minutes necessary to reach Spa road, where plenty of assistance would be Having a doubt as to the regularity of he trains on such an evening I said, "I "Your balloon would scarcely travel on such a night," I said, with affected indifference. "The atmosphere is too nppose this stops at Spa road?"
"Spa road! Of course it does," said
his gentleman with what I considered "All these

nnecessary vehemence. rains stop at Spa road."
"Don't thank me, sir," he said a moent later. "I only answered a simple ment later. nuestion—a fool or a mad man could do

Here the train slowly moved and the speaker, whose face I had not yet seen, resumed his efforts to read, muttering now and again an imprecation at the expense of the fog and the cold.

When we reached the glass dome of Borough Market the train came to a stop, and for the first time I found my-self in a position to obtain a good view of my fellow passenger. Hitherto he had obstinately kept his back or shoulders towards me. Now he threw his volume down on the seat and faced about. He was, as I have said, a man in the full prime of life. Rather over the average height, he had the broad shoulders, full chest, and nervous hands of an athlete. The impression which his features produced was decidedly unpleasant. Yet save for the eyes, which had a peculiar and indescribable glare in m, the face was not an unhandsome

"I did not know that we were so close to the Crystal Palace," he said brusque-"The Crystal Palace!" I said in some

urpise. "We are not near the Crystal "The fog has affected your eyesight, my friend," was the reply. "Trouble yourself to look out of this window." "Oh, that!" I said, smiling. "You like your joke sir, I perceive. The Bor-ough Market must feel flattered, indeed,

to be mistaken for the Sydenham Pal-"Borough Market! Of course, it was

only my joke," laughed my companion. But there was no mirth in his laugh. He now took up his book again and made another attempt to read. Though he fixed his eyes on the page and even now again turned a leaf, it was evident that his reading was little better than a pretense. Indeed, it was so dark in the arriage that to see the small characters in an ordinary volume had become quite impossible. While he was thus engaged the train reached London bridge. The moment we entered the station my companion, who had drawn nearer me, returned to his scat in the corner farthest from the platform. From this he gazed with evidently eager interest on the people passing and re-passing the carriage door. As at Cannon street, the number of these was not great, and we were still

alone when the train again moved off. When we were outside the station a faces waiting to greet me. I wondered what they'd say when they heard of my hange came over my fellow passenger. He threw his book on the floor and rose death. I caught myse to his feet. Hitherto, I had, being pre-occupied with my own thoughts, given small heed to him. Now, without know-ing why, I felt myself fascinated. There was a light in his dark eyes, an expres-sion in his mouth which at once repelled

and attracted me. "Have you been much of a traveler?" he asked suddenly. He was standing with his back to the door watching me curiously.

"I have never been out of the island,"

Ireplied.
"Ah," he said, I have been everywhere -Italy, Russia, India, China, Timbuc-too, Ashantee -- anywhere -- everywhere. I have been near the North Pole and quite at the South."

"Indeed, you must be a very great traveler, sir," I said. "I have never been to the moon.

man can be a great traveler who has not been there.' "Then I'm afraid that with the excep-

tion of those famous heroes of Jules Verne, there are very few about.' "Just so, just so! And yet a trip up above this detestable fog beyond the clouds would be enjoyable. In a night

like this it would be peculiarly so; don't you agree with me?" "Not quite," I said; "for my own

part I'd much rather be at my fireside. "You would, would you? Look at that, smell that, taste that cursed fog." He threw open the window, and certainly the fog which poured in was bad enough in all conscience. "I grant you it is not pleasant, either

for eyes or throat," I said.
"I knew you would," continued my
strange companion. "Anyone would be
glad to get out of it. The man who could free you from it would deserve your thanks, would he not?"

There was a light in the speaker's from his nerveless grasp. To spring to eyes which I did not like, and there was my feet, to seize the open wound and a movement at the corners of his mouth the opposite of pleasant. While not an instant, though the sudden escape feeling the least dweed of him. I feeling the least dread of him, I was yet not without a strong desire to reach Spa road. As bad luck would have it, while yet we had not made half the short ourney, the train again came to a sudden

Yes, he would be a public benefactor who could deliver the people of London from fog," I said.

"He would, would he not?" whispered my companion, eagerly. "Then I am

As he spoke he crouched down and looked up at me with a giare that made me start. He buttoned his coat and pulled up his sleeves, as he whispered again, "I am the man. I can free you

from these fogs I can free myself."

For the first time the thought now lashed into my mind that I was alone with a madman. I recognized now that wild light in his eyes, that strange twitching at the corners of the mouth. I do not suppose that I am constitution-ally more timid than most of my neighbors; yet at this moment I felt a cold sweat break all over me, and I know that I looked eagerly out in the darkness, moving we were near the station. I saw only the thick fog and the feeble light illustrations, she had rarely much to correct in her proof. oping that as now the train was slowly

Tip, Poll and Kitty.

Yes, the man was mad, raving mad. There could be no doubt about it. Only

a maniac could laugh the mirthless

laugh which now came from his throat

I was now erect, watching my compan-

ion intently, nerving myself for a strug-

gle, which it was easy to tell was very

"Too thick! Do you think so?" he

"I do. Consider the density of the

fog. How could we possibly get through

said, sitting down. "Yet the effort is worth a trial."

He sprang anew to his feet, and an-

proached me. He threw out his strong

"This is how we begin, this is how I

struggle which was literally for life and

The foam worked out of his mouth,

Life is dear, and I felt no inclination

I tore my antagonist's hands from

to yield mine without a desperate strug-

my throat, and for a moment forced him

to act on the defensive. I shouted again

and again for help, and how I longed for

Spa road no words can describe. The

train was now running at a good rate and

knew the station could not be far off.

If only I could hold my own for one

Pausing in his exertions for a moment

the madman suddenly quitted me. Just

we reached New Cross. It was evident

Without a word of warning my com-

panion again threw himself upon me,

this time with a fury so resistless that I

I felt myself helpless. My previous

exertions had exhausted my strength,

while that of the maniac seemed to in-

crease with the struggle. Strive as I

How slowly the train seemed to move.

vivid were my thoughts. I saw the

home where I was expected, the kind

ugly were the madman's eyes, and I even

gan to think of myself as a third person,

and to lament, in a philosophical fash-ion, the ill fortune which cut off at the

beginning of his career a promising young man. Then I remembered that I

owed a shoemaker for a pair of boots,

dream, I heard the madman, who now

"We'll cut our way to the moon-my knife is sharp. Let's try it on your

With curious deliberation, he drew

strong pocket-knife and opened it.
"All right, friend, ch?" he cried,
laughing. "Now mind, do not leave the

laughing. "Now mind, do not leave to carriage till I have come up to you." "I am swift," said I, and I declare

"Yes, you're braver, stronger, and you have the knife. You must go first and

clear the way."
"Of course, I forgot that," he cried,

Still sitting on me he deliberately drew the bright blade across his throat.

In another moment I was deluged with

blood. At the same time the knife fell

made me stagger. At the same moment we reached New Cross station, and a

Fortunately, the self-inflicted wound

of the madman did not prove fatal. Ulti-

mately I heard that the blood-letting had

a beneficial effect on his brain. I dis-

covered next day that he was a most dan-

gerous lunatic who had managed to es-

ape from a private asylum.

To my surprise, when I looked at the

clock at New Cross I found that the

journey from London bridge had not

taken ten minutes. They were certainly

thors. Her beautifully written manu-

script, free from blur or erasure, and

with every letter delicately and distinctly finished, was only the outward and visi-ble sign of the inward labor which she

had taken to work out her ideas. She

never drew any of her facts or impres-

sions from second hand, and thus, in spite of the number and variety of her

the longest ten minutes I ever spent.

porter threw open the carriage door.

was seated astride my chest, hiss:

throat.

half-minute all would be safe.

my shouts for assistance.

our way through the fog."

power now.

and his teeth gnashed angrily with each

ands and made a clutch at my throat.

"Well, there's something in that," he

with me, adieu to the fogs."

available

thick!

in his eyes.

He wasn't a setter, nor a cocker, spaniel, nor a Laverick pup, but a homely, stubbed-tail, cropped eared, yellow cur, named Tip, but for knowingness and lovingness Tip might take the cup. We had a cat also, and the two not only tolerated each other but actually enloyed. erated each other, but actually enjoyed playing and eating together. One plate of bones did for both, and they lay amicably side by side on the mat. Tip liked to take his walks abroad, and puss stayed at home, but when she heard his bark at the door ran to welcome him. One day his bark didn't bring any one to let him in, and the cat used her feline wits to some account. The door bell hung a short distance from the floor, and she struck it with her paw. The sound brought me into the entry, and I saw pussy prepared for another strike, while rip was outside barking his head off. On opening the door Tip rushed in, and they were tearing around the dining-room in high frolic. Don't tell me cats can't put this and that together.

I wonder why music affects dogs in such a mournful manner. If Tip had any sorrow the sound of the piano always seemed to bring it to the surface. We were singing Moody and Sankey the other evening, and Mr. Blowhard, our handsome tenor, was doing his prettiest. get the gas for the trip. I kill you first to give you a start. Then I start my-self and follow you." One shout I gave for help, but it was lost in the report of Tip sneaked in and sidled up to Mr. Blowhard, who, with his handsome nose toward the ceiling, was in the midst of "There's a land that is fairer than day," a fog signal; then we were swaying backwhen the dog gave a prolonged howl that was enough to make the neighbors wards and forwards in the carriage in a shut their doors and windows, and send death. The madman's breath came hot Tip under the piano with a "ki-i-i," on my face, his strong arms held me in a ing hastened thereto by a gentle reminder from the tip of Mr. Blowhard's boot. He broke up the concert. I have heard others speak of the same effect of fierce embrace. There was a fierce joy

music on dogs.

If Flossie, the cat, loved Tip, she hated Poll Parrot, and we could never keep peace between them. Poll's weapon was her strong beak, and if she wanted convincing argument she would bite hard enough to draw blood. I've seen Poll perched on the back of a chair, silent and motionless, asleep as you would say, but I, knowing her innate ugliness, would be sure she was planning mis-chief. Kitty would be taking her afterdinner nap by the fire, when Poll would climb down the back of the chair, waddle across the carpet, and grab the end of Kitty's tail. With an angry mew she would dash for the lounge, while Poll then to my horror the train rushed through my station without even slack-ing speed. I was in the wrong train and there was no hope of assistance till would give vent to an amused chuckle, and waddle back to the chair, muttering

"Naughty Poll! very naughty Poll!" Kitty would drop asleep again and Poll after watching her from the corner of her eye, would steal down again, climb that my fellow-passengers had not heard the lounge, and get a firm hold of the cat's ear. This would be too much for was borne to the floor.

"We shall go to the moon," he shricked. "I have a knife—we can cut kitty and she would rush for the door; Poll would chuckle harder than ever. But Kitty would have her sweet revenge for Poll was always on hand at dinnertime, perched on the back of a chair, sober as a judge, and waiting for a chicken leg or wish bone. She would hold the bone with one claw, and look very much might I was utterly and entirely in his as if she was playing on the flute. was kitty's chance; she would jump on the seat of the chair and give a little pat I believe now that it was going at a good speed, but to me it appeared to progress at a snal's pace. And how curiously with her paw on Poll's breast. Poll's ire would be raised in an instant; his eyes would flash, and dropping the bone, she would jump down, grasp the bone and

silently steal away. You couldn't make Tip understand he was and sorrows, and perfectly proper with us on every occasion. Sundays were trying times for him; if he was not locked up in the house he would be sure to go noticed the color of his nectie—blue, with white spots. I no longer felt any inclination to about for help. To all I looked upon myself as dead. I even began to think of myself. to church with us, and his mournful face at the parlor window, and dismal whine, would quite haunt us. The Doctor re membered one Sunday morning that the back pantry window was open, but hoping Tip wouldn't find it, gave himself up to the service. But Tip was on the alert, and was out of the pantry window and was off for church before the service was and I pitied the unfortunate tradesman for the bad debt he had made. While these and a hundred other thoughts well begun. A late comer let him into the church, and Tip walked up the broad were passing through my brain, it seemed to me that an age had transpired. aisle, smelling at every pew-door as he went along. Talk about perseverance! that dog went slowly up the middle aisle In reality I do not suppose that at the outside more than a minute had elapsed and never missed a seat; crossed at the since my unlucky fall. Suddenly, as in top and came down the side where we sat near the door.

Of course we were in a cold perspiration, and the Doctor was trying to look oblivious to every earthly consideration and engage with old Dr. Pentateuch's seventeenthly. But Tip arrived at our door and then his stub of a tail com-menced to wag, and we let him in in a hurry to stop any further demonstra-tions, and his stub would come against the side of a pewlike the beat of a drum; the Doctor had to hold it through the did not recognize my own voice. "If I go first, you certainly shall not overtake me—you start and I'll follow."
"Me start?" rest of the sermon, while all the young girls around giggled instead of keeping their eyes on old Dr. Pentateuch, and the Dr. vowed Tip should be locked in the cellar every Sunday and he would keep the key in his pocket.—[Forest and almost to my horror, I was so utterly surprised. "Of course I forgot that," he cried again. "I must clear the way."

A Big Te escope.

At the last meeting of the San Francisco Academy of Sciences, Professor Davidson read a letter from Dr. Hugo Schroedel, of Ober Ursel, a small town in the Taunus Mountains, in the vicinity of Frankfort-on-the-Main, the purport of which was that he is prepared to experiment in making a fifty-inch refractor upon a new principle, with single in the place of double lens objectives, and the interence was very strong that he would like to do so for the Lick trust. The matter has been submitted to the trustees, who are likely, however, to consider any any answer unnecessary, as they have already contracted for their large telescope with Alvan Clark & Sons, of Cam bridge, Mass. Professor Davidson said many pleasant things of Dr. Schroeder whose establishment he had visited when in Europe, and thought his work exceeded any done in Europe and on exhibition at the Paris Exposition in 1878. He said he had made some of the finest lenses in Europe, especially the one at Berlin, and his work was remark-Blackwood says of George Eliot's able for the perfection of its curvatures mode of composition: "She was the most careful and accurate among au-

The contract made by the Lick trustees for their big telescope provides that it shall be an achromatic astronomical object glass having thirty-six inches clear aperature which Messrs. Clark undertake to make for the sum of \$50,000, \$12,000 of which was paid on signing the con-tract. The glass is to be finished within two years after the rough discs are obtained, and it is expected that these discs will be had before November 1, 1883. Navigating the Air.

It is hardly necessary to say that the introduction of a locomotive machine which would transport a large number of people through the air in any direction required, at the rate of thirty miles an hour, would be a startling novelty in our traveling arrangements. Let us glance at the advantages it would offer. Comparing it first with aquatic locomotion, it would be far quicker than any boat hitherto made, vastly less expensive in first outlay and cost of working, would require no harbors, would produce no seasickness, and would escape the greatest dangers inherent in water navigation. Viewing it, secondly, as a means of land transport, it would be quicker than common road traveling, and would compare fairly with the ordinary speed on rail-ways, while it would entirely dispense with the enormous and costly provisions requisite for both these modes of getting over the ground, and be free from the multitudes of liabilities to accident attending them. But it may naturally be objected that such a mode of locomotion would have peculiar dangers of its own. No doubt balloons have hitherto been very subject to accidents, and the bare idea of anything going wrong at a hight of thousands of feet above the earth has in it something very appalling. But much of this impression will vanish before common sense reasoning. It must always be borne in mind that, for the purposes of locomotion, there would be no reason for ascending high into the air; it would only be necessary to keep sufficient altitude to clear terres tial impediments, and this would not only do away with much of the terror of the idea, but would greatly increase the probability of a safe escape from acci-dents of what ever kind. Let us see in what direction danger might, in extreme case, lie. The loss of gas by rupture of the envelope or otherwise is a remote possibility; but the experience of many actual eases has proved that the resist ance of the air to the large surface exposed has sufficed to prevent any rapid fall; special measures might be emily provided, and at low elevations over less. no serious catastrophe need be feared on this ground. In crossing over water, pre-cautions would still be pessible, not the case would not be so helpless as in many marine casualities. The danger of the properly guarded against, need not be greater, than in a ship at sea. Indeed it we believe M. Giffard, who has tries the casperiment, the idea of such dangeres and illusion. The accidents that asses to esdinary balloons almost always occur for the descent, which, if the wind is high, requires great care and skillful management. In this case the propelling peacer would be most especially useful; the aeronaut could choose his place of landsug with precision, and by turning his fread wind, he could avoid the deagging which is so dangerous, and which has so often brought a fatal termination to hab loon voyages. The worst conjunction conceivable would be a break-down of the propelling machinery at a time when it was wanted to aid the! descent in a gale. But the risk of suck a break-dewn could be made very slight by ordinary mechanical precautions. On the whole there can be no good reason to believe that the dangers would be more formidable with this than with other kinds of locomotion, and when we remember the frightful casualities that so frequently occur in land, river and seanot one of the family, a sharer of joys traffic, and consider how many of thesaauses would be absent of the air, we may probably even venture to assert that balloons would be the safest, as well as the pleasantest mode of traveling. As a set-off against this, however, there is one great objection toaerial locomotion, namely, the pacer-tainty it must always be liable to in cen-sequence of the effect of the wird. We must not ignore this; on the contrary, we will endeavor to estimate its exact value. We will assume that we can steam through the air in any disection at the rate of thirty miles an hous; but this will only count for useful leconre-tion in a dead calm; if there is any wind by carrying the balloon along with it, it will clearly influence both the effective direction and the effective speed .-Fortnightly Review.

A New Mazeppa.

Lamar boys are nothing if not imitative. If they were to hear of a man being ground up by a thrashing machine they would at once run one of their number through a fanning mill to "see how

the eld thing worked."
One of the boys had been reading Byron's Mazeppa, and he got three or four of the boys down in the southwest part of the town and they the concluded to play Mazeppa. From what we can learn—not having been provided with a complimentary—the play was rather more startling than instructive.

They got a cow and about forty feet of clothesline and a number seven boy with red hair and a freekled nose to do the Mazeppa part, while a gentle youth of twelve or thereabouts, wrapped a saddle blanket round his head, and as the

jealous Sheik, shouted: "Bring forth the horse." fotched" her. A heifer of the muly breed and wild-wild as seventeen kinds of Rocky Mountain William H. goats.
They got her on the barn floor and tied the boy on with a rope and turned her loose. She took in the situation and seemed to realize that her credit as an actress was at stake. Her acting was splendid and brought down the house by sections. Whenever she run over one of the boys you could hear the applause for four blocks.

Although the audience all had parquet and pit tickets, they thought they could look at the play better from the gallery, and so they slid up into the hay-mow and tried to crawl out through the roof while the old cow was churning about fourteen years' growth out of Mazeppa bawling like a steam calliope, while Mazeppa passed most of the time yelling like a pig stuck in a fence.

The play would probably have been in progress yet but for the fact that the neighborhood thought that a cyclone was wrestling with the barn, and rushed in and got the cow up in the corner and

amputated the boy.

The show wound up with that thrilling piece of music, "Sounds from Home," which was well played by an improvised band of several leather straps. The boys say that the music made by the straps was thrilling in the extreme.
[Boston County Advocate.

Mr. Parnell's Ancestors.

On his father's side Mr. Parnell can poast of a distinguished ancestry. The representative of a younger branch was ed to the peerage in 1841, as Baron Congleton—for they were originally a Cheshire family. Mr. Parnell's great-grandfather, Sir John Parnell, was Chancellor of the Exchequer, Privy Coun-cillor, and Lord of the Treasury in the Irish Government for a considerable period between 1782 and 1800. It is recorded in Burke that he was strongly op-posed to the Act of Union between Great Britain and Ireland; but it appears from incidental notices in Mr. Froude's volumes that he was one of the men upon whom the English Government could place most reliance in opposing the iercer patriots of the school of Grattan. A generation or two further back Mr. Parnell counts among his ancestors two Judges and one Lord Chief Justice of the Irish Court of King's Bench, so that a tripple stream of the blood-indical flows in his veins, and there is no wear der that during the recent trial for comspiracy he felt at ease in a phase where several of his family had presided.

But the most notable seion of figure

stock, shooting out close to the scool, since he was the son of the same known to fame, was the consumer to the poet, Archdences of Configuration Parnell, the poet, Archdeases of Carlins and the friend of Swelt and Paper on 1712, when Oxford and Bering Swelt and Sand Sand Swelt and Darnell was charles at the Swelt and Parnell was the same, Swelt and Parnell was the keener, and he was the same experiments to be capable of the scapenage of the peaned to be some corrient from Dr. Par-hell to be enter composited with the Min-istry. "I looked up Parnell," he writes, istay. "I keest up Parnell," he writes, to his pursued to Shella, "partly to spite the carriers host tolks here." Again, "Be-day Purpell and I dined with Lord Delicephodes to correct l'arnell's poem. I unobe him closse all the pieces he disliked terduce some lines in praise of Boling-brake. But Swift had some difficulty in Recording Parnell up to the mark. A fort-night later he writes:

This regue Paruell has not yet corseeted his poem, and would fain have it

The year after Swift got his dea nery and went back to Ireland, white Parnell obtained the vicarage of Finglass, in the diocese of Dublin, with four hundred a year. The poet was, as I have said, the first scion of the Parnell stock; a few words must now be given to the stock itself. Sir Bernard Burke says briefly that he belonged to a family long resident at Congleton in the County of Cheshire, that he purchased on estate in Ireland in the time of Charles II., and fixed his abode in that singdom. Johnson, in his "Lives of the Roots," says he was "a Commonwealths man, who, at the Restoration, left Congleton, in Cheshire, where his family had been established for several centuries. and, settling in Ireland, purchased an estate which, with his lands in Cheshire, descended to the poet." Thomas Parnell, loever he may have been, "lands" in Cheshire worth speaking of. His name does not appear among the magnates of the county. His family may but if so it was in a state of obscurity. Bn Johnson describes him as a "Com-monwealths man," and the only record of a Parnell, and that is of a Thomas Bassell, accurs in the will of James Brailshaws, of Maple Hall, President of the High Court of Justice which sent Charles I. to the scaffold. By this will, which was executed in 1653, Bradshawe desised a postion of his estates on trust 'my good friend Peter Brereton, Ese, my nephew Peter Newton, Esq., sunmarkanticiservant, Thomas Parnell." Pt is infinesting to note that by the same were the sumoof Clowas left with "Mr. John Maring"

The estimated life as Whig, though he asternard topoed Tory along with Sweet, and for the same reasons. It is interesting to how that the fortunes of the Peace Reignits Began in a place with which we in algorithmic are so familiar, and which is almost in our suburbs. Not less interesting is thomas Parnell's connection with smeath the notable men of the Commonwealth Assatting trustee under Baarshawes were his may have paid the cell legges to Me John Melton." But Trongastrapel was in English importation into dreams. He was from the English newspapers, of the last ton." But Thomassappells does not have also men of the class who assamed over and settled upon land subject and been wrong from the nature the present of the "English passages" Mrs. dark their share of offices, subjects it lies and pensions. They have presented their pensions. The machine the market pensions of the market pensions. They have presented their pensions. The market pensions of the market pensions of the pensions. The market pensions of the pensions of the pensions. The pensions of the pensions of the pensions. The pensions of the pensions of the pensions. The pensions of the pensions of the pensions of the pensions. The pensions of the pensions of the pensions. The pensions of the pensio

Young Mr. Prest a Powers, the son of Hiram Powers, was a sculptor from babyhood. He used to play about his father's studio and dabble in the clay. He modeled small figures, and one day made a madonna. For this a man paid his father a dollar, and the small artist had it for pocket money. Young Mr. Powers is now engaged upon a figure of "Maud Muller."

Irish "Smartness,"

The respect which the Irish have for their priests does not prevent them from enjoying a joke at their expense. I remember hearing of an instance of a poor girl going to a priest to ask him to units her to the boy of her choice. The holy man demanded two sover-eigns for the accommodation. The girl pleaded hard that she had not so much money; but he was inexorable; two sovereigns he must have.

She was leaving the house in the greatest despondency, when her eye lighted on the priest's cloak hanging on a peg in the hall. A bright thought occurred to her quick Irish miad; she took it down and vanished. Half an hour later she refurned with the money, accommand by her beloved Pat.

The priest was many all smiles, performed the oradinasan data great good will, and happiness of the happy sample a largette blanding port, as they had the observed they fire the property as an example, deposite they are the interests, and property they are the interests. The deposite they fire the street.

When containing the appropries of a which Wise constitute authors in which solvens in constitute for animals in the following for animals in the following

A good come came to configurate, and

"Thanks, your riverence; I'M . sho

"By the way, Pat," said the priods as he was going out, "whom field the pig belong to?" Belong to, did you say Shaffa. didn't it belong to your riverence?"
"I once asked a somewhat intelligence."

he shall point it." This was a poem in which swalt had persuaded Parnell to in"Very, sir," he replied; "it's because they're a nawble-minded people; sir.

Shure, isn't it a grand thing for wmitth. when he's 'atin' his breakfast not to know where he'll go for his directer." - London Society. What Shall We do with Our Daughters?

Don't teach them self-reliance: It is so much easier for them to rely de some one else. Don't let them learn how to make

bread. Their beau might think, they were not well bred.

Don't allow them to learn to make shirts. It is better they should not know. Then, when they are married, their husbands can work twenty hours a day to get money with which to buy ready, made

ones, while they knit red dogs.

Above all things, do not fail, to teach them how to wear false hair, and if your daughter objects to bang her, hair, bang her over the head.

Do not allow them to learn to make their own dresses. It is fashionable to have a dress maker.

have a dress maker. Teach them that a dollar is only 100 ents, and does not amount to much. Do not let them learn how to cook. Should they understand the cuisine art and know what is needed in the family, the servant could not supply all the rel-

atives with edibles.

Teach them to darn their neighbors, but not stockings.

Don't allow them learn how to sew on buttons. They might get needles in

their fingers. Teach them to regard the money and not the morals of their suitors.

Teach them none of the mysteries of the kitchen, the dimning room and the

parlor. Teach them that the more one lives

beyond his income the more he will

Urge them to go with intemperate young men. It is convenient to have a drunken husband, as the wife is enabled to take pin money from his pocket while he is taking a drunken snooze. Finally, teach them that God who made them is an old fogy, and made them in His image, which necessitates tight lacing.—[N. Y. Graphic.

The Reaping Machine

In a segap book made up of clippings from the English newspapers, of the last century—running from 1712 or thereabouts, to 1812—I find, among thousands of currous things, the following account of a reaping macrone mode, by a Bonemian mechanic for the Emperor (Francis 14, I presume). I copy verificet lit., and respectfully refer the matter, to the McCormicks of Chicago. BAYARD.

Some Account of the great Mechanek the Emperor, has lately brought into

ished, and Wrought last Harvest; one Man, a Boy and two Horses cut down. Twelve Acres of Wheat in eight Hours. The Straws of the Corn are taken Hold of and bent on a Board, and then Chopped off, half way to the Ground, and then laid in very nice little Heaps, from which they are easily gathered.

Steel lace of steel times thread is woven