DOLCINO TO MARGARET.

The world goes up and the world goes down,
And the sunshine follows the rain;
And yesterday's sueer, and yesterday's frown,
Can never come over again,
Sweet wife,
Can never come over again.

or woman is warm, though man be cold, And the night will hallow the day; If the heart which at even was weary and an rise in the morning gay,

Sweet wife,
To its work in the morning gay.

—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

JACK.

"A mornin' like this, with the sun a inin', and the birds a singin', and the sies a blossoming in those beds down re seems to chirk one up mightily, aid Mrs. Zib, flirting her dust rag vig-trously. "It's a pity you ain't able to be up and get a peak at it. It'd do you more good than medicine, 'cording to my notion. There's lots of folks gone already, the kind that has little to do. Well, if I ever!" and Mrs. Zib's poke bonnet and the edge of her sharp nose seemed in imminent danger of going through the shutter, she was so inquisitively eager in her inspection of some

It's that Hoke boy," she said pres-withdrawing her head and proto set in order the vials on the "I declare he's a shaver to be his own pony, a black one with ball face and a—what do you call it dog cart; I don't see why there's any need of giving a decent wagon such an outlandish name. He ain't more than eight years old I'm sure, and is about as sassy as they make 'em; but then some folks are able to make all sorts of fol-derols for their children, and others are put to their wits' end to get bread for theirs, and you can't help feelin' that lots is various. Some do seem to get all the plums in the pudding, and others can't even get a whiff at the crust. It's queer, but I suppose it's right."

She gave me an interrogative glance as she spoke, then spying some uneasiness in the little, week-old morsel of humanity who was cuddled in my arms, she took him away and sat down with him in the low rocker. "You folks make an awful fuss over him," she said meditatively; "not that he is anything out of the ordinary run, either, as I can see, but somehow you seem to think he is wonderful. S'posing, now, you had felt bad about his coming, not knowing how he could be fed or clothed, and s'posing nobody kissed or cuddled him, and wondered whether he looked like you or his father, or his grandmother, or

all the rest of 'em?" "Mrs. Zib, please hand me that baby right away. I want to kiss him." I ain't going to do any such thing. said the nurse peremptorily. "He's just been fooled with enough this morning! All them big girls in the family had to have their foolishness over him before they went to school, and I hain't counted how many times you've kissed him. He'll take it easy enough on my lap for awhile. Yeller, ain't he? Well, that's the jaunders; it makes 'em sleepy, too. and winkin' away in a miserable sort of a shanty, and nobody seemed to want him in the world very much. He was one of them kind that never gets a whiff at the pudding. He belonged to the Briggs, Dan'l and Melindy, and the belonging to them wa'nt much of a blessing, for they were two of the shiftless, slack, always behind hand sort of people who never seem to know how to take care of themselves rightly. Their folks had been just so, too, a workin' a little on other folks land, doing an odd job now and then, keepin' in vittels and shabby clothes somehow, the women gettin' cold vittles when they washed for he farmers' wives, and some of the old clothes it wa'nt no use to make over. Dan'l, however, was the very cream of the hull so far as slackhandedness and ownright laziness was concerned. It

and never troubled his conscience neither, though perhaps he didn't have one to trouble. Sometimes he got a job in harvest or plantin' time, but generally folks were shy about hiring him; nobody likes to pay a man for settin' drummin' his heels agin the fence, or stoppin' to talk to everybody who hap-pens to go by. 'The women folks said he was a heavy hand, too, on the butter and the meat. He was a great one to go gunning. You'd see him slouching along regular, two mangy, ribby hounds a followin' after; such folks must keep a dog, you know, even if they hain't nothin' for themselves.

"Melindy used to say sometimes that she wished Dan'l was a little steadier at his work, but if you went to blaming him she always had some excuse for him. 'Squire wanted him to work too hard, or he had to take care of the baby.' 'There was always a baby in the

house, a little, half-dressed, generally miserable creetur, for they never got the right kind of fare, and wa'nt made the least of, though Dan'l and Melindy liked them in their way. I can't even say it was curious the little things died off after one another, but it did seem to me fortunate, for there wa'nt no gainsaving but what they were better off out of the world than in it. Jack, though, he toughed it out, though he had all the drawbacks the others had, and grew to be a little black-eyed youngster, hanging to Melindy's skirts, trottin' 'round after Dan'l, or lyin' in the sun and sand

alongside them miserable dogs.

Melindy went when the seventh baby come, and she and the child were buried together, and you wouldn't hardly think it, but one day when one of my boys went past the place where she was buried, if there wa'nt that forlorn little Jack a walkin' 'round and 'round it and pipin', 'Mammy, mammy!'

'Misfortunes never come single, they

say, and I believe it, and to prove it and it's gun went off all of a sudden one day when he was climbing a fence, and somebody found him the same day lying there clean shot through the heart. After he was decently buried no one knew what to do with Jack. It wa'n't to be thought of that anybody around should want him, and the only way seemed to be to send him to the poor house. I remember he sat out on a big stone in the yard, hiding his face from every-

that's curious, for they live only a matter of four miles away. Likely as not you've heard enough of them to know hat they are awful close, but I'm free to say that of all stingy, scraping, rich creatures they are the very beat. I was sent for to come and nurse Tom's wife when she had her baby a couple of years ago. Tom came over beforehand to strike a bargain with me, tried to tell me the work would be light with Samantha, her niece, there, and asked me right out to take off a couple of dollars in my price. But I knew the Brones, and they knew me, and I went for my regular wages or not at all. You see, there is a great deal to do on a large farm like theirs, and they expected me to be busy every

"I often wondered when I was there what was the use of money if you couldn't enjoy it. They certainly didn't seem to get any good, so to speak, out of theirs. Their very table was mean, mean for them who could afford bettersour rye bread, rusty pork and the small potatoes they couldn't sell. Though they had a big lot of poultry none of it ever came on their table, neither did eggs or such, for everything that could fetch a copper went to market and if they lived like that you can think what sort of vittles Jack got! Yes, Jack, for I found Dan'l Briggs' Jack there.

"You see the first night when I see that tall, shamblin' erectur shufflin, in with his head droppin' forrards I mis-trusted that I'd seen him somewhares before, and I watched him while he eat his bread crusts and cold potatoes, and after he'd gone out I asked Samantha, 'Who's

' 'Jack.' she says.

"'Jack Briggs?'
"And then I had it sure enough. 'Tom got him out of the poor house some time ago,' she said, sharply: "he's

half a fool. I hate him.'
"Well, I wouldn't blame anyone for being half a fool living on such food as they gave him. Eat edges of pork without a bit of meat on them, cold potatoes, and bread left to get hard and dry so he couldn't eat so much of it. Bless you, child, I'm not lying; I'm tellin' downright truth; I've seen Christian folks more than once play that trick on their hired folks.

"I spoke to him next morning as he was washing outside on the porch. 'I knew you folks once,' says I. "'Eh,' said he, looking at me with

those dull, black eyes of his'n. "Yes, and I knew you when you was a little fellow; you've growed considerable since. How did you get along at the poorhouse?' "'I had fits sometimes, and they flog-

ged me sometimes.' "'You don't say so,' says I, 'How long have you been here?'

"'Quite a spell.'
"'You look kind of peaked and yel-ler,' says I, 'Don't you feel well?' "He stared at me and real tears came to his eyes. 'I've lots of pain here,' said he, putting his hand to his side, 'and my head hurts sometimes.'

"Four days after I went there, Jane, that's Tom's wife, got word that her father and mother were coming down to I once saw a baby just as likely for his see the new baby and spend the day. age as this one; but laws, he was blinkin' She was mightily flustered when she hearn it, for she hadn't a bit of pie or says I, thinkin' a fall from a mow wa'n't cake in the house and she wanted me to no trifle. make some. She said though it must be apple pie and a cake that wouldn't take more than an egg or two, and but little butter, say a tablespoonful. I concluded to make it as best suited me, seeing I had a fair field, Samantha having gone to the village; and though Jane's bedroom opened into the kitchen, her bed stood so she could not see the part of the room where I was at work. All the same, she made her tongue do duty for her eyes and kept telling me what to do all the time till I clean lost patience, but you may be sure then I mixed things my own way. No stale drippings out of the old yellow bowl in the buttery went into my pie crust, but I put into it good, sweet lard out of the firkin in the cellar, and I didn't sweeten them pies with mo lasses sugar either, but good granulated

went into them. "When I begin with the cake she called out, I guess, after all, it best be molasses; that only takes one egg, and shortening instead of butter.

"Well, I said, smiling to myself as I stirred up a good cake which had plenty of eggs and butter for once. Her speaking of molasses cake, tho' put me in my mind to bake a nice, soft one, for molasses cake when fresh, aint to be sneezed at, yes, and I mean to tell you that I made a pie in an oldish saucer, and made it thick and good and sweetened it with molasses, and after it was baked I tucked it away in the woodshed. After dinner I looked to see if Jack had a piece of the pie we had cut, and that Jane had grumbled over because it was so good. But Samantha didn't give him any, which was just what I expected. So I left Samantha busy with the dishes, and tucking that saucer-pie under my apron, I went down in the yard alongside the barn to look at some blankets I'd hung there that morning. I looked sharp to see Jack when he came along to go to the meadow, then I called him soft like.

"What!" says he stopping short.
"'Here,' says I, 'take this and se down in the gate corner and eat it; I'll wait for the dish. "It wasn't three minutes before he brought the saucer back, every crumb

clean gone.
"'I'll never forget it,' says he, a cry-

"It was the next day the old folks came. I baked good, sweet bread in the morning and cut it fresh for dinner, too, although Jane was hurt about it, and what with ham and decently mashed potatoes, chopped cabbage and the sugared pie, we'd a good dinner, which everybody enjoyed, especially Tom, who couldn't stop bragging about it. But I had a plan in my mind, so after we'd finished, I says to Samantha: 'You're tired; so you go set in Jane's room and hold the baby and talk to granny, and I'll wash up the

things. "She wasn't backward to accept, and Tom took the old man out to see the farm, and for once in his life I set Jack down to a decent meal. Nothing was sneaked off that table by me, and it gave me satisfaction to see him eat. Samantha screamed right out when she came in and saw him finishing the pie. 'Ain't you ashamed of yourself to let him make a

the yard, hiding his face from everybody in his torn jacket sleeve, and crying for the dog that 'Squire Jones had took away 'cause he said he was a good bird dog, and somebody or other had hushed him up quite sharp when he called for 'pappy.'

"Old Mrs. Fox asked me if I didn't feel to take him, but I didn't mean to fly in the face of providence by taking that child when I had tough work to keep my child when I had tough work to keep my condense would ever sit in their parlor, do you?

"I just thought the last Sunday I was there that I'd put on my bonnet and go see where they laid him, so without saying anythin' I tramped up there. It was a wild place enough, and of course there was nothing to mark it, but the Lord will know where he sleeps at the last day, and that is enough ain't it?

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"I kind o' wondered when I stood there what had become of his soul? He was such a white heathen. It made me think of the beautiful sermon I once

own. So Jack went to the poor house. I'm sure we have to pay taxes to keep it going, and it's fair somebody should be sent there once in awhile.

"Do you know the Brones? No? Well, that's curious, for they live only a matcandle for herself. She was always hinting at something I might do evenings. but I let her hint. Sometimes Jack came in, fearful, like a dog not in place, and sot down for a spell by the door before he went to bed in the loft over the out-kitchen, but Samantha was always finding fault and picking at him. One night he came up by the table and asked for a needle and thread to fix his jacket, but she never pretended to hear him. was clean put out with such meanness 'Jack,' says I, 'hand me that jacket, and I got my house-wife and put on my spees and sat down to darn it.

"'It's a dirty, miserable thing,' say I, working away. 'It ought to go into the rag-bag, and Tom ought to get you a decent suit.'

"Tom's chair came down hard, and h looked mad enough. 'Better dress a beggar in broadcloth.' he growled. ''Oh! no need of that,' says I, 'only give a man working for food and clothes,

ent ones. "I know my own business, and I hate meddlers, said Tom. 'Here Jack,

"Of all the queer questions Jack would ask, though; one day he said to me, 'What's God?'
"'You poor creature,' says I, 'ain't no minister ever told you? Well, He's a sperrit.

"'What's a sperrit?' says he.
"Now I'm one that's satisfied with facts without pryin' into them. I never muddle myself a wondering; but I seen by his questions he was kinder stupid like so I says, 'A sperrit is something that ain't flesh and blood.' "He shook his head backwards and for-

" 'Where's God?' "'Why, in heaven, you poor heathen!"
"He looked down as if he was almost a

"'If He was only down here, I might find Him,' he says as serious like as could be; 'but I can't never find Him

up there. 'Twan't no use for me to say more him, you see; he showed me he was lacking, and I wasn't no minister. "Another time, when I was by the well

he came along to fill the water jug for the field. 'I'm a thinking, Miss Zib,' says he. "What about?"

"Thinkin' if I got away to the edge of the world, would I fall off?" "Of course," says I.
"Fall where?"

"The Lord knows," I says a little sharp, for his silly questions pestered me. I did kind of wonder the to myself, where a body falling off the land would land, but I ain't a scholar and don't pretend to say, besides I never expect to travel to the world's edge myself.

"It was that very afternoon Tom cam in the kitchen in considerable of a hurry. 'Where's the liniment?" he asked Jane who was sitting there, holding the baby. "In the right hand corner of the sec ond closet shelf. What do you want to do with it?"

"'Jack fell off the mow and got hurt. "'What did he want to do that for? Now don't waste that liniment on him for nothing.'

"I found him all in a heap on the barn floor, and 'rhat was worse, he didn't know anything. 'That's a high mow,' says I, measuring it with my eye, 'and how in heaven's name do you know where he's hurt and wants to be rubbed with liniment? The best thing you can

do is to get a doctor.'
"I want to get another load in before it rains,' says Tom, in that aggravatin', slow way o' his'n, 'and it's no use run-nin' up doctors' bills when it 'taint no need. The liniment cured the old mare's leg last week, and by an' by when he comes to we'll find out where he ails,' "'Tom Brones,' says I, 'I feel good telling you you are the meanest man a living. Look at that poor thing there! It ain't enough you've starved and worked him to death, but you are going to let

him die like a dog. I'm going to get Sam Lemarest to go for a doctor.' "'Hold on, yyu long-tongued Jezabel says he, 'and stop your meddling. I'll go for the doctor myself;' and with that ne went to work saddling a horse, grumblin' and swearin' to himself, and to me for that matter, but I was trying to fix Jack a little more comfortable and never

minded him. "Samantha came up and looked in, and screamed a little, and went away again, Bull, the dog, came and smelled of him, and whined, for the dog always took to Jack, but nothing roused him; he breathed heavy and looked bad.

"It seemed an age before Tom cam back. He was slow always, and I needn't have expected he would put himself out of the way for Jack.

"The doctor seemed to think some thing pretty serious was the matter with Jack. He worked over him quite a spell, examining, listening, growing graver every moment. He tore away his poor rags, even clipped away some of his shock of hair. Then he shook his head: 'I can't do anything for him now.' "An hour after it was all over.

"Neighbors, hearing the news, came in and stood around, but Jack never knew any of them; never knew when helped put bandages on his head, and his hair was so pretty, thick and brown, and with a curly wave into it.

"Jane grumbled some when we told

house and made a prayer over him. Actook him up to the wood-lot to bury him. Jane had come to it, and let one of Tom's white shirts be put onto him; it wa'n't one of the newest, and really he looked as peaceful and calm as any baby could, and he wa'n't bad looking seen so, and I was glad to remember that I had been kind to him, in them little ways I told won of

told you of. "I just thought the last Sunday I wa

heard our old Dominie preach. 'No man cared for my soul,' or some text most like it, and it did seem to me all of a sudden as if no man cared for Jack. "But I guess I had better put this lit-

tle fellow down by you now, for he's sound asleep, and I can go down and see why nobody has brought them lemons yet. Tut, tut-don't look so down. meant to chirk you up a talking."
"Chirk me up? O, Mrs. Zib!"

A Murdered Nation.

In 1781, when the Empress Catherine stopped at Azov on a visit to the southern part of her domains, she was struck by the majestic aspect of the Daghestan mountains which interpose their snow-capped ramparts between the Russian capped ramparts between the Russian steppes and the garden lands of Tiflis and Georgia; and on that day the conquest was first resolved upon which has since been accomplished at the cost of three million human lives. As early as 1783, General Lazareff made raid into the valley General Lazareff made raid into the valley of the Terek, but was driven back with the loss of 5000 men, and had to recruit his forces in the Ukraine till the spring of the following year, when he landed at Anapa, and attempted the same region from the south side. He was again repulsed, but fortified the village or Redout Kaleh on the sea-coast; and thus established a base of operations, for all future expeditions, which year after year were sent forth, and as often vanquished, sent forth, and as often vanquished, sent forth, and as often vanquished, though with greater and greater difficulty, by that heroic resistence which mere butcher's arithmetic could foresee must cease at last. Lazareff and his successor, General Godolitsch, gratified the Czarina by a monthly bulletin of raids and massacres; and thereis something which seems inexpressibly revolting in their cynic admission of the superior strategy and valor of an enemy whom they hoped to subdue by starvation and ruse—that is, treachery, and the massacre of hostages and non-combatants.

The passes of Western Caucasus were defended by the Lesghians and Ossetes, who, in 1795, could still muster a force of 60,000 warriors in the Spartan sense of the word; but with the return of every Spring a fresh swarm of Cossacks, Cal-mucks and Muscovite serfs fell upon that devoted band standing at bay like a wild animal against a pack of butcher dogs. The valleys were devastated, domestic animals were slain the auls, or mountain villages of Western Lesghia, were burned and their defenseless inhabitants butch-ered; and in innumerable encounters the passes were strewn with the bones, and the mountain streams of Circassia dyed with the blood of her native sons who, though almost victorious, found no time to repair their losses before an imperial ukase sent a new horde of blood-hounds against them. Yet in 1824, more then forty years after the commencement of hostilities which had already cost the lives of nearly half a million of his subjects, the Czar could not yet call a square yard of the Caucasus his own, unless he kept within cannon range of his forts. Shamyl Ben Haddyn, a man whose name is almost unknown to America and

Western Europe; has left a record in the

memory of his countrymen about which coming generations may kindle into wor-ship. Unless ultimate success alone be a criterion of merit, the exploits of Hanni bal, of Cromwell, of Kosciesco and Garibaldi appear trifling in comparison with the feats of the Lesghian prophet-chieftain. There is a somewhat doubtful tradition about a Gothic knight, named Pelagius or Pelayo, whose father had been slain with King Roderic, in the battle of Xeres de la Frontera, and who, when Spain was overrun by the Saracens, en-listed a corps of volunteers from the Christian tugitives with their aid defended himself year after year in the fastnesses of the Pyrenees, till the power of the Moors was broken in the seven days' fight at Tours, and the little band of patriots received succor from their brethren in Southern France. If the story of Pelayo should be authentic, the achievements of Shamyl Ben Haddin are hardly equalled; Shamyl Ben Haddin are hardly equalled; otherwise they stand altogether unapproached by anything the history of the world could adduce from the records of the last 4000 years. The Pass of Thermopylæ, though defended against greater odds, was only defended for twenty-four hours, while the followers of Shamyl maintained their ground for more than maintained their ground for more than twenty-four years. Mithridates, King of Pontus and Asyria, resisted the powers of Rome for even a longer period; but his resources were almost as vast as those of the Orbis Romanus, while the Circassian patriot, with never more than 20,000 fighting men, defied the legions of the Russian Empire, which were increased under Prince Baryantnski to ninety-five of Regiments, forty of artillery, 1600 polks of mounted Cossacks—together almost a third of a million. Frederic the Great, in the Seven Years' War, showed the same manful self-reliance, fortitude and heroic scorn of compromise; but would he not have surrendered Brandenburg and Berlin as well as Silesia, if the four-fold numerical superiority of his enemies had been increased forty-fold, the seven years protracted to twenty-seven, and his regiment restricted to a diet of beechnuts and water? Or, to take an illustration from the history of our own country, would the resistence of General Lee have been prolonged for, we will not say twenty-seven years, but that number of weeks, if Virginia had been attacked by a combination of the "Solid South" with the solid North, East and West; if all the artillery, North, East and West; if all the archiery, all the horses, all the cooking stoves, medicine chests, tents, shoes, blankets, flous, sugar and coffee, as well as all the cash had been monopolized by General Grant and Lee's own commissary supplies reduced to hickorynuts and wild berries of the Blue Ridge? How few of our hardy ancestors would have undertaken for any for any temporal or sternal reward what for any temporal or eternal reward what the Lesghian chieftain had done, and done in vain. His followers diminished from year to year and at last succumed, worn out, in the most brutal "Jane grumbled some when we told her he was dead. He was a poor miserable creature, not worth his salt, she said, but hired folks was scarce just now in harvest, and asked such ridiculous wages. The town would have to pay for his coffin, though, and was that liniment left wasted in the barn?

"It was the next day, Mr. Somers, the old Methodist minister, came to the house and made a prayer over him. Active the conduction of the world. The conduction of the world would have been the penalty of submission; and in thus far, at least, they have still been the arbiters of their they have still been the arbiters of their tually, the first prayer I believe ever made by anybody on his account, and Tom and two or three of the neighbors death and a Muscovite citizenship, and death and a Muscovite citizenship, and they have deliberately chosen death as the less horrible alternative. By a hundred years' war, and the sacrifice of a million human lives the Russians have thus become the undisputed master of a graveyard, but they will hardly find it a renumerative acquisition. The tendency of the cosmetic regulations is adverse to

by law of nature which prevents the hunter from digesting the flesh of a tortured animal will not permit the butchers of the Circassian patriots to utilize their victory. For alimentary purposes vivisection is an unprofitable business. Say! look here. We've got a conun-drum. What is the difference between a piece of mica and a fellow taking his nip of grog? One is Isinglass, t'other is nose-in-glass. Don't faint. Keep your spirit

cruelty, and we may trust that the sar

A wife at Portland, Me, calls her hus

Religion gives you a creed as a kind of ladder up which you may climb to a noble life. Too many people, however, noble life. Too many people, however, put the ladder up and then sit on the

Little six-year-old was obliged to take a dose of medicine that left an unpleasant taste in the mouth. When asked how she liked, she said, "It is good enough, all but the end of it."

A paper describes a young lady with hair "as black as a raven's." The ravens weren't wearing any hair to speak of last changed this year.

bee got loose in the mail sack at Keokuk, and was sent to a distinguished naturalist of that city for examination. He classified thus: "Italian queen, bedamned fitaintahossfly."

"Rash, sinful man," said upbraidingly the chaplain to the prisoner. "Suppose you were to die now, what sort of a con-cience would you die with, eh?" "Oh, my conscience is as good as new, never used it a bit," said the prisoner, proudly.

has lately caught butting its head against the bucket as it swung over the well. The act was referred to once by a poet who

"The old doe can buck it.

A European writer asserts that acute coryza, or cold in the head, is cured in halfan hour by chewing the leas of the eucalyptus and slowly swallowing the saliva. Its action is doubtless similar to that of cubebs, which will produce the same effect.

One of the private schools in Washington this year held its annual ex-ercises and distribution of prises in a river steamer, which ran down the Potomac some thirty miles and returned. This is an improvement over warm, badly ven-

was in 1865, near Richmond, a negro man who was bought for nine hundred head of cabbage. The cabbage at that time were worth one dollar a head, which would pan out nine hundred dollars for

Elmira Brooks thinks "the only differ ence between a young lady and a married woman is an offer of marriage." If it hadn't been for this kind of scribe we should have gone to our grave with the impression that it was eighty-five cents worth of ice cream.

A QUEER GEORGIA WIND SPOUT .-William Langley, a cotton planter of Gwinnett county, was standing in a field on his farm. Around him were several men, a woman and three children, all breaking the soil for cotton. The sky was clear and the air quiet, there being about both considerable sultriness. The children had just stopped work, and had thrown themselves, tired as tired could be, on top of a pile of guano sacks, when a peculiar roaring was heard in the field. The sound bore some resemblace to that of an approaching train, but as no train was near, the workers looked at each other in amazement. In a few moments they saw a small column, not larger in circumference than a barrel, skim rapidly along the ground. The wind spout or column appeared to be filled with dust. The mother rushed toward the children, who crouched low in fright, but before she could reach them the pile of guauo bags, children and all were scattered right and left. In its course, always eccentric, the column struck a stump squarely from the butt to roots and tore it from the ground, the wood splitting into three pieces, and dropping twenty or thirty yards away. Mr. Lang-ley was sucked in as the whirling thing passed and thrown into a ploughed gully some distance away. In the next instant the strange visitor had gone, passing up over the tops of the trees. It was seen plainly by the ladies at Langley's house, annuaring to them. appearing ts them like the smoke that rushes up in circular volumes from the smoke-stack of a locomotive. - Augusta.

TRANSPLANTING AND REPLANTING TEETH.—Can teeth be transplanted? If recent accounts of operations by dentist are trustworthy, the answer must be in the affirmative. But the question has been formally discussed at a meeting of the Odontological Society, and from this we learn that it was in replanting (which is not the same thing as transplanting) that the foreign dentists whose names had been cited, achieved their success. Among them a Frenchman, Dr. Magitot, has published full particulars of cases in which diseased teeth were taken out, and the root, or a portion of periosteum, was cut away, and then were replanted in the same socket, where, after a few days or weeks, they became firm and serviceable. Out of sixty-three operations in four years, five were failures; but some of the cures were painful and tedious, owing to local dis-charge. In technical phraseology, Dr. Magitot holds "the indications for an operation to be the existence of chronic periositis of the apex of the root, its denudation, and absorption of its surface. * * The resection of this, which plays the part of irritant, is the essential aim of the operation. And the extraction having been performed with due care, if no other lesion be detected save the alteration in the apex of the root, the tooth is to be replaced as soon as this has been excised and smoothed and the hemorrhoge has ceased.

Truth is mighty-mighty scarce. "Have you a mother-in-law?" asked a man of a disconsolate-looking person.
"No," he replied; "but I've a father in

band home by firing a skyrocket from the roof of the house. When the rocket goes up he goes for home,

In the Sunday School picnic procession it is the great stout homely girl that carries the banner. The nice-looking lit-tle girl is kindly cared for by the Superin-

summer, but we suppose the style has It has been said that an Italian queen

A Dresden man owns an old doe that

That hung in the well.'

tiltaed halls.

The last slave sold in the Confederacy the negro.

OFFICIOUS FRIENDS .- The London Truth

speaking of officious friends, says "Friendship among them means a lien "Friendship among them means a lien, not a loan; possession, not exchange; and they will not amend their record. With such friends as these, at those moments when you take stock, as it were, of your life, you are forced to ask yourself what do you get out of at all? You are snubbed, tyrannized over, rebnked and set down; you are always in disgrace, and you may not call your soul your own; your life is regulated for you, not according to your own desires, nor even for your own best needs, but according to the fancies of those you do not understand what they are about. Your time is taken up, your pursuits are interfered with, your sympathies restrained, your affections chilled—and all for what?"

How can you best illustrate the difference between the French and English language? The French say, "Ilest mort." The English, 'He is no more."

THE PATRIARCH OF TURTLES.-We received a turtle a few days ago on whose back was marked the date 1700, and also the Spanish coat of arms, indicating that this old resident was in existence one hundred and seventy-nine years ago What changes this old fellow of the deep has seen. The rise and fall of empires and the continent on which he partly lived, emerged from the thraldom of despotism, with the rise of a republic that has become the great conservator of freedom, the advancement of civilization, and the glory of the world. A few words in Spanish on the shell were translated, which say: "Caught in 1700 by Hernando Gomez, in the St. Sebastian, and was carried to Matanzas by Indians; from there to the Great Wekiva," (which is now the St. John's river). On Tuesday, the 17th of June, the turtle was turned adrift in the St. John's river at

Herald. HALL'S

Palatka, with the inscription on his back: "Eastern Herald, Palatka, Flor-

ida, 1879." It may be supposed that by this time the old fellow has scented salt

water and gone over the bar at high tide.

and probably a few generations hence

may take him up at a Spanish port on the other side.—Palatka, (Florida)

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