MINE SHILDREN.

Oh, dose shildren, dose shildren, dey beddher mine life!
Vhy don'd dey keep quiet, like Gretchen, mine vife!
Vot makes dem so shock full of mischief, I vonder,
A-shumping der room roundt mit noises like dunder?
Hear dot! Vas dere anyding make sooch a noise
As Herman und Otto, mine two leedle poys!

Ven I take oup mine pipe for a goot qviet shmoke,
Dey crawl me all ofer, und dink in a shoke
To go droo mine bockets to see vot dey find,
Und if mit der latch-key my vatch dey can vind.
Id takes someding more as dheir fader und moder
To quiet dot Otto und his leedle broder.

Dey shtub oudt dheir boots, and vear holes in der knees
Off dheir drousers, und shtockings, and sooch dings as dese.
I dink if dot Crœsus vas lifing to-day,
Dose poys make more bills as dot Kaiser could pay;
I find me qvick oudt dot some riches dake vings,
Ven each gouple a-days I must buy dem new dings.

I pring dose two shafers some toys efry tay,
Pecause "Shonny Schwartz has sooch nice dings," dey say,
"Und Jhonny Schwartz' barents vas poorer as ve"—
Dot's vot der young rashkells vas saying to me,
Dot oldt Santa Klaus mit a shleigh fool of toys
Don'd gif sadisfactions to dose greedy poys.

Dey kick der clothes off ven ashleep in dheir bed,
Und get so mooch croupe dot dey almosdt vas dead;
Budt id don'd make no tifferent; before id vas light
Dey vas oup in der morning mit billows to fight.
I dink id vas beddher you don'd got some ears
Ven dey blay "Holdt der Fort," und den gif dree cheers.

Oh, dose shildren, dose shildren, dey boddher mine life!
Budt shtop shust a leedle. If Gretchen, mine vife,
Und dose leedle shildren dey don'd been around,
Und all droo der house dere vas nefer a sound—
Vell, poys, vy you look oup dot vay mit surbrise!
I guess dey see tears in dheir oldt fader's eyes.

—CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS, in EDITOR'S DRAWER, in *Harper's Magazine for May.*

A Story of Two Summers.

BY HOLLIS FREEMAN.

CHAPTER V.

How she coaxed and persuaded Polly and her husband to guard the secret, and not to mention her name in any way in connection with the Effie Lea of the past. How she had waited, and worked, and schemed to buy "Fairmeadows," his loved, lost, regretted home, that it might add one more pang to his dissapointment to find out that she—she whom he had once so wronged—was now the sole owner. And now, now, that all she had wished and sought for was in her hands—now that she looked her triumph full in the face—what a poor mean, paltry, miserable thing it was.

How she loathed it and despised herself!—and he too now despised her! His words in their cold anger came back on her burning ear, and with hot shame she covered her face over with her hands.

Never before this, never had she felt so; she had been bitter and unhappy, and lonely and sorrowful—but never before had she felt this burning shame, and humiliation, and remorse.

What would Polly say, and her kind-hearted, straight forward husband? She thought with a little sigh of Polly, who had seemed once to lack so many advantages she possessed—poor, plain, common-place Polly, whom she had always loved in a sisterly fashion, but a little looked down on from a superior height of wealth and beauty, and cleverness and importance. Yet there wasn't a happier woman living than Polly, and she had managed, without one of her own superior advantages, to win and hold the entire love of an honorable, true-hearted man. Polly would never have acted as she had just acted—basely, cruelly, meanly. Miss Somerville's heart softened towards her sister as it had never hardly done before.

What a miserable night she had gone through! Like the Eastern king of old, "her sleep had gone from her;" and in spite of will and striving and effort, her thoughts would go back to that never-to-be-forgotten visit to Llandudno, of love an hope and pleasure. The kindly tone, the caressing word, came back mingled with words and looks and tones of yesterday, until the remembrance seemed more than she could bear.

And oh! worse than all, was the bitter knowledge that, spite of all, spite of the long treasuring up of anger and bitterness and unforgiveness she loved him still; loved him with all the strength of her heart—passionately, madly, devotedly—yet had with her own hands, in a mad spirit of revenge, put this love away from her forever.

How her head ached, how hot her eyes felt, yet no tears fell to relieve their dry misery. She had had breakfast in her own room that morning. She was too miserable, too unhappy, too great a coward, to dare to go down stairs and face Major Herbert; and to-morrow she was going away—going away, and they would never meet again, and he would forever despise her—despise her, and with justice.

The thought becomes intolerable; she rises hastily up and goes over to look at herself in the glass. She smiles half bitterly, to see how pale and haggard she looks after the sleepless, restless, misery of the night. "I shall soon lose my looks and grow old if I go on like this," she says as she casts herself down on the couch impatiently, and leans her hot flushed face against the open window sill. A girl's voice, feeble yet sweet, is singing in the room below.

"Alleluia: Fairest morning:
Fairer than our words can say;
Down we lay the heavy burden
Of life's toil and care to-day;
While this morn of joy and love
Brings fresh vigor from above."

"It is the poor, consumptive-looking girl," she says to herself, "who always looks so happy. Has she found out the beauty of the Day of Rest? Oh, if its power could soothe and calm my restless heart."

Sunday, full of holy glory!
Sweetest rest-day of the soul!
Light upon a world of darkness
From thy blessed moments roll:
Holy, happy, heavenly day,
Thou must charm our grief away."

When the luncheon bell rang Miss Somerville slowly and proudly went down stairs. Most of the people were in their places. One quick look showed her that the chair next hers was empty.

"Well, Frances darling, is your head better," said Aunt Polly kindly. "Do come and keep Mr. Vernon in order; he is comparing some one or other to a wooden caterpillar."

Miss Somerville was very grave and quiet all luncheon time, and she sat by her sister, though she smiled and thanked her friends for their kind inquiries after her headache.

Charlie Vernon had come round and taken Major Herbert's place, but it was not till the luncheon was over, and she was going away, that she asked "if he knew where Major Herbert was?"

Mr. Vernon had replied laughingly "that he had started off at an unearthly hour that morning for a long walk, and that they needn't expect to see him again till he turned up."

The afternoon was hot and stifling, and Miss Somerville, giving her sister, who is preparing for a good, long, comfortable Sunday nap, a hasty kiss, goes away to her own room, and putting on her hat, turns her steps in the direction of the great Orme. Spite of the heat, she walks quickly along so afraid is she of being overtaken and accompanied—the only one wish and desire is how to get away from every one and to find some sheltered, secluded nook, where she shall be quite alone and undisturbed.

But when she reaches the Happy Valley, which she pictured to herself as a quiet, solitary place for her own painful heart-musing, she finds the children's service is going on there; the little ones are sitting round their teacher in a three-fold circle, and the glad childish voices are singing as she comes within sight and hearing.

"There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all."

Miss Somerville was too tired and worn out in mind and body to attempt to go on any further. She sat down on the outside circle, and a sweet-faced little girl, attracted by the beautiful weary face, brought her one of the printed papers from which they were singing. A craving for fellow sympathy and pity crept into Frances Somerville's heart as she took it.

"Won't you come and sit by me?" she whispered in the tone so few people could resist. The little one certainly could not, for she nestled down comfortably by the lady as she joined in the second verse with her clear little trill:

"We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there."

Then followed the loving story of The Cross, simply told to the little ones He loved.

She listened with a swelling heart, and the hot tears rose slowly to the dry miserable eyes. She had heard the old sweet story, and pondered over it with wonder and thankfulness in the old sad solitary days of her girlhood. But of late, why was it? how had it come to pass that it had lost its sacred power to comfort and console?

The blessing was given as the children reverently knelt; then the afternoon's service was over, the nurse came for the little girl who had quietly gone to sleep in the warm summer air, leaning her curly head against the arm of her new-found friend. Miss Somerville woke her up with a kiss, and with tearful eyes watched the little form tripping gayly away down the hill. She was alone at last—alone with her troubled thoughts and swelling heart. She climbed higher up the hill, and sitting down by the little gate that led up the steep and lonely path, she covered her face with her hands and burst forth into wild and bitter weeping. But these tears seemed to take a load away from her heart—a load of pride and anger and worldliness. The old softening feelings of the gentle-hearted, loving Effie Lea of the past came back with resistless force to the heart whence they had been so long banished and expelled. By-and-bye she raised her tear-dimmed eyes and looked round on the beautiful summer scene.

"The peace of God," she murmured, "is there anything, anything in life worth striving or caring for save that? and I for ten long years have cast it from me in a spirit of mad anger and passionate revenge. The peace of God—how indeed could it reign in a heart embittered like mine? I who have never till to-day striven to forgive another, how could I seek His peace and forgiveness for myself."

The gentle sea breeze fanned her hot cheek caressingly. She sat quite silent, tearful, repentant, but happy. It seemed so easy now to forgive. After all he had loved his little child-friend—he had never meant willfully to deceive her—he had said so ten years ago—but she had never believed it until to-day—oh, if she had only believed it then, what a long miserable ten years would have been spared her.

Gentler, kinder thoughts and memories stirred at her heart, and the tears that fell now were healing tears that washed away all bitterness. A gentleman was coming down the steep path and she rose hastily up, finding that she was blocking up the little gate-way through which he must pass. Looking at him with tear-stained eyes as she stands aside to let him pass, she sees it is Major Herbert. His face touches her to the quick: it is indescribable in its calm misery. He raises his hat as he sees her, and passes on.

"Walter," she cries in a tremulous voice, holding out both hands towards him. Then he turns and sees standing in the soft summer light, the gentle, loving, tender, pathetic face of the Effie Lea of those old and never-to-be-forgotten by-gone days.

THE END.

He had Suffered Enough.

A gentleman was arranged before an Arkansas Justice on the charge of obtaining money under false pretences. He had entered a store pretending to be a customer, but proved to be a thief.

"Your name is Jim Lickmore," said the Justice.

"Yes, sir."

"And you are charged with a crime that merits a long term in the penitentiary?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you are guilty of the crime?"

"I am."

"And you ask for no mercy?"

"No, sir."

"You have had a great deal of trouble within the last two years?"

"Yes, sir, I have."

"You have often wished that you were dead?"

"I have please your honor."

"You wanted to steal money enough to take you away from Arkansaw?"

"You are right, Judge."

"If a man had stepped up and shot you just as you entered the store, you would have said, 'Thank you, sir?'"

"Yes, sir, I would. But, Judge, how did you find out so much about me?"

"Some time ago," said the Judge, with a solemn air, "I was divorced from my wife. Shortly after you married her. The result is conclusive. I discharge you. Here take this fifty dollar bill. You have suffered enough."

They Weren't Sandwiches.

Among the score of us who rushed into a railroad eating-house in Mississippi at the call of "twenty minutes for dinner," was a chap who had his mind made up to say something unpleasant when he came to pay for his meal. He was growling when he went in, and he jawed all the time he was eating, and when he slouched up to the desk to pay his seventy-five cents he broke out with:—

"Them sandwiches are enough to kill a dog!"

"What sandwiches?"

"Why, them on the table.."

"But we have no sandwiches on the table, sir," protested the landlord.

"You haven't? Well, I should like to know what you call them roasted brick-bats on that blue platter?"

"You didn't try to eat one of those?"

"Yes, I did!"

"Then, my friend, you had better go for a doctor at once! Those are table ornaments, made of terra-cotta, and were placed there to help fill up space! Lord o' cats! but you must have lived in a cane-brake all your life!"

The traveller rushed into the car and began to suck at a brandy-flask, and he didn't get over looking pale for three hours.

And they were sandwiches after all—real good ham sandwiches made that day. The landlord had adopted that particular style; instead of using a club.

In a Swiss museum there is a watch that is only 3-16 of an inch in diameter. It is inserted in the top of an old-fashioned pencil-case, such as our grandmothers used to possess. Its little dial not only indicates hours, minutes, and seconds, but also days of the month.

THE WORLD AND I.

Whether my heart be glad or no,
The summers come, the summers go,
The lanes grow dark with dying leaves;
Icicles hang beneath the eaves;
The asters wither to the snow.
Thus doth the summer end and go,
Whether my life be glad or no.

Whether my life be sad or no,
The winters come, the winters go,
The sunshine builds with baby leaves;
Swallows play about the eaves;
The lovely wind flowers bend and blow;
Thus doth the winter end and go,
Whether my life be sad or no.

Yet Mother Nature gives to me
A fond and patient sympathy;
In my own heart I find the charm
To make her tender, near, and warm;
Through summer sunshine, winter snow,
She clasps me, sad or glad or no.

The Bad Boy.

Peck's Sun.

"Well, great Julius Caesar's bald-headed ghost, what's the matter with you," said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came into the grocery on crutches, with one arm in a sling, one eye blackened, and a strip of court plaster across one side of his face. "Where was the explosion, or have you been in a fight? Or has your pa been giving you what you deserve, with a club? Here let me help you. There, sit down on that keg of applejack. Well, by the great guns, you look as though you had called somebody a liar. What's the matter?" and the grocery man took the crutches and stood them up against the show case.

"O, there's not much the matter with me," said the boy, in a voice that sounded all broke up, as he took a big apple off a basket, and began peeling it with his upper front teeth. "If you think I am a wreck you ought to see the minister. They had to carry him home in instalments, the way they buy sewing machines. I am all right, but they have got to stop him up with oakum and tar before he will ever hold water again."

"Good gracious, you have not had a fight with the minister, have you? Well, I have said all the time, and I stick to it, that you would commit a crime yet, and go to state prison. What was the fuss about?" and the grocery man laid the hatchet out of the boy's reach for fear he would get excited and kill him.

"O, it want no fuss. It was in the way of business. You see the livery man that I was working for promoted me. He let me drive a horse to haul sawdust for bedding, first, and when he found I was real careful he let me drive an express wagon to haul trunks. Day before yesterday, I think it was—(Yes, I was in bed all day yesterday)—day before yesterday there was a funeral, and our stable furnished the outfit. It was only a common eleven dollar funeral so, they let me go to drive the horse for the minister—you know the buggy that goes ahead of the hearse. They gave me an old horse that is thirty years old, that has not been off of a walk since nine years ago, and they told me to give him a loose rein, and he would go along all right. It's the same old horse that used to pace so fast on the avenue, years ago, but I didn't know it. Well, I wan't to blame. I just let him walk along as though he was hauling sawdust, and gave him a loose rein. When we got off of the pavement the fellow that drives the hearse, he was in a hurry, 'cause his folks was going to have ducks for dinner, and he wanted to get back, so he kept driving along side of my buggy, and telling me to hurry up. I wouldn't do it, 'cause the livery man told me to walk the horse. Then the minister, he got nervous, and said he didn't know as there was any use of going so slow, because he wanted to get back in time to get his lunch and go to a minister's meeting in the afternoon, but I told him we would all get to the cemetery soon enough if we took it cool, and as for me, I wasn't in no sweat. Then one of the drivers that was driving the mourners, he came up and said he had got to get back in time to run a wedding down to the one o'clock train, and for me to pull out a little. I have seen enough of disobeying orders, and I told him a funeral in the hand was worth two weddings in the bush, and as far as I was concerned, this funeral was going to be conducted in a decorous manner, if we didn't get back till the next day. Well, the minister said, in his regular Sunday school way, 'My little man, let me take hold of the lines,' and like a darn fool I gave them to him. He slapped the old horse on the crupper with the lines, and then jerked up, and the old horse stuck up his off ear, and then the hearse driver told the minister to pull hard and saw on the bit a little, and the old horse would wake up. The hearse driver used to drive the old pacer on the track, and he knew what he wanted. The minister took off his black kid gloves and put his umbrella down between us, and pulled his hat down tight on his head, and began to pull and saw the bit. The old cripple began to move along sort of sideways, like a hog going to war, and the minister pulled some more, and the hearse driver, who was right behind, he said, so you could hear him clear to Wahkesha, 'Ye-e-up.' The old horse kept going faster, then the minister thought the procession was getting too quick, and he pulled harder, and yelled 'who-a' and that made the old horse worse, and I looked through the little window in the buggy top, behind, and the driver was laughing, and the minister he got pale and said, 'my little man I guess you better drive,' and I said. 'Not much Mary Ann, you wouldn't let me run this funeral the way I wanted to, and now you can boss it, if you will let me get out,' but there was a street-car ahead and all of a sudden there was an earthquake, and when I came to there were about six hundred people pouring water down my neck, and the hearse was hitched to the fence, and the hearse driver was asking if my leg was broke, and a policeman was fanning the minister with a plug hat that looked as though it had been struck by a pile driver, and some people were hauling our buggy into the gutter, and some men were trying to take the old pacer out of the windows of the street-car, and then I guess I fainted away agin. O, it was worse than telescoping a train loaded with cattle."

"Well, I swan" said the grocery man, as he put some eggs in a funnel shaped brown paper for a servant girl. "What did the minister say when he came to?"

"Say! What could he say? He just yelled 'whoa,' and kept sawing with his hands, as though he was driving. I heard that the policeman was going to pull him for fast driving, till he found it was an accident. They told me, when they carried me home in a hack, that it was a wonder everybody was not killed, and when I got home pa was going to sass me, until the hearse driver told him it was the minister that was to blame. I want to find out if they got the minister's umbrella back. The last I see of it the umbrella was running up his trouser's leg, and the point came out by the small of his back. But I am all right, only my shoulder sprained, and my legs bruised, and my eye black. I will be all right and shall go to work to-morrow, 'cause the livery man says I was the only one in the crowd that had any sense. I understand the minister is going to take a vacation on account of his liver and nervous prostration. I would if I was him. I never saw a man that had nervous prostration any more than he did when they fished him out of the barbed wire fence, after we struck the street car. But that settles the minister business with me. I don't drive no more preachers. What I want is a quiet party that wants to go on a walk," and the boy got up and hopped on one foot towards his crutches, filling his pistol pocket with figs as he hobbled along.

"Well, sir," said the grocery man, as he took a chew of tobacco out of a pail, and offered some to the boy, knowing that was the only thing in the store the boy would not take "Do you know I think some of these ministers have about as little sense on worldly matters, as anybody? Now, the idea of that man jerking on an old pacer. It don't make any difference if the pacer was a hundred years old, he would pace if he was jerked on."

"You bet," said the boy, as he put his crutches under his arms, and started for the door. "A minister may be sound on the Atonement, but he don't want to saw on an old pacer. He may have the subject of infant baptism down finer than a cambric needle, but if he has ever been to college, he ought to have learned enough not to say 'ye up' to an old pacer that has been the boss of the road in his time. A minister may be endowed with sublime power to draw sinners to repentance, and make them feel like getting up and dusting for the beautiful beyond and cause them, by his eloquence, to see angels bright and fair in their dreams, and chariots of fire flying through the pearly gates and down the golden streets of the New Jerusalem, but he wants to turn out for a street car all the same, when he is driving a 2:20 pacer. The next time I drive a minister to a funeral, he will walk," and the boy hobbled out and hung out a sign in front of the grocery, "Smoked dog fish at halibut prices, good enough for company.

Story of a Composer.

A father and son, while traveling, stopped one night at a monastery where hospitality is always extended. The father took the boy, into the chapel to see the organ. It was the first large organ the little fellow had ever seen. His face lit up with satisfaction, and every motion and attitude of the little figure expressed wonder.

"Father," said the boy, "explain to me those pedals at the organ's foot, and let me play?" Well pleased, the father complied. Then the little boy pushed aside the stool, and when his father had filled the bellows, the little organist stood upon the pedals, and trod them as though he had never needed to have their management explained. How the deep tones woke the somber stillness of the old church! The organ seemed some great uncouth creature, roaring for very joy at the caresses of the marvellous child.

The monks, eating their supper in the refectory, heard it and dropped knife and fork in astonishment. The organist of the brotherhood was among them, but never had he played with so much power and freedom. They listened; some grew pale; others blessed themselves; till the prior rose up, and hastened into the chapel. The others followed, and when they looked up into the organ loft, lo! there was no form of any organist to be seen, though the deep tones still massed themselves in new harmonies, and made the stone arches thrill with their power. "It is a spirit!" cried the last one of the monks, drawing closer to one of his companians, and giving a frightened look over his shoulder to the darkness of the aisle.

"It is a miracle!" said another. But when the oldest of them mounted the stairs to the organ loft, he stood as if petrified with amazement. There stood the tiny figure, treading from pedal to pedal, at the same time clutching the keys above with his hands, gathering handfuls of those wonderful chords as if they were violets, flinging them out into the solemn gloom behind him. He heard nothing, saw nothing, besides; his eyes beamed like stars, and his whole face lighted with impassioned joy. Louder and fuller rose the harmonies, streaming forth in swelling billows, till at last they seemed to reach a sunny shore, on which they broke; and then a whispering ripple of faintest melody lingered in the air, like the last murmur of an Eolian harp, and all was still.

The boy was John Wolfgang Mozart!

This famous composer, was born Saltzburg, Germany, in 1756. He was but seven years of age when he first played the organ in the chapel of Versailles, and from that hour he was regarded as the equal of the best masters. After having traveled all over Europe he settled at Vienna, where he died in 1791.

The Camel and the Miller.

One night a miller was waked up by his camel trying to get his nose into the tent. "It's very cold out here," said the camel; "I only want to put my nose in." The miller made no objection. After a while the camel asked leave to have his neck in, then his fore feet; and so, little by little, it crowded in its whole body. This, as you may well think, was very disagreeable to the miller, and he bitterly complained to the forth-putting beast. "If you don't like it, you may go," answered the camel. "As for me, I've got possession, and I shall stay. You can't get rid of me now."

Do you know what the camel is like? Bad habits; little sins. Guard against the first approaches, the most plausible excuses, even *the nose* of sin. If you do not, you are in danger. It will surely edge itself slowly in, and you are overpowered before you know it. Be on your guard! Watch!

Selecting Mourning Goods for a Mother-in-Law.

As he sauntered into a dry goods emporium he had a sad look on his countenance, a look that filled all hearts with pity, for one could see some terrible affliction had been visited upon his family.

He walked up to one of the clerks, and said:

"Show me some goods suitable to dress a dead lady in."

Quickly the clerk threw down some handsome white satins, cashmeres, and silks.

"All most too high," he continued. "Have you nothing that has been a little damaged; a piece of goods that is sorter rotten. We could put the bad part in the back, you know, and nobody'd see it," and the clerk saw a mother-in-law's dead look in his sorrowful eyes.

Taking in the situation at once, he led the bereaved man to the rear and sold him fifteen yards of moth-eaten cashmere, that had been on hand eight years.

When he returned home from his recent visit to this country the editor of The London Sportsman is said to have had this interview with some friends: "Did you make many speeches when you were in America?" they asked him. "Yes," was the reply "I was frequently called on to respond." "And what did you say for the most part?" "Thank you. I don't mind if I do."

FOLK NOTES.

Gen. Hancock has become very stout and heavy.

Alexander Mitchell has in his house in Milwaukee probably the finest library in the West.

Besides his duchy of Cornwall, the Prince of Wales owns real estate valued at $90,000 a year.

Herbert Spencer says every American seems to have been born an hour late, and to be trying to make up lost time.

Joaquin Miller will read a poem before the New York Press Association as its twenty-seventh annual meeting in June

It is stated that Archbishop Croke has been summoned to Rome to consult with the Pope upon the state of Ireland.

Gov. Sprague's former wife has, by permission of the courts, dropped that part of her name, and is plain Kate Chase again.

Arabi Pasha's lawyers have not been paid, and a subscription paper for that purpose is being circulated among the British nobility.

Count de Lesseps is 80 years old but says he is going to live long enough to cruise on the African inland sea which he expects to create.

The man whose word was almost law in the politics of New Mexico, the late Jose Leander Pearea, had amassed a fortune of $5,000,000 before he died.

Frank Hess, of St. Louis, had tolled the church bell for the dead for a quarter of a century. He died while ringing it, tolling, as it was, his own knell

The step-father of Henry M. Stanley, the great African explorer, is a thatcher and tiler in a little Welsh village, and his mother is the landlady of the inn in the same place.

The widow of Frank Leslie is said to be the only daughter of Lola Montez, though there is another claimant for the "honor" in a woman known as Edith Diss Debar. The father is the King of Bavaria.

George Alfred Townsend has bought a house in New York with the proceeds of his pen, No. 361 West Thirty-fourth st., which, like a good husband, he has promptly given to his wife, and in which he expects to end his literary days.

Mrs. Craveroft, the sister of Sir John Franklin, died last week at her house at Dorking at the age of 70. She spent the greater part of her fortune on the expeditions which were sent to the Arctic regions in search of the famous explorer.

Frederick N. Crouch, the composer of "Kathleen Mavourneen," has obtained an injunction to restrain a Baltimore firm from selling photographs of himself. He thinks that if any money is to be made in that way he ought to make it.

Boston Corbett, who killed Wilkes Booth, has become a religious enthusiast, and in a letter to a friend in Camden, N. J., says that he has been directed by God to inflict daily corporal punishment upon himself as a penance for having taken human life.

The fact is now brought to light that the lady who wrote the famous "Widow Bedott Papers," had other gifts besides those of mere humor. She wrote a number of exceedingly beautiful hymns. Her name was Mrs. Whitcher, and she was the wife of an Episcopal clergyman. She died about thirty years ago.

George Bancroft has passed far beyond the goal of many of the great historians with whom his name will be associated. Gibbon died at 57, Macaulay at 59, Prescott at 62, Motley at 63, Hume at 65. Mr. Bancroft has outstripped the most fortunate of them by nearly twenty years, and the tale is not told yet.

Miss Ramnabel, a native of India, is said to be the most learned woman in the world. Age, 20; she can read, speak, and write in twelve languages, besides being up in astronomy, mathematics, history, etc. She is now studying to become a physician.

A lady in Washington owns the wedding vest buttons and knee-buckles of "Light-Horse Harry" Lee. They are made of opals, surmounted by diamonds. She also has a piece of his watch-chain, which he broke one evening while waltzing with her grandmother.

Up to the last day of his life at Mentone, Mr. Green, the historian, was busy giving the most minute directions about his second volume of the "Making of England," and his wife, who acted as his secretary and amanuensis, is left in a position to edit and see it through the press.

The Ottowa (Canada) Free Press says that the Governor General and Princess Louise, after opening the exhibition of art in Toronto this summer, will probably go Quebec and thence to the fishing grounds, and that they will likely not return to Ottawa before leaving for England.

HOME!—The sweetest word in the vocabulary of words. A note of music in the world's discord. The prince's crown jewel. The peasant's brightest star. The sailor's memory. The soldier's hope. The traveler's prayer. The child's bow of promise. The wife's kingdom. The husband's reward. The old man's rest. A shelter for the new-born. A priceless boon for all!

POWER OF SUNSHINE.—From an acorn weighing a few grains, a tree will grow for 100 years or more, not only throwing off many pounds of leaves every year, but itself weighing many tons. If an orange twig is put into a box of earth, and that earth is weighed when the twig becomes a tree, bearing luscious fruit, there will be very nearly the same amount of earth. From careful experiments made by different scientific men, it is an ascertained fact that a very large part of the growth of a tree is derived from the sun, from the air and from the water, and a very little from the earth; and notably all vegetation becomes sickly unless it is freely exposed to sunshine. Wood and coal are but condensed sunshine, which contains three important elements equally essential to both vegetation and animal life—magnesia, lime, and iron. It is the iron in the blood which gives it its sparkling red color and strength. It is the lime in the bones which gives them the durability necessary to bodily vigor, while the magnesia is important to all the tissues. Thus it is that the more persons are out of doors the more healthy and vigorous they are, and the longer will they live. Every human being ought to have an hour or two of sunshine at noon in the winter, and in the early forenoon in the summer.

The adulteration of condition powders has got to such a pitch that one can now buy a pound pack of *dust and ashes* for 25 cents. There is only one kind now known that are strictly pure, and those are *Sheridan's Cavalry Powders.*

At the sale of the King library at New York, last week, an almanac printed by William Bradford of Philadelphia, 1686, sold for $520. Only one other copy is in existence.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire and stop at the Grand Union Hotel opposite Grand Central Depot.

Elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

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A million feet of lumber are annually turned into base ball bats in this country.

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Gold has been discovered in Alachua County Fla.

2--Big Thieves--2.

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