

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Two-story street-cars are a success in Berlin.

Several electro-motors have been introduced into the French collieries where they have given satisfaction to all the colliers except the mules. The mules kicked.

A prize type-setting contest took place recently in Berlin, where the winning compositor set 9,415 letters in the course of three hours, an average of about fifty-three letters per minute, in ordinary newspaper type.

By the will of the late Mr. Trotman, a wealthy planter of Demarara, half of his large fortune is bequeathed to the nucleus of an institution to be established for the benefit of distressed planters and their wives and children. Two provisions in the rather remarkable document are that no confirmed drunkard and no black man shall profit by the bequest.

A Paris paper tells a story of an eccentric man who put a clause in his will that the funeral should take place at six o'clock in the morning and that his property, an old mattress, should be left to those who followed the hearse to the graveyard. As there was nothing in the will to attract many mourners, the funeral procession was limited to the driver of the hearse and a young neighbor of the deceased. He got the mattress and found it \$10,000.

A discovery which has been hailed as a modern Pompeii in the center of France, has been made in the neighborhood of Poitiers. A buried Gallo-Roman town has been found, with the ruins of a temple 114 yards long by seventy yards broad, baths, theater, streets and houses. Sculpture in good preservation, iron, bronze and earthen articles are found. The town is thought to date from the second century.

Ages of living Empresses: Augusta, of Germany, 71; Queen of Denmark, 65; of England, 63; Empress of Brazil, 60; Queen Olga, of Wurtemberg, 60; Queen of Saxony, 49; Empress of Austria, 45; of the Belgians, 46; of Sweden, 46; of Italy, 52; Empress of Russia, 35; Queen of Portugal, 34; Queens of Spain and the Netherlands, 24 each; of Serbia, 23.

Captain White, of Ireland, belonging to the Eleventh Hussars, who has been in receipt of \$10,000 a year from his estates, but who has been financially embarrassed lately by the loss of income caused by the troublous times in that happy land, walked out on a lonely moor while on duty, and on meeting a laboring man gave him his watch and chain saying he had no further use for them, and then cut his throat.

The seventeen-year old bride of a Siamese Prince died not long ago, whose funeral ceremonies were on a scale of magnificence seldom if ever equalled. The funeral pyre was made of logs of the fragrant sandalwood, costing \$10,000, and a million dollars' worth of gold and jewels were strewn upon it. The Prince applied the torch with his own hand, and when all was consumed the ashes were collected in a magnificent urn, which now stands in the sacred temple at Benares.

The shop assistant population of London is estimated at about 320,000—larger than all Dublin—and there are no less than 30,000 shops employing about one-third of this population, who work from twelve to fourteen hours a day without relaxation. A century ago early closing was general, and for centuries twelve hours a day, including two for meals and relaxation, was the regular period of work for employes. The extension of hours came in with gas and steam, big houses (in 1800 the largest shop in London employed only sixteen on the premises) and keener competition. Thousands of persons employed in London shops break down every year and go home to die.

Nail-Makers in the Black Country.

About 24,000 people are engaged in this dismal part of Great Britain in making nails and rivets. It would not be so much a matter for surprise, even for the lowness of the wages that they earn, if they were all men and youths who are engaged in the industry—one of the very worst paid in any part of the country. But it so happens—and here arises the social degradation of the traffic—that there are at least 10,000 females engaged day after day in the occupation. They are not all mature women either; daughters work by the side of mothers—daughters, too, in their tender years, ought to be either at home, if they have any home, or in school, instead of working their weary arms in shaping, in the still small hours of the morning, molten iron into the form of nails for the benefit of what are called the "foggers." Here is a picture of what may be seen any night in this district—except, perhaps, Saturday nights. In the middle of a shed which adjoins a squalid-looking house, there is a whole family at work in the production of these nails; father, mother, sons and daughters—daughters, too, very young in years, but with the sad look of premature age which is always to be noticed in the faces of child-workers. The gaiety of youth, its freshness and its gentleness, seemed to be crushed out of them. In the centre of the shed, with its raftered ceiling—a bleak and wretched building, through the walls of which the wind readily finds its way—there is a "hearth," fed by "gleds" or breezes. Probably there is a girl or woman blowing at the bellows, while the strips of iron from which the nails are made become molten. Or, to take an actual case witnessed by the writer a few nights since, close upon midnight: In one of these forges, where a mother and several children, the mother was a woman probably forty years of age; her youngest daughter—a flaxen-haired girl, with a sweet and winsome face—was certainly not more than twelve years of age. By the side of the hearth there was what is technically called the "Oliver"—a barrel-like construction, on the top of which is fixed the stamp of the particular pattern and size of the nail required to be made. The workmen and workwomen, by means of wooden treadle—an industrial treadmill it ought more strictly to be called—shoot out the nails from the slot in which they are fixed. They have previously hammered the top of the incandescent metal, with masculine firmness, so as to form the head of the nail. The women and the girls seem to work with more vigor than the men—very often, indeed, they support their husbands and their fathers, who have fallen into drunken habits; in other cases, this nail-making is the means of supplementing the husband's wages.

But what do the nail-makers earn a week, may naturally be asked? The remuneration they receive is incredibly small. It is no unusual thing—on the contrary, it is rather the usual custom—for a family of three or four persons, after working something like fourteen hours a day, to earn £1 in a week. But out of this money there has to be deducted 1s. 3d. for carriage to convey the nails to the "graffers," as they are termed in the district; then there is allowance to be made for fuel and the repairing of the machinery, which reduces the £1 to about 16s. 9d. for three people—for three people who have commenced to work every morning at half-past seven or eight o'clock, and who have worked on through all the weary day, with no substantial food, until late at night. Who is it that reaps the benefit of all this terribly hard work? Certainly not the laborers; for it is a well-known fact that they rarely taste meat from one week's end to the other. In the expressive but simple language of the poor workman, this is how they fare: "When the bread comes hot from the bakehouse oven on Saturday we eat it like ravening wolves." The "foggers," or "Tommy-shop" men live lives of contentment, profit, and rest at the expense of the poor nail-workers. The "fogger" is an intermediate agent between the worker of nails and the buyer. Out of the bone and sinew of these poor people he makes a very fine living—and he does not work. He has a huckster's shop attached to his dwelling; he supplies at the beginning of the week, the nail-workers with their sixty-pound bundles of iron, and when they return the bundles of iron in the marketable shape of nails—out of which he makes at least twenty per cent. profit—if they do not buy his high-priced provisions, they get no more work from him. These are the men who, by cutting down the workmen's wages to starvation point, are at the root of the evil.—London Standard.

The Marriage of Wards of Court.

The general superintendence and protective jurisdiction over the persons and property of infants which is vested in the Crown, has for a very long period been delegated to the Court of Chancery; and by the Supreme Court of Judicature Act of 1873, is retained for the Chancery division of the High Court of Justice, which takes the direction of their estate, and appoints guardians for their persons only. The young persons thus protected are called "wards of Court," and are constituted such by any suit which relates to them, or on an order for their maintenance being made upon petition or summons, or when money in which they are interested is paid into Court under the Trustee Relief Act of 1847; but unless infants have property, the Court will not exercise its jurisdiction concerning them. Now, to enable a Chancery ward, whether male or female, to marry, it is necessary to apply to the Court for permission for him or her to do so; which will only be granted on satisfactory evidence that the alliance is a suitable one, and that a proper marriage settlement will be made; on which being done, an order is drawn up giving the ward liberty to marry. Formerly, the Court of Chancery declined to sanction the marriage of an infant ward when, on account of his infancy, it was impossible for him to settle his real property so as to go along with his title, or to provide for his younger children by settlement. It is provided, however, by the Infants' Settlement Act for 1855, that every male infant of twenty-one years, and every female infant of seventeen years, may, in contemplation of marriage, with the approval of the Court, make a valid and binding settlement of their real or personal estate on their matrimony. It is considered a very serious contempt of Court to marry a ward without its consent; and the person who does so, as well as those who contribute and assist at the marriage, are liable to be committed to prison; while, if they are peers or peeresses, a sequestration will be ordered against them; but members of the House of Commons will not be privileged from arrest and imprisonment for this offense. The Court may also prevent a female ward from receiving letters, messages, etc., as was done in the case of Leoni, a Jewish singer. If it is doubtful whether a marriage with a ward of the weaker sex is valid, an inquiry may be made to ascertain this, and all intercourse will in the meantime be restrained; and if it be found that the marriage is illegal, a valid one will be ordered. For moral reasons, this course may also be adopted with a male ward. It is likewise considered an aggravated contempt of Court for a person to marry one of its wards much above him or her in rank. In Herbert's case, last century, it was decided to be a very gross contempt when an infant ward, who possessed twelve hundred pounds a year, upon coming to town from Oxford, was drawn into marrying a common servant-maid older than himself, and with no fortune. In another instance, in which an infant of good family, the representative of a very old baronet, was about to be entrapped into a marriage with a common bricklayer's daughter, the Court would not permit it, and stopped the marriage. In a third case, also, it was considered very criminal in all parties who contrived the marriage of a ward of Court with eight thousand pounds, to the son of Lord Tankerville's steward, as already referred to. It appears, however, from several other cases, that the possession of a large fortune by the other party would be considered to counterbalance any but a very great inequality of rank; though the Court would not probably allow a man of no property whatever, although of equal family, to marry an infant heiress of rank with very large possessions, notwithstanding the consent of the guardians and all other parties concerned.—Chamber's Journal.

—Three men fell 150 feet in the Coma Eureka mine at Coma, Nev., but only one was seriously hurt.

Tommy or Timmy.

Probably the most unique and intricate case that ever puzzled the minds of any tribunal in this great republic has been taxing for a week the judicial abilities of the Supreme Court of this State. To the careless observer the learned Justices have appeared much as usual; but to the keen and profound student of human nature it has been evident that matter of the gravest import has been pressing on the minds of those pure and able men. There was noticed a painful slowness of gait as they passed to and fro from the bench, an unmerited silence at meals, and their calm, austere countenances, "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," all showing the almost fathomless cogitation going on within the mystic chambers of their great intellects. Those near and dear to them have also been struck with the atmosphere of intellectual preoccupation which, night after night, has hung about them, as in the solitude of their respective chambers they have been observed to bend their sternly-knitted brows over dusty tomes for hours at a time, in the absorbing search for some gem, tangled as it were, among the very weeds which shoot up from the lost bottom of the vast ocean of legal truth.

The simplest statement of the case of Manning against Mitcherson staggers the most astute mind. On the Island of Doby, near the City of Savannah, live two most estimable ladies, refined, cultured and comfortable—one Mrs. Manning, the other Mrs. Mitcherson. These excellent ladies and next-door neighbors were the happy owners of a canary bird each, whose cheery chirp and warbling song made the daily lives of their owners flow along as sweetly and as smoothly as flows the lovely Savannah, which softly kisses the smiling shores near the mansions whereon the cages gently swung. The names of the precious warblers are not given, out of consideration for the family probably, but for identification one may be called Tommy and the other Timmy. The reader, fancying he hears Tommy singing in the porch of Mrs. Manning and evoking strains responsive from Timmy in the porch of Mrs. Mitcherson, may form a faint idea of the ineffable bliss filling the heart of each lady as she reflected how utterly harsh and discordant were the notes of the bird she did not have the misfortune to possess. The birds were both of the top-knot species, and were so much alike in size, color and emblem that it was impossible to distinguish one from the other. Indeed, as the worthy minister of the two families remarked: "They were so much apart that you couldn't tell 'em alike." However, in the month of October, 1881, Tommy got lost, and a shadow hung over the Manning mansion. In the December following Timmy got lost, and a cloud hung over the Mitcherson piazza. But on the joyous new year morning of 1882 a male inhabitant, name not given, of the Island of Doby, while strolling on the strand under the overhanging mangroves, captured a canary bird which he at once recognized as the long-lost Tommy, and turned it over to Mrs. Manning. Learning of this important happening, Mrs. Mitcherson gazed upon the little captive and was convinced that it was none other than her own dear little lost Timmy. This Mrs. Manning denied, and when Mrs. Mitcherson demanded the bird Mrs. Manning refused to surrender it, claiming it as her property, whereupon Mrs. Mitcherson had recourse to the majesty of the law and forthwith sued out a necessary warrant to recover the alleged Timmy.

The case was brought before a justice of the peace and many witnesses were introduced on both sides. The question was one purely of identity, and the testimony was wonderfully conflicting, a score swearing to the best of their belief that Tommy was Timmy, and an equal number attesting that Timmy was Tommy. "But Timmy had his top-knot parted exactly in the middle," triumphantly asserted Mrs. Mitcherson, and the Mitcherson wing of the litigation was about to take possession of the bird when the Manning faction came to the rescue armed with a number of oaths that Tommy also parted his hair exactly in the middle. The justice, after a night of mental agony, gave his decision, and delivered the bird to Mrs. Mitcherson. Mrs. Manning's lawyer at once resorted to a certiorari, and the case was appealed to the Superior Court, in which, after an exciting contest, the decision of the justice's court was affirmed. But firm in the conviction that it was Tommy and not Timmy, and in the belief that justice had been thwarted, the representatives of Mrs. Manning appealed to a still higher tribunal, and the case of Manning against Mitcherson—Tommy and Timmy—found its way to the Supreme Court, the controlling question in the argument being whether the bird was *fera natura* (wild by nature). The case had already cost over \$500. Mrs. Mitcherson, it is true, had Timmy, or Tommy, but she was obliged to give a bond for double the value of Tommy, or Timmy, to relinquish him if he was not hers. The case was to have been decided on Saturday last, as appears from the stenographic report of its analysis by the learned judge, who said:

"In this case it appears that two ladies of Savannah, Mrs. Manning and Mrs. Mitcherson, had two canary birds, that belonging to Mrs. Manning being named Mitcherson, Mrs. Tommerson losing her bird Mitcherson, and a short time after Mrs. Timmerson loses her bird Manning. As I understand it, Mrs. Tommerson and Mrs. Mitcherson entered the Justice's Court with one of the recovered birds in dispute as to the ownership, the Justice deciding for Mrs. Timmerson, whereupon Mrs. Mitcherson-Mitcherson, as I said, Mizos Tommington. This Court reserves its decision until next week, owing to the press of other matters."

To-day Mrs. Mitcherson was made happy, the learned Judge having, by a period of rest, recovered the use of his faculties, penetrated the intricacies of the case, and given a decision in her favor. Ere this Timmy is probably warbling sweetly upon the Mitcherson porch in consonance with the happy thoughts animating his mistress, while no responsive strain comes from Tommy's empty cage.—Atlanta Cor. Chicago Times.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

A hot spring, which wells up through a bed of gravel and iron ore, has been discovered at Richmond, Va.

French scientists have just discovered a new fish. They instantly and with great presence of mind called it the Eurphyraux pelecoides.

Mr. Rutledge held lately at a scientific meeting that the paper trade was probably the one which turned to immediate use more waste products than any other. It was utilized cotton, flax, hemp, and jute waste, and old ropes and canvas rags. In fact, the paper manufacturer could turn to profitable account any vegetable fiber.

A patent recently granted in Vienna and Berlin is for using bands of steel, tempered and hardened, to transmit motion from one pulley to the other, in belting. The faces of the pulleys, according to this arrangement, are turned perfectly flat and then covered with a varnish of rosin, shellac, and asphalt.

Fireproof paper may be made, according to the *Pharmaceutische Zeitung*, from a pulp consisting of 1 part of vegetable fiber, 2 parts of asbestos, 1-10 part of borax, 1-5 part of alum. The ink is made from 80 parts of graphite, 8 parts of copal varnish, 7.5 parts of coppers, 30 parts of tincture of nutgalls, and a sufficient quantity of indigo carmine.

A new disinfectant and antiseptic is announced by Mr. Lebon of the Paris Academy, which has been successfully tested in the transportation of fresh meat from South America to England. The inventor calls his antiseptic calcium-glycerine-ohorat and natrium-glycerine-ohorat, and claims many advantages for them over the usual preservative disinfectants.

It is stated that several kinds of woods, says the *Engineer*, although of great durability in themselves, act upon each other to their mutual destruction. Experiments with cypress and walnut and cypress and cedar prove that they will rot each other when joined together, and on separation the rot will cease and the timbers remain perfectly sound for a long period.

The principal tree in the Manitoba woods is the poplar, the next in importance is the oak, and near the rivers will be noticed large elms. A very beautiful tree is the ash-leaved maple. Its fresh, green leaves open out in the spring. It is a most vigorous grower, and bears transplanting remarkably well. Were its qualities known it would be valued as an ornamental tree in any northern country. In the spring the ash-leaved maple yields a sweet sap from which excellent sugar can be made, the chief trouble being that at the time the sap flows the flooding of the river makes it difficult to reach the trees. On the shores of the streams which enter the Red River, and especially near their mouths, basswood grows in great abundance, and ironwood of a large size can be met with.—Chicago Times.

WIT AND POINT.

A bad temper always manages to act on the theory that two wrongs will somehow make it right.

The man who never changes his opinion ain't a-going to know much, and the one who changes it too often is a-going to know less.—Josh Billings.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton wishes our hired girls had more manners. Don't agree with you, Elizabeth. The hired girl has manners enough already. What she ought to have is, fewer manners and better ones.—Detroit Free Press.

While William Gable, a deaf man, was walking on the Reading Railroad tracks, near Leesport, Monday morning, but why pursue the painful subject further. He was deaf and, like all deaf men, loved to take his morning promenade on a railroad track. Peace to his piece.—N. Y. Graphic.

The honest reflections of a gentleman after marriage are very interesting, but it is not often that we find them in tender verse:

When scratched, or we are bitten, By the pets to whom we cling; Oh, my love she is a kitten, And my heart's a kitten's string.

"Indeed, I shall not buy my wife a sealskin sac," remarked a Philadelphia man. "They are so hard to get off that the fair owners keep them on when making calls and are sure to take cold when they go out again into the open air. I love my wife too much to expose her to such dangers."

She was one of those nervous, fidgety sort of women who get up on a chair to thread a needle, and when she swallowed a lively fly with her raspberries the neighbors thought that the Fourth of July had arrived twenty-four hours too soon. Freedom, during the prime days of Kosciusko, never shrieked with greater velocity than she did.

It was down at Lancaster, Pa. The Major looking earnestly and affectionately at his friend, "Bob," he said, presently, "I dreamed about you last night." "Did you, Ad?" his friend replied, his eyes filling with tears. "Yes," said the Major, in heartless tones, "I had the nightmare." And then the sounds of two strong men "rattling" under the table were heard in the distance.—Norristown Herald.

A friend informs us of the following: A man who bought a badly-fitting suit that was much too large for him, was constantly taken to task by his good wife for the folly. One evening as their little daughter was retiring, the following conclusion of her evening prayer: "Please, God, make pa over again, so as his clothes 'll fit him, and then ma won't nag at him no more!"—Detroit Post.

Little Johnny Fizzletop attended a child's party at a fashionable residence on Austin avenue. While the supper was progressing, it was noticed that Johnny was weeping. "What's the matter, Johnny?" asked the lady of the house. "I—can't feed any more," said Johnny, sobbing as if his little heart would break. "Well, then, put some apples and cake in your pockets." "They are full already," replied Johnny, with a fresh paroxysm of grief. "Then I'll get you a big basket to fill up to take home with you." Then the incoherent little office-holder smiled through his tears, harmony was restored within the party lines, and the formation of a new party was happily averted.—Texas Sittings.

Our Young Folks.

JERRY.

"Buy a paper please! She is frozen a most. Here's Commercial and News, and Mail. And here's the Express and the Evening Post! And every one has a terrible tale— A shipwreck—a murder—a fire—alarm— Which ever you like—have a paper, marm? Thin buy it, please, av this bit av a gurrul— She's new in the business, and all av a whirrul! We must find her a hand," said little Jerry.

"There's a plinty av thrade at the Fulton Ferry." "She's weakly for nade av the tay and the toast— The write av a paper—please, sir, buy a Post! There's no name in it is Jeremiah. There's a foine report av a drifful flo— And a child that's lost—and a smash av a train— Inade, sir, the paper's just groantin' wid rain! Spoke up, little gurrul, and don't be afraid! I'm schra chinn for two till I start yez in thrade."

"While I yell you can sell," said little Jerry, Scurreeing for two at Fulton Ferry. The night was bleak, and the wind was high. An hurrying crowd went shivering by: And some bought papers, and some bought none. But the boy's shrill voice rang cheerily on: "Buy a Post, or a News, or a Mail, as you choose. For my arm just aches wid the weight av the news. Express! Not a single one left for to-night— But buy one av the little gurrul, sir—all right. She's a regular seller here at the ferry. And a rickidin' high," said Jerry.

In the whirl of the throng there paused a man. "The bell is ringing—I can wait no more. Here, get a Commercial as quick as you can! The boat is starting—don't let me late!" And on through the hurrying crowd he ran, the wee girl following close behind. "After the penny he could not get out of my hand," said Jerry, as he followed the man, who was going to buy a paper, with a spring through the closing gate. After her money foundered Jerry buzzed and panted, at Fulton Ferry.

"One cent from the man in the big fur coat! Give me the change, or I'll stop the boat." "Up from the dock a laugh and a cheer. It changed to a shuddering cry of fear. As he bent his head for the fearful spring, And then—a wild bird on the wing— Over the whirling waters swung, and clung, Gossiping and white, to the rail, and cried: "Where is that mean old man, who tried To steal one cent from a girl at the ferry? A poor little girl, with no friend but Jerry?"

Over the side went a hundred hands. From a hundred mouths rang forth commands: "Pull him in!" "Stop the boat!" "Take his stick!" "Let us buy!" All the caps were hoisted. "Send him home to get dry!" "No, m'inde," said the boy—"that's not w'at I want. I don't want yer money; I want that one cent." From the man in the warm fur coat an "ah!" Who could shed a cent from a gurrul like that! At her he thries that game agin. He'd better take me, and not Margery Flynn!

Then cheer on cheer for little Jerry Rang across the Fulton Ferry. Long ago, my youthful readers, Happened this that I have told, and a small Long ago that sturdy newsboy, All his daily vocation sold. And he picked a wee one up, ducking To get right a weak one's dooking. Served him well in every struggle; And his life's both kind and strong, Is a blessing and a comfort To a world of needy boys Who, like him, must work in play-time With boot-brushes for their toys. But arn't the Fulton Ferry? Still the newsboys talk of Jerry.

—Mary Love Dickinson, in St. Nicholas.

THE LITTLE VISITORS.

It was such a cold day that the people in the streets, hurried by, muffled up almost to the tips of their noses, while the window-panes were covered with frost-fern-leaves and branches of coral, that were very pretty to look at if they had not looked so cold; and no one who could help it cared about going out.

Three little people, however, took this dreadful day to go a-visiting. They did not go very far, to be sure—only to Cousin Nellie's room; and when Cousin Nellie, who was busy writing a story for little readers (which she often did), heard a slow rattling down the stairs, and then a whispering and laughing, and finally a loud knocking on her door, that was kept up until the visitors fairly got into the room, she wondered a little what was coming now.

But she was used to funny things, for she had two little cousins and a small neighbor next door, who played with them a great deal, and Cousin Nellie was not very much surprised even to hear a sort of bark, that seemed to be suddenly stopped. Then there was a little barking in a whisper—for Billy, the dog, always felt that he ought to bark whenever there was anything going on, and he was quite sure that there was something going on now.

"When Cousin Nellie said, 'Come in,' the door opened suddenly, and in tumbled Billy, the first thing with one of the boy's caps on his head. He looked absurd enough, but he was supposed to be a gentleman who had come with the three ladies. They introduced him as 'Mr. Bill,' but with one shake he knocked the cap off his head, and picking out the warmest place (as he always did), instead of attending to the ladies, he settled himself down behind Cousin Nellie's stove and went fast asleep.

"Why Mrs. Brown," said the lady of the house (that was Cousin Nellie, you know), as she saw Clara's bright eyes peeping out from under her mother's black lace veil, while the velvet saque fairly reached her feet, "I am very glad to see you—do walk in. And this is Mrs. Smith, isn't it? So kind of you, Mrs. Smith, to come out on such a day as this."

"Mrs. Smith" was Mamma Rade, the little girl next door, who was a gentle little thing, with great blue eyes and cheeks like damask roses. She was bundled up so in a big shawl that she could scarcely move; and she had on a large bonnet with a great bunch of dowers in it.

But the funniest figure of all was little Polly-polly Alice, who was nearly as broad as she was long, whose dress trailed so that she nearly tumbled at every step, and she carried grand mamma's muff, that was nearly as large as herself. When Cousin Nellie called her "Mrs. Biscuits," and gave her the rocking-chair, she was very much delighted—it made her feel quite as though she was a grown-up lady going out visiting.

"We have brought all our children," said Mrs. Brown, who thought that she ought to say something; and she displayed her largest doll, "Flora Matilda," closely muffled up. Mrs. Smith seemed to have a pair of twins in her arms; and little Mrs. Biscuits held out an unfortunate infant with only one foot and no hands to speak of. "The darlings," exclaimed the lady of the house, as though she were very

much delighted to see them, "but are you not rather afraid to have them get out such cold weather as this?"

"Oh, no," replied Mrs. Brown, "we thought it would do them good, for they all have the small-pox, and scarlet fever."

"But that is very wrong," said the lady of the house, "for such things, you know, are catching, and I am really afraid to have them here!"

Mrs. Brown looked as though she did not care in the least; and Mrs. Smith said in her gentle way: "They ain't very sick, I guess, and may be they'll keep it all themselves. They cried to come, and we had to bring 'em."

The lady of the house shook her head at this, as she replied. "That is not beginning right, Mrs. Smith—you will spoil your children. When I was a child I never got anything I cried for."

"May be you didn't cry very loud," said Mrs. Biscuits, who was very good at this herself; and then forgetting the play she added, as though she had just thought of it: "I never heard you cry at all, Cousin Nellie."

This made Cousin Nellie laugh; and then they all laughed at Mrs. Biscuits; and poor little Mrs. Biscuits began to cry (quite in earnest); and then Cousin Nellie had to take her over her lap, dolly, muff and all—until, finally, she got quiet again.

Then the lady of the house thought of offering her visitors refreshments—a rose-cheeked apple and an orange for each; and after awhile they all said they must go. Cousin Nellie picked up Mrs. Biscuits and carried her to the door; and Mrs. Brown, who wished to be very polite, said:

"I am very happy to wish you good morning."—Ella Rodman Church, in *Churchman*.

The Bug With a Mask.

There is a funny little creature that wears a covering all over his face just like a mask. And what you think it is for? Let us see.

Perhaps you have seen the beautiful dragon—just that look so much like humming-birds and butterflies, too. They have broad wings, as thin as a fly's, that glitter like glass in the sunshine. Their backs are just like blue steel.

You will always find them in the hot summer months flying through the fields, or over ponds and rivers. In the country they are called "devil's darning-needles," because they are so slender, perhaps. The French people call them "démouilles," which means ladies.

Now, this handsome, swift creature grows from an ugly bug, that crawls over the mud at the bottom of the pond. And this is the way it comes about:

Little white eggs are laid on the water, the ripples carry them far away, and then they sink into the mud.

The warm sun hatches them, and from each egg creeps a tiny grub of a greenish color. They are hungry creatures, with very bad hearts. They eat up every little insect that comes in their way. They are very shy, too. They creep towards their prey as a cat does when she is in search of a rat.

They lift their small hairy legs, as if they were to do the work. It is not the legs, but the head that does it. Suddenly it seems to open, and down drops a kind of visor with joints and hinges.

This strange thing is stretched out until it swings from the chin. Quick as a fish some insect is caught in the trap and eaten.

This queer trap, or mask, is the under lip of the grub. Instead of being flesh like ours, it is hard and horny, and large enough to cover the whole face.

It has teeth and muscles, and the grub uses it as a weapon, too.

It is nearly a year before this ugly-looking grub gets its wings. A little while after it is hatched, four tiny buds sprout from its shoulders, just as you see them on the branch of a tree. These are really only watery sacs at first. Inside of them the wings grow slowly until you can see the bright colors shining through.

Some morning this hairy-legged little bug creeps up a branch. Then he shakes out his wings and flies away into the air, a slender, beautiful dragon-fly.

I have told you of the only creature in the world that wears this curious mask.—Mrs. G. Hall, in *Our Little Ones*.

Johnny's Tears.

Johnny had a great trial. He was sitting on the floor, looking over his pictures, and baby toddled up and tore one right across, one of the very prettiest. Johnny called out: "O mamma, see!" and began to cry.

"Johnny," said mamma, as she took baby away, "do you know that tears are salt water?"

"Johnny checked a sob and looked up. "No," he said, with great interest, "are they? How did you find out, mamma?"

"Somebody told me so when I was a little girl, and I tried a tear and found it was true."

"Real salt water," asked Johnny. "Yes, try and see."

Johnny would very gladly have tried if he could only have found a tear. But by that time there was not one left, and his eyes were so clear and bright it was no use hoping for any more that time.

He looked at the very picture, but it did not make him feel bad any more. All he could think of was whether tears tasted like salt water.

"Next time I cry I will find out!" he determined.

That very afternoon while climbing over the top of the rocking-chair he fell and got a bump. It was too much for Johnny, and he was just beginning to cry loudly when he happened to think what a good chance this was going to be to catch some tears. He put up his finger too quick, in fact, for there had not a tear come yet, worth mentioning, and now that his thoughts had wandered from the bump, he could not seem to cry about it any more. So that chance was lost.

"I can't get a single tear to taste of, mamma!" he said, ruefully.—*Sunshine*.

Silver coins reduced in weight by abrasion are not redeemable at their full face value. But clipped and punched coins are bought by weight as bullion. There are few clipped coins still circulating. Let them be retired.—Chicago Journal.