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A LUNCH PARTY.

BY MRS. S. T. CORBETT.

The bear went out to take lunch one day
With a beautiful Maltese cat,
He carried a fan and a large bouquet,
And wore a gold band on his hat.
The lunch was ready at two o'clock,
But they didn't begin till one—
And the bear was so hungry he couldn't wait,
So she fed him with currant bun,
And sweetly she said, "if you stand on your head
I think it will add to the fun!"

The cat was drest in her very best,
A blue-pink sewing-silk gown;
And she smiled at the bear with the kindest air,
But the cherries were baked too brown—
The cook had forgot that pepper was hot,
The clams weren't sugared at all—
The beef was left out of the blackberry pie,
And the gravy was spilt in the hall—
So the bear said at last, "I think I shall fast;"
Though the next course was stewed rubber ball.

They talked of many and curious things,
As they sat at their lunch together—
Of fish with whiskers, and cats with wings,
Of signs of war in the weather;
He told her a tale of a cat that *would* sail
In an egg-shell instead of a boat;
She told him another, about a bear's brother
Who rode every day on a goat.
Then he bade her good-bye, with a tear in his eye
As he put on his big ulster coat.

He said he would take the rest of the cake,
So he took it to eat on the way—
"I've had a nice time," he whispered in rhyme;
"I wish I could come every day!"
But the cat said, "Oh, no! it's time you should go,
You've made such a *very* long stay."
So he left her alone, and she asked with a groan,
"What's left for my breakfast, I pray?
There's naught in the house but a cold pickled mouse,
And I don't care for *that*, I must say!
Well, well—I declare, I won't ask a bear
To come and take lunch every day!"

—*Christian Intelligencer*

WIDOWS BEWITCHED.

THE EFFECT OF AN ADVERTISEMENT.

Grand and gorgeous is the first morning of spring. It is not the tapping of the woodpecker in the hollow beech, nor yet the nutchat humming at his breakfast, that soft *rap-a-tap-tap* one hears. It is only Mr. Ernest Black knocking out his pipe against the garden seat.

Happy man! to have such a charming nook wherein to smoke the early pipe. His comfortable mansion at Shrublands, a cozy modern building, warm and roomy, with glass houses clustered about it, and its convenient offices at the rear, lies on the slope above. In front of him stretches a pleasant lawn, and he looks over upon a sweet river valley, bounded by purple hills, reaches of water showing in silver streaks here and there. A warm, pleasant little dingle encompasses the grounds, sheltering the houses from the north and east, and sloping down towards the south, and here the first breath of new-born spring is felt, and the first green leaf of the year is seen on that slender, white birch, whose brown catkins are dying for love of the earliest blossoms of the season.

Ernest thought that it was very good to be here, as he smoked his pipe on his garden-seat. But everything comes to an end, and by the time he had finished his pipe and knocked out the ashes, a cloud had come over the sun, the air was chilled, and the beauty of the morn tarnished. It was time he found to start for his train. He went into the house to say "Good-bye" to his wife, for he heard the carriage-wheels grinding on the gravel as it came round from the stables to the door.

He seemed to be a happy fellow, too, in his wife, who was a fair, pleasant-faced woman, of charming figure, and full of spirit.

"I didn't know you were again away," she said, a slight shade of vexation coming over her face.

"Didn't I tell you?" said Ernest, "I intended to. I shall be home to dinner. I am only going to town to see the old masters. They close this week."

"Ah! if you had told me in time I would have gone with you."

To say the truth, Ernest did not much care for company when he was going to look at pictures.

"Pity, eh?" he said, carelessly putting his hand under her chin and giving her a kiss. "Well, another day, perhaps, Tottie"—her name was Theresa, but her pet name was Tottie—"and then perhaps I can go shopping with you."

"But I particularly wanted to see those pictures."

"Why didn't you think of it before?"

"You should have told me you were going."

"Yes, it was stupid of me; however, there's no help for it; I have only just time to catch the train. Good-by."

And away he went.

Theresa sat down once more to her book of household expenses, but the totals ran into each other, and the same row of figures wouldn't come to the same amount twice running. It wasn't like Ernest, she thought, not to ask her to go with him. He had never gone off anywhere before without asking her to accompany him if it were practical. His manner, too, was so cold. What could be the reason of it?

She took up the newspaper to distract her mind. She rarely looked at the daily papers, but this morning she felt uneasy, and couldn't settle to anything. Suddenly she sprang to her feet, with a cry of distress.

She had taken up the outside sheet of the paper, and thereon she had read an advertisement:

"Constance to Ernest. To-day, at Victoria, 12 noon."

That was the reason, then, that Ernest had gone off to town so suddenly. Yes, she knew it; she had been wronged and deceived. Could it be possible that such treachery, such betrayal of all the ties of friendship and affection could be permitted to exist?

Theresa was, perhaps, of a somewhat jealous disposition. Certainly Ernest had given her no cause for jealousy hitherto, as far as she knew, but she had always imagined it possible that at some time or other he would; and now it seemed to her as though her forebodings had been justified.

Constance Brown had been her earnest friend, her schoolfellow, her one dear companion, for whom her affection could never be dimmed. And this friendship had continued unabated for a whole two years after her marriage to Ernest, during which it had been her chief delight to entertain Constance at her new home. Now Ernest wasn't at the beginning, at any rate, at all fond of Constance, and used to think her visits rather a bore. Anything was better, however, than having his wife in the dolefuls, and on such occasions he would suggest:

"Ask Constance to come and spend a few days."

As time went on, however, little disagreements interposed between the two friends. Constance was of an adaptive nature, and fonder of masculine than feminine society. She professed great interest in Ernest's pursuits, which were rather of a miscellaneous character. Altogether she grew in grace and favor with the husband, and declined in equal measure in the wife's esteem. She was too keen-witted herself not to perceive this, but the ineradicable love of coquetry and mischief that lurks in every female bosom forbade her to change her tactics.

The end of it was a desperate quarrel between Constance and Theresa, and Constance's hasty departure from Shrublands in a great rage. On her part, Theresa vowed that she would never have that deceitful girl in her house again.

"All right," Ernest had said; "if you don't care about it, I don't."

But Theresa's jealousy, once aroused, was not to be quieted by any such pretences as these. It was all very well of Ernest to say so, but his saying so didn't deceive her. Having once thrown her influence over Ernest, Constance, she knew, would not be satisfied to resign her power so easily. She didn't doubt but that Constance would in some way or other contrive to see him, and this morning's paper had given her a clew to the means she adopted.

Very well. Theresa, too, would be at Victoria at 12 noon.

The carriage had just returned from taking Ernest to the station; it should also convey her to the next train for London. She would have sufficient time to reach the trysting place by noon.

Victoria Station, however, is rather a wide, open place, not adapted for concealment. How should she so disguise herself that she might witness the meeting unobserved? Then she remembered that her Aunt Blake, who had been a widow for a couple of years, had left behind her a widow's cap, bonnet and veil, having taken the opportunity of a visit to her niece to resume the ordinary costume of womankind.

Bonnets are not formidable things nowadays, and Theresa put her aunt's weeds with a black crape shawl, into a traveling-bag. She put on a black dress with a white shawl over it and her usual traveling bonnet, that she might not give rise to surmises at her sudden assumption of mourning, and then started off.

The clock showed five minutes to twelve when she arrived at Victoria. She hurried off to the ladies' waiting-room, donned her bonnet, cap, shawl and veil, and came out on the platform a demure widow.

Sure enough, Ernest was there, walking up and down. She gave a kind of guilty start as he passed her, and he looked rather hard at the young widow with the nice trim figure.

"So," she thought, "that is the way you look at young women when I am not by?"

The next turn that she took she started as she saw approaching her from the opposite side of the platform the very double of herself. Black dress, black crape shawl, widow's cap, bonnet and everything! She thought at the first moment that there was a mirror opposite her, and that she saw her own reflected image. But it was not so. The lady threw up her veil and revealed the features of Constance Brown. It was only for a moment, and then she drew her veil closely over her face, and making a slight gesture, as it seemed, of caution, she made her way to the booking office, went up to a porter, and asked, in a clear, loud voice, when the train started for Brighton.

Theresa glided into the office by the opposite door. The pretended widow was waiting her return at the ticket hatch. With the quickness of thought, Theresa ran up to the barrier. A genial-looking old man was taking his ticket.

"Might I ask you, sir, to get me a ticket for Brighton?"

"Most certainly, madam," said the old gentleman.

She grasped her ticket and hurried on to the departure platform, giving, as she went, the same signal with her hand that she had seen her double make just before.

Yes, he had recognized the signal and followed her.

The train was just due to start, and she hastily jumped into a first-class carriage. A gentleman jumped in after.

"Faithless fellow!" she thought.

"Constance," said a tremulous voice at her side—"dearest Constance."

"You wretch!" cried Theresa, suddenly unveiling.

But the effect was not what she anticipated. It was not her husband at all; it was Captain Potter, late of the Plungers.

It is now necessary to revert to the proceedings of Mr. Black, to account for his presence on the scene.

Ernest had intended to take the newspaper up to town with him, having been interested in an article he had not had time to finish. But having, with his customary carelessness, left it behind him, he bought another at the station; and then the advertisement caught his eye—"Constance to Ernest. Yes, he knew what it meant.

Ernest Black and Ernest Potter had been school-fellows and cronies in early days; but their friendship had long since decayed. Potter was a reckless spendthrift, who had been obliged to leave the Plungers and sell his commission, swamped with innumerable debts. He had been an old friend of the Browns, too, and Constance had formerly been infatuated with him; but her father, who was a very violent, self-willed old fellow, swore that she should never marry such a scamp.

Constance had a nice little fortune of her own, and she had just come of age, so that if she persisted in throwing herself and her fortune away, there was no help for it. Still Ernest thought it was his duty to stop it if he could. He flattered himself that he had some influence over Constance; and if he couldn't put an end to the affair altogether, he might yet prevail upon her to have all her money carefully tied up.

The advertisement meant an elopement, Ernest thought—a clandestine marriage, and the sacrifice of all the girl's future to a worthless scamp. He would be there, too, and save her if he could.

At all events he found himself on the platform of Victoria Station at noon. Ah! there was Captain Potter, as he expected stalking up and down, evidently expecting somebody. Ernest didn't take any notice of him; and Potter seemed anxious, on his part, to avoid any recognition. But there was no Constance. He kept however, a sharp lookout on the Captain, and, all of a sudden, he noticed that his eyes lit up, and, turning quickly around, Ernest saw a lady in deep mourning pass into the booking-office.

Potter now took up a position close to the wicket that opened to the departure platform where the man stood who punched holes in the tickets. Presently a lady in black brushed rapidly past. Ernest followed her a few paces to assure himself it was not Constance Brown. No; the lady was of quite a different carriage and figure from Constance—more like his own wife, he said, with a jealous pang that he laughed at himself next moment for feeling. Whoever it was, she jumped into the carriage, and the captain after her. The guard whistled off the train, and Ernest turned away, thinking that he had been rather a fool for his pains.

Then he saw another young widow gazing eagerly about her, and running here and there, evidently looking for some one she couldn't find. At last, apparently overcome with emotion or fatigue, she flung herself upon a bench and hastily threw up her veil, revealing the pretty, agitated face of Constance Brown.

Ernest sprang toward her.

"Constance," he whispered, "you here, and in this disguise! what does it mean?"

Constance burst into tears, and sobbed out that she didn't know.

"I know," he said, severely, "you have an appointment with that infamous Potter."

"Infamous, indeed," said Constance; "and he has gone off with somebody else."

At this moment, a man in livery approached and touched his hat to Ernest. It was his own coachman, an old and faithful servant, who had been coachman to Ernest's father.

"Beg your pardon, Mr. Ernest, for coming up here without leave, but have you seen the mistress, sir?"

"No. What do you mean?"

"Well, sir, she drove to the station after you left, sir, and she seemed so wildlike and unaccountable, that I made bold to follow her for fear she might come to harm; and I followed her here, sir, where she changed her dress for widow's weeds, and got into the Brighton train, sir, with Captain Potter."

Ernest turned pale and almost fainted. He recovered himself by a great effort.

"I know," he cried. "I send her to Brighton, and have just seen her off. How dare you to follow your mistress, sir."

The man turned away in blank dismay.

"Ernest," said Constance, "we have both been deceived."

"Stuff!" said Ernest, "it was a trick we played you, that's all; we found out your plot, and we counter-plotted to save you."

But still there was a terrible doubt at his heart. What could it all mean?

"Come into the waiting-room, Constance," he cried, "and let us talk. Ah, what misery!" he muttered to himself.

They turned into the waiting-room, and Ernest threw himself upon a seat, leaned his arm upon the table and groaned.

"What do you intend to do, Ernest?" said Constance, clutching him by the arm. "It is all very well to tell your servant such stories. I admire you for it, Ernest; but I know better. It is deliberately planned. We are both deceived."

"It is impossible," said Ernest.

"How blind you are," said Constance. "I always mistrusted Theresa; she was my early friend, you remember, and I believe that Potter used to come to our house on purpose to see her, using me as a blind. Oh, Ernest, what shall we do?"

"I shall have a special train and follow them," cried Ernest.

"Then I will go with you," cried Constance.

Ernest rose and staggered to the platform once more.

"Ernest!" said a decisive feminine voice at his elbow.

He turned, and beheld his wife and Captain Potter.

"Hullo!" cried Potter. "Ernest, my boy, how are you? Egad, I've got into a pretty mess with all this ambuscading; wrong party after all, jolly row, pull the string, stop the train—Clapham Junction, guard in awful rage. Give us into custody, eh? Ha! ha! Here we are again, back first train. I say, old fellow, I'll just change widows with you."

"Come into the waiting-room," cried Black, "and tell me what it all means. Potter, I consider you an unprincipled fellow to inveigle this young lady into such a trap. You know you only want to waste her fortune as you've wasted your own."

"Gently, old fellow," said Potter; "all a mistake. My uncle died last week and left me three thousand a year."

"Then why do you make off in this clandestine way?"

"It's all right, Black, I assure you. I've got a special license in my pocket, parson waiting at Brighton. We're both of age, you know."

"Then why all this disguise?"

"Oh, that was my doing," sobbed Constance. I was so dreadfully afraid of papa."

"And how did you get the widow's things, Constance!"

"F—from—your—Aunt Blake. It wasn't very wicked, was it?"

"I think," said Theresa, who had recovered her equanimity and her usual aspect of proud serenity, "I think, Constance, you had better come back to Shrublands with me, and be married in a respectable, orderly way."

And they settled that so it should be. They all went back to Shrublands, and Constance was married the next week, not in the widow's weeds, but in full bridal costume, with several bridesmaids.

"Ernest," said Theresa, affectionately, when it was all over, "I'll never be jealous again, but for all that I'm glad that artful minx is safely disposed of. She shall never enter my doors again, never."

Potter always speaks of his old friend Black with affectionate commiseration, and says the worst five minutes he ever spent in his life were passed in the Brighton express in company with Madame Theresa.

—A pickpocket taken with his hand in some one else's pocket endeavors to invent all manner of possible explanations of the phenomenon. "What's the use of your trying to lie about it so clumsily?" says the magistrate, benevolently; "haven't you a lawyer?"

AMALGAM FOR TOOTH FILLING.

So long as the filling of teeth with gold remains a tedious and painful operation, the public generally, since they have to bear the pain, will naturally prefer the employment of plastic fillings, if such fillings can be made to do reasonable service. Can they?

On this point the professional world is sharply divided, one school of dentists holding that nothing but gold should be used in any case, the other that cheaper and more easily inserted fillings are in many instances, if not always, better than gold. So marked a difference in professional opinion on a point of such vital importance would be a professional disgrace, were it not for the circumstance that the human mouth presents conditions so variable and uncertain that it is impossible to decide in many cases whether the success or failure of an operation is due to the skill of the dentist or his lack of it, to the nature of the filling, to the organic life and condition of the patient's teeth, to the character of the local secretions to which the work is subjected, or to other complications impossible of detection or control. Some salivas seem capable of dissolving anything; other mouths will hospitably receive fillings that could not be trusted at all under the conditions usually prevailing; and even in the same mouth variations in the patient's general health may cause the sudden failure both of filled teeth and of previously sound teeth, that have successfully stood the test of years of usefulness.

Such being the case it is not surprising that dentists of equal intelligence and skill should be found in opposition. Probably the question of gold *versus* amalgam will remain in professional chancery until some lucky inventor hits upon a composition approximating dentine and enamel in physical properties, with the ability of pure gold to withstand the action of every possible food or drink or buccal secretion. Meantime it is interesting to watch the shifting aspect of the professional battle—provided one is not called upon to decide upon a filling of his own failing teeth.

A forceful argument in favor of the use of amalgam under many conditions appears in our excellent contemporary, the *Dental Cosmos* for December, from the pen of D. Van Denburgh, of San Francisco. The writer was educated in the Parmly, Harris, and Westcott school of opinion that amalgam was unfit for tooth filling. His use of it began in little faith or hope that it would prove serviceable; and the fact that amalgam had won a place of usefulness in his practice is accounted evidence of its merits. He says: "Many of my own teeth were filled by C. A. Harris, of Baltimore, thirty years ago. A few more in the half dozen succeeding years were filled by Amos Westcott, of Syracuse, N. Y. One alone of these fillings failed, and that repeatedly within the first half dozen years. I would not have the tooth extracted, as advised; and, after having the decay excavated, I prepared a putty of tin, silver, and quicksilver, and myself placed it in the cavity of the unfortunate lower molar tooth. For more than twenty years it has done me as good service as its brighter neighbors. But the point of interest is, that it has done this where gold skillfully used had failed. After a year or two of good conduct by this amalgam filling, I began to feel some interest in it, and in various ways in my laboratory to test some amalgam mixtures.

"I occasionally filled in some mouths (where I might have opportunities afterwards to watch it) some dilapidated tooth that would otherwise have been extracted, some soft or poorly cared for teeth that fillings of any kind were least likely to preserve, and some difficult cavities that were hard to fill satisfactorily with gold. With such a beginning I went on experimenting, testing, and comparing, and now, after twenty years, I still use it, and nearly as often as I use gold."

The mixture used by Mr. Van Denburgh is composed of coin silver, 4 parts; tin, 5 parts; and mercury, *q. s.* The tin is added to prevent the shrinkage experienced with amalgam of silver, and to form a mass sufficiently hard to resist mastication. The amalgamation is a matter requiring great care and skill, and thorough washing with alcohol is essential.

In the earlier years of his use of amalgam, Mr. Van Denburgh thought he occasionally observed so much superficial oxidation, as, after considerable time, to injure the edges of certain fillings, and produce a crevice that favored the renewal of decay; but longer experience has taught him that the fault was his own in unskillful preparation and use of the material. He believes now that amalgam will resist all destructive agents in the mouth as well as any dentine or enamel can do; but a caution may be necessary to the inexperienced, not to use so much or so little quicksilver as to make it crumble under mastication; or to attempt to use the mixture in any case after it may be perceived that the hardening process has begun. If this process be once interfered with, though it will be renewed in a degree, no reliance can be placed upon the mixture. A good amalgam filling will not stain any tooth. That anything hurtful to the most delicate or diseased organization can be found in it, or produced from it in the mouth, seems to him the most fanciful nonsense. Any quantity of the metal that might be placed in the mouth would not probably lose by trituration or chemical action a perceptible amount of any or all of its ingredients in a lifetime; and even if such loss were to occur in any way or form, he knows of no reason to suppose that it would be hurtful if taken into the stomach.

As regards durability, Mr. Van Denburgh believes that properly prepared amalgam, skillfully inserted, provides as lasting a filling as can be made with gold, and its advantages in saving time and pain are very great. He says:

"Five minutes are sufficient to insert any amalgam filling, and nothing more is required to keep the work dry than a napkin or a roll of paper. But not only am I convinced that amalgam, in respect to usefulness and durability, may in any case be as good as gold; I am equally certain that in some cases it is superior, and for the reason I have mentioned, of its more kindly contact and healing qualities in connection with soft dentine. As a mechanical stopping, where a tooth is much weakened by loss of substance, amalgam brings no strain as gold does; on the contrary, it becomes a binding and supporting protection. Much of the solid substance of teeth is often cut away to secure the better insertion of gold that would be unnecessary for amalgam. Any one with strong masticating organs can 'chew up' a gold coin; so, the most perfect gold filling, when made a projecting portion of a tooth, and subjected to severe mastication, will spread and finally break away. Amalgam has a greater power of resistance, and in many such cases will prove the most serviceable grinder."

It is but fair to note that in the same number of the *Dental Cosmos*, Dr. William H. Truman, of Philadelphia, critically reviews the question of amalgam fillings, and arrives at conclusions much less favorable to their use, though he is far from condemning their use under all conditions. The materials proposed in place of gold will no doubt amply repay by increased durability any extra care in their preparation and insertion; but they all, he thinks, have inherent defects which will have to be overcome before they can be called reliable. They have their place, and probably have not been used as much as they might. Nevertheless, "gold has been used too long, and with too much success, to be abandoned before a better method is at hand. We would ask every professional brother, before accepting the teaching and adopting the practice of this new departure, to reflect a moment on the past, and see how often these tidal waves have swept over the profession. At one time it is arsenic, at another amalgam; twice sponge gold has rolled over us, leaving many an aching void; and no doubt the indiscriminate use of the mallet and cohesive gold, the reckless building up of teeth without regard to their position or character, has done much to secure this idea the warm reception it has met."

Accordingly, Dr. Truman advises caution before cutting loose from so faithful and well-tried a friend and risking professional reputation on "the uncertain ground of plastic fillings." The fault *may* lie with the operator, and not with the material used.—*Scientific American.*

DRUDGERY.

Everybody dislikes the continuous labor which is styled "drudgery." Drudgery, as the word is usually understood, means working whether you like it or not, and working steadily at a task until it is done. We say it is universally disliked, and yet no great thing can be accomplished without this same steady work. Drudgery, steady perseverance through thick and thin, carries the day and takes the prizes right away from genius, talent, wit and skill that cannot or will not drudge for them. "Is there anything in the world," asks Thackeray, "that cannot be accomplished by sheer hard work? Grant to any man, high or low, a sound natural capacity, and may he not aspire, with a reasonable degree of certainty, to the very grandest prizes which the Heads of the Houses of Life have to confer? May he not say to his will: 'You are my steed, I mean to saddle and bridle you. I shall spare neither whip nor spur, and you must carry me to the great goal. Be your name Hare or Tortoise, you and I must win the race.' Believe me that nothing is unavailing towards the great end, so long as it is work. The making of sundials and toy windmills helped Isaac Newton towards the *Principia*. Bacon was not wasting his time when he wrote about laying out gardens. Brougham took something by his motion when he sat down to furnish nearly an entire number of the Edinburgh Review. Burke found his account in writing summaries for the Annual Register, and Canning in making jokes for the Anti-Jacobin. All these things 'tell up.' They are columned and figured and entered to our credit; and some day the balance is declared, and we draw the splendid capital."

The worst feature of our times is the indisposition on the part of young and old, male and female, to that steady toil that is the price of all solid success. The terrible failures, the great breakdowns of character, the defalcations, the peculations, the swindles, great and little; yes, and the robberies and burglaries occurring all around us, are the fruits, natural and legitimate, of the refusal to drudge on in the path of honest, patient, useful work. Our prisons and alms-houses and mad-houses are full of the wrecks of men and women who would not drudge.

The power of steady, patient and continuous work seems to be lost among a large class of our people. The education and the example of the past twenty years have been unfriendly to the homely virtues, of which perseverance and patience are not the least. "Nothing is denied to hard work"—"everything comes at last to him who can wait"—"learn to labor and to wait"—are three aphorisms that seem to have become obsolete and forgotten, yet they embody the sound wisdom that he has grown up out of the experience of all past ages. Shutting the eyes to them will not blot out their truth, though it makes it useless to us.

It is among the farmers more than any other class that the old-time virtue exemplified in the willingness to drudge, yet remains. It is from amongst them that must come out those who are to replace the failures of the past generation among the professional and business ranks. Let them come fully grounded in the understanding that the only royal road to honor, fame and happiness lies far across the apparently weary waste of "drudgery." But, like the "Great American Desert," it is not as bad as it seems. Moderate compensations attended the patient traveler on his way. There are restful stations, refreshing springs, some grass and many flowers along the path. And when the summit of the "divide" is reached, there is a glorious outlook that can be gained in no other way.—*Rural New Yorker.*

THE CHINESE AFFIDAVIT.

In a recent lawsuit in California, the parties to which were all Chinese, the question was considered, what form of oath should be administered to this strange race. It appeared that the oath they held most sacred was one of mingled fire and blood, and this was accordingly administered in the following manner:

The parties adjourned to the sidewalk in front of the court-house. A chicken and the necessary joss-sticks or wooden tapers were procured, and the latter stuck in the ground and lighted. While they were burning, the prosecuting witness held an animated consultation with the Rev. Mr. Nevin, court interpreter, after which two wax tapers were lighted, and, after being brought in contact with the neck of the chicken, were stuck in the ground.

Now began the serious business. A formidable piece of yellow paper, covered with Chinese characters, was brought out and handed to Mr. Nevin, who declined to receive it, saying in English that if he or any white man read it the ceremony would lose much of its force, as the witnesses would claim that they had not understood him. The document was then tendered to several Chinamen, all of whom refused to read it, one saying in good English that he would not read the paper for a hundred thousand dollars.

Finally a Chinaman was found brave enough to undertake the office.

He read the dread formula first to the woman, who repeated it as he read. At its conclusion a large bundle of paper, previously prepared, was lighted, over which the woman stepped a couple of times, and then took possession of the chicken and the sacrificial knife, a cleaver-shaped implement, which had lain by the side of the fire during the reading of the oath. The male witnesses were then arranged in front of the fire, the oath was again read, each repeating it after the reader, who, after he had finished reading it, threw it on the fire. The Chinamen then, one by one, stepped over the fire, the head of the chicken was chopped off by the woman, and the sacrifice was accomplished.

A PARTRIDGE AND HER CHICKENS.

When spending a few holidays in the Highlands last summer, I was witness of a somewhat peculiar incident. Accompanying the worthy farmer with whom I was staying to the hay-field one morning, the reapers discovered a partridge sitting on her eggs right in the way of their scythes. As they could not proceed without her being removed, the farmer gently lifted her and placed the eggs, one by one, in his hat, to carry them to a place of safety; the poor bird meanwhile being in great distress, watching every moment with fluttering wings and palpitating heart, thinking, no doubt, we intend robbing her. No sooner had she seen the last egg safely removed, than, with a cry of delight, she flew on his shoulder, and leaping down on the hat containing her eggs, carefully spread her feathers, and remained sitting upon them until they were placed out of all danger under one of the hayricks. On going to see how she fared in her new abode in the evening, we were greatly surprised to see her surrounded by a numerous and interesting family. This bird continued about the farm all the time the brood remained by her, and at last got so tame that she would feed with the poultry. But alas! puss made sad havoc among the chickens; only seven out of the twenty-three which were hatched came to maturity. Whenever they got the use of their wings they disappeared, and have probably ere this time gone the way of all flesh.—*Scotch Paper.*

A EUROPEAN RIVAL FOR AMERICAN MEAT.

Stimulated by the success that has attended the importation of American meat into the United Kingdom, we learn from the London *Live Stock Journal* that a company has been organized, under the name of the London Meat Importation Co., for the purpose of securing supplies from districts near home if possible. The report of the directors to the first ordinary meeting of the shareholders states that an offer has been made to the company to load a vessel throughout the year with prime first-class meat, either on account of the shipper, on joint account, or on account of the company. The directors have made a personal inspection of various districts in North Germany, Austria, Hungary, Transylvania, Bohemia, Galicia, and in other portions of Eastern Europe, in order to decide as to the quality of meat suitable for the British market, to provide the necessary slaughter-house, appoint agents, etc. The directors report that they find it best, for many reasons, to slaughter as near the source of production as possible. The meat will be transported by refrigerated railroad cars and steamers.

—My mother asked me never to use tobacco; I have never touched it from that time to the present day; I have never gambled; I cannot tell who is losing in games that are being played. She admonished me, too, against hard drinking; and whatever capacity for endurance I have at present, and whatever usefulness I have, I attribute to having complied with her pious and correct wishes. When I was seven years of age she asked me not to drink, and then I made a resolution of total abstinence; and that I have adhered to it through all time, I owe to my mother.—*Horace Mann.*

Varieties.

—A bashful printer refused a situation in a printing office where females were employed, saying he never set up with girls in his life.

—Sir Garnet Wolseley's health has been so shattered by his residence in the Island of Cyprus that he contemplates a visit to England in order to recruit.

—Honest and courageous people have very little to say about either their courage or their honesty. The sun has no need to boast of his brightness, nor the moon of her effulgence.

—The London *Truth* says the Duke of Connaught will be appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland as soon after his marriage as an opportunity occurs to provide for the Duke of Marlborough.

—The new Queen of Burmah is said to be practically a believer in woman's rights—at least she takes a warm interest in the conduct of affairs. The King, after the custom of his fathers, married his own half-sister.

—Princess Louise of Prussia is to be attended by eight bridesmaids when she marries the Duke of Connaught—the daughters of two English dukes, of two Irish marquises, and of four earls, two Scotch and two English.

—The horse Custer rode to his massacre, a sorrel with one white foot and a star in its forehead, is said to be owned by Trader Dean, at the Spotted Tail agency, who bought it of an Indian who saw Custer fall.

—Birds build their nests in the seaweed which grows and floats with the Gulf Stream, and in many instances found a thousand miles from any land. This weed is sustained by pods grown upon it, which act as air floats.

—A locomotive shop in Paterson, N. J., is said to have received an order for seven immense electric lanterns from the Russian Government. These lanterns are to be placed at the bows of the seven largest Russian men-of-war.

—Paris street-cars are warmed by small hot-water pipes connected with a little stove placed beneath one of the platforms. The cost is about ten cents a day, the fuel used just being sufficient to keep a moderate quantity of water hot.

—A French Canadian M. P.-elect has published a letter, in which he says that he believes his earthly career is about drawing to a close, asks forgiveness from those he has unintentionally wronged in any manner, and forgives all his enemies.

—There are 421 Chinese business houses in San Francisco. In the Celestial directory are included five boarding-houses, four opium shops, three doctors' offices, three pawnshops, a photographic gallery, an undertaker's store, and two newspaper offices.

—A bankrupt at Houghton, Mich., was present when the final dividend was declared from his estate, which was just $7.70 short of yielding an even —per cent. To save the Commissioner trouble the insolvent magnanimously paid the $7.70 from a well-filled pocket-book.

—A deputy sheriff at Richmond, Ky., being unable to collect taxes from a resident, got a third party to admire the resident's false teeth and ask to be shown them, then darting forward seized them. After living on soup for a few days the resident paid his taxes and redeemed his property.

—The King of Sweden averted a financial panic in Stockholm by opening a heavy private account with one of the principal banks, concerning whose stability disquieting rumors were current. The King's act restored confidence and probably prevented very disastrous consequences.

—Mr. E. Atkinson saw a gray crow flying across a field near Woodstown, the other day, and says the other crows were giving chase. It is said that a flock of these birds will kill one of their number happening to have lighter feathers than themselves, or any marked peculiarity.—*Woodstown* (N. J.) *Register.*

—"Old Abe," the Wisconsin war eagle, has gone to Boston again. The Madison *Journal* says that orders for histories of the battle-worn bird are frequently received from abroad, and it estimates that over $50,000 has been earned by him for all sorts of societies, in the sale of photographs and histories and entrance fees to fairs.

—It is said of the late Major Whyte Melville, the English author, that he was once asked to provide some sketches of runs with hounds, but he replied that, although he could write a graphic description of a run that never had occurred, he never could write anything worth reading about a run at which he had been present. Curiously, too, he frequently expressed a hope that his end would be in the hunting-field.

—Miss C. Moore, who died in Kingston a few days ago, was the daughter of Thomas Moore, one of the merchant citizens of Boston who composed the famous party which threw over the tea in Boston harbor, December 16, 1774, and, singularly enough, she died on the anniversary of that event. She was the only person of the second generation present at the centennial celebration of the tea party held in Boston, December 16, 1874.—*Boston Journal.*

—Mr. Spurgeon suffers extremely from rheumatism. He is quoted in the *Baptist Weekly* as saying to a friend: "Going to America would kill me. I cannot bear excitement now. I must be quiet. I can keep on at the Tabernacle if my country friends will only let me have peace. It is coming out of hot rooms into the cold air that knocks me all to pieces, and to go to America to escape excitement would be like visiting the tropical regions to escape the heat. God bless all friends in America. But all I long for is to live to preach Christ at home."

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