We were strolling up the avenue of the mps Elysses with our friend, the Doctor, asking of the bouses torn by by grapeshots, the history of Paris be-sieged, when just before reaching the triumphal such the Doctor stopped, and pointing to one of those stately corner houses so grandly grouped around the square, he said to me:

quare, he said to me:

"Do you see those four windows with
he blinds closed, on that balcony up
here? In the first days of August last,
hat terrible month of August, full of
torms and disasters, I was called there
or a case of apoplery. They were the
come of Colonel Jouve, a cuirassier of
he first Empire, stubborn on the subhere of glory and patriotism, who, as
oon as the war broke out, moved to the
hamme Plymore, into an apartment with Champs Elysees, into an apartment with balcony—guess what for? To be able o witness the triumphant return of our roops. Poor old man! The news of semberg reached him as he was leav-the dinner table, and when he read name of Napoleon at the foot of the letin of defeat, the apoplectic stroke

"I found the old cuirassier stretched on the carpet with blood upon his face, and motionless, as if he had received a blow from a heavy club upon his head. nding erect he must have been very all; lying there, he seemed of immense size. With his handsome features, his oize. With his handsome teasure, show-beautiful teeth, and his curly, snow-white hair, his 80 years seemed scarcely 60. Kneeling at his side, and weeping bitterly, was his granddaughter. She looked like him, and the two heads there, close together, seemed like two fine Greek medals, struck from the same die, the one a little worn and effaced, the er, clear and bright, with all the

blush of its fresh imprint upon it.
"The grief of the girl touched me deeply; daughter and granddaughter of facMahon's staff, and the tall form of calling up in her mind another picture not less terrible. I did my best to re-assure her, although I had little hope, Prince royal taken prisoner. I cannot say by what miracle, by what magnetic current, a sort of echo of the national joy reached the poor sufferer through the torpor of his paralysis. But that evening as I drew near his bedside I lound him another man; his eyes were lmost bright, his speech almost clear; se smiled twice and stammered:

"Victory?"
"Yes, Colonel, a great victory, and as I gave him the details of MacMahon's aplendid success I could see his features aplendid success I could see his features relax and his eyes light up. As I went out I found the young girl standing across the door, pale as death, and sob-

m retreating, the entire army crush- drink, helping him to shock—and yet what could be done? Leave him his joy, and the illusions which had brought him back to life? But for this the truth must not be told.

I will not tell the truth then? said the heroic girl simply, as she rapidly wiped away her tears, and then with a wiped away her tears, and then with a smile upon her face she silently re-entered her grandfather's room. "It was a hard task she undertook,

poor child! At first it worked pretty well. The old gentleman's head was weak, and he could be deceived like a child. But as his health improved his ideas became clearer. We had to keep him posted on the movements of the army, and compose military bulletins. It was a pitiful sight to see that lovely girl bending day and night over the map of Germany, sticking in little flags, and trying to plan out a glorious campaign. Baraine marching on Berlin, Froissart in Bavaria, MacMahon on the Baltic. She would ask my advice and I helped her as best I could, but the grandfather aided us most of all in this imaginary invasion. He had conquered Germany so many times under the first empire! He knew every movement in advance. They will go there now; this will be done next, and his prophecies always came true, and he was very proud of them.

"Unfortunately, rapidly as we gained battles and captured cities, we never went fast enough for him. The old man was insatiable! Each day, when I ar-rived, I learned of some new feat of

" 'Doctor we have taken Mayence,' the poor girl would hurriedly say to me with a pitcous smile, and through the half open door I could hear a joyous voice call out:

"'It is all right; all right! in a week

we will enter Berlin!'
"'Just then the Prussians were but a week's march away from Paris. We thought of taking him into the country; but the condition of France would at once have revealed all, and I knew him to be too weak and too benumbed by the recent shock to bear the truth. So we decided to remain.

"The first day of the investment—how well it comes back to me—I went to their rooms. I was moved—as we all were then—with heart pain which came from the thought that the gates of Paris were closed, that the battle was under our walls, and that our suburbs had be-come our frontiers. I found the old man scated on his bed, jubilant and

Well, he exclaimed, 'it has begun at last—that seige.'
"I looked at him in surprise.

"How, Colonel, do you know?"
"The young girl turned toward me:

yes, doctor—great news—the Berlin has commenced.' siege of Berlin has commenced."

"As she spoke she drew her needle through the stuff, so calmly, so quietly! How could any one have doubted? He could not hear the guns on the forts. He defiant and so disturbed. All he could where, but such atrange ones, white with a red cross, and no one there to welcome to Rochambeau and other of our allies umphal arch, and around him in his our soldiers.

room all the bric-a-brac of the first 'em-pire, well calculated to sustain his illu-

Helena under glass, and many minature of one blue-cyed woman, in ball costume, with a yellow dress and puffed alseves. And the sideboards, the king of Rome, the marshals, the yellow ladies seemed all high-girdled and short waisted, with that quaint stiffness which was graceful in 1806. Poor, brave Colonel! It was this atmosphere of wideling and this atmosphere of victories and con-quest, much more than all we could tell im, which made him believe so sincere

ly in the siege of Berlin.

"From that day our military opera-tions became more simple. To take Ber-lin was only an affair of time and palin was only an affair of time and pa-tience. Occasionally, when hours hung heavily for the old man, we read him a letter from his son, an imaginary one, of course, for nothing entered Paris now, and since Sedan the marshal's aide-de-camp had been imprisoned in a German fortress. Can you fancy that poor child's decreis as without news from her despair, as, without news from her father, knowing him to be a prisoner, and perhaps an invalid, she had to make im speak in joyous letters, a trifle short, uch as a soldier in the field might such as a soldier in the field might write, as he advanced steadily into the enemy's country. Sometimes her strength ould break down, and then we we were weeks without news. The old Cole then would be anxious and wakeful Then quickly came a letter from Germany, which she would gayly read at his bedside, while she choked back her tears. He would listen religiously, smile in a knowing way, approve and criticise and explain to us the passages that were a little obscure. But who out best of all, was in the answers he would send to his son: 'Never forget that you are a Frenchman, he would say, y; daughter and granddaughter of and be generous to those poor people; srs, her father was away serving on upon them; and there were interminable the venerable man lying before her was recommendations, and lovely little sermons, on respect to private property, gentleness towards ladies, a true military code for the use of the conquerors. And he would aid some general polictical such things. For three days my patient remained in the same motionless and comstose state, and thereupon came the news of Reischoffen. You remember low strangely it came. Until evening re all thought a great victory had been chieved, 20,000 Prussians killed, the rince royal taken prisoner. I cannot when the conditions as to the conditions of peace which should be imposed upon the vanquished—indemnity for the war, and nothing more. What could be the use of taking their provinces? Can you make any France out of Germany? And he would dictate it all with such a structure of the conditions of peace which should be imposed upon the vanquished—indemnity for the war, and nothing more. What could be the use of taking their provinces? Can you make any France out of Germany? And he would dictate it all with such a structure of the conditions of peace which should be imposed upon the vanquished—indemnity for the war, and nothing more. What could be the use of taking their provinces? Can you make any France out of Germany? And he would ald some general polictical considerations as to the conditions of peace which should be imposed upon the vanquished—indemnity for the war, and nothing more. What could be the use of taking their provinces? Can you make any France out of Germany? And he would ald some general polictical considerations as to the conditions of peace which should be imposed upon the vanquished—indemnity for the war, and nothing more. with such a deep patriotic faith, that it was impossible not to be moved and touched as we sat by and listened.

"All this time the siege was progressing; not that of Berlin, alas! We had to pass through intense frosts, bombard-ments, epidemics, and then famine. But thanks to our efforts and our care, and the indefatigable and tender attentions which his grandchild multiplied around him, the old man was not for a moment troubled. To the end I was able to procure a little fresh meat and white bread for him; but only enough for him; and you cannot fancy anything more touch-ing than those grandfather's breakfasts, so innocently selfish—the old colonel on king her hands.
"The poor child had scarcely strength napkin tied under his chin, and near him mough to reply. The true history of his grandchild, the paler of privation on her cheeks, guiding his hand, giving him ed. We looked at one another in despair.

She was thinking of her father, and I trembled for the poor old man I had just fort of his warm room, with the wild left. He could not resist this second winter wind outside, and the snow driving against his windows, the old cuirassier would relate his campaign in the north, and for the hundredth time would tell us of that sinister retreat from Russia, when there was only frozen biscuit and horseflesh to eat.

" 'Can you realize that, little girl? We absolutely used to eat horseffesh!"
"You can imagine if she realized it!
For two months she had been eating

nothing else.
"But, day by day, as he became convalescent, our task at the bedside became harder and harder. The torpor of his limbs, and of his senses, which had served us so well, commenced to pass away. Two or three times already furious charges from the Porte-Maillot had caused him to start and listen like a hound on the scent. We had to invent a last victory of Bazaine's under the walls of Berlin, and salvos of artillery dis-charged from the Invalides to celebrate

to the window-I think it was the Thursday of Buzenal-he saw clearly enough some volunteers massed on the avenue

of the Grand Army.
"'What can those troops be?" he asked, and we heard him grumbling between his teeth: "Poor form! very poor

"Nothing further came of it; but we realized that we must take great precautions. Unfortunately we were not cau-

tious enough. "One evening as I arrived, the girl met me much distressed. They are to enter to-morrow, she said. Was her grand-father's door open? Thinking it over since, I can recall that he had a strange expression on his countenance that night. He had probably overheard us. Only we were speaking of the Prussians, and the old man was thinking of the French, and of that triumphant entry for which he had so long been waiting. MacMahon riding down the avenue mid flowers and music, and his son by the marshal's side, and he, the old Colonel on his balcony, in full uniform as a Lut-

zen, saluting the battle-torn standards and the eagles blackened by powder. "Poor old Coionel! He fancied, no dow up there was softly opened, and the Colonel appeared upon the balcony with his helmet on and his long sword, and all the time-stained uniform of an old cuirassier. I still wonder at the power of will and strength of life which enabled him thus to arise and put on his harness. But it is certain that there he stood, erect behind the railing, wondering to see the wide avenues so deserted, so silent, the blinds all drawn, Paris as

"But no! Over there, behind the emphal arch, there was a confused se, a black line advancing into the noise, a black line advancing into the dawn. And then by degrees the apike on the helmets glistened, the little drams of Jena rattled, and under the arch, marked by the heavy trend of the sec-tions and the clank of sabres, burst forth Schubert's triumphal march! Then amid the mournful silence of the square one terrible cry was heard: "To arms! To terrible cry was heard: To arms! To arms! the Prussians! and the fort Uhlans of the advanced guard saw, up there, on that balcony, a tail, white-hair figure sway backward, stretch out his arms, and fall suddenly.

"This time the old Colonel was dead."

-[Translated from the "Contes du andi" of Alphonse Dandet, by Aaron

#### The Out-Boor Air.

The surest of all prophylactics is active exercise in the open air. Air is a part of our daily food and by far the most important part. A man can live on seven neals a week, and survive the warmest summer day with seven draughts of resh water, but his supply of gaseous tourishment has to be renewed at least arteen thousand times in twenty-four fourteen thousand times in twenty-four hours. Every breath we draw is a draught of fresh oxygen, every emission of breath is an evacuation of gaseous recrements. The purity of our blood depends chiefly on the purity of the air we breathe, for in the laboratory of the lungs the atmospheric air is brought into contact at each respiration with the fluids of the venons and arterial systems which absorb it and circulate it through the whole body; in other words, if a man breathes the vitiated atmosphere of a fac-tory all day, and of a close bedroom all night, his life blood is tainted fourteen thousand times in the course of the twenty-four hours, with foul vapors, dust and noxious exhalations. We need not wonder, then, that ill ventilated dwellings aggravate the evils of so many diseases, or that pure air should be al most a panacea. Hunters and herders who breathe the pure air of South Amer-ican pampas, subsist for years on a diet which would endanger the life of a city dweller in a single month. It has been repeatedly observed that individuals who attained to an extreme old age were generally poor peasants whose avoca-tions required daily labor in the open air, though their habits differed in almost every other respect; also, that the average duration of life in various countries of the Old World depends not so much on climate pecularities or their respective degree of culture, as on the chief occupation of the inhabitants; the starved Hindoo outlives the well-fed Parsee merchant, the unkempt Bulgarians enjoy an average longevity of forty-two years to the West Austrian citizen's thirty-five.- Popular Science Monthly.

#### The Esthetic Galt.

We have imported the latest fashion in gait from the London sethetics, a lan-guid, willowy, weary wabble, which is now all the rage in that city, which may be pretty enough in a garden where a girl studies a new blown rose with a spirit of unutterableness, but in our pubrefreshing, but a continual use of it in sultry weather may have very evil contituent it be described? The help it be described? The body seems to work on a central wire; the head is bent forward, the elbows pressed to the sides at acute angles, the neck is rigid, the nose turned up and consequently the chin, the hands hang down, and the feet erk. Two teeters are required to begin this amble, which is compared to the kangaroo. A physician tells me that the gait is more dangerous to the health than tight lacing, as it may bring on curvature of the spine, imbecility, etc, Strong girls may survive it, but weakly ones will almost inevitably become invalids and die early who practice this hideous attempt at gracefulness. The writer cannot forget asking a pretty girl not long since to walk with her, and being surprised to find she had one gait for the house and another for the street. She drew her arms very close to her hips, stuck out her hear, bent her body forward and made aprance which was half polks step and half the stately minuet; while her hands hung down in sixbuttoned gloves as though lifeless, and she couldn't carry anything to save her soul. The mental judgment was that she was idiotic; but no, reader, she is not idiodic, she only follows the craze in fashion, whatever it may happen to be. - Boston Budget.

# Edward Atkinson on Ensilage.

"I saw to-day on a farm a new force in operation that may rejuvenate the South and restore prosperity to the deserted farms of New England."

"Do you refer to ensilage?"
"Yes. Mr. Mills, who is the discoverer of this new force, which I believe will take the place of other feed for cattle in just the same way that kerosene was sub-stituted for whale oil, has developed it in a more perfect way than any other man. But any man who attempts to define what the term ensilage means will run the risk of being considered a most fit subject for an insane asylum. But having seen 120 cattle and 12 horses that having seen 120 cattle and 12 horses that had been fed for nearly eight months on the product of 13% acres of land, with only four quarts per day of ordinary mid-dlings. I think it becomes rather difficult to limit one's conception as to what this new force may do in restoring exhausted soils or developing power of production in places that have not yet been touched. doubt, that we wished to prevent him from witnessing the display of our troops to save him from too great emotion. And so he spoke of it to no one. But the next day at the very hour when the winter when pasturage is not to be had. Prussian battaitons cautiously entered Both are supplied in ensilage. Mr. the long stretch which leads from the Mills, who has perfected this modern Porte-Maillot to the Tuilleries, that win-miracle, differs in his theory from the French scientists who have not been suc-cessful. At the Atlanta exhibition one hundred tons of the corn fodder, cow

French delegation to the Yorktown con-

#### How to Live in Summer.

Food is a part of drink, and drink a part of food; both sustain the constant changes of the body, and are necessary for its maintenance. Man may have come early upon the idea to manufacture because the come of the constant ture beverages from various vegetable substances, and so have originated the habit of taking fluids, which are never really meant to quench the thirst only. Some are taken for their aroma and for stimulating effects, as wines and spirits; others, as beer for their sustaining and satisfying properties; others, as some fruit and vegetable juices for their re-freshing qualities. We call the three former, that is, spirits,

rines, and beer alcoholic drinks; their composition we cannot here enter upon, but their effect upon the system, if taken in any undue quantity, is not healthful.
As regards the hot season, alcoholic beverages require the greatest care in their use, and to take only such wines as are really of a cooling-tendency. When vi-tality flags very much, it is possible to give a sudden stimulus to the nervous system by taking a small quantity of system by taking a small quantity of the Captain as being according to the wine or spirits with cold water, which will rally an exhausted person suddenly, and help him to every him to eve and help him to exert his energies for for recovery, but to drink successfully any quantity of wines or spirits in hot weather is equal to trying to commit sui-cide on the chance—that the pistol will not shoot or the rope will not hang. To increase in summer the heat of the body, which alcohol does, is an irrational ven-

As far as beer is concerned, the taking of it is by many thought a necessity, with the thermometer at 90 degrees. More beer and more beer is called for, while each glass makes the day hotter for him who takes it. Beer should only be taken in the cool of the evening, and it may somewhat restore the lagging strength after the labor of the day. It is better to avoid it as much as possible during the day. We have now many areated drinks, fruit and lime juices, mineral waters and iced lemonades, all refreshing and abating the influence of excessive heat from without.

Whatever these may do to cool us they cannot do away with the results of dry, parched up food, which occasions thirst n an undue degree.

To keep drink down, in fact, we must keep food up to its proper standard.

A very cooling drink is made of light clarets, with slices of pineapple, the peels of cucumber, a lemon slice or two, little nutmeg and white sugar; this is not at every one's door, but such mixtures can be and are made with cheaper materials, and at the corner of our streets

a good trade is done in them. Rice water, barley water, catmeal water, with lemon and sugar, should be ready in every house where children are. These are surely better than cold tea, which is often given, or milk, that cannot always be trusted.

Small pieces of ice are very refreshing now and then for strong, healthy per-sons; also a drink of water mixed with vinegar and molasses is thirst quenching for work people, or a slice of lemon dipped into white sugar. Cool the blood without disturbing the digestion and distending the intestines and you will get through the day.

there a drinking fountain is in the highest degree praiseworthy; it will cool many a parched tongue. But the water in such fountains must not be of an indescrible taste and a tepid temperature. Bright and clear it should sparkle, re-

freshing truly.

The principal needs of life, until no spoken of, have been food and drink, though the first place ought to have been claimed by air,- Food and Health.

# Jay Gould.

This wonderful man continues to en

large his operations, and Vanderbilt finds him an advancing and restless rival. The latter went to Europe, as it was sup-posed, to avoid testifying in the tele graph case, but as the lawyers adjourned it, was eventually obliged to appear in court. He now finds that Gould's new route to the great West (via New Jersey Central and Wabash) threatens to be come the most dangerous opposition of what are called the "Vanderbilt stocks." Gould's schemes are laid with such depth and precision that they at once awaken admiration. He is certainly the most wonderful railroad operator in the world. Look at this last combination and its origin. Three years ago he saw New Jersey Central and Wabash selling for a mere song. The former was quoted at eight and the latter at two. He at once saw that they might be connected and form a trank line, and he bought the stock of each until he became the master. As the Wabash connects with St. Louis it became important to converge the product of the West on that point. To to this requires a mastery of the Iowa roads, which he also acquired. The result is that St. Louis, instead of Chicago, may yet become a great grain depot, and the latter must, in that case, suffer an immense loss of trade. To con nect Wabash and New Jersey Central a line must be built from Scranton to Buffalo, and this is already surveyed and put under contract. In this manner two once worthless roads are made immense-ly valuable, and Gould makes \$12,000, 000. As the Vanderbilt lines terminate in Chicago, Gould's new trunk line may strike them a severe blow. He will make every effort to have the grain trade, and his success is almost assured that his Iowa system enables shippers to that his Iowa system enables. Vanderbilt his success is almost assured by the fact feels the thorn in his side, but what can he do? He is in the hands of a bitter and relentless rival, whose genius is truly Napoleonic. Gould has long been determined to bring down the grandeur of the Vanderbilt dynasty, and it now looks as though his purpose might be successful. Should he live five years longer what a revolution in railway matters will be accomplished.—[Rochester Demo-

A small boy could not shut the jackknife which was given him to play with, and put it in his pocket. It cut him. His mother, when he took off his clothes saw the cut and asked him if he was not afraid he would bleed to death. "No," said he, "I drank some water, and it did not leak, so I was all right."

### The Ratirond Bell Rope.

In the early days of the railroad in this country the locomotive engineer was the master of the train. He ran it ac-cording to his judgment, and the con-ductor had very little voice in the matter. Collecting fares, superintending the loading and unloading of freight, and shouting "All aboard!" were all that the nductor was expected to do. Erie railway was then the New York and Erie railroad. There was no rail con-nection with Jersey City in 1842. Boats carried passengers from New York to Piermont to the Hudson, which was then the eastern terminus of the road. Turner's, 47 miles from New York, was as far west as the railroad was in opera-tion. One of the pioneer conductors of this line was the late Capt. Ayres. He ran the only train then called for tween the two terminal points. It was made up of freight and passenger cars. The idea of the engineer, without any knowledge of what was going on back of the locomotive, having his way as to how fare. As there was no way of signaling the engineer, and the passenger could not be thrown from the train while in motion, the conductor in such cases had no choice but to let him ride until a regnlar stop was made. Captain Ayres finally determined to institute a new system in the running of trains. procured a stout twine, sufficiently long to reach from the locomotive to the rear car. To the end of this string next the engineer he fastened a stick of wood. He ran this cord back over the cars to the last one. He informed the engineer, who was a German, named Abe Hammil, that if he desired to have the train stopped he would pull the string and raise the stick, and would expect the signal to be obeyed Hammil looked upon this innovation a direct blow at his authority, and when the train left Piermont he cut the stick loose. At Turner's he told Captain Ayres that he proposed to run the train himself, without interference from any conductor. The next day the captain rigged up his string and stick of wood

"Abe," said he, "this thing's got to ettled one way or the other to-day. If that stick of wood is not 'on the end of that frequently. But a little fragile this cord when we get to Turner's you've insect with no home and no parents, this cord when we get to Turner's you've got to lick me or I'll lick you."

The stick was not on the string when the train reached Turner's. The Captain pulled off his coat, and told Hammil to get off his engine. Hammil declined to head. get off. Captain Ayres climbed to the engineer's place. Hammil started to jump off on the opposite side. The con-ductor hit him under the ear, and saved him the trouble of jumping. That settled forever the question of authority on railroad trains. Hammil abdicated as autocrat of the pioneer Erie train, and the twine and stick of wood manipulated by the conductor controlled its manage ment. That was the origin of the bell rope, now one of the most important attachments of railroad trains. The idea was quickly adopted by the few roads then in operation, and the bell or gong in time took the place of the stick of wood to signal the engineer. Captain Ayres continued a conductor on this road under its different managers until he was superannuated and retired on a pension a year ago. He died a few months ago in Owego at the age of 78 vears.

# Mere Formallty.

Inquiry was yesterday made for Mr. Vanderbilt at the offices in the Union depot by a man who seemed to have slept all night under a stairway and breaklasted upon nothing. When told that the railway king lived in New York he asked for the Vice-President of the Central Road. The Vice-President being out of town, he asked for the General Manager. This officer was also absent, and the stranger continued:

"Perhaps the Assistant Superinten dent could see to the business. Is he "No, sir; he won't be in until to-mor-

"Could I see the General Ticket "His office is up town?"

The man walked to and fro in an bsent-minded manner for a minute and then asked:

"Would it do any good for me to ask you for a pass to Chicago?"

"Or half way there?" "No, sir."

"Is there the least possible chance for me to get a pass?" "Would I stand any show to beat

conductor?" "Not a show." "How would the top of a freight train

work?

"You'd be put off at once."
"Well, it's all right. My style of riding is always on the trucks anyhow, and I only called out of mere formality. Please give my respects to all the of ficials, and say that I deeply regret their

absence. Tra-la." Ten minutes later he was inspecting the running gear of the coaches on the Pacific express, and if he didn't make the trip ast night it was not his fault .- | Detroit

Free Press. A good antidote to the mining fever may possibly be found by some persons contemplate exchanging a comfortable home for they know not what, in the following paragraph from the San Francisco Bulletin: There are not less than 2000 prospectors in the mountains of California at the present time. Most of them have been prospecting for ten or twenty years. They are all poor. With few exceptions they were poor and "hard up" all the time. They do not average fifty cents a day the year round, and no men work harder or more hours a day. They live on the coarsest and cheapest food, with no luxuries, and wear the cheapest clothing. But they toil on month after month, and year after year, hopefully and courageously, infatuated and driven forward with the belief that they will "strike it rich" one of these days, and then they will have a rest and a good time "down at the Bay" or at the old home "in the States."

There is no disguise which can long conceal love where it truly exists.

#### The Fly.

Much has been said of the fly of the period but few write about him who are bald-headed.

bald-headed.

Hence we say a word. It is of no use anymore to deny the horrible truth. Although as beautiful as peri in other ways, our tresses on top have succumbed to the inclemency of the weather, and our massive brow is slowly creeping over toward the back of our neck. Nature makes all things even. If a man be possessed of such ravishing beauty and such winning ways that his power might become dangerous, she makes him bald-headed.

That is our fix. When we have our hat on and go chas seing down the street with that camel He glide of ours, everyone asks who that be-noble looking Apolio with the deep and was melancholy eye is, but when we are at the office with our hat hung up on the French walnut sideboard, and the sun cones softly in through the resewood shutters and lights up the shellac polish on our intellectual dome, we are not se

Then it is that the fly with gentle tread and seductive song, comes and prospects around on our bump of self em, and tickles us and makes no

When we get where forbearance ceases to be a virtue, we haul off and slap the places where he was, while he goes over to the inkstand and snickers at us. After he has waded around in the carmine ink awhile he goes back to the bump of spirituality and makes some red marks

Having laid off his claim under the new mining law, he proceeds to sink on it.

If we write anything bitter these days; if we say aught of our fellowman that is disagreeable or unjust, and for which we afterward get licked, it is because at times we get exasperated and are not responsible.

If the fly were large and weighed 200 pounds, and came in here and fold us that if we didn't take back what we had said about him he would knock out the window with our remains and let us fall a hundred feet into the busy sireet. it wouldn't worry us so much, because then we could strangle him with one hand while we wrote a column editorial on Conkling with the other. We do and only four or five million brothers and sisters, gains our confidence, and then tickles our scalp, till we have to write with a sheet of tar roofing over our

Then he comes in and helps us read our proof. We don't want him to help, but he insists on making corrections and putting punctuations in the vrong place, and putting full stops where they the sense all out of the paragraphs.

If the fly could be removed from our pathway, we would march along in our journey to the tomb in a way that would be the envy and admiration of the civilized world. As it is we feel that we are not making a very handsome

### Theology for children.

What shall we teach our children to believe in order that, when they grow up, they may find that later experience shall not alter what they have learned when they were young? We must teach them that beyond and above what they see and feel and touch there is something greater and better which they cannot see or feel or touch. Goodness, kindness, modesty, courage, unselfishness—these are the best things in the world. It is true that goodness and courage have no hands that we can clasp, yet they are certainly there in the midst of our work and our play; and this goodness which, except in outward acts, we cannot see, is something which existed long before we were born. It is from this that we have all the pleasant things in the world. The flowers, the sunshine, the moonlight —all these are given to us by some great kindness and goodness which we have never seen at all; and this goodness which is everywhere is that great power out of which all things come. And we call this great power by the name of God; and because God is much above us and is so good to us, we call him also by the name which is the most dear to us and the most above us of all names on earth-we call him our Father. When the father of his children goes away from home, still his children know that he is somewhere, though they cannot see him; and they know what they can do to please him. So it is with the great Unseen Father of us all. Let us then teach our children that God is goodness and love. Let us teach them that the rules which He has laid down for the government of this world are His will and wish for us. -[Dean Stanley.

# They "Only Wanted See to Him."

Many years ago, during my residence in Roxbury, and before my wife had learned to refuse me to any and all who might call while I was resting for my evening's work, two ladies called, and wished very much to see me.

My wife said, "Mr. Gough is resting." "We will keep him but a minute. We came from out of town, and very much

wish to see him."
So I was called, and came into the room half asleep, and in not a very good humor. There were two large ladies seated on the sofa, who looked at me, and then very complacently smiled on each other.

"Ladies, did you wish to see me?"
"Yes; we called on purpose to see

What do you want?" "Oh, we do not want anything. We live in Hingham, and we've heard you lecture, and we were in Roxbury, and we found out where you lived, and we don't want anything, but we thought we would like to see how you looked in the daytime, for we never seen you except in the evening.'

"Is that all?" "Yes, that's all we wanted."

"Good afternoon, ladies."
And I went back to my room with my rest completely broken by the curiosity that desired to see how I looked in the daytime.-{John B. Gough's "Sunshine and Shadow."

A young Japanese couple are about to be married in Boston. The expectant groom is a student, and the bride was his playmate in his native land.