GOD NIGHT SONG. Good night ! Weary 2, take sleep's delight; Nowe day so gently closes, Andch busy hand reposes, Till genorning greets the sight, Till genorning the sight !

Go to reat Let tired eyelids fall I the street where silence lieth I the hour the watchman crieth, he soft night voices call, "Go to rest."

Bleep sweetly! .m, and heart of Paradise ! ove thy holy calm hath shaken. Iany bright dreams thy joy awaken, thy loved one in the skies ! Sleep sweetly!

leep till breaks the coming day, Sleep until the new-born morning Brings new duties with it. Brings new duties with its dawning. God will watch. Put fear away!

Good night ! --[From the German.

J. G. HOLLAND.

Josiah Gilbert Holland was born at elchertown, Mass., on the 24th day of fuly, 1819. His parents were poor and able to give him only the plain education that is to be found in the common schools of the Bay State. But it must be remembered that such education is practical and fits the common mind for the struggles of every day life, in a world that is one continuous workday. His father, Harrison Holland, was the poor Yankee farmer whose pure and humble Gray;" and from his mother, Anna Gilbert, he took his middle name. She was hid a plain New England girl, who had a worked a year or two in a factory till she had learned the value of money and fitted herself for the duties of a wife. In those days the "hired girl" was something only within the reach of the wealthy; for in addition to the duties which ordinarily are imposed upon wifehood and maternity, the mistress of the New England home did all her own sew-And as the daughters grew up, they assisted at the family quilting and made coarse clothing for their brothers' work in the field. And the children of that era grew up with every fibre of their brains and muscles imbued with the idea that idieness is the twin sister of disgrace. Of such parents, the subject of our sketch was born.

The slight figure that toiled amid snow and sunshine alike upon that frugal New England farm, was but a little while in inding out that nature had not intended him for the drudgery that had been part and parcel of the daily existence of his parents. He determined to be one of those who labor with the head rather than with the hands. But to the poor New England boy the path ahead was rugged and thorny. At seventeen he was eaching school in a village of eighteen pupils, for which he received six dollars per month and boarded around with the pupils. At nineteen he finished a term assistant teacher in a school at South foremont, for which he received forty dollars per month without board. The next year he went to Pittsfield as assistdical college, and swept out the building to pay for his tuition in the graduated second in a class of forty-four audents, and until 1845 he practiced his profession in the neighborhood where he irst saw the light. But the exposure entailed on him by his profession soon began to make inroads upon a delicate constitution, and he realized the necessity of getting a living in another way. In 1847 a literary association at Springfield undertook the publication of newspaper at that place called the Bay State Courier and hired young Holland to edit it. The paper lived six months and Holland got more experience than cash as his share of the proceeds. But it told in his favor many years later. In the winter of 1848 he taught school at Richmond, Va., and after his term was ended he journeyed toward the "Father of Waters," and while visiting at the celebrated fighting town of Vicksburg, he attracted attention by some verses in a local paper, written upon a recent duel. The people caught him upon their shoul-ders and elected him Superintendent of Schools for Hinds county. The follow-ing year was the begins to California and as some of his best friends in the city of duels had gone to join the land army of Argonauts, Holland went back to Massachusetts. After visiting his parents he walked into Springfield and asked Samuel Bowles for employment on the Daily Republican. That gentleman had long felt himself an overworked man, besides which he felt the need of help for other reasons. Under his pen alone the Republican was a plain, matter-of-fact busincss newspaper, well enough calculated for the factory and the counting-room, but lacking of interest at the hearth-stone. Holland's love of the beautiful had already evinced itself in the defunct Bay State Courier, and Bowles knew his man before he made his proposition. That afternoon Holland stepped on the bottom round of the ladder of his future fame. Their contract was that he should receive a salary of \$480 for the first year and \$700 for the second year. And then began that long and useful career which stamped him as a first class journalist and made the Republican the best newspaper in America when we consider the size of the city in which it is published. In river road, in order to get a better view 1853, he began to see how his labor was telling upon the circulation and influit for less than \$2000 per year. Bowles stop over night at Bass' Station. The refused to do this but sold him an intarest of one fourth for \$3500 taking his note for the same. In fourteen months | erown; the stream sang its hullaby to the the note was paid out of the earnings of the paper and Holland was now in reccipt of a handsome income. The following year he wrote his "His-tory of Western Massachusetts," which appeared in the Republican by chapters. The Massachusetts Historical Society were so pleased with this work that they elected him an honorary member. Next "Bitter Sweet" was given to the printer. He delighted the critics with his true fondness of nature coupled with a classic purity of expression unlike the style of "Tat's a very ungracious and the best of the style of "Sou ought to have your friend here "You ought to have your friend here to describe it," I answered. "I mean that Felicia Hemans in pantaloons, Dr. year he wrote his first novel "The Bay abroad," replied Mr. Bowles. Path" and in 1858 his first poem of "You ought to have your

any other American writer. But all this time his busy pen kept the daily news-paper going with his quaint contribu-tions over the signature of "Timothy Titcomb." These letters were highly commended by disinterested friends and he was urged to publish them in book form, which could not well be done at Springfield. He visited Boston only to meet with cold rebuff from every pub-lisher in the place. At New York a week later he failed to enlist the sympathy of the Harpers, and of George P. Putanm. He then called on Charles Sarihans. Charles Scribner, who was in a good aumor and listenened patiently to the country editor. He read through the

first letter of the series and then got up hurriedly and locked the door. Holland grew alarmed and rose from his chair. "Now then," said Mr.Scribner, kindly, "you read me the next two of these let-

tors Holland did so, and after an hour's skirmishing with Mr. Scribner it was agreed that an edition of the "Timothy Titcomb" series should be published, ten thousand copies, and Holland was to have twenty per cent. on the sales. This yielded him a handsome sum and the following year his copywright interest on his"Gold Foil" netted him \$3000 without any outlay or risk on his part. Next came "the letters to the Joneses," full of that quaint Yankee humor which sparkled like winter cider on a frosty might. Still Holland's life was and might still have been one of incessant toil, but for a revulsion in the political affairs of

the American people. The election of 1860 was a tidal wave and when its vast whirlpool had receded to ordinary water level, it was found to have washed into the Presidential chair life is sketched in the poem of "Daniel of the nation, a great, awkward, uncouth old western lawyer, full of native sagacity and mother wit. His quaint exterior a deep, analytical mind, and of purpose firmness pos sessed by no other man since the days of Washington. The Republican party would be, if the nation were not disintegrated by the civil war, the dominant party in the land, although the new President had not been elected by a majority of the people. The Springfield Repubpeople. lican was soon the foremost of all the Republican papers of Massachusetts and in 1863, tired of endless labor in the sanctum, Josiah G. Holland sold back to Samuel Bowles his one-quarter interest for \$50,000. Speaking with Mr. Bowles about this in San Francisco, two years later, he said, "Well, Si (meaning Dr. Holland) did well enough, but he could have got \$60,000 just as well by holding off a few days longer." The poor patient drudge was now worth over \$60,000 and could at last take a little case in life and

enjoy the well earned fruits of his toil. How truly had he written: We rise by things that are neath our feet; By what we have mastered of good and

gain; By pride doposed and passion slain, And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

From 1863 to 1868, Dr. Holland was mostly to be found in the lecture room, but his lectures were more gracefully written than delivered, for his voice was weak and he lacked fire in his diction. But his fame as a writer had preceded him so far that he always drew large crowds to hear him once. He reaped a great deal of good from the travel, hownext year he went to Pittsfield as assist-ant tutor at fifty dollars a month, and, in his leisure hours, he read medical works. In that year he asted as janitor of the would durges to him to know what he the editor, whose duty it is to read and uld charge to write the " Abraham Lincoln" and of his building to pay for his tuition in the bealing art. In the winter of 1841-42 he dollars. This they refused to give, but offered him twelve per cent. on an edition of 40,000 copies and twenty upon any subsequent edition. Holland went to work upon it and produced the most graphic biography of the grand old Prairie Giant that has ever appeared in print. And his royalty on the work netted him over \$18,000. At the close of his lecturing tour in 1868 he published his "Katrina" which reached nearly 90,-000 copies, while "Bitter Sweet" had algone above 70,000. It is really ready doubtful if any American, unless it was Longfellow, ever had the mingled honor and good fortune of addressing so large an audience. It is impossible to divine the cause of Dr. Holland's great success as a writer unless it be the great improvements made in printing which have placed all his works within reach of the masses. As a historian he is manifestly inferior to Prescott or Bancroft; as a novelist he is not the superior of Cooper or Washington Irving; as an essayist he could not properly be deemed equal to Tuckerman or Paulding; as a lecturer he could never hope to rival Dr. Wendell Holmes or Park Benjamin; and as a poet no one would for a moment think of comparing him with either Bryant or Whittier, much less with Longfellow. But you must not lose sight of Dr. Holland's rare versatility. Take him as biographer, essayist, lecturer, novelist and poet, and he is to-day the Admirable Crichton of the American world of letters. Again he was a man of the people, cradled in poverty and nurtured in toil and perhaps that is why the popular heart of America went out to him in his years of drudgery in the least compensated of all the learn-ed professions. The popular palate may not always be hungry, but the popular purse is always low in coin; and perhaps the cheapness of Dr. Holland's works, as compared with those of Irving and Cooper, may have had something to do with their prosperity. In 1865 I was traveling from Red Bluff to Yreka, with Samuel Bowles, Schuyler Colfax, Gov. Bross of Illinois, and the late A. D. Richardson. We had taken, at my suggestion, the Sacramento of Mount Shasta than the Trinity route afforded. It was a moonlight night, and ence of the paper, and declined to edit we were in a four-in-hand driving to moon mirrored her face in the crystal flood that trickled from Shasta's icy departed day, and the pines, from their tall minarets, echoed back a chorus to the song of the river; while in the background the mighty volcano reared its smokeless nostrils heavenward, and seemed to say, "Before man was, I am." I was the first to break the silence. "This is a heavenly night." "Yes, a night fit for angels to be

your part," said Mr. Bowles. "You don't know the doctor, or you would not speak in that way about him. So far from being a Miss Nancy, as you would intimate, he is as plucky as a bull-terrier. He is an excellent shot and a better fisherman than you ever dared to be."

Mr. Bowles was hitting me on a very sensitive nerve when he said that; but ever since that time I have felt an untold longing to meet Dr. Holland. The opportunity never came. His love of na-ture crops out through all his works, es-pecially in his later days when his wealth cuabled him to eschew the drudgery of the editorial sanctum. Witness his lines to his dog Blanco:

"I look into your great brown eyes Where love and loyal homage shine, And wonder where the difference lies Between your soul and mine. I trust you as I trust the stars, Nor cruel loss, nor scoff of pride, Nor beggary, nor dangeon bars Can move you from my side."

Is there anything that tells more strongly the love of man for dumb brutes than that? Had Holland turned artist instead of poet, his love of dogs must have made him the Landseer of America. Listen to the Christian purity that pervades these lines:

> "Ab, Blanco! did I worship God As truly as you worship me, Or follow where my Master trod With your humility; Did 1 sit fondly at His feet As you, dear Blanco, sit at mine And watch Him with a love as sweet, My life would grow divine."

In 1869, Dr. Holland concluded to see something of the Old World, and took a trip to Europe, which lasted two years. He conceived the idea of an illustrated magazine to surpass Harper's, and on his return he put it into execution. In this fortunate literary venture then known as Scribner's Magazine, and now, I regret to say, changed into the Century, he embarked his time and money and became a partner to the extent of one-third. In day, 1881, he sold out that interest to Roswell Smith and retired for the summer to his pretty little retreat known as Bonnicastle, built with the proceeds of the sale of his novel Arthur Bonnicastle, published in 1873. It is situated on one of the Thousand Isles of the St. Law rence and there the man of tireless energy found some respite from literary toil in the excitement of fishing and yachting. His sloop, the Katrina, was very fast and comfortable, and on her deck he spent many a summer day recruiting the ravages that nearly forty years of severe brain labor had inflicted upon a constitution that was never the strongest.

His later works all betray this lassitude, although their purity of thought alone would render them attractive even after the youthful fire of "Bitter Sweet" and "Katrina" had fled. In 1872 he published "The Marble Prophecy;" in 1873 a collection of miscellaneous poems, under the title of "Garnered Sheaves" and "Arthur Bonnicastle" appeared in the same year; in 1874, the "Mistress of the Manse;" in 1876 "Seven Oaks," and in 1877 the truly American story of " Nicholas Minturn." All this time he was editing Scribner's Magazine. you will ask what labor did And that involve? My answer is that it involved the reading of from 100 to 300 pages of manuscript per day, to see what should be accepted and what reject-

Always mindful of his humble origin, he was the unfaltering friend of the hard-faring poor. Young literary men found a cordial welcome under his hospitable roof; and even his rejection of articles written for Scribner by over-ambitious youthful scribes, carried with it no sting of humiliation to the unsuccessful applicant. He had humor and wit, plenty of both, but he never wounded the feelings

of others by that merciless satire that is too often mistaken for wit. If ever a man died in harness, he was that man. Fourteen hours before his death, he finished an article on the life

of President Garfield entitled "Poverty as a Discipline." After reviewing the rise and progress of our hero President, he closed it with a sentence which is not misapplied to his own life: "His marvellous powers and acom

plishments won for him the respect of the great, while his sympathy with the humble drew unto him the hearts of the world." T. B. M.

A Colorado Primer.

I.-Daisy is orying. Poor little Girl, we are Sorry for her. James has hit her in the eye with the Dornick. Fie on James to Do so, and fie on Daisy to Hit him back. Will Daisy pray for James to-night? No. She will Pull the Slats from his Bed, so he will Fall and Break his Arm on the floor. That will be Right will it not, Children?

II .- This is a Diamond Pin. The ed itor won it at a Church Fair. There were Ten Chances at Ten Cents a Chance. The Editor Mortgaged his Paper, and Took one Chance. The pin is worth seven hundred Dollars. **Editors** like Diamonds. Sometimes they wear them in their Shirts, but Generally in their Minds.

III .- Who is this Ferocious looking Man? He is Foreman in a Printing office. He gets Paid for Throwing Men Down Stairs when they Come to Lick the Editor, and for Putting wrong Dates at the Head of the paper. He can Pi more type in fifteen Minutes than Seven Printers can Set up in Two weeks. He loves to ask the Editor for Copy. If it Were not for Him the Paper would look pretty Well every Morning. Everything would be Fat, and more of the Live Ads would be Left out.

IV .- Here we have a Joke and a Man The Joke is very Old. The Man wears a Big Diamond and a Shiny plug Hat. He is a Negro Minstrel. Go and give the Old, Old Joke to him, and he will Take care of it Tenderly. It is his Business. He gets Forty dollars a week for it.

V.-Here we have a Business Manager He is Blowing About the Circulation of the Paper. He is Saying the Paper has Entered upon an Era of Unprecedented prosperity. In a Minute He will Go up Stairs and Chide the Editor for Leaving the Gas Burning while he Went out for a Drink of Water, and He will dock a Reporter four Dollars because a Subscriber has Licked him, and he can not Work. Little Children, if we Believe Business Managers Went to Heaven, we would Give up our Pew in Church .-Denver Tribune.

Improving Stock.

The time has been in this country, and not a great number of years ago, when many farmers found almost insurmountable difficulties in the way of the introduction of good stock; but that time has passed away. Obstacles which presented themselves disappeared, and it is no longer an open question, whether or not it is good policy to breed, grow and fatten the best. The great cost of thoroughbred stock, at one time, was a barrier in the way of its general use, but breeding has now grown to be a vast industry, and prices of good individual sires and dams. have been so reduced as to place them nearer the reach of all, than ever before. The hard times of a few years back prevented many farmers from weeding out trashy breeding stock, the means for making desirable substitution being actually unprocurable; but this trouble no longer exists. There actually are no obstacles in the way of general improvements at this time which are worth considering. On the contrary there is an incentive to the introduction of good blood. It is one of the urgent demands of the day, and if the American people would become, as they can, the regular feeders of Europe, it must be heeded. The standard quality of the stock on our fat stock markets can, with proper effort, be raised fifty per cent, within the next two years' time, without any financial troubles whatever .-- Pittsburg Stockman.

Marriage Ceremonies.

The ancient practice of marriage by capture which has left some traces in even our customs and sports-notably in the popular game of kiss-in-the-ring, a Some of his comrades the popular game of kiss-in-the-ring, a Some of his comrades ran off for help, mimic representation of the great game but poor Willie doubted if it would the Monrol Market and the Mongol life.

Rubraquis, who visited the hordes of Tartary, and was entertained in the tents only son) and how she would feel when of the immediate successors of Yenghis

"Therefore, when any man hath bargained with another for a maid, the father of a damsel makes him a feast; in then another; a mist rose before his eyes the meantime she flies away to some of -he loosened his hold and all was dark. her kinsfolk to hide herself. Then the father says to the bridegroom-" My daughter is yours; take her wheresoever you find her.' Then he and his friends seek her till they find her; and having found her, he takes her by force and carries her to his own house.

This simple form of marriage contract is still preserved among the Koraks and Tehuctchus tribes of north-eastern Sirible beria.

There the damsel is pursued by her admirer, and hides herself among the pologs, or cabins made of skins, which form the internal compartments of their dwellings.

The womankind assist her in her pretended evasion, and not until the bridegroom has caught his bride, and left the impression of his finger-nail upon her tender skin, is the betrothal properly completed.

The analogous customs in ancient Ro-man marriages here strike one with the myth of the rape of the Sabines; but we need not go so far afield.

The custom of the Welsh wedding, up to a recent date, included a mimic pursuit of the bride, by the bridegroom, both on horseback; and in the English manner when the bridegroom invariably goes to seek his bride on the wedding morning. But the value of womankind in a pastoral life, where there is so much for her to do in the way of milking, cheese

and butter making, and so on, brings a further element into the relationship. A price must be paid for the future companion, and the kalim, or wedding portion, enters largely into the question. A more modern Mongol wedding is lescribed by Hue, one of the Jesuit

fathers. The religious ceremonies are those of Buddhism. The marriage is arranged by the parents, who settle the dower that is to be paid by the father of the bride by means of mediators.

When the contract has been concluded the father of the bridegroom, accompanied by his nearest relatives, carries the news to the family of the bride.

They prostrate themselves before the domestic altar, and offer up a boiled sheep's head, milk, and a sash of white

During the repast all the relations of the bride receive a piece of money, which they deposit in a vase filled with wine made of fermented milk (we have, or had a similar custom of hiding a ring or money in a wedding-cake,) the father of the bride drinks the milk and keeps the money.

The lamas, or priests, fix an auspicious day, when the bridegroom sends a deputation to escort the bride.

There is a feigned opposition to the departure of the bride, who is placed on a horse and led three times (note the three mystic circles) around the paternal could get the five cents for a drink. But ouse, and then taken at a full ga op to

with his wet clothes and all exhausted he was, there was not much chance for him. Higher and higher the water rose; the rock was under water; and there he

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rose before him like a cloud; he thought of his mother's anguish (for he was her she heard he had been drowned-Khan, describes a Mongol marriage thus: drowned, and by his own folly. A large wave rolled over him -he tightened, his grasp on the seaweed; another came, and

Some hours later Willie was in his own little bed at home, and a lady with a sweet, pale face was bending over him. "Thank God!" she said. Willie heard it and opened his eyes. "Oh, mother!" he said, I am saved,

then. I was so frightened, and when I thought of you, death seemed so ter-

"Yes," she said; "you were saved by a boatman who heard your school-fellows' cry of distress; let us thank God for his mercy in saving you." Some time after Willie entered the

navy; he had lost none of his courage and daring, but acted more under a sense of duty and less to gain man's applause.

He is now an officer, beloved by his men and respected by all who know him, for at the call of duty he is always first and where danger is there you will al-ways find him. - [Sunday Magazine.

Dead March to Hel .

"As soon as it is whispered of a man, 'he drinks,' he begins to go down. What clerk can get a position with such a rep-utation as 'He drinks?' When a man is three-fourths gone on the road he wants to impress you with the idea that he can stop at any time. He can't stop. I had a dear friend who gave thousands of dollars to Bible societies and asylums, but he was a slave to strong drink. He had two attacks of delirium tremens. When the doctor told him if he had a third attack he would die, he said 'Oh! I can stop at any time.' He is dead! Rum! The last thing he said was, 'Oh! I can stop at any time.' He could not stop⁴ He could not stop. Sometimes a man is more frank. Such a one said. 'It is impossible for me to stop. If you said I couldn't have a drink till to-morrow night unless I had my fingers chopped off, I would say, 'Bring on your hatchet.' It is awful for a man to wake up and find himself a captive. Who will forget that scene in this church a few winters ago of a man who stood up in the church? The ushers led him to the door. Everybody saw that he was drunk. His poor wife took his coat and hat and led him out. He was formerly a minister in a sister cengregation, and he preached in this city. Rum! Don't tell the inebriate there is no hell. He knows there is. He is in hell now. God only knows what the drunkard suffers. What reptiles crouch around his shivering feet! What demons stand by his pillew! Th' is no fancy picture. It went on

night. It is a death some of you will die unless you stop. "When an inebriate wakes up in the

other world he will be thirsty. No matter how poor he was in this world he where will he get a drink in hell! Dives called for water, the inebriate calls for rum. If a fiend came here, went into a rum-shop, and went back into hell with a drop on the end of his wing, what a fight there would be for the drop ! The inebriates in hell will not suffer for the loss of God, but would suffer for the loss of liquor. "I don't like a sermon of generalities. I like personalities. I said a man could not stop, but I do say God can stop him went into a room in the Fourth Ward in New York where a religious service was held for reformed drunkarks. Fifteen or twenty men were there giving their experiences. God had not only changed their mode of feeling, but had even taken away their thirst. I tell you unless you stop, in ten years you will fill a drunkard's grave. I must tell you this or I will have your blood upon my soul. One hundred millions of inebriates' souls will assemble on the jadgment day and I want you to testify that I gave you warning when the sends rattle the drunkard's bones on a winecask, playing the dead march of men."

My idea of Holland is that he is not the great poet or the great novelist, but he was undeniably the great editor, far in advance of all others of his era. He had the elder Bennett's industry and fondness for accumulating money, without Bennett's unscrupulous avarice, which degraded him to the level of a blackmailer. He had the graceful expressions of James Watson Webb, without that doughty old soldier's quarrelsome disposition. He had George D. Prentice's depth of thought without Prentice's melancholy love of the flowing bowl. And he had all the fervent patriotism of Horace Greeley, without the white-coated philosopher's spontaneous profanity.

Holland possessed the first great cardinal requisite for an editor, which is method. With his orderly and method-ical nature, everything had to be attended to in its regular routine. No detail of work escaped his ever-vigilant scrutiny, and to his splendid editorial capacity is justly due much of the popularity of Scribner's Magazine, of which he was the founder and creator. The last hour of daylight that he ever beheld saw him working faithfully at his desk for the success of that periodical.

Two nights before he died an alarming conflagration pervaded the neighborhood where he lived. He went out and beheld the fearfully magnificent spectacle in company with a friend who told him he feared the excitement would be too much for the chronic heart disease from which Holland had so long suffered. The Doctor smiled and replied: "Four years ago I would have feared it myself, but now there is no danger." The poor fellow had no idea that his end was so near. Two days later, the heavy fall of an autumnal fog hung over the mighty city. The busy crowds of operatives were tramping through the streets to their daily avocations. In a neat and comfortable residence on Park avenue, a weeping wife and her three children hung over the bedside of a dying man, and that was Holland, vanquished at last by his old enemy, the "angina pectoris." His mortal pain had been on him less than an hour, yet he was past the power of articulation and in another hour, this brave and gentle spirit was quenched forever.

His life had been a useful one, and no life is a great one unless it is useful. Earnest and sincere in every line he wrote, he has left behind him no glossy he did not feel. In all his long labors not a line of questionable morality ever sophistries, no vague utterances of what came from his pen. His presence in the great work day world had been a biessing, his friendship a heaven-born truth. And after nearly fifty years of constant toil in the never-ending struggle to make this world a better one, he lay down to rest after having fought the good fight. Truly had he spoken the thoughts of his heart when he said:

"If life awake and never will coase On the fu ture's shore, And the ross of love and the lily of Peace, Shall bloom there forevermore, Then let the world go round and round, And the sun sink into the sea For whether I'm on or under the ground, Oh, what will it matter to me!

CURIOUS WATCHES .- In the South Kensington Museum at London is a small watch about one hundred years old, representing an apple, the golden case ornamented with grains of pearl. Another old Nuremburg watch has the form of an acorn and is provided with a dainty pistol which perhaps served as an alarm. In London is an eagle-faced watch which, when the body of the bird is opened, a richly enameled face is seen. They are sometimes found in the form of ducks and skulls. The Bishop of Ely had a watch in the head of his cane, and a Prince of Saxony had one in his riding saddle. A watch made for Catherine I. of Russia is a repeater and a musical box. Within is the Holy Sepulchre and the Roman Guard. By touching a spring the stones move away from the door, the guards kneel down, angels appear, and the holy women step into the tomb and sing the Easter song that is heard in the Russian churches,

How TO DESTROY STUMPS .- Here is a timely and important item for those who desire to get rid of stumps: In the autumn or early winter bore a hole one or two inches in diameter, according to the girth of the stump, and about eight inches deep. Put in it one or two ounces of salt-petre, fill the hole with water, and plug it close. In the ensuing spring take out the plug and pour in a gill of kerosene oil and ignite it. The stump will smoulder away, without blazing, to the very extremity of the roots, leaving nothing but ashes.

Cream Pie-Take a teacupful of good, it foams with an egg-beater, adding fine crusts ready baked; pour in the mixture, and you have a delicions pie. If your cream is not the thickest and best, add the white of one egg while beating, and there he sat, panting and exhausted.

the tent prepared for the purpose near the dwelling of her father-in-law ... All the Tartars of the neighborhood repair to the wedding-feast and offer their presents, which consists of beasts and eatables.

These go to the father of the bridegroom, and often recoup him the sum he has paid for the son's bride.

Rather a shame, one would think, of the selfish papa, did we not reflect that he will have to support his son and daughter, or at all events set them up with sheep and cattle from his flocks and herds.

Willie's Courage.

Willie Carr was one of those boys who never liked to be beaten at anything. Only dare him to do a thing, and he would do it, no matter how absurd and foolish it was. He had lately come to live at a town on the seacoast, and he and his school-fellows constantly amused themselves on half-holidays by climbing the cliffs, fishing, boating, and many other seaside pastimes.

On one Saturday afternoon Willie said to his companions:

"The tide has just turned; in a quarter of an hour that rock" (pointing to a small rock covered with seaweed) "will be under water; I dare any of you fellows to run ten times around it.

Some shook their heads and said they did not care to run the risk of being drowned, but said, "We will go if you will lead us."

So off they started. The water was over their shoes at the first round.

"Salt water will do us no harm," said Willie.

At the sixth round Tom Bishop and Willie were the only ones who kept on running; the water was already above the knees, for the tide was coming in fast. At the eighth round Willie was running alone, and many of the boys said, "Don't go any more, Willie." But Ned Dawson cheered "Only twice more and I will say you are the bravest fellow in Hastings." But at the ninth round all said don't go any more.

"Do you dare to do it?" cried Willie; "although the water is above my waist, I will go just to show what I can do." Many of them tried to hold him back. but he rushed off panting for his last round. When he reached the rock he was very tired, so he sat down to recover his breath; then he got up and waved his cap. The boys cheered him, and cried, "make haste-come along." But he staid longer than was necessary,

just to show how brave he was, and waved his cap. At this moment a large wave dashed over the rock, drenching him to the skin, and obliging him to start off. But before the had gone half way on thick sweet cream in a bowl; beat it till his journey another wave came along and he found himself up to his armpits frosted sugar till sweetened to the taste; in water; another came and then another flavor with lemon or vanilla; have the and carried him off his feet. He was nearly choked with the salt water that his nose, carbuncles on his neck, abwent down his throat, but he recovered himself enough to get back to the rock;

ALL SORIS.

The late William Penn once observed: 'Excess in apparel is a costly folly." And yet William wore a hat with an excess of brim that was a sheer waste of material.

The armless man who plays the piano with his toes must be a disciple of Plato. -Boston Frolic. He makes his living, evidently as a music pedler .- Wit and Wisdom. Of course he endeavors to put the best foot foremost.

A student of faces finds his best school in the street cars. There side by side sit comfort, content, youth, age, misery, sorrow, bright hopes, and worn out ener-gies. Parsons should find food for sermonizing in the street cars.

A son was born to Baron Von Steuben the other day. He was named after the American Secretary of State. Being possibly too young for the prefix "Von. he probably, as yet, to use German Eng-lish, "vas only Blaine Steuben."

There is nothing like being graphic. A man who attempted to give an idea of eternity said: "Why, my friends, after millions and trillions of years had rolled away it would be a hundred thousand years to breakfast time."

The scheme of polar exploration by balloon is very seriously discussed. It has its advantages. In the absence of fuel the voyagers could easily warm themselves by setting fire to the gas. That would leave nothing to be desired.

This is the Man who has had a Notic in the Paper. How Proud he is. He i stepping higher than a Blind Horse. If he had Wings he would Fly. Next week the Paper will say the Man is a Measly Old Fraud, and the Man will not step so High .- Denver Primer.

If all the newspapers tell the truth, the good poet Longfellow has warts on scesses on his legs, and is threatened with cancer in his face. But the Boston Post hopes and believes that the venerastand in the warm oven till it foams. My His boasted courage began to fail; he ble and beloved poet is suffering from family pronousce this the best pie yet.