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General Miscellany.

THE CHILDREN'S CHURCH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF PAUL GERHARDT.

The bells of the churches are ringing
Pana and mamma have both come,
And three little children sit singing
Together alone at the holiday home.

While the bells ton away in the steeple,
Their hymn shall be sung still in a new,
These busy religious small people
Determine to have their church too.

So, as free as the birds or the breezes
By which their fair ringlets are fanned,
Each rogue sings away as he pleases,
With book upside down in his hand.

Their hymn has no sense in its letter,
Their music no rhythm nor tune:
Our worship, perhaps, may be better—
But *their's* reaches God quite as soon.

Their angels stand close to the Father;
His heav'n is made bright by these flowers;
And the dear God above us would rather
Hear praise from their lips than from ours.

Sing on, little children—your voices
Fill the air with contentment and love;
All nature around you rejoices,
And the birds warble sweetly above.

Sing on—for the proudest orations,
The liturgies sacred and long,
The anthems and worship of nations,
Are poor to your innocent song.

Sing on—our devotion is colder,
Though wisely our prayers may be planned,
For often we, too, who are older,
Hold our book the wrong way in our hand.

Sing on—our harmonic inventions
We study with labor and pain;
Yet often our angry contentions
Take the harmony out of our strain.

Sing on—all our struggle and battle,
Our cry, when most deep an sincere—
What are they? A child's simple prattle,
A breath in the Infinite Ear.

—*Harper's Monthly.*

JOHN BLYTHE'S NAMESAKE.

JOHN BLYTHE and the minister were walking down town together. John always walked, having nothing to ride except his hobbies, which his friends declared he rode to death. But there was such an ever-increasing stud of those unpopular and costly racers that he was never without half a dozen reasonably fresh ones. And one of them, however hard-ridden, came up, unbreathed and active, for service every day. John could not remember when he had not been absorbed in the hope and the work of reforming prisoners, and of saving from crime the street Arabs who became prisoners. When he was six years old he had been permitted a birthday party, with the precious liberty of inviting the guests "hisself." But when the afternoon arrived, his unsuspecting mother found her pretty parlors invaded by twelve little gutter-snipes, not much cleaner as to vocabulary than as to person. John grew more and more radiant with delight at each grimy and slinking arrival, so that his mother had hardly the heart to call him to account. And when she took him apart to say, "Johnny, how could you bring these dreadful boys into mamma's nice clean house?" he looked up with such pained amazement that she was silenced. "Why, mamma," he said, "you told me I might invite which twelve little boys I choosed, and I choosed these, 'cause I knew they didn't ever go to a birthday before." Mrs. Blythe felt an uneasy apprehension that practical Christianity might be a little uncomfortable in general use. But remembering a certain Divine prescription of the etiquette pertaining to a feast, which insisted on the bidding of them who could not bid again, she only said. "Well Johnny, tell mamma beforehand next time. And now we must take all your little friends up to the bath-room and give them a scrub, before they play with the toys."

Which very remarkable attention the young vagabonds received, by means whereof they would have remembered the day forever as set apart from all others in their limited experience, had it not also been set apart as a bewilderment of games, cakes, beautiful surroundings, and double handfuls of candy as a sort of stirrup-cup.

The John of six-and-thirty was hardly more conventional and no whit more selfish than the John of six. And now he was urging the minister to take up a scheme of his for deporting certain bad characters to a new field, where he believed they would reform. "You are too hard on them, Egerton," he was saying, in his vehement way. "I tell you, we make 'em thieves and keep 'em thieves, and then shut 'em up, because they are thieves, in places where they shed their thieves' skin and come out something worse. It's the logic of events. I've got some friends in Rag-pickers' Row: carriage people: drive a dog in a soap-box, these aristocrats. Sometimes I drop in there when I think the world is too careless of my high mightiness. It's a nasty cure for peevishness, but thorough. The Row has its water view—a mud-puddle that is never dry, inhabited by an ague that's never at home, but always out calling in the neighborhood. The rooms are ten by twelve, a family in every room, and at least ten souls, or cases for souls, in every family. The lower the breed, the larger the litter always. What do these creatures breathe? Air? No: stinks! What do they eat? Food? No: garbage! What do they wear? Clothes? No: rags and infection! What fluid is in their veins? Blood? No: poison! What do they do? Live? No: putrefy, body and bones, heart and brain! The brats are turned into the street as soon as they can toddle, to beg or steal. They get into the Tombs, of course, and on the Island, and so to Sing Sing, and so to a bad death. In short, they're born in hell, and live in hell. And I declare to you again that I don't believe a just and tender Father will give them hell hereafter till they've had at least a chance."

"My dear John," said his friend, "you can't wash convicts clean in baths of sentiment. You yourself wouldn't trust a convict's repentance without long probation. There's a great deal to be said on the other side; but this is my corner, and I have work to do. I'll consider the question, and help you if I see my way."

Blythe turned down a quiet cross-street, and was startled out of his meditation by a woman's scream. At the same instant a man stumbling up the steps of a deep area, ran violently against him. "Not so fast, friend," said Blythe. "It's not polite to run away when people want your company. We'll just turn in here and see for which of our virtues we are thus desired." There was no shaking himself free from the strong grip of his captor, and the man obeyed.

"What's the row, my girl?" said Blythe to the servant at the window.

"Oh, the black thief!" she cried. "Sure I set the spoons in the winder-sill and it open a minute wid the dust, and me sweepin', and the blatherin' chate he snached in an' cut 'em, and me ketchin' him in the act."

"Search me," said the man quietly.

It was early. Nobody was in the street. Blythe took the man into the area, and turned his pockets inside out. Not so much as a pawn-ticket appeared. "Friend," said he, "I must trouble you to take off your boots."

The man laughed uneasily. "Game's up," he said. "Take your spoons, watchful Bridget. I'm to go to the jug, I suppose. Who cares?"

"Are the spoons all right, my girl?" asked the amateur detective.

"An' why not, thanks to yer honor, and bad cess to the murdtherin' rogue, to be takin' yer honor's time. And I'll take me book oath agen him whenever yer honor says."

"All right," said Blythe. "Good-morning. Come with me my Turpin bold."

The man went quietly for a few paces and then stopped. "What are you going to do with me?" he said.

"Well," said Blythe, "either put you in nomination for civic honors, as alderman, for instance, where your talents wouldn't remain hid in a napkin, or give you in charge, I think."

"Couldn't you kick me, Sir, and let me go?" asked the man, eagerly.

Blythe laughed aloud. "Corporal punishment, as opposed to moral suasion, eh? Well, perhaps. Where do you live?"

His captive studied his face. It was so open and kindly, the laugh had been so hearty, that he said, suddenly, "I wouldn't like to lie to you, Sir. I don't live anywhere. I come out of jail for the third time last Tuesday. I'm a regular jail-bird, I am, and I don't expect to be nothing else. I'm too old. And I don't suppose it matters how soon I go back." The man's voice was steady enough, but his lip twitched a little.

"Then you didn't breakfast at Delmonico's this morning?" said Blythe.

"I didn't breakfast nowheres these two days, Sir," replied the prisoner.

"My young friend," said his queer keeper, "I have ever observed throughout my virtuous life that when there is a chronic emptiness of the stomach, there is a corresponding shakiness of the moral nature. Here is my card. Will you do me the honor and pleasure of breakfasting with me?"

The amazed convict replying not, was forthwith haled to a cellar-restaurant, where, having ordered half the bill of fare, Blythe sat back in his chair complacently observing the famished eagerness of his human wolf. When even the chronic emptiness was temporarily filled, the wolf said, sheepishly, "I don't mind telling you, Sir, since you've acted so handsome, that I wouldn't have took them spoons if I hadn't ha' been just starved. That ain't no excuse in the courts, I know, and I expect to go up for it; but I thought you'd kind o' feel as if you hadn't wasted your money so bad if you knew how holler I was. I'm ready now, Sir, if your time's up."

"Not quite up," said John. "Suppose you tell me how it began. Perhaps I could speak a word for you. I'm a lawyer."

The other stared with surprise. "A lawyer," he said, "and give away a breakfast like that! That beat's cracky! But there's nothing to tell, Sir. I'm a wheelwright. I got sent up the first time for being drunk and disorderly. I lost my place, and then come a strike, and no work; and I took a nip sometimes, and got sent up for petty larceny. And I sort o' slipped into the thieves' ring; and byme-by I got a three years' term. But I was sick of the business, and I worked hard and kept the rules, and got a good name. So when I come out, I goes to my old shop to get work; and, thinks I, 'tain't fair to the boss not to own up, 'cause he might have hard words heaved at him by the rest of the hands if they found it out. And so he wouldn't take me; and none of the other bosses wouldn't, cause I told 'em—for, thinks I, 'taint no use to pretend you want to be honest with a lie on to your tongue. So then I tried to get porter's work, and other things, but nobody wouldn't take a man without a character. I don't blame 'em. I s'pose I shouldn't myself, if I was them. Well, I hadn't no money nor credit, but I used to want my victuals just as regular as though I had good wages; and so I took a watch, and got sent up again. I'm a pretty decent chap in jail, you see. I don't get no liquor, and after a little I don't want it. And I'm a proper good workman. And the warden used to let me have the picture papers on Sundays. And I made up my mind again that I'd just be a new man when I got out. So I did get out last Tuesday, with these clothes and two dollars and a nice new knife that the warden gave me. So then I tried right off for work. And when the boss says, 'Where did you work last?' I says, 'Come, now, I won't tell you no lies. I worked at the prison; I'm a convict.' And then 'twas the same old story. So I sold the knife and a handkerchief, and the last of them and my two dollars was eat up and slep' up night before last. So yesterday I didn't have no victuals; and I thought maybe I'd go to some minister and tell him. But ministers ain't much in my way; and, besides, I don't want to beg—I wanted to work. So I walked round all night last night, 'cause I couldn't go into them holes to the station-house to sleep—I know 'em too well. And when I see them spoons waiting in the winder this morning purpose to be took, I couldn't hold out no longer. I didn't expect to get nabbed; but I guess I didn't care much. And that's all," said the man, pulling up suddenly. "I guess having to hold your tongue so much up to the prison kind o' makes it run at both ends when you get out. And I beg your pardon, Sir, for doing of it. But, if it's the same to you, I'd rather push along to the station; for talkin' with you sort o' makes me hate to go back again." And he looked—this hardened convict—quite capable of human tears.

"I've concluded," said Blythe, quietly, "to transport you instead."

The man jumped up. "Why, that ain't American law, is it?" he cried. "Why should I care, though? Just as you say, Sir. You've treated me fair, and I don't doubt you know the law."

"It's Gospel, if it isn't law," said Blythe, heartily. "What is your name, my friend?"

"John Brand, Sir; but the name's a brand to me now, and if I'm to be shipped, I'll take another, if it ain't against the law."

"All right," said his sponsor: "take mine, 'John Blythe.' It's a good, honest name, and I'll trust you to keep it so. You're going to Philadelphia to a friend I have there, in the carriage business; big house, good wages, chance to rise. I write to him and tell him all about you in a letter you take. He is not to report to me. If you do well, you'll be glad to let me know it yourself. If you don't I'd rather not know it at all. I'll have no spies upon you, and I'll trust you to keep faith with me. You'll want another suit and ten dollars in your pocket to make you feel respectable. So now we'll go and get fitted, and buy our ticket, and take our rather damaged wares to a new market."

When John Blythe went home that night he laughed a little to himself to think how many of his investments in wild-cat humanity had brought back no dividends. But he always had faith in the last one. "The truth is," his mother had told the minister that morning, when she begged him to withhold her son a little from his prodigal benevolences—"the truth is that John regularly strips himself once a month or so for some plausible scamp. Three times this season has he come home without a waistcoat. And I fully expect to see the day when he will have to lie in bed to have his only shirt washed, his opulent beggars having pawned all the rest."

Blythe still lived with his mother, because he felt that no other woman would be happy with the perplexities which his constant experiments in sociology entailed on his household, and because he had never found a woman whom he could ask to share that poverty which might so easily have been wealth had he chosen to conduct his moral book-keeping according to received usage. In this new rogue he had taken much stock, as he said. The man was not only certain to reform, but to save hundreds of men like himself, whom he would know how to reach. But after one brief, ill-spelled, and dirty note to say that he had found work, and a friend in his employer, he made no sign. And when a year or two of silence had convinced even Blythe that the taint of ten years could not be cured by an hour's kindness, he only said, "Well, poor fellow, I ought to have kept him under my own eye. There was good in him. But I suppose life was too dark."

So eight years went by, Blythe going his daily round of unostentatious duty, never dreaming that he was a saint in shabby vestments, and only seeing that each day he let slip some chance of helpfulness which he might have seized. His business had not thriven as he had hoped. Men were a little shy of such a quixotic genius though he was; and he was so certain to refuse cases where the right was not clearly on his side that his fees grew fewer year by year. It was hard, because he saw such good that might be done with money. But he only pinched himself the more.

There came in time a cholera summer. People fled the city in herds. Almost nobody was left, save the wretches who could not fly, and whose poverty, ignorance, and dirt predetermined them victims. By day and by night, in the stews and slums of the town, horrible in the August heat and stenches, John Blythe watched and worked. His perfect health, which seemed to place him beyond peril of infection, his skill in nursing, his tenderness, and the quiet courage which roused an answering courage in the affrighted victims, made him invaluable to the doctors. He often met another volunteer nurse, not less invaluable than himself, the physicians said. But beyond civil greetings they had neither time nor thought to bestow on each other.

But one morning as Blythe left the hospital, after a hard and weary night's work, he overtook his silent fellow-worker. The latter lifted his hat, and as the clear early light fell on his face it looked so familiar and so friendly that Blythe stopped, saying, "Surely I must know you, my good Sir?"

"Yes," said the stranger, heartily, "you are perhaps the only person who ever did know me. Our acquaintance began in a breach of good manners on my part, for I asked an important personal favor before being introduced. You may remember being solicited to kick me and let me go on a morning much like this!"

John Blythe, the first of the name, dragged his namesake into a friendly doorway, within whose shelter he first fell on his neck and kissed him, and then sat down on the very dirty stairs and cried. John Blythe, the second of the name, leaning on the balustrade, also cried.

The sponsor was the first to recover his speech. "History repeats itself," he said. "Twice found in the street, and a second time to be invested in my clothes—for we can't take breakfast in these—and again to break the bread that precedes a new career together—for I never will let you out of my sight again, you rascal—and once more to set you up in other business—for now you are to be your own biographer, and tell me tales of yourself for a thousand and one nights. But be pleased to hold your tongue till we have both bathed or eaten, or we shall both be down with the cholera, and the two best nurses too engaged to attend us."

But when they had refreshed themseves with water and fresh linen, and had eaten their breakfast together in the cellar-restaurant where they had first adopted each other, the elder entreated the younger to speak. "My boy," he said, "we shall have observed the dramatic unities in a way to satisfy Dr. Johnson himself, when in that very chair you tell me your story. Come, now—*Enter John Blythe, second, solus, loquitur.*"

"I'm almost deaf and dumb with joy, Sir," answered his namesake, "and I'm afraid that I'm not a much better fist at talking about myself than I was when you first invited me to do it, and made a man of me. I have oft n thought of late that I had done wrong not to write. But the truth was that after I had written you that I'd gotten a hold on life again, it seemed a little contemptible to be hanging on to you, even with letters, when I could stand alone. And I was afraid you might think I wanted money, or notice, or the help of your name, if I kept reminding you of me. I think now it was pri le, but then I thought it was humility. And I set up a certain stint to myself to do before I would write again. I told you I was an extra good workman. 'Well,' I said, 'I'll get extra good pay, and then I'll write and say that deeds are a better coin than words to pay one's debts in, and that I've got some of this good tender to show how grateful I am.' Of course I had to begin low, and work up. And I felt my ignorance, and got books, and studied every night and Sundays. That was much the toughest job of the two, the book-learning. But Mr. Bradbury watched me for your sake, and when Mr. John was at home in vacations he used to come down and talk to me, and when he found that I was trying to improve myself, he offered to help me, and after that I got on famously. Presently I saw that it all depended on me how soon I should be made foreman, and I worked like all possessed, meaning to write to you as soon as I got the place. Having no expenses to speak of, I began to lay up money from the first, and a perfect greed of getting and saving took hold of me, for I wanted to astonish my astonishing godfather with the amount of it. But Mr. Bradbury was buying land here and there in the suburbs where he knew the horse-railroads were going to put it up, and he said to me, 'John, if you choose to risk your money in land, I'll buy for you as I buy for myself, and I think we shall make a good thing.'

"Well, of course I did choose. And, what isn't of course, we did make money hand over hand. And it seemed as if I was foreman in no time. And then I thought, 'No, I won't write just yet, for the signs are that I shall be manager. Sure enough, that wasn't far off either. For the young gentleman didn't like the business, and the old gentleman was wrapped up in it, and couldn't bear to think that it would go all to pieces when he should die. So he pushed me, and I pushed myself, and every wind that blew seemed to fill my sails. My money just rolled over like a great snow-ball. And the harder I studied the clearer my head grew and the easier it seemed, though I found out, like Mr. Boffin, that there were lots of 'scarers' in print.

"Well, I hadn't more than turned round, it seemed to me, after I was manager, before Mr. Bradbury sent for me again, and told me that I was so well up in the business, financial and mechanical, that he was prepared to offer me a junior partnership if I liked. I don't suppose the Emperor of Roosha thinks half so well of himself as I did then, Mr. Blythe. But after all it wasn't the success itself that I cared about, but just the bringing of it back to you, and saying, 'It's all yours, Sir; the credit of it, and the money, and the man you made out of a vagabond with your heavenly kindness.'

"So then I sat down and wrote you a letter, and told you all of this long story. But when it was done, a great light fell on me, as it did on Paul. And I saw that, after all, I was going to make you a miserable return. For I had just settled right down, and grubbed for money and grubbed for learning, just to make myself a little worthier to be your friend, and a little more important in your eyes, and to be able to spend it for you. And I had not made the world really any better off for my being in it. I thought how different my narrow notion of virtue was from yours, that helps everybody, for Mr. Bradbury had told me all about you, Sir. And I felt that I wasn't worth shucks. So I tore up the letter, and began to live a different life. I knew well enough that my work lay among the prisoners, and for a year I've done what I could for them. But that's not the point now. Still I didn't feel fit to come back and beg you to live with me, and that was the dream of my life. I was possessed to do some tremendous thing, like saving a family from a burning house, or from a wreck, maybe at the risk of my life. And I was in that mood when the news of this awful cholera came over, and I saw my chance. I knew that you would be in the worst of it, and in my thought I saw you meeting me, and being so pleased and astonished. Well, I came; and I saw you the first day, and you didn't know me. I had never thought of that chance. And it was a kind of blow to me, for it seemed as if you had never been out of my thoughts, sleeping or waking, and I felt clean forgotten. So I made up my mind not to speak till you knew me, unless you should get the sickness, or I should. But just to see you every day has been new life to me. And that's all," he said, laughing like a boy at his own tears.

John Blythe never knew what he said in answer. He talked almost as long as his namesake had done. He planned a little holiday that they should have together when their nursing was over. And when they rose from the table he said, with quaint reverence, "John, henceforth there is a new sacrament for me. It is the Lord's breakfast, for I shall always believe that the risen Lord has twice sat with us at meat."

"Most folks would think He'd lost His way," said the other, "to sit down in a cellar and eat with a convict, where there was no table-cloths nor silver forks; but I guess, Mr. Blythe, He'd go most anywhere you go, because you're just one of His kind. I'm on duty at eleven o'clock, and I must put out. But a few hours of parting don't matter to a man who's had so many years of it. And we can have dinner together, can't we?"

"All dinners and all breakfasts, dear son of my love," cried Blythe. "We shall live together now, and help one another. I shall come down to you as soon as I have had my sleep."

But when he ran up the hospital stairs that afternoon, thrilled with his new joy and strong with its strength, he found the house surgeon waiting for him. "Mr. Blythe," said he, "we've had our worst stroke of luck this morning. That capital nurse—by-the-bye, queerly enough, his name is Blythe too, I find—is down with the disease, and it will go hard with him. He has had some great excitement to-day. I saw it the instant he came in—eyes all aflame, face perfectly transfigured, hands trembling. He is not strong. Early dissipation, I reckon, and over-work in business. And lately this awful hospital duty, and the devil's own heat besides. When a strong excitement was added to those strains he broke right down. I stopped you to tell you that you must take care of him, and that if you can get him to tell you what is burning him up, it may save his life, though I doubt. And talking's a bad remedy too, for he ought to be quiet."

"But I know what it was that used him up, and he trusts me. Then what?"

"My dear fellow, then we may save him. We won't give him up."

But the poor soul that had never known a childhood, nor an unstained youth, nor the love of woman, nor the kiss of little children, was to begin the new life where all these, or their recompense, might await him. He did not talk. He was content to lie still and look at John Blythe's face. But at the last the chaplain stood beside him too. And when he asked, "Do you trust in the mercy of God, dear brother?" the fading eyes looked with unutterable love in Blythe's, and the spent voice said, clearly, "He gave His angel charge concerning me to keep me up, lest I should dash my foot against a stone." Then they left the bedside for the living needed them.

He had given his papers to his friend, and among them was a copy of his will. In token of his love he had left all his property to "John Blythe, for whom I was named, and to whom I owe all I have and am." It was a legacy that grew in bulk day by day, and made many an abject creature happier. And it is still, in other hands, doing its good work, though the last earthly record of the two obscure lives whose gift it was is written on a little slab in Greenwood, thus:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
of
JOHN C. BLYTHE;
and of
JOHN BLYTHE,
HIS BELOVED NAMESAKE.

—*Harper's Monthly.*

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

THE New Haven police are not allowed to talk on the street, nor to "smile" elsewhere.

A FLORIDA man has made $800 this year catching young alligators for Northern druggists.

A BOY at Union, New Jersey, only ten years old, has been convicted of six incendiary fires.

A SCHOOL on an island off the coast of Maine has forty scholars, all of whom are the grandchildren of one man.

AS LATE as the 14th of July snow-drifts and ice-ledges were to be found on the mountains of Vermont.

A LIVING amphibious monster, twenty feet long, is scaring the newspapers around Lake Champlain.

ONE of the new Congressmen from Wisconsin brings experience. He has been superintendent of a lunatic asylum for five years.

A YOUNG lady at Saratoga writing home to her mother, concludes with: "P. S.—You will see by my signature that I am married."

IF a Persian turn Christian his head is chopped off if they catch him. All sorts of wickedness is cured in Persia by the Shah's little hatchet.

THE negro who was hanged at Suffolk, Va., the other day, remarked as he was going to the gallows: "I wish dey had put it off 'till after watermelon time."

THE Connecticut State Board of Education have assumed control of the enslaved Italian children in New Haven, and will care for them.

THE Cleveland tunnel, extending one mile and a quarter under Lake Erie, is nearly completed. It is estimated that it will furnish a water supply of 60,000,000 gallons every twenty-four hours.

THE cottage of William Penn, the great Quaker, which is now in a dilapidated condition, and situated in the midst of the great warehouses of Philadelphia, is used for a beer saloon.

A COACH built for His Majesty the Sultan of Turkey, is in Bridgeport, Conn., being used as a model for a similar vehicle ordered by Senator Latham, of San Francisco.

FORT ABRAHAM LINCOLN, opposite Bismarck, now a three company military post, will be fitted up immediately for ten companies of cavalry, involving an expenditure of $200,000, making it the most important post on the Missouri river. Custer's regiment is expected to winter there.

ONE of the prisoners at the House of Correction at Fitchburg, Mass., the other day, escaped while at work blasting stone. The fuse had been set on fire, and the keeper told the men to run, which advice was followed, and one of the prisoners forgot to come back again.

TROY is so particular about observing the strict letter of criminal law that a thief who had stolen a watch from a deaf-mute was discharged from custody because, the loser being able neither to speak, hear, write, nor read, no formal complaint could be entered.

A MORTGAGE for $799, upon which eighteen months' interest had accumulated, was declared null and void at Lyons, N. Y., recently, on the ground that $25 paid for services in procuring the money for which the mortgage was given constituted usury.

A STRASBURG, Pa., girl agreed to kiss a young man every day for two years if he would stop smoking. He quit, and has smacked regularly for six months, but the girl has taken to eating onions, and he is unhappy. Young man! neutralize, by chawing a few yourself.

NEAR Bridgeton, N. J., lately, Samuel Penn, aged 85, and David M. Woodruff, aged 86, had a novel reaping match with sickles, after the old-time ways. They cut a width of six feet and a distance of six feet and nine and one-half rods in twelve minutes. Both were awarded the victory by a large concourse of witnesses.

A COLORED man was once asked why he did not get married. "Why, you see, sah," said he, "I got an old mudder, an' I hab to do for her, ye see, sah, an' if I don't buy her shoes an' stockin's, she wouldn't get none. Now, if I was to get married, I would hab to buy dem tings for my wife, an' dat would be takin' de shoes an' stockin's right out of my mudder's mouth."

THOSE who claim that the heathen Chinee can never become civilized, should have seen an irate, saffron-colored Chinese gentleman in Detroit the other day bounce an inebriated person out of a laundry. When the battle was over somebody asked John what it was all about, when he replied: "Melican man gettee tight—foolee around me—me put head on him—no go to jail—dollar a dozen."

AN Oil City exchange says: "One of our policemen is in a quandary. He has levied on a torpedo magazine, containin several cases of glycerine, and the party defendant, who has the key, refuses to open the door to let the Commonwealth in. The policeman could take a sledge-hammer and 'bust' things, but as he has a family and lives happily, he does not like to go fooling round the magazine in that way."

A NATURAL deposit of Glauber's salt (sulphate of soda) has been discovered in the Caucasus. The salt was struck at a depth of three feet below the surface, and was found remarkably pure, being chemically uncontaminated, and with only about eight per cent. of mechanical admixture. The entire deposit is estimated to amount to fifteen and a half million cubic feet.

A FEW days ago a resident of Detroit was taken sick and sent for a doctor. The doctor left a prescription and with it a request that one of the children should call at his office the next day and say how the patient was doing. A little girl came, and, when questioned, she promptly answered: "Please, sir, father is getting better; he's broke the stove all to pieces this morning, and been a fighting mother, just like he used to!"

HILLING POTATOES.—A correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker* tried an experiment last season with raising potatoes by hilling, and by leaving the surface flat. The summer was wet, giving the hilling the advantage, if any. The result was about the same quantity for each, but the potatoes from the part not hilled were larger, fewer in number, and finer in quality. He thinks much labor, worse than useless, is expended in hilling potatoes.

BUTTONS are assuming alarming proportions. A Boston girl, so says rumor, was very anxious to have a suit, of which gigantesque buttons were to be a prominent feature, finished in time for class-day. All was going well, when suddenly her supply of button molds gave out. Despair! At last a bright idea struck her, and laying violent hands upon her mother's individual butter plates she covered them and wore them on the grand occasion.

THE Omaha *Herald* says the consigners of fish recently wrecked while en route for California have determined to make something of the accident. They have leased a large lake near the Elkhorn river, in which the fish were prematurely emptied, and intend to transfer what fish they can recover to the waters. The lease extends over ten or fifteen years, and they design improvements in the way of fencing, breaking, tree planting, buildings, wharves and boats, which will make the spot a favorite resort for Western fishermen.

A NEW YORK paper says: The wife of an up-town citizen, who has grown wealthy during the past few years by the advance of real estate, went abroad a few days ago. One of her acquaintances asked her what particular purpose she had in going, and what she expected to enjoy most. "Oh, I don't care much about Europe," she replied, "on my own account. The main object I have in making this trip is to have the portraits of those children," pointing to three homely girls of nine, eleven and thirteen, "painted by the old masters."

SPEAKING of the manner in which the escaped rhinoceros of O'Brien's menagerie was caged at Ithaca, N. Y., the *Democrat* says: "A cable chain was attached to each of his legs, and one around his neck, and these were coupled to locomotives on each of our railways. The engines were then started. Pulling in five different directions, his behemothship had nothing left to fight with but his tail, and that was lashed to a church spire by a wire rope. Being rendered harmless by these guys, a new wagon was built around him, and thus he was secured."

THE Klamath Indians have a saw-mill at their agency in Oregon, and sell all the lumber they can produce, save what is used by the agency. Teams are furnished to haul the logs, and Indians, who are good teamsters, are employed by the agency. A head sawyer is maintained, and the Indians assist him. They derive considerable revenue from the sale of lumber, and some of them are very industrious. Last year the mill sawed 250,000 feet of lumber, which was all the lumber furnished by the Indians. A grist-mill is being completed, and will be running this fall.

A Lightning "Nine."

The Detroit *Free Press* says: On Monday afternoon, when the heavy thunder shower came up, two Detroiters were fishing at Sandwich, and they took refuge in the Custom-house building on the rock. Seven other persons also took refuge in the same building, making nine in there when the storm broke. Everybody in the city will remember what a heavy crash occurred about three o'clock, and it was this particular thunderbolt which went for the "picked nine" in the building. They were talking among themselves, when the first thing they knew they didn't know anything, as the saying is. A flag-pole about ten feet long was fastened to the roof of the office, and the lightning struck and ran down this, tore a hole through the roof, and then paid its respects to the fishermen. None of them knew that the building had been struck, or that a flash and a shock had occurred. Each of them was struck dumb, as it were, for a longer or shorter time. Henry R. Durney, an old "comp.," awoke to find himself astride of a salt barrel, several feet from where he had been standing. There was a tingling sensation all through him, making his nerves feel like wires, and he could not find his voice for two or three minutes after he was able to look around. Hugh Martin, proprietor of the Commercial Dining-rooms, on Griswold street, says he thought a powder explosion had occurred. He was lifted up and flung against the wall with considerable force, and then everything was blank for a minute or two.

Every other man in the house was similarly treated, some being even more roughly used, but after three or four minutes seven of the nine got upon their feet, and found themselves still alive. The two others were senseless. One of them, named Mike Dumford, was lying in the second room on his back, and the other was sat on the floor, and bleeding at the nose. It was for some time believed that both were dead, and it was full two hours before young Sharp recovered sufficiently to be taken across the river.