

### LEGEND OF THE ROSE.

Ah, lady! list to my tale;  
I was the summer's fairest pride,  
The nightingale's betrothed bride;  
In Shiraz's bowers I sprang to birth  
When love first lighted on the earth;  
And then my pure, inodorous bloom,  
Blooming on its thorny tree,  
Was snowy as its mother's bosom,  
Rising from the emerald sea.  
Young love, rambling through the wood,  
Found me in my solitude,  
Bright with dew and freshly blown,  
And trembling to the zephyr's sigh.  
But, as he stood and gazed upon  
The living gem with raptured eyes,  
It chanced a bee was busy there,  
Searching for its fragrant fare;  
And, Cupid stooping, too, to sip,  
The angry insect stung his lip—  
And gushing from the ambrosial cell,  
One bright drop on my bosom fell!  
Weeping, to his mother he  
Told the tale of treachery;  
And she, her vengeful bow to please,  
Strung his bow with captive bees;  
But placed upon my slender stem  
The poisoned sting she plucked from them,  
And none since that eventful morn,  
Has found a flower without a thorn.  
—*Vick's Magazine.*

### JILTED TO HIS HEART'S CONTENT.

Kenneth Warde and Katie Dene had been boy-and-girl sweethearts; but the death of Kenneth's parents and his adoption by a wealthy uncle, who took him away to live in the city, separated the juvenile lovers, leaving them both for the time inconsolable. Katie whispered her griefs in her dollie's ear as they lay with their heads on the same pillow, and cried herself asleep several nights in succession; and in saying her prayers when she came to the words, "Bless everybody," it was a good while before she could bring herself to repeat them without a mental exception of Kenneth's cruel uncle.

At first Kenneth's mind was filled with desperate schemes for carrying off Katie to some undiscovered island, where, without molestation, they might play at Mr. and Mrs. Robinson Crusoe, and live a pair of happy hermits to the end of the chapter.

But time soon effaces the sorrows of the young. Kenneth was put in a boys' school, where ambition to excel, and to head the rush in every bout at football gave ample occupation to his thoughts, and left little time for brooding over bygone ills. The Crusoe plan was either quite forgotten, or its carrying out deferred till some indefinite period in the future. And Katie, too, before a month had passed, could play, and romp, and laugh and shake her yellow curls so gleefully as in the days when Kenneth, her devoted knight, used to guard her pathway home against the besetments of surly dogs and butting billy-goats.

Years went by, and Kenneth Warde, after a brilliant career at college and a couple of years of travel, returned to fill his uncle's heart with pride. He must have quite forgotten the little Katie of his boyhood; for not only did he fail to go and seek her that they might set about their search for the enchanted island or some retreat equally romantic, but he actually courted, and was in due time engaged to Miss Grace Dandridge, a dashing belle, whose father and Kenneth's uncle had long been laying their canny heads together to bring about that precise result.

Miss Grace had been the idol of Seth Ransen, a handsome cousin of hers, to whose suit, it was rather more than whispered, she had lent a not-unwilling ear. But whether it was through filial obedience, or because she was prudent enough to discern the superior advantages of a match with a man of Kenneth Warde's dazzling prospects, Miss Grace reluctantly dismissed her cousin and accepted the new suitor with a promptness which poor Seth, like the deposed Wolsey, thought "somewhat sudden."

When everything had been arranged between Warde and Grace Dandridge, even to the setting of the wedding day, Kenneth, who was not so foolish in love but he could exist a brief season out of his fiancée's presence, bethought him of going to spend a few weeks in his native village, which he had not seen since the day he had been carried off in a fit of heroic sulks over his separation from Katie Dene. Of course he laughed at that foolishness now.

I suppose it was an accident—at any rate it so happened—that Kenneth's first visit in the old place was to the Denes'. He didn't know Katie at first—could hardly realize, indeed, that the yellow-headed little tom-boy, whose quarrels he was always taking up, and with whom he used to quarrel now and then himself, could have grown into so beauteously beautiful a woman.

Katie seemed a little hurt that Kenneth should have so totally forgotten her. She would have known him, she said, had they met on a deserted island. He hadn't changed a bit—only to grow ever so much handsomer, she was on the point of adding, but checked herself with a blush.

The time passed swiftly, and Kenneth's visit was prolonged till prudence whispered it was time to think of returning, if he would not be a laggard at his own wedding. If the truth must be told, it would hardly have broken his heart if something had happened to keep him away altogether, for he and Katie were spending the days very happily, barring now and then a regretful sigh as they thought secretly of what might have been. But Kenneth was a man of honor, and struggled manfully to maintain his loyalty. He had promised to marry Grace Dandridge, and must keep his word; and Katie Dene respected him too highly to wish him to play a traitor's part.

parture, and he and Katie were taking their last walk in a neighboring wood, the scene of many a former ramble. Both were unusually silent. It was likely to be their final meeting, and it was strange they could find so little to say.

At last Kenneth stopped suddenly. Katie looked up and saw that his face was deathly pale, while his frame trembled violently. Grasping her hand with a quick, nervous movement, he exclaimed, in a voice quivering with emotion:

"It is a sin to marry without love! I fancied, when I asked Grace Dandridge to be my wife, that I loved her—at least that I loved no other. But now that I have seen you again, a love that I had learned to look upon as a childish fancy has come back with the augmented fervor of manhood. Oh, Katie, it is you I love and you only! Will you not be mine? It is not yet too late!"

For an instant her eye sparkled with an inexpressible joy. But the next moment the joyous light faded, and the look she turned on Kenneth was almost stern.

"You have solemnly engaged your word," she said, calmly and firmly, "and I should despise you if you broke it!"

Kenneth Warde let drop the hand which a moment before had lain trembling in his clasp, but which was now firm and steady. He had received his answer, and knew it was irrevocable.

"You are right," he murmured, despairingly; "I must keep my promise, though it breaks my heart!"

Neither spoke again till they parted at Katie's mother's door with the single word, "Farewell!"

Kenneth found his uncle in a fine passion on his return the evening before the day set for the wedding.

"Bear it like a man, my boy!" cried the old gentleman, thrusting a letter into Kenneth's hand; "I suppose this will explain all, and relieve me from the hateful task."

Kenneth opened the letter and read: MR. WARDE: I trust you will forgive whatever pain this will cause you. I esteem you too highly to give you my hand without my heart. The latter has long been bestowed upon my cousin, Seth Ransen; and it was only the importunity of friends that induced me in a moment of weakness to accept another's offer. But, at the last hour, I found myself unequal to the sacrifice of a true love to a feigned one; and, yielding to Seth's persuasion, I consented to his plan of a secret marriage, and am now his wife. I remain, with much respect, your friend, GRACE RANSEN.

"Bravo, Kenneth!" cried his uncle, as the young man broke into a hearty laugh; "I'm glad to see you treat it so! The loss is hers, not yours."

It was the day after the wedding that was to have been that Kenneth Warde, dusty and travel-stained, presented himself before Mrs. Dene, and asked for Katie.

"She has gone for a walk in the wood," was the answer; "she hasn't been quite well for a day or two past."

Kenneth waited to hear no more. He hurried along the old familiar path; and there, where he had spoken the rash impassioned words which Katie had answered so nobly, he found her seated, leaning her head pensively on her hand, the picture of despondent sorrow. He was quite close before she looked up; and, when she did so, he was startled to see how wan and haggard were her features.

"Wish me joy, Katie," he cried.

"I do wish you joy, Kenneth—Mr. Warde," she answered listlessly; "but I hardly expected to see you here; and where is your wife?"

"Wife?—the best of it is I have no wife!"

Katie started to her feet, staggered, and would have fallen, had not Kenneth caught her in his arms.

Then he told her all; and never did mortal man before relate with so much gusto the story of his own jilting; and when he kissed Katie at the end, why—she let him.—*Judge Clark.*

### THEY TURNED A RULE.

Less than three months ago a wreck of a man staggered into the office of a weekly paper in Eastern Michigan and asked for money to buy whisky. Strangely enough the publisher was an old schoolmate. They were boys together. They were apprentices in the same town. They worked side by side as finished compositors. One had sobriety and thrift—the other had a good heart and an open hand. Twenty years made the one rich and influential—the other a drunkard who slept in the gutter as often as in a bed. The one had made use of what God had given him, but the other had deliberately made himself a wreck.

The meeting called up a host of recollections, and the contrast between their situations was so great that the old drunkard was sobered as he realized it. He was offered work, but he had become too broken. The stick and the rule were no longer for him. He was offered a temporary home, but he looked at his rags and felt his shame for the first time in months. When money was handed him he waved it back and said: "I shall not want it. I ask, in the name of olden days and as a fellow-craftsman, one little favor."

"It shall be granted."

"When you know that I am dead then turn a rule for me and give me a single line."

The promise was made and the old wreck floated out again on the current of life, borne here and there and feeling that death was to be the end. Yesterday

a copy of the weekly reached the *Free Press* with proof that the editor had fulfilled his promise. He had turned a rule for the poor wreck, and had given him a line:

Died, September 27, 1882, George White.

That was all, but in that line was such a sermon as no man on earth could deliver. For every word there was a year of woe and degradation. For every letter there were tears and heartaches, and promises and failures.—*Detroit Free Press.*

### RICHES IN NEW YORK.

Ten years hence there will be no middle class. In New York you could, a few years back, count the millionaires on your fingers. You can't do it now. I can name a hundred men and women here worth a million each. When I was a boy a man with \$300,000 clear was rich. What is he now? That means but \$4,000 a year, and who can live in any sort of shape on that? There may be a few clergymen here and there who can make both ends meet on that insignificant figure; but, bless my soul and buttons!—However, what I wish to get at and emphasize is this: Our great cities are loud with riches. On the great avenue of New York there are men to whom \$100,000 is but a bagatelle. I can take you to streets where there are blocks upon blocks of houses in which no man can live on less than \$15,000 to \$20,000 a year. Hundreds of men spend \$10,000 a year who are not worth ten cents beside. In other words, they spend all they make. What of it? Much. The rich grow richer here and the poor poorer. Culture, education and refinement do not necessarily follow riches. Our railroad kings are phenomenal in wealth. There are so many of them that to be one is not to be singular; but in the extent and amplitude of their possessions they are unique and amazing. There are sections of New York where an annual income of \$450 would make its owner a curiosity, and there are others where an annual expenditure of \$50,000 to \$100,000 is nothing out of the usual rut. This being conceded, am I right or am I wrong? Are we drifting into two great currents—rich and poor—or not?—*Joe Howard, in Philadelphia Times.*

### HOW BANK NOTES ARE MADE.

Every one may not know that the Government money is printed on paper made in Dalton, a Massachusetts town, in a mill that had its origin in colonial times. As the grayish pulp passes between heavy iron rollers, bits of blue and red silk thread are scattered over its surface. From the pulp room to the vault, where it is stored until shipped to Washington, where it may be used immediately or remain in the vault for years.

During the past year there was printed by the Government \$46,000,000 worth of legal-tender notes, \$68,000,000 of national-bank currency, \$87,000,000 of bonds, \$38,000,000 of silver certificates and \$684,450,615 stamps for the internal revenue. In the Bureau of Printing and Engraving more than one thousand persons are employed in wetting, plate-printing, examining, pressing, numbering, separating, binding, perforating and engraving. The bank-note plate and stamp dies are kept in vaults that require three men's time a quarter of an hour to open. All the Presidents down to Garfield have been portrayed on bank notes, and three Vice-Presidents, twenty-four Secretaries of the Treasury, ten Secretaries of State, six Secretaries of War, three Postmaster Generals and Chief Justices have been honored in the same way, beside twenty-six Senators and Representatives and a few other noted persons in science and literature.

The highest denomination of legal tenders is \$10,000. The next is \$5,000, and \$1,000, \$500, \$100, \$50, \$20, \$10, \$5, \$2, \$1 follow. The highest value in national-bank notes is \$1,000. The printing of a bank note requires twenty-two or twenty-four days, and during the process it passes through the hands of fifty-two persons. A woman in the counting department has counted for seventeen years and never made a mistake in that time.—*Providence Journal.*

It is said that Mark Twain is excessively bored by those who think they must talk nothing but nonsense in his presence. It would seem from this that an author does not always enjoy quotations from his own works.—*Boston Transcript.*

### LADIES' SPORT IN FRANCE.

A French amusement at present is frog-hunting and shooting. Ladies monopolize this sport, and the owner of a park, with well-stocked ponds, opens the day with a garden party. The weapon is a cross-bow, having an arrow retained in communication with the bow by means of a silk cord; as froggy allows his executioner to approach very near, his fate is sealed—the lady hauls him in, and a bystander clears the arrow. The poor receive all the game to make soup, money being added to purchase a little beef to make it stronger.

PARIS HAS 2,269,000 inhabitants, Lyons 376,000, Marseilles 330,000, Lille 173,000, Toulouse 140,000, Havre 105,000, Rheims 93,000, Angers 56,000, Nizza 66,000, Dijon 55,000.

It is said that the oleomargarine factories of New York have a producing capacity of 116,000,000 pounds; the dairy butter factories of 111,000,000 pounds. Must delicious creamery butter be supplanted by this uncertain mixture?

### HOW A WIDOW MOURNED.

She Grieved Ten Thousand Dollars' Worth of the Start, but Wasn't as She Grieved Older.

She was a handsome and wealthy young widow, and had just lost her husband. Full of grief over the loss of her beloved one, she sought a dealer in monuments, a friend of the dear departed.

Seeing the sympathetic face of her husband's friend, the tears burst afresh from her eyes as she greeted him, "You have heard it then; George is gone."

"Yes, he had heard it."

"And now," said she, "I want to get a monument, the finest and most imposing monument that you can make. I don't care for the expense. You make them costing as much as \$10,000, do you not?" she ventured.

"Oh, yes, he could build a splendid monument for that. He would prepare a design and submit it to her."

"You will have it ready soon, will you not?" she pleaded. "This evening?"

"No, not this evening," he replied, but he would hurry it up as fast as possible and bring it to her residence. And so it was settled, and she went away very grateful for the ready sympathy and anxiously expectant for the design.

And then the monument man got out an old design and had it transferred to a clean piece of paper, and in fifteen minutes was ready for the widow, but of course it wouldn't do to show up for a week or so. The long days dragged out their weary length finally, and the marble man, assuming an appropriately funeral countenance, sought out the widow and submitted his work. He found her somewhat more reconciled to her loss and a little inclined to be critical, but on the whole she was pleased with the design.

"But," she said, "I have been talking over the matter with my sister, and she thinks \$5,000 ought to buy a very nice monument. Couldn't you make one like that for \$5,000?"

"No," responded he, "but I can build quite a handsome monument for \$5,000. Shall I make a design of one for that figure?"

"Yes, I wish you would, please, and I will come to your office and examine it in a week or two."

"I can make some alterations in these plans and have it ready very soon," he urged. "Indeed, I could bring it around to-morrow just as well as not."

"Oh, no; I won't trouble you to do so. There is no particular hurry about it, and I will call upon you; it's my turn, you know," and she smiled graciously upon him as she bowed him out.

Well, what was a poor monument man to do? He could only wait, and he did wait, busying himself meanwhile in getting up elaborate and really beautiful designs. One day he met the lady on the street, dressed in the merest apology for half-mourning. He bowed obsequiously and informed her that the design was finished, and he thought would not fail to be perfectly satisfactory.

"Oh," she said, "I have been so busy, don't you know, with one thing and another, that I had forgotten all about it. Let me see, how much was that to cost?"

"Five thousand dollars."

"Oh, dear, I really can't afford to pay that much. Now, couldn't you"—this very bewitchingly—"make a real nice monument for about \$500? I know you can, and I will come around and see you about it real soon; good-by."

Then the monument man went to his office and told his grief to a three-legged lamb and a stone angel.

Some time after this the charming widow, with a male friend, whom she called "Charley," dropped in again.

"Do you know," she said, "I feel so ashamed to think that I never came around to look at your pretty designs. Charley and I have concluded that those great, costly ornaments are so foolish, after one's dead, you know. We think it's wicked, don't we, Charley?" Charley allowed that it was. "But," she continued, "those little white boards, such as they put at the soldiers' graves, Charley and I think they are very nice. So neat and unpretentious. Couldn't you make one of them for me and put George's monogram on it? His initials make such a pretty monogram!"

Then the monument man's cup was full, and he spilled it over on them. He told her that Charley could get an old shingle and tack one of George's business cards on it.

Then she called him "a horrid beast," and Charley spoke of whipping him "for half a cent," and they sailed off.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

### BIRTH OF THE MOON.

At present, no doubt, the effect of the tides in changing the length of the day is very small, writes Prof. Ball in *Nature*. A day now is not apparently longer than a day a hundred years ago. Even in a thousand years the change in the length of the day is only the fraction of a second. But the importance of the change arises from the fact that the change, slow though it is, lies always in one direction. The day is continually increasing. In millions of years the accumulated effect becomes not only appreciable but even of startling magnitude. The change in the length of the day must involve a corresponding change in the motion of the moon. This is by no means obvious. It depends upon an elaborate mathematical theorem. I cannot attempt to prove this for you, but think I can state the result so that it can be understood without the proof. If the moon acts on the earth and retards the rotation of the earth, so, conversely, does the earth react upon the moon. The earth is tormented by the moon, so

it strives to drive away its persecutor. At present the moon revolves around the earth at a distance of about 240,000 miles. The reaction of the earth tends to increase that distance and to force the moon to revolve in an orbit which is continually getting larger and larger. Here, then, we have two remarkable consequences of the tides which are inseparably connected. Remember, also, that we are not enunciating any mere speculative doctrine.

These results are the inevitable consequences of the tide. If the earth had no seas or oceans, no lakes or rivers, if it were an absolute rigid solid throughout its entire mass then these changes would not take place. The length of the day would never alter, and the distance of the moon would only fluctuate between narrow limits. As thousands of years roll on, the length of the day increases, second by second, and the distance of the moon increases, mile by mile. These changes are never reversed. It is the old story of the perpetual dropping. As the perpetual dropping wears away the stone so the perpetual action of the tides has sculptured out the earth to the moon, and still the action of the tides continues. To-day is longer than yesterday; yesterday was longer than the day before. A million years ago the day probably contained some minutes less than our present day of twenty-four hours. Our prospect does not halt here. We at once project our view back to an incredibly remote epoch, which was a crisis in the history of our system. Let me say at once that there is great uncertainty about the date of that crisis. It must have been about 50,000,000 years ago. It may have been very much earlier. This crisis was the interesting occasion when the moon was born. I wish I could chronicle the event with perfect accuracy, but I cannot be sure of anything except that it was more than 48,000,000.

### AN INCIDENT OF SPOTSYLVANIA.

In an article descriptive of the battle of Spotsylvania, Mr. J. H. Moore, who was a member of the Seventh Tennessee regiment, says: "In conclusion, I desire to call the attention of those who participated in the battle of Spotsylvania to what appeared to me the most daring and desperate act of the war by any battery. On the morning of the 13th, while I was within our works, I saw to our right, distant about 500 yards and about the same distance immediately in front of our artillery, a Federal battery advance at full speed, and there, in an open field, halt. The artillerymen at once took out their horses and sent them to the rear, as much as to say: 'We have come to stay.' This was within full view and within easy reach of our forty pieces. As quick as the horses were started back every man of that battery was seen digging, yet I could hardly think they were in earnest, for I was satisfied that if our artillery would but once open on them not a man could escape. Presently our artillery opened, and as soon as the smoke cleared off I could see that digging with desperate energy was kept up by the survivors. Death and destruction, I thought, would be the portion of the battery and its brave defenders, for it appeared at times as if their very caissons were literally covered with bursting shells, yet, strange to say, a few gallant fellows survived the attack of the forty field pieces, and amid showers of shot and shell succeeded in throwing up tolerably secure works. They came to stay and they did remain. This was the bravest act of the war, and in the hope that I may yet learn who those gallant fellows were I mention the incident."

### LOVE IN CHICAGO.

"Shall you miss me, Sweetheart?" George W. Simpson was going away, far away to the trackless solitudes of St. Louis, and when he had told Daphne McCarthy of his intended journey the girl had spoken not a word, but lain her head gently on his shoulder and wept as if her heart would break.

But when he asked the question with which this chapter opens, the little head, with its coronal of fluffy-brown hair, had risen slowly, and the pansy-brown eyes of the girl had looked into his and gleamed with the holy light of a love that could never die.

"Shall I miss you?" she cried despairingly. "Ah, yes, sorely enough. But you cannot understand this. No man can feel the loss of kisses and love words as a woman can, nor hate the slow-creeping, wakeful nights, and the gray dawns that come with no promise of strong arms and a loving heart and words of courage, and the windy sunsets that die away on a day that has held no beauty or brightness. No man can feel the deadly hunger in time of famine that a woman feels when love that always beckons and allures her is out of reach of her longing hands and loving lips."

"But I shall not be gone so very long, darling," whispered George, "and I have told the candy man to let you have whatever you want on my account."

"You have done this?" asks the girl, putting her dimpled arms around his neck.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Then," said Daphne, the wistful look gone from her face, "you cannot go too soon."—*Chicago Tribune.*

It takes 100,000 elephants yearly to supply the ivory for the world. When the elephants are gone the cows will have to look up their horns to keep 'em.

CHICAGO gamblers annually fleece their dupes of \$8,000,000.

### HEMOPHILIA.

Hemophilia is a very learned looking word, and as it should do it bespeaks a disease of which we know very little. The malady which from time to time so unhappily incapacitates H. R. H. Prince Leopold, is one which most unprofessional people think to be due to some abnormal condition of the skin. A person who bleeds easily is said to have only one skin in place of the proper number, which it must puzzle many to tell. It is not, however, any such maffaration, but what it is is much less certain. Such persons bleed easily from not only the skin when wounded, but from the gums and mouth and mucous membranes. They also bruise easily, and in the same way it is probable that the troubles in the joints from which they suffer are to be explained by supposing some slight injury to the synovial membrane, and a subsequent escape of fluid to the cavity of the joint. We do not know what is the malformation or disease which predisposes to such an easy escape of the blood from its proper channels. The chemical constitution of the blood has been thought by some to be at fault, the smaller blood-vessels by others; but no chemical or microscopic investigations that have been conducted as yet have been anything but contradictory, and therefore have been without result. One curious fact, however, has been elicited from various observations that have been made, and this is that it has been hereditary to a marked degree, and that it is transmitted along the male much oftener than along the female line.—*British Medical Journal.*

### THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

It runs from a point on the Gulf of Liantang, an arm of the Gulf of Pechili in Northeastern China, westerly to the Yellow river, thence makes a great bend to the south for nearly 100 miles, and then runs to the northwest for several hundred miles to the Desert of Gobi. Its length is variously estimated to be from 1,250 to 1,500 miles. For the most of this distance it runs through a mountainous country, keeping on the highest peaks. In some places it is only a formidable rampart, but most of the way it is composed of lofty walls of masonry and concrete, or impacted lime and clay, from twelve to sixteen feet in thickness, and from fifteen to thirty or thirty-five feet in height. The top of this wall is paved for hundreds of miles, and crowned with crenellated battlements, and towers thirty to forty feet high. In numerous places the wall climbs such steep declivities that its top ascends from height to height in flights of granite steps. An army could march on the top of the wall for weeks and even months, moving in some places ten men abreast.

### THE CRADLE OF THE TARTAR WORLD.

Sir R. Temple read a most striking paper before the British Association on the cradle of the Tartar world, the gigantic Asiatic plateau usually 4,000 feet high, which stretches from the Himalaya to the Altai and the mountain borders of China, covers more than 2,000,000 square miles—two Indias—and is walled out from civilization by mountains 20,000 feet high. Though partly desert—as in that strange dried sea, the Desert of Gobi—much more is still fertile, while there is reason to believe it contains some of the richest mineral districts in the world.

No territory is so little known to Europeans, yet probably from hence came many of the tribes whose pressure drove the barbarians upon Rome; while in the tenth century its clans so increased in numbers and in a kind of civilization that in the thirteenth century Jenghiz Khan and his successors ruled armies of 500,000 cavalry, threatened the whole world, and conquered it from the Yellow sea to the Baltic. A Tartar reigns in China, and the last Emperor of Delhi was a descendant of Jenghiz.—*London Spectator.*

### THE MEXICAN BURRO.

The Mexican burro, the ass of the scripture, seen everywhere here, is an animal worth studying. He can carry a load bigger than himself, and his endurance is amazing. His gait is a sort of trot. Sometimes a dozen or more of them move in procession, one behind the other. The burden is tied on "amidships," as a sailor would say, and the driver, if he wants to ride, jumps up astern. Frequently two men mount one burro, and I saw one staggering along under two women and a child. They are nice, gentle creatures, when you know them long and intimately, but they have no fancy for strangers, and make no new acquaintances if they can help it. They will hoist and buck and kick if they don't know the party on top of them, and unless the party can hang on to nothing, for there are no saddles or bridles to cling to, he will find himself sprawling on the ground, and wondering where the blessed donkey has gone to.

The mule, a sort of step-brother of the burro, is another interesting quadruped. He is bigger, stronger and more vicious than the burro, has a wicked disposition, an uncertain temper, is entirely unreliable, and a dead shot with his heels if he can get within range. It takes an expert to handle him. Hitching him up is a dangerous occupation. Mules are employed on all the stage lines, two being at the pole and four in front. They will travel a long distance at nine miles an hour, but there is no telling when they will take it into their heads to jump the trail and run away over the prairies. It takes two drivers to steer the stage. Nobody can ride a Mexican mule but a Mexican, but Mexicans can ride anything. They are superb horsemen—natural riders. They seem to be glued to the animal under them. To be thrown from a horse would disgrace a Mexican, who is proud to be one of a nation of equestrians.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A young man at Elkhart, Ind., has started a six-column weekly paper with the avowed object of "restoring to the republic its wonted grandeur and prosperity." You can't do it, young fellow. We tried for six years to restore the republic to its wonted grandeur and prosperity by publishing the ablest paper in this country and taking turnips and slab-wood on subscription, and never had money enough to buy a dog; but of late years we have let the wonted grandeur of the republic shirk for itself, and the 1st of January we had over \$6.—*Peck's Sun.*

Tax best things are nearest; breath in your nostrils, light in your eyes, flowers at your feet, duties at your hand, the path of God just before you. Then do not grasp at the stars, but do life's plain common work as it comes, certain that daily duties and daily bread are the sweetest things of life.

Without earnestness no man is ever great or does really great things. He may be the cleverest of men, he may be brilliant, entertaining, popular, but he will want weight. No soul-moving picture was ever painted that had not its depth of shade.

United States from preventable diseases and avoidable accidents.