FROLICS OF A FATHER.

Solid Comfort Taken by a Young Married Man While Inducing to Slumber His First Born Son and Heir.

Having settled themselves at a table in Tom's back room the young man proceeded:

"I just had a rich time until that boy of mine was three weeks old. Then the nurse left, and my wife said I could just as well help her as not, and I was only too tickled to be able to do something to make myself useful. We had no crib for the youngster then, and he slept with us, between his mother and me. I was cautioned not to roll on him in the night, and I tried hard to keep still, but I hadn't been asleep more'n a minute when my wife dug me in the ribs and yelled: 'Get up! you're lying on Adolphus.' I got up, moved over into my place, and tried to sleep, but I got on the baby again, and finally wrapped myself in a blanket and spent the rest of the night on the floor. The next day I got a crib. Then my real trouble began. The boy would be fed and put into the crib, and I'd turn in. My pleasant dreams would flee as the plaintive yell of that youth cut the air and struck me with the energy of a steam hammer. Aided by a gentle push from my better half, I'd climb out, pick up the boy, and, clad in the clinging folds of a night-shirt and pair of slippers, I'd sit me down to woo the gentle god of slumber on my son's account. This attempt at wooing the gentle god is the direct cause of the ruin you see before you. Just the minute I picked the baby from his bunk he' stop yelling and look at me in wide-eyed surprise and seem to say: 'Where in thunder did you drop from?' Then, as I sat down and tried to get him comfortably balanced on one of my knees, he'd begin clawing the air and grunting contentedly. About this time I set my foot in motion, trot! trot! and accompanied it with a seductive 'sh—h—h—h, th—ere—e—e' that I hoped would soon lull him to sleep. But nary lull. He'd look at me, smile—his grandmother says it's colic that makes him smile—and then take in the furniture piece by piece, and stare stupidly at the dimly burning gas-jet. He was perfectly cool about all this. Nothing was done in haste. Each picture, chair ornament, would receive a minute inspection from these wide-opened blue eyes, and your humble servant kept digging away at the trot! trot! and 'sh—h—h' scheme all the while. Suddenly there would be a slow closing of the little white lids and the blue eyes were hidden. Aha! Now he was going to sleep. At last! And I'd work the trot! trot! with renewed vigor. Then he'd sigh a tired little sigh, and when I was sure he was fast asleep I'd start to lay him back in his crib. But just as I would lean over to lay him down he'd open his eyes, coo happily, and seem to say: 'Oh, I'm not asleep; I was just having some fun with you,' and there was nothing to do but to take him back to the chair and begin the whole business over again. Another three-quarters of an hour would drag wearily by, and a second time the baby's eyes would close and sleep appear to have come at last. How carefully I'd sneak over to the crib and gently lay him on his little quilt. How tenderly I'd tuck him in and wish that he'd sleep for a week or more to give me a chance to catch up on what I'd lost. He doesn't move, and I tip-toe to the bed that had known so little of me for some time. I sneak in under the covers, stretch myself, think there never was anything so comfortable as that bed, and close my eyes for a refreshing nap, when there comes from the crib a suspicious grunt, followed by a string of spasmodic coughs and an unmistakable yell. Painfully I climb out of the restful bed, snatch that infant from his downy couch and quiet him with the same old trot! trot! trot! while the chill night breezes float through the open window, and play peek-a-boo with my modest knees under the flapping flap of my night-shirt. This has been my nightly programme for about two weeks, and you see the result before you. I haven't slept twenty consecutive minutes in twenty consecutive days. You said something about having comfort with that boy. I fondly hoped I'd get it. I'm still hoping." And the gloomy look again stole over the face of the happy father. His eyes gazed vacantly into space as he mechanically made his way to the door, and with shuffling, uncertain step, he tottered away.—*Chicago Tribune.*

JENKINS' EARS.

How It Caused a War Between England and Spain.

On April 20, 1731, the English vessel Rebecca, Captain Jenkins, is visited by the coastguards of Havana, who accuse the Captain of smuggling military goods. They find none on board, but they ill-treat him by hanging him first to the yard and fastening the cabin boy to his feet. The rope breaks, however, and they then proceed to cut off one of his ears, telling him to take it to his King. Jenkins returns to London and claims vengence. Pope writes verses about his ear, but England does not choose to quarrel with Spain just then, and all is apparently forgotten. Eight years after some insults offered by the Spaniards to English vessels brought up again the topic of Jenkins' ear. He had preserved it in wadding. The sailors went about London wearing the inscription "Ear to ear" on their hats. The large merchants and ship owners espoused their cause. William Pitt and the Nation in general desire war with Spain, and Walpole is forced to declare it. The consequences are but too well known. Bloodshed all over the world, on land and sea. Jenkins' ear is indeed avenged. If the English people were poetical, says Carlyle, this ear would have become a constellation, like Berenice's Crown.—*Contemporary Review.*

—M. Blondin, who many years ago walked on a rope stretched above the Niagara Rapids from shore to shore, is now sixty years old, and a rope-walker still, at $500 a performance. His home is in London, but as the English law requires him to provide himself with a net against a possible fall, he usually gives his useless exhibitions on the Continent.—*Buffalo Express.*

—At a meeting of the New York Academy of Medicine, Dr. A. L. Ranney recommended the internal use of hot water in the treatment of nervous diseases. The theory of its action is that the nerves of the stomach are directly influenced by the introduction of heat into the empty organ, and that the accessory digestive organs are stimulated by it.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—"Hello, there; what do you want?" asked a Brooklyn parrot of a burglar the other night, whereupon the burglar left quick.

AN OLD STORY,

But None the Less Worth Reading Than It Was Generations Ago.

Corwin and a number of his Whig friends were going from one place to another, and were discussing the situation and laughing over the prospects of Shannon's defeat, when Mrs. Shannon, whom none of them knew, entered the stage at one of the minor stations. She listened to their talk for a few moments and then give them to understand that she did not think as they did; that she was the wife of Governor Shannon, and that there was no doubt of his election. This abashed the several gentlemen for a moment, but Corwin at once recovered himself and soon began conversing with Mrs. Shannon. He was an accomplished conversationalist, and in a short time she thought the dark gentleman with whom she was talking was one of the most polite gentlemen she had ever met. He told her he knew her husband well and talked at length about him, skillfully parrying all questions which might lead to his giving her any idea of his own identity. They finally got to laughing over the campaign, and Mrs. Shannon remarked that it was not possible that such a man as her husband could be beaten by a fellow like Tom Corwin, who, they say, was only a wagon boy when young.

"Yes," said Corwin, "and who goes round the country speaking from a log cabin."

"And," continued Mrs. Shannon, "who is as black as the ace of spades."

"Yes," returned Corwin, "as black as—as black as I am."

So the conversation went on while Tom Corwin complimented her in various ways, taking her baby, which she had with her, in his arms and dandling it and calling it "the young Governor." When they reached Columbus Mr. Corwin carried the baby into the hotel for her, and as he laid it down said: "Mrs. Shannon, I am indebted to you for a very pleasant ride. I will now lay down the 'young Governor' and a few weeks later you will find me laying down your old Governor as well. I have the honor to introduce myself to you as Tom Corwin, the black-faced wagon boy of the present campaign."

History tells how well Corwin succeeded in verifying his prophecy—how he was elected Governor in 1840, and how, five years later, he was sent to the United States Senate, which he left to accept the portfolio of the Treasury. During the time he served as Secretary of the Treasury he entertained here in grand style, but during the latter part of his life he was poor and died a bankrupt. At least his liabilities were greater than his assets, and it was his good nature in bailing every man who asked him to do so that made them so.—*Carp, in the Cleveland Leader.*

A CLOSE SHAVE.

A Railroad Man's Reminiscence of Pioneer Days on the Border.

A party of men were telling stories in St. Louis, when one of them said he had seen a good deal of service on the border, and had had a good many adventures, only one of which ever impressed him much. Down at Granada, on the Santa Fe Road, when it was first opened, he had had a circus all one night with a party of robbers.

"I was in the office in the evening," he said, "getting ready to close up, when four or five hard men came in. They didn't say much at first, but seemed to be looking the ground over. We were always on the lookout for that kind of chaps, and as the machine was ticking I pretended that somebody was asking me a question. I laughed a little, and seizing the key, I broke in with, 'Everybody—Don't stop the express at Granada to-night, whether signaled or not. Robbers here.' They eyed me sharply, but said nothing. The sounder kept up a merry click, and I leaned back in the chair. They fooled around for half an hour and then one of them asked me what time the train was due. 'Eleven five,' I said. 'Well, we want it,' one of them replied. I told him that I would signal it. About 10:30 I got out the red lantern and lighted it. Just as I got it fixed two of them jumped up with revolvers in their hands and said they would save me the trouble. While one of them covered me with a pistol the others tied me flat on my back to a settee. I couldn't move head or foot. After they got me there I began to think what sort of a scrape I had got myself in. The train would come presently and would go flying by, and then those cut-throats would murder me just for the fun of it. I had thought the thing over when I heard a sharp whistle and a roar. The men ran out to the platform with masks on and revolvers in hand. One of them had the lantern, which he swung vigorously. In going out on the platform they had left the door open, so that I could see things pretty well. I began to hope that the train would stop, for I knew that it contained men enough to do up that crowd it not taken too much by surprise. The roar came nearer and nearer, until at last I knew by the sound that they were not going to stop. With the whistle blowing at full blast and the dust flying in clouds, she swept by like a streak of lightning. It was all up with me, I thought. The robbers dropped the lantern and began to swear. Then I could hear them talking, and pretty soon I made up my mind that the train had stopped down the road a way, and that they were watching it. Before long they took to their heels, mounted their horses and were gone. When the train men came up to the depot, all armed with Winchesters, I was the only occupant. They released me and I told them what had happened. A couple of them stayed there with me and the train went on. If any express ever came any nearer being robbed without going through the mill than that one did, I'd like to know it.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

—Sims, the successful dramatist, who cleared one hundred and fifty thousand dollars last year, was born in London in 1847, and was placed as a clerk in his father's office when nineteen. Having a literary turn, he tried his hand at stories and poems for the magazines and papers, but was unsuccessful for a long time in gaining publication for any of his manuscripts. His first dramatic attempt was "Crutch and Toothpick," which realized seven hundred and fifty dollars. Then came the "Lights o' London," and he found himself famous and rich.

The Black Rat.

[Exchange.]

The black rat, so common in England 300 years ago, has been, it is believed by naturalists, completely exterminated by the gray and dun species of later times. Specimens cannot be obtained by offering extravagant prices; and residents in old houses declare that they have never seen such a thing as a black rat, although they have heard traditions of their existence.

ON FROZEN HEIGHTS.

Beauties and Terrors of a Christmas Day on Mount Washington.

After a dangerous ascent through snow-drifts from six to twelve feet deep, and over many places where a false step would have sent me to the bottom of a precipice, I reached the summit of Mount Washington in an exhausted condition at six p. m., December 6. In making the ascent one has to pass through a cloud area more or less dense, and the moisture quickly saturates our clothing, and then the low temperature at a higher elevation freezes your clothes. Such was my experience, and before I could remove my apparel I had to be "thawed out."

The officers of the signal service were very much astonished when I made my appearance at their station, and gave me a most cordial greeting. I was told that a large percentage of those who have attempted the ascent during the winter season have paid dearly for their temerity. After a rest of three or four hours I walked out to obtain a view of the mountain by moonlight. The night was nearly calm and the full moon made everything appear as bright as day. There was neither cloud nor fog, but a slight mist hung over the valleys. Each particular peak of the President's range stood out in bold relief, and the moonlight on their mantles of snow and ice made a luminous halo somewhat akin to the corona, while the frostwork on the buildings near me flashed and sparkled in the light. Long I gazed in silent admiration of the scene. So still and beautiful, yet so drear, it recalled to my mind an Arctic night of many years ago, when in that far-off region I stood alone and looked on a similar scene of snow and ice, and the same thought entered my mind as then—it is a weird, beautiful scene, but so desolate that the bright star of hope enters with a light so subdued as if it were the ray from some distant planet penetrating a cavern of ceaseless silence, solitude and woe.

The intense cold awoke me from my reverie and I slowly retraced my steps to the warm fire. Early the next morning (Christmas Day) I was called to see the sun rise. The same condition prevailed on the summit as the night before—the same quiet atmosphere, free from fog, but the light mist of the night had settled into a heavy belt of fog below us. If the night was gloriously beautiful, the panorama of the morning was surpassingly grand as the sun rose in the east. The rays falling on the fog belt illuminated it with all the colors of the rainbow. It appeared a mass of shimmering light and color. Each peak was encircled by luminous bands, while the small prisms of ice in frost work on the different buildings sparkled and danced, showing all the colors of the solar spectrum, and changing from one to the other with the greatest rapidity—all color and seemingly motion. It seemed indeed fairy land. A scene of such grandeur, dazzling beauty and gorgeousness I never again expect to see. As the sun rose higher and higher the fog heaved up under its warm rays, forming itself, like the billows of the ocean, in immense waves of color. But the scene soon changed. From a calm the wind rose suddenly to a velocity of seventy miles an hour, and the fog rising formed a cloud completely obscuring the sun. It seemed that nature during my brief stay intended to show me not only her beauties, but also her grandeur in a storm. Snow and sleet began to fall, and the wind increasing in violence, the building although heavily braced on the outside by heavy rafters, rocked and swayed to and fro like a staunch ship in a gale at sea, and I felt it would surely be moved from its foundation. Venturing forth in such a storm would have been seeking destruction, so I solaced myself by waiting its effects from a window. The wind was then blowing over one hundred miles an hour, and owing to the blinding sleet and snow I could not see further than ten or fifteen yards. Immense pieces of frost work four feet thick and eight to ten feet long were torn from the buildings and blown out of sight. Never before had I experienced anything so sublime as well as fearful, and while the scene of the morning excited my admiration, the storm of the afternoon created profound wonder and reverence.

It ceased as suddenly as it began, and much to my astonishment, on going out of doors to see the effects of the storm, I found the summit as bare of snow and ice as it would have been on a summer's day. The next morning I prepared to descend the mountain, and by dint of considerable labor, many falls and numerous slides, successfully reached the base. The scenes I witnessed fully recompensed me for all the hardships and dangers of the trip.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Manual Dexterity.

It is well known that in its development each new born being passes through very much the same stages that his ancestors have been through before him. Even after birth the growth of the child's intelligence simulates the progress of the human race from the savage condition to that of civilization. It has been shown by Preyer, and others who have studied infant development, that a faculty which has been acquired by the race at a late stage, is late in making its appearance in the child. Now, reading and writing are arts of comparatively recent achievement. Savage man could reap and sow, and weave, and build houses, long before he could communicate his thoughts to a person at a distance by means of written speech. There is, then, reason to believe that a child's general intelligence would be best trained by making him skillful in many kinds of manual labor before beginning to torture him with letters; and the moral to be derived is, that primary instruction should be instruction in manual dexterity, and that reading and writing could be learned with pleasure and with ease by a child who had been fitted for taking them up by the right kind of preparation.—*Science.*

—The Baltimore courts have struck out boldly for reform. A few days ago a man was fined twenty-five dollars and sentenced to three months' imprisonment or lying in horse trade.—*Baltimore Sun.*

A CLEAR HEAD AND A STRONG HEART.

If you muddle your brains with any of the whisky compounds which are sold under the name of "bitters," and which topers delight in for stimulants, you do your system irreproachable mischief. Brown's Iron Bitters is not one of these. It promotes healthy action of the heart, liver and stomach. It cleanses and enriches the blood, and fits the brain for the best mental work. The best physicians prescribe it, and it is well worthy of a trial by all.

A Chinese Legend.

The wild apricot is valuable for the oil extracted from its kernels. This first came into use, say the Chinese botany books, in our fourteenth century. A good and wise physician lived in a district so poor that he scarcely ever got a fee; so, having found out the use of apricot oil, he said: "If you can't pay, you must do this: Let every patient plant a wild apricot on that bare hill to the east." Fifteen years went by; the hill was pretty well covered. "Now," said the good man, "I am growing old, and after me you will perhaps not be able to get your doctoring gratis. Let the village undertake to keep up this apricot-orchard that has cost you nothing. The oil will not only pay a doctor, and buy as much medicine as you can want, but it will also do a good deal toward supporting your old men and your orphans."—*All the Year Round.*

—Large fortunes are rare in Switzerland, and the salaries of public functionaries very modest. The President of the Confederation receives $3,000 a year, few judges more than $1,250, and there is probably no bank manager in the country who gets more than twice that amount. A man with an income of $2,500 is considered very well off indeed, and to have $5,000 is to be rich.

The number of medical colleges in the United and Canada is stated to be 139: Of medical students there are 12,000, of whom 10,000 are "regulars," 1,200 are homeopaths, 750 eclectics, and fifty physio-medicals.

APPETITE AND DIGESTION.

With few exceptions, the first effects of the new Vitalizing Treatment of Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 Girard street, Philadelphia, is an improvement in appetite and digestion. A change in the whole personal appearance soon follows. The skin grows clearer, the eyes brighter, the movements more elastic. There is a sense of lightness and comfort. The chest begins to expand and the weight to increase. All the depressed or sluggish functions of the body take on a better action, and there is a gradual return to a more healthy condition. If the Treatment is continued, and the laws of health carefully observed, restoration, unless the physical system is too far broken down, will follow in nearly every case. All desired information in regard to this remarkable Treatment will be furnished by Drs. Starkey & Palen. Write to them, and your communication will get a prompt response.

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