NOT MISSED.

If you or I To-iay should die, would sing the same to-morrow; The vernal spring, Her flowers would bring, ould think of us with sorrow.

Yes, he is dead," Would then be said; ou'd flows, the grass yield hay, And cattle low, And summer go, would heed us pass away

How soon we pass ! How few, alas ! er those who turn to mold, Whose faces fade With autumn's shade h the solden churchyard cold!

Yes, it is so-We come and go ! tour birth, they mourn us dead; A day o. m The winter o'er, takes our place instead.

A DORRITORY SCENE.

It was in Kentucky. "The Camp of he Women," we christened it when we re ushered into the neat lodging-house or ladies on the camp-meet premises. wenty white single beds, with spring attresses and good hard pillows; four ails driven into the joist of each headoard, to hang up petticoats and bonets; clean pine floors, sweet pine walls, in pine rafters, above which the new roof spread protecting hands, with nger-tips touching on the ridge-pole, ng the upper tree-boughs. There a mother woman in charge. Manand had been banished to outer darkss, and we abandoned ourselves to hat delightful "we-can-do-as-we-please' seling, which the presence of the sculine element invariable destroys. "Oceans of space," chirruped the trim ittle woman next door. She put her watch in one shoe, and her switch and set in the other, and placed them both, the little soldiers on guard, under the bed rail; her long, bright hose fluttered from the post, her bustle was coiled aids to instruction; rural school archirimly under the bed; her skirts, that tecture, with illustrations; English rattled like chimes of faint bells when rural schools, with illustrations; a report the lifted them over her head, were hung, with their dainty ruffies and rick-nek, on the pallid wall. "Oceans of ace! Isn't it jolly to crowd into close quarters, and get along with six feet inad of twenty?"

"Yes, ma'am. It reminds me of the Centennial," says a shrill voice from the further corner. "We had to roll up our clothes in bundles and lay them on the floor, and but one could move about and dress at a time."

The time is ten o'clock; we are ready for the lights to be turned out, when up the stairs, all talking at once, as only women, Southern women, know how to do, without discord, comes a bevy of girls from a neighbor's cottage-six, eight, ten, eleven, we count, as their heads appear above the floor, from the unboxed stairway.

All cousins, Kentucky cousins, met by appointment on the old camp-ground. Eleven girl consins! And how they did rattle on!

"Cousin Hallie, Cousin Tom mightily provoked.' "Pooh! Cousin Bettie, I reckon it's

Sallie you mean. Cousin Sallie is per-fectly devoted to Cousin Tom, so Cousin Billy savs.

"Why, Cousin Hallie, you don't know what you're talking about-me! Why, Cousin Tom is paying his addresses to Consin Henri Woolfolk; didn't you know that? Yes'm." "Cousin Mettie and Cousin John are coming to-morrow from Lexington; they stayed for the frolic at Crab Orchard Springs. They say Consin Mettie was the prettiest girl on the floor. I reckon she was." I don't doubt it, as these sample cousins disrobe. Luxuriant hair, silken and soft, about their shoulders; exquisite arms, tapering, slender, white, and shining as ivory, gleaming above their heads, as they brush their loosened locks; white foreheads, all alike, all with dark eyes; such pretty embroidered clothing-ruffles and lace land snowy puffs, which Watterson asserts or laments "that only the angels see." Such harmless, innocent girls, all bound by interlacings of family ties, all with marked family resemblance. After all the hair is plaited, and all the shining arms are hidden under muslin sleeves, they take their stockingsthis queer band of girls-and going close to the lamp, examine them for holes as if they were to read their fortunes on the dainty hose. Every left hand is thrust in the foot of a long-legged stocking. Some of the cousins discover wee holes in the toes, and they stand darning, with their heads bent toward the lamp. while the other cousins press oround. "Nonsense, darning stockings after eleven o'clock; some women in this dormitory want to get asleep before eleven o'clock," growls an elderly lady. I dozo from sheer fatigue, although the lights are bright, and the talking unabated. From time to time I rouse enough to see that the cousins are grouped three and five in a bed, sitting upright, with their arms about each other, and their heads together. Their talk has grown lower, but anon spouts up the little giggles and exclamations Then they flit up and down the long room, back and forth, mysterious and mischievons. Their moving forms and the white clothing hung up on the walls, and the rafters towering above, to heaven, upon which the angels ascend and descend. When I am roused-by silence, I suppose-I find each head reverently in prayer, in the sweet, childish fashion of the past, and the old lady who resented their darning in sitting upright, her arms clasped grimly about her knees, her nightcap in a frenzied peak, her spectacles awry, muttering, "I wonder what them gals will do next! Twelve o'clock, and they've been a chatterin' atraight along. I reckon they'll pop up from their knees and begin a war-dance; they've done everything else." But at last everything is still. The lantern is turned low. Mrs. Brannin, the janitress, is tip-toeing about, when a scream brings friend and foe to their elbows.

knees, and wagging her ghostly nightcap declares plaintively that she is "a stranger in these parts," and then an-nounces her intention of arising and preparing to be burned at the stake.

Toward morning it is quiet in "the camp of the women." The stars slip along and peep through a knot-hole near the roof. An owl hoots in his wide eyed dreams, and the railroad trains rumble and grumble along the track a mile away. Then the stars tremble like dewdrops amid the pink cloud-blossoms of the dawn. A mocking-bird takes up the song the whip-poor-will has dropped. A fresh breeze springs up to meet the sun, and the chatter of the cousins recommences. They all tell their dreams, and have a sign for every dream.

When I return from morning prayers in the chapel, they are yet pluming themselves before the looking-glasses. They sit in the breezy upper room when they are ready for church, waiting for Cousin Mettie and Cousin John from the dissipations of Crab Orchard .- [Cincinnati Commercial.

Abstract of the Report of the Commis-sloner of Education for 1880.

The eleventh annual report of the Commissioner of Education, covering the year 1880, has been issued.

The Commissioner states that the present year has been marked by a great increase in the amount and value of the information received at the office with reference to the conduct of education in our own and in foreign countries, and by a corresponding increase in the publie demand for the distribution of information. The means allowed the office for carrying on the interchange of intelgence are entirely inadequate, whether regard be had to specific inquiries or to information which should be published in the general interest of this department of public affairs.

Seven circulars of information and six bulletins have been published during the year, comprising among others the following subjects: College libraries as on the teaching of chemistry and physics in the United States; vacation colonies for sickly school children; the Indian school at Carlisle Barracks; industria education in Europe; medical colleges in the United States.

The number of American correspon dents of the office, including officers of the State and local systems and institutions of learning, is 8231, or more than four times the numbers at the beginning of the present decade. To the material derived from these sources must be added the foreign matter, reports and periodicals, all of which must be examined and summarized for the report. The total school population in the States for 1880 is 15,351,875; number enrolled in public schools, 9,680,403; average daily attendance, 5,744,188, four States not reporting. The school population of the territories is 184,405, Idaho and Wyoming not reporting; enrolment in public schools, 101,118; average daily attendance, 61,154, two territories not reporting. The percentages of enrol-ment and average daily attendance are highest in Massachusetts and lowest in

Louisiana. There are sixteen different school age in the States and territories, 17 being the longest period and 6 years the shortest.

A SKETCH.

Even if Tom Bayne did only get a salary of one hundred dollars a mouth, that fact alone did not hinder him from mingling in the best society of the town; for he was not a base mechanic or retailer's clerk, nor yet a street car driver. No! he was not by any means engrossed in any of the callings I have recited; on the contrary he stood proudly at his desk in the bank-like office of one of the huge distilleries (which emit fire and smoke heavenward all day and night, and heart-burning lava and ashes to thousands of willing and helplesss vietims) which lined the murky river banks —realizing fully that he, Tom Bayne, did indeed rank high in the first row of the office hands.

"Position is everything!" cries a wellestablished adage, consequently T. B. took his place in society and kept it because he had a position-a position in the fulfilling of whose duties he did not and then he began. Why at this juncture soil his hands, though the money he

handled might be blood money. Of course he belonged to the "Gentleman's Club," and bore up his end in the manifold expenses of that very expensive concern; he attended the same church as his employers, and contributed freely and ostentatiously, fifty cents each Sunday. And in spite of all this, longtongued people would insinuate that perhaps the balance of his bank account at the end of the year was like the number of days remaining in the year-in-

finitesimal surely. But when with Don Alonzo, John Hightone and Joe Abram the flowing bowl was quaffed, or the "champagne, you know," his tongue dealt in flowery eloquence, and he was unanimously crowned laureate, because of his attractive, polished manners and the abundance of spicy stories always at command.

But this divergence has been made as a text to be, and as a base for the story of Tom's trouble and what came about through an evening party.

On this particular morning, at about 9 o'clock, the sun broke through the veiling clouds, and a ray of his welcome light cutting its way down through the smoky atmosphere disclosed to Fom's eager eyes an envelope bearing the enlarge?

"Were you invited?" "Get a bid?" These were the only remarks or replies of Mr. Tom for the customary saluta-tions of his fellows. Then on Thursday in a high priced carriage, to the scene of the collateral.) And as carriage followed carriage to the hospitable door and the 'expected" did not come, Tom, whose harrowing doubt, which this very night he had resolved to fathom, grew more plain tweed suit, by several opportune remarks added to his discomposure.

"The demned fellow!" quoth our hero. Thinks himself my equal, I do believe, and in that miserable suit!"

All of which reflections were lost on Fred, and by T. B.'s particular intention, for he assuredly respected the robust interests, interlinked with the duties of

physique of this hated critic. The utterances of a fellow who is in stocked and well-used library, and the love may be overlooked, especially when landsome etchings, paintings and arfor these inflamed sayings concerning Mr. Grayner who, all the town knew, was a rival for Miss Bartholomew's hand.

quently that delightful sense of freedom Said a western inty of high standing:

"We are hospitable and very free with strangers; but we can tell quickly and easily when we are being imposed upon.' And the answer made to the assertion that they were a oupt to misconstrue the approaches of strangers afterwards, to repudiate their familiarity, and thus do occasionally irretrivable harm:

Owing to this freedom and to the di-vision of the guests in their respective cliques, Fred Grayner was able to isolate Miss Agnes quite soon after her coming, only to get the poor satisfaction that he must escort her home, her carriage to be sent on ahead. Eut Fred had noticed and so had T. B., with failing heart, that she had detached the rose Bayne gave, and wore his humble spray of mignonette.

On fluishing a waltz and promenading gayly over to an alcove, T. B.'s spirits rose, cheered with the exciting dance, should these notes that had been given him drop from his pocket, unfolded and open to the keen glance of Miss Agnes? This we cannot divine, and ascribe it like all mysterious willings of the Un known, to fate-cruel fate. One glance sufficed her. "W. W. Fashion & Co., clothes; one hundred and twenty-five dollars." "Mrs. Murphy, three months" washing--eighteen dollars.

Mr. Bayne's protestations as to his entire independence of the mercenary world amply atoned for her breach of etiquette, and she determined to give him a lasting lesson then and there. A woman quickly decides with an imposter.

"What are those, Mr. Bayne?"

"Ah! letters from friends-invitations, suppose. "Invitations, yes! To what?"

The dire truth was revealed to T. B. his game was over; he saw ruin in her stern yet amused face; he was beaten; the floodgates of shame opened, and hastily excusing himself he gained the open air, and vented his excited feelings under the cold and unsympathetic light of the stars.

Father Time has been busy for nearly two decades now since Fred Rayner and his amorata took their gay homeward walk under the sympathetic starlight, familiar monogram of a society belle and his razor-aged scythe has during lying before him on the dusty desk. It these cycles reaped more than one of the requested his company, etc., but why sheaves which formed part of the back-ground of the "sketch" of the party. It is at least ten years since an entry opposite Tom Bayne's name in the Club book read: "Unable to pay dues." And at least five since he was summarily disevening he made his glad way alone and charged from the office of the great distillery. Then, after that "Black Friday" action-to the evening party. He was of his, he subsisted through the medium attired in full dress, regardless of cost of odd and miscellaneous jobs; forming (although his tailor threatened to seize all the while, however, the main the collateral.) And as carriage followed figure of the group that every evening occupied the spacious arm chairs under the oak trees of a well-known sampleposom had long been agitated with a room. Finally his familiar face, with his scarlet nose, and the rag-clad form, were missed altogether. On our voyage and more dispirited. And the cool, sar-castic Fred Grayner, sitting easily in a tilted-back chair, and himself clad in a of a grassy mound, and comparing with the guide book, we found that the name

was that of Thomas Bayne. Fred. Grayner did not marry Miss Bartholomew after all, and is comfortably settled with a cheerful, warm-hearted little wife. He possesses large business a prominent public office. His well-

A SUSPENDED SLOPEMENT.

I had loved Bella for more than a sex will, I am sure, be impressed by my constancy.

Bella had money. Not that this had, of course, anything to do with my extraordinary devotion, but it served for a time to be the barrier to our happiness, I first met and fell a victim to Bella's charms when her mother was alive. Her father had then been dead several a knack of getting on with old ladies. This is a very useful gift when they are well off, and are the mothers of lovely daughters. I advise all young men to cultivate it. The main point is always o be more attentive to the mother than the daughter. It is well to throw in ocof the age and allude to the superior constitutions and characters of the preceding generation.

All was working smoothly for Bella and me, when fate, in the shape of a prosecuted the driver, and an intelligent ury, largely influenced by the wealth of the car company, decided that pedestrians have no rights which car-drivers are bound to respect.

Bella, in the event of her mother's death, was, until her twenty first year, to be placed under the guardianship of an uncle, who was a farmer in Vermont. This same uncle was an amiable speci-men of the typical Vermonter. He could me. I am happy to say they were unfreeze to the chance of making a dollar harder than a lobster's claw to a small how's investigating finger. He had two Bella never tried to elope again. She great hulking sons, and determined that Bella should marry one or the other. Indeed, he believed he was acting most kindly in giving her a choice, instead of insisting on her taking the first-born. When old Green found out that I had come into the neighborhood and was hanging around the premises, he sternly warned me off, and even hinted at the fierceness and number of dogs which his travels. populated his yard at night. I took his I don't kn

thing I would have taken it for. The

Bella was 'rtually a prisoner. old farm house was three stories higha very unusual thing in that part of the country-and she was locked in at night in her room on the top floor. With great difficulty I managed to get one or two letters to her; but so closely was she watched and guarded during the day that speech with her was impossible. was in despair. There was yet a year to run before she could claim release from this guardianship. Was there no means of escape possible?

While I was pondering over this question in the little hotel where I had now been staying some weeks, I heard a my mind. I joined the party, and in do-

house and letting itself down again. They're so light and easy, that when folks don't want escapes I often sells them as baby-jumpers. Jest try one, it's should be has never been definitely setfour to you, as an advertisement, seein' You can make them of anything that

and can't get out. Oh, what's to be done?

"I'll try to climb up and see." year. When I say that I was over twenty-five, my readers of the storner sex will, I am sure, be impressed by my earth.

I tried to climb, but the rope was not half an inch thick, and I slipped back. Then came the tragic sequel. There was a rush of something behind me, and a bulldog seized me in that part which had been nearest to him as he ap-proached. I have heard of soldiers riddled with bullets, or almost cut and years. The old lady took to me. I have thrust to pieces by swords and bayonets, who have still advanced upon the enemy. I don't believe they could have done it with a bulldog hanging on rearward. any one of my male readers doubts this aspersion of man's courage, let him get an angry bulldog and try.

Other dogs began to give tongue. casional remarks about the degeneracy Bella screamed. Lights were seen moving in the house. "Go!" she cried; "they will kill you

if they find you."

"But I can not leave you, Bella." I must own this was not true. I was drunken car-driver, crushed the mother under its juggernautian wheels. We dog's throat, and I felt I must run away.

"Go; save yourself."

By a convuisive effort I shook off the dog, a considerable portion of my trousers and a couple of good mouthfuls It turned out that, by her father's will, of my anatomy, and bounded over a fence and up a tree. From there I watched the triumphant Vermonters haul Bella into a second story window. Then they came out, and with much crying and swearing began to look for successful. About two hours afterward

remained proof against all the arguments of her uncle and the charms of his Green Mountain boys, and when she became legally her own mistress she became mine legally too.

Never saw that fire-escape man again. Perhaps it was better for him I didn't. He never called for his machine. Possibly he heard something of the story in

I don't know that there is any moral word for the dogs--it was about the only to this tale, except never to use a rope fire-escape for an elopement. There must have been something prophetic in the instinct of the author of the old song, when he wrote:

When a lady clopes Down a ladoer of ropes. She may go to Hongkong for me."

A Small Boy on P.e.

A pie, as a part of speech, is a pronoun, as it stands in the place of a noun, not very objective, most always neuter, unless too old, and agrees with any person who is not sick.

They are generally roand one way and very flat the other. When they are cut strange voice addressed to the proprie-tor in loud tones, and I distinctly caught they are eaten, and then we don't know the words "portable fire escape." In- what shape they have. They are about stantly an inspiration flashed through the only three-cornered articles of food we have-except beech nuts.

A three-cornered piece of pie is about A three-cornered piece of pie is about as convenient a thing to eat as one ever vorld. A two-year-old baby couldn't hurt itself. No, sir, it 'ud like to have one for a plaything, and 'ud amuse itself all day hauling itself to the top of the and like in the top of the and like in the top of the and have a so the top of the so bits it off, for the mouth naturally widen as the wedge goes in. The comwidens as the wedge goes in. The composition of pies is dough and something else-what that something else is or

"Oh, Mrs. Brannin! do you think there are any snakes in here?" "Snakes, miss? Shure and there couldn't be,"

Then the whole eleven appeal to Mrs. Brannin to tell them that there are no rats around; they are "so afraid of rats."

My distracted neignbor puts on her editor, and Longman's magain, spece again, sits up in bed, hugs her latter will be sold for sixpence.

State is four years. In ten States and one territory, the school age is 6-21, and in seven States and three territories 5 25. The number of teachers employed in the public schools of the States in 1880 was 280,034; the same for the territories, 2,610. The average salaries paid to men ranged from \$2.524 a month in South

Carolina to \$101.47 in Nevada, and the same from \$17.44 in Vermont to \$77 in Nevada.

Hats in Churches.

Jewish congregations worship with their heads covered; so do the Qaukers, although St. Paul's injunctions on the matter are clearly condemnatory of the practice. The Puritans of the Commonwealth would seem to have kept their hats on whether preaching or being preached to, since Pepy's notes hear-ing a simple elergyman exclaiming against men wearing their hats in the church and a year after (1662) writes: "To the French Church in the Savoy, and there they have the Common Prayer Book, read in French, and which I never saw before, the minister do preach with his hat off, I suppose in conformity with our Church." William III. rather scandalized his church-going subjects by following Dutch custom, and keeping his head covered in church, and when it did please him to doff his ponderous hat during the sevice he mvariably donned it when the preacher mounted the pulpit stairs. When Bossuct, at the age of 14, treated the gay sinners of the Hotel de Rambouillet to a midnight sermon, Voltaire sat it out with his hat on, but uncovering when the boy preacher had finished, bowed before him, saying: "Sir, I never heard a man preach at once so early and so late."- All the Year Bound.

Ratticspake Pets.

There is only one thing about Professor Bell, Florida agent of the Smithsonian Institution, which his neighbors do not like, and that is the pleasure which he takes in the companionship of venomous snakes. A countryman called upon the professor, the other day, and as he entered the room a huge rattlesnake dropped off a sofa pillow which had been placed upon a chair for his accommodation, glided into a corner, coiled, and waving his head back and forth, shook his rattles viciously at the intruder. "Great jeeswax!" exclaimed the intruder. "Come in," said the professor, cordially, handing his caller the chair just vacated by the snake; "don't mind him; he's not used to strangers, that's all." The snake obeyed an order to "hush that fuss," but still kept vigilant watch over the visitor, who, under the circumstances, did not care to make a long stay. Doubtless the reptile's fangs had been drawn, but that did not transform him into an agreeable object

for contemplation. To the long list of English magazines two more are to be added, Macmillan's English Critic, with John Morley, as editor, and Longman's Magazine.

The reflections of the rivals glaring at each other under under the bright gaslight:

Fred .- "Won't Agnes give him blazes this evening if he comes near her again with his sickening pleading for marriage and blatant tales of his own ac quirements? If she doesn't, I'll take the job out of her hands and rid her presence of the shallow-brained cub What a miserable air of utterly-utter!' "If that young jackanapes in the tweed suit dares to approach Miss Agnes," thought T. T., "won't she start him, though? The idea of him daring to dance with her-she clad in white satin,

he in that fall business suit!" A rustle of rich, heavy satin on the staircase, and through the half open door our gentlemen witness the entrance of 'the expected;" and with a little further description of Mr. Grayner, we leave the amiable and well-wishing pair, and make the acquaintance of a few of the assembled-just to fill in the corners of our drawing.

He wasn't notoriously well-to-do, but he came from a respectable family, and being a hard and willing worker, had rapidly risen in the estimation of his employers and acquaintances. He was only a warehouse hand in a wholesale crockery house, and unostentatious in all things. Being such, he had gained Miss Bartholomew's esteem, and the reciprocated feeling had become so intense that this evening was to be a red-letter evening of his young life, an assault on she had undergone, the innocent girl was cupid's battery (a forlorn and hopeless combat sometimes) having been resolved.

Now Agnes, if he only knew it, really loved him and despised the blatant Tom; not knowing this he felt the usual anxiety, and, poor fellow! was trembling in his boots

I said that Tom made his "glad way" to the party, which was perfectly true. Now, if I added that at the door of the entertainer's house, a shabbily dressed girl had handed him a note, and earlier a gentlemanly dressed person had handed him another, both concerning him deeply, I might have been thought to be again diverging. These notes disturbed but did not trouble the almost imperturable Tom. What does it matter to him if he owes his washerwoman for three months' work, and tailor for a year's

clothes? Why, nothing at all. There is a sense of such a delightful freedom in the society of these western towns! In the east there is as near one grade as possible present, and no people who are particularly better or particularly worse, are invited, judicious consideration and tact governing the whole matter. In the west every one is invited, and the most of them manage to come; the grading being done not by those The who give the party, but by the instinctive feelings of the invited. Conse- Scriptures."

that love is at the fever heat, and we ticles of vertu which his house contains, overlook and are charitable with T. B. betoken the full enjoyment of the higher pleasures of this transitory human life of ours. He has attained the respect of all, and retained what is still greaterhis self-respect. When he folds his loving wife in his arms he realizes that in giving up the match with Agnes Bartholomew-marrying a woman not money

bags-uniting with one who loved him and would continue to do so whether he reached a pinacle of fame or no, he did the wisest of all possible things. He has reached that pinacle, and thinks that had he married Miss Agnes and not acquired fame, th re would have been an everlasting pienic in that household.

My sketch is now done, but the colors not having all dried in, a few touches here and there seem to be in order. In writing it I did not propose the rendi tion of a homily on temporance-though I incline that way-but rather have shown a strain to show the effect of early companionship in the formation of character. Many others have done so before me, and maybe will again, but the fact remains and always shall, that the more care a young man exercises in choosing his companions and occupation, the surer he is of ultimately getting a high place on a stout rung of the celebrated ladder which we all climb more or less.

Annie Surratt.

Annie Surratt, the poor girl who suffered so terribly as to make her old while yet young in years, lives near her brother John. She is the wife of Professor Tonry, who is now the leading chemist of Baltimore. After her mother had been hanged, and her own mental faculties were shattered by the agonies ostracized and persecuted to an extent that is a disgrace to our so-called Christian civilization. Years after, when Mr. Tonry - then a government clerk-dared to marry her, he was dismissed from office for the offense. For a time they were very poor, but, being turned out of the government grind proved to be the making of him after all. They are now prosperous enough, in worldly point of view, but the once blithe and beautiful Annie is a wreck, both mentally and physically, with hair as white as driven snow, though but little more than thirty

years of age. She never recovered from the shock of that awful day, the last of her mother's life, and is subject to fits of extreme nervousness, bordering upon delirium .- | Baltimore Letter to the Cincinnati Commercial.

Colley Cibber's views on the Civil Service were: "Until the number of good places is equal to the number of those who think themselves qualified for them, there must be a cause of contention among us."

A real estate dealer advertises in a Dakota newspaper: "I can be found either in the Gold Mine playing 'freezeout,' at Mitchell's Exchange betting on the age of 'old hosses' with Brown, or at my residence on Oak street perusing the

you keeps a hotel, and you'd ought to grows in the garden except thistles and have one for the protection of your guests."

"Guess not. My place is only two stories high; and if we have a fire, they can jump out or burn up just as they durn please." And the careful hotelkeeper strolled off.

"What have you there, my friend?" I asked of the stranger.

Simplest "A portable fire-escape. thing in the world. But I was a fool to come to this section anyhow. There isn't a house high enough for a man to hurt himself much if he fell off the roof, and a Vermonter 'ud sooner take chances on his life than spend a dime, any day."

"I'll tell you how you can sell one escape for twenty dollars, and no trouble either.

"You will? I'm your oyster."

I unfolded my plot and found a sym-pathetic listener. He was to go up to Bella's uncle's house and try to sell an escape. Of course, we know that would be perfectly hopeless. So, after being rebuffed, he was to insist on leaving one on trial for a week or two, till he came at four cents a triangle, cash on delivery. around again. He was also to try to smuggle a letter to Bella, explaining that she was at night to get possession of the escape, attach it to her bedstead and slide down in my waiting arms, which would be waiting as near as the dogs would let them. On the night she was ready, she was to signal in a certain way with a candle at the window.

The peddlar started off, and soon returned, having been successful in getting the letter to Bella, and having given an exhibition of how lo use the escape. For several nights I watched in vain for the signal, but it came at last. I did not nearly under the window. It was opened.

'Are you there, Bella?' I whispered. "Yes."

"You're not afraid, dear?"

"Not very. I've tied one end around the bedstead, and don't think I can slip out of the loops. Have you got a buggy waiting?"

"Yes, dear; at the first turn of the road.

"Very well. I am going to try now Oh!"

She had launched herself off from one side, and was descending beautifully.

"Don't come too fast, dear. Use the check rope if you feel you are coming too quickly.

She had got as far as the second floor. when there was an unaccountable stop-

page 'What's the matter?" I cried. "It won't work."

"Shake the rope."

- "I have.
- "Loosen the check." "It is quite loose."
- "Try to pull up a bit."
 - "I can't; I'm stuck fast."

"Let me shake the rope." "Try. Oh! oh! It's no use; it won't

burdocks. A boy told me that his aunty made a thistle pie, but the boy said a lie one day before, and I cannot trust him since. I have seen pumpkin pies made out of

apples that I liked very much. I remember one that I saw once. It was not a very large pie, but it was got up in great style. It was made on a white plate with a blue edge. The under crust was made of dough, and was very thin; the inwards were just lovely. They were made of what they call mincemeat and a little sugar sprinkled over it. The top or upper crust was made of dough rope yarn, laid across like the slats of a bed. Oh, it looked lovely ! Around the edge was a hoop of dough, laid partly on the edge of the plate, and about an inch over the iregmontary meat. It was orna-mented around the onter part of the hoop with an impression made by pressing it all around with a set of false teath before it was baked. It was a great ap-petizer, you better believe ! They sacrificed it at a tea shrine, and it sold readily There are a great many people who like pies but seldom eat them, 'tis because they can't get them. I don't think the common apple pie is very hard to make, for I made one once out of cranberries, and all who tasted it said it was very nice. I tasted the most of it myself. I know one boy who was very fond of pies, in fact, rather than do without

them he would hook them from his mother-in-law, if he had one, but he hadn't. Anyway, he was fond of them; he was very apt to take a bite out of one if it was in his way. One day there was a pie made on purpose for him, and put hear the dogs about, and I gently crept in his way, and he put it out of his own way and everybody else's. I never liked cayenne pepper since; it's too warm.

> TEN THOUSANDACRES OF OYSTERS .- The joy caused in gastrononic and epicurean circles by Olsen's paper on "The North Sea Fisheries" and the great oyster discoveries there will be shared by the whole oyster eating world. Two hundred miles of oyster-beds, thirty to seventy miles wide, that is to say ten thousand acres of splendid oysters within easy distance of the British coast, is a discovery to which all those of Stanley and Livingstone sink into insignificance One curious feature about it is that the oysters lie in a depth of twenty-one fathoms, thus disposing summarily of the prevalent idea that oysters can only be successfully raised in shallow water. The man who invents a new dish, according to the Mohammedans, deserves well of mankind; but what is the reward of a man who discovers 10,000 acres of oysters? And yet all this is tinged with the melancholy doubt whether oysters will be cheaper in consequence.- [Pall Mall Gazette.

She laid her head on the easy chair against his head and murmured: "How I move." "Can't you slip out of the loop and slide down the rope? I'll catch you." "No, I can not; I am sitting in them, "No, because it is so nice and soft."