

FOR OLD TIMES' SAKE.

"For old times' sake,"
The simplest and the sweetest plea
That yearning love has learned to make...

A RUSSIAN HACKMAN'S ADVENTURE.

Any one who has been in St. Petersburg, or, indeed in any Russian town, must have seen plenty of those vehicles which the Russians call droshkies...

The officer's face was so completely muffled in a thick bashlik (hood) that nothing could be seen of it beyond his mustache and the tip of his nose.

They had not gone far before the passenger noticed that his driver was shivering with cold, as well he might.

"You don't seem very warmly dressed for this cold weather, my friend," said the officer, kindly.

"Your honor may say that," growled the man; "and there are plenty more as bad as me, every bit."

"Why, you don't grudge it them, surely?"

"Not I, for, as the saying is, 'Every morsel you grudge your neighbor will stick in your own throat.'"

"I'll be sure to tell him," said the stranger, smiling. "And now, here we are at the corner of my street, and here's your money. Good night, brother."

On the second morning after this adventure, a proclamation went abroad that all the hackmen of that quarter were to present themselves in front of the Winter Palace that evening at sunset, that those of them who needed it might be supplied with warm clothing.

"That's my officer's doing," cried a burly fellow, with a bristling red beard, who was just telling his night-adventure for the twentieth time to a knot of his admiring cronies.

"Long life to him!" echoed the others, as they started off in every direction to tell the good news to their comrades.

Fully half an hour before the appointed time, the space in front of the Winter Palace was thronged with a crowd of scarecrows such as had seldom been seen there. Hardly a single good hat or whole coat was to be seen in the whole assemblage...

Luckily for them, the weather was not quite so sharp as usual that evening; but even as it was, they found it cold work waiting, and before long there was such a rubbing of noses and stamping of feet going on all through the crowd, that it looked just like a class of gymnastics.

"That must be the officer that Stepka [Stephen] told us about," whispered one of the drivers to his neighbor; "the one he drove to the rough pavements, and if you turn sharp round a corner in one of them, you will very likely find yourself sprawling in the dirt, with your driver on the top of you."

These are the hack-carriages of Russia; and the drivers look quite as outlandish as their vehicles, with their low crowned hats and long blue frocks down to their heels, and broad, shallow, heavy faces, half-buried in thick beards.

"There's no harm done, my good fellow," said the Grand Duke, laughing. "I'm very glad you did speak so freely, for I'm afraid of these things now and then. Here's a rouble" (seventy-five cents) "for you, and I hope it'll be a long while before this coat's as ragged as the other."

Stepka answered with a "Hurrah for Constantine Nikolaievitch!" that was echoed by the whole throng.

The shout had hardly died away, when a figure appeared on the balcony overhead and waved its hand to them in salute.

A New Yorker who spent several weeks in the Black Hills country last fall met with some rare chances as soon as he left Denver. The first party took him aside and began:

"Say, stranger, are you after a mine?"

"Well, perhaps."

"Do you want the biggest spec in the West?"

"I might take it."

"Then you lay low. A sick man over here has dreamed three times running of finding the richest silver mine in the world, and I'll get all the directions as to how to find it for \$500 cash down."

The offer was not accepted, and within a few hours a second party had a "find" on hand that his brother had dreamed out.

"Well, there's a good deal of dreaming around this locality," placidly answered the man—"in fact, too much of it. If some of the boys don't quit the business I reckon I'll have to go back to salting up mines and selling out to Chinamen."

SECOND MARRIAGES.—Among the early Greeks it was infamous for a woman to marry a second husband; so much so, that the name of the first widow who thus dared to brave public opinion and the unbroken custom of centuries, has come down to us in a somewhat tarnished honor.

Hindoo wives in very early times became so abandoned and wicked, that on the slightest cause of displeasure they poisoned their husbands. No method having been discovered to prevent this mischief, they enacted a law that every Hindoo wife should be burned to death upon the funeral pile of her dead husband. The law is supposed to have put a stop to the pernicious practice of poisoning.

GUSTAVE DORE.

The Greatest Illustrator of the World has ever Known. HEART BROKEN BECAUSE HE COULD NOT PAINT.

Poor Gustave Dore is dead. It might almost be said that in spite of great success he died of a broken heart at his failures. He was perhaps, take him for all in all, the greatest illustrator the world has ever known...

He would shake his head sadly—that was not it. He worked to the last on his illustrations, but only as "pot-boilers." All day long he was climbing about over the surface of some huge canvas in his large studio on the Rue Bayard, and at night he came home to earn his bread by the work he despised, though the public considered that his sole title to glory.

There was no human being who had less concern in the world than this man who lived by illustrating everything in it. He was the most prodigious worker of this or any other time.

HEALTHFULNESS OF MILK.—If any one wishes to grow fleshy, a pint of milk taken on retiring at night will soon cover the serawntest bones. Although we see a good many fleshy persons nowadays, there are a great many lean and lank ones, who sigh for the fashionable measure of plumpness, and who would be vastly improved in health and appearance could their forms be rounded with good solid flesh.

HOW TO DETECT DIPHTHERIA.—An exchange has the following from an experienced physician: "I was called out of bed past midnight to go four miles in the country and attend what the messenger stated was a bad case of diphtheria."

HOW TO COOK EGGS.—We are assured on high authority that an egg should stand ten or twelve hours after being laid before the white is properly set, and until that time they do not take on their delicate flavor.

Try the following way of cooking eggs: Heat a meat platter, and make as many pieces of toast as you wish and butter them slightly when putting them on the dish. Take a saucepan, and put into it about two ounces of sweet, fresh butter; break the eggs into a bowl, and add salt and pepper to taste; turn the eggs into the hot butter, and stir quickly with a wooden spoon till the mass has assumed the consistency of thick cream.

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HOUSEHOLD.

NERVE DRAIN AND NERVE SUPPLIES. A cooking genius has arisen in Boston who says that American women need more nerve food than men do, because their lives are drained in many ways and the avocations that stimulate nutrition they do not seem to get.

It was at Lubeck, Germany, where she was singing in concert in 1849, that Jenny Lind concluded a treaty with Mr. Barnum for a series of 150 concerts in America, under his auspices, for \$150,000.

The American furore instantly took on the proportions of that which had crazed the English public. The newspapers published the names of those who had bought tickets, and printed a fac simile of the card which admitted the owner to the concert building.

The proceeds of this first concert were \$26,000, of which Jenny Lind gave her share to the charitable institutions of New York, and on learning that some of the members of the New York orchestra were in indigent circumstances, she generously made them a substantial gift.

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JENNY LIND.

Her Gifts in America Amounting to Fifty Thousand Dollars. MARRIAGE TO OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT, THE PIANIST.

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hospital to Liverpool, and the ship founded by her friend, Mendelssohn, has largely benefited by her help, and it may be truly said that her sympathy has never appealed to in vain by those who have any reasonable claim. Content judges have estimated the total amount given away by Jenny Lind in charity and to benevolent institutions will reach at least a million of dollars.

THE VENUS FLY-TRAP.

This interesting and curious insect is indigenous to the sandy sands of the Eastern Carolinas, and is found elsewhere, so far as we know, only near Wilmington, N. C. It is in large quantities, growing in the sandy bogs. The narrowly circumscribed geographical section to which the plant is confined is remarkable, nor has any other species of genus been found elsewhere on globe.

A few species of plants have been so great an extent, the subject of scientific investigation and speculation as this little oddity. Charles Darwin held that it was a curious plant, and thrived much better with animal food than with against which so celebrated a biologist as C. de Candolle claimed that while the leaves entrapped insects and held them firmly inclosed, entirely absorbed or decomposed, the absorption of animal matter no direct advantage to the leaf, not necessary for the development of the plant.

The Dionaea muscipula is undoubtedly one of the most curious plants in existence. Whether animal life is necessary to its welfare or not is extremely interesting to watch its movements.

The Venus Fly-trap—or Dionaea—as it is usually called—belongs to the natural order Droseraceae or Sun-dews, all of which have a tendency to entrap insects, but more marked a degree as the Dionaea. The petioles, or leaf stalks, are broadly winged, while the leaf consists of two hemispherical lobes or sections, the edges of which are fringed with hair. Near the center of each half leaf, on the upper surface, are generally three extreme sensitive bristles, which are so arranged that an insect can hardly traverse leaf without coming in contact with them.

The Dionaea can be readily cultivated, and will be found a source of much pleasure and amusement should be planted in peat mixed with sphagnum, chopped and some sand, in small flower-pots in a saucer of water. During season of growth the plants should be watered copiously every day, kept moist at all times, though deluged. It requires but a moderate temperature, and may be successfully grown in an ordinary room, provided the air is not too dry. In a Wardian case, or a bell glass, there should be no culty to grow it in any warm place as the plant needs no sun and a moderate amount of light. Its white flowers are produced on stems, ten to twelve inches high; in order to produce strong plants flower buds should be pinched off soon as they appear.

A MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

"Please, sir, my uncle sent down to tell you that I was found a boy of 11 years, this force with his hand on the door knob of the Mercer street police station. added, 'You know I was lost?'"

"Who is your uncle, my boy, asked Acting Sergeant Clark, looking over the desk.

"Mr. John B. Murray, of Washington place," was the answer. Glancing over the blotter the sergeant saw that an alarm had been sent out last night at the request of Mr. Murray, reporting the boy as a runaway. The lad's name was Murray Kay.

"Where were you, my lad?" sergeant asked kindly.

"Up at my aunt's in Twenty-first street," answered the boy, with twinkles in his eye. "Uncle sent up there himself; but he is very forgetful. When I got back he was asleep and I couldn't get in, so I went home, and when uncle woke up thought I was lost. He didn't remember till I came around this morning." [Mail and Express.

"Always," said papa, as he took his coffee and enjoyed his morning breakfast, "always, children, the subject when anything unpleasant has been said. It is both wise and polite." That evening on his way from business he found his carriage despoiled, and the tiny intruder slipped feebly and silently bearing away to the small thief.

"Mabel," he said to her, "did you pick my flowers?"

"Papa," said Mabel, "did you see monkey in town?"