DUMB.

Our life's profoundest joy and sorrowing,
The heights of loving and the depths of hate,
Are to eternal silence doomed by fate,
Though glib with wordy utterances that spring
From every futile evanescent thing.
Light passing ceilings throng the outer gate;
Speechless within the heart is isolate;
Silent upon his throne still sits the king.
Ever our deepest things are unexpressed;
The fullest rapture still must voiceless be;
The keenest anguish never tongue can free.
Secret mysterious inmate of each breast!
Girt with appalling solitude—alone
It lives its life—it dies its death, unknown!

—Cornhill Magazine.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

COL. AUGUSTUS CHOPLEIGH, late of her majesty's Indian army, lived in stately retirement upon his snug little estate in one of the pleasantest of home counties. From an outsider's point of view the colonel seemed to possess most things which are generally considered to constitute mundane happiness. His liver had survived pawnees, curries and a tropical sun, intact; his income was ample, he belonged to two or three good London clubs; he had an excellent cellar of wine; he was respected by his neighbors and worshiped by his tenants, and he rode to cover on the best of cattle. Yet with all this the colonel had two eternally grinning skeletons in his cupboard.

The first was the possession of a ne'er-do-well son and the second was the non-possession of a wife.

Augustus Chopleigh, Jr., although a ne'er-do-well in the eyes of a parent who was more rigid and precise than are most gentlemen who have breathed the atmosphere of barracks cantonments during the best part of their lives, was after all but an ordinary, "every-day young man." He bet a little, it is true; he belonged to a club where play was sometimes high of an evening; he could drink his claret like a man; he was a connoisseur in cigars; he possessed two or three long tailors' bills, and he was given to staying in town sometimes for a week at a time.

Still after all, what could be expected of a high-spirited young fellow who had received a first rate education and was therefore unfitted for any serious walk in life; who was good-looking, who dressed well, who found life at stately Dum Dum hall a little monotonous at times and who had a handsome annual allowance at his disposal?

But in the eyes of the colonel all these little peculiarities were heinous crimes, and the poor old gentleman, as he pondered in the solitude of what he called his "study," saw very clearly that unless the young man was settled in life with a well-bred, well-connected girl he would infallibly follow at headlong pace, that broad road which leads to destruction.

Often alone at Dum Dum hall, deprived of the society of his son, and not caring very especially for that society when offered, it was hardly to be wondered at that the colonel yearned for a suitable partner in his exile.

The memory of the departed Mrs. Chopleigh could hardly be said to be yet green, for she had succumbed to an aggravated attack of jungle fever some twenty years before, when Agustus, junior, was but a stripling in short dresses and bare legs. It might be said that the remedy was easy. Why didn't the colonel take unto himself a second Mrs. Chopleigh? There were plenty of eligible spinsters who would have jumped at an offer from such a fresh-faced, active wealthy gentleman who was little beyond the prime of life.

There was, however, an almost invincible obstacle to the colonel's marrying again. Unlike most military men, he was painfully shy; perhaps remembrances of the departed Mrs. Chopleigh, who was known as the Dum Dum Tarter, had driven out the youthful assurance which had won her; at any rate, the flutter of a petticoat awakened feelings within the gallant colonel's breast which were not to be stirred by a horde of yelling, mutinous Sepoys or by the stiffest bulfinch in the country. He had loved at a distance a score of times, but he had never placed himself within speaking reach of the various objects of his affections.

Suddenly matters took a different turn.

A young lady of strikingly prepossessing appearance—Millicent Vanjohn, only daughter of the Rev. Aloysius Vanjohn, the only vicar—had been espied by the colonel preceeding up the lane which ran parallel with his grounds, as he paced along his favorite shrubbery walk. Being on his own property had inspired him with courage—he had gazed at her and she had blushed and looked down. He hurried into the house and shut himself up in his study.

"I am 55," he said to himself. "I am—well, I am good-looking—my waistcoat is of decent girth; I have a good complexion and a man is only as old as he feels. Why shouldn't I? I may be called an old fool. Well, there are plenty of even older fools in the world. I—well—I will!"

Miss Vanjohn was walking at the identical hour the next day and the next day after that, and so on for more than a week and each day the same little comedy was played—sheep's-eyes on the part of the colonel, blushes and looking down on the part of Miss Millicent Vanjohn.

Did Miss Vanjohn walk in that lane so regularly with a fixed purpose? Why, of course she did.

Punctually at 4 o'clock every afternoon Mr. Augustus Chopleigh, Jr., met her at the top of it. It was rather an odd thing to do—the daughter of a well-known parson meeting clandestinely the son of an equally well-known colonel. The following conversation will explain it:

"Oh, Gus! I begin to feel so awfully guilty, meeting you like this! Why can't we love each other openly? There's nothing to be ashamed of in it."

"For more than one reason, my darling. I've a bad reputation down here; all fellows in country places have who go up to town, belong to a club, drive down to Ascot, take medicinal B and S's and so on. If the old man were to know that I was spooning you he'd rush off to your father and warn him. If your father were to know he'd rush off to mine and tell him that I wasn't a fit aspirant for the hand of his daughter."

"Is your father such a terrible old gentleman, then? What is he like? I have never seen him."

"No, I don't suppose you have. He fights shy of anything with a petticoat on it. I've known him cut a good run short because there were ladies alone with him in the same field, and he was afraid that in case of accident he'd have to assist them. He's a tall old fellow, with a fresh complexion and a gray mustache, and always wears shepherd's plaid trousers, summer and winter. Why, what's the matter?"

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Don't go on. Gus, please don't, or I shall die of laughter!"

"Why what is there to laugh at, Millicent? By Jove, if you saw him in a temper you would not laugh."

"Why my dear Gus—he's—he's in love with me!"

"The old boy—my father—in love with you! Nonesense, my dear, nonesense, I say! Why, he's more afraid of a girl than of an earthquake or a boa-constrictor or anything. What upon earth makes you imagine that he is in love with you, Millie?"

"Why every day when I come along here he is walking in the garden. I've always supposed him to be the steward or some one. And he makes such eyes at me! Oh, you'd laugh if you could see him. I try not to, but I know I blush and look awfully silly."

"By Jove, Millie, its no laughing matter—that it isn't. A man's father his rival in love!"

That evening Mr. Gus appeared at home at an unusually early hour.

"Well," was the greeting of his parent, "you are not here so precious early with that good-by face for nothing, I'm sure, you young scamp! When you turn up punctually to dinner I know you want something out of me. But mind—not another half-penny do you get. I've already advanced your quarter's allowance, and if you've been squandering it on actresses and race-meetings and unlimited loo and dinners at Bristol I won't help you. And not only that, sir, but I'm going to put a stop to it. Once for all—and Augustus Chopleigh is a man of his word—I don't care if Stulty or Golding or Moses or any of them come down and dun you at this very door, not a rupee do you get out of me."

"What a deuce of a hurry your in, father; I don't want money from you," said the young man.

"Well, what the dickens is it, then? asked the old gentleman, seeing that his son looked confused.

"Why—well, I'm in love, that's all," replied Gus. "And I'm going to be married to the best girl in England—a perfect lady, well bred, well connected and—"

The effect of this speech upon the old colonel was electrical. He jumped up from his end of the table, almost upset Parker, who was handing him the chilies, rushed toward his son and shook his hand heartily, his face beaming with excitement and pleasure, as he exclaimed:

"You're sure of what you say? It isn't Fifine of the Jollity, hey? A lady well bred, well connected——"

"I've been a bit of a scamp, perhaps, father," said the young man, "but I've never gone in for low form; so, when I tell you she's all that could be wished, you must believe me."

"Of course I will; of course I do!" roared the colonel. "Who is she?"

"Well, I don't want to give her name just now for many reasons, but you may take my word for it that she's nobody to be ashamed of," said Gus.

"All right; all right; I won't ask any more questions. So long as you are going to steady down with a good, ladylike wife I don't care," said his father. "By gad, Gus, I thought you were going to be a millstone round my neck for the remainder of my life. And now, my boy, you've astonished me, so I'm going to astonish you. What do you think is about the most unlikely thing I should do?"

"Give up hunting," replied Gus, "or sell your orchids, or put up for the country, or——"

"No, no; nothing of that kind," said the colonel, chuckling. "I'm—I'm going to be married too."

The son affected the greatest astonishment. The colonel continued:

"But look here, my boy; it won't interfere with your prospects, and—when I say I'm going to be married, I mean that I have my eye on some one, and I rather think, ahem! that some one has a reciprocal eye on me. I am not such an old bird, eh?"

"Not a bit of it," replied Gus, "and may I ask who the fortunate object of your attention is?"

"Well," answered the colonel, laughing, "I've a good mind not to tell you, you dog, as you keep me in the dark about your inamorata. But I will. Do you know Miss Vanjohn?"

"Tall girl, brown hair, brown eyes?" asked Gus, innocently.

"Yes, yes; that's the one! She's going to be Mrs. Chopleigh the second," said the colonel, rubbing his hands gleefully. "I think—ahem! that if I can screw up my pluck I shall speak to her tomorrow."

That evening the Rev. Aloysius Vanjohn received an unexpected visitor in the shape of Augustus Chopleigh. Urged by the desperate aspect of matters, the young man had resolved to face the terrible parson, as he believed him to be, and to lay the state of affairs before him. To his glad surprise the reverend gentleman, who was really a good fellow and thought very well of Gus, laughed heartily at the thought of the colonel's suit and promised Gus that Millicent should marry him when and where he pleased.

"I say, Gus," roared the colonel, as they were leaving the smoking-room for bed, "promise me you'll bring Mrs. Chopleigh here after you're married."

A few days after Milicent Vanjohn was quietly and unostentatiously made Mrs. Augustus Chopleigh in London. Faithful to his word the young man wrote informing his father of his marriage and telling him that he should run down on the following day to introduce his bride to her new father.

The colonel was at dinner—that is to say he was playing at dinner, for what with his own consuming passion and the eager expectation with which he awaited the arrival of his son and his daughter-in-law, he sent away untasted every dish that was set before him.

The door-bell rung. The colonel jumped up to answer it himself but checked his movement suddenly.

"No, no," he said; "I'll have it a surprise to the last."

Gus entered.

"Here I am, father!" he said.

"Yes, yes; but where's——" said the colonel, impatiently.

Gus went out and reappeared with Millicent.

The colonel staggered at first and something like a frown gathered on his brow. But he recovered himself and, with a smile that illuminated his whole face, said, heartily, addressing Millicent:

"I am indeed delighted to welcome you to my house as a daughter." Then turning to his son, he added: "Gus, my boy, you've had an uncommonly narrow escape!"—Waverley Magazine.

Lincoln as a Wrestler.

At the time the Lincolns settled at Goose Nest Dan Needham was the champion wrestler in Cumberland County. This county joins Coles, the one in which the Lincolns lived. Needham had often been told that he would find his match in Tom Lincoln's boy Abe, but he would boast that he could "fling him three best out of four any day he lived." At last they met. It was at a house-raising on the Ambraw River. "Raisin's" at that time brought "neighbors" from many miles around, and I am told that at this one they came from as far south as Crawford County, more than forty miles away. Thomas Lincoln came, and with him his boy Abe. After the work of the day, in which Abe and Dan matched handspikes many times, a "rassle" was suggested. At first Abe was unwilling to measure arms with Dan, who was six feet four and as agile as a panther; but when Thomas Lincoln said, "Abe rassle 'im," Abe flung off his coat, and stood face to face. Four times they wrestled, and each time Needham was thrown.

At the close of the fourth round the combatants again stood face to face, Abe flushed but smiling, Dan trembling with anger. However, one glance at the honest, good-natured face of his opponent cooled his rage, and, extending his rough palm, he said, "Well, I'll be——!" Ever after this they were warm friends. Needham survived Lincoln many years, and though he was a strong Democrat, he had nothing but good words for Abe. Several of his boys still live near the old homestead in Spring Point township, Cumberland Coundy, Illinois. One daughter, the wife of W. P. Davis,—a brother of the writer,—resides on a farm near Roseland, Nebraska. Uncle Dan, as we called him, now sleeps in a quiet churchyard hidden away in a deep forest. A braver heart never beat; and though his life was humble, I am sure that he did not lack for a welcome into the Eternal City.—The Century.

THERE WAS NO TRAGEDY.

Vigorous Language Which Was Overheard Through a Partition.

In his excitement his voice rose, and the two men in the next room heard him say, with startling distinctness.

"You're a liar—understand? What you say is a foul, deliberate lie, and I tell you so to your face."

The man in the next room, with his chair against the door connecting the two rooms, got up and hastily moved away, and he and his companion waited silently for the climax.

"You're a dishonest scoundrel!" went on the voice. Your enmity is a greater honor than your friendship. Your associates show that."

"There'll be trouble there in a minute," said a listener. "What's the trouble about?"

"Don't know," replied the other. "I didn't overhear the first of the conversation. But I'm glad to get away from that door—a bullet would come through it mighty easy."

"If a man said that to me," continued the voice. "I'd shoot him—understand?—I'd kill him, if I wasn't a skulking coward!"

The two listeners held their breath until they heard the man in the next room continue in a lower tone:

"That's what I said to him, and——"

"Ho!" said one of the listeners, "he's just telling what he said to some one else."

"What he says he said to some one else," corrected the other. I know the class."

A Curious Difference.

"Did you ever notice the curious difference in the sexes which is shown in the way a man or a woman fixes a date?" remarked a gentleman to a lady the other day. "You ask a man when such and such a thing happened, and he always answers, 'In the year so and so,' or, about 1800 and something'; but the woman invariably says: 'About so many years ago'; or 'It was so many years after Teddie was born,' and so on."

"Yes," replied his companion, "I have noticed it in myself. I feel that I am getting like the widow who dated all her farming operations from or before 'The year I planted Jim,' which was her realistic way of referring to her husband's burial."

Daisies and Buffalo Bugs.

A queer thing was told us the other day by a lady whose new house suddenly became infested with buffalo bugs, which eat everything in their path. A friend told her that the buffalo bugs birthplace is found in the golden cup of the lovely common field daisy that everybody loves. Determined to investigate the matter she looked into some daisy cups growing in a field, and, sure enough, there she found in several daisies the detested insect comfortably taking its ease. Since the Oscar Wilde fashion of bringing daisies into the house for decoration is common, if the daisy theory is true it is worth knowing, for in that case, no daisies no buffalo bugs.—Hartford, Conn., Times.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

"Apperafile"—"After a While."—In Swimming With an Alligator—Where Toys are Made—A New Kind of Contest.

"Apperafile"—"After a While."

He was the sweetest little boy you ever saw, charming in every way. He was only three years old, and he had a wonderful intelligence and the most angelic nature. He was always winning and friendly. He talked all the time, and wanted to be talked to as well. With all his amiability and winsomeness he was not one of those babies that can be set down with a lot of wooden animals or tin soldiers to amuse themselves; he wanted real flesh and blood to match his powers with, and a great deal of what he called "tention." His poor little widowed mother was very sad and distrait, losses and troubles had come upon her so thick and fast; but she loved her boy to her very heart's core. She was often absent-minded, and failed to answer his little demands, and this he resented sadly with a trembling of his pretty lips. He told his old auntie of his troubles:

"My mudder won't listen to me when I tells my 'ittle 'tories; she dez doze and fits in ernudder tair and 'ooks in de fire."

This dear little dimpled sweet-faced angel of a boy had only one failing, and that was procrastination; he never was quite ready for anything. Were his hands to be washed? "Wait a minit; me'll tum apperafile." Was he called to dinner? "Me ain't hundry now; me'll be dare apperafile." Was a drive proposed? "Me's payin, fait tain now; me'll be yeddy apperafile."

It came to pass in this sad world of ours that the poor sorrow-worn mother fell ill. The dear baby hovered around her all the time, performing lovely little ministrations that seemed strangely wise for his tender years. His little hands, like crab-apple blossoms in their pinky fairness, were so helpful and steady; the tiny feet, winged with love, were fleet to do his "mudder's bidding. Finally, the day came when his dear "mudder," or the mortal part of her that he loved, could not last much longer, and, calling the dear, wise baby to her side, she talked to him in her low caressing voice.

"Now, darling, mother has to go on a visit to a sweet, far-away country, where God lives; she cannot take you with her now, but you must be a good boy, and you can come there some time. She will see your papa and your pretty auntie, who went there when she was like a June rose—and all this pain and coughing will be over."

His great, wondering eyes rested on hers, not sadly, but full of interest in his mother's pleasant journey. Then she kissed him, and oh, how she strained him to her heart! Friends gathered around to say a few last faltering words; she answered them calmly, with that unselfishness that had made her life so beautiful, but the last low whispers were for her little man:

"You'll come to see me some time, won't you, darling?"

He nestled his bright head down on the heart that was growing chill, and said, "Yes, mudder, tell Dod me'll be dare apperafile."

In Swimming With an Alligator.

The boy who would remain out of good water for swimming merely because there were sharks or cuttle-fish in it, would be a very unusual boy, and probably an object of scorn to his companions. If swimming is one of the favorite amusements of the Northern boy during hot weather, what must it be to the lad who lives in a climate which is warm the greater part of the year? Swimming in hot climates has its disadvantages, however, because there are animals able and eager to dispute with the boys for supremacy in the water. Unfortunately it isn't always the boy who comes out ahead in these contests of skill and strength.

Richard Burnham, who lives at Crescent City, Florida is one of the lucky boys. He recently had an encounter with an alligator while both were swimming in Crescent Lake. He was a hundred feet or more from shore when he saw something beneath him, and stood upwright in the water to rest his feet on it. Imagine his surprise and horror to feel the scaly back of an alligator. At the nearest point on the shore was a raft of sawlogs off which he and his companions had been diving, and Dick struck out toward this raft as rapidly as possible, with the big reptile following. The alligator was gaining on the boy, when Dick dove and swam under water for fifteen or twenty feet, putting the alligator off the track; but the reptile started after the boy again as soon as his head appeared above water. Within three feet of the logs the alligator seized one of the boy's legs and dragged him under. The frightened boys on the logs thought they had seen Richard for the last time, but the alligator released his hold, apparently to get a better one, and the boy came to the surface and grabbed a log. Then there was a fight on one side for life and on the other for a dinner. The boy clung to the log and the alligator kept seizing his legs and letting go for a better grip. Finally some men from a saw-mill near by appeared and beat the alligator over the head with clubs until he was glad to retreat, and Richard was pulled out of the water with his legs badly bitten. The alligator was killed an hour or two later. He measured 11 feet 3 inches in length.

Where Toys Are Made.

For the last 900 years Nuremburg has supplied the greater part of the toys used throughout the world. Here everybody works at this occupation from little boys and girls not yet 10 years of age, to their old great-grandsires. The utmost secrecy is employed in these private manufactories, and entrance is obtained by a secret path, a spiral staircase or a trap door according to the part of the house in which the toys are made, and very few of the 20,000 tourists that annually visit Nuremberg are ever admitted to one of these workshops. Toy buyers come here from all parts of the world. Those from the United States, about 20 in number, make their trips between February and April. Their note books are full of sketches and suggestions for new designs and their satchels full of models for special orders, as for instance a doll's folding bed, or a set of tradesmen in blouse and aprons and various other character toys. The American buys more goods than all other agents combined. Next comes the Frenchman, the Englishman, the Turk, Italian and Spaniard, and last of all, the German, who orders just in time for his Christmas tree. The maker of these fascinating articles, however, have a hard time of it. The most skilful girls make only 5 cents an hour, while the boys average 2 cents and the men 8 cents. A mechanical turtle can be made in one minute, but three men and 37 girls take part in its construction.

A Toy Diver.

In the line of unique toys Paris seems to be ahead just now of even Nuremberg, the old historical toy-market of the world. The toy diver, which is the latest Parisian achievement, is a very clever imitation of a real diver in miniature. By means of a rubber ball the puppet can be

made to descend and rise at will to the surface of a vessel filled with water. The action is very simple. A rubber ball is skillfully secreted in the body of a doll. As soon as the outside ball is compressed the tube to which it is attached inflates the inside ous with air, in consequence of which the diver arises to the top. When the pressure is relinquished he descends once more to the bottom of the artificial sea, ready to do his duty.

A New Kind of Contest.

Baseball, athletic, and rowing matches are sufficiently common not to call for any comment—even guessing the weight of a pig or the number of beans in a bottle is very ordinary compared to a contest that recently took place in Maryland. It was no other than a clothes-washing competition between thirty colored women at a church picnic. The tubs were placed in a line and filled with boiling water, and then, to the stirring music of a brass band, the competitors went to work. So lively was the music, it is said, that the women's feet kept time to the quickstep as they bent over the tubs and scrubbed the clothes. All the clothes were then hung on a line, and while they dried some addresses were delivered. The subject of these addresses was not given in the account, but "Cleanliness is next to godliness" would have been a very good text. When the clothes were dried the women all took to ironing, which lasted late into the night, when a committee examined the work to see which woman did the best.

Nailed Himself Fast.

A veteran of the late war, now living in the West, and wearing by force of circumstances a wooden leg, had an amusing experience the other day. He set about making a frame work in his garden for his tomato vines, and to hold the upright posts steady while nailing the slats to them he drove the nails home with a vim. When he had finished with one end, he started to walk to the next post, when he discovered, much to his surprise, that he could not move. At first he thought he was paralyzed but in a moment the comforting assurance came to him that paralysis in a wooden leg could not be very serious even at its worst. Cheered by this realization, he investigated the cause of his detention, and discovered that he had driven the nails through the uprights into the wooded leg itself, so that it was so firmly bound to the tomato frame as if it were an indispensable part thereof. The veteran now uses other things when he wishes to steady posts into which he expects to drive nails.

Few Words and to the Point.

Children in Sparta were allowed to say very little, so that when they spoke it was sensibly and to the point. In connection with this it is said that an Athenian once laughed at the short swords the Spartans used, and said that the jugglers on the stage had no difficulty in swallowing them; whereupon Agis, the king of Sparta, replied, "We find them long enough to reach our enemies with." And, adds the old historican, as their swords were short and sharp, so, it seems to me, were their sayings. In connection with this brevity of speech it was asked of King Charilaus, the nephew of Lycurgus, why his uncle had made so few laws. "Men of few words require but a few laws," answered the King, briefly. Archidamus being asked how many Spartans there were, replied, also to the point, "Enough, sir, to keep out wicked men."

The Shepherd's Duty.

The shepherd who does not have his ewes marked and make frequent notes of their behavior in lambing time is derelict in duty and self-interest, says a writer in the American Sheep Breeder. A ewe that brings a puny lamb, or shows a lack of constitution by having a puerperal fever and losing her fleece, or has a very defective or clipped teat, or disowns her lamb the second year this offense does not necessarily count against her the first year or is a poor milker the second year, ought to receive a mark of condemnation and be bred no more.

RUINED A MINISTER.

THE HAVOC WROUGHT BY THE TELLING OF A STORY.

Gossiping Tongues Brought About the Good Man's Downfall—A Thick Unsolvable Mystery Cleared Up Too Late.

There was a popular minister in a Connecticut town, the husband of a wife with whom he appeared to live happily, says the New York Evening Sun. At length stories of ill treatment were whispered. The scandal grew until the usefulness of the minister became so endangered that the elders of the church found that they must take some steps with reference to it. Neither the minister nor his wife seemed to be conscious of the change in public feeling, and finally a committee was appointed to tell the minister of the charge against him and the feeling it had created in the town. He showed not only indignation, but surprise, and called his wife in that she might be questioned by the committee. She, too, professed the greatest surprise, and asserted that her husband was all that was kind and considerate. The committee went away and reported their interview. This, so far from silencing the rumors, brought out whispered details of wife beating. Again notice was brought to the minister of this definite charge, and he demanded to be brought before his accusers. A church meeting was commanded. The first witness was a woman, who testified that she was passing the minister's house one evening. The shades were down and the lamps lighted. On the shades she saw clearly silhouetted the form of the minister, which was unmistakably beating his wife. She heard the blows, and his wife's screams: "You will kill me! Please stop! You will kill me!" She had just passed two members of the church; she ran after them; they came back and saw the last of the painful scene, and heard the wife's sobs dying away. These two members were called and testified to what they had seen.

The minister denied the whole matter. His wife denied it, and asserted that her husband was all a wife could desire. The servant girl was called, who not only denied all ill treatment, but swore that the husband and wife seemed particularly fond of one another. The assertions of these three interested people could not outweigh the evident truthfulness of the three disinterested witnesses. It was manifest that the minister could not profitably be retained by the church, and he was discharged. From place to place the charge followed him. He became a marked man, and at length he was glad to accept a new pastorate at a shabby salary in another state. His wife clung to him, and during these painful years they endeavored to recall what could possibly have given rise to the charge of ill treatment, for they believed in the honesty of their accusers. One night the servant girl, who had remained faithful in all their misfortunes, was sent out on an errand. The minister and his wife were in the front room, where he was telling his wife some funny incident of the day. In the midst of the story the girl rushed breathlessly in. On the window shade repeated, as she had heard it testified in the church trial, she saw the minister's uplifted arm, she heard its fall and the wife's shrieks, "Stop! You will kill me!" This seemed to be the clew to the mystery. All three began to recall some similar scene which might have happened. It was the servant girl who succeeded. It was some famous joke. She remembered doing some service about the room. The minister stood at the table, and as he told the story he brought his fist down. The wife, hysterical with laughter, begged him to stop, as she had just been doing. In all these years a minister, a college friend, had been faithful. They sent for this man and told him what they believed was the origin of these charges. He bestirred himself. He went back to the old church and succeeded in getting the charges withdrawn. But the shadow over the minister's life was never fully removed. This is a true story.

THE KUBUS.

A Remarkable Race of People Living in Sumatra.

In Sumatra there is a very singular race of human beings called Kubus. They are the most timid and bashful people in the world, being to shy to mingle with the other races of the island. They dwell in the darkest recesses of the mountain forests, and have seldom been seen by white men. One has never been known to willingly face a stranger. This being the case their trade with the Maylayans is carried on in a strange way. The trader announces his arrival by beating a gong, and then retires from the place of rendezvous. The shy Kubus then approach, put their forest treasures on the ground, beat the traders' gong and retreat. The trader then returns and lays his commodities down in quantities sufficient to pay purchase price of the goods of sale. He then disappears for a second time, this to give the Kubus a chance to return and consider the bargain. After many withdrawals, approaches, gong-beating, etc., an understanding is arrived at and each party carries away his bargain. This remarkable race know nothing of a Supreme Being, heaven, hell or evil demons. They have no system of marriage and never bury their dead. They live on snakes, ants, bugs, grubs, etc.

A Useful Menagerie.

Napoleon Le Grande, a Biddeford, Me., French-Canadian, has a small menagerie of his own, which is both profitable and amusing. His big St. Bernard dog furnishes power for a turning lathe by diligent work in a treadmill, and also takes part with other dogs in acrobatic exercises which would win applause in Barnum's tent. Le Grande has clown dogs, leaping greyhounds and a buck deer broken to harness.

A Cautious Druggist.

Juvenile Soda Clerk—Do you live here, mister.

Customer.—Yep.

"Then you'll have to wait until the boss comes back from dinner. I ain't allowed to put up perscriptions 'cept for strangers that's travelin'."

GERMAN SERVANTS.

How They Are Treated and How They Are Paid.

A German mistress never leaves anything eatable where the servants can get at it. She doles out daily everything for cooking and the table and then locks the larder. Sometimes, if she is a really good, careful housekeeper, she weighs at night all the meat and groceries, and again in the morning, to be assured that the servants have not in some way obtained access to the food and helped themselves. It is a common occurrence to see a hostess after tea count the cakes left on the plate to be sure the maids do not eat before she has time to put them out of reach.

Since everything eatable is kept locked away, the German mistress keeps careful watch over all her servants eat, says a Berlin letter in the New York Post, and allows them only what she considers sufficient. In many cases she doles out the exact number of pieces of bread, etc., the maids may have. To give an instance which came under my personal notice, the following allowance of food was given daily to her servants by a German housekeeper. In the morning for breakfast they had one cup of coffee without sugar, and two rolls without butter; at 11 o'clock they received two slices of black bread with butter, or with cold meat between; they could not have both butter and meat. For dinner at 2 they had potatoes, and meat if they had not had it earlier in the day; and for supper they received a couple of slices of black bread, cheese and a pint bottle of beer.

The German servant certainly works harder than the American, and yet she has less consideration shown her, has fewer privileges, and receives smaller wages. The average wages for a "maid of all work" is from 12 to 16 marks, or from $3 to $4 a month, but a good servant may earn $4.50 or even $5 a month. And we must remember, too, that living costs just about the same in Germany as in America. In some cases they are given more wages, but are obliged to feed themselves, but in this case their wages are not proportionately high enough. If a girl is faithful and remains some time in one place, she expects and receives a small money present at Christmas, from $3 to $5 perhaps. Some mistresses allow their maids either a certain amount of beer—for all German servants must have beer—or give them a few cents to spend for beer or for any other luxury. All these little devices are resorted to to keep servants contented and to induce them to remain. Most German mistresses require servants to pay for everything they break, and thus their pitifully small wages are much reduced.

AN EDUCATED CROW.

The Bird Found His Match in an Old Lady.

The crow is considered a very sagacious bird. He always carries with him a keen apprehension of danger. Josh Billings says that a crow can smell a gun three miles through a mountain. However absurd this statement, he always keeps himself at a safe distance when one carries a gun. It is claimed also that the common crow, whose "caw! caw!" is rather shrill and harsh, can be taught to talk. Split his tongue with the sharp edge of a dime while he is in pin feathers and he will learn to articulate quite distinctly.

Wm. Adams, a young man living in Arkansas, captured a young crow and succeeded in training and rearing him, says the Globe-Democrat. While he was yet a young crow his tongue was split and he received lessons in the art of speaking. The extent of his vocabulary seemed to be to call his own name, which was "Bill" to him, and to say "Go to h—l." When he was matured and in full possession of his powers he followed his master to church one Sunday. The young man and his sister rode to church in a wagon. His crowship remained at the wagon and picked around the horses until the services were somewhat advanced, when he decided to join the worshipers. Accordingly he flew in the meeting house and perched himself upon the pulpit.

The novelty of the thing disturbed the whole congregation. But the crow, not being disturbed, walked to and fro on the pulpit and finally took his stand on the open bible, thus obscuring the dominie's text. The latter laid his hand against the crow Gently push him away, when to consternation Mr. Crow said: "his to h—l!" This dumfounded the whole congregation. They thought the crow was sent there as a sign of some awful calamity. The preacher pushed him again. The crow repeated his command with an emphatic flap of his wings. At this time there was a panic. The congregation stampeded. Seeing the congregation thinned out, the crow flew down and perched upon the back of a seat. Just under him had fallen a large, fleshy old lady, who was struggling to rise to her feet. He looked down at her in a significant manner and said: "Go to h—l." "Go there yourself!" retorted the old lady, adding, "I never had anything to do with getting up this meeting." The crow never goes to church now.

A Remarkable Snake.

An interesting snake has just been added to the collection of the Zoological society. This creature lives exclusively upon a diet of eggs, which its small teeth permit it to swallow unbroken. But there is a remarkable mechanism for extracting the contents of the egg quite unique in the animal kingdom.

The spines of some of the vertebræ are tipped with enamel, so that they are veritable teeth. With the help of these the egg shell is cracked and the contents liberated into the æsophagus, where there is no risk of any waste; the shell is then rejected by the mouth. This singular serpent is named Dasypeltis and comes from South Africa.—London News.

A Filial Rebuke.

"Papa," inquired a Detroit small boy, "what sort of a stone is a wooden stone?"

"I never heard of any stone like that," replied the father, "and I don't think you ever did."

"Yes I did, too," persisted the boy; "I heard the preacher say in his sermon that the heathen in their blindness bowed down to wooden stone. You'd better go to church, I guess."