

THE FALSE ORACLE.

BY MARY ANNE DE VREE.

She picked a little daisy flower With fringe of snow and heart of gold; All pure without, and warm within, And stood to have her fortune told.

"He loves me," low she murmured said, And plucked the border leaf by leaf; "A little—too much—too much—too much— With trust heart—beyond belief."

"A little—too much—not at all— So rang the changes o'er and o'er; The tiny leaflets fluttered down, And strewed the meadow's grassy floor.

"A little—too much—no, not a bit! With trust heart, to measure out! Love's value on a daisy leaf!"

As she pulled the latest leaf With "not at all," I heard her say, "Ah, much you know, you silly flower, He'll love me till his dying day."

memorizing how many times in my infancy I had leaned upon the window of her dwelling, I thought myself obliged to be present at her funeral. It rained and snowed that day; the lane was deserted and muddy. Having put on my frock coat I went to the street where the house was and there found five or six neighbors. Thomas Odry, the sexton, and his wife, John Resco, the tinsmith, Father Martin, and some poor people, all of whom were astonished to see me there.

The vicar Suzard, the chanter and two children of the choir, in white robes spotted with mud, came running up. They went to the church and afterward to the cemetery. Maudy walked by my side, his handkerchief before his eyes; he rocked in his pace like an old tailor as he was, and said nothing. When we arrived at the cemetery, in front of the grave, the borders of which were decorated with melting snow, after a rapid review of the *de profundis*, he stooped, took the shovel, and thrust some dirt upon the coffin. He handed me the shovel, saying:

"Here, Monsieur Antoine, you have known her a long time and have come; thanks."

"This was all. We returned in silence. From that day the old tailor, having no one at the house to keep him company, went every Sunday to the wine-shop of Nicholas Bibi, in the rue des Minimes, to his chopin of wine. Seeing my door open sometimes he came into the store and shook me by the hand. I was the only bourgeois in Sainte-Suzanne to whom he gave this mark of affection.

"Is business good?" he would ask me. "Yes, Father Maudy." "Glad to hear it; that gives me pleasure."

Then he would cast a look at the shelves, examining the packages of chisels, knives, bill hooks, and other articles of every day.

"Everything that is bright and in good order," he would say.

One day, observing the foils, he wished to examine them. His eyes sparkled; he took up two or three of them, and sprung them on the toe of his shoe with singular satisfaction.

"This one," said he, "is a good one; it is elastic; the handle is rather too curved, but it can easily be straightened. The guard is also a little too small; that makes no difference, it suits me, it suits me very well."

I saw by the expression of his eyes that he was pleased.

"Do you want a pair of foils, Monsieur Maudy?" said I.

"No, I have not occupied myself with those things for an age. What could a poor tailor do with a pair of foils? Talk me of the needle and I'm your man. Ha! ha! I have no longer any of these in my shop."

At these words he assumed an attitude of defense, crouched and made a feint. He had just taken a chop in at Bibi's, and was in good humor.

These details made an impression on me later, but at the time I scarcely noticed them.

To return to my recital. It was not four months since the mother of the old tailor slept beneath the ground, and the hedges covered the green, when there appeared at Sainte-Suzanne a regiment of the line whose masters had been authorized to carry swords because they had distinguished themselves at the coronation of the king. This regiment ultra-royalist, had come to take up its quarters with us; there were in it a great number of distinguished young men who had left the royal guards and we were to enter them again after having received promotion. The regiment was composed mostly of Bretons and Vendees; nearly all of them were masters of the art of fencing and their parents had made war in the Vendee against the republic.

I do not know how it was that it became known that the old tailor Maudy was formerly known by the name of Lapointe, and that this Lapointe was one of the most skillful swordsmen of the Republican army; in short, a most dangerous being whom no one at Sainte-Suzanne had suspected until now, as Maudy solemnly ever left the street in which he worked at his trade, and asked for nothing but peace. The only thing he could be reproached for was that he did not attend the religious fetes nor to the church on Sunday, and that he ate meat on Fridays and Saturdays when he had any to eat.

Some people thought that the antecedents of the old tailor had been divulged by the new commandant of the place, M. Clovis de Beaujeu, because the names of both were on the military register twenty years before, and Maudy, commonly known as Lapointe, was registered in a special manner as being in every way a redoubtable republican. The former commandants had kept these things secret, warning Maudy, however, that if he touched a foil again he should be arrested immediately.

Maudy had always replied that he had returned to support his old mother, that he would speak to no one of his former reputation for fear of exciting the jealousy of the new fencing-masters, and of drawing upon himself unjust provocations and that he asked only to remain at peace with everybody in order to gain a living.

He had kept his word. He had become old and decrepit. His mother had died the preceding winter, as I have said, and he himself doubtless did not consider his sad existence to be worth much.

Every day the new regiment went out to drill, with music at the front, and in the evening the wine-shops were filled with soldiers singing "Vive Henry IV," or the "Troubadour Leaving for the Holy Land."

No soldiers, however, visited the tavern of Nicholas Bibi, as this was the rendezvous of artisans, etc., and it was there that Maudy came on Sunday, clothed in his old cloak, with a long cape carefully brushed, and with his antique hat leaning on one ear. The doors and windows of this establishment were almost always open, and from the entrance of my store I could hear the glasses touching and the hilarity of the good people when some jokes made the society gay.

About 2 o'clock one Sunday afternoon, while walking up and down my pavement to pass away the time, I saw five or six grenadiers approach, coming from the rue des Minimes, accompanied by fencing-masters, all in full uniform, with red epaulettes and white trousers, and conversing among themselves with much animation. They halted at the corner of the house, and heard the chief of the band, a tall, athletic man, with large shoulders and determined mien, say among other things:

"Let us go; it's agreed. The old bandit is there, you all saw him enter. He shall not take his boots with him to paradise, the terrible old Jacobin; I must have them."

He laughed and so did his comrades. "Let's go and see," said one who had not spoken until the others.

"Yes," said the others, "let's go and see."

And they went toward the cabaret; they walked up the steps with the air of men who had a determined resolution. I did not know whom those braves were looking for, but I suspected they were

arranging a duel, a thing of very common occurrence in those times. My wife was in the store and I took it into my head to go and see what it was all about, and without entering the wine shop I saw the room full of people smoking, drinking, and playing cards. Bibi himself was serving them and his wife was assisting him at the counter, noting the orders on a slate.

The arrival of the grenadiers created a sensation; those who were drinking ceased their noise. Father Maudy, sitting at the end of the table, had his hat toward me, and his hat was hanging from his chair. He still wore a queue, but, tied around with a black cord, it resembled a rat's tail, so small was its diameter. The courageous man, while sitting before his chopin, was talking with Monsieur Poirier, an old retired soldier; they were, doubtless, talking about their campaigns, as these old soldiers seldom spoke of other things.

"See, here, give place!" shouted the grenadiers. "What is all this crowd of cobblers doing here? What does this rabble want? Come, hurry up!"

Those who were at the table drew closer together, but this was not enough for the grenadiers.

"We want this place to ourselves," shouted the tall grenadier, striking the table at which Father Maudy and his comrades were sitting. "There is just room enough for six. Make haste!"

I was indignant.

"Gentlemen," said Bibi, "those who came first shall keep their places. Go to the Cheval Brunet where you will. You have never been customers of mine."

"What, what?" shouted the fencing-masters, "what does the pequin say?"

"This bantering tone Bibi was about to become angry, but Father Maudy, taking his chopin and his glass, said to him:

"Bibi, look here; these are young men. Come Poirier and the rest of you, give place to these gentlemen." And he went tranquilly to the other end of the room and sat in the best of the seats.

"Hey!" cried one of the fencing-masters, laughing loudly, "this dancing-master is quite prudent; he gives up his seat with a good grace. Follow the counsels of wisdom and you will become old."

Maudy then comprehended that he was the man they were looking for. This title of dancing-master made the old soldier furious, but he said nothing, and touching his glass to that of his friend, simply remarked in the midst of the general silence: "Your health, Poirier; let's go."

He emptied his glass, put a few cents on the table, and prepared to leave, but this did not suit the aggressors, who burst into a loud laugh: "Ha, ha, ha! a good joke."

And one of them added: "You do not know Lapointe? the famous Lapointe of the 32d—the brave who used to make the whole army of sans-collettes tremble? You do not know him? He is not here?"

"And taking the little tinsmith, Simon, by the hand, said: "Perhaps you are the famous Lapointe? You look like him."

"Let me go," cried Simon tearing himself away, "I am a tinsmith by trade, and I ask nothing of you."

"Let the poor man alone," said Maudy, sitting down again. "Since it is I you are looking for, do not annoy others. What do you want? Here I am. Bibi bring us some wine. Poirier, you will accept another glass?"

"Ah! then you are Lapointe?" said the tall grenadier. "You have hid yourself so well for the past twenty years that no one could find you. It appears that with age comes prudence, and—"

"What do you want?" interrupted the old tailor, curdly, whose face had taken the color of the wine. "Speak out, what do you want?"

"Very well, we wish to feel your pulse," cried one of the fencing-masters giggling.

"Ah! you wish to feel my pulse! you hear it?" said he, addressing the whole room, "they wish to feel my pulse, and it is for this that they have come. You remember it; the provocation does not come from me, but I accept it."

"Against which one of us?" asked the tall grenadier.

"Against all of you," he replied. "Yes, you have all insulted me and I challenge you all. And since you have spoken of the 32d, it is the 32d. But enough; let's go, Poirier, let's go. We must not dispute like loafers in a wine shop. I leave you with these gentlemen; you are one of my seconds; you will look for another, old soldiers never have any difficulty in finding them. You will make arrangements as to the place of meeting. You will find me at the Bale Gate."

"All right," said Poirier.

All this was said in the midst of profound silence; the fencing-masters and the grenadiers had obtained what they came for.

Maudy, putting on his old hat, left the cabaret without even casting a look at his aggressors, his moustache bristling, and with an indignant air. He descended the three steps leading out of the wine shop and walking toward the street, muttering to himself in a strange manner. He was no longer the old melancholic tailor; the wild beast had awakened in him after having been long asleep, and his jaws snapped with hunger and thirst.

I do not know what the grenadiers thought on seeing themselves so well served, but they went along gravely to the little square of the acacias and I made haste to enter my store. From the door I saw them taking to Maudy's friend; afterward each went his way, they had fixed the place of meeting.

Now on that day, as every body was at the tavern and in the country, and supposing that no one would come to buy anything after 4 o'clock, I told my wife to put on her hat and we would go to our garden. I closed the store and she hurried to get her hat and shawl. Ten minutes after we gained the Gate of Bale, happy in breathing the fresh air of the fields and in seeing the green that the vegetation had made during the week. The weather was very fine. Our garden was not far from the town upon the road to Bale; we had there a pretty trellised bower covered with volubis, clematis and virgin vines, some lanes bordered with flowers, and some fine trees, marbells and plums, then white as snow, but which were soon to see bent under the weight of their fruit.

I said nothing to Josephine about the provocation that I had seen. These affairs were then very frequent between the old soldiers of the republic and the empire, and the young army of the Bourbons. Such things do not make women rejoice, and my wife, who was very delicate, would have been very much affected if I had spoken of a duel between a decrepit old man and six great fellows in the prime of life and full of strength acquired by daily practice in a fencing school. I prayed for Father Maudy; it was all I could do. For the rest I trust to the wisdom of God, without hoping, however, that the old tailor could come out of such an encounter safe and sound.

About half-past 4 we were quietly examining our carnation pinks and tulips. The sun gilded with golden hues the

neighboring hills; everything breathed the calmness and the freshness of spring. I discovered a bird's nest in the hedge of our little garden. Josephine delighted, regarded it with ecstasy. We had not then any children, but we well understood the cries of distress of the poor mother leaping from branch to branch around us.

"Let us go away," said my wife, "and not prolong her fright."

At this moment I heard from afar the noise of a combat of arms and a vague murmur which at once attracted my attention. Yonder, behind the little lane of holly, which separated our garden from the neighboring property, men were fighting. My wife heard nothing. She reentered the bower. I told her to await me a few moments as I wished to get some slips from the gardener Laporel, whose kitchen garden was on the road near by. Impelled by a diabolical curiosity, I went down the lane formed by the large hedge which led into the old fields whence the clashing had proceeded. At each step the report became more and more distinct, and what was a horror on inclining myself toward the hedge, at seeing a large corpse extended along the turf,—in what that of the fencing master, the month full of blood, and the eyes wide open, his grenadiers upon the grass. He had fallen the first and the combatants had retired some steps to continue the struggle. No one watched by the dead man. As I came up behind the lodge I heard an exclamation: "Ah!"

And two," said the voice of Father Maudy with a kind of sneer.

In reality through the foliage I saw several assistants around the body extended upon the ground. One of the grenadiers, in rising himself, said:

"He is hit like the other, above the arm-pit."

Maudy in shirt-sleeves, remained standing alone. He waited. His vinous face had an expression of joyous ferocity. All at once he said:

"Come, come; we will count them later on. He is dead; that suffices. Let us pass on to another, the best of the amongst you, the most dashing the most clever. That one," said he pointing to the grenadier who had called him the dancing-master.

But that grenadier did not seem to jump at the proposal.

"We will draw lots," said he, with an accent quite different from that at Bibi's tavern. "It is more simple."

"Ah," said the old tailor, "why so much fuss? You have chosen me alone against your six. I choose you."

"No, no; we will draw lots," cried the fencing-master, "it is more regular."

"Well, let us hurry. I am a little warm, and I don't wish to take cold."

There was in all these words an accent of scorn and irony. His two witnesses, the gate keeper, Poirier, and the old sergeant, Perrot, the old of the oldest they said then, remained impassible. The others gathered around and drew lots. It happened that the very one that the tailor had designated had lost. He buttoned his coat slowly, already as pale as death.

"Dutref," said he to one of his companions, "attention. You saw the stroke."

"Oh," said Maudy, sneeringly, "we have not only these two, we have some others in the dozen. Every morning, in the 32d, we found out two or three of those before we went to mass."

"And putting himself on guard, he named alone remain.

To continue my story. At the end of the year 1836, I was selling some goods one evening, when a little girl, all in rags, came in and said that Father Maudy wished to see me. It was the daughter of Voirin, the gravedigger, living in the same street as Maudy.

Leaving my wife in the store I went at once to the house of the old tailor to see what he wanted. The window of this dwelling was open as usual. A few rays of light from the children sang the A. B. C. as in the time of Father Berthome, dead the preceding year, and replaced by the new instructor, Mons. Lirchard.

In entering into the little low chamber among the rags hung upon the walls, I regarded the old man without taking off my hat, when a hollow, broken voice said to me: "Here, Mons. Flamel, here."

"Then I saw him extended upon his bed in the angle of the staircase, all yellow, all broken, his eyes burning with fever, the face bathed in perspiration. I gave him my hand."

"You are sick," I said to him, "and you have sent Voirin's little daughter to notify me."

"Yes," said he, "I shall last until to-night, or, at the most, to-morrow. I shall lie off, without doubt, to-night, and I wanted to see you."

"Do you want a doctor?"

"I have no need of a physician's passport; it is a useless formality, and I shall go well enough without it."

"Do you want a priest?"

"No."

"Then why have you sent for me? Have you need of money for medicine, some assistance, a nurse or what?"

"I have need of nothing. I sent for you to shake your hand, and to say, 'Thank you for what?'"

"For having cried out to me to spare the ruffian that had insulted me, and in recalling to me my mother. It is for this that I have sent for you."

He shook his head affirmatively and rejoined his witnesses, already at the end of the lane, upon the glacis. I went to get my wife in the garden. She suspected nothing, and, in half an hour after, Father Maudy, his witnesses and myself were on our way to the Governor's house. The orderly who was on duty at the door, announced to the commandant, Clovis de Beaujeu, that some citizens wished to speak to him; ten minutes after we were told to walk up.

"What do you wish?" said he, glancing at us without ceasing his work.

In a few words Father Maudy recounted the affair, and Poirier having wished to confirm the story of his comrades, the commandant interrupted him by saying:

"Very well, we know you; you are all of the same kind. One is worth as much as the other. Let Mons. Flamel speak."

Then I related the meeting of the fencing-masters on the sidewalk before my store, the manner in which they had combined their provocation, their entry into Bibi's tavern; in fine, all that I had seen from beginning to end. The commandant, while continuing his embroidery, listened to me very attentively.

"You can swear to all that before a justice?" asked he.

"Yes, monsieur."

"Then it is all right," and, addressing himself to Maudy: "It is fortunate for you that this honest citizen was a witness of the affair, for all your cobblers and knife-grinders, all your rables of ragged fellows and Bonapartists would have served for nothing. You can go. Since the two fencing-masters allowed themselves to be killed like imbeciles, let them be buried as such; that is the shortest way. As for the wounded man, I think he is at the hospital; let him remain there, and let no one speak to me any more of the matter. These quarrels bore me. I have not a moment to myself to work quietly. I am annoyed."

Thereupon, saluting the commandant, who had again begun his embroidery, we marched out. In the rue des Cordiers, already far from the sentinel who promenade in front of the Governor's house, Poirier, Clovis de Beaujeu had shown for his deposition, exclaimed:

"Cruel emigrant, who fought for twenty years against his country and who insults patriots!"

No one responded to him; each one had had enough. We hastened to regain our homes, happy in seeing the affair end without the pursuit of a council of war or other court.

These incidents came to me in detail, and yet how many events separate us from them. Charles X. and the missions, Louis Philippe and the wars in Africa, the revolution of '48 and the telegraphic line, Napoleon III. and the invasion of the continent of the country, the loss of Alsace and Lorraine! And how the figures have changed! What relation have the Bonapartists of to-day with those we have seen? They resembled them as the nephew resembled the uncle. They go to confession, and the others would have straightened themselves up at once if they had been called "calcotines." Everything is changed; the names alone remain.

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"For having cried out to me to spare the ruffian that had insulted me, and in recalling to me my mother. It is for this that I have sent for you."

He held out his hand: "You are very kind and I love you much."

He was very much affected, and I was, also.

"Well," said he, at the end of a moment, "it is enough; take good care of yourself, and turning about he took leave of me."

I returned to my house. Three or four hours after, a woman from the rue des Glaneurs said to us that Father Maudy was dead.

On the following day I put on my frock coat and went to the funeral. The bells did not toll. In the little house I found only the four bearers and some old men of Maudy's set. The coffin was upon two rickety chairs. They placed it upon the bier and started. I marched behind; the neighbors looked at us from the windows.

"Don't give yourself the trouble, M. Flamel, I will close up the hole; a shovel or more or less won't make any difference."

He drew two or three good puffs so as to light his pipe well, put on the cap, and seizing his shovel, exclaimed: "Business is good; this year I shall gain a living. All the old folks drop one after the other. Last week it was Capt. Hochede and Corporal Bouquet; to-day it is the dreadful Lapointe of the 32d. If this continues to the end of the year the new cemetery will be as full as the old, and it will soon be necessary to buy M. Guize's field to continue. Poor M. Guize has waited long enough; he at least ought to profit by the sale before dying."

During this conversation the grave was filling up.

"There are lots of them in an acre," said one of the bearers; "they crowd them in."

"Crowd them in! I believe you, by the hundreds and hundreds. After all," said Voirin, it's natural enough; in a hundred years from now all of us who live upon the earth will be what we were a hundred years before coming into the world."

I came away, leaving the old gravedigger to continue his reflections and his histories to the bearers who seated themselves upon the litter to rest a little before returning to the town.

Since those days I have often passed through the little lane of Houx which runs along by the cemetery, and which leads to Timery. Each time I stop some seconds in front of the old tailor's grave, without cross and without stone. The grave is in the hedge, and is now one of the oldest; it is covered with grass and the flowers which have been sown right and left upon other graves extend over it, so that the poor old man has his share of them. But no one in the town, except myself, knows any longer that he is there, Voirin having gone to rejoin those whom he interred.

Thus the world runs. But why trouble ourselves? After all, each one finds his place and I recall now that the old tailor said that there was no parade either in *terre* or in *quatre* when the end comes. He was quite right.

Remarkable Case of Restored Reason. From the Wheeling Register. A Confederate soldier from the Valley of Virginia, in one of the battles of the late civil war, was struck in the head by a Minnie ball. The ball passed through the skull, and the surgeons, afraid to probe the wound in search of it, left the man to die. In the course of time he recovered, but he had lost his reason, and was sent to the insane asylum at Staunton, where he remained for 11 years. A length Dr. Faunderoy, an eminent physician of that city, obtained permission from the asylum authorities and friends of the insane man to make a surgical examination of the head, with the hope of finding the ball. He was successful and found the ball imbedded on the inside of the skull and pushing against the brain. Unable to extract it with any instrument at hand, he took a chisel and mortised it out. As soon as it was removed, reason resumed its control, and the deranged one was in his right mind. He says that he is not conscious of anything that occurred during the interval of 11 years—from the time he was struck on the battle-field to the moment the pressure was removed from the brain all was blank to him.

Another case in the same county of Augusta was that of a boy whose gun burst while shooting, and drove the lock into his brain. The piece was removed by a skillful surgeon without serious injury to the patient.

But the remarkable case I heard of was in the same neighborhood. It was that of a woman subject to fits of mental derangement, and while in a spell of lunacy drove an eight-penny nail into the top of her head, penetrating down into the brain—the nail having been driven up to its head. The nail was drawn out and the woman has been in sound mental condition ever since.

What Women Owe to Men. From the Omaha Bee. The success of women upon the modern forum and in the bureaus of journalistic correspondence leads us to wonder why it is that in all the domestic departments where woman has had such a fine opportunity to acquaint herself with its wants and methods, that she has never inaugurated any improvement, and left it to men. In these inferior men to invent, as perfect them. Our modern commodities, self-rocking cradles, fine cooking-stoves, sewing-machines, knitting-machines and washing-machines have been invented and improved by men. The modern baking powder, so much used in cooking, even the appliances which quiet the little ones, viz., the soothing milk bottle, with all its modern rubber patent attachments, are the inventions of men. In the face of all this, how women can claim superiority we cannot comprehend. Considering that Eve was such a remarkable talker, it is strange that even the automaton talking machines which have been invented at times have been done by men. There is only one department which men, to their credit be it said, have not improved upon—that is, Eve's extensive patent of "story telling."

An Auctioneer's Hiss. Of John Keese, the witty New York book auctioneer, a biographer tells the following amusing anecdote: "Keese was once auctioning down a 'Hand-book,' an added to the name of the purchaser. 'You will see that it is pretty well fingered.' 'Damaged, you say?—a little wet on the outside—but you will find it dry enough within.' On another occasion he parried this word 'damaged' quite happily. A young son of a highly respected Episcopal clergyman was a privileged attendant at the auction room. Keese offered a soiled or injured copy of 'Book of Common Prayer.' 'Isn't it damaged?' exclaimed the youth, upon which Keese turned round to him slowly and fixing his attention upon him with great gravity, in a tone of solemnity and solemnity, addressed him, 'Has your father taught you to regard that as a damaged book?'"

Hard Times in Europe. A correspondent of the New York Nation, writing from Paris on this subject, says: "Europe is suffering now from the effects of a long crisis, which has many causes. I was lately in Germany, and nowhere is this crisis felt more keenly than in the country which of late years has gained the greatest success in the political field. Capital is everywhere unemployed and cannot find remunerative rates of interest. We are suffering in Europe from the excess of useless capital; more than two milliards of specie are in the vaults of the Bank of France. Production became over-abundant after the war of 1870, and we are feeling now the effects of this over-production."

An exchange says: "An Albany man who used to live on ten cents a day died wealthy." He may have died wealthy, gaze at these dark hollows, and Voirin, again lighting his pipe, cried out:

INTO THE WORLD AND OUT. BY MISS FIAT. Into the world he looked with sweet surprise. The children laughed so when they saw his eyes. Into the world a rosy hand in doubt. He reached; a pale hand took one rose-bud out. "And that was all—quite all!" No, surely! But the children cried so when his eyes were shut. —Scribner.

WIT AND HUMOR. WHAT Mrs. Stark said: "If John doesn't buy the Britishers he will be a grass wiuper directly." THEY shot a New York drummer in Deadwood for using a white handkerchief and cleaning his nails in front of the hotel. WHEN a new minister—and unmarried at that—comes into the parish, it's remarkable what an interest all the young ladies take in the paragon. MASTER JACKIE (inquiringly)—"Why don't baby eat buns, aunty?" Aunt Singleton—"Because she has no teeth, dear." Master Jackie (audibly)—"Then why can't you lend her yours, aunty? You ain't always using 'em."

FELLOW-TRAVELERS. said a colored preacher: "I had seen catin' dried apples for a week; and I took to drinkin' for a morn, I couldn't feel more swelled up den I am, I s'minit with pride and vanity at scin' such a full attendance."

OUR revolutionary fathers were wiser than we in some things. General Stark remarked, at the battle of Bennington: "Boys, you must win this fight; or Molly Stark will sleep to-night a widow." Now—days, he wouldn't be