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Tell Her So.

"Oh, my bonnie, brown bird, in my sweetlit
tle nest.
Why silent and sad, with no laughter and
song?
Of all the dear birdies, I love thee the best,
And know that thy love is as tender and
strong."

A ripple, a trill, and a gay little strain,
With fresh ruffled plumage to make her
more fair,
"If ever you ask me such questions again,
Look into your heart, for the answer is
there."

"You love me, yet tell me so seldom you do,
My heart gets to doubting, and sadder I
grow;
The joy that it gives me if once you but knew
I think you would always keep telling m
so."

Young and Old.

When we are young our boys are sweet,
They climb our knees and lie at our feet;
When we are old they are hard to please,
Cold as the rock and wild as the breeze;
They kiss us kindly and speak us fair,
But we know their hearts are otherwhere.
Oh, my son's my son till he gets him a
wife,
But my daughter's my daughter all her
life.

When we are young our days our bright,
And full of hope from morn till night;
When we are old we sit alone,
And think of pleasant days long gone,
When the house was full of the children's
noise,
The willful girls and the naughty boys.
Oh, my son's my son till he gets him a
wife,
But my daughter's my daughter all her
life.

THE RAVEN'S VOICE.

I was a very bold and fearless child, and my brothers and sisters often dared me to go into lonely places in the dark, or do perilous feats of various kinds, which challenges I never refused. Often they set out to play tricks on me, but it usually happened they fell into their own traps, while I performed my part in safety.

Very possibly the consciousness that they were about to dupe me gave me more courage than I would otherwise have had, for any unusual noise or appearance would be attributed to one or another coming to frighten me. But, night or day, I used to go straight up to and touch whatever seemed fearful, and finding the object of doubt resolved itself into very simple elements, I acquired an ease which stood me in stead in times of real danger.

We lived in a large old house built of English oak, and bearing its nearly two centuries very lightly. It opened to the south, and the two large parlors looked to the east and west. The dining-hall and spacious kitchen formed the square of the house, while at the west and back was another large room, sometimes called the great porch, and at the east and back was the dairy and another porch. There were three stairways leading to the upper rooms, and a garret, whose ample space was broken only by the great chimney in the center.

We had a gay and lively house, and were used to a great deal of company and visitors, for my parents were greatly given to the old fashioned virtue of hospitality. The humblest wayfarer coming in at the porch was entertained kindly and bade God-speed, as well as the guest whose elegant carriage and span drove round to the front door on the southern side.

I am not going now to tell you of my handsome "gentle" parents, or my brothers and sisters—only about myself. There were a great many of us when we were all at home, especially in the winter holidays, but at times we were nearly all away. Boarding schools, academies, traveling—all claimed us at various times. Yet it was rare indeed that one was ever at home alone. It so happened, however, and to me.

It was a summer day, and warm, bright and beautiful. The morning promised a lovely day. Just after our early breakfast, a merry party came riding down the lane, in carriages and on horseback, and calling joyously for my father and mother to accompany them on a pleasure trip. They were accustomed to this mode of impromptu festivity, and gayly answered that they would soon be ready. It was only the day before that my father had returned from the Australian gold fields, and had brought with him a bag of gold. I knew he had this, for I had seen him the night before counting some out of it, and putting it into another bag.

Thomas brought the chaise to the door. Father's favorite black horse, whose coat looked like lustrous velvet, and who stepped so proudly, was pawing the ground impatiently as he appeared. He handed in my beautiful mother, and I stood looking on with childish pleasure at her beauty and rich dress that so became her. My father suddenly turned to me and said, taking his key to his iron bound box:

"Run, Ann, and get me the little bag you saw me put away last night."

I was proud to be so trusted; but when I quickly returned with it, he was already in the chaise, and part way to the gate. He looked out and said:

"No matter now, Ann; you may put it back again, for we are going another road, and I will pay Harris to morrow. Take care of the key, my dear, and good-bye."

"Good-bye, and a good time to you," I laughingly replied, and ran back to put the treasure in safety.

I hastened indoors again to see them wind down the private way that led through our extensive grounds, and half wished I were old enough to go with them. Hearing a slight noise, I turned and saw a stranger, a figure not unusual, a man with a bundle hung on a stick.

He was leaning on the stone wall, and apparently looking after the carriages. He came forward in a moment, and asked if he might sit down and rest, and if I would kindly give him something to eat. Of course I said yes, and with light steps soon had him a substantial lunch of bread and cheese, which he came into the kitchen to eat. Betsey and Hannah were busy, hurrying to finish their work, for they were going out to tea and to spend the evening. They talked gayly about their visit, paying little attention to the stroller, who was quietly eating. He had laid his straw hat on the floor, and I saw that his head was bald on the top, and the thinnish hair brushed up from behind over it.

He had prominent ears, low forehead and large mouth, with a receding chin, where grew a stubby beard, of grizzly black, like his hair. I did not know why I observed all this, or his eyes, small and hid under grayish brows, that seemed to glance furtively about him when no one appeared to be looking. His voice was harsh and croaking, and had startled me when he first addressed me.

We were used to strollers of all kinds, as I have said. Perhaps I was mentally contrasting his repulsiveness with my father's noble and dignified features. He seemed to me very ugly. I was glad when he had finished his meal and risen to go. He asked permission to light his pipe, which was readily granted. He went out directly, passing accidentally through the dining-room and out of the great hall, where he lingered for a moment or two. He had thanked me civilly enough for his breakfast, but the girls laughed and nodded as he went out, and said they should think I had picked up a raven.

All that long, bright day I was busy and happy in the flower garden, or sewing, or reading; and when the girls left, looking very cheerful at their half holiday, I wished them a merry time, and told them not to hasten home, for Thomas should come for them. I expected my father and mother soon after eight o'clock, and I told Thomas that he might go about that time, as they would be home, and it looked a little like
Heavy clouds were gathering in the west, and the thunder rumbled sul-
lenly. He took the covered wagon and old gray, and, before he stepped in, said:

"Miss Ann, I think you had better fasten the doors, as you may be all alone for a short time if I go so soon. Would you not rather that I should wait till your father comes?"

"Oh, no, Thomas; I don't mind being alone in the least, and you ought to go, lest it should rain hard, for it is more than two miles to ride, and they may not wish to leave in a minute. I expect father and mother every moment. Don't wait."

So Thomas left, and the wagon rattled merrily up the lane. I bolted the doors because he had told me to, for otherwise I would not have thought of it. It grew dark rapidly, and the thunder began to peal heavily, while the wind rose, and the flashes of lightning grew more vivid and frequent. I went to the east parlor, and looked out to the south, but the sudden lighting up of the sky and the following darkness did not interest me long. I could not see out very well, either, as the honeysuckles covered the window. The large mirror reflected me as I turned away to cross the room, and I stopped a moment with a natural vanity, for I was young and fair enough to look upon.

I let all my hair fall loose, and wound it in long, shining, brown curls over my fingers. It certainly did look handsome, for it was very thick, and fell below my waist, and curled almost of itself as it fell. There came a great flash of light, and I saw distinctly reflected in the glass a face looking in the window. It was an instant of terror, but I neither screamed nor moved. The face could not see my face, and I kept my body still, and rolled the long, shining rings off my cold, white fingers. It was an ugly face, and I recognized it. I had seen it that morning, and I knew what lay before me. I prayed inwardly a brief prayer for help.

Turning from the glass, I went steadily toward a table that stood near the window, and on which I had left my candle. I moved steadily as usual, and took up the water pitcher and looked in it, then took my candle and went toward the kitchen. The lightning kept flashing, but the face did not come again. I dropped my candle on the kitchen hearth and put my foot on the wick. I set down the pitcher on the dresser, and with soft, light footfall hastened through the west room up the front stairs, into my father's chamber, and softly closed and bolted the door at the head of the stairs. I unlocked his box, took out both the bags of gold, relocked it, and made my way into the great chamber.

I heard voices; I heard the doors tried below. I knew it was not my father, for I dared not tremble nor grow faint. I went through that room and two others to the garret stairs. I hardly breathed. I heard a window pushed up; more than one person came in at it. I felt about me in the dark. There was a sliding panel in the inside of the stairway. I pushed it and it rolled back. I entered into a long closet under the stairs, and slid the panel carefully into its place. I felt cautiously to see if all was safe. I pulled my dress close about me lest it might be caught, and the door not closed tightly. Then I waited. I heard steps coming up the stairs. I heard a search through all the rooms below. My heart beat till I thought that each bound must be audible, heard voices—one voice, the Raven's. I knew that harsh croak. It told me nothing. The face had revealed all to me. The man had seen the bag of gold as he leaned over the wall in the morning, unnoticed by the gay group. It was all plain to me. He had gathered from the girls' talk that I might be alone. He had returned and watched. He had brought accomplices. Very soon the steps and voices came my way. I could distinguish plainly the words that were spoken.

"Drat her! she must have seen you."

"No matter; we'll split the box open with this ax."

I knew the ax was in the little porch. Thomas had set it in when he had done chopping the brush, as it looked like rain.

I heard the steps and voices move away, a dull, crashing sound, and then stifled, angry tones. I knew they had opened the box, and found nothing but the papers. I knew they would now search for me. I heard them as they looked into every room and closet, and came up the stairs separate. They all met at the foot of the garret stairs. A thick board was between us. I thanked God that the panel was close shut. I knew it, for no ray of light came through.

"She must be up here," said the Raven, "and we'll soon have her."

"I'll warrant she is here, and I'll wring her neck if she makes a noise about it."

But the thorough search was ended, and the voices grew very angry and full of frightful oaths and threatenings. They sat down on the garret stairs to hold a parley. A spider ran across my face. A spider puts me in mortal fear. It was with a great effort that I kept from screaming.

"Come," croaked the Raven, "let us go and get the silver; that will be something—that will be something."

"Curse the silver. It's the gold I've come for, and I'll burn the house if I don't find the girl! So let her look out!"

A cold perspiration came on my forehead. Would they perform their threat?

"Good! Then the rats will squeak, 'Down drop the money bags,' and we'll choke the girl to make her dumb."

"Hold your noise. The old man will be coming home. We'll be caught here. Be quick."

"Who cares for him? He's only one. A bludgeon will give him a handy little headache as he comes in."

"And his wife?"

They spoke low, hideous words that made my flesh creep. I almost was ready to call aloud, to open the panel, to give them the gold, and bid them go. They got up, and the steps and voices went down. It was horrible there in the dark. I was stifling. I moved the panel slightly. No light entered. I slid it softly back. My resolution was taken. I would get out of the house, run down the road, and meet my father. I would save him. I left the gold in the closet, shutting it in close. I stole down two steps into the chamber below. I knew there was a window open there. I crept across the room, listening keenly. I lifted myself cautiously on the window ledge, and caught a branch of the cherry tree which grew close to the house. Swinging myself lightly out, I hastily descended the trunk of the tree, and found myself on the ground safe.

No. The lightning flash betrayed me. The Raven's voice shrieked, hoarsely: "There she goes! Catch her! Quick! This way!"

Out at the front door came the pursuers, hardly ten steps from me. I dashed toward the thick shrubbery to put them off the track. Fortunately I knew the way, every step of it. They were guided solely by the sound and flashing light.

"Shoot her by the next flash!" cried one.

My flying feet struck loose boards. I was passing directly over an old, unused well, very deep, and it gave back a hollow, resonant sound. Almost the next moment I heard a crash, the report of a pistol, a heavy fall, oaths and a deep groan. Shuddering, I sped on through the garden, up toward the cider press, over the stone wall, down the hollow, up the hillside, over the fields. No steps followed; no voices shouted after me. I ran down to the second bars, and let them down. It began to rain a few great drops, then fast, then it poured. I was wet to the skin. I ran on, for I heard advancing wheels coming rapidly. I stood in the road and cried: "Father! father!" The chaise stopped. Another chaise behind stopped also. It was our next neighbor's, who lived a quarter of a mile further on.

"Ann, my child. Good heavens! What is the matter? What has happened?"

I told the whole in a few words, amid eager exclamations of joy at my safety, of surprise, even of anger, because Thomas had left me alone.

"Don't blame him, father; I insisted on his going."

A hurried consultation took place. My father was very brave. Our neighbor was very timid. He proposed going on to his house and returning with weapons. In the meantime I had got into the chaise and crouched down at my mother's feet, who was half crying, and wholly thankful to feel me there.

We rode on, and came to our gate under the willows. There were lights in the house, but all was still. Nothing moved. My father put the reins in my mother's hands, and opened the other gate that led up the lane.

"Will you go home with Nathan?" said he,

"And leave you here? No."

"Take your wife home, Nathan, if you will, and come back."

"We will stay by you."

"Let us reconnoiter, then, a little."

They got out, leaving us sitting still. The rain fell less heavily. They got something that would do for weapons from the toolhouse. They went all round the house—all was quiet. They went in. We sat still, speaking few words, my hand clasped in my mother's.

"Thomas is coming!" I exclaimed, eagerly. "I hear the wheels."

We called to him as he came to the gate, for he could not see us. He drove through and called out:

"What is the matter?"

We told him sufficiently, and he left Betsey and Hannah, and went in at once, with only the heavy whip. We did not sit long. Nathan came out directly.

"What have you found? Who is there?"

"Nothing. Nobody."

"Are they all gone?"

"Yes, with some of the silver and a few things. We don't know what yet."

The horses were put under the shed and we all went in. Father said, calmly:

"We will take a lantern, Thomas, and look round out of doors a little."

I knew they would go to the old well. I stood and looked out of the window and saw the gleam of the lantern as it moved. In a very few minutes they came back.

"One of them is dead," said my father, "and the other lies at the bottom and groans. The third has escaped."

They laid boards across some barrels in the shed, and brought up the dead man and laid him on them. His comrade, who fell in the well, had shot him in the head as he plunged through the boards. His ugly face was still uglier. It was the Raven. That night my father's prayers were very solemn, and his embrace was close as he gave me my good-night kiss.

The robber in the well was bruised, but not seriously hurt. The law took him to punishment. The third escaped. I was never left at home again alone.

Little Tommy's Letter.

DEER MA: I wisht you wood come homb. Jonny shuts me up in the clozzet and pinches me awful cos I wont shuv eginst for him to cut it burts my hans, an he ses none of the chickens is going to be mine when my hen comes awf cos they was his egs what she set on. The old black banty tride to set but we diddent want black chickens, we wanted wite, so we chaste her awf every day, an the wite hen woodent set till Jonny tide her onto the nest, an she duzzent set she stans. He sed he wood give me One chicen cheap for 25 cents an I bawt it. Deer Ma I miss you awful. Cant I have some pants of my owen an not Jonnys? That feller what comes to see Ant Cad was here last night. He set on the sofy an Jonny was under the sofy but he diddent no it at awl. When Ant Cad came in the feller tole her ses he they is plenty of rume here, an she set down bye him. Then he kist her, not rite away but bine by an she was rele mad an got up and slamed the door. When she came back he kist her agen an she kept telling him to stop, but he diddent til Jonny run a shaul pin into his leg. Then Ant Cad reecht in an hawled Jonny owt, an boxt his eres an cawled him a you nawty boy, an Jonny cride, an the feller sed it was no matter. The flour what Granma cawls serius olumed the other rite. She sent for evry boddy to come an see it and the hows was ful of fokes an a lot stanning owt on the pavement looking into the window. They was a coming an goen evry minnit. They sed it was wunderfull. I thawt it was a nice flour, an Jonny whispered pick it an I pict an I aint got over it yet. I am so scar I cant bare to set down mutch. Our girl has got a bow. He must be a very ritch gennelman, he wares such a big long gold chane wounded twice around his neck, an then such a wach! with too lids to it, and he ses it is a court cronomyter wach. When he wants to no wat time it is, if it is in the day time, he just lays it onto a fents or a post an lets the sun shine on it, and then if he staze there til it is noon, he can tell egzactly what time it is. If it is afternoon he has to wate til next day. When the sun dont shine he cant tell enyway, an when it is nite he dont no. Ant Cad ses it is the best court wach she ever saw, I want you to send me too shilen in your nex letter an rite rite away. I want to here from you so mutch I cant wate.

Your afexunate son
TOMMY.

The Turkish Capital.

The population of Constantinople, with the suburbs, is now estimated at 800,000, and the burden of vessels clearing the port at about 4,000 tons. The Roumelian railroad connects the city with the northern provinces, passing through a wonderfully rich but wretchedly cultivated country, and before long there will be a more direct railroad communication with Europe by a line meeting the Ruschuk-Varna railroad, and crossing the Danbue at Gurgieve, to join the terminus of the Roumanian truck line. Pera, thanks to frequent fires and foreign residents, bids fair to blossom into a pleasant place for a Christian to dwell in. Two-thirds of it was burned in 1870, when 2,000 houses, including the British embassy, were destroyed. It is not being rebuilt on the former site, but a large town is raising around the spot where the old town stood, and about Galata, covering a wide area. A very important Christian city is probably destined to grow up here, under the auspices of the embassies which cluster on Pera's heights.

THE PATH OF VIRTUE.

The Sad Story of a Young Man's Crime—The Road to Vice.

There is nothing sadder in the literature of romance than is the story of the defalcation in the National Park bank. It is a melancholy tragedy in real life, surpassing, in its sorrowful details, anything that the novelists can invent—a tragedy, truly, although the sufferers by Ellis' sin are still alive; more truly a tragedy, indeed, because the blow which he has struck at the persons nearest to him is of a kind that does not kill the body.

For eighteen years this man has labored to build up a reputation which was worth infinitely more to him and to the family that he had called about him than life itself. He had been diligent and faithful in his business. He had grown up with the bank in which he worked, and had become a part of its working machinery. He had passed through all the lower grades of office there, and was the most confidently trusted of the bank's officers. The millions in its vaults were in his sole keeping. The president and the cashier alone were above him in rank, and they trusted him implicitly. In the natural course of events he would have succeeded them in office. His slowly earned reputation for fidelity had been abundantly tested, and it was a solid and secure capital for him. He had been "up to his elbows in money for years," and the time had long ago gone by when there was room for doubt as to his strict integrity. He was rich; richer than any amount of money could make him, because his wealth was of a kind that no thief could steal and no adverse fortune could take away from him. His salary, too, was ample, and he had all the means of comfortable and even of moderately luxurious living.

The lust of gold seized him, and for a sum which to such a man ought to have seemed paltry, he sold all this. He threw away his capital, throttled his honorable reputation, destroyed the results of a patient lifetime's work, abandoned the prosperous and happy future which he had so laboriously secured, and in one minute changed himself from an honorable man, whose success in life was already accomplished, into a thief hiding from the officers of the law.

All this is terrible, but this is only the smaller and less tragic part of the story. This man had for his own something more than wealth, something better than success. In his Brooklyn home there were a wife and five children, and the wrong done to them was more terrible than any words of ours can hint. There is a bright boy there, twelve years of age, this man's firstborn son, and we read in the newspapers that when that boy saw the story of his father's guilt in the journals he sunk under the blow, and wept. Who shall picture the agony which brought those tears? Who shall tell, who shall even imagine the crushing, blighting effect of this man's crime upon the life and soul of that boy? The child has been reared to hold in highest respect those principles of fidelity to trust and integrity of character which had made his father a trusted and honored officer of a great metropolitan bank. His pride in such a father as his was believed to be must have been the highest joy of his life, and his young ambition must have been to follow in his father's footsteps, to win for himself a like reputation, perhaps to follow his father in the very institution in which the father's honors had been won.

The light is all gone out of that young life now. The bright boy, with high impulses and with the stimulus of a father's conspicuously honorable career as a motive to earnest effort, has in a single hour become the son of a thief. His little brothers and sisters are under the same terrible cloud which overshadows him and which nothing can ever remove. The picture is too horrible to contemplate, and yet it thrusts itself upon the gaze of every father with depressing, but let us hope with whole some effect. That poor boy, weeping over a grief that even time cannot assuage, is much more truly and much more terribly the victim of his father's sin than he would have been if he had fallen dead under a blow from his father's hand. The thought of him in his grief is a nightmare from which there is no escaping; and Ellis' reward for all this tragic work was a paltry sum of money which he may easily waste in a single year.—*New York Evening Post.*

Burns and Scalds.

Burns and scalds are among the most common of accidents, and perhaps there are none for which more remedies have been suggested and employed. With some of these remedies it is the duty of all of us to become familiar, that we may know what to do in an emergency. It is a thousand pities to have the chance, once in a lifetime, of playing the part of the good Samaritan and lack the skill. The first thing to be noticed is, that in moving injured people great care should be taken not to add to the effect of the shock which the system has already experienced. In removing the clothes there must be no tearing off of the burnt or blistered skin, which affords a useful protection for the injured surface. The next thing is to cover the burnt or scalded parts with material that will exclude the air. Flour answers well, and should be freely applied. Or common whiting, reduced by cold water to the consistence of thick cream, may be spread on a light linen rag, and applied to cover the injured surface. The ease it affords is instantaneous, and it only requires to be kept moist by occasional sprinkling of cold water. Cotton wool, if at hand, may be wrapped round the injuries, or lint, or linen rags steeped in water may be used. These may be covered with oiled silk. A mixture of linseed oil and lime water, in equal proportions, may be applied with rags laid over the burns. The more extensive the surface involved in the accident, the greater care should be taken not to expose it to atmospheric influence, which increases the pain, and also adds constitutional depression. Should the sufferer be greatly exhausted, give brandy or other stimulant; if the pain be excessive and irritating to the nervous system, ten drops of laudanum should be given until professional aid can be obtained.

A Handsome Sum.

The report that Mr. Delane will shortly retire from the editorship of the London *Times* excuses a reference to a statement which has been going the rounds relating to the births, marriages and deaths column of the great journal. It was said that those were at first inserted gratis; but Mr. Walter, the then proprietor, thinking that a Benedick might very well pay a trifle for the announcement that he had volunteered into the "noble army of martyrs," fixed a tariff of half a crown upon each epithalamium—the money to go to the printers. One morning at breakfast Mrs. Walter suggested that the sum realized in this way would fit in very nicely to her pocket allowance; and her husband, seeing with the eyes of his wife, diverted the revenue accordingly. At the subsequent transfer of property, it was found that the triple record of human weakness and mortality was worth fully four thousand a year.

Only Four Hundred Miles.

We cannot conceal a sense of disappointment at the return of the English north pole expedition without having accomplished its direct object. Captain Hall pushed the little Polaris, a vessel but poorly adapted to its task, to within four hundred and sixty-four miles of the pole, and the English expedition, under Captain Nares, only reached sixty-four miles further in sledges. His advance vessel—the Alert—wintered in latitude eighty-two deg. twenty-seven seconds, while the Polaris had wintered in latitude eighty-one deg. thirty-eight sec. Here is certainly a slight advance; but are we to consider that this is the limit? Dr. Hayes in 1860, with dog sledges, explored as high as eighty-two deg. forty-five sec., or only forty miles short of Captain Nares' furthest. Parry reached the same latitude north of Spitzbergen in 1827, and Captain Scoresby, in the Spitzbergen sea, touched eighty-one deg. thirty sec. in 1806, or within five hundred and ten miles of the pole. The efforts in the direction of the Arctic during seventy years, therefore, represent a total advance of one hundred and ten miles. No polar expedition went forth so well equipped and under such favorable auspices as that which has just returned. Doubtless no pains were spared by any person in the entire expedition to accomplish all that could be achieved; but we may here note our surprise that a single winter's experience was deemed to establish conclusively their inability to reach the pole. Why, for instance, was not one of the vessels dispatched south, after landing her stores, before the ice closed, to return with the open water bearing fresh supplies? The experience of all explorers who have adopted the Smith sound route has taught that the real effort begins at the eighty-second parallel, and hence, if Arctic exploration is not at an end, arrangements must be made in future expeditions for a journey northward on boat sledges of four hundred and eighty miles. The terrers, the enormous difficulties of such a journey, are pictured in the one fact that the heroic sledge party from the Alert could not advance more than a mile a day. If this speed cannot be bettered of ocurse discovery northward is at an end. The contributions to our knowledge of the Arctic regions will doubtless prove considerable, the tracing of the coast line of the American continent two hundred and twenty miles to the west of Greenland and a considerable distance to the east, in all, probably, one fifth of the circumference of the rim of the north pole being especially valuable. Captain Nares declares emphatically against Kane's open Polar sea. Below the eighty-second parallel animal life and the migration of birds cease. Beyond all is ice, ice, ice. "The impracticability of reaching the pole was proved," he says. If that has been fully demonstrated by one winter's effort we can permanently resign the north pole to the romancers who have had it so long. But has it been i—*New York Herald.*

The Tarantula's Bite.

Dan Sheppard, a workman on the South Pueblo water works ditch, Colorado, some time since, the Denver *News* says, was bitten by a tarantula. Sheppard was sleeping in a cabin on the Grayback ranch. He had made his bed on the floor, and had scarcely gone to sleep when he felt something pinch his left shoulder and then run across his face. He tried to catch it with his hand, but it escaped him. Severe pains beginning to shoot from the shoulder, Sheppard became convinced that he had been bitten by a tarantula. He then ran up the railway track to M. T. Robinson's, about a mile distant, in the hope of getting some whisky for use as an antidote, but unfortunately Robinson had no whisky on hand. He then returned down the track and went to a house near where he was bitten.

Sheppard is a stout, powerful man, but by this time he was nearly exhausted. The pain had passed from his shoulder down his left side, then into his legs and up his right side, until his whole body was affected, and he was in a state of the most excruciating agony. A neighbor immediately mounted his horse and galloped to Pueblo, eight miles distant, for a supply of whisky.

In the meantime Sheppard returned to his cabin, and in a short time, from the action of the poison, he became almost insensible, and his body, head and limbs became frightfully swollen. In just two hours and a half from the time he was bitten, the much needed whisky was received from Pueblo.

The poisoned man was now in a very critical condition, unable to move, and evidently at the very gates of death. The whisky was immediately administered, and he speedily revived. About a quart was given him, when, as Sheppard himself says, he began to feel himself the strongest man in Colorado, and it was with difficulty that four men could hold him. It soon became evident that the whisky would prove an effectual antidote to the tarantula poison.

Sheppard is now recovering rapidly, and though he is still weak, and has lost some thirty pounds in weight, there is little doubt that in a week or so he will be all right again.

It is a little singular that, although the effects were so terrible, the bite itself left a mark so smallas to be scarcely perceptible. Although the whole of the rest of the body was badly swollen, the spot bitten was scarcely affected.

An Army Examining Board.

Board of examiners and victim applying for commission:

Examiner—"Who was the greatest general of ancient or modern times?"

Mr. Green—"Some say Alexander, some Napoleon, others General Grant, but I think Moses was the greatest, because he carried an immense army with women, children and baggage across an arm of the sea, and didn't use a pontoon train."

"Who is the greatest man in the United States to-day?"

"Dr. Mary Walker."

"Who founded the city of Sevastopol?"

"Excuse me, general."

"The city of Sevastopol, Mr. Green."

"Oh, yes! Sebastopol. Hannibal, general."

"Now, Mr. Green, suppose you were marching your command through a hostile country, right in front, and you were hemmed in by the enemy on both flanks, with an impassable river in front and the sea in rear of you, what would you do?"

"Well, I think I should sit down and write to mother;" and he passed—out.

His Will.

A wealthy man died suddenly without leaving any will. The widow, desirous of securing the whole of the property, concealed her husband's death, and persuaded a poor shoemaker to take his place. Accordingly he was closely muffled in bed, as if very sick, and a lawyer was called in to write the will. The shoemaker, in feeble voice, bequeathed half of all the property to the widow. "What shall be done with the remainder?" asked the lawyer. "The remainder," replied he, "I give and bequeath to the poor little shoemaker across the street, who has been a good neighbor and a deserving man."

A SAD DISASTER.

The Railroad Collision on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad.

A frightful accident occurred on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroad at a station known as Lehigh Summit, on the Pecono mountain, twenty miles from Scranton. The regular afternoon train to New York and Philadelphia, consisting of seventeen passenger coaches drawn by three engines, had about twelve hundred passengers on board, principally bound for the Centennial Exhibition. The train was two hours behind time, and reaching the summit shortly after eight o'clock, stopped to take water from the tank. While there a heavy coal train, drawn by three engines, ran into the rear of the passenger train, telescoping two of the cars through and through, and breaking five others. The scenes that ensued were heartrending, although by a most miraculous circumstance the number of killed are few.

It seems that after taking water at Lehigh Summit one engine became detached from the train. After being coupled on again another start was made, which resulted in breaking off the last two cars. The two engines and fifteen cars went back for the stray cars, but in coming up missed the coupling. In backing up again, and when at about forty yards from the two detached cars, the long, heavily laden coal train came driving up at a speed of about fifteen miles an hour, ran into the detached cars and shot those forward into the rear of the rest of the train. The two detached cars, standing between the two trains, were, strange to say, but little damaged, and the rear cars of the fifteen, into which these were immediately plunged, also suffered little; but the fifth and sixth cars from the rear were literally knocked into kindling wood. The fifth car reared and was thrown right upon the car in front. The rest of the passenger train in front was not much injured, and even the engine of the coal train which had caused the damage was very little broken up.

Imagine two cars smashed into fifteen feet, and the splinters and blocks thrown into a heap in the most indescribable confusion, and the passengers pitched into this mingled mass of wood and iron, and wedged in such a way that the backs of the seats had to be broken in order to rescue many of them, the air filled with the shrieks of men and women, and the groans of the wounded, and one has only a faint conception of the scene. Some of the passengers had stepped off the train to wait for the watering of the engine, and so fortunately escaped. These, and the uninjured on the train itself, immediately set to work to rescue the wounded. Some of these were so tightly wedged in by the *debris* of the car that it was a long time before they could be extricated, and their sufferings were indescribable. To add to the horror of the scene, one of the cars took fire and was destroyed.

Surgeons had been telegraphed for to Scranton, eighteen miles away, and Stroudsburg, thirty-five miles. There was one surgeon at Gouldsboro, two miles distant, Dr. Patterson, who was soon on hand and did all he could. But what could one physician, however skilled and however humane, do with so many wounded? The officers of the road did all that possibly could be done to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded while awaiting the arrival of the surgeons who had been telegraphed for, and who, it seemed, would never come. It was at least two hours before the Scranton and Stroudsburg corps of surgeons arrived. They reached the place about the same time, and numbered about fifteen. With them came probably forty persons from the two places, and all set to work binding up wounds. The country near Lehigh Summit is very sparsely settled, and but little aid could be rendered by the few residents.

As to the cause of the accident. The road in this section is full of curves, and the grade at the place of the disaster—which is only a watering place and telegraph station, the passenger station being two miles this side—is eighty feet to the mile. The passenger train left Scranton with two conductors, the regular conductor, Mr. Bush, being on the front of the train, and the extra conductor, Mr. Carling, on the rear cars. The rear car had the usual red light signal, but the crowd on the platform hid the signal from the engineer of the front engine of the on-coming train, so the latter claims. The curve hid the passenger train until the coal train was immediately upon it, and the steep grade required all the steam which could be carried. The actual cause of the accident was probably the fact that the machinists and men laboring in the yard at Scranton had been on a strike about a month, this being the third reduction of their wages, and, consequently, the rolling stock is sadly in need of repairs. On account of the Centennial, the road is constantly crowded with passenger and excursion trains, and all the stock is in constant demand. Two passengers were instantly killed and a large number injured. Several of the injured died:

Men and Women Cooks.

There seems to be more natural difficulty for the woman to learn than the man. There is a sweet tooth running through her sex which affects her taste and renders her less trustworthy. She is less exact, at least in the pursuit of this vocation, and does not reason as the man does. If he fails he thinks and tries to find out the cause of the failure, which she is less apt to do. He gives pounds and ounces as to quantity where she gives approximate handfuls. The man is more particular about the food which he consumes himself, which makes him more careful about what he prepares for others. Many women are content provided they have ice cream and sweet cake, or something equivalent thereto. Count de Najac, a man of some authority concerning the table in Paris, avers that the interest and traditions of the kitchen can only be confined with safety to men, and that if the women guests at a table were not under the eye of the stern sex they would begin dinner with the dessert. As may be conceived, this is a painful mistake for a Frenchman to make, but a sense of duty doubtless rises above all other considerations. Notwithstanding, even if men be superior to women in this calling, if any widespread movement is to come about the movement must come from them, for the kitchen is virtually in their hands.

A Business Girl.

When a Chicago girl received a dispatch from Wisconsin, announcing that her lover was going off with the consumption, she telegraphed to his friends: "Has poor Jeffrey kept up his life insurance?" The friend telegraphed back: "Policy for $10,000 in your favor is paid up till May 9, 1877. Poor Jeffrey cannot last after the first cold snap." The young lady then wondered philosophically how she would look in black, and telegraphed to Jeffrey:

"Darling, I will be with you on Tuesday, never to quit you during life.

"LURLINE."

"It will be a sad loss to you, my love," said her mother. "Yes, ma," sobbed the girl, "but the loss is fully covered by insurance."

A Lady Surgeon in the Army.

There was at this time at the cape a person whose eccentricities attracted universal attention—Dr. James Barry, staff surgeon to the garrison and the governor's medical adviser. Lord Charles described him to me as the most skillful of physicians and the most wayward of men. He had lately been in professional attendance upon the governor, who was somewhat fanciful about his health, but, taking umbrage at something said or done, he had left his patient to prescribe for himself. I had heard so much of this capricious, yet privileged gentleman, that I had a great curiosity to see him. I shortly afterward sat next him at dinner at one of the regimental messes. In this learned Pundit I beheld a beardless lad, apparently about my own age, with an unmistakable Scotch type of countenance, reddish hair, high cheek bones. There was a certain effeminacy in his manner, which he always seemed striving to overcome. His style of conversation was greatly superior to that one usually heard at mess tables in those days of non-competitive examination. A mystery attached to Barry's whole professional career, which extended over more than half a century. While at the cape he fought a duel, and was considered to be of a most quarrelsome disposition. He was frequently guilty of most flagrant breaches of discipline, and on more than one occasion was sent home under arrest, but somehow or other his offenses were always condoned at headquarters. In Hart's "Annual Army List" for the year 1865 the name of James Barry, M. D., stands at the head of the list of inspectors general of hospitals. In the July of that same year the *Times* one day announced the death of Dr. Barry, and the next day it was officially reported to the Horse Guards that the doctor was a woman. It is singular that neither the landlady of her lodging nor the black servant who had lived with her for years had the slightest suspicion of her sex. The late Mrs. Ward, daughter of Colonel Tidy, from whom I had these particulars, told me further that she believed the doctor to have been the granddaughter of a Scotch earl, whose name I do not now give, as I am unable to substantiate the correctness of my friend's surmise, and that she adopted the medical profession from attachment to an army surgeon, who has not been many years dead.

A Modern Antique.

There is a millionaire here, Hu Kuang Yung, says a Centennial letter, who has an exhibit of porcelain or chinaware that is very, very valuable, because it is very, very old. You must know that crackled ware is now all the rage; I do not know why, except that it is supposed to be very old when covered with a network of cracks. A jar all crackles is worth about $500 or $600. We had in the family a hideous thing—half bowl, half pitcher; old—ever so old—older than I am. Years ago it was laid away among the archives (we keep them in a barrel in the cellar) because grease would ooze out through the crackles. After a day among the chinaware at the Exhibition, Toffy, who is always diving into the musty recesses of the past to drag up some relic of kingly splendor, went down into the cellar and fished that bowl out. It was dark brown, and covered with ribs about half an inch apart. Toffy varnished it and painted the ribs a yellow green. Then she set it in the sun to dry. When dried, she placed it on the front parlor mantel, where it really looks hideous enough to be genuine. Visitors come in, eye the monstrosity, and say:

"What a—a—peculiar jar that is!"

"Yes; is it not? It is very old and rare. You may have seen them at the Exhibition—in the Chinese department. This crackled ware"—(taking it up carefully, and showing the network all over it)—"is very valuable, you know."

"Ah! I see; it is indeed remarkably beautiful; the design is wonderful. I had not examined any of them before, but I can see this is very rare."

"Yes," replies Toffy, "we prize it highly as a specimen of the antique," and then she replaces it cautiously and resumes her conversation.

The James Family.

Mrs. Samuels, the mother of the James boys, the famous Missouri maraunders, has left Clay county, Mo., and gone to Texas. On leaving she said: "I hope I shall at last find peace and rest in the new home I hope to find. I am very old now, and not the woman I was thirteen years ago, when trouble came upon me and mine with the war. My husband was hung by the Federals, and Jesse, then a boy fifteen years old, was whipped by the same gang until speechless because he would not tell where his brother Frank was. As for my family, here is all there is of it. Dr. Samuels is old and helpless. My little boy is unable to make a living yet. He is the next to the boy killed by the detectives at the time they threw in that hand grenade. Then there is my daughter. She was brought home from school to do the sewing for the family when I lost my arm. Besides these three helpless members of my family, I have an old colored woman who has lived with us on the farm over there in Clay county for thirty years. She will never leave us; she is too old to do for herself, and will not take her freedom. Then I have an old paralyzed colored man belonging to the family. I must keep him as long as he lives. And then a little child adopted by me, and old Aunty, make up my family. There, you see, are eight of us, all helpless and all harmless, and why we must be hunted out of the home we have lived in for thirty years I cannot understand."

It was Very Warm.

At a dinner party there were two sisters present, one a widow who had just emerged from her weeds, the other not long married, whose husband had lately gone out to India for a short term. A young barrister present was deputed to take the widow down to dinner. Unfortunately he was under the impression that his partner was the married lady whose husband had just arrived in India. The conversation between them begun with the lady's remarking how extremely hot it was. "Yes, it very hot," returned the young barrister. Then a happy thought suggested itself to him, and he added with a smile: "But not so hot as the place to which you husband has gone." The look with which the widow answered this "happy thought" will haunt that young barrister till the day of his death.

To Come Back.

A man considerably more than half drunk presents himself at the police station:

Official—"Well, what do you want?"

Inebriate—"I want to be locked up."

Official—"Why?"

Inebriate—"Oh, I get drunk every Sunday and am locked up at night, but to-night I couldn't find any officer to take me up, so I thought I would come myself."

The sergeant reflects a moment, then replies, sententiously:

"If you are able to find the road to the police station by yourself you are not drunk enough to be locked up. Come back in an hour or se."

The Power of Conscience.

A touching incident, illustr