

### The Musical Family.

From Punch.  
I belong to a musical lot.  
I've sisters, and brothers, and cousins,  
I've grandpapa and grandmamma and god,  
And uncles, like a forest of oaks,  
We all of us instruments play.  
We practice night, morning and noon;  
My father at six every day,  
Ties up to awake the bassoon.  
My grandmother, ninety about,  
A widow we left all alone,  
'Cos granddaddy blew himself out,  
One night on the gentle trombone.  
My Uncle Sam plays on the harp;  
In a wild and inspired manner;  
And my Aunt plays three times in F sharp,  
On a strong-minded Broadwood pianer.  
My Great Aunt's composed (she's a "Sia"),  
Oratorio—one is called "Zoe,"  
And on Sundays she plays us a hymn  
Arranged for the cheerful oboe.  
My sister's attached to the flute,  
And brings out the most wonderful tones;  
My nephew—a vulgar young brute—  
Prefers nigger airs on the bones.  
My youngest, who says "dat" for "that,"  
In fact he's of five the last comer,  
Performs with two or three fortunas,  
And cries out, "Papa, I'm a dummer!"  
My baby in arms has a way  
Of playing the most wonderful harp;  
And my twins play the bapnies all day,  
With a loyalty worthy Balmora.  
Through life we've in harmony passed  
With a stock of twenty or more tunes,  
And a sum we've together amassed,  
Which is equal to two or three fortunes.  
Wherever our musical tribe  
Took a house 'twas our aim, I admit it—  
To make all the neighbors subscribe  
A sum to induce us to quit it.  
So all the great cities we've seen,  
From the Thames to the banks of the Tiber;  
And every one in 'em has been  
A heartily willing subscriber.  
As thus Europe we've done, the world's sharp  
To Jericho; thither we'll bid,  
To learn the new notes of the harp  
From native professors. Good-bye!

### LED OUT OF DANGER.

BY JEAN INGELW.

Who is this? A careless little midshipman, idling about in a great city, with his pockets full of money. He is waiting for the coach; it comes up presently. And he goes on the top of it, and begins to look about him.  
They soon leave the chimney tops behind them; his eye wanders with delight over the harvest fields, he smells the honeysuckle in the hedge-row, and he wishes he was down among the hazel bushes, that he might strip them of the milky nuts; then he sees a great wain piled up with barley, and he wishes he was on the top of it; then the checkered shadows of the trees lying across the road, and then a squirrel runs up a bough, and he cannot forbear to whoop and halloo, though he cannot chase it to its nest.  
The other passengers were delighted with his simplicity and child-like glee; and they encourage him to talk about the sea and the ships, especially Her Majesty's—wherein he has the honor to sail. In the jargon of the seas, he describes her many perfections, and enlarges upon her peculiar advantages; he then confides to them how a certain niddy, having been ordered to the mast-head as a punishment, had seen, while sitting on the topmast cross-tree, something uncommonly like the sea-serpent, but finding this hint received with incredulous smiles, he begins to tell them how he hopes that some day he shall be promoted to have charge of the poop. The passengers hope that he will have that honor; they have no doubt that he deserves it. His cheeks flush with pleasure to hear them say so, and he little thinks that they have no notion in what "that honor" may happen to consist.  
The coach stops; the midshipman, with his hands in his pockets, sits rattling his money and singing. There is a poor woman standing by the door of the village inn; she looks careworn, and well she may, for in the spring her husband went up to London to seek for work. He goes for work, and she was expecting soon to join him there, when, alas! a fellow workman wrote her word how he had met with an accident, how he was very bad, and wanted his wife to come and nurse him. But as she has two children, and is destitute, she must walk all the way, and she is sick at heart when she thinks that perhaps he may die among strangers before she can reach him.  
She does not think of begging, but seeing the boy's eyes attracted to her, she makes a courtesy, and he withdraws his hand and throws her down a sovereign. She looks at it with incredulous joy, and then she looks at him.  
"It's all right," he says, and the coach starts again, while, full of gratitude, she hies a cart to take her across the country to the railway, that the next night she may sit by the bedside of her sick husband.  
The midshipman knows nothing about that—and he never will know.  
The passengers go on talking—the little midshipman has told them who he is, and where he is going. But there is one who has never joined in the conversation; he is a dark-looking and restless man—he sits apart, he sees the glitter of the falling coin, and he now watches the boy more closely than he did before.  
He is a strong man, resolute and determined; the boy with his pockets full of money will be no match for him. He has told the others that his father's house is the parsonage at Y—, the coach goes within five miles of it, and he means to get out at the nearest point, and walk, or rather run, over to his home, through the great wood.  
The man decides to get down, too, and go through the wood; he will rob the little midshipman; perhaps, if he cries out and struggles, he will do worse. The boy, he thinks, will have no chances against him; it is quite impossible that he can escape; the way is lonely, and the sun will be down.  
No. There seemed indeed little chance of his escape; the half-fledged bird just fluttered down from his nest has no more chance against the keen-eyed hawk, than the little lighthearted sailor boy will have against him.  
And now they reach the village where the boy is to alight. He wishes the other passengers "Good evening!" and runs lightly down between the scattered houses. The man has also got down, and is following.  
The path lies through the village church-yard; there is evening service, and the door is wide open, for it is warm. The little midshipman steals up the porch, looks in and listens. The clergyman has just risen from his knees, in the pulpit, and is giving out his text. Thirteen months have passed since the boy was in a house of prayer; and a feeling of pleasure induced him to stand still and listen.

He hears the opening sentences of the sermon; and then he remembers his home, and comes softly out of the porch, full of a calm and serious pleasure. The clergyman has reminded him of his father, and his careless heart is filled with the echoes of his voice and of his prayers. He thinks of what the clergyman said of the care of our Heavenly Father for us; he remembers how, when he left home, his father prayed that he might be preserved through every danger; he does not remember any particular danger that he has been exposed to, except in the great storm; but he is grateful he has come home in safety, and he hopes whenever he shall be in danger, which he supposes he shall be some day, he hopes that then the providence of God will watch over him and protect him. And so he presses onward to the entrance of the wood.  
"Are not two sparrows," he hears, "sold for a farthing?" and one shall not fall to the ground without your Father's notice. But the hairs of your head are numbered. Fear not, therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows."  
The man is there before him. He has pushed himself into the thicket, and cut a heavy stake; he suffers the boy to go on before, and then he comes out, falls into the path, and follows him. It is too tight at present for his deed of darkness, and too near the entrance of the wood, but he knows that shortly the path will branch off into two, and the right one for the boy to take will be dark and lonely.  
But what prompts the little midshipman, when not fifty rods from the branching of the path, to break into a sudden run? It is not fear—he never dreams of danger. Some sudden impulse, or some wild wish for home makes him dash off suddenly after his saunter, and the man loses sight of him. "But I shall have him yet," he thinks; "he cannot keep up that pace long. The boy has nearly reached the place where the path divides, when he starts up a white owl, that can scarcely fly as he goes whirling along close to the ground before him. He gains upon it; another moment and it will be his. Now he gets the start; again they come to the branching of the paths, and the bird goes down the hedge, and goes back again. His evil purposes have all been frustrated—the thoughtless boy has baffled him at every step.  
And now the little midshipman is at home; the joyful meeting has taken place; and when they have all admired his growth, and decided upon his like, and measured his height on the window frame, and seen him eat his supper, they begin to question him about his adventures, more for the pleasure of hearing him talk than any curiosity.  
"Adventures!" says the boy, seated between father and mother on a sofa. "Why, ma, I did write you an account of the voyage, and there's nothing else to tell. Nothing happened to-day—or at least nothing particular."  
"You came by the coach we told you of?"  
"O, yes, papa, and when we got about twenty miles, there came up a beggar, while we were changing horses, and I threw down (as I thought) a shilling; but as it fell, I saw it was a sovereign. She was very honest, and showed me what it was, but I didn't take it back, for you know, mamma, it is a long time since I gave anything to anybody."  
"Very true, my boy," his mother answers; "but you should not be careless with your money, and few beggars are worthy objects of charity."  
"I suppose you got down at the cross roads?" said his elder brother.  
"Yes, and went through the woods. I should have been here sooner, if I hadn't lost my way there."  
"Lost your way!" said the mother, alarmed; "my dear boy, you should not have left the path at dusk."  
"Oh, ma," said the little midshipman, with a smile, "you're always thinking we are in danger. If you could see me sometimes sitting at the jib-boom end, or across the main-top-mast-cross-tree, you would be frightened. But what danger can there be in a wood?"  
"Well, my boy," she answers, "I don't wish to be over-anxious, and make my children uncomfortable by my fears. What did you stray from the path for?"  
"Only to catch a little owl, mamma; but I didn't catch her, after all. I got a roll down a bank, and caught my jacket against a thornbush, which was rather unlucky. Ah! three large holes I see in my sleeve. And so I scrambled up again, and got into the right path, and asked at the cottage for some beer. What a long time the woman kept me, to be sure. I thought it would never come. But very soon after, Mr. D— drove up in his gig, and he brought me on to the gate."  
"And so this account of your adventures being brought to a close," his father says, "we discover there are no adventures to tell."  
"No, papa, nothing happened—nothing particular, I mean."  
Nothing particular. If they could have known, they would have thought lightly in comparison of the dangers of the jib-boom end and the main-top-mast-cross-trees. But they do not know, any more than we do, of the dangers that hourly beset us. Some few dangers we are aware of, and we do what we can to prevent against them; but for the greater portion our eyes behold that we cannot see. We walk securely under His guidance, without whom "not a sparrow falleth to the ground;" and when we have had escapes that the angels have admired at, we come home and say, perhaps, that nothing has happened—at least nothing particular.  
It is not well that our minds should be much exercised at these hidden dangers, since they are so, and so great that no human art or foresight can prevent them. But it is very well that we should reflect constantly on that loving Providence which watches every footstep of a track always balancing between time and eternity; and that such reflections should make us both happy and afraid—afraid of trusting our souls too much to an earthly guide or earthly security—happy from the knowledge that there is One with whom we may trust them wholly, and with whom the very hairs of our head are all numbered. Without such trust, how can we rest or be at peace? but with it we may say with

the Psalmist, "I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep, for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety."  
**A Surfeit of Pity.**  
From the New Orleans Picayune.  
Sympathy in distress and a desire to alleviate misfortune is a characteristic of one of our city magistrates. It is very seldom want appeals to him in vain, and his hand is as open as day to melting charity. Not long since he was called on by a deaf mute, and so perfectly did the poor boy excite his compassion that he bestowed money on him liberally. Finally the mute went away, and the tender-hearted magistrate bade him good-bye with a tear in his eye. And very kindly did he speak of him afterward, and wish the youth every success in life. Time went on, and he heard nothing more of his protegee until, one morning, in passing by the lock-up, the angry denunciations of a prisoner attracted his attention. The bitterest anathema, the direst curses rung out with the fluency of a country lawyer's rhetoric. Surprised at such an incessant flow of blasphemy, the good judge took a peep at the prisoner.  
"What!" he exclaimed, "am I mistaken? Are you not a mute?" he asked, recognizing his protegee of a few weeks before.  
"I used to be, but ain't now."  
"Why, how did you get cured?"  
"Well, to tell you the truth, people troubled me so much with pity that I gave up the business!"  
The judge, since then, is rather incredulous in cases of very great affliction.  
**A Few Hints.**  
Some gentle hints on manners are given by an exchange, from which we select a few:  
Don't be disturbed if you find the best seats in a railroad car taken. As no one knew you were coming, of course they did not reserve one.  
When a car is crowded, don't fill a seat with your bundles. True politeness is not amiss even amidst the confusion and bustle of a public conveyance.  
If an open window proves uncomfortable to another, you will close it.  
Whispering in church is impolite. Besides showing disrespect to the speaker, it is extremely annoying to those who wish to hear. Conspiring should be avoided as much as possible. Sleeping, with its frequent accompaniment, snoring, had better be done at home.  
Violent perfumes, especially those containing musk, are offensive to many people, and to some positively distressing. Don't scent yourself when going to any crowded assembly. Beecher says "there is no smell so universally pleasing as no smell."  
**A WEST VIRGINIA JOKE.**—Two members of the West Virginia Legislature lately took the sleeping car to go to Grafton. The cars were crowded, and the two had to sleep together. One was fat; the other was lean; the fat man snored, and the lean man therefore lay awake. At about midnight the insomniac legislator could no longer stand the stentorian breathing of his mate, and arose and sat by the fire. An old lady entered and wanted a place to sleep. "Go to my berth," said the sardonic lean one; "my little boy asleep there; I shall sit up. I must think of legislative things." So the lady went to the berth, disposed of useless clothing, and lay down. Presently the "boy" kicked. Then the lady patted him on the back and said, "Lie still, sonny; pa said I might sleep along with you." "Oh!" roared the bison—a boy no more but a bison. "Thunder! who are you? I ain't a boy. I'm a member of the West Virginia Legislature." The lady went into a swoon, nor could she be aroused till the fat man promised her that he would have the lean one impeached.  
**AN INDUSTRIOUS HEN.**—A month or two ago the Ottawa Free Trader contained the following account of a very busy hen:  
"Sam Parr is going out to fight the world, armed only with a setting hen! She can beat that other hen that sat four years on a couple of billiard balls and an ivory door-knob. Since the first of March she has hatched out four lots of chickens. She hatched 11 in April, and raised 8; in June she turned out 13, and raised 10; in August she produced 13, and raised 11; and in October she has got out 13, and has 10 lively little chicks running around her at present—making in all 39 chickens raised, or nearly so, and 50 hatched, this season. She laid the eggs herself, fixed up her own nest in a haymow, out of the reach of other hens, and conducted the transaction to suit herself. She is evidently a strong-minded female of the hen persuasion. She is a business hen, and unmarried, we believe—or, at all events, her husband's name is unknown."  
**ACUTE SENSE OF HONOR.**—Gamblers are possessed of an upright and strict sense of honor which nothing can appeal, not even the presence of death. A man at Monaco once made an engagement to shoot himself, and on the day previous to his expected death a friend invited him to dine with him on the morrow. "Yes," says the gambler, "I will, with pleasure; but, stay—I have an engagement to kill myself at five o'clock." And he kept his word. But this was merely from a desire to stand right in his own opinion. The following shows honor even more remarkable: On the day before yesterday, at Newburgh, Indiana, a man named Hall laid a wager of a dollar that he could drink a quart of whisky and "walk off with it." He drank the liquor, but had walked only ten or fifteen feet when he fell, and died during the night. *The bet has been decided a draw.*  
**REMOVAL OF LAQUER, OR LEATHER, FROM TINNED IRON.**—According to Dr. Emsman, the adhesion to the lacquering upon the articles of tinned iron, or ordinary tin, may be destroyed in a very short time by making a cut through the substance of the coating, and applying a small quantity of mercury. This is rapidly taken up, and forms a soft amalgam with the tin under the outer layer, and allows the latter to be lifted off without difficulty.

**A Remarkable Instance of Canine Sagacity.**  
A correspondent in France says: "Here again I met two or three wounded, but in a fair state of convalescence, limping about slowly. One of these men had a little dog—an iron-gray terrier, unmistakably English—following at his heels, but only on three legs. If the story the man told me is to be believed, and for my part I have not the slightest hesitation in the matter, his manner of telling it was so simple and earnest—the dog had been the means, under Providence, of saving his master's life. He had been struck by a ball in the chest, near Ham, and lay on the ground for six hours when the fighting was over. He had not lost consciousness, but the blood was flowing freely, and he was gradually getting weaker and weaker. There was none but the dead near him, and his only living companion was the English terrier, who prowled restlessly about him, with his master's *kepi* in his mouth. At last the dog set off at a trot, and the wounded soldier made sure his only friend had deserted him. The night grew dark, the cold was intense, and he had not even the strength to touch his wounds, which every instant grew more and more painful. At length his limbs grew cold, and, feeling a sickening faintness steal upon him, he gave up all hope of life, and recommended himself to God. Suddenly, and when it had come to the worst, he heard a bark, which he knew belonged to only one little dog in the world, felt something lick his face, and saw the glare of lanterns. The dog had wandered for miles till he arrived at a roadside *cabaret*. The people had heard the cannoning all day, and seeing the *kepi* in the dog's mouth, and noticing his restless movements, decided to follow him. He took them straight to the spot—too straight for a little cart they had brought with them, to cross fields and hedges,—but just in time. When the friendly help arrived, the man fainted, but he was saved. There were honest tears in the man's eyes when he was telling me, and I fully believed him. The dog, too, had been slightly touched in the leg by a ball in the same battle, and had since been lame. He got him, when a puppy, from an English sailor at Dunkirk, and called him 'Boel,' very probably the French for 'Bill.'"  
**An Esthetic View of Swearing.**  
One of the young ladies in a Brook Farm story in the *Overland Monthly* says:  
"There is profane swearing where the heart is filled with vindictive passions—with malice; but most of the swearing indulged in by young people and uncultivated people is only so much emphasis to back up their sentences with. It shows that those who indulge in it are wanting in intelligent respect for their own statements; or are doubtful if they will be accepted as true by those they address. I do not deny that it is extremely bad taste, that it is vulgar and disagreeable; and yet a great deal of informal swearing is indulged in by the really reverent and kind-hearted."  
To which a sailor present responds: "I am sure, Miss, it's not language that's so wicked; it's the way one feels in the heart. I was thinking all the time you were talking of once when I was out at sea—leagues from land in the Pacific, and we fell in with a water-logged ship, with nine starving men on her. They begged to be taken on your pious sort. Well, when the mate, with his hands on the ropes ready to lower the boat, heard the captain's cold-blooded decision—'Tell them we can't take them; we have only provisions enough to take ourselves to port'—why, the mate swore an oath (I should not dare to repeat it to you, Miss; in a bad case it were enough to sink a ship), and wished that he might be hung beside, at the yard-arm, if he did not fetch these poor souls on board. And down went the boat, in spite of the captain, and on board they came; and we all arrived safe and sound in port. Now, Miss, I ask you, who swore—the mate or the captain?"  
**How Drunkenness is Produced.**  
A sudden mental emotion can send too much blood to the brain; or too great mental excitement does the same thing. It is the essential nature of all wines and spirits to send an increased amount of blood to the brain.  
The first effect of taking a glass of wine or stronger form of alcohol is to send the blood there faster than common; hence it quickens the circulation; that gives a red face; it increases the activity of the brain, and it works faster, and so does the tongue. But as the blood goes to the brain faster than common, it returns faster, and no special permanent harm results. But supposing a man keeps on drinking, the blood is sent to the brain so much faster, in such large quantities, that in order to make room for it the arteries have to enlarge themselves; they increase in size, and in doing so press against the more yielding flaccid veins, which carry the blood from the brain, and thus diminish their size, their bores; the result being, the blood is not only carried to the arteries of the brain faster than is natural or healthful, but is prevented from leaving it as fast as usual; hence a double set of causes of death are set in operation. Hence a man may drink enough brandy or other spirit in a few hours or even minutes to bring on a fatal attack of apoplexy; this is literally being dead drunk.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*  
A good anecdote is told of Capt. Temple, of the United States steamer Tennessee. At the attack on Fort Fisher his ship took fire from a shell in the room next to the magazine. One of the little messenger tug-boats was playing about the ship, and finally came alongside. Capt. Temple hailed her. "Aye, aye, sir," said the tug captain. "We are on fire," said Temple, "next to our powder magazine, and I thought it might possibly interest you to know that we are likely to blow up in about three minutes unless we get the fire under." The tug-funnels with which the tug captain riddled us, and the tug plunged away on a bee line was laughable, in spite of the critical nature of the situation.  
**Humor.**  
**A GRATE nuisance—Bad coal.**  
WHAT is the sun by trade? A tanner.  
**COMMON suers—Lawyers.**  
They have a "Poor Man's Club" in Cairo.  
The French question—Is it to be Gambetta—or worse?  
A good way to expand your chest—carry a big heart in it.  
TWENTY quivers make one ream; one Ream makes a statue.  
The oldest volumes are volumes of water, and they circulate all over the world.  
WHY ought crockery to know when it is going to be broken? Because it must be a-ware.  
Good resolutions are like ladies who faint in a lecture-room—they should be carried out.  
A THIEF who lately broke open a grocer's warehouse excused himself on the plea that he only went to take tea.  
A MISSOURI lady waved a red flag, stopped the train, and asked the conductor for a chew of tobacco for her old man.  
WE saw a sad-looking white horse yesterday on which some one had stencilled: "Oats wanted. Inquire within."  
"You seem to walk more erect than usual, my friend." "Yes, I have been straightened by circumstances."  
A LADY boasting of the progress made by her son in arithmetic, remarked, "He is in his mortification table."  
THERE is a lad of our acquaintance who regards hunger and the chastening rod as about the same thing; both make the boy holler.  
WHY is a cab-horse the most miserable of all created beings? Because his thoughts are ever on the rack, and his greatest joy is W-o-e!  
A NEW YORK paper translates the title of William L. "Kaiser und Schmirherr von Deutschland," Emperor and Protector of Germany; "Emperor and Umbrella-owner of Germany;" Schmir being also the German for umbrella.  
Big sister: "Oh, papa, I must go to hear Nilsson. You know I am fond of music." Juvenile brother (triumphantly): "Then why don't you let me play on my drum?"  
"There was an old family fuel between them," was what the principal in a Chicago murder case said to the jury. The Judge asked her if she didn't mean "fuel," and she asked him who was telling the story.  
A LITTLE Boston girl assured her mother, the other day, that she had found out where they made horses—"she had seen a man in a shop just finishing one of them, for he was nailing on his last foot."  
A CERTAIN lecturer quoted the Miltonic couplet:  
But come, thou goddess, fair and free,  
In heaven yelep'd Euphrosyne;  
and had the pleasure of reading the next morning the following phonographic transformation:  
But came that goddess, fair and free,  
In heaven she crept, and froze her knee.  
They never will get done abusing Mr. Greeley's handwriting. The other day he wrote a puff for Anna Dickinson's lecture on Joan of Arc. The compositor set it up, "Any Dutchman can't play a jews-harp." There is no wonder the good old man gets soured against humanity, and often speaks out in meeting.—*N. Y. Democrat.*  
THE AROOSTOOK (Me.) Pioneer says: One evening last week a couple of chaps, evidently from the rural districts, came into the telegraph office for the purpose of sending a dispatch. The message was taken by the operator, and the pair proceeded down the stairs. They had just reached the sidewalk when the gong at the Snell House was sounded for tea; whereupon one of the pair went into the air several feet, exclaiming, "By Jerusalem! there it goes, Jim!"  
An ice merchant in Greenwich Conn., who had been watching his pond all winter with almost prayerful interest, in hope of a freeze, visited it one day, after a sharp, cold night, stepped on the ice, and, finding it would bear him, exclaimed, "Thank God!" Going still further on the pond, he exclaimed more fervently, "Thank God!" But on venturing a trifle further, and going up to his neck, he ejaculated louder and heartier, "Damn the ice!"  
A WILL filed in the San Francisco Probate Court reads: "San Francisco, Jan. 28, 1871—All and any property standing in my name, real and personal, I leave to my wife, Mary Anderson, and likewise my two daughters, Mary and Jennie—John Anderson." The two daughters anxiously inquire whether they are part of the legacy, or sharers in it.  
Each man ought to endeavor to lessen the burden he expects others to help him bear. If a man have a bad habit, he ought to try to break himself of it. A man with a foul ulcer or a deformed limb is to be pitied; but he ought not to persist in thrusting the ulcer or the deformity before us on every occasion, insisting that we shall examine it. Let him keep it out of sight as much as possible, get cured if he can, but if that be impossible, say nothing about it. So men ought not to be perpetually obtruding their evil tempers and other infirmities before their friends, imposing on their Christian forbearance, and excusing themselves by saying: "It is my way." It is a very bad way, and cannot be mended a moment too soon.  
A COLONY of 114 Swedes, it is announced, have settled in the wildest part of the State of Maine, having paid their own passage out to this country. They have set to work industriously, and are cutting roads through the woods, felling trees, clearing land for crops, building houses, and making themselves generally comfortable. This colony is due to the exertions of a commissioner, sent out to Sweden, who recommends that the State shall continue her exertions to people the extensive wild lands within her borders.

clouds, and one or two stars are blinking through the branches of the trees.  
Fast the boy follows, and fast the man runs on, with his weapon in his hand. Suddenly he hears the joyous whoop—not before, but behind him. He pushes himself into the thicket, and raises his stake, when the boy shall pass.  
On he comes, running lightly, with his hands in his pockets. A sound strikes at the same time the ears of both, and the boy turns back from the very jaws of death to listen. It is the sound of wheels, and it draws rapidly nearer. A man comes up, driving a gig. "Hilloa!" he says, in a loud, cheerful voice. "What, benighted, youngster?"  
"Oh, is it you, Mr. D—?" says the boy; "no, I am not benighted; or, at any rate, I know my way out of the woods."  
The man drew further back among the shrubs. "Why, bless the boy," he hears the farmer say, "to think of our meeting in this way! The parson told me he was in hopes of seeing thee some day this week. I'll give thee a lift. This is a lone place to be in this time o'night."  
"Lone," says the boy, laughing. "I don't mind that; and if you know the way, it's as safe as a quarter deck."  
So he gets into the farmer's gig, and is once more out of the reach of the pursuer. But the man knows that the farmer's house is a quarter of a mile nearer than the parsonage, and in that quarter of a mile there is still a chance of committing robbery. He determined still to make the attempt, and cuts across the wood with such rapid strides that he reaches the farmer's gate just as the gig drives up to it.  
"Well, thank you, farmer," says the midshipman, as he prepares to get down.  
"I wish you good night, gentlemen," says the man, when he passes.  
"Good night, friend," the farmer replies. "I say, my boy, it's a dark night enough; but I have a mind to drive you on to the parsonage, and hear the rest of this long tail of yours about the sea-serpent."  
The little wheels go on again. They pass the man; and he stands still in the road to listen till the sound dies away. Then he flings his stake into the hedge, and goes back again. His evil purposes have all been frustrated—the thoughtless boy has baffled him at every step.  
And now the little midshipman is at home; the joyful meeting has taken place; and when they have all admired his growth, and decided upon his like, and measured his height on the window frame, and seen him eat his supper, they begin to question him about his adventures, more for the pleasure of hearing him talk than any curiosity.  
"Adventures!" says the boy, seated between father and mother on a sofa. "Why, ma, I did write you an account of the voyage, and there's nothing else to tell. Nothing happened to-day—or at least nothing particular."  
"You came by the coach we told you of?"  
"O, yes, papa, and when we got about twenty miles, there came up a beggar, while we were changing horses, and I threw down (as I thought) a shilling; but as it fell, I saw it was a sovereign. She was very honest, and showed me what it was, but I didn't take it back, for you know, mamma, it is a long time since I gave anything to anybody."  
"Very true, my boy," his mother answers; "but you should not be careless with your money, and few beggars are worthy objects of charity."  
"I suppose you got down at the cross roads?" said his elder brother.  
"Yes, and went through the woods. I should have been here sooner, if I hadn't lost my way there."  
"Lost your way!" said the mother, alarmed; "my dear boy, you should not have left the path at dusk."  
"Oh, ma," said the little midshipman, with a smile, "you're always thinking we are in danger. If you could see me sometimes sitting at the jib-boom end, or across the main-top-mast-cross-tree, you would be frightened. But what danger can there be in a wood?"  
"Well, my boy," she answers, "I don't wish to be over-anxious, and make my children uncomfortable by my fears. What did you stray from the path for?"  
"Only to catch a little owl, mamma; but I didn't catch her, after all. I got a roll down a bank, and caught my jacket against a thornbush, which was rather unlucky. Ah! three large holes I see in my sleeve. And so I scrambled up again, and got into the right path, and asked at the cottage for some beer. What a long time the woman kept me, to be sure. I thought it would never come. But very soon after, Mr. D— drove up in his gig, and he brought me on to the gate."  
"And so this account of your adventures being brought to a close," his father says, "we discover there are no adventures to tell."  
"No, papa, nothing happened—nothing particular, I mean."  
Nothing particular. If they could have known, they would have thought lightly in comparison of the dangers of the jib-boom end and the main-top-mast-cross-trees. But they do not know, any more than we do, of the dangers that hourly beset us. Some few dangers we are aware of, and we do what we can to prevent against them; but for the greater portion our eyes behold that we cannot see. We walk securely under His guidance, without whom "not a sparrow falleth to the ground;" and when we have had escapes that the angels have admired at, we come home and say, perhaps, that nothing has happened—at least nothing particular.  
It is not well that our minds should be much exercised at these hidden dangers, since they are so, and so great that no human art or foresight can prevent them. But it is very well that we should reflect constantly on that loving Providence which watches every footstep of a track always balancing between time and eternity; and that such reflections should make us both happy and afraid—afraid of trusting our souls too much to an earthly guide or earthly security—happy from the knowledge that there is One with whom we may trust them wholly, and with whom the very hairs of our head are all numbered. Without such trust, how can we rest or be at peace? but with it we may say with

the Psalmist, "I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep, for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety."  
**A Remarkable Instance of Canine Sagacity.**  
A correspondent in France says: "Here again I met two or three wounded, but in a fair state of convalescence, limping about slowly. One of these men had a little dog—an iron-gray terrier, unmistakably English—following at his heels, but only on three legs. If the story the man told me is to be believed, and for my part I have not the slightest hesitation in the matter, his manner of telling it was so simple and earnest—the dog had been the means, under Providence, of saving his master's life. He had been struck by a ball in the chest, near Ham, and lay on the ground for six hours when the fighting was over. He had not lost consciousness, but the blood was flowing freely, and he was gradually getting weaker and weaker. There was none but the dead near him, and his only living companion was the English terrier, who prowled restlessly about him, with his master's *kepi* in his mouth. At last the dog set off at a trot, and the wounded soldier made sure his only friend had deserted him. The night grew dark, the cold was intense, and he had not even the strength to touch his wounds, which every instant grew more and more painful. At length his limbs grew cold, and, feeling a sickening faintness steal upon him, he gave up all hope of life, and recommended himself to God. Suddenly, and when it had come to the worst, he heard a bark, which he knew belonged to only one little dog in the world, felt something lick his face, and saw the glare of lanterns. The dog had wandered for miles till he arrived at a roadside *cabaret*. The people had heard the cannoning all day, and seeing the *kepi* in the dog's mouth, and noticing his restless movements, decided to follow him. He took them straight to the spot—too straight for a little cart they had brought with them, to cross fields and hedges,—but just in time. When the friendly help arrived, the man fainted, but he was saved. There were honest tears in the man's eyes when he was telling me, and I fully believed him. The dog, too, had been slightly touched in the leg by a ball in the same battle, and had since been lame. He got him, when a puppy, from an English sailor at Dunkirk, and called him 'Boel,' very probably the French for 'Bill.'"  
**An Esthetic View of Swearing.**  
One of the young ladies in a Brook Farm story in the *Overland Monthly* says:  
"There is profane swearing where the heart is filled with vindictive passions—with malice; but most of the swearing indulged in by young people and uncultivated people is only so much emphasis to back up their sentences with. It shows that those who indulge in it are wanting in intelligent respect for their own statements; or are doubtful if they will be accepted as true by those they address. I do not deny that it is extremely bad taste, that it is vulgar and disagreeable; and yet a great deal of informal swearing is indulged in by the really reverent and kind-hearted."  
To which a sailor present responds: "I am sure, Miss, it's not language that's so wicked; it's the way one feels in the heart. I was thinking all the time you were talking of once when I was out at sea—leagues from land in the Pacific, and we fell in with a water-logged ship, with nine starving men on her. They begged to be taken on your pious sort. Well, when the mate, with his hands on the ropes ready to lower the boat, heard the captain's cold-blooded decision—'Tell them we can't take them; we have only provisions enough to take ourselves to port'—why, the mate swore an oath (I should not dare to repeat it to you, Miss; in a bad case it were enough to sink a ship), and wished that he might be hung beside, at the yard-arm, if he did not fetch these poor souls on board. And down went the boat, in spite of the captain, and on board they came; and we all arrived safe and sound in port. Now, Miss, I ask you, who swore—the mate or the captain?"  
**How Drunkenness is Produced.**  
A sudden mental emotion can send too much blood to the brain; or too great mental excitement does the same thing. It is the essential nature of all wines and spirits to send an increased amount of blood to the brain.  
The first effect of taking a glass of wine or stronger form of alcohol is to send the blood there faster than common; hence it quickens the circulation; that gives a red face; it increases the activity of the brain, and it works faster, and so does the tongue. But as the blood goes to the brain faster than common, it returns faster, and no special permanent harm results. But supposing a man keeps on drinking, the blood is sent to the brain so much faster, in such large quantities, that in order to make room for it the arteries have to enlarge themselves; they increase in size, and in doing so press against the more yielding flaccid veins, which carry the blood from the brain, and thus diminish their size, their bores; the result being, the blood is not only carried to the arteries of the brain faster than is natural or healthful, but is prevented from leaving it as fast as usual; hence a double set of causes of death are set in operation. Hence a man may drink enough brandy or other spirit in a few hours or even minutes to bring on a fatal attack of apoplexy; this is literally being dead drunk.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*  
A good anecdote is told of Capt. Temple, of the United States steamer Tennessee. At the attack on Fort Fisher his ship took fire from a shell in the room next to the magazine. One of the little messenger tug-boats was playing about the ship, and finally came alongside. Capt. Temple hailed her. "Aye, aye, sir," said the tug captain. "We are on fire," said Temple, "next to our powder magazine, and I thought it might possibly interest you to know that we are likely to blow up in about three minutes unless we get the fire under." The tug-funnels with which the tug captain riddled us, and the tug plunged away on a bee line was laughable, in spite of the critical nature of the situation.  
**Humor.**  
**A GRATE nuisance—Bad coal.**  
WHAT is the sun by trade? A tanner.  
**COMMON suers—Lawyers.**  
They have a "Poor Man's Club" in Cairo.  
The French question—Is it to be Gambetta—or worse?  
A good way to expand your chest—carry a big heart in it.  
TWENTY quivers make one ream; one Ream makes a statue.  
The oldest volumes are volumes of water, and they circulate all over the world.  
WHY ought crockery to know when it is going to be broken? Because it must be a-ware.  
Good resolutions are like ladies who faint in a lecture-room—they should be carried out.  
A THIEF who lately broke open a grocer's warehouse excused himself on the plea that he only went to take tea.  
A MISSOURI lady waved a red flag, stopped the train, and asked the conductor for a chew of tobacco for her old man.  
WE saw a sad-looking white horse yesterday on which some one had stencilled: "Oats wanted. Inquire within."  
"You seem to walk more erect than usual, my friend." "Yes, I have been straightened by circumstances."  
A LADY boasting of the progress made by her son in arithmetic, remarked, "He is in his mortification table."  
THERE is a lad of our acquaintance who regards hunger and the chastening rod as about the same thing; both make the boy holler.  
WHY is a cab-horse the most miserable of all created beings? Because his thoughts are ever on the rack, and his greatest joy is W-o-e!  
A NEW YORK paper translates the title of William L. "Kaiser und Schmirherr von Deutschland," Emperor and Protector of Germany; "Emperor and Umbrella-owner of Germany;" Schmir being also the German for umbrella.  
Big sister: "Oh, papa, I must go to hear Nilsson. You know I am fond of music." Juvenile brother (triumphantly): "Then why don't you let me play on my drum?"  
"There was an old family fuel between them," was what the principal in a Chicago murder case said to the jury. The Judge asked her if she didn't mean "fuel," and she asked him who was telling the story.  
A LITTLE Boston girl assured her mother, the other day, that she had found out where they made horses—"she had seen a man in a shop just finishing one of them, for he was nailing on his last foot."  
A CERTAIN lecturer quoted the Miltonic couplet:  
But come, thou goddess, fair and free,  
In heaven yelep'd Euphrosyne;  
and had the pleasure of reading the next morning the following phonographic transformation:  
But came that goddess, fair and free,  
In heaven she crept, and froze her knee.  
They never will get done abusing Mr. Greeley's handwriting. The other day he wrote a puff for Anna Dickinson's lecture on Joan of Arc. The compositor set it up, "Any Dutchman can't play a jews-harp." There is no wonder the good old man gets soured against humanity, and often speaks out in meeting.—*N. Y. Democrat.*  
THE AROOSTOOK (Me.) Pioneer says: One evening last week a couple of chaps, evidently from the rural districts, came into the telegraph office for the purpose of sending a dispatch. The message was taken by the operator, and the pair proceeded down the stairs. They had just reached the sidewalk when the gong at the Snell House was sounded for tea; whereupon one of the pair went into the air several feet, exclaiming, "By Jerusalem! there it goes, Jim!"  
An ice merchant in Greenwich Conn., who had been watching his pond all winter with almost prayerful interest, in hope of a freeze, visited it one day, after a sharp, cold night, stepped on the ice, and, finding it would bear him, exclaimed, "Thank God!" Going still further on the pond, he exclaimed more fervently, "Thank God!" But on venturing a trifle further, and going up to his neck, he ejaculated louder and heartier, "Damn the ice!"  
A WILL filed in the San Francisco Probate Court reads: "San Francisco, Jan. 28, 1871—All and any property standing in my name, real and personal, I leave to my wife, Mary Anderson, and likewise my two daughters, Mary and Jennie—John Anderson." The two daughters anxiously inquire whether they are part of the legacy, or sharers in it.  
Each man ought to endeavor to lessen the burden he expects others to help him bear. If a man have a bad habit, he ought to try to break himself of it. A man with a foul ulcer or a deformed limb is to be pitied; but he ought not to persist in thrusting the ulcer or the deformity before us on every occasion, insisting that we shall examine it. Let him keep it out of sight as much as possible, get cured if he can, but if that be impossible, say nothing about it. So men ought not to be perpetually obtruding their evil tempers and other infirmities before their friends, imposing on their Christian forbearance, and excusing themselves by saying: "It is my way." It is a very bad way, and cannot be mended a moment too soon.  
A COLONY of 114 Swedes, it is announced, have settled in the wildest part of the State of Maine, having paid their own passage out to this country. They have set to work industriously, and are cutting roads through the woods, felling trees, clearing land for crops, building houses, and making themselves generally comfortable. This colony is due to the exertions of a commissioner, sent out to Sweden, who recommends that the State shall continue her exertions to people the extensive wild lands within her borders.