," said the man.
"Come," said Maggie.

He advanced one step. She took aim and
he dodged, but a bullet went through his
left arm, and it dropped by his side.

Furious with pain, he dashed toward her.
She fired again, and this time wounded him
in the right shoulder. Faint, and quite
helpless, he staggered against the wall.

"There, you've done it, old woman," he
said. "Open the door and let me out. My
game is up."
"Mine isn't," said old Maggie. "Get
into your coffin again, or this time I'll shoot
you through the heart."

The burglar looked pitiously at her, but
he saw no mercy in her face. He went back
to the coffin and lay down in it. Blood
dripped from his wounds, and he was grow-
ing pale. Maggie did not want to see him
die before her eyes, but she dared not call
aid. To leave the house before daylight
would be to meet this man's companions,
and risk her own life. There was nothing
for it but to play the surgeon herself, and
in a little while she had stopped the blood
and saved the burglar's life. More than
this—she brought him a cup of tea, and
fed him with it as if he had been a baby.
Nothing, however, could induce her to let
him out of his coffin.

About one or two o'clock she heard steps
outside, and knew that the other burglars
were near, but her stout heart never quailed.
She trusted in the bars and bolts and they
did not betray her.

The daylight found her sitting quietly
beside her wounded burglar, and the milk-
man, bright and early, was the ambassador
who summoned the officers of justice.

When the bridal party returned next day
the house was neat and tidy, and Maggie,
in her best alpaca, told the news in laconic
fashion.

"Frightened!" she said, in answer to the
sympathetic ejaculations of her new mis-
tress. "Frightened! Oh, no! Fear
wasn't born in me."

A Cambodian Marriage Festival.

They were ushered, amid a tremendous
din of gongs, into a large sala beyond the
reception hall, where were seated the Gov-
ernor and about a hundred noblemen and
invited guests; the bridegroom, a young
man about twenty years of age, elegantly
attired in silk jacket and panoung, was also
there. By the time the *farangs* were seated,
a procession—headed by the bride, supported
on either hand by demure-looking matrons
—composed principally of aged or married
women, all elegantly attired, entered and
slowly marched toward the Governor. The
bride was not particularly interesting as
regards personal charms; she was young,
however, and dressed richly and in good
taste. Besides her silk panoung, she wore
a gold-embroidered scarf upon her shoulders,
also gold rings upon her fingers, bracelets
upon her wrists, and armlets about the
elbows. The bride took up her position
near the bridegroom, both sitting upon the
floor, but not looking toward each other:
in fact, throughout the entire ceremony
they both were perfectly impassive and
nonchalant. The marriage ceremony proper
now began. A number of wax candles were
brought in a salver, and then lighted by one
of the nobles. The silver waiter was then
passed round before the company eight
times, each one in turn saluting the couple,
and wishing them much good fortune by
waving or blowing the smoke toward them,
thus expressing something like the old
English custom of throwing the slipper
after a newly-married couple—the band of
reed and string instruments playing the
meanwhile. Two large, velvet cushions
having been previously placed before the
bride and bridegroom, and upon them a
large sword, the leader of the *lacon* (theat-
ricals) now came forward and went through,
for a few moments, the most fantastical
sword exercise. Dishes had been placed
before the unresponsive couple upon the
floor, with covers upon them, which latter
the *lacon* man removed during his flourishes,
discussing to view some cooked fowls or
ducks; nothing was eaten, however. Next
the hands of the expectant couple were
bound together, and to each other with
silk threads by the women attendants.

Chubb's Clock.

Chubb's clock got out of order the other
day and began to strike wrong. That was
the cause of the fearful excitement at his
house on Wednesday night. They were all
in bed sound asleep at midnight, when the
clock suddenly struck five. The new hired
girl, happening to wake just as it began,
heard it and bounced out of bed, under the
impression that morning had come; and as it
is as dark at 5 A. M. in winter as it is at
midnight, she did not perceive her mistake,
but went down into the kitchen and began
to get breakfast.

While she was bustling about in a pretty
lively manner, Chubb happened to wake,
and he heard the noise. He opened his
room door cautiously, and crept softly to
the head of the stairs to listen. He could
distinctly hear some one moving about the
kitchen and dining-room, and apparently
packing up the china.

Accordingly he went back to his room
and woke Mrs. Chubb, and gave her orders
to spring the rattle out of the front window
the moment she heard his gun go off. Then
Chubb seized his fowling-piece, and going
down to the dining-room door, where he
could hear the burglars at work, he cocked
the gun, aimed it, pushed the door open
with the muzzle, and fired.

Instantly Mrs. Chubb sprang the rattle,
and before Chubb could pick up the lacerated
hired girl, the front door was burst open
by two policemen, who came into the din-
ing-room. Seeing Chubb with a gun, and a
bleeding woman on the floor, they imagined
that murder had been committed, and one
of them trotted Chubb off to the station-
house, while the other remained to investi-
gate things.

Just then the clock struck six. An ex-
planation ensued from the girl, who only
had a few bird-shot in her leg, and the policeman
left to bring Chubb home. He
arrived at about three in the morning, just
as the clock was striking eight. When the
situation was unfolded to him, his first
action was to jam the butt of his gun through
the clock, whereupon it immediately struck
two hundred and forty-three, and then
Chubb pitched it over the fence. He has
a new clock now, and things are working
better.

Rival Journalists.

They have in a certain town in Northern
Pennsylvania two rival newspapers, which
are published upon the same day of the
week. The editors make desperate attempts
to get ahead of each other in procuring
items, and the consequences are often amus-
ing. Last week they were serious.

The editor of the *Mouth-Organ* devised a
scheme which he calculated would lay the
Meat-Ax out cold. He employed a man to
make an attempt to assassinate him just as
his paper was going to press. He bought
this man a six-barreled revolver, and in-
structed him to rush into the office of the
Mouth-Organ at a certain hour, and begin
to bang away at the editor, taking good care
not to hit him.

The editor intended to permit the villain
to escape, and then he proposed to sit down
and run out a sensational local, with half a
column of head-lines, about a "Dastardly
Attempt at Assassination," "A Blow at a
Free Press," etc., etc.

The man with the revolver seemed really
enthusiastic about it. When the appointed
hour arrived the editor took a position near
the door. In dashed the villain of the
piece, with murder written all over his

countenance, and began to bombard that
eminent journalist at once with reckless
ferocity. The first shot took effect in the
editorial calf; the second grazed his elbow;
the third tore a channel across his scalp.

The editor howled for the assassin to stop,
but the assassin thought it was all a part
of the play; so he emptied three more barrels
at him, scratching him a little every time.
Then the editor fainted from loss of blood,
the assassin was arrested in real earnest:
the editor of the *Meat-Ax* rushed around,
wrote a stunning account of the tragedy,
and got his paper on the street, selling like
wild, before the *Mouth-Organ* man revived.

But he is sick now. He says the assassin
must have misunderstood his instructions
somehow, or else he was bribed by the pro-
prietary of the *Meat-Ax* to play false. And
he does not care to organize any more
schemes for getting in ahead with sensa-
tional items. He thinks now that a news-
paper ought to be conducted upon a calmer
basis.

Fowl Sympathy.

There is an authentic story of a large flock
of swallows that revenged a wrong com-
mitted on two of their number. A pair of
wrens had driven out these two swallows
from a nest, and usurped possession. The
injured ones twittered their complaints to
associates, and after a short conference the
whole company began to take up mud in
their bills from the street and continued to
work until they had plastered up the en-
trance to the nest, and buried the guilty
wrens in a living tomb. This curious inci-
dent showed a power of talking—in swal-
low language—and a power of sympathy
and of planning to work together.

A case of sympathy without the talking
and planning happened recently in Newton,
Mass. Some pet hens and pigeons are fed
together daily, and have become good friends
and well acquainted. One day a cat sprang
from a black of ambush on the pigeons, and
seized one in its claws. The pigeon strug-
gled hard to escape, and flapped its wings in
terror, but in vain. Its doom was sure, if
unhelped. Help came from an unexpected
source. The hens looked on in surprise at
the suddenness of the attack, but at length,
as if comprehending the situation, two
roosters and three or four hens rushed at the
cat, and by vigorous pecking compelled it
to give up the prey and take to its heels in self
defense. Before a spectator, who saw the
whole scene could reach the spot, the pigeon
was free and had flown to his house.

A Trapper's Encounter with a Panther in Maine.

Dave Mosher, a trapper and guide in the
North Woods, Me., had a terrific encounter
with a North Woods beast recently. Three
miles from Sacondaga Lake there is a wild,
rugged pass between the mountains, known
as the Black Cat Valley. The mountains on
either side are very steep and rocky, and
are covered with a heavy growth of black
balsam and spruce timber. As the snows
deepen and the weather becomes cold,
many deer and animals take shelter in that
locality.

Among the rest are the rock-marten, hav-
ing a valuable dark-colored fur, known
among trappers in those regions as "Black
Cat." They seldom move by day, keeping
concealed in trunks of trees or between the
fissures of rocks. Owing to the uncertainty
of finding one twice in a place, and their
natural shyness, it is quite difficult to trap
them. However, when they become pinched
with hunger they will jump at the bait
without hesitation.

A keen, strong, steel trap is set and cov-
ered with snow or leaves, directly under a
drooping branch that the animal can reach
by rearing; upon this is secured the bait,
and in the effort to reach which it is pretty
apt to step in the trap. Then comes a sys-
tem of desperate manoeuvres, and the only
way to hold them in is by having the trap-chain
attached to a small sapling that will spring
and lift them off the ground. This sleek,
fine-furred animal is about the size of a red
fox, and as David used to express it,
"they're a sassy varmint to get hold on."

As Mosher was going the rounds of his
traps he saw through the bushes ahead a
terrible commotion under a large white
birch, where a trap had been set. As he
approached, a long, gaunt, tawny-colored,
fierce-looking animal, whose wild scream
upon the mountain-side at night will send a
thrill of horror to those who are safe in the
cabin, sprang upon a lower limb of the birch,
and bid defiance with glowing eyes. It was
driven to desperation by hunger.

Had David quietly backed out he could
have enjoyed his supper of venison and pan-
cakes. But no, he raised the old rifle and
fired. In one fourth of a York minute, Bill
Stewart's exact time for skinning a Mon-
tezuma bull-head, all the clothes upon him
would not have made a bib for a china doll.
He directly found himself beside a log, partly
scalped, with his lower limbs looking as
though they had been through a threshing-
machine, while, at the same moment, with
a spit and a scream, a panther disappeared
up the mountain-side.

When he came up the panther was en-
gaged in killing and devouring a marten
which was caught in the trap, and his hun-
ger being partly appeased was the means
of the trapper crawling off with his life.

The Sailor in Church.

A celebrated commodore in the American
navy having a few hours to spend in a port
where he was unacquainted, concluded on
attending a religious meeting, and for this
purpose, taking with him his favorite ser-
vant, he started for the church.

"Now mind," said he to Jack, as they
were going in, "don't you say a word. No
one speaks there but the minister."

A seat was provided for the commodore,
and Jack was invited to take a seat by the
deacon. The minister was giving out a
hymn, and it fell to the deacon's lot to repeat
the hymn for the singers. No sooner had
he risen than Jack, plucking the deacon's
coat, whispered in his ear.

"You'd better be still. I had my orders
before I came here, so you'd better be still."

The deacon proceeded to read, and Jack
repeated his admonition, but all to no pur-
pose. He had got out the first two lines and
all the members of the meeting were
engaged in singing, when the poor tar
driven to desperation at seeing the com-
modore's orders disobeyed, turning to the
deacon and rolling up his sleeves, he exclaimed:
"You were the beginning of this 'ere row
and shiver my timbers if you don't pay for
it," and he hammered away, first or one
side then on the other, till the whole scene
became a powerful illustration of the church
militant.

A Mormon Wedding.

The latest marriage ceremony, partaking
of a wholesale character, at Brigham
Young's "Endowment House," in Salt Lake
City, is thus described by the *Tribune*, of
that city, of the 19th inst.: "The bride-
groom came from the rural 'districks,' a
youthful saint, filled to overflowing with the
nurture and admonition of the Prophet
Brigham. His prophetic soul informed him
that it was not good to be alone, that the
dilapidated kingdom sadly needed building
up, that legions of fugitive spirits were hor-
ring about his steps, seeking, with tears in
their eyes, earthly tabernacles in which to
repose. So he did the best he could do
under the circumstances. He selected three
tender fair ones, and won them three for his
brides. Last Monday the quartet got mar-
ried. The thrice happy groom conducted
his bevy of brides to the 'Endowment
House,' and the party got sealed on the
wholesale plan. Brother Wells was present
at the interesting ceremony, and the cockles
of his heart warmed toward the well-dono-
saint. The President tapped the Benedict
upon the shoulder, invoked increase upon

his union, and assured him of God's blessing
on so devoted an act. The awkwardness
of the situation was apparent when the
much-married saint attempted to seal the
nuptial ceremonies with a kiss all around.
Each blushing bride persisted in receiving
the first salutation, and the bobbing of heads
was quite lively for a while. The young
man gave it up at last, and issued out into
the wicked world with an expression upon
his countenance which indicated that he had
"got good business enough on hand to occupy
all his leisure moments."

Loss of Sight.

A little accident, carelessness and ignor-
ance in regard to the condition, strength
and power of the eye to endure, has given
to many an early blindness. It may not be
generally understood that writing on the
cars, steamboat, coach, or anything in mo-
tion, is intended to impair the eyesight.

The sculptor Crawford, was accustomed
all his life time to read lying down. To
this, very largely, the physicians attribute
the loss of his eye. Very soon a cancer
formed in the other, which caused his
death.

The great historian, Prescott, lost his eye-
sight when a student, by a bit of bread
thrown in sport by a fellow student at the
table. A pair of scissors or a fork thrown
in sport of anger, has caused the loss of an
eye which the wealth of the world cannot re-
place. A friend who was very ambitious to
finish a set of linen for her brothers, spent
almost a winter in the stitching, sitting up
often late at night over the work, in which
she took great delight. The result was, the
nerve of the eye was so injured that she was
obliged wholly to give up sewing, knitting
and reading, under penalty of becoming per-
fectly blind.

A young lady, who lived but ten miles by
train from school, used to spend the time in
studying a certain lesson while she was rid-
ing down in the morning. The result was
a severe affection of the eyes, which disabled
her from study for a long time. It is al-
ways hurtful to the eyes to read in the train,
though we may not see the effect so plainly
when it happens only occasionally. A
steady practice like this, young ladies, may
produce even worse results when the system
is in a bad state.

Never read by twilight, nor before eating
in the morning. The little you gain in time
will be doubly lost before life's sundown.

I know a young clergyman who is a re-
markably well-bred man, but whose eyes
are a perfect deficiency. He said he intended
when he was getting his education. He
seems to have no control of the lids, which
twink and move in a most grotesque manner.
Don't fancy you can do what you please
with your eyes, and yet have them serve
you faithfully. Take good care of them as
you would of gold, for gold can never re-
place lost eyesight. When once we lose our
eyesight, we lose the greater part of the
light and joy of our life.

A Blunder.

Another fatal blunder by a drug-clerk is
reported. A man who had a discussion
about family matters with his wife, and
came out second best, threatened to commit
suicide, and went out to a drug store and
asked for twenty-five cents worth of strychnine.
The ignorant drug-clerk, instead of
putting up poison, gave him some harmless
drug in mistake, blunderingly labelled it
"strychnine." The man took it home,
gulped it down in the presence of his wife,
and then threw himself on the lounge to die.
His wife, instead of running for a physician
and a stomach-pump, waited until she
thought he was dead, and then commenced
to ride his pockets for his loose change. He
was on his feet in an instant, and instead of
dying he made it very lively for his better-
half for about ten minutes; and then he
threatened to get a shot-gun and shoot the
drug-clerk; and his wife said if he didn't
she would. And now discord and such
things dwell in that house, all on account of
a blundering drug-clerk.

The Feast of St. Pius V.

A Roman correspondent describes the
feast day of St. Pius V., saying: "As he is
the patron of the present Pope, the 5th of
May has always been a *mezza festa* with the
Romans. In the afternoon, just before ves-
pers, I drove to St. Maria Maggiore to visit
the tomb of this canonized pontiff, and to
see the decorations of the beautiful Sistine
Chapel of that basilica in which is his costly
and splendid monument. This tomb covers
the whole side of the chapel, and indeed
forms part of its architecture. It is a mass
of sculpture-friezes and frontons; columns
of verd antique, great bas-reliefs or marble
and bronze pictures. At the same time this
monument was erected, the Flemings, Nic-
olas d'Arras and Egizius, and the Italians,
Olivieri Sanese, Tribolfi, and Sarzana, treated
sculpture as an imitator of painting, or a
mere trade of skillfully cut images. In the
bas-reliefs you see four shooting figures
standing out detached and perspective in
the background. I found the church quite
full; a large part of the crowd was formed
of the band of French pilgrims, who are
now visiting the Eternal City and paying
their pious respects to his Holiness. They
are known by their badge, which is a small,
white woolen cross, bound with red, fastened
to the left breast or shoulder. There was a
superb display of flowers in the chapel—
great banks of camellias, roses, etc.; also
magnificent candelabras, with hundreds of
lighted wax candles. The bronze front of
the beautiful verd antique funeral urn of the
monument was removed, and there lay ex-
posed to sight the embalmed body of the old
Pope, looking as grim as is becoming his
reputation for severity and asceticism."

Not a Certain Remedy.

A doctor called on a cholera patient, a
German, and prescribed for him. Next
day he found the patient better.

"Well," said the doctor, "the medicine
cured you? No, sir; I didn't take it."
"What did you take?" "I ate sour kraut,
and turnip sauce."

The doctor, pleased at having learned
something, wrote in his memorandum that
"sour kraut and turnip sauce are good for
the cholera."

Next week he called on another cholera
patient—an Irishman this time. He pre-
scribed sour kraut and turnip sauce. On
the following day he found the Irishman
dead.

He was learning medical science rapidly,
so he wrote opposite the old memorandum
"sour kraut and turnips are good for a
Dutchman but death to an Irishman."

Hard Times in the Smith Family.

It has been a hard year in the mountains
of East Tennessee, not that work has been
particularly scarce, for work is worse than
starvation with many of them in that be-
nighted region; but whisky regulates the
market, and that has been high and brought
many a proud family low.

Now the Smiths were one of the proud
families of that region. They lived on a
ten-acre patch at the foot of the mountain;
They had an old, poor horse that wouldn't
make a shadow in the sunshine, and a
knock-kneed cow, with a horn broken off,
while the rest of the family consisted of
Caleb Smith, his wife, and nine red-headed,
freckle-faced girls and boys, after the pat-
tern of the mother, beside seven dogs and
five cats.

The Smiths would scratch in a little corn
each season to carry to the still and the mill,
and make up the rest of the living by fish-
ing, hunting, and lounging round the
tavern, while the smaller children would
play "mumbley peg," and it kept Mrs.
Smith busy cooking, smoking her pipe,
spanking the children, and lying it down
to Smith. Washing was such a laborious
task that it was only done once a month,
at the creek, and then it was only done in
sections, so that one washday the boys
would go without their pants, and on the
next without their shirts, and the girls like-
wise. The Smith mansion was not a pre-
tentious affair, nor were they particularly
stacked up over it, although it was not to
be sneezed at. It consisted of an elaborate log
structure of one room, and a loft floored
with roofing boards, with a ladder, up
which the young smiths would go to roost
at night, when they didn't sleep in the cor-
ner to keep old Bill Robinson from making
off with their corn. The monotony of this
up-stairs life was occasionally relieved, when
they had company downstairs, by one of the
boards tilting up and dropping one of the
girls partially through the floor.

This was the status of the Smiths when
the hard times began. Their corn had not
turned out well, and the distillery increased
the toll, so it did not leave much to go to
mill, and the stone that they balanced the
corn with in the other end of the sack was
too heavy, and pulled the Smith boy, corn
and all, off into the creek; and, you see,
such things as this played smash with the
Smith family. They had to eat just like
folks who worked for their living, and to
make matters worse, Smith didn't kill any
wild-cat that season to get the bounty on its
scalp, and it didn't take long to bring them
down to their last hoe-cake, and Smith
couldn't sing that soul-inspiring song any
more: "Oh, Sally, get your hoe-cake done."
Smith had an offer to chop cord-wood, but
never liked chopping *no how*.

Now Smith started out one evening about
sundown with his rifle, and there was deter-
mination in his eyes—any one could tell he
meant business. Was he going to pop the
old distiller over, and run the whisky mill
himself? or was he going to lay for some
traveler with a saddle-bag full of lunch?
Smith, however, relieved all anxiety on this
point by returning after dark with an old,
poor hog across his shoulder that bore deacon
Snoggle's ear-mark; and, as Smith was out
of salt, the next morning found the hams,
shoulders and sides hanging up in his smoke
house with a cob-fire round them. There
was joy in the Smith family, but, of course,
with so many mouths to feed one hog
wouldn't last long; and when Smith returned
next time with his rifle, and couldn't find a
single porker at large, matters began to look
desperate; there was only one little slice of
fat bacon left, and that had to go as far as
possible, so Smith studied all night, and had
the problem solved by breakfast time next
morning. He just got Mrs. Smith and the
nine children all in a row, and he took that
slice of bacon and tied it on to a string, and
he went through from the old woman down
to the youngest child, and let them swallow
that piece of fat bacon, and then he'd pull
it back with the string for the next one's
breakfast; and, poor, self-sacrificing man,
when they had all breakfasted off it, he then
took the string off, and it went down his
own throat never to return. That day he
killed a wild-cat and got the bounty, and
the fish began to bite, and the Smiths again
revelled in plenty.

Journalism in England.

When, some years ago, the press was
called the fourth estate, that title seemed too
large and presumptuous, but nobody can
think it inappropriate now. The power of
the press is enormous, and it goes on increas-
ing year by year, while the force of no other
form of persuasion or authority (except the
law) is fully maintained, perhaps. There-
fore, unless it continue to be controlled by a
patriotic, judicial and lofty spirit—if it be-
comes the instrument of class arrangement
and parlor conspiracies—inasmuch as it be-
comes the tool of secretaries of demagogues,
of the *feu furieux*, of servile capitalists
with drawing-rooms to conquer, or even of
the raging sincere pedants who are now be-
ginning to infest it, the press will be not
only an enormous power, but an enormous
peril. We confess that, for several years
past we have been oppressed with an apprehen-
sion that the time was nigh when this
danger would appear unmistakably; but the
events of the last fortnight have shown that
its time is not yet. After a gay and glorious
period of service journalistic flunkydorum
meets its reward. It retires from the dicky
—epaulets, stick, buttons and all—with the
painful consciousness that a ribald public
has been laughing at the straw in the mag-
nificently padded calves for a long time.
The people generally, we find, are as ready
to detect insincerity and bombast, as they
are to condemn the come-for-to-go-for-to-fer-
ret-to-carry gentlemen of the press, with all
his inspirations and emotions, as may well
be desired.

Metallic Floors.

A method has been devised for rendering
floors to a certain degree fire-proof, by em-
ploying long flat bars of thin sheet metal,
with a perpendicular flange turned on each
edge. Other long thin bars which are
curved or arched, and riveted at or near
their edges to the first named strips, are
placed edgewise vertically, one between each
two, the connection being so arranged that
the tops of the arches do not rise quite as
high as the tops of the first set of bars.
Narrower strips are also arranged across
and riveted to the lower flanges at suitable
intervals apart, to serve as laths for holding
the ceiling plastering to be applied to them,
as well as to brace them laterally. Similar
strips are arranged across and riveted to the
upper flanges, or wood pieces may be bolted
on