

THE SKYLARK.

Hark to the drooping melody From the brown lark above you grimy cloud!

Sing on, thou joyous reveler! Pouring tumultuous from thy reedy throat

Here, on the cool grass lazily Outstretched, I listen to thy happy note,

From its depth a merry lay was born: Above stood before me beckoning

Would that all we, here wandering About this earth, could sing away our days,

From solemn music borrowing Soft magic—a fair piece of pleasant pain,

When twilight shades cross drearily The sinking day, and all afield is still,

Save the vexed murmur of the restless rill, Like stone thou fullest, wearily,

DOD AND DAN.

Our folks and Mr. Gregory's haven't got on very well together till lately,

Near as I can find out, the trouble began about our monkey Sim. Mr. Gregory

Well, that's what Mr. Gregory did. He said he did it to please the twins.

Laugh! Well, who could help it? I didn't know that Mr. Gregory had any

He didn't come near the house for ever so long after that. But every once

"Mr. Gregory is one of my disciples," she said, laughing, once—and I

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chased him through the bean patch, and over the onion bed three or four

The next Sunday morning after this happened, Mrs. Gregory got the twins

"Don't go away from the yard, boys!" I heard Mrs. Gregory say, as she let

Luckily for them it was low tide and only a couple of inches of water on the

The bath-room windows were open, and we got all the benefit of the

I told Nell she might send over her compliments and say that if the twins

Mother wasn't very well that morning, and I staid home. I watched Nell

Well, after Mr. Gregory went out there was a lull. Good reason for it.

After a while, they begged so hard, that Mrs. Gregory untied 'em, but told

"What on earth," I began, when all at once I saw a dory tossing up

Father started for the shore bare-headed and in his shirt sleeves, but he

I staid with mother. She isn't one of the kind that makes a fuss.

Our children," he began, but broke right down. And I pitied him for all

The wind began to slack a bit, so Mr. Gregory and I started for the wharf,

"There's a tug," hollers old Newell, who's got an eye like a hawk,

"Perhaps we can charter her, Mr. Gregory," says father, his voice all of a

All of a sudden, Bates, who'd got a spy-glass somewhere and was watching

"They're safe—hooray—thank God!" he hollered, all in one breath.

I thought it was curious that he should think so much of the twins all at once,

The invention recently patented by Mr. H. T. Brinkerhoff, of Scranton, Pa.,

The trouble with all these inventions has been that they appealed merely to

Experience ought to have taught us this long ago. Times without number

Knowing that a bald head is the one temptation that no fly can resist,

The gentleman while crossing Broadway near the City Hall at dusk yesterday

"Do you want to buy a ring?" the man asked.

"I don't mind; let's see it." "Come down the street here, not to

"Here it is—gold—you can see the initials, 'M. W.' engraved on the

The gentleman took the ring and examined it. It was heavy, bore stamp

"Where did you get it?" "I found it on the ferryboat."

"It is more likely you stole it." The man made a sullen denial, and

Anticipating an advertisement for the ring in the morning papers, the

"You've been swindled," he said; "there's heaps of those rings all around."

The gentleman stepped into a drug store and asked to have the ring tested

"It is a fraud. This is about the hundredth ring of the same sort that has

Then he scraped off the plating and applied the acid. There was a bright

"A gentleman never will insult any one and a loafer cannot.

The Brinkerhoff Trap.

The drier the weather the more flies we have. This is a fact which has escaped the notice of naturalists,

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PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Never kick a thermometer when it is down.—Yonkers Gazette.

Many people who hunt for happiness are continually finding fault.—Whitchell Times.

A woman cannot become a successful lawyer. She is too fond of giving her opinion without pay.—Oil City Derrick.

A bad little Philadelphia boy made his mother's hair rise the other day.

Mr. Le Duc doesn't seem to be aware that the great demand in this country is for a black raspberry without seeds.—Syracuse Herald.

The base-drum player makes more noise than anybody else, but he doesn't lead the band. There is a moral to this.—Stevensville Herald.

A housekeeper gives a written description of how to "whip cream" for certain dainty dishes; but the quickest way is to let the cat lick it, if it must be whipped.—N. O. Picayune.

The suburban person who talks most eloquently of crops, flocks and herds, is he who has lived all his days between the pent-up walls of a city until week before last. Fresh knowledge is what gives a man the itch.—Boston Transcript.

A Philadelphia lady who never spanked her boy hard enough to hurt him recently hung in her sitting-room the illuminated motto "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." That boy reformed on the spot.—Philadelphia News.

"What are you doing out there, my daughter, in the night dew?" said the kindly old gentleman on the piazza.

"Practicing fencing," was the sweet reply, as she leaned over the pickets till her face was dreadfully near William's.—Syracuse Times.

Chicago is going to make compulsory the use of smoke-consuming apparatus on all locomotives, steamboats and factories.

Two friends were dining at a restaurant overlooking the Seine, whose proprietor would skin a customer as remorselessly as he would skin an eel.

"This is an admirable view," said one. "I love to sit here and look at the boats." "Sh! Speak low. The boss will put the boats in the bill."—Paris Paper.

"Thrashing by steam," murmured a fond mother, as she glanced at an article in an agricultural paper.

The Oberammergau Passion-Play. The theater, like the theaters of Greece, is open to the sky—an inclosure

An orchestra of thirty performers preluded with soft and solemn music.

The blue sky shone overhead. The odors of the mountains perfumed the fresh morning air.

The swallows twittered and flitted among the scenery upon the stage, while a chorus of nineteen—ten women

and nine men—came from either side, and standing in a line before the audience, chanting a fitting plougue.

It is the correspondent of the London Times through whose eyes we look, but even he does not attempt to give a complete

account of a play which, beginning at eight in the morning, continues until five in the afternoon, with an hour's intermission.

It is a series of symbolic tableaux from the Old Testament, followed by spoken scenes from the New.

The play is in two parts—the first opening with Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem, and ending with His betrayal and imprisonment;

the second beginning with His trial, and ending with the resurrection.

The tableaux are symbolic and curiously illustrate the ingenuity of the playwright.

Judas's bribe of thirty pieces of silver, for instance, is represented as typified by the sale of Joseph

by his brethren to the Midianites for twenty pieces and the scene of the entry into Jerusalem is preceded by two tableaux, of the expulsion of Adam and

Eve from Paradise, and the sacrifice of Isaac. They are all perfect of their kind.

horror when a crimson stain, the thrust of the century's sword.

It is a peasant named Joseph, who represents Christ, with a fidelity to all the pictures and

and with startling reality of effect, and with some want of intellectual

But the same realism is wonderful, illustrated by the deep and agonizing

sigh, distinctly audible to the audience, with which, upon the

he drops his head and dies. For minutes he is rigidly suspended

the stiffness is not relaxed when wrapped in the costly linen cloth

seph of Arimathea. Our hero, Pilate to be, upon the whole, is an

acted character in the play; Pilate, Judas, the scowling, the

avarice, the shoulder jerking, the stealthiness and the suspicious

was admirable and the higher price could hardly have been

surpassed by Shylock. Another other disciples, Peter was excoriated

ied from Da Vinci's picture. The spectacle is so strange in its

propriety, that it probably many of our readers little blasphemous.

Yet it has a very effect upon the vast throng which holds it.

If some eccentricity of moved to laughter, the emotion is

stantly and instinctively checked audience; and if the curtain rises

on a peculiarly striking tableau, the tendency to applause was

strained. At the end of the service of unflagging attention to the

acting play, during which many of the lently shed tears, there was a

ness upon the faces of the multitude, which moved quietly away

out levity. The little town, which but fifteen hundred inhabitants

flowed with the deluge of steam, and there is naturally a different

opinion as to the moral effect of the play. But if to those beyond the

the Roman Catholic Church it as to an English clergyman who

announced it in an open letter, as it must be remembered that the

of Rome has always appealed to religious sentiment by every form

and that the Oberammergau Passion Play is but a step further

towards the "Miserere," in the Chapel. Whatever criticism

passed upon that renowned and in service, no one will deny