

LEAP YEAR.

Since out of Adam's rib was made
A creature rare to be his mate,
'Tis always best the man who pleads
With Eve for daughter for his fate;
Unless perchance some wiser be,
A secret treasuring in the heart,
And calmly wait the other three,
The fourth to boldly claim their part.

In good old times, long, long ago,
Ere sin and fashion were the rage,
There dwelt a mighty King—Sage,
Whose daughter dearly loved his page;
At first she sought her passion to subdue,
And think on love no more.
But love suppressed is like the Wandering Jew,
An exile evermore.

Then, trembling came she to the King,
With cheeks aglow with modest shame:
"O, Father King, I claim!
To bear your humble page's name!
Though spurned by King, by parent cursed,
I still would claim this lowly lot,
To wed the one I love most and first,
Though dwell with an humble cot."

"Long days in secret have I loved
(But shame it to my maiden grace),
He has not even asked or dared
To win me from my rightful place."

The father did not fume and rage,
And quickly shut his daughter up,
Nor heaped abuse upon his page,
For being such an onerous pup;
But bade his daughter bide her time,
And if within a certain year,
It still remained within her mind,
He'd give consent and never fear.

Patience bode the maid her time
Within her father's kingly hall,
But when the joyful hour came
Her lover had not spoke at all.

Long waiting made her heart cry out,
Till waiting came to be a grief,
Then she loved's longest for object sought,
And made her maiden's heart brief.

The King's father's blessing gave,
When ere long came the nuptial feast,
And made a law that ladies have
A time in life to court at least.

Now one in four the leap year comes,
Dear ladies 'tis your happy chance
To justify your vaunted rights
And have a faithful alliance.

Then maiden shy with peachy blush,
Whose ideal makes you not his bride,
True course take, for 'tis your right
To coyly draw him to your side,
And whisper sweetly in his ear
Love's story long a secret made,
And ere the close of the leap year
A husband to the altar lead.

—Chicago Ledger.

A Wonderful Mesmerizer.

Strange stories come from India of the feats performed by a native mesmerizer named Buni, whose magnetic power would appear to be found quite irresistible by the lower animals, upon which he exclusively exerts it. He gives seances, to which the public are invited to bring all manner of ferocious and untamable wild beasts, and holds them with his glittering eye. In a few seconds they subside into a condition of cataleptic stiffness, from which they can only be revived by certain passes which he solemnly executes with his right hand. A snake in a violent state of irritation was brought to Buni by a menagerie proprietor, inclosed in a wooden cage. When deposited on the platform it was writhing and hissing fiercely. Buni bent over the cage and fixed his eye upon its occupant, gently waving his hand over the serpent's snake stretched itself out, stiffened, and lay apparently dead. Buni took it up and thrust several needles into its body, but it gave no sign of life. A few passes then restored it to its former angry activity. Subsequently a savage dog, held in a leash by its owner, was brought in, and, at Buni's command, let loose upon him. As it was rushing toward him, bristling with fury, he raised his hand, and in a second the fierce brute dropped upon its belly, as though stricken by lightning. It seemed absolutely paralyzed by some unknown agency, and was unable to move a muscle until released from the magnetizer's spell by a majestic wave of his hand.

"Something Gives Way."

A Christian woman in a town in New York desired to obtain a school-house, for the purpose of starting a Sabbath-school, but was refused by a skeptical Trustee. Still she persevered, and asked him again and again.

"I tell you, Aunt Polly, it is of no use. Once for all, I say you cannot have the school-house for any such purpose."

"I think I am going to get it," said Aunt Polly.

"I should like to know how, if I do not give you the key."

"I think the Lord is going to unlock it."

"May be he will," said the infidel, "but I can tell you this, He will not get the key from me."

"Well, I am going to pray over it, and I have found out from experience that, when I keep on praying, something always gives way."

And the next time she came the hard heart of the infidel gave way and she received the key. More than this, when others opposed the school, he sustained her, and great good was done for perishing souls.

"Something gives way." Sometimes it is a man's will, and sometimes it is the man himself. Sometimes there is a revolution, and sometimes there is a funeral. When God's Spirit inspires a prayer in a believing Christian's heart, omnipotence stands ready to answer it. "Something gives way."

American Waste of Food.

Here is a little essay on the unnecessary loss of food, out from the New York Graphic: "The waste of food in our first-class American hotels is enormous. The average quantity of cooked food called for per order for breakfast or dinner would suffice many a small family for a whole day, and is generally three times as much as the guest can eat. The field, the sea, earth and air are ransacked for delicacies. Nearly 100 varieties of meats, vegetables, fruits and component parts of pastries are concentrated in the hotel larder. The waste commences here, especially during warm weather, when even ice fails to preserve many eatables, such as fish, etc., in their original freshness. The result is that much is brought to the table really unfit to be eaten. Much of the cookery is also 'machine cooking.' The soups served daily differ only in name. The bill of fare is often a high-sounding imposition. It contains more names than flavors. The chief skill of some cooks seems to lie in inventing French titles of aristocratic origin for their dishes. The guest sometimes hangs great expectations on a sound not at all realized to the taste. A little more truth and less fiction on the bill of fare would do the hotel more lasting benefit. But, when dried soaked peas

or canned peas are labeled 'green peas,' when 'cream oyster soup' turns out to be a strange intermingling of beef and oyster broth, when ice-cream reveals itself as frozen corn starch, the experienced housekeeper, on her travels, immediately detects the fraud, and no longer recommends that hotel to her friends."

Famous Sparklers.

The finest diamonds are clear and transparent as a drop of pure water. But, besides these "brilliant" of the first water," as they are called, both technically and in ordinary conversation, there are colored diamonds of every sort and hue. A yellow shade is considered objectionable in a diamond; so, also, is a cinnamon color. Next to rose-colored diamonds green take rank in the market; next to green blue, and next to blue black. The value of a diamond may, according to some writers on the subject, be ascertained by a regular formula, according to which the square of the weight in carats must be multiplied by a sum varying according to the condition and quality of the stone. If the diamond is of good water and of fine shape, this sum may be put down at \$10. If, however, the diamond be perfect in quality, and also perfectly cut, the sum to be taken as the basis of the calculation will be \$30 or \$40. Big diamonds have a larger theoretical value than small ones; but, as a matter of fact, diamonds of large size have often had to be cut up before they could be disposed of in the market.

When, in 1837, the Deccan booty, obtained by the army of Lord Hastings, was sold, a magnificent diamond, weighing 375 grains, and of the purest water, brought at auction only \$15,000. In the present day, the finest diamonds are held by Portuguese, Spanish, French and English families in the order named, and the best market for them is in the United States. Among historical diamonds an important place must be assigned to the celebrated Pitt diamond, of which the weight was 430 carats. But after being cut—a process which occupied two years—it was found to have been reduced to the weight of 136 carats, and it was then sold to the Regent of Orleans for \$675,000. Its present value is said to be \$1,000,000, though it might be difficult to find a purchaser for it at that price. The Pitt diamond—or Regent diamond, as it was called after having passed into the hands of the Duke of Orleans—became one of the crown diamonds of France. It was destined to meet with strange adventures; for, after being placed by Napoleon on the hilt of the sword of state, it was captured by the Prussians at Waterloo.

A diamond of literally inestimable value, belonging to the King of Portugal, and of Brazilian origin, is said to be worth upward of \$2,500,000; but this value is clearly not its value in exchange. For the historical interest attached to it no diamond can be compared to her Majesty's Koh-i-noor. Originally dug from the mines of Golconda, it passed to successive sovereigns of Central India, and in the early part of the fourteenth century was added to the treasures of Delhi. It remained in the possession of the reigning family until the invasion, in the eighteenth century, of Nadir Shah, who, seeing it in the turban of the vanquished Mhammed, proposed to him an exchange of headpieces, and, the polite offer being perforce accepted, bore away with him the priceless jewel. After the assassination of Nadir Shah, the "Mountain of Light" passed through the hands of Ahmed Shah, of Cabul, to Shah Soojah, who gave it as the price of his liberty to Runjeet Singh, ruler of the Punjab in 1849, it was stipulated that the Koh-i-noor should be surrendered to the Queen of England, who received it from the East India Company in 1850. At the great exhibition of 1851 this famous diamond was found inferior to its glass model, and it was necessary to surround it with gas-lights in order to bring out its colors.

"Fasting People."

At intervals one reads of some wonderful man or woman who professes to exist without food; and so clever is their management it is hardly possible to discover the fraud. There was the famous case of a "fasting" Englishwoman at the beginning of the present century. Her fame spread abroad and brought her crowds of visitors and a good income, £250 having been derived from their bounty in two years. She eluded one "test" with success and ventured upon another, but this time the watchers were keener, and, on the ninth day, being so weak that her death seemed imminent, she signed a confession that her story of fasting for six years was a falsehood. The first watchers had been deceived for three weeks by her daughters giving her food when kissing her or when washing her face with towels dipped in milk or gruel by squeezing the liquid into her mouth. In 1841 a fasting man, named Cavanagh, appeared at Reading; he was detected in his fraud, however, and, Nov. 20, was sent to prison and stuffed for three months. In September, 1852, a certain Elizabeth Squirrel bamboozled a number of professional men of good standing into believing that she had lived for three months without food and in the enjoyment of communion with angelic visitors, but a rigid watch disclosed fraud. In 1867 began the famous case of Sarah Jacob, the Welsh fasting girl. She was 10 years old, and, after strong convulsions of an epileptiform character, gradually lost her appetite till, in October, she ate nothing but a bit of apple the size of a pill daily. After that her parents stated, she ate nothing at all. Her fame was noised abroad, and considerable profit was derived from visitors. Finally, during a rigorous watch undertaken by four nurses, she died—simply starved to death! The heartless parents were indicted for manslaughter.

Father of Forty-Five Children.

In the British churchyard of Heydon, is a stone with the inscription: "Here lieth the body of William Strutton, of Paddington, buried May 18, 1734, who had, by his first wife, twenty-eight children, and, by a second wife, seventeen, one father to forty-five grandfathers, eighty-six, great-grandfathers to ninety-seven, and great-great-grandfather to twenty-three; in all, 251."

Paying in Chickens.

There is an article going the rounds of the papers relating how a man went to Moore, editor of the *Bural New Yorker*, and said that he was too poor to take a paper. The following is the gist of the story:

"Mr. Moore said, 'You raise chickens, I believe. Yes; a few; but they don't bring anything hardly.'"

"Don't they? Neither does my paper cost anything hardly. Now, I have a proposition to make to you. I will continue your paper, and when you go home you may select from your lot one chicken and call her mine. Take good care of her, and bring me the proceeds, whether in eggs or chickens, and we will call it square."

"All right, Brother Moore," and the fellow chuckled at what he thought a capital bargain. He kept the contract strictly, and at the end of the year found that he had paid about four prices for his paper.

We allude to this to warn newspaper men not to adopt the plan, when some farmer grumbles about paying for his paper. Don't never enter into such a bargain with a farmer. We know, when paper is high, editors are liable to take their pay in track, and the above article looks so plausible that some poor country editor may think there's millions in it, and he will go to speculating on chickens that way. But we warn them that they are liable to get left. We tried it once there at La Crosse. Uncle Eliakin Barlow came in one day and said our paper didn't amount to a string of suckers, and he would be tetotally gamsquizzled if he would take it any longer unless he could pay in trade. He sold milk and kept chickens. We could get milk, but Eliakin was always playing common cow's milk on us for his 'Jarsey cow's' milk, so we concluded to suggest this chicken dodge that Moore tried with such good effect. We wanted to teach him a lesson, so we told him to go home and pick out a chicken and call it ours, and give us the proceeds, for two years from date, whether it was eggs or chickens. He bit like a bass. He said he would do it, by the great jewellinks. So he went his way and we went ours. Many a time during the two years did we estimate the amount of poultry that would be ours. We built a hen-coop and got ready to go into the hen business. The day the two years were up we drove out to Eliakin's place to take an account of stock. Eliakin was milking a 'Jarsey' cow, there near the pump, and he said when he got through 'stripping' he would show us our property. Well, after a while he got up off his milking stool, kicked a little rheumatiz out of his hind leg, and said:

"Come around the barn, you red-headed financier. You middle man, you monopoly, come here."

He took us into a yard, and there were at least 100 hens. We looked at them with astonishment. Pointing to a sickly-looking yellow fowl, with one leg froze off, and which looked as though it hadn't life enough to pick up an angle worm after a hen had scratched it up for him, Barlow said:

"There, that are cussed yellow rooster is the one I picked out for you. He never has laid an egg, and has never had sand enough to associate with the rest of the chickens, and he never has increased any. How much have you made on this trade?"

We hope to be hornswoggled if it wasn't true, and the rooster wasn't worth 4 cents. And, to make the matter worse, Eliakin presented a bill to us of \$4.80 for corn our rooster had eaten in the two years. It is needless to say we have always demanded cash of our subscribers since. No, young men—you who are fresh in the newspaper business—don't never try to get ahead of one of these Grangers on a chicken-trade. Moore may have had a she hen assigned to him, but it would not occur once in a thousand times, at least it wouldn't out West here.—Peck's Sun.

Keep the Body Warm.

There is but one way to keep the body healthfully warm, and that is to wear sufficient clothing, dressing differently as the weather changes. On cold, rainy days one requires thicker clothing than when the sun pours down hot and sultry. It is a popular idea in this country that, if we wear specially warm clothing in the house, our ulsters and great-coats will afford us no extra protection when we get out. But this is disproved by every one's experience, if people will only think of the facts which have come within their own observation. Most persons must have noticed that, after sitting in a theater which is insufficiently heated, and getting chilled to a greater or less degree, the putting on of coats and cloaks when going out seems to have no effect, and the chill which remains is apt to result in a severe cold. On the other hand, if an overcoat is kept on in a cold theater, so that the wearer feels comfortable, his warmth continues after he goes out, and the change of temperature does not bring the expected effect, notwithstanding that no addition is made to his clothing. Such an experience as this should convince us that the wearing of clothing made especially for warmth should not be confined to the open air, but that the in-door draughts and occasional chilliness, which every one is more or less subject to, should be provided against by always wearing warm clothing, in the form either of an extra suit of flannels, or of an overcoat or dressing gown.

Want of Decision.

A great deal of talent is lost to the world for want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves numbers of obscure men who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort, and who, if they only had been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is that, in doing anything in the world worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank, thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances; it did very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for 150 years, and live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterward; but at present a man waits and doubts, and consults his brothers, and his uncles, and particular friends, till one day he finds that he is 65 years of age; that he has lost so much time in

consulting first cousins and particular friends that he has no time to follow their advice. There is so little time for over-cautiousness at present that the opportunity slips away. The very period of life at which men choose to venture, if ever, is so confined that it is no bad rule to preach up the necessity, in such instances, of a little violence done to the feelings, and efforts made in defiance of strict and sober calculation.—Sydney Smith.

The St. Gothard Tunnel.

Ten years were occupied in boring the big hole known as the St. Gothard tunnel, in Switzerland. The work was begun in 1870 and completed on the 1st day of March, 1880. In the first-named year Italy, Germany and Switzerland signed a convention guaranteeing \$17,000,000 to the company that would construct the St. Gothard railroad and tunnel, Italy giving \$9,000,000, Germany \$4,000,000, and Switzerland \$4,000,000. The original estimate of \$37,400,000 proved under the mark, and it was found that \$57,800,000 would be required instead. Germany added \$2,000,000 to her subsidy, Italy \$2,000,000 and Switzerland \$1,600,000. The work was begun in the autumn of 1872. The tunnel begins at Goeschenen, in a defile where the river Reuss dashes beneath the famous Devil's bridge, and ends at Airolo, where it overlooks the pleasant pastoral valley of the Ticino. Its length is nine and a third miles—48,936 feet, to be exact; it is nineteen and a half feet high and twenty-six feet in maximum width. Twenty-six hundred men have been employed—Italians with few exceptions. The rock, which has varied from hard granite gneiss on the Swiss side, to gravel, sand and pebbles on the Italian, has been operated upon in a similar way to that followed in the Cenis tunnel, dynamite being used in blasting operations. Owing to the greater homogeneity and the absence of water, more rapid progress has been made in tunneling through the rocks than in dealing with the softer material, where the excessive infiltration of water necessitated special drainage arrangements, besides retarding more or less all branches of the work. Thus, in piercing a bed of schist, water was discharged in torrents, and often the work had to be carried on under liquid jets depending with the force of those from a fire-engine pump.

The St. Gothard tunnel is only one section of a railroad running from Lake Lucerne in Switzerland to Lake Maggiore in Italy. Beside the big tunnel, there are twelve others, the shortest of which, Warren, is 1,106 yards long, while the longest, the Olberg, reaches 2,027 yards. The total length of these twelve tunnels is very nearly ten miles—15,578 metres. Then there are five tunnels between 220 and 550 yards, and twenty-five between 110 and 220 yards, making in all fifty-two subsidiary tunnels of an aggregate length of sixteen miles. Between Immensee and Goeschenen there are thirty-three tunnels; between Airolo and Giubiasco seventeen. The line is carried over sixty-four bridges and viaducts, the longest of which, that of Cadenazzo, in Tezzin, consists of five arches, each having a span of fifty-five yards. The total length of the Gothard line will be 151 miles, 17 per cent. of it being tunnels and 1 per cent. bridges and viaducts.

What Is Not Insured.

According to the Philadelphia *Insurance Reporter*, fire-insurance policies do not include the following things: Fences and other yard-fixtures; also, store furniture and fixtures and plate glass doors and windows, when the plates are of the dimensions of three feet or more.

It is important that this fact be mentioned in the wording of the policy, if such things are to be included under the policy.

The following-named are not included in the security of a fire-insurance policy, unless mentioned, viz.: Jewelry, plate, watches, musical instruments, ornaments, medals, curiosities, patterns, printed music, printed books, engravings, paintings, picture frames, sculpture, casts and models, money or bullion, bills, notes, accounts, deeds, evidences of debt, or securities.

These should always be specified.

If a building falls no insurance will attach or cover its loss, unless caused by fire.

Stolen property is not to be paid for by the insurance company.

Losses from explosions are not to be paid unless fire ensues, and then only the actual loss is to be settled for.

Property standing on leased ground must be so represented to the company and expressed in the policy. Goods on storage must be represented as such.

The assured, in case of a fire, must invariably do his best to save it, and carelessness in this respect will vitiate his claim. In no instance shall he abandon his premises to firemen or thieves.

Who Doubts It?

Once upon a time there lived a man whose appetite was enormous; he was always eating, and yet could never get fat. He was the thinnest and most miserable of creatures to look at. He always declared that he had something alive in his stomach, and a kind friend, learned in doctoring, confirmed his opinion, and prescribed a most ingenious plan to dislodge the enemy—a water-net, which had taken up his quarters in the man's stomach. He was ordered to eat nothing but salt food, and to drink no water; and, when he had continued this treatment as long as he could bear it, he was to go and lie down near a weir of the river, where the water was running over, "with his mouth wide open." The man did as he was told, and, open-mouthed and expectant, placed himself by the side of the weir. The lizard inside, tormented by the salt food, and parched for want of water, heard the sound of the running stream, and came scampering up the man's throat, and, jumping out of his mouth, ran down to the water to drink. The sudden appearance of the reptile so terrified the weakened patient that he fainted away, still with his mouth open. In the meantime the lizard had drunk his fill, and was compelled to return down the man's throat into his stomach. He had nearly succeeded in doing so, when the patient awoke, and, seizing his enemy by the tail, killed him on the spot.

"Prodesperation."

An old-time Baptist preacher of Little Rock, Ark., who has retired from active gospel work, but who still keeps a firm eye on the faith, has just had a little experience with a colored man that causes him to think very seriously.

Meeting the colored man, the preacher said:

"Dave, if you don't bring that saddle home I'll have you put in jail."

"What saddle is yer ferren ter?"

"The one you stole from me."

"Parson, fore de Lord, I neber stole yer saddle."

"Yes, you did. I saw you when you took it off the yard fence. I believe I'll have you arrested, any way."

"Look heah, parson, you'se a old Baptist, isn't yer?"

"Yes, and I'll have you sent to the penitentiary."

"Well, so is I, an' now ketch de prints ez I gin em ter yer. Dar is jes' so many saddles in dis worl' what is ter be stole, an' dar's jes' so many man what is ter steal dese saddles. Dis is de prodesperation. Now, ef yer saddle happens to be one of de predisposed an' I happens ter be one ob de predisposed men, ken I hep it? Dar was Judas, for instance. He couldn't hep trayin de Savior, kase de Savior said: 'Judas, sop in dis dish an' go an' tray me. Hit wasn't Judas's fault, kase he was one ob de predisposed; so 'tended from de foundation ob de world.'

"I don't want a religious discussion, Dave. It isn't the saddle now that I care so much about; it is that you told me a lie in saying that you didn't steal it."

"Well, den, parson, 'spose I takes back de lie an' keeps de saddle?"

"A lie once told always stands. You have lied to me, you scoundrel, and I believe it is my duty to have you arrested."

"Parson, dere's jes a certain amount ob lies ter be told in dis worl' an' ef I is one ob de men what is predisposed to tell one ob dese lies, hit's not my fault, an' I can't hep hit."

"You go on now and get that saddle, or I'll swear out a warrant for your arrest."

"I'll do de best I ken, parson, but dere's jes a certain amount ob stole saddles ter be returned in dis worl'. Ef I lyes one ob de predisposed men, an' I lyes I is, you'll fine yer saddle hangin' on de yard fence 'bout sundown dis evenin'."

Wonderful Spiders.

A short distance from Buena Vista is a cave inhabited by spiders which are different from other spiders by their enormous size, and quite useful to the needy people of that vicinity. The cave was discovered by a party of sight-seekers, and the spiders and their work witnessed. On entering the cave, one is first struck by the funny-looking webs that meet their eyes. They are worked for all the world like webs of other spiders, but every fiber is ten times as large as the one woven by ordinary spiders.

On passing on further into the cave, spiders are encountered. They are about the size of small birds and make a strange sound while weaving their web. Their webs are so tough and the fibers so large that it is almost an impossibility to break down a web.

Some four weeks later, while looking at the cave, a miner got to examining the webs. Their strands were about the size of a No. 12 thread, and he thought that they could be used for thread. Having a needle in his possession, he broke off one of the strands and found that it just fitted. Sewing on a loose button to test the efficacy, he found it as strong as silk thread, and that it answered his every purpose. Since then the people have flocked in and carried away hosts of the webs, but the spiders do not appear to object in the least. There is some talk among capitalists of starting a thread factory there and using the webs for thread.—Leadville Chronicle.

Getting to the Rear.

The following, related by an officer of the Stonewall brigade, may interest some of our soldier friends:

While Jackson's corps was cautiously moving to the flank and rear of the Union army at Chancellorsville, the Confederate cavalry in advance became engaged with the enemy. Soon a wounded and bleeding trooper was seen emerging from the woods in front. After looking around, he moved in the direction from which the infantry were marching, as if seeking the rear, or, as the average gray-jacket would say, the r'ar. Soon afterward rapid firing explained that the blue-jackets had closed in behind Jackson, and it was not long before the poor cavalryman was seen coming back again. When opposite the "Stonewall," another cavalryman from the front also arrived. No. 1 at once recognized him, and said, "Hallo, Bill—wounded?"

"Yes," said No. 2, "but not bad. Let's git to the r'ar."

At which No. 1 exclaimed: "This is the darnedest fight I've bin in yet. It hain't got no r'ar."—Harper's Magazine.

Coming of Age.

It is common to say that a young man "comes of age" at 21. This means that he is then old enough to manage his own property, to do business for himself, and to be made to do as he has agreed; also to vote. Before he is 21, if he has any property, his father or guardian manages it for him; he is not expected to do business on his own account; and if he makes foolish bargains, he can say "I have changed my mind." There are several other ages which are important; indeed, a person may be said to be "coming of age" for different purposes at different times all through his life. From his very birth he is of age to be owner of property, and to be protected from violence and cheating. At 7 years he becomes of age to be punished for a crime, if it can be shown that he was a bright, intelligent lad, had been taught somewhat, and knew that the thing he did was against the law and would be punished. These things are not taken for granted until he becomes 14. From and after 14 it is supposed that a youth knows enough to refrain from attacking people, or stealing, or setting houses on fire, or things of that kind. At 14, also, he is of age to be asked, if his father should die, whom he will choose as guardian; and of age

to marry; but, that if he does so, he cannot retract afterwards, and say he was too young. At 18 years he is of age to be a soldier. At 21 years he becomes independent of his father, and may vote; these things are so much more important than any of the others that reaching 21 years is commonly called "coming of age," as if it were a magic date for everything. At 25 years he is of age to be Representative in Congress; that is, after that the people can elect him, if they choose; before that they cannot. After 30 years he can be elected Senator, and after 40 President. At 45 years he is of age to be excused from going as a soldier.—Christian Union.

A Cincinnati Horse Auction.

"Here, gentlemen," said the auctioneer, "is a horse—"

Bystander—Glad you told us it was a horse, or we might have taken it for a sheep.

Auctioneer—That wouldn't be so very strange, if it had your head on. You see before you, gentlemen, a family horse.

Bystander—He got those bunches on his knees from kneeling down at family prayers, didn't he?

Auctioneer—You'll never have any bunches on your knees on that account. A horse, gentlemen, that any family might well be proud of. Look what an eye he has.

Bystander—What has become of the other eye?

Auctioneer—Gone to look after another such fool as you are. Like old dog Tray, so touchingly described by the sweet singer of Michigan (singing):

He's gentle and he's kind—
Bystander—The kind.

Auctioneer—
You'll never, never find—
Bystander—He would be fined by any court in Christendom for spring-halterations and interfering generally.

Auctioneer—
A better horse than this old gray.
Old gray horse is ever faithful,
etc. But we cannot waste our time on poetry, although the noble steed before you is the very poetry of motion. How much for him? What do I hear?

Bystander—Nothing, if you can't hear more than he does.

Auctioneer—Among horses, gentlemen, this is the very ne-plus-ultra—
Bystander—Knock-nee-plus-ultra, you mean.

Auctioneer—And the sine-qua-non—
Bystander—Compos mentis.

Auctioneer—The ridges you see running down his sides, gentlemen, are not an indication of a want of flesh; they are simply a wise provision of Providence for carrying off the rain-water.

Bystander—What's the matter with his tail?

Auctioneer—He was formerly owned by a violin manufacturer, and he pulled out all the hairs for fiddle-bows. What do I hear?

But we had heard enough to satisfy us that our friend was right, and that it was absurd to squander money on shows so long as these horse auctions are kept up to their present high standard.

Choate's Irony.

Mr. E. P. Whipple told in Harper's Magazine, several anecdotes of Rufus Choate's wit and irony:

Nobody at the bar ever equaled him in paying ironical compliments to the Judges who blocked his way to the hearts and understandings of juries. Judge Shaw was especially noted for the gruff way in which he interposed such obstacles, and Shaw's depth of legal learning was not more conspicuous than his force of character.

"Tien't so, Mr. Choate," was a frequent interruption, when Shaw was on the bench and Choate was arguing a case before him.

Choate's side-remarks on the Judge have passed into the stereotyped jokes of the bar, and are now somewhat venerable. One is, I think, not commonly stated in the exact words.

"I always approach Judge Shaw," he said, "as a savage approaches his fetish, knowing that he is ugly, but feeling that he is great."

Of Judge Story he once remarked: "I never heard him pronounce a judgment in which he did not argue the case better than the counsel on either side; and for which," he added, "with a twinkle in his eye, 'he might very properly have been impeached.'"

He delighted in gravely joking with a Judge. Thus he once asked that a case might be postponed, owing to his engagement in another court. The Judge replied that the case was one in which he might write out his argument.

With a mock solemnity, which it always seemed to me no other human countenance could so readily assume, he replied:

"I write well, your Honor, but slowly."

As his handwriting resembled the tracks of wildcats, with their claws dipped in ink, madly dashing over the surface of a folio sheet of white paper, the assembled bar could not restrain their laughter.

Indeed, it is affirmed that he could not decipher his own handwriting after a case was concluded, and had to call in experts to explain it to himself. He congratulated himself on the fact that, if he failed to get a living at the bar, he could still go to China and support himself by his pen; that is, by decorating tea-chests.

A Chinese Rip.

Never heard the Chinese version of Rip Van Winkle, did you? The Chinese Rip was a patriarch named Wang Chih. He was gathering firewood one day on the mountains of Ku Chow, when he found a grotto where some old men were playing chess. As he watched them one of them gave him what looked like a date-stone, telling him to put it in his mouth. No sooner had he tasted it than he ceased to feel hunger and thirst. By and by one of the players said: "It is long since you came here; you should go home now." Wang Chih went to take up his ax, and found the handle had moldered into dust. Undismayed, however, he went home, but found that centuries had passed since he went out wood-cutting. No vestige of his kinsfolk remained. He retreated to a cell in the mountains, and, devoting himself to religious exercises, finally attained immortality.