

German Cradle Song.

Sleep, baby, sleep!
The father is watching his sheep,
The mother is shaking the dream-land tree,
Down falls a little dream on thee.
Sleep, baby, sleep!
Sleep, baby, sleep!
The large stars are the sheep,
The little ones are the lambs, I guess,
And the pale moon is the shepherdess,
Sleep, baby, sleep!
Sleep, baby, sleep!
The sky is covered with sheep,
And up and down the field so bright,
Both sheep and shepherdess roam all night.
Sleep, baby, sleep!
Sleep, baby, sleep!
The shepherd loves his sheep;
He is the lamb of God on high,
Who for our sins came down to die.
Sleep, baby, sleep!
Sleep, baby, sleep!
May you art one of His sheep,
May holy angels guard thy bed,
And sweet dreams around thy head.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Go in West to Die.

Well, here we are, my dear old wife, on board the train at last!
I'll pack in a trunk with lock and strap made fast.
I hear the bell a ringin' and the whistle's piercin' cry;
There, wife, we're movin' out of town; we're goin' West to die!
(They send us to a stranger-land o'er an untraveled road,
That Mary, in her Western home, may see her
husband's face, who's wonderin' at that my eyes are
filled with tears,
Or that my form is bendin' down with more than
weight of years.
We've been from Jane's to John's house, from
John's house back to Jane's,
Till now, they've laid their burden down on
board this Western train;
Tis rather hard to send us off, all crippled up
and gray,
To find a place in which to die, two thousand
miles away.
The old home-land broken up at cruel time's
end,
But time cannot destroy our love, 'tis stronger
now than when
Our heads were not the silver locks of three-
score years and ten.
Since we broke up a keepin' house, they've
told us around,
It seems a home for us on earth can
not be found;
As sure as this old face of mine can ne'er look
young again,
So sure we'll never more return to trouble
John and Jane.
Since we broke up a keepin' house we've led a
wretched life;
Just put the blame upon her man, and John
upon his wife.
They think not of their infancy—all those
tender years,
When night and day we toiled for them, and
wiped their flowing tears.
I didn't think 'twould come to this—I didn't
mean it should—
No home is like your own home, though made
of logs of wood.
No bread is sweet when eaten in 'mid bitter-
ness and strife;
Few care to fill with peace and love an old
man's closing life.
We leave behind us all the scenes of early
years, dear wife, and Jane,
And all the friends with whom we've won the
victories of life;
We leave behind the little church, where oft
we knelt in prayer,
But, good wife, we will never leave the God
that met us there.
Although these eyes are growin' dim, I still can
see to read
The precious truth in God's own Word, that
children all shall heed;
'Honor thy father,' saith the Lord—'thy
mother honor too.
Thou shalt live long in the land that God
has given you.'
Our latest day will dawn e'er long—our jour-
ney's end is nigh—
We go West to Mary's home, we're goin'
West to die;
Then he who sees the sparrow fall, who counts
the ocean waves,
Will take us to our better home—the house
not made with hands.

ELEANOR'S EXPERIENCE.

BY IDA ROWLAND.

Let me see, where was I? Cup and half of sugar, half a cup of butter, whites of five eggs, beaten—Teddy, will you keep your fingers out of the sugar crock? There, I will give you one more lump, and that must be the last, now remember!

"Eleanor, you need not beat those eggs. I declare it is a shame to invite you here and then put you into the kitchen to work." Here pretty Mrs. Grey stopped to take breath, and look after her youngest hopeful, who, having finished his sugar, was evidently puzzling his curly head to think of more mischief. Eleanor looked up at her friend and laughed at a low, hearty laugh that was in itself irresistible, and continued to beat the foaming white mass on the platter she held in her hand. If you had heard Eleanor Vance laugh without seeing her face, you would have immediately been possessed with a desire to behold it; that accomplished, you would never rest until you had known the owner.

Don't understand me to mean that it was a beautiful face—it was simply bright and cheery.

Her voice when she spoke, matched the laugh in its low sweet tones. "You are the same chatter-box as of old, Fannie. I cannot see that a husband and two boys have changed you in the least. I am sorry, for your sake, that your girl has left you so suddenly; but you need not worry on my account. I am never so happy as when I am interested in some piece of housework, especially cooking. You must remember that I have had a very practical education. At home, we four girls always managed the house work, taking turns in each department."

"Ah! that is the reason you are so handy about everything. Eleanor, what a mistake some mothers make in bringing up their daughters. I was brought up in such ignorance of household matters. You would be quite shocked, I know, if I should tell you of some of the blunders I have made since I commenced housekeeping. If I have a good cook, she soon learns that I am an ignoramus, and takes advantage of it, and a poor one must ever remain so, for I cannot teach her better. I dare say, I have no management or good sense, or I could soon learn better; but I am forever in a muddle of some kind."

There was such honest distress in her face, that Eleanor could not laugh, she only helped her with the cake, and diverted her mind from unpleasant topics.

Ten-time came, Mr. Grey came from the store, and an even-voiced Robbie from school. Eleanor had made some blouses that were so light and delicate, that they almost melted in one's mouth and the white cake was pronounced delicious.

"I don't see but what we get along well enough without a girl," said Mr. Grey, helping himself to his third biscuit. "That is because Eleanor is here. Never mind, she is going to teach me all she knows; I shall surprise you some day," said the little wife, hopefully. He laughed, and was about to leave the room, when he drew a letter from his pocket and tossed it upon the table. "Here is a letter from Aunt

Jane, Fannie, I had almost forgotten it." Mrs. Grey opened the tinted envelope and read the dainty note inside in silence; but the expression on her face was eloquent with disappointment, mingled with despair.

"What is the matter, Fannie?" said Eleanor almost frightened. "Is anybody sick or dead? I never saw you look so hopeless."

"Aunt Jane and Cousin Bell are coming here. 'Is that all?'"

"Why Eleanor! You have no idea what a dreadful woman Aunt Jane is. I suppose because Charlie has no mother, she thinks she is called upon to be my mother-in-law. She and Bell come here every year, and stay sometimes six weeks. They are a perfect torment to me. Aunt Jane is a model housekeeper, and never excuses a failure. She takes it upon herself to snoop around into all my closets and cupboards—and well you know they are always more or less stirred up; I put things straight once in a while, then I look for something in a hurry, and things are thrown right and left."

"I don't profess to be a model housekeeper," said the poor little woman, the tears flowing down her rosy cheeks; "but it is so aggravating to have her snub and scold me. She is a miserable old sneak, so there; and Bell is just like her."

Having thus freed her mind, Fannie dried her tears and finished her supper. Then they talked the matter over seriously.

"In the first place we must get a girl to-morrow at any price," said Fannie.

"If they are coming to-morrow evening, it would be better to put the house in good order first. Have your washers come and scrub and scour everything in the kitchen and pantries; you take up some nice things to tickle Aunt Jane's palate."

Fannie's eyes brightened. "You are such a dear girl. In spite of Aunt Jane's nastiness, she cannot begin to cook as you do. I should like to have her taste some of the dainty dishes you can make; but must not let you work while they are here."

"You will be obliged to do so," said Eleanor, composedly; "you have tried for two weeks to get a girl—it is not likely you will find one to-morrow. How long will they stay? There was a postscript there you did not read."

"Fannie took up the letter and read: 'Am sorry, but we can stay but a few days, owing to our expecting some friends from the East.'"

"Isn't that glorious? I believe I could find a girl who would be willing to come for so short a time."

"Please mind, would I suit?" said Eleanor, dropping a courtesy.

"Don't joke now, there's a dear, I am in such trouble."

"I never was more in earnest in my life."

Fannie's blue eyes opened to their widest extent, while her friend proceeded to explain herself.

"I never met Charlie's aunt and cousin, and I do not care to know them. I should enjoy the fun of watching the old lady without the bother of an introduction. Pray let me do it, Fannie; you can have all your time to visit with them, and I will rack my brain to get up nice dinners, and keep the closets in order," she added, mischievously.

"What if some of my other friends should come?"

"Luckily it has rained so since I came that no one has called, and no one in town is any the wiser for my being here. I have been playing the fine lady at Uncle Morton's for six months, Fannie, and a little masquerading as Biddy would be refreshing."

"It will be only for a few days," said Fannie, thoughtfully, and Eleanor knew she had won the day.

"How did you enjoy your visit at your uncle's?" inquired Fannie, as they cleared the table and washed the dishes.

"Oh! it was grand, of course; their home is elegant, and they entertain a great deal of company. Aunt Lucy insisted on furnishing all my party dresses, and I dare say I passed for a young lady who had been raised in the lap of luxury, and knew nothing of the common duties of life. There is the danger of judging by outside appearances."

"A very dear friend of ours was in the city last winter—attending lectures; I wonder if you met him—Dr. King?"

Eleanor's face flushed crimson.

"Yes; he came to the house quite often. He is a relative of some friends of Aunt Lucy's. I did not know he lived here."

"He is not here now; and I am very glad on account. Aunt Jane has been making him for Bell, and I have some pity for the poor fellow. It seems to me, if she has made up her mind to it, he will be bound to yield. I have no doubt that this is the object of her visit. How provoked they will be to find him."

The next day was a very busy one. At night it is safe to say that Mrs. Grey's house was never in such a state of perfect order and neatness before. A of a nook or corner but had been regulated, while the pantry shelves groaned under their weight of good things to eat. Fannie had had her friend's capacities all doubts of her friend's capacities before, she had dismissed them from her mind once and forever. She worked with such swiftness, and attained such marvelous results, that the little woman was dumb with astonishment.

The company arrived late in the evening. The next morning Aunt Jane came down with her patronizing air, prepared to show the young housekeeper "how I do so and so."

Bell was a languid, sharp-nosed girl of thirty, who was called pretty, and probably was at eighteen; but seemed now a little faded, although she affected girlish ways.

Mrs. Grey welcomed them, and they proceeded at once to the breakfast-table, upon which Aunt Jane looked with wondering eyes.

It was Fannie's china and silver; but there was something new in the arrangement that struck her eye at once.

Then as her hostess poured out the amber coffee and added the cream that made it fit for a king, Aunt Jane really looked injured. If there was anything that she prided herself on, it was knowing how to make good coffee. Fannie always got a lecture on the subject.

This morning it trembled on her tongue; but came no farther. She swallowed it down with the delicious coffee, that she was forced to acknowledge, in her secret heart, was better than her own.

She turned her attention to her steak. It lay upon her plate, smoking hot, a delicate piece of underfoot, broiled close over the coals. She ate it, and asked for more. Then the muffins and fried potato; could anything be nicer? Of one thing, however, she felt certain, it was not Fannie's doing.

"Have you a good girl?" inquired Bell.

"Oh! passable," answered Fannie with a twinkle in her eye, as Eleanor entered just then with a plate of hot muffins.

Aunt Jane put up her eye-glass, and scanned her from head to foot.

"A very nice looking girl," thought she, and the best cook Fannie ever had."

After breakfast came the tour of inspection, and Fannie laughed to herself to see how disappointed her aunt looked as they returned to the sitting room, with no subject for a lecture. She would have laughed still more, if she had known the resolve in that lady's mind. It was this:

"I shall offer that girl higher wages to come and live with me."

"I am sorry Dr. King is not in town," said Fannie, expecting to see her guests look crest-fallen; but imagine her surprise when Bell answered briskly:

"Oh! but he is, that is the reason we mean that he came on the same train that we did."

"Quite a coincidence," said Fannie, inwardly raging to herself.

"There! I knew it would end in a muddle. I wanted Dr. King to fall in love with Eleanor, if he has not already, and here is that odious Bell under her nose, and Eleanor in the kitchen. What shall I do?"

She went out to Eleanor as soon as possible and tried to persuade her to abandon her plan.

She was not successful.

"I do not see any danger in it. He need not see me. Let Miss Bell have full chance. I shall enjoy hearing you report proceedings."

"Oh! Eleanor, he is so nice. I thought and hoped—"

"Yes, I know; but take my advice, Fannie, don't try matchmaking; it is not in your line."

Fannie was in despair; but still resolved to take matters into her own hands.

Dr. King came and called. Came again and spent the evening.

A week passed; but the guests said nothing about leaving.

"We are in for a six weeks' siege," groaned Fannie in secret.

Soon after this the doctor called one afternoon and found Fannie alone.

She began to question him about his winter in this city, and she being a very old friend, he talked quite freely.

"I had a very dear friend there, Eleanor Vance. Did you meet her?" questioned the little lady looking at him with innocent eyes.

The young man changed color, first red, then very pale.

"Yes, I saw her very often."

"You liked her—you could not help it," said she, eagerly.

"I remember now that you once told me that you wished I would fall in love with this friend of yours," said he with a sad smile.

"And so you did," thought Mrs. Fannie, exultantly.

"She is very charming, he continued, very lovable; but she would not be the right kind of a wife for me. I am a poor man, a physician, and when I marry, it must be a girl who has had a practical education. I would not ask a lady like Miss Vance to share my life. She has been tenderly reared by wealthy relatives, and is a fine lady in every respect. If you could see her as I did, sparkling in diamonds, and arrayed in costumes whose cost would be a year's income for me, you would not wonder that I fought back the love I felt for her. Such a marriage would only bring unhappiness."

Just here, to Fannie's relief, her guests returned, and she excused herself and ran up stairs to Eleanor's room, where she laughed herself into a fit of hysterics; but refused to explain the cause of her merriment.

The doctor had a very pressing invitation to dine at the Grey's, the next day, and the dinner was a marvel of culinary art. It had been planned that the washerwoman's little girl was to wait on the first courses, and Eleanor was to bring in the dessert.

Fannie felt a little nervous as she tapped the bell, and noticed that Eleanor hesitated a moment as she opened the door and saw the trap that had been laid for her; but it was only for a moment. She then came forward with slightly heightened color, and performed her duties with trembling hands.

Dr. King and Aunt Jane were having a very interesting discussion, and it is possible that he would not have noticed the girl, if she had not called his attention to her.

"This is the girl whose cooking we have all been praising," she said, patting Eleanor's arm in her patronizing way. She had resolved to entice Fannie's cook away, and almost felt that she was her own property at this minute. It was quite natural for this woman to praise anything that belonged to herself.

Dr. King looked up with a pleasant smile at the blushing girl; when he uttered an exclamation of surprise and half rose from his chair, looking at her with dilated eyes.

Eleanor felt that it was time for her to leave, and did so as quickly and quietly as possible.

"What is the matter, doctor? You look as if you had seen a ghost," said Bell, sharply.

He murmured some inarticulate reply, and looked at his hostess for help; but that naughty little woman seemed as much surprised as the rest.

"Don't you think—did you not notice the resemblance?"

"Between whom?"

"Your girl and Miss Vance."

"Now that you speak of it, I do. There is something about Nellie's eyes that makes me think of my friend."

Mr. Grey and Robbie both looked as if they were going to speak; but by shaking her head at once, and stepping on the other's toes, Mrs. Grey silenced them both. Dr. King played with his dessert, and looked so distressed and uncomfortable, that it was all she could do to keep a sober face.

The gentleman started away soon after dinner; but not until Fannie had whispered to him, "Aunt Jane and Bell will be away to-morrow afternoon and if you will call, I think I can explain that resemblance." He looked more mystified than ever, but said he would come.

It took considerable strategy to make Eleanor attire herself in her most becoming dress, and go to the door when the bell rang. She rather suspected that Fannie meant mischief, and when Dr. King stepped into the hall and took both of her hands in his, saying, "Can it be possible that it was you I saw yesterday, or have you just arrived?" "Pray explain this mystery," she felt sure it was all a plot, and was unable to say a word. Fannie appeared on the scene then, and told the story in such a way that Dr. King saw at once how blind and foolish he had been.

The words he could not utter two months ago to this elegant Miss Vance, now trembled on his lips, and Fannie, observing this, discreetly walked away.

Aunt Jane and Bell returned to be introduced to the future Mrs. King, and words would fail me did I try to describe their wrath.

The next train carried them out of town, Fannie secretly hoping they would never enter it again.

As they believe her to be the chief offender in this plot to circumvent their plans, it is not likely they ever will.

Eleanor has proved a capital doctor's wife, and has never for a moment regretted her week's experience in Fannie's kitchen.

Trifles.

A handsome cologne bottle makes a good scenter piece for a toilet set.

The Nile hides her source: how many fortunes would like to do the same!

Although very early in the season, we feel justified in saying that cucumbers will "W up."

When the collection box threatens, an audience would sooner disperse than disburse.

Look out for paint! shouted a boy in the gallery of a Chicago theatre when the hero of the play kissed the heroine.

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen pronounces his middle name Yort. Mr. Boyesen either doesn't know how to pronounce Hjorth or can't spell "Yort."

We once knew a young man too lazy to raise a moustache, color a moustache or draw his hair. But that was many years ago; he is probably dead now.

When a boy does something funny and you laugh at it, he will invariably keep doing it 20 or 30 times more till you have to knock him down with something.

Bostonians must have good understandings, for a lady at the Carnival of Antwerp Saturday evening, said that when they stood on their toes they were a yard higher.

The Burlington *Hankey* and *Buffalo Express* have made a bid of \$10,000 on George Francis Train's crossing the Atlantic by pulling himself hand over hand along the cable—*Graphic*.

"Mamma says it is not polite to ask for cake," said a little boy. "No," was the reply; "it does not look well in little boys to do so." "But," said the urchin, "she didn't say I must not eat a piece if you gave it to me."

An Amherst cattle dealer boasting of his knowledge of different breeds of sheep, in answer to the question whether he had ever seen a hydraulic ram, promptly replied that he had seen one in Vermont with a fleece fourteen inches long.

The memory should not be like a child's pocket—filled with trash; but like the ark of the testimony, in which the tables of the law were laid up. We are very apt to complain of bad memories; and they are bad enough, for they retain what ought to be lost and they lose what they should retain.

A shoemaker received a note from a lady to whom he was particularly attached, requesting him to make her a pair of shoes; and not knowing exactly the style she required, he dispatched a written missive to her, asking her whether she would like them "Round or Esq. Toad." The fair one, indignant at this specimen of orthography replied, "Kneether."

Some very amusing typographical errors get into the papers, but the funniest are usually corrected before the reader gets a sight of them. The *Springfield Republican* gives these instances: Once we wrote that it was "like evoking the shadow of a shade" to quote forgotten writers. The phrase appeared in print thus: "Like evoking the shadow of a shade." The printer had, in burlesquing the sentiment, actually preserved and intensified it in a most striking image of unsuitability. At another time we had quoted the proverbial opinion of Rosalind: "Men have died and worms have eaten them—but not for love." The printer may have been a misogynist; at all events he substituted "women" for "worms." There are Shakespearean emendations not much better than that, perhaps.

Mystery of Dreams.

It is related that a man fell asleep as the clock tolled the first stroke of twelve. He awakened ere the echo of the twelfth stroke had died away, having, in the interval, dreamed "that he committed a crime, was detected after five years, tried, and condemned; the shock of finding the halter about his neck aroused him to consciousness, when he discovered that all these events had happened in an infinitesimal fragment of time. Mohammed, wishing to illustrate the wonders of sleep, told how a certain man, being a sheik, found himself, for his pride, made a poor fisherman; that he lived as one for sixty years, bringing up a family and working hard; and how, upon waking up from this long dream, so short a time had he been asleep, that the narrow-necked gourd-bottle filled with water, which he knew he had overturned as he fell asleep, had not time in which to empty itself. How fast the soul travels when the body is asleep! Often, when we awake, we shrink from going back into the dull routine of a sordid existence, regretting the pleasant life of dreamland. How is it that sometimes, when we go to a strange place, we fancy that we have seen it before? It is possible that when one has been asleep the soul has floated away, seen the place, and has that memory of it which so surprises us? In a word, how far dual is the life of man, how far not?

Sturgeon Hunting.

Nobody need think of that sport who has not achieved the mastery of the canoe. The sturgeon are hunted in the latter part of the spring, and until of late years, by the unspooled redman, never with net or trap, or anything but spear. The central lake falls, the Sault Ste. Marie (commonly spoken of with great rapidity as the "Sault"), present a stirring spectacle when scores or two of canoes, manned by from three to six Indians apiece, are engaged in the chase of the stout, swift sturgeon, monarch of the lakes. This is not like the tame labor of angling, or of hauling in nets, for the skill of the oarsman and the marksman are strained to a lively pitch, and when the canoes come in at night with their prey, it is with an air of victory. The loaded bark as she approaches her anchorage makes great leaps, unlike the swift smoothness of her morning race, and twenty yards from shore out flings a naked lad and swims and runs through the shallow water and up the beach to the lodge. The next morning the squaws, little and big, are busy with knives cutting the sturgeon into steaks and then into strips and hanging them over slanting frames above a fire, to dry for winter provender; while the men are off again with their spears.

Not Proud.

Yesterday morning, about 10 o'clock, two young ladies were seen marching down Third street, one leading and the other driving a cow. The young ladies were good-looking, dressed in the attire of country girls, and trudged along till Monheimer's dry goods store, on Third street, was reached. Here they tied the animal and disappeared in the store, whereupon a young man was seen to rush out of the back door, and it was some time before he could be found. Upon making inquiries into this mysterious affair, the reporter learned that the young ladies were Miss Emma Faber, daughter of Paul Faber, of St. Paul, and Miss Mary Hendricks, of Winona. They were anxious to interview Mr. Nathan Lyons, in Monheimer's store, and this was the reason: A few evenings since Mr. Lyons accused the young ladies of being too proud to stoop to the duties of a farmer's daughter, and promised to each a \$50 silk dress if they would perform the above act. So yesterday morning, attired in a farmer's daughter's costume, they drove Mr. Faber's cow from the barn, attached a rope, and while Miss Faber led the animal, Miss Hendricks walked behind with a broomstick to hasten the trip. Without fear they passed down Third, from the Seven Corners to the abash; there tied the bovine, and hastened to receive their wages. The young ladies would hardly have been recognized in their impromptu costumes by their most intimate friends, and certainly not in the position in which they were placed. But they won the silk dresses, which will soon be forthcoming, and the deed only prompts the ungallant question, What won't a young lady do for a silk dress?—*Pioneer Press*.

DON'T LEARN A TRADE.—No, don't learn a trade, young man. You might soil your hands, wilt your shirt collar, and spoil your complexion sweating. Go hang your chin over a counter; learn to talk "vawdler" to the ladies; part your hair in the middle; make an ass of yourself generally and work for wages that wouldn't support a Chinese laundryman on rice-fed rats, and leave a big enough balance to pay his washwoman—just because it is a little more genteel in the eyes of people whose pride prevents them from pounding rock or heaving wood, and whose poverty pinches worse than one of those patent cross-legged elms pins, if the truth were only told.—*Elmira Gazette*.

Conversation is a virtue, and he can be of no good nature that does not prefer it before all other enjoyments whatsoever. Company whets and adorns our good parts, the most exalted endowments growing dull without it. Men acquire color and perfume from the qualities of their associates, and the conversation of good persons is contagious. [Evelyn].

Five hundred millions of oranges Florida hopes to export this year, and in four years her orange crop will, it is estimated, exceed in value her cotton crop.

The Young Idea.

ONE OF BOB INGERSOLL'S THEORIES PUT TO THE TEST.

From Peck's Sun.

Not long since the following utterance of Bob Ingersoll went the rounds of the papers:

"Col. Ingersoll says he keeps a pocket-book in an open drawer, and his children go and help themselves to money whenever they want it. 'They eat when they want to; they may sleep all day if they choose, and sit up all night if they desire. I don't try to coerce them. I never punish; never scold. They buy their own clothes, and are masters of themselves.'"

A gentleman living on Marshall street, who has a boy that is full as kitten as his father, read the article and pondered deeply. He knew that Col. Ingersoll was a success in raising children in the way they should go, and he thought he would try it. The boy had caused him considerable annoyance, and he made up his mind that he had not treated the boy right, so he called the boy in from the street, where he was putting soft soap on a lamp-post in order to see the lamp lighter climb it, and said to him:

"My son, I have decided to adopt a different course with you. Heretofore I have been careful about giving you money, and have wanted to know where every cent went to, and my supervision has no doubt been annoying to you. Now, I am going to leave my pocketbook in the bureau drawer, with plenty of money in it, and you are at liberty to use all you want without asking me. I want you to buy anything you desire, buy your own clothes, and to feel as though the money was yours, and that you had not got to account for it. Just make yourself at home now, and try and have a good time."

The boy looked at the old gentleman, put his hand on his head as though he had "got 'em sure," and went out to see the lamp-lighter climb that soft soap. The next day the stern parent went out into the country, shooting, and returned on the midnight train three days later. He opened the door with a latch-key, and a strange yellow dog grabbed him by the elbow of his pants and shook him, he said "like the agur."

The dog barked and chewed until the son came down in his night-shirt and called him off. He told his father he had bought that dog of a fireman for \$11, and it was probably the best dog bargain that had been made this season. He said the fireman told him he could find a man that wanted that kind of a dog.

The parent took off his pants, what the dog had not removed, and in the hall he stumbled over a birch-bark canoe the boy bought of an Indian for \$8, and an army musket with an iron ramrod, fell down from the iron ramrod. The boy had paid \$6 for that. He had also bought himself an overcoat with a sealskin collar and cuffs, and a complete outfit of calico shirts and silk stockings.

In his room the parent found the marble top of a soda-fountain, a wheelbarrow, and a shelf filled with all kinds of canned meat, preserves, and crackers, and a barrel of apples. A wall tent and six pairs of blankets were rolled up ready for camping out, and a buckskin shirt and a pair of coriander pants lay on the bed ready for pulling on. Six fish-poles and a basket of fish-lines were ready for business, and an overcoat full of grub-worms for bait were squirming on the washstand. The old gentleman looked the lay-out over, looked at his pocket book in the bureau drawer, as empty as a contribution box, and said:

"Young man, the times have been too flush. We will now return to a specie basis. When you want money, come to me and I will give you a nickel, and you will tell me what you intend to buy with it, or I'll warn you. You hear me."

And now that man stands around from the effects of the encounter with the yellow dog, and asks every man where a letter will reach Bob Ingersoll, if it is the last noble act he ever accomplishes.

Indian War Taste.

There dwell still in the regions of the great lakes considerable bodies of red men who do not grow civilized, in any proper sense of the word, and yet never trouble the country with "wars." One community of these, of the Chippeway and Menomonee tribes, used to inhabit Door county, Wis.—the narrow peninsula which juts between Green Bay and Lake Michigan. This "Door" county takes its name from the strait above, between the rugged point and Detroit Island, known forever as Port des Morts, "the door of the dead," because there occurred, hundreds of years ago, a tremendous canoe battle between two hostile Indian bands, in which it is said nearly a thousand red men were sent to watery graves. One of these parties was of the Chippeway race, and the tradition is preserved among the peaceful modern remnants of the tribe, from one of whom the writer heard the tale. No one would expect any such desperate action of these red men, with the best opportunity presented. There were curious movements among them, however, at one time, during the late civil war. They manifested an extraordinary penchant for war-clubs. The young braves were all the time bringing in knotty dwarf trees, ginning, stripping and polishing them, and making certainly weapons formidable enough to disturb the slumbers of the handfuls of white people who occupied the scattered fishing stations. It was firmly believed that "British emissaries" were stirring up sedition, but there was no further evidence of it than this freak of taste. There was a hot "scrimmage" in their big tent, the Fourth of July, but one white man stepped in, and every gun and pistol dropped with meek alacrity.

Aerial Telegraphy.

From the Boston Advertiser.

The increasing use of the telegraph and the telephone is causing our cities to be overlaid with a network of wires attached to the chimneys of buildings, or to frames erected on their roofs. Perhaps this involves no danger or special inconvenience, and is certainly more agreeable than running the wires on poles erected by the street-side. In some places, New York City for example, there has been much talk of requiring telegraph wires to be run underground, but this method also has its inconveniences. Professor Loomis, of Washington, is experimenting in the mountains of West Virginia to demonstrate what he calls aerial telegraphy, which is based on the theory that at certain elevations there is a natural electric current by taking advantage of which wires may be wholly dispensed with. It is said that he has telegraphed as far as eleven miles by means of kites flown with copper wire. When the kites reached the same altitude or got into the same current, communication by means of an instrument similar to the Morse instrument was easy and perfect, but ceased as soon as one of the kites was lowered. He has built towers on two hills about twenty miles apart, and from the tops of them run up steel rods into the region of the electric current. The statement is made that in this way, without any wire, he has been able to keep up telegraphic communication for months at a time. A heavy storm, however, prevents communication for a time, probably by disarranging the current. In a recent letter to the editor of a Washington journal Professor Loomis announced that he had recently discovered that the telephone could be used for this method of communication as well as telegraphic instruments, and that of late he had done all his talking with his assistant, twenty miles away, by telephone, the connection being aerial only. He claims that he can telegraph across the sea without other wires than those necessary to reach the elevation of the current. This claim of Professor Loomis belongs to the class of remarkable discoveries not yet demonstrated—a very large class—in which students of science are working with great energy.

Grumbling.

One can not but be often amused by the complaint of people of the last generation, and the one preceding that, of the superiority of the condition of everything in their own time to that of everything in the present time. The bringing up of children; the modes of life, millinery and mantua-making, fashions and habits, and manners and morals, were all to their minds, of an excellence far surpassing the modern deterioration.

In its moral aspect there is a species of infidelity in this assertion of theirs that is hardly compatible, it seems to us, with right feeling, as if the Creator allowed his work to degenerate on his hands. But in its social aspect, although often vexatious and trying to have to reply to such remarks, or keep silence before them it is, on the whole, amusing, as we just said, to see people who had never had telegraph, nor steam-engine, nor ether, nor gas, nor sewing-machine, nor telephone, nor petroleum nor Artesian wells, nor any of the great hitherto, in short, with which this generation of to-day has chained the elements, and alleviated so many of the troubles of existence—to hear these dear people, from behind the Chinese wall of the past, scout the age that has done so much to bring things that "ride mankind" to subjection.

It is quite possible that these elders of ours do not look upon the great inventions of this age as advantages; but because we abuse railways by traveling too much and too fast, telegraphs by betraying secrets, sewing-machines by multiplying stitches in ruffles and plaits, and all the rest, very like, is no proof that the things used properly are not tremendous advantages, any more than that laudanum used rightly is not a blessing to the race because some people are opium-eaters, that rain is not good for the fields because occasionally rain makes a freshet. But in fact, if there is any advantage in all the inventions and discoveries of the age, these good cavillers of ours are rather inclined to assume the merit of it by reason of the deference that should be paid them as the progenitors of the inventors and discoverers, and on the consideration that but for them the generation could have had no existence anyway; and conservative as age is of what it has in the present, and doubtful of the future, it is even afraid that its privilege of fault-finding shall be swept away with the rush of modern improvements.

An Astonishing Memory.

One of the most remarkable feats of memory is not recorded in the books, though it came before the public in a singular manner in January, 1847. At Sydney, Australia, a prisoner set up his defense on trial an alibi, claiming to have been at the time that the complainant was robbed at home in his own hall listening to the recital of Horace Walpole's novel, "The Old Baron," which a man named Lane had, with other novels, committed to memory, the matter of time being disposed by the declaration that Lane's recitation took two hours and a half. The Attorney General declared that this was incredible, whereupon Lane, clearing his throat, began: "In the time of King Henry, when the good Duke Humphrey returned from the wars in the Holy Land, where he had been scourning for a number of years, there lived a man and had recited several pages when the Attorney General told him to stop—he was quite satisfied. But the counsel for the defense was not, and insisted that as the veracity of his witness had been questioned the witness should be allowed to set himself right, also to prove the allegation as to time by reciting the whole novel. 'Do you expect me to take it all down as evidence?' stammered the Chief Justice, in great dismay, and finally a compromise was arrived at, and Lane gave a chapter from the middle of the story and its conclusion. The prisoner was acquitted."

When we are invited to an entertainment we take what we find; and if any one should bid the master of the house set fish or tarts before him, he would be thought absurd. Yet in the world we ask the gods for what they do not give us; and that, though there are so many things which they have given us.—*Epictetus*.

