

In the Garden.

Still is the garden—still and sweet; The flowers are dreaming at my feet: Heart, who calleth me? Some voice that sighs for very bliss, Some joy I fain would turn to kiss: Heart, who calleth me? There is no sound of bird or bee, No low wind stirring in the trees: Heart, who calleth me? The changing river, as it flows, Sees the banks the deeply tilled repose: Heart, who calleth me? What wandering spirit sweetly sways And rules my dreams, but never says: Heart, who calleth me? I blush, I tremble to its spell, I know it not; with thorn not tell, Heart, who calleth me? Then, voice, reveal thyself, I pray; Give fancy form, and fondly say, "Sweet, love calleth thee." Oh, rose! Oh, sea! Oh, sky above! Echo these long-sought tones of love: "Sweet, love calleth thee!"

WHO WAS THE COWARD?

"You lie!" The speaker was Norman Webb, a burly built, fashionably dressed young man, who had come to college to spend his father's money, and do as little work and have as good a time as possible. The words were addressed to Allen Ward; the provocation being an expression of opinion by the latter touching a recent having affair planned and headed by Norman Webb. Allen's eyes flashed, and his handsome face flushed, as with clenched fists he made a step toward his insulted. Every fiber of him was at its utmost tension, and every nerve tingled. It would not have been well for Norman Webb, big and strong as he was, had the two encountered at that moment. But, as if suddenly recalling himself, Allen stopped.

"I repeat my words," said Norman Webb, insolently—"you lie!—and more—it is not the province of a beggar to criticize the conduct of a gentleman!"

A tinge of the flush which had left Allen's face came back at these words, but disappeared on the instant, and turning from the crowd of students, who had heard them, he walked calmly away.

"The coward!" more than one muttered. Allen Ward had a widowed mother and a sister dependent on him. At school he had won a prize scholarship which gave him his college tuition free; and by teaching in vacations, and giving lessons out of college hours, he was managing to scrape along till he could enter the profession he had set his heart on.

The discipline of the institution was strict. A blow was ground for expulsion. To resent Norman Webb's insult as he felt impelled to do at the moment, he knew would lead to his prompt dismissal, and he had not the means to enter another college. He thought of his mother and sister, and of the career he had planned. He could not afford to sacrifice all these to gratify a passing resentment. But the effort his self-restraint cost was little appreciated by those who called him "coward."

To "give the lie," at that day in that community, was regarded either as the signal for a blow, or the precursor of a summons to deadly combat. To take it tamely was a thing not to be tolerated among gentlemen. Personal difficulties had become so common among the students of the college, that the new president had determined to use the severest measures to repress them. Among his rules was one that a blow, or other act of violence, except in strictest self-defense, should be punished by summary expulsion.

But college law could not change public sentiment; and it is not probable that Allen Ward, with all his patience, would have brooked so gross an insult from sheer motives of obedience. Indeed, could he have foreseen all—that his former companions would shun him, and even Mabel Gray would turn away her head when they met—it may be doubted if all restraints would not have failed, and Norman Webb's insult been met with quick resentment.

It was plain that everybody thought Allen a coward, Mabel Gray among the rest, and this hurt him most. He and she had long been friends; and he had secretly looked forward to a time when he might declare to her a sentiment more tender than that of friendship. Now, she not only turned her back upon him, but began to tolerate the attentions of Norman Webb, whom she had before slighted.

One night an alarm of fire was heard in the village. Everybody ran in the direction of a blazing light which shone out against the sky.

"It's Mr. Gray's house!" shouted those who first approached the scene. A heartrending spectacle met the sight of the crowd that quickly assembled. The flames were blazing from the roof and bursting from most of the windows. Old Mr. Gray, a helpless invalid, who had escaped from one of the lower apartments, stood wringing his hands, and beseeching the spectators, in piteous accents, to save his daughter, who, pale and terror-stricken, leaned from the window of an upper chamber, whence a leap to the ground would be certain death.

Men ran in search of ladders, but found none, and every moment made the chance of rescue still more difficult.

"Mr. Webb! Mr. Webb! will not you save her?" appealed the frantic father, laying his trembling hand on Norman Webb's arm.

"The attempt would be madness," the latter answered; "the staircase is wrapped in flames, and no one can reach that chamber save at the peril of his life."

With a piercing shriek Mabel fell back fainting from the window.

Norman Webb made a movement as if to enter the door, but recoiled at the sight of the fiery path before him, and stood agast and helpless. His burly form was brushed aside like a feather

by one who shot past, and darted up the blazing stairway with the speed of an arrow.

The daring act filled the crowd with amazement, which had not time to abate before the intrepid stranger reappeared on the burning steps, now crumbling under his feet, bearing in his arms the insensible form of Mabel Gray, carefully wrapped from head to foot. His hat pulled over his face, partly shielded him from the sheet of flame through which, amid encouraging shouts, he once more forced his way, and a wild cry of exultation rose when Mabel was safely placed in her father's arms. Then came three times three of the strongest cheers for Allen Ward, when the stranger raised his hat and revealed his seared and blistered face.

"Who is the coward now?" he exclaimed, as he sunk exhausted to the ground. No one ever called him that name again, and Mabel, we are sure, never thought his face less handsome for the scars it bore on her account.—Ledger.

The Bad Boy.

"This said boy," began Bijah, as he led out a youth of thirteen, "did, to wit, viz.: Throw a stone and smash a pane of glass on Howard street, all of which he says he will never do again."

"Smashing glass, eh?" queried the court. "Well, the law will have to smash him, I'm afraid."

"I haven't got any dad!" whispered the prisoner, while his chin quivered and his teeth knocked together.

"That's nothing to do with breaking glass, my son. You have no more right to throw stones and smash glass than a schoolhouse full of sun and uncles."

"She slipped!" continued the lad, while a big tear gushed in his left eye.

"Why do you and other boys prowl round the world throwing stones?" demanded the court. "Why is it that a boy can heave a club or throw a stone when he's so mortal tired that he can't walk half a block to do an errand?"

"I was only throwing at a yaller bird," protested the prisoner, his right eye also filling up.

"That makes the offense ten times worse," shouted the court. "What do you want to hurt a yaller bird, or red bird, or any other kind of bird for? You ought to be tied up in a square package, labeled 'A bad boy,' and placed on a shelf in the workhouse for six months."

"I can't go there—I have to take care of a horse!" was the boy's very solemn answer.

Looking over the warrant again, his honor continued: "Boy, be careful! If you smash any more glass in this town you'll miss half a dozen circuses and all the ferry boat excursions. You'll sigh for home when the sun rises, and you'll weep and lament when the sun goes down. Go home to your mother, and go and feed that horse, and for the next year you want to walk around Detroit as if there were eggs under your feet."

Bijah let the lad out by the private door, gave him a lot of orange peel to stay his stomach until he could get home to breakfast, and patting him on the head remarked:

"Don't heave any more stuns at the gentle yaller birds. Birds has rights, or the Lord would have made geese of them."—Detroit Free Press.

The Western Greaser.

The greaser is the most striking anomaly one meets in his Western tour. To look at him, says a writer, you must conclude that he was evolved, like the mule, by the exigencies of border life. My theory of his genesis is simple. He is a modification of the Indian. Civilization has never been able to utilize the redskin. A beneficent government has offered him every inducement to mingle himself with the Anglo-Saxon stock in a proper American manner. It has provided him with improved arms and asked him to give up his warlike game and till the soil. It sends him absolute alcohol and missionaries, it pays him money and lets him take his choice, and he remains Indian to the last man of a vanquished tribe, dying in the county jail, drunk to his toe nails, but Indian still.

The greaser is Indian minus everything that makes the Indian admirable. He is a utilized barbarian. He drives an army wagon with stolid fidelity. He rides a mule with the stony indifference, and much more of the grace, of an average Washington statue. If you look narrowly into his long, matted, black hair you will see the Mexican eyes, you will not be able to detect his pedigree, but you will see the dull, low cunning of a primitive man, the high carnivorous jaw of the brute, and that vacuity of mind which marks the absence of will and the domination of an unconscious nervous system. He is the same animal that he was when the Santa Fe trail was laid out in 1822. With the ultimate abandonment of the army wagon he will probably disappear—at least from Colorado.

English Aquariums.

The great aquarium, which was opened at Brighton, England, three years ago, is a low edifice, 715 feet long by 100 wide, of Italian architecture, and cost with its ground \$750,000 in gold. The revenues from admissions and annual subscriptions for 1875 amounted to more than \$106,000 in gold. The next most popular aquarium in England is the one at the Crystal Palace, and another large one is nearly finished adjoining the Parliament buildings on the banks of the Thames in Westminster. Three acres of ground have been purchased at a cost of \$400,000, and the building will cost \$443,000. It will include a concert hall and reading room beside the aquarial department. Manchester has an aquarium building 150 feet in length and seventy-two feet in width, which contains sixty-eight tanks, including the deep sea, tidal and fresh water groups, containing 300,000 gallons of water. Here and at the Crystal Palace the sea water is not constantly renewed as at Brighton, and is kept pure by circulation, and only as much distilled water is added as is lost by evaporation. Indeed, the water in both these aquariums is said to be far cleaner and the fish to be decidedly healthier than at Brighton.

THE NOTABLE BUILDINGS.

A Correspondent Tells Us what One Sees in the Town, and the Notable Buildings on the Centennial Grounds.

THE MAIN BUILDING.

This building is the center of attraction, and probably will be so long as the Exhibition lasts. Here are grouped the finest and most elegant articles displayed, and all nations are here represented under one roof. It is rich in decorations, the nations and the individuals vying with each other in making their exhibitions attractive. Great skill and taste are displayed in the mere matter of decorations. Here Yankee cabinet-makers lead the van. The goods in this building are largely exhibited in cases made for this special occasion, and in these our exhibitors are ahead of the whole world. Nothing in the way of cabinet work can be more rich or more tasteful than some of these. They are unique in design and finish, and in themselves are elegant specimens of Yankee workmanship. These cases form an attractive part of the display, differing from each other widely in shape, finish and color. In these are displayed the richest and most valuable of the American exhibits. The principal publishing houses are well and conspicuously represented, being grouped in a sort of two-story nondescript kind of a structure, which, if not describable, is at least ornamental and contains much useful material. China, glass and terra cotta ware abound; the display in this class of goods being superb. Here, also, are carpets, soft and delicate of material, and rich in color; shell hardware, cutlery, silk goods, safe locks, and, in short, samples of almost everything new and novel, or rich and elegant. It is impossible as yet to describe the display by sections and divisions, or by nations or individuals, for some of the sections are yet unoccupied.

MACHINERY HALL.

Humanity delights in motion—in life, or the semblance of life. What attraction is a stuffed giraffe or the hide of a hippopotamus, filled with straw, compared to the living, breathing, kicking and snorting animals, all alive? In machinery in motion all persons take a great interest, and to-day, in Machinery Hall, the ladies were as interested and curious spectators as the most mechanically inclined man who did duty as their escort. And well they might be, for here is exhibited the mechanism which has conquered the world. Here is machinery the most ponderous and powerful—from the immense engine, which furnishes the power to drive the tons upon tons of other machinery, to the complicated and delicate little machine for making the minutest portions of watches, and manipulated by a lady. Here are iron working machines, wood working machines, sewing machines, machines great and machines small, of all characters and descriptions, which the ingenuity of men of all nations could invent, all working with a precision and regularity suggestive of hut an intelligence. The points of greatest attraction were where the printing presses were striking off the daily newspapers. A band scroll sawing machine attracted a crowd all the time. It is manipulated by a very dexterous workman, who is a genius in his way, with a lively streak of humor running through him. From little square blocks of wood he sawed out the most intricate puzzles, made eyeglasses, toy chairs, and a hundred other trinkets. To the astonishment of all beholders, he looms at work weaving suspenders was a novelty, which was as the knitting machine, which was engaged in knitting the body of an undershirt a mile long. At least it was a mile long, if they didn't cut it up in shirts of the regulation shortness, and possessing, in consequence, all the uncomfortableness which regulation undershirts habitually possess. A watch company has machinery erected for the complete manufacture of watches, and it was pleasant to note that the machines, a dozen or more different kinds, were all worked by women. There are indications that there is to be a renewal of hostilities between the sewing machine men; a lively competition has sprung up among them in the matter of display, and I should judge that every kind of sewing machinery ever invented is here exhibited. At the south end of the building there is an immense tank, into which competing forces pumpeth water and suck it out again. As each are a great many of these, and as each raises the water some twenty feet, forcing it through pipes, from which it falls back into the tank, we have quite a number of artificial water falls. In this building there are exhibited also a variety of steam fire engines, bright in polished brass or nickel plate; fire extinguishers, railroad locomotives, ponderous machines for rolling railroad iron, giant marine engines, and every class of machinery which makes anything. Some of these machines seem to know more than the average man, and why shouldn't they, when the intelligence of superior men has entered into their construction? Machinery hall will require some little time to give it completeness, but already it is far enough advanced to assure the visitor that man, at least, can fix no limit to the capacity of intelligence.

How She Felt.

When told that she evinced perfect self-possession when she made her first appearance on the stage in Boston as an actress, Anna Dickinson replied:

"Oh, yes, but I did not feel it. I had nothing like stage fright, and my audience did not trouble me. I am too well used to them. But my surroundings were so strange, my clothes were so new, and I had such a sense of them; then when I lecture I have everything my own way, the platform is clear, and I go where I will. But here it is different. I would start on some quick impulse and suddenly find a human opposing my way, or I would become painfully aware of a chair or table, and it was such a shock to my enthusiasm, like a cold water pail."

When I get accustomed to their presence and to the stage accessories I shall be much more free in action.

Devil Dancing in India.

It is an extremely difficult thing, says a traveler, for a European to witness a devil dance. As a rule, he must go disguised, and he must be able to speak the language like a native before he is likely to be admitted without suspicion into the charmed circle of fascinated devotees, each eager to press near the possessed priest to ask him questions about the future while the divine afflatus is in its full force upon him. Let me try once more to bring the whole scene vividly before the reader. Night, starry and beautiful, with a broad low moon seen through palms. A still, solemn night, with few sounds to mar the silence, save the deep, muffled boom of breakers bursting on the coast full eight miles distant. A lonely hut, a huge solitary banyan tree, grim and gloomy. All round spread interminable sands, the only vegetation on which is composed of lofty palm trees and a few stunted thorn trees and wild figs. In the midst of this wilderness rises, specter like, that aged enormous tree, the banyan, haunted by a most ruthless sea devil. Cholera is abroad in the land, and the natives know it is she who has sent them the dreaded pestilence. The whole neighborhood wakes to the determination that the malignant power must be immediately propitiated in the most solemn and effectual manner. The appointed night arrives; out of village and hamlet and hut pours the wild crowd of men and women and children. In vain the Brahmins tinkle their bells at the neighboring temple; the people know what they want, and the deity which they most reverence as supreme just now. On flows the crowd to that gloomy island in the star-lit waste—that weird, hoary banyan. The circle is formed; the fire is lit; the offerings are got ready—goats and fowls, and rice and pulse and sugar, and ghee and honey, and white chaplets of oleander blossoms and jasmine buds. The tom-toms are beaten more loudly and rapidly, the drum of rustic converse is still, and a deep hush of awe-stricken expectancy holds the motley assemblage. Now the low, rickety door of the hut is quickly dashed open. The devil dancer staggers out. Between the hut and the ebon shadow of the sacred banyan lies a strip of moonlit sand, and as he passes this the devotees can plainly see their priest. He is a tall, haggard, pensive man, with deep sunken eyes and matted hair. His forehead is smeared with ashes and there are streaks of vermilion and saffron over his face. He wears a high, conical cap, white, with a red tassel. A long white robe, or angri, shrouds him from neck to ankle. On it are worked in red silk representations of the goddesses of smallpox, murder and cholera. Round his ankles are massive silver bangles. In his right hand he holds a staff or spear that jingles lamely every time the ground is struck by it. The same hand also holds a bow, which, when the strings are pulled or struck, emits a dull, booming sound. In his left hand the devil priest carries his sacrificial knife, shaped like a sickle, with quaint devices engraved on its blade. The dancer, with uncertain, staggering motion, reels slowly into the center of the crowd, and then seats himself. The assembled people show him the offerings they intend to present, but he appears wholly unconscious. He croons an Indian lay in a low, dreamy voice, with drooped eyelids and head sunk on his breast. He sways slowly to and fro, from side to side. Look! You can see his fingers twitch nervously. His head begins to wag in a strange, unsteady fashion. His sides heave and quiver, and huge drops of perspiration exude from his skin. The tom-toms are beaten faster, the pipes and reeds wail out more loudly. There is a sudden yell, a stunning cry, an ear piercing shriek, a hideous, abominable gobble-gobble of hellish laughter, and the devil dancer has sprung to his feet, with eyes protruding, mouth foaming, chest heaving, muscles quivering, and outstretched arms swollen and straining as if they were crucified. Now, ever and anon, the quick, sharp words are jerked out of the saliva choked mouth—"I am God! I am the true God!" Then all around him, since he and no idol is regarded as the present deity, reels the blood of sacrifice. The devotees crowd round to offer oblations and to solicit answers to their questions. "Shall I die of cholera during this visitation?" asks a gray haired farmer of the neighborhood. "Oh, God, bless this road, and heal it!" cries a poor man, who, from the adjoining hamlet, as he holds forth her diseased babe toward the grating priest. Shrieks, vows, imprecations, prayers and exclamations of thankful praise rise up, all blended together in one infernal hubbub. Above all rise the ghastly guttural laughter of the devil dancer, and his stentorian howls—"I am God! I am the only true God!" He cuts and hacks and hews himself, and not very unfrequently kills himself there and then. His answer to the queries put to him are generally incoherent. Sometimes he is sullenly silent, and some times, while the blood from his self-inflicted wounds mingles freely with that of his sacrifice, he is most benign, and showers his divine favors of health and prosperity all round him. Hours pass by. The trembling crowd stands rooted to the spot. Suddenly the dancer gives a great bound in the air; when he descends he is motionless. The fendish look has vanished from his eyes. His demoniacal laughter is still. He speaks to this and to that neighbor quietly and reasonably. He lays aside his garb, washes his face at the nearest rivulet and walks soberly home, a modest, well conducted man.

There was once a skillful doctor in New York, says the Sun, who spent his leisure hours in learning to paint pictures. He became so expert as an artist that his works attracted notice, and his name got into the newspapers. But his patients began to drop off soon after it became known that he was a painter. They seemed to lose confidence in the medical skill of a practitioner who gave his mind to pictures. In a year or two his office was totally deserted by patients, and he found himself high and dry as a doctor. Fortunately, he was by that period able to make his living at his easel, for when he now had all his time, and when he died, not long ago, he was one of the most celebrated and successful artists in the country. He used to say that nothing was so ruinous to the practice of a physician as a reputation in any line of activity outside of his profession; and he always advised his medical friends to take warning by his experience, and conceal from their patients any talents that did not strictly belong to their business. There is a rumour in one of the churches of New York that had its origin in the attempt of the clergyman to carry on two professions. Mr. Campbell had studied medicine as well as theology; he had "Rev." before his name, and "M. D." after it. Some of his people found out that he not only preached religion, but practiced "doctoring around," and that he not only drew the salary of his pulpit, but the fees of his patients. They began to fly from his church; those who remained fell into disrepute, and some a time ago were reduced to a mere nominal sum—which incidents have brought his case before the courts of his denomination. He will have to give up one of his two professions, as the artist whom we have mentioned had to do.

Where is the American Sailor?

At a meeting of the New York board of aldermen to discuss the question of the East river bridge, a ship captain stated that it would cost \$150,000 and require the whole day's work to send down the topgallant masts of his ship, so that she could pass under the bridge. Vessel captains agree in asserting that the services of professional riggers would be required in order to perform that intricate feat, and allege that only on board naval vessels would it be possible to find crews that could manage so abstruse an affair without external aid. Commenting on the above the Times says: Various persons have been in the habit of daily remarking during the last twenty years that the sailor is becoming extinct. The remark has thus lost some of its novelty, but that the sailor has finally and totally vanished has been made suddenly apparent by the evidence given before the aldermen. Not only do captains of clipper ships confess their inability to perform a simple task which every able seaman ought to thoroughly understand, but they actually refer to the superior seamanship of the navy as an admitted and notorious fact. It is enough to make "Bully Waterman" turn in his grave, and to wring, even without the aid of a spiritual medium, indignant protests from the ancient "shell-backs" and wild "pocketarians" who sleep in the Potter's Field. When the Young Americans made their first voyage—was it twenty-two or twenty-three years ago?—there was, perhaps, a liberal minded mariner in the forepart who would have admitted that the sporadic "sailor-man" might occasionally be found in the navy, but the idea that the average crew of a California clipper or a Black Ball "slaughter-house" was not superior in practical seamanship to the entire United States navy is not to be here presented as a crazy insult. Yes, here come the captains of our surviving merchant marine and blushing admirals, and finally found them at the house of the farmer above mentioned, five miles northeast of Lancaster. The children had walked over fifteen miles in all from their home in Buffalo. They were taken back to their parents, whose manifestations of joy were something touching to behold.

Trying Two Professions.

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Names of Counties.

Of the 1,141 counties in the United States, more are named after Washington than any other President of the United States, the number being twenty-nine. The names of the other Presidents represented by counties occur as follows: Jefferson, twenty three; Jackson, twenty-one; Madison, nineteen; Monroe, eighteen; Lincoln, seventeen; Grant and Polk, twelve each; Johnson, eleven; Harrison, nine; Adams, eight; Taylor, seven; Van Buren, four; Pierce, four; Buchanan, three; and Fillmore and Tyler, two each. In many cases, however, in the above list counties were not named after the Presidents, but the selection of a name was influenced by local considerations. There are twenty-two counties named after Franklin, twenty after Colfax, seventeen after Marion, two after Fremont, three after Greeley, one after Hendricks, eight after Benton and Boone, nine after Cass, Marshall and Putnam, fourteen after Carroll, eleven after Douglas, and eighteen after Montgomery. The names of almost all of the Revolutionary heroes except Arnold are represented in the list.

His Teaching.

A student who went to Agassiz at Penikese has published an account of his experience with this teacher. He expected a lecture or a formal lesson, but got nothing of the kind. The professor gave him a fish, and told him to look at it. He looked a long time, reported progress, and was told to keep on looking, and so from time to time. He looked till he got heartily tired of the fish, but was astonished when he found that a number of things he had learned about it that he had not dreamed of when he began, and that books would never have told him. Most of all, he learned how to study the next object that should fall under his eyes. The point of the lesson, the central idea of the teaching of Agassiz, was that the object of instruction was to be observed as a matter of inferior importance. The humblest object, with proper study, would yield a rich reward in knowledge.

REPEATING A LEGEND.

The Story of the Babes in the Wood Nearly Verified in Buffalo.

One Sunday, says the Buffalo Express, a little boy and girl, named Heitzler, aged respectively seven and nine years, left their home in the city to go to Sabbath-school. The hours wore on until late in the evening, and the children failed to return home. The parents grew alarmed and inaugurated a search for them. They made every effort to ascertain their whereabouts, but without avail. It was simply known that they started homeward from Sabbath-school, but no further trace of them could be obtained. The night settled down dark, and the agonized parents became wild with grief. The neighbors were appealed to and did all in their power to find some clue to the missing children, but in vain. The little ones had mistaken the streets leading to their home, and had in hand wandered out from the city. Soon they passed the suburbs, and met but few pedestrians. It began to grow dismal and lonesome along the way. The sun went down, and the children, footsore and weary, began to cry. They struggled bravely through the darkness, but straying off into the woods they grew frightened and could go no further. They huddled close together at the foot of a tree, and in that cold and cheerless place cried themselves to sleep.

Monday morning dawned at last, and with the bright daylight to encourage them the children got up and resumed their weary walk. They had not passed a morsel of food since Sunday noon, and were both chilled and hungry. At last they came out upon a little brook at the edge of the woods, and sat down to drink and rest. Here they were found by a farmer living near by, who took them home and kindly cared for them.

In the meantime the agonies of the parents were such as we will not attempt to describe. All Sunday night and all day Monday passed away without any tidings from the lost children. After trying every possible means to obtain some traces of them, the matter was finally put in the hands of detectives, two old and experienced police officers. They traced the children from the Sabbath-school far out into the country, and finally found them at the house of the farmer above mentioned, five miles northeast of Lancaster. The children had walked over fifteen miles in all from their home in Buffalo. They were taken back to their parents, whose manifestations of joy were something touching to behold.

A Remarkable Den of Snakes.

The Appleton (Mo.) Democrat has the following: We learn from Mr. A. J. Hoffman, who lives in the north part of the county, that recently, as one of his hired men was going down a small gulch, he came upon a perfect nest of squirming reptiles, the ground being covered with little and big coils of black, shining bodies that were basking. Knowing the habits of these reptiles, the man went back to the farm and reported to Mr. Hoffman what he had seen, when it was decided to wait until evening, after the snakes had retired to their hole, and endeavor to kill them off. Just after sundown both men repaired to the place, to find not a vestige or tail of a snake to be seen, but well-beaten trails leading to a hole in the ground about the size of a bucket, the hole went down slantingly under the earth. The ground was beaten down as solid as though it had been pounded with a mallet or used as a croquet ground for a whole season. Mr. Hoffman is somewhat acquainted with the habits of these animals, so he stationed the hired man at the mouth of the hole with an iron bar, having a sharp hook on the end, and began hauling out the ugly "critters." The first to respond to his thrust was one which measured eight feet eight inches in length, and was one of the blacksnake species. After working for an hour and a half or so, and having drawn out 183 snakes, they quit for the day. Next morning before the sun was up, they began again and drew forth 247 more of the reptiles, when the hole seemed to give out. The hole and soil on top of the nest was then removed and an excavation about the size of a barrel was made, and it was supposed that the family of snakes had held possession of the prairie for years, as many measured from nine to twelve feet in length, and were as large round as a man's leg.

Keeping a Secret.

The late Judge Dowling, of New York, had the rare qualification of reticence, and he was never known to betray a secret, or let drop a hint of official purposes. He had more confidence placed in him by superiors and friends than any man of his age in the city. Merchants who were in doubt about their clerks, but did not feel warranted in charging them with dishonesty, almost invariably went to Judge Dowling for advice. A merchant prominent to-day in New York owes his salvation to Judge Dowling's kindness and sympathy. His employer some fifteen years ago was led to believe that he was in the habit of gambling. He confided his suspicions to Dowling, and told him that if he found his fears correct he should discharge the young man at once. Dowling went quietly to work, and in a few days confronted the clerk at the supper table of one of the fashionable faro banks in the city. Meantime he had informed himself as to the young man's domestic surroundings, and knew that his discharge from the merchant's employ meant ruin to him and his child. Dowling managed an introduction, took him aside, showed him the folly of looking for fair treatment in a professional gambling hell, told him of the peril that awaited him, if he persisted in his course, and finally secured from the conscience stricken youth a promise that he would never enter the doors of a faro bank again. That done, he successfully managed the employer, and to-day the clerk of fifteen years ago chants the praises of the man who snatched him from the very claws of the tiger, and the edge of a precipice in which he would soon have fallen.

Secret Sorrow.

To hide a grief behind a smile, To laugh when every nerve is wrung, When every careless, merry word Wounds deep as though an adder stung; To sing a strain of heedless joy, To carol like a happy bird, When asked the soul with saddest pain, With pain that every strain hath stirred; To dance along the path of life, As though 'twere strewn with flowers sweet, When'er thy step reticent thorns Pierce sore the weary, heavy feet. We learn, we teach life's bitter lesson, God graft we may forget in heaven!

Items of Interest.

A dollar does not go as far as it used to, but it goes much quicker. Economy don't consist in saving indiscriminately, but in saving judiciously.

When parents yield up their daughters in marriage they do it with miss givings.

Under the new time table, the New York rail between New Orleans and New York is reduced to sixty-two hours.

Citizens of Halsey, Oregon, offer a bonus of \$4,000 to any one who will erect a flour mill in the town.

Mrs. Mella Dodd, of Bowling Green, Ky., 115 years old, is going to the Centennial to see if she can keep her daughters—two girls of eighty-three and ninety-four—out of mischief.

A landlady in a Nashville boarding house finds it necessary to post up the following notice, which leaves a margin for meditation: "Don't fool with the girls while they are lighting the coal oil lamps."

Daniel Fender concluded a letter, asking Mary to be his, thus: "And should you say 'yes,' dear Mary, I will ever and faithfully be your D. Fender." Daniel thought that was neat, and so did Mary.

The girl who can put a square patch on a pair of pantaloons may not be so accomplished as one who can embroider and work green worsted dogs on blue ground, but she will be more useful at the head of a large family.

Working women in France on an average earn but little more than half the wages earned by men. M. de Foville writes that to place women on a footing of equality with men they ought to earn at least two-thirds as much.

"John, what is the past of see?" "Seen, sir." "No, it is saw." "Recollect that." "Yes, sir. Then if a sea fish swims by me, it becomes a saw fish when it is past, and 'taint be seen." "You may go home, John."

"When women make bread," said Quiz, moralizing over an underdone bit-out at the breakfast table—"When women make bread, a curious phenomenon often results; you find a little dear bringing forth a little god."

A lady writer in the Philadelphia Item perpetrates the following: "Women never truly command until they have given their promise to obey; and they are never in more danger of being made slaves than when the men are at their feet."

Fond mamma about to get into carriage to small boy in the house occurred: "Now, Freddie, are you not going to kiss me?" "Freddie—" "I haven't time to come down, mamma." (To footman)—"John, you kiss mamma for me." (Tabless.)

The Royal National Lifeboat Institution of England has 354 boats and has saved 727 lives during the last year; \$16,500 have been granted as rewards for saving life. The receipts during the year were \$199,175, and the expenses \$197,475.

When Mary Anthony threw herself upon the "dash remains" of his loved Caesar, in a Pittsburgh theater the other evening, he struck the "corpse" fair in the stomach, which had the effect of doubling it up with a grunt, that rather detracted from the solemnity of the occasion.

A young man in western Wisconsin, who was about to be married the other day, suddenly remembered that he hadn't fed his horse, and the ceremony had to wait until the horse had been cared for. He explained that a good horse couldn't be found every day, while thirteen different girls wanted to marry him.

There was a French singer with a tremendous voice, who could not discover what line in art he was best fitted for. He went to Cherubini, who told him to sing. He sang, and the foundation trembled. "Well," he said, when he had finished, "illustrious master, what shall I become?" "An auctioneer," said Cherubini.

During the Mexican war one of the generals came up to Captain Gregg and said: "Captain, the crisis has arrived, fire!" Whereupon Captain Gregg said to his lieutenant: "You hear what the general says—fire!" The lieutenant said: "But, captain, I don't see anything to fire at!" "Fire at the crisis!" said Captain Gregg.

Dr. John L. Phull, of St. Louis, recently issued the following remarkable certificate: "This is to certify that Emma Cunningham came to her death by having in attendance on her during her sickness of galloping consumption, Dr. John Willard, and the said Dr. John Willard galloped the said Emma Cunningham into eternity at the rate of 2-40 speed, and may the good Lord have mercy on her poor soul."

Willie's Prayer.

A little four-year-old boy, Willie by name, enjoyed the luxury of sleeping with his mother during a short illness. After his entire recovery