"Lakewood," shouted the conductor, and Rhoda jumped up, smiling a little to herself as she marshaled together her book and wrap, and satchel, and made sure of her umbrella. Lakewood it was; same greeted her for a freshly nted sign above the station door as he stepped down on the platform, the enger it would seem for that ealy passengely destination. In an estant the train was whizzing on its way again, and then round the end of the again, and then round the end of the station came a pretty wagonette, and a finiter of blue ribbons and gray gloves.

"Oh, Rhoda, dear!" cried Lucy, reining in her horse gently, as she looked a beaming welcome at her cousin. "It seems too good to believe! Let me have satchel -step right in, dear. Now

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the umbrella, and now I can kiss you! I am so glad!" "I am glad too," says Rhoda, in her slow, grave voice.

They make a marked contrast, sitting They make a marked contrast, sitting side by side as they roll away down the shaded country road—Lucy with her smiling, delicate beauty, set off by the gay colors and girlish adornment. Rhoda, dark and pale, and serious, clad in heavy mourning from head to foot, a curious pathetic look of resignation in her fine, thoughtful face. Her eyes glance right and left at the hedge-rows and blooming gardens, and far over the sunlit fields, and again at the tender, gentle face beside her, with a deep, silent eloquence of her own.

"Mamma thought he would not come, and George thought you would not, but I knew you would," says Lucy, quite elated by this triumph of her own "You know we were so often presence. "You know we were so often disappointed, but this time something seemed to tell me. And are the children well-and your mother?"

"The children—yes; but mother com-plains a good deal. I didn't want to leave her, it seemed hard, Lucy. I can't help feeling it is wrong, somehow, or at least selfish in me to take a pleasure they cannot share."

Oh, nonsense, Rhoda. You'd been working in that horrid shop all the year, and only think of what privations you've had-losing your father and giving up school and everything, and then to gradge yourself a few day's restespecially when it is partly to make others happy! I should be miserable to if you had not come. You don't know how I plan and fix things in my own mind for you, Rhoda. I often lay awake and think if only Caddie and Julia were married, then pappa could adopt you, and you could go to school and graduate, and then if you wanted to earn your living you could teach, you know. Oh, I think if some kind philantropist could know about you, how elever you are, and all that, and give you as much money as you need for your education, wouldn't that be splendid? Oh, I wish things would happen when he want them to!" "Look at the butterflies, Lu," says Rhoda, quietly, but her eyes were full of

For an instant the bright-winged atoms of color sailing along the roadside look like flowers dancing through a mist. Rhoda leads back against the cushion, her arm around Lucy's shoulder. How sweet the fresh green lanes smell, and the blossoming clover fields; how much sweeter than any dream of beauty is the tender blue glimpse of sky above the rustling tree-tops. Now and then a shrill bird song breaks from the hedge row, or a cow bell tinkles from the grassy meadows. Along the wayside a merry, talkative stream looks out between the bushes here and there as if in friendly recognition of the two young faces flitting by. It is like a new world to the weary city girl, all this freshness and stillness, the warm, dreamful, loveliness of shadow and sunshine, and slow, fra-

grant wind. On and on, up the long country road, through siender belts of woodland, whose dim vistas open into sunny distances, past mills and over rattling bridges until the wide level of the lake comes suddenly in view, sparling like a million diamonds, or one great diamond with a million sparkles.

"O Lu!" cries Rhoda, clutching at Lucy's arm. Lucy laughs, for she had not told her

of this beautiful surprise. "And here we are at home," rejoins Lucy, gayly, as she turns in through an open gateway, where a low brown cattage, all doors and windows and veranda, greets them, nestled under pines and maples. Julia and Caddie came springing off the porch, although they are quite grown-up young ladies now, and the air rings with Rhoda! Rhoda! Rhoda! The noise of kisses, laughter and glad voices, is welcome enough for a dozen girls.

Round the corner of the house comes George, with his hands in his pockets, whistling and taking his time, but nodding kindly to Rhoda, who suddenly remembers the faded blue jacket he used te wear when they went to school together, and a penknife he gave her for an apple once. She wonders if she

"Hello!" is George's comprehensive

ought to kiss him now he has grown so

Then he walks up to the horse and be gins to pat his neck affectionately, only glancing with the corner of his eye at Rhoda's slim, black figure. Rhoda turns a wistful look on him. She can find no trace of her little playmate in this sturdy, grown-up handsome boy, with the small beginnings of a mustache on his shy brown face. "How you have changed, George," she

says, pensively, and George replies: "Changed?" do you think so? Whoa, Dandy! Get round, old fellow!"

And then Rhoda is whisked away into the house, and is presently seated at a comfortable dinner watching Aunt Mar-rie as she carves chicken and dispenses salad. Everywhere around her are the dear faces of her young kinsfolk, the eager, noisy chatter of their voices as ey talk to her all at once in excess of kindliness. The girl's heart swells strangely. She is divided between the keen appetite of youth and a wild desire to run away from every one and cry her-self satisfied for very joy.

The golden days of her brief visit pass all too soon for Rhoda. Like the magic beads of the captive princess, they are all told but one before she really awakens from the enchantment of sweet idleness, the longed-for rest and freedom of those summer hours. To-morrow she must turn her face homeward—to the daily toil and care—the heart-wearing routine she

has left behind. Poor Rhoda! It seems only like yesterday that she stepped off the train at Lakewood station, yet two full bright weeks have slipped away, and now she is tying on her hat for a last row on the lake, and wondering, sadly, why

time must fly so quickly.
"Oh, come, dear," cries Lucy, from

the veranda. Ju is gathering roses, and stops to fasten one on Rhoda's sombre dress, as they meet in the pathway. Lncy and Caddie go skipping on before. It is not far, through the orchard and the stubble field to the float where half a dozen boats are moored. The road is in full view-a carriage is rolling by, some children are playing on the beach, the sunset light lies warm and tranquil across the lake, and against the brown hills on the farther shore. A gruff old man, rather roughly dressed, who barely nods in answer to Ju's pleasant salutation, is pushing out his boat, while the girls unfasten theirs. Ju is evidently used to his gruffness. She smiles, as she looks after

"That is old John Trenck, the millionaire. He lives alone in that funny stone house just above ours. Mind your dress Rhoda. Now, Caddie, push, push; that's it. He scarcely ever speaks to us, or in-deed to any one, except those little Johnson children. See them throwing pebbles at his boat. They are always like that,

ragged and happy. Pull on the left, Rhoda; gently, gently."
"Perhaps George will think we ought to have asked him to come," says Caddie, trailing her slim fingers through the water, and looks up conscience-stricken. Poor old George! He has been so kind to her, and now she had forgotten all about him.

"Shan't we go back?" she asks, frank-

ly. The others laugh.
"Make your strokes a little longer, dear," says Lucy. "Oh, George won't mind. Besides, we can't stay out very long. The Ransoms are coming to spend

the evening. Did you forget?"

Dip, dip, dip, go the oars; the silvery drops fly in little showers, and a trail of curving foam ripples behind. The girls are chatting and laughing and bursting into sons, sending their fresh voices echoing along the shore. Rhoda joins them, too, but her voice is subdued, her heart is full of the lovely scene to which she is saying a silent silent good-bye. They pass Mr. Trenck's boat; he sits smoking with his oars at rests, and never turns his face. Rhoda's dark eyes stare at him solemnly as the boat drifts by. Of what is he thinking, this lonely old man, with no companion but his own mute fancies? When they draw homeward again he is still in the same place motionless. The girls pass him this time with quick strokes. They are in haste, now, for a new pleasure, and soon their boat bumps in against the float. They have been gone scarcely half an hour. The sunset still flashes in the west, the happy, ragged children are still at play, romping and racing on the long, slender pier, that juts out past the float into deep water; waiting, perhaps, for the first sight of Mr. Trenck's returning boat.

"Little savages!" says Caddie, philosophically shaking out her flattened flounces. "See them race and tumble. I often wonder-'

But the subject of Caddie's wonderment will be unknown forever. Splash! goes something heavy in the water, and loud shricks of dismay resound from the end of the pier.

"Maggie's overboard!" The four girls bounded like deer to the spot. Help! help!" cry Lu and Julia wildly; and "Help help!" echoes pitifully across the

"It's the little one-the baby!" gasps Caddie, with white lips, and she rushes away toward the house in search of aid. Up comes the little struggling body, the brown arms tossed above the water, the little face blanched and drawn with

"We can't see her drown," says Rhoda, pale and quiet. "I'll try to save her, Lucy, I must! Throw me an oar; anything to hold by."
"But you can't swim. Rhoda, Rhoda!"

"Yes-no-I don't know. I will try!" and before her cousin's arms can stay her, Rhoda's slim figure jumps over the parapet with a loud plunge.
"Help! help!" cried Julia's agonized

voice once more. Lucy has bounded back to the boathouse for an oar, and is at the pier again almost in the same instant, and in time to see Rhoda disappearing for the second time. But she has clutched the child by its clothing. Lucy can see them sink to gether. With heart-wrung pangs she stends waiting, ready to launch the oar. A boat is flying down the lake toward them; she can hear the oars pumping in the row-locks but she dares not even turn her head. How long the time seems! she is catching her breath in passionate, despairing sobs, when Rhoda's pale, sweet face gleams at her again. Instantly she throws the oar; it strikes within a foot of her cousin's grasp. Rhods catches at it, misses, catches again; her fingers close around it, and she smiles at Lucy, as she lifts the child's unconscious head upon her shoulder.

"Help is coming, darling Rhoda. Hold fast," says Lucy, shuddering, and reach-ing out imploring hands to the boat that is pumping along like mad to the quick strokes.

It is Mr. Trenck's boat, and Mr. Trenck's rough voice is roaring words of cheer over his shoulder to the brave, struggling girl. In another moment danger has passed her by. Mr. Trenck has taken her half-drowned burden from ber shoulder, and she is holding to the gunwale of his boat, saying:

"Oh, that's nothing. I could not see

the baby drown, you know." Mr. Trenck does not express his opinion very freely on the moment, but when they have reached terra firma, he wraps little Maggie tenderly in his rough, warm cloak, and then says, bending his piercing gaze on Rhoda, who stands shivering in her wet black dress, with her drenched hair clinging about her neck:

"What do you mean by such out-rageous conduct? You ought to be ashamed of yourself, risking your life for a little ragged brat you never saw before! I suppose there's people at home that love you, eh? And would miss you if you went under, eh? I should not wonder, you silly, reckless thing. You noble, lion-hearted girl! Give me your

hand! And the stern voice breaks suddenly, and Rhoda feels her wet, trembling hand lifted to the rough lips like a queen's. After that Mr. Trenck shoulders the still unconscious baby and tramps off toward her home, the other two children pattering along by his side.

About a month after her return from Lakewood, Rhoda received a very unex-pected letter. She comes in from work in the late evening, tired and dusty, but with a cheerful smile for her mother, and a kiss apiece for each of the little ones, and is at once presented with a large, square missive, boldly superscribed in an unfamiliar hand with her name and andress. This is what it contained:

"MISS RHODA RAYMOND:-We, the undersigned, are authoaized to inform you that the sum of five thousand dollars (\$5000) has been legally placed in our hands for your use and benefit, a free gift, to dispose of as you think proper, the name of the donor being, for the present, withheld. You are requested to call at this office at your earliest convenience, and make known your wishes.

Respectfull, Gray & Bradon,

Attorneys and Counselors at Law." "God has sent us a friend at last," she says, faintly, as she lays the letter down. "It is Mr. Trenck, I know it is. Mother, I can graduate now, and then I can teach. Father wished so, and I need not work any longer; you will be cared for. Oh, mother, mother!" and for the first time in her long trial, the brave girl's heart fails her, and she faints away on her mother's bosom beneath the weight of happiness too great to bear.

#### Got Mad About It.

A few weeks ago, while several citizens of Detroit were surrounding a hot stove in a Griswold street tobacco store, in came a stranger who had been on a 'big drunk.' His eyes were red, his back all mud, his clothes ragged, and his general appearance was that of a hard-up and played out old soaker. One of the group was telling a yarn about a hog, and he was going on with his story when the old fellow interrupted:

"Scuse me, but I'm an old soaker who

wants to reform." "Well, as I was saying," continued the story-teller, after a glance at the man, that hog was about forty rods away when I first saw him. I got my gun-"
"Say," interrupted the drunkard, 'isn't there somebody here who wants to help reform me?"

You go out?" replied one of the men. "I won't do it! I'm an old drunkard, and I want somebody to take me by the hand and hope I'll reform." "Go on with your hog story," put in

one of the group. "You shan't do it!" exclaimed the drunkard. "I want some one to feel sad

because I drink up all my earnings and misuse my family. "No one here cares how much you drink or how soon you go under-ground!" said one of the men.

"You don't, eh? Don't any of you want to give me advice?" 'No, sir!"

"Don't you feel sorry because I am degrading my brilliant intellect?" Brilliant bosh! You never knew anything, anyhow!"

"Won't any man here pity my family?" "No, sir!" "Nor shed one tear over my degraded

condition?" "Not a shed! You'd better be goingwe want to hear a hog story."
"Had you rather hear a hog story than

to try and save me?" You bet we had!" "Well, now, you hard-hearted and he landed against the side of a mountain, selfish-minded old liar, I know I'm worth about four miles the other side of the more than any hog, and I'll prove it, too! creek, he began to realize the terrible
If you won't save me I'll save myself—truth. He was seized with an intense, If you won't save me I'll save myselfhanged if I don't! Yes, sir, I'll show you whether I am of more account than any of your hog stories or not! You needn't

No man in Detroit has led a more sober and industrious life since that day, and there is every reason to believe that

pity me nor advise me nor talk with me-

can run my own grocery!"

## Road Locomotives.

The English road locomotives and wagons that a few days ago arrived at New York, will, after they have reached their destination, Wadsworth, Nevada, be at once put to work on certain central routes in that State. The leading characteristics of the engines brought by the Erin are described as follows: They weigh about seven tons each, and are rated at 12 to 14-horse power. They have horizontal boilers, which are fitted with large fire-boxes for burning almost any description of fuel, and water tanks are affixed capable of holding a supply for three or four hours. The engines are so arranged that they can be used for turning fixed machinery. The driving wheels are 7 feet in diameter and 12 inches in width, and the steering or front wheels are 4 feet in diameter and 9 inches wide. An important advantage in the road locomotive is that in case of need the road wheels can be replaced by the ordidinary flange wheels for running on rails. Those brought by the Erin have an important addition in the shape of a winding drum, fitted to the driving axle, capable of holding from 50 to 100 yards of coiled rope, which can be employed in hoisting heavy weights and in hauling the loaded wagons up otherwise impracticable grades. One engineer and two laborers are all the manual force necessary for the management of each train, and on moderate roads, with grades not exceeding 1 foot in 12, each engine of the size sent to Wadsworth will haul from 10 to 12 tons of paying load, and travel at an average speed of 3% miles per hour. Two or three wagons, each capable of containing from five to six tons' weight, and the engine form the train. The wagons are coupled together and to the locomotive by strong coupling bars, and the whole train follows exactly in the track of the engines, even when turning sharp curves. The total cost of hauling by the road locomotives, it is estimated. will range from 5 to 10 cents per ton per mile, varying with the condition of the road and load. This is probably not onefourth of the cost of doing similar work with mules. The ordinary mule team, consisting of 16 mules, with heavy wagons capable of holding six to ten tons, will not average more than two miles an hour. The first cost of the locomotive, with its train of wagons, compares favorably with the first cost of the mule team and wagons.—Manufac-

turer and Builder. New Yorkers say that fashionable physicians must reduce their charges or lose their patients.

## The True Story of Morgan.

"This village, my friends," the fat pas-senger continued, "is also the home of the late lamented Mr. Morgan. Mr. the late lamented Mr. Morgan. Mr. Morgan, in his day, was a goat rider of considerable celebrity. But he went back on the goat. Here is the office of the Advocate, one of the weekly papers of Batavia. In this print shop, in the days of the Advocate's ancestor, Mr. Morgan printed a book and told'all about the bad habits, the deceifful tricks and the bad ways of the roat. He gave the frelicways of the goat. He gave the frelic-some animal of the lodge away, bad. He described his amusements; he told how he did it and what he called it. He just told all about it, and literally took the goat by the horns, which, Mr. Morgan averred, were not the only kind of horns taken in the lodge. "The dejected animal brooded over his

wrongs. He felt that Mr. Morgan's offense was rank. It couldn't have been much ranker than the goat, but the goat didn't think of that. He only thought of revenge. He had his revenge. One summer night the goat backed out of his closet, got out of a window in the lodge room, and slid noiselessly down the lightning rod (we can see the same lightning rod a few blocks farther on). That very night, the doomed and recreant brother Morgan was out taking a walk in the starlight. The great exposer strayed carelessly down one street and another, his hands clasped behind his back and his head bent in thought. As he walked, with an uneven gait, his back swayed to and fro with an ordinary goat might consider challenging gesture. He did not look around, and so he did not see a terrible figure that followed him. A gloomy, threatening, fearful shape; a part of the night, but not of it. Now and then, as it come close to Mr. Morgan, it would raise itself in the air with its head bent down, as though in mockery of its victim's attitude, and for a brief second it would retain this attitude, looking in the gloom like a shadowy letter S with legs. Then it would let down, and pause to eat a circus poster, and having finished this frugal lunch, it would hasten on after

"By and by the traitor stood on the bridge over the Towanda. He folded his arms, crossed his legs, and leaned easily upon the parapet. At that instant the goat ran to the short range, unlimbered, and went into the battery, action rear. He straightened himself up like a lightning rod, then he curved himself into an interrogation point, then he shot himself out straight, horizontally, and came down in one time and two motions.

He butted Mr. Morgan. He only butted him once; but once was all the bill called for. It was an immense success. The doors wern't opened ten minntes before the house was crowded; standing room all gone, and the last man came in had to leave his cane outside. The goat's neck cracked like a torpedo with the concussion, and it is on the records of the lodge that he wore a porous plaster on his back for the next two weeks. Nothing like it had ever happened in his family since his great-grandfather hired himself out to Augus

tus Cæsar for a Roman catapult. "As for Mr. Morgan, he was amazed and pained, and disappointed. Disappointed because he couldn't die right away and be done with it. He was at a loss to know just what had happened, and was surprised that no one else had felt the shock of the earthquake. When sickening fear of all goats, and no wonder. The next day, when he was stand-ing at the mantle-piece, eating his din-ner, he laid his hand on his heart, which had been knocked clear up into the back of his neck, and took a solemn oath that he would go where he never again could see, hear, feel or smell a goat. Especially feel. Mr. Morgan seems to have been a man who didn't have any too much regard for the sanctity of an oath, but circumstances assisted him in keeping his vow. He started to escape from the presence of goats the next day.

"Naturally, when he hid himself from the nod of the headstrong and erratic goat, he disappeared from the eyes of men. He couldn't help it. Wherever he found men, there were goats. If he slept in the stable, the goat was there, breathing sweet perfume from his cash mere locks. He found them on the dreary mountain side, fattening on the dried moss of centuries. If he went to the crowded cities the goat, while he solemnly chewed bits of twine and tomato can labels, looked at Mr. Morgan convincingly, as who should say, 'Brother Morgan, you has my eye.' If he went out into the pathless desert, the goat met him and hospitably invited him to 'have a cactus.' And so he fled, speeding with wings of fear and bones of aching memories to spur him on, far from the haunts of men and goats. And he pever was seen again, and he never came back. This is the true story of Morgan's disappearance, for are we not here in the very village where he lived ? Are we not standing on the very ground where it all occurred? Do not we know since we are here? It has been said that Morgan's fate was an awful one, that may not be told. It has been said that the Free and Expected Masons ate him up; that they run him through a straw cutter; that they bought his boy a tin horn; that they told his wife his gun wasn't loaded, and then buried him at a lonely spot in the dark forest, where two cross roads meet, with an ash stake driven through his heart. Many are the wild and unreal stories told of his disappearance, but---'

The sad passenger paused impressively. "But?" the sad passenger said inter-

rogatively.
"Butt," the sad passenger said concluvely.

A YANKEE ROMANCE.- Way back in the early part of this century one of the loveliest girls of the town of Norwich became engaged to a dashing young Englishman, apparently of great wealth, who claimed to have been a naval officer. He went away ostensibly for a short visit to England and was never heard of in Norwich again, although tradition has it that he was a pirate by profession and that he was hung as such soon after leav-ing Norwich. However, the truth may have been, his affianced bride was faith-

ful unto death and believed in him to the

last, when she faded away, a very sweet,

gentle, sad old lady.

### Buddha and his Religion.

Mr. Edwin Arnold, whose poem, "The Light of Asia," has passed through two editions here and eight in America, has received the following letter from the King of Siam, together with his Maj-ejsty, a Order of the White Elephat: GRAND PALACE, BANGKOK, December 5, 1879.--Sir: My father devoted much

time to the study and defense of his re ligion, and although I being called to the throne while young, had no time to become a scholar like him, I too have interested myself in the study of sacred books, and take a great interest in defend-ing our religion and having it properly understood. It seems to me that if Europeans believe in the missionary preach ing that ours is foolish and bad religion they must also believe that we are a foolish and bad people. I therefore feel much gratitude to those who, like yourself, teach Europeans to hold our religion in respect. I thank you for the copy of your poem, "The Light of Asia," presented to me through my Minister in London. I am not a sufficiently good scholar to judge English poetry, but as your work is based upon the similar source of my own information, I can read it through with very much pleasure, and I can say that your poem, "The Light of Asia," is the most eloquent defense of of Asia," is the most eloquent defense of Buddhism that has yet appeared, and is full of beautiful poetry; but I like Book Second very much, and am very much interested in the final sermon.

I have no doubt that our learned men would argue with you for hours or for years, as even I can see that some of your ideas are not the same as ours. But I think that in showing "love" to have been the eminent characteristic of the Lord Buddha and Karma, in Siamese 'Kam," the result of the inevitable law of Dharma, the principle of existence, you have taught Buddhism, and I may thank you for having made a European Buddhist speak beautifully in the most wide-spread language of the world. To mark my opinion of your good feeling toward Eastern peoples, and my appre-ciation of your high ability and the servce you have done all Buddhists by this defense of their religion, I have much satisfaction in appointing you an officer of our most exalted Order of the White Elephant, of which you will soon hear further from Mr. D. K. Mason, my Consul General in London.

I am yours faithfully, CHULALONKORN, King. Edwin Arnold, Esq., C. S. I., etc. London Athenaum

The origin of the plow and the wheeled

#### The Origin of the Plow.

carriage was the subject of a paper lately read by Dr. Taylor before the London Anthropological Institute. He believed that the first agricultural implement was a pointed stick, which at a later stage of development was bent at the end into the form of a hoe and had the point hardened in the fire. After the lapse of ages a larger implement of the same shape came into use. It was not employed like the hoe or "hack," but drawn by men or oxen. Among our own Indians, in the traditional lore of Sweden, in Egypt's pictured pages of a remote past, there are more or less distinct traces of the above transition. Greek, Egyptian, Chinese severally possessed the germ, so to speak, of the modern plow. The spur was next shod with iron, the more efficiently to fulfill the purpose of the comes or share. Virgil lived at a time when the plow had reached a very high stage of perfection. It was then constructed with a wheel and an upward projecting handle, Europe in the eighteenth century, and, it might well be added, like the plows still employed near Mantua and Venice at the present day. Dr. Tylor is unwill-ing to concede that the plow was the pregenitor of the vehicle of to-day; he assigns that honor to the sled, as is more probably just. It would soon be found that the introduction of rollers beneath the sled would facilitate its traction. But as it was not necessary that every part of the roller should rest on the ground, the diameter of the middle was reduced with obvious advantage. Slowly in this way the wheel, solid throughout and rigidly attached to the axle, came into existence The wheel and axle of the Scythians revolved together. Even now some of the picturesque carts of Italy and Portugal have drum-wheels fixed on axles which revolve in bearings like forks open below. From the rude harnessing of the voke attached to the horns or wethers of oxen at first, the advance to the present method was also gradual. But it is easy to follow this and the other improvements in the plow and wheeled vehicles up to their existing condition through the aid of recorded history.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS,-Mr. Hayden's most intimate friend, previous to his arrest, was a young man of fine culture and education, a graduate of the Wesleyan University, and the son of a promi-nent physician in the town of Clinton—a large village contiguous to Rockland. where the Stannard tragedy was enacted. The struggling Methodist minister and the young man of fortune were like Damon and Pythias in their friendship -frequent visitors of each other houses, and capable of great self-sacrifice in each other's interests. When Hayden was arrested for the murder of Miss Stannard, the young man seemed at first dazed by the event, raved wildly against the minister's accusers, and excited suspicion that his violence might lead to another tragedy in which some one of the witnesses against his friend would pay the forfeit with his life. Subsequently he became calmer and more tractable, and passed his time, hour after hour, in walking up and down his room, wailing, "Herbert will be hanged! Herbert will be hanged, and I can't save him!" The mania finally assumed a form so violent that medical interference became necessary, and the young man was removed to a private asylum in Middletown, where he remained for several months under medical treatment. He has recently returned to his father's house, convalescent, but apparently without recollection of the tragic episode, which is never mentioned in his presence. The young man is described as a person of fine intellectual capacity, and is known in the musical world as the composer of a number of popular songs. -[N. Y. Times.

A man who didn't care anything about the newspapers rode fourteen miles through a fierce snowstorm to get a copy of a weekly that spoke of him as a "prominent citizen."

#### A Dog Story.

Before the train left Bay City yesterday morning for Detroit, a woman nearly six feet tall and having a complexion like a fresh burned brick, entered the depot followed by a dog almost as big as a yearling calf. Having purchased a ticket, the woman stood beside the train until the conductor came along, when she led off with-

"You have been pinted out to me as the boss of the train."

"Yes 'm," was his modest reply. "Well, I'm going to Detroit fur the old man.

"And this dog is going along with me. He goes where I go every time in the year.

"Yes, he can go down in the baggage car.

"Not any he can't! That's what I stopped you for. This 'ere dog is going 'long in this 'ere car and nowhere else! "The rules of the road-

"Rules be hanged! My old man can be banged aroung by everybody, and he never demands bis rights; but Lucinda hain't Thomas-not by a jugful!" "Madam, let me-"
"I don't want no clawing off!" she in-

terrupted, as she peeled a pair of black mittens off her big red hands. "I'm going and the dog's going, and what I want to know is whether you want to raise a row on the cars or have it right now and here!

The conductor looked the dog over and was about to shake his head, when the woman began untying her bonnet and quietly remarked-

"I s'pose, being as I am a woman, it would be no more than fair for the dog to sail in with me. Come here, Leon-

"Madam," replid the conductor, as he felt a shiver go up his legs, "take your dog and get aboard!"

"Honest Injun?" "Yes."

"No, not after the cars start?"

Then that settles that, and I'm much obleeged, though you did kinder hang off at first. Leonidus foller me and behave yourself."—Detroit Free Press.

## Is Life Worth Living ?

A letter from Poughkeepsie, New York, signed by one of the Aldermen, desired the opinion of Brother Gardner on the query, "Is life wort! living?" The President said he would like to hear expressions from the club, as it was a query of importance to all persons in the habit of living.

Slammer Stevens said he didn't really feel sure whether life was worth living or not. He thought much depended on the size of the woodpile and the contents of the flour barrel.

Shadbite Smith knew that life was worth living. He had put in fifty-two years of it and had had a mighty good time of it. He thought the more pop-

the longer they wanted to live.

Diogenes Fuller, A. B., sometimes thought he was living in vain. He had corns all summer and chilblains all winter, with a run of bilious fever in April, but take it on the whole, it was undoubtedly worth any man's time to make a

business of living.
"Gem'len," said the President, after a score of opinions had been advanced, "de man who libs de sort ob life God meant he should wouldn't be tuckered out of he put in a fousan' y'ars ob it on dis moondane sphere. Dar was no need ob line fences when Noah lef' de ark. Dar war' no lawsuits in de days when good old Lijer was fed by de ravens. good old Lijer was fed by de ravens. Ebery man's life am mostly as he makes it. A cheerful spirit, willin' hands, an' a desire to do right will make life sweet an' pleasant. Meanness may pay 400 cents on de dollar to-day, but de stock falls flat to-morrow. Findin' fault an' growlin' round won't buy shingle nails. Wishin' we was rich won't hunt up new jobs of white washin' nor keep de baby's jobs of white washin' nor keep de baby's feet off de floo.' It am only de man not worf puttin' life inter in de fust place, who says life hain't worf libin'. It am now time to disrupt, an' I declar' dismeetin' disrupted."—Detroit Free Press.

# A Picture of Mrs. Jenks.

In a recent visit to the capitol, says a Washington correspondent of the Boston Herald, my attention was directed to a lady who was first brought before the public in connection with affairs in Louisiana. I mean Mrs. Agnes Jenks, the wife of Captain Jenks, who com-mands, I understand, a coast steamer. She is a woman you would turn and look at in a crowd. Not that there is anything in her manner to mark her as different from others, but because her ap-pearance is distinctive. She is tall and slender, her face is oval and excessively pallid, her nose long and straight, with delicately-cut nostrils, which contract and expand with every breath. The chin is curved and the mouth very small. Her lips are full and rarely clesed, but half curled as if they expressed con-tempt. This gives a haughty look and a sphinx-like countenance. Her eyes, ah! they make once wince. They are steel blue-cold, clear, unflinching, merciless eyes. They are screened by dark lashes, and she glances over one in a way calculated to conquer. I remember seeing her first a year ago, and I was so fasci-nated by her face that I forgot propriety and was gazing intently upon her, think-ing how high-bred her features, wondering as to her past and theorizing as to what strange accident had made life turn so for her, when suddenly I found my stare returned with pitiless severity, and stare returned with pitiless severity, and although my thoughts were of the most kindly, I felt as if detected in some guilty act. She dresses with great care and simplicity, and avoids glaring colors. Her hair, which is of light brown, is braided and confined by an arrow at the back of her head. Her hands are the most patrician I over saw, long, slender and white. She eschews jewelry, and impresses the casual observer as a woman whose natural graces and refinement of feeling, whose ability and mental clearness have been by some strange combina-tion of circumstances not of her own making, turned into a channel very dif-ferent from that originally intended.

A crack-brained young man who was slighted by the females, very, modestly asked a young lady if she wouldn't let him spend the evening with her. "No." she angrily replied, "that's what I won't." "Why," he replied, "you needn't be so fussy; I didn't mean this evening, but some stormy one when I can't go anywhere else."