(3)

AN IRISH JIG.

A correspondent of the Rockland (Me.) Courier-Gazette visited Ireland recently, and writes home in the following amusing style:

"Can you direct me to Mrs. Kelleher's?" I said, accosting a barearmed woman, who had just picked up a bundle of baby that had rolled out of an open door.

"Tich beyant, sir," she cheerfully responded, unceremoniously tucking the baby under one arm, that she might the more freely point with the other.

On the corner of two streets opposite a public pump stood a small two-story structure, built of stone, of course, and plastered over with mortar of yellow hue. Above the door appeared the name we were searching for. We pushed into a low, small shop, whose stock in trade consisted of baker's bread, milk, and other stomachic necessities, to which was added the dispensing of such liquors as the thirsty population might require and pay for. Behind a sort of bar were congregated a number of men and women, whom I took to be friends of the house, and one of these, a stout-proportioned lady, with her hair combed very close about her head, stepped forward and wanted to know what we would have.

"Is this Mrs. Kelleher?" I asked.

(Instant attention on the part of the people behind the bar.)

"It is, sir," she replied respectfully.

"Well," I continued, "can I find Mrs. Mahoney here?"

(Attention of people behind the bar visibly increasing.)

"You cannot, sir," was the reply, in rather less of a brogue than we had yet encountered.

"Mrs. Manny, the old country, pronunciation of Mahoney, Mrs. Manny, who is my cousin, sir, is not living here now, but at Mr. Jones' the constable's—an' a dacent place it is, too. Would ye be afther wanting to see her, sir?"

"Very much," I said.

(People behind the bar getting almost too impatient to wait. A bare-headed woman starts forward.)

"Plaze, sir," the bareheaded woman exclaimed, "I can run and fetch her."

"In how long a time?"

"Oh, sir, not above fifteen minutes jist."

"All right," I said, "start along and tell her," I added, "that a gentleman from America wants to see her who comes direct from her daughter Norah."

"What!" the woman screamed, while her eyes stood straight out from her head, from Norah Manny?"

"Aye."

"Then sure," she exclaimed, while her face stretched and wreathed with joy, "its myself that won't be gone a jiffy."

And with that she was off like a shot, while the people behind the bar have by this time fairly exploded with excitement. As we started out the door the proprietoress hailed us.

"Hould on, gentlemen, hould on!" she called, while she made speed to get through the little half-door leading behind the bar and for which she was a very snug fit.

"She's going to hug you," whispered the judge, as he stooped; and faith I though she was—but she stooped on the very verge of that demonstration, and fervently ejaculated:

"An' sure you don't mean to say that Norah is after living at service wid yer own blessed self?"

"She certainly is," I replied with a North American smile.

"The likes of that!" she cried, looking alternately from me to the now completely petrified observers behind the bar. "Well, its right glad her mother will be to meet yez!"

Hereupon, after several interchanges of like remarks, the judge and I passed out, promising to return directly, which promise, after a short walk along the narrow, crooked streets, we fulfilled. A fine looking old lady, in a white cap and the prevailing long black cape and hood, meet us at the shop door.

She was trembling violently with emotion, and as she was introduced as Norah's mother and we shook hands she burst into tears. I fail utterly to bringing the scene before you—the curious little shop, the interested and sympathizing knot of Irish people at the background, and here the judge and I and this old woman, handsome still in spite of her years of struggling toil, quite broken down at this unexpected meeting with one so short a time from her girl beyond the sea.

"Your health genetlemen, an' God bless yez!" heartily cried the hostess, and with loud acclamation the toast was drank, while the judge and I bowed our acknowledgements courteously.

At this juncture a singular looking individual hugging a bagpipe of seedy appearance under his arm, trotted in at the open door and hobbled slowly across the uneven floor,

"It's Blind Jerry, the piper," whispered a woman who sat on a bench next the judge

"An' it's noble gentlemin yez is, I'm certain of," the blind piper ejaculated as he ambled past and songht out a stool—"Noble gentlemin here's yez health, and God's blessms on yez!"

As we both turned to curiously regard this singular accession to our number, the woman next the judge intimated with many a nod and wink that Mrs. Kelleher could turn a reel with the best of them. The judge imparting this valuable information to me, I promptly called for a display, then and there, of that lady's terpsichorean accomplishments.

Ah, be off wid ye, Mrs. Fitzgerald, for suggestin' it! Mrs. Kelleher reproachfully said: "Why, I haven't flung a step this ten year—an' it's not for me, old as I am and 180 pounds, to be dancin'!"

But Mrs. Mahony informed us in an undertone that Mrs. Kelleher had on one or more occasions 'danced down a man,' an achievment rarely accomplished, let me tell you, and we redoubling our soliciation, the lady was finally persuaded to give us an exhibition of her powers, and a pleasant faced young woman in a new silk dress, who had dropped in to see what was going on, being prevailed on to stand up as a partner, and the blind piper having, after a tremendous deal of backing and filling, got his asthmatic bagpipe to wheezing, at it they went amid unbounded applause.

Arrah? then, but how they did go it—arms akimbo—now heel—now toe—now shuffle—whist but never was there anything to equal it. Step it up there, Jerry! Faster! man! Now they're at it strong! Whoop! how the floor shakes!—how the very rafters rattle! Musha! but was there ever a reel like unto this one, with the weighty Mrs. Kelleher, burdened by her size, but warming to the work mightily, looking her opponent square in the eye with the sternness and gravity that the occasion demanded. Jerry, man; are your pipes a-shlapin? Faster, ye spalpeen! do you hear? Ah, thin! rattle it out with the heels—now cross—now swing—tare-an' hounds, but what man could stand up before it!—and all in a heat the reel was finished—and the crowd applauding, and Mrs. Kelleher panting, Blind Jerry, who had followed every note of his pipes, with grotesque contortions of his mouth, wiped the perspiration from his sun-tanned brow, and drank to us again with the utmost satisfaction.

A Double Execution in Paris.

PARIS, Aug. 10.—The two notorious criminals—Gaspard, who murdered the old man Delaunay in the Rue d'Angouleme, and Marchandon, who cut the throat of the Creole lady, whose service he had entered, according to his custom, for the purpose of plunder—were guillotined shortly after daybreak this morning. It was expected that the wretches would be reprieved, as Gaspard had had an accomplice, and Marchandon's friends had made energetic efforts to save him from the guillotine. Their appeals, however, were rejected, and both the criminals were handed over this morning to the common executioner, M. Grevy having signed their sentences before his departure for the country on Saturday.

At 1 o'clock this morning the Place de la Roquette, outside the prison of the condemned, was full of people, who, as is customary on such occasions, had remained up all night to witness what, in the annals of recent sensation, was an exceptional sight, namely, a double execution.

At 1 o'clock a moving light was seen approaching. It preceded a large dark mass scarcely discernible through the enveloping darkness. This was the car conveying the terrible bonis de justice, or guillotine, which had once more been removed from its resting place in the vicinity of the prison. It was followed by Deibler and his assistants, and was well guarded by policemen. Turning the corner of the Rue Folie Regnault, the ghastly caravan lumbered heavily into the Palace de la Roquette, and stopped before the door of the jail.

The guillotine was promptly dismounted, and by 2 o'clock everything was ready. Deibler, having superintended the preparatory measures, went into the jail with two of his men, and there was then a long spell of waiting and expectation, during which the day dawned on the impatient and chattering crowd that filled the Place de la Roquette. At 4 o'clock the numbers were increased by workmen and others who were obliged to be up early, and barricades were put up by the police to prevent the people from filling up the approaches to the place of execution.

A long, narrow basket was now placed near the block of the guillotine, and at ten minutes to 5 the huge, heavy, and gloomy doors of the prison swung open amid a deadly silence, only broken by the sharp rattling of the gendarmes' swords as they were drawn from their scabbards. Jaspard was the first of the felons led to death. Tall and muscular, he walked firmly between two priests, whose ministrations he had rejected until the approach of his term.

His face was pale and his features contracted convulsively as he neared the guillotine. Here he stooped toward the prison chaplain, the Abbe Faure, and embraced first the priest and then a crucifix held by the latter in his hand. He was now seized by the executioners, his head was placed in the lunette, and, after an awkward pause, during which Deibler seemed to have lost momentary control of his instrument, the knife descended, and the headless trunk of the criminal fell away from the bascule. The head was then put into the basket.

The guillotine was now washed, and everything set in order for the next execution. After an interval of seventeen minutes, during which the clamorous crowd seemed to have lost its grotesque gayety, the doors of the prison again opened, and Marchandon, looking like a pale boy of 17, tottered feebly out, supported by the Abbe Faure and the other priest who had assisted Gaspard.

The criminal was evidently more dead than alive. He still wore the patent leather boots with pointed toe caps which he had on when arrested in his country house at Complegne. After having convulsively embraced the priests he was caught sharply by Diebler and thrust into the lunette. The knife again refused to work, and nearly four seconds elapsed before it fell on the criminal's neck. When it did so a double jet of blood spurted out for nearly two yards, and sprinkled the adjacent ground. The bodies were then taken, escorted by mounted gendarmes, to the Ivry Cemetery for mock burial, after which they were handed over to the School of Medicine for the usual experimental purposes.

Mr. Dorrick A. Rauphorn, a wealthy farmer of Orange county, Indiana, was taken ill several days ago of phneumonia. Shortly after the two physicians who were in attendance pronounced him dead, and arrangements were being made to prepare the remains for the coffin, when all at once the corpse started up in bed and asked for a glass of water. Mr. Rauphorn breathed freely, and is now declared out of danger.

THE FARM AND FIRESIDE.

Some Recipes.

MOLES.—To remove these, seat the patient in a clear, strong sunlight. With a sun-glass, costing from $2.50 to $5, brings the concentrated rays of the sun to bear on the excrescence for five or ten minutes. In three or four weeks the mole will scale off and a new skin come on. If the mole should not be entirely removed by the first application, repeat. No scar will be left. This is vouched for by a physician who has tried it repeatedly.

LEMONS FOR MALARIA.—Dr. Crudelli, of Rome, gives the following directions for preparing a remedy for malaria which may be worth trying, as it is said to have proved efficacious when quinine has given no relief. Cut up a lemon, peel and pulp, in thin slices, and boil it in a pint and a half of water until it is reduced to half a pint. Strain through a linen cloth, squeezing the remains of the boiled lemon, and set it aside until cold. The entire liquid is taken fasting.

My Remedy for Indigestion.—I had dyspepsia so bad that I lost 25 lbs. in about three months. Take rennet, as prepared for making cheese, cut off a piece of the dried two inches square, or about that, and soak it in a gill of water with 1-2 teaspoonful of salt. Soak it half an hour before meal; and drink it off, ten minutes after eating. Eat meals regular; nothing between meals, and not too full meals, it is a lack of gastric juice, and the rennet acts as a substitute. I only took it about ten days, then had not occasion to take it again for six months. A great many of my friends, and strangers I have given the remedy have been cured by it.

EGG PIE.—Good for dinner and instead of meat. Make two very thin cakes of Indian meal, flour and soda, just as for any corn bread, and wet it with sour milk, and bake them in a quick oven. Make a gravy of one teaspoonful of butter, the same of flour, a cup of milk, and salt and pepper. When it is boiling, drop in cold, sliced, hard-boiled eggs; leave them in long enough to heat, but don't let them boil up or they will fall to pieces. Butter one of the hot Indian cakes, lay it in a round pan or dish, pour on the gravy and eggs, and lay on the other cake, buttering it on the top and sprinkling on pepper and salt.

Farming News.

If every man and woman doing business would refuse to put their names to paper that would not stand the scrutiny of their lawyers, banker, or of other responsible person with whom they ordinarily do business, the vocation of the swindler and the confidence-man would be well-nigh gone. It is the man and woman in whom cupidity combined with ignorance lead them astray who are swindled by impostors. Readers of flash newspapers and other low-class literature are the victims.

Sweet corn fodder should be cut as soon as the tassel becomes dry. As it is full of sweet sap and gum, it requires long and slow curing. The fodder should stay on the ground exposed to the sun for a whole day, and should be tied in small bundles in the evening. These are set up in shocks and bound at the top, and left three or four weeks in the field to cure. Then the outer bundles are put into larger stacks with the inner ones outside, or they are stacked in covered barracks for use in the winter.

BUCKWHEAT FOR HORSE FEED.—Buckwheat has nearly the same chemical character as oats, and should therefore be a good feed for horses. In some places where good horses are very common, as in Eastern Pennsylvania, the usual horse feed is equal parts of corn, rye and buckwheat finely ground together. The writer has fed a good deal of buckwheat the past few months to a saddle horse, and it has kept in excellent condition and has gone in one week 185 miles, doing 52 miles in 14 hours the last day, without much loss of flesh and no evidence of fatigue. At its common market price it is about twice the value of oats, weighing 50 pounds the bushel, against 32 or less for oats.

The Wisconsin Experiment Station reports bran from the roller-milling process to be richer in the valuable protein than that from the old process, about 17.6 per cent in the former against 14.8 per cent in the latter; but it is correspondingly poorer in starchy matters, or nitrogen-free extract, there being about 61.5 per cent in the one, against 66.1 per cent in the other. Since the starchy matters are sufficiently abundant in the hay, roots and other crude fodders produced on the farm, while protein, or the albuminoids is the most valuable constituent, as a general thing, of purchased feeding stuffs, this difference in favor of the new-process bran is important to farmers. It is stated that their experience with it in feeding has been favorable.

What Not to do for Sick People.

Don't make a fuss. Don't bustle, don't fidget, don't prognosticate. Don't hold consultations in or about the patient's room, recounting all your own and your neighbor's experience in what you suppose to have been like cases. Don't meddle and advise and experiment. We all need a great deal more letting alone than we get, and when we are sick it is one of our prime needs. If mortuary lists were honestly tabulated, we should find that more people have been bored to death than have died from neglect. The pest of the sick room is the inevitable friend who drops in to "cheer up" the patient, the glistening eyes and flushed cheeks which such ministrations evoke being hailed as the evidence of success by the well-meaning persecutor.

Don't tease the patient with questions about food or drink, but present the proper quantity at suitable intervals; and if one article is found to be disagreeable, quietly substitute another without remark. Don't think, because the patient declines nourishment, that it becomes less necessary to administer it. By quiet, firm, methodical persistence in presenting food at stated periods, objections will become feebler and cease, in self-defense. Solid food need not be insisted upon unless by special direction of the physician, but milk and beef tea should never be omitted.

Happy Every Day.

Sidney Smith cut the following from a newspaper and preserved it for himself: "When you rise in the morning, form the resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow creature. It is easily done; a left-off garment to the man that needs it; a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving—trifles in themselves as light as air—will do at least for the twenty-four hours. And if you are young, depend upon it, it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time to eternity. By the most simple arithmetical sum, look at the result. If you send one person away happily through the day, there is three hundred and sixty-five in the course of a year. And suppose you live forty years only after you commence that course of medicine, you have made 14,600 persons happy—at all events for a time."

Table Manners.

Good manners at the table are almost an infallible evidence of refinement and careful breeding. A safe general rule to be followed there, as well as elsewhere, is that of consideration for the feelings of those about you—a desire to avoid giving offense by uncouth or coarse actions. It is well, however, to remember the following timely precepts: Eat and drink leisurely, and without noise—it is not appetizing to have the hog-trough and its accompaniments brought vividly to mind at a meal. Do not scrape your plate, tilt it up to get the last drop, or wipe it dry with a piece of bread—stinginess on the part of the host or hostess might be implied. If you mix messes on your plate, it looks as if your desire for hash had not been gratified. Carrying your mouth to the food instead of the food to your mouth, indicates an acquaintance with chop sticks or something worse. Taking chicken or other bones in your fingers is uncouth, and might imply ignorance of the use of knives and forks. Loud talking, or mysterious whispered conversation are both in bad taste for obvious reasons. Discussions of distempers, medical treatment, etc., is trenching on dangerous ground. Avoid sneezing by pressing your finger against your upper lip under the nose. Keep your elbows at your sides and your hands in your lap when you are not eating, and do not lounge in any way, or tip back your chair. Many other points of etiquette must be learned by observation.—Home Companion.

Clover the Great Restorer.

American Rural Home.

In many sections of the country clover has long been considered the king of green manures—the great restorer of fertility on over-cropped worn out lands. An Ohio farmer avers that hundreds of farms—and he might truly have said thousands and myriads—that were about worthless have been rescued from dilapidation and ruin by clovering. It is an accepted truism that as long as "clover will catch," the farm can soon be restored to paying fertility, and by a good rotation is even getting more productive and profitable; for after some years of such treatment the land will bear harder farming—that is, two or three crops may succeed a good crop of clover before laying down to clover again. Rough, new land should be subdued by the use of large clover. Nothing so effectually rots out stumps and kills weeds and sprouts, and prepares the land for the plow and good paying crops.

Wild, new lands should always have it sown on the first grain crop put down. It saves a vast amount of labor, for in a few years it so tames the ground and clears it of enemies to the plow that it works like old ground and is good for full crops. One great error is often fallen into, and that is following the old tradition that a bushel of clover seed will do for eight acres. That may have been enough to clover land partially when it was new, but whoever aims at getting up his land in a speedy and profitable way should sow a bushel on four acres, so that his land may be thoroughly shaded.

A How to Make Cheap Pork.

If farmers only knew the difference in cost of pork produced during the pleasant autumn weather and that made during the winter months, we should have less late feeding of hogs. It has been shown time and again that with mercury below zero it is difficult to make hogs gain at all. I have made it a rule for many years to begin feeding early, at least so soon as new corn reaches the roasting-ear stage, and the first green corn fed we cut up and give stalk and all, for the hogs will at this stage eat husk, cob, and a good part of the stalk and blade, and as the corn gradually matures the transition from pasture to corn is natural and easy. It is unsafe to allow cattle to run in the field where hogs are fed green corn, as they chew the husk and reject the fibers and these "cuds" are often eaten by the cattle, are indigestible and produce impaction of the stomach and death. I opened a cow that died from this cause and found the stomach full of dry hard fibres.

We feed moderately at first, gradually increasing so as to get the hogs on full feed by the time the corn is ripe.

Aside from the fact that it requires much less food to produce a pound of pork in warm than in cold weather, there is the further advantage of having your stock ready early, to enable you to take advantage of good prices. I have often known farmers to sell hogs in October for more than they would have brought if fed two months longer. There is no question that the cheapest pork is made from young animals and the best way to feed a pig is to keep in gaining rapidly from the start. This has been demonstrated repeatedly. One experiment conducted at the Michigan Agricultural College, was continued for twenty weeks, divided into five equal periods. During the first four weeks it required 3.81 lb. of meal to make a pound of gain in live weight, the pigs being two months old when the experiment began. The second period, 4.05 lbs.; third, 4.22 lbs.; fourth, 5.24 lbs.; fifth, 5.98 lbs. Other experiments at the same school showed practically the same results.

From long experience in the care of hogs I deduce the following as the requisites of profitable pork making: 1. Good stock. 2. Good care, which implies intelligence and humanity in treatment, and that the pigs be kept thrifty from the start. 3. As a rule the shortest period in which we can attain a given weight will give the greater profit, exceptions to this rule being when hogs are wanted to consume clover or to follow cattle. 4. By a judicious use of grass and other green or bulky food the cost of pork can be reduced. 5. A greater gain can be made in a given time by feeding slop from mill feed in connection with corn than from corn alone. 6. It costs much less to make a given weight of pork in warm than in cold weather.—WALDO F. BROWN, in N. Y. Tribune.

The Queen of Italy.

From the Boston Home Journal.

The King and Queen of Italy are the most republican of all the monarchs of Europe in their manners and habits of life, driving through the streets of Rome without attendants, desiring of all things, to get rid of that stiffness and coldness of a court, conversing freely with the ladies and gentlemen of their household; and yet, when it comes to a presentation, there is, of course, the inevitable and certain laws of etiquette to be observed. The grand foom of the Quirinal, where the presentation takes place, is hung with priceless tapestries, and these are set in frames of gold. The carpet is of scarlet velvet, and the sofa is pale blue brocade. The presentees are allowed to sit until the Queen enters, and to look around at the royal magnificence. Two or three ladies-in-waiting, covered with diamonds, stand like statues during the time which elaspes before the Queen enters, and it is only by seeing them courtesy low that presentees know that the Queen is before them—a short figure, exquisitely graceful, with an abundance of fair hair, a very American face, a smile of great frequency and rare sweetness, and a deprecating motion of the hand, as if Marguerite of Savoy would get rid of her greatness if she could. All rise and courtesy deeply. She has something appropriate to say to each one. Her memory and her queenly courtesy are wonderful She speaks all languages fluently and addresses each person in his or her own tongue. After leaving the ladies she goes into the next room to speak to each one of the sixty gentlemen, and the same tact is exhibited. At a recent drawing-room the Queen wore a court robe of dark olive green velvet embroidered with steel over a petticoat of white satin embroidered in steel, a pink feather in her hair and pink feathers on one shoulder. Around her neck, and reaching to her waist, were eight rows of magnificent pearls, each as large as a cranberry—the famous pearls of Savoy, which were given to her by Victor Emmanuel, and which she so dearly prizes. They say she is superstitious about them, and once when they were supposed to be lost, and the King was shot at about the same time, she connected the two events. However, they are all safe now, and adorned her beautiful neck, together with a necklace of diamonds, and diamond marguerites sparkled in her hair.

Love of Native Land.

This by Lowell, in a little speech, is very neat: "I couldn't fail to be struck, on my return home, with a certain distrust of America which has leaked out from remarks in certain newspapers, as to whether a man could live eight years out of America without learning to prefer Europe. I have known the same remark to be made of people who have not lived in Europe so long, and it seems to me to import what I should call a very unworthy distrust of the power of America to inspire affection. I feel, in looking into your faces, somewhat as I did when I took my first walk over the hills after my return. The tears came into my eyes as I was welcomed by the familiar wayside flowers, the trees and the birds, that had been my earliest friends. It seems to me that those who take such a view quite miscalculate on the force of the affection that a man feels for his country—infinitely deeper—deeper than any instinct. It is that feeling of self-renunciation and idealization which Ruth of old expressed to Naomi: 'Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me and more also, if aught but death part me and thee.' This, it seems to me, is the instinctive feeling that a man has for his native land."

The United States and Territories, if as densely populated as Saxony, would have a pupulation equal to the present population of the world.

Colonel Ingersoll Consoles.

San Francisco Bulletin.

It is not long since a lady of this city was suddenly overcome by a great, crushing affliction, that coming like a thunderbolt upon her, for a time threatened her life. Her son and only child had gone on a short business journey, expecting soon to return. Sudden and fatal illness overtook him, and a brief telegram announced the dreadful tidings to his heart-broken mother.

A lady friend, who had sympathized deeply with and vainly sought to console her, informed Colonel Ingersoll, and begged him, if possible, to write something which might at least relieve in a measure the terrible apprehension as to the fate of her son, under which she was suffering. The following is his letter, which, as will be seen by the subjoined grateful reply, was in a good measure effective. It was only upon the representation that, like Colonel Ingersoll's widely published remarks at the funeral of his brother in Washington, some years ago, these words also might "comfort other hearts which mourn," that the reporter succeeded in obtaining a copy for publication, with the condition that the name of the recipient should not be mentioned.

INGERSOLL'S LETTER.

MY DEAR MADAM—Mrs. C—has told me the sad story of your almost infinite sorrow. I am not foolish enough to suppose that I can say or do anything to lessen your great grief, your anguish for his loss; but maybe I can say something to drive from your poor heart the fiend of fear—fear for Him. If there is a God, let us believe that He is good; and if He is good, the good have nothing to fear. I have been told that your son was kind and generous; that he was filled with charity and sympathy. Now, we know that in this world like begets like, kindness produces kindness and all good bears the fruit of joy; belief is nothing—deeds are everything; and if your son was kind, he will naturally find kindness wheerever he may be. You would not inflict endless pain upon your worst enemy. Is God worse than you? You could not bear to see a viper suffer forever. Is it possible that God will doom a kind and generous boy to everlasting pain? Nothing can be more monstrously absurd and cruel. The truth is that no human being knows anything of what is beyond the grave. If nothing is known, then it is not honest for any one to pretend that he does know. If nothing is known then we can only hope for the good. If there be a God, your boy is no more in his power now than he was before his death—no more than you are at this moment. Why should we fear God more after death than before? Does the feeling of God toward his children change the moment they die? While we are alive they say God loves us; when will He cease to love us? True love never changes. I beg of you to throw away all fear. Take counsel of your own heart. If God exists, your heart is the best revelation of Him and your heart could never send your boy to endless pain. After all, no one knows. The ministers know nothing. All the churches in the world know no more on this subject than the ants upon the ant-hills. Creeds are good for nothing except to break the hearts of the loving. Let us have courage. Under the seven-hued arch of hope let the dead sleep. I do not pretend to know, but I do know that others do not know. I wish I could say someteing that would put a star in your night of grief—a little flower in your lonely path—and if an unbeliever has such a wish, surely an infinitely good being has never made a soul to be the food of pain through countless years.

Sincerely yours,
R. G. INGERSOLL.

Fashions in Artificial Limbs.

"The old style leg," says a dealer in these articles, "is a clumsy affair, and is chiefly worn by those who are not proud of their personal appearance and by poor men who are unable to pay the price demanded for finer work. We still have large orders for them, and always expect to have. They cost from $5 to $25, according to workmanship. The new style of leg costs from $75 to $200. The former price is for a leg from the knee downward, while the latter takes in a whole leg, from the hip joint to the big toe. These legs are very light. They are hollow and are made of a great many layers of wood, as thin as wall paper, cemented together. They are almost as tough as iron. They are comfortable to the stump, and the springs in them give their owner an almost natural gait. There is a spring joint at the toes, one at the ankle, which enables the foot to bend up and down, and also a lateral joint at the same place that allows the foot to turn from side to side.

"It is in arms, however, that this business has made the most rapid advancement," continued the dealer "The man who invented the artificial arm and hand was a practical philanthropist. When I was a boy a man who lost his arm was obliged to wear a wooden stump with a screw socket at the end. Into this he could screw a knife, spoon or fork to help him while eating, and a hook for use at other times. Now we can give him a wrist, hand and fingers which work with springs, and almost completely take the place of the missing members. He can put a knife, spoon and fork between his fingers, which will hold them with a grip of steel, and thus he may eat without discomfort. He can also put a pen between his fingers, and write almost as well as he could with his natural hand. Ten years ago this would have been regarded as a miracle This style of arm sells for $100."

Two human teeth found on the battlefield of Nareby 200 years ago are now in the cabinet of Mr. S. C. Tite, of Towcester, a well-known local antiquary. He has also a bullet from the same field. Cards are attached to the relics bearing inscriptions in Carlyle's handwriting.