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Selected Miscellany.

JOHN PAUL TO THE COMET.

ECCENTRIC orb, shot madly from thy sphere,
Planet without a plan, dost travel on thine ear
Through wide expanse of space?
Out on a bender.
Known to be nebulous, indefinite, fluctuating,
Of volume vast, but thin! wide-circulating;
Thou holy, high, translated Legal Tender,
Approach, come nigher; obliging acquiesce,
For lo! the waiting swell-mob of the press
Would fain go through thee,
And I, a youth, bald, honest, simple, gushing,
Of poor but honest parents born—not flush,
though born in Flushing—
Am here to interview thee.

Tell us thy lineage as I've told thee mine—
We have one end already of thy aqueous Line.
Thy sire
Coggia
(Thou can't not read that rhyme withouten ire).
But tell me of thy dam,
A most transparent, permeable sham,
In all tradition linked with woe and slaughter,
Thou well mightst be a son, a scion, a sliver,
An offspring of the bad dam of Mill River.
But no,
Not so,
You tell us, Comet, *apropos*
Of water—thou'rt considered cross and crabbed—
Ere thou comest nearer, tell us, art thou rabid?
Has Sirius bit thee?
(Sure, 'tis enough to puzzle one,
They let that star ramp round without a muzzle on.)

But whether mad or not
Don't dare to wag thy tail or thou'lt be shot;
For *our* sweet "stars"—cops, peelers, worthy
Celts—
Muss round with rusty pistols in their belts;
And, thinking the more dogs they kill the merrier,
They might declare thou'rt a mad sky-terrier,
And blaze away and hit thee.
If so, take *thou* a crack,
And just blaze fiercely back
Until thou melt the lying, mangy pack—
Confound 'em!—
Like tallow candles down into their shoes;
Or if thou burn'st with more vindictive views,
Expound 'em!

If naught's the matter
With thy medulla oblongata,
Tell us how goes the mart up there.
What are the movements now of bull and bear?
Is *thy* name Daniel Drew?
That milky-way, where all the small stars meet,
Is't there, O Comet, that thou milkest the
streets?
Aquarius with his pot,
Who waters, waters with one ceaseless drip,
And only rests at times to dry his scrip,
Is *his* name Sage or not?
Are earnings of your railroads ever "pooled?"
The little flshes, are they ever fooled?
And the Great Bear, *is* his name Jay Gould?
Thou can'st not tell! yes, yes, one ought to
know,
Thou'rt up in heaven—the Board meets down
below!

What papers have they there above the moon?
In thee I seem to see a glorified *Tribune*,
Shedding a radiance rich and pure and sweet—
Thy tail, what is it but the triple sheet!

That tail, O Comet, gives another text
For questions; ends it here, complete, convexed,
Or is't "to be continued in the next?"—
In the next world, like Braddon's, Wilkie Collins',
And that confounded "History" of Rollin's,
Which, when I thought I'd beaten its last column,
Always outflanked me with another volume.

Is't thy intent to pass us with no spiteful thrust,
Or eke to "bounce" us, "bu'st our ancient
crust?"
Erect a Mansard on this planet's brow,
Raise Cain, turn Jack—in brief to have a row?
If that's thy game, put up thy fins; why, dumb it,
Old Earth's full of grit; and you can't come it,
Comet!
But if your tail swept by and failed to twist me,
'Twould be just the first thing in life that ever
missed me!

—*New York Tribune.*

THE KAISER FREDERICK.

VIRGINIA REAL was a clerk in the great store of Pink & Plodding. She stood in the lace department, and displayed and measured till her little body ached every night. Pink & Plodding flourished in a brick and plate-glass block, kept a score or two of salespeople and runners, and draped all the fashionable world. Their spring and fall "openings" disturbed square miles of feminine hearts (and purses), and in any season their counters were thronged. Virginia thought herself fortunate at first to be taken into Pink & Plodding's establishment. But we are ungrateful beings who tire of our blessings. She came to the city a lone creature, with nothing to advance her except a letter to the rector of St. Paul's. The rector of St. Paul's kindly recommended her to Mr. Plodding, who wanted a young woman behind his lace-counter just then, and Mr. Plodding took her.

There she stood day after day, sometimes great circles darkening around her eyes, spreading fabrics, hunting unheard-of patterns, and going through violent gymnastics for hurried customers, who, perhaps, piled the counters with tangles up to their chins, and went away leaving the shop-girl nothing but trouble. She was not quite a pretty child; she had a great deal of dark brown hair, and swift, dark eyes, and baby hands; when she came to work in the morning she was flushed and fresh as sleep and youth will make the heaviest-laden of us all; but, as her day-sands slipped, so slipped her bloom, till night drove her haggard and old-faced to her homeless boarding-place. To be sure, she saw the world. It flowed constantly past her, loved to hurry and vex her, and shook its leisure, its plenteous happiness and full purse forever in her face.

Virginia had no companions among her fellow-clerks. They consisted of fluffy young women and correctly-gotten-up men. Girls who hung variegated hair round their skulls, and who told you a thing was "vur poorty," or "chawming," or "delaightful;" who, in short, aped all the dawdling of upper-tendom. Men of that cut-and-dry appearance which a life behind a counter gives a family-man. To be sure, above all stood Miss Blum, the cashier, whose mouth shut like an oyster-shell, and snapped so when it was forced to unclose that you wouldn't pry at it often. But she was not of the lower earth, earthly. The girls disliked Virginia; they considered her an upstart; her reserved ways were "airs;" and, altogether, she wasn't "their style;" they snubbed her. The cut-and-dry men were so occupied between the rushes of business and mental attempts to stretch their salaries around the year that they forgot this fatherless daughter in their midst.

Mr. Plodding was a leathery old fellow, who worked his human machines hard and looked well to their operations. The flesh and blood and soul part of them he had nothing to do with.

Different was Mr. Pink—that elegant being! He was a gentleman-merchant, whose father had set him up in business, and who did the fast-horse driving of the establishment, leaving it to old Plodding to do the fast-bargain driving. Mr. Pink seldom entered the store, but he delighted in sending a flutter before him when he did enter. He scattered compliments and silly, patronizing speeches right and left. When Mr. Pink saw Virginia, he fixed his eyes on her and promised to amuse himself with that little girl. But he never got on with her at all. Respectful toward him, she yet held herself so much above him that all his boasted shots struck below her feet. The serene shop-girl declined flirtation with that fascinating being.

She was so lonely. Her boarding-place was a chill resort, where "boarders" were boxed in small rooms, fed sparingly and solemnly, and told the price of every article of food while it was between their teeth, by that severe widow, Mrs. Stump, who surveyed her victims from the head of the long table. Here, again, people were negative to Virginia.

Not many recreations were there for her. She seldom saw a play or heard music; a city's wealth or resources rolled round her, and she stood like Tantalus, unable to command them. Sometimes she slipped into the free seats at St. Paul's and watched the pomp of religion. If the rector ever saw her after service, he gave her a patronizing nod. There was nothing for her, she told herself again and again, but to stand in that store, pay her earnings to the boarding-house keeper, and keep the tread-mill going till she died.

Often this unhelped child grew desperate, and when she came home of nights she threw herself upon the floor and beat her tired, bursting head against the wall. It was foolishness, to be sure, but the foolishness of a human being in mental agony was what drew out the tenderest compassion from One who once sojourned on the earth.

"If I had some one!" cried Virginia, "just somebody! A friend!"

It did not strike her to say lover. Lovers she might have found among the youths who frequented Mrs. Stump's, and looked upon Virginia with some favor. But in none of these could she find her *friend*. Many young girls have passed through such experience in a big, lonely city, and have taken the husks which chance threw them, or, worst of all, have been goaded by maddening heartache down the dark road of ruin. She sometimes pushed up her sleeves and looked at the pink, soft arms they held. She was so young to be all forsaken and lost in the big world! She wondered, bitterly, why she had been created at all! The gift of life comes to so many of us wrong side out. We pull it this way and that; but we shall find the design, the beauty and the glory of it if we're patient. Some are to find the meaning of life in love; some in splendid work, and a happy few in heroic deeds reserved to them, which will echo down the centuries.

Never mind, Dearie-down-in-the-mud! Just pull away. You're sure to come out dry and *high* if you keep a good heart and stiff lip.

One night, as Virginia leaned against the window, looking at the heavy sky, she heard a violin. The sound was faint; but, as she listened, it grew till it filled all her sense of hearing. It talked to her like an angel. Her heart swelled. She leaned toward the darkness from which it spoke—strained after it. Its sweetness, its pathos, its compass cannot be described. She took no thought of the hand upon it. She loved that violin. Through hours she listened, leaning over the window-sill, feeling the city's breath in her face, but the breath of Heaven in her heart. She thought about it all next day, and waited impatiently for it next evening. Night by night it talked to her, becoming a part of her existence. If it neglected her she was restless and fretted. When it did its best she paid it distant tribute by clapping her hands and whispering in ecstacy, "Oh, you darling old fiddle! I do love you! You've got a soul! I wish it was a person!" she often added: "I wish it could be a friend to me. The man at the bow is some orchestra-man, of course; like those fat fellows who go into beer-saloons. But I love his fiddle so!"

Suddenly the music stopped. She listened night after night, but all the hours were silent.

"Just like everything I take to loving!" cried Virginia, passionately. "Why couldn't that woman's supply of codfish have been cut off instead? I can live without codfish, but what *shall* I do without my music-soul?"

"I think I shall die!" wailed Virginia, in a woman's intense undertone, as she dragged through the dusk one evening. "I *know* I shall die if somebody don't comfort me pretty soon! Oh, I'd like to steal a baby! Why isn't some foundling dropped into my lap? I shall forget all the pretty ways my own brother Jamie had before he died, and I shall just *mummy*, like Miss Blum! Oh, I wish a baby'd be lost, and I'd find it!"

Midsummer-night, you know, is a night on which every spoken wish is granted. It being midsummer night, therefore, at the next corner Virginia did find a lost baby.

It was a quaint, pretty child, dressed in clothing of a foreign cut. One little shoe was on one little foot, but the other little shoe was clutched in fat hands. Frightened, but brave, was this baby; crying and quivering, but looking straight ahead and mopping its face with its petticoats.

"What is it, dear?" asked Virginia, stooping to the little head.

"Papa!" said the child, bursting into a wail; "vo ist er?"

"She's so frightened! Are you lost?"

"Papa!"

"Come with me," begged the girl, winning on the convulsed face and getting power over her waif. "You'll come with me, won't you?" She led it along. "What's your name?".

"Wooese!"

"Louise, is it? Ah, she's so tired! Come up on my shoulder, pet; I'll carry you."

She got Louise into her arms and flitted like a thief. She knew that to report her find at once to the police would be to have the child taken from her and placed in the station-house. She would wait and send a message. So she flew past Mrs. Stump, who admitted her to a dark hall, and darted up-stairs.

Virginia opened the shutters, threw her hat from her, and sat down in a rocking-chair snuggling the child. The child had large blue eyes, curly blonde hair, and an unmistakable German face. She held Virginia's neck with confidence and watched all Virginia's motions with discerning eyes.

"Louise!" cried the girl, and here she stopped to squeeze and kiss the child's breath half away. "Oh, it's been so long since Jamie went out of his sister's arms. Oh, you bonnie darling! Do you understand me when I talk?"

Louise shook her head and then nodded it. She was learning two languages and often grew confused between them.

"Do you understand this?" Virginia framed the plump face with her hand and kissed it again. "Oh, I love you! I do love you so, baby!"

"Bist du mamma?" inquired Louise, lifting an interrogating finger and placing it on Virginia's chin.

The girl laughed out merrily. Her "No, I'm not mamma," replied Virginia, "but I'll tell you who I am. Put your arms up so. Now say, 'Darling Jeanie!'"

Louise made an effort to do as requested, but these were two big words. She clucked at them, broke down, and stuck her tongue out in confusion.

Virginia laughed again, and cuddled the light thing on her neck. "But where is mamma?" she asked; "who is mamma? she'll miss you, won't she?"

"Himmel!" uttered Louise, with an effort; "gone!"

"Is she dead?" low and tenderly.

"Yah," replied Louise, greatly relieved at being comprehended; "gone dead."

"Laws sakes!" bawled Mrs. Stump, who made towels an excuse for marching upon a citadel where she heard such unwonted sounds of revelry. "Whose young one is that? What on earth are you doing with it?"

"She was lost on the streets," explained Virginia; "I found her."

"Lost a-purpose, I expect. You'd better send her round to the station and have her owners looked up, if she's got any. *I* ain't going to feed *no* vagrants!"

"Don't trouble yourself, madam!" firing up instantly. "I know very well that feeding people is not your forte; and, be assured, I shall take all proper steps for finding her 'owners.'"

dismal little room echoed. That room was astonished; to the sound of sobbing it was accustomed, but against laughter it set its ghastly face and lifted its ghostly voice.

Mrs. Stump opened her mouth like a howitzer, and was going to plump a telling ball, when the door-bell startled her back into her "respectable boarding-house keeper" demeanor. She went down and answered the call. Virginia's thread of talk with Louise was broken; she listened apprehensively to the voices below.

"Lost, Madam!" exclaimed a man's voice, deep and full of foreign gutturals; "is a little child! W'ile I been gone. Was gone two weeks. The nurse, she careless—she lets mine kind out of her eye—a man tell me she vos on this street!"

"Papa!" fluttered Louise, pricking up her ears. "Oh, papa!"

Virginia carried her to the head of the stairs. She saw below an alert man, bronzed, but blue-eyed and fair-haired like his child, dressed in traveler's gray, and holding a violin-case under his arm. This he dropped as Louise reached her arms and screamed for him; he dashed up stairs, met them midway, and took the child out of Virginia's arms.

"I thought I had lost thee! Bless thee! Ah, this fraulein has been kind to thee. Hast thanked her?"

"Yah, Ich-ich habe Sil gekuszt!" blundered baby, eagerly.

"That was well!" As he grew calm his English came more smoothly. "Fraulein, belief me, I am *crateful*."

"It was nothing," replied Virginia, with filling eyes; "I hate to have you take her away; there are no children here. I was so glad to find her."

"Ach!" his face brightened like a sun fully unclouded. "She shall come oft! Shall you not, Louise, and see the young lady who saved you from danger on the street? We lodge just three square—round the corner." He felt eagerly in all his pockets, and finally produced a card-case, from which he took a card to present to Virginia. She read thereon, in German characters, "Friederich Kaiser." The rest she could not translate, but scented from it something about a Professor and Munich.

"My name is Virginia Real," she told him timidly, feeling a little afraid of the Professor and Munich.

Freiderich Kaiser lifted his hat with the arm not occupied by his little girl, and bowed with respect. "You have done service to me, Miss Real. Can I do no little pleasure to you?"

"I wonder," murmured Virginia, "is it you whom I have heard playing on the violin so much? Oh, it was so beautiful! I so much loved to hear it!"

Friederich Kaiser now hastened to get down-stairs, to set his baby on her feet, and to take up his violin-case.

"Here he is! Cremona! I haf played him all my life. You love it, hah? Good! You shall hear him oft. Shall I have the privilege to come and play him for you at your leisure?" He looked up enthusiastically to Virginia, who nestled on the steps, her lips parted like a child's.

"Oh, if you please! Oh, I'll be so glad!" she breathed.

("Such doings!" muttered Mrs. Stump who, having stepped out of the hall, had left the door ajar. "That man's a widower and I'll bet she knowed it. I can see clear through it now—this pickin' up babies on the streets and fondlin' 'em!")

"I will come!" cried Herr Kaiser, picking up daughter and violin, and bowing himself out of the street door. "And the youngling shall come. Good-day, fraulein."

According to his word he came. And, having come once, he came again, evidently enjoying the odor and sanctity of Mrs. Stump's snuffy parlor.

While Virginia held Louise he played all his favorite music, watching her appreciative face with kindling eye. Sometimes, between his music-bursts, he told her about his early days, his Heidelberg life and student foot-tours, Louise's mother, his dark days, his coming to America to better bad fortune, his playing in orchestra and teaching, while searching for a suitable position. Thus he formed ties with her, and surrounded her with hearty friendship. There is no man on earth so appreciative of woman as a well-bred German.

Virginia knew her friend had come. Light love may come and it may go; men and women join hands every day, but few women find in those who woo them the perfectly responsive friend.

From making formal calls with his collar set precisely, Louise and the violin in arms, he went on to running in with sudden and pretty pleasures for Virginia. He would take Louise and her to ride that they might see some refreshing spot outside the dusty city. Or he tucked her under his arm and took her to concerts, where he placed her so that he could see her from his chair; and then he played, always turning his eager, boy-like face toward her for his triumphs.

Perhaps on Sundays he called to take her with him to the church of Fatherland where he worshiped. Virginia sat in this place and crowded tears back It was all so quaint and sweet and like some memory of a life she must have lived on another planet. it touched her with such a sense of *at-homeness*. The high pulpit and tender-voiced minister, the Lutheran form, the strong, hearty chanting, the wave of adoration which passed over the place at the mention of Gott or Jesu—men, women, little children, bowing ever before that name as grass bows when He breathes on it—the deep, sweet voice of the man beside her repeating those words his mother taught him under bells across the seas—these things all found home in her heart.

Thus Freiderich Kaiser made her more and more his friend.

"Kaiser!" she once laughed softly to herself. "That's Emperor! Friederich Emperor! He is just splendid, and it suits him." So, under her breath, she took to reversing his name, and calling him Kaiser Frederick.

Said the Kaiser Frederick to Virginia one day, in the beginning of the autumn, "I am going away!" He told her all his plans. "Ach! thy face grows long. But it is on a business journey. See! A Chair—a Professorship—do they call him so?—is maybe mine! I will go and see. Perhaps I shall come back with good things."

Virginia carried her life without him a week, she missed the Kaiser so; and cried once on her arms so empty of Louise—for he took the child with him.

On Saturday night she came home from the store, glad to feel to-morrow's rest meeting her. It was her birthday, but no one had celebrated it. She had given it little thought herself.

Mrs. Stump met her with a package she said had been left for Miss Real early in the afternoon, and which bore unmistakable marks of having been pried into.

Within locked doors Virginia cut the cord, and found that the Kaiser blessed his little friend on her birthday, and begged her acceptance of this volume—his favorite Schiller. It was a nice birthday! thought Virginia. She did not feel too tired to dress for dinner, and to put a late rose in her hair.

Just as the gas was lighted Mrs. Stump's door-bell was nearly rooted out of the basement. The Kaiser was at the door and eager to see Miss Real.

The moment Miss Real dawned upon his vision he flew out of his chair and ran to take her hands.

"It is mine! I am now in good position! I will teach my art and German letters to an institution! Ach, you are glad!" He stopped and studied her face. "But I am not until you tell me you will go, too. So good—so true! I will take such care of thee—and thou shalt have Louise. Thou wast my little friend—canst trust me all?"

"Would another be a better husband for thee?" continued the Kaiser, blanching at her hesitation.

"Oh, no!" replied Virginia, looking up shyly; "I like you!" she admitted in her quiet, bashful way.

"How good that is!" cried the Kaiser, imprinting the betrothal kss on her forehead. "Sweetheart, I am thy own!"

"And now I will bring my youngling!" So he dashed out of the house, and returned in a few moments with Louise under one arm and his violin-case under the other.

Virginia sat through hours that evening (ah! she remembered them all her life) holding Louise upon her bosom, listening to the violin, which uttered its masterpieces, and watching with indescribable satisfaction that most satisfactory man in the whole world—her Kaiser Frederick.—*Wood's Household Magazine.*

"Cemetery Sam."

HE was not reticent, neither was he diffident; but he was glib of tongue and possessed many accomplishments which are taught and appreciated through the interior. He could jump into the air, crack his heels together four distinct times in a manner that betokened long practice and a quiet determination. When he found himself the center of the right sort of an audience he could assume a nonchalant air and lead the conversation into the proper channel, when he would begin counting upon his fingers the number of private cemeteries he had established, and then, fingers being insufficient, he would call for a sheet of paper that the number each contained might be correctly enumerated. His first appearance in Eureka was made last night, and he introduced himself as "Cemetery Sam," gave the particulars of his receiving the patronymic, and stated that he was from Pioche; was a "gun-fighter," and asked if any were there who doubted his statement. He sloshed around considerably during the evening, and by dint of suavity and terror—each applied as circumstances demanded—he succeeded in loading himself with nectar ere the midnight hour. Then he girded up his loins and declared his determination to start a corpse-factory, but in order that his victims might know who they had the honor of being slain by he thought proper to offer explanation, and in doing so carried on a sort of informal dialogue, asking the questions with formal and grave eartestness and answering with cunning lightness, thus: "Who was it inaugurated the graveyard at Rocky Bar?—Guess it was Cemetery Sam." "Who was it caused the first orphan asylum to be started in Montana?—Cemetery Sam was the feller." "Who was it made a public administrator rich in Eastern Oregon?—I'm mistaken if it wasn't Cemetery Sam." "Who was it that"— Here some one present, who evidently thought the thing was becoming monotonous, smote Sam heavily, and the latter fell. When he arose he continued the monologue by asking "Who was struck by lightning just now?—If my memory serves me right, it must have been Cemetery Sam."—*Eureka (Cal.) Cupel.*

A Sailor's Opinion of a Comet.

We were told by a celebrated naval officer the following anecdote: On one of his cruises the sailors saw a comet and were somewhat surprised and alarmed at its appearance. The hands met and appointed a committee to wait upon the commander and ask his opinion of it. They approached him and said:

"We want to ask your opinion, your honor."

"Well, my boys, what is it about?"

"We want to inquire about that thing up there?"

"Now, before I answer you, let me know what you think of it?"

"Well, your honor, we have talked it all over and we think it is a star sprung a leak."—*London Letter.*

"EACH particle of matter which composes it is supposed to move in a hyperbolic orbit, with the sun in the focus of the opposite branch, under the influence of a repulsive force emanating from the sun, and decreasing by the law of the inverse square of the distance." That's what gives glory to the comet's tail.

CURRENT ITEMS.

THERE are 6,000 Catholic Indians in Washington Territory.

ALABAMA is calling attention to her newly-discovered coal-beds.

ALPHONSE KARR defines dyspepsia as the remorse of a guilty stomach.

IN San Francisco Sunday is as much a holiday as at Paris or New Orleans.

ALTHOUGH a woman's age is undeniably her own, she does not always own it.

A WESTERN exchange complains of two-legged hyenas in the village graveyard.

A RICHMOND negro killed himself by partaking of pounded glass and jelly-cake.

EUROPE consumes about two-thirds of the petroleum produced in the United States.

A PRECOCIOUS Ohio boy tried to kill a cat, and shot his grandfather with a tenpenny nail.

A LOUISVILLE lady has recovered $10,000 for being dragged and injured by a street car.

THE candid are saddened by undeserved censure and humiliated by undeserved praise.

TWO COLORED men in Georgia had a little theological difficulty, and settled it with bird-shot.

CALIFORNIA is largely cultivating, besides the grape, oranges, limes, citrons, figs and walnuts.

A SALEM (Mass.) woman ate a rose and died. It is supposed the leaves covered a poisonous insect.

CREMATION is prospering in Germany. There are now eighty-two cities with cremation societies.

NATURALISTS claim for the crow that it is one of the bravest of birds, because it never shows the white feather.

MRS. MARY STRAIN, of Pittsburgh, Pa., has married three brothers in succession. She believes in brotherly love.

BURLINGTON is now the largest city in Iowa, having, according to the new directory, over 25,000 population.

THE young lady who mistook a bottle of mucilage for hair-oil has been too "stuck up" to go to parties since.

MUSCLE *vs.* Brains. Thirty-two candidates passed their intellectual examination at West Point, and ninety-five the physical test.

GOLD may be hammered into sheets so thin that 282,000 of them placed one above the other will only occupy the height of one inch.

A PIQUA (Ohio) girl who had a quarrel with a lover remarked to a friend that she "wasn't on squeezing terms with that fraud any more."

A CONNECTICUT editor announces that he has bought a $500 dog, and can now meet the most irascible caller with a smile of calm content.

AN unsophistocated person once declined a plate of macaroni soup, with the remark that they "couldn't palm off any biled pipe-stems on him."

A MAINE book-agent has been disabled by the kick of a horse, and the proposition to give the horse a public testimonial creates no little enthusiasm.

IT has been calculated that if Chicago and St. Louis keep up their competition in directories at the present rate each will have a population of ten millions by the year 1884.

A SCIENTIFIC friend who had been reading, with great patience, an exhaustive treatise on the "velocity of light" says that he now knows how it is that his gas bill runs up so rapidly.

A TROUT weighing fourteen and three-fourths pounds was hooked in Lake George the other day by a Mr. Buel, but it was found necessary to shoot him in the head before he could be landed.

THE fashion of wearing the wedding ring on the finger next to the little finger originated in an ancient superstition that there was a mysterious connection between that finger and the human heart.

A STORY is told of remarkable sympathy existing between a little boy in Northern New York and his severed arm, so that when the latter was roughly handled the child would scream with pain.

A LONDON correspondent writes: "By the way, it is rather odd—but I have not seen in any English paper a word of comment on the marriage of Mr. Sartoris with a daughter of the President of the United States."

A LITTLE son of Thomas R. Sheldon, cashier of the First National Bank at Athens, Ohio, recently sat down in a bucket of boiling water, producing injuries which resulted in death the day following.

A SNOB in Saratoga complains of some cheeky members of the "crews" in canvas shoes and blue uniforms intruding themselves in the parlors and ball-rooms among ladies and gentlemen who are in evening dress.

BY THE falling in of a part of the roof of a coal mine at Newcastle, near Hanging Rock, Ohio, the other day, Francis King, a miner, was terribly crushed, so that his recovery is very doubtful. No one else was injured.

"WHAT do you know of the character of this man?" was asked of a witness at a police court the other day. "What do I know of his character? I know it to be unbleachable, your Honor," replied he with much emphasis.

"CHARLEY, what makes your cheeks so red?" asked his sister's admirer of a little five-year-old. "'Cause I put some of sister's paint on. She puts it on every day." It was a painful disclosure for everybody—at least Charley thought so after the visitor had gone.

Two recipes are given in the *Scientific American* for removing tallow and white lead which have been applied to polished parts of machinery to prevent rust: 1. Use turpentine, and rub it in well. 2. Try a concentrated solution of caustic potash, scrubbing with an old scrubbing brush.

SAN FRANCISCO is going to try a little fair of her own, representing the industrial development of the Pacific coast and also of China, Japan and Australia. San Francisco is unusually happy in the promise that her Pacific telegraph cable will bring a greatly increased trade from the East.

A YOUNG fellow in a Western town was fined $10 for kissing a girl against her will, and the following day the damsel sent him the amount of the fine, with a note saying that the next time he kissed her he must be less rough about it, and be careful to do it when her father was not about.

NAPOLEON III. never had the reputation of a wit, but he said one sharp thing after he had made himself master of the destinies of France. It was at the expense of his princely cousin, Plon Plon, who said to him one day, "You have nothing of your uncle about you." "Yes," he replied—"his family."

Reptile Hunting in Arkansas.

THE most relentless industry of the Springs is the capture of tarantulas and centipedes to sell to visitors. The tarantula is a horrible hairy spider, immense in size and very poisonous. The centipede is a long worm with innumerable horned feet. The bite of a full-grown tarantula is dangerous, while that of the centipede is painful. Neither will attack man, but, on the contrary, will get out of the way as rapidly as possible, but each has a disgusting habit of getting into houses and lurking in places where they are liable to be trodden on or clasped unawares in the fingers, in which event they are heard from. In the Hot Springs vernacular they are "trantlers" and "Santa Fes." The reptile hunter, carrying with him several glass jars, explores the mountain sides, turning over such stones as look promising, and when he finds a "Santa Fe" or a "trantler" he drives it in the mouth of the jar and closes it up. The reptiles are killed, preserved in alcohol and sold to visitors. The prices fluctuate, as a matter of course. The holder will ask an outrageous price and take what he can get. I have seen an average specimen of the centipede sold for $6. When I first went to the Springs tarantulas were high, a fair specimen being worth $3; but afterward I saw them go a begging at the shameful figure of fifty cents each. At the latter rates even the poorest of men could afford to have a tarantula, but it's rough on the dealer. The number of specimens offered for sale gives an impression that the country swarms with these poisonous reptiles. But the fact is they are far from abundant, and the industrious hunters keep the country well gleaned. I think I traveled about 1,000 miles in the vain endeavor to get a centipede or tarantula from first hands. I did see a little centipede one day, about two inches in length, but it got away. While sitting on the piazza of the Central one evening, I saw something black and apparently about the size of a two weeks-old chicken run across the road and under the dresses of a couple of ladies who were walking along. There was a succession of shrieks, but the two ladies were game, and picking up stones they soon spoiled as fine a specimen of tarantula as I ever saw. It was very large and very hideous in its appearance. Likewise Mr. Joseph T. Long, who had a room at Maj. Gaines', on the hill, had a tarantula adventure. He was awakened one night from a sweet dream of peace by female shrieks and cries for help from an adjoining room. Mr. Long flew to the rescue, and in the moonlight saw the ghastly form of an immense tarantula crawling up the wall. He stabbed at it with a poker, chased it into a corner, and finally slew it, earning the everlasting gratitude of the lady.—*Cor. Indianapolis Herald.*

The Leisure Time of Boys.

WE would suggest to the many parents who are perplexed with the difficulty of finding the wherewithal to amuse and interest their boys, to give their lads every possible opportunity of acquiring a mechanical trade. The industry and ingenuity of a boy of average ability may easily be made to furnish him with a never-failing source of amusement of the best order. The boy who can produce or make something already begins to feel that he is somebody in the world, that achievement of a result is not a reward reserved for grown people only. And the education of mind, eye and hand, which the use of tools and mechanical appliances furnishes, is of a great and real value, beyond the good resulting from the occupation of leisure time. Having nothing to do is as great a snare to the young as it is to the full grown; and no greater benefits can be conferred on youths than to teach them to convert time now wasted, and often worse than wasted, into pleasant means of recreation and mental improvement. The boy whose time and mind are now occupied with marbles and kites may be a Watt, a Morse, or a Bessemer in embryo; and it is certainly an easy matter to turn his thoughts and musings into a channel which shall give full scope to his faculties. And to most boys the use of mechanical tools is the most fascinating of all occupations. As logic and mathematics have a value beyond accuracy in argument and the correct solution of problems, in that they teach men the habit of using their reflecting powers systematically, so carpentry, turning and other arts are of high importance. These occupations teach boys to think, to proceed from initial causes to results, and not only to understand the nature and duty of the mechanical powers, but to observe their effects, and to acquire knowledge by actual experience, which is the best way of learning anything. All the theories culled out of books leave an impress on the mind and memory which is slight compared to that of the practical experience of the true mechanic. Our advice is, to all who have the great responsibility of the charge of boys: Give them a lathe, or a set of carpenter's or even blacksmith's tools. Give their mind a turn toward the solid and useful side of life. You will soon see the result in increased activity of their thinking capabilities and the direction of their ideas toward practical results; and, still more obviously, in the avoidance of idle mischief and nonsense (to omit all reference to absolute wickedness and moral degradation), which are, to too great an extent, the pastime of the generation which is to succeed us.—*Scientific American.*

The Reason Why.

WHY does boiling fast render meat hard?

Because the excessive action of heat causes the albume of the meat to set solid, crisps up the fleshy finers, and prevents heat having a gradual access to the interior.

Why, when a good soup or broth is required, should the meat be put into cold water?

Because, as the heat is developed very gradually, there occurs an intermixture between the juices of the flesh and external matter. The soluble and savory parts of the meat escape and enrich the soup.

Why are stews generally healthful and digestible?

Because, being compounds of various substances, they contain all the elements of nutrition, and as the office of the stomach is to liquify solid food before digesting it, the previous stewing assists the stomach in this particular.

What causes the cracking noise when lard is put in a frying-pan?

Lard always contains some portion of water, and it is the expansion of this water into steam, forcing its way through the fat, which causes the crackling noise. The heat at which fat or oil boils is much greater than water. When the crackling ceases the water is gone and when the fat bubbles its heat is very high.

Why should fish or meat that is being fried be frequently turned?

Because the turning assists the evaporation of the water. When the fish or meat is allowed to lie too long steam is generated under it and the steam is driven off, the surface catches to the hot pan and becomes burnt and broken.

Why is broiled meat so juicy and savory?

Because the action of the fire hardening its surface seals up the pores through which the juices might escape. It acts in the same way with the joints of meat, but steak should not be turned with a fork, because the puncture of the tissue opens an escape for the juices, and wastes the best part of the meat.—*American Patron.*

An Acrobat Tragedy.

SHORTLY the performer who was to meet such a horrible death appeared on the top of one of the houses, dressed in his fancy attire, and looked for a moment at the assembled thousands, and then began to make preparations to facilitate, as it proved, his own destruction. He had the appearance of a slightly-built man, and did not show a great amount of bodily strength; in fact, as the sequel disclosed, not sufficient to carry him through the arduous feat which he attempted. The rope having been secured, he seized his balance-pole and started, but only walked a few steps, when he hastily retreated, and gave further directions to a couple of men who held the end of the guy-ropes nearest the house. His orders having been obeyed, he again started off, and with apparent ease walked to the center of the rope. Here two iron rings, about a couple of feet apart, hung three feet, or thereabouts, from the rope. The rings were just over the middle of the road, which was thickly covered with gravel, and as hard as rock. When the performer had reached these rings he halted, stooped down, and fastened his balance-pole to the rope. He then proceeded to let himself down to the rings, where he once or twice performed an easy feat. He then let himself down to the full extent of his arms, and, pausing a moment, raised himself slightly, put his feet through between his arms, and went backward as far as he could, waiting an instant, and then bringing himself back again to his original position. This is a feat requiring immense strength of arm, and should never be performed at a dangerous distance from the ground, as the slightest failure of muscle, or a bend too far back, would be instant death. This feat the young man performed successfully twice, but the third time it was apparent he was making an immense tax on his strength, and those present who understood a little about gymnastics felt anxious, as they knew he had yet a difficult move to make, which was to regain the rope. He did not let himself back so far this last time, for the thought apparently seemed to have possessed him that his strength was failing. He hastily brought himself back to the original position, but scarcely had he done so than he let go one ring with his right hand. Whether this was done accidentally or intentionally can only be conjectured; but we presume it was done on purpose, as his object probably was to catch one ring with both hands and draw himself up the rope hand over hand. If such was the case he miscalculated his strength, for he had barely let go one hand and swung partly round when the other began to relax. What thoughts passed through the poor man's mind in those few seconds are a sealed book. He must have known that his strength was failing him and a fall was inevitable, yet not a cry nor sound escaped him, but he turned his eyes and gave one agonized look at the ground beneath him, which will never be effaced from the memory of those who saw it. Suddenly his hold gave way, when, amid the half-audible cry of amazement which involuntarily escaped the lips of the paralyzed multitude, he fell to the earth with a thud like the drop of a heavy stone, and, in an instant, what was a human body in the full enjoyment of life, in which was incased a human soul, was a mangled heap of flesh, and the soul had returned to the God who gave it. Death was instantaneous. He lay for a few seconds motionless, and the blood began to trickle from his mouth and nose; then he quivered from head to foot with a convulsive movement, and the blood rushed from his nostrils and mouth in torrents. *Port Hope (Ont.) Times.*

Corsets.

ABOUT the middle of the tenth century there came up a terrible and cruel corset called *cottes hardies*. These were stiffened with steel and clasped with brass or gold. We know very well from the pictures of that period what intensely small waists were produced, and what stiffness of figure. The French words *corps* and *serres* (to tighten), which seem to have suggested the word *corset*, could not have better expressed this article of dress. We do not know how many women died of these corsets—probably more than have ever died of a broken heart. Men as well as women wore the horrible things. One lady of rank is described as wearing "a splendid girdle of beaten gold about her middle small." Chaucer describes one of his beauties as being "small as a weasel and upright as a bolt," which does not suggest a very pleasing image of female loveliness to the modern mind.—*Appleton's Journal.*

THE advent of the grasshopper causes our entire social fabric to tremble. "Maria," writes a young Minnesota farmer to his girl down in Maine, "I'm afraid we can't get married this year; the grasshoppers threaten to clean out my crop."

A YOUNG lady engaged to be married but getting sick of her bargain, applied to a friend to help her untie the knot before it was too late. "Oh, certainly," he replied, "it's very easy to untie it now, while it is only a bow-knot."

IMPERFECT PAGE