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POETRY.

THE LITTLE HOUSEWIFE.

O LITTLE housewife, clean and spruce,
Thy use one heart defines;
A rosy apple full of juice,
And polished—tis it shines!
A tidy, tripping, tender thing,
A foe to lazy litters;
A household angel tidying
Till all around thee glitters!

To see thee in thy loveliness,
So prudish and so chaste,
No speck upon the cotton dress,
Girding around thy waist;
Thy ankle peeping, white as snow,
Thy tucked-up kirtle under;
What shining kitchen row on row,
Behind thee, stare and wonder.

While round thy door the millions call,
While the great markets fill,
Though public sorrow strike us all,
Singing, thou workest still;
Yes, all thy care and all thy joy
Is ever sweet and willing,
To keep one's little household spot
As clean as a new shilling.

The crimson kitchen firelight dips
Thy cheeks until they glow;
The white flour makes thy finger-tips
Like rose-buds drop in snow;
When all thy little genius heart
Finds rest in exulation
To compass in an apple tart,
Thy noblest aspiration!

O housewife, may thy modest worth
Keep ever free from wrong;
Bless be the home and bright the hearth,
Thou blessest all day long!
And nightly may thy sleep be sound,
While over thee, softly, still,
The curtains close like leaves around
The hushed heart of the lily.

—*All the Year Round.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

A DAY WITH A LION.

MANY years ago, while residing at the Cape, I became acquainted with several of those enterprising traders who are engaged in the lucrative but rather hazardous traffic with the natives north of the Orange river.

One of the boldest and most successful of these adventurous traders was a Mr. Hutton, a respectable English colonist, who had accumulated a small fortune by his excursions among the Namaquas and the Dammaras, and was talking of retiring from the business. I had heard of him not only as a lucky dealer and a daring hunter, but also as being one of the most intelligent explorers of South Africa; and, having been able on one occasion to render him a slight service, I obtained from him in return a good deal of information concerning those parts of the interior with which he was familiar.

Some of his own adventures, which he occasionally related in illustration of the facts thus communicated, seemed to me to be curious and interesting enough to be worth preserving. One of them I will endeavor to repeat as nearly as possible in the words in which he told it:

"I was on my way to Dammara-Land, with two wagons and about a dozen people. Two of them were Mozambique blacks, whom I had brought with me from Cape Town, and the remainder were Hottentots and Namaquas that I had picked up on the way. Most of them I got at old Schmelen's Missionary Station, on this side of the Orange river. The two negroes were tolerably good servants; they had gained some knowledge of civilized habits in Cape Town. The others could do little beside helping to drive the wagons; though sometimes they were of service in following 'spoor'—traces of game, you know. They knew the country well, and, by keeping a pretty sharp eye upon them, I was able to make them useful.

"In tracking game, as I said, they sometimes rendered good service; but they were great cowards, and though some of them could handle fire-arms tolerably well, I never could get them to face any dangerous animal such as a buffalo or a rhinoceros, and least of all a lion, with any steadiness. I shot two or three rhinoceroses with little support from any of them, except Apollo, [a young Hottentot, whom Mr. Hutton had picked up and befriended a few years previous to the incident related], who always stood by me like a Trojan, though his teeth sometimes chattered, and his eyes became like saucers as we approached the enemy.

"One afternoon," continued Hutton, "I out-spanned near a pool, where many animals of different sorts came at night to drink. We could see their tracks all about the margin. The Namaquas knew the place well, and urged me to encamp at a little distance off, saying that the lions were 'al te kwaad,' or very angry, in that region; and that if we rested near the water we should be very likely to lose some of our oxen; and might perhaps be ourselves attacked. For it is a curious fact that when a lion has once tasted human flesh, he seems to acquire a peculiar relish for it, and will leave all other game untouched if he has a chance of seizing upon a man. I did not wish to run any risk, so far as my people, or my oxen either were concerned; and so, after making them drink heartily, I drove off to a distance of about two miles, and out-spanned in a small valley, out of sight from the pool.

"We kindled a large fire to keep off any wild beasts that might be prowling about, and then turned the oxen loose to pick up what little herbage they could find among the rocks about us. For myself, I felt a strong desire to have a shot at a lion. I had not bagged one for more than three years. In fact, I had been unlucky in two or three long shots, and began to fear that I should get out of practice in that sort of sport, which requires good nerves and experience more than anything else. I asked four or five of my best men, including Apollo, if they would watch with me at the pool that night for lions. Three of them consented, and we left the others with the wagons, with strict injunctions to keep the fire burning, and not to let the oxen stray to a distance.

"We reached the water just at sunset, and set to work at once with the spades and hoes which we had brought with us, to dig a hole in the sand three or four feet deep, about twenty yards from the pool.

"In about an hour we finished our hiding-place, throwing up the earth about it so as to conceal us still better from the sight of the wild animals. We then settled ourselves comfortably in the trench, and lay there with our guns in readiness, waiting for the lions.

"We stayed there all night to no purpose. A good many animals came down to drink, but no lions. There were springboks, gemsboks, zebras, quaggas, and some other creatures, but we did not waste our ammunition upon them, as we were in no want of meat; and, besides, a single shot would have alarmed the lions, and prevented them from approaching the water. However, as it happened, we fared no better for keeping quiet; and soon after dawn we came out of our grave, stiff, sleepy and sulky, without having had a glimpse of a lion, though we had heard them roaring in the distance.

"They had probably been attracted by our wagons and oxen; for they were prowling about them all night, as we afterward learned. The people whom we had left with them were in mortal terror, but had sense enough to keep up a good blaze. The oxen, in their fright, crowded almost into the fire, and by good luck the lions did not venture to attack them.

"I now gave up all hope of meeting the game I had come out for; but I was determined not to return to the wagons without something to show for our night's watching. We had gone but a few rods from the pool, when a small herd of springboks came bounding through a thicket of thorn trees just in front of us. They ran and leaped as though something had frightened them; but without waiting to see what it was, I fired both barrels in among them, and knocked over one of the largest. My men all blazed away at the same time, but without the smallest effect.

"I had just taken my gun from my shoulder, when an enormous lion walked out of the thicket and came slowly toward us. He was not more than 30 yards off, and there was no time to re load. I was taken so completely by surprise that for the first few seconds I stood quite motionless and uncertain what to do. But I then saw there was but one course for us. When a party of natives go out with their assagais and knives to attack a lion, as they sometimes do, their custom is, when they see a lion approach, to sit down on the ground in a cluster.

"The lion, if he is in fighting mood, singles out one of them, and pounces upon him. Sometimes the unlucky man is killed at once by the first grip of the lion's teeth and claws, but more often he only receives severe hurt. Then the other natives throw themselves all together upon the animal; some seize his tail and lift him up, which prevents him from turning upon them, while others stab him with their assagais and cut him with their knives; and frequently they manage to kill him without any loss of life in their party. But sometimes the victory is on the other side; the lion kills two or three of the natives, and the rest take to their heels. It seemed to me just possible that by sitting down together, and showing a bold front, we might intimidate the lion, and prevent him from attacking us until I had time to reload.

"I called out loudly, 'Sit! sit!' and knelt down myself on one knee at the same moment, preparing to reload if there should be time. But, casting a hasty glance around, I saw that all three of my men had taken themselves off at full speed as soon as the lion appeared, and were already half way to the hill, which was just on this side of the wagons!

"Apollo had started with the rest; but he told me afterward, and I have no doubt with truth, that he thought I was running also, only, not being so light footed as they were, I could not be expected to keep up with them. As the poor fellow did not dare to look around, he did not discover his mistake until they reached the wagons.

"In this way I was left alone to face the lion. It was useless then for me to run. If I had started with the Namaquas he would have had one of us, and most probably myself, before we had gone fifty yards. My gun was discharged; and while we were digging the trench, I had given my hunting-knife, which incommoded me, to Apollo; so that I was at that moment completely disarmed.

"I gave myself up for lost, as a matter of course; and, as I was kneeling there, I just said, 'God help my poor wife and children!' and waited for the lion to spring. But the fellow did not seem to be in any hurry. He came slowly up, slackening his pace by degrees, and at last, when he was about twelve feet off, he stopped and sat down on the ground like a cat, looking me full in the face. I sat down also, and looked at him in return, fixing my eyes upon his, and staring as hard as I could.

"When I was at school I had read that the lower animals could not endure the steady gaze of a man; and although I cannot say that my own experience had ever confirmed this opinion, it occurred to me to make the trial with the lion. But I really don't think it had much effect upon him. Now and then he would shut his eyes or look around to one side or the other, but that was all. Presently he lay down, with his paws drawn up under him, and his head resting on the ground, exactly like a cat watching a mouse. At the same time he kept occasionally licking his lips as though he had just finished a meal. I saw at once what the rascal's intention was. He had just been feasting on some animal he had killed, very likely a spring-bok, and was not hungry. But he had made up his mind to have me for his next meal; and as lions like their food fresh killed, the scoundrel was keeping me until he had digested his breakfast. Wasn't that an agreeable predicament for a Christian man, as the boys say?"

There was no denying that it was a terrible situation indeed. But I had read in some missionary work, of a Hottentot who was kept prisoner by a lion in a similar way, and was watched steadily by him for a whole day; but at night, if I remembered rightly, the Hottentot was overcome by exhaustion and went to sleep, and when he awoke the lion was gone.

"Yes," replied the trader, "I have heard of the story. The Hottentot was a lucky fellow. You see, the lion, in his disposition and habits, is nothing more nor less than a great cat. Some people speak of the lion's magnanimity, and ascribe some noble qualities to the beast; but that is all nonsense. When a lion is not hungry, if he meets with game he will frequently pass it by without notice. He will seldom kill out of mere wantonness and cruelty. But neither will a cat unless it has been taught to do so. A cat, when it is not hungry, will sometimes play with a mouse; that, you would think, must not be from a cruel disposition; but in reality it is only keeping the creature alive for its next meal. Now, this is exactly what the lion sometimes does, and particularly one that has tasted human flesh; so the natives, at least, will tell you.

"The natives say that, in such a case, the lion usually waits for the man to go to sleep, and then watches him till he begins to move and show signs of awaking, when he pounces upon him. In the case of the Hottentot, the lion must have been frightened away by something that occurred while the man was asleep. For myself, I did not doubt that the creature was watching me with the intention of waiting until I should fall asleep from exhaustion, and then springing upon me at the first movement I made. I was safe, enough, so long as I could keep my eyes open; but if I went asleep, I should certainly awake in the lion's jaws."

There was something so peculiarly frightful, as well as unexpected in the picture thus conveyed, that I could not restrain a shudder and an exclamation of horror!

"O don't be alarmed on my account," said Hutton, with a laugh; "you see I am here all alive and whole. I only want you to understand what the danger really was before I tell you how I escaped. You know I had been up all night, and was tolerably hungry and tired. I had brought a flask full of water with me, and had just emptied it that morning; so that, by good luck, I was not at all thirsty. But for that, I do not know how I should have been able to hold out through the day.

"The sun came up bright and clear, as it usually is in those deserts, with a blaze of heat, which was reflected from the sand about me until it seemed to burn my skin. I had a broad-brimmed felt hat, with ostrich feathers around it, which warded off the direct rays; but still I think I never felt the sun more oppressive; perhaps it was because I was weak from fasting and want of rest. Still I kept my self-possession, and was constantly on the watch to take advantage of an opportunity for my escape.

"There was just a chance that my men might muster courage enough to come down in a body to my relief; but I believed them to be too chicken-hearted to approach within a quarter of a mile of a lion, and besides, there was the probability that the brute, if he should see them approaching, would spring upon me and put me out of suspense at once."

I asked "if he did not try to load his gun?"

"Of course I did," he answered, "but at the first motion I made, the old scoundrel lifted his head and growled, as much as to say, 'None of that, my boy, or, if you do!'—If I had persisted, it was clear that he would have been upon me before the powder was in the barrel. He was a huge old fellow—I think the largest lion I ever saw; with a long, grizzled mane, and very knowing look.

"These experienced old lions are amazingly cunning. He knew perfectly well that my gun was a weapon of some kind or other; and I have no doubt he knew, too, of my people being in the neighborhood; for every now and then he would look sharply in the direction of the wagons. On such occasions I could feel my heart beat violently, and the perspiration would start to my skin."

And no wonder. "But did the lion," I asked, "remain perfectly quiet throughout the whole day?"

"No, unluckily he did not," answered the trader. "His restlessness kept me in constant anxiety. Once a troop of zebras came suddenly by us. When they saw the lion they wheeled quickly about, snorted, and dashed off furiously in another direction. The lion rose to his feet in an instant, turned half round, and looked hard at them. Lions are particularly fond of the flesh of the zebra, and I had strong hopes that he would leave me and go after them. But I suppose the cunning rascal reflected that a bird in the hand was worth two in the bushes for he turned back and lay down again, grumbling, and staring harder than ever at me, as though he meant to say, 'You see, my fine fellow, I have lost a zebra through you; and now I mean to make sure of you.' You may believe that in my heart I bestowed a few witch's blessings on the beast; but I thought it best to keep silence.

"The next alarm came from the direction of my wagons. I saw the lion look earnestly in that direction, as he had done once or twice before, and then rise to his feet and utter an angry growl, as though he saw something that did not please him. I learned afterward that my men, urged on by Apollo, had armed themselves to the teeth, and advanced to the top of the hill. Standing there, with their wonderfully keen sight, they could perceive the lion keeping guard over me; but no sooner did they see the brute rise and turn toward me than they all scampered back to the wagons and jumped into them, frightened almost out of their wits.

"After a little while, the lion crouched down again before me, stretched out his paws, yawned and winked, and I thought seemed to be growing tired of his watch. But it was clear that he had made up his mind to remain there till night, otherwise he would have settled my account without further delay.

"Toward evening I heard a low roaring, which seemed to be at a great distance. It appeared to disturb my lion a good deal. From the sound I knew it to be the roar of a lioness; and I thought it likely that the old fellow's mate was looking about for him. He got up and lay down again two or three times, moving about uneasily and sniffing the ground as though he was troubled in his mind; but he remained silent, and at last the voice of the lioness passed gradually out of hearing. This, I think, was the most anxious moment of the whole day to me. For if the lion had answered his mate and called her to him, she would most likely have been hungry, and in that case would not have delayed an instant in seizing upon the nice supper which her husband was keeping for himself. I dare say the cunning old rascal was of the same opinion, and so thought it best to keep his own counsel.

"At last the night came. The stars were bright, but there was no moon. I could see objects indistinctly at a short distance, and could just discern the outlines of the hills to the eastward. The lion lay quiet, in a shaggy mass, a few yards from me. I knew that he was wide awake, and that he saw distinctly every motion I made. Occasionally I could see his eyes turned toward me, shining like two coals of fire. My last hope now was that by remaining perfectly silent and motionless I might tire him out or keep him from attacking me until something happened, as in the case of the Hottentot we were speaking of, to draw him off.

"For this purpose it was necessary that I should remain awake, and this was really a matter of the greatest difficulty to me. I was completely worn out, as you may imagine, after being forty-eight hours without food or sleep, and my mind most of the time wrought up to the highest pitch of anxiety. The night was chilly, which alone would have caused me to feel sleepy. Everything about me was as silent as the grave, and I had to make continued efforts to keep my eyelids open.

"Every now and then I caught myself nodding, and would awaken with a sudden start of terror at the thought that the lion might be just preparing to spring upon me. That was really a horrid time. I hardly like to think of it even now. I was like a condemned prisoner who awakes from a nightmare to remember that he is to be executed in a few hours. I don't think I could have held out in that condition through the night. It was too much for human nature.

"Two or three hours after the darkness had set in, I could hear the animals coming to the water to drink. Some of them passed at a little distance from me, but I did not get a sight of any. The lion saw them plainly, but he only moved his head a little as they trotted by. There was no chance of his leaving me and going after them as I had hoped. All at once he lifted his head, looked toward me and began to growl. Now, I thought, the time is come! He rose on his feet and growled louder, all the while looking hard at me, as I thought.

"I braced myself up for a struggle, with my gun in my left hand and my handkerchief in my right. I had a notion of endeavoring to thrust the gun crosswise into his mouth, and then getting my right hand down his throat. It was a very poor chance, but the only one left, and I meant to die game.

"In fact, I had given up all hope. But in a few minutes the lion, to my surprise, became quiet again and sat down. He did not lie down, as before, but kept his head stretched forward toward me, like a cat intently examining some object. At last he lay down again as though he was satisfied about the matter that had disturbed him. But in another ten minutes or so he rose up once more to his feet and growled more ferociously than ever.

"It struck me then that another lion might be cautiously approaching me behind, and that my particular friend was objecting to any division of the spoil. If this were the case my fate would soon be settled. Then I thought it just possible that my men might be making some attempt to save me under cover of the darkness; but there was little likelihood of their mustering courage enough to do anything effectual. I was now fully awake, as you may suppose. The lion was standing up, growling continually, and moving from side to side as he felt uncertain what to do. At last he crouched, and I saw clearly that he was getting ready for a spring.

"At that moment I heard a loud yell behind me, and saw everything around lighted up by a blaze of fire. The yell was kept up constantly for a minute or two, and all at once somebody, looking as though his head and shoulders were all in a blaze, came running in between me and the lion. The brute gave a most tremendous roar, more in fright than anger, and went bounding off into the darkness.

"I then saw that the person with the fire was Apollo himself. The blaze had gone out, but the little fellow had two or three lighted brands in each hand, and was flourishing them about his head and dancing and whirling around in a frantic way like a little demon—though to me, just then, he seemed like an angel of light. The poor little creature was in such a state of terror that he could hardly speak, and did not hear a word I said. 'Load the gun! load the gun!' he kept screaming. 'The beast will come back! Load the gun!'

"This was good advice, and I followed it as quickly as I could. At first, on rising, I found myself so stiff that I could hardly move my limbs. But the blood soon began to circulate again, and when I had loaded up we moved off toward the wagons. Apollo ran before me all the way, still in a terrible fright, with a frying-pan on his head and a firebrand in his right hand, jumping and screaming like a madman to scare the wild beasts.

"We got safely to the out-span place, and when I had something to stay my hunger, I made Apollo tell me how he managed the affair, which was still a mystery me. I found that the poor fellow had tried hard all day to induce the other men to join him in going to my relief. They made one attempt in the morning, as I mentioned; but their hearts failed them. At night Apollo made up his mind to undertake the business by himself, and he set about it in a really ingenious manner. He took one of my large frying-pans, and covered the inside with a thin coating of gunpowder, just enough moistened to make it burn slowly. Over this he placed some straw which I used for packing, and sprinkled dry powder upon it; and on the top of all he raised a little heap of brushwood and dry sticks. With this on his head, he started from the wagons just after dark. When he had come about half way, he lay down and crawled toward me so slowly and cautiously that the lion did not observe him until he was within a hundred yards of us. Then it was that the brute first rose up and began growling.

"Apollo said that when he heard it his heart became as cold as ice, and he almost went into a fit. He lay perfectly still until the lion became quiet, and he then began again to creep forward, dragging himself along on the ground, inch by inch, and resting for a minute or two at every yard he made.

"At last, when he thought he was near enough, he took out a lucifer-match from a box which he had brought from the wagon and lighted it. He touched the straw, which blazed up immediately. It was while he was doing this that the lion became so much excited; but Apollo left him no time to act, for he dashed in upon us, as I have told you, with the frying-pan on his head and a burning stick in his hand, and routed the enemy at once.

"So now you know the reason why I feel such a particular regard for the little Namaqua. I really believe he showed more ingenuity and courage in saving my life than he could have mustered to preserve his own."

Apollo had certainly behaved in a most creditable manner, and I was ready to admit that he deserved all the good that his master could do for him. As for the lion, I supposed nothing more was seen or heard of him.

"You are mistaken there," said Hutton, "I have the best part of him now at my house. I had an account to settle with the rascal for the horrid torture I had suffered through him. Besides, as he was eminently a 'man eater,' it would not have done to leave him at large, if I could help it. I was sure he would not quit the pool so long as the oxen remained near it; and as I knew that two other traders, Johnson and Le Roux, were only a day or two behind me, I waited till they came up, and we all went out together with our people and dogs. We hunted for two days before we could manage to turn the old cannibal out of his den, among some rocks and bushes.

"Johnson happened to be nearest to him and bowled him over at a long shot, capital shot it was, too; the ball went in behind the right shoulder and came out under the left flank. I gave Johnson five pounds for the skin, which I mean to have stuffed and set up at home, in memory of the day I passed with the living owner, and the day after. The first I consider to have been the most miserable day, and the other the happiest that I have ever spent in all my life."—*At Home and Abroad.*

Civility.

THE fact that "civility costs nothing" is probably the secret of its unfashionableness. A thing that every one can have, few think worth having.

Men of industry, of integrity, of respectable intellectual gifts, are met at every turn; but your purely civil man is a *rara avis*. We are not speaking of people in their social relations, but in their intercourse with the outside world. Many men who are everything that is genial and courteous in the home circle, become cold, brusque, or irritable the moment they enter their counting-rooms, offices, or place of business, whatever it may be. The playful, indulgent *pater-familias* of half an hour before suddenly changes into a surly ogre, who snaps up his little pale-faced clerk as if he would make a supplementary breakfast of him. Under such a master it is no wonder that the clerk in turn finds it impossible to be civil to any stranger whom the chance of business may throw in his way.

As a general thing, clerks in mercantile houses do not stand in need of ungracious examples. Much dealing with complicated accounts seems to sour the disposition. Fractions beget fractiousness. If you desire a fine healthy specimen of irritability, take an ancient bookkeeper at the time he is making out his balance-sheet, and ask him the slightest question not connected with his calculations. But for all people engaged in strictly sedentary occupations one should make generous allowance.

Men who hold positions which bring them into contact with the public, and place the public to a certain extent at their mercy, have no right to be anything but civil. The ticket-master at the railroad station has no right to snub you because you do not happen to know on which track your train is. The conductor has no right to regard you with a look of disdain mingled with commiseration when you ask him the name of the next station. You were not born on the road, and if your interrogation convinces him that you are a natural idiot, he ought to respect your misfortune and not betray it to the other passengers. The hackman who gloomily awaits you at the terminus of the journey has no right to hustle you as if you were a part of your own baggage. The hotel-clerk, the natural humility of whose disposition lies buried under that monumental diamond pin, has no right to treat you as an inferior. Yet who that has traveled has not met all these forms of incivility? This, to be sure, is only one side of the story. The traveler is almost as likely to be exasperating as the employee of the road, or the clerk of the hotel. But then the traveler is not paid for being civil, and the other gentlemen are.

It costs so little and is worth so much! A young clerk with civility already has a stock or goods of his own. Regarded as mere policy, it is the next best thing to honesty; and, like honesty, it is good for its own sweet self. An uncivil man is necessarily a discontented man, a discomfort to himself. We beg leave to add a new sentiment to the copy-book of the period: Be civil and you will be happy!—*Every Saturday.*

POST-OFFICE clerks occasionally get off a funny thing; at least so says the Binghamton *Daily Republican*. A clerk in our postoffice heard a tap at the window of the ladies' department, when who should he find there but a man by the name of Drake, to whom he said, "Mr. Drake, will you please go to the other side, this department is for ducks!"

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

THE DRESS-CIRCLE.—Crinoline.

A MATCH CAME.—Incendiarism.

THE HEIGHT OF THE SEASON.—Fahrenheit.

WHAT auctioneers like to see—Forbidding countenances.

A MAINE man brags of growing twenty inches of beard in two years.

THE way to get a good wife—Get a good girl and go to the parson.

WHY is a thunder storm like an onion? Because it is peal on peal.

IT is a mistake to suppose the sun is supported in the sky by its *beams*.

A HAT belonging to the first Governor of Massachusetts is still preserved.

DIVIDENDS are applied to keep the polley in force in the Washington Life, of New York.

No wonder eyes sometimes look pleading and sorrowful; they are under the lash all the time.

WHY should Romeo not have cared for the month of June? Because it was not July yet (Juliet).

THE Charter of the Washington Life secures all the profits to the insured. More than this cannot be done.

A GUEST at a hotel in Leavenworth ate over a dozen ears of corn at one meal the day before his funeral.

A CUTE American naturalist has observed that the bee as it flies from the hive is, oddly enough, going to hum.

AN old farmer's description of a pointless preacher was: "A good man, likely; but he will rake with the teeth up."

IT is a fact that a statue diminishes in size when exposed to a shower of rain; it instantly becomes a statue-wet.

A YOUNG man recently married in Beloit, Wis., helped his wife, while courting, to sew together rags enough to make 60 yards of carpet.

FOLLY—To think you can make pork out of pig-iron, or that you can become a shoemaker by drinking sherry cobblers.

A MAN in Iowa City, in drawing his check to pay a railroad bond tax, made it payable to "highway robbers or bearer."

ONE pound of coal in the hands of a good chemist can by its consumption be made to evaporate, or convert into steam, fourteen pounds of water.

A NEW ENGLAND old maid, who recently went to Nevada, writes home that she already has "a husband and a pair of twins, and hasn't really got acquainted there yet."

DISEASE and pills, when they enter a man's body, are like two lawyers when they undertake to settle his affairs; they compromise the matter by laying out the patient.

A WOMAN lately carried a child to a London hospital—a child in a nearly dying state—and the doctor elicited from her that she had been administering spiders to it as a cure for whooping-cough.

A DELAWARE man, who went to California, last year, and purchased $88 worth of stock in a gold mine, has recently been offered $40,000 for his claim.

THERE are 27,177 bath-houses attached to private dwellings in Philadelphia, and the paved streets of that city, if all placed in one line, would reach to the extent of 475 miles.

THERE is a clergyman in Maine whose entire income is four hundred dollars a year, and he has a family to support. Of this sum he gave thirty-four dollars, last year, for charitable purposes.

A JOKER in San Antonio, Texas, painted and disguised himself as an Indian, went to his own home, scared his wife into a fit, set the dogs to howling, and caused his child to jump into a cistern.

A NEWARK widow recently found in the coat pocket of her deceased husband, a book, showing that he had placed in a savings bank of that city some $500, of which she had no previous knowledge.

A CALIFORNIA paper finds it necessary to explain that the peculiar taste of the water in an Alameda well was caused by the presence of six dead cats. Its medicinal virtues had previously been highly praised.

THE builder of a church now in course of erection in England, when the toast of his health was given, rather energetically replied that "he was more fitted for the scaffold than for public speaking."

BRIDGET, in reply to a remark of her mistress, who said that she had put too much garlic in the omelets, replied that she did so that it would not taste so strongly of the eggs, which were bad.

REV. HOBART SEYMOUR calculates that of all Christendom, 170,314,000 are connected with the Roman Church, 104 541,000 with Protestant Churches, 81,568 000 with Greek, Armenian and other smaller communions.

AN old couple in Cambridge, Mass., quarrelled, and the man took a watch he gave his wife at their marriage and sold it in Boston. She then stole his false teeth while he slept and kept them till he brought the watch back. Draw game!

A PRUDENT man advised his drunken servant to put by his money for a rainy day. In a few weeks the master inquired how much of his wages he had saved; "Faith, none at all," said he; "it rained yesterday and it all went."

JOHNNY was watching his mother wreathing her head with the lovely orange bloom of our Louisiana gardens. "Oh, ma!" he said, "how sweet that is! You just look as if pa was dead, and you were going to be married over again!"

A SCOTCHMAN who had put up at an inn was asked in the morning how he slept. "Ah, mon," replied Donald, "nae verra well either, but I was muckle better off than the bugs, for de'l a one o' them closed an e'e the hale nicht."

DEARBORN CORP, a successful farmer of Tulton Borough, N. H., has and now wears a pair of boots manufactured for him thirty years ago last December! He has worn them for dress boots ever since, and they will probably hold good for the next decade.

FIRST MATRON.—"Your doll looks very poorly, Jemima." Second matron—"Yes, dear; I think it frets a great deal about Alfred. He knocked one of eyes out last week, and lost a great deal of sawdust, and hasn't been the same doll since."

A BOHEMIAN, who was obliged to camp out the other evening, when asked where he slept, remarked that he occupied a bed. "Indeed," ejaculated a brother B., "I thought you had to rough it outside." "Well," No. 1 replied, "I slept on an onion bed."

AN editor of one of the New York magazines lately sent back his tailor's bill accompanied by a neatly printed slip informing the tailor that his MS. was "respectfully declined." Force of habit. The mistake was not discovered until the next day. The tailor discovered it.

A YOUNG gentleman of Buffalo went to serenade his lady-love the other night, and while in the act of singing the first verse of the beautiful ballad, "I'm dreaming, love, of thee," was suddenly "awakened" by the contents of a tub of cold water from a third story window. He didn't continue the song.

IT is said there is a sea beach at Manchester, near Cape Ann, which is remarkable for its "musical tone." As you step briskly over it a distinct and somewhat clear, shrill note is heard, which seems to be upon the key of C of the treble scale. By scraping or shuffling the foot over the sand the tone may be prolonged, and it is loudest where the sand is dryest. Hugh Miller mentions a similar phenomenon on a beach upon the coast of Scotland.

A VERY curious accident lately occurred on the Boulevard Mont-Parnasse, in consequence of an attempt by some children to represent *auto-de-fe*. They erected a pile of small sticks, says a French paper, and set it on fire. A child five years old, who undertook the part of the condemned heretic, bravely ascended the martyr's pyre. Of course the flames caught his clothes, and those of the young inquisitors and executioners. These were rescued before they were much hurt, but the principal performer was very seriously injured.

THE Troy *Times* "Hermit in New York" writes as follows from his Metropolitan experience: "Looking back over the calendar of the gallows for the past fifteen or twenty years, I recall but two executions which were not due to strong drink. The rest committed murder while in a state of intoxication, and were generally unconscious of the deed which sent them to the gallows. The youngest victim ever hanged in this (the Tombs) prison owed his crime to the same cause. He was a confirmed drunkard, a murderer, and a corpse dangling at the gallows—all before he was 18.

TEACHER, in loud tones: "What is your name?" Boy, in a weak voice: "Johnny Wells, sir." "How old are you, John Wells?" "Twelve years old, sir." "Now, John, tell me who made this grand and glorious universe?" "Don't know, sir." "What, twelve years old and don't know who made this noble sphere! James Smith, go and cut me a whip." The birch is brought and held over the trembling boy. In thundering tones the rigid disciplinarian demanded, "Now, tell me who made this great world we live in?" In a tearful voice, Johnny answered: "I did, sir, but I won't do it again."

A MAN in Pierce county, Wis., has made a singular piece of work. From a piece of pine board twenty two inches long, four inches wide, and seven eights of an inch in thickness, he has whittled seven pairs of dentists' forceps, three pairs of pliers, six pairs of blacksmith's tongs, one pair of horse-shoe pinchers, one twisted link chain with swivel, one straight-link chain, a horse in a stall, and two balls in a box—in all forty-seven distinct joints, all of which are connected and play with the utmost freedom. When closed up, this singular piece of work is the size of the board above described; but, when open or spread out for exhibition, it covers a space two feet square. He was occupied upon this work six weeks.

ESSAY ON TOBACCO, BY A SMALL BOY.—Tobacco grows something like cabbages; but I never saw none on it boiled, although I have eaten boiled cabbage and vinegar on it, and I have heard men say that cigars that was given to them on election day for nothing was cabbage leaves. Tobacco stores are mostly kept by wooden Injuns, who stand at the door and try to fool little boys by offering them a bunch of cigars which is glued into the Injun's hands and is made of wood also. Hogs do not like tobacco; neither do I. Tobacco was invented by a man named Walter Raleigh. When the people first saw him smoking they thought he was a steamboat, and as they never seen a steamboat, they were frightened. My sister Nancy is a girl. I don't know whether she likes tobacco or not. There is a young man by the name of Leroy who comes to see her. I guess she likes Leroy. He was standing on the steps one night, and he had a cigar in his mouth, and he said he didn't know as she would like it, and she said, "Leroy, the perfume is agreeable." But the next morning, when my big brother Tom lighted his pipe, Nancy said, "Get out of the house, you horrid creature, the smell of tobacco makes me sick." Snuff is Injun meal made out of tobacco. I took a little snuff once, and then I sneezed.

The New French Mitrailleuse.

To judge from the mystery that has been observed about this invention one would suppose that the French possessed a monopoly in the Machine Gun, but this in truth is not the fact. They are not the only inventors, nor indeed the only possessors, of a weapon which is expected to destroy battalions with one whiff of shot, the original machine gun coming, we believe, from America, and being known as the Gatling Battery Gun. Belgium also possesses an instrument of this kind, known as the Montigny Gun, and, what is more to the purpose, the Prussians have also one called the Kugelspritzen.

The principle of all these guns is the same, and consists of a combination of barrels, rather larger than a common rifle, bound together and mounted on a carriage and trail like a field-piece. The barrels are connected with a powerful breech action worked by a lever, and it is in this breech action that the details differ in the various guns. In one the gun is fed through a kind of funnel, whilst the gunner, turning a winch, pours out a continuous stream of bullets. In another the gun is loaded by means of a movable breech block, consisting of a steel plate perforated to correspond with the number of barrels This breech block, having been charged with cartridge, is dropped into the breech, screwed up, and then discharged by turning the winch-handle, a second charged plate being ready as soon as the first is exhausted. Three men, it is said, would be sufficient to work this gun at the rate of ten discharges a minute, and the French, on the strength of a recent experiment at Satory, when five hundred horses were killed in a minute and a half, consider they have got a weapon before which no enemy can stand. Uninterested people, however, while acknowledging its great utility in the defence of a breech or in street fighting, doubt its fitness for the battle-field, as it would there have to compete with the field gun, which, while out of reach of the bullet-shower of the Mitrailleuse, would find no great difficulty in silencing its many-barrelled enemy. One advantage claimed for the new gun is, that it does not become demoralized, however hot the fire of the enemy may be; but, on the other hand, neither does the field-piece become demoralized, it is the men who work the respective guns who get nervous at the contiguity of bullets, and we believe two men are as likely to run away as half a dozen. However, the merits of the Mitrailleuse have yet to be tested in real warfare, and it may come out of the ordeal triumphantly, or it may meet more than its match in the Kugelspritzen. It is curious how little has been heard of the latter weapon, and it is only from a word or two here and there that we know of its existence. The Prussians seem to have the knack of improving their armaments in real secrecy; being content to work without talking, the rest of the world takes no notice of their proceedings until they appear, ready to do battle, armed with some new and deadly weapon, as was the case with the needle-gun. The French, on the other hand, have talked so much, and boasted so loudly, of their formidable Mitrailleuse, making the while a most ostentatious parade of secrecy, that it would have been hard indeed if some inquisitive person had not found out the details of the gun.

Experiments with machine guns, commenced by the English Government some time back, have for the last two years been suspended, but now we understand they will be resumed, and a trial of the Gatling and Montigny systems will be held shortly at Woolwich, in order to test their relative merits.—*Every Saturday.*

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

THE TWO FAIRIES.

BY MRS. SOPHIA F. SNOW.

THERE are two little fairies most everywhere found
Both different in aspect and aims,
Come, dear little children, and stand by my side,
While I tell you their habits and names.

Perhaps I'd tell first of the one that is bad,
Now listen to what I shall say,
She goes about sulking the most of the time
Unless she can have her own way.

She often gets angry without any cause,
Her playmates all think her unkind,
She waits almost always until she's told twice,
Before she is ready to mind.

She thinks she's abused when allotted a task,
And grumbles about her hard fate;
There's a frown on her brow, and a pout on her lips,
And the name of this fairy is Hate.

And now for the other, so gentle and good,
She is ready to come at a call,
Her sweet little face is all dimpled with smiles,
And she is the darling of all.

I have seen her, when told by her good kind mamma,
That she a pet pleasure must miss,
Wipe bravely the tears from her little brown eyes,
And put up her lips for a kiss.

She goes about singing from morning till night,
As gentle and sweet as a dove,
She's the light of the homehold wherever she's found,
And the name of this fairy is Love.

And now for a question; I've told you their names,
And each in their true colors dressed.
Which one will you have to guide over your feet,
And reign, as a queen, in your breast?

The one will torment you as long as you live,
And at last make you shudder to die;
The other will give you a pair of bright wings,
That will carry you home to the sky.

—*The Household.*

UNCLE SMILEY'S BOYS.

"WHAT's the matter, Bob?" asked the kind old gentleman, as my brother came in, looking both angry and ashamed.

"Got whipped at school, and I don't like it," growled Bob, rubbing his right hand, the palm of which was still red and tingling.

"I'm sorry, but I guess you deserved it," said uncle, soberly.

"Don't care if I did; it's a mean shame; ought not to be allowed," answered Bob, indignantly.

"I don't like it, either, and when I kept school I never tried it but once."

"Tell about that, uncle; I like to hear your stories," said Bob, brightening up a little.

"Well, I was a young man, and I took a country school to begin with. It was winter time, and a good many big boys came. You know I'm a mild man, naturally. I was very mild, then, and the boys thought they could do as they liked with the new master.

"I bore their tricks and disrespect as long as I could, hoping to conquer by kindness, but they didn't understand that sort of discipline, and I soon found that the order of the whole school would be destroyed, if I did not assert my authority and subdue these fellows.

"So I made up my mind to punish the worst boy of the set, as an example to the rest. I didn't like the task, and put it off as long as I could; but this boy soon gave me a chance which I could not pass by, and I whipped him.

"He was almost as large as myself, and resisted stoutly, so we had a regular tussel; for when I once began, I was bent on finishing the job. I did finish it, and the boy went home entirely subdued.

"The others appeared to be deeply impressed, and treated me with more respect after conquering the biggest and worst boy in school.

"It seemed to have a good effect, but I was not satisfied with myself. I felt ashamed when I recalled that scene, and saw myself fighting with the boy. It wasn't dignified, and, worse still, it wasn't kind. Something must be wanting in me if I couldn't sway the lad by gentler means, but had to set an example of brute force and unlovely anger.

"Well, I turned the matter over in my mind, and resolved to try some other way if I was called upon to punish any more of my pupils.

"For some time they behaved very well, and I hoped there never would be any need of another scene. But one day two of the middling-sized boys behaved very badly, so badly that I could not let it pass, and decided to try my new punishment.

"So I bade all the scholars put down their books and listen to me. The two unruly lads were called up, and looking at them as kindly and sorrowfully as I felt, I said:

"'Boys, I've tried to be patient with you, tried to remind you of the rules, and help you to keep them; but you won't be good, and I can't let you