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BILL NYE, ON A SCALDED CHILD.

JAG 1.

Come, all kind friends, both old and young,
Oh, hark an' you shall hear
How death did cruelly snatch a child
The parents loved most dear;
The lastest beautiful little frock
Was caught in a stove handle,
In falling over one Sabbath day
When the parents dear were *not* away.

JAG 2.

And to see and hear, but not to save,
Their little boy from a watery grave,
Which puts them in mind of one of yore
Who died by a scald while on the floor,
Strange! they both were burned on a Sabbath day,
And placed in the ground on Tuesdya;
A family living in the joining room
Hastened to the door of grief and gloom.

JAG 3.

Eighteen months Lucius spent with them
And cheered them with his smile;
But soon they mourned in weeds of woe
For their dear scalded child,
But Oh! what sorrow fills their heart,
'Tis more than tongue can tell,
To think how soon the time did come
To take their last farewell.

JAG 4.

And now the little boy has went
To that bright world above,
The other four please come this way
And sing redeeming love
Then Tompkins now a warning take,
Prepare to meet your God,
That you may meet your happy flock
In yonder blest abode.
There you may meet around the throne,
Parents and children on that shore
Where farewell tears are never shed
And scaldings are no more.

—*New York World.*

HE WAS A GOOD PROVIDER.

BY MRS. W. E. SMITH.

When Katie Watson became Mrs. Deacon Lee, everyone said what a good match she had made; for the Deacon was an honorable, upright man, pleasant, kind and generous; and in addition to this, was owner of the best farm for miles around, including a large piece of woodland.

So, as everyone thought of him as a

model husband, they never dreamed of attributing the care-worn look that grew on Katie's face to any fault of his. How could they, when she, loyal little woman, always spoke of him with so much pride and respect that the village gossips could find nothing of which to complain.

Even close-mouthed Jones, the grocer, said he "never see so good a provider as the Deacon was." Perhaps, he might have thought differently, if he had heard a few remarks Mary Ann Hoolihan made, when, after working at Deacon Lee's a couple of weeks, she announced her intention of leaving.

"Shure it's a good missus ye are, mum, an' every thing is plisant an' foine like around; but me repititation as cook is what I'd not like to be losing; there's many a place where the master has since enough, savin yer prisence, mum! to know it takes wood to build the fire, an' not say till ye, 'I guess ye can be pickin' up something to last ye the day,' when iver ye speak of the want of a stick for the day's bakin'. But don't worrit yourself I'll be spakin' of it outside, for it's many a kind word ye've given me, an' a new Ann Hool han niver'll forgit that same."

And she was as good as her word. No one but Katie's half sister, Jessie, suspected that there was any reason for her leaving.

After that Mrs. Lee did her own work, and never complained to the Deacon, who, always finding his meals well cooked, never inquired how they became so; and, as time rolled on, his confidence in her ability to "pick up some pieces 'round the yard" grew so great it seemed to have crowded all knowledge of the use of an axe out of his head; for, beyond drawing up a lot of old rails, when he put in his new wire fences, he left the getting the wood, as well as building the fires, entirely to Katie.

People driving by admired the well-kept yard, and said to each other what a neat man Deacon Lee was, to keep every chip and piece of wood picked up—never dreaming how Katie searched for every stray bit that might make kindling, dodging behind shrubs, or into the house when she saw a carriage approaching, for fear the occupants would see how she was employed, and censure the Deacon for his neglect.

"Great things from little causes flow," and so it was that the Deacon owed his reformation to a call made by Jessie and a friend one cold day in spring. The fire got low and Mrs. Lee, excusing herself for a moment, left the room, leaving her little three-year-old girl in Jessie's care. The child played about the room for a few moments, then, taking hold of the window-sill with her chubby hands, raised herself up and looked out.

"Ma's tuttin wood," she said, as Jessie looked at her, "she's tuttin wood!"

Miss Davis was talking and did not notice; but Jessie did, and the words confirmed a suspicion she had had for some time. She found it hard to be entertaining until Mrs. Lee came back, and, after replenishing the fire, renewed her conversation with Miss Davis.

Jessie seemed very much occupied with her own thoughts next day as she went about her work. At last a gleam of mischief came into her eyes, and she seemed to have arrived at some settled determination, for, as she hung the last piece of her snowy ironing on the clothes-bars, she brought her small foot down very emphatically and said:

"I'll do it if I ever have a chance."

Her chance came that haying-time. Deacon Lee had a nice lot of hay to put in, and, as it was the fashion there for the farmers to change work, he concluded to have a bee. Accordingly, he asked a number of his friends to come, and made arrangements for a big day's work.

But when he returned to the house, after mowing a roadway to the north meadow, he found that Mrs. Lee had been taken suddenly ill. The doctor was hastily summoned, who said it was necessary that the patient be kept perfectly quiet—must not be worried about anything—or it would result in brain fever. He left two or three bottles of medicine, and went away again, leaving the Deacon almost in danger of brain fever himself.

What should he do? In spite of his thoughtlessness, he dearly loved Katie, and was very anxious about her now. In addition to this anxiety, were his thoughts of the bee and the care of his little girl and sick wife. What wonder that his face was very grave as he leaned over his wife, asking if there was anything he could do or get for her.

He had her welfare too much at heart to say one word that would worry her, so when she began to speak of her work he kissed her forehead and told her that would be all right. But he was relieved when she mentioned Jessie; he went to the window at once, to watch for some one passing by whom he could send word; but, as no one came, he was obliged to have little Trot go for the nearest neighbor to stay with Katie while he went after Jess.

He found that young lady willing to come and take care of her sister; but as luck the Deacon did not quite understand, or like, flashed into her face when the bee was mentioned.

"I don't know, John," she said, "whether I can cook to suit you. You know I am rather particular about what I have to work with, and my way may not be a way you'd like."

Now the Deacon rather prided himself on keeping a well-furnished store room and good kitchen garden, so he smiled very complacently and replied that if she was obliged to prepare a different dinner to what she would do at home, for lack of materials to work with, he would be satisfied with whatever she did prepare.

It was not until afterward he understood the mischievous look in her eyes, as she said:

"You make me that promise, do you?"

He answered, "Certainly," readily enough, thinking, meanwhile, of the excellent dinners he had helped to eat that Jessie had prepared.

The dinner bell at the farm-house rang out cheerily at a quarter to twelve next day, and the Deacon, with a satisfied look at the amount of work accomplished, threw down his rake, and, with his men, started for the barn. There he let them to see to their teams, while he hurried to Katie's room. She was considerably better, and he was feeling very glad and grateful. As he lingered with her Jessie's voice suddenly called him to show the men to the dining-room.

It was very pleasant and cool in the shaded room, suspiciously so; but the Deacon never noticed that; he led the way to the table, and when all were seated bowed his head reverently; but the blessing he was about to ask died away on his lips, as his downward glance fell on the dish in front of him, on which was tastefully spread the pork-steak he had bought the night before, and which, the Deacon was horrified to see, was still raw. Farther down the table was a dish of early potatoes scraped and washed ready to cook, kept in countenance by plates of unbaked biscuit, dishes of raw, green peas, unbaked pies, etc., etc.

The Deacon gave one hasty glance at Jessie, but beyond a grave, anxious look in her eyes, her face expressed nothing of her feelings, as she said:

"I have done as you asked me, John; got as good a dinner as I could for your friends with the materials there were here. If it does not suit you, please remember I am not used to providing my own wood, *as Katie is*, and this is the best I could do without."

For a moment the Deacon was tempted to forget that he was a Deacon and swear; but before he had time to speak Ralph Brooks, a handsome young farmer, whose opinion the Deacon valued very highly, said:

"You are fairly beat, Deacon. You'd better give up." And as the Deacon glanced sheepishly around at the men and saw that they were all beginning to smile broadly, he said:

"I reckon I'll have to, Ralph, and—and—I *do* give up."

Then he joined in the laugh that followed.

Before the room was quiet again, Mr. Brooks, pushing back his chair, said:

"Boys, I propose that we get some wood for Miss Jessie to cook this dinner with." And the cheerful way in which they accepted the proposition made the Deacon ashamed of his momentary anger.

When, an hour and a half later, they again seated themselves at the table, he was honest enough to acknowledge to Jessie before them all that the lesson had been needed and he would try to profit by it.

He did profit by it; for when, a couple of months later, Mrs. Lee was first able to walk out in the yard, the Deacon, with pardonable pride, took her to see a large, new woodshed, well stocked with hardwood and kindling, telling her as they stood there of the way Jessie got dinner for him, and how sorry he was that the woodshed had not been built years before.

A mile or so from the Deacon's there is a cozy little house where Jessie cooks dinners for Mr. Brooks, and, to his credit be it said, she has never been obliged to try the same experiment with him that she did with her brother-in-law. From the way Deacon Lee laughs with her and her husband about the way she taught him to keep a supply of wood on hand, it is safe to say he has forgiven her for the lesson.

THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Ten Robber Toes.

There is a story that I have been told,
And it's just as old as babies are old,
For sweet Mother Eve, as every one knows,
Told her babies the tale of the toes.

Told to her babies how ten little toes,
Each one as pink as the pinkest pink rose,
Once on a time were naughty and bad,
And sorrow and trouble in consequence had.

How this big toe wanted butter and bread,
After his mamma had put him to bed,
And this lying next said, "Suppose we go
Down to the pantry and get it, you know."

And this wicked toe cried, "Come along, quick,
Let's sugar the butter over so thick,"
And the naughty toe cried, "Jelly for me
Top of the butter and bread, you see."

And this little toe cried, "Goody, let's go,
We'll slip down the stairs so quiet and slow,"
So ten rubber toes, all tipped with red,
Stole silently out of their snowy white bed.

While this wicked toe, so jolly and fat,
Helped nine naughty toes to pitty-pat-pat
Along the hallway, with pillars of white,
And down the back stairs devoid of light.

Then this little toe got a terrible scare,
For he thought in the dark of a grizzly bear,
And this little toe said, "Nurse must be right
'Bout goblins and witches living at night."

And this little toe said, "A fox may be hid
In the hatrack box, right under the lid,"
And this little toe cried, "Dearie me, oh!
Lions and tigers is coming, I know."

Then mamma came out with the beautiful light,
Caught ten rubber toes all ready for flight,
Yes, she caught and she kissed those ten robber toes,
Till redder they were than any red nose.

—*Lillie E. Barr, in the Independent.*

A Stray Shot.

It was early in '64 while our brigade (Hood's) was still in Tennessee, that one morning we received orders to be ready to march at a moment's notice. We had been idle for some time, and the prospect for action was not unwelcome. Besides, a "brush" meant a possible supply of blankets, clothes, and commissary stores—of all of which we were in sore need. Those of us who had them rolled up our ragged blankets; the bugles sounded "fall in," and we were on the march.

We learned presently that the Federals were advancing by Cumberland Gap, where we had about a regiment of cavalry and a battery of light artillery. It was a splendid day; the ground was covered with a fresh fall of snow that glistened in the cold sunshine, and melted away here and there, showing patches of warm-looking brown earth. The sky was a soft pale blue overhead, and the crisp little wind that blew in our faces had lost the biting edge it had at dawn. Our spirits rose as we fell into the familiar regular swinging step, and there was no straggling.

We had tramped steadily forward for some time when we heard, all at once, a sharp firing of small arms ahead, and rapid work by the battery. It seemed to be a short hot fight without the usual skirmishing, and we were put at once on a double quick. But much to our disappointment when we came to the bit of open country where the firing had seemed so brisk, save for the trampled snow and one or two wounded men and a few dead horses, a broken-down caisson, a saber dropped here and there, or a blue or gray cap caught on a bush or tossed on the ground, there was no evidence that a regiment of cavalry and a battery of artillery had here met an enemy in hand-to-hand conflict. The Federal troop, which proved to have been a single regiment out on a scout, had retired beyond the Gap, and our own forces had followed in the direction of its former position.

We were grumbling loudly at having come so far for nothing, when a woman, mounted on an old sorrel horse and wearing a blue homespun sunbonnet, came galloping down the road. She dismounted at a small double-log cabin near by, and walked rapidly over to the spot where we were making ready to camp.

Had we seen anything of her two little boys, she asked, turning a pale agonized face upon us. They had been perched upon the fence when the rebs began forming in line just across from the cabin, and the older one, "a leetle turned o' 6," had taken his little 4-year old brother by the hand and run out into the road to look on. Then, in a moment and before anybody could cry out to them even, the Yanks had come thundering along, and they had been caught between the lines and swallowed up in the rush and roar of battle. When the short tussle was over, they were nowhere to be seen. She had gone on to where our lines had been re-established, and had there got ready leave to pass over to the Federal camp; but no one had seen or heard anything of the missing children. Would we help her hunt them?

Wouldn't we? Every man volunteered with a whoop. We formed a long line—like a skirmish line—and started, searching every foot of ground carefully, and calling out cheerily as we went. We peered under the edges of fallen trees. We turned over brush-heaps. We scattered the dead leaves that had drifted into root-bound hollows. We dragged the little pools of water made by the melting snow.

We had gone over two or three miles in this way. The short afternoon was waning, and the wind was growing sharp and keen, with the lengthening rays of the sun. A halt was called. Some of the officers and older men consulted hastily together and were about decided to beat around in the opposite direction, when suddenly a shout came:

"There they are!"

The shout was caught up and turned into a glad yell as it rolled along the line. I had heard the "rebel yell" before; and I heard it many a time after, when it meant victory at the close of a life-and-death struggle, but I never heard our boys in gray sound such a note of triumph as went up from their throats that day, as they double-quicked it to the spot where those two little runaways were lying!

It was in an old field, whose long-neglected furrows were covered with a thick growth of yellow sedge all wet with melted snow and shining in the soft red rays of the setting sun. A bushy squat pine had shot up here and there; the rotting rail fence was overrun with blackberry vines and almost lost in a jungle of brown withered mullein and pokeberry stalks that grew in its sheltering corners.

The children were in one of these moist, tangled fence corners. Their little blue homespun frocks—for they both wore dresses—were all torn and draggled. Their chubby faces were briar-scratched and dirty. Their bare heads were matted with dry leaves and straw. But I reckon every man of us thought that God's blue sky never looked down upon a prettier picture than they made lying there, fast asleep and clasped closely in each other's arms.

We held our breath after that first shout for fear of frightening them. And when the grizzled old sergeant, whose very look was wont to make the recruits tremble in their boots, stepped toward them with a soft, almost bashful smile on his lips, and stooped, we all took off our caps and leaned eagerly forward. How we all envied big, burly, tender-hearted Tom J—— when the sergeant beckoned him and laid the oldest boy, all rosy and flushed with sleep, into his arms. The little fellow opened his blue eyes and stared vaguely around, then clasped his arms about Tom's neck and gave a long sigh of content.

The sergeant stooped again with a low chuckle of satisfaction. "The little-un is asleep for *sure!*" he said as he lifted him gently and turned. The next moment he staggered under his light burden and almost fell. A hoarse groan burst from his lips. The little head with its tangled mass of yellow curls rolled heavily down one side; the little arms hung inertly down; the sergeant's hands where they supported the tiny neck were all dabbled in blood!

The stray shot had done its cruel work well! It had ploughed across the small white throat and the baby head was almost severed from the little body. The "little-un" was indeed *asleep for sure!*

A kind of frozen horror swept over the group gathered in that old field. No man dared for awhile to look his neighbor in the face, and when he did he saw there an expression that he has not forgotten yet if he lives!

Ten minutes before we were all ready to toss up for the privilege of carrying those little chaps home. But now every man of us hung back, dumb and unnerved. And the sergeant and Tom turned slowly and tramped away through the falling shadows to lay the living and the dead together in that waiting mother's arms. We followed silently, with uncovered heads.

When the Federal officer in command heard that the children were lost he offered to disarm his men, stack their guns with ours, and join in the search. And more than once that night our pickets were challenged from the other side and anxious inquiries made for the little ones. When the answer went back across the hush and the silence of the night we could feel, though we could not see, the look that swept over the faces of our foes. And that look made us all akin!—*Hartwell Moore, in Wide Awake.*

ANCIENT BOOKS OF ASSYRIA.

What Is Told by the Clay Tablets Found in Ruined Cities of the East.

[From the Book News.]

By a great good fortune a large part of one of the finest and largest of the libraries of ancient times has been recovered. It was collected in the very height of the power of Assyria by a king who reigned from Media to Egypt, the great Assurbanipal, the Sardanapalus of the Greeks. This king, whose rule extended from 657 to 625 B. C., was no such effeminate monarch as is described by the Greek historians, but was a successful warrior and a very Maecenas of letters. His grand library, unlike those of Egypt, Greece, and Rome, has been preserved because the books were written, not on parchment or papyrus, but on clay. All organic textures perish, but a bit of earthenware is as nearly imperishable as anything man can make. The Assyrians wrote their books on tablets of soft clay. It was molded in the shape of a cushion or pillow, which, for small business-documents, would be from little more than an inch square to about three inches by two, or even a little larger. But for large documents—books of literature or science—much larger tablets were used and divided into a succession of columns on two sides. The writing was done with a stylus, which was not cut to a point but was cut square, like the end of a pocket rule. With such a square corner it is easy upon a pot of clay or on a bit of blotting paper to imitate the peculiar wedges of the cuneiform writing. The clay tablet having been carefully inscribed, it was fired, and produced a light-colored and permanent terra-cotta. Ordinary contract tablets were not necessarily burned, but were sun-dried. Thousands of these business tablets have been unearthed in Babylonia and vicinity, all accurately dated and invaluable for chronology.

Every chief Babylonian city has its library, and Assurbanipal sent his scribes to all of these, or had copies made for his library in Nineveh of their principal works. He took a pride in this similar to that which in the next century, Nebuchadnezzar took in his enormous public buildings. At the end of every principal book he put this colophon: "For the palace of Assurbanipal, king of legions, king of nations, king of Assyria, to whom the god Nebo and his spouse Tasmit (deities presiding over literature) have given attentive ears and open eyes to see the accounts of the writers of my realm, whom the kings, my predecessors, have employed. In my regard for Nebo (god of learning) I have found these tablets. I have had them copied. I have signed my name, and have put them in my palace." These tablets were put in charge of an officer, whose title was man of tablets, the precise equivalent of our librarian. They were ranged in the library in a methodical way. Each book had a title consisting, like those of papal bulls, of the first words, and in the case of a large work, extending over a large number of tablets, each one was numbered. Thus the great astronomical encyclopedia began with the words, "When the gods Anu and Ilu," and at the end of each tablet came the words "first" (or "second," "third," etc.) tablet of "When the gods Anu and Ilu." There were catchwords repeated, connecting the end of one tablet with the beginning of the next. Fragments of catalogues have been found and of directions for readers.

Thoughtful for Mamma.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyon, of Brooklyn, N. Y., have just lost a bright and promising child, their only boy, under distressing circumstances. The little fellow ran out to play and fell on the ice, striking on the back of his head.

To the gentleman who picked him up he said:

"Please don't tell mamma, 'cos she'll worry about me."

He went into the house and found his grandmother.

"Don't tell mamma," he said, as he laid his little head in her lap and complained of its aching.

The next day he went to school. When he went to recite his lesson to his teacher he could not remember it.

"The words are all here," he said, laying his little hot hand on his forehead, "but I can't make them come out. Oh, please, Miss ——, don't tell mamma."

The next day the brave little fellow died, begging them in his last breath "not to tell mamma."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE stupendous aqueduct on the Ellesmere Canal in England, 1,007 feet long and 126 feet high, was completed and opened Dec. 26, 1805.

A DREAM OF HAPPINESS.

BY ARTHUR C. GRISSOM.

I had a pleasant dream, and it was this:
I thought that Happiness had spread a net,
And that unwarily I was entrapped;
Then most delightful was my sudden bliss,
And all was bright and fair. I did forget
The things unpleasant, and my soul was wrapt
In peaceful joy, and was at rest.

And this was Happiness, which so few find!
O, Earth! O, Earth! those in this web are few
Indeed to those whose stray feet find it not.
The meshes that my willing limbs did bind
Gave but delight; at once I felt, I knew,
My God was near, and for the great gift brought
My joyous thanks—but did me wake.

Pepper and Salt.

Tramps and old-fashioned preachers are the only persons who talk any more about the "curse of labor." Show me a man who is busy (not *shrewd*) and I will show you a man who is as contented and happy as one can reasonably expect to be these days. On the other hand, if I want to find a man who is perfectly miserable and who really feels life to be a curse, I should have to point to a man who has "nothing to do."

* *

Certainly, if you put a man who has a natural aptitude for designing machinery to groom horses or measure off dry goods, he will not be particularly happy in his work, nor will he be very likely to make much headway in the world. But give an artist his pencils and brushes, an engineer his lever and steam-gauge, or a physician his pills and patients, and the "curse of labor" becomes a very much exploded myth.

* *

Parents often spoil the best effects of many years of self-denial by stopping short just a little too soon. When Johnny gets to be fifteen or sixteen years old he can earn quite a fair salary, for a lad, in an office or in a store, therefore, to the office or to the store Johnny is sent. Nine times out of ten Johnny never amounts to anything either in the store or in the office, because Johnny has in him the raw material for a lawyer or a surgeon. If Johnny's inclinations and natural ability had been consulted, he would have developed, with a few extra years' training, into a clever man, and might have shone in after life as an honorable Judge or medical expert. As it is, he is plain, common, every-day Johnny Smith, the down-town clerk.

* *

Of course a large number of young men and young women find themselves on the threshold of active life without aims or fixed inclinations of any kind sooner. They have started out in that highly unsatisfactory way which may best be defined as "drifting." They vaguely desire to make a name in the world, but they appear to entirely overlook the fact that, before an impression can be made, a blow must be struck. These helpless straws upon the stream of life will, perhaps, doubtless find labor to be a curse, because their labor is of such a desultory nature that it brings with it no adequate satisfaction or commensurate reward.

This drifting business is bad in more ways than one. You may launch the tautest craft ever put together by skilled hands, upon the smoothest and broadest stream on earth; but without a rudder and a master-wind to guide it, shipwreck is only a question of time. And the danger does not end there. Rocks, currents, and shallows are all clearly defined upon the charts, and the careful mariner can avoid such obstacles to safe navigation. But the most skillful skipper is liable to collide his vessel with one of these drifting wrecks.

A wreck adrift is better sunk in deep water. For itself it is already a failure, and to other craft it is fearfully dangerous. But what a terrible thing it is when men and women, by no aggressive wrong-doing—merely drifting—arrive at that stage where the world around them will breathe easier and feel better for their final disappearance.

* *

An ancient worthy once prayed, "Give me neither poverty nor riches." So the worker of to-day might with wisdom seek for neither failure nor unqualified success. It is when a man's success is doubtful that his work is of the highest quality. Then he has faith in himself and his work, and he has one aim—success. After success is assured faith in his labor is no longer necessary, and the aim has vanished in its achievement.

* *

Success very often spoils a man. This individual makes a first-rate lawyer or orator, so he quits the bar or the platform and takes his hand at governing and law-making; another is a successful preacher, so he attempts to write a book; while a third is such an excellent chef that he sets up as landlord of a large hotel. So that the direct results of all this success are poor politicians, indifferent authors, and decidedly uncomfortable hostelries.

* *

Thus, by my own reasoning, I find myself in danger of proving that labor, and successful labor, is a curse. But, no! I have merely cited exceptions to prove the rule. The right kind of labor, taken up by the right kind of men and women, is the greatest boon that could possibly have been conferred upon human beings with itching fingers and active brains. There will always be more truth than fiction in the time-honored couplet of old Dr. Watts:

Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

The Unlovely Woman.

There is no more unlovely woman in the world than a sour-disposition ed woman. She will say the bitterest things, although smiling the while, and make everyone with whom she comes in contact uncomfortable. Sometimes she is wrapped in suavity and ostentatious piety and makes her personal afflictions and physical ills her capital for gaining sympathetic listeners whose patience she abuses henceforth. She can tell you ill reports about anybody, will warn you against the deceit of this one and that one, manifests flattering solicitude and interest in your private business, and is so glad that she met you in time to save you from the evil influence of this and that fellow church member. She cloaks the heart of a fiend in the garb of a Christian. Strangers are her especial victims. For downright mean, cutting remarks, a malicious woman excels anything on record. A lovely lady, who is a recent acquisition to Des Moines, once told the writer of several malicious remarks made to her by a fellow church woman soon after her advent here. In speaking of a certain pastor, one said: "Has Dr. Blank called on you yet? No? Well, I always gauge his welcome to strangers in the church by the length of time he takes in calling upon them." Of course the sour woman is found outside of the church and in every grade of society, but it is she who has publicly vowed to "do unto others" that elicits especial contempt.—*Des Moines Mail.*

How a Woman Would Propose.

I think it would be funny to hear a woman propose to a man. I wonder how she would do it.

"I think you're the nicest man I ever saw, and—I never loved anybody before—but well—of course—I could marry plenty. There's Harry Thompson—and Mr. Jones—I know they would—if I—but I'd rather have you than anybody."

"When shall the wedding-day be?"

"Let me see: the 21st—no, I've got to go to a wedding on the 15th—I think it will be the 15th—I don't know. And then there's Mrs. Wilkerson's german on the 20th, and the ball on the 22d. Perhaps about the 25th—if Mary Fariones doesn't give her garden party. Let us say some time next month, dearest."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Modern Rose History.

The rose is old and always has been well beloved. Its old name, Queen of Flowers, was never questioned until lately, since the numerous handsome flowers that bloom over a long season, have caused some gardeners to believe that the region of the rose must be divided. Like many other improvements of the present century, the greatest excellence has been attained within the last fifty years.

This is suggested by an article contributed to the *Quarterly Review* by an enthusiast, who says:

Not one of 500 roses on the first list sent out in 1834 by Mr. Rivers, of Strawbridgeworth, is now to be found at our rose shows. "What a dethronement of those kings and queens; Roi de Prusse, Reine de Belgique, King of Rome, Empress of Russia, Grand Sultan, and even Queen of Perpetuals herself, exist no more. The rose-growers of that day had, no doubt, "their visions and dreams of beauty yet unborn, just as we who love roses now see sometimes in the garden of imagination a snow-white Charles Lefebvre or a Mademoiselle Blanche Beaumann, a scarlet La Marque or a crimson Maréchal Niel." They wasted no vain regrets, however, like true gardeners, but accepted what they found as even too wonderful for them, and in the spirit of the great Linnaeus, who "burst into tears of joyful amazement when he first saw an English common aglow with gold gorse." Ten years after Mr. Rivers issued his first list of roses William Paul, of Rose Hill Nurseries, published the *Rose Garden*. It was erroneously supposed in those days that with proper culture roses would grow anywhere, but not all with like success, and much attention was given to cultivation. The roses of this second period were chiefly summer roses, hardy hybrids of the Bourbon, China and Gallica families; but of the two divisions which now supply us all but exclusively with the loveliest flowers in our gardens, the hybrid perpetuals and the tea-scented, there was a dismal dearth.

In 1847 a phenomenon among roses appeared, the Geant des Batailles, which met with such success that 8,000 standards and dwarfs were sold from the nursery at Strawbridgeworth. Ten years later came the Jacqueminot, and the same year the Gloire de Dijon. In 1859 Senateur Vaisse a true perpetual, was sent out by Guillot pere. In 1861 Charles Lefebvre was enthroned by universal acclamation as King of Roses, and has continued on the throne until this day. He won the appreciation of every class; even a mechanic confessed to going out of his way at noon to "get a glimpse of Charlie." Two years later Marie Beaumann came. The last type to appear was the hardy teas. The tea-rose had been thought fit only for the green-house, and it was a great gain when it was added to the garden-roses. Such recollections are as valuable for what they leave out and forget as for what they recall. An American would perhaps have had other names to mention, but such as it is the modern history of the rose popularity is well worth preservation.

Byron and His Works.

From the publication of the first two cantos of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," in the winter of 1812, just after his 24th birthday, down to the writing of the lines on his 36th birthday, a few months before his death—the splendid energies of Byron were incessantly creating poems. His rapidity in writing surpassed that of all his contemporaries—even that of Scott in prose—surpassed that of any English poet whose habits of composition are known to me. He wrote "The Corsair" in the nights of thirteen days—after coming home from routs and balls, if my memory is not at fault—and he wrote "The Prisoner of Chillon" in two days at a little wayside inn in Switzerland. And his intellectual growth was as rapid as his manner of writing. Beginning with what may be imagined to be an analysis of his own personality in the poetic character of Childe Harolde, he discovered that he possessed the power of inventing and telling impassioned, romantic stories, in which he could draw upon his knowledge of the East, and the result was the production in swift succession of "The Giaour," "The Corsair," "Lara," "The Bride of Abydos," "The Siege of Corinth," and "Parsina," which are as spirited and effective to-day as the day when they were published. The rapid maturity of Byron's genius is felt when one compares the two last cantos of "Childe Harolde's Pilgrimage" with the two first, which, more or less tentative throughout, are brilliant only in detached stanzas which throb with struggling fire. We have Byron in his greatest, in a meditative point of view, in the third and fourth cantos—especially the fourth canto—of this incomparable poem, which is the high water mark of English poetry.—*R. H. Stoddard.*

Agnosticism.

The doctrines of religion relate to problems which in their nature are too abstract and too difficult to be correctly understood by the generality of men. The purest inspirations of the great religious teachers are sure to be degraded and perverted by their followers. Compare, for instance, the Jesus of the Beatitudes with the Jesus of the Inquisition, the religion of the Spirit, as taught by the Hebrew prophets, with the religion of the pot and kettle of many of their uneducated followers. It is better, therefore, for us to confine ourselves to teaching simple morality to the people and to leave the metaphysical problems which are involved in all high religious thought to those who are capable of comprehending them. Whether this view be correct or not, is one thing; whether it implies an offensive assault upon religion I shall leave to the judgment of candid and unbiased minds.—*Felix Adler.*

Double-Headers.

People of morbid impulses—Those who frequent auction rooms.

Poor business—That of the Charity Bureau.

Change for the better—Breaking a ten for a gambler.

Making extremes meet—Curing a headache with a cocktail.

A put-up job—Depositing the stakes.

The lobster-seller's lullaby—Boil lob, buy.

The last word—Amen.

Signs of summer—Fly specks.

Howling the horn—Calling for the second dram.

Keeping it up—The piers of a bridge.

Man-o'-war-bored—The boarder who is surfeited with a diet of eggs.

A mad affair—A silent bid at an auction.

A poor relation—A badly told story.

SECRET voting was practiced by the ancient Greeks and Romans. The word ballot comes from the French *ballotte* (a little ball). The first record of the use of a ballot-box is that of 1526, when such was employed in the election of Aldermen of London.

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Railroad Schedules, etc.

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Leave Piedmont	6 50 a m	11 40 a m
" Barton	6 45 "	11 55 "
" Lonaconing	6 55 "	12 10 p m
" Ocean	7 10 "	12 25 "
" Frostburg	7 25 "	12 42 "
" Mt. Savage	7 55 "	1 07 "
" Barrelville	8 01 "	1 12 "
" C and P. Junction	8 11 "	1 20 "
Arrive at Cumberland	8 20 "	1 35 "

—WESTWARD.—		
Leave Cumberland	9 15 a m	2 35 p m
" C and P. Junction	9 20 "	2 50 "
" Barrelville	9 40 "	4 01 "
" Mt. Savage	9 46 "	4 09 "
" Frostburg	10 12 "	4 35 "
" Ocean	10 26 "	4 52 "
" Lonaconing	10 42 "	5 07 "
" Barton	10 50 "	5 17 "
Arrive at Piedmont	11 10 "	5 32 "

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