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THE TIME IS SHORT.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

I sometimes feel the thread of life is slender,
And soon with me the labor will be wrought;
Then grows my heart to other hearts more tender,
The time,
The time is short.

A shepherd's tent of reeds and flowers decaying,
That night winds soon will crumble into naught;
So seems my life, for some rude blast delaying.
The time,
The time is short.

Up, up, my soul, the long spent time redeeming,
Sow thou the seeds of better deeds and thought;
Like other lamps, while yet thy light is beaming.
The time,
The time is short.

Think of the good thou might'st have done, when brightly
The suns to thee life's choicest seasons brought;
Hours lost to God in pleasures passing lightly.
The time,
The time is short.

Think of the drooping eyes thou might'st have lifted
To see the good that Heaven to thee hath taught;
The unhelped wrecks that past life's bark hath drifted.
The time,
The time is short.

Think of the feet that fall by misdirection,
Of noblest souls to loss and ruin brought,
Because their lives are barren of affection.
The time,
The time is short.

The time is short. Then be thy heart a brother's
To every heart that needs thy help in aught;
Soon thou may'st need the sympathy of others.
The time,
The time is short.

If thou hast friends, give them thy best endeavor,
Thy warmest impulse and thy purest thought;
Keeping in mind, in word, in action ever,
The time,
The time is short,

Each thought resentful from thy mind be driven,
And cherish love by sweet forgiveness bought;
Thou soon wilt need the pitying love of Heaven.
The time,
The time is short.

Where summer winds, aroma laden, hover,
Companions rest, their work forever wrought,
Soon other graves the moss and fern will cover.
The time,
The time is short.

Up, up, my soul, ere yet the shadow falleth;
Some good return in later seasons wrought;
Forget thyself when duty's angel calleth.
The time,
The time is short.

By all the lapses thou hast been forgiven,
By all the lessons prayer to thee hath taught,
To others teach the sympathies of Heaven.
The time,
The time is short.

To others teach the overcoming power
That thee at last to God's sweet peace hath brought
Glad memories make to bless life's final hour.
The time,
The time is short.

THE DOCTOR AND THE DOCTOR'S SON.

Now for school-teaching I was no better fitted than for the ministry—I mean as far as patience was concerned—yet it came into my head very suddenly one morning, as I sat in the broad old kitchen of my father's house, with my little brothers and sisters around me (and, indeed, there was a goodly array of them), that it was about time for me to be doing something in the world; something outside of the monotonous round of household duties which I performed day after day; something, perhaps, to relieve my father, in a small way, of the burden that rested upon his shoulders. By this I do not mean that he was in debt, or that his goodly farm failed to give his large family a comfortable, happy support. Not at all. But let that question go without further discussion, and suffice it by saying that for very good reasons of my own I resolved, as old people say, "to make a start in the world."

And so I started. How that was brought about it would be tedious enough to relate; but this much I will say, that because of the idea born to me so suddenly on that spring morning, I was chosen—of the numerous applicants—teacher of some forty scholars at a distance of some twenty miles from Cranston. I need not add that this was a source of great gratification to me, and that because of it I entered into a vast number of vague, happy speculations as to how the summer would glide away—how the days, the long summer days, would seem as short as the shortest of winter ones—how I would teach the little children to love me, and by that means find a readier way of interesting them in their books. Dear me! it would fill a good-sized volume to write out all that I imagined and dreamed of the summer which I was to spend in the little village of Lester.

But "a change came o'er the spirit of my dreams," not before I left home, because in such a case I might never have found courage to have left it, but just before I arrived at the scene of action.

"You are to teach in Lester village this summer, if I understand you rightly?" said the most gentlemanly of gentlemen before I left the cars at Lester.

The question was not an impertinent one after our brief morning acquaintance, and so I answered it in all good faith, a little pompously, perhaps, for I was greatly impressed with the importance of my calling.

"Yes, sir, and I anticipate a very pleasant summer of it," I said.

"You do?"

He spoke in a quizzical tone, while the wisest and most inexplicable of smiles crossed his face.

"Yes, sir, and why not?" I asked, forgetting that my question was abrupt and my manner somewhat disturbed.

"Nothing, only to realize your pleasant anticipations, you must meet a different fate from your predecessors for years back."

"And why, sir?" I questioned, my face getting redder and redder every moment.

"Because, of all children under the sun, those of Lester village are the most unmanageable. In the course of a summer they usually succeed in dethroning two or three teachers."

He was a very handsome gentleman, as I said before, and as he said this in a pleasant, laughing way, displaying a set of perfect teeth, he grew handsomer than ever. But I did not think much of that, only of the thread of quiet exultation that I thought I detected running through his remark, I grew piqued in a moment, and answered him with a show of spirit which must have been quite amusing.

"They will not dethrone me!"

"Ah!"

He was, indeed, much amused, for he looked in my face for a full moment, as if to gather from it food for his merriment. At that I grew queenly, or at least what I thought to be so, and drew myself up as though there were a question of honor to settle. Just then the cars came to a full stop and the conductor gave his call—"Lester!"—so that I did not have a chance to answer—not his words, for they were simple enough in themselves—but his manner.

"I wish you much success," he said, as I left the cars.

"Thank you; your wish shall prove a prophecy."

That was the first that I heard of my Lester school, and I need not add that my spirits were somewhat dampened. But that I should conquer the unruly set of masters and misses I did not doubt for a moment.

"They'd do well enough if it warn't for the doctor's boy," my good-natured boarding mistress said when I questioned her concerning my pupils. "He is the ringleader of 'em, and always has been."

That was enough for me to know. I would make friends with the doctor's son in the beginning. But that was easier said than done, I may as well confess at once. There was mischief enough in him to have stocked a little million of commonly roguish boys. Gain an advantage over him in one way, and he was doubly sure to gain one over me in another. If I attempted to reason with him, his answers would set the whole school in a hubbub, and if I threatened to punish him a look of sheer defiance settled upon his bright face. He troubled me so deeply that I could not rest night or day, in school or out. That I grew pale and thin is not to be wondered at.

When my trial was at its height, I chanced to meet my acquaintance and prophet of the cars. Who he was, or what he was, I did not trouble myself to think. I did not even care. I had hoped to meet him again, but I preferred to have it at the time of my victory, not at my vanquishment.

"And how are you pleased with your school?" he asked, walking by my side in an easy, careless way, as though he was an acquaintance of years.

"I am delighted," I answered. "I cannot express to you how much so."

He laughed heartily. Looking into his face at that moment, I thought I could trace a very strong resemblance between him and the doctor's son, Frank Eldridge. A most unpleasant truth dawned upon my mind. A little angered, I determined to make the most of it.

"The scholars are very well," I said, half maliciously. "I suspect that the trouble lies with their parents. The ringleader of all the mischief seems to have grown up in a most unhealthy atmosphere. I should say that his father was not a very devout friend of Sabbath schools, and that would be a mild saying, indeed, and a charitable one on my part."

My words took immediate effect. A little flash of color appearing suddenly on the gentleman's face, spoke plainer than words could have done. Seeing my advantage, I continued, in a tantalizing way:

"People tell me that this Eldridge boy has not known a mother's care since his earliest infancy. That is self-evident. I have been more lenient, remembering this. But if it is a mother's care he needs, I would advise his father, most heartily, to make an attempt to secure to him the care of some good, true woman."

"You would?"

He looked me fully in the face as he asked the question. I was not equal to the ordeal. I grew suddenly confused, and trying to answer him, stumbled upon three or four answers at the same time.

"Your advice is most excellent, Miss Lakin. I hope the unfortunate gentleman will be able to act upon it."

"So do I, most sincerely," I answered, blushing beneath his strange, questioning glance. "For the boy's sake, he would do well to make the matter one of importance until he succeeds," I added, more because I would not allow myself to be silenced by his gaze, than because I cared to speak."

"Perhaps you would be willing to aid the gentleman in question, since you were the first to suggest the idea. Would you?"

"I am no philanthropist," I answered curtly, believing that he was making an attempt to quiz me. "I think too much of my life—"

I hesitated. I saw that I was going too far. The gentleman smiled. We were close by the school-house door, and the conversation could not go further. With a "good-morning" he turned away, while I entered the school-room.

"Who was that gentleman?" I asked of a child standing by the door.

"Dr. Eldridge, Frank Eldridge's father," was the reply.

I knew that well enough before, but hearing it verified by the child's lips sent my blood throbbing and beating loudly at my heart.

The day that followed that morning was not a pleasant one to me. Not that my scholars were unusually rude or boisterous—on the contrary, they were quieter than I had ever before known them; but somehow my conscience troubled me. Thinking of the motherless boy before me, I saw that in dealing with him I had put away from my heart that blessed charity which suffereth long and is kind. I had called anger justice, and by it dealt with him. I had forgotten how warm, human words sink through the congealed surface of the heart, touching and stirring its purest depths.

I had blamed the father. And there I was wrong again. Of the world, I, a woman, had the best right to look straight through his indulgence, to the fatherly tenderness that could not give birth to a reprimand or rebuke; to the love that could not, because of the mother resting in the grave, mete out the justice that the child merited.

How the tender hands of pity brought these overlooked truths before my eyes, until blinded by tears I could not see!

The next morning I met Dr. Eldridge again, and again he kept me company to the very door of the school-room. His tantalizing humor had not left him, and with a sly look in his clear grey eyes, he assured me that the father of my unruly pupil had, indeed, taken my sage advice to heart. Was I glad to hear it?

"Oh, yes," I answered in a sober, quiet way.

"Let one fact console you, Miss Lakin," he said, earnestly, "you have succeeded admirably with your school, and quite to the satisfaction of the villagers. There is a talk of having the summer term continued into the fall, since there is a stout fund of school money on hand."

"Dear heavens," I said, "I shall go crazy."

"No, I hope not, unless you will consent beforehand to engage me as a medical adviser."

I did not answer him. I was in a poor mood to bear his teasings. Indeed, I could hardly keep back the tears at the thought of the many weeks of torture that they were planning out for me. For six weeks (half of the summer term) I had been trying to keep down the rebellion and I had hoped to worry through the rest of my allotted time without a serious outbreak. But now I could not hope for it. "War was inevitable, it must come." Before the thought, my good resolutions of the day before vanished like empty air. If to be mistress of the school room I must use stick, whip and rule, then I would wield them. I would conquer or be conquered. I did not resolve upon this fully until I was informed that the school would be lengthened out six weeks into the autumn, allowing a vacation of one week in the meantime.

So the days dragged along, not one passing without Dr. Eldridge making his appearance somewhere in my way. Sometimes I was pleased to see him, perhaps always; but he had a strange, mischievous way with him that worked against my temper constantly. I think he liked my little fits of passion, however, or he would not have provoked them continually.

And the school! Dear me, what a school it was! The trial of it wore me thin as a shadow. But affairs came to a climax one day. This was the way it was brought about. While hearing a recitation one hot, sultry afternoon, I drew my chair into the middle of the floor where there was a faint show of a breeze. I was directly in front of one of the aisles, and so seated that I could not see what was going on behind me. After dismissing the class, I made an attempt to rise, when to my utter dismay and horror, I found myself, or my dress, made fast to the chair. I tried to be very cool and collected as I released myself, but my hands trembled violently, and I knew that my face was white with anger.

"Can any one tell me who pinned my dress to the chair?" I asked

There was dead silence. I repeated the question. Still no answer. I could interpret that easily enough. Not a scholar in school dared tell a tale of Frank Eldridge.

"You may walk this way, Frank," I said.

As though marching to a military drum, he came to the middle of the floor.

"I shall bear your impudence no longer," I began. "Either you or I must be at the head of this school. If my arm and ruler are as trusty as I think, I shall be mistress here."

"You don't dare ferrule me; my father"—he began.

"Let your father come here, and I will ferrule him too," I said, interrupting him.

"I'll tell him of that," he cried out.

"Do so, by all means," I answered.

And so I thrashed Frank Eldridge, soundly and smartly, till he begged for mercy like a three year old baby, and promised as humbly as I could wish to do better. There was a great uproar in consequence of it, both in school and out. But what made the matter ludicrous in the extreme, was the fact of my threatening to whip Dr. Eldridge (handsome, idolized Dr. Eldridge, the awe of the whole village and the pride of the whole town) was noised about. At last it reached the Doctor's ears, and as I had feared, he came just at the close of school, the next afternoon, to remind me of my threat.

"I have come for my whipping," he said, in a low tone, as I answered his loud rap at the door.

I do not know why, but the tears sprang to my eyes at this. It seemed unkind in him, almost cruel. I was afraid he would notice how I was moved, and so I turned my head away, as I answered:

"I am very busy now; can you come in and wait?"

"Until after school, do you mean?"

"Just as you please—I have no time to spare now—I suppose you have come to undo my work of yesterday."

"Not I, believe me—"

"Walk in, if you please," I said, interrupting him. He was speaking so pleasantly and kindly that the tears were coming to my eyes again.

"Now my whipping, Miss Lakin," he said, after the last class was dismissed, and we were alone together in the old school-house.

"Dr. Eldridge, how unkind of you," I said.

"But I insist upon it," he answered, passing me my rule.

How exceedingly foolish I felt. How wretchedly he teased me. But there was no escaping from him, so I said, laughing and crying together, "give me your hand."

"The right, I believe, is the one always claimed by ladies. But are you serious, shall I really give it to you?"

"Yes," I answered, coloring.

Taking the tips of his fingers in my left hand, I gave him a quick blow.

"A kiss for a blow," he said, raising my hand to his lips. "Strike away, dear, I shall never grow weary."

So I struck him again, once, twice, thrice.

"See which hand will get blistered first, yours or mine," he said, in high glee. "How happy you make me, and how good I am getting."

"And how bad I am growing every day," I cried, bursting into tears, and dropping my head upon the desk.

"Heaven forbid, Lizzie," he said, tenderly, the mockery going quite away from his voice. "I know that I have worried and troubled you, but my heart has been, and is, all right, my child. Do you remember what you said to me a long time ago, about marrying again? And do you know that in spite of reason and prudence (for you are young and pure-hearted yet), I have hoped and prayed that sometime you might be the light and love of my bad darkened heart, my darkened home? I love you; that is all I can say in pleading my case."

And that was enough. That blessed knowledge for a moment expiated all my sufferings in the turbulent school-room; ay, all that I had known in life, even.

"Then you meant it, in a small way, when you asked me to give you my hand?" he said, archly, as I held out my hands to him.

And I said "yes" in one breath, and "no" in the next. Which was right?

—The Government has four breeding stables.

MUSIC IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS.

We have from time to time pointed out that one of the chief defects in the existing system of elementary education is the unintelligent selection of what are called extra subjects. It is recognized—in theory, if not in practice—that everything ought to give way to the proper teaching of the three R's. A boy or girl may as well never have gone to school as leave it unable to read and write and cast accounts. But when this limit is passed, and the time that the child spends in school has to be filled up somehow, the subjects of instruction are usually chosen on less rational grounds. The distinction between primary and secondary education, between a school life which ends for the most part at twelve and a school life which is continued till seventeen or eighteen, is very generally lost sight of. Children of ten or eleven, who are only going to remain under instruction a year or two longer, are introduced to subjects of which a smattering is useless, while nothing more than a smattering can possibly be imparted in the time at the teacher's command. The considerations which should determine the choice of extra subjects should be the amount of knowledge which it is possible for a child to attain before his school-life comes to an end, and the opportunities which he will have of keeping up his knowledge after he has left school. Language and history are both unsatisfactory when judged by these tests. Very little can be done in either of them without considerable application, and among the class which attends elementary schools there is not sufficient time for application while the child is at school, and neither time nor opportunity later on. What usually happens is that a few dates and a list of English kings, or a few principles of grammar which apart from a literature to give them meaning are like weapons fastened to a wall, are poured into a child's brains with more reference to their reproduction on the day of examination than to any permanent impression they are likely to leave behind them. The inspector is satisfied, partly because he knows that even to have learned so much means that both teacher and child have done their best, and partly because he cannot help feeling that, in so far that as eventual good is likely to come of it, nothing that he can say will make any difference. In this way the extra grant is earned, the teacher and the managers are content, and the only sufferers are the children, who have been taught useless things instead of useful, and the State, which has paid money to have them taught.

We will not now repeat the reasons there are for adapting the subjects taught in elementary schools to the habits of the population into which the majority of the scholars will be absorbed when they go out to work. The purpose of such an adaptation is to give children something on which they can keep a hold as their school-time retreats further and further away from them—something which is associated with the after-employment, which explains and is explained by things which they have to do in order to earn their living. But an equally useful purpose will be answered if they are given something which is associated with their amusements, which helps them to spend the time when they are not at work profitably, or at all events not unprofitably, which, if they had not been taught a school they would not have learned, and which, having learned, they are not likely to forget. In a paper read at the meeting of the Social Science Association last month, and since published in a pamphlet, Mr. Hullah urges the claims of music to the first place in the scanty list of subjects which answer the description. The majority of Englishmen, he justly says, especially of the poorer classes, "are worse off than any other people in the world for innocent amusements." Such innocent amusements as are open to them either cost more money than they can afford to pay except at rare intervals or can be enjoyed away from home. Now vocal music "is the cheapest of all conceivable recreations." When once a certain proficiency has been gained, it demands nothing but practice and the small outlay occasionally needed for the purchase of music. If this cheap amusement could be naturalized in England, more comfort and more refinement would be given to family life among the working classes than by any other available means. A home in which part-singing was constantly practiced would certainly be free from dirt and drunkenness. If musical skill were made common, if not universal, we should have set up a power which would empty the gin-shop by providing pleasanter ways of passing the time than the gin-shop provides. So far, probably, no one will differ from Mr. Hullah; but there are numbers who will ask how this musical skill is to be attained by the poor. The answer is that its attainment is made possible by the fact that to the very young child music is very much easier than reading or writing. The difficulty of becoming a musician comes later, and when it has come it grows greater every year we live. By a musician Mr. Hullah means one who knows without having heard it the sound of what he sees written in musical character or hears described, and who is able to write down or describe a sound which he has heard.

In order to show that the power of doing this is attainable by very young children, Mr. Hullah gives a single, but conclusive, example: In January, 1877 a class of children sixty-five in number, between the ages of five and six, was placed under scientific musical instruction. The time given to it was twenty minutes every fortnight, with an occasional five minutes during recreation time. Mr. Hullah examined these babies in the following October, and this is his account of the result: "I found that the majority of them could name correctly and readily any sounds within the limits of the same diatonic scale, and give utterance to such sounds when called upon to do so. They could beat time with their hands and distribute notes of various lengths into measures of two, three, or four beats. . . . I touched on my hand the notes of a tune they had certainly never before heard, and they sang it, with one or two exceptions, accurately. Finally, they sang various simple passages, still at sight, which I wrote on the black-board." If this degree of proficiency was attained by children of six, who were under instruction for only twenty minutes in every fortnight—and that seemingly for nothing like the whole time between January and October—what might not be done all over the country if music were taught on the same method first in every infant school, and then in every elementary and secondary school? Yet in scarcely any infant or elementary school is music taught. "Songs," says Mr. Hullah, "are taught in them, no doubt, and a great deal of time the teaching of them takes up." But songs, "as a means of promoting or preparing for the reception of a knowledge of music, are absolutely useless, and, indeed, worse than useless; for to no people is it so hard to teach music as to those who have long practised singing by ear." This omission to teach music is not due to any want of competent instructors. Mr. Hullah's experience as an inspector in training schools has convinced him that there are at least 10,000 persons already engaged in teaching in elementary and infant schools who could also teach music, and that about 1,000 recruits are annually added to the list. All that is needed to have music taught in every school is a "little encouragement and a little pressure." It is for the Education Department to bring this encouragement and pressure to bear upon school managers; it is for the public to bring them to bear upon the Education Department.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

THE THINGS WE HAVE NOT.

Among all the various kinds of charm, whether inherent in the objects of our desires or woven around them by fine threads of association and circumstance, is there one more subtly enthralling than that which belongs to the things which we do not possess? We can scarcely tell how much of the ethereal beauty of youthful dreams depends upon their inaccessible distance, for many other things conspire to steep them in a magical atmosphere. But when we have long ago emerged from that enchanted ground and have reached the level table land of middle life, there still are visions haunting us, some more, some less, but not wholly absent from the busiest and sternest lives; there is still a halo surrounding some objects which we could not, even if we would, entirely dispel. And of all the favorite spots about which the glamor hovers there is none to which it clings so persistently as to the things we have not.

In a sense this is true, of course, of what we have had and have lost. But that is a comparatively intelligible feeling, made up largely of regret, mixed with love and self-reproach, and bound up with many personal and perhaps even arbitrary associations. It is not the same as the strange bloom of ideal beauty which we have not, and never had, nor can hope to have a share. Such things wear a kind of remote impersonal grace which can be scattered by no rude touch of change or chance, and withered by no closeness of grasp. Our thoughts of them are culled from all the most perfect instances, and combined into a type which perhaps transcends experience.

There is an incident in "Transformation" which shows how fully alive Hawthorne was to this idealizing faculty as exercised especially by those not in possession. In looking over Hilda's picture, some of her friends pause at one of the child's shoes painted, as the author tells us, with a care and tenderness of which none but a woman who deeply loved children would have been capable, and which no actual mother would have been likely to bestow upon such a subject. Actual mothers, no doubt, have enough to do with their children's shoes without painting them, Possession brings an object into many disenchanting relations. Children themselves, however idolized by their mothers, can scarcely have for them that abstract visionary charm which they possess for the childless.

No doubt the joys of possession are far more intense and more richly colored than those of contemplation; but they have not the same half-sacred remoteness, the same unchanging lustre. They are purchased by so many cares, often so much toil, and exposed to so many risks, that enjoyment is often obscured by fatigue and anxiety. However, we need not disparage the delights of possession in order to enhance those of mere contemplation. These are pure enough and keen enough to need no adventitious aids. But their comparative excellence can scarcely be appreciated until after a certain rather severe discipline.—*London Saturday Review.*

THE WEDDINGS.

At the end of the first year comes the cotton wedding; at two years come the paper; at three, the leather; at the close of five comes the wooden; at the seventh anniversary the friends assemble at the woolen; at ten comes the tin; at twelve years the silk and fine linen; at fifteen the crystal wedding. At twenty the friends gather with the china; and at twenty-five the married couple that have been true to their vows for a quarter of a century are rewarded with silver gifts. From this period forward the tokens of esteem become rapidly more valuable. When the thirtieth anniversary is reached they are presented with pearls; at the fortieth come the rubies; at the fiftieth occurs the glorious golden wedding. Beyond that time the aged couple are allowed to enjoy their many gifts in peace. If, however, by any possibility they should reach their seventy-fifth anniversary, they are presented with the rarest gifts to be obtained at the celebration of their diamond wedding.

—A tramp at Comstock, Michigan, camped over night in the village school-house and burned all the books to keep himself warm.

A MONSTER SKELETON.

The Stuttgart mammoth, which Professor Ward, of the University of Rochester, New York, purchased and brought to this country, is now fully mounted. It is said to be the only restoration of the kind in the world, and beyond question the greatest achievement in zoological science. A Rochester paper gives the following account of the mammoth:

The bones from which the original restoration by Martins was made are in the possession of the Royal Museum, at Stuttgart (Wurtemberg). They were of such a class and character that by the additional assistance of a quantity of hair and other portions of the gigantic frame, found in various parts of the world, a restoration authentic and reliable was easily made. Its fame spread over the entire scientific world, and at once Stuttgart and Martins became celebrated on its account. A few years ago Professor Ward, in one of his European tours, went to Stuttgart and endeavored to negotiate for the purchase of the mammoth. The price placed upon it, however, was so exorbitantly high that a bargain could not be made. Later, while the learned professor was traveling in Abyssinia, he wrote the proprietors, telling them that on a certain date he should be in Paris on the way to America, and that if they had any proposition to make to him regarding the mammoth, he could received it there. Arriving at Paris, he found a letter asking him to make an offer. He responded by telegraph, and his offer was accepted. He therefore delayed his expected return to this country, went to Stuttgart, and began the long and tedious job of taking down and packing for transportation the gigantic specimen of past ages. In this task he had the assistance of several skilful artists.

The monster restoration occupied, when ready for travel, fourteen large boxes, which weighed in the aggregate over seven tons. The freight upon the animal from Stuttgart to New York was $682, and from New York to Rochester, by canal, $86. Several of the largest freight wagons were required to convey his lordship to the working buildings of Professor Ward, at the rear of the university buildings, and a new building had to be erected to accommodate him when he should be dressed in reception regalia, clothed, and, so far as the image of an animal could require, in his right mind. Two skilful artists from Germany, and several others from New York, were procured to assist Professor Ward in the work of putting the affair together again.

Since that time Professor Ward has been busily at work upon the restoration of this mammoth, and now has it complete. Saturday an opportunity was afforded a reporter of the *Democrat* to examine the wonder, and we can assure our readers that it is a wonder for any one to examine. The building erected by Professor Ward for its special accommodation is situated a little east of Cosmos Hall. It contains nothing else but the mammoth, with the exception of a skeleton of an elephant in one cornor, which is so small as to be insignificant beside its prehistorical rival.

The animal stands facing the door, and hence upon entrance the visitor finds himself suddenly face to face with a startling, but at the same time an innocent looking monster. It stands sixteen and a half feet in height, thirteen feet between the tusks, twenty-eight and one-half feet from tusks to tail, and thirty feet in girth about the thickest part of the body. The tusks are nearly a foot in thickness at their greatest size, and are truly enormous in appearance. The eyes, located high up in the head, are, of course, quite small in proportion to the size of the body, as is the case with all animals of the species to which he belongs. The hair is long, dark, rough and shaggy, as was that of the original wearer. The legs are about two feet in diameter, and a man can easily walk between them and under the animal's body standing upright. In order to obtain a satisfactory view of the monster, it is necessary to ascend a flight of stairs into the gallery which has been erected for that purpose. That brings the visitor nearly upon a level with the eye, and enables him to form a good idea of the great size of the restoration.

When the visitors were looking at it on Saturday from this elevated point, a little daughter of Prof. Ward's, aged about four years, came into the building, and seating herself upon the platform upon which the mammoth stands, leaned back against one of the mammoth forelegs and looked up with a smile at the spectators in the gallery. A prettier or more interesting picture could not be conceived. There sat a beautiful child, born in the civilized year 1874, side by side with the monster whose birthplace no one can tell, save by approximation, away back in pre-historic ages.

—While Thomas Carlyle was one morning taking his customary walk, a well-dressed man approached him, with the remark: "Are you really the great Thomas Carlyle, author of the French Revolution?" "I am Thos. Carlyle," was the reply, "and I have written a history of the French Revolution."—"Indeed! Pray pardon a stranger for speaking to you; but I was so anxious to have a look at you." "Look on man!" quoth the philosopher, impatiently, as he resumed his walk.—"Look on! It will do me no harm and you no good."

—A French town is in a funny and by no means disagreeable predicament. It raised $7,000 for a statue to Thiers, when the Government stepped in and presented it with the bronze, and M. Mercier, the artist whose "Gloria Victis" recently made such a sensation, agreed to model and cast the statue, free of expense, so that there is no use for the money.

—Two of the crew on board a vessel in Newport Harbor last week shipped for $1 a month each.

Varieties.

—Lord Leitrim was murdered in March, but no one has been put on trial for the crime.

—Blood will tell. A starving family in Boston, having been fed and given $10, took a carriage drive.

—The Menonnites exclude from their church membership all persons who have had their lives insured.

—Hungary produces more horses than any other country of its size—2,158,000 for a population of 15,000,000.

—The Texas Legislature has passed an act requiring all railway trains to stop not less than five minutes at any station.

—The exact number of counties in Texas is still a matter of dispute. One authority says 126. One of them is as large as the State of Massachusets.

—Beginning with a production of four pounds of tea in 1840, India now exports 40,000,000 pounds, and all the islands of the Indian archipelago are cultivating the plant.

—The Pope has sent ten Jesuits to Central Africa to evangelize the countries traversed by Stanley and Livingstone. The mission will cost $40,000, and the missionaries will take with them 500 porters, servants, etc., who will be unarmed.

—A sap-trough of boiled oats is the vegetable store of the gentle hermit of Ayr, Ont., and he sleeps on a plank leaning against a bank of earth and covered over with a roof of rough boards.

—A swarm of bees invaded a Chinese church in full session, and though pulpit and pews joined hands against the intruders, they stayed and the congregation went, not standing on the order of their going.

—An expensive wife kept the late Lord Chelmsford so poor that he died worth less than any other Chancellor in the past century, except Lyndhurst, leaving very little real estate and a personalty of less than £50,000.

—The opium refuge at Shanghai, organized by foreign medical and missionary influence, has met with so much welcome from the natives that it is already self-supporting, and many patients are there trying to break from the slavery of opium.

—The price of bread in England is said to be precisely what it was in 1770. Beef, at its present retail price of nine pence, is a great advance on the three and three-quarter pence per pound of that day; and butter has risen from six pence to twenty pence.

—Dr. Jobert is about to return to France after having explored the Amazon with reference to its natural history, and more especially its ichthyology. He claims to have fully cleared up all doubts respecting the curare with which the Indians poison their arrows.

—The Government clerks at Ottawa have petitioned for an advance of two months' salary, to be repaid in instalments by the end of the fiscal year, because they will have to go to heavy expenses in attending the levees, etc.—The Government has not answered the petition.

—At the death of John Wesley, in 1791, there were in connection with Methodism 312 minister, 115 circuits, 16 mission stations and 79,000 members. Now, including the Methodism of Great Britain, that of the United States of America, colonial Methodism and branch churche ist is, estimated that there are not less than 30,000 itinerant preachers, 60,000 local preachers and 19,000,000 adherents.

—It is stated that work will be commenced on a second iron pier, at Long Branch, to be built immediately in front of the Pavilion Hotel as soon as the pier company receives its charter from the New Jersey Legislature. The pier will be of screw piles, and constructed after the plan of the Brighton pier, of plated iron. The estimated cost of the pier, with breakwater, is $100,000.

—William Owens, a brakeman on the Louisville Short Line Railroad, fell between two freight cars recently as his train was passing over the Ohio river. He caught at some object as he struck the bridge to keep from falling into the river, but it proved to be the rail, and the cars passed over his hand. At the same moment, however, he seized a telegraph wire which ran along the rail, and hung on by that until assistance reached him.

—It is told of President Thomas A. Scott that he is carrying with him in his European trip Mr. Augustus Dowdell, a workman on the Pennsylvania Railroad, who last year, when all others deserted their posts, remained true to the company and afforded valuable information by telegraph. The trip abroad is the reward of merit. It is pleasant to see the display of generosity which the case affords, and it is refreshing, also, to know that such a man is receiving such a recognition. The anarchists who originated and helped on with the strikes, are enduring the scorn they deserve, while this man, simply for being true, is made the recipient of unusual favors.

—Among the young ladies who sat at the receipt of customs in a Western church fair, and retailed kisses at the nominal value of ten cents each, was a vinegar-visaged old maid, who had crowded herself in on the gauzy presence that she felt it her duty to do her share toward helping along the good cause. When it came time for closing the young ladies turned over to the church treasury from five to ten dollars apiece, while the ancient female handed in a solitary dime, the value of one kiss that she received from a blind man whose taste was so vitiated by tobacco chewing that he was unable to detect the imposition.—*Danbury News.*

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