

Miscellaneous News Items.

The Belgian minister is to marry a New York belle.

Alasia, La., has a 5 year old girl who weighs 100 pounds.

New York city reduced in debt over \$5,000,000 in the last year.

Lumber mills employ 75 per cent. more labor than four years ago.

About \$7,500,000 is invested in manufactures in Lewiston, Me.

Marshalltown, Ia., has 500 more scholars than its schools can accommodate.

Nearly all of the needles made in Great Britain come from Redditch, in Worcestershire.

French once gave the Cleveland Medical College \$1,000, and the faculty stole his body.

The best article we ever saw on that noblest of animals, the horse, was a covered side-saddle.

President Garrett, of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, will arrive from Europe on the 15th instant.

Lord Rosebery made a brilliant speech on the opening of a new school of science and arts in Scotland.

The subscriptions lately raised for Mario will secure to him an annuity of about \$30 per week.

Paris has 65,000 houses, London 460,000, more than Paris, Berlin, Vienna and New York combined.

Many beautiful ladies, when walking out, are angry if they are gazed at, and indignant if they are not.

The English fire brigades carry jumping sheets for the use of persons jumping from burning houses.

Mr. James Eaker, of Mayfield, Ky., is the father of thirty-five children, twenty-eight of whom are alive.

When a woman makes an effort to whistle, the great glory of her mouth is seen without being heard much.

A man in New York has been sent to prison for selling his wife's wooden leg. It was an illegitimate transaction.

Florence Davenport, the youngest daughter of the late E. L. Davenport, will soon make her debut on the stage.

The proprietor of the Monument cheese factory recently shipped 20,000 pounds of Colorado cheese to Cardiff, Wales.

Fifty years ago 40 per cent. of college graduates in the United States became clergymen; now the percentage is only 17.

Five hundred and sixteen deaths, 489 births and 125 marriages were reported to have occurred in New York, last week.

A Boston firm has a British order for 5,000 reams of sand paper. Somebody over there is going to take a bath, apparently.

Henderson, Ky., has a hermaphrodite pig with blue eyes, the jaw of a child, and a snout and ears like those of an elephant.

Brother Potter is said to be enjoying domestic ease preparatory to another move upon fraud after the November elections.

Queen Victoria has appointed the king of Siam an honorary knight grand cross of the colonial order of St. Michael and St. George.

Three hundred kegs of bad beer thrown into a pond at Interburg, Conn., proved that an intoxicated fish is a queer fish indeed.

The new bonanza in Nevada is right on a line with an old lode that was once very rich. Thus do great mines run in the same channel.

Dr. Babcock, who invented the fire extinguisher is a drunken outcast in California. It was fire-water that extinguished him.

It has been decided at last that it is the lady mosquito that does the biting. It is the gentleman mosquito that makes the racket around your ears.

The Countess Bismarck, only daughter of the Prince, is engaged to Count Rautzen, of the ancient Schleswig-Holstein family of the same name.

A company has been formed for building a narrow gauge railroad from Jacksonville, Ore., to the ocean. Capital \$2,000,000; length of road 100 miles.

A London publisher spent \$12,500 in advertising a new magazine before the first number was printed, of which 100,000 copies were consequently sold.

The Germans of Shreveport, La., who sent an address of sympathy to the emperor when he was shot by Nobiling, have received a cordial letter of thanks.

Musical festivals, the Detroit Free Press thinks, are well enough for such towns as never have elopements and incendiary fires. They encourage such things.

A tomato weighing two pounds and measuring eighteen inches in circumference, grown by W. A. Z. Edwards, near San Jose, Cal., is the latest vegetable wonder.

In Menil-Sevin, France, resides an old man in whose house it has been the custom for the past thirty years, for all couples married in the village to pass their wedding night.

Bernard Donohue, of Yonkers, N. Y., who has made \$400,000 by the recent rise in Sierra Nevada silver mining stocks, once worked in a buckle shop in Waterbury, Conn.

The Chinese at home never "go visiting." When one wants to see his relatives he journeys to their abode, puts up at a hotel, and sends for them to come over and shake hands.

Homer Griffin, who died in Lodi, Ohio, last week, aged 106 years, was a total abstainer during the last four years of his life. The bartender wouldn't "put it on a piece of ice."

In the midst of the deep gloom that overspreads the South, reports show that the cotton crop was never more promising. There is now no complaint from farmers in any quarter.

The mob that tarred and feathered W. J. Jones in Truckee, Cal., used hot coal tar, which was not only poured over his body, but into his eyes. His sight was entirely destroyed.

When a Chinaman makes love to a white girl he doesn't rave about her heart pants (her, etc.). No, he simply tells her he loves her better than he does rats, and she believes him.

An Austrian resident of Bangkok, Siam, named Pyer, formerly a Roman Catholic in religion, has publicly renounced his faith and been formally received into the Buddhist priesthood.

George Gorham, secretary of the Republican Congressional campaign committee, is quite seriously sick with some kind of kidney complaint. The election returns have nothing to do with it.

"Here I am for you," were the last words of Mehemet Ali as he rushed out from the burning tower at Jachova into the midst of his assassins. He was ruthlessly cut down with 200 attendants.

Madame Keller, Lady of the Sacred Heart and general directress of the academy of that order at Manhattanville, New York, died in that city on Saturday. She was well known and much beloved.

The talk in St. Louis, Mich., is about Stephen Dodge, an exhorter, and one of the pioneers of Gratiot county, who has abandoned his wife and children, and has eloped with an inmate of the poorhouse.

Raphael Maurice Suerne de Morales, the Spaniard who, when an invited guest of Princess Ratiazzi, of Paris, slipped into her bedroom and stole some jewels, has been sentenced to one year's imprisonment.

Over 120,000 persons are employed on the East India railroads. The greater number are natives. In fact, the working of the lines is practically in their hands—in some cases not even under European supervision.

Mr. John Parker, of Louisville, whose father died recently in Paterson, N. J., leaving him \$15,000, has written a letter to the executor, "relinquishing all right to his inheritance, coming as it did from a man who voted for Lincoln."

Billiards and pool have been introduced into Jerusalem. They are talking of introducing soap and water in the billiard rooms do well.

A drunken man in New York, when he came to his senses the other night, found that some woman had bequeathed him a baby to take care of.

He was getting a certificate from the clerk, and in reply to the usual question, "first or second marriage?" he said: "It's my second marriage. I'm sorry to say, but my wife requested me to marry again and I'm going to do it."

In a Michigan town not long ago the business affairs of a man who had suffered loss through a thieving clerk were put into the hands of a receiver. Now, this case can't be said that "the receiver is as bad as the thief."

Red-shirted darkeys and even colored women in red tippets—the frier the better—salute Wade Hampton in crowds as he passes in his campaign through South Carolina. An audience of five thousand, all colored people, greeted him at Bonneau's on Thursday night of last week.

Diamonds do not often come to one anonymously, but Miss Clara Louise Kellogg received one in that manner from an opera-truck Chicago on the other day. The donna very sensibly turned the jewel into food for the destitute of Memphis.

The most important piece of Roman sculpture ever found in London was lately excavated. It is believed to have formed part of a mausoleum. London was a large city, with a mint and other metropolitan institutions, even in Roman days.

A large ape which was chained to a tree in the grounds of one of the Estahazy family, lately descended on the countess while she was driving, and tore her dress and arm. Her husband arrived in time to shoot the beast before serious harm was done.

A San Francisco paper says that the convicts in the State prison have contributed more to the relief of the yellow fever sufferers than the State officers at Sacramento; the newboys more than the railway offices, and the theatres more than the churches.

A Lancaster man drank two quarts and a pint of water in one minute and fifteen seconds, a keg of beer being wasted that he could not do it in two minutes. But he drank all the beer shortly afterwards in order to neutralize the effect of the water.

Among Stanley's competitors in the field of African travel is an elderly schoolmaster of Steglitz, Germany. On the principle of doing at Rome as Rome does, he left home (having started secretly) with one shirt, one pair of stockings and an old overcoat.

Professor Watson, whose salary was recently reduced, has left Ann Arbor and gone to Madison, Wis., to take charge of the Observatory of the Wisconsin university, which he endowed and is now in course of construction. He will be tendered the chair of astronomy.

Senator Bayard is accredited with saying that in his opinion there will be three Presidential candidates in the field in 1880—the Republican, Democratic and Greenback candidates. It is possible, too, that the House of Representatives may be called upon to elect the next President.

In Brazil all males over 21, be they white or black, and all civilized Indians who have arrived at the majority, are allowed the right of suffrage. A traveler reports that elections are conducted with seeming fairness, and without any evidences of excitement or of partisan bitterness.

In West Gardiner, Me., a lad saw an eagle, evidently fatigued, dragging a heavy trap and three feet of chain. The boy seized the bird by the neck, and after a struggle captured it. It was of unusual size, and had it not been handicapped by the trap, must have been more than enough for the youngster.

A horse that had been for years kept by a gentleman of Manchester, N. H., was at length sold to a farmer who lived thirty miles away. The horse did not seem satisfied with its new quarters, and after a few months was missing. It was homesick, and it made its way back into the stable it had so long occupied.

The jealous woman in New Jersey who conspired with an over-compliant postoffice clerk to intercept and open her husband's letters, has put him and herself into the clutches of the law. Both have been convicted—and without warning is a solemn one for women who suspect their "worse" halves of improper goings-on.

The late Colonel Kinloch Falconer, secretary of State for Mississippi, went from Jackson to Holly Springs, his native town, to help his friends and family in their hour of trouble. His father died, and then his brother, and then he himself was stricken. He served in the confederate army on the staff of General Joseph E. Johnston.

John Brougham has suffered a severe bereavement. His wonderful parrot, which for many years has been his companion and friend, succumbed on Thursday to illness, and when his master returned from a meeting of the members of the Dramatic Fund, he found him stiff and stark at the bottom of his cage. The old actor's attachment for the bird is well-known.

M. D. Conway writes from London that Mr. Edward Truelove, imprisoned four months for selling a Malthusian pamphlet by Robert Dale Owen, had a welcome on his release from prison which will not have failed to make its impression. Mr. Truelove is one of the most venerable booksellers in London. He is a man of not only unblemished character, but of singularly modest manners and unassuming temper.

Mrs. C. E. Deilm, the New York lady who owns the "Centennial Safe," (a wonderful repository, which, being shut and sealed on the 22d of next February, Washington's birthday, will be kept closed for exactly one hundred years, has been in Washington to pay her respects to Mrs. Hayes. The President's wife will contribute the inkstand and pen for the safe—with which the eight to seven commission signed their verdict.

On the suppression of the commune in Paris, 600 boys were among the prisoners taken, and it was proved that large numbers of the murderers and incendiaries were committed by them. They were sent to a reformatory at Rouen, and on being carefully inspected by two eminent physicians, it was found that 337 were of very delicate form and stunted growth. They were, however, among the most mischievous, and all the children of drunken mothers.

What are called the Princess Mary's Village Homes, at Adlestone, England, were established chiefly for the benefit of infant children of female felons. The children are carefully trained for industrial occupations and a large proportion of them turn out remarkably well. They require exceptional care in training, from the fact that so many of them have had drunken mothers, which often produces in the offspring what has been termed moral insanity.

Mrs. Carrie A. Wheeler, a Boston young lady who has yet hardly bidden adieu to her teens, has been busily engaged during the past summer in constructing an opera bouffe, which she is, the Hollis Street Dramatic club, of which she is a member, intend to produce this winter.

The opera, which is now practically completed, is wholly the work of the young lady. Its text, songs, piano accompaniments, introduction, dances, etc., having been composed and written out by her.

Robbery of a Black Hills' Treasure Co. ch.

[Deadwood Special to Chicago Times.] Last week Thursday the treasure coach going to the Cheyenne & Elk Bill Stage company, was robbed of about \$27,000 in gold bricks, dust, and jewelry, taken from what was supposed to be their burglar-proof safe. The report of the robbery and the death of Hugh O. Campbell, who was a passenger on the coach, has been telegraphed to the Times. Early last week the road agents stopped a coach near their regular place between Cheyenne river and Jenny's stockade. Here they ransacked the mail bags, taking everything out, opening and destroying all letters they thought it was possible that would contain anything of value. While engaged in their devilish act they asked about the treasure coach and told the driver they would "take it in" in a few days. Their warning was unnecessary, for this coach is always guarded by from

THREE TO FIVE MESSENGERS who are armed with revolvers and repeating rifles. Some of these messengers are well known to the traveling public—Boone May, Scott Davis, Gale Hill, William Ward, and last, but not least, Capt. Smith, all of whom have been under fire several times, and have shown their metal to be good. The passengers on the south-bound coach last Wednesday met Boone May with his men, following, as he said, a party of these "agents," whom he thought they would come up with by night or the next day at noon. They were supposed to be but a short distance in advance. It proved, different, however, for the agents were better mounted than was expected, and they rode so much faster than their followers that they reached Canon Springs, about forty-five miles south of Deadwood, in time to capture the station, bind the two herders, and make their plans for

THE CAPTURE OF THE STAGE, with its golden treasure. The first thing done after binding the herders was to tear the chinking out from between the logs of the station in such places as it was desirable to place a man to fire at the messengers. Then the men took their places and awaited the coach's arrival. As it drew up to the station, and just as the driver alighted, the five men, each having picked his man, or where he supposed a man to be, fired. The result was one man, Hugh Campbell, killed, Gale Hill shot through the side, Captain Smith rendered insensible, the ball that killed Campbell having struck the latter in the forehead, but not hard enough to make a dangerous wound, as he recovered before the fight was over. Scott Davis sprang out of the coach on the opposite side, taking shelter behind some trees. Here he defended himself a short time, but the robbers' fire was too warm, and he was compelled to move further into the brush. Here he saw that

IT WAS ALL OVER with Hill and Smith as far as fighting went, as one of the robbers had the driver in front of him, and, marching him up to Davis, he made him surrender, and immediately bound both. Hill fell where he had been fighting. He had received another ball through his side, bleeding profusely, had weakened him so that he was unable to resist. Hill was left at the station while the robbers blindfolded Smith and the driver, put them in the coach and drove down the road about a mile, when they were taken out and tied to the wheels of the coach. The robbers were now ready for their work. The safe, which weighs about 600 pounds, strapped with heavy iron bands to the floor of the coach, was torn from its fastenings and thrown to the ground, when they commenced pouncing the door with sledges. They soon forced the door and the bricks, dust, and jewelry were theirs. The men told Smith and the driver that they would stop at the milk ranch some distance below and

SEND SOME ONE TO RELEASE THEM. Before the relief arrived, however, the driver succeeded in releasing himself and then Smith, who was nearly dead from suffocation, as the men had gagged and bound him so tightly that he could breathe only with difficulty. Scott Davis, who escaped in the woods during the fight, walked six miles to Beaver Creek, where he found a horse and continued on his way to the Stockade. Meeting with Boone May, they at once organized a strong party and started for the station to capture the thieves if possible. Of course they arrived too late to save the treasure, for the men had been gone several hours. Campbell's body was taken to Deadwood, where it was buried by the Masonic order. Hill was taken to Deadwood Saturday, and telegrams state that the chances of his recovery are very slim, as he has lost so much blood. Upon examination it was found that Campbell had three balls in his legs and one through his body, besides the one through his head, which caused his death. The report of this affair spread like wild fire, and before noon the following day.

THE VIGILANTS OF DEADWOOD were scouring the country, accompanied by a large force of deputy United States marshals and agents. The result of their scout so far is two arrests. Jon H. Brown was arrested on Saturday near Canon Springs by one of the deputies. He has been regarded for a long time as a hard character, and when arrested acknowledged that he is the one that shot Daniel Finn, on July 2, at Lance creek. Finn returned the fire, making only a flesh wound in Brown's breast. As soon as he was arrested he was bound and started for Cheyenne under guard, reaching here yesterday, when he was placed in close confinement in the county jail. The second "agent" captured is said to be C. H. Burroughs. Why he did not come to Cheyenne is still unexplained. A letter to the United States marshal here says: "I have another of the robbers under arrest here and will send him down on the next coach if we are not compelled to kill him on account of an effort to escape." The driver of the coach told the same story, but gave a sly wink and waved his hand in the air, as much as to say,

"HE'S SWINGING." The stage company offer a reward of \$2,500 for their capture and the return of the gold. Ever since the line was started the company have had everything to contend with; the worst of all the robbers, and it certainly is to their credit the way they have fought them.

Moire and satin striped in edging and trimming bonnets and hats.

The Story of Innach Garden.

"Armo virumque cano," The man with two arms and a hoe, I sing. The spring Saw him with spade and hoe and rake, With back and arms that burn and ache, Dig and swear At the hard earth where Over the adamant sod All winter long the family trod. All day long like a slave he wrought, The spade was dull and the day was hot; When a cooler or softer place he sought, Sunstrokes and brick bats filled the spot, From rosy dawn, Till the day was gone. With tears and sw—rs he labored on. By Luna's light the lettuce bed With seed of *lactuca sativa* were fed; Where the onion wept at its breathful taste The bulbs of the *allium cepa* be placed; And you never have seen a More charming verbenas Than these he put in the oblong mould With *rosa tricolor* bordered round. And on each side of the walk from the gate a Row of the *reseda odorata* Back in the kitchen garden bed, *Raphanus sativus*, white and red; Where the tall poles burned the haunted air is.

The place where he plants *phascolus vulgaris* All of the seeds that the grocer had, Lots of things good, and some things bad; Things that he didn't know how to spell, Roots that bite and bulbs that smell; Unknown vines of suspicious breeds; Sprouts that come up and turn to weeds, Things it would poison the children to pull, Every inch of his garden he filled it full. Daybreak came, and his early ray Smiled on the garden just as it lay. Eight o'clock, and the man went down To his office desk in the busy town. Nine, and his family flitted away. With a rich relation to spend the day. Then, Just as the whistle was tolling ten, A hen, Pride of the flock that lived next door (Numbering a hundred and seventy-four), Peeped through a crack of the neighbor's fence, And said to her comrades, "Lettuce, hens."

Hens. They come by ones, by scores, by tens; Gallus old birds, a clarion crew. Came with the crowd, as they always do; Bantams, hardly as big as a match, But worse than a snow-plough on the scratch; Dorking-fowls that make things whir When they dig up the ground with their extra spig; Malays and Hamburgs, spangled and plain, White-checked chickens that hail from Spain; Fighting game chickens, Polands black, Guinea hens, with eternal "squack;" Hens with chicks that wheeted and cried; Giddy young hens, that never had set; Grave old hens that were at it yet; Portly old roosters solemn and stout; Old time brislers with one eye out; Hens, with broods of awkward ducks, That paid no heed to their anxious clucks, And never regarding their worried looks, Plunged into gutters and ponds and brooks; Mortified roosters, with tail feathers lost; Fowls whose claws were renipped by the frost, Business like birds, with no ear for fun, Pullet whose troubles were just begun; Tough old f wls, for the boarders collation, Yellow-legged hens, of the Wesleyan persuasion. Bright gems in the circuit rider's vacation; Baptist-like ducks, with their awkward totter. Hunting around for some waist-deep water, Blue looking turkeys, scratching a living, Fore-ordained to die next Thanksgiving; And here in the mob was a solemn passed Of geese, with tremendous feet for a wres-tle.

Not much on the scratch, but 'twas easily seen They were worse on grass than a mowing machine. Where they all came from nobody knew, But over the fence in clouds they flew; And into the garden, for life or death, They scratched till they panted out of breath; No pause, no stop, no stay for rest, Till the sun went down in the crimson west; Till the man came home from his work an found The yawning cliffs in the riven ground, And he gazed for a space, with a fearful start, While the deep sobs broke from his grateful heart; And he clasped in his arms his babes and spouse "Thank heaven, the earthquake spared my house!"

Burlington Hawkeye.

SEFELOGE'S EXECUTION.

A Gloomy Episode in the Reign of King Frederick William IV. of Prussia. The jailer in the Moabit Prison in Berlin entered on the 24th of September, 1850, a dark cell, in which a tall man, with long black hair, and a pair of restless black eyes in a face by no means unprepossessing, was chained to the wall.

"Sefeloge!" said the jailer, in a tremulous voice, "Will you be a man?" The prisoner looked at him with an expression of terror. He muttered a few incoherent words.

"To-morrow at daybreak," proceeded the jailer, "all will be over." The prisoner sprang to his feet. The clanking of his chains caused the jailer to shudder.

"You mean that I shall not be among the living to-morrow morning at a y break?" he gasped, stepping close up to the jailer.

The latter nodded his head. "You will now be prepared for the scaffold, Sefeloge," he said to the prisoner.

Sefeloge uttered a cry of terror, and staggered back to his humble couch. "I am not prepared to die," he moaned, bursting into tears. "Is there no hope?"

"None. He will be here directly?" "Who?"

"The headsman. He will cut off your hair."

"A convulsive tremor passed through the prisoner's frame. He began to utter heart rendering cries for mercy. At this time the door of the cell opened. A middle-aged man of very resolute mien stepped in.

"You can leave us alone," said the newcomer to the jailer, who quietly withdrew. And now commenced to truly revolting scene. The prisoner shrank from the stranger in mute terror and despair.

"You had better be as docile as possible. I am the headsman," said the stranger. "Sit down by my side."

"No! No!" shrieked the ill-fated prisoner. "I am not ready to die yet!"

"You shall not die yet," rejoined the headsman. "You will be decapitated to-morrow."

"No! No!"

The headsman dragged him by his chain toward him. The prisoner endeavored frantically to resist him but the headsman's great strength enabled him to overcome the resistance of the struggling wretch.

While the latter was wildly clanking his chains, the headsman cut off the collar of his coat with a small but a very sharp knife.

The shirt-collar was removed, and, with a pair of sharp scissors, the hair of the prisoner was removed, the whole operation occupying only a few minutes.

In the mean time the prisoner, whom the touch of the cold steel caused to shudder again and again, uttered loud yells, groans and imprecations.

"Oh, that my bullet had not missed the heart of that cruel King!" he finally exclaimed.

"Silence" thundered the headsman, "Annother such remark and I shall have gag you!"

"Down with King Frederick William IV?" cried the prisoner, defiantly.

The next second the headsman had fastened a small iron gag in the mouth of his victim.

The latter tried to cry out, but was able to produce only a sort of a low gurgling sound.

The headsman then began to examine the prisoner's neck with his hands. He nodded his head with an air of satisfaction.

"That is a good neck," he murmured. Then he left the cell.

The doomed man was no other than the would-be regicide, Sefeloge, who had deliberately fired at the breast of King Frederick William IV. of Prussia. But his bullet had rebounded, the King having worn a mailclad vest. What Sefeloge's motive was in attempting to shoot the King has never been definitely ascertained. He seemed to be a sort of crack-brained utopist, and a number of eminent physicians pronounced him insane.

Efforts were made to induce the King to commute the sentence of death that had been passed upon Sefeloge. But Frederick William turned a deaf ear to those remonstrances. His reason had been unsettled by the revolutionary commotions of 1848, and there can be but little doubt that in 1850 he was already insane. Thus a crowned madman signed the death warrant of another lunatic!

Until midnight Sefeloge remained in his cell heavily ironed and gagged. Then his fetters were removed, and a sumptuous repast was served to him.

On the eve of their execution Prussian culprits are treated with great liberality. They gave him also a bottle of port wine, which he drank so rapidly that he was soon completely intoxicated. And now the doomed regicide became horribly hilarious.

He made fun of himself, and joked about his impending death. He demanded more wine, and it was given to him. At last he fell into a sort of stupor, and passed a few hours in fitful slumber.

At five o'clock in the morning the headsman shook him by the shoulder. Sefeloge uttered a cry of alarm. Upon recognizing the headsman he turns deadly pale.

"It is time!" said the headsman. The prisoner threw himself upon the stone floor of his cell, and rolled on it, a prey to indescribable anguish.

His appeals for mercy become deafening, and in this condition he had to be carried to the scaffold. There he almost became superhumanly strong, and for six minutes the headsman and his assistants were unable to drag him to the block upon which he was going to end his life. The witnesses of the shocking scene on the scaffold were terribly excited. One of the clerks of the court fainted. Others had to leave the scaffold in hot haste. Sefeloge's yells and roars were so deafening that they were heard at a considerable distance.

At last he was fastened to a block. He uttered the last cry when the headsman's ax descended on his neck, and a thick stream of blood rose from the his trunk.

He was dead.

An Incident of the Plague.

At the corner of St Joseph and Baronne the reporter entered a room on the ground floor of a two story brick building. On a crib lay a boy apparently about thirteen years of age, whose tossings and twitchings were watched over by a fond mother.

When the reporter entered, the wet eyes of the mother told the tale. Mistaking the identity of the reporter for a doctor she, with no little emotion, said: "Oh! doctor, Jimmy is dying."

Entering the room, the poor little sufferer was found to be breathing stertorously, his eyes fixed, and evidently with but a short time to live.

"Doc'tor, do tell me," said the mother, "how long can he live! He was a good boy, and would not associate with bad boys. He was one of the best boys in the world."

The sun slanted down in the western sky, the shadows of the houses and fences lengthened out, the quiet of our short twilight stole over the streets, and as mother and cousin watched over the thin form of their beloved little one, without a warning, its spirit, in quietude and an peace, left its habitation, and, with those gone before, entered into the great unknown world.—New Orleans Democrat.

Egypt is the place for juvenile excursions. A boy can always find his "mummy" there.