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The Light of Life.

Stand still and watch! A growing flush of light
Across the east blots all the pale stars out,
And reddens the swart clouds that swept about
The far-off dusky skylands of the night.

Morn creeps apace. The birds are plumed for flight,
And sing and listen as if half in doubt;
But day creeps on, and now with jocund shout
They mount the air, and so are lost from sight.

And so is love come to this heart of mine,
No sudden sunlight o'er a landscape gray,
And soon to fade again, but a divine,
Bright orb, that rises slowly o'er the way,
And blots out all the lesser ones that shine,
And makes the fair perfection of my day.

Night.

Night came down o'er all the earth,
And took the tired Day,
And clasped her tightly in her arms,
And bore her far away.
The moon like some vast light-house seemed,
Far up in the Milky Way;
The glistening stars, like tiny barks,
At anchor round her lay.

And like a single silver thread
That twines in some dark curl,
The river wound through trees and brakes,
A gleaming band of pearl.
I heard the soft low dip of oars,
Like a weary slow heart-throb;
And the wavelets lapped the bow of the boat—
A low half-broken sob.

And on that night, so long ago,
A vision wondrous sweet
Came to me in its fullest joy,
So perfect and complete.
O golden dream! why did I wake
To find it past and gone?
The dream was like a glorious day;
The waking, cold gray dawn.

'Twere better far that I had died
Believing it were true,
'Twere better far to sleep for aye
Beneath the sky so blue,
Then live, when each long weary day
Seemed longer than before;
When life is but a constant pain—
A wound unhealed and sore.

The river still flows murmuring on;
The stars are just as bright
As when the vision came to me
That restful summer night.
The same? Yes. I alone am changed.
Oh God! each weary day
I wish that I had died the night
The vision passed away.

—*Harper's Magazine.*

A Romance of the Pyrenees.

I am a Spaniard and the only son and sole heir of Don Guzman de Mansoria, a grandee of Spain of the second class, by whom I was educated according to my fortune and exalted rank. At the age of twenty-five I lost my father. It is the custom in Spain that at the death of a father the nobles should wear mourning for one year and pass that time in a state of absolute solitude at their remotest estates. I loved my father tenderly and deeply regretted his loss. I observed my country's custom on that event as holy duty and in conformity thereto removed into Aragon where I had a castle situated at the foot of Mount Maladetta, on the extreme frontier, between Spain and France. This was in the year 1779, when Spain was still beautiful and mighty, although the nobility and clergy ruled it with an iron despotism; and the feudal laws, more rigidly enforced than they had ever been, even in France, were better consolidated by the perfect understanding on this point between the priests and the crown. The nobles ruled the people and the king ruled all. For my part, I frankly admit that I was proud of my title of Count and prized the prerogatives of my rank and the rights of my birth. My steward dispensed justice to my vassals in my name, and when his decisions appeared unjust to them they appealed to me in person.

The gallows, which stood before the great gate of the castle, pithily announced my power of condemning to death within the limits of my county. By law all smugglers were subject to this rigorous penalty, to which my deputy always condemned them with unsparing severity, and which I always commuted to a lighter punishment. At this time the smugglers were in greater numbers than they are now, and as I had received directions from court to suppress the illegal traffic, I had armed my vassals, who patrolled all the defiles and byroads, scoured the mountains, and assisted the officers of the king's customs on all occasions. This rigorous pursuit of the smugglers increased their audacity and inspired them with desperation and revenge. Before they were only dealers in prohibited articles; they now became brigands, organized regular bands into troops, and opposed open resistance in the field to the king's and my jurisdiction. One day fifty of my people were attacked near La Picade and cruelly massacred by these bandits; whereupon I vowed never again to remit or commute the sentence of my deputy, but to hang up the first suggler who should be captured.

A few days afterwards the worthy functionary was announced and presented me with a death-warrant for my signature. I hesitated, trembled and could not proceed. It is such a shocking, chilling thought that a few letters, so rapidly and easily traced, should have the power of depriving a fellow-creatnre of life! I tried to read the sentence, but my eyes were clouded and I could not see distinctly, so I asked the steward to read it. He commenced with an official tone, but I stopped him at the second line—when I found that the culprit was a girl only eighteen years old.

"My lord," said the functionary, "Milanetta is the daughter of the Captain of the smugglers. She daily deceives the vigilance of the guards, and passes and repasses between Spain and France with intelligence to direct the movements of the two troops of bandits, and they could not possibly baffle our authority but for her. This young woman is guilty; I have condemned her, and it is your duty to sanction the law's award. You have pledged yourself to the rigid execution of justice to your vassals, and you owe it to the kind. The word of a Spanish grandee is sacred; therefore, my Lord, you must sign that paper."

"Never! What; send a girl only eighteen years old to death! I couldn't muster strength to do it. What did she urge in her defense?"

"Nothing."

"Has she confessed the charge?"

"No."

Then I suspend the execution of the sentence. Conduct Milanetta here. I wish to see and interrogate her personally."

My deputy obeyed, and in an instant afterwards Milanetta stood before me. Oh, if you had seen that youthful creature, glittering with grace and beauty! Had you noticed the sublimity of her looks at that trying moment, the clear olive of her expansive brow (the sun, you know, kisses our Spanish maidens with a scorching embrace), her dark tresses floating loose in the mountain breeze, her noble attitude and the majestic bearing of her head, like me, you would first of all have admired; like me, you would have felt an involuntary respect for her; like me, perhaps, you would have loved her! I was then only twenty-five, and knew nothing of women but what I had learned in the cloisters of Salamanca or the courts and revels of Madrid. My heart was yet in its virgin freshness, my head was heated under our burning sun, and I felt that inscrutable want of something to love; something to invest with the rich worship of my soul; something which should burst upon me like a vision of light, even if it consumed me in its revalation. When I commenced my examination I was much more agitated than my prisoner. We were alone, and I am sure my emotion must have been apparent when I said:

"Do you know the punishment to which the steward has condemned you?"

"Yes, my lord," she answered, in a low, calm voice—"to death."

"Before confirming the law's sentence I have desired to see you, to ascertain from yourself whether you have no extenuating circumstances to allege."

"Nothing."

"You are a smuggler, then?"

"Oh, no!"

"Why, then, do you cross into France every night? What other motive could induce you to expose yourself to such peril?"

"That I will never disclose."

"Recollect that the only means of saving your life is a frank and unreserved declaration of —— "

"I know it, but I will not do it. I will reply to you, my Lord, as I did to your judge: 'I have never smuggled.' Whether I cross nightly into France or not is my own business, and my motives are my own. My doom is spoken; let it be executed; I am ready to suffer it. My Lord, I shall not answer another inquiry."

From that moment she was insensible to advice, menaces, or entreaties. Nothing could overcome her obstinate silence. During three days I was constantly with her, and did all that I could to extract her secret from her; but she treasured in the bottom of her heart what she wished to conceal from me, while she soon guessed what I dared not disclose to her. Yes, it was in her chill and comfortless cell that I—her judge, her lord, the arbiter of her life—fell at her feet and revealed in passionate accents what she had already read in my looks and gestures. It was in her prison that she coldly repulsed my love and rejected her pardon on the terms I offered it. No one who had seen us then would have said: "He is the judge and she is the victim." She was always calm, cold and resigned, while I endured all the tortures of disappointed love irritated by repulses. The vault of the prison resounded with my entreaties and angry exclamations, with my sighs and passionate appeals; and I momentarily was the prey of every contending emotion—now ready to kill Milanetta, and now resolving to save her at all hazards; now begging her to be mine, and now determined to bid the executioner perform his fatal office. I was no longer myself—I loved for the first time, and the being to whom I poured out my heart and soul in protestations of adoration, transport, and idolatry, coldly answered: "I cannot listen to you; I love another." After an awful outbreak of rage at such an announcement, I insisted upon knowing who my rival was, but she replied, with the same calmness of tone and look, "That you shall never know."

At this juncture a violent knocking was heard at the prison door. My people were looking for me on all sides, as a French nobleman had just arrived in great haste at the castle, and demanded to see me immediately. I went to him at once, striving in vain to hide from my servant the emotions with which I was agitated, and at whose violence I myself was alarmed. I made my appearance in the great hall, a prey to the most gloomy forebodings. I there saw a young man who was pacing the hall with hurried steps, and who desired to converse without witnesses.

"I am the Marquis de Clairval," said he; "I possess a castle in France, which like yours, is on the very frontier, and like you I am engaged in suppressing smuggling and executing justice against those engaged in it."

The name of the Marquis was familiar to me, as we had corresponded together to devise measures for the security of the frontier.

"But," continued he, "however rigid and unrelenting may be our justice against those taken in the act, it is rather too much that we should condemn innocent people to death merely because they refuse to give reasons for their behavior.

"To what do you allude, Monsieur?"

"Listen to me. A young girl, named Milanetta, has fallen into the hands of your officers—"

"Ha! can you explain—?"

"That is the sole object of my visit. It was but this morning that I heard of her arrest, her condemnation and that she declined disclosing the motive of her frequent trips into France by night. I know the cause and am come to unfold it to you; but it is in full confidence of your honor and discretion. Milanetta is mine!"

"Yours? You Milanetta's lover!"

"You seem surprised at this—because such a beautiful creature as Milanetta did not reside with me in my castle, or that I did not take her with me to Paris during last winter. You may be also astonished that a noble of France should be sufficiently enamoured of a peasant girl to submit to the constraint of mystery and the harass and trouble of nightly and dangerous interviews. But Milanetta is not one of those women who yield easily, nor is she one whose influence can be easily shaken off."

"I think I know her character," I added.

"Oh, no! You never can know the deep well of love and energetic feeling in the heart of that young creature. She has risked everything to see me and to love me in secret—and now you have the object of her nocturnal journeys, which she would not disclose to you because she would have had to blush at the confession, and least a public declaration made to her judge should come to the ears of her father. To prevent this she would have died without opening her lips. Now, my Lord, I have said sufficient to convince you that she is unjustly condemned. You are absolute here. I ask her pardon of you and feel assured that you will gladly concede it."

The Marquis's language, the love which he confessed, and Milanetta's passion for him, of which he boasted so proudly and fervently, threw me into rage and despair. Ideas of vengeance and of blood rushed through my brain till I grew giddy. Without a consciousness of what I was doing, or going to do, I rang the bell impatiently and ordered Milanetta to be brought immediately before me.

"Do not let her see me!" cried the Marquis; "let her not be made acquainted with what I have done! If she learned that it was to me that she owed her life, her feelings towards me would be all absorbed in gratitude, and it is her love only that I desire."

This expression increased my frenzy, while the Marquis, who was nearly as much agitated as I was, did not perceive my emotion. He only heard the sound of steps in the corridor, and thinking that it was Milanetta who approached, he asked me where he could conceal himself. I pointed to the door of my closet, and the moment it closed upon him Milanetta came into the hall. For a moment I was speechless, overpowered by transports of envy and passion. Milanetta turned away from the fierce expression of my features. With a hoarse voice I shouted, "I know your lover now; I am no longer ignorant who it is you prefer to me. He has come to solicit your pardon. The Marquis de Clairval has cleared you of the charge of smuggling, but has acknowledged that you are his love!"

"What!" she frantically exclaimed, "has the Marquis been here?"

"He is here still, Milanetta.

"What, here? here in your power? Oh! spare him, my Lord, spare him. It is I only who have deserved your vengeance—death is my portion; but for him"——

"Yes, scornful girl! Death for you! He has asked for mercy for you—he has come to ask me to place you again in his arms; but I will give you to the executioner, and your lover shall witness"——

The Marquis flung open the door with violence. I had quite forgotten that he was there, and he had heard every word I spoke. At his appearance Milanetta uttered one despairing shriek, while I looked at them both vindictively. He beckoned me aside, and said with a low voice: "My Lord Count, you are a gentleman by birth, but you have disgraced your name and rank. Among people of our station the sword is the only arbiter, and the injuries of jealousy and love are settled by that appeal. It is not by hanging Milanetta that you should revenge yourself when you have the opportunity of a gentleman of fighting me."

"What! Would you accept a challenge?"

"This very instant."

"But you know the strict laws against duelling, and the rigorous strictness with which both kings exact the penalty?"

"I know very well that both in France and Spain the duellist is punished by the forfeiture of his estates; that his shield is defaced and his coat of arms burned, and that if his enemy is killed he is beheaded; but I hate you now as strongly as you can hate me, and to hold my sword's point to your heart I would face every peril and every disgrace!"

"To-morrow, then, at daybreak, I will be at Venasque with a second."

"Be it so. And now sign Milanetta's pardon."

"Her pardon!"

"It is the first and only condition of our meeting."

I signed it, and handed it to Milanetta, who refused to take it.

"What will it avail me," said she, "when my father knows the secret of my nocturnal journeys? When he questions me, what answer can I give him? If I tell him the truth he will kill me on the spot."

"Kill you, Milanetta?"

"He is only a smuggler or a bandit in your eyes; but this bandit is as jealous as any peer of France or grandee of Spain. He will kill me I tell you, and I would prefer dying by the executioner's hand to his."

Next morning, before the sun rose I was at the very extremity of the Spanish frontier, and the Marquis made his appearance almost as soon. He brought his second but I had forgotten to bring one. A man on horseback was passing within a few paces of us. I called to him and asked him if he would become my second in a duel.

He immediately dismounted, measured our swords like a man accustomed to the business, and offered me his own as better tempered than mine. We had scarcely crossed our blades when the French and Spanish guards came running up, separated us, enjoined us to desist, and threatened to arrest us if we renewed the combat. Milanetta had informed them of our intentions. I perceived the rage and mortification of the Marquis at this interruption, but I told him that we could laugh at their interference, and fight before their faces without their having the power to interfere.

"The frontier of France and Spain is marked by that cross. You, who are a Frenchman, cross into Spain, while I step into France. We can then cross our blades, with our feet touching the frontier line, which we can keep between our bodies and our swords. The Spaniard who fights a Frenchman on French ground, and the Frenchman who meets a Spaniard on the Spanish soil, cannot be reached by the law, for the King of Spain has no more power over you than the King of France has over me, and neither would violate the laws of nations by arresting their subjects on a foreign territory."

With one bound I stood upon the territory of France, while the Marquis remained in Spain, and we both called to the guards: "Back, marshalmen of France, you have no authority over a noble of Spain." "Away, holy brotherhood of Spain; keep your hands off a gentleman of France."

The soldiers fell back amazed and irresolute, while we stood and fought in the narrow pass, where there was not room for more than a man to stand. Our swords had scarcely recrossed when the Marquis fell, pierced to the heart. I rushed forward to support him, when my second, holding me in his iron grasp, shouted: "Stop where you are! One foot forward and death stares you in the face, and that upon the scaffold!" His words were interrupted by a shriek, and we saw Milanetta fling herself upon the dead body, uttering the most passionate exclamations of agony and tenderness. My second gnashed his teeth, when he saw and heard her. He rushed to her and tore her roughly from the body which she embraced. She uttered a heart-piercing shriek, and, falling on her knees and clasping her hands, she exclaimed:

"Forgive me, father, forgive me!"

"Dishonored!" answered he, with a gloomy voice. "Then die with him!" and with one blow of his knife he laid her lifeless at his feet. Then lifting up her body he flung it to me, saying: "She who loved a hated Frenchman is not worthy of finding a grave in her country; the soil of Spain rejects the body of Milanetta."

"The guards of the holy brotherhood surrounded the smuggler, who threw his knife away and held out his hands to them.

"Bind me," said he, "I am the leader of the smugglers—you can hang me at once for smuggling, but not for killing my daughter. You have outlawed the smuggler, and therefore he takes justice into his own hands."

My estate was confiscated, my escutcheon disfigured, my castle burned and a price set upon my head; but heaven has punished me in lengthening my existence and protracting my sorrows. I have survived this event fifty years, but my heart is still young in recollections and sufferings, and from that time I have never trod upon the soil of my country!

A Dangerous Position.

On the coast of Normandy the women are tough and hard to kill. A few weeks ago the wives of three fishermen, having filled their baskets with shell-fish, were going home, when they found themselves suddenly in the midst of a dense fog, which prevented their seeing land. But they knew their way, and walked on. This was about six o'clock in the evening. When they thought they were near home they were surprised by the tide. They walked as long as they could, but at length had to stop. The water was then up to their knees. They had to remain in the water till the tide receded, the fog being still dense. They screamed as loudly as they could, but heard no voice in reply, and they were finally overtaken by the morning tide. Meanwhile their husbands were running up and down the sands with lighted torches, screaming with all their might; but neither party saw nor heard the other. At last the fog cleared away and the tide ran out, and the three fishermen's wives were rescued, after having been in the water twenty-five hours, and during a night when the frost had bitten every tree in the neighborhood. They did not seem to feel much the worse for their adventure, and were inclined to laugh over it.

A PHONOGRAPH AT WORK.

Making a Plate from Which a Perfect Production of Your Speech Can be Made When You Are in Your Grave.

The Philadelphia *Times* has an article describing Professor Edison's marvelous phonograph and how it works. We make the following extract:

The instrument was operated sometimes by Mr. Bentley, but principally by Mr. James Adams, the inventor's representative. Mr. Adams, a highly intelligent Scotchman, with a strongly marked Scotch accent in his speech, has been for five years the assistant of Professor Edison in the latter's electrical and other experiments. The machine occupied no more space than would a Webster's unabridged, and its construction appeared as simple as that of a housewife's coffee mill. It was a *fac simile* of one which Professor Edison is now constructing, and which is to have a capacity of 48,000 words.

Mr. Adams, before the performance began, thus explained the instrument: "In this gutta percha mouthpiece is a very thin diaphragm, made of tin type metal. The vibrations of the voice jar the diaphragm, which has in its center, underneath, a fine steel point. Around this brass cylinder, which, you see, is closely and finely grooved by a spiral, I wrap a sheet of tinfoil. I shove the mouthpiece up until the steel point touches the tinfoil, just above the first groove on the left. Turning the cylinder with this crank, I talk into the mouthpiece. The diaphragm vibrates, causing the steel point to perforate the tinfoil, leaving little holes of different diameters and resembling the old Morse telegraphic alphabet. The cylinder moves from left to right until the steel point has gone over the entire length of the spiral. Thus we have, as it were, a stereotyped plate of the voice. From this plate a matrix in sulphur (the most desirable substance for the purpose) can be formed, and years from now there can be taken from that matrix other plates capable of the same work which you will presently see this one perform.

"Now I turn the cylinder back to the starting place in order that the steel point may go over the perforations which it made when I talked in the mouthpiece. The steel point, kept down by a rubber spring underneath the diaphragm trips from hole to hole, causing the diaphragm to vibrate as it did when I was talking into the mouthpiece. This causing the corresponding opening and closing of the valves of the diaphragm, the words, intonation and accent are reproduced with perfect accuracy. It would be impossible for any human mimic to do it so well. The small end of this tin funnel is fixed in the mouthpiece to keep the reproduction from scattering. Now listen." Several gentlemen, evidently supposing that they would not be able to hear without having their ears close to the funnel, were putting their heads near the instrument, but Mr. Adams told them that such a proceeding was unnecessary, as they could distinguish the sounds well enough at a distance.

Mr. Adams, having wrapped a sheet of tin foil around the cylinder, spoke into the mouthpiece in a voice of ordinary pitch and time, but with distinct articulation, meanwhile slowly and regularly turning the crank, the following:

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To get a bucket of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown
And Jill came tumbling after.

Having reset the cylinder and fixed the funnel in the mouthpiece he turned the crank and the diaphragm repeated the rhyme, not only as distinctly as he had uttered it, but with so perfect a mimicry of the Scotch accent as to cause a general outburst of laughter, in which the genial operator heartily joined.

Causing the steel point to proceed from the ending of "Jack and Jill," Mr. Adams again put his mouth to the diaphragm and uttered in more varying tones, which had a range from almost a whisper up to a screeching soprano, the following:

Hallo! Hoop-la! Ya-hoo!
Nineteen years in the bastile!
I scratched my name upon the wall
And that name was Robert Landr-y-y-y,
Parlez vous Francais? Sprechen sie Deutsch?

Turning the crank backward until the steel point touched the beginning of "Jack and Gill," he again gave the forward motion. The diaphragm's elocution of the rhyme was on this occasion as good as before, and the second conglomeration of utterance was delivered by the vibrating metal with all the characteristics of the operator's ejaculations and recitation. For the sake of novelty the steel point was now caused to go along the perforated spiral, while Mr. Adams whistled, yelled and shouted all sorts of ridiculous things into the mouth-piece. As a result the bit of metal strongly affected the risible muscles of the audience by something like this:—

Jack and Jill went—"Cheese it!"—
Up the hill
To get a bucket—"O, wipe off your chin!"—
Of water.
Jack fell down and "Hello, young—
Broke his crown
Feller, does you're mother know you're out?"
And Jill—"Ya-hoo! I've bottled myself Edison"—
Came tumbling after.
Hallo! hoopla!—"Shut up!"—ya-hoo!
"Go bag your head!"—Nineteen years in the Bastile.
"I'm a"—Scratched my name—"a jolly Irishman"—Upon the wall
And that—"From Dublin town I came"—
Name was—"Ha, ha, ha!"—Robert Landry-y-y.
Parlee vous Francais?—"Go hire a hall!"
Sprechen sie Deutsch?—"Go, give us a rest!"

The effect of this was too ludicrous for description, and for a time all hands were uncontrollably merry. Having put on and caused the steel point to perforate a new sheet of tin foil, again speaking "Jack and Jill" into the instrument, Mr. Adams made the point travel backward, and the diaphragm reproduced the recitation, beginning with the last word, "after," and ending with the first word, "Jack." In this way the operator amused his audience for an hour. He became hoarse, but the instrument did not.

There is no electricity about the speaking phonograph, and, like so many other great inventions, its construction is so simple and its operation so easily understood that a person seeing it would probably ask himself, "Now, why didn't I think of that?"

The Great Pyramids.

So much has been written about the great pyramids, says a correspondent, that I will spare myself from entering upon the task of a description. I call it a task, because among the authorities I have on Egypt I find scarcely two agree on important points relating to the age, dimensions and theory of the construction of the pyramids. All, however, coincide in saying that the height of Cheops exceeds that of the spire of the Strasburg Cathedral, which is the tallest in Europe. The Sphinx stands in front of the second pyramid, and shows a length of 140 feet with the fore-paws extending an additional fifty feet in front. The height, according to Pliny, is 143 feet, and the circumference of the forehead 102 feet. When first exhumed a paved inclosed place was found between the paws, which contained the evidences of having been a small temple. The Sphinx was held by the Egyptians as emblematic of the king, or a combination of intellectual and physical power, and was worshiped as a deity.

A Sarcastic Mendicant.

"I'm very hungry," said a haggard tramp, with very red eyes, as he stood bowing obsequiously at the side entrance of a Court street house. "Won't you please, ma'am, be so good as to give me a little something to eat. Anything will do—odds and ends—cold or warm—it don't matter, for I'm not one of them high-toned, fried oyster fellers."

"My husband has forbidden me to encourage idleness by giving away any more provisions," replied the lady of the house. "He says you fellows have a sort of Free Masonry way of letting others know every house at which you have been fed, and it is sure to bring a troop of lazy vagabonds upon us who would starve before they'd lift a hand to work. So you will have to move on and get your breakfast some place else."

"But I'm not a vagabond, ma'am; I'm a hard-working, industrious man. I came up on a boat from Memphis to see my sick mother who lives out near Camden, and isn't expected to live. I was robbed on the boat of every cent I had and all my clothes, while I was in bed. The captain gave me these old things. I don't like to beg, but Camden is a good stretch from here, and I can't walk it on an empty stomach. Think of the outstretched arms of a poor sick mother toward her absent child, and put wings on my feet with a few cold potatoes. I'm just at that point where I can eat 'em without salt."

"I can't do it. They all have a story about like that. The last man I fed had to go to Columbus inside of twenty-four hours to save an innocent man from hanging, but two days afterward I saw him down town so drunk he couldn't hold his mouth shut."

"Well, I never drink. If I hadn't been robbed I could show you my Murphy ribbon that I've worn till it's raveled into strings. Long years ago I swore at my mother's bended knee—the same one who moans on her couch of pain because I'm not with her—that I would never touch the blighting cup, and I hain't, from that time up to this minute. Can't you help me to get there in time to comfort her declining hours with the joyful tidings that I have been steadfast through all temptation, by giving me the cold grub you had intended to dump into the garbage box? I'm awful hungry."

"I can't help it. I must obey my husband—his orders were positive," said the woman, snappishly.

"Well, you're the most extraordinary woman I ever saw if you do. But say, can't you give me the paper the beefsteak was brought home in, to chew as I go along. It may fool my stomach for awhile and make it brace up by thinking something better will be along presently. You'll do that much toward easing a fond parent's anxious heart, won't you.

"No, I won't."

"Well, then give me a newspaper and let me set by the fire and read the advertisement of a meat market, and show me the place where it tells all about provisions. Even that would give me a feast—for the imagination—which has been about the extent of my living lately. You won't believe it, maybe, but it's a fact, that all the nourishment I've had for two days is the bill of fare painted on the outside of the Fifth-street restaurant. Can you think of that and keep your stale bread on the inside of your cupboard?"

"Yes, I can; and I want you to make yourself scarce without any more palaver, or I shall send my boy to call a policeman," exclaimed the indignant woman.

"Even the photograph of a chicken would be some comfort," said the man, by way of banter, as he moved off, "and if you don't use soap in your dishwater a few potatoes sliced up in it would be regular barbecue for me."—*Cincinnati Breakfast Table.*

How Rubber Balls are Made.

The process of making the hollow rubber balls used by children for playthings is quite curious, and may be interesting to those not familiar with it. A Holyoke writer thus describes it: The upper room of the mill is prepared to push this branch of the business for a few months, and it will probably turn out some 50,000 dozen of those balls between January and June. These balls have a solid surface, are made by a different process from that of making the soft rubber balls which are perforated by an opening, and, of course, are much more firm, durable and elastic. The sheets of rubber prepared for the balls are cut into strips of double convex shape. The edges of the strips are moistened with a preparation of rubber and naphtha, by which they are joined firmly together, three of the strips being used for one ball. This part of the work is done by girls, and a skillful girl can earn about $1.50 per day. When the strips are joined together, the ball is very near the shape of a Brazil nut. Before the last opening is closed, a small quantity of carbonate of ammonia is put inside, which, when subjected to a strong heat, will make the rubber expand and fill out the ball mold. The opening is then closed with the adhesive mixture, and it is placed in an iron mold of the size and shape of the ball desired. The molds are packed into frames in which they are subjected to the heat of the vulcanizer. They are kept in place in the frame by iron rods along the side, and, when the frame is full, iron plates at the ends are screwed down tightly upon the molds to hold them in place. These iron plates are about three-fourths of an inch thick, and so strong is the expansive force of the rubber in the molds that they have bent this thick iron into a curve. If one of the molds should work out of place while vulcanizing is in process, the molds will fly out with a noise like the report of a dozen pistols, and the work is spoiled. The action of the heat does the rest. When the molds are opened they contain the perfect round balls, with no mark of the places where the pieces were placed. The slight ridge made by the mold is ground off by a stone used for the purpose, and the ball is done. This is but one process of rubber work. Besides the hollow balls are made solid balls of rubber, etc.

Death from Over-Eating.

A French cook named Paquette set out from a village on the upper Ottawa, Canada, some time ago, to walk to Gatineau Point through the snow, having supplied himself with provisions enough to last him several days. He proceeded quietly on his journey for the first day, but on the second, a blinding snow-storm came on, and he lost his way. At the end of the third day, the provision bag gave out, and he had not the slightest idea of his whereabouts. On the seventh day he had grown so weary that he was unable to walk any further. He lay down in a snow bank and made up his mind that there he would have to perish. He had been there but a few minutes when a horse and cutter came in view, and he had barely sufficient strength left to hail the driver. He succeeded, however, in the end, and it turned out to be a priest, to whom he told his story. The prtest drove him to the parsonage and gave him something to eat. He then left him alone at the table whilst he went outside to look after his horse, and when he returned, found Paquette lying on the floor writhing in agony. He had eaten too much and died before a physician could be summoned.

A REVOLT OF CONVICTS.

Some of the Details of the Horrors upon a Recent Outbreak of Chilian Prisoners.

Some time ago news was brought of an outbreak of Chilian prisoners confined at a penal colony in Patagonia, South America, but no details were given. Later news is now at hand, and the New York *Times* says: A letter from Sandy Point, Patagonia, says the community has recovered from the consternation into which it had been thrown by the unexpected revolt of the troops and the release of the convicts. A fresh body, 200 strong, has landed with the intention of pursuing the rebels into the heart of the Pampas. It is feared, however, that their utmost efforts will be unavailing, as the convicts have obtained three weeks' start. Justice is as likely to be vindicated by cold, hunger and the Indians as by the Chilian troops. Had the outbreak been executed as cleverly as it was planned there is no doubt that the Chilian Government would have experienced great difficulty in recapturing the settlement. At first both prisoners and guards acted in complete agreement. Forming themselves into organized bodies, they poured into the town, murdering all who resisted, and happily their newly-regained freedom turned the heads of the convicts. The desire of conquest yielded to lust and avarice. Throwing themselves into the richest houses, they plundered, burned, outraged and drank till all organization was lost. The town next morning looked as if it had been taken by storm, so great was the devastation. The following scene occurred in the house of a gentleman, one of the principal residents: About the middle of the night he and his two daughters were aroused by several deafening reports. They got up and dressed. In a short time a young English lady came to the house in the hope of finding security. For about half an hour they waited in terrible anxiety, listening to the shrieks and shots which were audible on all sides. At length the door was burst open, and a party of ten men accompanied by some of the lowest women of the place, and all half mad with drink, rushed into the house. In the drawing-room stood a piano, which proved the safety of the party. The idea occurred to one of the convicts to make the girls play while they danced. This idea was adopted, and the poor girls, half dead with fear, were forced with oaths and curses to take their place at the piano while the ruffians danced round the room. Suddenly one of the men called to a companion, "You can't dance; I'll teach you." There was a coarse answer, and, drawing a pistol, the second man shot the first through the heart. A general conflict ensued, in which several men lost their lives, and the remainder becoming reconciled, continued their dance over the dead bodies. At length a messenger arrived, saying that the treasure chest was being rifled. This news produced a general stampede, and the ladies and their father were in a minute left alone with the dead. Five corpses were found in the drawing-room when the Chilian troops landed. This is but an example of the many scenes that occurred during that awful night. The highest praise is due to the governor, who, though wounded by the wheel of a cannon passing over his leg, still had the courage to ride across the isthmus to summon the Chilian man-of-war. The damage is estimated at $500,000.

Stanley.

At a lecture delivered by Mr. Stanley in London, the Prince of Wales is said to have asked Midhat Pasha, the Turkish ambassador, if he had found the discourse interesting. The answer is said to have been: "We Turks have more need now than other people to take an interest in expeditions into unknown lands, since we may soon have to seek among them for a home." The "personal" man of the London *World*, who went to see Mr. Stanley in his lodgings, gives this sketch of him: "The figure which rises from the fireside to greet the visitor is that of a small, stiffly built man, erect in bearing, but in voice and manner rather sympathetic and enthusiastic than hard and stern. The voice is not as the voice of a determined and cruel man. His hair is—to quote a phrase of Dickens—'gray before its time, like a neglected fire.' Hard work and exposure have made Mr. Stanley's abundant locks very gray; but for all this, the head is that of a young man, and there is no indication of premature age in voice or gesture. The expression of the face is that of a man who always holds himself prepared for any emergency or summons, even though the latter convey as large an order as that which Mr. Stanley received on a memorable occasion a few years ago from his New York 'boss: 'Send a man 200 miles up the Red Sea to intercept Norna and ascertain details of Livingstone's death. Cable 1000 words to this office.' The *Herald* man in Egypt had relays of donkeys ready at Suez. The Norna came to an anchor during the night; a boat sent from the shore boarded the steamer at daylight, interviewed Wainwright, and, thanks to the donkey arrangements, a splendid account reached the New York *Herald* office in London, and was distributed, with Mr. Gordon Bennett's compliments, to all London, provincial and Continental papers."

A Scene in Stockholm.

Ten years ago Stockholm was only accessible by sea. Even now it is called the Venice of the North. The streets are arms of the sea. A fleet of war-ships could defile in battle array under the palace windows of the Swedish king. The sole vehicle of Stockholm is a light steamer, a microscopic affair propelled by a miniature steam engine. It pulls up at the curb frequently, disembarks the passengers and rings its bell for another load. Captain, engineer, helmsman and fireman are all embodied satisfactorily in the person of one small boy. He collects the fare from the passengers, gives the signal for leaving, and obeys it—slows up or crowds on steam. On these boats you may study at your leisure the peasant girls and women wearing their picturesque provincial costume. Their short skirts disclose stockings of a brilliant red; a brown or green bodice imprisons their waists; quaint, stiffly-starched caps cover their heads. The physical aspect of the Swedish population is blond, large, tall; in repose the face denotes great placidity, but in speaking the blue eyes lighten up with intelligence and the language becomes rapid and full of color. There is much in them which recalls the German character, and yet they are more like the Germans as depicted by Tacitus than the Prussians of our day.

What Our Coins Weigh.

One million dollars in gold weighs 3,685 5-7 pounds avoirdupois; 1,000,000 trade dollars weigh 60,000; $1,000,000 of 412½ grains weighs 58,928 4-7; $1,000,000 in fractional coins weighs 55,114 2-7; $1,000,000 in five cent nickels weighs 220,457 1-7; 1,000,000 in three cent nickels weighs 142,857 1-7; $1,000,000 in one cent pieces weighs 685,714 2-7. A coinage of 4,000,000 of the new silver dollars per month would amount in a year to 2,828,571 3-7 pounds, or over 1,414¼ tons, and if the pieces were laid side by side they would form a continuous string 1,136¼ miles in length.

Forest Myths.

Once upon a time, says a tale widely spread in Asia, four travelers spent a night in a forest, and agreed that one of them should keep watch by turns while the others slept. The first watcher was a carpenter. By way of passing the time, he took his ax, and out of the stem of a tree lying prostrate hard by, fashioned the form of a woman, shapely in figure and comely in face. Then he woke one of his comrades, and lay down to rest. The second watcher was a tailor. And when he saw the woman lying on the ground, he produced his work-basket and bundle of stuffs, and clothed her handsomely from head to foot. Then he, too, resumed his slumber, after having aroused the third of the party, who was a jeweler. And the jeweler was struck by the sight of a fair and well-dressed female form leaning against a neighboring tree, and he opened his caskets, and decked her with rings, and necklaces, and bracelets. Then he called the last of the party, who was a holy man, strong in prayer and incantation, and went to sleep. And when the fourth watcher saw the wooden woman, so well dressed and decked, he set to work, and by spells and prayers turned her wood into flesh and blood, and inspired her with life. Just then his three companions awoke, and gazed with wonder and admiration at the lovely creature who stood before them. Simultaneously each of the four travelers claimed her as his wife; the carpenter because he had framed her, the tailor because he had dressed her, the jeweler because he had adorned her, and the holy man because he had given her life. A fierce dispute arose. The authorities of the neighboring village were in vain appealed to; the problem, as to which of the four had most claim to the hand of the disputed bride, was too difficult for them to solve. At last it was resolved to submit the case to a higher court. The claimants, the judges and the audience all went out to the cemetery, and there prayed for a decision from on high. While the prayer went up the woman leaned against a tree. Suddenly the tree opened, and the woman entered it, and was seen no more. As she disappeared, a voice from on high was heard saying, "To its origin shall every created thing return." The mythological core of this story is the idea that human and tree life may be connected. The rest of it has been supplied by teachers who wished to inculcate the doctrine that all things return to their first elements, and narrators desirous of framing one of the numerous stories involving a problem or puzzle capable of various solutions. The leading idea has been better preserved in the following modern Greek folk-tale: There was once a childless wife, who used to lament, saying, "If only I had a child, were it but a laurel berry!" And heaven sent her a golden laurel berry, but its value was not recognized, and it was thrown away. From it sprang a laurel which gleamed with golden twigs. At it a Prince, while following the chase, wondered greatly. And determining to return to it, he ordered his cook to prepare a dinner for him beneath its shade. He was obeyed. But during the temporary absence of the cook, the tree opened, and forth came a fair maiden, who strewed a handful of salt over the viands, and then returned into the tree, which immediately closed upon her. The Prince returned and scolded the cook for oversalting the dinner. The cook declared his innocence, but in vain. The next day the same occurred. So on the third day the Prince kept watch. The tree opened, and the maiden came forth. But before she could return into the tree, the Prince caught hold of her and carried her off. After a time she escaped from him, ran back to the tree, and called upon it to open. But it remained shut. So she had to return to the Prince. And after a while he deserted her. It was not till after long wandering that she found him again, and became his royal consort. Hahn thinks this story is founded on the Hellenic belief in Dryads; but it belongs to an earlier mythological family than the Hellenic, though the Dryad and the Laurel-maiden are undoubtedly kinswomen. Long before the Dryads and Oreads had received from the sculpturesque Greek mind their perfection of human form and face, trees were credited with woman-like inhabitants capable of doing good and ill, and with powers of their own, apart from those possessed by the supernatural tenants of banning and blessing.—*Contemporary Review.*

The Telephone Novelty.

A writer in the *Popular Science Monthly* says: When we begin to use a telephone for the first time there is a sense of oddity, almost of foolishness, in the experiment. The dignity of talking consists in having a listener, and there seems a kind of absurdity in addressing a piece of iron, but we must raise our respect for the metal, for it is anything but deaf. The diaphragm of the telephone, the thin iron plate, is as sensitive as the living tympanum to all the delicate refinements of sound. Nor does it depend upon the thinness of the metallic sheet, for a piece of thick boiler-plate will take up and transmit the notion of the air-particles in all the grades of their subtility. And not only will it do the same thing as the tympanum, but it will do vastly more; the gross dead metal proves, in fact, to be a hundred times more alive than the living mechanism of speech and audition. This is no exaggeration. In quickness, in accuracy, and even in grasp, there is a perfection of sensitive capacity in the metal, with which the organic instrument cannot compare. We speak of the proverbial "quickness of thought," but the telephone thinks quicker than the nervous mechanism. Let a word be pronounced for a person to repeat, and the telephone will hear and speak it a hundred miles away in a tenth part of the time that the listener would need to utter it. Give a man a series of half a dozen notes to repeat, and he cannot do it accurately to save his life; but the iron plate takes them up, transmits them to another plate hundreds of miles off which sings them forth instantaneously with absolute precision. The human machine can hear, and reproduce, in its poor way, only a single series of notes, while the iron ear of the telephone will take up whole chords and trains of music, and, sending them by lightning through the wire, its iron tongue will emit them in perfect relations of harmony.

Lost Time.

Many odd bits of time are allowed to go to waste which, if improved, would produce great results. History is full of examples of those who have risen to eminence by simply using in a proper manner leisure moments. A person can become proficient in a science or a language by snatching fifteen minutes a day and applying himself to it. How often is heard the remark, "I would like to read that book, or become acquainted with that language or science, but I have not the time!" And yet those very persons spent three hours a day at their meals! There are few, if there are any persons who have not a half an hour a day which they may call their own. That half hour, rightly used throughout the year, will store the mind with a large amount of useful knowledge. Let no one, then, falsely assert, "I have not the time," but speak the truth, and say "I am too lazy."

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Recipes.

Tongue Toast.—Take cool boiled tongue, mince it fine, mix it with cream, and to every half-pint of the mixture allow the well beaten yolks of two eggs. Place over the fire and let it simmer a minute or two. Have ready some nicely toasted bread; butter it, place on a hot dish, and pour the mixture over. Send to table hot.

Breast of Veal.—Cover thickly with crumbs of bread, put some small lumps of butter about on it, and sprinkle with pepper and salt when baked, making a gravy of butter. This is a very nice dish. Both the rack and breast, as commonly dressed, are but little esteemed, yet in this way make excellent dishes. —*Bazar Cook Book.*

Ribs of Beef Roasted.—The fore rib is the best roasting piece. Put the meat down before a nice, clear fire, put some dripping into the pan; dredge the joint with a little flour, and keep continually basting. When thoroughly done, put upon a hot dish, and sprinkle a little salt over the joint. Pour a little boiling water into the dripping, season with pepper and salt, and strain it over the meat.

Vegetable Soup.—The best soup may be made with little expense when vegetables are plentiful. What remains of a roast will serve very well for a basis, if no piece of fresh uncooked meat is at hand. Let the vessel in which you make your soup be provided with a close cover, and allow yourself plenty of time, so that the soup need only simmer for five or six hours, but never boil hard. As the water evaporates, add more, but always let it be boiling water, after the first which is poured cold over the meat. Add vegetables according to the taste of your family. For instance, a quart of ripe tomatoes, scalded and peeled, is not too much, but even two or three make their impression when more cannot be obtained; a large handful of green corn, cut from the cob; another of young tender okra; and yet another of Irish potatoes, peeled and cut into small pieces, and lastly, a handful of small Lima beans. Season cautiously with salt and pepper, remembering that more can be easily added at table. In this kind of soup a pod of red pepper is regarded as preferable seasoning to black, the pod not to be broken. Stir the soup frequently, lest the vegetables stick to the bottom and burn. Skim carefully, and dish up hot. In the far South, where this soup is made to perfection, they let the vegetables cook so thoroughly as to form an indistinguishable mass, and strain it, moreover, so that the flavor is left without their substance.

Household Hints.

Keep fresh lard in tin vessels.

Keep yeast in wood or glass.

Keep preserves and jellies in glass.

Keep salt in a dry place.

Keep vinegar in wood or glass.

Keep meal and flour in a cool, dry place.

Sugar is an admirable ingredient in curing meat and fish.

Crusts and pieces of bread should be kept in an earthen jar, closely covered, in a dry, cool place.

Lard for pastry should be used hard, as it can be cut with a knife. It should be cut through the flour, not rubbed.

In boiling meat for soup, use cold water to extract the juices. If the meat is wanted for itself alone, plunge in boiling water at once.

Broil steak without salting. Salt draws the juices in cooking; it is desirable to keep these in if possible. Cook over a hot fire, turning frequently, searing on both sides. Place on a platter, salt and pepper to taste.

To prevent meat from scorching during roasting, place a basin of water in the oven. The steam generated prevents scorching and makes the meat cook better.

Beef having a tendency to be tough can be made very palatable by stewing gently for two hours with pepper and salt, taking out about a pint of the liquor when half done and letting the rest boil into the meat. Brown the meat in the pot. After taking up, make a gravy of the pint of liquor saved.

Oil Out of Woolen.—You can get a bottle or barrel of oil off any carpet or woolen stuff, by applying dry buckwheat plentifully and faithfully. Never put water to such a grease spot, or liquid of any kind.

The Science of Feeding Poultry.

The purposes served by food are of several distinct kinds—the maintenance of animal heat, the growth of bone and muscle, and the supply of fat. For heat and respiration the food needs starch, sugar-gum and oily or fatty substances, for which purposes rice and wheat take the lead in value, followed by corn, buckwheat, barley, wheat bran, and potatoes. For supplying the growth of the body and the production of eggs, flesh-forming foods are required, such as peas and beans, middlings and oats. As bone-making food, bran is best; next is barley; while oats, wheat and beans have about the same relative value. To fatten poultry rapidly such food must be selected as contains most fatty or oily matter. In this respect corn stands at the head, next oats, middlings, cow's milk, wheat and peas. Rice, potatoes and vegetables have little or no fat. Animal food is frequently given, but, when roaming about at large, fowls get a sufficient supply in the insect and worms they naturally devour. Poultry need a constant supply of vegetable food when confined in coops, such as potatoes, turnips or cabbages, and when this is cooked and mixed with meal, the effect is still better. Nothing is so desirable as a constant supply of pure, fresh water.—*American Cultivator.*

The Fate of Floating Wrecks.

If nature made no provision for the removal of floating wreck from the surface of the ocean, dangers of navigation would increase in a fearful ratio; floating hulls, spars and masts would soon cover the sea. To effect the removal of floating wood three species of small marine animals play a most important part. Suppose we have a ship's spar drifting down upon the waves. A small creature, known as the barnacle, soon discovers it and attaches itself thereto, and as these little creatures exist in immense numbers, the timber speedily becomes covered with them. On examining them at this stage we shall find that they are attached to the timber by means of a tube not unlike the windpipe of a chicken, this tube being filled with a liquid, whilst from the shell protrudes a series of twenty-four hairy claws or tentacles. Each joint of the latter is arched, and furnished with rows of hair on its concave side so much like feathers that it is probably from their appearance that the first idea of the barnacle goose was derived. The effect of the barnacle is to sink the log. When in mid-water or at the bottom it is attacked and riddled through by two little wood-boring worms, the pholas and the teredo. The *teredo navalis* or *calamitas navium*, works its way through hard planks, and lines the tunnel as it goes with a hard, ivory-like shell. Thus, then, the barnacles and wood worms unite to work the destruction of wreckage; for, borne down by the one, it is speedily riddled by the others, until it falls to pieces by the action of the waves and becomes lost.

Items of Interest.

Shoemaker's Motto.—"Never too late to mend."

One of nature's no-bill men—He who pays cash.

Paris eats half a million of good fat snails every month.

The salary of a congressman is 295 pounds of silver per year.

Forty-four municipalities in Massachusetts are free from debt.

Egypt is the place for juvenile excursions. A boy can always find his "mummy" there.

Mr. Wallace, of Rawdon, N. S., has lost nine children within sixteen days; disease—diphtheria.

Cabbages weighing twenty and twenty-three and a third pounds are on exhibition at Stockton, Cal.

Brazil is the only country in America where slavery legally exists. Official figures, published in 1874 place the slave population at 1,016,262.

General Mite, the dwarf who weighs only fourteen pounds, has earned $20,000 for his mother in two years. She calls it the widow's mite.

Oil has been struck in the Black Hills. For the benefit of gentlemen who have been interviewed by the natives of that region we hope it is hair oil.

We cordially agree with the captain of the vessel that brought the Cleopatra obelisk into the Thames that it isn't pleasant to have a needle in toe.

The Italian exploring expedition, which attempted to penetrate into the interior of Africa, has been attacked by the King of Shoa, and compelled to return to the coast.

Mr. Brandt, a member of the Minnesota Legislature, accepted a bribe of $50, gave it to the clerk, and exposed the corruption, which related to the supply of books for the public schools.

"What did the prisoner first strike you for?" casually asked the judge of the complainant with a bandage over his eye. "He first struck me for a five dollar bill, your honor," was the feeling reply.

A foolish fellow residing near New York, has issued a challenge to any man in America to smoke cigars. Henley says he has smoked 100 in twenty-three hours, and can beat that. He desires to wager $500 to $1,000 on the result.

Montgomery Queen's menagerie has been sold in Louisville by the sheriff. An eland went for $205; a zebra $230; lions, $100 each; a leopard, $50; hyenas, $21 each; a wart hog, $190; an elephant, $1,500; a camel, $130; a royal tiger, $600; and a rhinocerous, $8,600.

In speaking of a person's faults,
Pray don't forget your own;
Remember, those with homes of glass
Should seldom throw a stone.

If we have nothing else to do
But talk of others' sin,
'Tis better we commence at home,
And from that point begin.

The following is a San Francisco advertisement: "Correspondence is solicited from bearded ladies, Circassians, or other female curiosities, who, in return for a true heart and devoted husband, would travel during the summer months, and allow him to take the money at the door."

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.

Snipkins refused to get his wife a new hat, and soon after his little girl came in and said: "Mamma, won't you buy me a monkey to play with when you go down town?" "No, darling—wait till you are older, and then marry one, as I did," replied the grief-stricken wife, her tears bursting out afresh.

One day, a man put together parts of various insects and submitted them to Agassiz as a rare specimen. He also pretended not to know to what species it belonged, and asked the professor to tell him. It was April Fools' Day. Agassiz gave a single glance at the object and, looking up, said "Hum-bug." —*St. Nicholas.*

A man, in early railway days, was taken to see the performance of a locomotive. He had never known carriages to be moved except by animal power. Every other explanation failed to make the matter clear to him. After long reflection, therefore, and seeing no possible escape from the conclusion, he exclaimed, confidently, to his companion, "There must be horses inside!"

John Rhodes, of Hounslow, England, dressed himself as a tramp, denied himself the necessaries of life, and took to the road. He lately died, and his fortune was found to be over £100,000. The man bequeathed it to various metropolitan charities. A similar instance of eccentricity occurred in Marseilles. The object of the miser was to build an aqueduct to convey water into the city free, and it was done. During the life of the Frenchman he was ridiculed, despised, and, like Stephen of old, came near being stoned on account of his rags and his meanness.

The Montpelier (Vt.) *Argus* tells this rat story: For some time past Erastus Chase, of Calais, has been troubled with a swarm of rats, which have attacked his cattle and eaten holes in their hide. The other night his hired man went into the barn just in season to see a swarm of rats emerge from a hole, and killed eight at once. A few moments after a young heifer was seen to plunge madly about, and examination revealed an enormous rat on its back, contentedly sucking from a hole which it had made in the animal's hide. Poison and other methods have been restored to, but without avail.

"This mule," remarked the livery stable man, as they passed the stall where the sleeping animal was leaning up against the partition, dreaming of an Eden wherein there was but one mule and a thousand timid men, "this mule is a kicker." "This one?" innocently inquired the young man, laying his hand upon the mule to be sure that the proper animal was indicated. "This —" The livery man said he didn't mind the loss of the money (as the young man did not take out the fancy rig he was going to look at), for he could more than make that up on the hearse and carriages as soon as the remains came down; but what he hated about it was having the roof of the stable mussed up so where the young man went through.

"Why, my dear, what is the matter? What can you mean? You look so depressed. It cannot be—and yet—oh, relieve this killing suspense! Alexander, have you failed!" said his wife, with clasped hands. "No, my dear; my credit is yet unimpaired, and business is looking up." "You can't mean to say, dear, that your old pain in the head has come back." "No." "You haven't had to pay the note for your brother Joseph?" "No." "Have you—now tell me, Alexander Bidlack, have you had another attack of vertigo?" "No." "Has your cashier broken his Murphy pledge?" "No." "Now I know—I expected it—I knew it all the time—I felt sure it would be so. Mr. Debonair has asked for Seraphina?" "No, nothing of the kind." "Then tell me, without waiting another minute, what has happened; I can bear it; let me know the worst." "Well, that button I told you about has got tired of hanging on by one thread, and here it is.—*Elmira Gazette.*

Premature Burial.

Another lucky escape from burial alive has occurred in Paris in the case of a lawyer named Lelone. His son, summoned to his death-bed, found him, as it was supposed, dead, kissed his brow, and was surprised at its warmth. Some hours later he revived and said: "Ah, doctor, those few moments' sleep have done me a world of good." The French laws require that interment shall follow death within, at most, thirty-six hours, and thus it often happens that burial takes place previous to putrefaction. It was against this limited time imposed by the burial bill that an eminent prelate so powerfully protested in the French chamber, relating how he himself had been laid out for burial. Here, too, in summer, burial takes place much too soon. In England at least five days intervene.