"BRER" RABBIT'S SAN-ITY TEST.

["Uncle Remus" in Atlanta Constitution.] "Uncle Remus," said the child, "do you reckon Brother Rabbit really mar-

ried the young lady?"

"Bless yo' soul honey," responded the old man, with a sigh, "hit b'longs ter Brer Jack fer ter tell yon dat. "Taint none er my tale."

"Wasn't that the tale you started to

"Who? Me? Shoo! I ain't 'sputin' but w'at Brer Jack's tale desez purty ez dey er any needs fer, yet 'taint none er At this the little boy laid his hand

npon Uncle Remns' knee and waited.

"Now, den," said the old man, with an air of considerable importance, "we er got to go 'way back behind dish yer yallergater doin's w'at Brer Jack bin mixin' us up wid. Ef I makes no mistake wid my 'membrance, de place wharbouts I leff off wuz whar Brer Rabbit had so many 'p'intments fer to keep out de way t'er creeturs dat he gun 'ter feel monstus humbyfied. Let am be a dey will, you git folks in a close place of you wanter see um shed der proudness. Dey beg more samer dan a nigger w'en de patterrollers ketch 'im. Brer Rabbit aint do no beggin' kaze dey ain't kotch; yet dey come so nigh it, he 'gun to feel he

'W'en Brer Rabbit feel dis a way, do he set down flat er de groun' en let de t'er creeturs rush up en grab 'em? He mout do it deze days, kase time done change; but in dem days he des tuck 'n sot up wid hisse'f en study bout w'at he gwine do. He study en study, en las' he up 'n tell he ole 'oman, he did, dat he gwine on a journey. Wid dat, ole Miss Rabbit, she tuck 'n fry 'im up a rasher er bacon, en bake 'im a pone er bread. Brer Rabbit tied dis up in a bag en tuck down he walkin' cane en put out."

"Where was he going, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy.

"Lemme 'lone, honey! Lemme sorter git hit up, like. De trail mighty cole 'long yer, sho; kase dish yer tale ain't come 'cross my min' not sence yo' gran'pa fotch us all out er Ferginny, en dat's a monstus long time ago.
"He put out, Brer Rabbit did, fer ter

see ole Mammy-Bammy Big-Money."
"Dat uz dat ole witch rabbit," remarked Aunt Tempy, complacently.

'Yasser," continued Uncle Remus, "de ve'y same ole creetur w'at I done tell you 'bout w'en Brer Rabbit los' he foot. He put out, he did, en after so long a time he git dar. He take time fer to ketch he win', en den he sorter shake hisself up en rustle 'round in de grass. Bimeby he holler: " Mammy-Bammy, Big-Money! Oh,

Mammy-Bammy Big-Money! I journeyed fur; I journeyed fas; I glad I foun' de place at las'."
"Great big black smoke rise up out.

er de groun, en ole Mammy-Bammy Big-Money low: "'Wharfo', Son Riley Rabbit, Riley? Son Rabbit Riley, wharfo'?"

"Wid dat," continued Uncle Remus, dropping the sing-song tone by means of which he managed to impart a curious dignity and stateliness to the dialogue between Brother Rabbit and Mammy-Bammy Big-Money—"Wid dat Brer Babbit up 'n tell 'er, he did, 'bout how he fear'd he losin the use er he min', kaze he done come ter dat pass dat he ain't kin fool de yuther creeturs no mo', en dey push 'im so closte twell 'twent be long fo' dey 'ill get 'im. De ole witch-rabbit she sot dar, she did, en suck in black smoke en puff it out 'gip, twell yer can't see nothin' 'tall but 'er great big eyeballs en 'er great big years. After wile she low:

"'Dar sets a squer'l in dat tree, Son Riley; go fetch dat squer'l straight ter me, Son Riley Rabbit, Riley.' "Brer Rabbit sorter study, en den he

low, he did:

"I ain't got much sence lef', yet ef l can't coax dat chap down from dar, den hit's kase I done got some zeeze wich it make me fibble in de min',

"Wid dat, Brer Rabbit tuck 'n empty de provender out 'n de bag en got 'm two rocks, en put de bag over he head en sot down und' de tree whar de squer'l is. He wait little w'ile en den he clap the rocks tergedder-blip!

"Squer'l he holler, 'Hey.'
"Brer Rabbit wait little, en den he tuck 'n slap de rocks tergedder-blap! "Squer'l he run down de tree little bit en holler, 'Heyo!'

"Brer Rabbit ain't sayin' nothin'. He des pop de rocks tergedder-blop! Squer'l, he comes down little furder, he did, en holler, 'Who dat?' Biggidy Dick Big-Bag!'

"'What you doin' dar?" " 'Crackin' hick'y nuts.' "Tooby sha, Miss Bunny Bushtail;

come git in de bag.' "Miss Bunny Bushtail hang back," continued Uncle Remus, chuckling but de long en de short un it wus dat she got in de bag, en Brer Rabbit he tuck 'n kyar'd 'er ter old Mammy-Bammy Big-Money. De old witchrabbit, she tuck'n tu'n de squer'l'a-loose, en

"'Dar lies a snake in 'mungs' de grass, Son Riley; go fetch 'im yer, en be right fas', Son Riley Rabbit, Riley.' "Brer Rabbit look 'roun,' en sho 'nuff dar lay de bigges' kinder rattlesnake, all quile up ready fer business. Brer Rabbit scratch he year wid he behine leg, en study. Yit after wile he go off in de bushes, he did, en cut 'im a young vine, en he fix 'im a slip-knot. Den he come back. Snake 'periently look lak he sleep. Brer Rabbit ax 'im how he come on. Snake ain't say nothin', but he quile up little tighter, en he tongue run out lak it bin had grease on it. Mouf shot, yet de tongue slick out en slick back 'fo' a sheep kin shake he tail. Brer Rabbit, he 'low, he did:

"'Iaw, Mr. Snake, I mighty glad I come 'cross you,' sezee. 'Me an' ole Jedge B'ar bin havin' a terrible 'spute bout how long you is. We bose 'gree dat you look mighty purty w'en you er layin' stretch out full lenk in de sun. but Jedge B'ar, he 'low you ain't but lodged on the cowcatcher, clear through th'ee foot long of no mo', sezee. 'En a solid granite rock a foot in thickness, de talk got so hot dat I come nigh hit-tin' im a clip wid my walkin' cane, en if diameter."

I had I boun' dey'd er bin some bellerin' done roun' dar,' sezee.

"Snake ain't say nothin', but he look mo' complassy dan what he bin lookin'.
"'I up'n tole ole Jedge B'ar, 'sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'dat de nex' time I run 'cross you I gwine take'n medjer you, en goodness knows I mighty glad I stuck up wid you, kaze now dey wont be no me' 'casion fer any 'sputin' 'twix' rie en Jedge B'ar,' sezee.
"Den Brer Babbit ax Mr. Snake ef he

wont be so good ez ter onquile hisse'f. Snake he feel mighty proud, de did, en he stretch out fer all he wuf. Brer Rabbit, he medjer, he did, en 'low:

"'Dar one foot fer Jedge B'ar; dar two foot fer Jedge B'ar, dar th'ee foot fer Jedge B'ar; en, bless goodness, dar four foot fer Jedge B'ar, des lak I say!" "By dat time Brer Rabbit done got

der snake head, en des ez de las' wud drop 'n he mouf, he slip de loop roun' snake neck, en den he had 'im good en fas'. He took 'n drag 'im, he did, up ter whar de ole witch rabbit settin' at; but w'en he git dar, Mammy-Bammy Big-Money done make 'er disappear-ance. But he year sump'n way off yander en seem lak it say:

"Ef you git any mo' sense, Son Riley, you'll be de ruination ov de whole

settlement, Son Riley Rabbit, Riley.'
"Den Brer Rabbit drag de snake

long home, en stew 'im down en rub wid de grease fer ter make 'im mo' soopler in de lim's. Bless yo' soul, honey! Brer Rabbit mout er bin kinder fibble in de legs, but he wan't no ways cripple und' de hat."

Philadelphia Parks.

[Joaquin Miller.] The great park here has in roads and drives altogether nearly 100 miles. Our Central park of New York is only a doll's playhouse in comparison to it. Dark and slimy-looking rivers, suggestive of catfish and eels, slide around and about the city. But their dullness is relieved by the glory of the woods, that now in the full splendor of autumn illume their banks and hang above the leaf-strewn, winding, silent waters. Here in this park they show you the house where Tom Moore is said to have may be well enough as the presiding spirit of written some of his melodies. Here is a home. She is hopelessly unfashionable. also a dreary-looking habitation, called Arnold's house, said to have been given this unhappy man as a reward for his treason. Ah, ves, beautiful Philadelphia -beautiful I mean when you get outside of her and into this park and out of sight of the horrid rows of houses—has her traditions and stories, too; her house where Washington slept, her Independence hall, her Penn and his enduring treaty made under the elm of peace. A man who could not respect all these and bow his head before them in this city of bricks between the two rivers has little in himself that is worthy of

As my friend drove me back from the thirty-mile drive in this greatest park in all the world I asked him how it was this city, without any special commerce and its single line of ships from Europe, had grown to such boundless dimensions. He quietly drove me to some of the factories for answer.

the factories of Philadelphia before leaving our city?"

"Well, yes, I think I should; the persons employed all seem so happy, healthy, content and comfortable, that I should enjoy seeing all the factories

of Philadelphia, I think." When we got fairly back in the car-age and the robe over our legs, my

wealthy and impressive friend said: "We have 12,000 of these factories; we have 240,000 persons employed." As we drove home I asked: "What is your next greatest thing in Philadel-

"Our city hall and its contemplated

"And your next greatest?"

" George W. Childs, sir." I was silent and said no more all the

way to the gate.

What the "Thunderer" Says of "Tecump. [London Times.]

Gen. Sherman bore a pre-eminent part in the execution of the masterly south was due. In the world's military history his famous progress through the heart of the Confederate states will fill a broader page than the remorseless shock of dead-weight hurled by his chief against the insurgent front. Its audacity was a calculated audacity. his success depended. He was pre-pared to fight, and would have fought and conquered, if opposed, in Georgia as he fought and conquered the next as he fought and conquered the next year in the Carolinas. In him the United States had the good fortune to possess a born general, who has always understood war as a game of skill as dogged endurance. Except Gen. Lee, it would be hard to say what com-higher classes get far more enjoyment and mander on either side committed fewer comfort out of life than do people of corres-

Power of a Locomotive Under Full Headway.

A correspondent of The Scientific American gives the following account of the destruction effected by a runaway locomotive at Lowell, Mass., on the Boston & Maine railroad:

"Meeting with no obstruction on the way, it plunged into the depot at a rate of speed estimated at sixty miles an hour. The first obstacle encountered was the heavy bunter at the end of the track, which was torn up and lodged on the cow-catcher; it next tore up the planking and beams of the floor and demolished one end of the baggage house; it next encountered a brick partition about that Greenville garden. eighteen inches thick, which was scattered in all directions; after passing through this wall it traversed the length of the U.S. & C. express office, and struck the outside wall of the depot, abutting on Central street, with such

MARTYRS TO VANITY.

Self-Sacrifice to Fashion That Would Be Noble if Shown in a

Better Cause.

[London Truth.] Miranda has the loveliest arms you eve saw. She is delighted that short sleeves are worn, and her gloves are not nearly so long as other people's. Her favorite attitude is sitting, with her right elbow in the palm of her left hand. She waves her hand when she speaks. At a dance, her right arm is well displayed behind her partner's left, if he is tall, or on his shoulders, if he is small. Those beautiful arms have spoiled Miranda. She wears black, though it does not suit her complexion, because her arms look so white against it. She is always directing your attention to those unlucky ones, numerous enough, who have thin arms. Whoever marries her will have to be very careful never, under any circumstances, to admire anothe woman's arm. If he should make a slip in this direction there would, to use a good old

phrase, be "wigs on the green."

Did you ever see such dear little feet? Or such perfectly turned ankles? Or more wonderful stockings? Never, indeed. Her pretty feet are Lesbia's specialty. That is why she wears those flowered stockings and those little pointed shoes. That is the reason her skirts are so unusually short. Lesbia is bright and clever. She is sensible about everything but feet. She is a trying girl to talk to. She will interrupt the most interesting conversation just when you think you are "both beginning to get on so well," taskif you approve of high heels, or som other such leading question. She is like Mr. Dick with King Charles, and must drag the topic of feet into everything. It is a pity: and yet many prefer her to Nora, whose fee are well shaped enough, but who has "no style." She talks merrily and pleasantly when you know her well, but is rather quiet with strangers. Not at all the sort of girl to get on. Her voice is not sufficiently loud or imperious. She does not bustle about with an air as though the world were made for her. She wears pretty gowns, but does not hunch them out nor mince along with a soubrette-like trip, swaying her gown from side to side, as Lesbia does. In fact, she will never look anything "in a room," though she

Letitia has a waist. It is her great point, and she is very proud of it. Well she may be, for it is the result of patient years of pain. She has laid on the shrine of that little waist many precious things-good health, good temper and good spirits. Having sacrificed the first, the two others followed as a matter of course. But then it is such a wonderful waist! It cannot measure more than seventeen inches, at the very most. The pressure has made her nose permanently red. Not all the waters of Araby would not make that nose white again, but what matters? Does it not belong to the smallest waist in London? One thing that immediately strikes the beholder. He wonders how so small a waist can possibly be so obtrusive. Were it two yards around it could not more aggressively nsist on being noticed. Draperies are so arranged as to lead the eye down to it, and skirts are of such a fashion as to guide the attention up to it. Letitia walks with her elbows well out from her sides, so as to advertise, in a pointed way, the fact that your view is scarcely interrupted by her slight and well-distributed figure. As she stands talking to you she puts a "And now, would you like to see all hand on either side of this wonderful waist, and appears to be curbing berself in, as it were. She wears the tightest of jackets, and never is seen in a dolman. She gets terrible colds in the winter, because she will not wrap up. In fact, her whole existence is a burnt-offering to her waist. Were she to grow stout her object in life would be gone. Letitia denies herself even the gratification of an excellent appetite in the interest of a

noble in a better cause. Mirza has the loveliest complexion in the world. Without it she would be a perfectly charming girl. With it she is quite a bore. If there is any wind she is unhappy, "because it makes my cheeks so rough." If the sun shines she is miserable, "because I tan frightfully." If it is hot she grumbles, "I flush so painfully." If it is cold her cry is, "I can't go out to-day, for I get so blue in cold weather." Her cheeks are of such an indescribable texture that roughness has never yet invaded them; tanning never approaches them. She flushes the prettiest dainty pink you ever saw; and in cold weather a soft color rises in her face and a wistful look comes into her eyes that makes her quite adorable. Why, then, all these excuses? Simply because she thinks prevention better than cure, and is movements to which the collapse of the afraid of a thousand viewless enemies on her complexion's account. She is a martyr to

Suburban Boston.

[Buffalo Express.]
Then the Boston host can take his guest such a drive from Cambridge through Watertown. Newton proper, and all the other New-He inflicted a moral wound more distons to Auburndale, as cannot be matched in astrous than the material shock. By his the country, over twelve miles of roads flank march he shattered the nerve of the smooth as a billiard table, shaded on either enemy. The absence of resistance on his side by grand old trees, which stand like senexpedition through Georgia to the tinels in front of an endless succession of the sea was not a happy accident on which finest private estates in this country, and every who inhabit them do not live in their trunks five months in the year, as do all good New Yorkers. Yet the route I have indicated is only one of the many in all directions and equally charming. Each time I visit Boston well as a trial of brute strength and and its suburbs I am more convinced than ever of the fact that at least its middle and mistakes and earned victory more ponding classes in this city, and at an ex-rightfully than Gen. Sherman.

Another Version.

[Cloverport (Ky.) News.] The true story of Gen. John Morgan's death will never be told until the history of his scandalous amours at Greenville, Tenn., is written. His death, so far from being a hero's martyrdom in behalf of a cause he esteemed holy, was due to his libertine instincts, and the blind, unreasoning fury of an insanely jealous woman. Had he been pure as a man as he was dauntless as a soldier, he would probably be alive to-day. This is the whole truth of the matter in a nutshell. Like Gen. Van Dorn, he could not govern the baser passions of his nature, and like that accomplished but unfortunate officer, in gratifying those passions he lost his life. It was Don Juan and not Leonidas who was killed in

Royal Musicians.

(Inter Ocean.) The prince of Wales plays the banjo, the princes Louise the guttar, the princess of Wales has accompanied Nilsson on the piano, the dute of Edinburg plays the violin, and the dute of is able to turn the pages of a full to the duke of Albany is almost a musical confus.

Many in Tonquin is made of lead.

The Antiquity of Narcotics. [New Orleans Picayune.]

The plants which produce narcotic and stimulating effect were in the earli est times sacred plants, used in the worship of the gods, while their soothing or exhilarating effects were known only to the privileged clauses of the royal and priestly orders. The priest esses of Apollo, under the inspiration of the juice of the poppy, delivered their oracles and prophecies. The Hindoo seers, drunk with bhang, saw visions of the divine Nirvana and held communication with the spirits of their dead ancestors. The American Indian smokes the pipe of peace and burns the sacred tobacco to appease the anger of the Great Spirit. Finally, in the course of ages, those mysterious and sacred plants—the poppy, which produces the opium; the cannabis indica, or Indian hemp, which yields the hasheesh, or bhang, and the American tobacco-became the inheritance of the common people, who found in them a solace, an exhilaration, transports, and bliss which, if they are not divine, have in them at least a touch of elysium when they can make the wretch forget his mineries and the sufferer his pangs.

There is no record, not even a tradi-

tion, that shows when these magical plants that medicine so many ills and produce so many others began to be used. They come down from the earliest antiquity, and when they first ap-peared they were always associated with the religion of the people among

whom they were found. Tobacco, however great its importance and almost universal its use, is not the only one of these sacred plants which America has given to man. The most singular in its properties and potent in its effects, if the least known to the public, is the Peruvian plant, the Under its influence men are capable of undergoing the most arduous labors and bearing up under the most extraordinary privations, going for days without food or sleep, and yet performing what would be otherwise exhausting exertions.

How Wooden Spools Are Made. [Lewiston (Me.) Journal. |

The birch is first sawed into sticks four or five feet long and seven-eighths of an inch to three inches square according to the size of the spool to be produced. These sticks are thoroughly seasoned. They are sawed into short blocks and the blocks are dried in a hot air kiln. At the time they are sawed a of the little block against sharp knives, shaped by a pattern, makes the spools at the rate of one per second. A small boy feeds the spool machine, simply placing the blocks in a spout and throwing out the knotty or defective stock. The machine is automatic, but cannot do the sorting. The spools are revolved rapidly in drums and polish themselves. For some purposes they are dyed yellow, red or black. They are made in thousands of shapes and sizes. When one sees on a spool of thread "100 yards" or "200 yards" these words do not signify that the thread has been massived but that the speed has been massived but that the speed has been "Come! 19 pounds 10 sources and measured, but that the spool has been gauged and is supposed to contain so much thread. When a silk or linen or a cotton firm wants a spool made it sends a pattern to the spool-maker. This pattern gives the size and shape of the barrel and of the head and bevel. These patterns determine the amount of thread that the spool will hold.

Josh Billings Aging.

[Cor. Inter Ocean.] "Josh" is beginning to look just a little aged, and tired, and bent; his long hair falls in curls down his back, and he brushes heavy locks from his forehead from time to time with a long. bony forelinger. He has a habit of looking at you with his dark penetrating eyes that makes you think he is reading your very thoughts; perhaps he yielded.
is. He has an odd way of jerking out "Come short sentences at unexpected intervals every now and then. "Be sure you're right, then go ahead—that's what I always tell young men," said "Josh," as he looked at your correspondent with a kindly wink. "I was young once," he added, and his voice dropped low.

Garrison's Grit. [Detroit Free Press.]

The first copy of the famed "Liberator" was published by Mr. Garrison in 1831. He started this journal without money and without an office. In his salutatory he said: "I am in carnest. I will not equivocate-I will not excuse -I will not retreat a single inch. And will be heard." The last copy of I will be heard.

The "Liberator" was issued in January, he said: "I 1866. In his valedictory he said: began the publication of The 'Liberator' without a subscriber, and I end it-it gives me unalloyed satisfaction to saywithout a farthing as the pecuniary result of the patronage extended to it, during twenty-five years of unremitted

An Awful Thing in the Soup.

[Cincinnati Saturday Night.] It was at a church oyster supper; the merriment was at its height, when suddenly an appalling shrick from the pastor's study (the kitchen) rent the air. Confusion worse confounded reigned supreme, when a bevy of erstwhile beauties rushed frantically with disheveled hair and distorted features into the room. "What is it? what is it?" eagerly demanded the trembling "This is the matter," said one of the girls, who, more bold than the rest, had forked out of the soup a slimy thing, which she bore gallantly aloft. "This awful thing was in the soup." It was an oyster.

Relies of the Confederacy.

[Chicago Herald.] The records division of the war department has recently come into possession of an old scrap book containing many curious relies of war times. Among the evidences of how the Confederates were some-times pressed for supplies of differ-ent kinds there are to be found in this scrapbook pieces of newspapers printed on the back of wall paper, also Confederate bonds printed on the same sort of paper, while there also some samples of wrapping paper.

THE FRUIT-WOMAN'S NEPHEW.

[From the French of H. Moreau.] "What, you wretch!" cried Pere Lazare, cook at Versailles, to his son; "you will be 6 years old at Christmas, and you can't do the least thing of use; you can neither turn the spit nor skim the

One must avow that Father Lazare was somewhat right in his reprimanding, for at the moment in which the scene passed, 176-, he had just caught his heir-presumptive in delicto flagrante of frolic and laziness, skirmishing, armed with a skewer in the guise of a foil, with the smoky kitchen wall, regardless of a fowl that upon a table piteously waited to be spitted, and of the paternal kettle that mutteringly hurled cascades of scum into the ashes. "Come now! 1 ardon him and em-

brace him, the poor child; he won't do so any more," said a young peasant, fruit-seller at Montreuil, and sister of the irritable cook. Martha—that was her name—had come to Versailles under pretext of consulting her brother about some matter or other, but really to bring kisses and peaches for her nephew, of whom she was extremely fond. Everything about the child's character and appearance justified this extraordinary affection; for he was franksome and turbulent, but good, sensible and charming, charming!-one could not refrain from eating with kisses his pretty cheeks, fresher and redder than his aunt's peaches. But Pere Lazare continually grumbled. "Six years!" he would say, "and he don't know how to skim a pot! I can never make anything out of that child!"

Father Lazare, you see, was one of those steadfast and fanatical cooks, that consider their trade the chief of all, as an art, as a cult—whose bands are fiercely posed on their carving-knives like that of a pasha on his yatagan; who pluck a goose with the solemn air of a hierophant consulting the sacred entrails, who beat an omelette with the majesty of Xerxes whipping the sea; who whiten under the immemorable cotton cap, and who will hold on to the leg of a stove, dying, as they say the Indian devotees hold on to the tail of a

As for Martha, the fruit-woman, she was a good and simple creature, so good that she was-not foolish, as they usuhole is bored through them. One whirl ally say, but, on the contrary, spiritu-of the little block against sharp knives, elle. Yes, she found ever in her heart touching and passionate ways of speaking, that M. de Voltaire himself, great man in those days, never found under his peruque.

There are still such women. "Brother," said she, moved and weeping almost at seeing her little Lazare, "you know that big trunk you found so commodious for packing up the table-service, and which I refused to sell to

"Come! 19 pounds, 10 sous, and enough said."

"Oh! I exact nore yet. It is a treasure-which I wish!" Pere Lazare looked fixed at his sister.

as if to see if she were not gone mad. "Yes," continued she, "I want my little Lazare home and mine all alone. From this evening, if you consent, the trunk is yours, and I take the little fellow to Montreuil."

Martha's brother objected somewhat, for at the bottom he was a good man and a good father; but the boy in litigation caused him to have, as he expressed himself, so much bad blood and so many bad sauces!-Martha's instances were so lively-and, moreover, the trunk in question was so suitable for holding the silverware!-at last he

"Come, my child, come?" said Martha. as she dragged the little Lazare toward her cart, "you will fare better with me among my apples, which you eat with so much pleasure, than in the society of your father's roasted goose. Poor boy! you would have perished in that smoke. Look now," added she with naive fright, "my violet bouquet, a moment ago so fresh, is already withered! Come on, quick-if your father should recall his words and wish you back!"

And she dragged off her prey so fast that the passers-by would have taken her, but for her decent appearance and the free and gay air of her young companion, for a genuine kidnaper.

The aunt's first care, after seeing her young nephew installed in her house, was to teach him to read-what Father Lazare had never thought of; for totally devoid of education, the brave man knew not its value, and would have been greatly astonished, I swear to you, if one had informed him that one of the feathers he had so heedlessly plucked from a goose's wing, fallen into skillful fingers, could overturn the world. Little Lazere learned rapidly, and with so much ardor that his instructress first had often to close the book and say: "Enough, my angel, enough for to-day; go play now; be good and amuse yourself the best you can." And the child would ride horseback uproarously within the house or before the door, a stick between his legs. Sometimes the innocent steed seemed to take the bit in his teeth." "Mon Dieu, Mon Dieu! he will fall, would cry the good Martha who followed the esquire with her eyes; but she soon saw him tame, guide, spur his broomstick with all the dexterity and self-possession of an old witch, and, reassured, she smiled down upon him from her window like a queen from the height of her balcony.

This bellicose instinct but augmented with age. So much so that at 10 he was named unanimously general in-chief by half of the playfellows of Montreuil. who were then divided into two camps, contending for the possession of a black bird's nest. Useless it is to say that he justified this distinction by prodigies of address and valor. They pretend that he succeeded in winning four battles in one day, an unheard of feat in military annals. [Napoleon, himself, never reached but just to three.] But his high rank and victories did not render state bonds printed on common brown Lazare prouder than before, and every morning the customary filial kiss sounded

not less freely upon the fruit-seller's cheek. But alas! war has terrible chances; and one fine day the conquerer met with a misadventure which almost disgusted him forever with the mania for conquest. It happened in this wise: As he bent over to observe the enemy's movements, his hand rested upon the trunk of a tree, a little after the manner of Napoleon pointing a battery at Montmirail, the general's trousers cracked and split behind, you know where, letting hang and flutter a large bit of the little shirt which Martha had washed and ironed the evening before. At this sight the heroes of Montmirail burst into laughter as loud as the best efforts of Homer's godsgreat jokers as everybody knows. The army mutinied; in vain did the general cry, like Henry, of Navarre, whose history he had read: "Soldiers, rally on my white plume!" They answered that a plume was not worn there, and one could not, without insult to the French colors, plant them in a like breach, so that the poor general broke his commander's baton over a mutineer's back, and went home sad and dejected as the English when they landed at Dover after the battle of Fontenoy. This name recalls a circumstance I would be wrong to omit. A poor old soldier who came from time to time to Martha's house to smoke his pipe in the chimney corner, and warm h's heart with a glass of cherry bounce, had not forgotten to relate at length how he and Marshal Saxe had won the celebrated battle. I leave you to think whether this inaccurate but warm recital could have influenced the imagination of the young listener. From that time, asleep or awake, he heard without cessation the horses striving against the curb, the bullets whistling and the cannons roaring; and more than once, alone in his little room, he thought himself an actor in the grand military drama.

Then you should have seen him

stamp, leap and cry.
"Fire first, Messieurs les Anglais! Marshal, our cavalry has been repulsed! The enemy's column is unshatterable! Forward the king's guards! Pif! paf! boom! boom! Bravo! the English square is broken! The victory is ours! Long live the king!"

Poor Lazare believed himself at least esquire of Louis XV., or colonel. Such an exhibition doubtless makes you laugh! It would have been a miracle, would it not, if the fruit woman's nephew had risen so high? Yes; but remember that we approach 1789, an epoch fruitful in miracles. Listen:

Lazare first entered the French goards, despite his aunt's tears, whom he endeavored on parting to console with his caresses, and soon became sergeant. Then the age marched onward, and the fortune of many sergeants also. In brief, from grade to grade, he be-came—guess—colonel. There were no longer any colonels. The king's equery. There no longer was any king. You cannot guess. Well, Lazare, the cook's son, Lazare, the fruit woman's nephew, became a general; no more a makebelieve general with a paper helmet, but general for good, with a plumed hat and a coat laced with gold: general-in-chief, general of a great rench army, nothing otherwise; and, if you doubt it, open the modern history, and there you will read with emotion the beautiful and grand feats of Gen. Hoche. Hoche was the family name of Lazare. Let us hasten to say -to his praise, that his victories, this time so serious, left him as modest and as good as his infantile victories at Montreuil. So, when on a review day he passed at full gallop along his army's front, there was yet at a win-dow near by a fine old woman, who covered the splendid general with her eyes—breathless from pleasure and fear, and repeating as twenty years be'ore, "Mon Dieu, mon Dieu! He will fall!" As for the grumbler cook of Versailles-he was there, too, astonished at having given a hero to the country, repeating with a certain air of sufficiency to those who felicitated him thereupon: "You don't know how much trouble I had to raise that boy! Just imagine, citoyens, at 6 years of

age he could not skim a pot." Remarkable Death From Fright.

[London Globe.] The most remarkable death from the accident of fright was that of the Dutch painter Pentman, in the seventeenth century. He was at work on picture in which were represented several death's-heads, grinning skeletons and other objects calculated to inspire the beholder with a contempt for the vanities and follies of the day. In order to do his work better, he went to an anatomical room and used it as a studio. One sultry day, as he was drawing these melancholy relics of mortality by which he was surrounded, he fell off into a quiet sleep, from which he was suddenly aroused. Imagine his horror at beholding the skulls and bones dancing around him like mad, and the skeletons which hung from the ceiling dashing themselves together. Panic stricken, he rashed from the room and threw himself headlong from the window on the pavement below. He sufficiently recovered to learn that the cause of his fear was a slight earthquake, but his nervous system had received so severe a shock that he died in a few days.

Escape from Editorial Stiffness. ["Gath's Letter."]

The first person article, which has spread all over the press, began in The London Illustrated News, with George Augustus Sala. The next appearance was in The Washington Evening Star, called "Gadabout's Column," nine years ago. The New York Star then published "The Man About Town," by Mr. Ackermann. The Tribune about the same time published "Johnny Bouquet," and followed it with "The Broadway Note-book." A few weeks after the latter began all the newspapers followed suit. The stiffness of editorial comment is thus thrown off, and direct responsibility evaded.

> Opens a door in heaven; From skies of gla s A Jacob's a sder falls On greening grass,
> Ando or the mountain walls
> Young angels pass,
> —[Tennyson's \$1,000 poem,