

BRILLIANTS.

The patient pleading of the trees— How deep it shames the soul's despair!

He who stands by my side always Nor waits to see what the world will say,

Great souls have died for truth, and left their fame To be the watchword of another age;

Bodily Attitude and Health.

A writer on health very justly condemns lounging, in which a large number of persons indulge, as injurious to health.

How They Got Him Out.

In Paris, recently, a workman fell over the parapet of one of the bear-pits at the Jardin des Plantes, and very nearly became a prey to two huge bears awaiting their afternoon repast.

A Detective's Shrewdness.

Only a few months ago the papers gave an instance of the shrewdness of a French detective. A man had murdered his female companion and buried her body in a cellar.

Equalizing the Charges.

Railroad Magnate—See here, sir! this won't do. You sell me that sugar at 10 cents a pound, and I have just found out that you have been charging my son 15 cents for the same brand.

Grocer—But you see, sir, your son lives in the next square, close by, while you reside a mile away, and I have been afraid that if I did not sell you at a low price you would prefer to buy at some grocery nearer home.

R. R. Magnate—I can't help that. You have no right to discriminate against my son in that way, just because he lives near you.

Grocer—Well, I will stop it. R. R. Magnate—And let him have his sugar at 10 cents.

Grocer—No, I will charge you 15 cents.

Got Ahead of Lincoln.

The story was told of President Lincoln's first visit to the penitentiary at Springfield, Ills. An old criminal, looking out through the bars of his cell, remarked:

"Well, Mr. Lincoln, you and I ought to be well posted on prisons; we've seen all there are in the country."

"Why, this is the first one I ever visited," said Mr. Lincoln, and was astonished at the response.

"But I've been in all the rest."

Grateful Are We.

Yes, we think well of bicycles and bicyclers; we love to watch them wing their noiseless way swiftly past the house and we are glad we do not keep a gun.

Every Saturday afternoon there is one particular bicyclist goes by; a fat man; a very fat man in knickerbockers, a pleated blouse, shortskirted and gathered in at the belt, mutton chop whiskers, single eye-glass and navy cap.

Didn't Like It.

Mrs. Yerger being afflicted with face-ache, sent to the drug store for some carbolic salve, which she rubbed on her jaw.

The salve smelt like creosote, whereupon her son Johnny remarked:

"Mamma, I wouldn't use the medicine. It smells like toothache."

Queen Elizabeth of Roumania is said to have had a fondness for boiled sea gulls, quince cheese, and hartshorn jelly, dainties unknown to the nineteenth century bill of fare.

THE BANK CHECK.

[New York Times.]

What I have to tell is absolutely true. It did happen exactly as I shall try to write it. The only thing I will omit are the names of the persons and the place where it happened.

I suppose few people who have had direct transactions with banks are not aware that errors sometimes happen. The heads of firms rarely are acquainted with such mistakes. It is the business of clerks who have the checks cashed to see that the amounts paid them are correct.

I was a clerk in a house when the incident I am about telling happened. We did a large business in the city of—, and our check-book was in constant demand.

The money overpaid by the teller had been \$4,000, and he had probably counted out \$4,500 instead of \$450. I hated to do it, but I offered the scoundrel his traveling expenses.

"This is my ultimatum," I said. "If I do not hear from you in ten days I will disclose the whole matter and you will be dishonored." His letter came back promptly enough.

"I was ever so rich," corporations had no souls. I consulted with the bank president, who thought it was better to close with the man.

"I am not afraid of the bank. I consider that my transactions have been with your firm," he wrote. "Maybe he had come across some money he could not exactly account for."

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size me. Next day I was shocked to learn through the president of the bank, that such positive indications of mental trouble had been shown by the teller, that his friends had thought it wiser to confine him to his house.

Now, I felt absolutely certain that the man to whom the check had been paid must be a rascal. If he had offered restitution it came late—very much late. My firm gave me carte blanche to manage the matter as I pleased.

At once, by return mail, I had a letter. The sum was not, as he said, what I represented it to be. He made some specious arguments about a man finding a purse, and the description of it, not talking with the actual purse lost, or the amount in it.

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A LITTLE GIRL'S FORTUNE.

What a Bundle of Confederate Bonds Brought an Orphan.

This quaint old place, which lies in the center of the Quaker settlements, was during the war a favorite resort of "refugees," by which name was designated those persons whose homes in the eastern section of the state were inside the danger line.

The big safe, as solemn as the grave and as chary of its secrets, was shut. But few of the depositors had withdrawn the now valueless currency it contained. The bank, a dead corporation, ceased to exist; dying as it had lived, lazily.

But strange as the past events might seem, future ones were even more curious. It was found that Exum had gone to Charleston, S. C., October, 1863, and nothing had since been heard of him.

How the Prince of Wales Looks. (Olive L., our London Letter.) The most powerful supporter Gen. Baker has is his liege lord the prince of Wales, but you know the old adage, qui resemblement, s'assemblent.

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Noted Checker-Players. (Exchange.) Chess is often mentioned as the favorite game of great generals, diplomats, and scholars; but the simpler, though, perhaps, not less pleasing game of checkers must have its innings on that score, too.

Curious Natural Barometer. (Exchange.) The natives of the Chiloe islands make use of a curious natural barometer, to which, from its having been first noticed by the captain of an Italian corvette, the name "Barometre Araucano" has been given.

Training Children. (Philadelphia Call.) A child's education in obedience should begin at a very early age, but in a most gentle way, little by little as events occur.

Under the Cottonwoods.

"I see the cholera is coming," said a big man to another on the north side streets. "I never hear of the epidemic but I think of an incident that came under my own observation in Missouri."

First he laid down at her feet \$10,000 in gold. The story told was of a dying master, his command to the old servant, and a grave in the sound of the waves of the Pacific.

One day two bodies of men fought on this site. The struggle was brief, but it was as fierce as any that the war witnessed. It is known in history as the battle of Lone Jack.

Thought "Sumthin'" Was the Matter.

"Did you ever," asked a New York Central fireman, "hear of old Jerry Drew who lives up near Rochester? No? Well, we had a scrimmage with him one day. He gets drunk every time he goes to town, and that day he was drunker than ever."

The Jews in Russia.

There can be no question that the Jews have a hard time of it in Russia. The miserable serfs which have just been enacted at Novgorod are only a repetition of what has repeatedly taken place during the past two or three years in various parts of the czar's dominions.

A Convenient Fashion.

To all wearers of false teeth the news of the recent fashion set by a Chicago society lady will be extremely welcome. This lady has an entire set of false upper teeth, and she neither conceals the fact nor pretends that they are preferable to real teeth.

Inventions of the Shakers.

The peculiar sect known as the "shaking quakers," deserves credit for many of the useful inventions of the present. More than half a century ago they first originated the drying of sweet corn for food, and they first raised, papered and vendored, garden seeds in the present style.

Springfield (La.) New Era: A man should always consider himself under obligation to sweep first his own doorway. The Current: Among the fine arts—the "holier-than-thous."

ALMOST OUT OF THE WORLD.

The Simple Little Community on Lonesome Isle an Haunt.

A way off the coast of Maine, outside the cord of rocky isles that stretch like a protecting chain between the Atlantic and Penobscot bays, exposed to the ceaseless beat of the waves, and to the fury of every storm, is the oldest, loneliest, and most primitive spot on the American coast, the Isle au Haut.

On the summit of the cliffs is a great level plot, half sheep pasture and half blueberry bog, and there is grown the best mutton and wool in Maine, and there, too, is the blueberry pickers' paradise, whole schooner loads of people often going in summer from the main land to gather the berries.

Farmers.

I now hurl back the foul aspersion, made by certain members of the press, wherein I am charged with falsely posing as a farmer.

Now, as I understand it, a farmer is a man who tills the earth, with great loss to himself, and benefit to others. So you see my claim to being a practical farmer cannot be denied.

The Maori King. (London Letter.) We have a tattooed man over here who is attracting a great deal of attention. This is the Maori King, Tawhiao. The king attended the Haverly Minstrel show at Drury Lane the other night, and was the observed of all observers.

Surprised at Connecticut. (New York Sun.) "Yes, sah," said a North Carolina man to the New York hotel yesterday, "I like yo' city very much, but, sah, I am very much puzzled at Connecticut. I have been up thar on business, and I have ridden pretty much all over the state—a considerable portion of the way in a buggy."