## SAVED BY LOVE.

The work-room of the jewelry manufactory of Jacobs & Co., at Attleboro, was just being closed. The tired girls were finishing their day's work, while their thoughts had already preceded time, and were anticipating the delights of the evening's pleasures or rest. Pretty, well-dressed girls they were, too, when their large work aprons were removed, graceful and lady-like; not one whit less so that they had to earn their living.

Jessie Clifford was somewhat behindhand in her work, and the girls had nearly all gone when she had completed it. She arose hurriedly, threw aside her apron and went into the little dressing-room from which the last girl was emerging, who said:

"Why, Jessie, how late you are! I am afraid some one will have to wait tonight."

"Oh, I shall be ready in a moment!" Jessie said, ignoring the last part of the remark.

She washed her hands hurriedly, then threw on her short, light sack, and looked for her hat in its accustomed place, but it was not there. A little wave of impatience arose within her, as she searched for it hastily, and found it laid carefully under the lounge.

"It's that mischievous Maud Raymond," thought she, as she put it on before the glass. "She thinks it annoys me to keep Milton Kent waiting. She don't know—"

The door of the work-room closed with a loud, decided bang. Her heart gave a great leap, and she rushed across the room, shook the door, and called loudly. But the boy who had closed it, thinking that all had gone, was already at the foot of the stairs, having descended two steps at a time, his thoughts full of some fun he had on hand. Jessie realized, with a heart-sickening sensation, that she was locked in for the night. She went to the windows with vague hopes of escape, but there were none facing the open street. They looked down upon a vacant lot and a close, narrow court, between tall, brick buildings. There was no chance of making anyone hear, and she knew that she would have to keep a lonely night vigil.

But Jessie was not a coward by any means, and, besides, had cultivated a philosophical spirit of making the best of everything. So, thinking "No real harm can come to me here," she went back slowly to the little dressing-room. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," she thought, as she removed her hat and sat down upon the lounge. "Milton Kent will think I went out the side entrance to avoid him, and I am glad of it, for I want to discourage his attentions. I know he is as good as he can be, but he isn't my fancy; perhaps I might have cared for him if—"

And then the handsome face of Gilbert Knight came before her mental vision, and the remembrance of his dark, passionate eyes, his tender kisses and his words of love, thrilled her pulse with the boundigs of true affection.

The twilight shadows deepened, the tall buildings shut out the last rays of the departing sun, and the objects in the room became more and more indistinct. She began to feel a loneliness creeping over her, but fought against it, and paced the floor slowly, determined to be brave

The shadows grew still darker, and the stars came out. She could see them twinkling in the soft, clear, evening sky above the towering buildings. And with pleasant thoughts for company, and wishing that the author of them was beside her, she passed into dreamland.

Hark! what was that sound? She started up with the perspiration standing on her forehead. She heard the window next the dressing-room lifted, and in a moment more steps on the floor. Listening with painful intentness, her heart throbbing so loudly that she feared it would betray her proximity, she heard that there were two. They walked past the door of the dressing-room, and Jessie quaked with the fear of discovery. But, under the cover of darkness, she remained unmolested; and it was evident also that the work-room was not the goal of their ambition.

"We've done the thing neatly so far," said one voice. "If we can only finish as well as we have begun, we shall be lucky."

"Hush!" said the other, in a low tone. "What if we should be discovered before the job is done?"

"No danger of that," the first returned. "There is no one within hearing distance, Knight. I came here in the role of a book agent the other day, and took the position of the rooms."

The sound of the second voice had struck with a painful suspicion of familiarity on Jessie's ear, and now that name! What did it mean? Could it be possible th he was her lover? Was she not mistaken in the voice?

He spoke again:

"After all, there are worse robberies ommitted under the guise of business transactions than we are meditating. Old Jacobs has been a miser all his life, and cheated people out of thousands. It's no more than fair to take some of his ill-gotten gains."

No, she was not mistaken. There was no doubt of that voice. It had a characteristic ring that could not be mistaken. Something darker that night's shadow's settled upon her mind. She remained in her position as if bound hand and foot.

But they passed along, and she heard them working with the lock of the door, which had closed upon her so untimely. For a few moments there was a dull, rasping sound, and she knew that they had succeeded in opening it and were passing down stairs. There were two more doors to open before they could gain an entrance in the store below. She rose to her feet, and, listening intently, she could hear the first one below yield to their hands.

She felt as if she must follow them. She did not care whether or not she was discovered. When they had opened the last door and were within the front store, she followed noiselessly—she had removed her shoes and stood in the shrdow watching their movements, as by the light of the lantern they proceeded to open a safe which, they judged, contained the most valuable jewels.

As Jessie stood there motionless and pale, there was no feeling of scorn for h'm. The would was too deep for that. But there was a pathetic despair in the depths of the eyes which only a few hours before had been full of tender love-light for him and a deadly pain at her heart, and an infinite sadness to find that the idol, whom she had set up for worship so much higher than his fellows, was made of baser clay than ordinary men.

By the light which he held she could discover his face dimly. Hardly conscious of what she was doing, she went forward to him as he bent over the safe he had opened. Both had their backs toward her. Without a word she laid her hand upon his arm. At the touch, so quick and unexpected, he started as if he had been shot, and flashed the light quickly in her face. With a low cry of surprise he met the pathetic sadness of Jessie's eyes. His companion rose from his kneeling position, exclaiming, "What does this mean?" as he saw the strange, dazed look upon Knight's face, and saw, too, that the girl was no stranger to him.

O, Gilbert! Gilbert! Can this be possible?" Jessie said with a pitiful wail in her voice that would have moved a heart of adamant.

He stood dumb before her. Had she reproached him he would have retorted angrily; but he had no words to meet the look in the fair, sad face upturned to his, which he had kissed so often, just to see it flush and brighten under the powerful magnetism which had been the ruin of more than one woman before he had seen Jessie.

It was a scene for a painter. The bolted and barred window showing in the dim light; the confused, shamed expression on Knight's face; the pained, grieved expression on Jessie's, and the angry disappointment on the other. At length, without even a word, Knight took the jewels he had secreted about his person and flung them down.

"You can do as you like, Kris," he said. "I wash my hands of the affair. It is the last time I shall undertake such a thing. Jessie, you will despise me, of course, and I deserve it. But I shall remember you as the best and dearest girl I ever knew. Come, Kris, let us get out of this scrape as soon as we can."

They left empty-handed, as they had come, and made their escape as they had effected their entrance—by an ingenious communication with a tall building that rose only a few feet from the work-room.

Jessie groped her way back up-stairs to the little dressing-room, and, sitting down again upon the lounge, burst into a passion of tears. It had been a sad awakening from her sweet love-dream, for Jessie's ideal had been good, and manly, and honorable, and the real had fallen so far below it!

She began to realize that she must conceal the fact that she had been there all night, for of course she would be questioned, and she shrank from answering them. So in the morning she contrived to make it appear that she had come in with the other girls, and then later she went out and ate a warm breakfast, or tried to force it down, to cure the fainting sensation that came over her.

Great was the surprise of all, the next morning, to find the doors open, and greater still was the surprise to find the safes open, and yet no jewels missing.

Meanwhile, in his room, Gilbert Knight was writing this note:

*Miss Clifford:* I dare not call you dear Jessie, as my heart dictates, because I know myself unworthy. I have cared for you—let me confess it—as I have cared for many others, but I never realized until last night that you were one woman of a thousand. Something in the tender womanliness that never uttered a reproach to the wretch that dared to contaminate her with his touch went to my heart. You see I am not altogether hardened. If I did not feel the vast gulf there is between us I would go to you now and beg your forgiveness. As it is, I have the grace to stay away. Sometime when I have redeemed myself, may I come back?

Milton Kent tried in vain to win a place in her heart. She knew he never could be guilty of the deed from which she had saved the man she loved, but she could not transfer her affections to him. Her heart yearned over that other, and she waited.

At the end of two years he came back and found her patient and somewhat sad, but with the old lovelight kindling in her eyes at sight of him.

"I have lived an honest, upright life before God and man since I left," he said humbly. "Jesse, will you be my wife? Can you forgive and forget?"

For all answers she reached out her arms toward him, and was held in a close embrace.

### A Rich Man on Riches.

The following story, says the *Wayside*, is told of Jacob Ridgway, a wealthy citizen of Philadelphia, who died many years ago, leaving a fortune of five or six million dollars.

"Mr. Ridgway," said a young man with whom the millionaire was conversing, "you are more to be envied than any gentleman I know."

"Why so?" responded Mr. Ridgway. "I am not aware of any cause for which I should be particularly envied."

"What sir!" exclaimed the young man in astonishment. "Why, are you not a millionaire? Think of the thousands your income brings you every month!"

"Well, what of that?" replied Mr. Ridgway. "All I get out of it is my victuals and clothes, and I can't eat more than one man's allowance, or even wear more than one suit at a time. Pray, can't you do as much?"

"Ah, but," said the youth, "think of the hundreds of fine houses you own—the rental they bring you!"

"What better am I off for that?" replied the rich man. I can only live in one house at a time; as for the money I receive for my rents, why I can't eat it or wear it. I can only use it to buy other houses for other people to live in; they are the beneficiaries, not I!"

"But you can buy splendid furniture, and costly pictures, and fine carriages and horses—in fact, anything you desire."

"And after I have bought them," responded Mr. Ridgway, "what then? I can only look at the furniture and pictures, and the poorest man who is not blind can do the same. I can ride no easier in a fine carriage than you can in an omnibus for five cents, without the trouble of attending to drivers, footmen and hostlers; and as to anything I 'desire,' I can tell you, young man, that the less we desire in this world the happier we shall be. All my wealth cannot buy me a single day more of life; cannot buy back my youth; cannot purchase exemption from sickness and pain; cannot procure me power to keep afar off the power of death; and then, what will it avail when, in a few short years at most, I lie down in the grave and leave it all forever? Young man, you have no cause to envy me."

### Eugenie's Son and France.

The first published description of the death of the Prince Imperial reveals the possession by that youth of qualities which make it probable that his removal from the world was an event of much more importance to France than is usually supposed. The facts which Sir Evelyn Wood collected while with ex-Empress Eugenie in Zululand, from the independent narratives of eighteen Zulus who were in the attack upon the Prince's party, show that he was very brave, fighting like a tiger until overpowered by a dozen antagonists. The possession of the courage which would have made him a great soldier might have had an important effect upon the future of France, had he lived. Like his father, he entertained the notion that he was destined to be a conqueror, such as Napoleon Nonaparte, and his ambition to regain the throne which was lost at Sedan was so ardent that he would doubtless have figured at some time in a struggle for the renewal of the Empire. The intense interest of Queen Victoria in the young man was significant, and it is by no means certain that she did not favor his union in marriage with her daughter, Princess Beatrice. But however that may have been, she did desire the restoration of the French Empire, and whatever she could do without injury to England she would have gladly done to place the Prince on the throne of his father. Her interest in the triumph of the imperial theory of government is well understood, but besides her dislike of a republic, she had much admiration for the Napoleons, so that the accession of the Prince to power in France would have been to her gratifying in the extreme.

Now, it must be admitted that a brave Prince, who, fired by an ambition to imitate Napoleon the Great, should become a member of the family of the Queen of England, would have been able to excite the enthusiasm of a strong Imperialist party in France, and in the frequent commotions to which the politics of the young Republic are subject, it would have been strange had he not imitated his predecessors by an attempt to seize the government. The bravery of his death shows that he would have made a formidable antagonist of the French Republic. His death leaves no claimant who inspires a following or who is determined enough to struggle to become Emperor. His death was the death of French imperialism. Gambetta says that the Republic is now indestructible. Had the Prince lived who died with his face toward a dozen savage Zulu assailrnts, Gambetta's assertion might have been less confident. His death was an event of an importance to France which the world is not likely to exaggerate.

### The Cultivation of Courage.

In the less of demand for exertion that has come with the appliances of modern life, there is less strength and muscle to meet it, and artificial exercise becomes necessary to a man whose occupations does not afford it, if he would preserve his bodily tone and vigor. A similar fact results to some extent in the mental faculties of courage and presence of mind. A life whose normal conditions are absolute peace and security unnerves the mental fiber for conflict with sudden and serious danger, as one of ease and freedom from manual labor enfeebles the muscles for strenuous and continued exertion. There are some who are born brave and cool, as others are born strong, in whom there is an impulse to seek the excitement of dangerous sport as in others a craving for muscular exercise, and these do not require the stimulus of reflection and sense of something wanting to urge them to the cultivation of courage and presence of mind as to take exercise. But to the average individuals, habitual peace and security have an influence unfitting him to meet occasions of confusion and peril, and a peaceful community as a whole degenerates to some extent in courage and coolness. The need of physical exercise for a community engaged in sedentary pursuits has been admitted, and the cultivation of bodily strength urged. The necessity of exercise for the cultivation of the mental fibre has not been yet so readily perceived; but it is quite as true as of muscular strength that mental bravery and coolness can be cultivated and are increased by circumstances that call them into play. The war was a very striking example of this. It did not make natural cowards out of those who sought battle as a pleasure, nor strengthen shattered nerves into unmoved and unquaking fibres, and there were some who absolutely broke down under the ordeal. But the average soldier, neither a born hero nor a coward, learned courage and coolness in circumstances which he would have been utterly unable to endure without training, and he emerged from a campaign more enduring in mind as well as in body.—*Providence Journal.*

As it should be. ("Young persons ought, above all things, to be taught perfect candor."—Manual of Etiquette.) Visitor: "Is Miss Percival at home?" Servant: "No, Miss; did you wish to see her?" Visitor: "Lor, no! I want her to see me."

### After a Million.

An ancient lady in Baltimore has furnished some evidence which tends to surround an ordinarily prosaic land case with considerable romance. In 1812 a sea captain named Ford fitted out a privateer, leaving his wife in Baltimore. He was captured by the British, but escaped and returned at the close of the war, to find a little feminine addition to his family whom he was informed was his daughter. After knocking around for a while, he went West in 1817 and located some land titles, one in the heart of what is now the city of Toledo. In 1822 he died intestate. His family knew nothing about the property until 1833, when some capitalists instituted a search for the heirs, and finding Mrs. Ford and her daughter, secured a conveyance from them. The attention of others was also attracted to the growing value of the land, and their investigation resulted in a purchase from the sisters of Ford, who lived in Connecticut, and who were assumed to be the heirs at law. After a lapse of years Senator Ben Wade acquired an interest and set to work to establish his title. Affidavits were secured of the legitimacy of Mrs. Ford's daughter, which seemed to dispose of the Connecticut purchase. President Hayes, Chief Justice Swayne and Myron H. Tilden, a cousin of Samuel J., became interested. Hayes and Swayne through the Baltimore title, and Tilden by the Connecticut purchase. The purchasers from Mrs. Ford and her supposed daughter brought suit to quiet the Connecticut title, in which they were successful; whereupon the sister of Mrs. Ford came forward and introduced the element of romance into the case. She now claims that the girl was her own offspring, adopted by Mrs. Ford to conceal the disgrace. This, if true, makes the conveyance from the daughter valueless, and establishes the claim under the Connecticut title to all except the widow's right of dower, which is one-third. Upon this Judge Tilden entered suit to set aside the decree quieting his title, making, among others, Hayes and Swayne defendants. The living sister has told her story, and the case is still pending. There is one peculiar allegation made by the plaintiff and substantiated by the sister: At the time the Baltimore purchasers sought to quiet the Connecticut title, tney produced a deposition by Mrs. Ford's sister to the effect that the child was the daughter of Mrs. Ford. The sister now swears that the deposition was a forgery; that she was never asked about the parentage of the child, and never gave the information embodied in the deposition. It is on the ground that this document was forged and fraudulent that Judge Tilden now moves. The property is valued at a million dollars, and is divided up among a number of purchasers, who hold under the Baltimore title and who may begin to regard their tenure as particularly slim. Efforts have been made to keep the facts and details quiet, but they are now made public, and the suit will be watched with interest as much for the romance it involves as for the fact that the parties in interest are Ohio men.

### The Ice Speculators.

A good deal of trouble has been taken by the *Times* to find out the present condition of the ice market, and the result is rather encouraging for consumers. It is clear that the present high price of ice is due not to a short supply, but to a "corner" by the speculators. These worthy gentry bought up early in the season all the ice to be had in the State of Maine, the great source of supply for New York when the crop of Hudson river ice is short. The latter crop was short last winter, but then there were left over 450,000 tons cut in the winter of 1878–9, and the crop of last winter increased this amount to about 800,000 tons. This, with the ice brought from Maine, made the supply for New York about 1,500,000 tons. Having thus the complete control of the market, the ice dealers have put up the price with a vengeance. Whereas the price in ordinary seasons is from $3 to $5 a ton, they charge families now at from $20 to $25 a ton. This royal profit would be all very well for the pockets of the ice dealers if the consumption remained the same. But the speculators have overshot the mark. Whereas in ordinary seasons the demand for New York, Brooklyn and their suburbs is from 1,500,000 to 2,000,000 tons, the demand this season is not likely to exceed 1,000,000 tons. This would leave the ice dealers with about 500,000 tons left over until next season. If next winter's crop is large, the price of ice next summer will be lower than it has been for years.

With this prospect before them, it is barely possible the ice speculators may see that they have gone too far and lower the price this season so as to increase the demand. When sales diminish from 50 to 150 per cent., as they have this summer, it will be pretty difficult for the ice dealers, as the season wanes, to keep up the price sufficiently high to compensate for this diminished demand.

### Got to Stand It.

On one of the hotest corners of Woodward avenue at high noon yesterday, a small boy with a bootblack's kit sat under the full blaze of a sun pouring down for all it was worth. The boy perspired, roasted, blistered and almost melted, but he had stuck there for half an hour, when a lady passing by him halted and said:

"Little boy, aren't you afraid of being sunstruck?"

"Yes, ma'am," was his prompt reply.

"Then, why don't you get into the shade?"

"I can't."

"Did anyone tell you to wait here?"

"No, ma'am, but I'm doing it on my own hook. It's awful hot, and I'm most dead, but I've got to stand it."

She looked to see if he was tied, and was about to go on and regard him as the son of a brutal father in a saloon around the corner, when the lad explained:

"There he is now! That boy up there is the chap I was waiting for, and I had to sit out here to see him when he turned the corner. He's the feller that called my sister a poke-eyed rabbit, and I'm going to jump in on him and lick him most to death! I wish you'd hold my box so I can get the bulge on him afore he suspects it."—*Detroit Free Press.*

### Breach of Promise.

An action in the Queen's Bench Division, Hall against Hawes, in which judgment was allowed to go by default, was heard recently before Mr. Under Sheriff Burchell and a jury, at the Middlesex (England) Sheriff's Court, to recover damages for a breach of promise of marriage, in which the plaintiff, Ann Hall, a lady's maid, claimed £500 from Robert Hawes, a boot and shoemaker, and a shopkeeper at Dickleburg, Norfolk, England. The acquaintance commenced in 1878, and at Easter, 1879, the wedding was fixed. Some sixty letters were produced as sent by the defendant, and several were read, all couched in warm terms of affection. He addressed his intended wife, who was about thirty-five, as his "Dearest Ann," and always alleged himself as her "true lover. In one he declared that

"Love's fair dreams can never perish,
Hearts that meet no power can sever;
Life has many hopes to cherish,
And the good is shining ever."

Thursday, the 23d of January last, was fixed for the wedding at Holloway. The plaintiff left her situation some time before, and £20 was spent in dresses, and guests invited. As the defendant did not make his appearance in London, from Norfolk, on the Wednesday, telegrams were dispatched and his sister Julia wrote that he had left to come up to London. Afterward he returned to Dickleburg and brought back another woman as his wife. His family wrote to the young woman to commiserate with her on his heartless conduct. After the plaintiff and her mother had given evidence the defendant was called on his own behalf, and gave an extraordinary account of himself. The letters were written, he said, by his sister Julia, and she had made love for him and fixed the wedding without his authority. (Laughter.) He said he had no money to pay damages. His business was about £20 a year, and he intended to file a liquidation petition.

Mr. Under Sheriff Burchell left the case to jury to say what the plaintiff had lost. In his view of the case had the plaintiff been a relative of his he should have thought she was fortunate in escaping such a man. It was, however, for the jury to estimate the loss she had sustained. The jury retired, and after a brief consultation assessed the damages at £120. The court ordered immediate judgment.

### Cucumber Pickles.

The pickles or small cucumbers should be carefully assorted as they come from the field, and all the large ones salted by themselves or thrown away. The large ones need more salt; are harder to keep and to prepare for sale, and sell for much less. A cucumber that begins to grow yellow, or is too large to count one hundred to the bushel, should not be salted at all. The medium sized ones, counting about three hundred to the bushel, and fine ones, containing about seven hundred to the bushel, are the sizes mostly wanted. As soon as assorted they should be placed in empty beef barrels or molasses hogsheads, and covered with brine. The brine is made strong enough to float a potato, and the pickles are kept under by a head fitting the barrel loosely, and loaded with one or two stones of about twenty pounds weight each for a hogshead. The brine soon becomes weak by absorbing the fresh juice of the pickles, and will need to be drawn off and poured on again in order to thoroughly mix the stronger brine at the bottom of the package with the portion at the top, which is weaker. This should be repeated two or three times at intervals of two or three days, and if the brine is on large pickles a few handfuls of salt added each time. If carefully kept under the brine and the surface of the brine kept equally mixed with what is below, there will be no trouble in keeping them.

They are taken out of the brine several days before wanted for sale, and placed in fresh, cold water, which must be changed as often as convenient—say two or three times a day—and after four or five days they will be fresh enough to receive the vinegar. If the latter is strong enough they will keep. Cider vinegar is of uncertain strength, and is often too weak to keep pickles after warm weather begins. If the vinegar is not strong enough, scalding will do no good. Pickles thus prepared are known as English pickles, and have a dull, yellowish-brown color, imparted by the brine. The bright green color often seen in the pickles in market is imparted by scalding them, when taken out of the brine, in a copper kettle. They absorb enough verdigris from the kettle to give them the desired color, and yet so little that copper poisoning from eating pickles is a thing unknown. Still it is one of the signs of increasing knowledge of what is done in preparing our food, and of care in rejecting anything suspicious, that the green pickle, so universally used a few years since, is fast becoming unpopular, and giving place to the English pickle, prepared without copper. Peppers, beans, cauliflowers, unripe melons and martynias are prepared in the same way as cucumbers.—*Country Gentleman.*

TEARS, IDLE TEARS.—Tears, chemically considered, are a weak solution of chloride of sodium and phosphate of lime, the overflow of the lachrymal glands, caused by the contraction of certain muscles. A writer who has analyzed them "as a weapon" says: "The best method is to hold the head erect, look the cruel tyrant in the face, and let the tears flow down while the lips feign a smile. If the head be bent forward the tears will be likely to run down the nose and drop off at the end, and that spoils the whole thing, for the eyes get red, and the nose sympathizes with the general moisture, and gets a sort of raw look at the end. To use tears with effect requires, in fact, judgment. The effectiveness is gone as soon as any 'mopping' begins. A light, hysterical smile may be permitted, if artistically executed, with a gasping sob, but no polishing off of eye or nose is admissible."

### Misfortune of a Punctual Man.

He said nothing but led me into the dining-room, and my family, arrayed in traveling costume, hats on, dinner eaten, was waiting foa me. And the baggage, they told me, was all packed. And more than that it had all gone down to the depot, and was there now. And they were all ready and were only waiting for me. And on the top of all this the faithful clock proclaimed that it was two minutes past train time.

Now, you see, ever since we left Burlington I had been playing "old traveler" with my confiding family. When they were nervous about the baggage I sniffed and told them to be calm and not worry about the baggage while I was running things; accent heavy on the I. When they timidly wondered if we weren't running too fast I yawned and said if we didn't run faster than this we would never get there, and then told what time we made there one time when I came in on No. 3, with Billy Putnam running the train and Ed. McClintock in in the cab. When they suggested that I should ask the clerk at the hotel about the time the train left, I loftily said that if I didn't know more about the railway trains of the United States than any hotel clerk in America, I would travel by canal boat.

And here I stood, wilted, perspiring, humiliated, "sot down" upon, left.

The girls were merciful. They were magnanimous. They didn't say much about it. They simply made it the general topic of conversation that afternoon and evening, and I think her little serene highness spoke of it once or twice during the night. I did not enter into the spirit of the conversation very heartily. I do not think I comprehended its fullness very thoroughly. I endeavored to cultivate a facial expression of serene resignation and martyr-like fortitude. And I really stood it very well until Sabbath morning, when I had the prince on my lap, trying to teach him a little hymn and he raised his blue eyes to my face and murmured, "Papa left."—*Burdette in Hawkeye.*

### Love that Glorifies the Humblest Man.

There is nothing in the world so sad as human nature, and the tears come into my eyes now as I think of the pitiful story Tom told me as he smoked his after-supper pipe last night.

The other day, just before I came home, Tom had occasion to go over the lake. On his way back, and when the train stopped at the Bay, he noticed a man getting into the car in front of him with a little baby in his arms. The babe seemed young, and the man hushed it in his arms with a gentle rocking motion, bending over it now and then to kiss its little white face. After the train got under way the conductor came to Tom and said:

"Come with me; I want to show you the strangest, saddest sight you ever saw in your life."

The conductor led the way into the next car.

"Do you see that man over there?" said he; and there sat the man Tom had noticed with the babe. His precious little bundle lay quiet on the seat in front of him, and as the two watched he leaned over, looked long and earnestly in the little flower-face, and then kissed the frail finger-tips he held so gently in his hand.

"That baby's dead," said the conductor. "It died this morning at the Bay. He couldn't bear to put it in a coffin, because then it would have to go without him into the baggage-car, and so he is carrying it home to New Orleans in his arms."

And the car rattled on; the boy called his stale slices of sponge-cake and his cigars through the train; the passengers laughed and smoked and fought the mosquitoes; and he, stricken to the heart's core, sat there quiet and unheeding, watching over his dead child, kissing the fingers that would never again softly clasp his own, looking down upon the white lids that had closed over the bright little eyes as the petals of a sensitive flower close at night-time over its delicate heart—and the world was nothing to him.—*Catherine Cole, in New Orleans Times.*

### Rules for Quoits.

Quoits is by no means a difficult game to play, seeing that neither great strength nor science is required; on the other hand skill and dexterity, which are both acquired by practice, will make boy, youth, or man a skillful quoit player. There is, of course, a considerable amount of knack in pitching a quoit, and the players need strength of wrist; for the acquisition of an accurate aim rests entirely with the degree of steadiness in this member when delivering the missile. So long as the space surrounding the "pitch" is fairly level the intermediate space may be rough or broken. Quoits are of different sizes and different weights, but few good players use the heavier weapons, for, after playing a moderate length of time, they over-tax the strength, and a beginner should always use the lightest he can possibly secure. Steel quoits are, in our opinion, preferable to either iron or brass, and as much care should be taken of them as with a pair of steel skates. The appended rules, which were agreed to at the Birmingham Conference in 1869, are still generally adopted by players:

First. That the distance from pin to pin shall be nineteen yards, and that the player shall stand level with the pin and deliver his quoit at the first step.

Second. That no quoit be allowed which measures more than eight inches external diameter, and that the weight may be unlimited.

Third. That the pins be one inch above the clay.

Fourth. That all measurements shall be taken from any visible part of the pin to the nearest visible part of the quoit. No clay or quoit to be disturbed.

Fifth. That no quoit shall count unless fairly delivered in the clay free from the outer rim, and that no quoit on its back shall count, unless it first strikes another quoit or the pin. That no quoit shall count unless it first strikes another quoit or the pin.

Sixth. That each player shall deliver his quoit in succession, his opponent then following.

Seventh. That an umpire shall be appointed, and in all cases of dispute his decision shall be final.—*Cassell's Year Book.*