WHAT WINS.

The world has full many a hero:
Go read what those heroes have done,
And you'll find that though oft they were baffled
They kept up their courage, and won.
They never lost courage in failure,
Giving up, as the weak-hearted will,
But said: "We will try and keep trying,
And conquer all obstacles still."

And this they have done, the world over
Their tasks were accomplished at last
By often-repeated endeavor.
The young oak may bend to the blast,
But it springs to its place when it passes,
And grows to new strength every day,
And in time it stands firm in the tempest
Whose wrath whirls the tall pine away.

Defeat makes a man more persistent
If the right kind of courage is his;
He determines to conquer, and does it,
And this is what heroism is.
Strive on with a patient endeavor:
The steadfast of purpose will win.
Defeat comes to-day, but to-morrow
May usher the grand triumph in.
—Eben E. Rexford, in Wide-Awake.

ABOUT ELEPHANTS.

Interesting and Amusing Anecdotes of the Huge Beasts.

They are Affectionate, Fond of Delicacies and Enjoy a Joke; But Their Anger is Something Terrible—Some Celebrated Elephants.

The elephant may well be considered the head of the menagerie. Young and old are never tired of watching these wonderful creatures; they are so knowing, so loving, yet so terrible in their anger. An elephant can tear off huge branches of trees with his trunk, or stamp the life out of a tiger with his great feet; yet the same trunk can be trained to pick up a pin, and the mighty feet to tread gingerly over the recumbent forms of sleeping or intoxicated keepers. Strange as it may appear, an elephant's skin is very sensitive; mosquitoes annoy him greatly, and a beating is a terrible punishment for him. Courageous as he is, an elephant is very nervous. He will fight any other huge beast, yet a mouse is said to make him shake with apprehension and trumpet with terror.

Elephants are very mischievous and inquisitive; they raise latches, open doors, and enjoy immensely their own practical jokes, though so ready to resent indignities to themselves. Sensitive as regards insult, their affection is warm and lasting, and dogs, horses and other animals are often the objects of their attachments. Elephants are pleased with gay colors, delight in sweet perfumes, are dainty in their tastes, and revel in the water like an Englishman in his bath. They practice theft with the ingenuity of the "Artful Dodger" himself, are as meddlesome as monkeys, have the caution and cunning of a diplomatist, and the memory of Magliabechi.

When born, a baby-elephant stands about three feet high, and is not considered grown up until thirty years old. Accidents excepted, he is likely to live about one hundred and fifty years, if not longer. Though delicate in its tastes, an elephant likes quantity as well as quality, and at his meals makes nothing of bales of hay and gallons of water. His ingenuity in trying to cater for himself is astonishing, and often amusing. An American showman saw an elephant pull up a stake to which he was chained, "go to a feed-bin containing oats, wrench off the lock, raise the lid, eat all he wanted, put down the lid again, return to his place, poke the stake back into the same hole, and stamp it down with his foot, and, when his keeper came, look as innocent as a lamb." A twinkle in his cunning eyes showed his enjoyment of the situation when the man stormed and raged on discovering the robbery.

An incident of an elephant's memory is said to have occurred some years since, when Wombwell's menagerie was exhibiting at Bolton. Four years before the same collection was in the town, and on that occasion, on being released from its van, a large elephant walked across the Town-Hall square to a public house and protruded its trunk into the lobby. The bar-maid supplied the animal with refreshments, and the keeper, who had been in search of his charge, then conducted him back to his den. On being released at the breaking-up of the show on the second visit, the same elephant broke away at a brisk trot in the direction of the hostelry, and the unwonted charge upon the premises greatly alarmed the inmates. The former barmaid, now the landlady, arrived on the scene, and recognizing her old friend, once more regaled him to his heart's content. The elephant then submitted to be led away by his keeper.

Although elephants will not submit to abuse, they are not difficult to teach, and at first are fond of going through their tricks on their own account. Performing-elephants in Rome were taught to dance by the association of music and a hot floor. A block and pulley is now sometimes used in training an elephant to assume various positions, and the word of command given as if it was doing the trick of its own accord. Good treatment with firmness is necessary in teaching them, and any rebeliousness must be checked by the whip. They cry out when subdued, and the trouble is then over for the time. Even wild elephants are said to be easily taught when once subdued. Most of us have admired the wonderful agility of such clumsy-looking animals in balancing themselves on inverted tubs, and so forth. At Astley's, elephants used to delight thousands with their performances. These huge creatures were made to stand on their hind legs with their forefeet poodlewise dangling in the air. Another stood on its head with its hind legs raised perpendicularly. Placed on pedestals they wheeled round rapidly, or balanced themselves on the side-legs only, and gave other evidences of wonderful training. Well-trained baby elephants are great favorites. One was taught to sit at table, fan herself, and do numerous tricks to delight children and their elders too. The two clever baby-elephants "Jock and Jenny" were marvelously trained. They made their bow to the audience, and then one of them walked on the tops of a double row of bottles. On a plank placed over a trestle they see-sawed like a couple of children guessing the required equilibrium with almost human exactitude. Playing on an organ and drum and dancing in time to the jingles of bells, were amongst their other accomplishments.

The habitual caution of these intelligent creatures is illustrated when they are traveling from show to show. Should several be in a car together, one of their number will remain awake on guard while the others are sleeping. Some years ago experiments were made in the transport of elephants by railway. One of the ordinary cattle-wagons of the East India railway was fitted up for the purpose, and the animal was placed in the center space of the wagon, between six shafts, a breast and back bar, and secured in addition by anklets on the fore and hind feet, united by couplings transversely and longitundinally, and further by four diagonal morning chains passing through holes, and lashed round the corner pillars of the wagon. The first elephant loaded, having his head free, took the opportunity to remove with his trunk a portion of the roof of the truck; it was therefore found necessary to put a collar round the neck of the elephant, with a vertical chain leading through, secured to the floor. In this way a successful experiment was made to Pundooah and back, the animal showing no signs of fear, or making any attempt to free himself.

Many interesting and famous elephants have been favorites of the circus-going public long before the late Jumbo's successful debut. One of these, known as "Canada," was a desperate character. When in one of his tantrums, "he did as much mischief as a tornado," to use a showman's words—tossing hacks into the air and tearing down signs and lamp-posts. He was sent with the rest of a menagerie to a farm, and when there, had one of his mad fits. Rushing into the stable-yard, "in a few minutes he killed two buffaloes, a sacred cow, a couple of elks, several horses, and a camel. He would seize an animal, toss it in the air, catch it on his tusks, and then either jam or trample the life out of it." He then sallied out for the town, and the popular excitement can be imagined. "A trap was set with a long ponderous chain with an enormous corner-stone at its end to entangle the animal's legs and hold him." A man then ran out in sight of Canada, and the elephant instantly rushed after him. "The trap was successful so far as making the chain and stone fast to him, but he kept right on, and would have caught the man, who was a fast runner, had the latter not jumped down into an unfinished cellar of a new house, and ran up a narrow flight of steps on the opposite side. The elephant jumped down after him as easily as a dog would, with the big stone clattering behind him." Fortunately, the stone was large enough to stick wedged against the walls on each side of the stairway, and Canada was fast, but it was a close shave for the man. They managed to secure the savage animal with more chains, and then went to work to conquer him. As the account graphically describes it, "they wore out big clubs on him, fired loads of buckshot into his trunk and ears, and beat and tortured him for hours, until he howled in token of surrender. The moment he was loose, however, he gave a yell of rage, dashed out of the cellar, and started to kill. Every one flew for his life; but he was tired, and took up his position under cover of three haystacks, hunting all who ventured near him. "Buckshot fired into his head only checked his wild rushes, and whenever he thought people were on the other side of a stack from him, he tried his best to topple the hay over on them. The fight went on for three days and nights, during which time he had not a bite to eat—for he was too angry even to take any of the hay around him—and not a drop of water." At length, despairing of saving him, the shot-guns were exchanged for heavy rifles, and several big bullets at close range finally put an end to him.

The first live elephant seen in London was in the reign of Henry III., and the citizens closed their shops and donned their holiday attire in its honor. King James I. had a private menagerie in St. Jame's Park in which was kept the elephant presented to him by the King of Spain. It cost some hundreds a year to keep this animal, besides "the wyne he must drink from April to September, a gallon the daye." Another celebrity was the huge elephant "Chunee," whose tragic end during a strange attack of mental aberration kept all London in a ferment for several days. If we recollect aright, a show-elephant in London was the mother of the first elephant born in captivity. A large elephant, weighing heavier than Jumbo, though not so tall, was recently on view in Liverpool, where there was quite a run on his photographs.

Elephants, being so powerful and intelligent, are worse than any wild animal when in one of their sudden fits of ungovernable rage. The amount of killing they take is incredible. Heavy rifles that kick tremendously often have little effect in stopping their wild charges, and in one instance, in India, even a field-piece, fired repeatedly, failed for a considerable time to put an end to the career of a mad elephant.—Chambers' Journal.

MR. CLUGSTON'S ESCAPE.

An Editor's Life Saved by the Proper Application of a Tariff Article.

"Is the editor in?"

The person who spoke was a tall, raw-boned man, with red hair and a freckled face. He had a hand like a canvas-covered ham, and was cross-eyed.

Mr. Clugston, the editor and proprietor of the Doodleville Yelper, looked up.

"Why—ah—good morning, sir," he replied, with a frozen sort of smile contorting his face, and a Manitoba wave careering madly up and down his spinal column. "It's a fine day—er—"

"Not particularly," said the visitor, in a rasping voice.

And it wasn't. It was a raw, blustering, rainy day, and the wild geese were flying southwestward with a reckless, On-to-Oklahoma, get-there-Eli movement, and a hideously-profane emphasis in their hastily-warbled music.

"That's what I"—began Mr. Clugston, as he noted with a sinking feeling that his caller stood in the only doorway affording an exit from his 8x10 sanctum, and that there wasn't a weapon sharper than a paste brush anywhere within sight to defend himself with in case of an attack.

"No, it wasn't," was the sneering rejoinder. "It wasn't what you meant to say, and you know it wasn't! You don't know what you intended to say, you white-livered, pop-eyed, tow-headed disfigurer of white paper! You lean, cheap, boarding-house cut from the shank of a starved mutton! You're scared to death, and you know it! I've come to polish you off, sir! I'm going to knock your two eyes into one, and chuck your No. 6 head in your own ink keg!"

"Wh-wh-what have I done?" asked the editor, in a trembling voice.

"What have you done?" echoed the large, red-haired man, coming nearer. "Do you pretend you don't know, you washed-out fragment of a man? Do you pretend you didn't mean me when you printed that piece in your paper last week about 'How to Make a White Man of a Strawberry Blonde?' Do you"—

"That article," exclaimed Mr. Clugston, earnestly and appealingly, "was printed 297 miles from here, and"—

"That's a little too thin! That may do to tell some elm-peeler from Kreidler's Mills, but it won't go down with me. Your paper, sir, ain't edited and published 297 miles from Doodleville. I'm going to show you, sir, how to make a mop of a Doodleville editor!"

He threw off his coat, kicked over the editorial chair, and made a fierce grab at the frightened journalist.

In moments of great emergency something like inspiration comes at times to the assistance of hard-pressed humanity. As his antagonist lunged savagely at him, Mr. Clugston cast a wild, despairing glance around the room. His eye fell on something lying on the table—something that had hitherto escaped his notice. Quick as a flash he seized it and brought it down squarely on the head of his assailant. For one brief moment the gigantic frame of the red-haired man stood motionless, and then with a crash that shook the Yelper office from back-door to awning-post in front he fell prostrate.

"Carry out this unsightly object," said Mr. Clugston to the office hands who came running in from the back room to see what was the trouble; and with the cold, severe aspect of a man whose time was too precious to be wasted on trifles the editor of the Doodleville Yelper sat down at his table again and resumed the work of writing a lurid description, at ten cents a line, of Mrs. Van Sampson's millinery opening.

He had knocked the big, freckle-faced man senseless with an editorial entitled "Tariff on Wool."—Chicago Tribune.

Gladstone on Washington.

When I first read in detail the "Life of Washington," I was profoundly impressed with the moral elevation and greatness of his character, and I found myself at a loss to name, among the statesmen of any age or country, many, or possibly any, who could be his rival. In saying this, I mean no disparagement to the class of politicians, the men of my own craft and cloth, whom, in my own land and my own experience, I have found no less wanting than other men of love and of admiration. I name among those who seem to me to come near even to him. But I will shut out the last half century from the comparison. I will then say that if, among all the pedestals supplied by history for public characters of extraordinary nobility and purity, I saw one higher than all the rest, and if I were required at a moment's notice to name the fittest occupant for it, I think my choice, at any time during the last forty-five years, would have lighted, and it would now light, upon Washington.—From Gladstone's Letter to G. W. Smalley.

—A Wisconsin woman describes her runaway husband as "an ordinary-looking man, troubled with a short breath and a long mustache."

PITH AND POINT.

—It is only the unlucky who think fortune blind.

—Dignity is expensive, and, without other good qualities, is not particularly profitable.

—Every thing is smooth sailing with us when we have no difficulty in raising the wind.

—Character like porcelain-ware, must be painted before it is glazed. There can be no changes of color after it is burned in.

—Because a man sleeps well is no sign that he has an easy conscience. He may have got tired out committing sin.—Somerville Journal.

—Pay your bill twice rather than go to law. There are as many lawyers clamoring for the wrong as there are lawyers clamoring for the right—Atchison Globe.

—It is only natural that the man who never has time to do any thing never seems to get any thing done.—Merchant Traveler.

—It ain't true dat sorrow 'velops all de good p'ints o' er man, fur de pusson dat grows up in sorrow is like de stalk o' co'n dat grows up in de shade. He mout be jest ez tall, but he won't be nigh so healthy.—Arkansaw Traveler.

—Some men will not shave on Sabbath, and yet they spend all the week in shaving their fellow-men; and many think it very wicked to black their boots on Sabbath morning, yet they do not hesitate to black their neighbor's reputation on week days.—Beecher.

—When Drexilius was asked by a friend how he could do so much as he had done he answered: "The year has three hundred and sixty-five days, or eight thousand four hundred and sixty hours; in so many hours great things may be done; the slow tortoise made a long journey by losing no time."—Bishop Horne.

—A life without suffering would be like a picture without shade. The pets of Nature, who do not know what suffering is can not realize it, have always a certain rawness, like foolish landsmen who laugh at the terrors of the ocean because they have neither experience enough to know what those terrrors are, nor brain enough to imagine them.—Hamerton.

—A difference between honorable and dishorable competition is the conduct of the victor to the vanquished. Some men rise above others only to crush them—others to lift and exalt them. Some boast with noisy triumph and scorn those who are left behind; others have "a way of making people feel comfortable." One artist who has risen high in public favor uses his influence to depreciate the works of his brother artists; another takes them by the hand and gives them courage for fresh endeavors.

MAKING FRENCH WINES.

Amusing Story of the Alleged Falsification of Clarets in France.

The falsification of wines is once more becoming a burning subject in France. It is notorious that millions of bottles of the vin rouge which is consumed at home and sent abroad are guiltless of one drop of the juice of the grape. Concerning this wholesale "falsification" of Bordeaux wines, I was told an amusing story this winter by a French gentleman who was my traveling companion from Marseilles to Paris.

Here is the story: A farmer in Normandy, seeing a wine advertised by a firm in Bordeaux, wrote for a couple of casks of it, and forwarded the money. A fortnight afterward it arrived at the station, and he sent his carter to bring it home. The carter brought two casks, but, to the farmer's astonishment, only one cask was full; the other was empty. An examination of the cask showed that it had not been tampered with, and there was no trace of leakage. Evidently an empty cask had been sent by mistake. The farmer at once wrote to the Bordeaux wine merchant to complain of the carelessness. In due course a reply was received, which was as follows: "Dear Sir—I am sorry for the mistake made by my man, but you can easily rectify it. If you will fill the empty cask with water and leave it for a fortnight you will find the wine all right. The ingredients are at the bottom of the cask, but my man foolishly admitted to add the water. Waiting your further orders, I am, sir, yours, etc."

My French friend assured me that this was a fact. The story became public through the Norman farmer demanding the return of his money, and, the wine merchant objecting, the case came before the law courts. After this, what price for "vin ordinaire?" If that's what they give political prisoners, no wonder Boulanger ran away.—George R. Sims, in London Referee.

They Would Be So Nice.

The ladies of —— Church were packing a box of clothing to send to the wife of a Western missionary.

Mrs. A—My dear Mrs. B, what can you be thinking of to send off those lovely stockings of yours? The very newest color, too!

Mrs. B—It does break my heart to part with them, and I shouldn't think of it if I hadn't just read something about the dye stuff they used to get this particular shade, being liable to poison one frightfully.

Mrs. A—Oh, horrors! Let's get them out of our hands quick! Here, there's room for them right down in this corner.—Munsey's Weekly.

—The leap year privilege is said to be 660 years old.

LAST OF HARI-KARI.

An Unexpected Incident Which Will Probably Change the Mikado's Methods.

The ancient Japanese custom of Hari-Kari, or Happy Dispatch, has received its death-blow. For centuries it has been usual for any exalted Japanese dignitary who may have mortally offended his sovereign to receive a polite official intimation to the effect that his suicide will be pleasing to the authorities; and until recently it has been the unvarying practice for the offender to acquiesce resignedly, and, after summoning his relatives around him, to formally disembowel himself in their presence. If the culprit happened to be of exceptionally high rank, the sovereign would, as mark of honor, send him a jeweled sword with which to operate upon himself. But all these things are now of the past. Not long ago the Mikado was grievously hurt by the words and conduct of a high court official. The man was an old and very valued servant of the crown, but his crime was unpardonable. Next day, therefore, an officer brought him the fatal sword, a magnificent weapon, with a blade inlaid with gold and a handle incrusted with diamonds, together with a sympathetic intimation that his early death would be regarded as a benefit to the empire in general and to the Mikado in particular. The culprit received the sword with all proper respect, but as soon as the emissary had departed the wily Japanese—in whose mind European habits of thought had evidently taken firm root—walked down to the quay, went on board a small steamer that was bound for Havre, and upon reaching Paris incontinently sold his sword of honor for £6,000. We never met with a better illustration of the eminently practical nature of the Japanese character. It is exceedingly unlikely that the Mikado will ever again trust one of his subjects to execute himself. Still less will His Majesty be inclined to favor exalted criminals with jeweled swords of honor. The office of a lord high executioner will probably be called into requisition instead, and wicked nobles will, for the future, be saved the trouble and anxiety of having to be their own butchers.—London Globe.

PRACTICAL EDUCATION.

How to Satisfy the Ever-Growing Demand for Hard Facts.

While we have never insisted that work-benches will be introduced into every district school in our land, we do insist, and have insisted for years, on the introduction of sense-exercises and sensible expressions of sense-exercises in every school, high and low, rich and poor. We are living in an age of realism. Theories are at a discount. Hard facts are in demand. The education that touches the life that is, is highly valued. In this material age of ours we must not lose sight of the spiritual, but we must also not lose sight of the fact that the spiritual of the present largely comes through the material, and that by the material the true spiritual life of an individual becomes practical, earnest and useful. We believe in God, but we also believe in man. We believe in the Kingdom of God, but we believe also that to the kingdom of man He has committed the care of this lower world. Here in the midst of things we fight the battle of life, and it is by means of things that we handle, see, feel, taste and smell; and so become lifted above the materiality of the world, into higher, spiritual, earnest, practical, common-sense religion. The great heart of the world throbs in unison with the working men in it. The time for lazy, dignified do-nothings has passed away, and the time of active, earnest laborers in the shops, on the farms, among the mountains, and in the rooms where the thinking is done, has fully come. We are going to say, over and over again many more times, life is real. Let us make it so in all our schools!—School Journal.

HER ENGAGEMENT RING.

First the Bashful Fiancee Tries to Hide It, But She Soon Grows Bold.

Did you ever have a chance to observe, unobserved, a young woman's conduct toward her newly-acquired engagement ring? It seems so strange upon her hand that she can not refrain examining it a dozen times an hour, always, however, on the sly. On the first night she sits up an hour later than usual to admire it boldly in the seclusion of her own apartment. A frequent kiss is administered to the shining band and its glittering gem, and during the night she dreams that it has fallen into a stream, and awakes, clutching the finger to assure herself that the precious pledge is still secure.

Then, on the following day, she wears it only in secret, taking care to transfer it to her pocket on leaving and when in the company of intimates, but place her among strangers or among casual acquaintances who can not be inquisitive, and how bravely will she flaunt the token before their eyes as one who should say:

"I may not be the lovliest creature in the world, but you will observe that I get there all the same."

Gradually it assumes its place in her daily life, and her blushes grow less violent with each succeeding explanation of its insignificance and each extravagant description of its donor's attributes. But before it finally becomes a part of herself, as it were, she must, of course, leave it a dozen times at least upon the washstand, and suffer in consequence of a dozen violent attacks of palpatation of the heart until it is recovered.—Washington Post.

THE GIRL BACHELOR.

She No Longer Boards, But Takes Rooms and Lives Without a Chaperon.

I was counting on my fingers last evening the girls I know in New York who have set up apartments or installed themselves in establishments of their own. I ran over the digits on one hand, and then of the other, and repeated the operation so often that I lost all track of my reckoning. The girl bachelor grows enterprising. She no longer boards, she makes a bachelor home. She takes rooms. She lives in them without a chaperon. Her conduct is unquestioned. There is no limit to the pluck and the independence of the young and unmarried and perfectly decorous and entirely delightful unmarried woman. She is no longer an unprotected female. She has found out that after all a girl's best protection is a girl. The last decade evolved a phrase. The present decade is now at work evolving another. Bachelor suites is established in the language. Maids' suites or Dorothy apartments, as somebody in conversation the other day christened them, are going to find place before long.

Yesterday I drank a cup of tea with brown-eyed Dolly. Dolly has a small fortune and is twenty-two. Her father died, her relations with her only relative, an aunt, were strained. The two did not thrive under the same rooftree. The kettle sings on the hearth most merrily since Dolly has hired a flat and a butler, and set up a buffet and receives calls on her own responsibility. Novel situation. Piquant experience. Delightful days. No surveillance and no "larkiness." Dolly is a lady and behaves like one. She is careful whom she entertains. She is as demure as a Puritan damsel, as jolly as a Parisian bohemienne. She plays at houskeeping most cheerfully.

Gray-eyed Dolly is a young wood carver. She supports herself by one of the newest occupations found practicable for women. She has three dainty rooms in the last place you would dream of, over a stable. Delightfully pretty rooms they are, where bric-a-brac picked up in all manner of odd places, summer sketches and winter studies, old plaster casts and new panels, inexpensive hangings with sudden flashes of color in scarlet ribbons, stained floors and Koula rugs make one forget that such things as Turkey carpets, silken divans, Louis XVI. chairs and old Sevres china were ever by anybody deemed desirable. Gray-eyed Dolly is wholly self-dependent. She has supported herself since she was fifteen. She tired of hall bedrooms. She doesn't like the dreary atmosphere of the average city boarding house. She does like her own little nest of a a stable home where she has a cat and an open fire and can follow the innocent inclinations of her own sweet will. I have known her when a caller went away to offer him a cigar.—N. Y. Letter.

A WELL-TRAINED OWL.

He Roars Like a Little Tiger When His Dignity is Ruffled.

My own bird is at liberty. This he uses to the very best of his ability, making the third member in our small house. He is by no means the least important, for he claims and receives the greatest attention at meal times. He steps from his perch on to the hand, sits on the place appointed for him, and chatters all the time it is in progress. Sometimes, by way of a change, he will run about inspecting all things; he is very swift on foot and most inquisitive. Very affectionate, too; he shows that plainly. He is about more in the day-time than in the evening or night, and he will sit in the full light of the sun. All through the hot summer of 1887 he has done so as a matter of choice.

His food consists of mice of all kinds, birds of the finch tribe, old and young. Starlings, blackbirds and thrushes he will not eat, nor insects such as chafers and others of a similar kind; he will not even look at them. It is not always possible to procure birds and mice for him; then he will content himself with tender, lean beef, quite fresh. He is so particular in that matter, though, that he will not eat fresh pork. He seldom drinks water, and never uses it for the purpose of washing, preferring to roll and scratch about in a lump of drift sand like a domestic fowl. In fine feather he now is, and he keeps himself beautifully clean! His legs are long, and he uses his toes and claws with the dexterity of a monkey; in fact, when at his little games he is more like a little monkey than an owl.

His conversation, kept up continually, is a croon and chatter, and when in high glee he will puff the feathers of his throat out and look intently at me with his bright yellow eyes and treat us with a solo sounding like the gobble of some unfortunate turkey. If I ask him as a particular favor to change that tune, he will give a succession of shrill barks like a terrier. He roars like a tiger when his dignity is ruffled, and squeaks like a pig. This does not occur very often, and when it does the fault is my own. It generally happens when he is introduced to strangers, which he hates. As a rule he is most amiable. If I wanted to cure a man of melancholy and never-smiling grief I would present him with a little owl, the Punchinello of his tribe.—Cornhill Magazine.

—It is stated that the smallest steam engine ever made was recently completed, after two years of labor, for the Paris exhibition. It is composed of 180 pieces of metal, is a shade under three-fifths of an inch in height, and weighs less than one-ninth of an ounce. A watchmaker made it.