

GRANDMOTHER.

Grandmother paces with stately tread Forward and back through the quaint old room, Out of the bright, dancing and red, Into the gathering dusk and gloom; Forward and back in her stiffer dress, With its falling ruffles of frost-like lace; A look of deepest grief on her face; In the faded lines of her fine old face.

A GHOST IN THE GARRET.

"This is the garret floor. It's a relic of the past," said Miss Pettigrew. "They do not build such garrets now. The house is more than 100 years old. It was my grandfather's granddaddy who built it. By the way," continued the lady, turning on her guest in a sharp and bird-like manner peculiar to her—"by the way, this garret is haunted."

PITH AND POINT.

"The first lady in the land" is "Mother." An unpaid note often rises up in judgment. The railroad flagman does a flourishing business. "If blood will tell, a mosquito should be confessing nearly all the time. GOLIATH was the first person who wore a bang on his forehead. The retired prize-fighter generally keeps a bar, showing the survival of the fittest. When you say that a girl's hair is black as coal, it is just as well to specify that you do not mean a red-hot coal.

CUSHING'S CAPTURE.

One of the Most Daring Exploits of the Late War. William B. Cushing in many respects can justly be classed as one of the most extraordinary officers who ever saw service in the United States army. The writer was Cushing's shipmate in the closing scenes of the Rebellion. At the close of the war Cushing was barely 23 years of age, rather slight of figure, about five feet ten inches in height, boyish-looking, with large gray eyes, a well-shaped, prominent, aquiline nose, yellowish hair, worn long, and, withal, a rather-gave expression of countenance.

TRICHINE.

Some Interesting Facts About the Disease. Trichine consist of a male and female. When mature the male is about one-twenty-fifth of an inch long by one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness; the female of at least twice this length and thickness. The eggs measure about 1-1,200 of an inch in diameter, and each female, though so small, contains from 300 to 2,000 ova. These, after fertilization and six or eight days of gestation, are developed into embryos, which, when extruded within the intestines of an animal, commence at once their migration. Finding their way through the intestinal walls, they travel on until they locate themselves in or between the fibers of some of the muscles. There they coil into a spiral form, and become gradually surrounded by a calcareous sac or cyst. When incysted, if left alone, they soon change into so many specks of lime; but, if ingested into the body of an animal, they burst out and infect the system. The sac has an ovoid or lemon-like shape, and is visible sometimes to the naked eye as a whitish or gray speck.

The Sagacity of Animals.

"I see an item in one of the papers about a dog down in Georgia that stole a nickel and bought some meat. I like stories about animals, because I have some very sagacious animals myself. Did you ever hear about that striped bass of mine? I got him two years ago up in Pennsylvania. He's the most sagacious cuss in this world."

THE OCEAN PEBBLE.

Oceanic pebble, what thy tale, Where dumb are human lips, Of fabled woe or pirate sail, Or the old Norseman's ships? In converse with the wondrous tide, What murmurs never sleep, What whispers haunt thy rest beddo The threshold of the deep? But as a single star might be Where space begins her reign, Or time beside eternity, Art thou beside the main.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

SOME of the nerves of the human body are so fine and small that six of them are only equal to one hair of the head in size. EVERY one should know that prompt shock of electricity will restore a person to consciousness, who is dying from the effects of chloroform. In the manufacture of lead pencils, the lead is ground to almost impalpable powder, mixed in a paste with water, made into a long coil-like wire, by being forced through a small hole (just as water issues from a syringe), straightened, and cut in lengths and baked like pottery. The "hardness" is due to an admixture of clay. The pencil is made in two halves by machinery, at a cheap and rapid rate.

THE origin of the word "Canada" is very curious. The Spaniards visited that country previous to the French, and made particular search for gold and silver, and, finding none, they often sang among themselves "Aca nada"—there is nothing here. The Indians, who watched closely, learned the sentence and its meaning. The French arrived, and the Indians (who wanted none of their company, and supposed they were also Spaniards on the same errand), were anxious to inform them, in the Spanish sentence, "Aca nada." The French, who knew a little of Spanish as the Indians, supposed this incessantly-recurring sound was the name of the country, and gave it the name of Canada. The history of bells is one of the most interesting in the record of inventions. They were first heard of about the year 400, before which date rattles were used. In the year 610 we hear of bells in the city of Sens, the army of Clothaire, King of France, having been frightened away by the ring of them. In 960 the first peal of bells was hung in England, at Croyland Abbey. Many years ago it was estimated that there were at least 2,262 peals of bells, great and small, in England. It has been thought that the custom of ringing bells was peculiar to England; but, in fact, the Cathedral of Antwerp, a peal of bells ninety in number, on which is played every half hour the most elaborate music.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing from Putney, says: "Having occasion to go into my garden about half past 10 o'clock at night, I found there was a thick white fog, through which, however, a star could be seen here and there. I had an ordinary bedroom candlestick in my hand, with the candle lighted, in order to find the object I wanted. To my great surprise, I found that the lighted candle projected a fantastic image of myself on the fog, the shadow being about twelve feet high, and of an oddly distorted character, just as the specter of the Broken is said to be. May not the gigantic spirits of the Ossianic heroes, whose form is composed of mist, through which the stars can be seen, be derived from the fantastic images thrown upon the mountain fogs from the camp fires of the ancient Gauls? In a land where mists abound a superstitious people might very readily come to consider a mocking cloud-specter to be supernatural, though it was really their own image magnified.

Physically Fine, but Vile Morally. The Afghans are Mohammedans of the faith Sunni; they reverence the first four Khalifs, and have no particular veneration for the prophet (Khalif) Ali. They are split up into tribes, clans and families, each under its own head, commander, or Sirdar; and they are often at war or feud, and often engaged in conspiracies, rebellions and assassinations. They are tall, burly, active men, with olive complexions, dark Jewish features, black eyes and long black hair hanging down in curls. Their countenances are calm, and they affect a frankness and bonhomie; they will sometimes indulge in rude jocularities; but their expression is savage, and evil passions are often raging in their hearts like hidden fires. They are bloodthirsty, deceitful and depraved, ready to sell their country, their honor, and their very souls for lucre. They care for nothing but fighting and loot, delighting in the din of arms, the turmoil of battle, and the plunder of the killed and wounded; without any relish for home life or domestic ties, without a sting of remorse or a sense of shame. There are no people on earth having a finer physique or viler morals. They are the relics of a nation who have played out their parts in history. In bygone ages they conquered Hindostan on the one side and Persia on the other; but the conquering instinct has died away amid the incessant discord of family feuds and domestic broils.—Wheeler's "Short History of India."

Willing to Give Way. On a Detroit street car a woman of 50, made up to look about 25 years old, got aboard at a crossing to find every seat occupied. She stood for a moment, and then, selecting a poorly-dressed man about 45 years of age, she observed: "Are there no gentlemen on this car?" "Indeed, I dunno," he replied, as he looked up and down. "If there ain't, and you are going clear through, I'll hunt up one for you at the end of the line!" There was an embarrassing silence for a moment, and then a light broke in on him all of a sudden, and he rose and said: "You can have this seat, madam. I am allus perfectly willing to stand up and give my seat to anybody older than myself."

That decided her. She gave him a look which he will not forget to his dying day, and, grabbing the strap, she refused to sit down, even when five seats had become vacant. SENIOR ASKS PROFESSOR A VERY profound question. Professor—"Mr. W., a fool can ask a question that ten wise men could not answer." SENIOR—"Then I suppose that's why so many of us flunk."

ONE of the best rules in conversation is, never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish had been left unsaid. A SINGLE cucumber engraved upon a child's tomb is oftentimes more expressive than ten lines of obituary poetry. THERE is no feeling, perhaps, except the extremes of fear and grief, that does not find relief in music.

It was close upon 11 o'clock. All was quiet and tranquil throughout the little town. Maj. Hardman and Capt. Kelly, of the General's staff, were down stairs, on the eve of retiring, when a heavy step was heard on the piazza. The Major, supposing it was his servant, threw up the window, when the muzzle of a navy revolver was thrust in his face, followed by a demand to surrender. The Major pushed the revolver aside, and escaped through a back door, calling up on Capt. Kelly to follow him. The Major was the Adjutant General, and laboring under the idea that the troops had mutinied, took to the woods with great scarcity of clothing, neglecting in his haste to turn out the garrison. Unfortunately the commanding General had gone to Wilmington, and Cushing was forced to content himself with Capt. Kelly, who was the Chief Engineer of the defenses, and the negroes captured in the salt works. The boats were now regained, and the word given to pull down the river with all speed, as an alarm could not be long delayed. The moon was high in the heavens, yet the boats effected their retreat without receiving a shot. They passed within thirty yards of the Smithville forts and were abreast of Fort Coswell before the signal light announcing the fact that the enemy had been among them was fired. The steamer Scotia passed down the river and steamed by the boats. Cushing had no opportunity to board the vessel, much to his disgust. He turned the Confederate Captain over to the Admiral, and resumed his duty on the Monticello.

Good Old Times. There were no tax collectors; no London cries; no Christmas bills; no lawyers to set men by the ears; no telegrams to shorten your holidays; no newspapers to chronicle your shortcomings; no gun powder barges to blow you up in your sleep; no steam launches to rattle you down when you sailed in your shallop; no red and white river; no cynics to sneer at Christmas customs or question the reality of Christmas ghosts. In short it was the good old days. "Limited liability" was not yet created to fasten the intellect of finance and empty the pockets of fools. Turks and Egyptians were not borrowing in English markets, though there were occasionally objects of Christian attentions, which they have since returned without interest. The stage Irishman and the typical North countryman had not yet shown virtue her own bright image and shamed vice into a corner. Mr. William Shakespeare had not flung broadcast ten thousand apples of discord to afflict a school of acting that struts and mouths and calls a child a "cheyd." The shorthand writer was waiting to be born with the press, and Lord Coleridge and the lord chief justice had not fired every other counsel and judge in the land with the desire to address law courts for fourteen days at a stretch. There were no perambulators, no cooperative stores, no necessities for co-operative stores, no commercial agents, no middlemen, no clerical magistrates, no school board beadles, no game laws, no ticket-of-leave, traders on charity, no Irish patriots, no deposit banks, no societies for clothing the Hot-tentots. As I said before, it was the good old days. The zodiac was the perfect order. Not a Christian man had heard of the vagaries of the Gulf Stream. May day brought its flowers and its festivals to the moment by the record of strictest sun dial. At Easter there were gammons of bacon all over the land, and Easter huts even in the warren of Staines forest. The red men roamed at will in the undreamed forests of the New World. The dusky Indian had no master but his own untamed will. The wild bear and the wolf challenged the hunter's power in English woods. The eagle sat in solemn state on the white cliffs of Dover. There were omens. The owl shrieked, the night crowed, the raven clapped his wings, death bells were heard at sea; your grandfather, clad in armor as he lived, walked out of his picture frame, and once in a while some weird and witched tree would spout fire from its shrunken boughs. Night was night, and day was day. You rose with the lark, you rested when the sun went down on lands not yet weighed and mapped and colonized. Knives and forks were unknown implements, and when prince struck his wife he struck her with his mailed hand, and none could say him nay.—International Annual.

How Poor Boys may Become Successful Men. You want some good advice. It has ruined many a man, but may not harm you, because you will not follow it. Rise early; be abstemious; be frugal; attend to your own business and never trust it to another; be not afraid to work, and diligently, too, with your own hands; treat every one with civility and respect; good manners insure success; accomplish what you undertake; decide, then persevere; diligence and industry overcome all difficulties; never be mean—rather give than take the odd shilling; never postpone till to-morrow what can be done to-day; never anticipate wealth from any source but labor; honesty is not only the best policy, but the only policy; commence at the first round and keep climbing; make your word as good as your bond; seek knowledge to plan, enterprise to execute, honesty to govern all; never trade beyond your stock; never give too large credit; time is money; make few promises; keep your secrets; live within your income; sobriety above all things; luck is a word that does not apply to a successful man; not too much caution—slow but sure is the thing; the highest monuments are built piece by piece; step by step we mount the pyramids; be bold—be resolute when the clouds gather, difficulties are surmounted by opposition; self-confidence, self-reliance is your capital; your conscience the best monitor; never be over-sanguine, but do not underrate your own abilities; don't be discouraged; ninety-nine may say so, the hundredth, yes; take off your coat: roll up your sleeves, don't be afraid of manual labor! America is large enough for all—strike out for the west—the sea-shore cities are too crowded; the best letter of introduction is your own energy; lean on yourself when you walk; keep good company; the Spaniards say, if you lie down with dogs you will get up with fleas; keep out of politics unless you are sure to win—you are never sure to win, so look out.

A CALIFORNIA young man of twenty-six years, has recently married a widow of seventy-two years. Should all the banks of England be emptied, Should England's bank be smashed, Bring in your checks to Zion's bank, And you will get them cashed. LORD HOLLAND told of a man remarkable for absence of mind, who, dining once at some sort of shabby repast, fancied himself in his own house and began to apologize for the wretchedness of the dinner. A GALVESTON widow is about to marry her fifth husband. Her pastor rebuked her for contemplating matrimony so soon again. "Well, I just want you to understand, if the Lord keeps on taking them I will, too," was the spirited reply.—Galveston News.

THE boast of a newspaper giving the fullest account of a late revolting spectacle reminds us of what a campaign speaker admitted of a political opponent: "He can dive deeper, stay under longer, and come up nastier than any man I ever heard of."—New York Mail.

THE Milwaukee Sun speaks of a person "who turned as pale as the ace of spades." We always supposed the ace of spades was red, and was hard to distinguish from the jack-of—of—diamonds, as we believe that card is called where the figure wears a crown.—Norristown Herald.

"You did wrong to shoot that man's dog. You might have pushed him off with the butt of your gun," said the Galveston Recorder to a man who was charged with shooting a neighbor's dog. "I would have done that," replied the prisoner, "if the dog had come at me tail first, but he came at me with his biting end."

It has become customary in Galveston to refer all commercial troubles to the Cotton Exchange. A few days ago a prominent merchant slipped up on a banana-peel with the usual results. He sat up on the wet pavement, and, looking at the slippery peel, said: "If I knew what hyena put that peel there I'd have him up before the Cotton Exchange for impairing my standing on the street."—Galveston News.

A GENERAL mistake: New beauty (unversed as yet in the mysteries of high life)—"Who's that wonderful old gentleman?" The Captain—"Sir Digby de Rigby, a Hampshire Baronet, one of the oldest in England; James the First's creation, you know. New beauty (determined to be surprised at nothing)—"Indeed! How well preserved he is! I shouldn't have thought him more than 70 or 80."

SHE was a big, buxom lass, and when her small beau called one evening she said: "Good evening, Lily." "I'm no Lily," he replied, smiling at the lass; "you're the Lily; men are never lilies." "Yes, sometimes they are, and you especially are a Lily." "How's that?" "Lilliputian." He then looked as if he wished he were an elephant. "Don't talk to me so? I would have you to know The pleasure's been mine all through life To be the one who has been loved by you. But then, you, of course, Won't mention this fact to my wife."—Yonkers Statesman.

SUNDAY a little girl came home from church and failed to repeat the text her mother as customary. The good mother called her deep, expressive eyes reproachfully to her regretful child. "How could I, mamma, remember such a long text, when every lady in the congregation had on a bran' new dress that was too sweet for anything? Oh, mamma, you'd ought to have been to church!" And all thoughts of the text were forgotten as she described what she saw to her loving mother.

"The rooms are lovely, pa, and Miss Pettigrew will let us come, we ought to be delighted."

"I can fancy the ghost coming up," she said, with a little, soft shriek, as she drew back. "How romantic!" Descending the large, well-carpeted stairs that ran down the middle of the house, the two ladies entered the parlor, where an elderly gentleman sat waiting. The young lady then addressed him: "The rooms are lovely, pa, and Miss Pettigrew will let us come, we ought to be delighted."

"I have one condition to make, madam," said the old gentleman, the instant she was gone. "That you will take no single-gentleman boarders."

"The place will suit me perfectly," said Mr. Walker. "We'll come over to-morrow morning," and with a bow he trotted down the path and also took his place in the carriage.

"This is very comfortable, indeed," thought she to herself, "very comfortable. Why shouldn't I turn a penny as well as my neighbors? Certainly my house is full of genteel people, and it's really pleasant than to live alone."

"My goodness!" repeated Miss Pettigrew. "Fanny Ann and Abby Jane, what's the matter? Is the house on fire?" "No, Miss," replied Fanny Ann. "Have you seen a ghost?" proceeded Miss Pettigrew.

"Yes, Miss," replied Abby Jane. "And please, Miss, we can't sleep in that awful place no more," continued Fanny Ann. "If you can't put us somewhere else we must go. We've seen him three times."

"Three nights hand-running," said Abby Jane. "Why didn't you tell me before?" asked Miss Pettigrew. "We thought you wouldn't believe us," said Fanny Ann. "Well, I believe you've seen something terrible," said Miss Pettigrew, "and I'll see what I can do. Don't mention this to anybody. You'd frighten some of my boarders away, perhaps. I'll talk it over after breakfast, and I'll wagger I'll lay the ghost."

Fanny Ann and Abby Jane departed, promising silence, and the boarders ate their breakfast as usual. Afterward, behind closed doors, she heard this narrative: At 11 o'clock every night for the past week the girls had heard a noise in the outer garret; but, the last three having been lit by a brilliant moon, they had been able to see through a crack in the door, and espied—as sure as she was a living woman, Abby Jane declared—a ghostly soldier in complete uniform, pacing up and down.

The first time the figure vanished rapidly. The second time it was longer in going, but on the third night they saw

it enter by the disused stairway, and heard it pace. What it said was: "Darling, I would die for you! I would risk all to meet you!" "We could look no longer, Miss," said Abby Jane. "We thought we should take spasms."

Miss Pettigrew rubbed her nose. "This is unpleasant," she said. "Certainly, the ghost was an officer, and my own Aunt Lydia declared that she saw him. That was before her daughter, Grace, eloped with— Good gracious! I have it!" "What, Miss?" cried Abby Jane. "An Idea!" said Miss Pettigrew. "Girls, you may take a mattress on the parlor floor to-night, and hold your tongues until to-morrow morning."

The police force of — was not large, but that night two of its members stood concealed behind the largest apple trees in the orchard at the east of Miss Pettigrew's house. They were No. 12 and No. 14. These figures glittered on their cap bands.

Within an hour, on the other side of the garret door, Miss Pettigrew, in a flowered dressing-gown, stood listening intently. The midnight flooded the old garret. Stern and strong of mind as she was, Miss Pettigrew felt a cold shudder run up her spine. It was now a quarter to 11. Soan the old clock in the hall bellowed, rolled and struck the hour. At that instant a faint creaking was heard. A door opened—not the stair door, the one into the hall—and a figure, all in white, stole in and sat down on a great box. It was very ghostly. "Ugh!" shuddered Miss Pettigrew. "I declare I feel scary." Hark! another faint creaking. The door to the mysterious stairway opened softly and a figure entered. It wore a sword, but its face—its awful face, though it bore the features of a man, was of an awful ghostly white, lips and all, enlivened only by two great black eyes, that glared about them.

Miss Pettigrew shivered until the door rattled. The next instant the two ghosts ran into each other's arms. Another instant, and the stair door was opened with bang, and Officer No. 12 followed Officer No. 14 into the garret, each armed with a club.

"Ghost or not I'm quite safe now," said Miss Pettigrew, and opened the garret door with her kerosene lamp in her hand. "So we've caught you," said Officer No. 12. "And we'll find how ghosts like being locked up in jail," said Officer No. 14, as he pulled a wet handkerchief with two holes in it from the ghost's face, and revealed a very pale human countenance, adorned by a moustache which had most-carefully-waxed points, and, under other circumstances, might have been very fierce, indeed.

"And this young woman—your servant, most likely—shall we arrest her along with the burglar? Do you make a charge against her, Miss Pettigrew?" At these words the female ghost, who had hitherto done nothing but wring its hands, tore from its form the sheet in which it was enveloped and revealed the face and figure of Miss Elsie Walker, who instantly went down on her knees at the feet of Miss Pettigrew.

"He is not a burglar, dear Miss Pettigrew. We were neither of us doing anything dishonest. It's Capt. Slasher to whom I am engaged. Pa wouldn't let us meet as we wished, so we had to meet as we could, and the dress and disguise were only assumed to save me if we were seen by any one. Don't—don't—don't arrest my Alfred for a thief, when it is only his great love for me that—that—that—"

Here Miss Walker's voice failed her, and she became hysterical, and Capt. Slasher was heard to say, rather faintly and nervously: "Be calm, Elsie, be calm."

"Officers," said Miss Pettigrew, "I am sorry to waste your time, but will you be seated—take some boxes, pray—until I summon another person."

And Miss Pettigrew sailed from the room and returned, ten minutes later, with old Mr. Walker, hastily clad in his dressing-gown, on whose appearance the gallant Captain grew pale, and Miss Elsie wrung her hands again.

"A pretty piece of business, indeed!" said Mr. Walker. "Yes, sir," said Miss Pettigrew, "pretty, indeed. Here is a decent young man—in the army, I suppose—who is driven to sneaking up back stairs into a garret to pay attention to a respectable young lady who prefers to receive him in the parlor. Now, if that young lady loses her character, whose fault is it, sir? The fault of those who drove her to it. We are old, Mr. Walker, but we have been young. I'm single, but—and Miss Pettigrew drew out her pocket-handkerchief—I have a heart! I should have been somebody's wife twenty-five years ago if I had had the spirit that girl has; but I was meek and submissive—and—no matter. If you really have nothing serious against that young man, hadn't you better let him marry your daughter, Mr. Walker?"

"Perhaps I had, Amelia—I mean, Miss Pettigrew," said the old gentleman. "You angelic woman!" cried Miss Elsie, casting herself into Miss Pettigrew's arms.

"Sir, I thank you," said Capt. Slasher, who had grown red to the tips of his ears.

"I suppose no charge whatever will be made, then," said Officer No. 12, in an irritated tone. "Oh! no. This is not a case for charges," said Miss Pettigrew.

"Good-night, then," said Officer No. 14, turning on his heel and departing as he came, but in a huff. "You may call on my daughter two evenings a week and see her in Miss Pettigrew's presence," said the old gentleman to the Captain. "If my daughter were not motherless this would not have happened."

The Captain shook hands with every-body and followed the policemen. Miss Pettigrew bolted the garret door. Mr. Walker assisted her.

"I thought you did not know me, Amelia," he said. "You might very well have forgotten me, I'm so dreadfully changed," sighed Miss Pettigrew.

And after these mysterious whispers they went down stairs. There was a wedding at Miss Pettigrew's that autumn. Elsie was united to the Captain in the presence of all the boarders, and many friends. But Miss Pettigrew did not take boarders again the next summer. Before that time came she had changed her name, and had married old Mr. Walker.

"It's rather late in life, Elsie," said she, as she embraced her step-daughter, "but the fact is, you pa and I were old sweethearts, and but for the cruelty of the old folks, who broke the match, I suppose I should have been your mother in reality."

Elsie did not discuss the question. She only kissed her and said: "You've been my best friend, at all events, dear mamma."

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