CHILDREN'S CORNER.

A SONG FOR A BIRTHDAY BOY.

Wide Awake.

Once, upon a winter night,
When the snow lay cold and white,
Dropped a baby from the skies,
With a pair of big brown eyes;
Without clothes, or food, or name,
Right into our hearts it came.

Soon a happy year had flown;
He could creep and stand alone,
Know mamma and Rob and Fritz,
Do a hundred pretty tricks;
He was sweet, but still a Tartar,
So we called him little Arthur.

When another year went by,
Could I tell if I should try
Half how lovely he had grown!
Walking like a man, alone,
Talking with such babbling words
Like the cooing of the birds.

Three years old; now look for squalls,
Trials, troubles, cries and falls,
Up and down like any rocket,
In his dress a little pocket
Filled with tops and nails and strings,
And some fifty other things.

Still another birthday; dear,
What a four-year colt is here!
Leaping, running, skipping, prancing,
In and out on swift feet dancing;
Handling marbles, spinning tops,
Spending cents in candy shops.

Now, as sure as I'm alive,
That outrageous boy is five!
Send him off to school at once;
We don't want to own a dunce!
Full of tricks as any marten—
Get him to a Kindergarten.

Six; and what do I behold!
No more waving curls of gold,
But a little wig of brown,
Closely cropped about the crown;
No more skirts, but little breeches,
Full of many seams and stitches.

Seven to-day—a boy at last!
Time and tide have traveled fast.
There he sits, so fine and tall,
Jacket, trousers, boots, and all;
He can spell and read and write,
He is good and gay and bright,
And his life goes bravely on—
But where is my baby gone!

Stephen and the Wild Bird.

St. Nicholas.

Stephen was a small boy, who had always lived in the city where there were no sparrows, as there are in many towns and cities; and Stephen had only seen birds that were shut up in cages. Some of the canary birds in his mother's house, when their cage-door was open would hop out and sit upon his finger. Stephen was kind to them, and never frightened them; so that they were not afraid of him.

When he was five years old, his mother took him into the country to stay during the hot weather. One morning he was walking by a grove of trees, and, on a low branch, he saw a beautiful little bird. Stephen whistled to it, and held out his finger for the bird to come and hop upon it; but the bird flew higher up the tree, and, although Stephen whistled again and again, it would not come. Then Stephen thought that perhaps the bird would rather sit on a branch than on a boy's finger; so he broke off a long twig, and held out the leafy end to the bird.

"Come, come, little bird," he said and he offered it a crumb of cake. But the bird would not come, and when Stephen held the branch high, it flew to a tree beyond a brook. Stephen went to the edge of the water and looked at the bird. "What a strange bird!" he said; "it does not like cake, and it will not come to me."

Then he went to the house, and told his mother all about it; and she said:

"The bird was afraid you might hurt him if he should come near you."

"I never hurt birds. Why should this one think I would hurt him?"

"He thought you were like those men and boys who catch birds or kill them whenever they can," said his mother. "If people did not injure these little creatures, or try to catch them, they would not be afraid of us. In some countries, which men have seldom visited, the birds are tame, and will not fly away when a man comes near. Even in towns where there are many birds, and where people are not allowed to disturb them, the little creatures become very tame. At first, birds were not afraid of boys and men; but, after people began to kill and catch them, they became very wild, and they have been so ever since."

"Then the birds think that all men and boys are alike?" said Stephen.

"Yes," said his mother, "excepting those birds that have been tamed, and taught that there are some little boys who are always kind to them, and will not do them inj[illegible]y."

"Would it n[illegible]e a good thing," said Stephen, "if [illegible]uld begin a'l over again, and if [illegible] man and boy would be kind to t[illegible]s, so that they all would be ta[illegible]"

"Ye[illegible] s[illegible]other, "it w[illegible]e well in [illegible] if we [illegible] begin all over [illegible] cannot do t[illegible] you [illegible] to be as kind as [illegible]b creatur[illegible] [illegible]y find [illegible] they [illegible]e world [illegible]s is all we [illegible]g over again."

Leah.

[illegible] M.

[illegible]ery [illegible]ears ago a little boy, nan[illegible] Marli[illegible]ved with his papa and man[illegible]a in the [illegible]rthern part of Pennsylvania.

When Marlin was six years old, a little baby sister came to his home. At first Marlin was inclined to dislike the little stranger, for he thought she would take much of his mamma's attention from him. But Marlin was not really a selfish boy, and he soon grew very fond of his little sister and thought it would be very nice when she grew large enough to go out and play with him. Every day when his mamma had sung little Leah to sleep, he would sit by her cradle and rock her very gently until she awoke. But, as Leah grew older, I am very sorry to say Marlin was not always as good and gentle toward her as he should have been.

Leah, of course, had a number of dolls and kittens. Who ever heard of a little girl that did not love to play with dolls and kittens?

Near the house where Marlin and Leah lived was a little stream running through such a pretty green grove, with ferns and blue violets all along the bank. In this little grove Leah had her play-house. It was not much of a house, to be sure, but it suited her very well. The trunks of the trees formed the sides of the house, and the leaves and branches, which were thickly woven together overhead, formed the roof. It was not all in one room, however, for she had pieces of board laid from one tree to another, forming kitchen, pantry, parlor, etc. In her pantry she had a little cupboard, which her papa had made for her, and in this she kept her dishes, which were mostly broken ones from mamma's dish closet. Her parlor floor was covered with a beautiful carpet of soft green moss, and in this rustic little play-house Leah would have had a very pleasant time with her dolls and Topsy, her little black kitten. As I was saying, Leah would have had a very pleasant time in her play-house if Marlin and his dog, Snip, had stayed away or had played nicely when they did come. But Marlin was always turning things over in her cupboard, trying to find something to eat, and sitting down on her little benches and breaking them, for they were not intended for a great boy like him, as Leah often told him.

Then Snip would think he could smell rats, and was always tearing up her parlor carpet with his long nose or chasing Topsy into the water, when she would come out mewing so pitifully that Leah would cry too, and carry her poor little pet to the house and have mamma put it in a basket by the kitchen stove to dry.

Another naughty thing that Marlin used to do was to get one of Leah's dolls and tie a string around its neck and then tie it to the clothes-line at one end while he would go to the other and pull the rope so as to make the doll throw its feet and hands in such a way that it seemed to be in great distress. Leah would stand under the clothes-line reaching up her arms and crying, but Marlin would not let the doll down low enough for her to reach it.

I must tell you of something that happened to Marlin one January.

Now near Marlin's home was a pond and mill, owned by an old bachelor named Isaiah, who lived all alone in a little house near the mill. On this pond the boys used to skate, and Marlin thought if he only had a pair of skates he would be quite happy. His uncle Charley, hearing his wish for skates, purchased him a nice pair for a Christmas present. Marlin was delighted, and soon learned to skate quite well. One morning he thought he would get up early and have a good time skating before school time. There had been no good skating for more than a week, but Marlin heard the larger boys talking about it at school the day before, and they thought if it froze hard that night the pond would be safe next morning.

So Marlin started an hour or more before school time to try the ice. At first he did not venture far from the shore, but growing more careless, he struck out across the pond. When he was about half way across, the ice commenced to give way, and before he could reach the shore it had broken and let him into the cold water. He attempted to climb on the edge of the ice, but it was not strong enough to hold him and would keep letting him back into the water.

Then he thought to call to Isaiah, who was then in the house eating his breakfast. He heard the call, but supposed it was the school children playing. Soon he heard it again, and this time he thought it was some one calling his name. He went to the door and listened, and soon found the cries came from the pond. He ran to the spot, seized a board and pushed it beyond the edge of the ice. Marlin had just strength [illegible]ough left to grasp the board, and Isaia[illegible] [illegible]ll-ed him to the shore, took him in his [illegible] and carried him to his house, whe[illegible] soon had a blazing fire, and Marlin [illegible] his big arm-chair, with Isaiah's great coat around him, was soon warm and fast asleep. When he awoke, Isaiah carried him home, and told his mother of his accident. She did not scold him but took him in her arms, kissed him and thanked God for his safe deliverance.

Marlin never wanted to skate after that, and gave his skates to his cousin Bob.

The [illegible] Engagement.

It is pleasant to turn to one of the brightest chapters of the amenities of home after leaving the tyrants in gloomy solitude, and consider that pleasant episode of home life, "the first engagement."

When it is an arrangement that satisfies prudent papa and mamma, this is the most delightful moment of [illegible] life. It makes [illegible] again [illegible] the happine[illegible] two young lovers. "All [illegible]en love a lover." The introduction of a new son or daughter—that deep feeling of rest that our son or daughter is [illegible] have the anchorage of marriage—th[illegible]e are delicious reflections. We forget [illegible]ur trials, our cankering cares; we fo[illegible]get that they, too, must fight the sa[illegible]e [illegible]ard battle of which we have got n[illegible]arly through, and we see only the blissful side of the picture. If, however, we do not entirely approve, it is a great duty, and one which we owe our children, to hide from them any fancied antipathy to the chosen one whom we may not wholly love. Given good principles and good education, good health and a moderate certainty of a future living, and no parent has a right, if his daughter is sincerely attached, to find fault with his or her choice.

Of course no mother ever saw any wife good enough for her son; no father imagines that the man can be born who is worthy of his daughter. Sometimes, without meaning it; this feeling will show itself; but it had much better be kept out of sight, if possible.

Either a family should take a girl wholly to their hearts, and treat her as their own daughter, or they should decidedly disapprove from the first. No mutilated courtesy, no half-handed generosity, no carping criticism is just or honourable. That their son loves her, wishes to make her his wife, should be a very unanswerable argument for her hearty adoption into the family. And with regard to daughter's husband the same, and even greater respect should be shown. The old reproach against mothers-in-law now rather relegates itself to old comedy; it is not believed that they are always so detestable as the *Campaigner* in "Pendennis."

Yet a mother-in-law should let her sons-in-law severely alone, nor dare, because she has a very near relationship to him, to interfere in the household authority, or to say disagreeable things about the education of the children.

The young girl who enters a large family as the betrothed of one of the brothers has a very difficult role to fill. Unless she is frank and sincere, unless she is very engaging, she is apt to be disliked by some of them. Perhaps the brother has been a great favorite, and some loving sister is jealous of her. Some brothers, even, may feel offended at having the affections of his most intimate friend stolen away from him; or the charms which have won the lover may not be apparent to the rest of the family.

Now is the time for good breeding. Now is the moment for the amenities. Let the young people remember to treat that young lady with peculiar courtesy, for she will never forget their conduct at this period. She is to be their sister for all time. If they treat her with respect and cordiality ten to one she will be a good sister. But if they treat her with hatred, suspicion, and dislike, she will be their enemy all her days—and very little blame to her if she is. It is the cruelty of the red Indian to treat a new-comer, introduced under such tender circumstances, with anything but kindness.

Herb Teas.

If one asks the good lady of the house why she gives hot lemonade or sage tea to one who has a cold, the answer generally is because it is good for that complaint. While these domestic remedies are not wholly without value, their chief merit is that they afford an opportunity for kind friends to do something for the sick without doing any great harm. This may at first appear to be very faint praise, but so long as people are determined to dose those who are ill it is fortunate when they use harmless agents. If, by using an agent which is capable of doing neither good nor evil one is saved from injury which otherwise might come from tampering with potential drugs, a certain advantage is gained. We often engage children in some useless employment in order to keep them from mischief, and I can see no good reason why grown people should not be kept right by the same means. It would be much better if those domestic remedies were well understood, so that any virtue there is in them might be turned to some good account.

There are so many of these drinks that a full account of them all would occupy too much time. They can, however, be arranged in classes, and the character and effects of each class briefly mentioned. Arranging them according to their effects there are diaphoretic, diuretic, tonic, sedative, and aromatic drinks, or teas. Regarding the first, or diaphoretic, it may be said that any warm drink, such as lemonade or hot gruel, if taken in large quantity, will excite perspiration if the surface of the body is kept warm. In the incipient stage of some diseases this remedy is of much value. When a cold is coming on it may be arrested or modified by giving the patient a warm drink and then wrapping up in bed. So other acute diseases may also be favorably affected by diaphoretic drinks. Diuretic drinks also require to be taken in considerable quantity, but, unlike diaphoretics, their action is impaired by keeping the surface unusually warm. The type of this class of domestic remedies is parsley tea. Flax seed and elm bark teas also are fair representatives of the diuretic class. It may be noticed that the diuretic and diaphoretic drinks are much the same, and such is the fact. Either of those mentioned will act upon the skin if the surface is kept extra warm; whereas, if the skin is kept moderately cool after using such drinks they will act upon the kidneys. So closely are the functions of the skin and kidneys connected that the condition of the surface temperature will determine whether a remedy will act as a diaphoretic or diuretic. This fact should be kept in mind when domestic remedies are used, so that the desired effect may be obtained. This class may be dismissed with the additional remark that owing to the mucilaginous nature of these teas they have a soothing effect upon the mucous membranes generally hence they are useful in congested states, such as occur in the respiratory, digestive, and urinary organs when one has a cold.

The tonic drinks or teas generally used in the household are the bitter infusions and decoctions of herbs and plants. The leaves, roots, and barks are the portions mostly used. Their virtue lies in the bitter principle which they contain. The effect of all the vegetable bitters is to give tone to the stomach and increase the appetite; hence the reputation of camomile tea, wild cherry bark tea, and the like. These domestic remedies, while they are less elegant and agreeable than the bitter tinctures obtained at the druggists', are as valuable and perhaps more so. A simple bitter infusion has the advantage of being free from alcohol, which the tinctures contain, and therefore, is less likely to irritate a delicate stomach, although quite as likely to disgust a sensitive patient. The belief has long existed in the minds of the people that these teas are specially valuable in certain diseases, but the fact is they possess no virtue beyond their power to increase the appetite. In many cases of debility that is just what is required.

The aromatic drinks most used in the household are catnip, anise-seed, peppermint, cinnamon, and cardamon teas. They are all very much alike in their effect, being useful in cases of deranged digestion attended with flatulence. In certain forms of digestion in those who are debilitated the food taken tends to undergo fermentation and the generation of gases. This often gives rise to great suffering, which sometimes yields to a dose of aromatic tea. Infants and children are generally supposed to have colic when they show symptoms of pain, and are, therefore, dosed with aromatics by the would-be doctors of the household, but they are not often benefitted by such treatment. Old people and adults of feeble health derive the most benefit from aromatics. And to such their use should, as a rule, be confined. The effect of the aromatics appear to be a local stimulation which increases the gastro-intestinal muscular action; hence, when these viscera are distended by flatus, a little aromatic tea may give to these debilitated organs a fillip which will arouse their functional activity and enable them to free themselves from their irritating contents. The colicky pains of the digestive organs caused by sudden exposure to cold are also relieved sometimes by aromatic teas.

Victor Hugo's Habits.

From the Glasgow Herald.

Future historians may find in the habits of two of the most brilliant but wayward geniuses of the century—Carlyle and Victor Hugo—many points in common of which the outside world know but little. Both, in spite of their at times democratic utterances, are essentially aristocratic and exclusive in their sympathies and aims; but it is in the arrangement of their daily lives that even more resemblance is to be found. Both of them lived by rule, which unforeseen events were never permitted to disturb. Victor Hugo, for example, is absolutely invisible to all up to 3 in the afternoon. He breakfasts alone, and works steadily both before and after. At 3 o'clock, in all weathers, he goes out—if fine, on foot; if wet, like Carlyle, in an omnibus. He takes the first street or the first omnibus, regardless of its destination, and continues to walk or ride for three hours. Throughout this time his mind is actively engaged in composing poetry. On his return he devotes himself wholly to his family, in this respect, perhaps, differing from his English antitype. He enjoys the society of friends, and generally has two or three, sometimes more, to dinner.

At 10 o'clock he goes to bed, and the next morning when he rises he sets himself to write with a reed, or more often with a lucifer match, the verses he composed on the previous afternoon. Sometimes he will write down in this way upward of 500 or 600 without a pause, so accurately are they held in his memory. At the age of eighty few men can boast of greater vigor of intellect or of body. The literary executors of Victor Hugo, if they are charged to publish all he has written, will have no light task. For years he has been a ceaseless worker, and his manuscripts, which for many years were deposited in the vaults of the Bank of Belgium, have of late years been in the author's own keeping. At present they fill three enormous trunks, or rather packing cases, which follow him wherever he goes, and form by far the largest portion of his luggage. A good deal of what he has written, notably a continuation of "Les Chatiments," has lost most of its point; but, as may be seen from his two most recently published volumes, though both were written many years ago, he will leave behind a vast quantity of prose and verse, which must possess more than ephemeral interest.

The Growth of the Gun.

Forest and Stream.

Hunting for game was first practiced with bow and arrow only, until in the sixteenth century the Spaniards contrived the arquebus or matchlock. Here the match was fitted to a "serpentin" or cock hung on a pivot, and brought into contact with the priming by a working substantially the same as that of the modern hammer and trigger. This was further improved by the German invention of a steel wheel with serrated edge, fitted to a spring and made to revolve rapidly, the edge coming in contact with a piece of pyrites and by this friction producing the sparks to ignite the priming. The use of the wheel-lock for sporting purposes was very general in the middle of the sixteenth century and for a long time it was not improved upon.

But necessity is the mother of invention. A band of Dutch chicken stealers, or of Spanish marauders—it is disputed which—being too poor to provide themselves with high-priced wheel-lock, and afraid to use the match-lock, because its light revealed their whereabouts to the minions of the law, abstained from their practices long enough to devise a weapon better adapted to the needs of roost-robbers. The result was the flint-lock, and the pot-hunting fraternity scored a long credit mark.

The flint-lock reached its perfection in the hands of "that king of gun-makers," Joseph Madton, in the early part of the present century, and it gave way only to a worthy superior in the modern gun exploded by percussion.

The discovery of fulminating powders and their application to gunnery mark a most important era in the manufacture and employment of fire-arms. The charge in the gun was at first placed above the fulminating powder, which was ignited by the concussion of an iron plunger struck by a cock. Then this plunger was dispensed with, and the fulminate was simply placed in the flash-pan. The successive steps are familiar to almost all gunners; the priming was placed between two bits of paper and called percussion pellets; the fulminate was affixed to the breech by the newly invented cartridge, and fired by a penetrating needle; then came the copper cap, and then the culminating improvement of the cartridge, containing both the charge and the priming, and ignited at first by the pin, and afterward rim-fire and central fire principle.

A HEROINE IN CRIME.

A Lovely Girl Goes to Prison for Trying to Aid Her Lover.

St. Louis Republican.

Three interesting convicts passed through the Union depot last night on their way to Jefferson City, in charge of Sheriff John Davis of Wayne county, from which place they hailed. The second prisoner was a young man possessing a faultless shape and a handsome face. He looked cheerful enough to be a pleasure-traveler on a junketing expedition rather than a candidate for the State Prison. He was implicated in murdering a man by the name of George Macomb in Wayne county last May, and sentenced to a term of ten years. By his side sat the third, and by far the most interesting prisoner of the group, a young girl not over 18 years old. She was well dressed, and wore a sad, resigned expression upon her beautiful countenance that aroused the pity and admiration of every passenger in the car.

"What crime has this sad-looking creature committed?" was asked of the sheriff, whose sympathy appeared to be equal to that of other passengers.

"The story of that young girl is very remarkable. A number of years ago she fell in love with the prisoner sitting by her side, and will, I think, eventually marry him after they both serve out their sentence. Their love for each other is so true that nothing but the death of one of them, I think, will ever prevent them from becoming united in marriage. When her lover, the prisoner, Steigall, was arrested and committed on the charge of murder she stoutly protested that he was innocent. She used every means to obtain for him his liberty, sat by his side during his trial and stuck to him with a heroism which only a faithful woman can display in behalf of the choice of her heart."

"What is her crime?"

"Her crime is not as great as that of her lover, but one which the State punishes almost as severely. After Steigall had been sentenced, and after all legitimate resources had been exhausted, the girl then set about to secure his liberty by resorting to various schemes, some of which came near being successful. On a dark night last June, at a late hour, she purchased a lot of knives, files and other tools. Procuring a ladder she then stole silently to the rear of the jail and proceeded to carry out her plans. Climbing up the ladder to a window she dropped the tools into the jail and then endeavored to beat a hasty retreat before being discovered. She might have effected her escape had not the tools, in striking the floor of the jail, made a loud noise. This aroused the guard, who intercepted her and prevented her escape. She was tried for the offense, found guilty and sentenced to the penitentiary for the term of ten years. The Judge, owing to her age, and appearance, took compassion on her and reduced the time one-half. It is said that an effort will be made by citizens of Wayne county to procure her pardon."

The Wandering Jew.

Notes and Queries.

This Jew was born at Jerusalem, and was by Trade a Shoe-Maker; when Our Savior was going to the Place of Crucifixion, being Weary and Faint, he would have sat down to Rest at the Shoe-Maker's Stall; but the Shoe-Maker came to the Door, and spitting in Our Lord's Face, buffeted Him from the Door, saying, That was no Place of Abode for him—On which Christ said, For this Thing thou shalt never Rest, but wander till I come again upon the Earth. From this he is called the Wandering Jew of Jerusalem. Now, according to this saying of Our Savior * * this Man had no Power to return Home, but went about wandering from Place to Place ever since, even unto this day. * * Some time since he landed at Hull in Yorkshire, where Dr. Hall, taking him for a Cheat, caused him to be locked up in a Room all night; but next Morning they found the Door open, though their Prisoner had not attempted to escape. Dr. Hall sent for Dr. Harrison in order to assist him in the Examination of so remarkable a Personage, that they might be sure whether he was an Impostor or no. They asked him concerning the breaking of the Locks of the Room in which he had been shut up. He told them if they would attempt to confine him with Chains, it would avail nothing, human Force cannot confine him whom the Almighty had sentenced to want a resting Place. They * * sent for a Smith to put strong Chains on him; but they instantly burst asunder, to the Surprise of a thousand Spectators. Not being able to doubt any longer, they sent for a Painter, and had his Picture drawn, in which he looked neither Old or Young, but just as he did 1,767 Years ago, when he began his Journey. The King of France, hearing of this, wrote for his Picture, which Dr. Hall accordingly sent him. * * He is always Crying and Praying, and wishing to see Death; but that Ease from his Laboring Pilgrimage, he says, can never happen until Christ comes again upon the earth.

A MARVELOUS ACCIDENT.

Five Men Blown 120 Feet in a Rock Explosion and Escape Without Serious Injury.

Deer Lodge Northwest.

The principal grading of Clark's Fork Division of the Northern Pacific railroad is being done in Hell Gate canon, between New Chicago and Bear Mouth. About nine miles below New Chicago is what is known as "the lower rock cut." The grade is twelve or fifteen feet above the Hell Gate river and the rocky bluff out of which is being blasted is twenty or twenty-five feet higher. On Tuesday morning of this week a "sand" or "crevis" blast was set in this bluff. The main blast consisted of seven kegs of black powder sunk in a depth of fifteen or twenty feet, with two smaller auxiliary blasts set with shorter fuse to open the crevice. It being but a short distance below the company store, Nelson Bennett, contractor, and F. H. Anderson, bookkeeper, walked down to see the shot. The fuses were fired, the men sought shelter, and two explosions followed in quick succession. Bennett then said, "The shots have all gone off; let's go down," and started down. Some said, "No! the big shot is not off yet!" but he kept on, Anderson, Robert Dunn, Mike McCrary and Charles Reichenberg following. Some one back called out again. "The big shot isn't fired yet!" Bennett, who by this time had reached the portion of the bluff which was mined and saw the rock undisturbed, is reported to have replied, "No, but she's going now, and so are we." And sure enough they did. The seven-keg charge exploded with terrific force, throwing what Engineer Morgan estimates at three hundred cubic yards of rock out toward and into the river and carrying with it the men named. Some of them were thrown 120 feet out into the river, being projected even further than the bulk of the rock which filled up the river bed and turned it out on the southern bank. Those witnessing the sight were filled with horror, and it was not supposed any of the unfortunate men would be found alive. Consternation prevailed for the moment and the workmen flocked from all directions. Their astonishment was great when one by one the exploded men began clambering out for the shore and was complete when every one was taken from the debris and river to the shore alive. All were more or less cut up about the head and some had cuts and bruises on their bodies. Their faces covered with dirt and blood, clothes mired and tattered and reeking with water, they presented a horrid spectacle, and thinking only skillful surgery could save them, a messenger sped to the telegraph office at New Chicago, and requested immediate attendance of Dr. Mitchell from Deer Lodge. When the doctor arrived he found the men had all been taken to camp, their wounds bathed, plaster applied to the cuts, and not a bone was broken in any of the five men who had performed that marvelous vault through 120 feet of space on three hundred yards of rock, propelled by villainous saltpetre.

A VERY SAD ROMANCE.

An Old Mormon Saint Who Died of a Broken Heart.

Salt Lake Tribune.

About two years ago there lived in Salt Lake a Mormon who had brought out a wife from the States. He built a little home for himself and reared a family industriously. One day he said: "Betsey, you don't seem to take the stock in polygamy that you ought to."

"No, Bill; no polygamy in mine. This house won't exactly hold mor'n one woman. The architecture of the shanty ain't exactly adopted to polygamous deals in this family, and you can bet lively on it."

The old Mormon was lost in thought, and an expression of sadness came over his face, like a shower from a watering cart falling on a Castle Garden brogan.

"I suppose, Betsey, I will have to give in to you, just as I always do, not because you're right, but because I think too much of you to buck."

"Put it on any grounds you want to," said the wife, making for a rolling-pin, "but you give in anyhow." In a few months the old man was sent on a mission to the States, and he wooed and won a beautiful blue-eyed girl who was the pride and envy of the little village of Newtown, Conn. He told her of his vast wealth, his flocks and herds, his wines on the lees, etc.—the old thing—and made her his wife. They came home to Utah, and he brought his young bride up the front walk.

"Is that your mother?" said she as she spied his first wife.

"Not exactly; but she's a relative of mine," said the old man artfully.

"Let me make you acquainted with my wife," said he, sorter segregating his bow between the two women.

A deft blow from the old woman's broomstick laid him out. The scene which followed is too rough for a romance. It might look well in a police court report, but it would grate on a romance. Both women jumped him. He felt like going up town, and as he got up he went. In a few days the good old man died of a broken heart, broken because his first wife wouldn't let his second wife live in that house, coupled with the painful circumstance that his second wife didn't want to. Thus he died a victim to woman's unreasonableness and hard muscleness. This is but one of the many sad romances which make Utah mournful and undesirable. A polyg with a wife he can boss gets along pretty well, but when he is the weaker vessel he has no show.

A Mouse in a Connecticut School.

Waterbury American.

A mouse came near breaking up a school in the Center District yesterday. Trotting about on the floor the children spied him and a buzz of whispers called the children's attention. "Now, children," said she in a kind and motherly way, "keep very quiet every one of you. Don't move or say a word if the mouse comes toward you. He is perfectly harmless." The scholars were very quiet and watched the capers of the mouse breathlessly. The teacher had scarcely finished her brave address when mousey ran directly for her and began to walk over her feet. This was too much, and the preaching was turned into practice which refused to dovetail, as it were. In short, the teacher screamed and yelled with fright, and ran as if a pack of mad adders were in mad pursuit. The whole school hereupon became uproarous, and the mouse was boss of the situation. The little fellow was so delighted that he stood upon his hind legs and danced a hornpipe, and then skedaddled through the doorway, leaving the teacher and her tickled pupils in a peculiar state of mind.

After he had been appointed Prime Minister to Louis XVIII., M. de Corbiere, the first time he was present at a Privy Council, and before anything else was done, drew from his pocket, in the presence of the king, his snuff-box, pocket-handkerchief, and then his gloves, and placed them all unceremoniously on the table. Louis XVIII., who had been watching him, said, with a smile on his lips, "When you have finished emptying your pockets, M. de Corbiere, we will commence business." "Sire," replied the new Minister, who was a man of wit and ready repartee, "I prefer that you should reproach me with emptying my pockets rather than filling them in the service of you majesty."

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