

TO-MORROW.

To-morrow and to-morrow, O fair and far away, What treasures lie when hope is high Along your shining way.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

"Sweetness" and "Baby." They were not exactly bad, but they were not what you would call nice brothers.

You see the family lived in the country, pretty nearly alone, and the little brother had not any chance to play with other fellows.

All the brothers were fond of animals in their particular way, but can't say that the taste of the eldest boys, for there were three brothers, was a nice one.

It was quite plain to see who Tige liked best. He would come, being an obedient dog, to the eldest brothers whenever they called him, but rather like an humble slave.

Now there is a kind of unwritten law in the country, which, though cruel in appearance, is, however, just enough, and that is, that all dogs found worrying sheep must be killed.

Right next to the farm where the boys and their father lived, there was a farmer who kept a flock of sheep, and he too had a dog.

"Spoiled a fight, you baby," said one of the big brothers. "Sweetness, you ought to have a petticoat tied round your waist," cried the other brother.

lived found some of his sheep killed. Now a man who owns a dog never will acknowledge the possibility of his own dog killing sheep.

"See here you fellows—I am going to shoot your hound, you are always trying to make him fight. Didn't I see you the other day doing your level best to make your Tige fight my Butch, and Butch is the best tempered dog in the township?"

"It isn't so. There was no fight. I wouldn't let 'em fight. Your Butch is a mean dog anyways, and a good deal more likely to kill your sheep than Tige."

"It's a pack of lies. Now stand out of the way. I ain't going to allow no fooling about here. That dog of yours is bound to be shot—and I am going to kill him," cried the farmer.

"That action of the little boy seemed to enrage the farmer so much that he lost all control of himself. He put his single-barreled gun against the fence, jumped over it and made for Tige and his master."

"I presume you appeared with all the principal actors of the day while you were in England?"

"Yes, I played with Macready, Charles Keen, John Vandenhoff, Ellen Tree, Helen Faucit, Mme. Vestris and many others."

"How did you regard Helen Faucit?"

"They were," was the answer, meaningly, "Iago, King Lear and two or three others. Years have passed, though, since I touched any of them."

The rumor that Commodore Semmes had committed suicide was true. The said affair occurred at the house of Miss Jane Janny, near Hamilton, Va.

FIFTY YEARS AN ACTOR.

Veteran Coudeok Tells Some of His Experiences.

From the New York Mail and Express. I interrupted Mr. Coudeok in the act of completing the final details of his first-act costume.

"When did you make your initial bow on the stage?"

"My first appearance occurred at Sadler's Wells Theater, London, in 1835."

"How did you happen to seek the boards?" was the next question.

"Well, I had always been extremely fond of the theater, and had a number of friends who were in the profession. Constant companionship with these whetted my appetite and made me ambitious."

"When did you come to America?"

"Let me see," said the old man, meditating in a cloud of smoke. "It was in 1849. In that year Charlotte Cushman visited England. I went to call upon her, and shall never forget how she impressed me."

"What did you think of Cushman?"

"She was a genius—a woman possessing the expressive force of a man. Obstacles were unknown to her, or, at least, so easily surmounted that they might as well not have existed."

"How did Macready impress you?"

"As almost every one else did—as a charming artist. I previously remarked that her Pauline in The Lady of Lyons was exquisite."

HE SAVED HER LIFE.

Exciting Fight Between an Old-time Pilot and a Murderous Marine.

From the Nashville American. "Steamboatin' ain't what it used ter be," remarked the venerable pilot.

I have ventured to relieve the monotony of the river voyage by breaking the rules in entering the pilot house, and the above remark was in reply to an interrogation about business on the lower Alabama river.

"Yes," he continued presently, "the trips are mighty tame to me now. When I was a young fellow like you and had just taken charge of the wheel on the Susie, when I had rubbed it out a little before, things was a movin' briskly, I tell ye."

"By the way, Mr. Peterson," said I, "what caused that scar on your head?"

"It ud take a long time to tell ye all about it," he replied, "but if you're a mind to set there an' listen when I ain't busy, why the yarn's yours."

"I wurn't morn' thirty then. I was bringin' up a new boat full o' passengers. We were still in sight o' Mobile when a curly-headed, bright-eyed child kum timidly to the door o' the pilot house and smiled at me."

"Right back here below Cahaba, when I come on watch, I saw just that that innocent child-woman a-playin' jest below me with her dolls. Now, we war a-carryin' a crazy feller chained down on the lower deck up to Selma, and he ud be quiet part o' the time, then again he ud take a powerful fit, and we war kind o' uneasy like all the time for fear he ud hurt somebody."

"How did you regard Helen Faucit?"

"They were," was the answer, meaningly, "Iago, King Lear and two or three others. Years have passed, though, since I touched any of them."

"Yes, but the part came back to me without the slightest effort. I read it

The Great Monument to General Grant.

Ex-Gov. Cornell of New York, contributes to the Brooklyn Magazine some very sensible and timely suggestions regarding the proposed memorial to Gen. Grant.

At this point the call boy ran along the passage, shouting, "Luke Fielding!" The general actor rose hurriedly and said: "Well, I must leave you. Have another cigar. Yes, yes; put a couple in your pocket. Come in again some time. Good night."

Second—A library containing especially the publications written by Gen. Grant and other credited authors concerning his military operations, civil administration and travels, and also a complete collection of the accepted literature and published illustrations of the great war for the preservation of the Union.

Third—A museum in which shall be deposited, as opportunity may offer, interesting relics and mementos of the war for the Union, as well as those of our earlier conflicts, including specimens of every available implement of war employed by the opposing forces.

Mr. Cornell thinks thus would be created not only an enduring monument, but an institution which every citizen of the republic would wish to visit.

The Climate of Santa Fe.

Santa Fe, the capitol of New Mexico, is on the river of the same name, which, although this is the rainy season, is now quite dry.

"What a lovely morning!" But this soon grows monotonous, for nearly all the mornings are lovely. There has been but one real rainy day this season, and a great treat it was.

"The climate is said to be a sure cure for throat and lung troubles, if the patient comes in time, and many advanced cases have been cured. People with diseases common in the East often receive great benefit here."

An imperfectly prepared witness.—"So you swear that at the time this theft was committed on the south side you saw the prisoner on the north side?" "Yes, sir."

Women in China.

North China News.

A remarkable case arising out of the recognized trade in buying and selling women among the Chinese, came before the Mixed Court January 5.

However, the tipao of the village, who appears to have had a finger in the sale of the woman, followed her to Shanghai and at length discovered her whereabouts. He seized her, took her to the tipao of the district, and sold off everything in her house, realizing \$14.

The woman then took the earliest opportunity to run away back to the settlement, changing her house there in order that she might not be traced.

The question was then raised as to whether the reputed husband had not a perfect right, in Chinese law, to sell the woman, seeing that he was not legally married to her; but it was ruled that, as they had a child, he had no right to sell her.

Having discovered the cause of their lameness, he proceeded to perform whatever seemed to him necessary for the cure. The improvement produced in a short time by good feeding and medical attendance, such as few horses before or since have enjoyed, appeared truly wonderful.

"We believe a similar illness to that of Sir Astley Cooper is carried on by a class of horse dealers in New York and other large cities. Lame and otherwise worthless horses are bought for a few dollars and taken to the country, where the change of pasture diet, the needed rest, and the watchful and careful treatment of the owner frequently transforms a worthless horse into a valuable animal."

One of the most brilliant Oriental scholars in the world, and the author of the first Arabic book printed in Scotland, was, in his boyhood, a glove-maker's apprentice in Edinburgh.

The black and red, red and white, or blue and white variegated paper used by book-binders in covering the sides of book covers costs forty dollars per ream of 480 sheets. It is manufactured by a certain old family in France that owns the secret of making it, and charges its own prices. Having grown rich out of the monopoly, these Frenchmen do not now make above one hundred reams annually.