

LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

They drove home the cows from the pasture,
Up through the long shady lanes,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat
fields,
That are yellow with ripening grain,
They find in the thick waving grasses
Where the thick-tipped straw berry grows;
They gather the first and sweetest of wine;
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the new hay in the meadow,
They gather the elder-blossom white;
They find where the dusky grapes purple,
In the soft tinted October light.
They know where the apples hang ripest,
And are sweeter than Lily's wine;
They know where the fruit hangs the thickest
On the long, thorny blackberry vine.

They gather the delicate sea-weeds,
And hold tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful sea-shells—
Fairy barks they have drifted to land.
They wave from the tall, rocking tree-tops,
Where the oriole's heart-moek-red wings;
And at night-time are folding in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toll bravely are strongest:
The humble and poor become great;
And so from the brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of State.
The pen of the author and scribe—
The noble and wise of the land—
The sword, and the chisel, and palette
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

THE BABY'S PICTURE.

Miss Arcthusa Peppard was out of temper. She said she was "mad." But it must have been a mild kind of madness, for her pleasant voice had only a dash of sharpness, and no fire flashed from her soft brown eyes. But she was out of temper; no doubt about that, and no wonder. She had left her mite or a cottage early that April morning, and gone over to New York to shop, and in the very first store she entered—a store crowded with people buying seeds and bulbs and plants—her pocketbook, containing her half-monthly allowance, had been stolen, and she had been obliged to return to Summertown without the young lettuce and cabbages and onion sets and parsley and radish seeds that she had intended to plant the next day in her mite of a garden. And every day lost in the garden in early spring, as everybody knows, or ought to know, is a loss indeed, and there's nothing in the world so exasperating to an amateur gardener, as everybody also knows, or ought to know, than to hear from a neighboring amateur gardener: "Good morning, Miss Peppard; how backward you are this year! Your radishes are just showing, and we've had at least a dozen a day for three days past. And our parsley's up, and our onions doing nicely. And you used to be so forward!"

So Miss Peppard, who was a dear little sweet-faced, wonderfully bright old lady, living in the nicest and comfortablest manner on a small income, with a faithful colored servant a few years younger than herself, a roly-poly dog, a tortoise-shell cat, and three birds, had two reasons for being sorely vexed—the loss of her money and the loss of the days which she expected would start the green things a-growing.

"All the money I had," she said to Peteona—called Ona for short—as she rocked nervously back and forth in her rocking-chair, her eyes sparkling and her cheeks flushed. "I only wish I could catch the thief. I'd send him to jail as sure as grass is green."

"Dat's sho' enuf, Miss Peppard"—Peteona always dropped the "d"—"an' it'd sarve 'em zactly right, w'en dey was ketcht, to be drug to de lock-up by de heels." Then, after a slight pause, which was Ona's way, she added an after-thought: "Dono, dough; 'spose dey might as well take de poor wretch by de head."

"All the money I had," repeated Miss Peppard; "five and twenty dollars; and I can't get any more for two weeks, for borrow I never did and never will. And there's the garden all laid out, and ready for planting, and Mrs. Brown sets out her lettuce and cabbage plants to-morrow morning, and she'll be sending them here with her compliments—her compliments indeed!—before ours have begun to head."

"If she do, I'll frow 'em ober de fence," said Ona. "Better eat 'em, dough, I guess; her compliments can't hurt 'em."

"And, oh! my conscience!" Miss Peppard went on (she could invoke her conscience thus lightly, dear old lady, because she had nothing on it), "baby's picture was in that pocketbook. And I can't get another. Polly said it was the last, and the photographer don't come that way but once a year."

"Well, well, you are a poor soul," sympathized Peteona, "to go an' lose dat ar pieter—dat lubly thing jus' like a borned angel. An' yer sisters' onliest chile—'cept five. Wish I had dat robber yere dis minute; I'd box his ears so couldn't set down far a week."

"He wouldn't be here long," said her mistress. "Of all things in the wide world I hate a thief. I'd have him put where he steal nothing for a year at least."

"Might be a she; dar am she robbers," suggested Ona, "an' dey's all wuss den caterpillars. Caterpillars takes things right afore yo eyes—don't sneak in yo pocket. Take a cup of tea, Miss Peppard. Dar is no use frettin' no mo'. An' de cat's been settin' on yer skirt for half an hour, wantin' you to notice her, pore thing. She jus' came in off de porch a minit ago."

Miss Peppard took the tea and spoke to the cat; but she couldn't help fretting; and she slept but little that night, and awoke the next morning almost as vexed as ever, and denounced the thief at intervals of about half an hour from breakfast until dinner, although Peteona em-

phatically remarked: "Dar's no use cursin' no' swearin', Miss Peppard; can't do no good. Wish I had dat robbin' debbil here, dough!"

But after dinner, for which Ona served a soothing little stew and a cooling cream custard, the old lady became a little calmer, and retired to her own room to write a letter to her sister Polly, who lived away off in Michigan; and she had just written: "And I can't make a strawberry bed this summer, as I intended, and dear! dear! how I shall miss baby's picture!" When Peteona opened the door sans ceremony, as she always did, and walked in with a mysterious air. "Pussan want to see you, Miss Peppard"—man passon. "Bout a boy's age, I guess."

"What does he look like, and where di' you leave him?" asked the old lady, laying down her pen, and looking a little alarmed.

"Out on de porch. I lock de do'. An' he's a dirty, ragged feller dat looks jus' like a dirty, ragged feller. Shall I broom him off, Miss Peppard? Looks as dough he ought to be broomed off—or gib sumfin to eat—pore, bony, dirty soul."

"I'll come right down," said Miss Peppard; and down she went. And there on the porch stood a dirty, ragged, forlorn looking boy of about twelve years of age, looking exceedingly "bony" and half-starved, sure enough. He pulled off his apology for a cap when Miss Peppard opened the door, but said never a word until the old lady asked him, in a mild voice—she never spoke unkindly to dirt and rags: "Well, my boy, what do you want?"

"Then you lost your pocketbook, yisterday?" he blurted out.

"Yes," said she eagerly. "That is, it was stolen from me; for I felt it in my pocket a moment before I missed it. Do you know the thief?"

"I'm him," was the answer; and he raised a pair of dark eyes, that looked like the eyes of a hunted animal, to her face.

"My conscience!" explained the old lady, and fell into a chair that stood near, while Peteona darted out and seized him, shouting: "Golly! got yo' wish mighty soon dis time, Miss Peppard. Run for de constable. I'll hold him. Could hold a dozen like him—or two or free."

"Let him alone, Ona," said her mistress, while the boy stood without making the slightest resistance. "Ain't he to be drug to de lock up?" asked Ona, with a toss of her turbaned head.

"Wait 'till we hear what he has to say," said Miss Peppard. Then, turning to the boy, she asked, as mildly as ever: "Of course you haven't brought me back—"

"Yes, I have," interrupted he. "Here 'tis, money and all, 'cept what I had to take to fetch me out here. I found your name in it on a card, and where you lived."

"But, bless you!" exclaimed the old lady, more and more surprised, "what made you take it if you were going to bring it back? Come into the kitchen and tell me all about it. Ona, give him a drink of milk."

"By the Lor' Harry!" rolling up her eyes until nothing but the whites were visible, "nebbber hear of sich a ting long as I lib—gibbin' huilsale robbers drinks of milk in my clean kitchen! An' I shan't do it. Spect robbers gits thirsty as well as older folks, dough." And she handed him the milk, which he drank eagerly.

"Now, go on," said Miss Peppard. "Why did you steal my pocketbook? and why, having stolen it, did you bring it back? Are you a thief?"

"'S'pose—I am," he stammered; "but I don't want to be no more. I wouldn't 'a took it a year ago, when my mother was alive; but she died, and father he went to prison soon after for beating another man; and I hadn't no other friends; and its hard gittin' along when your mother's dead, and you hain't no friends, and your father's in prison."

"Taint soft, dat's de fac'," said Peteona, gravely. "So I fell in with a gang of bad fellers, but I never stole nothin' but things to eat till yesterday. I come out of the House of Refuge two weeks ago—"

"House of Refuge!" exclaimed Peteona, holding up her hands. "An' a settin' in my clean kitchen, on my clean oil-cloth! Wot nex'?"

"I was there for breakin' a winder and sassin' a cop," said the boy with a show of indignation, "and nothin' else, though they did try to make me out a regular bad un." And then he went on, under the influence of Miss Peppard's steady gaze: "And the fellows said I was a softy not to have the game as well as the name, and so I went into that store, 'cause I seen a lot of folks there, and I stole your pocketbook, and"—dropping his eyes and his voice—"there was a pieter of a little baby in it."

"My sister Polly's child!" cried Miss Peppard, her wrinkled cheeks beginning to glow.

"Her onliest child—'cept five," said Peteona.

"And it looks like," continued the boy, bursting into tears—"it looks like—my—little—sister."

"Your sister?" repeated Miss Peppard, her own eyes filling with tears. "Is she—with her mother?"

"'S to be hoped she be," said Ona with a sniff, "or some odder place whar she'll be washed. Her brudder's dirty nuff for a hull family."

"She's in a place ten miles or more from here," said the boy, "with a

woman who used to know mother. Mother gave her \$50 just afore she died. She managed to save it and hide it from father somehow, to keep Dolly till my aunt in California could send for her; but my aunt's dead, too, and I'm afraid Dolly will have to go in the Orphan Asylum after all. Father don't care nothin' about her. But if she does, if I'm a good boy, I can go to see her; but if I'm a thief—And when I saw that picture I said I will be good. It seemed as though the baby was a-lookin' at me and wantin' me to kiss her. Nobody ever kissed me but my mother. Here's your book."

Miss Peppard took it from his hand, opened it, found its contents as he had described them, and then sat full five minutes in deep thought.

"You want to be a good, honest boy," she said at last, "so as to be a credit instead of a shame to your baby sister?"

"Yes," answered the boy.

"It's mostly yes, ma'am, in de parts," corrected Ona.

"Well, I'll try you," said Miss Peppard.

"You'll—starting from his chair. 'Yes, I. I want some plants and seeds from the store where you sto—took the pocketbook, and I am going to trust you to get them for me. But before you go there, do you know any place where you can buy a suit of clothes, from shoe to hat, for a very little money?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered the boy, in a voice that already had a ring of hope in it. "Second-hand Bobby's."

"Well, go to second-hand Robert's, buy the clothes—By-the-by, what is your name?"

"Dick Poplar."

"And, Dick," continued the old lady, "do you know any place where you can take a bath?"

"'S to be hoped he do," said Peteona.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Take a bath, put on the new clothes, throw—with a slight motion of disgust—the old ones away—"

"'S to be hoped he will," said Peteona.

"Then go to the seed store and give them the note I will write for you. And here are two \$5 bills."

"An' dar money is soon par!" exclaimed Peteona. "No matter 'bout de fast wot!"

But the boy fell on his knees before Miss Peppard and sobbed outright.

"An' he'll nebbber come back no mo'," sung Ona, at the top of her voice, as she went about her work that afternoon after Dick's departure—"no, he'll nebbber come back any mo'."

But he did. Just as the sun was sinking in the west, a nice-looking, dark-eyed, dark-haired boy, dressed in a suit of gray a little too large for him, and carrying a package in his arms, came up the garden path to the door of the mite of a cottage. It was Dick, so changed Peteona scarcely knew him, and the package contained the seeds and onion sets and young lettuce and cabbages, and before dark he had planted them all, under the superintendence of Miss Peppard, in the mite of a garden, and Mrs. Brown had no chance of sending her "compliments" that season.

"And now, ma'am," said Dick, after supper, "I'll go. I thank you ever so much, and I wish my mother had known you."

"P'rhaps she know her now," said Ona.

"And I will be a good boy—I will, indeed."

"With the help of God," said Miss Peppard, solemnly.

"With the help of God," said the boy, in a low voice.

"But I guess you'd better stay here to night," continued Miss Peppard. "You can sleep in the wood-house. Peteona will make you a comfortable bed there."

"Shan't do no such ting!" said Peteona, defiantly.

"Ona!" reproved her mistress.

"Till my dishes is washed, I mean, Miss Peppard," said Ona.

"And then to-morrow morning you can start for that baby. Cats and dogs and birds are well enough in their way, but a baby is worth them all."

"Golly! now you're talkin', Miss Peppard," shouted Ona. "E's always wanted a baby—a wite baby—oo. Nigger babies ain't much account. Jus' as valuable to dar mudder, dough, I s'pose. Niggers is such fools."

"And if you choose to stay in Summertown," said Miss Peppard, "you may have a home here until you can better yourself. There's plenty of work for you; and the youth upon whom we have depended for errands and garden help, etc., is—"

"A drefull smart, nice, perlitte boy," chimed in Ona; "as lazy and sassy as he can lib. And I'll call you in de morning, w'en de birds arise, and we'll hab dat ar angel here in a jiffy; and w'en de cat and dog and birds look w'en dar noses is outer jint? But dar noses 'll be as straight as ebbber."

The very next night a sweet baby with great blue eyes and fair curls sat upon Miss Peppard's lap, looking wonderingly about, as she ate her supper of bread and milk, at Peteona, and the dog and the cat and the birds, whose noses, by the way, were as straight as ever.

And before long Dick Poplar became the most popular—dreadful, I know, but I couldn't help it—boy in

that neighborhood, he was so clever, so obliging, and not a bit "sassy."

"De Lor' works in funny ways, sho' enuf," said Peteona, one April day, about a year after the return of Miss Peppard's pocket book. "Who'd b'lieve me and Miss Peppard ebbber wanted Dick drug to de lock-up by de heels? And all de time he was a bringin' and Miss Peppard de lubbiest chunk ob sugar, de sweetest honey-bug of a chile dat ebbber coaxed old Peteona for ginger-snaps. She shall hab mo', de Lor' bress and sabe her!"—pouring them from the cake-box into the little uplifted apron. "Peteona'll bake dem de hull liblong day, for ebbber and ebbber, for de blue-eyed darlin'—wid a little time leff out for her udder work."

An American Girl's Adventure in Underground Paris.

Miss Bessie Darling, an American actress, has had a serious and almost fatal adventure in the catacombs of Paris. These catacombs contain, in numberless galleries extending under nearly half of the city, the bones of nearly three millions of people. On each side of these weird avenues, from the floor to the ceiling, are piled bones and skulls. The bones of the arms, legs and thighs are piled in tiers along the walls, their uniformity being relieved by three rows of skulls and cross-bones arranged in fantastic patterns, and at intervals, cut out of these gypsum of the caverns underlying Paris, are little chapels or altars. At 10 o'clock one morning a few weeks ago, Miss Darling, who was one of a party of thirty, descended the steep staircase of ninety steps leading to the catacombs, and, preceded by guides, entered the galleries, whose tortuous winding and ramifications have all the perplexities of a labyrinth. Miss Darling, with the independence of an American girl, quitted her party and set out to explore the underground horrors alone. Among so many she was not missed. A little of this sight-seeing satisfied her companions and they returned to the light and to their dinners. In the meantime Miss Darling was hurrying through one gallery after another. Unfortunately she had not provided herself with a supply of candles, and when the one she carried was burned out and she was left in utter darkness she began to realize the horrors of her situation. It was then, so the story runs, that "she did what every other woman would have done in similar circumstances—she fainted away." How long she remained insensible she does not know; but when she came to herself she made throughout the remainder of the day and through the night the galleries echo with her shrieks for help. Fortunately for her, at ten o'clock the next morning a workman, while passing along a neighboring gallery, heard her cries, and hurried to the rescue. He found her in one of those galleries that have no thoroughfare and are simply side passages, and two yards from the spot where he encountered her was the mouth of an exhausted shaft, down which she had only escaped falling by the suddenness with which she remained on the spot where she fell. When at the end of eighteen hours, she was brought to the light she fainted again. But, "all's well that ends well," although for a short time her situation appeared to be critical. There is a moral in this true story which it behooves adventurous young women to heed. In foreign travel, whether among the Alps, or the Roman or French catacombs, or in strange cities where the dangerous classes abound, too much independence or championship is perilous, apart from the conventionalism abroad, which looks askance at young women wandering about alone.

How to Pay a Compliment.

To pay a compliment is to tell the truth, and to tell it as though you meant it; and the only way to do this is to mean it. If a girl is pretty or accomplished, if she plays well, or sings well, or dances well; if, in a word, she pleases, why in the name of common sense shouldn't she be told of it? Don't blurt it out before everybody. That will only make her feel uncomfortable and make you appear ridiculous. Say it quietly when opportunity offers, but say it strongly. Convey the idea distinctly and fully so that there may be no mistake about it. Don't say it "officially." Formality is about the coldest thing known. More than one maiden has been made happy—say for half an hour—by a man's taking the trouble to say a pleasant thing about a toilet that he liked, and many of fashion's follies have been given up by girls when they noticed a discreet silence concerning them on the part of their gentleman friends. A bewitching black-eyed beauty once said to a gentleman, "I like to have you say sweet things to me, it seems to come so easy and natural." In general terms, it may be said it is always better to say an agreeable than a disagreeable one, better for all parties. The gallant who, when a young lady stepped on his foot while dancing, and asked pardon, said, "Don't mention it; a dainty little foot that wouldn't hurt a daisy," not only told the truth, but doubtless felt more comfortable than the boor, who, when his foot was stepped on, roared out: "That's right; climb all over me with your great, clumsy hoofs."

Were There Ever Such Fools?

"Yankee" Hill, a famous actor in the first half of the present century, used to tell a story (which Mr. J. B. Matthews re-tells in his article on "The American on the Stage" in Scribner's for July), of the early days of the theater in this country. Hill once "showed"—to use a professional phrase—in a town in the western part of New York where no theatrical performance had ever been given. He found the audience assembled with the women seated on one side of the hall, the men on the other, exactly as they were used to sit in church; and throughout the play the most solemn silence was observed. They were attentive, but they gave no evidence of approval or displeasure; there was no applause, no laughter; there was not even a smile; all was solemn stillness. He did his utmost to break the ice; he did everything a clever comedian could do, but in vain. He flung himself against their rigidity; it was no use. The audience was evidently on its best behavior, and the curtain came down at last amid a silence oppressive and almost melancholy. After the play, Hill, worn out by his extra exertion and mortified at his want of success, was passing through a public room of his hotel, when he was stopped by a tall countryman with the remark:

"Say, mister, I was into the play to-night."

"Were you?" said Hill. "You must have been greatly entertained."

"Well, I was! I tell you what it is, now, my mouth is all sore a-straining to keep my face straight. And if it hadn't been for the women, I'd 'a' laughed right out in meetin'."

How to Make Cologne Water.

Any one can make, in her own store-room, a better article of cologne than that which is usually bought, by thoroughly dissolving a fluid dram of oil of bergamot, orange and rosemary each with a half a dram of neroli and a pint of rectified spirits. As good as can be made out of cologne itself, however, is also quite as comfortably prepared at home as at the chemist's—at so much less than the chemist's prices that one feels warranted in using it freely—simply by mixing with one pint of rectified spirits two drams each of the oils of bergamot and lemon, one of the oil of orange, and half as much of that of rosemary, together with three-quarters of a dram of neroli and four drops each of the essence of ambergris and musk. If this be subsequently distilled, it makes what may be called a perfect cologne, but it becomes exceedingly fine by being kept tightly stoppered for two or three months, to ripen and mellow for use.

Power of Memory.

In his recent lecture on "Memory," Ralph Waldo Emerson gives many most interesting facts. Among the other things he said: Nearly all of the world's most remarkable orators, poets, statesmen, writers, soldiers, philosophers, scientists, etc., were men of tenacious memory. Quintilian had said that his memory was the main part of his genius. While this was true in the main, it did not always follow that men of genius possessed it. Isaac Newton was a remarkable exception. He could not remember oftentimes his own great works without trouble, and Newton's genius was undoubted. Themistocles, on the other hand, remembered everything. "I would rather teach you how to forget everything," was the reply. But this was wit, and not reason, said the lecturer. It has been said that the affections or feelings were the greatest incentives to memory. The senses or passions led men to remember. Napoleon cared nothing for Alexandrine verse, but not one line of his army returns was ever absent from his mind. Scipio knew every man by face and name in his army. Seneca could repeat 2000 words of a poem once heard. Miltendates, who commanded an army made up of all nations of the globe, conversed in all their representative languages. The Prince of Orange on one occasion saw Grotius standing by out of curiosity during the roll-call of one of his regiments. Having heard much of Grotius, he asked him if he could remember the names he had read. Grotius astounded the Prince by giving all the names in reverse order. A great scholar had once been deprived by an enemy of a much-loved book. His enemy thought he had conquered, but the scholar rewrote the book from memory, and defied the enemy. As a further illustration of the memory being strong when the feelings are enlisted, the lecturer said a man never forgets a debt due himself, nor, as Dr. Johnson says, who kicked him last. The late John Brown, of Ossawatimie and Harper's Ferry fame, was fond of sheep farming, and had at one time 3000 sheep, each one of which he could single out by any other flock into which it might have strayed. In his own town of Concord his neighbor, Able Norton, who dealt in horses, was very fond of them, could and remember at a glance any one of the hundreds of animals that he had ever seen. Horses which had been sent years ago, to various parts of Massachusetts by Mr. Norton sometimes came back to Concord, and were at once recognized by him as they were driven along the street.

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Lobster Catching.

The lobster is often caught in a kind of trap or "lobster-pot," as it is called. It is made with narrow strips of board or lath, nailed upon strong hoops, so as to give it an oval form upon the top. Inside are placed stones to sink it to a certain depth. At each end of the hoop is a network of cord fastened to a small hoop in the center of the net. Through this hoop of six inches diameter, perhaps the lobster struggles to get the bait placed inside the cage. But when once he finds himself a prisoner; for he cannot retreat at the same door by which he entered. The situation of the trap is marked by a buoy, and is visited at intervals to remove the game and make room for others. They are sometimes caught with merely a piece of fish tied to the end of a string—the lobster conveys the bait to his mouth with his claws, and will let you draw him to the surface, if you do it quietly, so as not to alarm him, but if he is frightened in the least he is off like a flash. You must grasp him the instant his horns are out of the water. In this country the lobster is found from the coast of New York, northward; the best are taken on the rocky shores of New England, north Cape Cod. Fishermen at Mansfield and Plymouth, Mass., catch from 50,000 to 100,000 a year, which are sold to Boston dealers. Great numbers have been put up in cans and shipped abroad. The packing houses at Portland, Me., send large quantities to England. It is said that the demand for canned lobsters in America equals the supply.

Clothes Moths.

"Clothes moths are always worse in the summer," writes the Rev. J. G. Wood, "than in any other part of the year; but there is one plan by which they may be baffled. It is simple, and can be expressed in two words—'brown paper.' There is no such protection against the clothes moth as brown paper. Years ago I purchased an enormous rug of white wolf skin, which has been an inestimable benefit to the whole family. Every summer I wrapped it up in brown paper, and not a moth has attacked it. Why the clothes moth should have so great an aversion to brown paper I cannot tell, but such is the case. I find that the professional furriers employ the same plan, but do not disclose that very simple secret. Annually thousands of sealskin furs are handed over to the dealers for preservation during the summer, and nothing is done except wrapping them up in brown paper, and letting them be until the dawning of autumn. There are, of course, instances where furs and other similar articles must of necessity be left exposed during the summer time. Let every price of wool or fur be violently shaken every morning, and not a clothes moth will harbor in them."

Mr. Beecher's Horse.

An amusing incident is related of the recent visit of Henry Ward Beecher to this city as chaplain of the Thirtieth New York regiment. The horses for the field and staff of the Thirtieth were furnished here, and when the stout and solid looking bay selected for him was led out by Mr. Beecher inquired whether he was perfectly safe. The stable proprietor replied in the affirmative.

"Perfectly safe and reliable," asked the chaplain.

"Perfectly so," replied the proprietor. "He will go anywhere, and is not afraid of the military or cars. There isn't a mean thing about him."

Mr. Beecher looked the animal over for a moment and then quietly remarked: "Hartford Cor. New York Times."

Serving a Writ.

Some forty years ago there lived on the western shores of Ireland a certain gentleman, who was by profession an attorney at law and a member of Parliament. Previous to setting out for London to attend his Parliamentary duties, he gave into the hands of a bailiff a writ which he held in abeyance, and which he intended to serve on the country, and instructed the bailiff to have a personal service made, but on his return some months afterward, he was not a little surprised to learn that the writ was not or could not possibly be served, inasmuch as the party against whom it was issued kept himself closely confined to his house, and furthermore, it being found highly dangerous for a stranger to appear in the neighborhood as two or three sturdy fellows, armed with shillalaws, were constantly prowling about the place, whose intentions were in doubt to thrash the first unfortunate bailiff whom they could lay hands on.

The M. P. had a tenant named Tom Macnamara, a very shrewd fellow, and quite an adept at minor matters of law, and who was usually called on to decide litigious disputes between the tenantry, by whom his opinion was considered as good as the Lord Chancellor. The M. P. having sent for Tom, made known to him the failure of the bailiff to serve the writ and the cause assigned, and asked him if his fertile imagination could not enable him to devise some plan by which it could be accomplished. For a few moments Tom appeared to be in a deep meditation; then, taking a sudden start, he exclaimed:

"By jingo, I have it! Give me the writ, and he must be either the devil or Dr. Faustus if I do not shove it into his mitten."

Having the writ, he proceeded on his journey. On his arrival in the neighborhood, he made his way towards the police barracks, which was situated within a half a mile of the gentleman's residence, against whom the writ was issued, and concealed himself behind a fence, where he had a view of the barracks. After a short time he saw two of the police coming toward him, but as soon as he was aware of being seen by them he went inside the fence again, and appeared to hide himself; but when the police came up to the place, they looked over the fence and saw Tom crouched up against it. They took him into custody, and, on being questioned as to the cause of his hiding, he said that he had always a horror of police, and wished to avoid them by every means. He was next interrogated as to his place of residence, and in answer stated that he belonged to a certain district—naming one which at that time was infested by "Terry Alts," and where four of the police had been killed a short time previous—and on being asked as to his destination, replied that he was on his way to Galway to take shipping for America. The police at once came to the conclusion that he was a "Terra Alt," who had committed some depredation and was about to escape the country, and they decided on taking him before a magistrate for examination. The nearest at hand happened to be a gentleman whom Tom was in quest of.

The party set out, and on their way they encountered two men with shillalaws, who expressed their sympathy for the "poor prisoner," and muttered imprecations against the police. On arriving in front of the house, the magistrate put his head through an upper window, and was informed by the police that they had a "Terra Alt" in charge, who was about to escape the country when they apprehended him. The magistrate ordered his domestics to admit the party. It was not long before he had made his appearance, and after eliciting from Tom the information which he had already given the police, he informed him that he had no doubt whatever but that Tom had committed some heinous crime and intended to escape, but that he could not commit him to prison until further proof could be had against him.

"Indeed, your Honor," said Tom, "I never did harm man or mortal. I am a poor, honest, laborin' man, as the character of his Reverence, Father Meelan, the priest of the parish, gave me, w' show; and his Reverence has known me since I was the height of your Honor's knee."

"Have you that character about you?" said the magistrate.

"I have, your Honor," said Tom, taking from his pocket the "character," and handing it to the magistrate, at the same time saying that his Honor would get all the necessary information thereon.

When the magistrate unfolded the "character," he became deadly pale, and glanced about the apartment as if looking for some weapon, which Tom seeing, called on the police for protection until he got clear of the house and neighborhood.

"Take the rascal out of my sight," exclaimed the magistrate—"he's more rogue than fool."

"Do you mean to acquit me, sir?" inquired the constable, who had not yet comprehended the affair.

"Of course," said the magistrate; "don't you perceive that he has been playing a trick on us in order to serve me with a writ?"

"Service acknowledged, your Honor," said Tom.

Then the party left the house, and on their way they met the "shillalaws" who were overjoyed when Tom informed them that his Honor had liberated him.

Tom, having thanked the police for their service, put on a fair quantity of steam until he got out of that locality; and as he approached the house of his master, he heard the "sounds of revelry" at night, for the M. P., who was an admirer of the social board, had been entering a party of his friends at dinner, who were at the time doing honors to the merry God. On being informed that Tom had returned, the M. P. summoned him to the presence of the party and their laughter made the welkin ring as Tom, in his own peculiar humorous way, related the means to which he had recourse in order to serve the writ.

Mr. Beecher's Horse.

An amusing incident is related of the recent visit of Henry Ward Beecher to this city as chaplain of the Thirtieth New York regiment. The horses for the field and staff of the Thirtieth were furnished here, and when the