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Only a Baby's Grave.

"Only a baby's grave!"
Some foot or two, at the most,
Of star-daisied sod; yet I think that God
Knows what that little cost.

"Only a baby's grave!"
To children even so small
That they sit there and sing—so small a thing
Seems scarcely a grave at all.

"Only a baby's grave!"
Strange how we moan and fret
For a little face that was here a space;
Oh, more strange, could we forget!

"Only a baby's grave!"
Did we measure grief,
Few tears were shed on our baby dead;
I know how they fell on this.

"Only a baby's grave!"
Will the little life be much
Too small a gem for His diadem
Whose kingdom is made of such?

"Only a baby's grave!"
Yet often we come and sit
By the little stone, and thank God to own
We are nearer to Him for it.

The Snow.

There's something so pure in the beautiful snow,
That comes on its wings of light,
And mantled the village and plains below
In their robes of spotless white;
That I love to gaze through the misty air,
Where the snow-flakes are at play,
And offer silent, fervent prayer
That my heart were as pure as they;
That every wish and thought might be
The emblem of such purity.

There's something so calm in the falling snow,
Like the stepping of fairy feet,
O'er the mystical mountains of long ago,
Through every sly retreat.
On the hush of my spirit, I seem to hear
That musical song of old,
And the land of the blest seems very near,
With its jasper and its gold,
But instead of the songs which angels sing,
Comes the dismal notes of the stern storm-king.

There's something so sad in the sifting snow,
As it beats on the poor man's door,
Where the flickering fire is burning low,
And summer comes no more;
But the taunting voice of the winter wind
Comes in at the broken pane,
And clouds of snow like fiends of woe
Come up the narrow lane.
Oh God, the hearts of the lonely cheer,
For the snow falls fast and bread is dear.

There's something so rude in the pelting snow,
As it drifts through the biting air,
And scatters its broad flakes to and fro
In the face of the old and fair;
And then with a careless dance it flies
O'er the graves of the dear ones in the vale,
And puts out the violet's tender eyes
With its frigid touch and dismal wail;
O lightly rest on the new-made sod
Where we gave our dear ones back to God.

ONLY ON THE BOX.

"Any one got a light?"

"Here, my boy, I have. The best matches in the world. Safest thing you can———"

"What, those things! Won't let them near me! I'd have the patentees burnt with fagots of 'em Why I paid for a box of them, and Jessie paid, too, how much do you suppose? And out of a shop, mind you!"

"I can't tell, I'm sure; some fancy price."

"Only fifty thousand pounds. I'll tell you how. Wait, I can't give up my smoke, even to gratify so just a vendetta. So for once I'll use the ill-omened thing. I remember the last time I used, or *tried* to use them—but you shall hear."

You remember at the time when I and Jessie were going on together old Foxberry the millionaire—so he enjoyed the credit of being called, though without any claim to the title, as it proved, for he had but seventy thousand pounds, and a millionaire, even by courtesy, ought to show at least two or three hundred thousand. However, he took all the airs, and enjoyed all the respect, of one, and so far as he was concerned it came to the same thing. He really showed a great interest in our cooing and wooing; quite beyond what might be expected from a money-grubber such as he had been all his life. The liking began on his side through my presenting him with a pound of the very choicest Turkish, which had been sent me as a present. There was his weak place. He smoked—smoked day and night, not like a chimney which often has its fires banked up, but like a mountain on fire.

"Give me my pipe," he would say, taking a rather selfish view of the cosmogony, "and I don't care if the world turns upside-down."

A rather weak logician once retorted on him: "But, my dear Mr. Foxberry, if the world turns upside-down, you and your pipe must turn upside-down with it."

But Mr. Foxberry had him in a moment. "I say, sir," he roared, "if you had taken the trouble to attend—I stipulate for the quiet enjoyment of my pipe. You like splitting hairs, sir, I see."

I could see that this old gentleman took a kindly interest in my love for Jessie. Between huge clouds of smoke he grunted out his approbation.

"I like you," he said, "Bob, and that's a great deal. Not so well as my pipe, of course; but more than my money. I like you better than the greedy crew who are hunting me for it, and who will find themselves disappointed."

Every one, of course, good-naturedly said that *I* was hunting him, which was far from the truth, though I own I had the air of it, and liked listening to his stories, his grim remarks, and, I own, the smoking of some rare old cigars that he had got from a sea captain. I visited him often when it suited me, took little trouble about him, and at last got a hint from a friendly solicitor's clerk that my name figured in "large caps," and in large figures, too, in his testament. The next time old Foxberry was smoking hard, he said to me:

"Why don't you name a day? Be bold, man alive. Pluck up and don't stand shilly-shallying. You won't lose by it in the end," he said, significantly. "I tell you what," he said, "I've got a new box of cigars over. We'll make a little party for a drive to Three-cross Abbey. Get her to meet you there. Settle it all off-hand, try the new cigars, and have done with it."

I was enchanted. This, indeed, looked like business. I wrote off a hasty note to Jessie and her aunt, telling them how much depended on their coming, and imploring them to attend. I wrote also to a jeweler for a couple of little lockets, as I wanted to make a tender offering. I was very happy and excited. Mr. Foxberry grew more and more benignant.

"There are pipes," he said, "that I knock about any way, and throw down after I have smoked them. There are others I take care of, and put by carefully. You are a good fellow, Bob. Will be a capital smoker one of these days, and I'll take care of you.

I thanked him cordially.

Well, the morning came, and the carriage was actually at the door. Just then the post came in with two letters and a little registered card-board box. One was from Jessie, saying that she was delighted to come. The other was from the jeweler, saying that he sent me two lockets, but that he wanted one back at once "for a bridesmaid's order." The lockets were very pretty, and I admired them greatly. It was hard to choose between them. I was in difficulty when Mr. Foxberry decided me by roaring out from below that he was ready, that the cigars were in, and that we were losing the fine day. I had thus to make a hasty choice. So I chose one that seemed the most elegant, rolled it up in silver-paper, and packed it up in a neat card-board box. But how was I to send back the other locket? A capital idea! There was a match-box on the chimney-piece, which I emptied, packed away the locket in it, and sealed the box in white notepaper, tying it round with tape.

"You," I said to a handful of the matches, "must not set the house on fire, and will be of use in my waist-coat pocket." And there I deposited them.

My revered friend, a little out of humor, was still calling for me. I came down with many apologies, and away we drove. Before we had got a quarter of a mile, he called out—"Hallo! just like me! Forgotten my fusee-box. Drive back at once."

"Stop, sir," I said, smiling. "I have thought of that," and pulled out a match from my pocket. He would have hugged me for this forethought. He said it showed such a true smoking instinct. It certainly did.

"Just fancy," he said, holding up his cigar; "I should have let this out, and where should I have been then? We don't pass a village or even a cottage on the road to Three-cross Abbey; and there's not a house within miles of it. Or else," he added, reflectively, "I must have gone on smoking the whole day and the whole of dinner. I tell you solemnly, I think I should die if I lost my after-dinner smoke."

I was a little facetious on this, making imaginary plans as to how the sacred fire might have been kept in, or propagated; making the coachman keep it alive during dinner, and the man-servant during the coachman's dinner, and I relieving both.

"But only think of the risk," he said; "suppose the cigar got choked, or the fellow got drunk, and let it go out. What would become of me then? I declare," he said, with ferocity, "I'd have the fellow broke and dismissed. I'd work heaven and earth to punish him."

"Quite right," I said, laughing. "But I am happy to save the poor devil from such a fate."

"You would not," he said, sternly, "Where my pipe is concerned, I'd let nothing stand in the way. I really believe it to be the elixir of life; and any one that interferes with that supply of vital energy I look on as interfering with my life. And I would deal with him accordingly."

The cigars were certainly very good, and, after smoking two, he said, "Now, my boy, for a bit of self-denial. Not one more till after lunch, or dinner, as we may call it; and then how we shall relish it! That's the real time for enjoyment."

We were now at Three cross Abbey, a little old ruin, in the middle of a sort of waste or common, with hardly a tree or a house near. It was a favorite spot for a pic-nic, as the ruin was picturesque, and moss-grown, and shady, sheltering us all from the sun. Jessie and her aunt were there waiting to meet us; Jessie looking lovely, as, indeed, old Foxberry as good as told her during lunch.

"When you're both installed in a fine house, she'll look all the better for such a frame. Some one," he added, with meaning, "will take care of you both."

Dinner was over, and he called to his man to bring him his cigar-case out of the carriage.

"I never was in a better humor for a cigar, and for a good cigar," he said. "After that little repast, too, I shall enjoy it the more. Here is a good corpulent one for you, and another for me. I always say, give me my smoke, and the world may turn upside down. Ay, and every human being in it, too," he added.

We laughed at the jest. Such a little tribute was only due to him after the generous declaration about us.

"Give me a light," he said, sticking the cigar into a hole in the extreme corner of his mouth, a position which fanatical smokers are fond of.

I drew out my bundle of matches with triumph. "I have half a boxful in my pocket," I said. "It never does to be without them." And I rubbed one on my boot-heel. It missed fire. I tried another. It missed also. I tried a third. It missed again.

"What are you about?" he said, testily. "You are very awkward; I thought any fool could strike a match ——"

"My boot is damp," I said nervously. "I'll try the wall here." I did so, and failed with three more in succession.

He now lost all patience. "You are a more stupid fellow than I took you for. Here give 'em to me." He tried himself, but in vain; they all failed one after the other. I felt my heart sinking.

"The damp must have got at them," I faltered, trying again.

"I hate delays," he said in a passion, "it spoils my smoke. Are you a noodle?"

"Why," cried Jessie, who had been looking at one of them closely, "they are safety matches! They light only upon the box."

Old Foxberry flung his cigar over the wall in a fury. He gave me one look and walked away to the carriage. I rushed in despair to the coachman and the footman.

"For Heaven's sake, a match! Twenty pounds for one," I whispered hoarsely.

"Lord bless the man!" said the former, starting, "what d'ye mean?"

"A match, a match! Quick, a common lucifer match!"

"I ought to have one," he said, feeling in his waistcoat pocket. "Wait—no—yes—there is one I do believe."

He pulled out one—saved! It was as precious as a gem, that little splinter of wood. Alas! with fraying in his pocket the top had all worn off. It was no good struggling with fate. I bowed my head and submitted. All the way back old Foxberry never opened his lips. When he got out he complained of being ill, and said to the housekeeper—"That blackguard had done it purposely, in hopes of killing me; but I'll be even with him." The next day he altered his will.

"Now," added Bob, "admit that I have reason to loathe the sight of safety matches that light only on the box."

Peculiar People.

The extravagant man hired a cab to look out for an omnibus.

The man of gallantry escorted his Scotch mother-in-law underneath the mistletoe, although he knew beforehand that she had been taking snuff.

The sanguine man expected to find a police-man when he wanted one.

The credulous man believed the assurance of a cab-driver that a long circuit was needful, because the streets were being paved.

The lazy man allowed his fire to go out rather than ring the bell to bid somebody to poke it.

The cheerful man enjoyed the half hour that he spent in waiting for the dentist.

The punctual man served out the soup for his eleven expected guests, when only three of them had actually arrived at the appointed hour for eating it.

The hasty man sat down to read "Paradise Lost;" and afterwards was heard to boast that he got through it at a sitting.

The hopeful man twice gave a cab driver a sovereign for a shilling, and twice cherished the delusion that it would be returned to him.

The man of fortitude was brave enough to open his front door himself, when he saw the tax gatherer, the gas man, and the rate collector knock at it.

The cautious man never went a mile away from home without taking his umbrella with him, and putting a corkscrew, pen and ink, and a bill-stamp in his pocket.

The gluttonous man, by bribery, went beforehand to the supper room and devoured the liver-wings of all the fowls displayed there.

The reckless man was bold enough to take his wife down Regent street, and tell her that he had a ten-pound note about him.

The modest man was tempted to return thanks for the bridesmaids, and, to avoid his chaffing friends, was caught next day at Gravesend in the act of emigration.—*Punch.*

WORK.—Work is not only the normal condition of human existence, but it is the law of happiness; for although there are shades and strains of happiness that come to us by receptivity simply, yet, taking man comprehensively, and human life at large, man is happy in the proportion in which he is accomplishing by the development of his own powers. It is what a man does more than what he is receiving, that makes him happy. It is the evolution of mind forces, in connection with the body, addressed to worthy objects, and attaining them. It is the sense of power in believing; it is the sense of life in activity; it is the sense of God in man in the lower sphere, creating, or preparing to create—it is this that is the secret of happiness. The idea of most men is that happiness is ecstacy; but ecstacy is paroxysmal and unwholesome. That happiness which is the most wholesome and best for us is of a low measure; and this happiness is nowhere else so well obtained as where a man has rightly adjusted labor; and that day by day. Nor can I conceive how any man, unless he is laid aside by an ordinance of Providence from direct labor, can be happy, with the possession of all his power, with self-respect, with a sense of his dignity as a spiritual being, and with a sense of his responsibility as a worker together with God, if he be not an industrious man and an accomplisher, or if he seeks happiness in leisure.—*Rev. H. W. Beecher.*

FEMALE MASONS.—A discussion in a Boston paper concerning the existence of female Freemasons brings out a statement from a correspondent, who says he is "well acquainted with two ladies who have received eight degrees, and who are the 'shining lights' of a flourishing lodge in Vermont. The circumstances of their admission are very interesting, and closely related to certain well-known adventures in our late war, when these two heroines followed, for over a year, the fortunes of one of the Vermont regiments. I was present myself at the initiation of one of these ladies, who went through the ordeal in a manner worthy of the title she has earned. It was the same as that undergone by men, except in a few particulars of dress, which was slightly altered in respect to her sex."

The capital to begin life with—A capital wife.

Spanish Burial Custom.

The custom of burying the dead in the gown and cowl of monks has greatly passed into disuse. The mortal relics are treated with growing contempt, as the superstitions of the people gradually lose their concrete character. The soul is the important matter which the church now looks to. So the cold clay is carried off to the cemetery with small ceremony. Even the coffins of the rich are jammed away into receptacles too small for them and hastily plastered out of sight. The poor are carried off on trestles and huddled into their nameless graves, without following or blessing. Children are buried with some regard to the old Oriental customs. The coffin is of some gay and cheerful color, pink or blue, and is carried open to the grave by four of the dead child's companions, a fifth walking behind with the ribbened coffin-lid. I have often seen these touching little parties moving through the bustling streets, the peaceful little face asleep under the open sky, decked with the fading roses and withering lilies.

In all well-to-do families the house of death is deserted immediately after the funeral. The stricken ones retire to some other habitation, and there pass eight days in strict and inviolable seclusion. On the ninth day the great masses for the repose of the soul of the departed are said in the parish church, and all the friends of the family are expected to be present. These masses are the most important and expensive incident of the funeral. They cost from two hundred to one thousand dollars, according to the strength and fervor of the orisons employed. They are repeated several years on the anniversary of the disease, and afford a most sure and flourishing revenue to the church. They are founded upon those feelings inseparable from every human heart, vanity and affection. Our dead friends must be as well prayed for as those of others, and who knows but that they may be in deadly need of prayers! To shorten their fiery penance by one hour, who would not fast for a week? On these anniversaries a black-bordered advertisement appears in the newspapers, headed by the sign of the cross and the *Requiescat in Pace*, announcing that on this day twelve months Don Fulano de Tal passed from earth garnished with the holy sacrements, that all the masses this day celebrated in such and such churches will be applied to the benefit of his spirits repose, and that all Christian friends are hereby requested to commend his soul this day unto God. These united efforts at stated times are regarded as very efficacious.

A luxury of grief, in those who can afford it, consists in shutting up a house where a death has taken place and never suffering it to be opened again. I once saw a beautiful house and wide garden thus abandoned in one of the most fashionable streets of Madrid. I inquired about it and found it was formerly the residence of the Duke of ——. His wife had died there many years before, and since that day not a door nor a window was opened. The garden gates were red and rough with rust. Grass grew tall and rank in the gravelled walks. A thick lush undergrowth had overrun the flower-beds and the lawns. The blinds were rotting over the darkened windows. Luxuriant vines clambered over all the mossy doors. The stucco was peeling from the walls in great unwholesome blotches. Wild birds sang all day in the safe solitude. There was something impressive in this spot of mould and silence, lying there so green and inplacable in the very heart of a great and noisy city. The duke lived in Paris, leading the rattling life of a man of the world. He never would sell or let that Madrid house. Perhaps in his heart also, that battered thoroughfare worn by the pattering boots of Mabille and the Bois, and the Quartier Breda, there was a green spot sacred to memory and silence, where no football should ever light, where no living voice should ever be heard, shut out from the world and its cares and pleasures, where through the gloom of dead days he could catch a glimpse of a white hand, a flash of a dark eye, the rustle of a trailing robe, and feel sweeping over him the old magic of love's young dream, softening his fancy to tender regret and his eyes to a happy mist.

"Like that which kept the heart of Eden green
Before the useful trouble of the rain."

CANNED FRUIT.—Fruit is not only the most delicious but the most healthful food we have, and every family should be supplied with it the year through. In order to have a supply through the winter and spring, preparations must be made early. The best mode of preserving is by canning. The old style of preserving—a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit—is worse than none. Glass jars with glass covers are the best. These jars with proper care, will keep any kind of fruit without sugar, and will last for a generation. Not only peaches, pears, grapes, tomatoes, and the small fruits, but green beans, peas, corn, and other vegetables, should be canned in large quantities, so that they may appear upon the table not only every day, but at every meal, until fruits and vegetables come around again. "But the expense!" some will exclaim. It is not so expensive as meat, and far more healthful as well as palatable. Try it, and save your doctor's bills.

AT A MEETING of the fish and salt dealers of New England at Boston, it was stated that the annual value of our ocean fisheries is $50,000,000; that forty millions bushels of salt are used in the United States every year, or about one bushel to every inhabitant; and that the average rate of duty now on salt is 224 per cent. advalorem, making the average cost per bushel to the consumer fifty cents.

Rearing Grapevines in Pots.

A horticulturist in Stuttgerdt has devised an ingenious method of rearing grapevines in pots so as to obtain grapes with very little trouble in a room or other sheltered place. A vigorous healthy cutting of the late growth of the wood is taken, from three to five inches in length, having at the upper end two fruit buds. The cutting is enveloped with moss, but so as to leave the extremity bearing the fruit buds recovered. The cutting prepared is inserted spinally into a large flower pot, leaving the fruit buds projecting above the edge of the pot, which is then to be filled with rich hot-bed earth well moistened, and placed in the sun behind a window and kept uniformly moist. The water applied should be lukewarm, so as to stimulate the development of the young roots. When the weather is such that there is no danger from night frosts, the pot may be placed outside the window or against a sunny wall, or even in the ground in order to secure a more uniform moisture and temperature. When the two fruit buds have produced branches, having bunches of grapes upon them, these shoots are to be trimmed so that two sound leaves remain over each grape suoot, in order to keep up the circulation of the sap, since without this the grapes would not develop. A single leaf would be sufficient, but two are better, for greater security. An occasional watering with liquid manure is advisable in order to stimulate the growth of the plant, although this must be applied with care, since an excess will do more harm than good. In one instance a grape shoot treated in this way produced nine large bunches of fine grapes, although such a number would be rather more than could conveniently be supported by the plant.

The Contract System not a Failure.

A Committee of the Illinois Legislature has just visited the State Prison at Joliet, and it is reported they became bewildered at the evident looseness and want of judgment with which the business of the institution has been conducted. It was ascertained from the books that some of the departments were run on contract with outsides parties, and that some were not; that some of the branches were remunerative, and that other's had been maintained at a ruinous expense to the State from their commencement. In the matter of the sale of goods, it was found that in some instances parties wholly irresponsible, and others of a doubtful character, had been allowed to purchase to the amount of $155,000, and that the prison was encumbered with debt to the amount of nearly $333,000 for material, machinery, and stock, a large portion of which was on hand, but on which not more than half the price at which it was inventoried could be realized. Of this indebtedness the most was overdue.

The whole of the stock, machinery, fixtures, and appliances were valued at $506,000. This was thought by the committee to be the real value. It appeared to be the opinion of the committee that the system of running manufacturing departments in the prison by the State was a failure, and that the sooner it could be closed out and the workships of the institution run upon the contract system, by which the labor of a certain number of convicts is leased to an outside party, who will furnish the material and the necessary implements, the sooner the prison would be in a position to sustain itself.

"Go" and "Come."

"If you want business done," says the proverb, "go and do it; if you don't want it done, send some one else." An indolent gentleman had a freehold estate, producing about five hundred a year. Becoming involved in debt, he sold half the estate, and let the remainder to an industrious farmer for twenty years. About the end of the term the farmer called to pay the rent, and asked the owner if he would sell his farm.

"Will you buy it?" asked the owner, surprised.

"Yes, provided we can agree about the price."

"That is exceedingly strange," observed the gentleman; "pray tell me how it happens that while I could not live upon twice as much land, for which I paid no rent, you are regularly paying me two hundred a year, and are able in a few years to purchase it?"

"The reason is plain," was the reply; "you sat still and said *go!* I got up and said *come*. You laid in bed and enjoyed your estate; I rose in the morning and minded my business."—*Self Help.*

Now we have the San Francisco *Commercial Herald* testifying that beet sugar will be a failure on the Pacific Coast. It estimates that 3,000 tons of beets will yield only 300,000 pounds (five per cent.) of saleable sugar, at twelve cents a pound, worth $36,000; and 108,000 pounds (three per cent.) of dark salt sugar, for refining purposes, worth, at six cents a pound, $16,800. This makes the total value of the product of 3,000 tons of beets, $46,800. The expenses of reducing this quantity of beets in a factory working fifty hands a day, he estimates to be $79,000; so that the loss in the operation would be $29,200. That this kind of sugar should be profitably made in Germany and not in California, is owing perhaps to the less saccharine matter that the California beets contain compared with those grown in Europe, and the high cost of labor and machinery in California.

THE Canada papers express great satisfaction at the appointment of the Commissioners to settle the differences between England and the United States.

At Last.

Oh, the years I lost before I knew you, love!
Oh, the hills I climbed and came not to you, love,
Ah! who shall render unto us, to make us glad,
The things which for and of each other's sake
We might have had?

If you and I had sat and played together, love—
Two speechless babies—in the summer weather,
love;
By one sweet brook, which, though it dried up
long ago,
Still makes for me to-day a sweeter song
Than all I know—

If hand in hand through the mysterious gateway, love,
Of womanhood, we had first looked, and
straightway, love,
Had whispered to each other, softly, ere it yet
Was dawn, what now in noonday heat and fear
We both forget—

If all of this had added its completeness, love,
To every hour, would it be added sweetness,
love?
Could I know sooner whether it were well or ill
With thee? one wish could I more surely tell?
More swift fulfil?

Ah! vainly thus I sit and dream and ponder,
love,
Losing the precious present while I wonder,
love,
About the days in which you grew and came to
be
So beautiful, and did not know the name
Or sight of me.

But all lost things are in the angel's keeping;
love,
No past is dead for us, but only sleeping, love.
The years of heaven will all earth's little pain
make good;
Together there we can begin again
In babyhood.

Facts and Fancies.

Nearly everybody is down on slippery sidewalks.

One poultry fancier in California has 10,000 hens.

A good way to expand your chest—carry a big heart it.

The wild geese are said to be beginning their flight northward.

A lawyer in Indiana recently threw an inkstand at a presiding judge, and was sent to jail for six months.

A Maine paper noting that the thermometer is 8 degrees below zero, informs its readers that camphor is a cure for mosquito bites.

The amount of ice that will be cut in the vicinity of Boston will not be much less than 500,000 tons, the largest crop by far for many years.

Infantile conundrum—Why is a baby like a sheaf of wheat? Because it is first cradled, and then thrashed and finally becomes the flower of the family.

Thirteen thousand nine hundred and forty-two feet of tunneling have been completed through the mouth of the Hoosac, and 11,089 feet remain to be dug through.

Some naughty boys in Penn Yan, the other day, ornamented an old gothic horse, hitched to an awning post, with a stolen card sign, which read: "Oats wanted; inquire within."

A termagant whose husband finally beat her, ran home to her father to complain, and the old man with great indignation said: Tell your husband that if he ever beats my daughter again, I'll beat his wife!"

"I say, boy, is there anything to shoot around here?" inquired a sportsman of a boy he met. "Well," replied the boy, "nothing just about here, but our schoolmaster is just over the hill cutting birch rods; you might walk up and pop him over."

A correspondent of a Berlin paper writes that the inhabitants of the country and the small towns in France are industrious, frugal, virtuous, and in comfortable circumstances, but lack public spirit, being content if they can get along unmolested.

A prominent dry goods merchant of Boston is said to have worked half an an hour on the following proposition, and failed to give an answer: "If four men build a stone wall in nine days, how long will it take five men to build a like wall in six days?"

A cow in a Connecticut barn the other night parted its halter and savagely attacked a horse standing in the next stall. The animal apparently resisted desperately, but was found next morning nearly dead, its bowels protruding from the wound caused by the horns of the cow.

A few days ago in New Orleans, as a boy, eighteen years old, was wading along Melpomene street, in that city, which was deeply flooded at the time, he suddenly felt an acute pain in one of his feet, and, raising it to the surface, saw a conger eel follow, and felt it bite him again. He soon grew very sick, and was carried to his home and attended promptly by a physician, but died the next day.

A new kind of army bayonet is being made at Springfield, Mass. They are shaped almost exactly like a sharp-pointed trowel, and the dimensions about the same, or much like the spear-heads of the South Sea Island warriors. Their design is not so much for charges as an efficient instrument on a skirmish line, and being furnished with finger-pieces where they are joined to the guns they can be used either to lop boughs or dig holes for picket defence.

Marvis Johnson, a noted stock-buyer of Illinois, recently bought up all the hogs in the vicinity of Loammi, to the amount of $7,000, and several car loads of sheep, all of which he shipped to Chicago. He went off shortly after, ostensibly to sell his sheep in Albany, and never came back. He had probable $15,000 in cash with him, and owes fully $20,000. He writes from San Francisco, Cal., that he was robbed in the street cars in Chicago, and would never come until he had money enough to pay his debts.

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