## 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 Phil-

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

"Neither pretty, accomplished or wo-manly," 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

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 cam-

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 Jean nette, 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 not in earnest," said she, "you cannot mean it?"

"Yes, I do," said Philippa, shaking back the jetty rings of hair from her sol-emn 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 lovey as a dream, "Sapho" was tall and pale, and delightfully classic; but there was one drop lacking in the cup of fem-enine 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, in-

side?"

"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 Phil

lippa. "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," langhed Phillippa. "I was to be Cinderella. And so I am.

"Then, Phillippa, if you are Cinder-ella, 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.

# The Brig Somers.

In November, 1842, occurred one of the most noted mutinies in the history of the American navy While in mid-ocean the officers of the United States brig-of-war Somers discovered that a conspiracy existed on board the vessel to murder themselves and turn the vessel into a privateer for the purpose of piracy; but the ring-leaders were discovered and executed and the crime frustrated. The leader in the affair was Philip Spencer, son of the Hop. J. C. Spencer, the distinguished statesman ocean. of New York, then Secretary of War in the Cabinet of President Tyler. On account of the prominence thus given the event, the mutiny was everywhere a topic of discussion, and reviews of the case were written by a number of noted men, including J. Fenimore Cooper. The Cleveland Leader thus tells the story from the lips of one of the crew:

Captain William Buffington, wellknown along the lakes and who last season sailed the schooner Pelican, was one of the crew of the Somers. He was visited at his residence on the Detroit road, yesterday afternoon, by a Leader reporter, and related the story, though modestly pre ferring not to have anything publish. ed as coming from him. At the time of the mutiny Captain Buffington was eighteen or nineteen years of age, and many of the facts have escaped his memory. The Somers sailed from New York for Liberia, Africa, with dispatches, but was obliged to put back on account of insufficiency of crew, and other seamen were obtained from the receiving ship North Carolina, Mr. Buffington being a member of the second crew. On the return from Liberia, Mme. Remusat indulges in this comparabefore reaching St. Thomas, where it tive study of Talleyrand and Fouchet was the intention to stop and take on Talleyrand and Fouchet were two very coal and provisions, word was remarkable men, and both were exceed brought to Captain Alexander Slidell ingly useful to Bonaparte. But it would Mackenzie, the commander of the be difficult to find less resemblance and lewer points of contact between any two Somers, that a conspiracy existed to persons placed in such close and continucapture the vessel and take her to ous relations. The former had studiously the Isle of Pines, where she would preserved the carelessly resolute manner be joined by a Mexican pivateer, and bles of the old regime. Acute, taciturn, measured in his speech, cold in his bearthe two would commence a career of piracy. ing, pleasing in conversation, deriving al

In those days, comparatively few steamers sailed the ocean, and of no party in his hand-his very faults, and even the stigma of his abandonment course the security of the pirates was much better than it would be at of his former sacred state of life, were present. Wr. Wales, the steward of sufficient guaranty to revolutionists, who the brig, was first brought the affair to notice. On the night of November 25th, Mr. Wales was asked by Spencer, who was a midshipman, to go aloft with him to the rigging, where he wanted to converse with him confidentially. When alone the this picture, he neglected nothing for his midshipman accosted Wales with a own comfort, was careful in his dress, question: "Do you fear death; do used perfumes, and was a lover of good you fear a dead man; are you afraid to kill a man ?" Somewhat surprised, though still cool and collect- sary to him, and never flattered him in ed, the steward listened attentively public, to what followed, taking the oath of Fouch

Fouchet, on the contrary, was a genuine product of the revolution. Careless of his secresy imposed upon him by appearance, he wore the gold lace and the ribbons which were the insignia of his dignities as if he disdained to arrange them. He could laugh at himself on ocunder his collar, back of his cravat, casion; he was active, animated, always restless, talkative, affecting a sort of frankness which was merely the last degree of conceit; boastful; disposed to seek the opinion of others upon his conduct by talking about it, and sought no der of the captain and the officers justification except in his contempt of a certain class of morality, or his carelessness of a certain order of approbation. But he carefully maintained, to Bonaparte's occasional disquiet, relations with a party whom the Emperor felt himself was obliged to conciliate in his person. With all this, Fouchet was not deficient in a sort of good fellowship. He had even some estimable qualities. He was a good husband to an ugly and stupid wife, and a very good-even a too indulgent father. He looked at revolution as a whole; he hated small schemes and constantly recurring suspicions, and it was because this was his way of thinking that his poldid not suffice for the Emperor. icy did not suffice for the English Where Fouchet recognized merit, he did Where Fouchet recognized merit, he did it justice. It is not recorded of him that he was guilty of any personal revenge nor did he show himself capable of persistent jealousy. It is even likely that, although he remained several years an enemy of Talleyrand's, it was less because he had reason to complain of him than because the Emperor took pains to keep up a division between two men whose friendship he thought dangerous to himself; and, indeed, it was when they were reconciled that he began to distrust them both and to exclude them from affairs.

#### mocks, awaiting the dreadful sum-The Heart Without the Sense of Touch. mons to another world, the gun belch-

There is one fact which one cannot ed forth its thunder, the men at the think of without some degree of amazethree ropes drew in, and the three ment, and which we ought never to think of without great thankfulness. The heart has no sense of outward touch. If I could put my finger and thumb on each side of the heart of some person in this room without touching any part of his frame, he would not know when his heart was touched, unless he saw me in the very act of touching it.

"What !" some one will exclaim, "do you mean to say that the heart, which is so instantaneously sympathetic with all mental emotion-which is so fearfully subject to palpitation and neuralgia-has no sense of outward touch? It seems incredible !"

And yet, it is a known fact that the heart has no sense of outward touch. I might quote to you more modern proofs but I choose to give you one which is more than two hundred years old, because I like to revive the memory of great benefactors of our race, and to revive and strengthen our sense of indebtedness to them.

The celebrated William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, the physician to King Charles the First, gives to us this extraordinary relation : The son of Lord Montgomery had a severe fracture of the ribs when a child, which left an abscess that could not be cured. He went abroad, and came back to his country when he was between eighteen and nineteen years old, it was reported, with a large aperture in his left side, through which his lungs could be seen and touched. The king heard of this strange story, and sent Harvey to learn the truth of it. Harvey found the young nobleman, who readily exposed the wound for inspection. Instead of the lungs, Harvey found it was the apex of the heart that could be seen and touched. The action of the heart responded to the beat of the pulse in the wrist, and Harvey, the enthusiastic man of science, who en-dured so much obloquy for the maintenance of his great doctrine of the circulation of the blood, had here a full confirmation of its truth. He took the young nobleman to the king, who also handled the heart, and marked the circulation of the blood. But the most wonderful discovery, alike to the king and the physician, was that the young nobleman did not know when they touched the heart. They found the heart was without the

sense of outward touch. This is a strong proof of benificence of design in God. If the heart was sensible to outward touch, we should seldom eat without pain. For, as the stomach turns upward and presses against the lungs, and the lungs against the heart, as we continue to eat, the act of pacifying our hunger or gratifying our palate would cause suffering at the heart. Any poor fellow who only got a good dinner once a week, and then indulged himself, would have to pay bitterly for his excess.-Cooper's God, the Soul, and Future State."

#### About the Girls.

The girls in the principal cities in this country are noted as follows : Detroit, the wildest. Louisville, the proudest. Boston, the handsomest.

Oswego, the most winning. Albany, the most stuck up. Cincinnati, the gayest flirts. St. Louis, the most reckless. Hartford, the best musicians. Terre Haute, the biggest feet. New Orleans, the most truthful. Baltimore, the most intellectual. Bradford, all dumplings and lambs.

### SHORT BITS.

"When the tide comes in"-When man and wife arrive at home.

Newspaper columns have been lumbered up with Maine business.

A "rose by any other name would smell as sweet," but not our "rat rows.

That the success of the electric light will benefit London is a fog gone conclusion.

A Boston man wont wash his face to save his life. He'll do it to save his skin.

Philadelphia has the bulge on Chicago in one respect. It is named in the Bible.

The tea that was not thrown overboard in Boston harbor in the good old days was liberty.

Love laughs at locksmiths, but we defy anybody or anything to laugh at a plumber.

A tree may be downcast, and not chopfallen. It may be blown down, for instance.

Strange, but true. A word in season is scarcely ever spoken by a man in a peppery frame of mind.

The Free Press says that although fences do not walk they have a swinging gate. Can't they walk the picket ine?

The Bell telephone Company have had to refuse connection with the barbers shops for fear the barbers will monopolize all the talk.

"Mamma," cried Effie, rushing into the room, "the big clock has stopped, I'm sure it has, for I dou't hear it cackling!"

"Minnie, I wish you would not give milk to your kitten on the carpet." Minnie: "Don't disturb her. She's on her last lap.

The habits of fruit are peculiar; we have seen a raisin box, a fi drum, and an apple stand all day on the corner of a street.

A bright little Sunday-school boy was disgusted when told that ramrods were not named for Nimrod, the mighty hunter.

She was plump and beautiful, and he he was wildly fond of her. She hated him, but, woman like, strove to catch him. He was a flea.

Altoona boasts of a cucumber four and a half feet long. There is probably enough colic power in it to run a twelvehorse power engine.

A child being asked what were the three great feasts of the Jews, promptly and not unnaturally replied: "Breakfast, dinner and supper.'

The Rev. Dr. Sloely has gone to heathen lands as a missionary. The heathens, it is hoped, will not take Dr. Hall's advice and eat Sloely.

Indignant wife: "If I had known you were coming home in this condition, I should have gone home to my father's." Inebriated husband: "Hic-would you! I an awful sorry I didn't send you word -hie."

"I'm glad I'm not Grant," said an Oil citizen, recently, "for if I was I couldn't go down to post my books, and wander into a minstrel show without my wife reading it in the paper the next morning.

An Oil citizen received a bill last week from a New York firm, with the usual request: "Please write us by next mail; would like to close our books before the first of the year." Promptly he returned the answer: "All right, close them up. I have no objection. Says Puck: A bold, base, utterly untrustworthy man tells us the following advertisement recently appeared in a city paper: "Wanted for adoption-A baby with a father. Address Widow, Station Z." An interchangeable family ulster supplies a want long felt. In the possession of a young married couple it can be worn by either party. The engage-ment ulster is one big enough for two when the couple walk out together.

unfortunates shot aloft, the sudden contact with the blocks above breakand disappeared in the depths of the

When New York was reached a court of inquiry, composed of Commodores Stewart, Jacob, Jones and Dallas, examined the case, and ap-proved the course of Captain Mackenzie. A court-martial was also held, Commodore Downee being president, and the action of Captain Mackenzie was endorsed. Captain Buffiington says that after reaching New York the ship physician shot himself, throgh it did not appear that he had been concerned in the mutiny. Capt. Bufflington knew of no other survivors of the crew. A colored-man employed at the Union depot, who died last summer, was on board the Somers at the time. It is probable that there are some living, as the crew, which consisted of eighty persons, was composed of only eight able-bodied seamen, the remainder being boys of the first and second class. The excitement over the affair in the United States was intense, and opinions were given for and against Captain Mackenezie's course.

Talleyrand and Fouchet.

In the second volume of her memoirs

-if I may use that expression—of the no-

his power from himself alone-for he held

knew him to be so adroit and so supple

that they believed him to be always keep-

ing the means of escaping them in re-serve. B-sides, he opened his mind to

no one. He was quite impenetrable upon

the affairs with which he was charged.

and upon his own opinion of the master

whom he served; and, as a final touch to

cheer and all the pleasures of the senses

He was never subservient to Bonaparte,

but he knew how to make himself neces-

ing their necks, and hurrying them into the presence of the great white throne. Two of the men were hung to one of the main yards, and the third to the other. The bodies were sewn up in sailcloth. the feet weighed with shot, and the earthly remains of the reckless youths were slid on a plank through the portholes

fashion "When did he say that, puss?" demanded Jeannette, jerking out the rib-

bons 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 presentlyand-"

"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 erying, 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 in-quiring 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 Clif-ton 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 El-sie, 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 Philippia, impulsively. She is a cold, hard woman, mademoi-

ell," 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 garl.

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

Nice their size, already." Elsie looked incredulously at the little brown slip of paper.

But mademoiselle, you are surely

"Do you mean-" "I mean, love, that I want you for my wife Mr. Dale could hardly credit his own

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!"

### Singular Fatality.

On Tuesday last Dr. Fisher, at the New York hospital, was called upon to render his professional services in what has proven to be a most remarkable case. At noon on the day named a lady called at the hospital and avowed that she had swallowed a full set of teeth. She requested the physician to examine her for traces of them, and said that she was Mrs. Cora S. Nourse, aged 47, an artist, who contributed sketches and articles to the Floral Cabinet. She resided at No. 36 West Ninth street with her two daughters, and the Hudson.

morning she missed her teeth, and being unable to find them about her room she came to the conclusion that during her sleep she must have swallowed them, as she remembered distinctly their presence in her mouth when retiring. A tickling sensation in her throat seemed to corroborate this belief. Dressing in haste she hurried off to a resident physician, who examined her for traces of the lost mo-lare, but failed to find them. He advised her to search for them, assuring her that if she felt no distress in her stomach it was not possible that they were located as she supposed.

She inquired as to the result in case her fears proved true, and was informed that had swallowed them the result if she would prove fatal. Alarmed at this, the lady hastened to her apartments, but being unable to find her teeth, she boarded a train for this city and sought relief at the New York hospital. She was in a considerable state of trepidation, and appeared to suffer great mental anxiety. After a thorough examination Dr. Fisher declared that she could not possibly have swallowed the teeth. She seamed convinced and started for home. She had scarcely left the hospital when she suddenly dropped in the street, and was carried back to the hospital insensible. Dr. Fisher was proceeding to examine her when she turned on her side and expired. A female attendant was called to undress the poor lady in order to make an investigation as to the cause of her death, when the missing teeth were discovered lodged in her undergarments. A post mortem examination revealed the fact that her death had resulted from no other cause than complete exhaustion of her mental faculties, brought about by the force of imagination .- N. Y. News.

Spencer. The latter then unfolded the plan for the mutiny, stating that ears, the next day, when Hugo Mortimer it was written out on paper and then and he would show it in the morning when it was light so as to read it Twenty of the crew, he claimed, were leagued with him, and the murof the vessel would be an easy matter.

When fully apprised of what had taken place, Captain Mackenzie ordered a strict watch kept of the movements of Spencer. In a day or two the Captain encountered Spencer on deck, and asked him what he meant by such talk to Wales, but the young man explained it was all a oke, and no harm intended. The written plot was demanded, but Spencer denied its existence, and a careful search of his person failed to disclose it. It was found, however, secreted in Spencer's razor case, written in the Greek language; but one of the officers understood the characters and translated them into on Tuesday last visited some relatives on English. The names of the number of the crew were written who would When making her toilet on Tuesday be given a chance to "walk the plank"-that is, be dropped overboard-and others who were to be given their choice between compulsory service as pirates, or a watery grave. F. Cromwell, the boatswain's mate, and Elisha Small, a seaman from Boston, were also arrested, they being frequently discovered in conversation with Spencer. The three were double-ironed and taken below. They were speedily tried by court-martial and found guilty, the sentence being that the prisoners be executed from the yardarm. They were brought up on the morning of November 25th for execution. Small was unmoved and asked his mates to give him a good jerk, so as to make down. He was exhorted by Captain Mackenzie to set his companions a good example by bravely dying, the remark having the desired effect. Captain Mackenzie briefly addressed the condemned upon the enormity of their crime. Spencer read from the bible and prayer-book, begged forgiveness of all, and then said he was ready to die.

Black caps were made from black handkerchiefs. The colors were to be hoisted at the moment to give solemnity to the occasion, and then the gun was to be fired as a signal at the ropes to pull. Spencer wanted to give tho signal, but afterward he requested Captain Mackenzie to do it condemned men sitting in their ham- | bers' Journal.

AETHUR ROEBUCK .- There never in this world was a better assailant of a job, a more resolute critic of administrative bungling, than John Arthur Roebuck. "Dog Tear-'em," as he christened himself on one memorable occasion, has never been slow to fly at the throat of minister or private member when the public interest seemed to demand vigorous action of this kind. The pity is that he himself should have suffered so grievously from the unrestrained indulgence of his vindictiveness, his jealousy, his morbid selfconsciousness. A career which might have been a great one has been brought to nothing by his own faults, and talents which might have been successfully used sure, but Spencer was quite broken for the advancement of many noble causes have been utterly wasted .--- [Politicians of To-day-Wemyss Reid.

> Some Skeleross.-At Highgate, near London, stands a public house, from the window of which a skeleton cat challenges the notice of passers-by. In its teeth it holds a skeleton rat, caught no one knows how long ago. Just as we see them now. cat and rat were taken from the chimney when the house was undergoing alteration. A most grisly chimney-find fell to

some workmen a few years since in the old house in the High street of Hull, notable as the birthplace of Wilberforce, the slave emancipator, for the skeleton they disturbed was a human one. banking business was at one time carried on in the house, so the bones were set down to belong to a thief who, hiding in the chimney, either preliminary to commit felony, or to escape pursuit after comfor him. When all was ready, the mitting it, had been suffocated .- [Cham-

San Francisco, the most indifferent. Mobile, the most liberal entertainers. Buffalo, the prettiest and the wittiest. Lafayette, the most anxious to be loved. Chicago, the fastest and most dissipated. Indianapolis, the most amiable dispoition.

Philadelphia, the most refined and ladylike.

New York, the gayest and most expensive in dress. Syracuse, the most entertaining and fas-

cinating. Rochester, the gabbiest. ("Seen Pow-

ers' block ?" Cleaveland, the most graceful and en-

tertaining in conversation. For Portland girls, a wag suggests that they be accorded all the other virtues and peculiarities not enumerated above and

claimed by their fair sisters of other cities.

A Fable.

A wolf, who was known among his friends as sagacions, swift, sly and endur-ing, and who seldom went to bed hungry, one day met a wood-chopper's son in the Hostilities between boys and forest. wolves had been suspended for a short time on account of a camp-meeting in that neighborhood, and the wolf and the boy therefore sat down on a log to discuss the weather and draw each other out on the transformation theory. The wolf never had a fair chance to

look a boy over. His rule had been to eat them first and look them over afterward. He now observed that his companion was twice as handsome as he was. and the fact rankled in his jealous mind. He forgot that he had been differently graded by nature in the beginning, and he began casting about to see how he could get even. He finally made up his mind that it was the boy's red coat that made all the difference, and so he carelessly observed :

"I don't suppose you'd like to part with thatold patched coat of yours, would you?" The boy was up to string games and balloon ascensions, and closed with an offer to lend the wolf his coat for a week if the latter would guide him to a den where three young foxes could be secured. As soon as the wolf secured the coat he

wrapped it around him and declared the truce between the wolves and the boys at an end. That had been his little game from the start. Sounding his war-howl, the wolf summoned his friends to help make bologna of poor Tom, but, as the eager brutes came up, they went for the red coat and the boy went for a tree.

No wolf has any business wearing boy's outfit, even if it would add to his beauty, and this one was soon clawed into bag-strings, and his bones hung on a jack-pine for the wind to fool with.

Looking down from his perch in the tree, the boy remarked .

"In the first place, don't try to play a wine game. In the second place, don't go on the principle that everybody else is fool."

MORAL-Preserves won't last without sugar, and your neighbor has just as much right to keep chickens as you have to keep a dog.-Detroit Free Press.

Rich dentist (who is contemplating the erection of a fine residence). style of architecture do you recommend?" Architect-seeing it's you. should think Tuscan would be about we girls think him awkward and rather the thing.

Commodore Vanderbilt once visited spiritual medium, who began by saying: "Your first wife wishes to communicate with you." "Perhaps so," said the Commodore, abruptly, "but that is not what I came here for.

A man in Lewiston, New York, having occasion to build a house where a large elm tree stood, did not cut it down, but built around it. The odd sight is now presented of a tree-top growing out of the roof of a handsome brick house.

The man who marries under the impression that his wife gives up everything for him-father, mother, brothers, sisters and home-finds out sometimes that, however much the wife may have given up, the father mother, brothers, sisters, etc., have not given her up.

The woman who can sit still and smilingly entertain a male visitor, perceiving all the time that he has succeeded in wriggling all the pins out of her tidy, and is at that precious moment calmly sitting on it, and will probably be for the next hour, is sure of a reward in the next world if she does not receive it in this.

The King and Queen of Spain showed publicly the other day, while driving in Madrid, their devotion to their Church. They met a priest who was taking the last sacraments to a dying man, and, alighting from their carriage, the young pair lent it to the priest, following on foot.

A worthy young moral agriculturist of Piety hill, Shasta county, has been col-lecting poll tax from Chinamen and giving them Good Templar documents as receipts. Thus he saves some money from being shipped to China, and spreads temperance doctrines among the heathen.

Rev. Mr. Lane, of Kensico, New York, is accused by some of his deacons of kissing all the women in his flock. His wife says: "Why, of course he kisses them, and they like it. I saw him kiss Mrs. Cox in that very room, and she was mighty glad that he responded to her advances. Mr. Lane is a man, I tell you." There is a wife to be proud of.

There is a letter extant in which the writer explains the reason why she had time for letter-writing in the evening was that "Cousin Grace Fletcher is trying to entertain a young man by the name of Daniel Webster by playing checkers. Father and Uncle Chamberlain think him a young man of great promise, but verdant."

nose he strikes the root of the thing.

When a farmer puts a ring on a hog