☞All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving name and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct.

THE WHITTLER.

His knife is an old-fashioned one—the blade is of the kind
That, while with ease it cuts new cheese, its edge turns on the rind.
And it bears the old-time falsehood that so many old knives tell,
The prehistoric rebus in the letters "IXL."

The spring is worn and shortened, and the blade, which backward leans,
Oft closes on the fingers when opening sardines;
Though 'tis worthless yet the owner of its merits much doth blow,
And wants some "boot" when asked to trade—he at least should get the toe.

The whittler sits and whistles, when the weather will permit,
On a goods box on the pavement, where he loveth much to sit,
And he talketh of the tariff to a friend from up the pike,
While his shavings and his arguments are valuable alike.

In the southwest the whittler in the most perfection blooms,
And he carveth strips of poplar and the handles of old brooms;
He hath no ingenuity and couldn't make a peg
If the penalty for failure was the loss of his right leg.

The policeman poses near the middle of the street
And whittles very solemnly, quite deaf to passing feet;
You'd think his mighty brain upheld the land on even's brink—
He's thinking, very probably, where next he'll get a drink.

In this section, where horse trading is an every-day affair
And the young men have a mania for trading everywhere,
This whittling serves a purpose, for the traders, bound to lie,
Hate to look each other honestly and squarely in the eye.

And so at night in circles where the idler loves to sit
And listen to horse arguments and questionable wit,
Something like this you'll hear at times: "Bill Griggs, who shot Jim Gray,
Got whittled outen that black mar' he's had so long, to-day."

—*Parmenas Mix, in N. Y. Mercury.*

A PERILOUS ADVENTURE.

Engineering on the Plains Fifteen Years Ago—Feat of Howard Schuyler—Graphic Story of Danger and Courage.

The kindness of a kinsman of the late Howard Schuyler has furnished us with the following interesting story of the perils of engineering life on the Plains only fifteen years ago:

"In a recent letter from —— he informs me of your request that I should write out in detail the story of Howard's miraculous escape from the Indians, as I had narrated it to you. If it is a matter of interest to you, it will certainly be a pleasure to me so to do.

"In the month of June, 1869, when the grass and flowers on the plains of Kansas and Colorado were nearly knee-high, the result of unusually abundant rains, which left clear pools of water in all the little arroyos, a corps of Kansas Pacific engineers under the leadership of Howard Schuyler, were engaged in making certain preliminary surveys in the vicinity of the terminal town of Phil Sheridan, near the border line of the two States. They had been out on a trip of several months in the direction of Denver, and had returned to the end of the track to begin the definite location, which we afterward carried through to Denver. At this time I had been with the party some two or three months, taking my novitiate in engineering, and was occupying the position of rodman. Prior to commencing the location, we were running some rapid trial lines north of Sheridan, and by the 19th of June were some fifteen or twenty miles out in a rolling country, where the heads of the Smoky Hill and Republican Forks of the Kansas River interlock. On the evening before our camp had been brought up to the end of our work, and we started out bright and early on this memorable Saturday morning, so that by ten o'clock we were several miles away from camp. In all our work we had been accompanied by an escort of fifteen infantry soldiers, under the charge of a Lieutenant, acting in the capacity of a campguard, who, while they were very useful in guarding our base of supplies, were of no protection to us in the field. Our party numbered thirteen all told, two of whom remained in camp as cook and teamster. The working party was therefore reduced to eleven, including Howard, whose custom it was to ride several miles ahead, looking out the line and indicating it by building sod mounds two or three feet high with a shovel. We followed from one mound to the next, measuring angles and distances and leveling the ground. Our progress was as rapid almost as a man would walk at a moderate pace, and we were exceedingly vulnerable to attack, as we were all separated, strung out over a distance of a mile or more, while Howard was always out of sight and several miles ahead, but having been out several months without seeing any Indian signs we had no suspicion of danger and did not dream there were any Indians in the country. We afterwards knew that they had been watching us some days and were simply waiting for the most favorable opportunity to make the attack, having evidently planned to kill Howard first and then come back along the line picking off the rest of the party one by one.

In pursuance of this plan they lay in wait until they had cornered him in a trap when they fired a shot, striking his horse in the hip; and looking around he saw a long line of the red painted devils on three sides of him, while on the fourth, in the direction of his party, was half a mile or more of broken ground, cut up by deep narrow ravines. It took but a moment to decide his line of action. Putting spurs to his horse he turned to the only loophole of escape, and, to the surprise of the Indians, went leaping over the ravines, one after the other, at the risk of his life, but with the assurance that they could not follow him, as none of their ponies were equal to the work, and to keep up the pursuit they were obliged to make a long detour.

Having once got clear of the broken ground, Howard looking back, found himself well ahead, and was congratulating himself on so easy an escape, when he saw directly before him, springing out of the grass, a formidable array of Indians, intercepting his flight; those pursuing in the rear closed up, and almost before he could realize the situation he found himself again entrapped, this time by a line of Indians that entirely encircled him, numbering about one hundred, as near as he could judge. They rapidly narrowed the limits of the circle, and began taunting him with all manner of insults, and telling him of the tortures that awaited him and of the slow roasting that they proposed to give him. For several minutes he sat on his horse trying to reconcile himself to the certainty that death was before him, but when the first struggle was over all trembling ceased, and with as true an aim as ever huntsman leveled at a deer, he drew up his rifle and fired at the nearest man, killing him instantly. Earlier in the fight he had realized that he was more lightly armed than usual, having that morning left his belt, with a brace of pistols and a box of cartridges, in camp to be cleaned, taking only his Winchester carbine, carrying twelve shots. He now determined to sell his life as dearly as possible, and, counting every shot, to be sure that he saved one for himself as a *dernier resort* in case of capture, since death by his own hand was preferable to slow torture. Twice more he shot in quick succession without fatal effect, when he suddenly put spurs to his horse and dashed through the line. At this moment there was a general scramble and rush for him, some trying for him with their spears, others seizing his legs and striving to unhorse him. He succeeded in the twinkling of an eye in throwing them all off, and even killed a second man riding at his side, putting his gun against his (the Indian's) body and blazing away, the blood spurting over Howard's buckskin leggings, saddle and horse. The instant he freed himself from them and got clear alone on open ground ahead of them, where they were not in danger of killing each other in shooting at him, they fired a volley of bullets and arrows at him. None of them hit him, and up to this moment he was entirely unharmed. Had his horse been equally fortunate this would doubtless have ended the fight, as the horse was a fine, high-spirited animal, superior to any of the Indian ponies. But the first shot received at the beginning of hostilities had cut a small artery, and from this the blood was pumping out a steady stream that, together with his violent exertions, was fast sapping his strength. The Indians, seeing this, were encouraged to continue the pursuit, and their leader, mounted on an American stage horse (stolen the day before at a stage station a few miles back, which they had burned, murdering all the inmates), succeeded so well in keeping pace with him, that Howard could almost feel the breath from the nostrils of his pursuer's horse. Thus they rode, nose to tail, for a mile or two, the Indian occupying the time in shooting at Howard. Three pistols, six-shooters, he emptied, and bullets flew around poor Howard on every side. Four more entered the poor horse, already so badly wounded, a bullet pierced Howard's clothes at his side, another cut the strap of his field glass, which was lost, another cut off his spur, bursting the heel slightly but not drawing blood; a fourth pierced the wooden breech of his rifle, as he carried it in his hand—almost striking it from his grasp; others struck the saddle, and in short they seemed to strike everywhere but where they were aimed. All this time Howard was endeavoring to reach over his shoulder and get a shot at the Indian, but at every such movement the savage slipped under the belly of his horse and went out of sight, except a hand on the mane and heel on the back. Finally, all ammunition exhausted, the Indian resorted to his spear, and with the wooden handle gave Howard one or two severe raps on the head, trying to knock him out of his saddle—without avail, but at last Howard's horse, that had been tottering shakily, from loss of blood, fell on his knees, and the Indian rushed up to end the contest. At that instant the horse struggled to his feet again and Howard saw that his opportunity had come, his foe was at his side, and he quickly thrust his rifle against the Indian's body and fired, blowing a hole through that seemed as large as one's arm. The Indian shrieked, leaped out of his saddle, and fell to the ground on his face, dead.

Looking about, Howard saw the remainder of the band following at a prudent distance, for by this time they began to look upon him as a god, invulnerable to all their weapons. When, at last, the poor horse fell prostrate, and apparently dead, they all flocked up to make a final disposition of their troublesome enemy. But Howard, undaunted, lay quietly down behind the body of his horse, and when they came within short range, took deliberate aim and fired, killing another man. This unlooked-for disaster completely demoralized them, and they fled in all directions. Within three minutes not an Indian was in sight. He turned his attention to his horse, loosened the girth to take off the saddle, and was surprised when the animal drew a deep breath and struggled to his feet. He then led him slowly to where the rest of the party had made a stand about their wagon, and as he approached from one direction I came limping up from the other, with a bullet in my right leg. The Indians had paid their gentle attention to the rest of us during the time Howard was having his fight, but fortunately not in force, and we succeeded in getting together at the wagon without the loss of a man, I being the only one wounded in the whole engagement. As soon as Howard joined us we started on the retreat for camp, the Indians harassing us the whole way. They would form in single file or all abreast, and charge as though they were going to ride right over us, but on getting within short range would wheel and retire, after discharging a volley of shots that would tear up the earth all around us. This was most terrifying to me, a boy fresh from school, who had never experienced any sort of warfare, and had never even seen a gun fired by one man at another—but Howard, who had gone through four years of war of the rebellion, and had seen three years or more of border warfare with Indians, was quite exhilarated by the excitement. He gave them a challenge by walking alone several hundred yards away on one side. They charged, but retreated when he kneeled and fired.

Arriving at camp after an hour's ride and running fight, we found the escort thoroughly alarmed, and just starting out to pick up our dead bodies, for they had seen so many Indians about that they made sure we were all killed. It was a scene of mutual rejoicing and congratulation, as we had feared that they had met an untimely fate. A hasty council of war was held as to what was to be done. We were unanimous in the opinion that it was folly to continue work without a larger escort and a personal body guard, besides it was necessary that my wound should be dressed. Consequently it was decided to turn our faces in the direction of Sheridan, which we did, arriving there late in the afternoon, the Indians following us all the way seeking an opportunity to attack us again. With them it became a question of revenge, as they had lost heavily, while we had escaped entirely.

The horse that carried Howard so nobly through the first fight ultimately recovered. Three of the five bullets were extracted. I afterwards took him home to Burlingame, where he was carefully fed and pampered for some years till he died.

I recovered from my wound very quickly, and within six weeks rejoined the party, receiving promotion to the first place in the corps—that of transitman—which I occupied until the road was completed.

Our miraculous escape was long the subject of wonder on the frontier, where it was regarded as the most marvelous on record, as we fought against such fearful odds. I hope the narrative as I have written it will be intelligible. I fear I have not made it as clear as I could verbally. It always excites me to think or tell of it.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

A Patti Rehearsal.

It may not be generally known to the lower classes that one of Adelina Patti's peculiarities is that in private life she is continually experimenting and practicing the details of her art. The great Mrs. Siddons is said to have considered "all the world's a stage" so literally that she "ordered a beefsteak with the air of a tragedy queen," but the great songstress avails herself of even more trivial and prosaic incidents to test her ideas of artistic effect.

The other evening a hall boy rushed breathless into the office of the Palace Hotel, and informed Count Smith that there was a crazy woman in No. 999, on the second floor. The Count hastily repaired to the room indicated, and which proved to be one of the rooms of the Patti suite. Getting no response to his knock, he opened the door and was astonished to behold the diva, pale and disheveled, clutching a chair for support and gazing at him with a look of frozen horror. In a tone that thrilled the hotel official's heart, she warbled:

"It is he; quick, conceal yourself
In this cabinet!"

and with a terrified movement she closed a closet door.

"A-anything wrong?" gasped the amazed bill stretcher, entering the room.

Tripping gaily toward him, the prima donna smiled fondly, let out a couple of nigh C's at the chandelier, and murmured *con expressione:*

"Be seated, dear father. You must
Indeed be fatigued by your long walk
From Rouen."

"W-h-a a-t?" stammered the bewildered recorder of mythical "extras."

The singer instantly changed her demeanor to that of a proud woman struggling with rage and jealousy. After a couple of indignant cadenzas she trilled a recitative:

"I have sent for you, Marquis to
Denounce a thief. I have been robbed
Of a case of jewels, and that woman
Is the criminal!"

And with glaring eyes and outstretched finger she pointed to a dress lying upon the bed. "A woman!" cried the Chesterfield of the Register, now convinced that the twenty dollar ticket boom had turned the diva's head. "I don't see any woman!"

"*S-s-s-h!*" chanted the star, in low tremolo notes, full of agony and despair.

"Dost not hear his blood
Still drip on the marble floor?"
He lies in the alcove yonder.
Come let us peep at him.
Five stilettos in his breast.
How Venice will shout to-morrow!"

And she dragged the trembling man to the bay window.

"I—I don't see anything," faltered the autocrat of the counter, meditating how he could make a running start for the door.

But the absorbed artist beat time with her little foot for a moment and then proceeded al crescendo.

Wouldst betray us, then, hareheart?
Traitor! It is thou alone shalt fire the palace
Here is thy torch—
I alone will guard the postern.

And she handed the champion handshaker a match, and, seizing a property dagger from the mantelpiece, placed her back against the door, meanwhile running the scale in a manner that made the very walls crack.

"Now, if I yell out for help, I suppose I'll be murdered," groaned Smith, who was bathed in a cold perspiration. "This crazy woman will slice me all up." Just then his eye fell upon the electric fire alarm button.

"Certainly I'll fire the palace!" he said aloud, and lighting the match, he applied it to the aforesaid safeguard.

In a few seconds the door was burst open by six porters carrying Babcock extinguishers, and before he could prevent it, had made a flabby wreck of the Count's awe-inspiring shirt-front, besides almost squirting Patti's head off her shoulders:

The Count rushed out to telegraph for the Lunacy Commissioners, and it took all the diplomacy of Mapleson, who arrived just then to square matters.

The Count was finally pacified with the gift of a dozen elegantly embroidered fronts, but they do say that he has since given the *diva* a wide birth, and never hears her electric voice in the court yelling for her chambermaid, or more towels, without hiding behind a rack and shivering like a dog swallowing a bone.—*Derrick Dodd, in San Francisco Post.*

Fatality Row.

There is a superstition among old members about sitting in a certain row of seats in the House on account of the deaths that have occurred among the occupants of this fatal line. An old member in speaking of Fatality Row said: "No, you couldn't get me to sit there. I'm not ready to die yet."

Then lowering his voice to an awful whisper, he continued, looking cautiously about:

"There are lots of members in the House you couldn't get to sit there, either. Why, when the seats are drawn at the opening of each Congress, some of the members who know about the fatality that hangs about these seats are uncomfortable until they are are all gone, for fear it will fall to their lot to get one, and when it comes to choosing between these and the otherwise less desirable seats in the rear they always take a back seat. Haven't you noticed how these seats are generally the last taken, unless they are chosen by new members? Well, it's a fact. The old men are particularly nervous about sitting there."

"Why is this Fatality Row more than any of the others?" asked the reporter.

"Why? I guess if you'd count over on your fingers and see how many members have died before the end of their term who held seats in this row you wouldn't ask, and I guess you'd be a little dubious about sitting there, too. Just count them over, commencing, say, with the Forty-fifth Congress, Mackey and may be one other are the only members who have died within that time who did not hold seats in this row. There was Fernando Wood, Haskell, Hartridge, Williams (of Michigan), Bev Douglas and one or two others whom I can't name just now. Garfield also sat in this row. There is something in it. I tell you. I would not like to sit there."—*Washington Star.*

—Prof. Cyrus Northrup, of Yale College, has accepted the Presidency of the Minnesota State University.

Let's Have the Truth.

In another month or so it will be time to begin advertising Northern summer resorts, and we take this early opportunity to ask a great favor on behalf of the whole American Nation. We sincerely hope that some one hotel man out of the 10,000 may come out with an honest statement of facts. So far as the resorts of Michigan and Wisconsin go we hope to see an advertisement about as follows:

"This hotel can accommodate about seventy-five guests in a decent manner. Any one over this number can expect to sleep on the porch. Our rooms are furnished with cheap furniture, poor carpets and bedding of the most common sort. Any one of our mattresses is warranted solid enough to answer for a meat block.

"This hotel is not romantically situated. In fact, the site is the poorest in the neighborhood, but we were looking for land at two dollars per acre when we bought. The views from the verandas and windows are somewhat picturesque, when not interfered with by windfalls, swamps and brush-heaps.

"We have flies and mosquitoes in plenty, and we neither use fly-screens nor mosquito bars.

"There is good rowing, bathing and fishing. The rowing consists in poling an old scow up and down, the bathing ground has a mud bottom, and when you catch a fish please let us know it. Minnows furnished free to guests. Which means twenty-five cents per dozen.

"The climate is salubrious. We don't know what salubrious means, but we have lots of rain, plenty of north winds and very romantic fogs at night. Fires extra. We never knew of any one dying here, but perhaps that is because we promptly ship all sick folks home before they have a chance to die.

"The table of this house is supplied with very poor meats, Chicago butterine, a fair grade of potatoes, adulterated coffee, poor tea, second-class bread and the usual assortment of pickles and sauces. Children eating at the first table will be charged full price. All meals sent to rooms will be extra.

"Washing-lists will be furnished at the office, but the proprietor recommends you to go over to the swamp and wash your own shirts if you want extra nice work.

"Our rates are $3 per day, or $15 per week. While the terms may seem high to you, you should remember that we must make enough here in three months to allow us to live like nabobs the rest of the year.

"Any one who may object to leaving a good home, pure air, plenty to eat and a first-class bed for the sake of enjoying my privileges as mentioned above, should at once consult an eminent physician. It is the eminent physicians who recommend my hotel."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Ruined by Opera.

Now that Grand Opera has emptied the pockets of two managers in this country the case of Edward Thomas Delafield becomes interesting, as showing, at any rate, that operatic impresarios were no better off in the past than now. Delafield fell heir to £100,000. In 1815 he invested it in a brewery which paid him £7,500 a year. One unfortunate night for him—it was in the summer of 1847—he went to the Italian Opera at Covent Garden. While sitting in his box one of the managers, a Mr. Beale, joined him, and, after some conversation about the splendor of the scenery, the beauty of the actresses, and the charm of the dancers, informed him confidentially that the establishment was in difficulty; Persiani was gone, and money was required to pay the artistes, or the theater must close. To avert so dire a catastrophe, Mr. Delafield, whose wealth seemed boundless, was asked merely to give a promissory note for £3,000. He was gradually led to become a partner in the management of its affairs. The terms on which he joined the management were that he was not to incur any liability beyond £15,000; but before the year was over he had lost four times that sum. His partners all contrived to shift the responsibility on his shoulders, and as long as he could draw upon his bankers, he continued to pay the various artistes at the following rates:

Mme. Grisi	£5,156
Mme. Alboni	4,006
Mme. Viardot Garcia	4,334
Mme. Castellan	1,728
Mme. Persiani	1,140
Sig. Mario	4,580
Sig. Tamburini	2,895
Sig. Salvi	2,570
Sig. Marini	1,850
Sig. Roger	1,910

And a large number of lesser stars, at salaries varying from £50 to £697 each.

By the end of 1848 the young gentleman was completely ruined, but his credit was not entirely gone. He commenced the operatic season of 1849 by a loan of £2,000 from his bankers, and soon after was obliged to make his escape to the continent. Not only was all his money gone, but his debts amounted to £35,000, and the only available assets were good debts—£3 14s. 6d. A reversionary interest to the amount of £6,000 had been assigned to Beale for an old debt of £3,000. Beale was ultimately squeezed out of £1,000 of his plunder for the benefit of the creditors.

Someone is said to have told the story of Delafield to Col. Mapleson once, whereupon the Colonel wept bitterly and informed the narrator that either Delafield had been born too soon or he (the Colonel) too late.—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

—Care in the setting of trees is profitably employed. Do not hustle in the tree as quickly as possible, thinking that the sooner its roots are covered the better. Dig a good-sized hole, and before putting in the tree spade up the bottom of the hole as deeply as possible. On this well-pulverized bottom the tree takes root quickly. Sift in fine earth about the roots, and when the hole is filled pack the earth tightly about the tree. If in a dry place put a mulch of straw or old horse manure, well supplied with litter, about the tree. In dry weather the mulch may be raised, a pail of water applied, the mulch replaced, and its effect will last nearly a month.—*Chicago Times.*

—A Tucson (A. T.) paper says that one afternoon recently when the eastbound passenger train was about ten miles out a rare mirage of the entire train was reflected on the western horizon, and could be seen moving at a rapid rate for more than one mile along in the air. The color of the cars was very distinct, and the entire train so well outlined that it was readily identified on its approach to the depot. The sight was witnessed by a large number of persons.

—During a fire in Capp's block at Portland, Maine, some men carried a keg of powder from an upper room down through the flames without an explosion.—*Boston Herald.*

An Awful Man for Eggs.

A young man with an alluring smile, a clean-shaven chin and a round gold scarf-pin engraved with a big P., sauntered casually into John Ross's coffee and cake foundry at No. 206 Front Street one day last week, when it was neither blowing, hailing, snowing, raining, or freezing, and meekly called for a little breakfast. The waiters scurried around for half an hour thereabouts, carrying in the young man's small meal on divers trays, and other guests came in and watched him with an awe that was almost reverential. When the young man had secreted a pound and a half of sirloin and a whole loaf of white bread somewhere behind his waistband, he gently shoveled a big mound of fried potatoes through the smiling orifice under his straight nose, casually swallowed four cups of coffee to assist the potatoes in their journey, and neatly topped off the whole pleasing combination with a saucer of fried onions. Then the young man sighed. So did Mr. Ross when he gratefully observed that the remarkable young man didn't send the saucer after the onions.

Mr. Ross sighed with relief, but the remarkable young man sighed for more. The waiter brought it. It was a large dish of seven poached eggs neatly spread on a square yard of toast. A Front Street potato merchant cast a look of sympathy upon the young man, and a look of dubious surprise upon another young man with a red mustache, who said he was James McDonald, and also asseverated that he once saw a negro eat forty poached eggs. The potato merchant very unwisely and somewhat forcibly observed that he didn't believe it. This was evidently what the man with the red mustache had been waiting around for. He grinned with exaltation, and exclaimed:

"Why, there is a fellow here now that can eat sixty eggs a day for five days, thirty at a sitting, and get away with his regular meals besides, and here's the stuff that says he can."

He excavated a small roll of greenbacks from his cloeck breeches, and tapped the shoulder of a young man with an alluring smile. The young man arose with the dignity of conscious genius, and inserting his finger and thumb in his waistcoat pocket, drew forth a piece of pasteboard, upon which was printed this excerpt of autobiography:

CHARLES PEARSALL,
Fish,
Fulton Market.

The Front Street potato merchant glanced at the card and instantly expressed his absorbing ambition to put up the money that the young man with the alluring smile was no match for anything like sixty consecutive eggs for even one day.

In just five minutes afterward the potato merchant was accommodated and ten crisp new five-dollar notes were nestling in the pocket of John Ross as stakeholder. The potato merchant and the man with the red mustache each put up five of the bills. The young man with the alluring smile then sat down and tossed off another cup of coffee and ate up three-quarter sections of Putnam County mince pie.

The next day, which was Monday, he stowed away his first installment of three score eggs, and followed it up on the succeeding days with an ease and freedom from stomach ache that rendered Fulton Market fish, flesh, fowl and fruit dealers speechless with astonishment.

At half-past four o'clock yesterday afternoon the young man with the alluring smile sauntered into the restaurant to conquer his last installment. Nine hours previously he had eaten thirty fresh-boiled eggs, a small steak and a cup of coffee.

Carver H. C. McDonald, who has a black mustache, counted out thirty eggs and slid them carefully onto a hanging scale, the index of which flew round to the figures indicating three and three-quarter pounds. Then he observed, with an expert's accuracy, that the eggs represented the equivalent of thirty-six pounds of beef, and slid them into a big pot of boiling water, out of which they were fished after the expiration of two and a half minutes. Four big soda-water glasses, holding a pint each, were ranged on the table, and three waiters cracked the steaming shells of the eggs and emptied their contents into the glasses. They filled the four to the brim.

Young Pearsall peeled off his overcoat, wiped his mouth with a napkin without effacing the alluring smile and, rolling up his cuffs, stirred the soft eggs with a fork and started in to make time. He drank the eggs as he did his coffee, at a gulp. The first glassfull disappeared in just five seconds. There was nothing of the second after seven seconds. The third had slid down his throat in eight seconds, and at the expiration of six seconds more there was nothing at all on the table but a quarter of a pound of demoralized egg-shells.

Then young Pearsall lit a good cigar and puffed at it with conscious pride. Between the puffs he said:

"I have felt no distress after this task. I sleep without much difficulty and have not yet seen the ghosts of my ancestors in my dreams. I don't expect to. I will eat sixty more eggs to-morrow to prove this feat is a genuine one. I first found that I could eat more than one egg when twelve years old. I am a New Yorker and have got a good square metropolitan appetite. It takes in other things besides eggs. Two years ago I ate two twist loaves of bread and drank half a gallon of coffee, and had to find another boarding-house. I will be twenty-two years old next July. Yes, I expect to live until then. I am five feet seven and one-half inches high, and I weigh 147 pounds, and am unmarried. I don't get married because I might eat my wife out of house and home. I have bet fifteen dollars to ten dollars that I will eat forty eggs at a sitting to-morrow."

When the cigar was smoked the young man sat down with his smile and silently ate a large piece of pie and drank a cup of tea. Another young man, with a light spring overcoat, gazed at him awhile and then exploded thus:

"I'll bet one hundred dollars to seventy-five dollars that I can fetch a man here to-morrow who will eat six dozen hard-boiled eggs at one sitting."

The young man with the alluring smile gazed a moment at the speaker, who is somewhat indifferently spoken of as "Paddy," winked his off eye, toyed with his gold scarf-pin, and merely remarked:

"Perhaps you might like to try me on pie, too. I can eat pie, I can. I can make a record on it. I can."

"Say no more," shouted an admiring spectator with a bay-window waist. "Say no more; Barnum wants you right off."

The young man then went away with his alluring smile, followed by the small boys of Fulton market.—*N. Y. Sun.*

For Young Readers.

"DEAR."

A bright little maiden, over the way,
Is up from her pillow at break of day.

Hands and face she washes, and combs her hair;
Twin pretty brown braids she ties up with care.

When breakfast is done, she washes the dishes,
Then hurries away to know mamma's wishes.

She brushes the chambers, the stairs and hall,
Puts them in order—and that isn't all;

She clears from the steps the dead leaves that fall,
And hastens again at mamma's low call.

What more she is doing, I'm sure I don't know.
If your mother kept boarders, would you do so?

Her name, if I know, I would tell it here;
But I think they do right to call her "Dear."

—*Our Little Ones.*

FOOLING GRANDMA.

How they shouted and laughed just with thinking of what fun it would be—Winny and Joe—sitting on the porch steps in the sunshine that was very bright and warm for the first day of April.

"We'll be just as sober," said Winny, "and not laugh nor anything."

"And we'll ask for a cold bite," gurgled Joe.

"We'll have to dress all up funny, Joe, so she won't know us."

"Of course," said Joe.

"And *don't* you laugh," said Winny. "You're always 'n f'rever laughing, Joe."

"But I won't this time," declared Joe, very earnestly; "and don't you, either."

"No, sir-ree!" said Winny.

Now if some little bird—the same little bird that is always telling stories to the big folks—had carried this chatter to Grandma Nelson's ears, then Grandma Nelson needn't have taken a second look at the two funny little stragglers that walked up to her door that afternoon, to know just who they were. But the little bird, for a wonder, kept it all to himself; so when Grandma Nelson, sitting by the window, heard the gate-latch click and saw those queer little figures, she was greatly surprised. She took off her glasses and rubbed them and put them on again, and stared out through them hard, and, really and truly, she frowned.

"More tramps! I declare!" said she. "Dear me!"

Grandma Nelson was talking to herself, of course, and she spoke a good deal louder than there was any need of, because she wasn't a bit hard of hearing. She spoke so loud that the two little tramps heard her, and you can't think how queerly they acted about it. One of them caught up the corner of his waistcoat, which hung nearly to his feet, and hung it over his mouth, tight; and the other one pulled his wide-rimmed straw hat down over his face, until not even so much as the tip of his chin could be seen.

"Why, what ails 'em?" said Grandma Nelson to herself, looking more and more astonished every minute. "Really, I'm almost afraid to go to the door!"

But she did go, when pretty soon she heard a soft little knock; and she looked down quite seriously on the big hat and the long waistcoat.

"What will you have to-day?" said she.

The corner of the waistcoat came up again in a hurry, and there was a funny little explosive sound behind it. The straw hat was tipped lower, too.

"We'd like to have a—a cold bite, ma'am!" Oh, such a deep, gruff voice it was that came from under that big hat, no wonder Grandma Nelson felt frightened a little.

"I don't make a practice of giving to tramps," said she. "Are you very hungry?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"It's only three o'clock," said Grandma Nelson. "Didn't you have any dinner?"

"N—yes, ma'am."

"I suppose you've walked a long ways this afternoon," said grandma.

The two little tramps looked at each other, and there were signs of another explosion. The waistcoat was brought into use again. The little tramp in the straw hat did all the talking.

"N-o, ma'am, we haven't, *very* long," said he.

"I suppose you're willing to work and pay for something to eat?" said Grandma Nelson.

Then the two little tramps began to feel sure that she meant plum-cake; so they answered very promptly:

"Oh yes'm!"

"Very well," said grandma, "you may split and bring in two armfuls of kindling-wood, and fill my wood-box, besides. There's a hatchet in the shed."

Of course they could do that; and they made very short work of it indeed. Grandma Nelson didn't believe she ever saw two little tramps work so willingly and well before, and she said so.

"Are you *very* hungry?" she asked again. And what *could* she mean but plum-cake, in big thick slices?"

"Oh yes, ma'am," they both answered, eagerly. Grandma began talking to herself again as she went toward the pantry door.

"There's that cold beef," said she, "we never can eat it; and I suppose they want something real hearty to travel on. And I'll give 'em some bread-and butter with it."

Oh dear! how the faces of those two little tramps fell. They didn't want cold beef, and they didn't want bread-and-butter, and they did want plum-cake. They had fooled Grandma Nelson almost *too* nicely. They wouldn't fool her another bit. So off came the big hat and the long waistcoat; and out of the pantry came grandma, with a piece of plum-cake in each hand!

"Why-ee!" said she, looking as astonished as she possibly could; "where are those tramps?"

"April fool! April fool!" shouted Winny and Joe, together. "We April-fooled you, grandma!"

Grandma Nelson sat down in her rocking-chair and laughed her glasses off.

"Dear me, did you, dears?" said she. "Did you?"

Did they fool Grandma Nelson? or did Grandma Nelson fool them? How was it?—*Youth's Companion.*

Remember Mother.

Boys, some of you who read this are absent from home. You are attending school, learning a trade, or engaged in some kind of employment that has called you away.

There is a mother at home, who longs to hear from you often. Do you give her that privilege? Or are you willing to let her watch every mail, day after day and week after week, until the thought comes forcing its way into her heart that you have forgotten her, or care more for the new associates around you?

Do you realize that her thoughts are with you oftener, and linger much longer with you, than yours with her?

You can think of her as a wise, thoughtful mother, in a quiet, peaceful home, with but little change in her life, as the seasons come and go, and you feel sure that all is well with her.

She can not think of you with the same feeling of security.

You are young, and are out in a world which she knows is full of snares and temptations. And, while her confidence in your strength of character may be great, yet she can not keep back the anxious thoughts that come unbidden, especially when she has not heard from you for a long time.

She knows that this is an important period of your life. A great change is going on. You are developing into something. Can you suppose her to have aught but the deepest solicitude in knowing what that something shall be? She has foregone much pleasure for your sake, and has cherished many hopes in you. She can not help feeling a deep interest in watching the result of her years of labor in your behalf.

A few days ago our postmaster received a letter from a mother in a distant State, asking for information concerning her boy. She had written to him twice without getting any reply.

The mother's letter was handed to her son—a genial, warm-hearted lad, who could never have been guilty of such neglect if he had realized what it was costing his mother.

I know another boy who, during a year's absence, wrote but two letters to his mother. At the close of the year he was summoned hastily home to look upon that mother's face for the last time. He found the two letters he had written carefully laid away in a drawer where she kept a few things that were highly prized.

When he learned how many times his mother had read these letters, even after every word they contained had been committed to memory, he felt as though he would give the world if he could only live that year over again, that he might swell the number to a hundred instead of two.

Ah, boys, we often bring upon ourselves, even in youth, the bitterness of some "might have been." Will you not guard against it on this one point, at least?

Write to your mother, and write often. Answer the many questions found in her letter to you. Do not miss a single one. They were not put in her letter just for the sake of filling up the page. Mothers do not have to do that. What may seem of the least importance to you may be full of meaning to her.

Tell her all about yourself. Tell her all about your studies, your work, or whatever you may be engaged in. Tell her all about your associates; and such as you can not tell her about do not hesitate to drop at once.

Boys, write to your mothers.—*Golden Days.*

The Homesick Parrot.

Poll Parrot belonged to a lady in Detroit. She lived in a great house on Woodward Avenue.

Polly was a favorite. All the nice little children on the avenue knew and loved Polly. On their way to school they would stop to say: "Good morning, Mistress Polly," and to offer her a bit of cake or cracker from their lunch-baskets. For these friendly offices they were amply repaid by the quaint sayings which were sure to follow from the glib tongue of Polly.

Sometimes in answer to a cheerful "Good morning, Mistress Polly!" the bird would drawl out, "G-o-o-d m-o-r-n-i-n-g—Polly's—sleepy." For the next it might be, "Good morning—don't bother a bird."

Polly's mistress lost the bulk of her fortune, and went to live in another city.

When she was ready to move, a change came over Polly. She grew moody and silent. To her little friends' greetings she would scarce deign a reply.

At her new home her mood changed, but, alas! not for the better. She now complained all the time: and the burden of her cry was ever the same: "Polly wants to go to Detroit—poor Polly wants to go to Detroit!"

So sad was the bird's moan, that a lady who lived across the street had to close the front doors and windows of her house and retire to the rear, that she might not hear it.

For fourteen days the poor creature sent forth her pitiful wail. She refused food, and died with the half-finished petition upon her tongue: "Poor Polly wants to go—"—*Our Little Ones.*

Splitting Rocks.

A man who was sitting on a big sandstone near a new building up town, while pounding on top of an iron rod with a heavy hammer, stopped his work when a young man said to him:

"What are you doing that for?"

"Drilling a hole," said he. There were other holes about six inches apart in a line along the middle of the top of the big stone.

"What are all these holes for?"

The workman said, as he pounded away: "I'll show you." When the hole was about four inches deep he took a lot of half-round pieces of iron and put two in each hole. Then a thin steel wedge was put between each pair, and the man walked along hitting each wedge a moderate blow with his hammer. The fourth succession of blows split the rock almost as clean and straight as if it had been sawed. The rock was three feet thick.

"That was very easily done," said the young man.

"Yes; but you would be astonished, I think, to see the large masses that can be split in that way. I was in a down-East quarry not long ago where they were getting out granite slabs for landings in the stairways of a big Philadelphia building. The seams in the rocks were opened with 'seam blasts,' just heavy enough to loosen without disintegrating the mass. Then steam drills drilled several holes, say three or four feet apart and five feet deep, in a line along the top of the rock. Between the big holes and in the same line the small holes like these were drilled. When the wedges in the little holes were hammered in, the big slab of stone, eighteen by twenty-seven feet large, was split off like a slice of bread cut from a loaf. It was just the right thickness for a smooth finish below and a fine hammer dressing on top."

"What were the deep holes for?"

"To insure that the rock split down straight. I have never seen a rock so large that I could not split it up as easily as I opened this one."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—By far the greater number of fires recorded in London during the past year are chargeable to the tallow dip. The ease with which they can be set under a shelf in the pantry or cupboard or carried under combustible matter makes them more dangerous than oil lamps.

—"We've got to draw the line somewhere," remarks the Chairman of the Vigilantes, as he tucked the knot under the horse-thief's left ear.—*Boston Post.*