WEEKLY CORVALLIS GAZETTE

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CINDERELLA.

"Really, it's quite a riddle, when one comes to think of it," said Mrs. Dale, putting the tips of her ringed fingers meditatively together. "Jeannette is a most charming girl, with a most taking way with her. I'm sure there can be no doubt about *her* marrying satisfactorily. And Marian's music is an excellent card to play. But when one comes to Phillippa—

"An odd little gipsy, isn't she?" said Mr. Dale. "Decidedly impracticable, I should think."

"Neither pretty, accomplished or womanly," sighed Mrs. Dale, gloomily.

Mrs. Darrell Dale had no children of her own, and she knew the social position which any middle-aged matron gains when she is surrounded by pretty girls. So Mrs. Darrell Dale had invited her brother's daughter's from Hemlock Hollow, in the Catskill mountains, to spend the summer months at Niagara Falls with her.

"I dare say," said she, confidentially to her sister-in-law, the farmer's wife, "they will all marry well before the season is over; and, in any event, the experience will be worth a good deal to them."

And honest Mrs. Humphrys took all her ten years' savings out of the Hemlock Hollow Bank, to equip the three girls suitably for their summer campaign.

Jeannette took to waltzing and the German as naturally as if she had been born to them; Marian slipped as gracefully into a musical and literary groove; but poor little Phillippa seemed to fit nowhere. She was shy and silent in the ball-room, struck unaccountably mute when she ought to be talkative, and seemed to prefer the woods, beside the great cataract, when all the world flocked to the ball-room of the Clifton or International.

"Because, aunt Theo," said honest Phillippa, "I never know what to say to the gentlemen when they ask me to dance."

"But, my dear child," said Mrs. Dale, "that's not the way to get into society."

"I—I don't care so very much about society, aunt Theo," said the heretical Phillippa.

"Then you'll never get married in the world," said aunt Theo, in accents of despair.

But even Phillippa was roused into interest when the cards came out for the grand fancy masquerade ball at the International Hotel, and Mr. Dale gave each of his nieces a hundred dollar bill to enable them to appear suitably for the occasion.

"I shall personate Undine," said Jeannette, thinking how well she would look in sea-green crape, crystal fringes and water-lillies.

"And I shall be Sappho," cried out Marian.

"Capital," said Mrs. Dale. "And you, Phillippa?"

"I don't know yet," said Phillippa, contracting her black eye-brows, "Mr. Mortimer says I ought to go as a gipsy."

"Then, my dear," said Mrs. Dale. "be a gipsy, by all means."

Both Marian and Jeannette looked a little jealous, for the Hon. Hugo Mortimer, from Montreal, was the lion at Niagara, just then, and his gracious notice was enough to insure the lucky recipient a front place in the ranks of fashion.

"When did he say that, puss?" demanded Jeannette, jerking out the ribbons of her sash.

"Oh, yesterday, when we were over on Goat Island."

"Did he walk with you?"

"A little way."

"I hope you made yourself agreeable," suggested Marian, tartly.

"I don't know whether I did or not," said Phillippa. "And now, Aunt Theo, if you'll give me that bundle of work, I'll take it to Elise Dupre. There'll be just time before tea for me to walk there and back."

"But the band will play presently—and—"

"Thank you, aunt," said Pillippa, "but I don't care for the band."

"Phillippa," said Mrs. Dale, "I do think you are the strangest girl!"

Elise Dupre was a thin, consumptive-looking girl, who lived among the spruces and tamaracks on the Canadian side, and took in what sewing, embroidery and lace-mending she was lucky enough to get—a girl in whom Phillippa Humphreys had become somewhat interested, because she was so friendless and shadowy and forlorn.

But instead of singing at her work, Phillippa found poor Elise sobbing at the window, while her grandmother, a hooked-nosed saffron-skinned old crone, sat rocking herself back and forth by the fireless hearth.

The girl put her warm, brown hand on Elise's shoulder.

"Elise," said she, "stop crying, and tell me what is the matter?"

"Don't touch me, mademoiselle," wailed poor Elise. "They are coming to take me to prison, to-night."

And then, in answer to Phillippa's inquiring gaze, she told her how Mrs. St. George had sent a white moire dress there to be re trimmed with costly Spanish blonde—Mrs. St. George, of the Clifton House, whose pearls, and diamonds, and splendid toilets, were the marvel of the place—and how, by some accident, the old grandmother had contrived to upset a kerosene lamp upon it.

"It is ruined, of course, wailed Elsie, clasping her hands, "I cannot pay for it—so I am to be arrested for the money it is worth.

"She must be an old hag," said Phillippia, impulsively.

She is a cold, hard woman, mademoisell," said Elsie, who knows not the meaning of the word 'mercy,' and if they put me in prison, my old grandmother will starve."

"They shall not put you in prison," said Philippa, "How much was the dress worth?"

"Oh, a deal of money, mademoiselle—a hundred dollars," sobbed the poor girl.

Phillippia Humphrey put her hand in her pocket and there lay the $100 bill, that Uncle Dale had given her, folded in a tiny, blue-velvet portemonaie.

"There s the money," said she, "give it to the odious old harpy, and don't cry any more, for your eyes are swelled to twice their size, already."

Elsie looked incredulously at the little brown slip of paper.

"But mademoiselle, you are surely not in earnest," said she, "you cannot mean it?"

"Yes, I do," said Philippa, shaking back the jetty rings of hair from her solemn black eyes, "take that money and pay Mrs. St. George, and say no more about it.

"Well, Phillippa," said Mrs. Dale, when her neice came back, "have you decided on your character yet?"

"Yes," said Phillippa quietly, I will be Cinderella."

"Who?" asked Mrs. Dale, putting her hand behind her ear.

"Don't you remember, Aunt Theo, the little brown-skinned girl who remained at home when her sisters went to the prince's ball."

"What a very odd choice?" said Mrs. Dale.

"It is," said Phillippa, "well, I always did like to be different from other people Aunt Theo."

"The masquerade ball was a brilliant success. "Undine," in silver green crape and white water lillies, was as lovely as a dream. "Sapho" was tall and pale, and delightfully classic; but there was one drop lacking in the cup of femenine happiness. Mr. Mortimer, for whose benefit half the belles of Niagara had dressed that evening, was not there.

"So provoking of Phillippa," said Aunt Theo, "to go and throw away all that money."

"My dear," said Mrs. Dale, "a good deed is never thrown away. And really that Cinderella idea of the little girl's wasn't so bad—ha! ha! ha! She did stay at home when her sisters went to the ball!"

"She will never learn wisdom," said Mrs. Dale with some asperity. "It's so strange she don't care about such things."

But, as it happened, Phillippa *did* care for such things. And at that identical moment she was standing on one of the starlighted verandahs, without, with a pink Shetland shawl around her shoulders, peeping surreptitiously through the windows at the waltzers.

"Miss Phillippa!"

She started guiltily.

"Oh, Mr. Mortimer! I am not doing wrong, am I?"

He smiled as he drew her arm through his.

"But why are you not dancing, inside?"

"I— I preferred not, to-night."

"Little Phillippa," said Mr. Mortimer, standing still under the shadow of a drooping elm, "you are equivocating now; and, as it happens, I know the truth."

"I don't understand you," said Phillippa.

"My valet is in love with Elise Dupre. She has told him all about your deed of kindly charity, and he has told me."

"Yes," said Phillippa in a low tone, "my uncle gave me money for a dress, but I preferred helping Elise to going to the ball."

"You told your aunt you were going as Cinderella?"

"How do you know? But that's not strictly true," laughed Phillippa. "I was to *be* Cinderella. And so I am."

"Then, Phillippa, if you are Cinderella, will you let me be the Prince?"

"Mr. Mortimer—!"

"Sweetest, I have been looking all my life for just such a pure, noble hearted girl," said Mortimer, "and now that I have found her, I shall not willingly let her go."

"Do you mean—"

"I mean, love, that I want you for my wife."

Mr. Dale could hardly credit his own ears, the next day, when Hugo Mortimer formally requested of him the hand of his youngest niece in marriage, and Mrs. Dale lifted her hands and eyes to the ceiling.

"To think that it should be Phillippa, after all!" said she.

As for "Undine" and "Sappho," they swallowed their mortification and congratulated the little Brown gipsy as cordially as possible.

"After all," said shrewd Uncle Dale, Phillippa invested her hundred dollars the best of any of you!"

Pugnacity of the Salmon.

It is now nearly forty years since I first began to watch their habits, and year after year I have witnessed the terrible fight carried on among the males for position. They are beautiful and strong when they first arrive, but in two or three days they become covered with ugly scratches, and black fin and tail torn to shreds by the teeth. In about eight days these wounds begin to fester and spread, assuming a whitish color. Hence, from the changed appearance the fish affected are vulgarly called scabbed. In about fourteen days a mould or fungus fully develops itself over the wounds, and then these fish generally sicken, and may be found in large numbers almost unable to move in the eddies and shallows of the river. I have again and again stood on the bank within a few feet of them in the stream, and so resolute and absorbed did the males seem in their hostle work that they were utterly oblivious to the presence of any one nigh them. That the wounds thus inflicted is the origin of the disease I firmly believe, and what makes it more probable is the fact that I have only known one of the females thus affected in the upper waters. From the evidence given it now seems that the disease attacks male and female alike. This may be explained by supposing that, after the diseased fish have been swept down to the lower pools, and the sickly and healthy yet mingled together, and the fungus fully developed, it becomes infectious and seizes others in the lower waters. Again, the fact that all varieties of the saimon are equally attacked points to the same conclusion. The sea trout and what are called the little red fish come first; the male and female being nearly equally divided, few fights or deaths occur. Next come the brown-nosed grey fish, and shortly after them the "buttoners," so called, from a spot below the neck. Among the two latter there are at least a dozen males for every female fish, hence bitter fights and widespread disease and death ensue. Lastly, about March, comes a small variety with snow-white bellies, and as the proportion of males and females among these is reversed, so also are the results. I observe that it is a popular theory with some of the witnesses that the disease arises from the salmon being unduly detained in the fresh water. This theory appears to me to be totally unsupported by reliable testimony. I may state as a fact that in a small pond in this district there has been a small salmon kept for two years and another for one. Both continue lively and apparently in good health, catching both flies and minnows. Sure these observations go far to prove the origin of the disease.—*Land and Water.*

A New York fashion paper says: "Our first class young ladies wear nothing but decorated garters." The mild weather there must be very welcome.

Susie's Gift.

The days were growing dark for George Graham. His studious habits had resulted in an affection of the eyes that threatened to grow serious.

This was his last term of school, and if he passed his examination creditably, he was to have a place in Solomon Grant's store, with wages that would not only take care of himself, but greatly help his mother.

His mother was a widow, and George's love for her was a sort of passion of devotion.

He was very fond of Susie Hale—but Susie was only a nice girl to him—a dear, sweet, good girl, such as any fellow would like; but his mother was the lady to whom was due his love, his care, his uttermost duty.

The plans he made in life were all for his mother's sake.

What if this growing dizziness about him was to increase until all was dark? What if he must be no help to his mother, but only a burden on her forever?

His scholarship had been so fine that his tutor hesitated to reprove his now continual failures; and George said nothing of the increasing darkness around him to his mother, for he felt that it would break her heart; nothing to teacher or schoolmates, for it seemed to him that his grief would be nothing to them. But one afternoon the crisis came.

No one who was present that day—not even the smallest child—will ever forget the look of wild despair that swept over George Graham's face, or the gesture of helpless anguish with which he stretched out his hands, as if to seek among them all some friend, as he cried:

"God help me, I have been going blind, and now I cannot see one figure in my book!"

There was a silence after this; and there came no sound but the audible beating of George Graham's tortured, despairing heart.

Then the master sent away others, for school hours were nearly over, and tried his best to comfort his stricken pupil.

The words of the teacher entered his ears, but they did not reach his heart or kindle his hope.

As soon as he could he went away. He did not go straight home. How could he face his mother and tell her what he must tell her now?

He sat down on a bank a little removed from the roadside, a bank which overhung a swift, deep, yet narrow stream.

An awful temptation came over him.

To be sure, to die would be to leave his mother to fight her battle of life alone; but also it would relieve her from the heavy burden he must needs be to her if he lived.

The river rushing down there below invited him with his murmur.

He bent forward over the stream. Then he drew back, for a longing came over him to go home first and see his mother just once more.

"See here! What am I talking about? Do I not know I shall never see her again?"

And a girl's voice, soft and tender, an unexpected voice, answered him:

"Yes, you will see her again. Surely you will see her again!"

The boy turned his face toward the sound.

"How did you come here, Susie Hale?" he asked.

"Don't be angry, George," the gentle voice entreated "I waited for you. I could not go home until I had told you how sorry I was, and tried to comfort you. You must take heart and try to be cured. I have known people who could not see at all to be helped, and why not you? At least you must try."

An evil mood was upon George Graham, and he answered harshly:

"Where is the money to come from, if you please? It has been all mother could do just to live, and she struggled on with the expectation of my being able soon to help her. She has no money for experiments. There is nothing for it but for me to rest a dead weight upon her hands or—die."

"You believe in God, George Graham, and you will not defy him. If he means you to bear this, you will bear it like a man, and not try to get rid of the burden. Just now, it seems to me, you ought to go home. Would you like your mother to hear this from some one else?"

He rose slowly.

"You are right," he said, "and you are a good girl. Good-bye, Susie."

She did not try to go with him; she followed him only with her eyes.

His mother met him at the gate.

When she took his hand in hers the poor fellow felt that she knew all. She was very quiet and self-controlled.

"Your tutor has been here," she said, "and has told me. My darling, why have you sat in the darkness, and shut your mother out from any share in your trouble?"

"Oh, I couldn't tell you, mother," he sobbed, "I couldn't. I thought it would break your heart."

Meanwhile, Susie Hale had gone home full of an absorbing purpose.

Somehow money must and should be raised to try what a skillful occulist could do for Gearge Graham.

Susie was the orphan niece of Solomon Grant.

She knew that she had a modest little fortune of her own, but it was all in her uncle's hands, and without his consent she could not dispose even of her small income.

But would he not be persuaded to let her have enough of her own money to accomplish her desire?

She asked him, using her utmost power of persuasion to touch his heart, but he refused with peremptory decision.

Susie had in the world one treasure, a diamond ring, which had been her mother's, with a stone, white and clear as a dewdrop.

This must, she knew, be worth hundreds.

It was her own.

She had meant to keep it all her life, for her mother's sake, but surely this great need of George Graham's justified her in parting with it.

She had one friend in whose good faith and judicious management she felt implicit confidence, and to him she sent her mother's ring, with the request that he would sell it as speedily and on as good terms as possible, and remit her the price of it in bank notes, and keep for her the secret that she had disposed of it.

It was a week after George Graham had given up hope, when a most unexpected hope came to him.

A neighbor, going by from the post-office, handed in at the door a letter addressed to him. Mrs. Graham opened it.

"George," she cried, after a moment, in an eager, trembling voice, "here are one hundred dollars, and that is the letter that comes with them:

"This money is from a true friend of George Graham's and is to be applied to taking him to an oculist, in the hope that his sight may be restored. The giver withholds his name, both be[illegible]

serves no thanks, and because he wishes to make the return of the money impossible."

"It is from Heaven itself," the mother cried. "George, I feel it in my soul that you are to be cured."

The next day the mother and her blind son sought rooms at a quiet little house in the city, and the day after that they were among the earliest patients of Doctor Annesly.

The first examination of George's eyes were unpromising enough, and the doctor wanted to see him daily.

There were weary days and weeks that followed, and it was curious that the mother was always hopeful and the son always despairing.

At last it almost irritated him to hear her speak of hope to him, and one day he turned on her with the first burst of passionate impatience she had ever experienced from him.

"Mother," he said, "for the love of heaven do not talk to me as if it was a sure thing that I am going to see again. I want to think it doubtful, almost impossible. If you should make me expect a cure, and then it should not come, don't you see that I should go mad? I think I should dash my head against the wall. I can only live by expecting nothing."

After that the mother held her peace, but whenever she went out of that darkened room, those who saw her marveled at the light of joy in her eyes.

At last the time came; the bandage was removed, there was just one wild cry:

"Mother, I see you!" and then George lay at the doctor's feet, swooning in his great joy.

It was weeks before he went home again, but the good news preceded him.

The mother wrote to Solomon Grant who had agreed to keep the place open while awaiting the result of the experiment.

Solomon read the letter in full family conclave. He little knew how his niece longed to snatch the paper from his hand and read it for herself; nor did he heed the tears that swam in her dark eyes, tears of such deep, unselfish joy as only a loving woman knows.

Another letter came afterwards to tell when the widow and her son were to return.

It was Susie who waked over early in the afternoon, carrying with her a basket of dainties for the traveller's supper.

Susie's black eyes danced, and the heart sank within her as she set the table in the little parlor, and lighted a fire in the kitchen stove, ready to make a fresh cup of tea whenever the widow and her son should arrive.

And at last the travelers came, as at last everything does come, if we wait long enough for it.

They had expected to find an empty house, and they found instead warmth and brightness, good cheer and Susie Hale.

Had George Graham grown through his trial into a man's perception of a girl's charms, or had his eyes been holden before that he could not see?

I only know that that night, for the first time in his life, it dawned upon him that another woman might some day dispute with his mother the empire of his heart.

But it was not until five years afterwards, when Mr. Grant had taken him into partnership, and Mr. Grant's niece, Susie, had become his wife, that George Graham ever guessed from whose tender hands had come the gift by means of which he had been restored to hope and happiness.

Which is Best?

"O, dear!"

Little Nan opened her eyes and stretched out her arms with a sleepy yawn, as the summer morning, all rosy and sweet, peeped into her garret chamber.

"I wish I didn't have to get up so soon! I wish the fire would make itself, and a Pitcher Fairy would bring the water from the spring, and a Broom Fairy would sweep the kitchen and grind the coffee, and a good Brownie would bring us a lovely breakfast already cooked! I'm tired of sifting cinders and washing dishes. I wish I was a lady, like Miss Antasia!"

But she wasn't a lady, and Pitcher Fairies and Brownies didn't grow in her neighborhood; so little Nan had to shake off her sleepiness, and jump up to her work. The sun was just coming up over the edges of the rosy clouds; the robins and the orioles were singing with all their might; the morning glories had hung out a thousand pink and purple and speckled bells, to welcome the sunshine, and the pinks and mignonette in the garden were sparkling with dewdrops. How sweet they smelled, and how lovely everything was in the cool, fresh, beautiful morning!

Little Nan came back from the spring with her cheeks like roses and her eyes as bright as stars. She danced about her work as lightly as any Broom Fairy ever did; and the fire was made, the breakfast cooked for grandmother, and the dishes washed up afterward, long before Miss Antasia raised her drowsy head from her great soft feather pillows. When she did the sun was streaming across her bed, hot and bright. The flowers on her dressing-table drooped in the heat; the dew was dried up on the roses outside.

Miss Antasia yawned and stretched herself. "O, dear, how hot it is! How tiresome to have to get up and dress one's self! I won't do it. I'll have my breakfast in bed."

And so she lounged amongst her pillows, and drank her coffee, and nibbled at her toast, and had no appetite, and complained of the heat, and sighed and fretted like a person oppressed with grief. She had nothing in the world to do but to amuse herself and take her ease, and now nothing amused her; and she tossed about in her fine bed, and did not find half the rest there that little Nan took on her hard cot in the garret.

If only she had some useful work to do, how much better she would have felt! She missed all the dew and freshness of the morning; she loses all the purest of life, for no one can be happy that walks through the world with idle hands and a selfish heart.

Little Nan had the best of it; for honest work brings a double blessing, and we serve God best when we do our duty to men.—*Baptist Weekly.*

Two elegantly-dressed gentlemen met in Galveston. One of them asks how the other fared this Christmas. "Oh, very well," he replied, "my wife presented me with a beautiful silk dressing-gown." "Of course you reciprocated," responded the other. "Of course; I always do that. I bought her a new wood-saw. The one she has been using for the last five years was about worn out, and it took so long to get wood for breakfast in the morning that I used to get hungry lying in bed. But that new saw will help matters along, I reckon."

Lincoln and the Deserter.

On a raw gloomy afternoon in the winter of 1864, Colonel Senter and the writer had an appointment with President Lincoln on business connected with the protection of the commerce of the lakes. The war was at the time the almost exclusive subject of public thought or private conversation The streets of Washington were filled with soldiers and army officers, and the whole city was apparently nothing but a great camp, to and from which the members of the army and navy were constantly going and leaving. The ante-rooms of the White House were filled from morning until evening with members of Congress, soldiers, men and women of every age and nation, all bent upon getting a personal interview with the President. Sometimes the rush of visitors was so great they could not be accommodated in the corridors of the White House, and the order would be given to admit no one except privileged persons into the building. On the afternoon in question, as we were about to be ushered into the private room of the President, Mr. J——, a well-known lawyer from Ohio, seized both of us somewhat roughly by the shoulders, and begged us in earnest tones for the love of God and humanity to ask Mr. Lincoln to see him and his client, if only for one moment. "All day," he said, "we have tramped wearily by the door, hoping in vain the President would relent and give us a hearing. Look, for mercy's sake," he continued, "at that noble white head and tottering figure, with the hands tightly clasped nervously before him. That old man is a father; his only son, a lad of 19, is to be shot this afternoon at 6 o'clock, unless the President interferes. Stanton has approved the sentence. Lincoln has declined to interfere, he will not see me, and unless we can get the ear of the President the boy will be shot, and this old man and his wife will be maniacs."

The father of the boy at the moment came forward, a venerable gentleman with long white hair falling upon his shoulders. His face was one of the saddest sights I ever saw. The grief and anxiety so plainly written upon it showed the torture he was suffering. We took the old man kindly by the hand, told him we would beg the President to see him and bid him hope for the best. Mr. Lincoln was in the gayest of humors, something specially funny having taken place in an interview just closed with a large committee from Baltimore, and he recited the whole matter in the merriest manner, accompanied with shouts of laughter. For an hour Mr. Lincoln gave himself up to relaxation and rest, telling the usher to bring him no cards till he rang his bell.

At the end of this time John G. Nicotay, then Private Secretary, now Marshal of the Supreme Court, came quietly into the room, leaned over the President's chair and whispered some words of private conversation in his ear. In an instant the President ceased speaking, his face became calm and solemn in composure, and he appeared to reflect gravely for a moment before replying. Quietly looking back over his chair he said slowly and distinctly: "Tell Mr. —— I will not see him. I cannot. Don't ask me again. Tell him I have read the papers in the case, all of them fully, word for word. The boy deserted three times, the last time when on guard at Washington, and he cannot be pardoned. I will not interfere. He must be shot." Mr. Nicolay at once left the room, and Mr. Lincoln again renewed the conversation at the point where he had broken off. He made no allusion to the interruption, and evidently did not wish either of us to speak of the subject in any manner. It was plain that his mind was made up and his decision irrevocable.

The lawyer, on getting the message from Mr. Nicolay, admitted further effort was useless, and at once started with his client to cross the bridge into Virginia, and drive where the boy was confined a prisoner. They reached the camp in time to find the young man ready for execution. The parting between father and son was so affecting that no one could look upon it. The officer in command had the broken-hearted old man carried tenderly to a tent, and at 6 o'clock promptly the young soldier was shot dead as a deserter in presence of his regiment.—*Cleveland Herald.*

London in Winter.

Some one has said that in order to get a very good idea of what London is like at this season of the year you have to poke your head up a foul chimney and keep it there a few minutes. There is not so very much exaggeration in that. If you go out for a walk you come back with face and hands grimed with soot, with your collar and wrist-bands as black as if they had been worn a month in a coal mine, and with your lungs full of a sulphurous-flavored smoke. Inside the house everything is half spoiled. Picture frames get black, and a heavy layer of dust and soot deposits itself on all the books. A brass chandelier turns dark and corrodes in a week. Silver begins to look like dirty bronze. To look clean and feel comfortable are simply impossible. A "boiled shirt" is as black as a chimney-sweeper's rag after two hours' wear. For days together it has been as much as one can do to find one's way about the streets, and on Christmas eve the oldest Londoner could not perform that feat. There is a much more horrible darkness than that of midnight, and it is that of mid-day in London during a fog. Literally, it is a darkness that may be felt—and smelt too, and a very nasty smell it is. All the newspapers have been writing leading articles on the subject recently, but I cannot see that it has done the least bit of good. The fog seems to have no respect for the press. "What is to become of us?" asks the editors. The only thing to do, if one can manage it, is to rise up and shake the dust—or, rathes, the greasy soot—of this monstrously overgrown and mephitic city off the soles of one's feet. So many people cannot live together in one place with health and comfort. Some of us must go. A good many "go" much against their will, brought up with a sharp turn by bronchitis or some form of lung disease. The rest of England, and half of Europe, is strewn with the victims of London. Yet there are people so infatuated as to call it a healthy city, and they pretend that the mortality returns prove it, although it is well known that thousands who receive their death wounds in London go abroad to die. The losses in a great battle are not to be reckoned only by the dead who are picked up on the field.—*Corr. N. Y. World.*

A man is just as much afraid of the the things in which he does not believe as he is of those in which he does believe. No one believes in ghosts, and yet everyone who goes through a dark room alone firmly expects one to catch him and carry him off.

The Bumble Bee.

Children, did you ever stop to consider the immense power possessed by a bumble bee? An insect weighing no more than a tenth of an ounce is capable of "raising" a man weighing 220 pounds from a bench in the public park, and then have lots of lifting material left. Just stop and think of it! The stinger of a bee is not near as large as the finest needle, but such is the force behind it that it can be driven through heavy pants cloth, backed by merino drawers, and into the flesh about sixteen feet. If a man could wield a crowbar in comparason, he could drive it through seven saw mills and a distillery at one blow. Nature could not give the bee teeth and claws without spoiling its beauty, and, in compensation she gave him this stinger as a weapon of attack and defense. If the bee had no weapon, ants, beetles and bugs could cuff him around as they pleased, but as it is, he is the boss of the walk, and won't take a word from any of them.

The bumble bee is not naturally of a quarrelsome disposition, but he can't sit down over half an hour without feeling as if some one was doing him a great wrong. If left to himself, he will crawl up your coat sleeve, look around, and crawl down and go about his business, but if welcomed with a blow between the eyes, he is going to be revenged if he breaks a leg. He invariably closes his eyes when he stings, and you have only to look a bee square in the face to discover when he is fooling around, and when he means fourteen per cent. per annum.

The hay-field is a favorite resort of the bumble bee, but you can find him almost anywhere else if you try hard. Having no pair of long hind legs he cannot build his nest in a marsh like a frog, and having no beak in which to carry straws, he cannot nest in a tree, like a bird. He therefore takes to the grass, and under the roots of an old stump, or among a pile of old rails, he rears his gentle young and gives them printed instructions as to the difference between stinging six inch stovepipes and runaway boys. The knowledge of old bees is powerful. They know where the schoolhouse is. They know when school is out. They can sail miles away from home, get in their work on a farmer's son weeding out corn, and return home without missing a fence corner or in need of an afternoon nap. As a rule, they are early risers. Barefooted boys driving up the cows at daylight will find the bumble bee out of bed and ready to begin the arduous labors of the day. Along about sun down he quits work, counts noses to see if the family are all in, and then stows himself away for a night of calm and peaceful repose.

The legs of the bumble bee are very crooked. This seems too bad at first sight, but you will soon discover that nature was level-headed. His legs were thus shaped to enable him to hang to the brim of a boy's straw hat. Were his legs straight he could not walk a fence rail in a high wind, nor could he turn around after reaching the top of a mullein stock. The stripes on a bee look like a waste of material, but such is not the case. They furnish an extra covering over his ribs to keep the frosty air off, and they serve to stiffen his spinal column in his flights through the air.

A bumble bee can fly at the rate of twenty miles an hour, if he wants to, but there is no cause for him to fly faster than a boy can run. He sometimes lives to be three years old, and is sometimes stricken down before he has traveled at all. His life is a precarious one. He may run a deacon out of a hayfield to-day, and be the big tree in the nest, and to-morrrow a country schoolma'am may knock his head off with her umbrella. Nothing in natural history weighs more for his size than the bee, and nothing in science works easier without cogwheels or rubber rollers than his stinger. It if always ready, never out of repair, and satisfaction (to the bee) is is guaranteed in every case.

Normal and Abnormal Action.

Spontaneous action is the first law of all organs and functions. Created for this purpose, it is to them what gravity is to matter. Only two kinds of action, normal and abnormal, are possible. The former consists in a natural, legitimate exercise; the latter in a departure from nature, its perversion and outrage.

All normal action is right and good, because in accord with the laws of our being, while unnatural action contravenes and infringes upon these laws and thereby inflicts pain.

The physical fuuctions, when in normal action, create health, and are inexpressibly delightful, while their abnormal action causes disease and sickness, and is always painful. In like manner virtue and vice are the resultants of normal and abnormal action.

This definition of the effects of right or wrong action of the functions, whether physical or mental, is fundamental and universal. This test and touchstone of all our feelings and actions is as true as it is sweeping, and when applied to all or any of what we may do or say, is absosolutely infalliable and is a correct rule and guide for all human conduct. It is worthy of our most profound consideration.

BONAPARTE DURING THE CONSULATE.—Bonaparte's costume at this period is worthy of record. On ordinary days he wore one of the uniforms of his guards but he had decreed, for himself and his two colleagues, that on all occasions of grand ceremonial each should wear a red coat, made in Winter of velvet, in Summer of some other material, and embroidered in gold. The two consuls, Cambaceres and Lebrun, elderly, powdered and well set up, wore this gorgeous coat with lace, ruffles and a sword, after the old fashion of full dress; but Bonaparte, who detested all such adornments, got rid of them as much as possible His hair was cut short, smoothed down, and generally ill arranged. With his crimson-and-gold coat he would wear a black cravat, a lace frill to his shirt, but no sleeves ruffles. Sometimes he wore a white vest embroidered in silver, but more frequently his uniform waistcoat, his uniform sword, breeches, silk stockings and boots. This extraordinary costume and his small stature gave him the oddest possible appearance, which, however, no one ventured to ridicule. When he became Emperor, he wore a richly-laced coat, with a short cloak and a plumed hat; and this costume became him very well.

The wife of Mr. Jonesmith had the misfortune to be more good than beautiful. On the San Rafael boat, the other day, the writer overheard this lot of conversation: Brownjones: "That fellow Jonesmith is outrageously unfaithful to his wife." Smithbrown: "For example?" Brownjones: "Oh, I don't know any particular instance." Smithbrown: "Ah, are you a physiognomist—you think he looks like it." Brownjones: "Never saw him; I think she looks like it."