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HE MAN WHO BUILDS A HOME.

he hurrying host e'er crowds the van,
With plaudit and acclaim,
o yield its honor to the man
Who makes himself a name.
ndeed, all honor should be his
That people can bestow:
good name—fair and sweet it is,
In happiness or woe.

But praise where 'tis deserved the most
Is grudgingly bestowed,
s through earth's troubles rush life's host,
With light or heavy load.
The man who highest praise deserves,
'Neath heaven's eternal dome,
s he who ne'er from duty swerves,
And makes a happy home.

home! Not merely four strong walls,
To turn the wolves away,
To rest within till grim Death calls
Unto a brighter day;
But such a home as hearts may love,
And live and bloom within,
Reflecting joys from heaven above,
And never knowing sin.

The man who builds a home like this
Is greater far than he
Whose wealth would waken sensuous bliss,
Whose name fills land and sea.
His wealth may flee, his name go down;
But homes with hearts of love
Will keep through ages their renown
As echoes from above.

Then hail the man who builds a home
While lingering on the earth;
or when he sees heaven's gilded dome
'Twill whisper of his worth.
n I he who builds a home in which
He nobly lives and dies
Will find find its counterpart a niche
Awaiting in the skies.

—*Earl Marble, in Youth's Companion.*

A FRIEND IN NEED.

They all lived together in the Palladium Flats—a cheerful building, neither very extensive nor very towering, and with nothing imposing about it excepting perhaps its name!

The Dolitels—bachelor brother, maiden sister, and widowed mother—occupied the topmost suit of apartments, and two contiguous rooms over'ooking an empty and airy courtyard were tenanted respectively by a pretty saleslady and a pale young music teacher. They had been neighbors for a year or more and they had ail become quite neighborly together.

"Only Maud Kayne is so much more sociable and obliging than the music teacher is," the Dolitels used to say among themselves.

"Rachel Lennard may be just as generous and sympathetic, even if she is so undemonstrative," Mr. Kit Dolitel was inclined to maintain.

"Oh, she ain't sympathetic a bit," dissented the maiden sister—a diminutive and colorless personage with somewhat characterless features. "While mamma was so alarmingly ill she never came near us—though to be sure she did send to inquire if she could be of service. But Maud—the dear soul! was in and out constantly, and always advising something to help us."

"Her advice was no sacrifice to her," bachelor Kit said. "And if I were alarmingly ill, I fancy I should not care to have anybody in and out constantly, chattering and gossiping.

"And her chatter did sometimes rather torture my poor weak head," said Mrs. Dolitel, who was still an invalid—"and she advised nothing which was really helpful. But she intended everything kind—Maud would do anything in the world for a friend."

"She quite insisted I should take that lovely zouave jacket—it was a present to her, too; and to be sure I do not need it a bit," said the somewhat rapid Miss Dolitel.

"It cost her nothing," the brother commented with an amused twinkle in his fine, frank gray eyes. "And she cannot wear it herself—sky blue embroidered in silver does not eminently become a sallow brunette!"

"She is always insisting we shall take some trifle from her," said the mother, ignoring the sarcastic comment; "and I had much rather she would not. But she can afford to make little gifts to her friends, I suppose; she certainly earns a good deal more money than Rachael does."

"Teaching music is not always a lucrative vocation," Kit observed soberly.

"Oh, but Rachael does not care to make gifts to any one—she is such a miserly little creature," said the sister. "She actually begrudges the keeping of her parrot, Maud says."

"Maud must have been joking," Mrs. Dolitel interposed. "She would not be likely to begrudge the keeping of a pet like that—it is a wonderfully intelligent and rarely taught bird, and valuable beside. One of her pupils would give her a hundred dollars for it any day."

"And she would not part with it for a hundred times the sum. She has nothing else to love, she says. She is an uncommonly silly girl, I think," the not particularly brilliant Miss Dolitel said, with a little shrug of her diminutive shoulders.

"And she has need enough of money, too—I am persuaded of that. She has worn nothing but shabby old cashmeres ever since she has been in the house," Mrs. Dolitel said, in a suddenly altered and failing tone, and she abruptly dropped the needlework which for some moments she had held in an uncertain sort of way.

"You have been exerting yourself too much, mother," said Kit, anxiously regarding the changing countenance of his fragile parent.

"You are ill again, mamma," the daughter cried, as she hurried to the sofa where the invalid reclined, now faint and gasping, as spasm after spasm of pain wrenched her weakened frame.

And ill again she was, indeed—so ill that for days and days she lay in a darkened room, to which the exceedingly sociable and obliging Maud Kayne was refused admittance.

"Do let me go to her! I could be such a help to her, and a little chat would soothe her so much. And I am always so happy when I can do something for a friend," supplicated the young lady, her ringed hands clasped beseechingly, her sloe-black eyes very solemn and sympathetic.

"You cannot go to her yet; mother must have absolute quiet," Kit answered with ungallant obstinacy.

"Kit don't intend to be uncivil," said his sister, who was whimpering plaintively in one corner of the big hair-cloth sofa. "He is very fond of you, just as we all are; he appreciates your unselfish sympathy for us and your generous desire to assist us. And to be sure we never needed a friend as we do now."

"You have no immediate cause to feel disheartened, Sis," the brother remarked, with a disapproving glance toward the small figure crouched on the sofa.

"Ah, then there is really no danger; dear Mrs. Dolitel will recover," interpolated Maud, mistaking the import of what had just been uttered.

"Oh, mamma will soon be well again. But misfortunes never come singly and we are in such trouble," was wailed from the sofa.

The young lady looked very interested and commiserative, and Kit frowned and turned away as if the topic were no less unprofitable than distasteful.

"All the whole year Kit had been so unfortunate about getting work," continued the weeping Miss Dolitel, unheeding the frown—"and where there is so much illness and no employment there are always debts and difficulties about rent and everything. To be sure the rent is not so much to owe; but we must pay the quarter at once or we must leave the apartments, the agent says."

"How very sad," murmured Maud, looking decidedly uneasy. Perhaps she felt that her unselfish sympathies were being tested too severely just then.

"I do not mind a bit for myself," the other resumed, "Kit and I can always manage somehow! But mamma is too weak to be taken away; the excitement would be fatal to anybody just convalescing as she is."

"Dear Mrs. Dolitel could remain with me, you know that," Maud said, hastily, and with another uneasy glance toward Kit, for whom she had an unaffected partiality; "but I am afraid my room would be entirely too unquiet for her disordered nerves! she would be distracted by the eternal prating and screeching of the odious parrot. I cannot understand why Rachel Lennard keeps such a disagreeable bird; but then she is not the sort of girl to have any consideration for her neighbors."

Kit, standing by a window and gazing impatiently down into the busy avenue, smiled dryly beneath his handsome mustache.

"Mother would not mind the parrot," he interposed, coldly, "but she would decline being a burden to you. We shall not impose any such inconvenience upon your generosity, Miss Maud."

"Ah, but you know I am willing to do anything in the world for you," Maud iterated, with an air of inconcealable relief.

To be sure you would," Miss Dolitel hastened to say; "and if my brother were not so absurdly proud he would not hesitate to mention one thing you really can do for us. He knows you would only too gladly loan us for a time the amount which the agent requires."

"Sis!" her brother ejaculated, in accents of rebuke and consternation.

But there was another grim smile behind the handsome mustache, as he noted the suggestive expression of the pretty, brunette features.

"Ah, what an unlucky body I am!" Maud exclaimed, with a gesture as if of unutterable regret. "I have just made a most expensive purchase—some finery, so costly that I shall be obliged to scrimp my own board money for a long time to come, I fear. I am so sorry you did not mention the matter before I had invested all my savings, and a good deal I have yet to earn beside."

"We know you are sorry, dear," Miss Dolitel sighed, ruefully. "But we take the will for the deed, and thank you just the same. You must not fret about us, Maudie," she added, as the young lady moved toward the door; but Kit looked only amused as the door closed behind her.

"I have a notion our worries have unsettled your wits, sis," he said, with a look of profound annoyance. "You must know I should never request nor receive such a loan from any young woman, and assuredly not from Maud Kayne, whose refusal is precisely what I should have predicted, the lovely zouave jacket and sundry specious trifles notwithstanding. People who so zealously thrust undesired trifles upon their neighbors are often the people who deny the one thing which would be beneficial and really prized," he concluded, sententiously.

As he still lingered by the window, his mind reverted to the depreciated young music teacher who had never been prodigal of her neighborly civilities, who had held herself aloof with gentle dignity, and who had nothing to love but a great green parrot.

"But even a great green parrot is preferable to an insincere friend," he thought.

Just then there was a sound of footsteps on the stairs outside, then a sweet voice responsive to a deep bass, which was unfamiliar, and then a timid little tap upon the door.

"Come in," the maiden sister called fretfully from her disturbed repose among the sofa cushions.

And at the instant Kit turned to behold Rachel Lennard—a fair, slim girl with large, grave eyes and the calm face of a pictured Madonna.

She was not alone—a prepossessing old gentleman held open the door for her that she might introduce himself and his errand.

He was the father of one of her pupils, she gracefully explained, and he had come to tender her neighbor a vacancy in his manufactory.

"But the explanation is not complete," the gentleman said, as he placed a detaining hand upon the arm of the girl who, with a beautiful blush, had turned to withdraw. "You must not be allowed to remain ignorant of the sacrifice Miss Rachel proposed to make for you. When she became aware of your difficulty about the rent, she felt a neighborly desire to aid you, and so she determined to sell a possession she values a thousand times more than the sum my daughter has again and again vainly offered. But as much as we should have liked to secure the wonderful parrot, neither my daughter or myself could have permitted Miss Rachel to part from the pet to which she is so greatly attached—we preferred to aid you differently and with more pleasure to a lady whom we have learned to regard with affectionate esteem. We have already adjusted the unpleasant affair with the agent, Mr. Dolitel, and you may begin your duties in the manufactory as soon as you deem most convenient to yourself."

And then the prepossessing old gentleman released the charmingly embarrassed Rachel, and so betook his benign and satisfied self away.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed," Kit quoted with a mischievious glance toward his amazed and delighted maiden sister.

"Do tell her how grateful we all are to her, Kit," came faintly from the darkened room where the invalid mother had been sleeping restfully until awaked by the deep bass tones of their benefactor.

At the bidding, and with a strangely commingled sense of hesitancy and eagerness, he followed Rachel, who had already retreated to her own apartment.

As he paused on the threshold, he beheld her bending over the great green parrot which, with a look of almost human intelligence was peering at the sweet flushed face all wet with tears.

"Poer pet," she was saying; "and you are all I have."

But the words—few and hushed and simple—were eloquent of her utter loneliness, of her womanly capacity of affection, and of her nobler capacity of serving a friend in need.

With a countenance agitated by a tenderness no longer controllable, Kit moved to her side.

"You have more than this, Rachel," he began, huskily. "You have what might have been yours long ago, had you not been too shy to listen to the pleadings of my love for you."

She lifted her beautiful calm eyes and smiled; the sweet lips trembled with some magic utterance, and then he drew her to his heart and covered the fair face with happy kisses.

"Our friend in need is to be yet dearer to us, mother," Kit announced, as he led Rachel to the bedside of the convalescent, "Rachel is to be your daughter."

Miss Maud Kayne was effusive with her congratulations, but she did not long remain a resident of the Palladium flats. She complained that her neighbors had become too unsociable for her exceedingly sympathetic soul, and that they had become disagreeably curious about a certain expensive purchase which she had somehow failed to consummate; and so she decided to transfer herself to a more congenial place of abode.—*Ettie Rogers.*

An Odd Animal.

The armadillos are the mail-clad warriors of nature; and the most completely armored of the whole odd family of armadillos is a beautiful ornamented little fellow called by the naturalists Tolypentes, and by the Brazilians "bolita." "Bolita" means "little ball," and the armadillo was so named because it has the power of rolling itself up into the shape of a ball. Its various shields are so arranged that when the bolita rolls itself up it makes a perfect ball of hard shell.

A traveler in Brazil tells of watching some little children at play tossing a large ball, about the size of a foot-ball. When they were tired of the game they threw the ball on the ground, and to his surprise it turned into an animal, and ran hastily away. It was one of these little armadillos.

The same traveler says that he has seen these animated balls used by a little child in playing with a kitten. The game may have annoyed the bolita, but it could not have caused it any injury, because of the perfect protection afforded by its armor.

It has need of all the protection it can have, for it lives in a land where the mischievous monkey is plentiful. Anybody who has seen monkeys teasing each other, will be able to gain some idea of the torment the slow-witted armadillo must undergo as it is passed from one to another of a party of monkeys. When Tolypentes is set upon by the frolicsome monkeys, however, it suddenly curls up, and is safe within itself. The baffled tormentors turn it over, looking in great astonishment for the tail they know must be there. If Tolypentes had any sense of humor, he would certainly laugh heartily within his shell at the chattering, grinning crowd.

As the bolita, like the other armadillos, burrows in the earth, it has forefeet suitable for that work. Its toes are armed with long and hard claws, which enable it to dig with wonderful quickness. Instead of walking upon the flat part of its front feet, the bolita walks upon the tips of its toes, and in doing so looks comically dainty and mincing. At the same time it can move with considerable swiftness.

The aramadillos live only in South America, and are all small in size compared to the gigantic armadillo that lived ages ago. The largest now living is not more than three feet long, while that of former ages was as large as a big dining-table.—*St. Nicholas.*

"Comin' Thro' the Rye."

The popular misconception of this well-known ditty is to the effect that the Scottish bard who wrote it—Robert Burns—intended to picture in the fascinating lines a laddie and lassie meeting and kissing in a field of grain. The couplet:

If a laddie meet a lassie,
Comin' thro' the rye,

and especially the other two lines:

A' the lads they smile on me,
When comin' thro' the rye,

seem to imply that traversing the rye was an habitual or common thing among the "lads and lassies" in the Land o' the Scots, and suggest, perhaps, a harvest scene, where both sexes, as was the custom, are at work reaping, and where they would come and go through the fields, if indeed not through the rye itself, so as to meet and kiss in it. The truth is, however, the rye in the song is not grain at all, it being the name of a small shallow stream near Ayr, which, having neither bridge nor ferry, was forded by the people going to and from market, custom allowing a lad to steal a kiss from any lass of his acquaintance whom he might meet in midstream. That this is the true explanation, any one may see who refers to Burns' original ballad, in which the first verse refers to the lassie wetting her clothes in the stream:

Jenny is a' wat, puir body,
Jenny is seldom dry,
She's dragit a' her petticoats
Comin' thro' the rye.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES.

Wanted to Go Fishing.

Boy working in the garden with his father; straightens up every few minutes, leans on his hoe, rubs his back and looks wistfully toward the creek.

"Come, Tommy; come, Tommy," says the old man, "keep at it; there's lots to be done."

"I bet the fish would bite to-day, pa," says the boy, with another longing look toward the water.

"Well, you keep right on with your hoeing, my laverick, and they won't bite you," says the old man, as he aims at a big clod and makes the dust fly.—*Chicago Ledger.*

Umbrellas as Common Property.

"Pardon me, sir, but I think you are carrying my umbrella. I could swear to that ivory handle anywhere. If I had not recognized it I should not have presumed to stop you. That carving was done—"

"Spare me the details, please. It is altogether probable that this is your property. I have no further claim upon it."

"Then how did it come in your possession?"

"It was left in my hall last night by a burglar who got away with most of the family silver!"

"I—I guess my umbrella was a size larger than that, after all." — *Detroit Journal.*

Orange Blossoms.

"George," said a country young lady to her beau as they snuggled into a seat, "it's nice to ride on the cars, ain't it?"

"Yes, Sarah."

"George, if you were going to travel a long ways on the cars where would you rather go?"

"To Chicago or California. Where would you rather go?"

"To Florida, by all means."

"Why?"

"Be-because, you know, George, because—because in Florida they have so many orange blossoms, you know."

On the return trip they sat still closer together, and she laid her pretty head upon his big shoulder. He must have taken the hint.—*Chicago Herald.*

The Effect of Snuff on Deer.

The Duke of Athole had recently as a guest a Frenchman who was desperately anxious to shoot a stag. He shot at many, but with one unvarying result, that when he opened his eyes the animals had disappeared; but one happy day a herd flew past him; he fired and a monarch of the glen fell. The count's joy was extreme. He ran forward, seated himself on the prostrate body of the stag and sympathetically condoled with him on his misfortune to be shot. "Well, mon ami, so you are dead! Poor fellow?" he cried, and having stroked the defunct, proceeded to take some snuff. With an air which nature has denied to all but the French nation, the count held a pinch of snuff to the deer's nose. "Take a pinch, mon ami—take a pinch!" he exclaimed, and in a moment found himself all in a heap on the ground. Whether the deer had been stunned, shot through the loins or in some other way temporarily disabled does not appear; but, revived by the snuff, he sprang to his legs and bolted. "Stop, traitor, stop!" cried the count; but the stag never heeded; and so, consigning the beast to regions remote, the poor count returned sorrowful and stagless to dinner.—*Edinburg Scotsman.*

He Took the Leap.

"Yes," he answered, as he seemed to huddle himself up in a heap, "I've been there. That is, I've jumped from a railroad train running at a speed of forty-eight miles an hour, and I can't say as I want to repeat the experiment."

"Where and when?"

"About thirty miles east of Chicago, on the Michigan Central, three years ago."

"What was the occasion?"

"I did it on a bet of $5. The bet was that I daren't walk out on the platform and take the jump without picking out my ground. As it happened, the ground was pretty clear, but a million dollars wouldn't hire me to try it again."

"How did you come out?"

"Well, it's hard to describe the sensation. As I sprung from the step I seemed to fly. I sailed along in the air until my wings grew tired, and then I dropped down to see the country. I've got a good pair of eyes, but I didn't see much. I was too busy turning cartwheels and handsprings and somersalts. Sometimes I beat the professionals all hollow, and again I made a muss of it. It was my intention to skip all puddles and avoid all the stumps, but you can't always have your way in this world. By and by I rested my case. That is, I brought up in a fence corner, and waited for a first class hospital to come along."

"Much hurt?"

"Might have been worse. Broke an arm, two ribs, and had over a hundred cuts and bruises, and it was seven weeks before I could walk a rod."

"But you won the $5.

"Ye-e-s; but there is where I always grow sad. The stakeholder sent it back to me from the first town in the shape of a pine coffin, and it didn't fit my length by seven inches. I had to sell the blamed thing for a misfit at half-price!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Allopathic Hens.

Dr. Jones, who practices in a suburb of this city, has an elaborate machine for making pills. The doctor's practice is quite extensive, and when he puts the machine in operation the result is enough to scare a nervous patient into convalescence or spasms.

Not long ago Mr. Jones made several quarts of pills, and waited for a bright day to dry them. As soon as he got a good look at the sun, he spread the pills carefully on the roof of a convenient outbuilding, and drove off to see his patients.

About half an hour after the doctor's buggy had disappeared Mrs. Jones heard an unusually vociferous squawk from the rooster in the backyard, but she did not have curiosity enough to investigate the cause, being confident that no colored brother would invade the chicken reservation on such a bright day. If she had looked she would have seen the rooster perched on the roof of the outbuilding eating pills as though he were laying up for seven lean years of famine.

Attracted by the rooster's summons to the banquet and his evident enjoyment thereof, one or two hens flew up to the top of the shed, and proceeded to devour the pills. They cackled and clucked a little after satisfying their appetites, and more hens came. Then more hens cackled. Then there were still more hens, and less pills. The increased volume of the cackling indulged by the hen convention finally attracted Mrs. Jones' attention again, and she went forth to learn the cause. She didn't learn it just then, for the entire cause was concealed within the hens. Not a pill was to be seen. Two or three hens lay on the ground writhing from the effects of blue mass. The unfortunate rooster sat grimly in a fence corner under a dose of podophyllin.

Two hundred and thirty-seven pills were found in the craw of one of the chickens which were killed for dinner that day. Nobody could explain how they got there till the doctor came home. He examined the shed, and the pills taken from the slain chicken's craw, and said one or two little words. The family dined that day on eggs bought at the grocery store.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Shooting Falls on a Lumber Raft.

The raft was 100 feet long, twenty-four feet wide and contained about 100,000 feet of lumber. The middle was piled up with laths and other small lumber, by which a deck considerably above the rest of the raft was formed and a large space at each end left clear for working her. The steering apparatus consisted of two large planks, one at each end, no less than forty feet long, used as sweeps, and two immense oars, both plied at the stern. The raft was moored well out in the stream, and a single cable was all that held her to the shore. We had to wait a short time, so as to arrive at Bangor at high tide, but soon the hour had come; and almost before I knew it, we rapidly left behind the dock and the houses of the town. I knew that we must be gliding along at a high rate of speed, by the way we passed the trees and rocks along the shore, yet to look down into the water there seemed to be hardly any motion at all. And here I learned that a raft runs much more swiftly than the current; for sometimes in order to follow the channel we were forced to make a run transversely across the river, passing in our course floating sawdust, chips and logs. Soon we came in sight of Orono Falls, and I began to be a little uneasy, and to wonder how much terror I should feel in the descent of them. We had on board, beside our crew of four men and myself, a Frenchman who was taking this means of transit to Bangor as being cheaper than the railroad, and who had been for some time sitting near the middle of the raft with his feet hanging over the side. "That feller will leave that place pretty quick, now you bet," exclaimed Bill, the manipulator of the big stern oar, and, as he spoke, the foremost end of the huge floor laid over the brink, bent down until the middle was doubled up like a whale's back, and then straightening itself out stretched precipitously down before you. The water plunged over the forward deck and amidst a sea of blinding spray, the Frenchman came bounding past us, safe and dry in our elevated position, and catching up his capacious valise on the way, landed squarely on the after-deck, up to his knees in water, still holding his gripsack firmly in his hand. Of course everybody was heartily amused at this incident, but the amusement was of short duration, as it required the united efforts of all the crew to tend the raft which was now careening along with a frightful velocity. One year a raft run by our crew struck on a ledge and not a single trace of its former shape remained, while the unfortunate occupants reached shore as best they could. Last year a raft carrying a large party was wrecked on a pier just below the sluice, and all had to be taken off in boats.—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

Narcotic Plants.

In *Vick's Floral Magazine* we read of a flower which creates laughter. It grows in Arabia; the flowers are of a bright yellow and the seed resembles small black beans. These are dried by the natives and pulverized, and it is said that small doses make a person behave like a circus clown or a madman, for he will dance, sing and laugh most boisterously, and carry on in a ridiculous way for an hour. The stage of excitement is followed by exhaustion and sleep.

This reminds us of an experiment we made many years ago. We had seen Professor James R. Buchanan experimenting with pulverized herbs by placing them in the palms of the hands of a class of medical students. While they sat in a sort of expectant mood, waiting for something to turn up and holding various powdered herbs in closed fists, every now and then some of them would tell of the symptoms which were being produced upon him. It was to us then a new and surprising revelation that medicines could thus act without being taken into the stomach, and we are not yet fully satisfied as to the way they act under such circumstances. But having seen Professor Buchanan's experiments we were led to try it ourselves on a couple of boys about seventeen years of age. Powdered Cannabis Indica from the same plant which gives hasheesh, a narcotic used by the natives of India, was placed in one hand of each of the boys, while they sat quietly waiting to see what would turn up. One of them soon commenced to titter and then to laugh boisterously, and soon he became so hilarious with excitement that we thought best to take the drug away from him. He soon sobered down. During the period of excitement we tried to get him to say why he was carrying on in such a way, but he was utterly unable to give any explanation for it other than he simply felt that way. The other boy quietly nodded off to sleep in his chair.

This experiment illustrates two important things: first, that medicine can exert an action in this curious manner, and second, that a medicine will act differently on different persons, according to temperament or idiosyncracy, or susceptibility, whatever you choose to call it. Furthermore, it may be remarked that both the exhilirating and the stupifying results observed in these cases are known to be the effects of hasheesh upon the human system when taken internally. — *Health Monthly.*

The total value of orchard products in this country in 1880 amounted to $47,435,189.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

The longest legitimate word in the English language is disproportionableness.

Formerly in great houses, as in some colleges, there were movable stocks for the correction of the servants.

It is stated as a curious circumstance that sheep placed on Key West island lose their wool the second year.

It was formerly the custom in England to make people convicted of perjury wear papers, while undergoing punishment, descriptive of their offence.

"Punch and Judy" is a contraction from Pontius and Judas. It is a relic of an old "miracle play," in which the actors were Pontius Pilate and Judas Iscariot.

It is a peculiarity of the Red River Valley that often pure water is found at a depth of a few feet, and a few rods away at the same depth the water will contain so much alkali that it cannot be used.

Pigs have been known to live to the age of twenty, and the rhinoceros to twenty-nine. A horse has been known to live to the age of sixty-two, but averages twenty-five to thirty. Camels sometimes live to the age of 100; stags are very long lived; sheep seldom exceed the age of ten; cows live about fifteen years.

A plant allied to the lilies-of-the-valley, the Convallaria polygonatum, is a remarkable traveler. Every year a knot forms upon its root, and these knots drag the plant about an inch annually from its original position, so that in a period of twenty years the plant will have traveled about twenty inches from its first location.

A Mexican historian makes a new attempt to show that America was discovered in the fifth century, A. D., by a party of Buddhist monks from Afghanistan, of whom one, Hwui Shan, returned to Asia after an absence of forty-one years. A short account of the land which he visited, supposed to be Mexico, was included in the official history of China. There is proof that Hwui Shan actually visited some unknown Eastern region, and the traditions of Mexico contain an account of the arrival of monks.

The oldest bank note probably in existence in Europe is one preserved in the Asiatic museum at St. Petersburg. It dates from the year 1399 B. C. and was issued by the Chinese government. It can be proved from Chinese chroniclers that as early as 2697 B. C. bank notes were current in China under the name of "flying money." The bank note preserved at St. Petersburg bears the name of the Imperial Bank, date and number of issue, signature of a mandarin, and contains even a list of the punishments inflicted for forgery of notes. This relic of 4,000 years ago is probably written, is said to have been introduced in China only in the year 160 A. D.

Luck in Seal Hunting.

Seal hunting around the island of Newfoundland is proverbially a lottery. Steamers are fitted for the voyage at great expense, carrying crews of 200 or more men. If a successful strike is made no venture in the world is more profitable. But there are always as many blanks as prizes drawn—this year more of the former than the latter. The steamer Resolute brought in this spring is two trips over 42,000 seals, which at $2.50 per seal makes the voyage worth $105,000, both trips being made inside of six weeks. The total number of seals brought in varies from 537,095 in 1871, to 200,500 in 1882. This year it is feared the take will not much exceed that of 1882. The captains who have returned all agree that there is no lack of seals, but owing to the closely-packed ice they were unable to reach them. One immense patch of seals was seen by several vessels, but only one had been able to approach them. There are cases on record where vessels have got in close to the seals, and the fortune which seemed to be within their grasp has been denied them. One instance is given this year, that of the Neptune. This vessel fell in with a huge herd of seals, which were lying thick on the ice as far as the eye could reach—30,000 at least being in sight. The crew bounded on the ice, formed a semi-circle with a distance of five miles between the extremities, and advanced to the attack. In an hour they had killed 3,000, when a fierce snow-storm set in; the ice began to open in all directions; the men lost sight of the ship, many of them found themselves on floating pans of ice in immense lakes of water. At times, owing to the storm it was impossible to see twice the length of the ship. The men were scattered over an area of five square miles, and in great peril. The seals had to be abandoned, and all efforts directed to picking up the men. So skilfully was this accomplished that before night closed in every man was safe on board; next morning the seals were gone. Had the day continued fine the Neptune would have had from 10,000 to 15,000 on board or "panned." Such are the fortunes of war in seal-hunting.—*Boston Traveler.*

Kiowa Surgery.

It is the habit of the coroner's deputies, while conducting autopsies, to describe for the benefit of those around, the various functions of the organs examined in determining the cause of death. When the operation is over, the various cuts are sewed together, and the body is left looking as if it had never been mutilated. While an assistant was sewing the parts of the scalp of a man at the morgue the other day, a spectator said:

"That reminds me of a cut I saw on the head of a Kiowa down in the Wichita mountains, in the Indian Territory. There was a fight, and the Kiowa got a slash more than five inches long right over the top of his head and clear into the skull. His friends laid him out on his back and proceeded to shave the hair all away on each side of the wound, except a single row of hairs right along the edges. When they'd got that done they took those hairs, one on each side of the cut at a time, and tied them together, drawing the lips of the cut tight together. Then they gathered a handful of weeds and chewed them into pulp and put it over the cut and tied it on with a red cotton handkerchief. It wasn't ten days before the Indian was as well as ever.—*New York Sun.*

SOMETHING SURE.

"What a pity nothing ever
Has a beauty that will stay!"
Said our thoughtful little Nellie,
Stopping briefly in her play.
"All these velvet pansies withered—
And I picked them just to-day!"

"And there's nothing very certain."
Answered Bess, with face demure;
"When it rains we can't go driving—
I wish promises were truer!
I could rest, if I were certain
Of a single thing that's sure!"

Grandma smiled from out her corner,
Smoothing back a soft gray tress;
"Sixty seconds makes a minute;
Did you know it, little Bess?
Sixty minutes make an hour,
Never more, and never less.

"For the seconds in a minute,
Whether full of work or fun,
Or the minutes in an hour,
Never numbered sixty-one!
That is one thing that is certain
Ever since the world begun.

"Though the rose may lose its crimson,
And the buttercup its gold,
There is something, through all changes
You may always surely hold;
Truth can never lose its beauty,
Nor its strength, by growing old."

—*Julia P. Ballard, in Our Little Ones.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

A host in himself—the inn-keeper.

Do spiritualists write on rapping paper?—*Waterloo Observer.*

This is the season of the year when the hook and lyin' stories fill the air.—*Siftings.*

What sort of a flag does a man unfurl when he waives an examination?—*Pittsburg Telegraph.*

When the heart is full the lips are silent; when the man is full it is different.—*Texas Siftings.*

One man in Germany has made and sold 3,000,000 thermometers. That's what you might call making money by degrees.

A philosopher says: "Man was born to rule in this world." It is believed that the philosopher was never married.—*Brooklyn Times.*

There are about 700,000 cats in London. The manufacturers of bootjacks have all they can do to supply the demand.—*Boston Transcript.*

In France there are 100 holidays; in this country there are only sixty. This is one reason why the Frenchmen excel this nation as fishermen.—*Graphic.*

In those old days when wrangling men
Flung down their clinging gages
There were so many knights, since then
They have been called dark ages.

—*Life.*

"I threw a stone I knew not where" is the first line of a recent poem. That is the great trouble with women's throwing stones; they never know where they will hit.—*Puck.*

There is one aspect in which fashionable young ladies and old herring fishermen are exactly alike—they both spend the greater part of their time bragging about last year's catch.

"The Bumble Bee's Mistake" is the title of a new poem. The bumble may mistake his mark occasionally, as he never sights his piece, but he manages to get his work in, as a rule.—*Rhyme.*

"What is more awful to contemplate," said a lecturer, giving about him, "than the resistless power of the maelstrom?" And a hen-pecked looking man in the rear of his building softly replied, "Female maelstrom."

This is not a very fertile country," said a tender-foot as he surveyed the rugged hills in a far Western State. "Think not?" said mariner, "you should see the revolvers flourishing in a hot spell.—*Boston Courier.*

So highly decorated are the rattan chairs in the fashionable drawing rooms that it is hard to tell which is the chair and which is ribbon. One who sits in one of these chairs makes an enemy of the family.—*Springfield Union.*

There are 3,000 women employed in Australian railway offices. The Australians are a long-headed people. What a woman don't know about trains, how long or how short they should be, etc., etc., is not worth acquiring."—*Lowell Citizen.*

Junior Partner—"Our traveling men ought to be punished. He told one of our customers in Albany that I am an ignorant fool." Senior Partner—"I shall speak to him without fail and insist that no more office secrets be divulged."—*Boston Beacon.*

Thirteen millions is what we pay annually for postmasters and their clerks. With what eager pride and exultation must these figures be read by the hundreds who preside over the destinies of village postoffices at a princely salary of $150 per annum.—*Siftings.*

Flupgon is becoming quite proficient as a gardener. He planted some beans this spring and in a short time noticed the seed pushing through the ground. He was amazed and exclaimed, as he pushed the beans back into the earth: "Them vegetables don't get away from me this time, b'gosh."—*Judge.*

Doctor—"Your wife is in a very critical state, and I should recommend you to call in some specialist to consult on the case." Husband—"There, you see, doctor, I was right again! I told my wife long ago she ought to get proper medical advice, but she thought you might get offended."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

THE AMATEUR GARDENER.

With joyous expectation filled
He goeth to his home at night,
Explores the patch, so lately tilled,
And hopes to find the shoots in sight.
Some tiny sprouts begin to show
The precious promise of his seeds;
He tends them for a month or so,
To find at last they're worthless weeds.

—*Boston Courier.*

A German scientist has drawn attention to the fact that the Sutlej, one of the great streams of British India, is probably the swiftest large river in the world, having a descent of 12,000 feet in 180 miles, an average of about sixty-seven feet per mile.

There is something wrong within among all those who are afraid to look within.