

FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

A PAPA'S PUZZLE.

We're going this year to Littleton. My wife, our Jack, and Nan and I. Now Nan is seven, and Jack is ten. How many tickets shall I buy?

NO MOTHER.

The Poor Chicken Born and Raised in an Incubator. They were very pretty yellow chickens, and looked as much alike as two peas, but, as far as I know, they were not related.

say: "Yes, there are a great many chickens that have no mother, and it's a great cruelty, and should not be allowed. Yes, they're just as nice as chickens with mothers, and deserve a great deal more credit for good behavior than chickens with mothers to tell them what is right. Daisy, I often wonder what would have become of you if you had been an incubator chicken; for I must say, my child, that you cause me a great deal of trouble. You run away when you know how that frightens and distresses me. You always quarrel with other children to get the biggest piece and the best there is to eat. You are troublesome, but I love you, my darling." And Mrs. Dominick pressed Daisy closely to her with her wings.

BARNABY LOST.

How Justice Wore "Worked" in the Early Days of Daniel Webster's Campaign. A good story, capably told by Mr. Webster, illustrated his early professional life in New Hampshire. "When I was a young practitioner," said Mr. Webster, "there was but one man at the New Hampshire bar of whom I was afraid, and that was old Barnaby. There were but few men who dared to enter the list with him. On one occasion Barnaby was employed to defend a suit for a piece of land, brought by a little, crabbed, cunning lawyer called Bruce. Bruce's case was looked upon as good as lost when it was ascertained that Barnaby was retained against him. The suit came on for trial, and Barnaby found that Bruce had worked hard, and left no stone unturned to gain the victory. The testimony for the plaintiff was very strong, and unless it could be impeached the case of the defendant was lost. The principal witness introduced by the plaintiff wore a red coat. In summing up for the defense, old Barnaby commenced a furious attack on this witness, pulling his testimony all to pieces, and appealing to the jury if a man who wore a red coat was, under any circumstances, to be believed. "And who is this red-coated witness?" exclaimed Barnaby, "but a descendant of our common enemy, who has striven to take from us our liberty, and would not hesitate now to deprive my poor client of his land by making any sort of red-coated statement!" During this speech Bruce was walking up and down the bar, greatly excited, and convinced that his case was gone, knowing, as he did, the prejudice of the jury against any thing British. Whilst, however, Barnaby was gesticulating, and leaning forward to the jury in his eloquent appeal, his shirt bosom opened slightly, and Bruce accidentally discovered that Barnaby wore a red flannel undershirt. Bruce's countenance brightened up. Putting both hands in his coat pockets, he walked to the bar with great confidence, to the astonishment of his client and all lookers-on. Just as Barnaby concluded, Bruce whispered in the ear of his client: "I've got him; your case is safe; and approaching the jury he commenced his reply to the slaughtering argument of his adversary. Bruce gave a regular history of the ancestry of his red-coated witness, proving his patriotism and devotion to the country, and his character for truth and veracity. "But what, gentlemen of the jury," broke forth Bruce, in a loud strain of eloquence, while his eyes flashed fire, "what are you to expect of a man who stands here to defend a cause based on no foundation of right or justice whatever; of a man who undertakes to destroy our testimony on the ground that my witness wears a red coat, when, gentlemen of the jury, when, when, gentlemen of the jury [Here Bruce made a spring, and, catching Barnaby by the bosom of the shirt, tore it open, displaying his red flannel, when Mr. Barnaby himself wears a blue one?" The effect was electrical; Barnaby was beaten at his own game, and Bruce gained the case."—Ben. Perley Poore, in Boston Budget.

AMONG THE SWEETS.

What a Reporter Saw in a Large Candy Manufacturing Establishment. The way was led back to a large kitchen where the marble slabs, enormous hooks, glowing furnaces and long-handled spoons all suggest the cooking of some sweet things. Into big copper kettles the skillful candy-maker weighs many pounds of finest white sugar. These pots are placed on the coke-heated braziers and in a few minutes the surface crackles, showing tiny bubbles, that only rise to break in puffs of steam and form again. Then the whole golden mass becomes wildly agitated, each little particle of syrup seems madly striving to lie on top and suppress all the rest. It boils faster and faster, threatening each moment to pass that critical point where good candy may end in poor sugar. All this time the head of the department stands by quietly watching the contentions inside the kettle. Wetting his finger from a can of cold water he skims the surface and draws long crystal, brittle threads from the hot yellow taffy—in this way testing it. A long marble-topped table has already a portion of its surface covered with vanilla caramel waiting to be cut. On the other end is poured this embryo chips that will be pulled, stripped, cut and folded later on. Handling such warm material is rather a delicate job, in fact sensitive enough to require gloved hands. It is jolly to watch the manner in which it is patted, poked and smoothed on all sides, and finally drawn out into broad, evenly-shining bands that a boy clips with scissors while a woman turns them into double bonnets or eighties as the fancy pleases. So the trays are heaped with goodies that bring tears to the eyes of the impetuous beholder and clinking coins to the proprietor's money-purse, while attention is drawn to the imposition of French sugar-plums. The foundation of many of these is a cream center where the mixture is run into molds of fine powdered starch, and remains until hard and cold. Those in cone-shape have a coating of chocolate, others that are square have English walnuts pressed on top, giving three distinct flavors to the bonbon. Next a crystal cordial drop is examined and marveled over as to how the liquid found its way into the center. This is explained easily when one learns that sugar and cordial never agree, so that if placed together, the liquid remains inside, the sirup forming a sugared wall around it. Then buttermilk with hearts of pecan, walnut and cream, are made in deep pink and yellow, flavors conventionalized undoubtedly, but an improvement on even the primrose and dandelion one thinks when setting their teeth firmly into the delicious sweetmeat. After following the exquisite candy manipulation of pure materials into fresh wholesome candies, it is surprising any others are ever bought, for the palate craves such tickling, and when these pure conserves are bought no harm can come to the most delicate child.—N. O. Times-Democrat.

A PROFLIGATE KING.

The Personal Character and Intimate Extravagance of Louis XV. Of the personal character of Louis XV. it is not necessary to say much. Carlyle, in an oblique fashion, by hints and innuendoes, gives his readers to understand that the society of his court was worthy of Rome under the later empire. The man who died of his debaucheries is sufficiently condemned by his own acts. In the then condition of public morals, however, such things might possibly have been condoned by the nation had there been no other ground for complaint. Unhappily, there were other and more terrible reasons for disaffection. The seven years' war had ruined every interest in the country, and in the rural districts the peasantry were enduring all the horrors of famine. Some sustained nature by eating the grass of the roadside and the herbs of the field, and by devouring meats long deemed unclean and even poisonous. Thousands died of starvation and misery; crime was, as a natural consequence, rampant and the hangman constantly at work. Yet, in the midst of all this misery, the sovereign and his court abated no jot of their pretensions, but laid upon the wretched peasantry ever new and heavier burdens. Millions were lavished upon the profligate circle which surrounded the person of the monarch, and hundreds of millions were spent upon the creation of palaces more magnificent than any that the civilized world had seen. The financiers of the day were at their wits' end, as well they might be, when, with a grievously impoverished exchequer and a growing burden of debt, they were called upon to provide for the King's extravagances. What they implied may be judged by the facts that, after all the economies of St. Germain and Necker, the household of Louis XV. consisted of sixty thousand persons in incomes varying from £6,000 to £500 of our money; that the value of the gold lace upon the uniforms and liveries of the Maison du Roi entailed an annual expenditure of at least £80,000, and that the harem of the King was maintained at a yearly cost of from £3,280,000 to (in 1773) £3,800,000.—National Review.

QUEER REQUESTS.

What an Undertaker Has to Say About Some of His Peculiar Customers. "I've just returned from the house of a young married man who died last night," said a solemn undertaker, "and his weeping wife told me she wanted his coffin made large enough to hold his gun and game bag, because he was so fond of shooting." "I suppose you have a great many such queer requests," remarked a listener. "Oh, yes. It was only about a month ago that a mother, frenzied with grief, when I was about to put the lid on her daughter's casket took from a closet a satin ball dress and insisted upon having it used as a cover for the corpse." "Then some people want favorite books, letters, Bibles, pictures and such things buried with their dead. It seems to soothe their anguish to some degree, and you have to humor them. The queerest thing of the kind happened to me just after I went in the business. It would have been laughed at on a minstrel stage, but in a house of grief had to be tolerated with solemnity. The ten-year-old boy of a poor woman had died of fever, and I was engaged to bury him. Her neighbors had all gathered down-stairs. I went up to ask her if there was any thing more I could do, and she handed me a little bundle, saying: "Please put this at the foot of Johnny's coffin. They are a pair of his old pantaloons, and the first I ever whipped him in."—Philadelphia Press.

IN THE MOONLIGHT.

How a Love-Sick Youth Was Irrevocably Entrapped by a Fair Maiden. They stood on the porch at midnight and the soft golden rays of the moon fell upon them and enmeshed them in the net that has caught fish since the Euphrates sang its rippling song to the drooping lilies of the Garden of Eden. "Ah, sweetest mine," he murmured. "Onlyest yours," she whispered. "Rose of my soul, dew-drop of my happiness, let the intensity of our affection intensify to antonement, and let us live to love, that loving we may live in the ethereal etheriality of a passionless passion, purified to angelic purity." "Rather ever, hero mine," she made reply as she deposited her wealth of golden tresses upon his manly bosom, neglecting to get a deposit ticket therefor, "slightly forever, and our lives so sweetly perhaps, just now will be joined in the superlative certainty of conjunctive bliss, conjugated in happy wedlock." It was too late for the young man to retract. The moon had accomplished its purpose.—Merchant Traveler.

PICKEREL-SHOOTING IN CONNECTICUT.

Rare sport has been had for some time past at Lake Whitney, the source of New Haven's water supply. This is in the shape of pickerel shooting, and almost daily sportsmen from this city and elsewhere may be seen along the shores of the lake, armed with light twenty-two-caliber rifles. The marksman steals along the bank, and when he sees the pickerel lying motionless as a stick in the water, half-way between the surface and the bottom, then, if he is posted as to the laws of refraction, he aims about two inches under the fish, and in an instant it is lying dead on the surface. Two men from this city a day or two ago shot fifty good-sized pickerel in two hours. Care must be taken not to make any false motions, as the fish is easily frightened, and when it darts away it goes with lightning velocity, and the place that knew that particular pickerel does not know it again for a good while.—Cor. N. Y. Herald.

A SINGULAR METEOR.

An account has just been given of some remarkable phenomena observed at Tschambar, in Siberia, on a night last January. A meteor suddenly rushed across the town, accompanied by gusts of wind, and burst with a great report, killing a horse on the highway. Ten minutes later a loud report of an explosion was heard, and was followed directly by a still more terrific report, which shook the ground, overthrew several houses and broke the thick ice on an adjacent lake. At the same time a shock and report were observed at a town a dozen miles away.—Arkansas Traveler.

OPENING SAFES.

Experts Who Can Usually Unravel the Most Complicated Combinations. "Locks? Locks won't keep burglars out. I can open any kind of lock that has ever been invented, without key or combination." The speaker was a clean-shaven, clean-cut, penetrating-looking man, who was standing in a locksmith's shop. All around the shop were bits of broken locks, old keys, drills, odds and ends of wire, and hung up in front of the door was the sign: Practical Locksmith and Safe-opener. "Do you make a profession of breaking open safes?" asked a reporter. "I open safes when nobody else can," replied the smith. "That is, I open safes when the locks are out of order or the combination's lost. Sometimes a man will oil the lock of his safe and it gets gummed up so that the tumblers won't work and he can't get it open. Some men are forgetful and lose their combinations. Safes are sold at sheriffs' sales sometimes, and the owner being mad won't give up the combination. When any thing of that kind happens they send for me." "Do you blow them open?" "No. If the lock is broken so that it won't work, I drill a little hole alongside the dial and pick the lock with a small piece of wire. If the lock is all right and only the combination lost, I go to work and find it and don't deface the lock at all. It takes me from three seconds to six hours to open a safe, according to the kind and the method I employ." "But how can you find the combination? Does it not take a long time?" "By testing. As to time it depends upon circumstances. If I know the man who sets the combination I can find it in a very few minutes; if I don't know him it takes longer. You see, I study the character of the man, and if I know him pretty well I can strike his combination through his character. When a stranger comes to me to say he has lost his combination, I make a study of him, and in nine cases out of ten I hit it the second or third time. But if he did not set the combination himself it is more difficult. Then I study the lock instead of the man, and I'm sure to get it open in a few hours. Oh, no! It wouldn't do to tell you how. Safe-openers are dangerous to the community. They are always watched by the police. They keep an eye on me all the time. I have them trying my door at all hours of the night, and there's generally one somewhere around. No, I couldn't teach you how to open safes. And you might not find it easy to learn. There is a kind of association between me and locks—an understanding, as it were. We have the same way of thinking." "Could you open a burglar-proof time-lock?" asked the scribe. "I can open the best lock that was ever made in five or six hours. These little office safes I wouldn't put that much time on. They don't pay enough. I just take a hammer and break the knob off and can get into the safe in about three seconds." "What do you get for opening safes?" "For a little three-second safe I get ten dollars. For large safes like those in banks and brokers' offices and where they don't want the lock injured I get two hundred and fifty dollars." "Could you open the great safe in the United States Treasury?" "Easily. I could get rid of the time-lock and every thing else in six or seven hours and wouldn't make any particular fuss about it either. No safe was ever made but it had a weak point known to the maker so that he could get into it in case the lock should refuse to respond. If there wasn't that weak point to break the concern all to pieces in case the lock broke. Now, I know where to find this weak place. I can strike within a quarter of an inch of it every time. It is generally covered by a thin piece of steel or boiler iron, and by cutting away a block three or four inches, which is easily done, I would drill into the best safe that was ever made. It would not be any trouble for burglars to get into the treasury safe if they understood locks as well as I do." "Has your knowledge of locks ever gotten you into trouble with the police?" "No, not seriously; though, as I say, they always watch me. Down in Oil City, though, I created quite an alarm one night and came near being captured as a burglar. Some fellows got tampering with the safe in a large hardware store there, and somehow got the combination changed so that no one knew how to open it. The proprietor sent for me and I told him I could open it, but, as I was quite busy, I should have to wait until evening. I closed my store a little after dark and went to work on the job. I had been working a couple of hours when some one banged at the door and called on me to surrender without resistance, if I did not want to be shot. The proprietor was fortunately in the store at the time and opened the door. There was a squad of policemen, armed. The house was completely surrounded and I could not escape. The patrolman had seen me at work on the safe and gone off and roused the town and the whole police force had been called out to surround the building. The proprietor explained and I went on with the job."—N. Y. Mail and Express.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

The late Senator Miller, reputed a millionaire, has left an estate worth less than \$300,000.—San Francisco Call. —During the twelve years following the death of Charles Dickens no less than 4,230,000 volumes of his works were sold in England alone. Society Ladies of Boston are so much engrossed in their social duties that they have no time to read. So they employ ladies of intelligence to give up one day in the week to post them as to news, literature, books, etc.—Boston Herald. —"What a lovely woman!" was the exclamation of Chief-Justice Waite upon passing a first-class beauty when walking down Pennsylvania avenue with a friend. "What an excellent judge!" said the lady, when her sensitive ear caught the flattering decree of the Chief Justice.—N. Y. Ledger. —The editor of the Sharon (Mass.) Advocate has gone into the marrying business as a little side speculation. In a recent issue of his paper he says: "Persons intending marriage are reminded that the editor of the Advocate has had his commission as justice of the peace renewed by his Excellency Governor Robinson. Brother editors will be married to Sharon ladies free." —Agnes Ethel, who created such a sensation on the American stage some years ago, and who has since lived in retirement, is, by the will of her late husband, Francis W. Tracy, left a millionaire. Mr. Tracy died at his residence in Buffalo recently, leaving a fortune of about \$3,000,000. His nearest relatives were his widow and Miss Harriet F. Tracy, a daughter by his first wife.—Buffalo Express. —Rev. Phillip Brooks, of Trinity Church, Boston, is a large man, both physically and intellectually. He is an uncompromising bachelor, and it is stated that he has several barrels of slippers in the attic of his rectory, every pair being many sizes too small for him; his feminine admirers having sacrificed utility in their desire to pay him a delicate compliment. When the Lord sets about making a great man he first lays broad foundations for him to stand upon.—Chicago Interior. —The will of the late Thaddeus F. Stuart, of South Burlington bequeaths \$200 in trust to the Vermont Methodist Conference. The will provides that at each annual session of the conference one of its members shall be appointed to visit the grave of the deceased the first Sunday in June, and there "preach a full and free salvation to all that may attend to hear." The minister appointed is to give timely notice to the churches of the hour this sermon will be preached, and is to receive \$10 for his services, the interest on the \$200 to be used for that purpose.—St. Albans (Vt.) Messenger. HUMOROUS. —A Haverhill woman refused to shoo her hens because her husband, a shoemaker, was on a strike.—Lowell Citizen. —It may be supposed that the man who has been sent to the House of correction twenty-three times is not ashamed of his convictions.—Boston Post. —There is an economical man in Bermondsey who, after having kindled his fire, stuck a cork in the end of the bellows to save the little wind that was left in them. —A large crack has been discovered in the Washington monument. It has taken so long to complete the monument that we half suspect it is the crack of doom.—Judge. —A little girl was sitting at a table opposite a gentleman with a waxed mustache. After gazing at him for several moments, she exclaimed: "My kitty has got smellers, too." —"My good man," said the philanthropist to the street laborer, "do you never have cause to grumble at your position?" "No, sir," was the answer. "I took my pick at the start."—Lowell Citizen. —Happiness Complete. —With her hair swinging upon the gate, And view the moon in rapture great; Observe his sweet, contented smile— There is no dog within a mile! —Tad-Bliss. —A girl, being bantered one day by some of her female friends in regard to her lover, who had the misfortune to have but one arm, replied: "I wouldn't have a man with two arms; they're too common." —A writer in a fashion paper says: "The ears should be so placed as not to be higher than the eye-brow or lower than the tip of the nose." People who are dressing for a party should not forget this.—N. Y. Telegram. —Mr. Rosenschweizer (entering a country store)—"Ah! how do you do, Mr. Jayhawk? How was drude? Dake a cigar. Peaceful vether, ain't it? Vant any goods in our line, Mr. Jayhawk?" Mr. J.—"No, reckon not. Store is all stocked up." Mr. R.—"Is dot so? I'm very sorry. May I double you to give me dot cigar? I got to git it to Mr. Gawk agooder vay."—Chicago Rambler. —Don't be a clam. Three gentlemen went together into a Philadelphia restaurant and gave their order. Presently they changed their minds, and one of them said to the waiter: "I say, waiter, we three ordered clams awhile ago, didn't we? Well, we have changed our minds. Instead of clams, bring us three chops." The waiter said: "All right," and then loudly called to the cook: "Three chops for three clams!" —Texas Siftings. —She Was All Business. —A Chicago woman entered the office of a loan agency the other day, and said: "I want to raise \$1,500 on \$5,000 worth of furniture. What is your lowest rate of interest?" "On such loans we generally ask ten per cent." "Very well. Send your examiner up to the house. It is a speculation with me." "Going into business, ma'am?" "Yes, sir! I'm going to take my three daughters to the seashore, and either marry 'em off or drown 'em!" —Wall Street News.