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SONG TO A CHILD.

Thou little blossom in God's world,
Thou child of spring-time suns and showers,
Whose thoughts as white and pure are whorled
About thy soul as leaves of flowers,
Dun not caressing hands, that fain
Would bless the gold about thy brow,
Nor slight the love that longs in vain
For such a gift of God as thou.
Be loving, as thou lovely art,
To all who kneel at childhood's throne;
For, oh, how lonely is the heart
That loves, and cannot love its own!
—Harper's Weekly.

A DAINTY CROCODILE.

"I say, my boys, have you heard the news? Those blessed crocodiles have snapped up another native girl at the village yonder."
"What, another? By Jove, this is too bad; that's five already since the first of the month!"
"It is too bad, and no mistake; something ought to be done about it."
"I'll tell you what ought to be done, old fellow: we ought to get up a crocodile hunt, and polish off a lot of the brutes, for they're getting too cheeky for anything. The tigers seem to have all emigrated, and it's no fun killing deer and jungle fowl; so even a battue of crocodiles would be better than nothing."
This suggestion was greeted with general applause by its hearers, a group of young civilians belonging to an up-country station in Bengal, standing close to the junction of a small river with the Lower Ganges.

Just opposite the Hindoo village (which lay a few hundred yards below the station), the smaller stream widened into a broad smooth bay, the level banks of which were shaded by thick clumps of trees. This was the favorite bathing place of the native peasants, and it was here that so many of the village girls had successively fallen victims to the voracity of the Bengalen's worst enemy, the over-greedy crocodile.

"How did it happen?" asked some one.
"Well, it was just the same story as all the rest. The poor creature had got right out into the middle of the stream, and was just turning to head back towards the shore, when, all of a sudden, she set up a terrible scream and disappeared under water."
"See! There goes Marston to inquire into the 'mysterious affair,'" called out the first speaker, pointing to a tall figure at a little distance from them, which seemed to be making for the native village. "That fellow certainly has the most amazing gift of seeing mysteries where everything's as clear as daylight; I believe he'd manage to discover some deep meaning in the white of a new-laid egg if he gave his mind to it. Ten to one he finds a 'special political significance' in the snapping up of that poor girl."
"He's a sharp fellow though for all that," said another man; "I shouldn't wonder if he made himself heard of one day."

"Sharp!" echoed a third; "do you think so? Well, I don't see much sharpness about him, myself. He's a rattling good shot, and no mistake; but that's all you can say of him."
The man about whom these conflicting opinions were expressed was the resident magistrate's official secretary, Walter Marston, who had come to the station about a year before. His silent, studious habits and solitary way of life made him anything but a favorite with these rollicking, harum-scarum young fellows; and had it not been for his wonderful powers of shooting, they would probably set him down as an absolute milksoy.

Marston remained a good while at the village, though without seeming to question any one about what had happened, or, indeed appearing to do anything but listen attentively to the talk of the inhabitants.
But any one who had happened to watch his proceedings would have noticed that he examined the bank of the river with peculiar care all around the scene of the recent accident, and even took the trouble to plough his way through the masses of the weeds and wild grass that fringed the water's edge, with his eyes bent upon the ground like one of Femimore Cooper's Indians following a trail. Nay, more than this, he actually crossed the rude plank bridge which spanned the little river just above the village, and made an equally close and careful survey of the opposite shore.

Whatever he might be looking for, he seemed to have found it; for, when he turned homeward, his face was lighted up with a visible gleam of satisfaction.
"That's how it has been done," muttered he, as he re-crossed the bridge; "the whole thing's as plain as print now. That crocodile isn't so clever as he thought himself, after all. It's odd, now, that it should never have occurred to any one that crocodiles are not generally so dainty in their eating as to snap up only young girls who have a great many silver bangles on; but, if I'm not much mistaken, I'll turn that fact to good account before many days are over."

Four days had passed since the crocodile catastrophe, without any further event of importance. The setting sun was pouring a flood of golden glory over the broad sweep of the Ganges, and the same group of young men who had been so eager for vengeance upon the destroying crocodiles were strolling along the bank of its smaller tributary in the cool of the evening.
"I say, old fellow," said one of them to his neighbor, "when are you going to give us that crocodile hunt that you talked of? We're just pining to kill something!"
"Oh, that's no good now, you know," said the man addressed. "Our friend Marston must have knocked over every crocodile in the river by this time."

"He?" cried the other; "why, he hasn't killed a single one!"
"Hasn't he really?" rejoined his friend, with an air of pretended astonishment. "Well, if he hasn't, I'm sure it's no fault of his; for ever since that last girl was snapped up, he's gone and perched himself up in a tree on the bank regularly every evening, to try to get a pop at them."
"Is he there now, do you think?" asked several voices at once.
"I haven't the least doubt he is; and, in fact, he passed me only half an hour ago with his rifle on his shoulder, seemingly going towards the village."
"Well, I'll tell you what, my boys; we'll just go down there in a body and see what Marston's up to. If he's having any sport, we may just as well have our share of it too."

This suggestion was hailed with a burst of approving shouts and laughter by his comrades, and away trooped the whole party at a brisk pace in the direction of the Bazar (as the native quarter of the station was called), where they arrived just in time to witness a strange and startling spectacle.

As evening approached, a number of the Hindoo women had waded into the river as usual to bathe, wash their clothes, or scour out their cooking pots and stowpans; and among the rest was Lukshme, a young girl, profusely adorned with massive silver bangles, which glittered like stars upon her slender wrist and ankles in the last rays of the sinking sun.
Forgetting, or disregarding, the risk of being seized by the insatiable crocodiles, Lukshme had already ventured boldly out into the middle of the stream, when she suddenly uttered a wild cry, seemed to struggle violently for a moment, and then vanished beneath the dark waters.

At the same moment, a report like the crack of a whip echoed through the still evening air, a puff of bluish-white smoke jetted forth from the thick foliage of a tall tree close to the water's edge, and a dark figure, springing up from among the reeds on the bank, threw its arms convulsively above its head, and fell heavily forward upon its face. Curiously enough, just as it fell, the seeming drowned girl reappeared above the surface of the stream, and began to paddle feebly towards the shore.

At that instant a sudden swaying and trembling stirred the tall grass on the opposite bank, as if some heavy body was creeping cautiously through it. There came a second report—a flash—another puff of smoke—and the movement instantly ceased, while a man (who was seen to be no other than Walter Marston himself), slid down the big tree like an acrobat, and ran at full speed across the bridge, while the others hurried after him as fast as their feet could carry them.

There, amid the trampled grass, lay prostrate a tall, gaunt, sinister-looking Hindoo, shot through the body, but still living; and beside him was the end of a stout rope, which ran down to the bank and disappeared under the water.

"You see the dodge now, don't you?" said Marston to his wondering followers. "These two rascals are the 'crocodiles' that have been doing all this mischief. The one that I shot over there is a noted dacoit (highway robber), and this fellow is evidently his accomplice. They've been lying in ambush here and dragging these poor girls under water by entangling their feet with noosed ropes, in order to drown them and then steal their silver ornaments; but I've stopped that game this time, any how."

Marston's statement was fully borne out by the confession of the second robber, who, although mortally wounded, lived for two days afterwards. The affair—which made considerable noise at the time—sent the daring secretary up the steep ladder of official promotion with unusual rapidity; and to this day his name is connected in the stories of dinner tables with the oft-repeated legend of the dainty crocodile of Huttee-pore.

Photographic Engraving.

Perhaps the most extraordinary application of photography that it is possible to mention is found in the multi-form mechanical processes used at the present day for the reproduction of pictures. In the illustrating of magazines the art of woodcutting has been almost superseded by photo-engraving in one shape or another. Until recently it was thought impossible to reproduce in this way anything but a drawing composed of lines but now even a painting can be copied off-hand in the shape of a cut by the simple device of placing a gauze screen between the picture and the camera, the network of the gauze breaking up the solid lights and shadows so as to make them reproducible. A much better way of accomplishing this however, has been lately invented, by cutting cross lines on the glass negative itself. Thus you find in the newspapers of today most beautiful engravings of actual works of art, done within a few hours, which would have taken the hand workman not long ago months to turn out. Art photography is making rapid strides ahead.

For Moral Injury.

The French have got along for a good while without a certain kind of matrimonial litigation that is quite common in some other countries. The first French breach of promise case has been tried at Beziers. The intended bridegroom was sentenced to pay £150 damages "for the moral injury of the family."

A Sin-curer Has No Sinecure.

The position of a minister is often no sinecure. A minister of Scottsburg, Ind., walked twenty-five miles last Sunday, preached two sermons, married two couples and ate two wedding dinners.

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