THE OLD READING CLASS.

I cannot tell you, Genevieve, how oft it comes to me—
That rather young old reading class in District Number Three,
That row of elocutionists who stood so straight in line,
And charged at standard literature with amiable design.
We did not spare the energy in which our words were clad;
We gave the meaning of the text by all the light we had;
But still I fear the ones who wrote the lines we read so free
Would scarce have recognized their work in District Number Three.

Outside the snow was smooth and clean—the winter's thick-laid dust;
The storm it made the windows speak at every sudden gust;
Bright sleigh-bells threw us pleasant words when travellers would pass;
The maple-trees along the road stood shivering in their class;
Beyond, the white browed cottages were nestling cold and dumb.
And far away the mighty world seemed beckoning us to come—
The wondrous world, of which we conned what had been and might be,
In that old-fashioned reading class of District Number Three.

We took a hand at History—its altars, spires, and flames—
And uniformly mispronounced the most important names;
We wandered through Biography, and gave our fancy play,
And with some subjects fell in love—"good only for one day;"
In Romance and Philosophy we settled many a point,
And made what poems we assailed to creak at every joint;
And many authors that we love, you with me will agree,
Were first time introduced to us in District Number Three.

You recollect Susannah Smith, the teacher's sore distress,
Who never stopped at any pause—a sort of day express!
And timid young Sylvester Jones, of inconsistent sight,
Who stumbled on the easy words, and read the hard ones right!
And Jennie Green, whose doleful voice was always clothed in black!
And Samuel Hicks, whose tones induced the plastering all to crack!
And Andrew Tubbs, whose various mouths were quite a show to see!
Alas! we cannot find them now in District Number Three.

And Jasper Jenckes, whose tears would flow at each pathetic word
(He's in the prize-fight business now, and hits them hard, I've heard);
And Benny Bayne, whose every tone he murmured as in fear
(His tongue is not so timid now: he is an auctioneer);
And Lanty Wood, whose voice was just endeavoring hard to change,
And leaped from hoarse to fiercely shrill with most surprising range;
Also his sister Mary Jane, so full of prudish glee,
Alas! they're both in higher schools than District Number Three.

So back these various voices come, though long the years have grown,
And sound uncommonly distinct through Memory's telephone;
And some are full of melody, and bring a sense of cheer,
And some can smite the rock of time, and summon forth a tear;
But one sweet voice comes back to me, whenever sad I grieve,
And sings a song, and that is yours, O peerless Genevieve!
It brightens up the olden times, and throws a smile at me—
A silver star amid the clouds of District Number Three.

—WILL CARLETON, in *Harper's Magazine for September.*

THE THREE GOOD GIFTS.

"Lill, Lill! run to the door—quick! There's some one coming down the road."

Lill Penfield started to her feet with alacrity, thus ruthlessly destroying all the bright visions which had built themselves up around the glowing logs in the deep chimney.

"How much is it for a foot passenger?" said she, calling up the narrow, wooden stairway.

"But it isn't a foot passenger," irritably retorted Delia with her mouth full of hairpins. "It's old Miss Merrydeer, with her donkey cart. Ten cents."

It was a stormy March sunset, red and threatening along the west, with a frozen breath of icicles in the air, and black masses of cloud piled overhead, through which old Miss Merrydeer's cart seemed to advance.

Lill Penfield stood on the toll-house porch, looking with surprised eyes at the gaunt old woman, who sat on a heap of cut branches and whipped up a phlegmatic donkey in front of her.

"Oh, you're always ready enough to stop," sarcastically remarked old Miss Merrydeer, as the donkey came to a dead halt in front of the toll-bar. "Now then, young woman (to Lill) why ain't I to be allowed to go on?"

"Ten cents, please," said Lill, timidly holding out her hand, with all that she had ever read, dreamed, or heard about witches coming back into her mind at the sight of the yellow, old face with its fringe of white elf-locks, the red cloak and the nose that was hooked like a bird of prey.

"Ten cents!" shrilly shrieked old Miss Merrydeer. "And for what, I should like to know?"

"It's the toll-gate, please," explained Lill, wishing more than ever that her cousin would come down stairs.

"I don't know anything about toll-gates," said Miss Merrydeer. "Stand aside and let me go through. The road was here long before they built the toll-gate. It's swindling—that's what it is. Get up, Neddy!"

She settled herself back among the green spruce boughs and protruding roots with an air of determination, and chirruped to her drowsy steed as if she meant to ride rough-shod over all opposition; but just here Delia Penfield came running down-stairs and swung the bar back to its place.

"Ten cents, Miss Merrydeer," said she, "or you can't pass. That's the law."

Miss Merrydeer uttered a curious grunt of dissatisfaction.

"If it's law, it ain't justice," said she, fumbling in the pocket of her tattered old coat—a garment which had evidently been cut down from a man's ulster. "There, as true as you live, that there dime has fell out and got lost in the woods!"

"That's nonsense," said Delia tartly. "Ten cents—and do hurry. I can't stand here in this wind all night."

"But I hain't got it," bluntly spoke out the old crone. "Let me pass!"

"Not without the ten cents," said Delia, resolutely. "I've pa's orders, and I must stick to 'em. If you haven't got the money you must go around by the mill road."

"But that's four miles further," said the old woman, despairingly. "And Neddy's dead tired, and so am I. And it's growin' colder every minute, and these March winds is hard on my rheumatics."

"You should have thought of that before," said Delia, indifferently.

"Delia, why don't you let her pass?" whispered Lill. "She's so old and—"

"Old?" pettishly repeated Delia. "Why, she's the worst old harpy in the country. We always have just this wrangle every time she goes through the gate."

And she bolted the gate with ostentatious noise. Old Miss Merrydeer was slowly and reluctantly turning the donkey's drooping head around, when Lill herself came to the rescue.

"Stop a minute, Miss Merrydeer," said she. "Here is a ten-cent piece. It seems such a pity for you and the poor old donkey to go so far around this bitter cold night. And—and you can pay me the next time you come this way."

"Eh?" said Miss Merrydeer, shrilly. "Who are you?"

"I'm Lill," said the girl. "Mr. Penfield's niece, from Omaha."

"Ah!" said the old woman. "Well, whoever you be, you're done a kind and merciful deed this night. And you'll have a reward for it, too. Shall I tell your fortune?" once more stopping the donkey as he was half-way through the toll-gate, to Delia Penfield's infinite disgust. "Oh, yes, I've a charm. We that live in the woods find out many a spell that other folks know nothing of. Well, here it is: Three good gifts for you. There's a lover coming; there's a gift of money coming, and there's a clear conscience to go to bed upon this night. Good-bye—good-bye."

And the donkey trotted away over the frozen road, his hoofs ringing like muffled bells, while Delia adjusted the bars with a laugh, and both girls ran hurriedly back to the glow and shelter of the firelight.

"Is she crazy?" said Lill, earnestly.

"Not half so crazy as you were to listen to her," said Delia. "It's old Miss Merrydeer. Every one knows her. She gets roots and herbs from the woods and boils them into drinks. There are families around here that would rather have old Miss Merrydeer in sickness than any other doctor in town. And she's a nurse, too; and some think that she sees and hears more than other people."

"How old is she?"

"A hundred at least," said Delia. "Now let us make haste and get the tea ready, for Pa will be half frozen when he comes."

"I wonder if my three good gifts will come true?" said Lill laughing.

"Oh, undoubtedly!" Delia answered, with the most marked satire.

But Delia Penfield herself was surprised, about a week subsequently, when a letter arrived for Lill from "the lad she left behind her."

"What do you think, Lill?" he wrote, "I am coming east. I am coming to the very same part of the country where you are. Do you know the old red mill? Well, Oriel Hall has bought it and we are to run it in partnership. And when we have saved a little money Oriel is coming back west for the girl he is engaged to, and I—well, Lill, you know the rest. It may be several years first, but we must be patient! For the present, dear, it will be enough for me to be near you."

"There's the lover!" cried Delia, as Lill sat radiantly dreaming over the letter. "And the clear conscience we'll take for granted. Now, if only old witch Merrydeer would supply the money, I should really believe in her."

"I guess," said Jeboram Hawley, the hired man, who had come in at the moment with a pot of glue to warm over the kitchen stove, "that old Miss Merrydeer won't supply many more things in this world. She's at death's door with pneumony. That's what I've heard."

"Is she, poor old thing?" said Delia, carelessly. "Take care Jeboram, don't spill that glue!"

"She's got a lawyer's clerk there a making of her will!" chuckled Jeboram. "He's to take out his pay in four bottles of Ague Spruce Cure and a gallon of root beer. But law! there ain't no use—she'll never die! She'll fly up on a broomstick some day, or disappear in a flash of lightning."

The next day, however, came a tattered little messenger to the toll house—a bright-eyed colored lad.

"Old Miss Merrydeer wants to see the young woman as she give the three good gifts to," said he, rolling his coffee-colored eyeballs around. "I'm to show her de way. Right off, please."

Lill looked at Delia in amazement.

"Shall I go?" said she. "Oh, surely I ought."

"It's a lonely spot," said Delia—"up in the woods without a neighbor's house in sight. Jeboram had better follow you at a little distance. Old witch Merrydeer may turn you into a white dove or a red fawn, for all that I know."

She laughed, but there was a certain vein of seriousness that underlay all her mirth; so Lill started out in the gray March afternoon, with little flurries of snow pricking her cheek like frozen needles ever and anon, and the rimpy frost crackling under her feet, while, some few paces behind, trudged Jeboram, charged to look as little as possible like an escort.

"For nobody knows," said Delia, "what the old witch may take offense at."

But, to confess the truth, Lill was frightened when she entered the little one-storied cabin, one side of which was all awry with the force of many a winter's tempest, in whose low-ceiled apartment old Miss Merrydeer lay dying.

"Is it my bonny girl?" she said, lifting her glance to the new comer's face. "Yes, it's she as gave me the dime. Out of her own pocket she gave it to me. Everyone else turned their backs upon me and laughed to see the old witch go by. No one ever gave me anything before but sneers and curses. For what good to anybody was old witch Merrydeer? But she took pity on her, Lord love her! And I promised her three good gifts. I've made her my heiress, that's what I've done. Come here, pretty one, and put your hand in mine."

But even as Lill touched her warm palm to the old crone's fast purpling hand, she gave a quick gasp, turned over, and died.

Lill closed her eyes, tied up the poor old toothless jaws with her scented pocket handkerchief, crossed the hands on the pulseless breast and went home again, leaving Jeboram to do what he could for the watchers and attendants. And as she walked, she carried the strange, aromatic odors of pine and birch and dried penny-royal bunches in her dress, curious remembrances of old Miss Merrydeer.

They buried her on the mountain side in a quaint little graveyard, where the cows grazed at will, picking their way among the moss-grown tombstones, and where the fence had long ago fallen to ruins; and people laughed at the idea of Lill Penfield being constituted heiress of the dead woman's estate.

"Oh, yes; the will is all right and tight enough," said Uncle Penfield. "But, after all, what does it amount to? An old hovel crammed chuck full of yarbs and roots, twenty gallons o' root beer, four dozen bottles of ague cure that never yet cured anybody, and four acres of land with the stones so close together on't that even the sheep can't get their noses down to browse. 'Taint much of a fortin', according to my ways o' thinking!"

"But she meant kindly toward me, poor thing!" said Lill softly. "And all because I gave her—a dime."

The next afternoon, however, Uncle Penfield came back from town with a beaming face.

"Look here, Lill," said he. "You've got the fortin' after all. What d'ye think? Old witch Merrydeer had eight hundred dollars in the savings bank. And it's yours. I declare I never would have believed there was that much money to be made out of roots and yarbs!"

"Eight hundred dollars!" cried Delia, springing to her feet. "Then Lill can marry Tom Catesby after all, when he comes east."

For to these simple people eight hundred dollars signified a fortune.

So this gentle-natured heroine inherited the three good gifts after all. Tom Catesby came east and set up life as a miller, with Lill at the household helm. And of course they lived happy ever after. Who ever heard of a pair of true lovers that did otherwise? While the neighbors all marveled exceedingly, and remarked, with various nasal inflections and wagging of the head, that it was "most extraordinary, but old Miss Merrydeer always was queer!"

When the dog gets after the boy in the melon patch, and there are no trees handy, he sings: "Oh, for the garden wall."—Cincinnati Merchant and Traveler.

ONE RED HAIR.

The Important Part it Played in a Mysterious Murder.

Jacksonville (Fla.) Cor. N. Y. Mail.

Archibald W. Newton, a young man who belongs to a wealthy family which stands high in England, has just been convicted in Orange County of the murder of Samuel McMillan. The case was sensational, and when the jury brought in the verdict, "We find the prisoner guilty as charged in the indictment," there was much excitement in the court room. In the spring of 1881 Newton appeared at Sanford, bearing a letter from Mr. Gray, one of the London stockholders, to J. E. Graham, the manager of the Sanford Company. Newton was mentioned in the letter as a nephew of Mr. Gray and Manager Graham was authorized to pay him $83 per month. Newton a youth of fine appearance and pleasing manners, was popular at first, but his good reputation was soon blasted. There were reasons to suspect him of forgeries, and then came news that he had left England because of an outrage against Miss Polly Bowron. Subsequently he sent money to England for Kate Bowron, a sister of his alleged victim, and meeting her in New York married her, and the couple returned to Crystal Lake Orange County.

While this was going on another topic of suspicion presented itself. There lived in Orange County, near Crystal Lake, a man named Samuel McMillan, who bore the reputation of being a miser, and was supposed to carry a large sum of money on his person. He owned a valuable grove, the sale of which he was negotiating with Newton, who with his wife lived near by. Newton knew the habit of McMillan of carrying money. On Saturday evening, September 30, McMillan was last seen alive just after sunset, in company with Newton, walking toward Newton's house. He never returned to his home and after some days his neighbors became anxious and instituted a search for him. On the 17th day of October his headless body was found in Crystal Lake, partly consumed by fishes. Around the waist was a rope, to which was suspended a sack, in which was found an iron pot full of nails. A few days later the head of the murdered man was found near the same spot and a bullet hole was discovered in the back of his skull. On the brains being removed a bullet dropped out, which appeared to fit exactly a pistol Newton had borrowed from a neighbor named True. This was the mystery of Crystal Lake.

About that time Newton became flush of money. He said that his wife's brother, James Bowron, had sent him $25,000 with which to buy an orange grove on the lake. He was suspected of the murder of McMillan, however, and was brought before Judge Cocke, a man noted as a member of the Florida Returning Board of 1876. The sensation of the trial occurred when counsel for the prosecution walked down the aisle, followed by a medium-sized, dark-haired woman, evidently a foreigner. As the stranger got abreast of Mrs. Newton she turned and peered into her face, saying: "Why, Kate!" The prisoner, as he looked up and recognized the woman, blushed until it seemed the blood would burst from his neck and cheeks, while Mrs. Newton turned deathly pale and remained several seconds with upturned face and half-open lips, as if petrified by amazement. The presence of this woman in America was a complete surprise to the defence, as the counsel for Newton subsequently admitted in open court. Her testimony was listened to with breathless interest. It was to the effect that the Bowron family had not £25 in the world, much less $25,000, to invest in orange groves. That last been the main point of the defense—to account for Newton's money, alleged to have been sent by the wealthy brother-in-law. The Englishwoman confirmed the story of Newton's outrage upon Polly Bowron.

McMillan, the murdered man, had coarse red hair. At the trial Dr. King Wylly testified that he had found in blood spots on a handkerchief found in Newton's pocket the morning after the murder a single red hair. The handkerchief was examined last October by Dr. Wylly. He testified that at the first examination he found a single blood crystal. Supposing that he might have scratched his finger and caused the crystal to get on the handkerchief he would not accept as it evidence that there was blood there. His last examination revealed the blood corpuscles very distinctly, and under the microscope he discovered a single red hair—a coarse red hair. The defense fought the case point by point, but the drift was against them, and when Newton said that he had borrowed True's pistol to shoot an aligator the audience laughed.

When the jury came in and gave the verdict one could have heard a pin drop. All the while Newton had been nervously twitching his moustache. When the verdict was read out he dropped his head and deathly pale, while a slight tremor passed through his frame. He then suddenly jumped up and seized his hat, forgetting that the court had not adjourned but presently controlled himself and resumed his seat. His wife remained quiet for a few moments, then a few tears trickled down her cheeks, and she grasped her husband's arm convulsively, but beyond this she showed no emotion. Judge Cocke pronounced the verdict of death.

Flying Without Wings.

St. Nicholas.

In the forests of the Indian Archipelago is found a curious flying animal that forms the connecting link between the lemur and the bat. The natives call it the colugo, and also the "flying-fox," but it is more like a flying-monkey, as the lemurs are cousins of the monkeys. Like the bats these animals sleep in the day time, hanging from the limbs and branches of trees, head downward, but as evening comes on, they sally forth, often doing great harm to the fruit on the neighboring plantations In some parts of Java they are so numerous that it is found necessary to protect the fruit trees with huge nets. The extent of their flights through the air is something astonishing. They sometimes drop to the ground and hop along with a shuffling kind of leap, but if they are alarmed they spring to the nearest tree and in a moment reach its top by a series of bounds. Out on the branches they dart, and with a rush are off into space, sailing through the air like some great bird, down they go obliquely swift as an arrow, a hundred and fifty feet or more, rising again in a graceful curve and alighting safely on a distant tree. In these great leaps they carry their young, which cling to them, or sometimes follow them in their headlong flight, uttering hoarse and piercing cries. The colugos live almost exclusively on fruit, preferring plantains and the young and tender leaves of the coca-palm, though some writers aver that they have seen them dart into the air and actually catch birds.

A CANADIAN CRIER.—After mass the town-crier gathered everybody about him while he made his weekly announcements. He is still the county newspaper of Canada. But, so far from being a literary emporium, he frequently cannot read or write. He has, however, sufficient tongue, memory and assurance to deliver quite a column of public and private matter. He is often unwittingly comical, his pompous air being a ludicrous contrast to the simple facts he has to tell, and the illiterate blunders of his speech. First come the official announcements, legal advertisements, sheriff's sales, police regulations, roadmaster's notices, new laws, etc.; then private announcements are cried out—auctions, things lost and found, opening of new stores, new professional offices, etc. Sometimes he sells a pig or a calf "for the infant Jesus," the product of the sale being given to a collection for the poor. Not long ago horse races were advertised by him to take place on the road right after mass.

Past, Present and Future of Wyoming.

Laramie Boomerang.

Some writer has said that no portion of the globe is at this time so full of mighty possibilities, or so rich in promises for the future, as the broad stretch of rich territory lying west of the Mississippi, and this assertion comes as near the truth as a newspaper man dare get. But a few years ago this portion of the Union was very appropriately termed a wilderness. The coyotte squatting in the shelter of the umbrageous sage tree sang his tuneful lay, and the cactus stood sadly in the midst of the wide expanse of country known as the Laramie plains with no human being to love it and cherish it—and sit down on it. The very thought of an orphan cactus being doomed to sit in eternal silence, with no kind word or look for centuries, and with no picnic party and no soft eyed young man with ice-cream pants on to come and nestle lovingly down upon its fuzzy bosom, is sad enough to draw tears from the eyes of Bob Ingersoll himself—at the usual Star Route price. Until lately, too, the Westerner who ventured across the Missouri River was looked upon as a curiosity, and the people watched him with apprehension for fear he might be loaded. Within the last half score of years, however, the West, particularly this portion of it, has waltzed to the front and demanded recognition among the countries of the world, and got it, too. The only objection to farming on these plains is that the land comes pretty high—about 8,000 feet. The assertion, however, that there is always a sea breeze blowing at that elevation just moving the leaves of the trees and blowing the cellars out from under the houses occasionally, is false. True, sometimes a whisper of wind springs up on the starboard jib and blows about due west by galley-west for an hour or two, but nothing heavier than corner lots with big mortgages on them have been blown away that we ever heard of.

Raising cattle is Wyoming's chief industry at this writing. With a good branding iron the humble ranchman can get up a pretty nice little herd in a few years. One man who went into the cattle business up in the Sweetwater four or five years ago with an I. C. mule and a healthy branding-iron is now worth a million. He carried a charcoal furnace with him, and had the brand tied to a rope. He kept the iron hot, and could throw it so as to leave his brand on every maverick he saw, if he could get within twenty yards of it. He just branded all the cattle he could find every spring and let nature take her course.

"I tell you, pard," said old Jimmy Cannon, the guide, to the writer recently, "the West has lost its romance. Only a little while ago, it seems to me, where once there was nothing but the whoop of the Indian and the song of the six-shooter, now there are railroads and churches, and commercial men, and high schools, and three-card-monte men, and lecturers, and daily newspapers, and every little while, a natural death. Why, within the past two months, if the blasted papers tell the truth, several men have died in Wyoming of disease. I tell you, it looks as though us oldtimers would have to move away. When we have to wait for lingering disease to snuff us out, it's time to light out for the frontier."

The Florida Ship Canal.

Cincinnati Times-Star.

Persons prominently connected with the enterprise are free to say that the proposed Florida ship canal will be constructed. The feasibility of the project appears to have been demonstrated. General Stone, who has conducted the survey and who will superintend the construction of the canal, in case the company decides to go ahead with the work, is a man whose opinion on such matters is valuable. He asserts confidently that the digging of this waterway will prove a good investment for the company and of vast benefit to commerce. According to general Stone, the estimated cost—he withholds the figures for the present—"is moderate in comparison to the amount of business that awaits the canal." The reason for his faith in the enterprise may be stated in a few words. The canal, it is claimed, would save from three to seven days' time for all the steamers and sailing vessels going into and out of the Gulf of Mexico. This means a direct saving to each vessel, in salary and running expenses, of about $1,500. Besides the navigation through the Florida Straits is exceedingly dangerous, and the annual losses from wreckage are enormous. On this account, it is estimated, the canal would save from one to one and a half per cent on insurance. And, of course, with increased safety of navigation and lower cost the traffic which now makes use of the Gulf would largely increase. Gen. Stone believes that "within a very short time after the completion of the canal you will find that a very large proportion of the grain and cotton of the West and Northwest, that now goes East by rail, would come down the Mississippi and through the canal, and the absurdity of driving cattle from Texas away up to Kansas and Arkansas, to be thence shipped by rail to Eastern markets, would also cease. There is no enterprise now contemplated or in progress that would confer greater benefits upon the commerce of the world than the Florida ship canal, or that could depend upon a larger business." Perhaps Gen. Stone, in his enthusiasm for the scheme, magnifies its importance somewhat. But it is plain enough that the proposed peninsular canal would be of wonderful advantage to the commerce of this country, and especially of the Southwest.

Not in Need of Sympathy.

Denver Cor. Louisville Courier-Journal.

On the train there was a woman with three children, aged respectively five, seven and nine. I wondered what could induce a sane woman to start on a journey with such incumbrances. I pictured her as a widow who was being shipped west to her friends. I dwelt upon her part with a sort of morbid satisfaction; I turned a riotous imagination loose upon her misfortunes, and presently, being weary of the silence I had preserved for several hundred miles, I went over to console with her. Conceive, if you can, my disgust when I learned that she was enroute to a circus about eighty miles distant, bent on giving those urchins a holiday. She informed me in the course of the conversation that the trip cost her a hundred dollars altogether, but she had cleared $7,000 on her ranch in Nebraska last year, and felt that she could afford a holiday. Whenever I have noticed a woman at a theatre or any other place of amusement with one baby I have invariably regarded it as an incipient case of insanity; but when I found this woman with her three babies going "eighty miles to a circus," I was dumb. These Nebraska women are not remarkable for their beauty, but they certainly don't lack nerve. This one was evidently not suffering for sympathy, and I went back to my place and the rapidly dissolving views of the most monotonous country under heaven.

A young lady, who had probably had reason to doubt the veracity of the male biped, says batches of lies are only equaled by the lies of baches.—Boston Transcript.

AN EGG OF INFLUENCE.

The Almost Wonderful Work of a Hen of Good Reputation.

Syracuse (N. Y.) Standard.

Mrs. Whitnal, the estimable wife of a harnessmaker of Erieville, Madison Co., N. Y., heard her favorite hen cackling in the barn in a strange and unprecedented manner. Upon reaching the nest she found an egg of ordinary size, but emblazoned with raised characters, which nearly caused her to faint. Staggering from the barn into the house she displayed the hen's miraculous product to her sons and daughters, some of whom rushed out and spread the alarm among the populace. All further work on that day was suspended. Men working in the fields put up their horses and tools in the barns, after which they gazed anxiously at the Whitnal residence. The excitement was intensified when the report was confirmed that Samuel Curtis, an honored shoemaker and a brother of Mrs. Whitnal, had become so unnerved at the sight of the egg that he had taken to his bed in alarm and refused to be comforted.

The most skeptical were convinced of the sacred hen's genuineness when it was taken to the hotel and exhibited by two of Mr. Whitnal's sons. The characters were simply raised upon the shell, as if they had been made upon the inside and puffed out by some interior agency. On one side stood out boldly the figures "1884." On another side was a cross, and on a third side was a strange symbol, which some thought was a letter "C," while others held that it was a half moon. The latter theory was more generally accepted, since, when the egg was held to the light, something which resembled a face was discernible in the concavity of the character. This was inferred to represent the man in the moon.

On that night the morals and manners of the village of Erieville were excellent beyond parallel. New resolutions were formed and bad habits sworn off. Husbands and wives no longer exchanged doubtful compliments and flatirons, but tenderly embraced each other and agreed to await the coming of the Lord in a commendable manner. Mrs. Whitnal's household was too excited to sleep. Her daughter Sarah was quite ill, and it was feared that the sacred egg would tend greatly to shorten her life. Alarmed at this, Frank Richardson, a clerk in the postoffice, acknowledged that the miracle had been performed through his instrumentality. He explained that to get even with one of Mr. Whitnal's sons he traced the characters on the egg with tallow and then placed it in vinegar. After the acid had sufficiently eaten the shell to allow the parts traced with tallow to become prominent, he visited the Whitnal barn, deposited the egg in the nest, scared an innocent hen and decamped. Mr. Richardson's expose has had the unfortunate effect of dispelling the moral influence of the egg. The villagers have returned to their former ways.

FOLK NOTES.

Prince Albert Victor matriculates at Cambridge this year.

Pope Leo XIII. has sent a painting from the Vatican as a gift to the Detroit Art Association.

Professor Packard, of Yale, expects to leave soon for Athens to teach in the American school there.

John Brown's shackles, the ones used on him at Harper's ferry, are owned by George B. Keusinton, of Boothbay, Me.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thumb were believers in Spiritualism, and would sit hours to receive communications from little Minnie Warren in the spirit land.

George Bancroft, Jared Sparks, J. G. Palfrey and Richard Hildreth, leading historical writers of America, were all educated at Phillips Exeter Academy.

It is reported that ex-Mayor Isaac S. Kalloch, late of San Francisco, Cal., intends to settle in Washington Territory and to endeavor once again to make a new start in politics.

Josh Billings is a native of Lanesboro, N. H., and there he hopes to be buried. He has directed his children to mark the grave with a rough stone from the quarry near by.

King Alfonso of Spain wants all the nations to take part in a grand celebration in Spain of the Columbian discovery of America, and not to hold the celebration in Italy or America.

Mr. G. R. Blanchard, of Boston, has brought home from Paris the last work of Gustave Doré. It represents a group of Cupids playfully drawing back a curtain from before a mirror.

A lineal descent of Brian Boru, the last king of Ireland, lives in Colorado, and he is a king indeed. His cattle cover a thousand hills, and he is one of the cattle kings of the West.

J. H. Wade is said to be the richest man in Cleveland, O. He made his millions by investments in telegraph stocks when telegraph was only an experiment, and is now well on in life.

Miss Nellie Hunt, daughter of the American Minister to Russia, was claimed the most beautiful of the coterie of American ladies at the coronation. A Paris paper describes her as "fascinatingly pretty."

Frederick N. W. Crouch, author of the song, "Kathleen Mavourneen," has been rescued from poverty by a wealthy and eccentric young Southerner, James Marian Roche, who assumes his name and supplies all the money that he needs.

Mr. Barnum was in Montreal when he heard of "Tom Thumb's" death, and immediately telegraphed to the widow: "Dear Lavinia: Yourself and family have my warmest sympathies. Death is as much a part of the Divine plan as birth. The Heavenly Father finally overcomes all evil with good. His will be done."

Edgar A. Poe's old home at Fordham has been purchased by Nelson Strong for $7,500. This was the house in which Poe's wife died in 1847, when she was but 25 years old, and when Poe was too poor to buy a blanket to put on her bed. She died in the middle of winter, covered with a sheet and her husband's overcoat.

A curious question concerning the identity of the corpse of the poet Schiller is being discussed in Germany and France. Prof. Welckers of Halle, after a careful comparison of the skull in the tomb at Weimar with the plaster cast taken immediately after Schiller's death, has come to the conclusion that the person buried in the ducal vault is not Schiller at all.

White Dog, the famous old chief of the Ogalalla Sioux, takes much interest in tornadoes, and describes them in a peculiarly picturesque fashion, all his own. "Me catch" (understand—"catch" on) "cyclone," he says. "Big wind in cloud. Blow wigwam 'way off. Spit fire. Make roar like five big herd buffaloes. Always go that way" (pointing to the northwest). "Me see plenty of 'em; more than that many" (counting twenty on his fingers). "When he come, Injun lie down on his belley and grab soap-weed and grass. Ugh! Big wind!"

Having lived prosperously in Crawfordsville, Ind., for several years, Frederick Kruger decided that his circumstances warranted him in marrying, and he accordingly commissioned his brother in Germany to select a wife. Miss Eloise Stagg, a Westphalian damsel, was chosen, and promptly shipped to this country. Her destined lord and master went to Toledo to meet her, with some perturbation, but the fraternal standard was found to be a good one. The young woman is a plump and pleasing person and thrifty withal, for she brought with her a stout chest filled with linen which she herself had spun.

True caution: "Ma," said Jennie Parvenue at Newport, "they said those Smiths who have got the Jones cottage are awful stylish and have got a pedigree." "Got the pedigree, have they?" said Mrs. Parvenu, excitedly; "well, you keep away from them, for I don't want you to catch it."—New York Mail and Express.

Fever and ague, malarious fever, bilious and typhoid fevers all originate in one producing cause and may all be easily prevented by Parsons' *Purgative Pills*. These pills act directly and powerfully upon the blood.

"There is a doctor in Wisconsin, named Greene S. Apple." The only "core" to this Apple must be an ambulance corps.—[Norristown Herald.

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Buying Carboline by the score,
Beside him stood a girl in blue
She wished she was Peck's son too.

What is the difference between costumers and customers?—O U know. "Hot love soon runs cold"—That's owing to the sighs of it.—[Boston Traveler.

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Elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, red ced 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.

The highest thing—The mercury in the thermometer about this time.

A Diamond Wedding.

The seventy-fifth anniversary of marriage of a veteran of the war of 1812 was recently celebrated, and all who contemplate matrimony should take warning, and send their name and address to *Chas. Callahan, Marine City, Mich.*, and they will receive a set of beautiful illuminated cards by return mail.

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DETROIT, Mich., March 31, 1882.

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N. B.—The above letter is from a prominent Michigan man. To any one wishing to write to him we will give his full address. R. PENGELLY & Co.

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The lightest thing—The lover's vow. The Wide, Wide World.

LIMA, REPUBLIC OF PERU.—Senor A. de La E. Delgado, L. L. D. and Counsellor, Tribunal of Justice, Lime, Republic of Peru, says: One single application of St. Jaobs Oil, cured me completely of rheumatic pains in my left arm. I recommended it to two of my friends, the Mrs. Dona Juana Garcia, widow, and Mr. D. Herman Decker, a German gentleman. Madam Garcia was relieved entirely by the pain-cure from terrible neuralgic pains of ten month's standing. Mr. Decker was cured of inexplicable pains by a single application of the cure. My brother used the great remedy for a species of paralysis in the arm. He was entirely relieved from his ailment by one or two applications, after having tried numberless other remidies without effect.

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It is a dangerous thing to allow the diarrhœa or dysentary to go unchecked and there is no need of it. A small bottle of *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment* will cure the most stubborn case produced.

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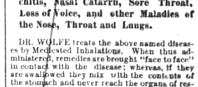

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