# MAY GOD BE WITH YOU!

Good bye, good bye! It is the aweeter That fails from mortal lids on mortal ear.
The weakness of our human love con essing,
The promise that a love more strong is
near--

May God be With You! Why do we say it when the tears are start-

Why must a word so sweetbring only pain?
Our love seems all sofficient 'till the partieg,
And then we feel it all impotent and
vain.— May God be With You!

Better than earthly presence -e'en the Is the great blessing that our partings For in the lonellest moments God is nearest And from our sorrows heavenly comforts

If God be With Us. Good-bye, good-bye! With latest breath we sny it,
A legacy of saith and hope and love;
Paring must come we can not long delay it,
But, one in Him we hope to meet above,
If God be With Us.

O may He guide and bless and keep you ever He who is strong to battle with your focs become fall —His love can fall you never, And all your need He in His wisdom

knows,-May God be With You!

Good-bye! 'Tis all we have for one onother;
Our love, more strong than death, is help-less still, can take the burden for his

Or shield, except by prayer, from any ill;

May God be With You!

-J. Beseneres, in St. Louis Magazine.

SHE HAD HER WISH.

Little Bixby Was Allowed to Die for Her Friend.

"It's got to be done, fust as well as last, Car'l ne!"

Car'line, a young and not uncomely woman, despite her rags and grime, answered listlessly: "Well, Jim, I s'poso

it'll hev to be as you say." She was s tting on the decayed doorsill of an old stone house. Dirt, squalor and shiftlessness were everywhere apparent, and she and Jim fitted the'r environment perfectly. Down in a corner where a fence once had been was a wild rose-bush, and close beside it, with one of the da nty flowers in her hand, sat a dirty, unlovely child. Car'line turned her dull b ack eyes towardher, and Jim, who was a thick-set, animal-faced man,

followed her glance.
"See aint a handsome one, is she,
Car'line -our little daughter? she's good fur nothin' but to eat an' git into m s-ch'ef ginerally. Now, it's jist as plain as day we've got all we can do to take keer on ourselves an' old mammy. We've got to g't out of this shanty—old Samm's is goin to tear it down over our heads—old raseal he is! an' 'taint convenient trav ling with a baby without a nurse ral.

He I ughed at his facetiousness, but was vexed to find Car'line unrespon "So I'll take her to a b'g boarding-

house where she'll have good livin' at the expense of rich folks. Come here, The child scrambled to her feet, fear

manifest in her every motion. She stumbled over a stone, but, though hurt, p eked herself up without a wh mper. The man caught and held her roughly as the came near him, shrinking pitifully away from h's grasp.

some wa'er. Now you go put her dads

He dabbled the little so'led face w'th the rag, then wiped it with her dirty

Now you are clean as a button-just fit to av good-bye to your mammy. He I fied her to his shoulder.

"Haint got no duds, ch? Well, I didn't think she'd need a Saratogy trunk. Say good-bye to ber, Car'l ne The something that served Car'line for a heart felt a strange thrill as she looked up at the frightened face, saw the pleading, outstretched hands, heard the wailing "Manny! mammy!"

"Best set ber down, Jim; she seems ter feel bad 'bout it.' "No. Car'line; here goes to the

boardin'-house. Save your eye-drops in a bottle, Car'line!" The woman turned shortly and went into the house. An old crone, seeing

her, looked up and quavered:
"What's goin' on?" "Jim's took the young one to the poor-house," answered Car'line, sul-

"I declare, Lady, if you have not cast your shoe! Whoa!" and Violet Fenn, springing from her phaeton, ran back to pick it up. She returned flushed and smiling, and took the pretty bay pony by the bridle. 'It's a coincidence, Lady, that there is a blacksmith just here. I might as well have it set right

away; but I believe you are in collusion with the smith. There was nothing doing in the little roadside forge: business was dull, and the smith sat on a log beside a collection of old wheels, reading a paper. He was thin and undersized, quite unlike the brawny, traditional workman. He looked sharply up at Violet and the

turn-out, briskly rising, as if work were a relaxation. "It won't take long," he said, as he took Lady from the thills; "but you might go over to the house and set till 'tis done. Here, Pete, come work the bellows!"

A sandy-haired boy started up from covert, and Violet strolled across the road to the yard, where a limpid spring bubbled beneath a grand old oak. dipper hung on its trunk, and taking it down, she drank therstily. "It is the best water I ever tasted," she said, as she re-hung the dipper. Taen she saw near her a ragged, bare-footed giri who, leaning on a spade, was watching her

in astonishment. "What a foriorn, unlovely creature!" she thought; then she smiled-and Violet's smile was rarely sweet—on her. "How do you do?" she sa d, pleasantly. "How do you do?" said the child, emnly. "Air you a-visit n'?"

"Oh no: I am having a shoe put on my horse. The red-rimmed, light-lashed

continued to inspect her so soberly that she smiled again. should think spading was hard why doesn't your father do it -or somebody

"Why, he aint my father!" cried the child, nodd ng towards the shop. "He's Nate Kelley. I only live here. I haint got no folks!"

She looked as if she had no folks poor thing -in her tatters and grime, "Poor child!" Violet said. Her look seemed to the child like a caress; she came a little nearer, as if moved to tell the short, barren history of her life.

"You see, I come from the poor-us. If you see, I come from the poor-us, as she always did, her difficulties become. Miss kelley took me out not be poor-us a spell ago."

By had been there three weeks, when John Fe n. as he was always called, he name being sunk in that of the feast of which she shortly would partake.

"Such a beautiful face!" she whispered; "such a beautiful face!"

The rapt smile flekered, faded; the eyes that saw a glory not of earth grew My folks put me there when I wer not three year old. My folks was too poor to keep me. Miss kelley took me out'n the poor-'us a spell ago." What is your name?"

"My name's Bixby—that was my folks' name. To the poor-'us they called me little Bixby. I'm short fur age, but I'll grow."
"How old are you?" "I don't know; Miss Kelley knows."

"Well, what can you do for Mrs. Kel-The freekled face brightened.

"I kin do cons d'ble jobs. I scrubs, an' milks, an' churus, an' forks the manure, an' spades, an' weeds garding, an' washes, an' tends laby, an'

"You poor, poor child! Violet broke in, impulsively. Vio et's chief fault was her impulsiveness, her frends said. Then she asked what was certainly a very irrelevant and odd question.

"Bixby, did anybody ever kiss you?" "No, ma'am," shaking her head pos-

"Did anybody ever tell you they loved "Love me!" cried B'xby; her tone was protest. Then sudden'y her chin quivered and she said: 'Nobody loves

ne: I hain't no folks!" "Poor thing!" and Violet's so't hand smoothed the shock of closely cropped

"I hev tried to be a good g'rl to Miss Kelley," she said. "I allers do j st what I'm told, but the chillern tell lies about me, an' Miss Kelley she says I aint with my salt, an' Pete broke the plue bowl I never tetched, an' he sa d'twas me, an she whipped me orful, an' shet me up in the gran'ry with the rats all night, and here the tears came into her eyes. The blacksm th's hammer had ceased its clinking, and he was seen, with his shop. Meanwhile a fleshy, hard-feat-ured woman came out of the house "Don't

down to Vio et. "I see Bixby is a-talkin' to you. B xby is a bad g rl; she tells lies. She isn't with her sait," the nasal voice continued. "It was the worst bargain I ever made takin' such a creetur from the poor-house. I've done a good deal fur her, but I'm s'ck and tire!. I'm goin' to take her back to the poor-

placed her hand upon the girl, and said:
"I think I can make this little girl useful; I will take her home with .ne!

Mrs. Kell y stood as one paralyzed. This was a sequel of which she had never dreamed. Her threat of taking Bixby back to the poor house had be n mary idle vaporing. Bixby's "salt" had be n rated very highly.

Bixby gasped; astonishment over-whelmed her; her world seemed falling into chaos. She hardly knew how she went and got her sun-bonnet-she had little else to gather up. She had never had any possessions, unless it was a bottle-shaped gourd and some valueless old but o s.

"I nu t k'ss the baby!" she cried.
"You sha'nt neither!" sa d Mrs.
Kelley, spitefully; "you sha'n't touch

last time.

Another page of her life was ended.

"See here, Car'line, they'll think we are keer ess to her. Give us a rag an' life," said Violet Fenn's mother to her pretty daughter- n-law, Elise, "as when Violet brought little Bixby home with

her." Surpr'sed was a mild statement, for she would not have been more astounded at an irruption of Goths and Vandals on their charming lake-side vil-

Her household was small, and ran as if on velvet. She had two servants, John and Mar a, who had been with her for years. Bixby was certainly not needed, and there would be much difficulty in adjusting her to her proper position. A great many mole-hills elevated themelves into mounta ns before the good lady discovered that, after all, things went on about as usual, and Bixby was the most tractable and eager to serve of

"I really can not see how you can suffer such a miscrable creature about.' said El se, whos: idol was self. has that miserable, low-down look I despise, and her freekles are as bg as clock-wheels, and her foot is a most fear/ul and wonderful thing. Give her an nc'i and she ll take an ell. She has chance, too, to make up all sorts of lies to impose on your cr dul ty. Mother Fenn, you are too good; that is the trouble with you! You will find her out by and by for a selfish, ungrateful

thing. "Really, Elise," said Mrs. Fenn. driven to speak in behalf of Violet's protege, "she is better than she looks. She does not lie—I do not think—her stories never change and she is the most obedient little th n.z. and she picks up faster than you would think: Maria has to lay the cloth nice y already, and she knows what a napkin is for; and she has learned the Lord's Prayer. Think of it, she had never prayed in her life! her religious ideas are the crudest possible. She said it seemed to her that Violet must be God's

wife the day she brought her here.' "Shocking!" said Elise, crossly. do not see, mother, how you tolerate her for a moment." But how changed was Bixby's world

what a largess of happiness life had brought her! She was not a demonstrative child; Violet even d d not know how she rejoiced and kept continual jubilee. She had fairly gasped for breath when taken to her own room. It was a small hall-bedroom, with a sunny, white-curtained window, cool matting on the floor, and a pretty oak set. Was this hers-this that seemed like the palace of a king? Every thing so exquisitely fresh and neat, and a charming engraving of a cherub smiled down on her from the tinted wall. It was Heaven! She was not fit, but she would try so hard to be worthy. Years passed -one, two, three, four—years that brought little change to Mrs. Fenn and Violet, but worked wonders with Bixby. She was no longer a white heathen, but was one of the most efficient aids in the domestic

One Spring Violet went to New York
to visit friends, and Elise sent over during her absence to borrow Bixby. She
had long ago found out that Bixby was
a faithful soul, and excellent to look
after children. In fact, her little ones

"Here is hor were so fond of her that they were resi-less and intractable under their French bonne's peppery rule, and now that Mar-guerite bad gone off in a huff, there was no alternative but Bixby. So Mrs. Fenn, amiable soul, sent her over—they

his mistress, came puffing in late one morn ng. His news was sad. Miss Volet had come home the preceding evening; she had been taken ill on her journey, and had gone r ght to bed on her arrival. Mrs. Fenn sent for the doctor, who pronounced her suffering from a virulent case of d phtheria. He told it brokenly, the tears running down

his pu'ly checks.

"Mrs. Fenn ain't strong enough to stand such a strain as this il be on her." he said, forlornly. "I went for Mrs. Jasper to come an' help 'tend Miss Violet, but she don't care to come on account of the disease. And Miss Crupps was sick, an' the poor child needs watching and tending every blessed minute, an' Maria has to 'tend to the house." house.

Elise listened, dismayed. "Violet down w th d phtheria! Where d'd she take such a d sease? How did she get it? Did you say she was all pur-ple and swollen, John? Have you been by her? D d you dare come here with-out be ng d sinfected? You can carry disease 'n your clothes, your hair! How dared you, John? Go right out on the stoop, and talk to me through the win-

"I have not been near poor Miss Violet, ma'am, only as I drove her home last night from the d pot." "Oh" sa d Elise, s mewhat calmed. "Poor Violet! Poor mother! How awful,

how terrible! At the gate John met B'xby, w'th her They were in the gayest poss ble

"Don't say my Miss Violet is dying, John!"

ought Mrs. Maurice. "You must get somebody in my much patience then should be exercised ace," she said. "I am going home to in the training of a young horse, which place," she sr Miss Violet."

"What nonsensical talk!" said Elise. "What nonsensical talk!" said Elise, is well advanced in years. It is only a who was levely in her pallor. "Mother small part of the education of a horse sent down word that you were not to to teach him to submit to the control of

Bixby, in a choked vo ce. "I can't tell you how I feel, ma'am: you wouldn't to unteach him what he should never understand. Miss Violet took me from have learned. To remove from the hell, and gave me Heaven!" The in- animal the in-tinctive fear which often

"And I'd lay down my life fur her!" neutralized by unforseen accidents or continued the girl, with flashing eyes.
"I've never had no chance yet to do fur Hence a young horse is never sure, them. Oh, if Jesus gave His life fur and can never be driven with safety un-his enemies, can't I risk mine fur my less the eye and the hand of the owner

ly. "You don't know what you are wrong at any moment on account of talking about. Go back to the chil-

dren. But instead of going obediently back kindness and tact are always needed in to the little ones. Bixby got her things the management of young horses. Such and went disobediently down the street.

to tage the disease." dangers. No horse can be complete

of do ng. ma'am!" Without were bad and bossom and owner is heard and his hand is felt to golden sunsh ne, the merry laugh of be still in control. A young horse children and song of birds, the humming driven for the first time close of bees, as they s pped nectar from white and pink petaled booms. Within was ing, and perhaps blowing the and pink petaled bosons. Within was ceaseless vig I and agonizing prayer, and a vain, so t seemed, hope against hope.

No one knew the moment when the of the owner standing at his head, but real crisis came, and the dread angel heathed the sword upl fted to smite, but slowly dawned the blessed certain-

Violet wou'd live. "You must go down into the garden get some fresh a'r, Bixby. Mrs. Fenn, gently. "It seems to me you have not really eaten or slept for

days. I shall have to give you an opiate."

"Yes, do go down, Bixby!" pleaded Violet, from her couch. She lay there very fair and frail, so glad to be back from the portals of death, so thankful to God for bestowing on her her life as a gift for the second time. Her comolexion was as fresh and fa ras a babe's; her eyes were la go and luminous.
"Lear, good Bixby! How invaluable

you have b en!" B xby obeyed without protest. Once out in the sunshine, she thought she would feel better; her head ached, and elasticity seemed to have left her sturdy limbs. What a b aut ful world it was She stopped to look at the cactus, a mass of gorgeous crimson bloom on the terrace, and bent over the mosspinks in the border. There were robins esting in the elms; she heard the beer droning in the cherry-blossoms. The world was beautiful, and life was sweet. She wanted to lie down there on the soft turf, and feel the breeze cooling he cheek; she longed to, like a very child. She would lie down just a little while, then go back to Miss Violet. Old John,

resting there. "This will never do, child," he sa'd, shaking her. "The ground is damp. If you are sleepy, go into the house,"
She looked up at him, with strange, daily near them.

coming by a while later, saw her st.ll

dull eyes, then closed them heavily. "You must get up, B.xby!" he said, authoritat vely.

She minded him stupidly, and was led docilely to her little room, and placed in the bid from which she was never again to rise. She babbled in her de-l rium of old, child sh scenes and sufferings, and was again a servant of servants, a defenseless, homeless drudge.

"No one loves me; I hain't no folks!" she cried, smiting feeble palms.
Sad truth not to be denied! The depth and sweetness of human love had never been revealed to her. She had been befriended, helped, but loved, never. But she had loved. Could she have done more? The present took shape with the past. She babbled of Miss Violet. "Can t I die for her, Lord?" she whis

pered. "It don't make fur me." he talked of the roses, pinks, the cactus, the dandelions starring the grasses.
"I must go home," she said, confusedly. "Where is my home?" Mrs. Fenn bent over her, burdened

"Here is home, Bixby. Don't you

eyes that saw a glory not of earth grew dim. Little Bixby was dead.—Margaret Hammond Eckerson, in Youth's Com-

## WELL-TRAINED HORSES.

How to Inspire Colts with Confidence and

Respect for Man. There should be no "breaking" in the management of horses, unless the animals are so extremely vicious that they must be reduced to subjection by a thorough d scipline and breaking down | lawless existence for over thirty years. of their spirit and will. Training by They only marry among each other, and even the youngest members of the easy degrees from the early life of the colt and kind and winning treatment will do all that is needed and will preserve the natural spirit and action of guise, but the inhabitants are so afraid the horse, and at the same time make it obed ent and anxious to do as the owner desires. Kindness is never thrown away upon a sagac ous animal like a horse. A whip is a dangerous thing in the hand of any person who is not able to control himself in spite of annoyance and opposit on. It is the means of spoiling many horses and of arousing a spirit of ili-temper and opposition in them. No wonder, when we think of the unreasonable perversity, stubbornness, ill-nature and revengeful cru-lty trable forests, precipitous rocks and unso often innicted upon a young horse, which has no idea whatever of what is required of it, and is wholly confused by the contrad ctory and unintel-ligible orders should out to it in a threaten ng and angry manner, and in spirits, and held up for his admiration long dandelion chains, but he was in whip. All this spoils the animal and apron on, or tically examining the no mood for trifles. His news, abruptly teaches him precisely what is not phaeton, while Pete led Lady out of the told, struck Bixby like a bolt from a wanted, and is m schievous—which is to oppose the will of h s master.

It takes time for a man to learn all

ohn!"

Then, without another word, she der the proper discipline which makes bight Mrs. Maurice.

he should know and to be brought under the proper discipline which makes him a useful member of society. How cannot be considered complete until he goin' to take her back to the poorhouse. I says so to my man last n ght.
Out she goes, Nate," says I, "bag and baggage!"

"Tisn't true" sobbed Bixby, the tears st eaming down h r cheeks. "I hey tried! I heye done all she tole me."

Bixby."

sent ucwn word in you with the chilland and exert all his strength patient to go away now. Besides, you will yand quietly, to understand our language and obey orders spoken. There are many m stakes to set right, and the ngs that are forgotten to be relearned, and the most important thing of all most important thing of all xby."
ed, and the most important thing of all "I can't listen to such reason," said is to remove from the memory of the an mal the m stakes of his owner, and tensity of her speech shocked Elise.

"What blasphemy! Stop talking.
This is unb arable, Bixby!" animal the in-tinctive fear which often leads it into mistakes or dangers is also a part of its education which is only slowly acquired because it is so often

are always ready to take instant meas "Hush, Bixby!" said Elise, petulant- ures to correct what may happen to go It is for this reason that good judgment. He crowed on the floor, a pudgy little thing; he had never been unkind to Bixly, and she loved him.

"Good-bye, Jimmy," she sa'd, devouring him with her eyes. Then she crossed Mrs. Kelley's threshold for the last time.

"Violet is very, very sick. Do not take advantage of circumstances on her come by her than life, looked up astoni hed, as the common occurrences, of daily life, and ripens his judgment, so that he can take advantage of circumstances on her take advantage of circumstances. "Violet is very, very sick. Do not take advantage of circumstances or be come by her, Bixby; I do not want you warned in time to guard himself against dangers. No horse can be completely to do fur her-to help you. Fur the ten years old. At that age, if it has dear Lord's sake, let me hev my chance been well used, it has learned to depend wholly upon the master's judgment and mn warfare with death was control, and is not alarmed at any thing vaged for hours in that hushed room. that may happen, if the voice of the may dash over h m and escape and break everything to matchwood. But an old horse which has completed its ducation and has learned to feel implicat confidence in his driver will stand witho t any effort to break away, al-

though every muscle may be trembling with instinctive dread of the unwonted and terrible appartion, and it will de th s w thout be ng held, if the owner will stand at its head and encourage it with kind words and command to stand still. This may be often seen, and is a very usual thing with horses which have been trained carefully by thoughtful and judicious owners. Such a horse will stand with per ect quietness if an axle or wheel should break, or the breeching should give way and a carriage should come into his hind quar-ters going down hill, and will often do this of h s own accord, understanding that it is the owner's business to attend to this and having learned that the owner will set all this right if he will

only stand still. There is great comfort in working or driving a horse of this kind, and it is nothing more than the result of a reasonable and successful education com pleted by sufficient experience. tra ning necessary is only the result of a systematic course of treatment benning with the weaned colt. going with the dam in its regular work in the field and on the road, and being used, with it, in the stable, to the regu lar handling. Our colts have always been used to a regular brushing with the dam, and to go wherever she goes about the farm. After having been weaned, we think it an excellent plan to put the colt in a stall near an mare, or with a horse, old and steady and good-natured, and let the two run together in a small lot or pasture. gives the young colt confidence, and with perfect quietness and kindness to t it loses, or never acquires, the fear of s owner, which is so apt to produce what we are apt to call vice and ugli-

-One of the legal luminaries in the type. Not long ago he was taking din ner, and when the coffee was served drew the sugar-bowl to his plate and began to drop in the lumps, at the sam time carrying on a sprited conversa-tion. A friend saw five lumps disappear in the cup of coffee, and fearing that the lawyer was absent-minded suggested to him that he was spoiling his coffee. "Oh, not at all. I always take ten lumps in my cup." was the reply, and the conversation and the sweeten ng process was resumed. - Providence Jou

But the girl looked up and beyond her. To human kindness she was irresponsive now. The crumbs for the best of the -A bed-room should never be her. To human kudness she was irre-sponsive now. The crumbs from the earthly table which had filled her with tint, the pictures restful and pleasing. such fulness of content were as nothing Exchange.

CORSICAN BRIGANUS.

Bold Bandits Who Are Protected by the Peasantry of the Island.

The fact that an ent're battalion of chasseurs a pied" has been recently ordered on a military exped tion against a single fam ly of banditti in Corsica has again called attent on to the singular state of affairs exist ng in that quarter of the French Republic. The name of th's pugnacious family

is Bellacocc'a, and comprises more than fifty persons, old and young, women and children. This is not the first mili-tary expedition that has been sent against them, and they have led this tr be know how to handle a gun.
Their boldness is amazing, and
they often visit Aince o in disof them that they never, or scarcely ever, report their movements to the an thorities. Through the fear they in-spire they are able to obtain provis ons ammunition, and "gendarmerie" get on their trail they are nvariably warned by friendly vil-The configuration of the island is also

fact, it would be almost impossible explored caverns render the task of t ack ng these outlaws a work of the greatest difficulty and no little danger. It must be borne in mind that the Corsican band tti o not resemble those of other countries. In nearly every case they have taken to the forests to avenge some personal wrong. Hatred in Corsica is keen. It seems to spr ng from the soil, flows in the blood, and is handed down from one generation to another. Each individual feels it to be his mas on to a minister justice according to his own ideas. In spite of the influence of the French, the Corsican character still reta ns many of its original features, and the peaceful villager will direct a brigand on his way, warn h m of the dangers' that threaten him,

of great assistance to the band ts; in

and even defend him in the hour of For th's reason it has been impossible to stamp out br gandage by means of local militia. The Corsicans affect to curse the bandits, but in reality they feel kindly toward them. This, no doubt, ar ses from the fact that, 'deadly w apons being carried by the entire population of the island, murders are common, and the assassin fles to nountains and finds refuge with the bandits. Perhaps the only measure that would lay the axe at the root of the evil would be the passage of a decree forbidding the wear ng of deadly weapons. Could such a law be enforced it would go far toward effecting the moral regeneration of Cors.ca. - Detroit Trib-

## LEARNED WOMEN.

The High Price Which They Generally No kind of passage to a degree by mere exam nation, however rig d, could ever have done for Scotland what her true system of graduation has done for her. By it she grounded her sons in knowledge, honored them with her mark of approval, stamped them with her own seal and let them go forth into the world to develop the k ow edge they had gained and apply it to ther own wants and natural progress in the paths they had chosen as their own. Had Scotland admitted her daught rs to the same privileges from the first, what an incalculable been she would have conferred on h manity. She would have proved by the best experiment to weat extent women may rival men, and what s the true part of woman in the work of the world when she is left free to learn as she may will. The present system, alike njurious to men and women, migat then never have been de

velop d nor the insane rivalry born The present system is not graduation. The degree obtained under it is not, stretly, a degree at all. It is mere conveyance in a rapid, dangerous and whirling sort of manner to t e crest of the mountain of learning, not a steady journey to that crest by well known paths, with good guides as conductors through every step of the way. To women this rapid mode of ascent would be ha ardous if they could become, by long training, of the same strength and capacity with men; if, that is to say they could divide into two distin classes of their own sex-the one de termining to be masters out and out in any department they may choose, the other giving up all such excusive desires and resolved to follow the old, old task of link ng themselves to the already stronger sex and becoming the

tions that are to succeed them. Unde any circumstances, under any determinations, the present strain after extreme learn ng is mortal. Women though they may give up every thought of matrimony, are unequal to the st. ain, and had better remain unequal. For men to strive, in a few short months, to at a'n as much knowledge as will enable them to satisfy a body of specialist examiners, every one of on h s own subject pluck the other, is mal enough. For a woman to get ready to meet the e examiners and satisfy each examiner so perfectly that the whole shall combine to say she is perfect, she shall have a degree, she shall have honors, she shall be supplied with proof that she has gone through an ordeal which we might not have gone through our elves had we come up for the control of the control it, is madne s extending into sin. Longman's Magazine.

-One of Maine's cranks is Elias Gove, of Lew ston, who thinks that he is the Saviour. He is over sixty, has long coat and cape of bright red, a tall white hat with a broad white band and flowing ends, white trousers, and moe He also carr es a white umbrella and a very gorge us horse-blanket for cold weather. He makes an occasional dime by selling his photograph, on the back of which is this inscription: Elias Gove, Emanuel the Prince of Peace, Jesus Christ, who baptize i him-self with the aid of the Holy Ghost, and is the son of Dorothy Jane Gove, who translated his spirit from God."—Boston Globe.

-The St. Louis cattle synd'cate, which attempted to drive forty thousand head of cattle from the West into Brithead of cattle from the West into British Columb a this summer has met with d saster. The unusually dry season, resulting in poor feed and scarce water, combined with cold, dry, piercing winds in Montana, played havoe with the cattle, which died by hundreds, so that the drive was abandoned. It is not likely that two hundred head of the stock will heave the control of the stock will be searing. The loss will be live until the spring. The loss will be two hundred and fifty thousand lollars.—St. Louis Post.

THE NOISY DRUM.

Visit to a Town Where Thousands of These

he casual visitor wou'd never suspeet that the quiet rural village of Granville, Mass., sends out into the world thousands of no'se-making instruments, cheap, it is true, but none the less welcome to the average boy. This place can practically be called the center and heart of the drum-making year. It was in 1854 that the idea of engaging in the drum-making business first sugge-ted itself to a Mr. Cooley. He had been to Pittsfield, where a relative of his, Samuel Cooley, was making a few drums in an old barn. Disgusted with the business, Samuel Cooley was about to throw it up; he offered it to his nephew, John, with the remark that there was doubtless money in it. Re-turning to Granville, J. P. Cooley broa hed the subject to his friend Noble, whom he found a ready listener. They went to work, made a drum, which is still cherished at the old shop, took it to Boston, showed it, rerobably the biggest concern of its kind in the world. The first year, 1854, they built a little shed and altogether turned out 150 drams, mainly of one pattern. Year by year the business increased, their quarters had to be enlarged, their help multiplied, and to-day 125 m n and women are kept busy turning out Within the last four years business

has greatly deve oped. The old-bash-ionel drum with worden barrel, which was formerly the only knd in the market, is being rapidly supplanted by the neater and I ghter mode with a tin barr l. For the manufacture of the latter tin of various colors is employed, blue and red pre lominating, though the larger quantities are made of a brass This tin comes in sheets of imitat on. two sizes, 14x20 inches and 20x28, the sheets being packed in cases holding 112. These sheets are first sent to a knife, which cuts them into various lengths, from which drums va-y-ing from six and one-half inches across the head to thirteen inches are made. This done the strips are each punched with a hole, then secured and tightened together. Hoops are placed on the inside rims and the barrel is then ready to receive the sounding skin. This is general y a sheep sk n, which is stretched tightly across the head above and below from the outside by hoops. These skins are ent to the fac tory all ready for u e from England. It seems with all their notions and multiplex ideas even maginative Yankees have not been able to prepare successfully such skins from American sheep. Consequently all are imported from Liverpool. They come in horsheads holding from 50 to 120 dozen, and cost from \$1.75 to \$2.50 per dozen. Noble & Cooley expended for kins alone last year \$8,000, using mainly the higher-

priced kind. Previous to using the skins they are stretched and dried by st am in the w nter and the sun in sum-mer. Before be ug st etched over the d um barrels they are once more moistened, generally in a solution of pure water or water slightly tinetured with ammonia. Then remains the tightenmg of the drum hoop. This is done c ther by strings or rods. The first are diagonally, leather tighteners being inseried to stiffen the sound skins. rods are booked on one end and screwed at the other. Of this latter kind the consumpt on is over six times that of the old-fashioned. The wooden drums differ but slightly from the above. The barrels in this case are generally bass or white wood, occasionally oak. stay hoops are of oak or beech. Before the strip of wood can be used it needs to undergo many processes, among others be ng bending, planing and sweating The first drums made used to be boiled in open tanks and the limit that could thus be prepared daily was less than fifty. The introduction of machinery and more perfect methods has increase the daily product on, so that 2,000 drum pieces is considered noth ng more than

one man's fair day's work It is interesting to watch the continu-ous process by which a log, roughly hewn from the forest, is transferred to drum barrel. The machines which flect this transformation are various. The most important is that which does the sl cing. The log, no matter how thick, is placed between the tee h of this inge machine, usually be ng reduced to three feet in length, and the slicing be-gins. The kn fe receives it, and as the log revolves the piece slie d is received on a wooden cylinder and then rolled up. Seventy-tive thicknesses make one inch of the log. If, then, the log is three feet through, one revolution will yield a piece nine feet long, and the total length sliced from the log would extend over a mile. Cutting machines further reduce this huge sheet to the desired length. A core of six inches thickness is left, which s taken out of the jaws and split into drum-sticks or ten-pins. The veneers are heated, then bent and are soon ready to be shaped as a drum. There are also plan ng and sand-paper machines, all run by water power. The strips are put through the bender fron three to six at a time. The sticks are smoothed by rolling in revolving barrels, the process being continued for three or four hours. This about completes the manufacture of drums, each part being distributed among one hundred and twenty-five workers in the factory.—Springfield (Mass.) Cor. De-

## roit Free Press

Fracture of Hotel Dishes. Hotel managers here say that the fracture of dishes-china, glass and earthenware-is a more serlous item of expense than any outsider would sup-pose. Although they make it a rule, or their own protection, to charge broken d shes to the servants when they are plainly careless, the rule does not relieve the hotels from serious loss every year. The greatest amount of breakage is in handling and washing; dishes may not be actually broken at first, but they are constantly nicked and cracked, and, after that, soon go to pieces. Large houses, like the Fifth dishes may not be actually broken pieces. Large houses, like the Fifth Avenue and Windsor Hotels, in New York, sustain a loss of fully \$10,000 annually in th's way, independent of what the servants pay for. Managers say that it would be fifty per cent. greater except for the system of fines imposed on the domestics, who are made by it less heedless. Any house-holder can judge, from the destruction of dishes in his own kitchen, what it must be in a great hotel.—N. O. Times-

Democrat. — 'Then you wouldn't advise me to buy a sealskin sack this winter, would you?" asked Mrs. Shuttle of her Job. "I'm not going to advise anything about it. You have a bank account, I be-lieve?" "But so have you." "Oh, yes; but there is the point. I wouldn't have after the sealskin-sack fever had swept over the household."—Hartford Post. PITH AND POINT.

—The change in a dog's eyes as he goes from light to darkness, or vice versa, occupies three seconds. This is the time when you want to jump the picket-fence.—Deiroit Free Press.

-It is the silly man who slings aside his paper with the comment that "half of it isn't worth reading." The wise man reads the other half.—Philadelphia Call.

-Lost His Address. -Who is rich? And who is happy?
Who would be content with less?
Let us see—his name is—name is—
Pshaw, we've lost the man's address!

- Washington Critic. -Business man: "Been off again, ch?" Dime-museum man: "Yes. I am nearly dr ve : to death trying to get attractions; never saw suc a scarcity of freaks." Business man: "Well, I heard the other day of a man in Dakota who walked seven y-five miles to pay a bill." - Omaha World.

-An old gentleman in Baltimore who used to be troubled by young men sitting up w th hs daughters until a late hour, settled the callers by appearing promptly at eleven o'clock and giving each of them a ticket to a ten-cent lodg ng-house. He never scolded or acted in an emphatic manner, because there wasn't any need of it. - Washington Critic. -"What was it that ma said to you

when you came in?" wh'spered young Bobby to Featherly, one of the guests. "O, s muly that she was delighted to see me; that was all, Bobby." "I'm glad of it," sa d Bobby, and a look of genuine relief came over his face, "cause she said this morning she hoped you would not come."-N. Y. Sun.

### PHARAOH'S HOUSE.

ome of the Relies Recently Collected It is but a month or two ago that peo-

ple of an archeological turn of mind were delighted with the tidings sent home by the Egypt Exploration Fund of the discovery of Pharaoh's House in Tahpanhes. An account of the wongerful old ruin and its reliques of a past civilization has been already given; but it may interest many to know that a number of antiquites have been col-lected and sent home, and have recent-ly been on view at the Archeological Institute at Oxford Mansion. It will be remembered that the runs were as much those of a military fortress as of a royal residence, and the objects recovered are almost entirely those which would be likely to be found in either of

two such places. The first things of interest are the foundation deposits, from under the four corners of the castle, which consist of smal vessels, little tablets en-graved with the name and titles of the royal founder, Psammetichus I., specimens of ore, etc. The chiof articles of jewelry are car-rings, rings, amulets and engraved stones bearing traces of Greek workmanship, hav ng probably been manufactured by Greek jewelers in the town of Tahpanhes, or Daphn's. Numbers of small we ghts have been turned up while digging among the runs, which it is thought were for weigh ng the gold and precious stones

Previous to purchase.

Rome, too, has left her mark among the charred remains of this ancient stronghold, and some rings with names inscribed upon them, and ten gems of good Roman work, prove an inter-course with that nation. There is a little silver shrine case in which is a beautiful statuet'e of the Egyptian wargod, Mentu. Possibly, it may have once been a talisman belonging to Pharaoh Hophra. A silver ram's head and go'd handle complete the list of the most mportant specim as of jewelry. Among the domestic treasures are a long kn fe, fourteen inches long and quite tlat. This comes from Pharach's kitchen; so also do the small fryingpans and some bowls, bottles, dishes plates and cups, all of which date from B. C. 550, and were probably used daily by the royal household. An old brasier and some ring-stands have also been and some ring-stands have also been brought home. From the butler's pantry com: amphorae stoppers, stamped with the cartouches of Psammetichus I., Necho, Psammet chus II., and Aahmes. These were clay stoppers, scaled by the inspector, and then plastered over any stamped with then plastered over and stamped with the royal oval. Ten speciments of these Petre has sent home. Arrowheads, a sword-handle and part of the blade, a horse's bit, of twisted pattern. some spikes from the top of a Sa d nian mercenary's helmet, knives and lances,

an I some fragments of scale-armour, show that the o d castle had once been a military stronghold.

This is but an outline, showing the kind of specimens found among the runs of El Kasr el Bint el Yabudi (the (astle of the Jew's Daughter), and serve to add to the innumerable proofs
—if proof were needed -of the advanced
civilization of the ancient Egyptians. It is believed that those antiquities will eventually be divided between the muse-um at Boulak (Cairo), the British Museum and the Museum of Fine Arts at

#### Bostor U. S .- · hambers' Journal. WORSHIP AT SEA.

An Impressive Order of Exercises Which Has Been in U.e for Many Years.

In fine weather service will be held on deck, with the deep blue waters heaving to the horizon from either side under the awning, the captain, bare-headed, at the table or capstan covered with the en ign, and the sailors and pa sengers gathered about, reverent in attitude and hearly in voice, offering a hundred varieties of countenances in the shaded atmosphere, through which the breeze, raised by the motion of the ves el, hums pleasantly. But this is not all. A hundred other considerat ons-such as the voice of the waters mingling with the notes of the singers, the sense of the infinite depth beneath the yes el's keel, the idea of the little-ness of human life in the great melancholy sol tude-tend to emphasize the solenmity of the occasion. And always under-running the singing, pulsing hard in any inte val of silence, is the throbbing of the engines—like the fevered, bounding heart of the ship, a coursing of life-blood through every part of the big, powerful structure. Elsowhere Mr. Russell aptly likens this action of the engines to the labors of action of the engines to the labors of some mighty giant, "breathing harshly and heavily, often with a fierce h ssing through his clinched teeth, as though the burden of his tremendous task grew at moments too heavy for him, and he expended his impatience in a wild and bitter sigh." It is impossible for the most indifferent nature not to be moved at such a time and one who has followed. at such a time, and one who has feeling and magination must find it an experi-ence never to be forgotten. The order of exercises, it is curious to observe, is st.ll practically the same that it was hundreds of years a ro, in spite of all the changes that have occurred in devotional methods throughout the world.

—From Clark Russell's "A Voyage to the Cape.."