

BABY'S NAME.

Then father took the Bible down, And in his clear old fashioned hand Upon its Record pages brown He wrote the name as it should stand.

A HIDDEN HERO.

J. S. Winter, in Harper's Bazar. Lord Archie Falconer was keeping his hunters—to the tune of a modest couple—out of barracks, and was on his way to see them, when he chanced to meet with Marcus Orford.

Paul's, but for the very life I couldn't then, and have never been able since, to put a name to it. And yet I almost fancy—and I think of it every time I get a fair look at him—that I've seen the face with a tuft above it.

stairs with the baby in her arms, leaving Lord Archie standing in the midst of the group of aw-stricken and bewildered youngsters. He spoke to one or two of them, the eldest boy amongst them, and found that Marcus Orford's little anecdote had been liberally doctored in the matter of pronunciation and accent, and that he in common with all others, spoke to his own standard, and if not quite to the very average of a better class of children than those living in that part of Warracloffe.

suitably for your wife and children—why did you bury yourself in the ranks, and let that young ruffian Taft usurp your place?" "I'll tell you. As I said, Taft flatly refused to clear out of the way, and challenged me—yes, actually challenged me—to produce my proofs against him. I had them safe enough, and so I told him—they're in that box now. I shouldn't have spoken—what would have been the good? It would have broken my father's heart, and tarnished our old name; and the girl was dead, had been lying dead among the sedge and bulrushes for hours before we found her.

A Talk About Murderers. New York Letter: One of the most experienced members of the detective force of New York was talking a day or two ago about murderers. "The old superstition," he said, "about murderers being unable to sleep in the night has more truth in it than people may imagine. I've had a great deal of experience in murder cases during the past thirty years, and I know what I'm talking about. With out and out murderers the ability to sleep comes strangely enough, as soon as they have been tried and found guilty.

Jefferson Davis. A correspondent of the Globe-Democrat who recently talked with Jefferson Davis, says that he conversed pleasantly upon matters of a literary and philosophic nature, to which he devotes much study. Both Mr. and Mrs. Davis inquired affectionately of many Georgians whose memory they cherished; of the peerless Gordon, the "right arm of Lee," of Gen. Colquitt, of Gen. Henry R. Jackson, whose bravery as a soldier in the Mexican war Mr. Davis well remembered; and especially of the eloquent Hill, whose memory is a precious sentiment in the family.