# OLD GRIMES' HEN.

BY J. M. BARBON.

At last that speckled hen has gone, That hen of hens the best. B he died without a sigh or groan While in her downy nest.

Through summers' heat and winters' snow, For ten long years she lay, At morn and eve, old Grimes an egg, But none the Sabbath day.

She had a nest behind the door All neatly lined with hay ; Her back was brown and speckled o'er With spots inclined to gray.

When e'er the rain came pelting down Or thunders dreadful roar, She hid herself in Grimes' bat

The' fourteen years of age, almost, She still looked young and hale. And, like Job's tarkey, ahe could be One feather in her tail.

She never deigned the barn-yard bean His face to look upon-But loved that one whose long shrill crow Was heard at early dawn.

An aged cock, who oft had told His descent with a sigh, From one that cried when he was old, His master did deny.

When poor old speckle closed her eye, He jumped the fence and cred, He bid the pouliry all good-by And then laid down and died.

### FROM THE WAYSIDE.

A Life-Sketch.

Dr. Silas Walsh one day sat in his office reading a very interesting book. It was a part of his business, this read-ing, for the book was of a science within the scope of his profession. He was comparatively a young man, and had the reputation of being an excellent physi-cian. While he read some one rang his office-bell. He laid aside his book, and at her. went to the door, and when he saw what was upon the stepping-stone he was indignant.

dignant. It was a ragged, dirty boy, known in Ernsworth as "Hammer Jim "--ragged and dirty, and with the vileness of the slum upon him—a boy vicious and pro-fane, against whom every other boy in town was warned—a boy who was called a thief and a villain, whom no effort of the overseers had been able to reclaim, and who assemed to ears for nothing but and who seemed to care for nothing but to make people afraid of him. His true name, as the overseers had it, was James Ammerton. About his father nobody in Ernsworth had ever known. His mother had died an inmate of the Poor-House.

On the present occasion, Jim's face was not only dirty, but it was bloody ; and there was blood upon his grimed and tattered garments.

"Please, sir, won't you fix my head? I've got a hurt." "What kind of a hurt?" asked the

doctor. "I'm afeared it's bad, sir," said the

boy, sobbingly. "One o' Mr. Dunn's men hit me with a rock. Oh !" "What did he hit you for ?"

"I donno, sir."

"Yes, you do know. What did he throw the stone at you for ?" "Why, sir, I was a-pick'n up an apple

under one of his trees." Dr. Walsh would not touch the boy's

head with his fingers. There was no need of it. Hc could see that there was only a scalp-wound, and that the blood had ceased to flow. "Go home," he said, "and let your folks wash your head, and put on a clean

handage. "Please, sir, I hain't got no home,

and I hain't got no folks." "You stop somewhere, don't you?"

praying to God that she might be yet a enough of life's vicissitudes, and prehappy mother ; and if a boy was to bless her maternity, she could not ask that he And with Philip came a man of midshould be handsomer than she believed should be handsomer than she believed she could make this boy. Jim mished eating, and stood up. "James," said the little woman—for she was a little woman, and a perfect picture of a loving and lovable little woman—"James, when you are hungry, and have nothing to eat, if you will come to this door, I will feed you. I don't want you to co hunger." hair.

want you to go hungry." "I should like to come, ma'am." "And, if I feed you when you are hungry, will you not try to be good for my sake ?"

The boy hung his head, and consid-red. Some might have wondered that he did not answer at once, as a grs eful boy ought; but Mrs. Walsh saw deeper than that. The lad was considering how he might answer safely and truth

fully. "If they'd let me be good, ma'am, but they won't," he said, at length. "Will you try all you can ?" "Yes, 'm—I'll try all I can." Mrs. Walsh gave the lad a small parcel

of food in a paper, and patted his curly head. The boy had not yet shed a tear since the pain of the wound had been assuaged. Some might have thought that he was not grateful : but the little woman could see the gratitude in the

deeper light of the eye. The old crust was not broken enough yet for tears. Afterward Mrs. Walsh told her husband what she had done, and he laughed Ledger.

"Do you think, Mary, that your kindness can help that ragged waif ?" "I do not think it will hurt him,

Silas.

It was not the first time that Mrs. Walsh had delivered answers to the erudite doctor which effectually estopped

After that Jim came often to the washroom door, and was fed; and he came cleaner and more orderly with each succeeding visit. At length Mrs. Walsh was informed that a friend was going away into the far Western country to take up land, and make a frontier farm. The thought occurred to her that this might be a good opportunity for James Ammerton. She saw her friend, and brought Jim to his notice, and the result was, that the boy went away with the emigrant adventurers. And she heard from her friend a year later that he liked the boy very much. Two years later the emigrant wrote that Jim was a treasure. And Mrs Walsh showed the letter to her husband; and he smiled and kissed his little wife, and said he was

And he had another source of gladness. Upon her bosom his little wife bore a robus, healthy boy-their own son-who gave promise to life and happiness in

the time to come. The years sped on, and James Ammer ton dropped out from the life which Mary Walsh knew. The last she heard was five years after he went away from Ernsworth, and Jim had started out for the golden mountains on his own account. to commence in earnest his own life

But there was a joy and a pride in the little woman's life which held its place, and grew and strengthened. Her boy, whom they called Philip, grew to be a youth of great promise—a bright, kind-beauted, gread how mhom greathed hearted, good boy, whom everybody loved; and none loved him more than did his parents. In fact, they worshiped him; or, at least, his mother did. At the age of seventeen Philip Walsh enthe age of seventeen rhinp waish en-tered college, and at the age of twenty-one he graduated with honor; but the long and severe study had taxed his sys-tem, and he entered upon the stage of manhood not quite so strong in body as he should have been. His mother saw it, and was anxious. His father saw it, and decided that he should have recreation and recuperation before he entered into active business. Dr. Walsh was not pecuniarily able to send his son off into active business. Dr. Walsh was not pecuniarily able to send his son off on expensive travel, but he found op-portunity for his engagement upon the staff of an exploring expedition, which would combine healthful recreation with an equally healthful occupation. The expedition was bound for the Western wilderness, and we need not tell of the parting between the mother and her beloved son. She kissed him, and blessed him; and then hung upon his neck with more kisses and blessings, and then went away to her chamber and cried. Philip wrote home often while on his way out; and he wrote after he had reached the wilderness. His accounts were glowing, and his health was improv-ing. Three months of forest life, and were glowing, and his health was improv-ing. Three months of forest life, and forest labor, of which Philip wrote in a letter that had to be borne more than a hundred miles to the nearest post, and then followed months of silence. Where was Philip? Why did he not write? One day Dr. Walsh came home pale and faint, with a newspaper crushed and crumpled in his hand. Not immediately, but by and by, he was forced to let his wife read what he had seen in that paper. She read, and fainted like one mortally stricken. It was a paper from a far Western city,

this without the dregs, and the boy was handsome. Mrs. Walsh, thinking of the little mounds in the church-yard, battle of life-came home knowing between the little mounds in the church-yard, battle of life-came home knowing between the little mounds in the church-yard, battle of life-came home knowing between the little mounds in the church-yard, battle of life-came home knowing between the little mounds in the church-yard, battle of life-came home knowing between the little mounds in the church-yard, battle of life-came home knowing between the little mounds in the church-yard, battle of life-came home knowing between the little mounds in the church-yard, battle of life-came home knowing between the battle of life-came home knowing between thome knowing between the battle of

dle-age-a strong, frank-faced, handssome man, with gray eyes and curling "This," said the son, when he had peen released from his mother's rapturous embrace, "is my preserver. Do you not know him ?"

The Doctor looked, and shook his head. He did not know. But the little woman observed more keenly. Upon her the light broke over-

poweringly. "Is it," she whispered, putting forth her hands--"is it-JAMES AMMERTON?"

her hands--" is it-JAMES A MMERTON !" "Yes," said the man-a stranger now no more--"I am James Ammerton ! And I thaak God who has given me op-portunity thus to show how gratefully I remember all your kindness to me, my more than mother !" And he held her hands, and pressed

them to his lips, and blessed her again and again, telling her, with streaming eyes, that she, of all the world, had lifted him up and saved him ! That evening Mrs. Walsh, sitting by her husband's side, and holding one of

her husband's side, and holding one of his hands, said to him : "Once upon a time a pebble was kicked about in the waste of sand. A lapidary saw it, and picked it up, and when he had brushed away the dirt from its surface, he applied his chisel, and broke through the crust, and behold—a diamond, pure and bright!"—New York Ledner.

# Had to Pay.

A number of persons assembled at the depot of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company, about 9:30 o'clock yesterday morning, to see Presi-dent Grant and his party on the occasion of their departure for Boston, Concord and Lexington to attend the centennial anniversary as the latter place. Presi-dent Grant, Vice-President Wilson, Sec-

etary Robeson, of the Navy Department; Gen. Belknap, Secretary of War; Secre-tary Delano, of 'the Interior; Ex-Gov. Jewell, Postmaster General; Gen. Babcock, President Grant's Private Secre-tary, and the Chief of Staff of Gov. tary, and the Chief of Stan of Gov. Gaston, of Massachusetts, reached the depot a few minutes before 10 o'clock, and not being aware of the injunction placed upon the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company, re-

and Hartford Railroad Company, re-straining the officers from issuing free passes to the Presidential party, Presi-dent Grant, escorted by Gov. Gaston's Chief of Staff, proceeded to the door of exit to the cars, little dreaming of an impediment to their progress. The doorkeeper, pursuant to instructions from headquarters, politely informed them that it would be necessary to pro-cure tickets before passing to the cars. As the party consisted of ten persons, the payment of \$60 was unexpectedly called for; whereupon the representative of Gov. Gaston manifested in plain terms his indignation in regard to the affair, and expressed his views in regard to what he considered a gross insult to the chief magistrate of the nation, who was left standing in an unenviable posi-tion near the door of exit, while the tickets were being obtained, probably

From facts collected by medical men in all parts of the world it appears that a sudden and heavy increase of the death rate among adults marked the winter of 1874-5. In the Sonthern States of this

Tate among satures indicated the winter of 1874-5. In the Southern States of this Union and in Northern Europe the same disclosures are made by the records of vital statistics. They all agree in the main parts of their reports, and declare that unprecedented changes from the normal state of the weather occurred during the past cold months. The weather was cold and moist. That com-bination produced pulmonary disease and pneumonia. At the same time it made the class of ailments extremely difficult to cure. Diphtheria was also prevalent in an unusual degree. In some sections it amounted to an epidemic, and scores of people were carried off by it in a short time. Dr. Harris, Registrar of Vital Statistics in New York, reports that in that city the total percentage of deather weith the form 19 to 15 percentage of deather weith the form 19 to 15 percentage of deather is a considerable portion of the winter Vital Statistics in New York, reports that in that city the total percentage of deaths will be from 12 to 15 per cent. additional, and in special classes of diseases most fatal the ratio has been doubled. In reference to diphtheria the reports from Edinburgh, Glasgow, London, Liver-pool, Dublin, Vienna and Hamburg pool, Dublin, Vienna and Hamburg show that the ravages have been wide spread and fatal. Paris has a lower per cent. of deaths from this malady. This is accounted for by the excellent sanitary regulations in force in the French capi-tal, and the rigid manner in which they are carried out by special officers ap-pointed for that purpose. The physi-cians say that persons in the constant habit of taking strong liquors are in great danger from diphtheria. In these persons the mucous membrane of the throat is weakened to a fatal extent, and, as a matter of course, cannot resist the of ice on her sides, and this rolling is kept up all the time she is under way. She often sticks fast, nevertheless, and has to back one hundred yards or so beas a matter of course, cannot resist the double assault of a cold atmosphere, and that heavily laden with moisture. In fore she goes at the ice again with a rush. Some idea of the difficulties of this navigntion in winter may be gathered by

this section the weather is unusually try-ing upon people from the 1st of January to the 1st of April. One storm followed another in rapid succession, and in most places the transition was so sudden as to sage is done by steamer in thirty min-utes, the icc-boat is often seven hours in making it.-Engineer. produce consequences of a very unpleas-ant if not fatal character. No attention ant if not fatal character. No attention to clothing could prevent the action of the damp, rasping air upon the throat and lungs, and hence the increase in this family of complaints. Among those who were compelled to live in damp houses and go half clad the ratio of mortality was of necessity greater. The winter of 1835-6 was marked with heavy mortality rates, but not so heavy as those of 1874 5, which are now being presented to the world in the shape of regular-collected tudinitatibus. vital statistics.-Pittsburgh Commer-

## Twenty Thousand a Year Not Enough

cial.

Says a New York paper: New York is crowded with rich unmarried men, afraid of the expense of supporting these gilded butterflies. There is a bachelor at the Sixth Avenue Hotel whose income is \$20,000 a year, and still he says he can't afford to get married. He's a proud fel-low, and says as a single man he can have the best horses, best room, and best box at the opera. "If I should get married," he said, "I should have to stint myself

vears.

Near the close of the last century, when England and France were waging war with each other, the British Parliment passed a law, to take effect for two years, that the army at home should be supplied with bread made from un-bolted wheat meal, solely for the purpose of making the wheat go as far as possible. At first the soldiers were exceedingly dis-pleased with this kind of bread and re-fused to eat it, but after two or three weeks they preferredit to fine flour bread. The result of the experiment was that the health of soldiers improved so mach and so manifestly in the course of a few months that the officers and physicians of the army publicly declared that the soldiers were never before so healthy and robust, and that diseases of many kinds had almost entirely disappeared from the army. For a while the use of this bread was almost universal in public institutions the fact that while in summer the pas-

A citizen of Baltimore has been hunting up some big words, and publishes them in the American for the benefit of

the getters-up of spelling matches. The first word offered is said to be the longest word in the English language, used often in old plays, and placed in the mouth of *Costard*, the clown in "Love's Labor Lost," act V., scene 1., "Honorificabili-The next in Pilgrims of the Rhine, by

Bulwer, "Amoronthologosphorus." The next from Rabelais, "Antiperica-tametananaparbeugedamphic - Ribrationestoordecautium. The next is the name of an officer now Madrid, Don Juan Nepomuceno de

Burionagonatorecagageazcoecus. The next is a town in the Isle of Mull, Drimtaidhvrickhillichatten."

Big Words.

"The next, "Jungefrauenzimmerdurch schwindsuchttoedlungsgegenverien." "Nitrophenylenediamine" and "Poly-phrasticontinomimegalundulation," are two words that recently appeared in the

### The Staff of Life.

The Staff of Life. Two thousand years ago Hippocrates, the "father of medicine," who depended far more on correct diet and general regi-men both for the prevention and removal of disease, than he did on medicine, par-ticularly commended the unbolted wheat meal for bread. The ancient wrestlers, who were trained for great boddly power, ate only the coarse wheaten meal bread to preserve the strength of their limbs. Pliny tells us that the Spartans, during the period when they were most remark-able for bodily vigor and personal powers, knew no other bread for three hundred years.

Near the close of the last century

army. For a while the use of this bread was almost universal in public institutions and in private families, and it was pro-nounced by the civic physicians by far the most healthy bread that could be eaten. The testimony of sea-captains and whalemen is equally in favor of wheaten bread. "The coarser my ship bread is, the healthier is my crew," said a very intelligent accentain of over 30

wheaten bread. "The coarser my ship bread is, the healthier is my crew," said a very intelligent sea-captain of over 30 years' experience. The inhabitants of Westphalia, who are a hardy and robust people, capable of enduring the greatest fatigaes, are a living testimony to the salutary effects of this sort of bread ; and it is remarkable that they are very seldom attacked by acute fevers, and those other diseases which arise from bad humors. In fact the laboring class throughout Europe, Asia and Africa use bread made of the whole grain ; happily for them they cannot afford to buy fine flour. The most intelligent class of people in our large cities have bread made of unbolted wheat on their tables every day, and depend upon it ; but in country places the idea prevails that it is cheap and coarse, and that to feed a guest on Graham bread would be inhospitality. Nothing can be further from the truth. Our first-class hotals have regularly on their bills of fare "cracked wheat," "homminy," "oatmeal mush ;" and some advanced teachers of hygiene are beginning to hope that the reign of fine flour is passing aver

beginning to hope that the reign of fine four is passing away. In preparing articles of food from the whole wheat, very much of their palata-bleness depends on the manner in which they are compounded. Bread of unbolt-ed flour should be molded soft and baked

All Sorts.

The harvesting of barley has begun in Southern California.

Or the 221,042 teachers in this count try, 127,713 are women.

Bre Cow, one of the sub-chiefs of the Arapahoe tribe of Indians, stands seven feet high in his moccasins.

The grasshopper is to be utilized by queezing, straining and selling him as a ubricator.

One hundred and five Cardinals have been buried by the present Pope. Fifty-five are still on hand and five in reserve.

Don't locate your grandfather "in the front mank" in the Con cord and Lexing-ton fight. That was the one that re-treated.

A MEDICAL practitioner in Boston tes-tified that he "attended a portion of a boy who was cut up in a mowing ma

IRELAND, too, will have her centenary fever in Angust. Dublin will rejoice in the fact that, one hundred years ago, Daniel O'Council was born.

THERE is a man in the penitentiary at Michigan City who was sent there for black-mailing John C. New, the news Treasurer of the United States.

THE number of emigrants westward bound at the present season is unprece-dented. There have left Omaha, Ne-braska, since March 1st, 9,800.

LAWRENCE, the silk smuggler; who-fied the country, is held at Queenstowns for extradition. His operations in the-smuggling line exceeded \$1,000,000.

AMERICAN students who are becoming: affected after the fashion of the English, find full scope for their silliness in talk-ing of the coming "Saratog-ah regat-ah."

A MAN weighing 145 pounds contains: 116 pounds of water. In a perfectly dry atmosphere he would exhale this through his lungs and skin, and turn into a mummy.

In the course of a case brought by Emmanuel, the London jeweler, it was shown that be charged \$20,000 for a necklace which was valued by a Paris jeweler at \$7,500.

GERMANY'S military forces, including those of Bavaria, comprise at this mo-ment 31,830 officers, 1,329,600 men, 314,970 horses, 2,700 field, and 820 siege pieces or cannon.

A FARMER named Ziegler, in Michigan, is famous for good sense and great wealth. Some one asked him the other day how he made his money. "By minding my own business," was the reply.

The editor of the Savannah News has reasoned the thing out to its conclusion. He says: "We cannot possibly return-rejected manuscripts; indeed, we won't undertake to return borrowed money.""

A PARTY of Sionx Indians stole a patent ice-cream freezer, supposing it to be-a hand-organ, and their "big medicine-man" turned the crank a week before he-would confess his inability to get music

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don't kick me out."

don't kick me out." "Well, my boy, you are not going to die from this. Go and get somebody to wash your head; or, go and wash it yourself—and then tie your handkerchief on."

"Please, sir, I hain't got no-"

"Hease, ar, I han't got no-" "Hold up, my boy. I haven't got time to waste. You won't suffer if you go as you are." And with this Dr. Silas Walsh closed

the door and returned to his book. He had not meant to be unkind ; but, really, he had not thought that there was any need of professional service on his part; and, certainly, he did not want that bad boy in his office. But Dr. Walsh had not been alone

cognizant of the boy's visit. There had been a witness at an upper window. The doctor's wife had seen and heard. She was a woman. She was not strong, and resolute, and dignified, like her husband. resolute, and dignified, like her husband. Her heart was not only tender, but it was used to aching. She had no chil-dren living; but there were two little mounds in the church-yard which told her of angels in heaven that could call her Mother ! Acting upon her impulse, as she was very apt to act, she slipped down, and called the boy in, by the back way, to the wash-room. He came in, rage, dirt and all, wondering what was wanted. The sweet voice that had called him had not frightened him. He came in, and stood looking at Mary Walsh, and as he looked his sobbing censed. "Sit down, my boy." He sat down.

He sat down. "If I will help you, will you try to be good ?"

"I can't be good."

"Why not?" " 'Cause I can't. "Taint in me. Every-

body says so." But you can 'try ?"

"But you can try?" "I donno." "If I should help you, you would be willing to try, to please me?" "Yes 'm, I should, certain." "Mrs. Walsh brought a basin of water, and a soft sponge, and with tender hand she washed the boy's head and face. Then, with a pair of scissors, she dipped away the hair from the wound—curling, handsome hair—and found it not a bad one. She brought a piece of sticking-plaster, which she fixed upon it, and then she brushed the hair back from the full brow, and looked into the boy's face—not a bad face—not an evil face. Shutting out the rags and the dirt, it was really a handsome face.

really a handsome face. "What is your name my boy ?" "Hammer Jim.ma'am; and sometimes Ragged Jim."

"I mean how were you christened ?" "Wich, 'm ?"

"Don't you know what name your parents gave you ?" "O-ye-es. It's down on the 'seers'

"O-ye-es. It's down on the seers books, mum, as James Ammerton." "Well, James, the hurt on your head is not a bad one, and if you are careful not to rub off the plaster it will very soon heal up. Are you hungry!" "Please, ma'am, I haven't eat nothing to der "

to-day."

Mrs. Walsh brought out some bread and butter, and a cup of milk, and al-lowed the boy to sit there in the wash-room and eat. And while he cat she room and eat. And while he eat she watched him narrowly, scanning every feature. Surely, if the science of physi-ognomy, which her husband studied so much, and with such faith, was reliable, this boy ought to have grand capacities. Once more, shutting out the rags and the filth, and only observing the hair, now glossing and waving, from her dexterous manipulations over a absence besid and

manipulations, over a shapely head, and marking the face, with its eyes of lus-trous gray, and the perfect nose, and the mouth like a oupid's bow, and the chin strong, without being unseemly—seeing

stricken. It was a paper from a far Western eity, and it told of the sad fate of the explor-ing party under charge of Col. John Beauchampe, how they had been at-tacked by an overpowering party of In-dians, and how those not massacred had

dians, and how those not massacred had been carried away captive. Poor little woman! Poor, Doctor Walst! But the mother suffered most. Her head, already taking on its crown of silver, was bowed in blinding agony, and her heart was well-nigh broken. The joy was gone out from her life, and thick darkness was round about her.

And so passed half a year. One day the postman left a letter at the door. The hand of the superscription was fa-miliar. Mrs. Walsh tore it open, and glanced her eyes over its contents. O, glanced her eyes over its contents. O, joy! O, rapture! Her boy lived! was well! and was on his way home to her! When Dr. Walsh entered the room he found his wife fainting, with the letter clutched in her nerveless grasp. By and by, when the first great surge had passed, husband and wife sat down and read the letter understandingly. "Thank God! I found a true friend, or L should cay a true friend found me."

tance with a small air-tight cylinder with a pisson. On applying power, the dia-phragm is driven rapidly up and down, and the air above and below it is alter-nately compressed and rarefled. This impulse passes, with little loss by fric-tion, through the pipes, and the piston in the cylinder is alternately sucked up and driven down. As there is two pipes, the movement is reciprocal, and the pis-ton moves with nearly the same power, and at a speed corresponding with the movement of the disphram. There is no exhaust, no discharge, and no new sup-ply of air. Even a leak does no harm, except to whate the power, and the cylin-der will work in whatever position it is placed, so long as the pipes are clear. This device has been used in cutting cloth in a wholesale clothing house, and it is said to work satisfactory.—Scribner for May. "Thank God! I found a true friend, or, I should say, a true friend found me," wrote Philip, after he had told of his safety, and of his whereabouts. "But for the coming of this friend I should have died ere this. He heard of me by name, and learned whence I came, and when he knew that I was from Erns-worth, and was the son of Silas and Mary Walsh, he bent all his energies to my release. He spent thousands of dol-lars in enlisting and equipping men for the work, and with his own hand he struck down my savage captor, and took

worth, and was the son of Silas and Mary Walsh, he bent all hus energies to my release. He spent thousands of dol-lars in enlisting and equipping men for the work, and with his own hand he struck down my savage captor, and took me henceforth under his care and pro-tection. God bless him! And be you ready, both, to bless him! And be you ready, both, to bless him! And be you ready, both, to bless him for he is com-ing home with me." Upon their bended knees that night the rejoicing parents thanked God for all his goodness, and called down blessings upon the bead of the unknown preserver

Upon their bended knees that night the rejoicing parents thanked God for all his goodness, and called down blessings upon the head of the unknown preserver

upon the head of the unknown preserver of their darling. And, in time, radiant and strong, their

At a spelling-match in Tennessee a young man was requested to spell rhapsody. "Say it again," said he; the pronouncer hurled it at him again, and the young man hurled it back, mangled, mutilated, bleeding, as follows: "W-r-a-p wrap, s-oso. d-vdy, wrapsody."

Highness, the Prince of Wales, will go to India next winter, a country which, though forming a magnificent part of the British empire, has never been visited by a scion of the royal house.