FAITHFUL UNTO THEE.

The following beautiful poem, written by Oliver Wendell Holmes for the Unitarian festival of May-----in Boston, and was read by him at that time :

The waves unbuild the wasting shore: Where mountains towered the billows sweep, Yet still the borrowed spoils restore.

And raise naw empires from the deep. So, while the floods of thought lay waste The old domain of chartered creeds its heaven-appointed tides will haste sda. To shape new homes for human needs. Se ours to mark with hearts unskilled

The change an outworn age deplores The legend sinks, but faith shall build

A fairer throne on new-found shores, The star shall glow in western skies That shone o'er Bethlehem's hallowed shrin

And once again the temple rise That crowned the rock of Palestine

Net when the wondering shepherds bowed Did angels sing their latest song. Nor yet to Israel a kneeling crowd Did heaven's one sacred done belong— Let pricet and prophet have their dues, The facility and the ball's man.

The Levile counts but half a man, Whose proud "salvation of the Jews" Shute out the good Samaritan 1 Though scattered far the flock may stray,

His own the Shepherd still shall claim-The saints who never learned to prav, The friends who never spoke his name.

Dear master, while we hear thy voice, That says, "The truth shall make you free,"

Thy servants still, by loving choice O keep us faithful unto thee !

THE LONATION PARTY.

It was the evening of the donation party at the Rev. Simeon Slide's.

At Grovehill they had not many ex-citements, and to the simple villagers this donation party was as thrilling an event as the charity ball would be to a New York belle, or a court presentation to a London "debutante."

Jessie Field had retrimmed her white muslin dress with apple-green ribbon, and even Aant Betsy had washed and ironed the French cambric dress which constituted the cream of her wardrobe and basted fresh lace frillings into the neck and sleeves; while the 'squire him-self, blacking his boots on the kitchen porch, congratulated himself in a complacent sort of way, on the contents of the box wagon, which stood out under the shade of the old apple trees.

"Everybody takes as creditable a load, to the parson's as that," said the 'squire, "I guess they won't starve there. A ham, a bag o' mixed chicken feed, a firkin of first-class butter, six dressed fowls, a bushel o' russet apples, and a loaf of plum cake, made arter Grandmother Field's Revolutionary receipt; and besides all that-"

"Good gracious, pa!" said Jessie, who was tucking away her curls under the strings of her split straw gypsy hat, "how are Annt Bess and I ever going to ride with all that load?"

"Well," said the 'squire, with an eleaginous little chuckle, "you'll have to contrive it somehow. One of you can sit on the butter firkin, and sort o' steady it, and there's plenty o' room for the other along o' me on the seat, and hold the plum cake on your lap. And comin' back, I ain't noways disturbed but that yon'll get plenty o' beaux. Gals always do. The moon will be at its full, and Peter Peck and Hiram Jollifer is both to be there, and-

"Don't talk nonsense, pa!" said Jessie langhing, and looking provokingly pretty, just as Aunt Betsey, glancing over her shoulder into the glass, saw the

"And he set up close to me and squeezed my hand with the hand he wasn't a-drivin' with, and he said I was the prettiest gal he had ever seen, and could I be contented to come and live at Hawk's farm. And I said I didn't exactly know, but he might ask father, and we was married the next fall. Ah, deary me, deary me! How long ago all

that seems! "It sounds easy enough," said Peter, despondingly. "But I'd rather clear off a whole patch o' hickory woods."

"Don't be afraid Peter," said the old lady, laying a kindly hand on his shoul-der. "If she's a gal woth havin' she'll know you're a good lad. And I'll bet a cookey she'll say 'Yea.'" cookey she'll say 'Yes.

"I only wish I could think so, granny, said Peter, with a sigh. "Is it Kate Lanny," said Mrs. Peck,

"or Mary Elsey?" "Tain't neither one," said Peter, sheep-

ishly. "It's Josie Field!" "Land o'massy!" said Granny Peck,

elevating her withered hands. "What on airth is a pretty pink and white piece of china like her to do in a wild place like this?"

"She's as sharp as a steel trap," said Peter. "Don't you worry, granny! Once I get her here, you'll see she'll be all right."

So Peter piled his venison, and chickens, jar of apple sauce into the back of the roomy old buggy, and drove away to the donation party, as full of hopes and fears as any young girl. And when he saw Hiram Jellifar, the

village store clerk enter, all redolent of pomatum and cologue, in a city-cut suit of clothes, and hair brushed in a peak over his forehead, his heart sunk within him.

"I hain't no chance at all," he thought.

"Jessie," whispered Aunt Betsey to her niece, as they were clearing the dining-room for the games which folthe lowed upon the old-fashioned supper, 'do take a little notice of poor Peter Peck! See how his eyes are following you. And you have hardly been decently polite to him!"

"Peter Peck, indeed!" said Jessi, radient in the consciousness of being the their mules loose, and laid them down prettiest girl in the room. "I couldn't in their tents. Abort midnight one of possibly be betrothed with him. Aunt Bess, none of your backwoodsmen for ing up, he saw the water coming, and me! You can go and talk with him yourself, if you please."

But Aunt Betsey, shyer than any child, shrank, blushing away. "No," said she, "I douldn't do that

I-I am so little acquainted with him

Half an hour afterward Peter Peck. unable to make up his mind to ask pretty Jessie to allow her to take her home with Red Robin and the buggy, sidled up to

theisquire. "Squire," said he, jerking her words out with an effort, "can I take Miss Field

"Much obliged, I'm sure," said the squire. "I had the box wagon here; but I don't mind riding home alone, it so be as you'd like company." Peter drew a long breath.

"It's as good as settled now," he said to himself.

His heart beat high when, in the misty moonlight, a slight figure came out under Squire Field's escort, all muffled, shawled and veiled, against the chill, resh air of the autumn evening. Ar

tered Peter. "I b'lieve there's a fate in niece shared together, she looked earnestly at her companion.

"Aunt Bess," sad she, "what is the matter? Why do you look so happy?" "Because Mr. Peck has asked me to marry him," replied Aunt Bess," softly,

"and I have answered him yes. "Well, if that isn't strange!" cried Jessie, squeezing and kissing her still youthful aunt. "And I have engaged youthful aunt. myself to Hiram Jellifer. Oh, Aunt Bess, what a sweet, bright, happy world this is!'

"It is-it is!" answered Aunt Bess; and then, strange to say, they both cried.

Granny Peck was sitting up, by her candle and fire, and when at last Peter came home.

"Well, Peter," said she, "what luck?" "It's all right Granny!" sail Peter. 'It's esked her, and she has consented, and I'm to bring her here in three months."

Granny Peck looked doubtfully around.

"Well," said she, "I'm glad you've succeeded. Peter. But I'm a little afeared all these home-spun things won't be fine enough for Miss Jessie Field." "Jesie!" echoed Peter, with an excel-

lent immitation of surprise. "It ain't Jessie at all, Jessie is going to marry that Jellifer fellow. It's Miss Betsey Field, the squire's sister, as I've proposed to. "Well, I never!" said Granny Peck. "How could I have been so mistook?" "I'm sure I don't know," said Peter, stolidly .- [Saturday Night.

A Texas Cloud Burst.

Some ten or twelve days since Captain Merrill's corps of engineers and assistants were encamped in the valley of Buck creek, in Childer's county, Texas. Their tents were set one hundred feet from the dry bed of the creek. This creek was about twelve feet deep from the level of the valley on either side of the bank. The valley is nearly a mile wide, but the high lands curved in close to the place where the camp was pitched, and the valley widened on the opposite bank. The night was clear and no cloud in the distance betokened a rainfall. The boys staked their ponies near by, turned the boys felt water at his feet. Springyeiling like a savage giving his warhoop, roused his companions. In less than minute they were all standing in water up to their waists. Knowing to which side of them was the hill, they rushed wildly through the water and succeeded in gaining a firm foothold. The water rushed by them, covering the entire val-ley to a depth of six feet, and carrying

away all the tents and baggage. The vony was saved by one of the boys cutpants on. Most of the boys were in their night clothes, and a solemn set they were. The sudden rise of water was undoubtedly caused by what is known as a "cloud burst" on the head of the stream, some twenty or thirty miles away. Any number of cattle were car-ried down stream, but most of them finally escaped.

Victor Hugo's Faith.

worlds.

The aged Victor Hugo, the revered

The nearer I approach the end the

plainer I hear around me the symphon-

have been writing my thoughts in prose,

mance, tradition, satire, ode, song-I

have tried all. But I feel that I have

not said the thousandth part of what is

open with the dawn.

a sailor can:

When I go down to the grave I can

I improve every hour because I love

this world as my fatherland. My work,

The Whaleman's Fuueral.

At a time when the Nantucket whaling

AN ANDANTE OF BRETHOVEN.

Old Schmitt, with violin case under his weather-stained cloak, came out of the theater after a matinee performance. It was raining-a sleety December rain; the street looked dark after the brilliant lights within; there was an unusual throng of people and din of wheels. Schmitt felt a strange bewilderment. It was all so dream-like; he seemed to be moving among phantoms. Truly, he thought, these theater orchestras were enough to drive one mad sooner or later and maybe his time had come. Here at the corner he comes upon a poor old beggar who would seem to choose such days as this for scraping his wretched fiddle in the open air. Half-frozen drops fall on the frozen locks, on the purple, trembling hands. It is a pitiful sight, which sends a sudden chill to the blood of the fur robed passer-by, and Schmitt sees him with a start of affright. Why should it strike him as a prophetic vis-ion, a mocking picture of himself? He puts his hand to his head, trying to rub away so distressing a fancy, throws a few pennies down, and hurries on to get out of the sound of the shrieking

strings He climbs two flights of stairs, and is at his own door. Little Dorrette greets her grandfather with a kiss.

Ab, Dorette! thon art a famous housewife for a seven-years maiden. But hast thou learned thy lesson, too'" glancing at the little piano in the corner.

"Indeed I have, grandfather; and when we have had supper I will play it for thee;" said Dorette, as she went to lay the cloth.

By the fireside the old man fell into a revery. In his ears still rang the galops and medleys of the theater, but his thoughts were away with the grand orchestra in which he played before his fingers had lost their cunning. He had been one of the original members of the orchestra in the primitive days of musical enterprise, had sacrificed not a little to its advancement, if sacrifice it could be called. The years went on; the band grew in numbers, in skill; young members came in, new music was added to the repertory-erratic compo-sitions some of them, Schmitt thought, thought he tried to do his duty by them. It happened at last that he who had entered in his prime, who had so long held the place of "chef d'attaque," found himself with his gray bairs and his uncertain fingers some seafs removed, a boy playing in the seats before him. Then came a time of changes in the orchestra, and when all moved smoothly along old Schmitt had been left out. And this was the end of it all.

A fair vision passed before him-his handsome Carl, his gifted son the father of little Dorette-he who had died so young. Carl would have been like a ting the stake rope as he passed him, he king come to his kingdom, and his old fortunately having gone to bed with his father would not sit to-night d shonored and forgotten. Then, again, that symphony of his own-for he had one, as so many of the others had, whether or not they confessed it -- it had been lying a long time. No doubt but it was altogether old-fashioned, quite after the style of Mozart. Should he really never hear it with mortal ears?

Suddenly to-night, as he sat in bitterness of spirit, the injustice of fate and the ingratitude of men racking his soul, a terrible figure arose before him-grim want with bony finger threateningly

grandfather, and help to make the beantiful music.

"Rather than be the famous prima donna, who got as much money for a "And song or two as half the great orchestra Dodo?"

together?" "I care not; I would play in the orchestra. To-morrow, dear grandfather, I will begin the violin.'

The child's eyes glowed in the firelight, and she looked earnestly up to the

old man's face. "Thou art like my Carl, Dorette. Oh. my child! if thy father had but lived!"

'I will practice so much grandfather.

"But thou art a girl, Dorette-thou art but a girl. God help thee when I am gone!

"When thou art gone, grandfather?" with a look of alarm.

"When I am gone!" "Art thou going far, and soon?" And

wilt thou be long away?" "Very far-it may be soon-and

shall be long away. "Oh, grandfather, do not leave me! It It is true; I am only a girl; but I will be so good to thee. A girl can get thy supper and mend thy coat and love thee. Everything I will do for thee, only so

thou wilt not leave me!" "Hush, Dorette, my child; thou art indeed good to me. All will be well, But it is late. Kiss thine old grand father, 'meine leibchen,' and sleep well.

Dorette slept in her bed; the fire burned low; the old man still sat by the hearth, dark shadows gathering about

Once he took the phial from his him. pocket and gazed at it a long time. Then he arose, and unlocking a desk in a corner brought out a thick manuscript. He leaned it toward the grate, drew back, then suddenly threw it upon the coals. The waning fire caught . the paper eagerly. The flames of the funeral pyre leaped high, and up the chimney in smoke and cinders fled the nream of lifetime, perhaps to some blessed region of

compensation, where untried harmonies shall have a hearing. He took up his violin, a few wild and dissonant strokes and he paased into the theme of the andante. It sounds like the farewell to all one loved or hoped for. Now he buries his face in his hands now he looks wistfully toward the little sleeper, now he begins anew the sad, persistent theme. Again and again he repeats passage, phrase, measure. It is like a psalm of David to the sound of the

player, a majestic peace glows upon his worn face and transfigures it. "Sleep, my little one," said he at last;

"thy grandfather will not forsake thee. eating a piece of custard pie when a He will swait God's time." And he emptied the vial upon the ashes. The fire went out; the old cat crept

closer to her master's feet. Outside the shutters creaked, and the wind moaned with strange, varying cadence; above it rose the sound of the violin as the old man played on. Dorette, in her dreams, still sits in the lofty gallery, the gorge-

ous lights between her eyes and the heavenly music sounding.

The bitter night had waned; the wind was still; the snow lay deep in the city's streets. That morning at the theater the spruce young conductor was out of all patience because old Schmitt, first violin, was not on time at rehearsal. He had a talk with the manager, and it was decided to drop Schmitt.

band; had entirely forgotten that hel any life insurance; was in a hurry a didn't stop to look."

"And is there yet another species

"Several others, but we haven't in to take 'em in detail and give full p ticulars in each case. The man thinks the best horse wins is a Ded The woman who gets into society on i strength of her false hair, small wa painted eyebrows, chalked cheeks, a cramped feet, is a Dodo. The man sh thinks he can take comfort on a ster boat excursion -the man who goes on "I will practice so much grandtather. Boat excursion-the woman who were over the heathen-the girl who write poetry on sunsets-the young man los ing for a necktie to become him-why would take me an hour to mention the all. Put away your books in a carefu maoner and we will walk out and a

some live specimens of the Dodo. know of one who has engaged to deliv a Fourth of July oration, and perhap we may get a shot at him.

Railroad Soc ab lity.

"Speaking about the sociability of rai oads travellers," said the man with a crutches and a watch pocket over hiser, "I never got so well acquainted with the passengers on a train as I did the oth day on the Milwaukee & St. Paul mi road. Were going at the rate of third miles an hour, and another train from the other direction telescoped us. were all thrown into each other's societ

and brought into immediate social e tact, so to speak. "I went over and sat in the lap of corpulent lady from Manitoba, and age from Chicago jumped over nine se

and sat down on the plug hat of preacher from La Crosse, with so mu timid, girlish enthusiasm that it show his hat clear down over his shoulder. "Everybody seemed to lay uside usual cool reserve of strangers, and

made ourselves entirely at home. "A shy young man with an emaciat oil cloth valise, left his own seat an went over and sat down in a lunch ba ket, where a bridal couple seemed to b

wrestling with their first picnic. Do yo suppose that reticent young man won have done such a thing on ordinary or casions? Do you think if he had been a celebration at home that he would have risen impetuously and gone where the people were eating by themselves, a sat down in the cranberry jelly of a tota stranger?

"Why, an old man who probably at home led the class meeting, and was dis nified as Roscoe Conkling's father, w met the other train, and he left his ow seat and went over to the other end the car and shot that piece of custard pie into the ear of a beautiful young widow

from Iowa. "People traveling some how forget the ansterity of their home lives, and form acquaintances that sometimes through life."

Personalties and lif-Reports.

Keep clear of personalities in general conversation. Talk of things, object thoughts. Personalities must som times be talked, because we have to learn and find out men's characteristi for legitimate objects; but it is to be with confidential persons. Poor Burns wrote and did many foolish things, bat

and honest may." But when there is no

need to express an opinion let poor Bouncer swagger away. Others will take his measure, no doubt, and save

you the trouble of analyzing him and

instructing them. And as far as pos-sible dwell on the good side of human

beings. There are family boards where

goes forward; they are not pleasan

places. One who is not healthy does

not wish to dine at a dissecting table

There is evil enough, God knows. But

Lieutenant Chipp.

Among the personal characteristics a Lieutenant Charles W. Chipp, the officer in charge of the missing cutter which

charity.

reflection of her own face, and sighed softly.

"Ah, the sad, sad difference between righteen and thirty!" "I was pretty, too, when I was a girl,"

said Aunt Betsey to herself; "and I don't suppose I am positively ill-looking now the dimples are gone, and the roses and the smooth velvety curves of cheek and chin; and there are incipient crowsfeet around my eyes, and a wrinkle on my forehead, and when I go to parties I am left to sit among the old 1 dies by the wall.

But Miss Betsey Field did not speak ont these words; she only said:

"There'll be plenty of room, Jessie. shall go on to the parsonage at once, and help Mrs. Slide get ready for the evening. She needs some one to all those with her sickly daughter and all those little children.

"So kind and thoughtful of you, Annt Bess!" said Jessie with a kiss, "But you're always thoughtful. You're the darlingest little old mail that ever Was.

So Betsy Field set out to walk down the sunny, grass-carpeted lawn, while Jessie leisurely finished her toilet and pinned fresh roses into her belt.

1

Peter Peck, who lived upon a comfortable farm on the mountain, had shot a deer in the woods-like Nimrod of old he was a mighty hunter on the face of the earth-and prepared a quarter of venison, neatly wrapped in a linen cloth, for his share of the donation party; and old Mrs. Peck, his grandmother, had ished a jar of apple sauce out of the cellar, and dressed some tender spring chickens.

"I'm past going to church myself." said Granny Peck, "but I always was one to b'lieve in the dissemination of the gospel, so I don't grudge the chickens and the apple sass. Be sure you carry om careful, Peter, and-"

"Granny !" suddenly burst in the honest young giant, who was tying his era-vat before the class with laborious fingors, "how many years is it since grandfather courted you?"

"Good land o' Goshen!" said Granny Pock, "what is the boy talkin' about?"

"Because I wan't to know what he said," said Peter, reddening to the very roots of his bair. "I'm a-goin' courtin myself, Granny, and I hain't had no experience, and 1 don't know how to go to work.

"Well, I never!" said Granny Peck.

"Try to remember there's a good soul!" urged Peter, coaxingly. "It's so long ago," said Granny Peck, with a sympathetic moisture beginning to suffuse her bleared eyeballs. "Times

is changed now -"But human natur' is human natur" just the same," said Peter, "How was it, Granny?"

"He took me out a ridin'," said the old lady, assisting her memory with a

pinch of snuff. "That's it ezackly," said Peter. "I've harnessed up Red Robin, and washed off the burger wagen, and I calculate to ask her to ride home with me from the donanation party."

"And it was a dreadful moonshiny "Moo'ns at the full," exultingly mut-"Moo'ns at the full," exultingly mut-up stairs to the room which sunt and shipped from the plains last year.

not until they were safe out on the highroad, at Red Robin's best trot, did he credit his extraordinary good luck in thus securing a tete a tete with the belle

of the evening. "It's a nice, shiny evening," he said, sheepishly. "Very," answered a soft voice.

"I hope I don't crowd you?" he haz

arded. "Oh, not in the least?" responded his companion.

And then followed an appaling silence broken at last by the vehement accents of the young farmer.

"It ain't no use my skirmishin' round like this!" said he. "It's got to be said, and the sconer I say it the better, beis my soul the more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head and eternal spring is in my heart. Then 1 breathe, at this hour, the cause it's a chokin' of me all the while! I love you, Miss Field! J can't live no- fragrance of the lilacs, the violets and how, without you! There, it's all out the roses as at twenty years. now!

"Oh, Mr. Peek!" faltered Miss Field. "Do you s'pose," said honest Peter, with a dim remembrance of his grandmother's lesson, "you could be happy a Hawk's Farm?"

"Oh, Mr. Peck!"

Field.

"But say yes or no!" pleaded Peter. 'Will you be my wife, Miss Field?"

And the world which floated upon Peter's ears, through the veils and wraps in me. which he was now valorously hugging close up to him, was "Yes,"

"I never was so happy in all my life!" said Peter, rapturously.

"Nor I," whispered the voice behind the veil.

And then Peter took courage to kiss her, and then Red Robin shied at a tree stump, and then, all too soon, appeared Squire Field's square, red house behind

the apple trees. And Peter helped his is only a beginning. My monumentia fiance out as tenderly as if she were a hardly above its foundation. I would fiance out as tenderly as if she were a be glad to see it mounting and mounting bar of gold and he a miser. And up dashed Mr. Hiram Jellifer's varnished forever. The thirst for the infinite proves side-box road wagon, and turning around infinity. Peter Peck saw springing from it Jessie

Was it witcheraft? Nothing of the sort; for there, close to him, smiling and trade was at its zenith a sperm whaler

blushing in the moonlight, with her from that port, in the Pacific had the veil thrown aside, was Miss Betsey. And misfortune to lose the black cook. Now, it was Miss Betsey to whom he had prowhile this important functionary lay on posed, and Miss Betsey who had acthe plank, in the gangway, shrouded in cepted him.

his canvas cover, sewed up by the sail-Peter Peck gave a convulsive gasp for breath. What was he to do? Should he tell Miss Betsey that it was all a mistake -that he had taken her for her niece? or should he

But at that instant he caught a fleeting glimpse of Jessie's radiant face turned up to Jelli 'er's, and it was like a revelation

to him. "Hang it all!" groaned Peter to him-self; "that other fellow has been shead of me! And I don't care a copper cent -she's only a feather-headed little onquet, after all, and Miss Betsey is worth

two of her, and I ain't so very young myself, and there never was a Peck yet that didn't stick by a thing when once he'd said it.

So, taking Miss Betsey's arm tenderly under his own, he proceeded valiantly into the house to ask the 'aquire's con-

sent and blessing. As for Jessie, she lingered long under the trees in the moonlight, talking with poet of France, now past fourscore, lifted. Dorette glancing around at that knows nothing of the joyless faith of moment saw a look on the beloved face Ingersoll and Bradlaugh as they look she had never seen there before-a beyond death. His own words give but look of pain, but more of terrible resoluexpression to his sense of immortality. tion.

I feel in myself the future life. I am The scanty supper was eaten in like a forest which has been more than silence; the old man was absorbed, and once cut down. The new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am the child felt a new, au oppressive scene ofawe. rising, I know, toward the sky. The There is a knock at the door, and the sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the r flextion of unknown grocer's wife from below comes in bear-

ing a small tray. Her face glows with health and good humor, and she is inconsolable that her neighbor can taste You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers. Why then neither cakes nor ale.

"You are very kind, Frau Diefen-bach," said he; "they will serve another time. I am going to take Dorette out to-night, and would you help her a little to dress herself comfortably?"

"Right heartily, and she shall wear my Lina's warm cloak; it is a bad night to be out of doors, Herr Schmitt.'

But it is not far. They stop a moies of the worlds which invite me. It is ment at the corner where the great red marvellous yet simple. It is a fairy tale and vellow bottles glow so prettily, and and it is a history. For half a century I Schmitt asks for a phial of laudanum. It was for the toothache, he said, but with verse, history, philosophy, drama, roa thrill of shame in his honest heart.

A few steps farther on, and they enter a great building already besieged by people and carriages. The musicians are tuning their instruments-a chaos of sounds from which heavenly order shall soon be evolved.

Yes, he would hear it again-this orchestra that had been the pride of his youth and his age; once more, and then -even now a great wave of harmony rolls forth bearing the soul upward.

"Look, Dorette," he whispered during a pause, "thou seest the men sitting first at the leader's left? There sat thy grandfather for nearly thirty years. And the leader at his desk? My Carl would stand in that place to-night if God had spared him to his old father. And hearken well to the music, Dorette. The memory of this night is all I can leave thee. Therefore have I brought thee.'

The prima donna came forth. She sang her brilliant airs, and long raged

sympohny began. The violas and 'cellos in turn took up their melody and the beantiful andante moved on. "Art is eternal," it said; "serve, follow, trust her; she will not fail thee in the hour of

drops ran slowly down his cheeks. Only the student on the left, looking up a moment from his score noticed how

eyes wonderingly to his face, for a drop had fallen on her small bare had, smiled

pitifully and wept too. They came home through driving snow. The old man shivered in his thin show. The old man shivered in his thin garments, but Dorette truged blithely on in the warm cleak of her neighbor. A fire still gloved in the grate and the old cat purred a welcome. For some time they sat in silence garing at the red coals, Derette with a look haif of trouble half of rapinre.

the lady who sang so wonderfully? Some day, of course, thon wilt sing like her!" "Rather would I sit in thy old place,

But where was he? The sun shone he was wise when he wrote to a yoing brightly into the little upper chamber. friend: Aye, tell your story free, off-hand In her cot Dorette still slept the rosy When wi's basen crony: But still keep something to yoursel' You'l scarcely tell the 'ory.

sleep of the wearied child. In his chair, with violin against his breast, the old man slept the sleep of the weary soul. Do not needlessly report 11 of others. Thus Frau Diefenoach found them when There are times when we are compelled she came up that morning on friendly to say, "I do not think Bouncer a true thoughts intent.

Old Schmitt had got his last dismissal. Natural History.

"Professor, what is a Dodo?"

"There are several species of the Dodo, my son, and there used to by several more before the fool-killer cut the country up into districts."

a constant process of depreciating, as signing motive, and cutting up character "Please describe some of them to me?" "With pleasure. You have probably attended a Sunday school picnic given on the banks of a lake or river? Six fat women, two girls who wear eye-glasses, it is not the mission of every young man and woman to detail and report it all. and a very good boy who lisps make up a party to take a ride on the water. As Keep the atmosphere as pure as pos-sible, and fragrant with gentleness and they are ready to shove off, the Dodo appears and keeps them company

"What is he like, and what does he do?

"He is generally a soft-headed young

man under twenty-three years of age, and he stands up and rocks the boat to hear the fat women scream and to induce the girls to call him Gweorge. 'Does the boat upset?" "It does,"

"And is anybody drowned?"

"Everybody except the Dodo. He al ways reaches the shore in safety, and he is always so sorry it happened. He is sometimes so affected that it takes away his appetite for lunch.

"And is anything done with him?" "They sometimes rub his head with cheap brand of peppermint essence and turn him out to grass, but no one ever thinks of doing him harm.

"And the next species?" "The next species is a youth from sixteen to twenty. He labors under what the ancients termed the swellhead. He gets out the family shot-gun or revolver to show off. He points it at some boy or girl to see 'em shizer, and after he has testified before the coroner that he did not know it was loaded, the affair is looked upon as ended.

"Is this species on the increase?"

"Well, no. The friends of the victims have got to making such a fuss over these trifles that they didn't-know-it-wasloaded Dodo is not quite holding his the navy.

"What is the third species?"

own.

"The third species belongs to the female sex. Of o urse there are two sexes of the Dodo. She buys arsenic to kill rats, or corrosive-sublimate to discourage bed bugs, or Paris green to give cockroaches a hint to skip, and she leaves the package on the pantry shelf alongside of her baking-powder. She and were to adjourn in a cave to spend may keep 'em separate for two or three in drink the sum of \$60 bequesthed for days, but it isn't over a week before the the purpose. Three hundred mes, family begins to loose their appetite and healed by the mayor of the village, duy hire a cheap boy to go for a doctor and attended the obseques, which took place a stomach pump.

"And is she sorry?"

A STRANGE FUNEBAL. -An old man 75, who died a few days ago at Cabannes, near Tarascon, France, left a clause in his will to the effect that all friends at tending his funeral were to smoke pipes while following his remains to the grave, without any religious rites. Every follower had a lighted pipe in his mouth,

"Oh, yes. She didn't mean to, you know; never thought of killing the amily; always lived happy with her hus-sition was carried out.

was separated from the other two bosts of the Jeannette in the gale of Septem ber 13, was his close attention to book of science. He was a great reader, and when one of the watch officers on the United State sloop-of-war Junista, on the Polar search expedition in the Arctin regions in 1873, he spent most of his time in his room pouring over bis books. He borrowed the books of other officers and applied himself constantly to the pers-sal of them. He was also a great reader of the Bible, and so retentive was his memory that he could repeat chapter after chapter in almost any book. He also was ready to join any of the expeli-tions which daily left the Juniata hunt-ing for eider ducks, seals, bear or dear, or to gather species of flora, minerals, etc., on the coast of Greenland. He as readily engaged in any social entertainment of board of the vessel, or to the terpsiene rean entertainments on shore with the Esquimaux women. Lient Chipp was a single man, of fine physique, of about medium height, was of light complexion, and wore a full light brown beard. His disposition, his superior official qualif-cations and other excellent traits, made him a favorite among his companions in

say, like so many others, "I have finished my day's work;" but I cannot say, "I have finished my life." My day's work will begin again next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight to

the tempest of applause. "Thus Fate knocks at the door." The

maker ready for burial, and all the ship's company were mustered around the rude bier, save the lookout men aloft (for the thy extremity." The old man's head sank low; great

skipper had an eye to business) the cap tain engaged with all due gravity read

ing the burial service, the ship's bell solemnly tolling, and the air filled with "static's colden tongue Figuered to leave aged men and p.o." Then little Dorette raised her large the solemnity of the moment, a loft'sman suddenly discovered the spont of a

whale, and sang out lustily: "T h-or-e she_blows!" Before the lookout had time to repeat the ever welcome words, the now erci.ed skipper dropped his

book, seized his glass, and jumped into the rigging bound atoft at a fifteen-knot rate. Has glass soon proved the truth of the lookout's cry, and from his lofty perch the skipper bellowed out as only

I. Dorette, art thou thinking of

r can: Kn ex off the tolling of that bell" "Clear sway the boats!" "Heave that neger overboard!" "Have that nege hore him -Burlington Hawkeye A million pounds of buffslo mest were