DICKENS AT HOME.

ranklin P. Daly in The Guardian.] When I am dead,
I would not have the rude and gaping crowd
Around me gather, and, 'mid lamentation loud,

Tell of my virtues, and with vain regret Bemoan my loss, and, leaving me, forget. But I would have the few of kindly beart, Who, when misfortune came, so nobly did their part, And oft by thoughtful deeds their love ex-

These would I have, no more, no less,
When I am dead.

When I am dead I would not have the high and storied stone Placed o'er my grave, and then be left alone But I would have some things I once did

love, Ere I did leave the joyous world above, Placed o'er me. And each succeeding year I'd have my friends renew them, and oft linger near, With loving thoughts upon the dear one laid

And talk of times departed long ago, When I am dead.

When I am dead, Forgive—Oh this I pray far more than all— The anguish I have caused, the deed beyond recall.

Think kindly on me as I lie so still,

So poor a subject for an angered will.

Think of some generous deed, some good word spoken,

Of hearts bound up I found all sad and Think gently, when this last long rest is mine, And gaze upon my form with looks benign, When I am dead.

KEEPING THEIR END UP.

HOW THE GREAT WEST'S MARVELS ARE APT TO MULTIPLY.

Denver Tribune As last Tuesday's west-bound train passed Cape Horn, a large party of Englishmen, of the "direct-from-Lunnon" variety, crowded out on the platform and loudly expressed their dissatisfaction at the scenery, which was "not at all up to the guide books, you know,

As they returned no their seats to enjoy a jolly good British all-around grumble, entirely oblivious of the indignant glances of the native passengers, a meek-looking, gentle-voiced journalist from 'Frisco approached from the other end of the car and volunteered to give the jourists some valuable facts concerning the country. In an ingenious and plausible way, he answered their questions in a manner that reduced our critics from over-the-pond to a condition of profound amazement, not to say

The next morning the journalist was informed by the reporter that a committee of gentlemen wished to see him in the baggage car. As he entered the latter he found a dozen travelers, all native and to the manor born, waiting to receive him hat in hand. The spokesman advanced and said:

"You are the party who was giving those globe trotters in the rear sleeper some points about the coast, I believe?" "I am, sir," said the quill-driver, mod-

"You told them, I understand," continued the chairman, "that Mount Shasta was 76,000 feet high?"

"The same "You divulged the well known fact that trains on this road were often detained four days by herds of buffalo, and that they frequently have to use a Gatling gun on the cowcatcher to prevent the locomotive being pushed off the track by the grizzly bears?"

"Yes, sir. "You further acquainted them with the circumstance that the Digger Indi- the love, sympathy, fun and thorough ans live to the average age of 204, and enjoyment which seemed to come from that the rarefication of the air on the the very hands of this great magician! plains is such that an ordinary pin looks like a telegraph pole at the distance of forty-two miles?"

"I think I wedged that in," responded the newspaper man.

"And we are informed they all made

a memorandum of your statement that at the Palace hotel an average of two waiters per day were shot by the guests for bringing cold soup—eh?"
"They did."

"And, finally, we believe that you are the originator of that beautiful-that b-e-a-utiful-er-fact regarding that fallen redwood tree up at Mariposa-I mean the hollow one into which the six horse-stage drives, and comes out of a knot-hole 165 feet further along?"

"I told them all about it." "Just so! just so!" said the committeeman, grasping the patriot's hand and producing a well-filled buckskin bag, "and I am instructed by this committee of your fellow-countrymen to present you with this slight token of our appreciation of the noble manner in which you have vindicated the honor of our noble land; God bless you,

"Gentlemen," said the true Californian, much affected, "I understand your feelings, and although I blush to be rewarded for simply doing my duty, I accept the gift as a sacred trust to be devoted to the further exaltation of our common country."

HE WOULDN'T BE SATISFIED EITHER WAY.

Boston Post. A man in Judge Geddes's district in Ohio was in the habit of visiting a neighboring town and getting drunk One night on his return home with several sheets in the wind he approached his house, saw no light, and suspected that his wife had gone to bed. "Now, Mary has gone to bed," he said, "and hasn't anything for me to at. I'll make it warm for her." But d a moment he saw a light, and then said: "I'll be blessed if the extravagant thing isn't sitting up till this hour of night burning out my oil. Now, durn me if I don't make it hot for her."

NIAGARA'S POWER

New York Sun. A Boston engineer has been turning his attention to the power going to waste in the Niagara river. He estimates that a motor could be submerged in the river which would furnish half a million horse power-sufficient to run all the machinery in Buffalo and pump all the city's water. His plan is to place a giant iron wheel in the river perpendicularly, so that it shall be turned by the current. The power would be taken from the shaft of the wheel by either belts or gearings, or would be sent through electric cables.

Inter Ocean: The word "whisky" is a corruption of the Gelie words "uisge" and "beatha," signifying "water of life." The Bright and Funny Genius of the House... Training the Children for the Piny.

[Mamie Dickens in Youth's Companion.] Ever since I can remember anything, I remember him as the good genius of the house, and as the happy, bright and funny genius.

He had a peculiar tone of voice and way of speaking for each of the children. who could tell, without being called by name, which was the one addressed.

He had funny songs which he used to sing to them before they went to bed. One in particular, about an old man who caught cold and rheumatism while driving in an omnibus, was a great favorite; and as it was accompanied by sneezes, coughs and funny gesticulations, it had to be sung over and over again before the small audience was

I can see him now through the mist of years, with a child nearly always on his knee, his bright and beautiful eyes full of life and fun. I can hear his clear and sweet voice, as he sang to those children, as if he had no other occupation in the world but to amuse them.

And when they grew older, and were able to act little plays, it was the father himself who was teacher, manager. prompter, to these infantine amateurs. And these theatricals were undertaken as carnestly and seriously as were those of the grown-up people. He would teach the children their parts separately-teach them what to do, and how to do it, acting himself for their edification.

At one moment he would be the dragon in "Fortunio;" at the next, one of the seven servants; and then taking the part of a jockey, played by the youngest child, a mere baby, whose little legs had much difficulty to get into the top-boots-until he had taken

every part in the play.

And before these children were old enough to act regular pieces, the same pains were taken about any little charade they might ask for, any song they were taught to sing, each child knowing well that such pains had to be taken before his approval could be won.

As with his grown-up company of actors, so with his juvenile company did his own earnestness and activity work upon them and affect each personally. The shyest and most awkward child would come out quite brilliantly under h s patient and always encouraging training.

Then again, at the juvenile parties he was always the ruling spirit. He had acquired by degrees an excellent collection of conjuring tricks, and on Twelfth Nights—the eldest son's birthday-he would very often, dressed as a magician, give a conjuring entertainment, when a little figure which appeared from a wonderful and mysterous bag, and which was supposed to be a personal friend of the conjurer, would greatly delight the audience by his funny stories, his eccentric voice and way of speaking, and by his miraculous appearances and disappearances.

in a hat, and was always one of the successes of the evening. It would be almost impossible even

Of course, a plum-pudding was made

to guess how many such puddings have een made since. But surely, those made by Charles Dickens must have possessed some special fairy power, no other conjurer being able to put into his pudding all

Cents by the Car-Load.

[Cleveland Herald.]
As is well known, certain western and sonthern cities scorn to use any coin less than a nickel. When a newspaper corporation started a cheap evening paper in St. Louis it bought and circulated in that city several barrels of

It would surprise the reader who has never investigated the matter to learn how many cents have been coined. At the close of the fiscal year of 1881 the total coinage of cents equaled \$6,071,-039,59. "You have no adequate idea what such a bulk of cents would be," said the cheerful statistician who imparted the facts. "Granting that they were all of the size now in use, although many of them were much larger, they would fill over 104 cars carrying twenty tons each."

The first American cent was authorized to be coined by an act of congress of July 6, 1787. It was first coined by James Jarvis, of New Haven, Conn. The weight was 264 grains, which was reduced to 208 grains in 1793, and, being still too large, to 168 grains two years later. The coinage was discontinued in 1857, after \$1,562,887.44

worth had been made. In 1857 the nickel cent was first coined. It was smaller than the oldfashioned predecessor, weighing 72 grains, 88 per cent. of copper and 12 per cent. of nickel. In 1864 the coinage was discontinued after \$2,007,725 worth had been made. The bronze cent of the present time came into being in 1864. It weighed only 48 grains, of which 85 per cent is copper and 5 per cent, tin and zinc. The total amount coined at the end of the fiscal year ending June 30 was \$3,077,720. The grand total of all the cents coined up to the close of the fiscal year ending June 30, 1881, was \$6,071,039.59.

Tennessee's Dog Question.

[Chicago Tribune.] Statistics show that Tennessee has at least 300,000 dogs. The food for each dog would raise 100 pounds of bacon, which would be 30,000,000 pounds of bacon. This, at 10 cents per pound, would be worth \$3,000,000. This is not all. These dogs probably destroy 50,000 sheep, worth \$2 per head, and they prevent the raising of \$1,000,000 worth of wool and mutton that otherwise would be raised. Thus it costs more than \$4,000,000 to feed these worthless dogs. The food of these dogs would feed 100,000 able-bodied laborers, and the wool lost would clothe 1,500,000 people.

New York Independent: The one lesson which, more than all others, is being taught by the progress of sani-tary science and art is that most of the physical evils of this life are the direct result of breaches of law.

Saved the County Credit.

[Charleston (W. Va.) Cor. Distroit Free Press. The neighboring county of Greenbrier issued during the war a great deal of county scrip, which was nothing more or less than a promise on the part of the county, then claiming to be a part of the Confederate states, to pay full value in legal tender of the realm. Col. Joel McPherson was clerk of the county court of Greenbrier county at the time this scrip was issued, and

every piece bore his signature. Our old friend Broughey walked into Col. McPherson's office one day, several years after the war, laid his heavy walking stick down on the table, pulled a big bowie knife out of its sheath, and laid it by the stick, took the mate to the bowie out of his boot and deposited it alongside its twin, unstrapped his belt to which was appended two navy six-shooter revolvers in their cases, and then taking from his pocket an enormous wallets pread out before Col. McPherson hundreds of dollars of the

old county scrip.
"Now," said he, when he had it all displayed, "I want this redeemed. Your name is on every piece, saying that it is good for so much. I want my money."

The colonel looked at the speaker then at the array of scrip, then at the arsenal. The scrip was genuine, the artillery ready for action, and the old man in earnest.

"Why, my dear sir," said the colonel "I have no funds with which to pay you. I was but the officer of the county, and am not personally respon-sible for any of the county's debts." "Don't know anything about that,"

was the reply, "your signature is on there saying that the scrip is good. Now I want my money, and I mean to have it." "Those things were to be paid in Con-

federate money, anyhow," said Col. Mc-Pherson. "That was all the kind of money we had in those days." "Well, that's what I want," said Broughey. "Confederate money is good enough for me."

Col. McPherson drew a sigh of re-Excusing himself for a few moments, he went out and soon returned with enough Confederate money to redeem all the old man's scrip. He was out of a bad box, and the credit of Greenbrier county had been saved.

> A Novel Life-Bont. Denver News

One of our enterprising inventors has patented a life-boat, which seems to meet nearly every want of shipwrecked people. His boat consists of a hollow globe of metal or wood, ballasted at the bottom, so that it will always right itself immediately on touching the water, and can never capsize even in the roughest sea. This boat has compartments for water, medical stores, and provisions, bull's-eyes to let in light, a door for ingress and egress, a port hole for hoisting signals to the mast, comfortable seats all round the inside for the passengers, and a double hollow mast for supplying fresh air, and for carrying off that which has become vitiated. On the outside of the globe boat runs a gallery, for the use of sailors in rowing, hoisting sail, discharging rockets, or steering. Of course, the cases would be very rare when rowing, sailing, or steering would be recould be easily managed

completely the passengers would be protected from rain and wind, and con-This is a very important point in Mr. Manes' design, as we all know that very many persons, not merely women and children, but often hardy men, only escape drowning to perish from exposure to the weather. Mr. Manes suggests that a propeller might be attached to the boat to be worked by a crank turned by the passengers on the inside. It is calculated that a boat, twelve feet in diameter, would carry about fifty passengers. The boat can be carried on deck or hung over the stern on davits, in either of which positions it the steamships which brought them to may be used as a cabin during the this country. They settled in Pennsylvoyage.

Costume of Fifty Years Ago.

[St. Louis Republicar.] "The style of costume," says Gen. Mallet, "and even the manners of the present generation are not, in my opinion, an improvement on a half century ago. The manager would not admit a gentleman into a ball-room with boots, or even a frock coat; and to dance without gloves was simply vulgar. At Detroit Free Press. commencement ball (when I graduated, 1818), my coat was broadcloth, of seagreen color, high velvet collar to friend who resides in one of Michigan's match; swallow-tail, pockets outside tons, white satin damask vest, undervest; a wide opening for bosom rufflers, and no shirt collar. The neck was ' essed with a layer of four or five three-cornered cravats, artistically laid and surmounted with a cambrie stock, pleated and buckled behind. My pantaloons were white canton crape, lined with pink muslin, and showed a peach-blossom tint. They were rather short, in order to display flesh-colored silk stockings, and exposure was increased by very low-cut pumps with shiny buckles. My hair was very black, very long, and queued. I should be home."
taken for a lunatic or a harlequin in "The such a costume now.

Woman "Sufferage."

[Chicago Tribune Miss Anthony said: "I have been roundly abused and ridiculed for allowing a female clerk of mine to send a letter in which woman suffrage was spelled 'sufferage,' and was not corrected. There is a little secret history about that letter that will be amusing to those who are laughing at me and my female clerk who cannot spell suffrage. The fact is, that my clerk made a correct copy of the letter, which I approved, and which was then sent to a male clerk, a college graduate, to make a large number of copies. Every copy which this gentleman prepared read sufferage, and, what is still more startling, a number of members of congress, in replying to the latter, adopted same unique orthography. may turn the laugh a little on to the other side," was Miss Anthony's closing comment, and the reporter thought so

SOME THRIFTY EMIGRANTS.

PROMINENT CITIZENS WHOSE NAMES ARE RECORDS. New York Star.

"There are thousands of prominent and wealthy people in the United States who made their entrance to the country through the portals of Castle Garden," observed Superintendent Jackson of the board of immigration to a reporter yesterday. "If I were to give you a complete list of their names, give you a complete has a large as it would require a book as large as it would require a book as large as Webster's dictionary to print them,' added. "I read of them or hear them mentioned in connection with important schemes and institutions throughout the country. They turn up as mayors of cities, members of the legislature, presidents of banks, managers of insurance companies, noted lawyers and ministers of the gospel. here, there and everywhere. Once in a while an able editor is developed from SOME OF THE SECRETS OF TAXIan immigrant who came here as a steerage passenger in an ocean steamship. It is no discredit to a person to come across the ocean in the steerage. People who take passage in that way do so as a method of economy. I have known families who came here and were landed as ordinary immigrants at Castle Garden to have thousands of dollars, with which they intended to purchase farms in the west." "Do you think that people who leave

their homes in the old world to live in the United States are likely, as a rule, to meet with more success here than they would if they had remained in the land of their nativity?"

"Yes; they have more room and better opportunities for their efforts here in Europe. Take the Germans, for instance. In their native country they are hampered by oppressive military population. The Germans are Republicans at heart, but they are required to give allegiance to a crown. They come to the United States, where no large standing armies are required, where taxes are light, and where there is plenty of land for farming and gardening purposes. Here they find a government that is vested in the people, and a country in which every man has a voice and an interest in the commonwealth. The majority of the Germans settle upon farms. They work hard and are very economical, and in a few years they become well-to-do, if not

wealthy." The name of every immigrant who arrives at Castle Garden is registered. The books containing these names are carefully preserved. In them are recorded many a name that is known to of post-mortem contentment. years ago there was landed a young German, who had all of his earthly came over in the same vessel. This ple are glad enough to young man, whose name was Hermann quired, but in case of need all three inventor and managing director of a arsenic, burnt alum, ground oak bark A glance at the model will show how stepped foot on American ground at the hair and skin, and gives to the latsequently, to a great extent, from cold. in Texas, and is probably one of the six wealthiest men in Texas, came to this country as a steerage passenger about

fourteen years ago. The president of one of the principal banks in Chicago, George Deihl, was preparation most commonly used is registered among the immigrant arrivals in 1863. It is said, however, that his success is not entirely owing to his own exertions, and that a relative in Germany died leaving him a large fortune. In the oil regions of Pennsylvania are many wealthy German families who were steerage passengers in vania and became the owners of farms salt. They are only wanted by naturupon which oil was afterward discovered. It was good luck that gave them their wealth, but they are honest and worthy people, nevertheless. Among these are the Bechtels, Wakemans, Pollaks and Daters.

A WIDE AWAKE, STIRRING KIND OF A VILLAGE.

A few days since a well-known Detroiter, who is a bit of a wag, visited a

young, growing and aspiring villages. with lapels and large silver-plated but. A tour of the place was made, the resident calling the Detroiter's attention showing the edge of a blue to every two-story house and all the places of business, the new church, the spot where a fire-engine house is going to be built and all the other village lions. After the round had been made, he turned upon the Detroiter and inquired: "How do you like our town? Give

us a candid answer!" 'It seems to me to be a wide awake, stirring kind of a village. Some of stocked, and I should judge your wants eral to ask:

can be all supplied right here at "That's one of our strong points. We are entirely independent of everybody and everything. Whenever we discover a want some energetic man of business steps right in and supplies it. No matter what business a man may be engaged in here, his market is right here, and all that he needs to make his business

profitable is at his hand." "I am satisfied that such is the fact. for I have seen many evidences thereof the Federal. this afternoon. Here, directly opposite on the other side of the street, is an instance.

And the Detroiter pointed to a large windmill for pumping water, beneath the revolving arms of which stood a growing more and more nervous. Pretty covered delivery wagon, upon the side of which was inscribed: "Pure yell told that the battle was opened. dairy farm milk."

"THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET." Massachusetts Letter in New York Tribune Near Marshfield, at Greenbush, is the Woodworth farm, made famous by the poem of "The Old Oaken Bucket." A knocker brought an old man past 50 to lederate lines.

the cottage door to welcome us. He pointed across the way to the orchard that I planted gone on fifty year CONTAINED IN THE CASTLE GARDEN ago," and over whose bars an impertinent Jersey cow energetically thrust her head. Leading us around the corner of the house he lifted the cover of the well. Alas, for poetic tradition! An ordinary water pipe wound around down the slimy sides to the dark depths below to convey the water from the well to the house. The old oaken bucket was burned up for kindling wood years ago, and the bail, the only remnant in existence, is in the treasured possession of the village

schoolmaster. In response to the inquiry whether many people are attracted thither out of curiosity to see the well, the reply was that in the summer season there are half a dozen parties every day, "all of whom say as you did," he added, "that the well looks just like any other old well."

Chicago Herald.

"What other queer things have you stuffed?" asked the reporter. "Well, last winter I stuffed my wife's

sitting-room lounge. "I am not hunting for information about lounges," hastily put in the visitor. "I want to know what queer animals you have preserved?"

"Among the commonest animals are mice. They are easy to stuff. Generally, I am asked to preserve some certain attitude. Folks who get mice stuffed for the little ones to play with, as is often the case, want the legs, head and tail arranged in a certain way. For instance, not long ago I stuffed a dozen mice and glued them in a group on a than they ever have had or could have circular board. Two were climbing a miniature ladder, two more were cracking nuts, one was sitting daintily on his tail and rear legs, one was washing his laws, heavy taxes, and an overcrowded face with his forepaws, another was viewing the group while standing on his head, and the rest were arranged in grotesque attitudes."

"Do you ever stuff insects?" "Frequently. They are easy handle, as all that is necessary is to suck the blood out and be careful to keep from tearing off the delicate mem-

"And cats and dogs?" "Only last week an old maid, who lives in this block, brought to me a cat which had been stoned to death. She wanted her pet to look cheerful, so I first stuffed him, then dyed the blood stains out of his hair, smoothed the puffing out of his tail, put a red ribbon around his neck, and now he reposes as cheerfully as can be on the mantel in the old maid's sitting-room, a picture Dogs fortune and to fame. About fifteen are easy to stuff. Gentlemen sometimes desire the breed of their dogs exhibited in the attitude of the corpse. possessions in a little wooden box that Thus a pointer must have his tail he carried upon his back when he left stuck out horizontally, and his nose the steamship. There was nothing almost on a level with his toes. Singularly enough, I never stuffed a the hundreds of other immigrants who black-and-tan terrier. I guess peothem when they die. I have preserved Keutzen, went to Wisconsin, where he lots of Spitz dogs. In their case the became a member of the legislature; and a prominent politician of Little is fine, on the skin. This I do by using Rock, Mr. P. Schwartz, a well known a 'preservative powder,' composed of applying the preparation I use gloves, to save the skin on my hands from the effect of the arsenic. When I preserve very small animals the process is alcalled 'arsenical soap.' It is composed of arsenic, white soap, carbonate of potash, distilled water and camphor. The arsenic preserves the skin, the soap renders it properly elastic, the potash absorbs all the fine dirt, and the camphor keeps the bugs aloof."

"Do you ever preserve fishes?" "Yes, though only once in a long while. Instead of arsenic I use table

"HERE, TAKE THE GUN." Arkansaw Traveler.

Just before the battle of Mark's Mill. in Bradley county, Ark., an incident occurred which has since been told at all reunions to the amusement of all hearers. Just before the battle opened a Federal scout, while riding through the woods, discovered a Confederate scout sitting under a tree. The Federal dismounted and approached cautiously from behind. The Confederate's gun was leaning against the tree, and the Federal reached around and removed it, stepped forward and exclaimed:

"Oh, yes, I've got you!" "That's a fact."

"Come, get on your horse, and I'll take you in?" The two men mounted and started on

through the woods in a direction which the Federal supposed to the union lines, but which the Confederate soon discovered was toward his own command. They had not gone far when a your shops and stores appear to be well slow fire of musketry caused the Fed-

"You know who that is over there?"

"Who is it?" "Joe Shelby."

"The devil it is!" They went on a little further, the Federal all the time keeping the Confederate's gun lying across the horse in front of him, when the crash of small arms and the boom, boom, boom of

cannon caused the two men to stop. "Do you know who that is?" asked "Yes."

"Who is it?" "Marmaduke."

"The devil it is!"

They went on again, the Federal soon heavy firing, and the awful rebel

"Do you know who that is up there?" asked the Federal. "Yes,"

"Who is it?"

"Maxey with his Ingins."
"The h—Il it is! Here, you take the A gun," and by the time the exchange smart rap with the old fashioned brass was made the two men were in the ConA MILWAUKEE WEDDING.

THE BON-TON STYLE OF GETTING MARKIED IN THE CREAM CITY.

October, the popular month for fall weddings, is near at hand. The Milwaukee belles who are to become brides during its auspicious reign, having by this time "got their sewing done," are engaged in deliberating and consulting with reference to the details of the important ceremony to which they naturally look forward with much delightful anticipation. "A wedding among nice people who make no pretensions to fashionable display," she said, "would be managed something in this way: The parlor carpet, stair carpes and front hall should be co red with white muslin, laid as nicely as possible. This preliminary the bride should rather insist upon, for it gives a bridal air to the entire surrounding, and is very little trouble. It improves matters immensely if the carpets are a little shabby, and the muslin is just as good as new for all sorts of uses afterwards; besides, this use of white covers distinguishes a wedding from an ordin-ary party. The room should be charm-ingly fresh and pretty, with baskets or bowls of flowers here and there, and the bride and groom should decide beforehand just where they will stand; usually the space between the front windows or in front of the high mantel is chosen if the house is an old-fashioned one. If the Episcopal service is used, two hassocks, covered with white muslin, are placed for the happy pair to kneel upon. The company should be assembled in the parlor little while before the hour. set for the ceremony, the minister standing near the place to be occupied by the bridal couple. When the hour arrives the groomsman and bridesmaid precede the bride and groom down the staircase, then loiter a moment at the door of the parlor until the bride and groom are just behind them, then they enter, leading the way for the bride, and take their places just upon the left of the place where she is to stand. This brings the two girls in the centre with the men on the outside, and the tableau is a pretty one. The party, of course, face the company, and the family of the bride and groom take their places on either side, so as to at once offer their congratulations. At the close of the ceremony the minister takes the bride's hand, calls her first by her new rame, and, if the moral sense of the company will permit, he kisses her. Then he congratulates the groom. This is the moment selected by the self-possessed man to pay his fee. He has provided himself with a \$5 gold piece, at least, probably an eagle, and possibly a \$20 gold piece. It is nicely wrapped up in tissue paper, in his vest pocket, and he claps it into the parson's palm, saying softly to him that nothing can fully repay the service he has rendered him. Or he can intrust the delivery of the fee to the groomsman, who should attend to it the moment the parson has congratulated the happy pair; but the groom had better attend to it himself. The groom's parents are entitled to offer the first congratulations among relatives, because they, of course, welcome the bride as their new daughter. Then the other friends come up and say civil things. Presents may be sent any time after the wedding invitations are out, and they ought to be sent always before the day of the wedding, though this is a rule very frequently violated. The bride writes a pretty little note to each most akin to that of embalming. The giver, expressing her thanks and her pleasure at remembrance. Verbal thanks do not count as acknowledgement of bridal gifts. The collation should be laid in the dining-room, and small tables may be placed about the room. Some member of the bride's family should see to it that the old people among the guests are comforta-bly seated and served before the general company enter the dining-room. The chairs which the bridal party are to occupy are prettily designated by white ribbons." A PATHETIC INCIDENT.

New York World.

A swarthy-faced Italian was grinding from a wheezy hand-organ "The Watch on the Rhine." A crowd of children on the Rhine." A crowd of children had collected about the corner of East Broadway and Market street, where the hand-organist stood, for, attached to a chain, was a little monkey which was climbing to the second story of a house where a penny awaited him. With much difficulty did the little animal mount the shutter and scramble to the window, but he was still beyond the reach of the money. The Italian glared savagely at the chattering monkey as he looked with an expression almost human at his rough master. It was no use; he could not reach the penny, and with evident fear the little fellow, dressed in a red cap, clung to the blind. The savage pauper cursed his faithful companion, who in turn shook his little head, as if to say, "Master, I can't reach the penny."

With a vicious pull on the chain the monkey was torn from his place of safety, and falling struck the pavement heavily.

The little fellow's upturned eyes saw no one but the cruel man who was bending over him. With a slight tremble the poor thing's little limbs became rigid, a faint gasp and the monkey was dead

He had tailed to get one penny and the avaricious master had killed him. As the chil iren drew back from the scene the Italian tore two pernit from the fixed grasp of his dead slave, then muttering "Deda monka no dropped the little body in the autter and turned down the side street.

WANTED THE EXACT WORDS. New York Sun.

The "New Aversion" was the subject of a recent discourse of a backwoo' preacher. A Sunday school missionary heard him preach it. The preacher de-nounced the revised version of the new testament, and said that what he wanted was the real words which Jesus and Paul and the others spoke. These, he said, were found in the common version, and therefore ! was opposed to the "new aversiona