A BREAK FOR LIBERTY.

on the night of February 8, 4. Colonel Rose completed the tunnel Libby Prison, through which 61 ion soldiers escaped to the Federal es, Capt. Frank E. Moran, of the enty-third New York regiment, then re pressing for precedence at the narmonth of the tunnel, the cry of uards" was raised. A stampede fol-red. Notwithstanding the panic no ards appeared, and Capt. Moran hast-ed bask towards the opening. What al him is related in an extremely entaining article in the Philadelphia "I squeezed myself feet first nes: "I squeezed mysen neet his ough the narrow aperture in the fire-ough the narrow aperture in the fire-ace and found that the opening led in descending slant from the back of the descending slant from the back of the place, through the chimney and into east cellar, which was divided from cellar containing the cells by a wall. the cells were directly under the alternately used for the confine-of hostages, "troublesome prisand Union spics under death senor twelve feet square. A small an of light stole into them of the day a narrow grated window half then in the sidewalf above. They eguarded by special sentinels, were with enormous rats, and the air in m was sickening. From these dreadcages many a brave fellow went forth death. A thick wall divided this om the east cellar under the hospital em, and it was in the east wall of this far that the tunnel proper began.

Finding the short fragment of a blantrope hanging from the top of the ening, I let my feet down, hoping to sh bottom, but found none, and as ossible to hang long, I balanced myfor a fall, whither and to what depth Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon:" new not, for it was a rayless pit of kness. With a sort of faith in . forat I shut my eyes and teeth and in the me of liberty let go. Thanks to my oughtful comrades, I fell into a huge s of straw, and after rolling over two three times, I found myself in the skness among hundreds of squealing s, and before I could recover my ilibrium a score of the repulsive entures ran over me. Complying with instructions, I placed my back to the ll near where I dropped and waded ee deep toward the opposite wall, rough the straw that covered the cellar. he place seemed to be perfectly alive th rats that fought, squealed and tore h other and thumped against my kle at every step.

At last I reached the wall and ran my and along the cold, damp surface in and ran back into the swamp, expecting is manner I groped along until I ached the southeast corner, and be-ving that I must have passed the hole aling the wall with increased anxiety d caution. I stopped a dozen times listen for some friendly token from y comrades who had long since pre-ded me, but no sound could be heard t the horrible chorus of the rats. The ught of failure began to harass me, did the thought that I should be d to pass the night in the loathsome ce. Great beads of perspiration came on my forehead when I thought of ing found by the guards in the morn-a, if indeed the colony of rats did not

the eastern wall of the prison, and looking through the dilapidated fence, saw the sentinels pacing their posts, and by the light of the street lamps could easily distinguish their features. Au arche way of sufficient width for the passage of wagons led to the street on the southt hat ran next to and parallel with the canal. renty-third with the canal. risoner there, got an inkling of what going on and hurried to join the going on and hurried to join the and Morgan in a whisper introduced Lieut. William Watson of his own company of the Twenty first Wisconsin regiment. We held a hurried conference and decided to go down the street in an easterly direction, agreeing to meet at the second corner for further consultation. We each removed our shoes that we might move notselessly, and also that we might run the swifter if challenged by the sentinels.

Watson went off first and was followed in about two minutes by Morgan. As they moved away I closely watched the two nearest guards who at one time halted on their posts and gazed together at the retreating forms of my two friends. I resolved, should they show a sign of firing, to shout an alarm to my comrades and dash down the street after them. But the guards appeared to have no suspicion that They were floorless closets about were Yankees, and without any audible comment regarding them, resumed the pacing of their posts. Feeling this to be my opportunity I stepped from the arched way and leisurely followed in the wake of my friends. It would be difficult to convey to one who has not shared in a like experience a clear idea of the peculiar sensation I felt when, after an imprisonment of over six months, 1 first found myself in the open fresh air, and drank in the first fragrant breath of my

liberty; and yet I felt a pang of regert as I turned irresistibly to look at the grim walls of Libby, where I was leaving, perhaps forever, many of the gallant fellows, the most valued friends of my life. bruised hand and shoulder made it There came at the moment to my mind the touching words of Bonnivurd,

"Yet strange to tell In quiet we had learned to dwell— My very chains and I grew filends, so much a long communiton ten is To make us what we are: Kven I Regained my freedom with a sign."

I followed the trail of the Confederates to the border of the open field which afforded a clear view for not less than half a mile toward the north. A small farm house stood in sight at a distance which I estimated at a thousand yards, but not a man was in sight or hearing. The sudden disappearance of the party whom I knew could not have reached the house in so brief a time, was significant, and I instantly concluded that they were at that very minute deploying about the border of the swamp so as to encompass and close in on us. I turned quickly

arch of the opening to the tunnel. In as I retreated to hear the whiz of a bullet from a concealed Confederate. I had him with: taken less than a dozen steps when a long, clear whistle was heard to my made my way back in the same way, | right and instantly answered by another on the opposite side of the swamp. My two friends, mistaking these for my signals, bounded through the woods like startled deer, running toward the south side

I stopped an instant and heard a dozen answering whistles followed by the loud, clear command of the Confederated to "close in!" I could hear the crash and parting of the brush as our pursuers pushed their way into the tangled jungle. The thought of going back a captive to asked: Libby was like a knell of death, and I fully resolved to take any chances short

of the swamp, and therefore determined

upon that as the point to run the gaunt-

let. I tore through the low bog and lost

my left shoe in the treacherous mire, and

to increase my speed I took off the other

and threw it away. I struck a cow-path

running eastward, and, hatless and shoe-

"whoop" like a Comanche Indian.

demanded me to halt, while the fallen

man, recovering his gau and his wits,

came savagely toward me, gun in hand,

fate than I, but they were soon in sight,

attended by the guard, and exchanged

condolences. The Confederate hunted

up my shoes for me and treated us with

considerable kindness, being soldiers and

not prison guards, they fed us liberally

from their haversacks. They admitted

that our discovery in the swamp was an

accident and a great surprise to them,

and added that we were outside of their

Single Women.

A clever old maid once said that it was

were not married than not be able to

to write "Mrs." before their names.

by hook or by crook, but get him some-

how they must. Consequently they take

the first man who offers himself, whether

affairs, and enter some trade or profes-

posts.

TRAVEL

have no need of a stately ship, No fear of a rolling sea: tirosen books I take my With the goodliest conjuny, And whether I read of Southern skies Or the wealth of an Eastern port, I may see the world through an author's eyes May dwell in a camp or court,

Through wonderful sketchhooks that belong

To an artist friend of mine, visit the place of legend and song So famous along he liking: breathe the spirit of old remance

As I still the northern main; I tread the vine clad vales of France And look for my eastles in Spain.

The song of venetian gondoliers, As they guide their moonlit boats, I seem to hear, or the mountaineer's Tryolean echo notes.

I may see the heather's purple plumes Among the banks and blacs, Or wander where the primose blooms Along the English ways.

I seek the land of the Midnight San Or trace the source of the Nile, find the cedars of Lebanon Or study Crete awhile Whenver I tire of time and tide, No matter how far I may roam, I have only to lay my boos aside To find myself at home.

The world is wide and the world is fair. And heroes good to see. But a hearth and home, and friends to shan Are all the world to me. And to sigh in vain for foreign sight There surely is no need.

As long as people live to write, I may live to read.

And More Left.

A dozen years ago a farmer came into Detroit with a load of potatoes and sold them to the grocer. A dispute arose as to the quantity. The farmer felt himhimself cheated out of two bushels and he left the grocer with a black eye. The grocer was a man who meaut to keep even with all men. He therefore took than in the bustling city.' his affi lavit to whip that agricultural toiler within an inch of his life, and the longer he waited the madder he got. At the end of a month, seeing no prospect of catching the farmer in town, the of catching the farmer in town, the grocer procured a horse and buggy and drove out to the farm to have it out. grocer procured a horse and buggy and encountered a man on the highway and inquired:

"Can you tell me where old Stiver lives?" "Yes; going to buy cattle of him?"

"No sir! I'm going to pound him out of his boots!"

"I guess not! I'm old Stiver's son and you've got to whip me first."

The grocer jumped out and a battle resulted. He polished the son off, but it was a tight squeeze. He had not gone half a mile when a man who was husking corn near the fence hailed

"Did you have a fight down there?" "Yes. "Who whipped?"

"I did." "Well, that was my brother you were

fighting. And maybe you think you can mash me, too?"

A second fight took place, and proved a draw. The grocer was somewhat disconraged, having several loose teeth and a nose as big as his wrist, but he drove on to the next house. A strapping fellow about 27 years old was cutting wood at the gate, and the grocer drew up and

"How far is it to Stiver's?" "Which Stiver?"

Au Automa Memory.

The November out was stealing between the danativ embroidered leaffets bor jobbery are now pretty well under-and playing on the ripples of the wood-stood by the public, thanks to the disland rivulet. Us golden rod along the cussion which followed the passage of brookside was use and then disturbed the bill and the subsequent vote over by the flight of some wild bird, and the the President's veto. sumaces in their cardinal feezes looked like so many nodding Tarkish southnels.

A glorious but brief period when a delicate well of haze hangs around the wood, and the indelicate politician hangs around the candidate to negotiate the sale of his vote; when the partridge drums up in the tree, and the suspender peddler drums up in the northern part of New York; when the honest farmer bined to carry the steal through. works the harvest field, and the young The appropriations under the lady works the Christmas slippers for the elergyman; when poetic damsels pluck the languid ferns, and the unpoetic housewife plucks the languishing Thanksgiving turkey. The birds twittered by the brook, and

the squirrels darted along the stone wall and up in the tree, and the voices of merry nutting parties reverberated through the silent aisles of the forest in | ized. harmony with the sincere but uppoetic squawk of the cat-bird.

That's about the style of day it was when a light-hearted couple, tired of their woodland promenade, sat upon a fallen tree.

steal timidly into the valley, for then I temptation, to retrench expenditures float back to childhood's happy time-" rigidly, and to bring taxation down to abruptly. "I shall bring you up here in any other direction will prove to be often; the air is exhilarating, and will do mero quackery. Expedients will not you good; and we will gather wild flowers and arrange them in quaint ing short of the knife will save the life

designs. "Oh, you are so good," she said, in tones of deep, unswerving devotion. would much rather walk here with you

"You would?" he inquired, with a

slight tremor in his voice. "Indeed I would!" she responded. When here with you, all alone, I feel

When within three miles of the place he felt his capital, which consisted of two suspender buttons and a night key-"so do I, my dear, because this pretty autumn wood is just about 14 miles from the nearest ice-cream saloon."-[R. K. Munkittrick, in Harper's Drawer.

Mutives for Su dide.

Frederick Grubb, of Erie, Pa., shot himself while in his honeymoon because his bride's former husband, supposed to be dead, appeared.

Failure to receive pension-money drove Enoch Ikleman, of Weathersfield. N. Y., aged 54 years, to suicide. He hung himself in his barn.

Because she had been beaten by her husband, Mrs. David Worden, of Fort Wayne, Ind., set fire to her house, and threw herself into the flames.

It is said that Ross W. Liehty, of Al-leghany, Pa., committed suicide because a gypsy fortune-teller had predicted that he would die by his own hand on that day.

Matthew Conley, 13 years old, of Cleremont, N. H., shot at his dog, hit-ting it on the tail. His mother censured him, and he shot himself through the heart.

A dispute as to the division of a small sum of money caused William F. Sanbe, living in the outskirts of Cincinnati, to thing go unfinished, to live as best she gent a lorgth and detract from height murder his son, aged 31 years, and kill himself with a razor. Miss Blais, of Camden, S. C., a very zine. handsome woman, recently committed suicide. Her great-grandfather was hanged, her grandmother committed snicide, her father was tried for murder and escaped only to be killed by another and one of her brothers is serving a life sentence for murder.

Lighter Taxes, Less Stealing

The encrmittes of the river and har-

There are three hundred and sixtythree members of congress in the two ouses. There are three hundred and fifty-six specific appropriations for rivers and harbors. Deducting the States which receive no share of the plunder, the result would show more than one grant for every senator and representative.

This fact tells the whole story, and it exhibits the large interests that com-

The appropriations under the recent act aggregated \$18,743,875. The estimates of the engineers for part of the work foot up fifty-six millions, in addi-tion to the money voted at the last ses-sion. Experience has demonstrated that such estimates fall vastly below the reality when the bills come to be paid. It is doubtful if one hundred millions would complete the jobs now author-

If the revenues were cut down to the proper standard for an economical and honest administration of the government this organized robbery would not be possible. It is one of the consequences of a huge surplus in the treasury, which as long as it lasts is a standing invitation to "I am always so happy in the woods," she commenced, "especially in the autumn, as the crepuscular shadows these alarming evils is to cut off the "Glad to hear it," he replied, rather the lowest possible point. Experiments answer. Surgery is needed, and nothof the sugerer .- [N. Y. Sun.

The Results of Overwork.

Nothing is more reprehensible and thoroughly wrong than the idea that a woman fulfills her duty by doing an amount of work far beyond her strength. She only does not fulfill her duty, but she most signally fails in it, and the failure is truly deplorable. If the work of the household cannot be accomplished by order, system and moderate work, without the necessity of wearing, heart breaking toil, then for the sake of hu-manity let the work go on. The woman who spends her life in unnecessary labor is, by this very labor, unfitted for the highest duties of home. She should be the haven of rest to which both husband and children turn for peace and refreshment. She should be the careful, intelligent adviser and guide of one, the tender confidante and helpmate of the other. How is it possible for a woman exhausted in body-as a natural consequence in mind also-to perform either of these offices? Her disposition is ruined, her temper is soured, her very nature is changed by the burden which, too heavy to carry, is dragged along as long as wearied feet and tired hands can do their part. Even her affections are blunted, and she becomes merely a machine-a woman without the time to be womanly, a mother without the time to train and guide her children as only a mother can do, a wife without the time to sympathize with and cheer her husband, a woman so overworked during the day that when night comes her sole thought and intense longing is for rest

and sleep that very probably will not come, and even if it should, that she is

HOUSEHOLD FIEMS.

If you dip your broom in clean, hot suds once a week, then shake it till it is almost dry, and then hang it up, or stand it with the handle down, it will last twice as long as it would without this operation.

Pine apple cloth is now used for chairbacks or tidies. For handsome chairs its transparency is desirable, in order not to disguise the richness of the up-holstery, and its delicacy makes it much more in keeping than the thicker linens and crash.

Rice cakes are a nice side-dish for dinner. Boil some rice until it is soft. then roll it in your hands in cakes; dip them in beaten egg, and then in Indian meal; see that they are covered with the meal. Then fry them in a little very hot lard. If to be served with meat, lay them around the edge of the platter.

A buckwheat shortcake may be a forerunner of those other cakes which are found on most breakfast tables after the first of December. To two cups of sour milk allow one large teaspoonful of soda; dissolve this in a little hot water, then stir it into the milk; half a teaspoonful of salt is required and enough backwheat flour to make a stiff batter. Put this in a well-buttered tin and bake for half an hour in a hot oven. Serve while warm

Pretty little fincy cakes for the bas-ket, and which are especially adapted for children's parties, are made by mixing three ounces of rice flour with three ounces of powdered sugar; beat three eggs, and add, stirring all thoroughly together. Spread this mixture out smoothly on some stiff writing paper, and bake in a smooth oven for twenty minutes; then take from the oven, and cut with fancy cutters in any shape or shapes you choose-hearts, crescents, and rings are all pretty. Cover each one with icing; set them back in the oven to harden. This will be accomplished in about two minutes.

A bed which is not in constant use should never be kept "made up." a gnest is expected the room should be thoroughly aired and warmed, and the bed made up with freshly aired light cotton or woolen bedding and an extra blanket left within easy reach. The bed should be placed so that the morning light will not shine directly into one's face upon awakening, or if that is impossible, the window opposite the bed should be closely curtained. Everything necessary for a careful toilet should be provided, especially a bath tub and plenty of coarse towels. A soft fur or wool rug upon which to stand while dressing, and one or two easy chairs are comforts which will be appreciated.

Those whose taste for color has not been properly developed, will find that at first a steady hold to delivate, perhaps for a time they may think dull colors. will afford comparative security; a kind of Quaker uniformity the very reverse of vulgarity. When knowledge gives strength fancy may venture on bolder flights, always remembering that the choice of the decoration for living-room walls must be strongly guided by various circumstances. Are there many pictures to be hung? Are there many ornaments to be placed? In either case the color of paint, the patterns of paper, or other decorations must be soft and subservient or they will impair the effect of the beauty of form and tint in pictures and pottery. Is the room in question too low? A perpendicular treatment will

ere that time battle for the choice s of my remains.

It paralyzed me to think that through blundering the tunnel would be disvered that had cost so much heroic bor, and that I should be loaded with e disgrace of having deprived hundreds my fellow prisoners of their liberty. this train of oppressing thoughts me the remembrance that this had at e time been the "dead cellar," where odies from the hospital room above it solid from the hospital room above it solid to be boxed up prior to burial. The rolling idea that the Union dead should rolling idea that the Union dead should er have been left, even temporarily, in ch a place sickened me, and I would we given a fortune at that miserable ment for a friendly stream of light al a blessed breath of fresh air. I

ought I had already surveyed an acre wall, and was on the boader of demir, when to my boundless joy my and fell on a pair of heels. I knew they are live heels, for I had no sooner tched them than they vanished like

agic in the wall. "Who's there?" said a voice, as if from

and in a foghorn voice, shouted, "Sur-"Moran," I answered, "from the Getrender!" amid the laughter of his cooler sburg room. Who are you?" "Charley Morgan," the sepulchral companions. For a few minutes I hoped my two comrades might meet a better

ice responded, "from the Chickamaga m. Are the rebs coming?" "No; go ahead and make room for

e," said I, and away went the heels, her sending a shower of dirt into my

The hole as I advanced appeared to ave an average diameter of about two et. At times we appeared to be deending, and again we seemed to rise. he earth was clammy cold and the air and suffocating. My bruised shoulr got rough usage as I wedged myself ward on my hands and face. The le grew narrower as I advanced, and dwithstanding my slight form I found yself more than once in the position of far better to Le laughed at because you e fat man who had preceeded me. as I pulled off his shoe. This proved marry if she meets a good, true man, tomewhat troublesome charge, for in nier to save it for its owner I had to ish it shead of me as I crawled on-ard. The length of the tunnel seemed terminable. I was gasping for breath, if lt heir allotted niche as acceptably as is semed as if me as I crawled on-ard. The length of the tunnel seemed terminable. I was gasping for breath, if lt heir allotted niche as acceptably as is semed as if me as I crawled on-terminable. I was gasping for breath, if the be not suited, better that she re-ful, loveable and sweet tempered, and if their allotted niche as acceptably as if of the tunnel seemed in the indicate sector in the indicate sect seemed as if we were lost in some horle grave.

was struck with the wonderful clearhave erroneous ideas on this subject. They feel almost disgraced if they have with which all sounds were transitad through the passage, as if we re encompassed by metallic instead of arrived at a mature age and are not able wells. At last, nearly fainting with ht gladde med my eyes and I felt the ne blessedness of fresh air-cerinly the most delicious air I have ever ed in my whole life. Morgan ex- he really suits them or not. Now, girls, Inded his hand and gave me a friendly do not marry in haste. Get the best edthe as I rose like an apparition to ucation possible, help about domestic surface of the earth, and having survey of my surroundings. I master it. Skilled labor is always well in a yard that divided two old build-paid. Don't spend your time repining as that faced respectively north and because you cannot see the coming man. I stood about about seventy feet from ful, happy lives.

of suicide rather than be taken. I had "Why the old liar Stiver." yet heard no sounds from the cast side

"Strapger, the man who speaks that way of my old dad has got to be pounded," remarked the chopper, and a third fight was soon on the boards. This time the grocer had his fill, and after brushing the grass out of his hair, he asked:

"How far is it to John Stiver's?" "Two miles."

less, I fairly flew over the ground. I "One more question. I've met and sprang upon the huge trunk of a fallen fought with three of his sons. Is there another living between here and the old man's?' side a tall Confederate, concealed be-

"Another? Why there are three, and hind it and who had not heard my swift besides, there are two single ones at home who could turn you wrongside out and noiseless approach, sprang to his feet, leaving his carbine leaning against in twenty seconds!" the tree, turned and ran. He tripped The grocer drove slowly back to the

and fell flat on his face, uttering a city and went to bed for a week. His mistaking was in not waiting to catch the As he lay straight in my path I leaped old man home some time when all the squarely over him and almost into the boys were off fishing. arms of three of the Confederates, who leveled their carbines at my head and

A Zuni Courtship.

There were two unmarried members of the house-a nephew and an adopted girl. The nephew was an over-grown, heavy faced, thick-lipped, blue-eyed blonde-a specimen of the tribal albinism, a dandy, and the darling of the white-haired "Old Ten." One day, after I had presented the latter with a pane of ruined negative glass, she ventured to compare her favorite with me. My flat tering acknowledgements of this compliment made decided winnings of the old woman's hitherto restrained affections. The governor spared this youth no more than the others. With characteristic irony, he called him "The Family Milkman," or "The Night Bird," the latter term referring to his eyes, "which," the governor usually added, "wiggle.) like those of an owl in strong sunlight." The maiden was jolly, pretty and coquettish -the belle of "Riverside street." argan unhappily took a violent cramp tage of his legs and to relieve his dis-logic in that. It is well for woman to long row who waited under the moonlit Her lovers were many, but soon, of the caves, only one was admitted-the gov-

who loves her and whom she loves; but, ernor's younger brother, my sympathetic if she be not suited, better that she re- friend. There was but one room in the more to be honored than they would in his ham.nock, but sat opposite in the have been had they marely married for darkness on the low adobe bench, hour a home or position? Our young ladies after hour, stroking each other's hands, giggling and cooing in low tones just like so many of my own people of the same age, only in a different language. An occasional smack, followed by femiat last, nearly fainting with to write "airs. out is to get a husband nine indignation, taught me the meaning staddened my even and I fait the by hock or by crook, but get him some of "Stop that!" in Zuni, and the peculiarities of the Pueblo kiss. If the bliss-ful pair remained too late, the slab door would rumble on its wooden hinges, and the governor, preceded by a lighted torch of cedar splints, would stalk in, and, as near as I could make out, rate and terra firma I made a careful and sion for which you have a taste, and the young man soundly for his want of kana," whereupon the pair would vanish. the maiden giggling and the young man curstng.-[Frank H. Cushing, in De-cember Century.

L drid in a Bath.

A newly-married couple, who arrived on their honeymoon trip at a celebrated Scotch watering-place at a time when accommodation was at a premium, had a mattress spread for them by a compassionate inn-keeper in one of his baths. In the middle of the night the house was alarmed by loud shrieks proceeding from the nuptial chamber. What was the bell-rope, and pulled it smartly. Unhappily for her and her spouse, it was the cord of the shower-bath over their heads, and forthwith down plunged such a deluge of cold water as would throw a damper upon the most devoted of honeymooning couples. Her husband in dismay caught frantically at another cord on his side of the extemporized couch but the only response was an equally liberal deluge of water, this time it being nearly hot. The unhappy pair then screamed in unison; and the bride in the excitement of the moment, uttered sentiments, anything but complimentary to the fond spouse. When the servants came they were just in time to rescue the unlucky pair from drowning, as the reem was already half full of water, and the wife was perched like a monkey on her husband's back uttering the most ismentable cries, while her husband was fumbling about in the dark, trying his best to find the door .- [Exchange,

Teach Your Boys.

Teach them that a true lady may be found in calico quite as frequently as in velvet.

Teach them that a common school ed ucation with common sense is better than a college education without it. Teach them that one good, honest trade is worth a dozen professions.

best Teach them that "honesty is the policy"-that it is better to be poor than rich on profits of crooked whisky. Teach them to respect their elders and

thomselves. Teach them that, as they expect to be men some day, they cannot too soon learn to protect the weak and helpless. Teach them that to wear patched clothes is no disgrace, but to wear a black eye is.

Teach them that God is no respecter of sex, and that when he gave the seventh commandment he meant it for them as well as for their sisters.

Teach them that by indulging their depraved appetites in the worst forms of dissipation, they are not fit to become the husbands of pure girls.

can, than to entail on herself and family the curse of overwork .- | Sanitary Maga-

A Familiar Odor. A once familiar odor will at once conjure up scenes, thought and feeling long forgotten (if anything is ever forgotten) far more constantly and readily than any visible strain of music, or other sound, or taste, or visible object, or, least of all -impression to the touch. How many

dwellers in great cities have been carried back in a moment to cottage hearths and farm homesteads, to boyish wanderings in forest and on moor, to diamond lat-ticed windows and sanded floors, to the solemn tick of a great eight-day clock and loving voices of the dead by a whift of woodsmoke or fir? And how the from the nuptial chamber. What was from the nuptial chamber. What was the matter? Well, this. The young bride, wishing to ring for a maid, had caught hold of what she supposed to be trees! The water has a curious, though an extremely prosaic, expe-rience on this point. Having spent seven years of his life on ocean-going steamers and in sugar-producing countries, he may be safely assumed to be tolerably familiar with the odor of rum. Yet even now, no sooner does the fra-grance of that delectable spirit obtrude itself upon him than a saint, briny, iodinons ghost rises to mingle with its fumes, accompanied by a vague and clammy rotion of stickiness and a propensity to choke-the phantom being born of a fearful mixture of seapods steeped in rum, with which, in accordance with some venerable fetich of domestic medicine, his throat was rubbed when he was a little child!-[All the Year Round.

Gen. sherman and His Girls.

The Washington correspondent of the Louisville Courier-Journal says: "Washingtoniaus are anticipating with regret losing Gen. Sherman and his family, which St. Louis will gain in November, 1883. Gen. Sherman himself is an institution like the Treasury Department, and his ugly nut-cracker face is one of the always welcome sights of Washington. Mrs. Sherman is invisible-nobody knows what she does or where she goes, but Miss Sherman and "Rache," as Gen. Sherman calls his daughter Rachel, are very popular. The old fellow is immensely proud of his daughters. and admires them with a heartipess that is beautiful to see. He thinks what 'Rache" does not know about a book is not worth knowing-that Miss Sherman is the most capable of her sex; that Mrs. Thackera is the most fascinating creature and Mrs. Fitch the best woman that ever lived. The Shermans are, in fact, nice and unpretending, every one of them.

Heard in a boudoir-"Mercy me, what are those horrible sounds up-stairs?" "Oh, that's nothing but dear George; I suppose he has lost his collar-button patent inspirators and chest expanders again."-{Philadelphia News.

gest a length and detract from height. - Art Amateur.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Disraeli-Every moment is travel, if understood.

Colton-We ask advice, but we mean approbation.

Cicero-There is not a moment without some duty.

Teligu-Worship without faith is a waste of flowers.

Disraeli-Everything comes if a man will only wait.

French Proverb-What a woman does not know she'll hide.

Goethe-Every one must think his own way to arrive at truth.

Chamfort-In love, one who ceases to be rich begins to be poor.

La Bruyere-Love dies of satiety, and is buried in oblivion.

Arabic snying-A learned man with-out works is a cloud without rain.

Madame de Bassanville--Politenesa ia a wreath of flowers that adorns the world.

French proverb-Consolations console only those who are willing to be consoled.

Goethe-When two men quarrel, he who owns the coolest head is most to blame.

Anon-Services to be rendered reconcile friends whom services rendered have estranged.

La Ernyere-One loves wholly but once-the first time; loves that follow are less involuntary.

Why Shou'd not Women Whistle!

If the mere act of whistling can help and cheer a man so much, why should it be denied to a woman? If whistling can drive away the blues and be company for a lonesome person, surely woman have much more need of its services than their brothers, for to them come many more such occasions than to the There are many who have not the men. gift of song. Why should they not whistle as they rock the cradle or perform their household duties, or accompany themselves on the plano? But there is a physical or hygenic advantage in whistling which should excuse it against all the canons of propriety or "good form." It is often remarked that the average girl is so narrow-chested, and in that respect compares so unfavor-ably with her brother. May this not be due in some measure to the habit of whistling which every boy acquires as soon as he arrives at the dignity of pants and girls seldom do! Let any one try for five minutes the inhaling and exhaling of the breath as it occurs in the act of whistling, and the effect upon the lungs and chest can not fail to be noticed. A daily practice of this kind would be of more benefit than all the