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A LITTLE CHILD.

Unconscious childhood's tiny grasp
Draws us from business, books and art;
Mightier than all the world, the clasp
Of one small hand upon the heart.

Of late, with lids that mimicked death,
In fever flames our darling lay;
While we who watched her fluttering breath
Could only wait, and hope, and pray.

Pale gliding shapes and whispered words
Haunted the hushed and shadowy room,
Till the first twitter of the birds
Awoke, and daybreak edged the gloom.

On vacant chairs and silent walls,
Where lonely watches of the night
Grow old, how strange, how spectral, falls
The mockery of the morning light!

As in a trance of fear we moved;
Peril to one we cannot save,
Peril and pain to one beloved,
Make trembling cowards of the brave.

The dawn rose, pitilessly bright;
The sunshine wore an alien hue;
There was not any more delight
In song of bird or spark of dew.

How idle seemed the task that claimed
A cold, accustomed service still!
Each worldly wish was quelled and shamed!
Alike were tidings good and ill.

Friendship itself small solace brought;
We came and went like dull machines;
How foreign to the harassed thought
The most familiar household scenes!

The golden fields and azure skies
Were veiled in sorrowful eclipse,
Till beamed again those darkened eyes,
Till smiled once more those childish lips.

Another night: all night she slept,
She woke: O joy! was ever dawn
So heavenly sweet as that which swept
With drizzling showers the trees and lawn!

The hillside frowned, by lowering brows
Of gloomy thickets overhung;
But in the dripping chestnut boughs
A cheerful robin perched and sung.

Dear omen of her blest release
From pain and the Great Dread past by!
Peace filled our souls, the light of peace
Was over all the earth and sky.

O happiest day of all the year!
Each moment had its joyous thrill:
Whatever came brought hope and cheer;
Alike were tidings good and ill.

Now never more, O heart, be sad,
When cloud and tempest drench the pane,
But keep the day with thoughts as glad
As robins singing in the rain.

—*J. T. Trowbridge, in Youth's Companion.*

PRISON PETS.

There are numerous instances on record of persons in "durance vile" making pets of the most unlikely of animals, nay, even reptiles and flowers. The instances considered noteworthy have been generally those of persons of rank. In reality, the passion is not more to be wondered at in the Count Picciola of school-book notoriety, who gained over the good-feeling of his keeper to respect the pet flower which had sprung up between the stones of the prison-yard, than is a similar feeling exhibited by the deepest-dyed criminal of the common jail. In fact, it has been noticed that the feeling, if anything, is stronger in the man of few resources.

The present humanitarian system of conducting prisons provides the educated prisoner with many means of killing, if not improving, his time, which a bygone system ignored. Companionship is found in books of the very best kind. In the case of the uneducated prisoner, it is very different. For many hours of the day he is shut off from everything but intercourse with his own thoughts, and these being, as a rule, not very companionable, he casts about for something to engage his attention other than the four bare walls of his cell. Suddenly he hears the chirp of some impudent sparrow, enticed by a few stray bread-crumbs which the poor wretch has spared from his allowance and pushed through the grating of his window. Here is something which certainly bears him no ill-will; something which, to one given to suspect, is above suspicion. There is not the slightest doubt about *this* visitor. But the unsuspicious feeling is not reciprocal. The crumbs are all very well so long as they can be reached from without the bars. The dark within is an unexplored region. But there comes a spell of sharp frost, may be, which whets the appetite of the feathered visitor, or there is something in the manner of the would-be host which reassures him, and the inquisitive little head is cautiously pushed inside the bars, in order to follow up a trail of crumbs judiciously laid by the tempter. No harm follows; and familiarity breeds boldness. The little fellow is surprised to find himself quite within, tail and all, and, as though astonished at his own audacity, beats a hasty retreat. The next visit finds him less modest. He advances across the floor; then, with sidelong glances, makes a backward movement, then a forward one, till he feels quite positive that the statue-like figure in the corner has no bellicose intentions. As a sort of feeler, the figure moves a foot or a hand. This is too much for Mr. Sparrow. A fluttering retreat to the bars, out, and away, leaves the lonely inmate still more lonely. The thought of the crumbs, however, steels the little feathered breast, and by-and-by he makes another essay. At last he loses all fear, and hops up quite close to the immured one to snatch some crumbs sprinkled from the hand in sight of the bird. From this it is not far, as confidence is gained, to hop on to the knee and shoulder. What sort of bird-logic has been going on in the breast of this little sparrow? In a week or two he learns to come at a call, and to eat his meals from the hand of a man who, very possibly, is suffering imprisonment for kicking his wife very nearly to death, or for some kindred crime; but who would take infinite pains to attach this little soulless bird to himself, and resent, with blows if necessary, any interference with his pet.

What is the philosophy of the matter? Is it the waking up of dormant feelings? the softer, better memories of happier days, when the love of wife and children had not become estranged? Every man, even the lowest type of criminal, loves something or somebody. It may be a selfish, base love; but it is a love, nevertheless. Who can fully understand the anomaly presented by the wife-kicking "Black Country" puddler, who feasts his favorite bull dog while his poor children go about uncared for? Most likely the prisoner who has been so tender with the sparrow when shut off from the world, rarely noticed such an obscure creature in his days of freedom. There existed, however, some object or objects upon which he lavished his love; and, refused access to these, he turns to the sparrow or the mouse. To whatever cause the passion may be attributed, it is true that all are equally ready to avenge any insult offered, and he would be a rash man who, of malice aforethought, would injure a prison pet. We have seen men, perfectly tractable and well-behaved on other occasions, behave like demons when the favorite sparrow or mouse has suffered violence at the hands of a warder, who, possessing more zeal than discretion, has not been able to discover anything in the affair save a breach of prison rules.

Whether or not the domestic mouse is more cognizant of the baseness of human nature than his relative the field-mouse, we cannot say; but certain it is that he rarely succumbs to the blandishments of the tamer, is less docile, and more apt to return to his normal state on the first opportunity. A pet domestic mouse is a rarity compared with the more tractable field-mouse, and the tamer of the former is looked at in the light of a professional. His ability is requisitioned to assist the amateur, and his proficiency in the profession thus becomes a marketable commodity. A "sixer" or an "eighter"—prison slang for a six or an eight ounce loaf—occasionally, is payment rendered for assistance in bringing a domestic mouse into a state of subjection.

A free man, with hundreds of other matters to engage his attention, could not spare the time necessary to turn out such marvels of the taming art as are to be found among prison pets. At work in the fields, haymaking or harvesting, a mouse is seized, secreted in the breast-pocket, and kept in there by means of a handkerchief which closes the mouth of the pocket. Imagine with what anxiety the man would go through the customary ordeal of being searched on his return from labor, fearful lest, when the handkerchief is removed for a thorough search, mousie's bright eyes should peep over the ridge of the pocket, and thus discover himself to the searcher, very possibly to be ruthlessly dispatched. Should some more than usually amiable warder be the searcher, he may—seeing that a mouse cannot aid the prisoner in an attempt to escape—willfully pass over him, or, in his hurry, fail to "feel" the little soft creature. Mousie's education has already begun. After having been taken out "to work" some two or three days he learns to "lie close," not, however, before he has received sundry tappings on the nose, as warnings of what to expect in case he should feel disposed to wander. Then the experiment of leaving the little fellow at home is tried. A nest of picked oakum has been made in an out-of-the-way corner of the cell; and into this nest he is put with many injunctions not to stir while the master is from home.

There is great perturbation of mind on the convicts returning from labor, for many things may have happened during his absence. Everything is eagerly scanned to see if it is in the same condition as it was left. On being satisfied that it is, the little quadruped is taken out for a share of the meagre meal; that over, he is put through a course of training—taught to run up the sleeve and come out at the shirt collar; to beg for crumbs, and on the approach of the slightest danger to rush into the harbor of refuge, the breast-pocket. Some unlucky day, the prisoner returns to find his pet gone; and real are his secret lamentations over his loss—far more real, possibly, than when in his days of freedom, he lost his child by death. The unsentimental prison cat, seeking what she may devour, has smelt out our little friend, and in a moment this companion and solace is a thing of the past. Or seeking "fresh woods and pastures new," but not dreaming of forsaking his old home altogether, mousie shyly wanders off, and is snapped up by some other representative of the taming fraternity. In either case, he is lost to his old master, who is inconsolable at his disappearance. Should he be able to fix the cause of his loss on anything or anybody; it is easy to see that he will become that thing or that body's implacable enemy. A case in point occurred at a London local prison a short time ago, and was reported in the public press. An order had been issued for the extermination of prison pets. A warder attempted to carry out this order in, perhaps, not the kindest or most judicious manner possible, and received a stab with a shoemaker's knife for his pains. A fatal affray at a convict prison, in the south of England was the cause of this order being given. In a quarrel between two prisoners as to which should be the possessor of a certain mouse, a blow was struck which resulted in the death of one of the disputants.

Mice and sparrows are common prison pets; but what will be said of rats as things to be desired? We can imagine the horror of the female portion of our readers, who would, doubtlessly, consider pets a much more appropriate name than pets. A prisoner given to pet-making will tell you that the rat is almost unteachable, the most that can be taught him being attachment to the person. He cannot be trusted out of sight, but must be always carried out to work. He evidently enjoys the warmth afforded by the tamer's body, and being neither an epicure nor fastidious in regard to lodgings, finds this kind of life preferable to days of grubbing among foundations, fearful of terriers, poison and gins, in a house of his own making—in short, he prefers it to working for his living. We fear that this rat is too true a picture of the habitual criminal in prison. The latter, supplied with a good roof over his head, a good and clean bed, fairly good food in comparative abundance, congenial companions, plenty of good literature, and no terriers in the shape of policemen, prefers, or if he does not prefer, is too easily contented with, his prison life.—*Chamber's Journal.*

An Interesting Incident of Travel in Montana.

A letter to the Philadelphia *Press* thus describes the recent stage robbery near Helena, Montana: The stage was moving along at a walk, about noon, when three masked ruffians emerged from their hiding-place, and, leveling their shotguns at the driver and passengers, shouted "Hands up." The order was promptly obeyed, without a murmur, and, in obedience to the next command, every man stepped from the stage with his hands in the air, and formed in line on the roadside. Then one of the "posse" stepped forward and helped himself to the contents of each pocket, while the other two kept their guns leveled so as to enfilade the line. There were two ladies aboard—one on the box and one inside—who cried bitterly, but the gallant assurances of the Claude Duvals that nobody would be killed unless they resisted, allayed their fears; for they knew too well that the terror-stricken nine with their hands in the air hadn't strength enough left to pull a trigger. The valuables being secured, the stage was allowed to pass on, and a merchant with a two-horse team, who followed, was next held up, but was victimized only to the extent of some whisky and cigars. Though this is quite a serious business, yet it has its ludicrous side, which is worth telling. One passenger in leaving the stage put his pocket-book, containing $270, in the folds of the curtain and did not search for it again until the stage had progressed eight miles, so great was his demoralization, and then to his horror it was gone; later, however, it was found on the floor of the coach. A Chicago gentleman who wore kid gloves, was detected fumbling with his finger, and upon being made to take off his glove displayed what was apparently a plain gold ring, which he desired to retain, "it being the gift of a dear friend." The wily highwayman, however, turned over the finger and found to his delight a supurb brilliant. "That is a shiner," he exclaimed; "a perfect daisy;" and he transferred it from the finger to his own boot. Among the wreck the next day was found a government envelope addressed to some official in the territory, upon which was indorsed in pencil, "Opened by mistake by a posse of three highwaymen." Last night I listened to the story of the robbery told by one of the victims to a crowd of friends. An "old-timer," sitting by, inquired how big the shotgun looked. "Well," replied the victim, "I could have driven a six-mule team down the barrel."

Something New in Snake Stories.

On last Thursday night, as the stage was coming from Markleville, the road seemed to get very heavy near Woodford's Canon. The nearest horses could hardly drag the load, and they seemed to have harder work at every step. Finally they stopped to rest at the top of the little knoll just this side of Woodford's Station, and when the driver attempted to start the horses they could not pull an inch. He dismounted and took a lantern to examine the running gear, when, to his astonishment, he found, as he supposed, that a rope had been tied between the two wheels. Laying his hand on the rope, he started back with a yell of horror on discovering that a live snake had twisted itself between the hind and fore wheels, and was holding the stage as securely as if the wheels had been tied with an inch rope. The reptile had evidently been trying to block the stage for several miles, and when the horses stopped for a rest improved the opportunity to tighten the coils so as to effectually prevent the stage from starting again.

The passengers got out and tackled the snake with clubs aad stones, and, as the reptile thrashed about under the wheels, the horses were wild with terror. He was finally killed by a blow on the head, and it was after midnight before they got him disentangled from the wheels. He was the style of snake known as the mountain runner, and measured twelve feet four inches. When stretched tightly between the wheels he was much longer.—*Carson (Nev.) Appeal.*

—Adding injury to insult: A tall, stylish-looking woman, leading a gray-hound, passed the balcony of a Saratoga hotel, on which two gentlemen were standing. "What a beautiful creature," said one of them in a voice that proved loud enough for the lady to hear. Turning very red in the face she glanced angrily at the speaker and said: "You have no right to insult me, sir." "Excuse me, madam, but you flatter yourself. I was alluding to your dog."—*N. Y. News.*

—Snake matches are the latest wrinkle in field sports on Long Island. The contestants start in different directions, and the one returning with the greatest number of snakes hanging to his belt is proclaimed the victor.

Where He Hid his Money.

"I had a curious case two years ago. A wealthy man had been attacked with partial paralysis, and his speech and the greater part of his memory had left him. He wrote out the question, 'Where did I put my money?' The amount was large, $32,000 in bonds, which he had been about to take to a safe deposit building. The heirs were wild. I stopped all the tearing up and cushion-pricking business, for the man was not a 'concealer,' though it was supposed by the doctors that he had felt the attack coming on and had put the money in some out-of-the way place. Just how or in what spot in his library he had fallen could not be made out. After a day's reflection my partner and I had to conclude that he had been robbed. Two courses were open to us; we could make sudden arrests without any real evidence, always a hateful course for a good detective to take, or we must find the exact spot where the man fell, and 'line' up from that. The doctors helped us here: 'You had better examine the gentleman's body,' they said. We did so, and found a long horizontal mark on the hip, and blue marks on the knee and elbow. He had fallen sidewise over an object not over sixteen inches high, and having a narrow, rounded edge of metal, for an iron mark was found on the clothing. Every piece of furniture in the house was inspected, but to no purpose. The heirs apparent were in despair. But my partner and I began to be hopeful. In detective work, whenever you come upon some detail that seems utterly inexplicable, that is the thing which of all others must be explained; and you feel, moreover, that in solving the difficulty you will come nearer in some unknown way to your point. We took all night to think the matter over. Then my partner said. 'How about the cellar? That's where the household metal is.' They all laughed. 'He hasn't been there in a year, they said. We went down. My partner glanced quickly around, and then gave me a look that I can almost feel running through my nerves to this day. He had discovered some common household articles which had not been used since the family had been searching the fireplaces. He was, in fact, looking over a lot of coal hods. There is our metallic edge,' he said. He turned the hods over carefully, and from out a mass of waste paper there rolled at last the $32,000 worth of bonds. The paralytic had fallen over the hod, and the money had dropped into it among his waste papers. Before the general search was made, all 'rubbish' had been taken to the cellar. Our friends had sought too deeply for what they had supposed to be concealed money, and had grossly neglected the science of the obvious. Some detectives do precisely the same thing. My partner and I divided $5,000 between us that night.

"Yes, they hide money in queer enough places. I have found it in the covers of old family Bibles, behind mirrors, in the bored-out legs of chairs, behind cupboards nailed tightly to the walls, in false ceilings, balusters, pincushions, in the lining of old hats, in clocks, stoves and bronze images, in vases with the bottoms covered inside with plaster of Paris, in black bottles weighted with mercury and marked poison, in canes, shoes, and vest linings, in tomato cans and tea canisters, in cracked walls covered with wall paper, in all sorts of bedding and upholstery, and in almost every conceivable place.

"What is the best way to conceal money? I can't say; but I will tell you about a man whose method was a good deal talked about at the time among the detectives. He was a bachelor, and well known as a 'concealer.' He died of heart disease, in Broome Street, some years ago. Many attempts had been made to rob him, but without success. Thieves ran off one night with all his clothing, and ripped it to pieces, only to be disappointed. When he died, everything was broken up to find his money. The cellar had been dug out to the extent of three feet, the roof broken apart, and the eaves examined to no purpose. When they were clearing out the rubbish, just after I arrived, some one knocked down a rickety shelf above the mantlepiece, which was covered with old letters, medicine phials, dusty newspaper scraps, and other worthless rubbish. A quarter of an hour later one of the heirs, a girl of six years, was found seated on the floor in a pile of bank notes, to which she had vainly attempted to call her mother's attention on account of their pretty pictures.

"That 'concealer' was the only really deep one I ever knew. The lady paid a high compliment to the gentleman's acuteness when she remarked: 'Why, no one would ever have thought of looking up there for money.'"—*Interview with a Detective, in N. Y. Sun.*

—A Boston gentleman married a musical and literary lady who was very charming, but who was wholly ignorant of and indifferent to housekeeping. He was very proud of her and exceedingly fond of displaying her talents to his friends. One day his brother, a blunt, keen-eyed country man, paid him a visit. Leading him into the sitting-room, which was dusty, dirty and disorderly, he requested his wife to play and sing for them. Her husband listened with great delight to her performance, and, turning to his brother, said: "Your wife has no ear for music, I believe!" "No, but she has an eye for dirt!" was the gruff reply.—*Boston Transcript.*

—A letter addressed to "Widow Smith, Richford, Vt.," threw the postmaster into a panic, there being eleven widows of that name in Richford.

"Shake's Telephone."

"I guess I haf my telephone took out of my house," said a resident of the eastern part of the city as he took a seat beside Manager Jackson the other day.

"Anything wrong?"

"Yes, eafrytings is wrong," was the doleful answer.

"Perhaps the battery needs more water?"

"Vhell, may be so, but I doan' keep no track of dot. You see, I vhas down to my peesness a good deal. In der morning, after I vhas gone a leedle while, somepody rings aboudt sixteen hundred times and scares my old vhoman half to death. She asks vho vhas dere, und somepody answers: 'Hello! Shake, vhas dot you? Say, Shake, how aboudt dot leedle gal dot wrote you dot letter? Ha! ha! ha!' Und dot makes my vhife so mad dot she shumps oop und down und pulls her hair, and vhen I comes home she goes for me like some tigers. Vhas dot der right vhay to put up some shobs on a man?"

"No, of course not."

"Und pooty queek after dot somebody else rings oop my house two tousand times, und my vhife almost faints avhay. Vhen she asks who vhas dere somebody answers: 'Say, Shake, I saw you riding oudt mit your vhife on der Lake road last Sunday! Doan' be afraidt—I doan' give him away!' Und den my vhife vhas madt enough to bust in two, und vhen I comes home she sthrikes at me mit der teapot. Do you call him telephone convenience?"

"I call it a shame, sir."

"Vhell, some odder times somepody goes r-r-r-r-ring-ing-ing-ring like tunder, und my vhife vhas as pale ash a bedquilt. She tinks dot vhas some occident to me, or some steampoat blowed oop mit her sister. Her heart beats like it would shump oudt on der floor, und vhen she asks who vhas killed somepody answers: 'Ish dot Shake? Say, Shake, how much you gif dot policeman to keep sthill on you, eh! Ah! dot vhas a fine racket, Shake, but if der oldt vhomans drops on it you vhas gone oop like some Gilderoy's kite!' Den my vhife she vhas madt some more, und she packs oop her trunks, und she vhas all ready to go vhen I comes home. Vhas dot some more convenience by electricity?"

"I shall certainly look into the matter. Such things must be stopped."

"Und sometimes somepody rings softly, shust like cats, und my vhife wants to know who vhas dot. 'Me! Who vhas me?' 'Katie!' 'Who vhas Katie?' 'Vhy, Shake, doan' you know dot vidder vhomans you met on der boat. Say, Shake, how vhas der oldt vhomans to-day?' Und how vhas dot on me vhen I goes home? Und how can I make der oldt vhomans belief I vhas in my saloon all der time, und dot I doan' know some vidder vhomans from a load of hay? I tell you, Misser Shackson, dot telephone preaks oop my family if I doan' look oudt. Eafery day it is 'Hello! Shake!' und eafery evening vhen I comes home it is some more crying und talking like I vhas der worst man in Detroit."

He was promised speedy and permanent relief, and as he backed up stairs to the sidewalk, he said:

"Vhell, dot makes me feel like I vhas happy.

If somepody vhants to 'Hello! Shake!' on me let him come to my saloon. I gif him some telephone convenience so he vhas lame for six months!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Pacers and Pacing.

Mr. George Brownell writes from Liverpool to the *St. James Gazette:* "In the various remarks which have lately appeared in your paper on 'Pacing Horses,' I have not noticed any allusion to those of Peru, where that type of hack has been brought to a perfection probably unknown elsewhere. Doubtless this has originated from the climate, the nature of the country, and the extensive sandy deserts in which a trotting or galloping horse, sinking fetlock deep, would soon exhaust himself; but apart from practical uses the gait has there attained the position of a positive art, and it requires a very practiced rider in that style of riding to do justice to a true 'caballo de paso.' There are at least ten recognized varieties of the 'paso,' or pace, known to the initiated—the 'paso andante,' the 'paso compagnera,' etc. The great majority of the native horses are pacers; but a really first-rate one becomes an article of luxury, and may command an extravagant price. On some of the estates great care was devoted to the breeding of these horses, many of which were of extreme beauty, and their training and 'bitting' was a process to which the greatest patience and plenty of time was given. I notice the gait styled 'artificial.' In Peru it is not so; a true pacer is born so—he paces naturally, though this may be varied or perfected by education. Trot he will not; if he can be driven into a gallop it is at once seen that it is unnatural to him. But, then, his 'pace' is so superior to that of the animal who has only been taught to pace that there is no comparison whatever; and it is a little surprising that so few have been imported into this country; though this may be due to his true merit being that of a 'journey' horse, for which purpose he would of course be of little use here. For coaches and for their cavalry the Peruvians have relied mainly on horses imported from Chili."

—Grief for his first wife caused Samuel T. Magruder, of Darnestown, Md., to cut his throat, although he had been married about one year to an estimable lady.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—A new secret society is to be formed at Yale, a rival to the Skull and Cross-bones and the Scroll and Keys. It is said that a building for its use is to be at once erected.—*Hartford Post.*

—Two well-known clergymen who are brothers, Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost and Rev. George F. Pentecost, happened to preach on a recent Sunday in different churches in Hartford, Conn.

—The American Sunday-School Union has recently received from the executors of the estate of the late Frederick Marquand $19,892. Also a legacy of $1,000 from the late George Nugent. William E. Dodge bequeathed $10,000 to this society.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—Christ Church, Philadelphia, in which the Centennial Convention of Protestant Episcopalians is to be held, was the place of the first convention of that denomination in America. It was built with brick from England and money raised in a lottery under the management of Benjamin Franklin.—*Chicago Times.*

—According to a Western school-teacher the habit of chewing gum is productive of myopia among the pupils. Being forbidden to chew gum during school hours, they seek to avoid detection in the illicit enjoyment of the enduring morsel by holding their books close to their faces, thus bringing on short-sightedness.

—It costs France $8,800,000 to support a State church. Episcopalian as well as Roman Catholic clergymen are paid by the State. M. Paul Bert, in view of this enormous expense, and in view of the "alarming influence of which patriots complain," demands that the Public Worship budget be abolished. The Government, he says, should "sever the last link which connects Church and State." M. Ferry does not seem to think that it should. He appears to be very desirous of conciliating the church and the Pope.

—The Reformed Dutch Church at Spotswood, N. J., was knocked to pieces by a sudden thundergust. First the steeple toppled over on the roof, which it cut in two at the ridge pole. Then the walls fell apart, tumbling to the ground in such a condition of wreck that the remains are nothing better than kindling wood. The church cost $8,000, and was considered as good as any wooden sanctuary of similar style. The members are possessed of considerable means, and are able to rebuild. In a few months they will have a better building than the one which was wrecked.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The United Presbyterian Church has relegated the organ question to individual churches. The committee appointed by the recent General Assembly on the subject has issued a majority and minority address. The first argues in favor of the constitutionality of the adoption of the overture upon music; the other avoids arguing the question, but reaches substantially the same result as the majority letter in urging each church to accept the action of the assembly as final, leaving each to decide whether it will admit the organ or not. This agreement practically makes the organ a local issue in the church.—*N. Y. Herald.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—The *Baptist Weekly*, says: "If a church wants to secure a new pastor it can scarcely take a surer course to drive off desirable men than by maligning the pastor who has left them.

—The Burlington *Hawk-Eye* predicts that by next season society will be so artificial that the unrepresentable damsel will remain in her cottage and send her photograph into the surf.

—"Mercy!" exclaimed Mrs. F., as she caught sight of the cameleopard, "just look at that beast! what a long neck!" "Yes," replied Fogg, "the most remarkable case of soar throat I ever saw."—*Boston Post.*

—Lynchings are becoming so common in the West that housewives are afraid to leave their clothes-line out over night. In the morning they might find it a mile away with a man hanging to the end.—*Troy (N. Y.) Times.*

—Before the city directory man takes a census of St. Louis, watermelons are always sent there from Chicago to double up the population. After that an official count is made, showing how unreliable St. Louis figures are.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—In modern Egypt a young man is not permitted to see his wife's face before marriage. The Boston girls are using every effort to have this custom introduced into this country. It is the only way they can hope to compete with the Western branch of the business.—*Lynn Bee.*

—The High School girl says that modern seismologists incline to the opinion that the phenomena of the earthquake is a vibratory motion, propagated through the solid molecules of the earth after the similitude of the transmission of sound through the atmosphere. We think so too.—*Oil City Derrick.*

—When a Virginia belle was once surprised by her father in the parlor of a hotel at the White Sulphur Springs, supporting upon her shoulder the head of a middle aged admirer, she at once disarmed the impending rebuke by exclaiming: "Surely, father, this is not the first time you have seen an old head on young shoulders."—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—A little girl and boy, who live in Des Moines, Iowa, were discussing the stars one evening recently. The little boy argued that the stars were worlds like ours, and he claimed that they are peopled just like the earth. The little girl, with all the disdain she could muster, said: "They are not! They are angels' eyes: 'cause I saw one wink!"—*Golden Days.*