

Experience With Water Rods.

About ten years ago I commenced making wells as a business, working in the States of Illinois, Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska; also to some extent in Indiana and Ohio. I could readily see that if there was any means by which a stream of water could be located before the well was dug, bored or drilled, it would be a great point gained. I proceeded to form the acquaintance of several of these "water-witches," "divining rods" men, or "peach-tree sprout savants." I had a machine with which I could bore down from fifty to eighty feet per day where there was no rock, and these water prophets soon informed me that I had a bonanza; by employing one of their number to locate the wells, I could run a score of machines, and soon be the happy possessor of shekels without limit. But the scheme did not pan out according to the programme. They located the places to bore, and gave exact depths; but alas! I have yet to find the first place where their prophecies proved true.

These failures caused me to doubt their ability to do what they claimed they could do. I next tested them in a more convincing way. I took the whole crew (five of them) with me in company with a man for whom I was to make a well on the open prairie. They (the "water-witches") all united in locating a stream of water at a certain point, and we drove a short stake down. They said that two streams crossed at that point, one about three feet below the other. They traced all around, and found no other indications of water, except these two streams. We then left the ground—I to get my machine, and they to hunt for a cool shade. When all were out of sight, I went back and removed the stake to a point fifteen yards away, and drove it down where they had said there was no water in a hundred feet. I then got my machine on the ground, but failed to find the stake—at least I so alleged, and sent a man for the "water-witches." They came on the ground the second time, and soon found the stake, and traced the two streams to it. This was too much of a "give away," and I bounced the whole lot. These parties located first water at thirty-seven feet, second water at forty feet. We bored in both places, and found water in each at ninety-seven feet.

After this transaction, I made it my business to test every man who claimed to locate water, which I did thoroughly for over three years, and never found one that could tell any more about it than I could, and I am sure that I could tell nothing at all by the aid of "sprouts," "rods," or other similar means. My business has thrown me into contact with a multitude of this class. I never found one who offered to locate water for five dollars and pay for the work if we did not find it. In one instance, at Sabetha, Kas., the owners of a steam mill had offered me \$500 to get them water to run their engine, and this old water-witch offered to guarantee the place for five dollars. I offered him twenty-five dollars, and the owner of the mill offered him twenty-five dollars more. He tramped over the ground, spending near a day, and drove his stake, and then took angles and bearings from the mill, so that we could not be charged with removing it. He located an abundance of water at forty feet, and said there was no other water within half a mile. We bored a hole ninety-two feet deep, and strictly vertical, and the mill men sunk a shaft ten feet in diameter sixty feet, and did not find any water. We afterward bored a hole eighteen feet deep about sixty rods away, in a place where the water-witch had said there was none, and found water that furnished sixty gallons per minute.

As to the action of the forked stick in the men's hands: I will take the same stick, and when it turns down for them, it will turn up or otherwise for me at my pleasure, and I will defy any one to note any action of my muscles; but nevertheless they do act. The peculiar way in which the stick is grasped causes us all to look at the fingers, hands or wrists for the action; but it's not there. The least separation of the arms, or the bringing them closer together, even so slightly as not to be discernible, will cause the point of the stick to rise or fall. This action may be increased by an indelible action of the muscles of the hand or fingers.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

Home Carpentry.

The woman who indulges in carpenter work seldom gets much harm. She contents herself with trying to drive nails into the wall, and with experiments with mullage. She drives her nails with great caution, and when she has loosened an inch or two of plaster she becomes alarmed, and resolves to let her husband assume the responsibility of inflicting further injury on the wall. She has a profound faith in the value of mullage as a substitute for glue, and hopefully attempts to mend china and furniture with it; but mullage is as harmless as it is inefficient, and it is only on the rare occasions when it is used to mend the wheels of the clock that it does any permanent injury to anything. It is doubtless the timidity of woman which restrains her mending instincts. She dreads the saw and the chisel as treacherous tools that inevitably inflict wounds on the user, and she dislikes hot glue owing to its proneness to burn unwary fingers. Moreover, she can never grasp the difference between a nail and a screw, and regards the latter as an absurd variety of nail which can not be driven with a hammer unless the wielder of the hammer has the muscles of a man. Thus, for one reason or another, carpenter work as practiced by woman is harmless and inexpensive, and she knows nothing of the remorse to which the man who owns an amateur tool chest and is not wholly hardened is a prey.

Nothing more surely devastating than a man with a fondness for amateur carpentry is ever found in a respectable household. The reckless inebriate who throws all the furniture out of the window does perhaps an equal amount of injury, but he can not be said to be a feature of respectable households. There is an old proverb that is often repeated on the 1st of May to the effect that three movings are equal to one fire in point of destructiveness. It might be expanded by the addition of the great

truth that one amateur carpenter is equal to two movings, and even then the destructiveness of home carpentry would be underrated. The husband of whom the infatuated wife is fond of remarking, "He is so handy with his tools that he can do almost anything," destroys an average amount of seventy-five dollars' worth of furniture annually, as estimated by our most intelligent furniture dealers; and so well is this understood among the latter class that some enterprising furniture dealers sell amateur tool chests at half their cost to their regular customers, feeling sure that their business will thereby be immensely benefited.

The amateur carpenter always has perfect confidence in himself, and instead of learning humility from his many failures, he grows bolder and more reckless. He may be too busy or too tired to accede to the ordinary requests of his wife, but when she asks him if he won't just mend the rocking-chair or put up a shelf in the kitchen, he will even lay aside his after-dinner cigar in his zeal to wield the hammer and saw. He rarely finishes what he undertakes to do. If there is what ladies call "a squeak" somewhere in the rocking-chair, he begins the work of banishing the squeak by pulling the chair apart, and when, after an hour or two of hard work, involving great destruction of veneering and hopeless laceration of the joints of the chair, he succeeds in disconnecting the rockers, he announces that he is too tired to do anything more, and must put off the work of reconstruction until the next day. In some cases he does resume work, and succeeds in putting the chair together again after a fashion, but it is then so scarred and misshapen that he acknowledges that it will have to go to the cabinet-maker's to be "done over," and in his pride at having removed the squeak he never seems to perceive that the last state of that chair is decidedly worse than the first.

The partial or permanent ruin of the object which the amateur carpenter undertakes to mend is by no means the full extent of the damage which he inflicts upon the furniture. If he uses the saw, he invariably places the article to be sawed on a chair, and contrives to inflict a deep cut on the chair by the zealous and incautious use of his weapon. If he wishes to nail one piece of wood to another, he places them both on the floor, and drives his nails through the carpet and deep into the planks beneath. When he uses the glue-pot, he either lays the wet brush down upon the damask table cover, or he spatters the glue upon the carpet. One of his most characteristic feats is that of shortening one leg of a table. Being told that the leg is too long, he saws it off so as to make it of the same length as the other legs. Invariably he finds that he has made it too short, and he then tries to shorten the other legs. There is yet to be found a single instance of a successful shortening of table legs by a man with an amateur tool chest, although several exasperated and persevering men have sawed an entire set of four legs into small pieces in the vain hope of bringing them into uniformity.

It is probable that more far-reaching injury is done by the amateur carpenter who makes articles of furniture than by the man who simply repairs them. The book-cases and single bedsteads made by the head of the family who is handy with his saw can not be thrown out of doors, but must remain to vex the souls of the intelligent members of the family and fill the minds of visitors with amazement. What is imperatively needed is a strict prohibitory law forbidding the sale of carpenter's tools to any man who can not prove that he is a professional carpenter. Until this is done there will always be men who will buy tools and enter upon a career of destruction of household furniture which must cause any angel with a taste for sleeping to weep bitterly through useless tears.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Prospects for Hogs.

Farmers may rely on good prices for fat hogs for at least eighteen months more. The present amount of slaughtered hogs show a large shortage, which is having its effects on prices. Nor will this be made up by the spring supplies. There has been a short crop of corn in nearly all of the hog-producing portions of the Northwest for two successive years. Nearly half of all the farmers have bought or will have to buy corn, which necessarily operates largely to reduce the hog crop. But there is another serious back-set to the number of hogs. The present winter has been remarkably hard on hogs, and especially on pigs. It has been almost impossible to save pigs which were three months and under at the commencement of winter. They either perish with cold, or pile up in hot beds at night where they sweat, and go out in the wind thirty degrees below zero and catch cold, from which they never recover. Many die soon, and the balance linger with a consumptive cough, which, so far as the owner is concerned, better be dead. Our private information is that the past winter has been very fatal to pigs. And the current incoming crop has been so thoroughly swept away that there is scarcely a vestige left. Consequently, as the cold and deep snows have covered nearly all of the hog regions, those who have hogs, or those who are able now to begin the breeding of pigs, will have a strong assurance that it will pay. If the time from this until the clover pastures supply food can be profitably bridged over, this is the best prospect for a good price. The present deficiency can not possibly be made up, even with the best crops in the future, until about the close of 1884.

Hog raising is one of the quickest ways of raising large money on a farm, and when it is at the present price an occasional loss of hogs by cholera will not reduce it below a paying business. At present rates one-fourth of the hogs may die, and yet the business pays larger than anything else.—*Iowa State Register.*

An old-time physiologist declared that nine men of every ten were more or less insane. There is some evidence of the fact when the eating of a certain number of quails in a certain number of days by some men with a jappened stomach becomes a matter of National interest.—*N. Y. Herald.*

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The Turkish Government has ordered the construction of a railroad from Acre to Jesci Muhaina, on the sacred soil of Galilee.

Instead of looking at the dress of a Siamese to estimate his rank, it is necessary to cast the eye upon the servant following him, who bears upon a tray the badge which designates his master's rank.

King Humbert, of Italy, drives himself about in a T cart, like any other quiet gentleman in Rome. When his carriage gets blocked, as it frequently does in the narrower streets, he takes it more patiently than the foreigners do, who admire the way in which he sits and nods and laughs to acquaintances in the crowd.

It is the fashion in Paris to wear green hair, the verdant hue being, of course, produced by artificial means. As the dye used will take effect on white hair only, those whose locks are not already snow must subject their store of hair, including their store hair, to a bleaching process if they want to keep abreast of the fashion.

Mr. Gladstone is the constant care of Mrs. Gladstone, and everywhere that William goes, his wife is sure to go. She is with him when he speaks in the hall, she is with him when he speaks from the stump; but wherever it may be, she is prompt, on the conclusion of his remarks, to muffle him and convey him away from the boisterous and delays of crowds of admirers.

The *Gardener's Chronicle* (London) tells of the effects of the so-called stinging tree. The sting of a single hair of it on the hand of a victim gave rise to severe pain over the whole of one side of the body, followed by numbness and partial paralysis, a remarkable cooling of the senses, and "becoming insane." He experienced, and the severe symptoms lasted for two hours. The punctured spot remained painful for nearly a month.

The Governor-General's agent in Rajputana reports that a case of suttee, or widow-burning, recently occurred at Utnara, in Jeypore. The victim was the widow of Sham Singh, chief of the village. The Jeypore authorities have acted promptly in the matter. The principal offenders, who were sons and brothers of the deceased chief, have been sentenced to imprisonment for seven years, while minor accomplices received sentences of three years' imprisonment.—*St. James Gazette.*

It is announced that the sculptor, Gerard, who obtained a medal at the last salon in Paris for his "Tobie et l'Ange," has just, without any premonitory symptoms, lost his reason. He was working in his studio, and giving the last touches to a remarkable group called "Materinity," when he suddenly went mad. His friends succeeded in getting him into a cab under the pretext of a drive, but the vehicle deposited the unfortunate man at the Asylum Sainte Anne.

One day recently a woman wearing a pair of long pendant earrings of mother-of-pearl, which are much admired, was walking with her father and her lover in the Arenaccia, outside the city of Naples. A fellow, who had seen the earrings, followed the party, and, watching his opportunity, tore them from the ears of the girl. The father and lover gave chase, but were suddenly confronted by another man, who, presenting a pistol, threatened to shoot them if they continued to follow his companion. The father of the girl drew out a pistol with which he too was provided, and put both men to flight. Later in the day they were both captured.

The Archbishopric of Canterbury.

The King of Kent, Ethelbert by name, established the See of Canterbury in 597, two years ago, an Augustine, whom Gregory the Great sent to England as a missionary to convert the Anglo-Saxons, was its first incumbent, but not until during the time of his third successor, Theodorus, was the holder of the office invested with metropolitan authority and powers. Many great and noble men have filled the office, and some very mean and narrow ones have been clothed with its authority. The royal succession itself has not been more full of interest or more vitally associated with the prosperity and progress, or otherwise, of the centuries than the influence and polity and deeds of the primates of England. The names of Lanfranc, Anselm, Thomas Becket, John Morton are great names; so is Simon Islip, who is represented a giant in size also, if tradition is correct, for this prelate is said to have been six feet three in height. Cranmer stands six feet eight on the list, and down to his time nearly all the primates were bred monks, except an occasional lawyer. The reformation came in with Cranmer, and his sixty-seven predecessors were under the Pope. Twenty-four have ruled since, and they have governed under the throne.

The Archbishop of Canterbury is both diocesan and metropolitan. In his metropolitan character and capacity he is guardian of every vacant see within his province—presents to all benefices which fall vacant while such see remains without a bishop, and by special commissary exercises a bishop's ordinary jurisdiction therein. He has likewise appellate jurisdiction over all bishops of his province. As diocesan he exercises, through the Consistory Court of Canterbury, the ordinary jurisdiction of a bishop over that diocese.

Ancient degrees he has as primate, university powers invested in him. He can confer the degrees of doctor of divinity and laws, as also of B. A. and M. A. These are known as Lambeth degrees, and are valued according to the views entertained of the primate and the position occupied by the estimator. In social position he overranks all other subjects not of the blood royal. He crowns the Kings and Queens of England, and is the spiritual adviser of the royal family. He is ex-officio president of the convocation of the prelates and clergy of his province, and by royal writ summons it to meet whenever Parliament assembles, and dissolves it when Parliament prorogues. He is entitled to no less than eight chaplains, and is ex-officio an ecclesiastical commissioner, having also the right to nominate one of these commissioners. He has two palaces and £15,000 a year. Thus will be

seen the importance of the office and the obvious influence which its incumbent must wield. His induction to office is not designated a consecration, but an enthronement which attaches almost regal dignity to it.

Dr. Benson, Bishop of Truro, in Cornwall, has been appointed to succeed the late Dr. Tait. It has been announced in the papers that Dr. Harold Brown, of Winchester, and Dr. Church, canon of St. Paul, were offered the position, and both declined it; but such statements require authentication, and have no certain basis. The Bishop of Winchester may have declined it, for he is "old and well stricken in years;" but it is not at all probable that Dr. Church would have done so, for his name was at once mentioned when Private Tait died, and was kept before the public as the most likely and eligible appointment that could be made; and hence, if the choice of the Premier had been made in harmony therewith, it would have been eagerly accepted. Dr. Benson is a moderate High-churchman, that is, he is not in sympathy with the Ritualists, nor will he grant them the same concessions that his Broad-church predecessor yielded to them. He signaled his advent to the diocese of Truro by proclaiming the Wesleyan ministry illegitimate, and has just signaled his departure from Cornwall by referring in courteous and gracious terms of recognition to the valuable labors of the Wesleyans in his late diocese.

He is a man of strong and earnest convictions; able at organization, able and firm as an administrator, untiring as a worker, and he imbues those with whom he has to do with much of his own spirit. He has liberal views as to church work, for he licensed many lay helpers in Cornwall to preach in unconsecrated buildings, and to do other and various kind of religious work. He will be a great improvement upon his predecessor, and in many respects quite a contrast to him. The Nonconformists need not expect much from Anglican dignitaries of any school. Dean Stanley, with all his catholicity and liberality, held intercourse with them in a one-sided and patronizing manner. When he invited ministers to preach in the Abbey he gave them the layman's desk, which Max Muller occupied, and not the pulpit. Dr. John Stoughton was so treated. Now, I would much prefer the attitude of High-churchmen to such recognition as that. Dr. Benson will be loyal to his position; but as it is probable he has a true and conservative discernment of the situation, its responsibilities and its needs, it is reasonable to conclude that he will subordinate his churchly sympathies and preferences to the spiritual and religious claims of the primacy, and that he will see that it will be the highest wisdom, as well as a principal duty, to recognize the fact that there are other churches in England than his own, and that combined they constitute a larger and stronger factor in the religious life and political influence of the nation.—*London Cor. Western Christian Advocate.*

An Anecdote of Gambetta's Mother.

As the "Bazar Genois" was in the market-place its business lay in a great degree with rustics. Leon, a sickly fellow dealing with haggling rustics, and prayed to be removed from behind the counter to the desk. As he was a quick accountant, and wrote in a neat, legible and flowing hand, this was granted. He did his best to give his mind to the business, but failed, and his health sank under the tedium of uncongenial pursuits. No device to which the watchful and tender mother resorted could get the better of his splenetic state. He had a fixed ambition which, as it appeared to him a chimerical one, made him restless, discontented and miserable; it was to study law and become a teacher to a local faculty in a provincial city. One day his mother called him to her. She said she had been unhappy in witnessing his growing depression, and she handed him a bag of money which she had saved unknown to anybody—enough to defray the cost of his journey to Paris and enable him to study law there for some time. A trunk full of clothing had been prepared, and was at the office of the stage-coach, where a place was booked for him to the nearest railway. Madame Gambetta instructed him to slip quietly away, in order to avoid a painful scene with his father, who was determined that his son should succeed him in the business.

This communication was so unexpected and delightful that for the rest of the day Leon was in a state of bewilderment. He rose betimes next morning, and stole off as instructed. Before Madame Gambetta had instructed her son to follow his vocation, she had taken steps to keep him out of misery when the hoard placed in his hands should be exhausted. In 1856, the year in which Gambetta left Cahors, M. Emile Menier went there on a business tour. He had just opened the chocolate factory at Nohel, and traded in medicated biscuits and sweet-stuffs. Calling at the "Bazar Genois," he was received by Madame Gambetta. In answer to his proposal to sell his goods on commission she, with tears in her eyes, met it with another. It was in the nature of the one enunciated by the unjust steward. "I have a son of great promise," she said, "whom I want to send to Paris against his father's will, to study law. He is a good lad and no fool. But my husband, who wants him to continue his business here, will, I know, try to starve him into submission. What I am about to propose is that if I buy your chocolate at the rate you offer it, and buy it outright instead of taking it to sell on commission, you will say nothing if I enter it at a higher price, and you will pay the difference to my son?" M. Menier, from whose lips I had this anecdote, agreed, and for some years carried out the arrangement.—*The Century.*

An amusing incident occurred recently in the County Court. Brandt, the lawyer, was examining a German witness who could not speak English, and was very deaf besides. His questions were put through an interpreter, and, much to the amusement of the court and spectators, the lawyer seemed to think that because the witness was deaf that the questions had to be belabored to the interpreter, and he roared himself hoarse, and he couldn't see for the life of him what every one was laughing at.—*Chicago Herald.*

Our Young Folks.

THE SPHINX.

She doesn't live in Egypt—
Not in these later years;
She sits in a can-seat rocker,
And this is what she hears:

"Mamma, where's my pencil?"
"Mamma, where's my hat?"
"Mamma, what does this man say?"
"Mamma, what is that?"
"Who was General Taylor?"
"Where's this horrid town?"
"Hav' I got to do it?"
"Can I have a cornet?"
"Don't I wash my hair?"
"Ma, if I get rich some day,
Wouldn't you be glad?"
"Th' book says the dew-drops
Climb the morning sky;
Oh, what makes them do so?
Tell the reason why."

Hear the gentle answers,
Making matters plain;
Should she speak in riddles,
They will ask again.

"Something ails this slipper—
Doesn't it look queer?"
"Must I do it over?"
"Fix it, mother dear."
"We must write an essay
On 'a piece of chalk';
Mamma, where did you say?
"Ma, why don't you talk?"

Children, come to auntie!
Let mamma alone!
(I sometimes think the patient sphinx
Will really turn to stone.)
—Anna S. R. de, in St. Nicholas.

ABOUT CLOTHES.

The fourth of the John Spicer course of lectures was given in the usual place, Barn Hall, and to the usual audience. Superintendent Dick announced that the lecture would be upon Clothes, upon which Jumper, Whistler, and others of the boys, and some of the girls, were seen to brush their clothes a little as if to brush off of them anything which should not be on. Lecturer John Spicer entered Barn Hall promptly on time, made his bow, and gave out his subject:

CLOTHES.

It is very good fun to take off your clothes and go in swimming. [Applause.] Clothes are the things that you wear. They have arms and legs to them, and ever so many button-holes and buttons, and have pockets. Pockets are the best part of your clothes. We have two kinds of clothes, best ones and old ones. We hang up the best ones, and I wear the old ones. When you wear your best clothes every day you most always get something on them. Once I hitched the picket of a picket fence into the leg of some best clothes and pitched over head first, and the picket went through, and then I had to take that pair for everyday ones. Gudgeon greases that you get off of wheels will not come off very well. I do not mean it will not come off the wheels very well, but off your clothes. Ink spots stay on, but you can get paint off if you can get anything to take it off with. Mud brushes off when it gets dry, and your mother doesn't say anything when you get mud on your everyday ones, but she does on your best ones. Sometimes when you go to places you have to stop and change your clothes, and sometimes you fall into wet mud and have to go home and take them off. One time I had to go to bed and wait for some clothes to dry that got wet when I was having "drizzles" on some thin ice of a great puddle down in a hollow place when it had been raining and that puddle froze over. [Laughter.] One time when I was a little fellow, when I was going to a party with two little fellows about as big as I was, and we had on our best clothes, we climbed up a tree to see if some birds' eggs had hatched out, and a dry twig on a branch tore a hole on one side of one of my trouser legs, and I did not want to go back home because it was a pair with a hole in it. A big fellow was not very big, but he was bigger than we little fellows—he told me to go to the party and keep my hand down over the hole, and I did, and somebody that was at the party asked me if my arm was lame [laughter], and I said "No, ma'am; but when the ice creams came round I forgot and took away my hand to take the saucer in it, and that some one looed at it, and laughed some, and she said: "Oh, now I see what the matter was with your arm!" and I laughed a little when she did, and she told me not to thin any more about the hole then, but to have a good time and thin: about the hole afterwards, and I did. She told me a funny story about a hole that was torn. I will tell it. Once there was a very small boy named Gussie, and he tore his clothes most every day, and his mother mended them after he had gone to bed and he did not see her do it, and he thought the holes grew up of themselves during the night. [Laughter.] And one day when his little cousin Susie tore her dress her mother told her not to cry, and cried. Gussie told her not to cry, for the hole would grow up again in the night, just as holes did in his clothes. And when Susie went to bed she put her dress over a chair to have the holes grow up, and first thing in the morning she went in her night-gown to look, and her mother found her standing there crying, and when her mother asked her what she was crying for, she said: "Because that hole did not grow together in the night. I thought it would grow up in the night!" [Laughter and applause.]

I know another story. It is about a pair of trousers and a poor boy. Once there was a very poor boy, and his mother had no money to buy him clothes, and his clothes were very old and bad, and the other boys laughed at this one because he wore that kind of clothes. [Groans from the audience, and cries of "Oh! oh! mean! m-a-n!"] And the boy used to go home from school and cry because the boys laughed at him. And his mother said: "No matter if they do laugh at you; that won't hurt you. You just keep to your book and learn all you can; that's what you go to school for. It won't hurt you to be laughed at. Keep thinking of that." The boy went to school every day, and when he was laughed at he said to himself: "Laughing won't hurt me"—just as his mother had told him—and studied his lessons and learned a good deal. And one day the teacher said to the other boys: "Why do you laugh at that boy for his clothes? You are no better for having good clothes. Where did you get your clothes? You did not make them yourselves. You did not earn the money yourselves to buy them with. Somebody bought the cloth, and somebody made them, and all you do is to put them on and wear them out. [A voice:

"That's so." So you need not feel proud of your clothes. Clothes do not make anybody any better." Some of the girls and boys in that school were very proud of their clothes, and they had on nice new things, and they would keep looking at them, and feeling proud of them. That poor boy's name was Oliver, and I know a little story about him and some quite good clothes. A woman that had a great deal of money, had a boy named Edward, and one time when Edward's clothes grew too small for him, she sent them to Oliver's mother, for Oliver. They were summer clothes. The first time Oliver put on the trousers, he found a silver pencil in one of the pockets. Two quite large boys were playing there, and he said to them: "Why? here's a pencil been left in! Edward's pencil!" The trousers were given to you, and everything in them is yours." He told them Edward's mother and Edward did not know the pencil was there. They said: "No matter. They will think it is lost." And one said that may be it was left in on purpose for Oliver. Oliver said he would go and ask. The boys told him he was a *cooly* to go. And one of them said: "Sell it to me. I'll give you forty cents for it." Then Oliver jumped right up, and he ground and jiggered very quick: "Do you think I'll cheat! Applause." "I'm going to ask about it!" Applause. He went and asked Edward if that pencil was meant to be left in, and it was not meant to be. Edward's grandfather gave it to Edward, and he wanted to keep it always; but he thought it was lost. They were summer clothes, and they were put away with that pencil in a pocket of them, and stayed a year put away. On e I had some m-tins put away in some winter clothes. Mittens are clothes to wear on your hands, and hats are clothes to wear on your head. Once my aunt told me a hat riddle. I will say it:

"Two poor little brothers they had but one hat,
And both wore the same one, can you guess
how was that?
Each boy have a head? Oh, yes; each had a head!
And both heads had one hat on, as just has been said.
Their grandfather's? No! a boy's hat made for one.
Yet worn by two heads! Can you guess how 'twas done?
Did one boy stay in! No, nothing like that!
Both went out together, and both wore the hat.
Small heads? No, indeed, sir! Their heads were not small!
You've not guessed my riddle, not guessed it at all!
I'll tell you the answer: The hat was of cork.
As old an old hat, sir, as you ever saw:
It was torn round about, just under the band,
And left in two parts; do you quite understand?
And when these small brothers walked forth in the town,
Why one wore the rim, and the other the crown."
—Mrs. A. M. Diaz, in Wide Awake.

A Troublesome Parcel.

Messenger Hesse, of the Adams Express Company, recently brought over his division of the route from Washington an express package, which it would have been superfluous to mark "handle with care." The package weighed about one hundred and thirty pounds avoirdupois, and it was consigned to a preacher of this city, living in Green street, with a car and a trunk or two dollars. The package had come all the way from Dalton, Ga., and was nothing more nor less than a young lady of eighteen tender years, whose parents had sent her to New York by express in order to preclude all possibility of losing her on the way, or to be able to collect damages if she should be mislaid. Messenger Hesse was in somewhat of a quandary how to pack his precious burden when he received a receipt for her at Washington. He thought the only safe plan would be to put her in the corner of a car and get a crockery crate and cage her in that, but he finally decided to ship her through in a passenger car, and get the brakeman to watch her. One of the necessities of this unique freight package was an occasional meal, and the brakeman was anxious to bring the young lady's provender on these occasions. Messenger Hesse, however, sternly bade him to stick to his stove and his brake-wheel, and not to try to stir up other people's duties. The expense of the fair express package's meals was put on a tag and added to the C. O. D. After a great deal of mental suffering, lest his charge should fall out of a window or be spirited away at intermediate stations, Messenger Hesse finally got her safely to Jersey City. There she was loaded into an express wagon and brought over the ortland street ferry to New York and taken to the office of the Adams Express Company, at No. 57 Broadway, where another agent signed a paper acknowledging her safe receipt, and Messenger Hesse breathed a sigh of relief and went forth and took a drink to drown his sorrow at parting. The express package was again put into an Adams express wagon and driven to its consignee in Greene street, who paid all charges and received it with open arms. Messenger Hesse is anxious to have this branch of the express traffic developed.—*N. Y. Times.*

Rev. Joshua Hudson, who resided near Gainsboro', Frederick County, Va., went to the hog-pen for the purpose of feeding his hogs. Having longer than usual, search was made of him, and the great horror of the family he was found in the pen dead, with the side of his face and throat terribly lacerated by the hogs.

Although Connecticut may be the home of many of the impositions practiced upon the American public, it is also the seat of much temperance and religious teaching. Recent statistics show that the State contains only 1,189 saloon-keepers, while the number of clergymen is nearly as great.—*U. S. C.*

Fifty-three employes, conductors and drivers, of the People's Street Railway Company of Philadelphia have been discharged for stealing fares. The boldest of them, it is said, were dishonestly keeping from two dollars to five dollars a day.—*Philadelphia Record.*

There is no bravery in carrying a pistol, no chivalry in shooting a man, no gallantry involved in a street brawl. Our young men ought to understand these things.—*Allan's Constitution.*