And speculating why God won't give him the golden ball That drops in the quivering sky. What is the use of that pretty pink cloud

Satting away so high If he can't have a ride in it? And it's no use to try.

If that woman grew with glasses on,
If this house is papa's;
Why that nice red cow won't talk to him
Looking scross the bars.
Into the neighbors' gates and doors,
Under their cherry trees,
Into mischief and out again,
Wherever he may please. Wherever he may please. Wandering at last to the old church steps Little horse and all,

Climbing up laberiously—
Too bad if he should fall;
Pushing in with dimpled hands
The great doors, strong and tall,
Letting the warm, sweet summer it
Slide down the shadowed wall. Standing still, in the solemn hugh Of chancel, nave and dome, Thinking it is prettier

Than the sitting-room at home.

Not a bit afraid, ah i no indeed,
Of the shadows, vast and dim,
Quive at home, and sure it was made
All on purpose for him.

The old, old story comes up to me. Written so long ago. About the heavenly temple, Where you and I must go. The beautiful, waiting temple, That has no room for sinomething about a little child And the way of entering in.

King Henry and the Miller. It has been all the fashion with storytellers and ballad-makers to represent favorite Kings as putting on various disguises, and playing clever, good-humored jokes upon the humblest of their subjects. Nearly all of the English Kings are so represented, and there were no stories that the people loved better to tell than these. They were the old Christmas stories, told by tish James and English Georges. Some

"Old King Cole, That jolly old soul,"

But most of them were true. The wandering harpers used to relate them in verse; and as delightful as the bringing in of the Yule-log and the mistletoe, the fiery sport of "snap dragon," or the rollicking play of "blind man's buff," were the holiday tales of the funny doings of these merry old English Kings.

One of the oldest of these ballad stories relates to King Henry and the miller, and starts off briskly with :

"Henry, our royal King, would ride a hunting. To the green forests so pleasant and fair."

The forest was Sherwood, where once lived Robin Hood and his merry men. King Kenry (Plantaganet) was young then, and he took with him a great reti-nue of young Princes and nobles. So the horses cantered over the hills of Nottingham, and plume after plume

the shadows grew long and thick in all the forest. The King blew his horn. There was no answer. He was lost. He rode on. As the forest grew dark, he heard the flow of water, and discov-

fore the door of the mill.

"Good miller," said the King, "is this 'he road to Nottingham?"
"I guess you knows as well as I," answered the miller. "You look as though you had been there before." "Who do you take me for?' asked the King in astouishment. ' For some gentleman thief or other ; no honest man, sure."

But I must lodge with you to-night. I have gold at hand." At the word "gold," the miller began

to prick up his ears. Just then the miller's wife—a large, fat, brawling woman—looked over her husband's shoulder. She, too, had heard the hired girl took hold of the crank, and word "gold," but was still sautious. She delighted in the sweet name of Bymytroth. No one delights in that name now.

"Are you sure that you are no runaway?" piped Bymytroth.
"I am no runaway," said the King.
"Then show us your passport," said
Bymytroth, who had a very logical turn

' From whom ?"

"From the King!" The King had no passport, but still finding Bymytroth suspicious and defiant he began to flatter her, and he bowed so very politely that she was at last induced to say:

surrendered it again to the hired man became several human skeletons. On making this discovery the Indians became to an accompaniment of frightful imprecations. Then the Keyser children each took a turn for half an hour, then them to work again, and in a short

might sleep with her own son. "If the King would never hear of it,

I would get you some vension for sup-per," said Bymytroth. "We do rob the King's forest of venison sometimes.

With this strong assurance, Bymytroth slept very comfortably that night, but was awakened the next morning by a right royal retinue at the door. The miller and his wife then began "shaking and quaking," to use the graphic language of the old song, and the poor miller kneeled down and shut his eyes, we suppose, in order to make his last prayer. But—how charmingly it all But-how charmingly it all ends !-- the Kings

"His kind courtesy for to require, Gave him a living and dubbed him a knight." The above story was in its day very popular, because the game laws of England at that time were very severe and the grave.

Albany Register. hard on the poor. It showed what the King himself would do when he was bungry, and it seemed a concession to the cause of the suffering poor .- St. Nicholas.

> Little Johnny's Composition. THE GOOSE.

This is a big fat bird wich woddle and swims. The reson it woddles is cos it hain't got no nees to its legs.

Their feets is got lether between the tose, and here is a story wich Ive herd my mother tel til Ime jest sick. Wen we had in a goose for micklemis it was a lyin on the kitchn table, and mother she hel the baby up to see the goose on the table. Wen the baby see its feet stickin up with the lether between the tose, it said, the baby did, doosey dot guvs on. But pirate storys is the sort for me.

Stoopid folks is some times call geese, and I spose if geese toks among their selfs they calls the stoopid ones fokes,

wich is wot I calls fair play. Once they was a ole man that kep geese for a livin, and he was very ill coz he cuddent sleep well nites, and wen he did sleep he had sech frifle dreems. Se he sent for the dockter, and the dockter felt the ole mans puls, and lookt at his tung, and shook his hed, and said wot was his simptems? and the ole man he said nite mares. Then the dockter said he knew that, but wot did the ole man dreem? The ole man tole the dockter that as soon as he shet his eyes at nite he thot his-Then the dockter he said I cud a tole you that wen I first see your tung, you mus thro away this piller, and make a other piller of fethers wich you mus jerk out of live geese. Wy, said the man, that is jes how I made this piller. Then the dockter said oh! oh! and went away, but the ole man he see how it was, and never stript any more geese til they was ded. But thats the kind of pillers wich some fokes dies on real

Geese lays eggs like hens, only bigger, and wen they are hatch the chicks is goslins, wich is green. Once my uncle Ned he fetch home a goslin wich he had pick up, and he put it in my sisters green work box. Then uncle Ned he said to my sister, Missy, I brot home such a nice little duck, as wite as sno, have you see it any were, for I have loss the Yule-log in the bleak old days of it. My sister said no, she haddent, but the English barons, when swords and uncle Ned he said was she sure she Thus we have the tales of King Henry VIII. and the Miller of Dee; of good Duke Philip of Burgundy and Sly the tipker; of James I. and the tinker; of William III. and the forester, and so on all through the reigns of the Santa and uncle Ned he said was she sure she haddent hid it some were jes to tese him, but she said wy, uncle Ned! But he kep on a askin, and hintin like he thot she done it, til she was almost reddy to cry, for she luvs uncle Ned offier than anyboddy every here. so on all through the reigns of the Scot- man. Pritty soon wen he had gon she tish James and English Georges. Some went to her green work box to git some of these stories were fiction, like that of thing, and there was the goslin, and wen she see it I that she wud die. Then she took the goslin to the kitchin, and I watched her, like uncle Ned had tole me, and she hel it under the spout, and scrubd it with a brush, to get the green of. But wen it wudddent be wite she bust out a crine, and said uncle Ned wad never, never, never bleeve her. Then I tole her how it was, and you never see sech a happy girl. She boxt my ears til I see stars! But wen uncle Ned come home with a new scarf he had bot for her, and laft at her, she forgive me, and made sech a pet of that goslin that now it is grode up to be a regler nooser, but its wite

at last. upon a time of the geese in a puddle get to gether to chose a king, but it was a long time before they cud agree, cos them that diddent want to be king wanted to be prime minister, and these Nottingham, and plume after, plume danced out of sight among the green leaves. The King separated himself from the gay party, and dashed off with spirit into the heart of the forest.

At last the day began to decline and At last the day began to decline and this in all gabbled ol to once so they was as bad gest goose.

Why the Butter Didn't Come.

They have a new hired girl over at he heard the flow of water, and discovered a cool stream just reflecting the light of the rising moon. Presently he heard a mill-wheel. Then his heart took courage. He soon reined his horse bereturning, Mrs. Keyser found the job completed in a very satisfactory manner. On Wednesdays Mrs. Keyser al-ways churns, and last Wednesday, when she was ready she went out, and, finding that Mr. Keyser had already put the milk into the churn, she began to turn the handle. This was at 8 o'clock in the morning, and she turned until 10 without any signs of butter ap-

pearing.

Then she called in the hired man and he turned until dinner time, when he had not yet come. After dinner the turned it energetically until 2 o'clock, when she let go, with the remark which conveyed the impression that she be-lieved the churn to be haunted.

Then Mr. Keyser came out and said with that churn anyhow. It was a good

per," said Bymytroth. "We do rob the king's forest of venison sometimes. Will you promise?"

"Yes, on my word," said the King; "Yes, on my word," said the King; the King shall never know any more that the second is spring, and as soon as possible will remove them. Those taken out were buried a short distance from the spring. The skulls are evidently those of white persons, of all ages and sexes—infants,

Prince Boralojovsk, a Servian noble, who died in Paris the other day, had been obliged to leave his own country, from the idea among the country people that he belonged to a family of vampires, the eldest son of which for three generations game out of their three generations.

MAN'S INHUMANITY.

Horrible Story of Cruelty on Board a Steamship-A Man Literally Rousted Alive.

A New York telegram says : An outrage, which seems to have few parallels for its inhumanity, has occurred on one of the Hamburg steamers. Herman Donars, for several years a resident of New York, went to the office of the New York and Hamburg Eagle Steamship Company, and obtained a free passage to Hamburg on condition that he would work as fireman during the trip. No sooner was he on board of the steamship Lessing than the paid firemen began to maltreat him in the most shocking manner. It is alleged that Douars was knocked down with a coalshovel; when senseless from blows, he was thrown on the steam chest near the boiler, where they allowed him to lie nearly fifteen minutes, although it was so hot that, according to the testimony of the witnesses, no one could lay his hand on it. Douars was thus, in all probability, roasted alive. The bar-barians who had so inhumanly tortured him next tied a rope around his body and hoisted him up, his head striking repeatedly against the iron edges of the hatches. Donars was then let down again into the engine-room and carried to the hospital. The surgeon of the Lessing, Dr. Friedelmeyer, looked at the body, bled it without effect, and then examined it, and found the man was dead. The captain, instead of ordering an investigation and putting self surownded by geese, wich kep a snatchin out his hair with their bills. asserted, upon everybody not to say a work about the horrible occurrence to the passengers, and, contrary to the rules of the ship, he had the corpse lowered into the sea at 4 o'clock on the following morning. An official investigation in regard to the affair is being made

A Grasshopper Story.

Near Topeka, Kan., I talked with a farmer who planted a thousand acres of corn, but did not gather an ear. Last year he sold corn for 17 cents, and this year he was shipping it from Iowa at \$1.25. He sat on the balcony mourning the utter destruction of his crop.
"How did they come—the grass-

hoppers?" I asked. "Trey came like a shower, sir," he plied. "They came in a great shower from the west. They filled the air. They darkened the sun. They covered the stalk of corn until it was black. Then they ate every leaf, ate the stalk down to the young ear, and then ate the little ear, too.

"Cob and all, sir?" "Yes, cob and all." "Why, don't you see that 1,000 acres of corn out there now?" he exclaimed-"standing like broken whip stocks ?"

"What else did they eat?" I asked. "Why, they ate every leaf off of the peach trees, ate the young peaches, leaving the stones, and there stood my trees leaflass, bearing a crop of peachstones. They ate little cottonwood limbs an inch thick; they ate my beets, turnips and onions clean down into the ground—hollowed 'em out, leaving the rind—ate cigar stubs, sir, and—"
"Hold up!" I said, "that's too much; that's—"

"But it's the solemn truth, sir." Why, one night I sat on the balcony with the engineer of the Santa Fe road. The hoppers had piled up against the west side of the house three feet thick. ous green excrescence, and made the cattle sick, they made the hens and turkeys sick, and they fairly made me sick. Why, I've seen them so thick on the railroad that they'd stop a train-grease the track till the locomotive

wheels would roll over and over."
"What became of them?" I asked. "They flew east. They always flew in the daytime, and ate at night. They went through my corn-field in a day. and the next day they were a half mile to the east."

"And the trees?" "Why, they all leaved out again, and many of them blossomed over again, and tried to bear fruit, and did bear it till the frost came. In my trees you'd see dead peach-stones and pink blos-soms—all together. Oh, it was mourn-ful sight, sir—dreadful!" and the farmer drew a long sigh .- Cor. New York Sun.

A Terrible Disclosure.

John Martin, an old Mexican, who lives a few miles below this place, has a small garden-ranch, on which is situated a fine spring. A few months since, this spring not supplying sufficent water to irrigate his garden, Martin he wanted to know what was the matter employed some three or four Indians, with that churn anyhow. It was a good and began to clean out and enlarge it. enough churn if people only knew enough to werk it. Mr. Keyser then worked the crank until half-past 3, when, as the butter had not come, he surrendered it again to the hired man because he had an engagement in the village. The man ground the machine to an accompanies of the first head in the surrendered it again to the hired man because he had an engagement in the village. The man ground the machine is a companies to first head in a companies to first head and a companies to first head and a companies to the analysis and began to clean out and enlarge it. After digging down a short distance he found an immense quantity of loose rocks of all sizes, which he proceeded to remove. After doing so he found several human skeletons. On making this discovery the Indians became village. "You may come in."

Mrs. Keyser tried her hand, and when she was exhausted she again enlisted and other bones belonging to the huteld him that, if he was tidy enough, he while she turned.

"You may come in."

Mrs. Keyser tried her hand, and when time took from the spring nine skulls she was exhausted she again enlisted and other bones belonging to the huteld him that, if he was tidy enough, he while she turned.

But the butter didn't come. When Keyser came home and found the churn still in action he blasted his eyes

men frame. The indians rerusing to work any longer, and the water coming in so fast, he was compelled to give up work for the time. Martin is confident that there are several more yet in the "the King shall never know any more about it than he knows now."

The King was very hungry after his anxiety and long ride, and as his poor, week human nature was quite like that of some other men whose heads were never toppled with a crown, he made a large supper off the unlawful venison.

"You will never tell about this?" said the cautious Bymytroth, loeking keenly at her guest.

"The King shall be none the wiser for this from me," said the King, looking very profound.

With this strong assurance, Bymytroth slept very comfortably that night, but was awakened to the support of the unight, but was awakened to the support of the unight, but was awakened to the support of the unight, but was awakened to the support of the should be a support of the support of the

vampires, the eldest son of which for three generations came out of their graves to suck the blood of living peope. It is said that five days before his death he told his landlord that it would be well, after his decease to remove his heart, so as to prevent his rising from the grave.

The officers of the college are all to be women. Some question is made as to whether at present women can be obtained who are qualified by education and executive skill to take the highest

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position; but the founders are confitent of being able to secure women for the places, and are resolved to lanneh the institution upon that basis. The college will have attached to it a preparatory school where young women who, going out from the various academies and seminaries, find themacademies and seminaries, find them-selves insufficiently prepared to enter college, may complete their prepara-tions. The course of study, after enter-ing college, is four years. It is supposed that a majority of the girls graduated from the boarding-schools and desiring to enter Wellesley will have to spend from one to two years in the prepara-tory department.—New York Tribune,

Fearful Effects of Bad Writing. Mr. Watts had occasion to go to New York last week. After he had been there a few days Mrs. Watts received a telegram, and not being able to decipher chirography of the operator, she had no doubt that something dreadful diad happened to her dear Jacob. She had been brought up among people who always regarded the receipt of a squints; at last, when there is no longer room for a doubt, he rushes frantically assemble and feel disconsolate. She took the little ones over to her mother's. and then went around to Mrs. Smith's to show the telegram and weep over it. Mrs. Smith said that she had heard of people in New York who had suddenly disappeared, and were never seen again until they were found cut up and packed away in a barrel in some out-of-the-way

Mrs. Watts couldn't control her grief, as she thought of how awkward Mr. Watts would look cut up into chunks and salted down into a keg, and big lumps kept coming up into her throat as she remembered that last Sunday she didn't put any onions into the soup when asked to. She asked Mrs. Smith if she thought she would look well in black, and then fell into hysterics. Mrs. Smith couldn't think of such a

Mr. Watts reached the city on the midnight train the same night. He was seller is always very cautious not to

then shook the door, but no one has all his money still in stocks, so answered. He started off to go to a hotel, but then thought Mary must be piece about him; but if half a dollar nome, and then started back. He ounched the door, kicked it, got a brick and hammered it; then he stood off and swore at it. A stream of profanity issued from his lips and floated away on the night air that awoke all the policemen within half a mile. He swore until be was hoarse, and then hired a colored man to use some hard language. They were both arrested for improper

The next day he got away and found his wife at home. She would not be-lieve that he was her real flesh and blood-Jacob Watts-until he allowed her to probe his ribs with a stick as a proof of his substantiality. He didn't do half that he intended to when he was locked up in the station house, but he mentally resolved that he never would send another telegraphic dispatch to a woman, not even if her husband should run away with somebody else's wife.

T. Stewart Setting an Example

Fast Young Men. Mr. A. T. Stewart, says an editorial the Grand Hotel. He used to stop at paragraph in the Brooklyn Argus, sets the What Cheer when he visited the It was a crawling, stinking, nasty pile. The balcony was covered. I threw down a quid of tobacco, and the hoppers covered it and ate it up in a few minutes, and when I put my foot on a pile of them, the rest sailed in and ate the smashed ones up. Why when I the smashed ones up. Why, when I went to build my fires this fall, the stoves wouldn't draw, and, on examining to learn the cause, I found the flues full of hoppers. They filled the air with a horrid stench. They covered the peols and springs with their poison. the pools and springs with their poison-ous green excrescence, and made the cattle sick, they made the hens and turkeys sick, and they fairly made me ble man ought always to be. Mr. Stewart got out in front of Drexel's banking-house, without the consciousness that he had done anything remarkable or unusual. About the same time some young bloods alighted from a fine liveried establishment. We happened to know the latter gentlemen as well as the former. One was a young merchant who does not possess \$50,000, and owes five times that amount. His credit is marked D in commercial reports. The marked D in commercial reports. The other was a gentleman whose father failed in Wall street two years ago, his creditors losing by the failure \$400,000, but the wife had had settled upon her a handsome estate. The carriage and horses, of course, rightfully belonged to the creditors. But they, the upstarts inside, the flunky on the box, and the cigars from which smoke was then ascending, were shamelessly flaunting and parading the streete while men like Mr. Stewart were riding the meanting, had embarked in the cance. Just as the little boat passed the rock, it was caught in the rapidly in a baggage wagon or wading the slush on foot.

The Philadelphia Inquirer says:
"Recent explorations between Pottsville and St. Clair have discovered such immense deposits of anthracite, in addition to and underlying those already known, that we may look upon the supply of coal in that region as practically inexhaustible. At a depth of 1,900 feet, passing through numerous veins of va. passing through numerous veins of various size and quality, the so-called seven-foot vein was reached, and was found to be thirteen and a half feet Gulf of Mexico in a paper-cance, has written a letter to a friend in that city, his arrival at Newbern, N.

CROUP can be cured in one minute, and the remedy is simply alum and sugar. The way to accomplish the deed is to take a knife and grate and shave off in small particles about a teaspoonful of alum; then mix it with twice its quantity of space to make it palatable. quantity of sugar to make it palatable, and administer it as quickly as possi-ble. Almost instantaneous relief will follow.

THE POWER OF GOLD.

Three Illustrations in Point, Showing How a Turn in Stocks Affects Different

It is truly remarkable what a differ-

ence money will make with some men. We have an excellent opportunity now of observing the great change, since a goodly number of our citizens have recently become well-to-do, by the late rise in stocks, who were comparatively poor before the lights of miner's candles cast their rays on the great bonan-We will not speak of the man who still holds on to his stock, but of him who has sold out. Our first illustration will be of the man who bought California at about \$40, and sold when it reached \$200. He hangs around the Stock Board every morning watching each quotation with the intensity of a hird of prey watching its victim. When California makes its appearance his countenance will undergo a marvelous change; it assumes a fiendish expression; his eyes wander over the figures across the street, calls for a glass of beer, seats himself at a table, pulls forth a piece of paper and pencil, and then commences to figure up what he has lost by selling so soon. Oh! for the quil of a Dickens, that we might draw pen picture of his thoughts. He is the man who never stops to think that he has made \$160 on a share. He only takes into consideration the fact that the stock is worth \$500 now and that he sold when it reached \$200. His friends bandy him, and he is utterly miserable. Our second illustration is the man who got out of Consolidated Virginia at its highest figures. He is the happy man; he is the prophet. Ask him and he will tell you that in less than a week you can buy any stock on the lead for \$50. Every man that he meets he shakes by the hand, invites thing as letting her go home that night, him to drink, tells him how he bought surprised to find the house all locked up, but concluded that Mary must have been too tired to sit up for him.

He rang the bell several times, and

"He rang the bell several times, and his more still in stocks." confide his lucky venture to a man who has all his money still in stocks, so will do, he'll give it up. And so it goes. When the lucky man hadn't but \$20, he would give up \$10 of it to a suffering friend; but now, how different! He wants to go to the centennial wants to make a trip around the world. In fact, he really don't know what to do with either himself or his money. Our third and last illustration is a true one, taken from life; but no more so than the previous one. There is a printer employed up in Virginia City, whe for the last five years has not had a dollar to call his own. Somehow, last October, he made a raise of \$250, and he made up his mind to salt it down. He salted it by putting it in Best & Belcher at \$16—buying thirty shares. It's better than any show to watch that man now. Every morning before the list makes its appearance he appears to be on pins and needles, and his proof shows horrible errors in composition. Just as soon as the quotation appears he is off. No more work for him that day. When he goes to San Francisco he says he will hire a suite of rooms at

So runs the world away."

So it is with men upon whom wealth is suddenly thrust. Some weep berich as well, so that they may never have to assist them.—Gold Hill (Nev.) News.

A Dog's Sagacity. The Franklin (Ky.) Patriot has the following: "This story is told us by a gentleman who says its truth is vouched for by witnesses of undoubted veracity: Some years ago, while Mr. Hamilton was fishing near the lower rapids of the Mississippi, just above the Keckuk, he observed below him a man bailing a cance, preparatory to taking himself, wife and baby across the river. At the same time Mr. H. saw that his Newthe rock, it was caught in the rapidly descending current and instantly cap-sized. The woman, in falling into the water, loosed her hold on the child, which floated down the stream. The man caught his wife and waded with her to the rock. The instant the child fell into the water the dog leaped in, and in a short time was seen in the still

Mr. N. H. Bishops, who started from Philadelphia several weeks ago for the seven-foot vein was reached, and was found to be thirteen and a half feet thick, and of excellent quality. Beneath this came alternate layers of slate and coal for thirty odd feet, and then the form of the thirty of the feet thick; the commonth vein, twenty-one feet thick; the beneath this again a layer of slate, and then what is thought to be a mineteen foot vein of coal. Below them is believed to be the solid rock. Altogether, there would seem to be a depth of near ly seventy feet of coal; and these veins of men may dig from them before the feet problem will seriously distress us.

"The probable area of coal lands in Colorado is 100,000 square miles, a larger space than the six New England States. The ascertained area of lands in that of the State of Connectiont. Of the State of Connect

Boston, where a purse of \$5,000 was given him by the citizens. The British government gave him a gold chronome ter. The Fredonia, which Capt Burke commanded during the war, was a special object of the hostility of Capt. Semmes, of the rebel privateer Alabama, but escaped him.

Fooling a Bob-Tailed Car Man. The latest atrocity of the wit of the

Detroit Free Press is in the construction of this story : The other night, as the "last car" on the Michican avenue route was turning around on the table at the corner of Woodward and Jefferson avenues, two young men, who had fixed up a straw-man in good shape, helped him aboard and seated him at the end farthest from the driver. The "dummy" man had his hat pulled low, his arms down, and was so braced up against the end of the car that "he" looked as much a passenger as any one. The car moved off after awhile, and as it turned into Michigan avenue an old lady got aboard. She paid her fare, the two young men followed suit, and the car moved on again, the driver keeping his eye on the "dum-my" and wondering if he was going to try to beat his fare.

At First street the driver jingled his bell for fare, and the two young men and the old woman looked over at the straw mar. The car moved up to Third street, and the driver looked through the window and yelled "Fare" and jingled the bell again. There being no response, he opened the door and called out to the straw man:

'Say, you! You want to pay your fare !' There was no answer, and after going

half a block he shouted out again : "You man, there-walk up here and pay your fare!" One of the young men sat opposite "dummy," and he squeaked out in

"Drive on the old hearse !" "What! What's that?" shouted the driver, pushing the door clean open.
"Oh! hire a hall!" was the reply. "See here, mister, you've got to pay your fare or get off!" exclaimed the

driver, winding the lines around the "Grashus me! If there's going to be a fight let me off!" shouted the old lady, and she rushed down the car and

made a clean jump from the door. "Now, then, are you going to pay your fare?" said the driver as he en-

"Pay be-hanged," was the muttered reply. "You'd better look out for him—he's ugly!" whispered the other young man to the driver.

"I don't care if he's as ugly as John Jacob Astor; he's got to pay his fare or off he goes !' The driver slid down to the end of the car, spit on his hands, and continued :

off you go !" There was no reply, no movement, and spitting on his hands again he

ject was to jerk the "fellow" out of doors, and expecting a struggle he put forth all his strength in a mighty effort. It was very successful. The driver went out of the ear heels over head, with the straw man on top of him, and the young men leaved to the most conscientions and after static. with the straw man on top of him, and the young men leaped off the front end of the car just as the victim was trying

to get his thumb in the straw man's eye.

A Chicken Within a Chicken. The Prairie Schooner sails up with the following chicken story: "We are nformed by Mr. C. H. Richardson, who lives near this place, that his wife, while dressing a chicken the other day, the tee on Lage Monons, the other day, where the water was only four feet deep. When he was hauled out and laid upon the ice, he faintly whispered: "Boys, I didn't care for my-self, but I'm engaged." The Prairie Schooner sails up with the following chicken story: "We are informed by Mr. C. H. Richardson, who lives near this place, that his wife, while dressing a chicken the other day, discovered one of the greatest natural curiosities we have heard of lately—a chicken within a chicken. Mr. R. says that upon being called to examine this strange freak of nature, he found a small sack about two and a half inches' long and one and a half inches in diameter, joined to the chicken's gizzard by a fleshy neck or tube a half inch in length. Upon cutting open the sack it was found to contain a chicken, which in every way resembled a young chicken just before emerging from the egg-shell; the head, neck, limbs, and even feathers were found in a partially decayed condition. This is a pretty strong chicken story, but we have no reason to doubt its truth. We may further add that the chicken in which a chicken was found was of the male gender."

A Snake in His Boots. A few mornings ago, Joe Niles, of North Bennington, pulled on his boot, which he had set out in the woodshed the evening before. He says he "felt something kinder celd and squashy-like about his toes, and couldn't think what the plague had got intew his boots," but he went out and milked five or six but he went out and milked five or six cows. When he got back to the house his toes kept "tickling so he couldn't stand it," so he took off his boot, run in his hand, and pulled out a brown snake two feet long, that he had shoved into the toe of his boot. Joe don't put his boots in the woodshed any more, and sends a ferret down into them every morning to make sure that no unwel-come visitor has crawled in over night, -Troy Press.

The English Postoffice pays. The receipts for 1878 amounted to \$26,740,000, the expenditure at the same time was \$18,965,000, leaving a surplus of no less than \$7,775,000. There are 42,000 persons employed in the department, of whom many are women, this number including 12,500 Postmasters, 9,000 clerks, and about 20,000 sorters, carriers and messengers.

THE BOASTING HEN.

Ke-daw! Ke-daw!" a young ben cried, "Ke-daw! Ke-daw!" a young ben cried, while strutting through a barnyard wid "Ke-daw! Ke-daw! A've done a feat, In chickendom it can't be beat!" I've laid the finest egg to-day That any hen in town can lay; So, little chickens far and near, Just bow your heads when I appear. Old mother hens, you needn't sneer; There never was an egg so woite, I shall go frautic with delight!" "Ke-daw! Ke-daw!" rang clear and loud There never was a hen so proud.

The older hens were grave and staid,
They said: "When other eggs are laid—
Six or a dozen at the most—
My child, you won't care much to boast.
Your utterances will be more soothing
When laying eggs broomes no new thing."
Each turned and called away her brood,
This young hen thought their actions ruds
"How envious these old dames are!
My triumph, though, they shall not mar
With bitterness my heart would sicken
If I were such an envious chicken."

Now, while this scene was going on Our dame had left her nest alone, and, spying out a splendid chance, A weasel threw a furtive glance

Swift as a lance He rolled it from its downy nest A wanton act be it confessed— Its golden freshness there to test.

Back, in high feather, came our hen, Her grief is not for tongue or pen! She gazed upon the empty shell Of that first egg she loved so well; Had she but known enough to cry, Tears would have trickled from her e

Now in this egg-shell we may find A simple moral left behind. In boasting, don't be premature, Lest disappointment work your curs. Ere you parade your triumph round. Be sure your egg is safe and sound in milerendent.

Pith and Point.

RELATIVE beauty-A pretty cousin. SHORT crops-Convicts' hair. THE "panel game"-Getting a jury.

fell down-stairs-Razor. "He's mean enough to wear clean shirts" is an Alabama expression.

Josh Billings says: "Tew enjoy a good reputashun, giv publicly and steal privately."

What the barber said when his wife

WHY is a New Bedford whaler like a nodern lady's waterfall? Because it is arter-fish-ile THE butcher will be offended, we sup-pose, if we call base-ball a-bat-war, but

we'll risk it. An Eastern debating society is trying o settle which is the hardest to keep, a

diary or an umbrella, Muzzes now and then manage to get up a feast of reason, but their flow of

oul is not a success. A LITTLE boy having broken his rocking-horse the day it was purchased, his mamma began to scold, when he silenced her by inquiring: "What is the good of a horse till it's broke?"

A MAN went into the Postoffice at "Come, now—out with your fare, or a letter here for Mike How?" "No," angrily replied the clerk, "there isn't a letter here for anybody's cow."

PEDAGOGUE—First little boy, what is your name? Little boy—Jule. Peda-

I knows you's a lawyer, but I wish you would please, sa, jiss tell me de truff A UNIVERSITY student broke through the ice on Lake Monona, the other day,

A LADY went into a carpet store re-

cently, and, pointing out a carpet, asked the proprietor what it was. "Brussels," says the proprietor. "Brussels," quoth the lady, passing her hand over it. "Seems to me the brustles don't stick up much." As a gentleman was nearly run över in a narrow London street by a dray, he shouted to the driver, "Do you want to kill me?" whereupon the intelligent driver put the thumb of his dexter hand

to his nose, and, spreading out his fingers like a fan, replied: "If I had knowed you was a-coming this way, I would have sent you a post-card !" Housekeepen (who is "going" for HOUSERREPER (who is "going" for the old bachelor)—What can I have the pleasure of reading to you, my dear sir? Old Boy—Oh, read the news of the week, Mrs. Wedorburn. House-keeper—News of the week! Why it's not yet half gone! Old Boy (mean-ingly)—Tut, tut, I mean the marriage

list, stupid ! Even in the saloons opinion upon grave subjects are expressed fornibly. A gentleman slightly under the influence of the intoxicating bowl furnished proof of this fact, a night or two ago. "Whisky, sur," said he, "hichightens the intellect. It ought, by thunder, to be introduced into the

The Hottest Yet,

thunder, to be introduced into the public schools, zur."--St. Louis Re-

The water encountered in the main east drift on the 2,000-foot level of the Imperial Empire mine is the hottest ever struck on the Comstock lode. It ever struck on the Comstock lode. It was carefully tested yesterday with two good thermometers, and the temperature was found to be 1504 degrees. The stream of water is but an inch or two in diameter. The temperature of the atmosphere in the drift was yesterday 115 degrees. Notwithstanding the hot air and hotter water, men are at work in the face of the drift. Going down by degrees as they are, our miners are becoming inured to the heat, and expect to be able to continue right on down to where the rocks are in a molten state without experiencing the alightest difficulty. At the Consolidated Virginia they are already making their calculations for pumping up the molten silver when they shall have followed the big bonanza down to a depth of about 7,500 feet.—Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise.

have banded together, and give nodes a Singing House.

A Singing House, The Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser son who is thirty days in arrears for any doctor's bill. An unusually healthy and reach Cape Fear river by interior water passages all the way except the last seven miles. Rice planters on the Waccamaco and Pedee rivers have wanted him to visit taeir plantations. Mr. Bisheps says that not a man whom he meets will trust himself in his boat. Every sailor, boatman, and oysterman says he would not cross a creek in such a shell.

CAPT. EDMUND BURKE, who had made over fifty voyages from Boston to Fayal, died at Somerville, Mass., on Sanday, An event of his life which gained him great credit was the saving of 306 persons from the sinking British ship Gratitude in 1866. He transferred all to his bark, the cargo of which he was obliged to throw overboard to make room for them, and brought them to A Singing Mouse.