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"My sister'll be down in a minute, and says you're to wait, if you please,
And says I might stay till she came if I'd promise her never to tease,
Nor speak till you spoke to me first. But that's nonsense, for how would you know
What she told me to say if I didn't? Don't you really and truly think so?

"And then you'll feel strange here alone! And you wouldn't know just where to sit;
For that chair isn't strong on its legs, and we never use it a bit.
We keep it to match with the sofa. But Jack says it would be like you
To flop yourself right down upon it, and knock out the very last screw.

"S'pose you try? I won't tell. You're afraid to! Oh! you're afraid they would think it was mean!
Well, then, there's the album—that's pretty, if you're sure that your fingers are clean.
For sister says sometimes I daub it, but she only says that when she's cross.
That's her picture. You know it? It's like her, but she ain't as good looking, of course!

"This is ME. It's the best of 'em all. Now, tell me, you'd never have thought
That once I was little as that? It's the only one that could be bought,
For that was the message to pa from the photograph man where I sat—
That he wouldn't print off any more till he first got his money for that.

"What? Maybe you're tired of waiting. Why, often she's longer than this
There's all her back hair to do up, and all of her front curls to friz.
But it's nice to be sitting here talking like grown people, just you and me.
Do you think you'll be coming here often? Oh, do! But don't come like Tom Lee.

"Tom Lee? Her last beau. Why, my goodness, he used to be here day and night,
Till the folks thought that he'd be her husband, and Jack says that gave him a fright.
You won't run away, then, as he did? for you're not a rich man, they say.
Pa says you're as poor as a church mouse. Now, are you? And how poor are they?

"Ain't you glad that you met me? Well, *I* am, for I know now your hair *isn't* red!
But what there is left of it's mousy, and not what that naughty Jack said.
But there! I must go. Sister's coming. But I wish I could wait, just to see
If she ran up to you and she kissed you in the way that she used to kiss Lee."

BRET HARTE.

The Battle of Sedan.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

On August 31, 1870, an army found itself assembled and, as it were, massed, under the walls of Sedan, in a place called Fond de Givonne. This army was a French army; 29 brigades, 15 divisions, four army corps, 90,000 men. This army was at this place no one knew why, without order, without purpose, pell mell, as a kind of a heap of men thrown there as though to be grasped by a giant hand.

This army did not experience or seem to experience, for the moment, any immediate uneasiness. It knew, or thought it knew, that the foe was pretty remote. Calculating the marches at the rate of four leagues a day, it was removed by a three days' march. Still, toward evening, the chiefs made some wise strategical arrangements; as the rear of the army rested upon Sedan and the Meuse river, they protected it by two lines of battle: one, consisting of the Seventh Corps, and extending from Floing to Givonne; the other, consisting of the Twelfth Corps, and extending from Givonne to Bazeilles, a triangle of which the Meuse formed the hypothenuse.

The Twelth Corps, including the three divisions of Lacretelle, Lartigue, and Wolff, drawn up in a straight line, with the artillery between the brigades, constituted a real barrier, having at its extremeties Bazeilles and Givonne and in its centre Daigny; the two divisions of Petit and Lheritier abutted the barrier. Gen. Lebrun commanded the Twelfth Corps.

The Seventh Corps, commanded by Gen. Douay, included only two divisions, Dumont's division and Guibert's, and formed the other line of battle covering the army from Givonne to Floing, toward Illy; this line was relatively weak—too open in the direction of Givonne, and only protected in the direction of the Meuse by the two cavalry divisions of Marguerite and Bonnemains, and by Guyomar's brigade resting in a square upon Floing. In this triangle were encamped the Fifth Corps, under Gen. Wimpfen, and the First Corps, under Gen. Ducrot. Michel's division of cavalry covered the First Corps toward Daigny; the Fifth leaned upon Sedan. Four divisions, each drawn up in two lines, Lheritier's, Grandchamp's, Goze's, and Conseil-Dumenil's, formed a sort of horse-shoe turned toward Sedan and connecting the first line of battle with the second. Ameil's division of cavalry, and Fontanges' brigade acted as a reserve for these four divisions. The whole artillery was in these two lines of battle. Two sections of the army were in mid-air, one to the right of Sedan, beyond Balan, and the other on the left, this side of Iges. Beyond Balan were Vissoigne's division and Reboul's brigade; this side of Iges were Marguerite's and Bonnemains' divisions of cavalry.

These arrangements indicated a sense of perfect security. First of all the Emperor Napoleon would not have come there had he not been quite easy in mind. The Fond de Givonne is what Napoleon I. was wont to call a wash-bowl, and what Admiral Tromp called a *pot de chambre*. No packing-box could be closer. An army on the spot is so thoroughly at home, as to be too much so; it runs the risk of not being able to leave the place. This gave preoccupation to a few valiant and prudent chiefs like Wimpfen, who were not listened to. If worse comes to worst, said the members of the imperial suite, we are always sure to reach Mezieres, and, happen what may, the Belgian frontier. But ought such extreme eventualities to be foreseen? In certain cases, to foresee is almost to offend. So all agreed for tranquillity's sake.

Had they been uneasy, they would have cut the bridges over the Meuse, but on one thought of doing so. To what end? The enemy was far away. The Emperor, evidently well informed, asserted it.

The army bivouacked rather pell-mell, as we mentioned above, and slept peacefully through the night of Aug. 31, having, under all circumstances, or believing that it had, a retreat upon Mezieres open to it. Even the most common measures of precaution were disdained; no cavalry reconnoissances were undertaken; they did not even send out grand guards; a German writer says so.

They were separated from the German Army by 14 leagues at least; they did not know precisely where that army was; they fancied it was scattered, holding ill together, ill advised, directed somewhat at hap-hazard upon several objective points simultaneously, unable to effect a converging movement upon a single spot, like Sedan; they thought they knew that the Prince of Saxony was marching upon Chalons, and the Prince of Prussia upon Metz; they were ignorant of everything concerning the German Army, its chiefs, its plans, its equipment, its numbers. Did it still practice the strategy of Gustavus-Adolphus? Was it still no further than the tactics of Frederick II.? No one knew. They were sure that in a few weeks they would be in Berlin. Pshaw! the Prussian Army! They spoke of the war as of a dream, and of the hostile army as of a phantom.

During this same night, while the French Army slumbered, this is what was being done:

At 1.45 o'clock in the morning, at the headquarters of Mouzon, Albert, Prince Royal of Saxony, moved with the Army of the Meuse; the Royal Guard took up its arms on an alarm, and two divisions advanced, one upon Villers-Cernay, by Escambre and Fouru-aux-Bois, the other upon Francheval, by Suchy and Fouru-Saint-Remy. The artillery of the guard followed at the same hour, the Twelfth Saxon Corps took up its arms on an alarm, and through the highway south of Douzy, proceeded toward Lamecourt and marched upon Moncelle; the First Bavarian Corps marched upon Bazeilles, supported at Renilly-sur-Meuse by a division of artillery of the Fourth Corps. The other division of the Fourth Corps crossed the Meuse at Mouzon, and was massed as a reserve at Mairy, on the right bank. The three columns kept connected with each other. Orders had been given the advance guard not to commence any offensive movement before 5 o'clock, and to occupy Fouru-aux-Bois, Fouru-Saint-Remy, and le Douay. The knapsacks had been left with the baggage. The artillery trains did not stir. The Prince of Saxony was on horseback on the heights of Amblimont.

At the same hour, at the headquarters of Chemery, Blumenthal had the Wurtemberg Division build a bridge over the Meuse. The Eleventh Corps, moving before dawn, crossed the Meuse at Donle-Mesnil and at Donchery, and reached Virgne-Sur-Bois. The artillery followed and commanded the road from Virgne to Sedan. The Wurtemberg Division defended the bridge it built and commanded the road from Sedan to Mezieres. At 5 o'clock, the Second Bavarian Corps, headed by its artillery, moved one of its divisions and sent it by Bulson toward Frenois; the other division passed by Noyers and formed before Sedan, between Frenois and Wadelincourt. The reserve artillery was installed upon the heights on the left bank, opposite Donchery.

At that very moment the Sixth Division of Cavalry moved from Mazeray and, by Bontancourt and Bolzicourt, reached the Meuse at Flize; the Second Division of Cavalry left its quarters and took up its position south of Bontancourt; the Fourth Division of Calvary took up its position south of Frenois; the First Bavarian Corps stood at Remilly, the Fifth Division of Cavalry and the Sixth Corps were in observation, and all, in line and in order, massed upon the heights, awaited the dawn. The Prince Royal of Prussia was on horseback on the hill of Frenois.

Simultaneously, on all points of the horizon, similar movements were effected. The high hills were suddenly invaded by an immense black army. Not a cry of command was heard. Two hundred ank fifty thousand men came, in dumbness, and formed a circle about the Fond de Givonne.

The circle was composed as follows: The Bavarians, right wing, at Bazeilles, on the Meuse; near the Bavarians the Saxons, at La Moncelle, and at Daigny; opposite Givonne, the Royal Guard; the Fifth Corps at Saint Menges; the second at Flaigneux; on the bend of the Meuse, between Saint Menges and Donchery, the Wurtemburgers; Count Stolburg and his cavalry at Donchery; in front toward Sedan the Second Bavarian Army.

All this was achieved in spectral fashion, in order, without a breath, without a noise, through the forests, the ravines, and the valleys. A sinuous and sinister march. A dragging along of reptiles.

Scarcely was a murmur audible beneath the thick foliage. The silent battle swarmed in the darkness while awaiting daybreak.

The French Army slept.

Suddenly it awoke.

It was a captive.

The sun rose, splendid as it shown toward God, terrible as it shown toward man.

Let us define the situation.

The Germans have numerical strength on their side; they are three to one, four, perhaps; they confess to having 250,000 men, but it is certain that their line of attack was 30 kilometres in length; they hold the positions, crown the heights fill the forests, they are covered by all steeps, they are masked by all the shadows, they have matchless artillery. The French army is in a hollow, almost without artillery and ammunition, naked under their grape-shot. The Germans have ambush on their side, the French have on theirs nothing but heroism. It is a fine thing to die, but a good thing to surprise.

This achievement at arms is a surprise.

Is it fair war? Yes, but if this be fair war, what is foul war? the same thing.

Thus much said, the battle of Sedan is recounted.

We would stop here. But we cannot. Great though the horror of the historian be, history is a duty, and must be fulfilled. There is no more imperious slope than this: to tell the truth; whoever ventures upon it rolls to the bottom. It must be so. The Judge is doomed to justice.

The battle of Sedan is more than a battle which is fought; it is a syllogism which finishes itself; dread premeditation of destiny. Fate never hurries, but always attains its goal. Its hour strikes and it is there. It lets years go by, then when least thought of, it appears. Sedan is the fatal unexpected. From time to time, in history, divine logic makes sorties. Sedan is one of these sorties,

So, on the 1st of September, at five o'clock in the morning, the world awoke under the sun, and the French Army under the thunderbolt.

Bazeille, takes fire, Givonne takes fire, Floing takes fire; the thing begins by a furnace. The whole horrizon is aflame. The French camp is in this crater, stupefied, scared, startled, in a funereal swarm. A ring of thunderbolts encircles the army. Extermination hems it in.

This immense murder is carried on on all sides at once. The French resist, and they are terrible, for they have nothing left them but despair. Our guns, almost all old fashioned and carrying badly, are immediately dismounted by the terrible and precise aim of the Prussians. The density of the rain of shells upon the valley is such that "the earth is ruled," says a witness, "as by a rake." How many guns? Eleven hundred at least. Twelve German batteries on the Moncelle only, the third and fourth *abtheilung*, a frightful artillery, on the crests of Givonne, with the Second Horse Battery as a reserve; opposite Doigny, ten Saxon and two Wurtemburg batteries; the curtain of trees in the wood north of Villers-Cernay conceals the mounted *abtheilung* with the Third Heavy Artillery as a reserve, and from this gloomy thicket is poured a formidable fire; the 25 pieces of heavy artillery form a battery in the clearing near the road from La Moncelle to La Chapelle; the battery of the Royal Guard sets fire to the wood De la Garenne; the bombs and bullets riddle Suchy, Francheval, Fouru-Saint Remy, and the valley between Heibes and Givonne; and the triple and quadruple row of guns extend without a break to the cavalry of Illy, the most remote point of the horizon.

The German soldiers, seated or recumbent before the batteries, look upon the artillery doing its work. The French soldiers fall and die. Among the corpses which cover the plain is one, that of an officer, upon which they will find, after the battle, a sealed paper containing this order, signed by Napoleon: "This September 1, rest for the whole army." The valiant Thirty-fifth Regiment of the Line disappears almost entirely under the crushing mass of shells; the brave marines hold the Saxons and Bavarians in check for an instant, but, being overflowed on all sides, fall back; the whole admirable cavalry of Marguerite's division, hurled against the German infantry, stops and breaks down when half way on its road, exterminated, says the Prussian report, "by well directed and quiet fire." This field of carnage has three issues, all of which are closed: the Bouillon road, by the Prussian Guard, the Carignan road, by the Bavarians, and the Mezieres road, by the Wurtembergers. The French have not thought of barricading the viaduct of the railroad; three German battalions have occupied it all night; two isolated houses on the Balan road might have been the pivot of a prolonged resistance, but the Germans hold them; the Montvillers Park, at Bazeilles, deep and full of thick foliage, might have prevented the Saxons, who are masters of La Moncelle, and the Bavarians, who are masters of Bazeilles, from effecting a junction, but the French have been forestalled, and the Bavarians are seen there, cutting away the hedges with their sickles.

The German army moves all of a piece with absolute unity; the Prince of Saxony is on the hill of Mairy, whence he commands the scene. In the French army the command oscillates at the outset of the battle; at 5:45, MacMahon is wounded by the fragment of a shell; at seven o'clock Ducrot takes his place; at ten o'clock Wimpfen takes Ducrot's.

From minute to minute the wall of the fire approaches, the thunder-roll is continuous, a sinister pulverizing of 90,000 men. Nothing like it was ever witnessed; never did an army sink under such a falling mass of grape. At one o'clock all is lost. The regiments take refuge, pell-mell, in Sedan. But Sedan begins to burn; Le Dijonval burns, the ambulances burn; nothing but a dash through the lines is possible. Wimpfen, brave and firm, suggests it to the Emperor. The Third Zouaves, maddened, have set the example; being parted from the remainder of the army, they have made their way through the foe and reached Belgium. A flight of lions.

Suddenly, above the disaster, above the enormous heap of slain and dying men, above all this hapless heroism appears shame. The white flag is hoisted.

There were there Turenne and Vauban—both present, one in his statue, the other in his citadel.

The statue and the citadel assisted at the horrible capitulation. The two virgins, one of bronze, the other of granite, felt themselves prostituted. O, august brew of our country! O, eternal blush of shame!

A Word for the little Ones.

I hate to see children forced to do things that are disagreeable to them, merely for the purpose of making them obey. When any good end is to be answered it is different. Little ones often object to what is best for them, and when firmness is necessary people should of course, be firm. But if a little, poverless creature has a strong fancy, or a great repugnance, a parent or guardian abuses his power in ignoring it. Why should your little boy be made to eat the fat of his meat, if he loaths it, or anything, no matter what, that is repulsive to him? It may be necessary to refuse some things at table to children, but seldom, if ever, to force anything upon them.

Why make a child, either girl or boy, miserable by forcing it to wear articles of clothing of which its taste does not approve, or at which other children laugh? I think little girls suffer more from this than from any other one thing. Almost all of us have some such memory I knew a lady whose childish life was made wretched for a year by an obsolete old bag in which she was forced to carry her books to school; and another whose mother forced her to wear some old lace, which, though costly, was laughed at by the ignorant children who made her world, who declares that she actually wished herself dead, until that lace was banished from her wardrobe.

If you can afford it, it is wiser to give your boy the particular top or kite he wants, and your girl the very doll she covets, or the blue ribbons she admires, And, at any rate, you need not uselessly force them to anything from which they shrink, or which makes them unhappy.

The Eurydice Catastrophe.

Within a gunshot of a pretty English winter resort for invalids and opposite one of the bold headlands of the Isle of Wight, an island famous on account of its being a favorite place of royal residence, a fine ship of war, with all her canvas set and manned by a full and skillful crew of officers and men, disappears in a snow squall—that is to say, she capsizes, fills and sinks to the bottom of the English Channel in a few minutes. The gallant crew, full of hope that their long and prosperous voyage from the West Indies will terminate in a few hours, and that "leave," with its usual accompaniment—many months' pay—will fill the hours with joy and festivity at home, are assembled on the maindeck for prayers. The ship is in her best trim, with every sail filled by a favoring breeze; the sun shines brilliantly on her, and the pier at Ventnor is crowded with admiring gazers at her fair proportions and snowy canvas. No one seems to be looking toward the darkening north where the storm is gathering its awful forces for a rush over this scene of peace and beauty. Suddenly a cold, strong wind, that momentarily grows fiercer, blows snowflakes over the land and sea. The gazers on the pier run for shelter. The squall strikes and snow envelopes the beautiful ship; a wild flurry, lasting but a little while, ensues; the sunlight again bursts from the passing clouds in a flood of brilliancy, but the Eurydice, alas! she has disappeared like a figure in a mirage, and some floating wreck marks where she has sunk with all her crew beneath the waters. Such is, in brief, the story of a terrible catastrophe which has scarcely a parallel in the tragedies of the sea.

LITTLE PIGS.—A clergyman in one of the Hudson river towns united a German couple in marriage. When the knot was tied, the bridegroom said: "Dominie, I've got no monish, but I'll send you von leetle pig." It was done, and the circumstance was forgotten by the clergyman. Two years afterward he met the German in another town, for the first time since the marriage ceremony was performed. "Dominie," said the German, "you remembers you married me, and I gave you von leetle pig?" "Yes." "Vell, if you'll unmarry me I'll give you two leetle pigs."

The Whisky Register.

A newspaper correspondent, who has been in Richmond, Va., speaking of the bell register used in liquor saloons, says that the plan seems to work well. The farmers favor the tax because it removes a burden from their shoulders. The officials favor it on the ground that it promotes public morals and gets a tax out of people who never paid one. One man termed it the best temperance law that had ever been drawn. The liquor dealer backs it because it does away with the credit system, and the indicator acts as a check upon his bartender, for the amount of money in the drawer must tally with the register. In every case liquor sellers claim that their receipts have been increased. A proprietor in Richmond told me that his gain in receipts for the first eighteen days was $39.50. In Culpepper a hotel keeper claimed that through the decrease in the credit system, it raised his receipts 600 per cent. Of course, the dealers have raised the price of whisky from ten to fifteen cents a glass. If a man takes a drink alone he pays his fifteen cents, thus giving two and one-half cents to the State, and adding a like sum to the profits of the seller. If two take a drink together they get it for twenty-five cents, the State in this case receiving the extra five cents. If a man treats two persons besides himself, he pays forty cents, the State getting seven and one-half cents, and the seller an additional profit of two and one-half cents. For every odd drink the liquor dealer secures this extra profit, and it would be singular indeed if he should revile a law that puts money in his pocket. Besides this, it keeps bummers away from his saloon, and entirely stops the credit system; for a man must have a hard cheek who asks another to pay two and one-half cents for the privilege of trusting him. So much for the dealer. The bartender is satisfied, probably because the law gives him an opportunity to "knock down" the extra two and one-half cents without fear of detection.

The law is enforced as strictly as the circumstances will permit, but some dealers have been indicted for attempts to evade it. In Norfolk indictments are pending for direct violations. It is thought that there is some cheating in Petersburg and Lynchburg, but in Beverly Douglas' Congress District it is said to work to a charm. A prominent proprietor in Lynchburg made his returns at the end of the first month. The assessor analyzed the figures, and found that they turned out only two drinks a day. He mentioned the matter to the seller, saying that there must be some mistake, as he knew his saloon was one of the most popular in the city. The proprietor colored and threw the blame on his bartenders. He declared that they must have misapprehended the terms of the law. After privately examining them he struck the bell of the alcoholic register 500 times, and thus added $12.50 to the month's tax. The assessor accepted the figures and the collector got the money. The operations of the double license as a retail dealer and keeper of a barroom gives dishonest men an opportunity to "beat" the law, but it is a small business. They sell a half pint to a customer, who leaves the room with the liquor and divides it with his comrades outside the premises. Under the retail license the tax is two and one-half cents per pint, while under the barroom license it would be two and one-half cents for every drink into which it is divided.

But the favorite mode of cheating is to ring the bell of the malt register for alcoholic drinks, giving the dealer a clean two cents on every imbibation. The law provides that the bell shall be rung in the presence of the buyer. While he is busy pouring down his drink the barkeeper turns the malt crank. The buyer's eye is not on the alcoholic dial, but as he hears the bell he supposes it all right, pays his money and slopes. If he detects the imposition and protests, the bartender declares that he inadvertently rung the wrong register and corrects the mistake. The severe pains and penalties are imposed for a willful violation of the law, and a plea of inadvertence can easily be sustained.

CANNING STUFF.—One of these days the English plum pudding will be made and canned in America, and sent across the ocean. Already an enterprising firm of Yankees is putting up boneless ham in cans for domestic and foreign markets. During the past few months it has been preserving large quantities of poultry, which is canned in the same style as pressed beef, the fowls being boned and chopped up. Lately, it has, with complete success, accomplished the feat of canning turkeys entire, with every bone removed. From boned turkey to chicken and veal-pies is only a short step, and then will come the British birthright—the Christmas pudding—made, seasoned and canned by down-east Yankees, say, about the 4th of July.

STANDING AROUND.—A little boy who went to church was told to remember the text, which was: "Why stand ye here all the day idle? Go into the vineyard and work, and whatsoever is right, that I will pay thee." Johnny came home and was asked to repeat the text, He thought it over for a while, and then cried out: "What do you stand round here doing nuffin for? Go into my barnyard and go to work, and I'll make it all right with you."

GENERAL ITEMS.

—The Wisconsin Assembly has refused to make insanity a ground for divorce.

—Recently Rockdale, Texas had a shower of leaves which lasted all day. The sky was full of them. It is believed that a whirlwind brought them from a great distance.

—Some men down in Cairo gave a hand organ man a number of bogus quarters, but his lawyer convinced them of the necessity of paying $25 each to settle the case.

—A few potatoes that were not dug last fall on account of the wet weather were plowed out at Louisville, Kan., last week, safe and sound. They were mulched a little with straw last summer.

—The English Peerage contains one Smijth, fifteen Smiths, two Smyths, and one Smythe, besides five Smiths, as many Smyths, and two Smythes who bear courtesy titles.

—Prisoners in the jail in Beloit, Wis., easily overpowered and gagged the Sheriff, but found a barrier to their escape in the plucky person of the Sheriff's wife, who kept them at bay with a revolver until help came.

—Mr. James Parton advances a new theory in regard to the recent convictions of prominent men. "One good result," he says, "will come of our having so large a number of educated men in prison: we shall know what prison life is."

—James Zeis, the thirteen year old son of a Springfield, Ind., farmer was reprimanded by a clerk for trying to steal a lead pencil in the store to which he was sent, and took the reproof so much to heart that he went home and hanged himself.

—A Wisconsin man took a fowling-piece to the village gunsmith for some repairs, informing him that it was loaded and he must discharge it. When the mechanic fired it off it burst, and he narrowly escaped death. And now the sportsman has sued the blacksmith for the value of the gun.

—In Rhode Island there are 3.477 single women who pay taxes, and their average property is $4,510 each. The largest amount on which any one of them is taxed is $756,700, owned by a Providence woman, and thirty other widows or unmarried women in the city pay taxes on property averaging $100,000 each.

—Plowing under water for the purpose of loosening the bed of earth for dredging has been accomplished. The power is supplied from a steam engine on the shore, and by means of a wire rope the plow is dragged backwards and forwards. The same plan is suggested for removing sandbars, whenever the current is strong enough to carry away the loosened drift and sand.

—The wildest excitement prevails among some of the citizens of Trigg county, Kentucky, over the apprehension of the immediate coming of the day of final judgment. Many of them have abandoned all business, have turned their stock loose to range through the woods, and cutting themselves loose from the contemplation of all earthly affairs, they go from house to house singing and praying for the eventful day.

—Oscar O. Hodge, convicted of manslaughter in the third degree at Fonda, N. Y., recently, when asked by Judge Landon whether he had anything to say why sentence of the law should not be pronounced upon him, replied, "Brevity is the soul of wit; I ask not charity, but immaculate justice! I cast myself as a holocaust upon the generosity of the court." Hodge was sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

—A singular strike is reported from Sheffield, England. Some paupers were sent from the old Workhouse to assist in building a new one, but they refused to work and left in a body. On inquiry it turned out that the hash supplied them was sour, and hence their grievance. They were then supplied with other food but declined to work unless they got hash and no hash being forthcoming they marched back to their old quarters.

—Two young farmers desired the exclusive privilege of dancing with the same girl at Mount Vernon, Ill. There was a quarrel ending in the agreement to settle the question in a fight. The combatants and a few friends went to a barn; but before beginning the fight one demanded that the other be searched to see if he had any weapon. The search was not thorough, for the searched man drew a knife, on finding that he was being whipped, and inflicted a mortal wound.

—The Superintendent of Schools in Mount Sterling, Ill., was riding in a railroad car with the fair teacher whom he loved. He urged her to stop at Quincy and get married, but she declined to marry him then or at all. On the stoppage of the train at Quincy, the ardent wooer lifted her in his arms and carried her in his arms. She scratched, bit and screamed so vigorously that he was glad to drop her. A police officer arrested him, and he was fined $25 for assault.

—While John Connelly, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was playing with his little son, aged 14 months, who was in his lap, he playfully blew a puff of tobacco smoke into its face. The child coughed, gasped for breath and fell back unconscious. In a few minutes it died from suffocation. The physician who was summoned said that the child had probably sucked the smoke into its throat and had been unable to discharge it. The father was almost wild with terror.

BY THE CRADLE.

The baby Summer lies asleep and dreaming—
Dreaming and blooming like a guarded rose;
And March, a kindly nurse, though rude of seeming,
Is watching by the cradle hung with snows.

Her blowing winds but keep the rockers swinging
And deepen slumber in the shut blue eyes,
And the shrill cadences of her high singing
Are to the babe but wonted lullabies.

She draws the coverlet white and tucks it trimly;
She folds the little sleeper safe from harm,
Or bends to lift the veil, and peering inly
Makes sure it lies all undisturbed and warm.

And so she sits, till in the still, gray dawning
Two fairer nurses come, her place to take,
And smiling, beaming, with no word of warning,
Draw off the quilt, and kiss the babe awake.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—Haste trips up its own heels, fetters and stops itself.

—Sow good thoughts and you will reap good actions.

—Behavior is a mirror in which every one shows his image.

—I have been everything, says a Sage, and it amounts to nothing.

—Bashfulness is an ornament to youth, but a reproach to old age.

—England anchors before Constantinople. Russia hankers after it.

—True happiness costs little; if it be dear it is not of good quality.

—A Nevada [illegible] advertises the loss of a round-headed blacksmith's hammer.

—If thou faint in the day of adversity thy strength is small.—Proverbs xxiv., 10.

—Politeness is money, which enriches not him who receives it, but him who dispenses it.

—The married ladies of a Western city have formed a "Come-home-husband Club." It is about four feet long, and has a brush on the end of it.

—The following was the decision in a recent colored debate: "De committee decide dat de sword has de most pints and de best backin', an' dat de whole ting is about a stan' off."

—Life is not so full of attractions to the small boy of to-day as it was to his father. A generation ago there were nearly fifty circus shows on the road, but this year there are only thirteen.

—Little Alice's grandfather is almost a centenarian. One of her companions one day asked her: "How old is your grandpa?" "Hush?" says she. "Don't speak so loud. I believe God has forgotten him."

—One hiring a lodging said to a landlady, "I assure you, madam, I am so much liked that I never left a lodging but my landlady shed tears." "Perhaps, said she, "you always went away without paying?"

—A philosopher says, "We learn to climb by keeping our eyes not on the hills behind us, but on the mountains that rise before us." Another good way is to take a couple rods the start and try to beat an enthusiastic bull dog over a nine-foot back yard fence.

—It is human to doubt. Display a sign with the inscription, "Beware of Paint," and nine men out of ten will draw their forefingers across the newly-painted surface to see if the sign is not merely "an invention of the enemy." The tenth man never learned to read.

—A southern negro's hymn:—

If you see Peter asleep at de gate,
Kase de night befo' he was up so late,
You needn't 'spect, with your load ob sin,
Dat you'll slip past him and steal right in;
De angels always acts on de equar,
Dey know you here and dey'll know you dar

—There is a Russian proverb which says that misfortune is next door to stupidity, and it will generally be found that men who are constantly lamenting their ill-luck are only reaping the consequences of their own neglect, mismanagement, improvidence or want of application.

—A young man writes to say that he means well toward all creation, and yet he can not make friends. He wants to know how he may overcome his peculiar disposition and make it so pleasant and agreeable that others will be drawn toward him, instead of being repelled as now. There's only one chance for you, young man—be a candidate.

—The young men of Shreveport, though exceptionally gallant, says a local paper, are, as a rule in moderate circumstances, only having their wages to live upon. Theatre tickets and the hire of carriages make a chasm in their finances, and so, unless the weather is too unfavorable for walking, it would be the part of kindness and discretion for ladies to insist upon walking.

—A physician to an inveterate smoker: "You smoke a great deal, sir?" "A great deal." "To excess?" "To excess." "And don't you feel the bad effects of it?" "Why, my hearing is getting a little hard, my sight a little defective, my memory a little treacherous; then, too, in the morning when I awake, my hands are a little paralyzed, but in the afternoon I use them easily enough."

—A family is discussing the qualifications of a gentleman who has presented himself as a candidate for the position of son-in-law. There is some doubt, inasmuch as some one has given the intended the character of a spendthrift. Inquiries are made among the tradesmen who knew him. One day the father comes in all radiant. "Make yourself easy, my child, I have seen his washerwoman. He doesn