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JAMES N. TODD.

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A STORY OF FREDERICKSBURG.

It was after the battle of Fredericksburg:
The ground was strewn with the fallen foe,
They lay in ranks on the side of the hill
With their front to us; and a boy could throw
A stone to the nearest rank, so close
Had they pushed their way to the frowning edge
Of our rifle pits in the last mad charge,
When they struck our lines like an angry sledge,
And fought up under the very guns
Till the blue line wavered, and turned, and broke,
And the stragglers sullenly disappeared
Behind the mantle of pitying smoke.

There was one tall man in the nearest rank,
So tall he had towered above the rest
As we watched him bearing the tattered flag.
He lay with a rifle ball through his breast,
We thought him dead, but he turned at last,
And raised himself on his elbow there,
And looked down over the bloody field,
Then back at us in a fierce despair.
We saw him fumble beneath his coat,
And feebly draw with a shaking hand
A little package of letters stained
With use and tied with a faded band.

He spread them out, and picked up one,
The smallest letter of all the store,
We knew that his eyes were filled with tears
That blotted the tiny packet o'er.
He tried to read, but his head dropped low
On his breast, and his hand fell nervelessly;
But the stiffening fingers still kept their grasp
On the words that his eyes could no longer see.

A murmur ran through the rifle pits;
We had watched him there from our sheltered stand;
We fell to wondering whose hand had traced
The letter he held in his big brown hand.
"His wife!" said one; "No, his sweetheart, boys!"
Said another, "His mother," said one whose face
Was fresh and fair as a girl's, he dropped
His gun add clambered from out the place.

He ran to the dead man's side and raised
The hand, and there in a childish scrawl
Was written, "I love you, papa dear."
The hand had closed o'er the rest, and all
That had cheered his soul in that lonely place
Was the simple note of a little child.
And yet, it sweetened the taste of death.
For it seemed to me that the dead man smiled.

—Herbert W. Collingwood, in N. Y. Sun.

THE VICAR'S BATH.

The Rev. Mr. Texter, vicar of Dottington, and his pretty daughter Daisy were having a tete-a-tete one brilliant August morning in the pleasant little room which the vicar called his study. That the tete-a-tete was not an altogether of an agreeable nature was very evident from the agitation of the girl and the vehemence of her father—a portly ecclesiastic with several chins and a pompous, self-satisfied manner.

"I don't consider that he's a fit man to be your husband," the vicar resumed, after a pause in the talk. "I think one has only to look at the style and cut of his clothes to form a very fair estimate of the sort of life he leads in town. I know him to be in debt, to disfigure his mother tongue with the most hideous of metropolitan slang, to drink between meals—and yet you, Daisy Texter, daughter of the vicar of Dottington, sigh and sob that you never can and never will love any other man. It's quite—but, gracious me! There's 9 o'clock striking and the confirmation's at 10, so that the bishop will be here a quarter of, and I haven't had time to take my morning swim—those to your foolish lovesick chatter! Ill, if I rush off now there's just time for a hurried dip, and as I am nothing about it, and as it will clear my head and freshen me up for the duties of the day, I will be off, and we will defer any further discussion until a more convenient opportunity," saying which the vicar left the room by the door, and the girl slowly went out by the French window, crossed the lawn, and descended to a narrow shady lane, where was waiting a young gentleman with an honest brown face, who was attired in a check suit of dittoes which, although of ordinary London cut, had produced no small impression from the variety of its hues on the obscure villagers, who rarely saw anything but the parson's broadcloth and the peasants' corduroys.

"It's no use, Gerald!" she exclaimed, when they met. "The pater's in an awful temper this morning and has been calling me all sorts of horrid names for loving you and declaring that I would continue to do so."

Mr. Gerald Maldon, who was the son of the squire of Dottington, took the girl to his arms and, kissing her quivering lips, said:

"What's his objection to me, Daisy?"

"Why, he says you are what is called 'fast,'" replied the girl, "and he doesn't like your style of life, your style of conversation, nor your style of dress, dear."

"Style of dress, by jove!" exclaimed the young man, surveying the suit he had on with no little complacency. "Surely he doesn't judge a fellow by his dress. Why, when the bishop was at our house last spring I wouldn't have given the old fellow eighteenpence for all he had!"

"That reminds me, Gerald," said Daisy, "there's a confirmation to day, so the bishop is coming and the whole place will be upside down. This, perhaps, has worried papa a little; therefore matters may not really be so bad as they now appear. He, however, would not miss his bath, so he has just gone down to the river to take his usual swim. It will doubtless cool his temper as well as his body."

"Gone down the river for a swim!" exclaimed the young man. "By jove! I'd give something to see him! I should have thought he'd have been above such rakish diversion. But a happy thought strikes me, Daisy dear. The bishop, as you know, is a rare good fellow, and, being an old college chum of the governor's and my godfather, he would, I believe, do anything for me. Keep your spirits up, therefore, my darling, for the great man is certain to come in and lunch at our house, and I will get the guv' to ask him to say a good word for us to the vicar. So good-by, my wife that is to be, for I know it will be all right. I wouldn't miss seeing my future father-in-law taking his morning bath for a good deal."

Gerald Maldon, having kissed the girl again, hurried down the lane in the direction of the river. Carefully keeping himself out of sight, he reconnoitered. The pompous ecclesiastic had just finished arranging his clothes in a neat heap on the bank, and was descending into the water with as much gravity and consequence as if he were going down his pulpit stairs. Mr. Gerald watched every movement, and saw the vicar slowly duck his head and ponderously strike out into the middle of the stream, until his bald head and full shoulders were twenty yards away. Then quick as thought the young man crept forward, gathered up the reverend gentleman's garments under his arms, leaving only his towel and his boots, deposited the clothes under a hedge about a hundred yards off, and returned to his post for observation.

The church clock chimed half-past 9; the vicar in the water heard it and struck for the bank. His amazement and horror may be imagined when he saw that his clothes had disappeared, and that nothing but the towel and the boots remained. For a moment he stood as if thunderstruck. Then he rushed about in all directions in a state of most unecclesiastical excitement and searched the bushes, peered under hedges, looked up into trees, all the time hurling a complete commination service on the heads of the unprincipled scoundrels who had made away with his wardrobe. A quarter to 10 struck. The church, the distracted vicar thought, would be now filling; the carriages of the country gentry would be dashing through the village street; his right reverence the lord bishop of Virginia Water would have arrived, and here was he, the most important man in the place after the squire, shivering on the banks of a river in a towel and pair of boots!

The position was a terrible one. But no shipwrecked mariner ever descried sail, no desert traveler ever saw water, with more genuine joy than did the vicar hear the sounds of approaching footsteps. Quickly he sprang back into the stream, and waited to see who was coming. The steps were those of some one evidently not pressed for time, and who, from the nature of the song he was caroling, had certainly no intention of attending the ceremony at the village church, but they were the footsteps of a man, and at that moment the vicar felt that he could have hailed the presence of the most irreclaimable member of his parish with delight.

The seconds which elapsed between his first hearing the footsteps and the appearance of the figure seemed to the vicar like hours, but at length Mr. Gerald Maldon emerged from the shrubbery with a pipe in his fingers and a ballad on his tongue commemorating the duplicity of a certain duke of Seven Dials.

"Hi! Mr. Maldon! Mr. Maldon!" shouted the vicar. The young man stopped short in the middle of the chorus, looked up in the trees, away over the fields, behind him, and straight ahead of him—in fact, everywhere but in the right direction.

The vicar renewed his cries.

"Hi! Mr. Maldon! Here! It is I, the vicar, I'm in the river! Some thief's gone off with all my clothes and I've to be at the church at 10 to assist at the confirmation! What on earth am I to do?"

The young man gazed with admirably feigned astonishment at the bald head and the agonized red face of the half-submerged vicar, and giving vent to a prolonged whistle said:

"By Jove, sir, if you've to be at the church at 10 you'll have to hurry up, for it only wants five minutes now. The bishop has already arrived, for he was yarning to the governor about a quarter of an hour back."

This was not strictly true, but it had the desired effect of intensifying the vicar's agony.

"But I say, Mr. Maldon," said the wretched vicar, "what am I to do? I haven't time to get any fresh things from the vicarage. I can't go to the church as I am—no, no, I don't mean that. But really I don't believe that any man was ever in such a predicament before. What can I do?"

"Well," said Gerald, "there's only one way out of the difficulty that I can suggest. My suit is not, perhaps, of a particularly clerical cut and color, but it wouldn't show much under a surplice, and you could run over to the church in it without anybody noticing you. Why shouldn't you put it on?"

"But what are you to do?" gasped the vicar.

"Oh, it doesn't matter about me," replied Gerald; "I've nothing to do, and I've lots of tobacco and shall enjoy myself right here."

"But how can I assist at a confirmation in a—in a kind of seaside shooting suit? Still, I suppose there's nothing else to be done," said the poor vicar, waddling out of the water, and drying himself as fast as he could. "I'm sure, Mr. Maldon, I'm indebted to you—that I am. But don't you trouble, thanks—that's it; a little long in the legs, perhaps,—oh! thanks!—no; never mind the necktie. There, that will do, and now I'll make a rush for it."

So saying the vicar doubled across the field as fast as his untrained condition would allow him, leaving Gerald with the towel and the boots, and exploding with laughter at the ridiculous figure the parson cut, ambling and stumbling along in the much-maligned suit of dittoes.

The vicar arrived at the church just as the clock was striking 10:30. To his horror the first person to meet him was the bishop, who fairly staggered at the spectacle presented by the most precise and pompous minister in his diocese.

"Extremely sorry, my lord," panted the exhausted vicar. "Had an accident—explain all afterward." The bishop said nothing, but his looks spoke volumes, although being a prelate of an eminently humorous disposition, he, of course saw that some contretemps had happened.

What the poor vicar underwent during that interminable service nobody but himself knows. The surplice he wore was short. Gerald Maldon's trousers were long. The sun streamed down full upon him as he stood within the chancel rails, and he felt that the eyes of the whole congregation were fixed upon the astounding nether garments of the man who had never been known to relax so far from orthodox broadcloth as even to put on cricketing flannels. It was in vain he tried to hide himself; it was in vain that he endeavored to pay a proper attention to the ceremony at which he was assisting. He edged, he maneuvered, he dodged, and he pulled the surplice down at the sides until it split at the neck with a crack and exposed the collar of Gerald's "seaside shooting coat," as its present wearer styled it. The perspiration now stood out in great beads on the poor vicar's forehead; his hands were hot as fire and he performed his part of the ceremony in such a nervous, agitated manner that the beadle thought he was going to be ill and brought him a glass of water.

The unfortunate vicar, who saw the bishop looking at him, determined that the moment the ceremony was concluded, and he should have an opportunity in the vestry, he would tell the whole story to his grace. But when the moment came he was so overwhelmed with confusion that he was dumb, and he mistook the humorous twinkle in the bishop's eye for a look of scorn and indignation.

"Really, Mr. Texter," said the prelate at length, "you must excuse me if I remark upon the exceedingly unclerical style of dress in which you have appeared upon so solemn and public an occasion."

"My lord," gasped the vicar, "appearances are against me, I acknowledge. But when I have related to you what has happened I think you will admit that, under the circumstances, I followed the only course open to me; and, although I am fully aware that clergymen, as a rule, do not affiliate in garments of such a pattern as those I am wearing at this moment, I think you will admit that I should have fallen far more short of my duty if I had not put in an appearance at all."

So Mr. Texter related to the bishop the morning's adventure.

"Well, sir," said the bishop, when the vicar had finished, "all that I can say is that you are very deeply indebted to the person who made such a self-sacrifice in order to extricate you from your unfortunate dilemma."

"I feel that, my lord, and I hope to show it in some substantial way."

"May I ask the name of your friend in need?" continued the bishop.

"Gerald Maldon," replied the vicar.

"What! Gerald Maldon! the son of my old college chum?" asked the bishop, with astonishment.

"The same, my lord."

This news burst upon the worthy bishop like a revelation. He was aware of Gerald's love for Daisy Texter, and also of the difficulties that had been thrown in his way by her father. He therefore soon formed an opinion of his own as to how the little accident had occurred to the vicar's clothing. Suppressing, however, the smile that was brought to his venerable face, and with a determination to try and say a useful word to his friend's son, the worthy prelate took the vicar's hand and said:

"I am delighted to hear it, and I trust that, in the same way as you accepted the young fellow's one suit for your own convenience, you will accept his other for your daughter's happiness."

And he did.—*London Truth.*

The Eider-Duck.

The following passage is from an article on the "Social Life of Arctic Birds," published in the *Popular Science Monthly:* But this quiet only lasts for a few weeks, when new noisy, swarming hosts come to the islands. They are the birds which come up from the sea to the land. It is a deeply poetic trait in the lives of these creatures that only two causes determine them to seek terra firma—the power of love and the approach of death. The sea bird, weather proof, lives on the sea. He hunts his food by diving, swinging over the billows, and sleeps and dreams with his head hidden under his wings. But there comes a time when the earlier sunbeams kiss the northern islands; then he is mightily moved in his soul, and hastens to the coast to celebrate there his annual wedding. And, when he feels that death is near, he swims with his feeble limbs back to the place of his birth, there to close his life. It is the same feeling that inspires in aged men that ardent desire to return to their old home to die and be buried there. To the naturalist who goes to the north to study the ways of the birds this trait in their character is of peculiar interest. Of one of the tribes of these colonists of the northern bird mountain I must make particular mention. It is the eider-duck, the producer of down. It belongs to the family of the ducks, and forms, so far as bodily stature is concerned, one of the largest species of the group. The plumage of the male is handsome and brilliant. In it black, red, ashen-grey, ice-green, white, brown, and yellow are mingled with splendid effect. His head and back are snow-white, his neck rose-red, and the lower part of his body is deep black. The female is less richly colored, in a modest garment adorned with gray and black spots and stripes. The eider-duck is a real sea-bird, and is excelled by none of its fellows in diving, while no other bird is more awkward in flying and heipless in walking. On the ground it moves with a tollsome waddle, stumbles and falls flat, and it greatly prefers the fluid element to the solid land. The birds generally live during the winter in large flocks on the open sea, and feed themselves with shell-fish which they bring up from the bottom. But, as soon as the spring sun begins to shine over the waves, the drake feels newly awakened the old love in his heart for his mate, and he renews his wooing.

A Savage Fancy For Old Hats.

The group of islands known as the Nicobars, situate about 150 miles south of the Andamans, has been but little explored, though the manners and customs of the inhabitants of these islands offer very interesting peculiarities to the notice of the ethnologist. One of the most noticeable of these, and one which seriously affects the trade of the islands, says a trade contemporary, is the passion for old hats, which, without exception, pervades the whole framework of society. No one is exempt from it. Young and old, chief and subject, alike endeavor to outvie each other in the singularity of shape no less than in the number of old hats they can acquire during their lifetime. On a fine morning at the Nicobars it is no unusual thing to see the surface of the ocean in the vicinity of the islands dotted over with canoes, in each of which the noble savage, with nothing whatever on but the conventional slip of cloth and a tall white hat with a black band, may be watched standing up and catching fish for his daily meal. Second-hand hats are most in request, new hats being looked upon with suspicion and disfavor. This curious passion is so well known that the traders from Calcutta make annual excursions to the Nicobars with cargoes of old hats, which they barter for cocoanuts, the only product of these islands, a good tall white hat with a black band fetching from fifty-five to sixty-five good cocoanuts. Intense excitement pervades the islands while the trade is going on, and fancy prices are often asked and obtained.

Love and Gravitation.

"'Tis love that makes the world go round,
Glad of the explanation.
We always thought that we had found
The cause in gravitation.

The terms are still synonymous
And they are right who say
Love turns the heads of all of us
Who gravitate that way.

—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

TIMELY TOPICS.

Vegetarianism is spreading very rapidly in London. Ten years ago it was difficult to find an avowed vegetarian, but now more than 2,000 persons refresh themselves daily at vegetarian restaurants.

Another fiction exploded. The Chinese do not eat dogs, cats and rats as regular diet, but only in rare instances. They live mainly on garden vegetables, rice, poultry and fish, and are fond of shark's fins and edible birds' nests.

Captain Kenard's military balloon has been successfully operated in Paris lately on calm days. When there is little wind blowing, it can be moved about in any direction at the will of the pilot, but become unmanageable in a heavy breeze. Still it is a great achievement to succeed as far as the inventor has done, and it will surely not be a long time before an air-ship will be constructed capable of defying the storm.

It is only a score of years since the canning of salmon was begun on the Pacific coast. Everybody was afraid of it, and the proprietor of the first cannery, William Hume, of Oakland, Cal., used to take a basket of cans on his arm and go among the families of his acquaintances explaining the method of its preparation, and inviting a trial. Now canned salmon can be found in every market, and Mr. Hume is a rich man.

From Greenland comes the story that little hamlets occupied by the descendants of the Norsemen who emigrated thither hundreds of years ago are in existence, and that they contain a happy and contented population, uninfluenced by the events passing in the outside world, and unruffled by politics or baseball. Centuries ago the coast of Greenland was the Danish fishing ground, and the country, which then boasted a less rigorous climate than that with which it is credited now, was not deemed unfit for settlement. It is something to know that other than Esquimaux humanity is vegetating there.

Pittsburg scientists are beginning to discuss the possibility of solidifying natural gas into bricks for convenient transportation, in view of the recent discoveries that most if not all gases can be liquefied. While they are about it, says the St Louis *Republican*, it would be well for the scientists to find a way of solidifying artificial coal gas as well as natural, as the former is the gas which most of the world's gas consumers are compelled to use. Bricks of solidified gas of a known volume and weight would be sure of a market, as they would put an end to the uncertainty of gas meters and the perilous indefiniteness of quarterly gas bills.

The New York *Medical Journal* tells of several varieties of fish, three Asiatic and one Japanese, which are very poisonous. It says: "It seems that the roes of these fishes retain their poisonous qualities for a long period: in one of Dr. Knoch's experiments, a portion of roe that had been preserved in alcohol for six months was given to a mouse to eat, with the effect of killing the mouse within half an hour. The symptoms of the poisoning consist of vomiting, purging, syncope, tenesmus, cramps and dilations of the pupil, followed by collapse and death. Apparently there is no guarantee that the roes of these poisonous fishes may not find their way to consumers of caviar in the ordinary course of trade."

Senator Stanford, of California, knows how to spend money, as well as how to make it. His gift of twenty million dollars to found a great university in that State, to be located in Menlo Park, proves this very conclusively. The sum named is by far the most munificient endowment ever given by one man to found an institution of learning, and it is probably more than was ever given by a combination of men for one educational object. The plans for the proposed university are not yet matured, but it is known that the building will include an agricultural department, mechanical institute, museum, art galleries, and structures devoted to instruction in the principles of government, also in law, painting, medicine and music. A town site will also be established where families may live cheaply, in connection with which preparatory schools will be erected. Both sexes will be eligible. Superior courses will be free, and those leading up to them at a moderate tuition fee.

The London *City Press* publishes some interesting facts and figures of London. In the metropolis there are 101 hospitals in which one and a quarter millions of people are relieved, and which dispense outdoor relief to four millions annually. Twenty-five per 1,000 of the population are paupers, and are relieved at a cost of over two and a half millions sterling. It also seems that there are many more lunatic women than men. Cabs have increased during the last ten years from 10,000 to over 19,000; 14,478 children were lost in London last year. Greater London contains an area of 448,334 acres. The population is given as 5,199,166, of whom 60,252 are foreigners, 49,554 Scotch, 80,778 Irish, 3,246 blind and 1,972 deaf and dumb. In 1884 there were 11,705 licensed public and beer houses, and 15,519 males and 9,618 females were charged with drunkenness. In the same year there were 265 persons killed and 3,592 maimed by street accidents, and 354 suicides. There were 20,667 articles lost in public conveyances, of which 11,248 were restored. There are 407 newspapers published in London.

The tide of progress has reached the Signal Service Bureau at Washington, and the perfection of a new system of weather signals is announced. The system has been designed for the benefit of farmers and residents of districts where daily newspapers do not exist, and gives the weather indications for each succeeding twenty-four hours. Towns numbering from 3,000 to 15,000 inhabitants have been, as a rule, selected in which to establish stations for the display of the signals, which consist of seven white flags, six feet square, with the following figures: No. 1, large red ball, indicating warmer weather; No. 2, red crescent, colder weather; No. 3, red star, stationary temperature; No. 4, large blue ball, general rain or snow; No. 5, blue crescent, clear or fair weather; No. 6, blue star, local rain or snow. When it is expected that the temperature will fall suddenly from fifteen to thirty degrees, the cold-wave flag, a white field with a black square centre, is raised. These flags cost from $17.50 to $25 per set, and are bought by the town or community for whose benefit they are used, there being no fund for their purchase at the disposal of the signal office. There are at present about thirty towns displaying the flags, and the same signals, painted on tin or wooden flags, are displayed on the cars of a number of railroads through the South and West.

English New Year Superstitions.

At Christmas parties in the country the young men have the privilege of kissing any of the opposite sex they can get hold of. When Sir Roger DeCoverly is danced the chief guests are expected to dance with the cook and butler. All peacock feathers must be thrown out before New Year's day, or else you will have ill luck. On New Year's eve you must take pieces of money, bread, wood and coal, and a little salt, tie them up in a bundle, and lay on the doorstep after 12 o'clock. Some one will then come, and you must ask his name. If he says "John Smith," he must not be admitted, because the initial letters of his name are curved; but if he say "Edward Thompson," admit him at once, as his initial letters are made up of straight lines; but he must bring the bundle in with him that was laid on the step. He must then wish you a happy New Year, and, after receiving a gift, pass out by the back door. Then, behold, good luck is yours for another year. On both Christmas and New Year's eves, when the clock begins to strike twelve, the doors—especially the front and back—are opened, that the bad spirits may pass out and the good ones pass in, and immediately the clock has struck twelve the doors are shut, as it is said, "to keep the good spirits in." The first person to enter the house on a New Year's morning must be a man. Many Holderness folks tell some little chap to be ready to come in so soon as the old year is dead, and so secure good luck to the household. When the master enters his house for the first time in the new year he must take something in which he did not take out. A Hull friend told me he always emptied his pockets before he left home on New Year's morning and put in some money and bread, which he procured at his mother's, and so reached his home armed with the necessaries of life. Some people place a sixpence on the doorstep on New Year's eve, and so soon as the clock strikes it is brought in. N. B.—This, I need hardly say, is done in the country! You must never go out on New Year's day until some one has come in is the rule in some parts.—*Notes and Queries.*

Beau Brummell.

His birth was not distinguished, for though his father was a successful placeman, his grandfather had been a confectioner, and had let lodgings in Bond street. He was not rich, for his fortune never amounted to more than £30,000, and was soon impaired by extravagance and play; his literary ability was not more than hundreds of his contemporaries possessed, and did not reach beyond writing indifferent vers de societe. Still he set himself the task of conquering the social world of his day, and this task he accomplished. His biographer is careful to defend him from the charge of being a dandy; and if a dandy means an extravagant dresser, he is successful in his defence. Extravagantly dressed means ill dressed: and the age, with all its follies, was not so foolish as to elect an ill dressed man as the dictator of its social convenances. "Brummell," says Captain Jesse, "determined to be the best dressed man in London;" and after getting rid of the natural weakness which at first beset him, of changing his dress too frequently, he attained his object. This made him the intimate friend of princes, the arbiter elegantiarum whose mere greeting was a passport into the most exclusive society, and had, therefore a value beyond money. "You owe me £500," said a man who sought the entree into the circle of fashion to the beau, when his career was drawing to a close. "I have paid you," said Brummell. "Paid me!" said the man, "when?" "When?" answered Brummell. "Why, when I was standing at the window at White's, and said as you passed, "Ah, how do you do, Jemmy?" Wit, of course, is one of the conditions of social success, and Brummell had some sort of claim to it. Yet, unless even more than usual of its spirit has evaporated, his wit is barely distinguishable from impudence.—*London Spectator.*

A Panther Boards a Steamboat.

While the "Henry A. Tyler" was passing Savannah, Tennessee river, recently, a huge panther jumped into the river from the bank opposite the city and made a bold swim toward the opposite shore. While the eyes of every one on the boat were directed to the graceful, tawny creature making his way rapidly and easily against the current he suddenly changed his direction, and made a bee line for the boat. Anticipating trouble the roustabouts gathered chunks of coal and awaited the approach of the beast. Reaching the guard, which was low in the water in consequence of a heavy cargo, he threw his huge paws up, and with a bound gained a foothold. A fusilade of big coal chunks struck the animal in a dozen places, knocking him into the river amid his savage growls and howls of pain. Almost immediately he now thoroughly infuriated became turned, and with a growl leaped clear out of the water and landed full on the knot of almost paralyzed negroes on the forecastle, where he crouched fiercely, with blazing eyes looking out for him, snapping and snarling, while his long, graceful tail slowly swayed to and fro. At this moment Captain [illegible], who had arrived upon the scene with a double-barrelled shotgun, as well as his weapon and sent a charge of buckshot into the panther's fore shoulders, which caused him again to leap into the river, and with a trail of crimson [illegible] staining the blue waters behind, the savage king of the Tennessee swam to the dense thicket on the shore, [illegible] which fringes the bank and disappeared. The animal was of a tawny brown, about five feet long, weighing not less than 200 pounds, and said to be the largest ever seen in that country.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Sonnet to a Brindled Cow.

Oh, brindled cow, upon the grassy mead,
Chewing the cud of meditation sweet,
While blackbirds twitter 'round thy stamping feet,
You on the timothy and clover feed;
For opera glasses one has not a need
To see you enjoy the glorious treat.
Beside you I will take a quiet seat,
And try the lesson of your life to read.
Somewhere afar, in other meadows green,
You were a little calfy, white and red,
And then a heifer; and your life was full
Of speechless joy and new-made hay, I ween—

Great Scott! she's knocked the top clean off my best!
Well, I'll be blamed! That brindled cow's a bull.

—*W. J. Henderson, in Puck.*

HE AND SHE.

PART I.

Oh, if I dared to ask to-night
A kiss—would she refuse in fright?
Her eyes a saucy inside show,
With mischief coy they sparkle so,
Can she my longing read aright!

In fleecy folds of snowy white,
Her jealous hood, for very spite,
Half hides her rosy cheeks ag
Oh, if I dared!

I [illegible] charmed with shy delight,
And then at last—a craven knight
Who quails for fear of woman's no:
Unsatisfied I turn to go,
With formal parting cool and trite;
Oh, if I dared!

PART II.

That stupid thing! an hour has rolled
Away since he, despite the cold,
Has lingered, paying o'er and o'er
The compliments I've heard before;
A saint would feel inclined to scold!

I spy a wish he deems untold!
What fun, my mirth is scarce controlled!
He's poorly versed in Cupid's lore,
The stupid thing!

Of course I sternly should withhold,
The boon, but yet, we're friends of old,
If he with ardor should implore,
"Good-night," he's gone! I close the door.
Why can't he be a trifle bold.
The stupid thing!

—*Florence S. Brown, in the Rambler.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

"Belles" call many people to church.—*Chicago Ledger.*

Selfish men are decorous. They never forget themselves.—*Picayune.*

It is the man who can't raise the wind who does the most blowing.—*Merchant-Traveler.*

No man who eats onions can keep the habit a secret. It will leek out some way.—*Lynn Union.*

Schoolma'am—What is the poetical name of ancient Greece? Pupil—Oleomargarine.—*Boston Courier.*

"What is ease?" asks a philosopher. Ease is a thousand-dollar salary and a hundred-dollar job.—*St. Louis Critic.*

A novel has just been announced with the title "In Haying Time." We suppose it must have a grass plot.—*Puck.*

In England they are still in fear of the dynamiters, and a man dare not blow up his wife without exciting suspicion.—*Call.*

Chicago pie bakers live only fifteen years. Do their customers murder them, or do they eat their own pies.—*Courier Journal.*

There are 8,000,000 piano players in this country. We have much to be thankful for; it might be 10,000,000, or even more.—*Danville Breeze.*

Mr. Oldbeau (to young rival, before young lady to whom they are both attentive)—"Why, bless me, Charley, how you've grown!"—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Sioux chief is learning how to ride the bicycle, and the final extermination of the aboriginal race is now a question of time.—*Lowell Citizen.*

A famous tenor [illegible] by having a toothpick in his throat. He [illegible] toothpick to give his voice more

It must be expensive living
For the angels up in the sky,
For we all know, both saint and
That a rent in a cloud is [illegible]
—*Boston*

"I can always tell," [illegible] "when a little boy has sisters by the attention [illegible] from the young men.—*Chicago.*

"Do you think J[illegible] bad habits at school?" asked the mother of her husband. "I think he is exp[illegible] the reply.—*Pittsburg*

The next po[illegible] composed exclusively of [illegible] licemen. The [illegible] with their cl[illegible] country, and [illegible]—*Lowell C[illegible]*

"What [illegible] most whe[illegible] years?" a[illegible] sively. [illegible] pause, [illegible] ence a [illegible] *ton P[illegible]*

Tre[illegible]

is [illegible]

A Platform of Equality.

I suppose if any one was to ask: "Who is the biggest man in Boston?" the universal answer would be "Phillips Brooks"—the biggest man mentally, morally and physically. A well known Boston business man once had occasion to call upon him and was shown into his study. On the entrance of Mr. Brooks his height and overpowering largeness quite overcame his caller, who was something of a wag. With no waste of words the clergyman went directly to the business in hand. Hardly had he started, however, when his caller put his hand beside his mouth and laughingly called out: "Wait one moment, sir! I always insist on a platform of equality," upon which he leaped into a chair and remained his station during the entire interview.—*Home Journal.*

Both Fade Like Dreams.

As etchings traced upon the sand
Beside the sea by human hand,
Will, when within the wild waves' reach,
Fade out of sight into the beach,

So, our umbrella from the stand
Will, when 'tis drawn by expert hand,
Fade quite away, nor come again
To shield us from the soaking rain.

—*New York Journal.*

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