KENNIBOY'S DREAM.

The Grizzly Bear sat on a tree,
And piped his tuneful lay,
The while the buzzing Bumble-Bee
Played tennis with the Jay.

The Zebra, sitting by the pump,
Was talking with the Moose,
While twenty Kangaroos, a-jump,
Played bull-frog with the Goose.

The Pollywog climbed up the vine
That grew upon the house;
And sliding down a piece of twine
Was one brown little Mouse.

The Fox tossed up a big bass-ball;
The Lion at the bat,
Just whacked it o'er the red brick wall,
And struck the Pussy Cat.

At this the Rats and Dogs did grin;
The Kittens in the scup
Began to cry, and 'mid the din
Small Kenniboy waked up.

—Harper's Young People.

NAUTICAL OXEN.

Among his neighbors Job Haines was considered a pretty fair sort of a man. He had settled in the southern part of Kansas, where he lived as an immigrant from New Hampshire, and he brought his Yankee sharpness with him, but as he dealt fair and attended to his own business, he passed. The only member of the family beside Job and his wife was Ike, a nephew whom Job had taken to bring up, as he had no children of his own. Ike was a typical New England boy about fifteen years old. He had been brought up in one of the coast villages of Maine, and had a great love for the sea.

Job, like the majority of Yankee farmers, was a firm believer in cattle, and did most of his work with oxen. One day he said to Ike: "Ike, if you'll take that pair of yearling steers and break them to work you can have them."

In his Western home Ike never forgot the far-off ocean. It had been the one hope of his life to be a sailor, but his being sent West had destroyed it. When his uncle gave him the steers to break, the idea came to him that though he could never expect to tread the deck of his own ship, he could use ship phrases in the education of his oxen, and thus always be reminded of his old home beside the sea. Thus it was that Jack and Billy were educated to work, "broken" totally ignorant of the usual commands by which oxen are managed. "Gee" and "haw," "git up" and "whoa" had no meaning for them whatever. It was "haul away" and "port," add "starboard" and "belay." "Stern all" was back. The oxen grew and waxed strong, and his uncle often remarked that he never saw a team that could do more work than those oxen and Ike. No one but Ike ever thought of handling them.

The nearest neighbor to the Haines' was Deacon Merwin, a good man and pillar of the church. The good deacon saw that Ike's yoke of oxen were good workers, and a desire came over him to possess them. He offered to buy them several times, but Job always said that they belonged to Ike and were not for sale. The deacon asked Ike if he would sell them, but met with such an indignant refusal that he felt angered, but did not give up the idea of possessing the cattle. Finally he went to Job and said:

"Neighbor Haines, if them cattle 'll work good every way, I'll give you two hundred dollars for 'em. They're too much property for a boy like Ike to have, and it is apt to create in him a bad sperrit and makes him feel above his elders."

"Well, I don't know, deacon. The boy sets a deal by them cattle, and a promise is a promise. I gave them to him if he would break 'em, and he has, so I'm bound to keep my part."

"That's all true enough, Neighbor Haines, but Ike's only a boy; and then remember, two hundred dollars ain't offered evey day for a yoke of cattle. Why not sell me these and give him another pair to break; that 'ud do jist as well."

The deacon's two hundred dollars and persuasions finally weakened Job's scruples and he gave in. The deacon was to try them, and if they worked all right was to have them. How to tell Ike what he had done was a poser to his uncle. His aunt declared it a downright mean piece of business, and told Job plainly what she thought of him. It was finally decided not to say anything to Ike until after the sale had been made and the cattle gone. In order that Ike might not be on hand to see his pets sold, he was given a holiday and sent to spend the day at a neighbor's a couple of miles away, where there was a boy of his age who was a sort of a chum of his.

The next morning Ike was off bright and early, and the deacon was on hand shortly after. It would not be fair to Job to say that he did not have any misgivings. He would have backed out of the bargain at the least chance, and he really hoped that the deacon would not be satisfied with them. The oxen were brought out and yoked to the cart without difficulty, though the deacon remarked that they did seem "kinder stoopid." Job and the deacon climbed up into the cart.

"Gee up!"

The oxen turned their eyes around inquiringly. "Gee up, there!" repeated Job; but they did not move a hoof.

"That don't appear like good breaking," remarked the deacon.

"They're both all right," replied Job. "Come, gee up, there!" at the same time he gave each a prod with the goad. In response to the prodding of cattle walked off toward the open gate, in which direction their heads happened to be turned. Job did not want them to go in the road, so he shouted out, "Hoy! hoy!" to turn them around; but the oxen had no idea what "hoy" meant, and so kept going straight ahead. Job shouted louder and struck Billy with the goad. They quickened their gait into a trot and turned out into the road. Then Job shout, "Whoa! whoa!" but they did not mind that, either.

"They don't appear to be as well broken as I reckoned on," remarked the deacon, as he stood in the cart and viewed the proceedings.

"They're broke well enough," replied Job, rather nettled, "but I'm strange to them; nobody but Ike ever drove them."

"Well, turn them about," said the deacon. But they paid no heed on any command, and finally, exasperated, Job struck them both with the goad, and they started at full run down the road. Clatterty bang! the cart went, and both Job and the deacon were compelled to hold on the cart-stakes to prevent being bounced out of the cart.

"Stop 'em! Stop 'em!" shouted the deacon. "I want to get out." "Whoa! whoa! whoa! ye varmints!" But the oxen only tossed their horns and ran the faster. "Stop 'em, can't ye?"

Job was downright mad by this time. "Stop 'em yourself, you old fool!" snapped he, "you know as much how to stop 'em as I do."

"We'll be chucked out and killed!" shouted the deacon, as the cart banged over a stone.

The oxen were now thoroughly frightened and running away for fair, and both men were badly scared and holding on for dear life. All at once an idea struck Job.

"Say, deacon, can't you talk some sea talk to 'em? That's what I've allers heard Ike talk to 'em," he called out as the cart bumped along.

"Brother Haines, such sea talk as I've heard ain't proper fer a pillar of the church to repeat, and I'll call meetin' on you fer this if we git out alive" replied the deacon, with as much dignity as he could assume while holding to the stake.

"Do try, deacon!" shouted the terrified Job; "it may save our lives." Just then the cart gave a fearful lurch and the deacon banged his head against the stake he was holding to with considerable force. This made him boiling mad in addition to his fear. "Jump aloft!" he shouted. "Splice the main brace! Shiver my timbers! Pipe all hands to grog!" and then as that had no effect on the frantic team, "Boat ahoy!" and then losing all control of himself, "Ahoy! Ahoy! drat ye, ye blankety blank brutes!" and the deacon let out such a string of profanity that Job turned a shade or two paler.

While this was going on the oxen had gotten over considerable ground. The people along the road gaped in open-mouthed astonishment to see two such staid citizens going along so furiously with an ox team, and were terribly scandalized at their apparent hilarity.

Ike, totally unconscious of what was going on at home, was plodding along toward his chum's when he heard a fearful clatter coming behind him. He turned, and could hardly believe his eyes. There came his pets Jack and Billy at a furious pace, and his uncle and the deacon in the cart.

"Stop 'em, Ike! stop 'em!" shouted his uncle, when he saw Ike.

Ike stepped to one side of the road, and as the cattle dashed up called out, "Belay, Jack! Belay, Billy!" At the sound of the familiar voice and command they stopped at once and went quietly up to their young master.

"I'll have the law of you for this, Job Haines," snarled the deacon, as he painfully descended from the cart.

"And I'll call church on you!" retorted job, as he rubbed his bruises. I won't belong to any church with a man that kin swear like you kin. A purty deacon, you be!"

"If I had a brat like that I'd skin him alive roared the deacon, as he glared at the bewildered Ike.

"Isaac, take them cattle home at once," said his uncle. "As for this wicked man here I shall never notice him again."

Ike took the cattle home. His uncle walked. His aunt told him about the contemplated sale, and though he expressed commiseration for his uncle it is doubtful if he felt any. His aunt said it served them just right. Ike kept his oxen.

Keep Moving.

I dislike to hear that a man has retired from business, says Rev. Myron W. Reed, unless I hear at the same time that he has taken to travel or something that will keep body and mind on the move. Never wait for Death, simply be ready for him. "Occupy till I come," says the Lord. I am an eight hour man. No more, and no less. Make it compulsory upon men and women, and at once we will have a happier world. Did you ever hear a stone cutter enquire, "Is life worth living?" His wages are enough, his appetite is good, his sleep is sweet. The question "Is life worth living?" is only asked by two—one an overworked toiler and the other some idler, some prince of Denmark with nothing to do. If he had worked himself tired and gone to sleep he would have seen no ghost. But he prowled around at midnight and made himself and others a great deal of trouble. I read with delight "The Cotter's Saturday Night." It is a picture of rest and content. The children are all at home. That Saturday night has been preceded by six days of solid work; otherwise those children would all want to go somewhere.

Mind Killing.

A Wiscasset, Me., man discovered a big gash in his boot where he had cut his foot while in the woods and just managed to get home, feeling himself growing fainter from loss of blood all the way, when somebody discovered that the gash only went through his boot and the red color was not blood, but only a woolen stocking.

The Price Varies.

If the devil didn't offer very big wages to begin with he would have a hard time in getting his work done.—Ram's horn.

CARRISTON'S GIFT.

BY HUGH CONWAY.

PART I.

TOLD BY PHILIP BRAND, M. D., LONDON.

CHAPTER IV. CONTINUED.

Then, with the liberty a close friend may take, I drew toward me a portfolio, full, I presumed, of sketches of surrounding scenery. To my surprise Carriston jumped up hastily and snatched it from me. "They are too bad to look at," he said. As I struggled to regain possession, sundry strings broke, and, lo and behold! the floor was littered, not with delineations of rock, lake, and torrent, but with images of the young girl I had seen a few minutes before. Full face, profile, three-quarter face, five, even seven-eighth face, all were there—each study perfectly executed by Carriston's clever pencil. I threw myself into a chair and laughed aloud, whilst the young man, blushing and discomforted, quickly huddled the portraits between the covers, just as a genuine Scotch lassie bore in the plentiful and, to me, very welcome breakfast.

Carriston did favor me with his company during the whole of that day, but, in spite of my having come to Scotland to enjoy his society, that day, from easily-guessed reasons, was the only one in which I had undisputed possession of my friend.

Of course I bantered him a great deal on the portfolio episode. He took it in good part, attempting little or no defense. Indeed, before night he had told me with all a boy's fervor how he had loved Madeline Rowan at first sight, how in the short space of time which had elapsed since that meeting he had wooed her and won her; how good and beautiful she was; how he worshiped her; how happy he felt; how, when I went south, he should accompany me, and, after making all necessary arrangements, return at once and bear his bride away.

I could only listen to him, and congratulate him. It was not my place to act the elder, and advise him either for or against the marriage. Carriston had only himself to please, and if he made a rash step only himself to blame for the consequences. And why should I have dissuaded?—I, who in two days envied the boy's good fortune.

I saw a great deal of Madeline Rowan. How strange and out-of-place her name and face seemed amid our surroundings. If at first somewhat shy and retiring, she soon, if only for Carriston's sake, consented to look upon me as a friend, and talked to me freely and unreservedly. Then I found that her nature was as sweet as her face. Such a conquest did she make of me that, save for one chimerical reason, I should have felt quite certain that Carriston had chosen well, and would be happy in wedding the girl of his choice, heedless of her humble position in the world, and absence of fitting wealth. When once his wife, I felt sure that if he cared for her to win social success, her looks and bearing would insure it, and from the great improvement which, as I have already said, I noticed in his health and spirits, I believed that his marriage would make his life longer, happier, and better.

Now for my objection, which seems almost a laughable one. I objected on the score of the extraordinary resemblance which, so far as a man may resemble a woman, existed between Charles Carriston and Madeline Rowan. The more I saw them together, the more I was struck by it. A stranger might well have taken them for twin brother and sister. The same delicate features, drawn in the same lines; the same soft, dark, dreamy eyes; even the same shaped heads. Comparing the two, it needed no phrenologist or physiognomist to tell you that where one excelled the other excelled; where one failed, the other was wanting. Now, could I have selected a wife for my friend, I would have chosen one with habits and constitution entirely different from his own. She should have been a bright, bustling woman, with lots of energy and common sense—one who would have rattled him about and kept him going—not a lovely, dark-eyed, dreamy girl, who could for hours at a stretch make herself supremely happy if only sitting at her lover's feet and speaking no word. Yet they were a handsome couple, and never have I seen two people so utterly devoted to each other as those two seemed to be during those autumn days which I spent with them.

I soon had a clear proof of the closeness of their mental resemblance. One evening, Carriston, Madeline, and I were sitting out of doors, watching the gray mist deepening in the valley at our feet. Two of the party were, of course, hand in hand, the third seated at a discreet distance—not so far away as to preclude conversation, but far enough off to be able to pretend that he saw and heard only what was intended for his eyes and ears.

How certain topics, which I would have avoided discussing with Carriston, were started I hardly remember. Probably some strange tale had been passed down from wilder and even more solitary regions than ours—some ridiculous tale of Highland superstition, no doubt embellished and augmented by each one who repeated it to his fellows. From her awed talk I soon found that Madeline Rowan, perhaps by reason of the Scotch blood in her veins, was as firm a believer in things visionary and beyond nature as ever Charles Carriston in his silliest moments could be. As soon as I could I stopped the talk, and the next day, finding the girl for a few minutes alone, told her plainly that subjects of this kind should be kept as far as possible from her future husband's thoughts. She promised obedience, with dreamy eyes which looked as far away and full of visions as Carriston's.

"By the bye," I said, "has he ever spoken to you about seeing strange things?"

"Yes; he has hinted at it."

"And you believe him?"

"Of course I do—he told me so."

This was unanswerable. "A pretty pair they will make," I muttered, as Madeline slipped from me to welcome her lover, who was approaching. "They will see ghosts in every corner, and goblins behind every curtain."

Nevertheless, the young people had no doubts about their coming bliss. Everything was going smoothly and pleasantly for them. Carriston had at once spoken to Madeline's aunt, and obtained the old Scotchwoman's ready consent to their union. I was rather vexed at his still keeping to his absurd whim, and concealing his true name. He said he was afraid of alarming his aunt by telling her he was passing under an *alias*, whilst if he gave Madeline his true reason for so doing she would be miserable. Moreover, I found he had formed the romantic plan of marrying her without telling her in what an enviable position she would be placed, so far as worldly gear went. A kind of Lord of Burleigh surprise no doubt commended itself to his imaginative brain.

The last day of my holiday came. I bade a long and sad farewell to lake and mountain, and, accompanied by Carriston, started for home. I did not see the parting proper between the young people—that was far too sacred a thing to be intruded upon—but even when that protracted affair was over, I waited many, many minutes whilst Carriston stood hand in hand with Madeline, comforting himself and her by reiterating "Only six weeks—six short weeks! And then—and then!" It was the girl who at last tore herself away, and then Carriston mounted reluctantly by my side on the rough vehicle.

From Edinburgh we traveled by the night train. The greater part of the way we had the compartment to ourselves. Carriston, as a lover will, talked of nothing but coming bliss and his plans for the future. After a while I grew quite weary of the monotony of the subject, and at last dozed off, and for some little time slept. The shrill whistle which told us a tunnel was at hand aroused me. My companion was sitting opposite to me, and as I glanced across at him my attention was arrested by the same strange intense look which I had on a previous occasion at Bettws-y-Coed noticed in his eyes—the same fixed stare—the same obliviousness to all that was passing. Remembering his request, I shook him, somewhat roughly, back to his senses. He regarded me for a moment vacantly, then said:

"Now I have found out what was wanting to make the power I told you of complete. I could see her if I wished."

"Of course you can see her—in your mind's eye. All lovers can do that."

"If I tried I could see her bodily—know exactly what she is doing." He spoke with an air of complete conviction.

"Then I hope, for the sake of modesty, you won't try. It is now nearly three o'clock. She ought to be in bed and asleep."

I spoke lightly, thinking it better to try and laugh him out of his folly. He took no notice of my sorry joke.

"No," he said, quietly, "I am not going to try. But I know now what was wanting. Love—such love as mine—such love as hers—makes the connecting link, and enables sight or some other sense to cross over space, and pass through every material obstacle."

"Look here, Carriston," I said seriously, "you are talking as a madman talks. I don't want to frighten you, but I am bound both as a doctor and your sincere friend to tell you that unless you cure yourself of these absurd delusions they will grow upon you, develop fresh forms, and you will probably end your days under restraint. Ask any doctor, he will tell you the same."

"Doctors are a clever race," answered my strange young friend, "but they don't know everything.

So saying he closed his eyes and appeared to sleep.

We parted upon reaching London. Many kind words and wishes passed between us, and I gave him some more well-meant, and, I believed, needed warnings. He was going down to see his uncle, the baronet. Then he had some matters to arrange with his lawyers, and above all, had to select a residence for himself and his wife. He would, no doubt, be in London for a short time. If possible he would come and see me. Anyway, he would write and let me know the exact date of his approaching marriage. If I could manage to come to it, so much the better. If not, he would try, as they passed through town, to bring his bride to pay me a flying and friendly visit. He left me in the best of spirits, and I went back to my patients and worked hard to make up lost ground, and counteract whatever errors had been committed by my substitute.

Some six weeks afterward—late at night—whilst I was deep in a new and clever treatise on zymotics, a man, haggard, wild, unshorn, and unkempt, rushed past my startled servant, and entered the room in which I sat. He threw himself into a chair, and I was horrified to recognize in the intruder my clever and brilliant friend, Charles Carriston!

V.

"The end has come sooner than I expected." These were the sad words I muttered to myself as, waving my frightened servant away I closed the door, and stood alone with the supposed maniac. He rose and wrung my hand, then without a word sank back into his chair and buried his face in his hands. A sort of nervous trembling seemed to run through his frame. Deeply distressed I drew his hands from his face.

"Now, Carriston," I said, as firmly as I could, "look up, and tell me what all this means. Look up, I say, man, and speak to me."

He raised his eyes to mine, and kept them there, whilst a ghastly smile—a phantom humor—flickered across his white face. No doubt his native quickness told him what I suspected, so he looked me full and steadily in the face.

"No," he said, "not as you think. But let there be no mistake. Question me. Talk to me. Put me to any test. Satisfy yourself, once for all, that I am as sane as you are."

He spoke so rationally, his eyes met mine so unflinchingly, that I was rejoiced to know that my fears were as yet ungrounded. There was grief, excitement, want of rest in his appearance, but his general manner told me he was, as he said, as sane as I was.

"Thank Heaven you can speak to me and look at me like this," I exclaimed.

"You are satisfied then?" he said.

"On this point, yes. Now tell me what is wrong?"

Now that he had set my doubts at rest his agitation and excitement seemed to return. He grasped my hand convulsively.

"Madeline!" he whispered. "Madeline—my love—she is gone."

"Gone!" I repeated. "Gone where?"

"She is gone, I say—stolen from me by some black-hearted traitor—perhaps forever. Who can tell?"

"But, Carriston, surely in so short a time her love cannot have been won by another. If so, all I can say is——"

"What!" he shouted. "You have seen her! You in your wildest dreams to imagine that Madeline Rowan would leave me of her own free will! No, sir, she has been stolen from me—entrapped—carried away—hidden. But I will find her, or I will kill the black-hearted villain who has done this."

He rose and paced the room. His face was distorted with rage. He clinched and unclinched his long slender hands.

"My dear fellow," I said; "you are talking riddles. Sit down and tell me calmly what has happened. But, first of all, as you look utterly worn out, I will ring for my man to get you some food."

"No," he said, "I want nothing. Weary I am, for I have been to Scotland and back as fast as man can travel. I reached London a short time ago, and after seeing one man have come straight to you, my only friend, for help—it may be for protection. But I have eaten and I have drunk, knowing I must keep my health and strength."

However, I insisted on some wine being brought. He drank a glass, and then with a strange enforced calm, told me what had taken place. His tale was this:

After we had parted company on our return from Scotland, Carriston went down to the family seat in Oxfordshire, and informed his uncle of the impending change in his life. The baronet, an extremely old man, infirm and all but childish, troubled little about the matter. Every acre of his large property was strictly entailed, so his pleasure or displeasure could make but little alteration in his nephew's prospects. Still, he was the head of the family, and Carriston was in duty bound to make the important news known to him. The young man made no secret of his approaching marriage, so in a very short time every member of the family was aware that the heir and future head was about to ally himself to a nobody. Knowing nothing of Madeline Rowan's rare beauty and sweet nature, Carriston's kinsmen and kinswomen were sparing with their congratulations. Indeed, Mr. Ralph Carriston, the cousin whose name was coupled with such absurd suspicions, went so far as to write a bitter, sarcastic letter, full of ironical felicitations. This, and Charles Carriston's haughty reply, did not make the affection between the cousins any stronger. Moreover, shortly afterward the younger man heard that inquiries were being made in the neighborhood of Madeline's home, as to her position and parentage. Feeling sure that only his cousin Ralph could have had the curiosity to institute such inquiries, he wrote and thanked him for the keen interest he was manifesting in his future welfare, but begged that hereafter Mr. Carriston would apply to him direct for any information he wanted. The two men were now no longer on speaking terms.

Charles Carriston in his present frame of mind cared little whether his relatives wished to bless or forbid the banns. He was passionately in love, and at once set about making arrangements for a speedy marriage. Although Madeline was still ignorant of the exalted position held by her lover—although she came to him absolutely penniless—he was resolved in the matter of money to treat her as generously as he would have treated the most eligible damsel in the country. There were several legal questions to be set at rest concerning certain property he wished to settle upon her. This of course caused delay. As soon as they were adjusted to his own, or, rather to his lawyer's satisfaction, he purposed going to Scotland and carrying away his beautiful bride. In the meantime he cast about for a residence.

Somewhat Bohemian in his nature, Carriston had no intention of settling down just yet to live the life of an ordinary moneyed Englishman. His intention was to take Madeline abroad for some months. He had fixed upon Cannes as a desirable place at which to winter, but having grown somewhat tired of hotel life wished to rent a furnished house. He had received from an agent to whom he had been advised to apply the refusal of a house which, from the glowing description given, seemed the one above all others he wanted. As an early decision was insisted upon my impulsive young friend thought nothing of crossing the Channel and running down to the south of France to see, with his own eyes, that the much-lauded place was worthy of the fair being who was to be its temporary mistress.

He wrote to Madeline, and told her he was going from home for a few days. He said he should be traveling the greater part of the time, so it would be no use of her writing to him until his return. He did not reveal the object of his journey. Were Madeline to know it was to choose a winter residence at Cannes, she would be filled with amazement, and the innocent deception he was still keeping up would not be carried through to the romantic end which he pictured to himself.

The day before he started for France Madeline wrote that her aunt was very unwell, but said nothing as to her malady causing any alarm. Perhaps Carriston thought less about the old Scotch widow than her relationship and kindness to Miss Rowan merited. He started on his travels without any forebodings of evil.

His journey to Cannes and back was hurried—he wasted no time on the road, but was delayed for two days at the place itself before he could make final arrangements with the owner and the present occupier of the house. Thinking he was going to start every moment he did not write to Madeline—at the rate at which he meant to return a letter posted in England would reach her almost as quickly as if posted at Cannes.

He reached his home, which for the last few weeks had been Oxford, and found two letters waiting for him. The first, dated on the day he left England, was from Madeline. It told him that her aunt's illness had suddenly taken a fatal turn—that she had died that day, almost without warning. The second letter was anonymous.

It was written apparently by a woman, and advised Mr. Carr to look sharply after his lady-love or he would find himself left in the lurch. The writer would not be surprised to hear some fine day that she had eloped with a certain gentleman who should be nameless. This precious epistle, probably an emanation of feminine spite, Carriston treated as it deserved—he tore it up and threw the pieces to the wind.

[To be Continued.]

One Way to Steal Diamonds.

It is natural that articles of great value are objects of temptation. We are prepared to understand that the common thief is constantly scheming to gain possession of precious stones and jewelry, but it is a matter of surprise to learn, through stories that come from across the ocean, of the tricks indulged in there by the diamond trade—the legitimate, everyday dealers in precious stones. The peculiarity of this condition of things is that the sharp practice of dealers does not involve their reputation or standing, the thing being looked at as a matter of shrewdness and rather admired as a clever piece of business. An anecdote is related to illustrate this:

A dealer called upon a firm with whom he was in the habit of transacting business and asked to see a lot of diamonds. After examining them for some time he returned the paper, saying he would call again in reference to buying them. It was at once noticed that a large stone was missing. A hasty search was made, but no trace of the diamond being discovered, the dealer, without more ado, was accused of having taken the brilliant.

The stone was not found, and profuse apologies were offered for the false accusation. The following day the dealer appeared again, this time with a paper of diamonds to sell, but also with another object in view, which he took good care not to disclose. A careful observer might have noticed that while the stones were being examined at the light he ran his fingers along the under surface of the portion of the counter near which he sat and picked off something that stuck to the wood. It was nothing more nor less than the diamond which had so mysteriously disappeared the day before. He had fastened it to the counter by means of a piece of wax with which he had provided himself, and on the occasion of his second visit secured his booty.—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

Curious Cause of Death.

A school-girl in France died recently from a curious cause. At the distribution of prizes she obtained a laurel wreath colored green. She thoughtlessly put the painted leaves in her mouth and died afterward from the effect of the poison.

The 41,000,000 gallons of spirit made in the United Kingdom in 1889 were mostly used in England, and nearly three-fourths of this vast quantity was drank as a beverage.

If matters can not be better, let us [illegible] glad they are no worse.

John Brown's son is a grape grower, but will not sell his fruit for wine making.

An English statistician estimates the world's indebtedness at $150,000,000,000.

If a donkey brays at you, don't bray back at him, else you will show yourself a donkey.

If some people were as swift of feet as they are of tongue, they might catch the lightning.

The duchess of St. Albans has recently had one of her gowns encircled with a set of family buttons made of cats' eyes and diamonds set in gold.

If anything must be done, do it and done with it.

If money be not the servant, it is sure to be the master.

If lies were Latin, learned man would be quite common.

Gen. John M. Corse, late postmaster of Boston, has decided not to accept the office of general manager of the Flint & Pere Marquette railroad.