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Selected Miscellany.

WE REAP WHAT WE SOW.

BY H. CLAY PREUSS.

For pleasure or pain, for weal or for woe,
'Tis the law of our being—we reap what we sow.
We may try to evade them—may do what we will—
But our acts, like our shadows, will follow us still.

The world is a wonderful chemist, be sure,
And detects in a moment the base or the pure;
We may boast of our claims to genius or birth,
But the world takes a man for just what he's worth.

We start in the race for fortune or fame,
And then when we fail the world bears the blame;
But nine times in ten, 'tis plain to be seen,
There's a "screw somewhere loose" in the human machine.

Are you wearied and worn in this hard earthy strife?
Do you yearn for affection to sweeten your life?
Remember this great truth has often been proved—
We must make ourselves *lovable* would we be loved.

Tho' life may appear as a desolate track,
Yet the bread that we cast on the waters comes back;
This law was enacted by Heaven above,
That like attracts like and love begets love.

We are proud of our mansions of mortar and stone,
In our gardens are flowers from every zone;
But the beautiful graces that blossom within
Grow shriveled and die in the *Upas* of sin.

We make ourselves heroes and martyrs for gold
Till health becomes broken and youth becomes old;
Ah! did we the same for beautiful love,
Our lives might be music for angels above.

We reap what we sow—oh, wonderful truth!
A truth hard to learn in the days of our youth;
But at last it shines out as "the hand on the wall,"
For the world has its *debit* and *credit* for all.

Industrial Age.

THE BABY'S PERIL.

"HARRY!" she gasped, in a strange, harsh, cracked voice; and, as I started and looked up from my work, there was my wife coming toward me, with her arms stretched out, her eyes fixed and a horrible, ghastly look upon her white face, that made me drop my spade and run to meet her. I caught her just as she was falling, when her eyes closed and she gave a shiver that seemed to shake her whole body.

This was soon after we had settled out in the up country, and there was only another hut here and there in those days; but, after years of knocking about at home, trying to get an honest living and never succeeding, we had to make up our minds to try Australia, and here we were, living in a log hut I had put together for myself, shepherding and doing what little I could in the shape of gardening, for that being my right trade, with all the beautiful rich soil lying fallow, it did seem a sin not to have a turn at it; so, getting what seeds I could from Sydney, and adding to the few I had in my chest, I managed to make quite a little Eden of the bit of land I broke up around our hut. We were not saving money, not to any extent, but there was a roof over our heads, and no rent to pay, lots of vegetables o our own planting, and not costing anything, plenty of work to do, and, one sort and another, always plenty to eat; so that, after what we had gone through in England, you may be sure we were willing to put up with such inconveniences as fell to our share, and, as a matter of course, there were things to encounter out there in what some people would call a wilderness, though it was a wilderness that blossomed like a rose. There were times when we were in dread of the blacks, who had some very queer things here and there about; then the place was terribly lonely, and out of the way if you wanted a doctor; and Mary used to joke me because I never could get a pint of beer, but I found I could get on just as well without it, and, my word! what a capital cup of tea we had out there.

Well, Mary came out to me that day looking so horribly ghastly that, being naturally too fast at fancying troubles in advance, I saw directly half a score of blacks coming to spear us, and some of them knocking out the children's brains with their clubs—and not the first time either—but in a few moments the poor girl opened her eyes and began to stare about her. There were no blacks to be seen. Little Joe was sitting in the path playing, and, though I looked along the edge of the wood behind the house, I could see no signs of danger; so I began to see she must have been taken ill, and turned over in my own mind how I should get help for her.

Just then her face grew contracted again as her thoughts seemed to go back, and, gasping once more, "Harry, Harry," she gave another shudder and said, "The baby—a snake!"

I could not see myself, but I know I turned pale, all the blood seeming to rush to my heart, for if there is anything o which I am afraid it is a snake, even going so far as to dislike eels, of which there were plenty in the river, close at hand.

I don't know how we got there, but the next thing I remember is standing at the hut window, with Mary holding little Joe tight in her arms, and me looking through at the cradle where our little thing of nine months old was lying; and my heart seemed to be turning to ice as I saw nestled in the foot of the cradle, partly hidden in the blanket, and with some o its horrible coils in full sight, and its head resting upon them, the largest snake I had seen since I had been in the country. The feeling was somewhat awful, and I stood there for a few minutes leaning upon the round handle of the hoe I had caught up, not able to move, for my eyes were fixed upon the head of that hideous beast, and I expected every moment that the baby would wake and make some movement sufficient to irritate the snake, and then I felt that the little thing must die.

What should I do? I asked myself as the horrible feeling of helplessness wore off. If I crept in and reached the cradle side unheard, I dared not chop at the beast for fear of injuring the child, for I could see that some of the folds lay right across it. I dared not make a noise, lest the next moment the child should wake as well as the reptile, for I knew the rapidity with which the reptiles could wreathe fold after fold around the object they attacked; while if of a poisonous nature they strike in an instant. Thoughts came swiftly enough, but they were unavailing, for to wait till the baby woke, or to go in and attack the snake, seemed equally dangerous. Even if I made a slight noise the danger seemed as great, since, though the snake might wake first and glide off, the probabilities were just as great that the child might wake at the same time.

And so I turned over the chances again and again, my eyes all the while fixed upon the two sleeping occupants of the cradle, whose pleasant warmth had evidently attracted the reptile.

"I went in and saw it there," whispered my wife; and then, without taking my eyes for an instant from the snake, I whispered the one word "gun," and she glided from my side.

I did not know then, but she told me afterward, how she had carried the little boy to a distance and given him some flowers to play with while she crept back to the hut, and reaching in at the kitchen window brought me my gun, for I had not stirred. And now, as I grasped the piece in my hand, knowing as I did that it was loaded, it seemed of no use, for I dared not fire; I ut with trembling hands I felt in my pockets to see if there was a bullet in them, and then, softly pulling out the ramrod, I unscrewed the cover of the worm, drew the wadding, reversed the piece and let the shot fall pattering out, when I softly forced down the bullet upon the powder, examined the cap and stood ready, waiting for a chance; for I thought that the shot might have scattered, and if ever so little might have injured the child instead of its enemy.

And there we stood for quite half an hour, watching intently that horrible beast completely nestled in the blanket, expecting momentarily that the baby would awake, while my hand trembled so that I could not hold the gun steady. One minute I was thinking that I had done wrong in changing the charge, the next minute that I was right, then I fancied the gun might miss fire, or that I might slay my own child. A hundred horrible thoughts entered my mind before little Joe began to cry out to his mother, and she glided away while I muttered to myself, "Thank Heaven!" for she was spared from seeing what followed.

As if at one and the same moment the child and the snake woke up. I saw the baby's hand move, and its little arms thrown out, while from the motion beneath the blanket I knew that it must have kicked a little. Then there was a rapid movement in the cradle, and as I glanced along the gun-barrel, taking aim, there was the whole of the horrible reptile exposed to view, coil gliding on coil, as it seemed to fill the whole cradle; had my gun been charged with shot I should have fired so as to have disabled some parts of its body; but with only a single bullet I felt that the head must be the part attacked when opportunity offered.

Glide, glide, glide, one coil over another, quickly and easily, as it were, untying its knotted body, while now the head slowly rose from where it had been lying and crept nearer and nearer to the child's face, the forked tongue darting in and out and playing rapidly on either side of its hideous mouth. I could see the glance of the snake's eyes, and expected every moment to hear the little one shriek in terror as the lowered head rested over her breast. But no, the child lay perfectly still for a few minutes, and then I stood trembling in every limb as I saw the snake's head drawn back, and then begin to sway to and fro, and from side to side, the glistening neck of the beast gently undulating, whilst the tongue still darted in and out of the dreadful-looking mouth.

Now was the time when I should have fired, but I was too unnerved; and laying down my gun I seized my hoe, meaning to attack the beast with its stout handle; but my hand fell paralyzed at my side as I saw the little one in the cradle smile and laugh at the gently-undulating head of the snake; while, as the agony grew to be greater than I could bear, in seeing the little white hands try to catch at it as it swayed to and fro, my powers seemed to come back. I snatched up the gun, and as the snake's head was drawn back preparatory to striking I pulled the trigger, when the sharp crack of the percussion cap alone followed—perhaps providentially, for in my trembling state I might have injured the child. Then I saw a rapid wreathing of the coils in the cradle, and as the tail of the snake glided over the side everything around me seemed to swim, and I tried to catch at the wall of the hut to save myself from falling.

But that soon went off, and gazing in at the window I tried to make out the whereabouts of my enemy, as I recapped and tapped the gun, so that the powder might run up e nipple.

The snake was nowhere to be seen, and darting in I seized the child and carried it out to its mother, when, now feeling relieved of one horrible calamity, I obtained my shot-pouch from the kitchen, rammed down a charge upon the bullet, and cautiously went in search of the reptile.

I knew he must still be in the part of the hut we used for a sleeping place, and after cautiously peering about I came upon the hole where it had taken refuge—an opening between the roughly-sawn planks laid loosely down to form a floor; while, unless there was an outlet beneath the woodwork, I felt that the beast must be there; and to make it more probable, there was our cat, that we had bought a kitten in Sydney, gazing with staring eyes down at the hole.

Just then I heard a soft rustling beneath my feet, and as I looked down I could see between the two boards the scaly body gliding along. The next moment there came the loud report of the gun, the place was full of smoke, there was a loud scuffling noise, and as I looked down between the boards where the charge had forced a passage through there was no sign of the snake.

"Harry, Harry!" shrieked my wife just then, and on rushing out there was the beast writhing about in the path, evidently badly wounded, while some crushed down flowers by the hut wall showed plainly the place of communication. I never saw a snake writhe and twist as that creature did, but I was too excited then to feel afraid, and a few blows from the butt end of my gun laid it so that there was only a little movement left in its body, which did not stop for an hour or two after I had cut off its head with an ax.

I should have liked to skin the beast, but I could not master my horror. I measured it though; fourteen feet three inches long it was, and as thick as my arm; while as to its weight I saw the cradle rock to and fro heavily as it glided over the side.

Snakes are scarce now in these parts; for there isn't a man in Queenland that does not wage war against them, and where there was one settler then there are scores now.

A RUTLAND (Vt.) farmer who had a col for sale the other day let a couple o young men drive off a little distance to try him, they leaving $100 and a "gold" watch for security, but they have not returned, while the watch turns out to be oroide and the money "queer."

Social Relations in France.

THE liens which bind relations together are close and strong; hence the prudence exercised by parents in the choice of a husband for their daughter, or a wife for their son. The man who marries the daughter also marries her family, to the cousin-german. The parents look at a possible husband for their daughter with a view to a close and constant association and they exercise a vigilant watch lest her affections should become engaged in a quarter not approved by them. The parental authority is admitted to such an extent that if the young man were to propose a marriage to their daughter without consulting them he would be held as a dishonorable man; the proposition is made to them, and they give the answer, in some instances without the daughter's knowledge. This brings about solidarity in the family, composed of members predisposed to kindliness and sympathy, and it also gives rise to uneasiness when a new element is presented for admission, lest it should disturb harmony. Through intimacy and sympathy they have accommodated themselves to each other's habits and caprices, and have succeeded in living in the same groove. The French are much attached to their habits, the proof of which is, that they can never entirely accommodate themselves to those of other lands, but after a season of nostalgia return to those of their native country. This tenacity to habit sometimes assumes a form that is ludicrous. Matrimonial propositions have been refused because the candidate disliked the game of bezique or the novels of Dumas. A possible marriage connection with a foreigner of different religion and race is regarded with disfavor, and the daughter is kept away from such temptation by general holding aloof from foreign intercourse.

There is much going to and fro between family connections in France, in the way of dinners, breakfasts, and quiet parties of pleasure. Besides the social intercourse, there are close relations in practical affairs. If a member of the family entertains a proposition in a matter of business, it is submitted to his wife, and probably to all his immediate connections, before it is decided upon. This is in striking contrast to the American, who often concludes affairs involving the half of his fortune without his wife's knowledge. It is carried to an extent that is wearisome in France.—*Albert Rhodes, in Galaxy for May.*

Bound to Get Married.

ON the 26th of March last a wedding came off in Adams street, where a Miss H. married a gentleman from Hamilton. The young lady, aged twenty-four years, was as attractive as any in our city. She was accomplished, well educated, refined, and came from a respectable family, who, however, did not possess a sufficient amount of filthy lucre, commonly called greenbacks, goods, chattels, etc., to rank among the upper tendom. The father had once been a farmer and a deputy sheriff of this county. The young lady had once been married, but from incompatibility of temper, or some other of the many excuses so prevalent at the present time, had obtained a divorce from her husband and a moiety of $5,000. This, however, only filled the void in her aching heart for a time, and she cast about for a lover.

Fortunately or otherwise, a gay young bank cashier then formed her acquaintance, which soon ripened into an engagement—we cannot say love. Now this young man enjoyed the reputation of having jilted other fair young damsels, and this came to the ear of his betrothed. She determined she would not be outdone by him in case he failed to come to time. The night for the wedding was fixed for the 25th. But a few days previous to the appointed time a mysterious dispatch comes from Pennsylvania calling our gay cashier to that State. Rumor says that it came through the influence of the relations of the young man, who, being rich and aristocratic, are opposed to the match as a natural consequence. We have understood that it is a rule among the nobility of our land, as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, that none of noble or "blue" blood shall mate with plebeians. In the estimation of our cashier's blue-blood relatives the expectant bride was plebeian, and the law must not be trangressed.

Inamorata is shown the dispatch and informed by the lover that he will surely be back before the day named. He bids her a fond (?) farewell, and with treachery in his heart and his love in his coat-tail pocket he hies him away to the lord of the "dusky diamonds." The fair lady mistrusts her Leander (that is not his name, but it is near enough) and accordingly telegraphs to Mr. H., of Hamilton, to be on hand on the evening of the 26th, and if the absent lover does not appear she will make *him* (Mr. H.) happy. The Pennsylvania lover soon telegraphs that the wedding must be postponed—that he cannot reach home in time. But the wedding didn't postpone. The guests assembled, the bride waited patiently—the hour arrived—the minister stood waiting—friends were anxious to congratulate her, and she was anxious to be congratulated. Mr. H. takes the place of Mr. T. (oh! Mr. Cashier, we mean), and all went merry as a marriage bell. The happy couple were congratulated and went off on their wedding tour, the old shoe was thrown after them and quiet reigned supreme. Now the absent lover whose love was conquered can return and prepare for other and more brilliant conquests.—*Syracuse (N. Y.) Courier.*

A Balloon Adventure.

CAPT. G. BARBIER made the second ascension with his silk balloon, "Le Secours," yesterday afternoon, from Woodward's Gardens. The entire afternoon was occupied in inflating the monster, and when it left on its sail in the air contained about sixty thousand feet of gas. At half-past three o'clock everything was in readiness and the passengers took their seats in the car. They were Miss Marie Gaugain, Miss Alice Burrington, sixteen years of age, daughter of A. C. Burrington; August Buislay, Wm. Marriott, Joseph Erwin, H. Guisoulaphe, and the aeronaut, G. Barbier. One false start was made, and at forty-six minutes past three o'clock Barbier gave his command, "All hands let go," an.l the balloon shot up like a rocket, and continued quickly on its course across the city to Hunter's Point, rising to a height of 1,600 feet, going in a southerly direction, and then turning round skimmed across the bay, being at a point opposite San Leandro in twenty-one minutes after starting from the gardens. A carrier-pigeon was here let out of the basket with a dispatch stating that a pleasant trip had been enjoyed, and closing, "Tell our friends we died happy." The pigeon swung round, and then dropped into the water. Thirty minutes after leaving the gardens the excursionists were inland about ten miles west of Alameda. Some cuss in Alameda tried his aim, and fired a shot at the balloon; the sound was distinctly heard by all in the car. In Alameda, Barbier, against the protests of Buislay, opened the valve when the car was within two hundred and fifty feet of the ground.

A strong wind was blowing at the time, and the balloon was going at the rate of a mile a minute. Buislay said it would not be safe to land, and protested so strongly against it that four bags of ballast were thrown out, and the balloon rose seven hundred feet, skimming along, and passed over Alameda. Thirty-eight minutes from the time of starting the anchor was dropped, with one hundred feet of rope, being at the time about two miles directly west from San Leandro. The anchor dragged for about an eighth of a mile, caught on a fence, which was broken to pieces, and then caught on a shanty occupied by Murillo, on the Estudillo ranche, the windows and sash of the house being torn out.

The rope, one and a quarter inches thick, broke next and the balloon bounded up suddenly a distance of four hundred feet. Mr. Irwin heard a quick snap and a tear, and, on looking up, discovered a large opening in the balloon, and the verdict was promptly announced that "The balloon was burst." Orders were then given for all hands to get to the bottom of the basket, as close as possible. The car came down slanting, with terrible velocity, struck the ground heavily and capsized. The wind again sent the balloon up, and the seven occupants, huddled together underneath the basket with ropes and sandbags, were dragged for three hundred yards, rolling on top of each other, and being squeezed and jammed as though they were sardines, and utterly helpless. The balloon at this time was in the grounds of the county hospital at San Leandro. The lives of the seven excursionists were saved by the timely arrival of parties in the hospital, who ran to their rescue, caught the car, turned it over, cut it from the balloon, and extricated the occupants. Mr. Irwin was the first to be helped out, and he in turn helped Buislay, whose arm was caught in one of the rings attached to the car. Miss Gaugain was the last out, being the undermost.—*San Francisco Alta, April 14.*

A Musical Prodigy.

IN the advance sheets of *Benham's Musical Review* for May a sketch of unusual interest is given in the history of a musical prodigy, named Rose Mansfield Eversole, who is but four years and seven months of age. She is a native of Indiana, born in Washington, Daviess Co., Ind., at present living in Dayton, Ohio. The first evidence given by her of any peculiarly marked musical organization occurred as early as when she was but four months old, when she invariably gave every token of delight in both vocal and instrumental music. This continued to increase with each day of her life. When she was seven months old her mother would place her before the keyboard of the piano, a circumstance which always filled her with the liveliest satisfaction. While thus seated she never pounded the keys after the ordinary infantile manner, but touched them one at a time in short arpeggios, and always in harmony. There has never been the least semblance of teaching bestowed upon her, it having been wisely decided by her parents to let her take her own course in all matters relating to music. One day, shortly after this, her mother, hearing her crying, asked her what the matter was. The little one, wiping away the tears, sobbed out: "Mamma, I tant did 'gin a body." She had heard "Coming Thro' the Rye," and in trying to arrange it for the piano met with no slight difficulty, as may easily be imagined. During that year she gradually improved, and toward the close of it arranged and played the "March in Norma," which she had heard and which struck her young fancy. When she was about two years and three months old she played the old tune "Amsterdam" correctly at the first attempt, and without a single particle of instruction.

She composed when but three years old "My First Polka," the "Rose Bud Waltz" when only a month older, a sonata and a march when four years of age; all of these pieces being published in the May number of the *Review*. If a tune be sung to her, she will immediately reproduce it upon the piano without hesitation and without hunting about for it. No matter how far apart two given tones may be, it makes no difference to her; she will give them immediately. Vocal music is a source of great delight to her. She attended the opera by the Kellogg troupe last fall, and heard the "Bohemian Girl." This performance inspired her with perfect enthusiasm, and on her return home she sang and played "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls," trying to imitate Louise Kellogg even in the final trill and high tone introduced in the cadenza. "Faust" also pleased her greatly, and she remembered the "Flower Song," and played it the next day. The writer of the article in *Benham's Review* states that he has seen the prodigy, and knows whereof he writes. In conclusion he says: As we have already hereinbefore stated, no "forcing" process has been, or will be, resorted to by the parents of this little prodigy, but nature will be permitted to work her own perfect work. That she is inspired by a genius almost unparalleled is a fact needing no argument in confirmation, and that this genius, if genuine, as it needs must be to work such glorious results thus prematurely, will bring forth its full fruition, is as certain.

IT would save a good deal of trouble if men who marry clandestinely would leave some clew by which those who survive them could ascertain to whom their property belonged. Col. Phillips, of Pittsburgh, by neglecting that precaution, has left a peck of trouble for his relatives. He died recently and left considerable property, and his brother and sister were about to take possession of it when two young men stepped up and claimed to be the legitimate issue of Col. Phillips, he having been married secretly to their mother many years ago. As Col. Phillips has always been supposed to be a bachelor this revelation has produced a profound sensation.—*Chicago Times.*

THE Cincinnati *Enquirer* offers to bet five hundred dollars that no fashionable lady ever goes to bed without first looking in her glass, and a rival is willing to risk the same sum that no Cincinnati editor ever goes to bed without drinking out of his.

CURRENT ITEMS.

LEAD astray—Bullets that don't hit the mark.

A NORWALK (Conn.) cat, bereaved of her kittens, has adopted five young chickens.

STEPPING with the bare feet on an oilcloth at two a. m. rarely fails of suggesting new figures of speech.

WHAT a relief, Jones thinks, it must be to ladies of an uncertain age to know that they may at least be cre-mated.

A DUBUQUE girl received three pounds of candy and a serenade by starting the story that she had fallen heir to $40,000.

TO CLEAN a browned porcelain kettle, boil peeled potatoes in it. The porcelain will be rendered nearly as white as when new.

SOME one has stolen the silver brick which Nevada was going to present to the English Capt. Lorraine.—*Detroit Free Press.*

IT is good ground for divorce in St. Louis if a wife finds 113 love-letters from a red-headed woman in her husband's pocket.

THERE is a large willow tree at Boxford, Mass., a hundred years old, which has grown from a cane casually stuck in the ground.

A RICHMOND paper thinks that the moving of the mountains in North Carolina must be owing to the increase of faith in that region.

BOBBS complains that his wife is an inflationist. She blows him up every day, and makes him circulate until he actually feels that he is beyond redemption.

IF a Kentucky man will shoot his best friend in a dispute about a fifty-cent umbrella, what would he do in case some one drove his best cow to the pound?

A TWO-YEAR-OLD heifer in Johnston, R. I., recently climbed on a low shed and from thence to a barn, and walked the ridge-pole—and came down again safely.

A MAINE debating society is now wrestling with the question: "Is a Sabbath school Superintendent justified in wearing a red neck-tie?"—*Boston Transcript.*

A MAN in Boston, in his hurry to assist a fainting lady, got a bottle of mucilage instead of camphor, and bathed her face with it. She was a good deal stuck up with his attention.

A NEW YORK paper says that a Virginia mule is two pegs above a New York Coroner in point of intelligence and sagacity, though it doesn't want to hurt any Coroner's feelings.

DR. DIO LEWIS asserts that smokers are morose. This is because, during one of his dull lectures a few weeks ago to a small audience of tobacco punishers, more rose and left than stayed.—*Memphis Avalanche.*

THE body of a woman lately deceased in New York is to be exhumed for the purpose of testing the question as to whether she was poisoned. Supposing, now, she had been burned instead of buried, Messrs. Cremationists?

SOME melancholy man with a turn for arithmetic has calculated that the people who died in Philadelphia last year would have made a procession one mile long, marching ten abreast. What a loss to the centennial!

QUIZ looked mournfully at his indigo-colored dish of potatoes the other morning, and admitted that times were bad and the potato-bug flourishing, but that he didn't think it was manly to look so blue about it.—*Cincinnati Times.*

A BOSTON paper wonders why a member of Congress who recently spoke with so much feeling of the "hay-seed in his hair" and "oats in his throat" forgot to complete the diagnosis of the case by alluding to the rye in his stomach.

WHEN a Sheriff down in Vermont, in opening the County Court, the other day, cried: "All persons having causes or matters pending therein draw near, and they shall be heard, and God save the people!" he was a satirist and didn't know it.

A LADY in Lake City, Fla., has growing in her garden a genuine cork tree thirty feet high, the bark on which is sufficiently thick to make bottle corks. There is also in the same garden a genuine black pepper bush, which yields regularly a full crop of the berries.

AN interesting new member of the Boston Young Men's Christian Association is a Newfoundland dog, who got one of his fore-paws crushed the other day, and hobbled past several other buildings to that of the association, walked up stairs to the library and held out his maimed paw in a pitiful way. He was adopted, and given surgical treatment gratis.

THE Boston *Herald* tells a story of "a Montana man" who, while dining in Philadelphia, drank the water from a finger-bowl, mistaking it for lemonade, and the *New Northwest* says, incidentally, that "the story has been going the rounds of the press for several weeks." We don't know how long it has been going the rounds of the press; we know simply that it started about two weeks after finger-bowls were invented.—*Courier-Journal.*

A PLAYFUL HORSE.—About three weeks ago, as the engineer of the morning passenger train going west on the Detroit & Milwaukee Road had reached a point three miles beyond the junction, he saw a horse on the track ahead. He "tooted" at the animal, but the horse waited until the locomotive was at his heels and then turned and ran. The bell rang and the whistle screamed, but the horse kept the track for a full mile and then leaped off and let the iron monster rush past him. He was there next morning to repeat the same operation, and continued it with the greatest regularity until Wednesday morning. He then extended the race further than usual, being in unusually good spirits. Coming to a cattle-guard he hesitated an instant before making the jump, and the cow-catcher caught him. He was in the air making the leap when he was struck, and thrown as high as the smoke-stack, but came down in a pond of water, and was seen to jump up and gallop off as if unhurt.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A SOPHOMORE who is studying to fit himself to become a missionary, and who is a very exemplary youth, expected a sister from home to visit him the other day. Some of his mischievous classmates happened to hear of this, and while he was gone to the train to meet his sister they entered his room and strewed about it sundry empty bottles marked "Old Rye," "ponies," cigar boxes and holders, hand-bills relating to entertainments of doubtful propriety, and other little ornaments generally found in the abode of our somewhat dissipated. When the happy brother and sister entered the room she was astonished and grieved, but not more so than he. With crimson face he essayed an explanation, but the sudden entrance of a classmate, ejaculating, "Lend me your pony, Jack," followed soon after by another with "Give me a pipeful of tobacco," and similar requests put a period to his efforts. It was not until the next day that the injured youth was able to convince his relative that he had been made the victim of a practical joke.—*New Haven Union.*

How Celestial Culprits Are Punished.

The Mandarin of Pekin, who corresponds in point of power with an American Trial Justice, only clothed with a little more summary jurisdiction, administers justice morning and evening every day in his own house. Attended by his Secretary and inferior officers, some of whom bear iron shackles and others pan-tsees, he sits at his table whilst the hapless accused wallows on his unworthy stomach upon the carpet at his feet. A number of small sticks lie on the table before him. Being convicted of any petty offense, the culprit is immediately chastised and released. The Mandarin signifies the extent of the chastisement by throwing one little stick after another upon the floor, each one that falls being the signal for five strokes of the bastinado.

In superior cases there is a multiplicity of tribunals and a delay of judgment which the most fastidious criminal in New York might well be content with, the Emperor himself being at last invoked to decide the thing.

When a Celestial sinner is arrested a chain is put round his neck and fastened with a padlock, and on the smallest resistance an inferior officer, who precedes him, drags his head well nigh off his body, whilst another, who brings up the rear, jabs him scientifically in the back. When he is brought out for trial, a man goes before him beating a gong to attract the notice of the public, a small red flag is stuck into each of his ears with the same object, and two officers run behind him to keep his head up by rapidly-delivered blows with a cleft cane.

Applying the bastinado, which is the favorite award of insignificant misdemeanors, is effected by straightening out the culprit on the floor and laying on the pan-tsee with energetic precision to the posterior. The pan-tsee is a thick piece of split bamboo cane, the lower end of which is about four inches in width and the upper end small and smooth to render it more convenient. A Mandarin always has one attendant in his train, who always accompanies him wherever he travels, bearing a pan-tsee, which, at the nod of his master, he administers to any chance offender, and the best of the joke is that the delinquent is no sooner released from the bastinado than he returns his humble thanks to the Mandarin for the good care he takes of his education. Another punishment in favor for petty offenses is by twisting the cartilages of the ear in a peculiar and most painful fashion. The Chinese merchant, or tradesman, who is guilty of fraud or unwarrantable knavery in business, is punished by a swing of a novel and excruciating pattern. Two upright posts are driven firmly into the ground, and a cross-bar fixed thereto, from which he is suspended by the shoulders and ankles, a situation so painful to bear that two officers are kept in attendance to periodically relieve his sufferings by supporting him with a bamboo passed under his breast. A Chinese boatman being convicted of a minor crime is compelled to kneel, and whilst one officer of justice prevents him from flinching, another grasps his pig tail and bestows a number of blows upon each side of his face with a sort of double battledore, made of thick leather. An interpreter, who falsifies his interpretations, is made to kneel and a large piece of bamboo cane is placed behind his knees and trampled upon by two officers of justice standing on each end and producing more or less pain as they approach to or recede from him. That grand embodiment of torture called the rack is also a Chinese institution. This supremely diabolical invention is used chiefly for the purpose of extorting confessions, a circumstance which shows that the Chinese are just about three centuries behind Christianity and no more. The instrument they use is composed of a thick, strong plank having a contrivance at one end to secure the hands and at the other end a double wooden vise. The vise is formed of three stout uprights, two of which are movable. The ankles of the culprit being placed in the machine, a cord is passed round the uprights and held fast by two men. The chief tormenter then gradually introduces a wedge into the spaces, thus gradually tightening them until the pressure on the ankles reduces the bones to a jelly. Another refinement of Chinese cruelty is that of placing a small quantity of unslacked lime inside a piece of cotton cloth and using it by way of a poultice to the eyes. The wooden collar is another severe penalty. It is formed of heavy pieces of wood, closed together, and having a hole in the center which fits the neck of the offender, who, when it is fastened to him, can neither see his own feet nor put his hands to his mouth. Its weight is from fifty to sixty pounds; some of them weigh 200 pounds, a load beneath which many an unfortunate has expired. Three months is usually the period for which it is worn, an officer of justice being detailed to see that is not put off during that space of time. The wooden cellar is usually the reward of gambling or breaches of the peace, though it is sometimes the punishment of insolvent debtors. Malefactors of a gross type are exhibited publicly, fastened to blocks of wood by chains, or caged like wild beasts. A prisoner who endeavors to escape is subjected to hamstringing, and, when the tendons have been severed, chunam, a species of mortar, is applied to the wound. Banishment from his native province is the penalty awarded to a Chinaman who strikes his elder brother or incurs debts for gambling. If the sentence is one of perpetual banishment, he goes to Tartary. As he journeys he carries a mat and a palm leaf, which are all the necessaries of a Chinaman's housekeeping, at any rate when in exile. Capital punishment is awarded for robbery with violence, for wearing certain specified ornaments, as well as for all acts of homicide, whether intentional or accidental; frauds of the Government; seduction; the use of abusive language to a parent; plundering the dead, or high treason. The method employed is either by strangulation or decapitation. The first is the most general mode, the latter being reserved for the most aggravated offenses. A Mandarin who is deemed worthy of death is not usually treated as a malefactor of low degree. The Emperor, if he has a great respect for him, will send him a silver cord, a broad hint to play the unpleasant role of Calcraft to himself, which is always accepted and acted upon. It is a fact worth mentioning, that in olden times an English nobleman was generally executed by the same silvern cravat. Decapitation is performed in China in this wise: The condemned is made to kneel with his hands pinioned together, and his head is cleft by an officer standing behind him with a two-handed sword. Ordinary strangulation is effected by extending the condemned on a cross and binding cords tightly round the body from the feet upward until the neck is reached, when a cord is passed around it and drawn tighter and tighter until death ensues. It may be mentioned that the Emperor always consults his first law-officers before ordering capital punishment, and fasts before signing the execution warrant. Furthermore, he deems that part of his reign the most fortunate in which the least number of executions takes place.—*Boston Times.*

"Don't, Charley."

"Don't, Charley," came to my ears in a sweet, musical tone, while I was seated in a railway-car last summer. I should not have heard the soft, touching voice had it not been very near me. I looked to see who it was that had spoken and saw a sweet, beautiful woman upon the seat in front of me. A half-sad look rested upon the young face that was all aglow with love and tenderness. A young man was seated by her side whose face wore a restless, dissipated look, and in a moment I comprehended it all. His face was flushed slightly, and I knew why it was thus. He was talking very fast to some one in advance of him and once I heard a low oath. "Don't, Charley," she said again, in the same sweet voice. But Charley did not seem to heed her words, but went on in a half-wild way to the man. Several more oaths came from his lips; but the woman remained silent, yet looking so pleadingly at the erring one that I thought, if he had been half human, he would have heeded the mild, loving reproof that was so visible in her tear-dimmed eyes.

A friend by my side whispered in my ear, "They have been married just one year."

"He is a brute," I only said in reply.

At that moment I saw the young husband wink slyly to the man and then they both arose and went into the baggage-car, I understood the movement when I saw a bottle protruding from the husband's coat pocket.

"Don't, Charley; don't go," the young wife had pleaded before he had got beyond her reach; but he tore himself from her slight grasp and rushed along. Her eyes filled with tears and a low moan came from her pale lips, and then she bowed her head and wept silently.

He came back in a few moments, his face flushed still more and his voice was a key or two louder than before. He brushed rudely past the wife, evidently to get near the car-window.

"Let me alone, Mag," he said, as she laid her white hand upon his arm. "Women are always in the way," he said, again turning to the man in front of him.

The wife turned away, and I did not hear her sweet, reproving voice again.

How I pitied that young, loving wife, and how often I wonder if her sensitive heart must suffer and bleed for many long years! I think not; for her tender, loving soul and frail, slender body will not bear such unkindness. Strange how soon liquor will transform human beings into unfeeling monsters, and chill the ardent, loving nature of a tender husband and trusting wife!—*American Temperance Union.*

For a Memorial of Her.

She is a washerwoman, and she lives in one of the northern cross-streets of New York, not far from the Hudson River. You may have met her, some time, hurrying along after night-fall, carrying in her arms that enormous bag of clothes, and bent under its weight. Week in, week out, she toils at her tub, at that hardest work that human backs are heir to; every muscle strained and bent, as she soaps and rubs and wrings. Day in, day out, she stands at the ironing-table, lifting and passing to and fro the eight pounds of solid iron, seven times heated, lifting and pushing it all day long. Standing, mark you, at table or tub, "on her feet," literally, sixteen hours out of the twenty-four!

She supports by her hard work a husband, now quite an old man, and one child. She rents a small, six-roomed house, two rooms of which she retains for herself, and the remaining four she rents out to laboring men and their families. With the rent of these rooms and the profits of her own hard work she has managed to "get along" comfortably and to have a few dollars laid by for a rainy day.

The rainy day came in the autumn. Every man of the four who rented her rooms was turned out of work. Good, honest fellows, sober and industrious, with their little families around them; facing the problem to beg, or steal, or starve! Leaving home early in the morning, with basket and shovel, walking the streets all day long in the vain quest for work, and returning at night, hopeless. Hopeless? Desperate! save for one ray of light in the darkness—one link that bound them to their kind.

"I forgive them the rent," says Ann the washerwoman, "and it's going on five months now. Sure an' they've had but one meal a day the winter long, and that a little oatmeal. If they make a few pennies, with shoveling snow now and then, would it be I that would take it, and the children starving?"

Through all these five dark months has Ann the washerwoman scrubbed, and soaped and wrung; has toiled over the hot irons, and carried home the heavy, piled-up basket, rejoicing that it was heavy. Paying the rent for those four families, keeping, who knows from what extremity of crime and reckless despair, those four husbands and fathers. In her magnificent charity—for all greatness is is relative—what proud name in New York can rival hers! In what proportion to our incomes, to our own outlay for luxury in mind or body, does our giving stand to this woman's mite? What man or woman among us, millionaire, banker or merchant, or gay leader in fashionable charities, has given of his substance, his all, and added to the gift the hard-earned wages of every day, as "this one woman hath done?"—*Christian Union.*

AN Indian chief, becoming gloriously drunk on his first bottle of liquor, and finding his courage and talkativeness considerably increased, declared that whisky was made of lions' hearts and women's tongues. Women's tongues seem to be the chief antidote against whisky at the present time.