

MISS CRESUS.

My Lady D'sain, my Lady D'sain, Of countenance so fine, As proud as gold in days of old, The proudest and coldest queen; With your choicest face and your stately grace, You tyrannize over men; And your beauty rare makes us all despair; But your beauty will fade— What then?

THE DIAMOND DOLLAR.

Which Illustrated the Ups and Downs of Journalism.

"Worst thing in the world for weak eyes, young woman."

The young woman looked up from the magazine in her lap and smiled at her gray-bearded mentor on the opposite side of the street car. She smiled with her whole face—dimpled chin, red cheeks, full lips; even the eyes behind the convex glasses of her princeness twinkled.

"Thank you," she said, shutting the book softly, "I know it. I was merely glancing at the pictures."

Then she turned her amused glance toward the front part of the car, and met the eyes of the driver staring straight at her. His face lighted up when her glance met his, and with his rough glove he patted the left side of his coat, as though it shielded something which concerned her.

The car was one of those little-wheeled boxes locally known as the "Pound Gap Bobtails," which ply between Cincinnati and its Kentucky suburb, Newport. The driver, sole autocrat, diverting his time among the mules, the passengers and the small boys who everywhere mark bobtail cars for their own, was muffled to the mouth in an old oil-skin coat, belted at the waist with a leather strap. His cap was pulled down to shield his face from the rain, into the teeth of which he was forced to drive, and when he entered the car to collect the fares his heavy cowhide boots completed a grotesque picture, which would have attracted attention even in Castle Garden. Evidently he cared less for style than for comfort.

"What is the fare to Newport?" "Ten cents, please."

I started at the musical voice, and looked at the man closely.

"Wh-a-a-?" I said, "not Ferguson, of the Gazette?"

"Same party, dear boy, same party." He laughed in the honest, wholesome way that I knew so well, rang the bell of his punch twice, smiled at the pretty girl, who seemed to enjoy my surprise, and then clattered out to his place at the brake, where I presently joined him.

"This is rough, Ferguson, danged rough—twelve dollars a week and seventeen hours a day! Can't you do better than this?"

"Classical occupation, dear boy. One of the children of Greek mythology, you will remember, aspired to drive a car—his father's car, but while his route was a trifle dryer than mine."

"It was not necessary to make a girl of himself in cow-hide boots. That girl inside is laughing at you."

"I know it. She always does when she rides with me."

He looked through the glass door of the car, and again patted the side of his coat when he met the young woman's eyes. The gesture seemed to please her.

"Another case of the maiden and the coachman," remarked Ferguson, as he slowed up to take on a passenger. Evidently he had lost none of his high spirits since he had drifted out of journalism into the street-car service.

"But seriously now, don't you know her?"

"No, I can not say that I do," I said, severely.

"That's Virginia."

I looked again at the girl. She was as charming a specimen of young womanhood as is often met with even in the cultured parts of Kentucky. The infantile cheeks and dimpled chin toned down the severity of her eye-glasses, and from the brown plume in her hat to the narrow toe of her shoe she was what is popularly known as "stylish." Du Maurier might have copied her pose for that of one of his high-bred women.

"Yes, sir, that's Virginia. You have laughed at my verses to her three years, and if we drop all the passengers before the end of the route is reached I will take you inside and present you. She knows you by name already. I have talked with her about you a hundred times. She likes that little story of yours, 'The Cruise of the Mermaid,' immensely, and always looks up your column the first thing in the Clarion."

Then he seemed to drift into another line of thought.

"Yes, sir, it is rough," he said, "eighteen hours a day, seven days in the week, is too many hours for a man to work; but, thank God, I am done! This is my last trip. I have something here"—he tapped the left side of his oil-skin coat, again—"which has put me on my feet. Virginia and I had several blocks, alone, together, this morning, and she knows. That's what we are so gay about. You remember that 'Diamond Dollar'?"

"Did I remember it? It was that

"Diamond Dollar" that cost Ferguson his desk on the Gazette. Not more than two months ago he was as dapper, well-dressed and apparently successful a man as there was in the Cincinnati reportorial fraternity. His duty was the covering of the news along the river fronts of the Kentucky towns facing and above Cincinnati, and, being a graceful writer, he managed to get in a column or two of breezy special matter on miscellaneous subjects each week—every column of such matter being a clean addition of five dollars to his not princely salary.

It was nine o'clock one Thursday night when word came over the telephone wires from the fire chief's office that the tow-boat Ohio Greyhound was burning at her landing, three miles above Newport. In fifteen minutes came the supplementary report that her entire tow of seven barges was doomed, and that John Stacy and "Stumpy," the cook, were missing—presumably burned with the wreck.

"Ferguson can have two columns for that," complacently remarked the city editor. "Here, Newport, get a rig; jump out there; find Ferguson and help him. Get in as much as possible before twelve, and, if it promises good matter after that, wire the facts. We will dress them up."

At half-past twelve o'clock I was again at the office with the skeleton article. The fire had taken place early in the afternoon. Three lives and \$65,000 worth of property were lost. I had seen nothing of Ferguson. But while I was making a hasty oral report to this effect Ferguson strolled into the office. He was at peace with himself and the world, and his stiff, white collar lifted itself immaculately above his black tie and unruined shirt front.

"Nothing moving," he said, airily, as he placed the day's report on the editor's desk. "Everything dead along the river to-day."

"No fights nor fires?" asked the city editor in his blandest tones.

"Nothing; but here is a little special, that will look well in the Sunday supplement. I have been up to the library looking up points for it all afternoon. With a scare head—first line. 'The Diamond Dollar!'—it will prove as good matter as actual news, and—"

"There is no actual news, then?"

"Nothing of importance."

By this time the telegraph men, the managing editor, half of the local force, and even one or two of the briefer writers, had drifted into the city room, where they floated about aimlessly, waiting for the explosion that was to lift the unfortunate Ferguson. But, suspecting nothing, he continued his panegyric on the Diamond Dollar.

"Unless you call this piece of special matter news, there is none. But it will be news to most of the readers. It deals with the subject of rare coins, giving the dates and the values of all United States coins worth more than their face value. There are hundreds of pieces in daily circulation for which collectors would give twenty times their value as bullion. This article will serve to tell the people what dates of coin are in demand, so that they may watch the money that passes through their hands and sell the rare coins at a premium. There is one dollar, of the mintage of 1804, which is worth \$500."

For the past few seconds the city editor had been rapidly writing upon a slip of paper, and here he interrupted enthusiastic remarks about the valuable dollar.

"You know the rule of the office, Mr. Ferguson," he said, in an icy tone; "no man with us gets a chance to be grossly scooped twice. You have failed to catch one of the most sensational fires of the year, although you had twelve hours in which to do it. Here is an order on the counting room for your money up to Saturday night. You have my best wishes for your future. Good night!"

That was how he lost his desk on the Gazette, and, breezy writer that he was, in three months he had found it necessary to take up the lines of a street-car driver's life or starve.

"You remember that Diamond Dollar?" he said again, after answering the sharp clang of the bell above his head by bringing the car to a stop long enough for the gray-bearded talker to alight; "well, curiously enough, I have found one of them. I should never have known its value had I not collected the data for that unfortunate article of mine; and—"

"Do you mean me to understand that you have found a dollar of 1804, actually worth \$500?"

"Precisely so, dear boy. Drivers handle a great deal of silver, and among the money in my pocket last night I found this."

He had unbuckled his belt, unbuttoned his coat, and with some difficulty brought out in his gloved fingers a worn silver dollar, without the milled edges which characterize the late issues of the coin. He was singularly excited. He looked at the piece of silver as a doomed man might look at an unexpected reprieve. It meant another start in life, a chance to build up wealth and reputation on a journal of his own; it meant a wife; it gave him Virginia. His hand trembled slightly with the tumult of his thoughts. One of the car's front wheels, struck a stone, jumped the track, and for a few seconds the vehicle jolted violently over the cobblestones. Ferguson's face suddenly turned to the color of ashes.

He leaped over the dash-board surrounding the platform, groped in the mud under the car wheels, and then, with his lips set tightly together, handed me a battered and bent piece of silver. I was the diamond dollar. It had slipped from his uncertain grasp, and the sharp flanges of the car-wheels had ground the date and figures from its face and bent it almost out of resemblance of a coin.

Then Ferguson took up the lines again, and from his present prospects the people who ride behind him will continue to laugh at his old dress and associate him in their minds with the mules he drives for months, or perhaps years, to come. He knows that there are half a dozen morals to be extracted from his little story, and has given me permission to publish it.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A settlement near Tacoma, W. T., has the euphonious name of Sacoosh Valley.

MARRIAGE IN BRAZIL.

Consanguineous Unions the Rule Instead of the Exception. Consanguineous marriages in Brazil are the rule and not the exception, there being really more such than of those between parties not related by blood. There are very many, not only between first cousins but also between double first cousins; and there are probably more marriages between a man and his niece, or a woman and her nephew, than there are of first cousins in America, even without taking into consideration the fact that the population of the United States is four or five times as large as that of Brazil. It seems most ludicrous to the stranger to hear a man and his wife address each other as cousins, as they generally do when such was their relationship.

In many cases not only was the union of the parents consanguineous, but also that of the grandparents, and in some cases even further back. Surely this has its effect on the intellect of their offspring, though not so marked and invariable as one might naturally suppose. For some of the children are apparently as intelligent as those of people not related by blood. But this proves nothing unless it is their good fortune, and even these probably pay the penalty in some other way.

The people of Brazil are by no means intelligent as a race generally, but this is chiefly due in part to the absence of educational facilities; for it is no easy matter for the poor people in any part of the country to acquire even the rudiments of an education, and for those outside of the towns it is virtually impossible.

Probably to consanguineous marriages are due not only some loss of intellectual power, but also the facts that the people are, as a rule, homely, exceedingly nervous, and not vigorous, though these conclusions may be qualified, for the lack of vigor may be due partly to the climate and their lazy, inactive lives, and their nervousness may be attributable to the quantity of strong coffee they all drink from early childhood, and the habit of excessive smoking amongst the men and boys.

The features of the white people are, for the most part, irregular. Generally they have coal-black hair and beautiful black eyes. Sometimes the teeth are very fine, and the hands of those of the best families are beautifully soft and very flexible, a most natural sequence, as these people, having many slaves, never perform any work themselves, nor have their immediate ancestors before them, to impair their delicacy. But whatever beauty they do possess will frequently be marred by ugly skins, noses, mouths or other features, whilst the face may lack a cultivated, refined expression, which gives place to the sensual. But this is no invariable rule, for some are handsome, intelligent and refined-looking.—Brooklyn Magazine.

THE GENTLE MUSTANG.

Disposition and Accomplishments of the Fervid Steeds of the West. The mustang of the West is neither a thing of beauty nor a joy forever.

It is composed principally of appetite and heels, the latter having a controlling interest. It has no resemblance to the Arabian steed or the war-like chargers of the North. It favors a clothes rack considerably, and is frequently used to hang old clothes on a wash-day.

Most horses have nice manes, but the mustang has none, with the positive exception of a few desultory hairs between the ears which look more forlorn than a false bang after being soaked in a tub of water.

The mustang has a mild, inoffensive eye, and sometimes it looks at you with an appearance of brotherly love that is quite touching. It is then that you will find it healthy to secure a seat on the house top or in the foliage of a lordly sycamore.

The mustang clothes a vengeful and desperate spirit under the guise of white winged peace, and when you think you have won his affections and conquered his haughty pride, he concentrates all the elements of revolt, anarchy and nihilism in his south-east corner, and when you have disintegrated yourself from his heels you find your remains ready for an inquest as soon as the coroner can scrape them together.

The author of this brief tract once had a loving friend whose truthful nature and large balance at the bank endeared him to all.

He unfortunately became possessed with the idea of owning a mustang and bought one of a pale blonde complexion with a brunette striped down its back and a spavin on each leg.

It seemed of a quiet and reserved disposition at first, and the young man would caress it lovingly and call it his heart's delight.

It was while he was caressing the noble animal one day that he imagined he had stepped on the wrong end of an earthquake. He waited until the dust had settled and then discovered that the majority of his remains were plastered on the wire fences for half a mile while the balance still clung to the mustang's heels.

It is perhaps needless to add that the loved and once loving mustang died young.—Wall Mason, in St. Louis Whip.

Strictly Private Families.

A lady advertised for board in a strictly private family. She received two hundred and fifty-five answers by actual count. She was able to respond to only thirty or forty. Following was the dialogue in each case: "Do you have a strictly private family?"

"O, yes, indeed."

"How many persons have you in your house?"

"Twenty, ma'am."

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

The trustees of Columbia College at a recent meeting decided to admit in future to their association women on exactly the same footing as men.—N. Y. Tribune.

Harvard is still the largest college in the country; Oberlin comes second, and Columbia has fallen to third place; Michigan is fourth, and Yale fifth.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Julia Foot, a colored evangelist, has been conducting revival meetings in Denver. She is described as a good preacher, with strong, full voice and considerable natural ability.

Oscar H. Cooper, who has been chosen State Superintendent of Public Instruction in Texas, is only twenty-eight years of age. He is a graduate of Yale College.—Chicago Mail.

About one-fifth of the population of Philadelphia is in the Sunday-school. There are in the city 650 Sunday-schools, with an attendance of 186,835 scholars and over 16,000 teachers.—Philadelphia Press.

The colored Methodist church in Washington, D. C., is on M street, between Fifteenth and Sixteenth streets, northwest, in a fashionable neighborhood. It cost \$116,000, of which all but \$40,000 has been raised, and seats 2,800 people.—Washington Post.

The total receipts of the Methodist Missionary Society during the first six months of the present fiscal year, from November 1 to April 30, 1886, were \$462,746.72. This is an increase over the corresponding six months of the previous year of \$83,617.04.—The Interior.

In the State of Iowa there are 254 Congregational churches; they have 217 ministers, 18,223 members, 26,079 in the Sunday-schools; they have church property valued at \$855,480, and parsonages at \$68,700. They pay their pastors \$132,600, and for benevolent purposes gave last year over \$33,000.—Iowa State Register.

The Presbyterian General Assembly has decided to hold the one hundredth General Assembly at Philadelphia in 1888, and to make the second Thursday of the session a day of jubilee in the churches all over the world. It has also been decided to raise a centenary fund of \$5,000,000 for the benefit of the various church enterprises.—Christian at Work.

The pastor of the colored church at Fort Gaines, Ga., succeeded in having the church debt liquidated in a very novel manner. The members had bound themselves under a promise to pay it, and a few Sundays ago the pastor informed them that if they did not pay it at once he would turn them out of church for lying. The next Sunday each member of the congregation brought \$1.50, and the debt was paid.—Chicago Times.

A case involving the right of cities in Georgia to collect taxes upon church property has been decided in favor of the churches by the Supreme Court of that State. It was a suit of the city of Atlanta to collect the assessment for street-paving from the churches thus benefited. The Supreme Court decided that public policy required the encouragement of church work and that the congregation were not subject to taxation, no matter under what guise it was sought to be collected.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

An exchange gravely inquires: "Why will men lie?" Because men will go fishing.—Chicago Journal.

A dead shark was washed ashore in Charleston the other day. The lawyers, after weeping over it, buried it with all the honors due to a member of the bar.—Philadelphia Herald.

"Isn't it heavenly?" ejaculated Miss Gush in reference to Miss Pedal's performance on the piano. "Yes," replied Fogg, "it is indeed heavenly. It sounds like thunder."—Boston Transcript.

The Salvation Army at Washington has converted a dude. He can already pronounce the letter R, and next week will venture forth for the first time without a cane.—Philadelphia Call.

"It is about time to cry halt on slang," shouts the Pittsburgh Telegraph. You bet. It's time slang had played out. Let's all give it the grand bounce—knock it higher'n a kite, as it were.—Norristown Herald.

Adoring grandmother—"Isn't he a lovely child?" Calm visitor—"Yes, he's a nice little baby." Adoring grandmother—"And so intelligent! He just lies there all day and breathes, and breathes, and breathes."—San Francisco News-Letter.

"Well you are a nice sort of fellow, anyway," said a somewhat persistent lawyer to a witness who had proved rather a "dry milk" to his diligent cross-examination. "I would say as much of you, sir," retorted the witness, "if I were under oath."—Peek's Sun.

A child at the Metropolitan Museum of Art was attracted by a statue of Minerva. "Who is that?" said she. "My child, that is Minerva, the Goddess of Wisdom." "Why didn't they make her husband, too?" "Because she had none, my child." "That was because she was wise, wasn't it, mamma?"—Exchange.

Wife (Sunday night)—"Where have you been, John?" Husband—"Been 'sacred concert listening to (his) sacred music." Wife (sarcastically)—"Yes, and drinking sacred beer and whisky, and smoking sacred cigars. If there are saints on this earth, John Smith, you are one of them."—Life.

"Mary Ann, what was you sitting up last night reading? Was it a novel? Tell your mother." "Yes, it was a novel." "An' who writ it?" "Dumas the Elder." "Now, don't tell me that. Who ever heard of an elder writin' a novel that you'd sit up half the night and read?"—N. Y. Independent.

"Pretty? No, I won't say baby is pretty," declared a young mother, "for I can speak of him impartially, even though he is my own, and that's more than most mothers can do. He has lovely blue eyes, perfect in shape; hair like the morning sunshine; mouth—well, no rosebud could be sweeter; complexion divinely fair; nose just too cunning for any thing; in fact, he's faultless. But I won't say he's pretty."—Harper's Bazar.

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

TOAD AND SPARROW.

There's a story that's told in a mythical way of a toad and sparrow that happened one day to journey together along the highway. The toad toiled onward with many a jump, with many a tumble and many a thump. And when he would falter or fall in the track Miss Sparrow stood ready to give him a whack on his tenderest spot, and his patience to try with a cursing glance from her sarcastic eye that did all but say, in a sarcastic way:

"You lumbering, blundering, tumbling toad, A splendid appearance you make on the road! There's surely no reason why you shouldn't fly. But you're clumsy and stubborn and won't even try. Now watch every movement, it's easy for me, And why you're so stupid I really can't see! But hard though he struggled to flutter and flap, His flying was sure to end in a hop. His journey led onward o'er upland and lea, O'er hills and through vales and at last by the sea.

The ocean lay waveless, the sun in the west Sank down o'er the hills, and the world was at rest. The sparrow, in angry and petulant mood, Sought rest in the boughs of a sheltering wood: Then nestling herself in her foliage bed, Glanced down at his toadship, and haughtily said:

"Hop toad, you disgust me! Now mark what I say! If to-morrow you blunder along in this way, You beautiful bird, you picturesque drone, I am sure you will finish the journey alone!"

To mock for retorting, too noble to weep, The toad fell to thinking and shortly to sleep. But his nap was cut short by the sparrow's shrill cry: "Oh, toad! see that terrible light in the sky. 'Twas I, and swift in its sweeping career Each moment was drawing more dreadfully near."

"Oh, what shall I do?" cried the sparrow, in "My wings can not carry me up to a height Where the flame's eager tongues and its withering breath Shall not reach me; oh! toad, is there nothing but death?"

"Oh, yes," quoth the toad, "here's the ocean quite near. When escape is so simple we never should fear. Now notice my action, it's easy for me, And why you're so frightened I really can't see. Then hopping along to the water hard by, That gleamed with the light of the fiery sky, He swelled himself up like a monstrous sponge, And, saving good-night, in he went with a plunge. Then lifting again just his nose and his chin, Shouted back to the most sparrow, oh, why don't you swim?"

MORAL. There's a moral just here for intelligent creatures— Don't always judge men by the mold of their features! There's ever a function for wig and for limb, If a toad can not swim, he will manage to swim. When some one is slow, or a blockhead in school, Don't tell all your neighbors he's surely a fool. For you'll seldom discover on life's crowded road Four legs on a sparrow or wings on a toad. And it's quite hard to tell when you see a toad sleep. In just what direction he's able to hop. If our friends chance to lag when in luck we can say: Let us never be eager their gifts to decry. For indeed it is wrong—and so very charming— To laugh at the dunce who is slow at beginning. As likely as not, ere the journey is past, He'll quicken his pace and outstrip us at last. —Byron R. Newton, in N. Y. Tribune.

Two Little Patriots. How They Rang the Meeting-House Bell in July, 1776. It was a bright July morning. Bob and Martha Haywood, two children of eight and ten, were having a nice game of hide-and-go-seek, just outside their father's house. It was only two stories in height, with little windows filled with tiny panes, so small that one could scarcely see much through them. For these two little folks lived away back in the year 1776.

"Stop! Bob," cried Martha, suddenly. "Just look down the road! There's some one coming!" The dust formed such a cloud that nothing could be seen at first. However, in a few minutes the children discovered a man on horseback, riding as if for dear life.

"Is this Mr. Haywood's?" Tell him to have the meeting-house bell rung to-day at two o'clock. Don't forget, children. It's to show we are free forever." And he rode away to give the message at some distant town.

"Bob, you didn't tell him that father and mother are away, and that Jenkins, the sexton, is sick. You and I will have to ring that bell."

It was indeed true, all the men were out fighting, defending Fort Moultrie, just outside Charleston, leaving only women and children at home, and they had gone to the next town to attend a fair. Even the old bell ringer was ill, and these two children were quite alone with their servant Dinah.

"It is just half-past one, Martha," said Bob. "Get your sun-bonnet and we will run to the meeting-house; we haven't time to tell Dinah."

It was a long race to the building. Most of the road wound through a deep wood, which the children were glad to escape into out of the mid-day heat. On they ran. Could they get there at two?

The little dusty feet at last cleared the wood. There rose before them the white meeting-house, with its high steeple. On, on they go.

"Martha, where is the key?" Bob shouted.

"Here, Bob. I tied it around my neck so I would not lose it."

Martha produced a great piece of brass, almost as large as herself, which she had found hanging beside her father's chest of drawers. Four little hands succeeded at last in pushing the ponderous thing into its place. The door creaked heavily upon its hinges, and the children began to ascend the rickety old stair-case which led to the belfry. When they reached the top, panting and out of breath, they listened breathlessly for the village clock to strike two, holding on to the bell-rope.

"Bob, there it goes! Listen! One—two. Ring—ready!"

How the bell did sound, as the brother and sister tugged at the rope. It rang its message of good tidings all over the country wide. The children, too, joined their voices and shouted: "Freedom! Freedom! We are free! We are free!"

They rang and they rang until their arms ached. At last they sat down, exhausted, on the top step.

"Say, Mat, I am precious tired and sleepy," Bob said. "Let's take a nap; it's too hot to go home now, anyway."

So the children, putting their curly heads together, fell fast asleep. They did not hear the distant bells answer theirs, or the sounds of the cannon far

away, which were adding their notes of deep rejoicing. The afternoon began to grow shorter. Still the children slept on. A storm was sweeping up the valley, and the distant rumbles of the thunder seemed but echoes of the cannon's roars, which had long since died away.

Martha awoke with a start, to find the belfry quite dusky, and Bob still asleep. "Wake up, Bob," she said. "A thunder storm is coming up. We had better get home."

Bob sat up, rubbing his eyes and saying: "I say, Mat, why didn't you call me before? It must be very late, and father and mother will be coming home, and will think we are lost. Let's run as quick as we can."

Down the old ladder the two children flew as fast as they could. But to their surprise they found the door refused to open, no matter how they tried.

"Pull, Mat, there, we must open it. The wind's gone and played us a nice trick, any way." Pulling, however, did no good, the children were close prisoners.

"Mat," said Bob, "would you be afraid to stay here all night?"

"No, Bob," replied the little girl. "God will take care of us. You know we are only in His own house."

"Yes, I know that, but it's awful lonesome."

"Let's get into one of the pews when the storm comes down, and lie on our faces so that we can't see the lightning; it is bright enough to scare a fellow." They could hear the thunder coming nearer and nearer, and the lightning grew more brilliant every moment, lighting up the dark recesses.

"Don't be afraid, Mat; what you said about its being God's house is all right, I guess," whispered Bob, as he buried his face in the cushions beside his little sister. Listen! Crash! Crash! What a noise the storm makes. Growl, growl.

"Say, Bob," whispered a little frightened voice, "is that the storm making that noise?"

At that moment a flash of vivid lightning made Bob look up, and close to him, coming gradually nearer and nearer, he saw a large black body. He felt the breath of some living thing on his face, and catching his little sister in his arms he jumped over the back of the cushioned seat and ran down the aisle, while something pattered, pattered after him.

Where should he go? The door was shut! He thought of the ladder. Up, up he ran; pattered, pattered behind him came the horrible shadow. The thing could climb, too! He pressed his little sister closer. "Don't be afraid, Mat," he said. Then he caught hold of the bell-rope and jumped out of the window, still holding on. Could the bear, for it was indeed one, follow him or not?

How the storm raged! How the wind blew the drops of rain into the faces of the children! The growls of the bear were nearly lost in the roars of thunder, which shook the old building, and the rope swayed backward and forward; still the children held on.

"Pray, Mat," said Bob. "God will take care of us and let us be safe."

"Hark! What is that noise! See the smoke! Bob, the meeting-house is on fire!"

The flames were away off now; would they come creeping soon to where the children were? The lightning must have struck the building. Crackle! crackle! The forks of flame darted here and there. Can no one save the young bell ringers?

Yes, God was watching over the little patriots. He would need to use them yet in the land He had that day made free.

They hear voices below.

"Bob! Martha! are you up there?" "Yes, yes," shouted the children.

The fire was near them; the flames fanned their cheeks and scorched their faces as they hung to the rope.

"Jump," a strong voice replied, "jump, both of you!"

There were kind arms below to catch the children; and there were eyes wet with tears, and shaky voices that blessed them.

Bob and Martha lived to see many, many Fourth of Julys, but that first one passed in the old meeting house, they never forgot. The little hands which rang freedom through the country village grew wrinkled and feeble, but their hearts ever trusted in God, as upon that Fourth of July night in 1776.—Cornelia M. Parsons, in N. Y. Examiner.

A BOUNCING BRIDE.

The Happy Groom Knew That Something Would Drop When She Appeared.

There was a wedding the other night in a cottage on Benton street, and about eleven o'clock a number of boys got together to give the newly-married couple a serenade. They had horns and tin pans and various other musical instruments, and had just tuned up when the groom came to the door and said:

"Boys, don't! This 'ere noise disturbs us."

A clod of earth hit him below the belt,