A CANNIBAL CONCEIT.

The cannibal king of the cannibal isle,
Met Hannibal Hook with an animal smile,
And fingered his topical tresses awhile,
With a smack of his lips, and a giggle of guile,
And a critical leer in bon vivant style—
Then the rollicking, frolicking thing,
He bit off the nose
Of Hannibal Hook,
Nor thought, I suppose,
Of the freedom he took—
This horrible, cannibal king!

O, the cannibal queen of the cannibal king,
Was a kind of a languishing lout of a thing,
Who strung up her petticoats short with a string,
And walked with a grace, and a finical fling,
Her elbow akimbo, her body aswing—
The beautiful, dutiful spouse!
She quietly took
Off a finger and toe
Of Hannibal Hook,
Without thinking, I know,
How tough were his cheeks and his brows.

The terrible teeth of the terrible two
Were quick to infringe on the feast that they drew
From the lubricate limbs of the lubberly crew,
Who simply believed they had nothing to do
But to furnish their flesh for a cannibal stew.
So the cannibal couple arose,
And washed in the river
Poor Hannibal Hook,
Then looked to the Giver,
And prayed, and partook
In a way I dislike to disclose.

THE ANGEL OF SHILOH.

BY AN EX-ARMY SURGEON.

"You found the tavern full?"

The speaker was a handsome, intelligent-looking gentleman of perhaps 40—evidently a citizen of the village, and resident of the handsome but unpretentious dwelling-house in front of which he was standing.

"Yes," I replied; "I was too late by half an hour, so the landlord informed me."

"You shall be welcome here, if you will accept of modest quarters and plain fare."

The tone of voice, no less than the words uttered, assured me that the offer of hospitality was sincere, and with a grateful heart and a simple expression of thanks I passed through the gate and clasped the extended hand of the man who, although I had not even known of his existence till that minute, and who I had every reason to suppose a foe of the cause I represented—a rebel to the Government whose uniform I wore, yet in whom I recognized a friend and brother.

"You are very kind," I said, "more kind than you know, for I am not only weary but ill, or I should not have sought lodgings indoors while my comrades were exposed to the privations of camp life."

"I am glad of the opportunity to offer hospitality to a professional brother," he responded, "for I know from the letter on your hat-band that you are a surgeon, and I am a physician. This would have been sufficient to have prompted me to invite you in, but something else, a sudden but unexplainable impulse, which I could not resist, impelled me to it."

By this time I had been led into the family room—a most cheerful room. A beechwood fire blazed and glowed upon the hearth; a bright carpet with warm colors covered the room; an old-fashioned mahogany sideboard stood to the left, and a bureau of the same rich wood faced it on the other side of the room, and in one corner a clock of "ye olden time," and known by the title of wall-sweeper, counted off the seconds with stately precision, and sounded the knell of the dying hours in a solemn monotone. Easy-chairs stood back against the farther wall like sentries on an inner picket line, while the others were grouped about the cheerful fire, and these, as we entered, were occupied by persons whose faces I could never have forgotten had I seen them but for a moment, and which are now photographed upon my heart forever and aye. There were three persons in this group, a venerable old gentleman, a white-haired, matronly and kindly-faced old lady, and a golden-haired, blue-eyed young lady—father, mother and daughter of my friendly host, Dr. Jewell.

There is something in a name, else how should these people be so appropriately named? I wondered and pondered the more when I learned that the brightest and richest and rarest gem in the group had the beautiful name of Lilian.

I beg the reader's pardon—I have not told him or her, as the case may be, who I am, or when, how or where all this happened.

My name is Alden; a lineal descendant I am from John and Priscilla Alden, whose romantic history you have doubtless read in poetry if not in prose. My ancestors had gone West almost a century ago, hence those provincial prejudices so characteristic of those descendants of the Mayflower party who still cling to the crags of Plymouth Rock had been lost in the broad and fertile valleys of the Ohio, or they had wandered off and found a flower-bespangled grave on the boundless prairies of Illinois. At any rate they found no place in my heart.

The time of which I write was January, 1862. Place, Southwestern Kentucky. Grant's army was making a grand reconnoissance in force, with a view to feeling of the enemy before making an attack upon Fort Donaldson.

A cold, pitiless rain had pelted us all day, and was still pouring down upon soldiers and officers alike. When the village of B. came in view, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, I had trudged through the mud and waded swollen streams from early morn, having surrendered my horse to a sick soldier of the brigade to which I was attached, and was, therefore, worn and weary, and almost ill. Immediately after the order had been passed along the line to halt and pitch tents for the night, a large number of officers galloped on to the village and sought shelter beneath the roof of the hotel it contained. It had been my purpose to get a hot supper and dry bed also, but my professional duties detained me for some time, and when I reached the door of the inn I was informed that not only all the beds, but every square foot of the parlor and sitting-room floors had been pre-empted.

It was while sadly wending my way back to camp that I had the rare good fortune, or fate, to attract the attention of Dr. Jewell. My boots were covered with mud, my clothes dripping with water, and I felt as if chilled to the marrow of my bones and the center of my heart. It took but a brief time to warm me, however, for the elements of warmth were abundant. At his request I followed the doctor into his chamber and donned a suit of his clothes, while he sent my own by a colored boy to the kitchen to be dried. Returning to the parlor, I observed a large bowl of steaming punch, flanked by goblets, upon a table which had been drawn up near the fire, and by which an easy chair had been placed. The family arose as the doctor and I advanced, and the old gentleman delivered a very brief but very eloquent temperance speech. He said:

"You Northerners have peculiar notions about the use of liquor, at least some of you have. I have been told that in some places it is an insult to a guest to offer him a glass of hot punch. We Southerners think differently. With us it is an act of hospitality to invite our friends, and even strangers, to join us in a social glass. I do not know what your views are, but, believing that punch is a good medicine for a man who has been drenched by a cold rain, I ordered some prepared, and hope you will join us in a glass before supper. But if you have any conscientious scruples we shall respect them, and at once send the bowl from the room."

"I have no such scruples," I responded. "It is the abuse and not the proper use of stimulants that forms the basis of my temperance creed, and there are times when brandy is a blessing, and this is one of the times. I shall join you most heartily."

At the close of my speech the old gentleman gave place to his wife, who advanced and filled the goblets to the brim, while Lilian handed them around. When each of the gentlemen had been supplied with full and foaming beakers, and the ladies with smaller glasses only part full, the father said to the son, "Give a toast, Walter—one suited to the occasion."

The doctor complied by saying:

"May the acquaintance begun to-night ripen into a friendship before which all sectional and political prejudices shall dissolve and disappear; and may that friendship live and flourish in the hearts of all present when this cruel war shall exist only as a sad and sorrowful reminiscence.

"I most heartily indorse the sentiment you have so beautifully expressed," I responded, and beg leave to quote from a Northland poet in reply:

May the song birds of peace soon revisit our glades,
And our children clasp hands where their fathers crossed blades."

A reverent and fervent Amen burst from the lips of the old gentleman as he touched my glass with his and raised it to his lips; tears rolled down the furrowed features of his good wife, and tears stood in the blue eyes of the beautiful Lilian, and the long silken lashes that curtained those heavenly orbs drooped and quivered like the dew-laden willow fringe that hides from sight the crystal waters of a spring in the valley of Eden—the Eden of my childhood.

Supper being announced at this moment, the old folks led the way, and the doctor, taking my arm, followed them into a large, old-fashioned room, which served as both kitchen and dining-room. It was a most cheerful and home-like place; the table, which stood in the center of the uncarpeted floor, presented a neat, inviting appearance to a soldier who had been on short rations for some days, and who had eaten nothing for twelve hours. Ham and eggs, and delicious corn cakes, done to a turn, with sweet country butter, and coffee with real cream, constituted the bill of fare. It was ample, and I did full justice to it.

The evening hours flew rapidly past on downy wings of friendly converse, till the old clock in the corner announced the hour of 11, when the thoughtful mother mildly suggested that the Major was doubtless tired and would like to retire. I disclaimed any thought of weariness, and indeed I uttered but the simple truth in saying that I had not been so entirely refreshed for weeks. It is passing strange what power there is in good-fellowship to restore the wasted energies of the body as well as the spirit. So we sat another—a brief, a delicious hour—and then the good-nights were said, and I retired to sleep and dream. The blue-eyed Lilian formed the web, and horrid battle-scenes the woof of my visions. The beautiful girl had scarcely uttered a dozen words during the evening, but she had been a most eloquent auditor. She had sat almost directly opposite me, and my eyes rested upon her face as I addressed other members of the group, and they did not fail at any time to meet a sympathetic response from her heaven-tinted orbs; nor was there the least embarrassment in this, for her countenance bore such a perfect expression of innocent interest as to reveal a spirit at once modest and pure as an angel.

In my dream a bloody battle was raging. My ears were filled with the boom of cannon, the crash of small arms, the scream of shell, and the shrieks and groans of dying men. The scene changed. I wandered over the fields of carnage. The dead were thick about me. A groan reached my ear, and I bent my steps in the direction whence the sound came. A soldier, in gray uniform, with a Lieutenant's strap upon his shoulders, lay upon the ground, with his head resting upon the lap of a woman. I said, "If I can be of any service, please command." A pair of blue eyes were lifted toward my face, and a voice, sad but musical, said, "Oh! I am so glad it is you; you are a surgeon as well as a friend, and my brother is dangerously wounded." Those eyes, that voice; could I be mistaken? No, it was Lilian, and the wounded young officer her brother. What joy, what happiness to be able to serve her; aye, perhaps save the life of her brother—the son of my friend.

A rap on my chamber door dispelled the vision, and the pleasant greeting of Dr. Jewell restored me to my normal state. But my dreams remained as a vivid memory of a startling reality. I could not but believe that it was a presentement, and, although I kept it locked in my heart as a sad, though cherished secret, I resolved to ask Lilian for a picture of her brother which she had shown me the evening before. So, just as I was on the point of leaving, I said, "Miss Lilian, I wish you would give me a photograph of your brother. It is possible I may meet him, and if I should it would prove my passport to his friendship." "I will," she replied, "for you may be of service to him, and I know you would do him a kindness if you could." "Most gladly would I, both for his own sake and as a reward, in part, for the great kindness I have experienced at the generous hands of his family."

The young Lieutenant's handsome face bore a striking likeness to that of his sister, and for that I prized it and cherished it. I wore it constantly in an inner pocket of my vest. The stirring scenes intervening dimmed somewhat the memories of my vision as time passed, but could not blot it from my mind.

The battle of Shiloh had been fought, and during the whole of it my mind reverted to the dream. It seemed but a repetition of a tragedy of which I had witnessed the rehearsal. Impelled by some strange impulse I could not resist, I wandered out upon the battlefield at midnight. Every spot seemed familiar. The dead faces were those that I had seen in my dream. A groan—aye, the same groan I had heard on that ever-memorable night of January, 1862. I hurried to the side of the poor fellow from whose agonized lips it came. He was prone upon the cold earth, with his head resting upon his left arm, while with his right hand he was striving to check the flow of blood from a gunshot wound in his left breast.

A glance told me I had found the son of my friend—the brother of Lilian. Fortunately, I had with me the means of stopping the flow of blood; also a canteen of water and a flask of brandy. No word was spoken until I had done all that could be done at once, when, with a faint voice and difficult articulation, he said: "You have saved my life, and I thank you."

"You owe me no thanks, Lieutenant; I should be an ingrate did I not serve, to the utmost of my ability, the son of my friend, Dr. Jewell, the brother of his precious daughter, Lilian."

"Is this a dream? How—where did you know my father and sister?"

"Be calm, my near friend; I will gladly tell you all, but not now. Enough that I have found you, and serve you."

In my arms I bore the wounded officer to my tent, and vigilantly did I watch by his side until morning came. He had lost much blood, and his wound was painful, but not especially dangerous; hence, he recovered rapidly, and within a month he was well again. In the meantime I had told him the story of my impromptu visit to his old Kentucky home, and the generous hospitality I had met with there. I showed him the photo of himself given me by his sister, and the marvelous dream which had prompted me to ask for the picture was rehearsed. "Doctor," he said, as I closed my story, "I don't think I am superstitious, but I believe your dream was a presentiment, given you by my angel mother. It was she, and not my sister, you saw holding my head on her lap. Lilian is marvelously like her mother, and could readily have been mistaken for her."

"At least, in a dream," I added, pleasantly.

"Yes, or by moonlight, in the waking hours. But please don't try to break my faith in the reality of that vision of yours. It has come true almost to the last particular."

"It has," I responded, "and I believe in its reality as firmly as you can."

I told the story to Gen. M., and it softened his heart so greatly that when I asked permission to take my friend to his home it was readily granted.

The reader may be safely left to picture to himself the joyful meeting of the long-absent son with his loving grandparents, father and sister, and the expressions of gratitude and friendship showered upon my humble self.

My leave of absence was for thirty days. I spent a fortnight of it with my Kentucky friends, and when I departed I carried with me two miniature portraits. One of them had golden hair, and eyes of heaven's own blue, and lips that rivaled the ripening pomegranate, and cheeks like the sunny side of a luscious peach. Nor was that all I had to gladden my bachelor heart. The original of the picture had said that "when this cruel war should be over I might come again, and then she would gladly go with me to my Northern home as my wife."

I have only to add that she is looking over my shoulder as I write, and trying to convince me that the public (meaning you, dear reader) will laugh at me for being so silly as to tell how I was captured by a rebel girl, and at her for being so easily converted from her secesh sentiments to unwavering loyalty to the Union.

Life in the Polar Regions.

It is impossible to form an idea of a tempest in the polar seas. The icebergs are like floating rocks whirled along a rapid current. The huge crystal mountains dash against each other, backward and forward, bursting each other with a roar like thunder, and returning to the charge, until losing their equilibrium, they tumble over in a cloud of spray, upheaving the ice-fields, which fall afterward like the crack of a whip-lash on the boiling sea. The sea gulls fly away screaming, and often a black shining whale comes for an instant puffing to the surface. When the midnight sun grazes the horizon, the floating mountains and the rocks seem immersed in a wave of beautiful purple light. The cold is by no means so insupportable as is supposed. We passed from a heated cabin at 30 deg. above zero to 47 deg. below zero in the open air without inconvenience. A much higher degree of cold becomes, however, insufferable if there is wind. At 15 deg. below zero a steam, as from a boiling kettle, rises from the the water. At once frozen by the wind, it falls in a fine powder. This phenomenon is called ice-smoke. At 40 deg. the snow and human bodies also smoke, which smoke changes at once into millions of tiny particles, like needles of ice, which fill the air and make a light, continuous noise, like the rustle of silk. At this temperature the trunks of trees burst with loud report, the rocks break up and the earth vomits smoking water. Knives break in cutting butter. Cigars go out by contact with the ice on the beard. To talk is fatiguing. At night the eyelids are covered with a crust of ice, which must be carefully removed before one can open them.

Old People's Unconscious Jokes.

Long life and old habit create an amusing self-oblivion when comparison with others is suggested. It is something like the inebriate's phantasy which makes him change places with the world, and think every man drunk but himself—or like the simple unconsciousness of the old English servant, who, when his master, meaning to discharge him, told him, "We must part, John," asked, "Where do ye propose goin' to, sir?"

The old story of Thad Stevens saying to the stout young men who used to carry him in his chair to the House of Representatives: "Well, boys, who will carry me when you are gone? is older than Stevens, however original it might have been with him.

An old gentleman, 70 years old, once remarked: "I take pains with my writing, so that when I am old I shall be able to read it."

Another, aged 77, at the head of a large publishing-house, on being remonstrated with for working so hard, answered: "I don't feel it now, but I expect I shall in after life."

The youngest daughter, of 72 years, having died, one of her parents, who was 100 years old, remarked: "I always told thee, John, we should never rear that child."

The Philosopher and the Humorist.

"I must tell a story," writes a Boston correspondent, "that I heard this week about two literary men of the older generation here—two of our greatest lights. One, also a humorist, in conversation about a distinguished philosopher, remarked of him:

"'Yes, he has great thoughts and ideas, but he has no sense of form.'

"Directly after the humorist departed, in came the philosopher in question. A gentleman present, with a mischievous desire to find out the philosopher's opinion of the humorist, commenced a critical estimate of the latter.

"'Yes, yes,' responded the philosopher, 'our friend is a genius; he has a fine sense of form, but he whittles it down to such a fine point you can't see it.'"

A MAN in Albany having announced that he "had a historical pitcher," fourteen base-ball clubs have written him asking what the pitcher's terms were for the season.

DAY-DREAMS.

I lay within a vine-embowered nook,
And dreamed and whiled the sunny hours away
While every perfumed breeze the linden branches shook,
And sunbeams filtered through the whole calm day

The branches of the linden whispered overhead—
Whispered sweet sounds to lull my dreamy brain—
Over me the golden sunbeams' meshes spread,
And I lay dreaming of my ships upon the main.

Some great ships that plowed the rushing seas,
Fair ships that danced upon the foam-capped blue
That sped like graceful swans before the breeze,
And carried treasures o'er the main, fair one for you.

My castles rose in grandeur and sublimity,
And turrets pierced the ethereal blue above
And there I watched my ships upon the sea
That brought rare treasures to my own sweet love.

And then I dreamed I had the poet's magic touch,
And tuned my lyre to songs of love and peace;
I lay with tinted dreams like these—ever such—
'Mid bird-song, and rustle, and whisper of breeze.

RACINE, WIS.

BITS OF INFORMATION.

A TON of cast iron contains about five cubit feet.

THE very best of steel is improved by a very slight alloy of silver.

IT has been estimated that the earth has fifty-three hundred millions of millions of tons of air, and about 230 times as many tons of water as of air.

IF history is to be believed, Phatyllus of Crotona could jump a distance of fifty-six feet.

IN February, of the year 1717, there was a remarkable snow-storm throughout New England, the snow falling for six consecutive days and nights.

THE inventor of gaslights is said to have been a Frenchman, Phiilippa le Bon, engineer of roads and bridges, who, in 1772, adopted the idea of using, for the purpose of illumination, the gases distilled during the combustion of wood.

THE Egyptian obelisk, now in New York city, was originally set up in Heliopolis. Herodotus speaks of the two obelisks (one of which is the New York one) at Alexandria, and Rawlinson fixes the date of their remonal from Heliopolis at 1460 B. C. According to that, their age is 3043 years. The companion obelisk is in London, England.

THE origin of many of the curious English tavern signs is explained in *All the Year Round*. What was formerly Boulogne Mouth has become Bull and Mouth; Cœur Dore (Golden Heart) is now Queer Door; Bacchanals has been turned into Bag o' Nails; Peg and Wassail (referring to an old custom) into Pig and Whistle; George Canning into George and Cannon, and God Encompassed Us into Gost and Compasses. A gaming house, kept by a Frenchman, bore the sign Pique et Carreau (Spades and Diamonds), which, under the next occupant, an Englishman, who didn't understand it, became Pig and Carrots.

TAKING the States in alphabetical order their nicknames are as follows: Alabama, Lizard State; Arkansas, Toothpick; California, Golden State; Colorado, Rover; Connecticut, Wooden Nutmeg; Delaware, Muskrat, otherwise the Blue Hen's Chicken; Florida, the Beaver State; Illinois, Sucker; Indiana, Hoosier; Iowa, Hawkeye; Kansas, the Jay-Hawker; Kentucky, Corn-Cracker; Louisiana, Creole; Maine, Fox, otherwise Lumber; Maryland, Gray Vampire; Michigan, Wolverine; Minnesota, Gopher; Mississippi, Tadpole; Missouri, Puke; Massachusetts, Bay State; Nebraska, Big Eaters; Nevada, Sage Hen; New Hampshire, Old Granite; New Jersey, Blue, sometimes Clam Catcher; New York, Knickerbocker, or Empire; North Carolina, Old Tar; Ohio, Buckeye; Oregon, White Foot, or Hard Case; Pennsylvania, Broad-brim; Rhode Island, Gun Flint; South Carolina, Palmetto, or Weasel; Tennessee, Whelp; Texas, Beet Head; Vermont, Green Mountain; Virginia, Pitch; Wisconsin, Badger.

Something About Fans.

Kan Si was the first lady who carried a fan. She lived in ages which are past, and, for the most part, forgotten, and she was the daughter of a Chinese mandarin. Who ever saw a mandarin, even on a tea-chest, without his fan? In China and Japan to this day every one has a fan, and there are fans of all sorts for everybody. The Japanese waves his fan at you when he meets you, by way of greeting, and the beggar who solicits for alms has the exceedingly small coin "made on purpose" for charity presented to him on the tip of the fan.

In ancient times, among the Greeks and Romans, fans seem to have been enormous; they were generally made of feathers, and carried by slaves over the heads of their masters and misstresses, to protect them from the sun, or waved about before them to stir the air.

Catherine de Medicis carried the first folding fan ever seen in France; and, in the time of Louis XIV., the fan was a gorgeous thing, often covered with jewels, and worth a small fortune. In England they were the fashion in the time of Henry VIII. All his many wives carried them. A fan set in diamonds was once given to Queen Elizabeth upon New Year's day.

The Mexican feather fans which Cortez had from Montezuma were marvels of beauty, and in Spain a large black fan is the favorite. It is said that the use of the fan is as carefully taught in that country as any other branch of education, and that, by a well-known code of signals, a Spanish lady can carry on a long conversation with any one, especially an admirer.

The Japanese criminal of rank is politely executed by means of a fan. On being sentenced to death he is presented with a fan, which he must receive with a low bow, and, as he bows, *presto!* the executioner draws his sword and cuts his head off. In fact there is a fan for every occasion in Japan.—*Harper's Young Folks.*

Putting on a Paper Collar.

One of the saddest comings home is when the husband and father comes home to put on a paper collar. The last collar has dissolved into pulpy rolls and come up back of his ears or disappeared within the recesses of his hair. The shirt band is moist and helpless and inclined to roll under, carrying the back button with it. His neck is wet and slippery, and all the windows are down, and the door is drawn to. By the time he has found the back button and got the collar hitched to it, it seems as if the air was about to stifle him, as if he would suddenly melt and spoil the carpet. He sends up the windows with a snap, and kicks the blinds open with his foot, and brings that door back with a velocity that almost scares it. Then he goes to work to fasten one of the ends, and while he is at it the back button hole suddenly melts and dissolves. He tries another collar. Gets the back and one end fastened, commences work at the other end, and is about intoxicated with his success when the first end collapses. He sits down a few moments before trying the third collar, and wishes he really knew if there is future punishment, and wonders where his wife is. Then he makes another trial with similar results, and finally dashes out of the house, saying that if he had nothing more to do than gadding to the neighbors' he would make collars that his husband could wear. Fortunately his wife is next door, learning a new crochet stitch, and does not hear him.—*Danbury News.*

Casts from Animals.

"Takes it easy, don't he?" said a sharp-eyed man, patting a long, winding mass of clay hanging over a bench.

"You don't mean that it is alive?"

"Well, I should say so. Look here," he replied, and picking away a little clay at one end a bright, bead-like eye appeared, and a forked tongue that darted out for a second belonged to a rattlesnake.

The cast-taker was Joe Palmer, employed by the Smithsonian Institution to restore animals, etc.

The qualifications of the animal sculptor who works from life models are varied. Artistic talent, a cool head and steady nerves are indispensable, especially when the subject is a rattlesnake or a copperhead. Reproducing a snake in clay in former times, and preserving lifelike proportions, was an immense work, many of the scales having to be worked over and over with instruments for the purpose; but now the operation is much more simple, although dangerous. A living snake is chloroformed, and, after it is completely under the influence, placed on a limb or in a coil, and plaster quickly put on. If it shows signs of conscicusness before the clay has hardened properly, more chloroform is given, and finally the cast is cut off and ready for the mold, which, when completed, is painted, making a perfect fac simile. The operation is not always conducted easily. A copperhead "came to" one day suddenly, and, throwing the clay aside, made a dash for liberty that created a stampede. He was recaptured later.

Among the larger animals are dolphins, porpoises, grampuses, and the white whale that was in the New York Aquarium. Twenty or thirty heads standing on the top of the cases in the Archæological Hall attract considerable attention from the variety of expression shown. In one the lips are drawn tightly together; and determination is shown in every lineament. Another looks as if it had lost all hope; while in others, fear, rage, astonishment, disgust and dogged imperturbability are seen. They are the heads of a band of Indians that visited Washington several years ago, and were coaxed by the sculptor to undergo the process of cast taking. They all declined at first, but, the chief finally consenting, the others followed suit, and their different emotions as they sat for an hour with their heads and faces plastered with clay (breathing through straws), are accurately recorded.—*New York Sun.*

A Lawyer's Experience in a Sleeping-Car.

I never did, never could and never will sleep a second in a sleeping-car berth. But all of the party said it was because I thought I couldn't, and quoted many texts of scripture and old saws to prove that a man could do anything he resolved upon. As usual, female pertinacity and volubility prevailed, and we tried it. I resolved I would omit no means of alluring sleep; that I would array myself as for my bed at home, take my usual night-cap of cold water, "Lay me down to sleep," and "pray the Lord my soul to keep." I put my boots outside the curtain, crawled up to the top berth, and, after many contortions of the body, bumps on the top of my head and lacerations of my limbs, contrived to fall in in due and regular order. I had been told to lie flat on my back, and obediently did so. The cars rattled and jolted over the rough road, stopped every few miles with a jerk and started with a greater one, until it seemed to me that my soul and all that was within me were being agglomerated into one consistant and uniform jelly. I tried my right side a while and became satisfied that was the wrong side. Then I tried the left and was sorry I had left the right. I then thought it was too light, and got up and shivered around ten minutes trying to fix my overcoat as a shade to my lamps. A man who slept opposite my section alternated between fearful snoring, strangulations and wild and copious expectorations. I felt I had nearly composed myself to sleep, when it occurred to me that sound and direction indicated that my boots were being utilized by my catarrhal neighbor. I hustled down again and drew them in from the storm. Then I became certain that my money was in peril, that my pants and vest which contained my treasures must be taken from the pegs and stored away behind me in the berth. I tried for two or three hours to fix things so that I could go to sleep and enjoy that peace and rest that are the possessions of the innocent and good, but things went on from bad to worse, and under renewed tortures to head and limbs I dressed me, took a cigar, went to the smoking-room, threw myself into a corner and smoked sullenly and silently through the dismal night.—*Related to the Springfield Republican.*

A French Farmer.

The lot of a French farmer is neither happy nor jolly. He fares frugally on soup and the thinnest of ordinary red wide or cider. The stock of his soup is bacon, and he eats butcher's meat only twice a week—that is on Sunday and market-day. When he attends market he makes a succulent *dejeuner* and drinks a good deal of beer at the *cafe*. This is his only cheerful time; at ordinary seasons he is morose, troubled about the weather, the conscription which is going to take his son in the army, and about politics, of which he understands just enough to be in constant dread of revolutions. He is conservative; that is to say he upholds the government of the day, whatever it is, for fear of anarchy; but no government is popular with him, for every administration finds it necessary to lay on new taxes. The climate, however, is in his favor. A bad harvest is not a common thing in France, and a succession of bad harvests never occur. It is lucky for the French farmer that this is so, for there are few French landlords who would be in a position to remit any part of a year's rent after a bad harvest. The rule in France is that farmers' rent must be paid as punctually as lodgers' rent. If it be not paid, ejection is resorted to at once, and nobody thinks of looking upon the tenant as an ill-used man.

Have a Purpose.

Carlyle once asked an Edinburgh student, who tells in in the Milwaukee *Sentinel*—what he was studying for. The youth replied that he had not quite made up his mind. There was a sudden flash of the old Scotchman's eye, a sudden pulling down of the shaggy eyebrows, and the stern face grew sterner as he said: "The man without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder, a waif, a nothing, a no man. Have a purpose in life, if it is only to kill and divide and sell oxen well, but have a purpose; and having it throw such strength of mind and muscle into your work as God has given you."

Indian Epicures.

In the summer of 1875 I stood one evening near the Quartermaster's office at Fort Wingate, New Mexico, when two Kiowa Indians applied for permission to water their famished horses at the Government cistern, offering to accept that boon in part payment for a load of brushwood which they proposed to haul from the neighboring chapparal. The fellows looked thirsty and hungry themselves, and while the Quartermaster ratified the wood bargain, one of the officers sent to his company quarters for a lunch of such comestibles as the cooks might have on hand at that time of the day. A trayful of "Government grub" was deposited on the adjacent cord-wood platform, and the Indians pitched in with the peculiar appetite of carnivorous nomads. A yard of commissary sausage was accepted as a tough variety of jerked beef, yeasted and branless bread disappeared in quantities that would have confirmed Dr. Graham's belief in natural depravity; they sipped the cold coffee and eyed it with a gleam of suspicion, but were reconciled by the discovery of the saccharine sediment, and the cook was just going to replenish their sups when the senior Kiowa helped himself to a vinegar pickle, which he probably mistook for some sort of an off-color sugar-plum. He tasted it, rose to his feet, and dashed the plate down with a muttered execration, and then clutched the prop of the platform to master his rising fury. Explanations followed, and a pound of brown sugar was accepted as a peace-offering, but the children of nature left the post under the impression that they had been the victims of a heartless practical joke. — *Popular Science Monthly.*

The Mystery of Dreams.

A man fell asleep as the clock tolled the first stroke of twelve. He awakened ere the echo of the twelfth stroke had died away, having in the interval dreamed that he had committed a crime, was detected after five years, tried and condemned, the shock of finding the halter about his neck aroused him into consciousness, when he discovered that all these events had happened in an infinitesimal fragment of time. Mohammed, wishing to illustrate the wonders of sleep, told how a certain man, being a sheik, found himself for his pride made a poor fisherman, that he lived as one for sixty years, bringing up a family and working hard, and how, upon waking up from his long dream, so short a time had he been asleep that the narrow-necked gourd bottle filled with water, which he had overturned as he fell asleep, had not time to empty itself. How fast the soul travels when the body is asleep! Often when we awake we shrink from going back into the dull routine of a sordid existence, regretting the pleasanter life of dreamland. How is it that sometimes, when we go to a strange place, we fancy that we have seen it before? Is it possible that when one has been asleep the soul has floated away, seen the place, and has that memory of it which so surprises us? In a word, how far dual is the life of man—how far not?—*Church Union.*

Gloomy Thoughts.

Dull, depressing, dingy days produce dispiriting reflections and gloomy thoughts; and small wonder when we remember that the mind is not only a motive but a receptive organ, and that all the impressions it receives from without reach it through the media of senses which are directly dependent on the conditions of light and atmosphere for their action, and therefore immediately influenced by the surrounding conditions. It is a common-sense inference that, if the impressions from without reach the mind through imperfectly-acting organs of sense, and these impressions are in themselves set in a minor æsthetic key of color, sound and general qualities, the mind must be what is called "moody." It is not the habit of even sensible people to make sufficient allowance for this ratiouale of dullness and subjective weakness. Some persons are more dependent on external circumstances and conditions for their energy than others but all feel the influence of the world without, and to this influence the sick and weak are especially responsive. Hence the varying temperaments of minds changing with the weather, the outlook and the wind.

What Is a Cold?

In the first place, we must be paradoxical, and affirm that it is not a cold at all. It is rather a heat, if I might so express myself—that is, it is a form of fever, but, of course, of a very mild type, when it is uncomplicated by other diseases. It is certainly, in the majority of instances, due to the effects of cold playing upon some portion of the body, and reacting upon the mucous membrane through the intervention of the nervous apparatus. What is called a cold, then, is in reality a fever; and though, in the majority of instances, it is of such a trivial nature as to necessitate few precautions being taken during its attack, yet in some cases it runs a most acute course, and may be followed by great prostration. Even when the premonitory symptoms of a cold are developing themselves—when, for example, what a medical man calls a rigor, or, as it is popularly designated, a shivering is felt, when we would naturally suppose that the animal temperature is below par, it is at that very moment higher than the normal; thus showing the onset of fever.—*Chambers' Journal.*

How to Do It.

We are frequently asked regarding the best manner of dropping money into the contribution-box at church, and after carefully considering the subject we suggest the following rules: First, if you feel particularly mean, and have only a penny to bestow, you must hold it well covered in your hand, and when the box is under your nose you must, with a quick, nervous motion, let your mite fall so that it shall escape observation; second, if you have a quarter, or any other silver coin of a considerable size to you, you must hold it in plain sight between your thumb and fore-finger, and when you deposit it you must let it drop from a comparatively lofty elevation, so that it may make a musical jingle when it reaches its destination; thirdly, if you contemplate offering a bill you must not take the money out of your vest pocket until the happy time comes when your neighbor can best see your unparalleled generosity. The moment the collector appears at the pew-door is the one when you must fumble for your money, and then, having methodically unfolded the bill, and put on your eye-glasses to ascertain its denomination, you may slowly place it on the top of the box. These three rules, we believe, will be sufficient for all ordinary purposes.—*Exchange.*

SOME persons are born with a strong natural instinct to be just. But it is also a habit of mind which may be increased and improved by study and reflection, and which should be sedulously cultivated.

PITH AND POINT.

WHAT made the bridal trip?

SCOOPED in—All grades of sugar.

HARD to realize—Borrowed money.

"A WATCHED pot never boils"—over.

THE drum-major is the "display head" of a brass band.

WHISKY is the liveliest "still"-born child on record.

FOR thirty years the silver 3-cent pieces have bred emotional profanity.

"THE poor ye have with you always," but the rich go away in summer time.

A KENTUCKY company insures whisky, but declines to take fire risks on the consumers.

WEATHER prophecy—When you see two cats on the woodshed looking each other in the eye and waving their tails, it is a sign of a squall.

"I PUT outside my window a large box filled with mold, and sowed it with seed. What do you think came up?" "Wheat, barley, or oats?" "No—a policeman, who ordered me to remove it."

"Now, George, you must divide the cake honorably with your brother Charles." "What is honorable, mother?" "It means that you must give him the largest piece." "Then, mother, I'd rather Charley would divide it."

CONVERSATION between two French girls: The older—"I think mamma ought to be ashamed of treading always on our heels and watching us so carefully." The younger—"The fact is, she'd just make us want to be wicked—if we weren't thinking of it all the time."

A GIRL heard her father criticised severely across a dinner table. The careless critic paused a moment to say: "I hope he is no relative of yours, miss?" Quick as thought she replied with the utmost nonchalance: "Only a connection of my mother's by marriage."

TEACHER—"Now, Robby, what is the plural of mouse?" Robby—"Do-no'm-'m." Teacher—"Why, Robby, I'm surprised. The plural of mouse is mice. Don't forget that now." Robby—"No'm." Teacher—"Now tell me what is the plural of house." Robby—"Hice."

WRECKED IN PORT.

"Ah ha!" said Jones, "a billet doux!
I know from some sweet maiden, fair;
Methinks it bears a perfume now,
Straight from the breath of kisses rare.
I know it's rash—
It's sacrilege to break the seal
Of this white envelope that wraps—
And yet, to see who 'tis so leal,
I fain will open it—perhaps
I've made a mash!"
It read: "Dear Sir—You owe this bar
An X, and I must have my pay;
You've 'hung me up' too long, by far;
And I'll not wait another day—
I'm talking cash!"

—*Petroleum World.*

"DEACON," said the widow, as she stroked in a feline manner the maltese tabby that evidently lay in her lap for that purpose, "don't you long for spring, with its balmy breath, its warm sunshine and its gentle showers, which awaken nature and put life into everything that has laid cold and dead during the long winter, and bring everything up out of the cold, cold ground into light and life?" "Well, hardly, widow," responded the deacon; "you know I buried my second wife last fall."

THE following reached the New Orleans *Picayune* with the request that it should be published as an advertisement: "I want ahouse ceaper one that knowes how to ceap ahouse in its proper manor one that will help makal aliving and that is well respected in good society with good education but not thrograduate with some property so that it will amount to one Thousen dollars or more meadium sise girl but not to exceade Twentythree years off age, as that is my age I am amedium sice man with darck hair small gray eyes small eyers and round face worth about Twothousen dollars with no bad habits Young girls if you want to marry and think you will fill the place write to me for I mean what I say. Direct to," etc.

A COLORADO physician sends the following: "One bitter cold night, early in the winter, I had a call to visit a patient about thirty-five miles distant, the trail lying over an uninhabited plain, vast tracts of which were inclosed in fences of three wires, fastened to cedar posts. We entered one of these ranches, as they are called here, through a gap left for the purpose, and after a short time the trail was entirely obliterated by the snow. No shelter was near, and we wandered about for some time, when I remarked to my driver, an 'old timer,' that the advantage of being inside a ranche of 5,000 or 6,000 acres, inclosed by a wire fence, was not very apparent, as we had lost our way all the same.

Tribulations of Amateur Poets.

Rodney McGellan has been compelled to pay a verdict of $300 in a breach-of-promise case at Barie, Canada, the evidence of his promise being the following verse which he wrote to the plaintiff:

Long have I loved, but some strange spell
Forbade my heart its tale to tell.
Here, take this card, and simply feel
The love my lips dare not reveal.

Henry Horace Dade, of San Francisco, sent an enemy a postal card on which was written an original and highly personal song, with this refrain:

Everybody, everybody knows, knows, knows,
You're the very biggest beat that grows.

Dade's effort cost him a fine of $50. W. R. Newhouse, of Philadelphia, wrote some rhymes about the fickleness of William John and circulated them in printed slips. Here is a sample verse:

If you center your affections on a youth like William John,
You'll be likely to discover the foundation they are on,
For a fascinating cruiser like this individ-u-al
Isn't apt to be contented with a solitary gal.

A threat of a lawsuit induced Newhouse to sign an apology, and collect and destroy all the copies he could find.

Milton, the Great Poet.

John Milton was a blue-eyed, yellow-haired Saxon boy, the type of the English race. He was somewhat short, stout and healthy; his eyes were bright and sparkling in his youth, before he became blind. But he inherited weakness of sight from his mother. He was born in 1609, in a pleasant house in Bread street, London, almost under the shadow of Bow Bells. It was back in a court. His father, who had made a fortune as a scrivener, was fond of music, books and literature, and his son was carefully educated at St. Paul's school. Milton relates that he frequently studied in the house in Bread street until after midnight, and his head ached and his sight grew dim with these late vigils. He was then about 12 years old.

He was one of the best scholars at St. Paul's school, and loved study as most boys like play. He was eager to know how men lived and acted in Greece and Rome, what they thought of, and what they discovered. He studied the rise and fall of empires and republics, and became a republican in the midst of Kings and Princes. He was always fond of poetry, and soon began to write fine verses. One of his earliest is his "Ode on the Nativity."—*Harper's Young People.*