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By order of N. G.

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THE DESERTED HOUSE.

A SONNET—BY W. H.

There by the roadside stands the queer old house.
Deserted it has been for many years;
And when one enters first one has strange fears
Of what may be inside. But not a mouse
Raises its tiny head, or hides, afraid;
And the sole sound through the deep stillness heard,
Is the shrill chirping of a mother-bird,
Who right above the door her nest has made.
While through bare, lonely rooms my way I wend,
I feel a kind of pity for the thing,
Left thus alone, like to some fallen king,
Deserted both by enemy and friend.
But life is short; so gently close the gate,
And leave the house to mercy and to fate.

—*St. Nicholas for June.*

THE NOTE OF HAND.

Hans and Fritz were two Deutschers who lived side by side,
Remote from the world, its deceit and its pride;
With their pretzels and beer, the spare moments were spent,
And the fruits of their labor were peace and content.

Hans purchased a horse of a neighbor one day,
And lacking part of the gold—as they say—
Made a call upon Fritz to solicit a loan
To help him pay for his beautiful roan.

Fritz kindly consented the money to lend,
And gave the required amount to his friend,
Remarking, his own simple language to quote,
"Berhaps it vas better ve make us a note."

The note was drawn up in their primitive way,
"I, Hans, gets from Freets leefty dollars to-day"—
When the question arose, the note being made:
"Vich von holds dot paper until it vas paid?"

"You geeps dot," says Fritz, "und den you vill know
You owe me dot money." Says Hans: "Dot ish so;
Dot makes me remember I had dot to pay,
Und I brings you der note and der money some day."

A month had expired when Hans, as agreed,
Paid back the amount, and from debt he was freed.
Says Fritz: "Now dat settles us." Hans replies:
"Yaw;
Now who dakes dot paper according by law?"

"I geeps dit, now, aind't it?" says Fritz: "den you see
I always remembers you paid dot to me."
Says Hans: "Dot ish so, it vas now susht so plain,
Dot I knows vot to do ven I porrows again."

STORY OF A FLY.

Mr. Poivry was a bald-headed, good old man. Had he been aught but good, he would have been lost; but he was bald, and it was that which saved him, as you will see from this very veracious history.

Although an honest merchant, he was very successful and amassed a fortune. His most successful commercial operation had been his marriage. He had, at the age of thirty-five, espoused a charming widow who had brought him one hundred thousand francs in hard cash, and who loved him as tenderly as she had done her two first husbands. As goodness, it is said, receives eventually its recompense, so he was rewarded by the early loss of his dear partner.

Master of his heart and fortune, he at last placed both at the feet of a charming girl of good family, who brought him youth and beauty as her dowry, treasures which, commercially, do not rate very high, but which, nevertheless, possess a value peculiarly their own.

Mr. Poivry had then seen some fifty Summers, slightly tinged with the light frosts of a few Winters.

A learned member of the Academy of Sciences tells us there are two seasons of youth, one which commences at the common age—that is, at birth; the other which recommences toward fifty. That is the true, the good, the solid youth, that of distinguished men, and particularly the bald. The eminent academician invented this theory at the age of fifty-three. It was time.

We are assured that this new economy of the existence of man is so clearly exposed that all those who have read the book have become converted. But we are assured also that those only have read it who have passed their fiftieth year. The young girls of eighteen and the young women of twenty resist this specious argument, and hold the opinion vulgar. Perhaps thirty years hence they will change, and admit the possibility of a second spring-tide. As for myself, I will wait some years before I commence the perusal of this consoling book.

Mr. Poivry agreed with the eminent academician. He felt himself active, refreshed, regenerated.

"I feel strong again, and youthful as a young sapling!" repeated he, as he complacently passed his hand over his smooth, shining and guiltless pate.

But his young wife was not yet of an age to comprehend a system so profoundly philosophical. Besides, she had before her eyes a living contrast to to her husband. One of her cousins, with whom she had been reared from childhood, had come, on leaving college, and established himself as an attorney, in the same town with and in the immediate neighborhood of Mr. Poivry, and, quite naturally, he came frequently to visit his lovely cousin.

For the young wife of an old man, a handsome cousin is a charming and dangerous attraction. Children together, their earliest associations linked with each other, they had long contracted the habitude of that sweet intercourse which constitutes the foundation of love. They had played together, dreamed together, together built their castles in the air. Paul—we give only his Christian name—was twenty-four, with curly, glossy black hair, an enchanting mustache, and dark, languishing eyes. We beg the young man's pardon, but, despite his twenty-four years, he certainly looked younger and more handsome than the husband.

Mr. Poivry, as became a solid merchant, gave all his time to business. Paul, as an advocate, consecrated all his hours to his cousin.

All three were happy. The merchant seeing his business prosper; the lawyer pleading a cause which he hoped eventually to gain, and Mrs. Poivry to see herself surrounded by so much love and friendship.

Everything progressed in the best manner possible, when one day they agreed to have a *fete champetre*. Certainly, a more innocent pleasure than "going a gypsying" cannot be conceived. I remember that in such innocent pleasures my first passion had its birth. Quite confident, Mr. Poivry saw nothing in a "day in the country" but a few hours snatched from business, to be spent in the society of his wife and her very agreeable cousin, with the accompanying influences of the bright spring sky and the verdure of the fresh-blooming earth.

The day arrived, and our little party started off gayly. Reaching a charming elevation, from which a most attractive view of the country was to be had, they picked out a cool spot, shielded from the rays of the already hot sun, and spreading out a tablecloth on the grass, covered with various delectables, among which were some choice wines, they breakfasted.

Mr. Poivry found the breakfast excellent. He ate and drank so heartily that, soon overpowered, he fell off into a quiet sleep.

But love slept not, nor indeed did either of the cousins. Seated on the grass, each of them held an open book, but neither read a word.

Who but a man in his second youth could read or sleep at such a moment? It was a warm day in early summer, invigorating and exciting, the wind sighing amorously through the trees as though in sport with the foilage, the birds chirping after one another in the branches, and the daisies, adorned in their dewy toilets, bedecking the hillsides and the valley below.

"My cousin," said the young man, "do you still remember the pleasant picnic in the country before I went to college? That was a day just like this. You were quite young, then."

"And would you say," replied the young Mrs. Poivry, "that I am old now?"

"Heaven forfend! You are younger than ever, and more beautiful."

Mrs. Poivry made no reply, but dropping her book on her knees, she hid her eyes for an instant with their transparent lids, then, raising them, she silently regarded the vague blue of the horizon. What was passing in her soul? Her husband was good, affectionate, ever ready to oblige and please her, but her cousin had such a charmingly pale and interesting countenance, his hair so raven and his eyes so ardent.

Mr. Poivry was rich. He had placed his wife in an easy position, almost a brilliant one, had assured her of a tranquil future; but the sun was so warm at this moment, the turf of such a velvet and voluptuous softness, the whispering zephyrs so charged with perfume, the air so full of song! Poor Mr. Poivry! everything conspired against him!

"My cousin," said Paul, "you remember the evening when, for the first time, I saw you in your charming ball-costume. How becoming it was! You looked beautiful, enchanting, on that night."

"Am I, then, become a negress to-day?" exclaimed the young woman.

"Oh, how wilfully you misapprehend me! You are more beautiful, more enchanting than ever! I never beheld you so attractive!"

At this moment Mrs. Poivry threw off her light shawl. It was *so* hot.

The sky was blue, the meadows were fresh and green; but Paul regarded neither sky nor meadow. A sweet languor filled at the same moment both these young hearts; the grass on which they were seated was fine and soft; the wind, passing over their heads, played among their curls with an amorous trembling; the birds, billing and cooing above in the new-born foliage; the butterflies and bees buzzing their musical hum in the air, and Mr. Poivry snored most peacefully.

"What a delightful day!" said Paul; "and how balmy is the air! It is delightful, in this warm breeze, to be seated near you, dear Cousin Louisa."

Mrs. Poivry, her eyes bent to the ground, listened but answered not. Her hands, abandoned to themselves, unconsciously fell into those of Paul. Her sunny curls, tremblingly agitated by the capricious wind, fitfully caressed the burning cheeks of the young man. And the wind sighed, and the birds warbled, and the insects buzzed, while Mr. Poivry snored.

"Louisa," cried Paul, as he seized her hand, which made a tenderly useless effort to escape, "I would be happy, quite happy, at this moment, if—if—"

"If what, cousin?" inquired Mrs. Poivry, almost inaudibly.

"If you were not married."

She drew her hand suddenly away. Some minutes passed in an embarrassing silence, which was not, however, entirely without its charm.

Mrs. Poivry threw a glance on her sleeping husband, whose bare cranium and full red cheeks seemed so out of place in such a group. She turned her eyes, and involuntarily, no doubt, they fell on the pale, ardent visage of the young man, and breathed, always involuntarily, I suppose, an *alas!* so discreet, so furtive, that the wind bore it on its wings without a knowledge of its import. Paul heard it not, but he understood.

"Oh, may I not love you?" he cried, as he leaned toward her.

He seized again the fugitive hand. The two young countenances insensibly approached each other, the brilliant, flashing eyes of the one encountered the humid eyes of the other; both were silent, but each understood the other.

And the birds still warbled above their heads, the insects filled the air with their buzzing, while the husband snored still louder.

Of a certainty, Mrs. Poivry thought not of anything wrong; she had a lively and delicate sense of honor. Without feeling for her husband that passionate affection which we name love, she respected him in herself, and would have given her life sooner than be wanting in her duties; but the occasion, the inspiration of the scene, the grass, and the devil, who, like the snake, always lies concealed there, and the lawyer, who pleaded his cause so eloquently, with the birds billing and cooing, and the insect buzz, buzzing, and the husband snoring. Ah, truly, there was enough to lead her to forget!

Already a secret trembling agitated her soul; already a delicious trouble was obscuring her reason, and a cloudy veil was fast rising before her languishing eyes. The evil genius began to anticipate his prey. The devil and the lawyer were fast gaining their cause, when all at once—

Oh! the frightful insects—those flies! They respect nothing, neither the white curtains nor the fresh meals; no, not even the sleep of innocence! Already, for some minutes, one of them had turned her attention toward our group, seeking a point of attack. For an instant the vermillion lips of the young wife had seemed to tempt her—and there was enough to tempt a saint, much less a fly. Had Paul been in her place, *he* would not have hesitated. Madame Fly did no more, however, than to graze the pouting lips as she passed on in search of other game. She sailed again into the air, and buzzing there some moments, she espied something white and globular, something highly polished, shining peacefully in the warm sunlight. In its very tranquility lay the temptation to disturb it. Had there been no apple in Eden, Eve would not have been tempted to eat it. I suppose the rule may be quoted in this case of the fly. However, the troublesome insect was tempted by the white shining object I have mentioned, and accordingly settled upon it; it was the bald pate of Mr. Poivry.

"Louisa," whispered Paul at this moment, in a low and passionate voice. "I have long loved you almost without knowing it myself."

Louisa was about to reply, when the sleeper, troubled in his repose, shook his head to deliver himself from the importunate caresses of the insect. Mrs. Poivry turned her eyes in that direction, saw the movement, and hastily drew her hand from within that of Paul.

"Louisa," exclaimed the latter, in a trembling voice, "I love you still; more, more than ever."

Louisa felt her power for resistance succumbing sure to his honeyed accents, when the fly suddenly recommenced her attack on the obdurate cranium. Mr. Poivry moved his arms and shook his head (still sleeping soundly), while his wife replaced her shawl about her shoulders.

"Louisa," cried Paul, more pressingly. "I love you. Oh! permit your heart to love me in turn, dear, dear Louisa."

This time the fly returned so rudely to the charge against the enemy's works, she agitated so well her little feet and buzzed so loudly, that Mr. Poivry thought he heard in the air an imperious voice, crying: "Awake! awake! thou imprudent man!"

Paul, who observed all these movements, implored with all his might the bear in the table, with his massive stone, to crush something or somebody; but the bear came not. Mr. Poivry, teased and irritated beyond endurance, turned on his left side, and, raising his right hand, he gave a violent slap on his forehead, killing his benefactor, the fly. Oh, the ingrate!

He raised himself to a sitting posture, yawned heavily, stretched his arms and legs to their utmost length, and throwing a glance around him, saw his wife and cousin seated at a very respectable distance from each other, motionless, silent, and apparently deeply absorbed in their books.

"Ah!" said Mr. Poivry, "your book seems to be very interesting, my dear Paul."

"Hem! well——yes—I——"

"What book is it?"

"A translation from Moliere."

"Ah! It is the 'Blunderer' probably?"

"No. It is the 'Femmes Savantes.'"

"Oh! that doesn't concern us—does it Louisa?"

"Perhaps not," timidly responded the young wife.

"Ah, well," said Mr. Poivry, "continue aloud, Paul; it will perhaps keep me awake. Where were you?"

"Act IV., scene III."

"I will go back to the commencement of the scene:

'I come to you great news to tell:'

It is Trissotin who speaks."

"Of course, my dear boy. I know well it is not you. Read on."

"I begin again:

'I come to you great news to tell:
While sleeping, sir, you lost your belle.'"

A Machine Switchman.

About as singular a railway signal switch as we have ever seen has recently been patented. Its inventor believes that, when an engineer might fail to heed the indication of a semiphore or some other purely mechanical apparatus, he would be sure to notice the frantic gestures of a man posted beside the track. As men of flesh and blood cannot probably be found who would be willing to stand on a high pedestal for indefinite periods of time, and wave their arms at exact intervals, a machine man has been contrived who flourishes a flag, hammers a bell, and displays a changeable light in his hat with unfailing regularity. The man owes his movements to clock-work operated by weights, and the latter are controlled by electricity. When the train passes it moves a little stop beside the track, which by a mechanical connection, shifts a switch, so that a current from a main line of telegraph wire is diverted into a short circuit. An electro-magnet inside the machine man is thus excited, and as it attracts its armature the latter releases a detent. The weights then descend, and the man waves his flag and pounds his bell, while the light on his hat changes to red. When the train has passed the current is broken from the short circuit, but the man keeps on his motions until a wheel in his interior completes its revolution, and thus allows the detents once more to engage. Of course the time during which he waves his flag, etc., is long enough to allow the train that has passed to travel a considerable distance.—*Scientific American.*

PASSI BETE.—All the Russias, we are assured, believe that the English politicians who have supported them in peace will support them in war. "Green grow the Russias, oh!"

Feeding and Care of Cows.

We will take this as the first operation in the management of dairying; as it is very essential that milch cows should be furnished at all times with an abundant supply of sweet nutritious food and pure water; also kept in good condition and perfect health.

Cows are living machines—milk manufacturing machines; and if not provided with good fuel and water, the machinery lags and stops. When milch cows are confined on scanty feed, requiring a considerable portion of their time to get a requisite supply of food, or are obliged to travel long distances for drink, they will secrete much less milk and of a poorer quality, than when they can fill themselves quickly with sweet wholesome food, and then lie down in the shade and quietly ruminate their food and manufacture milk from it, as their milk is made from what they eat, and will contain properties of it; therefore, cows should have such food as will yield milk of the best qualities for butter making, and that which will produce the most of it. Grass is considered the most natural, cheapest and best, but as to the kind of grasses that are best we are not fully competent to recommend, but from our observation and experience, can say that butter of excellent quality is made from herds grass, white clover and the different kinds of June grasses.

No cow can produce pure and healthy milk without she has pure and healthy food and drink. Whatever may cause an unhealthy condition of a cow, it will be sure to deteriorate her milk, and nothing will be more sure to do this than scanty and poor food and drink, rough treatment and exposure. A neglected or thin, feverish cow will not only yield a diminished profit, but she will give feverish milk, if any; or, if there is anything wrong with her, it will affect her milk; or if she eats anything that has a strong or disagreeable odor, it will surely appear in her milk, cream, and the butter produced from it, as her milk is one source she has of casting off filth from her organism. These facts should at all times be well impressed upon the minds of farmers, but more especially in the spring of the year, when cows are liable to be thin or more or less feverish. Many farmers keep their cows confined in stanchions too great a portion of the time through the long winter, and, too, in small ill-ventilated stables, where they cannot always get fresh pure air, neither can they have proper exercise, and water at all times when desired and needed by them.

Some allow their cows to lie out of doors, exposed to the winter storms and piercing winds, with scarcely a shed for them to get under, which certainly cannot be good economy, for by such exposures they will require much more food, and they will not be in good condition in the spring. It will require a great portion of the summer, and good feed, for them to make up this lost condition, and, too, in the best butter making season; neither will they yield as much milk, nor as rich milk, as they would if they had good care through the winter and were in good condition. In winter, and especially in the spring, cows need especial attention and care. They should have clean, warm, spacious stables, well ventilated, and a variety of wholesome food in abundance, with especially well cured, early cut, fine hay, also good water; and in summer they should be provided with good pasturage in abundance, with plentiful supplies of running water, and shade trees or sheds to protect them from the intense rays of the sun. There should be sowed corn or other green herbage on hand for all feeding, especially in a dry, autumn, and later as frosty weather approaches.—*J. P. Corbin.*

WASHINGTON'S SELF CONTROL.—An officer to whom he was very much attached was taken dangerously ill, and he had him removed from his uncomfortable quarters to a room in his own house. Late in the evening one of his aids with some other young officers, returned from a party in the country, and gathering around the old fire-place grew quite hilarious over some incident or incidents that had occurred. Washington stepped out of his room adjoining, and after exchanging a few words with them, spoke of the sick officer and his dangerous condition. The young officers became quiet, but after a little while they forgot all about it, and were as merry as ever. In the midst of their jokes and laughter the door of Washington's room opened very gently, and the general himself appeared with a candle in his hand. Crossing the floor on tiptoe, he went into the kitchen as if in search of something, and immediately returned in the same noiseless, careful manner. The young men took the hint, and immediately dispersed.

MR. LINCOLN'S HORSE TRADE.—When Abraham Lincoln was a lawyer in Illinois, he and the judge once got to bantering one another about trading horses, and it was agreed that at nine o'clock the next morning they should make a trade; the horses were to be unseen up to that hour, and no backing out under a forfeiture of twenty-five dollars. At the hour appointed the judge came up leading the sorriest specimen of a horse ever seen in those parts. In a few minutes Mr. Lincoln was seen approaching with a wooden saw horse upon his shoulders. Great were the shouts and laughter of the crowd, and both were greatly increased when Mr. Lincoln, on surveying the judge's animal, set down his saw horse and exclaimed: "Well, judge, this is the first time I ever got the worst of it in a horse trade."

IT IS said of a very respectable old historic parish in Connecticut, that they starved their minister, and are now about to erect a splendid monument to his memory. He "asked for bread and they gave him a stone."

WHY should doctors be less liable to be sick on the ocean? Because they are more used to see sickness.

Mother.

It is the cry of the infant just from the cradle; it is the only balm that will heal the wounded heart in youthful days. "Mother, I'm hurt!" "Mother, I'm tired!" "Mother, sing to me! Rock me—tell me stories." It is always "mother" with the child and the lad; no one like mother; no hand that falls on the fevered brow as softly as hers; no words so soothing as those that pass her lips; the house would be a grave without her; life would be a dreary, thorny road without her warning voice and ever-guiding hand. A father may be kind, may love not less, but the wearied child wants the mother's arms, her soft lullaby songs, the caresses of her gentle hand.

All childhood is a mixture of sunshine and shadow. A kind word brings a smile, a harsh word a sigh. The first footsteps, weak and trembling, grow stronger by the guidance of a mother's love. The little wounds, the torn garments, the headaches and heartaches, the trials, all vanish at the words of a mother; and there is built up in the heart of every man an edifice of love and respect that no crime of his can overthrow—no prison cell affect.

And a lad grows to be a man only to find that "mother" is the same. If he errs, she weeps; if he is good and manly, she rejoices. Hers is the only love that lasts—that endures forever. The wolf of starvation may enter the door, but her love is only tried to shine the brighter All the world may call her son a criminal, but the mother believes it not. Trials may beset you, storms gather over you, vexations come; rum drag you down; but there is one who ever stands firm in your cause, who will never leave you. The criminal on the scaffold has suffered in feeling because his bad deeds would cause a pang in mother's heart. The low and wretched dying in some dark abode of sin, have died with that dear and never-to-be-forgotten name on their lips. There is no praise like her praise, there are no sad tears that pain us so much as hers.

Thank God, then, reader, that we have kind, loving and affectionate mothers. How pleasant it is, in after life, to recall those fond recollections when we used to sit on her knee and hear her sing those sweet, dear old songs, so familiar to us all.

"Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed;
Heavenly angels, without number,
Gently falling on thy head."

Earthly things may pass away and be forgotten, but the good, all-embracing love of mother will never be forgotten on earth or in heaven.

English Mothers.

It is a marked feature of social life in England, and certainly one of its especial charms, that mothers and daughters are so uniformly seen together at their own homes. Not only is the mother the first lady to whom you are introduced at the house where you visit, but mistress of the ceremonies throughout. Not only does she preside at the dinner table, but in the evening party she sits as a queen. Whatever may be your first impression of such an arrangement—if it happens that your sympathhies are with the younger ladies—you will very soon learn to think that the mother's absence would be very sincerely regretted by the daughters. As a picture, all must admit the arrangement to be perfect. The portly form and matronly dignity of the mother are an exquisite foil to the youthful beauty and maiden coyness of the daughters. And you will find nothing to mar, but everything to enhance the interest of the picture. The mother's presence never seems to operate as an unwelcome restraint. Between her and the daughters you will mark the most joyful, playful, loving freedom, without the sacrifices of a little parental dignity and authority on the one hand, or of sweet, graceful, filial duty on the other. It may be said of English families generally, that these two things are eminently characteristic, to wit: uniform parental authority, and the most charming freedom of intercourse between parents and their children.

MR. BEECHER'S ADVICE ABOUT HOUSEKEEPING.—Mr. Beecher, after sprinkling twenty-six babies one Sunday, advised young people when they married to set up housekeeping for themselves. He would not take any consideration for the three years of his life when he settled down in the immortal county of Dearborn, town of Lawrenceburg, in Indiana, where he was paid at the rate of $400 a year. With $200 of that money he came East and got married. After he and his wife returned to Indiana, they lived in two rooms. What furniture they had was given to them; and, continued Mr. Beecher, "if I was put upon my confession, I should say that I wore Judge Burke's clothing." The clergyman somewhat humorously described the home and his battle for life, and feelingly added: "When I look back to those happy years, I would'nt part with them for untold gold." He continued, that it was a great mistake for young people to imagine that they must defer matrimony until they had secured wealth.

DON'T BE TOO CRITICAL.—Whatever you do, never set up for a critic. We do not mean a newspaper one, but in private life, in the domestic circle it will do you harm—if you object to being called disagreeable. If you don't like any one's nose, or object to any one's chin, don't put your feelings into words. If any one's manners don't please, remember your own. People are not all made to suit one taste, recollect that. Take things as you find them unless you can alter them. Even a dinner that is swallowed cannot be made any better. Continual fault-finding, continual criticism of the conduct of this one and the speech of that one, the dress of the other and the opinions of another, will make home the unhappiest place under the sun.

An Unfortunate Valentine.

The Stirling correspondent of the Glasgow *Herald* tells the following story: "Some six weeks ago there appeared at one of the hotels in Stirling a young man giving the name of Lachlan Cameron, stating he would be glad to be taken on as boots or stableman, or anything of the kind. Being an innocent looking Highlander, implicit credence was given to his story, and he obtained employment. Everything went on smoothly till the valentine season came round. Some of Lachlan's fellow servants thought they would get a little fun out of sending him a valentine in the shape of a summons from the Court of Hymen at the instance of 'Jessie McDonald,' and they accordingly carried out their plan, the consequences of which they could not foresee. An obliging policeman was got to serve the summons on the victim of the plot, who never having seen a document of the kind before, believed it was a genuine legal instrument, the commands of which he was bound to obey. Protesting that he had done nothing in contravention of the law, and that he was entirely ignorant of who 'Jessie McDonald' was, he took counsel with his comrades, and they seriously advised him to go to the Procurator-Fiscal's office, and state his case there, when doubtless the mystery would be cleared up. Lachlan, thinking the advice good, immediately acted upon it, and finding the proper place, he poured his tale into the listening ears of one or two of Fiscal's clerks, who, with difficulty maintaining their gravity, directed him down stairs to the office of Chief Constable Campbell. Having heard the story and Lachlan's earnest declaimer of any knowledge of the fair pursuer, the chief directed his visitor to take a seat while he looked up some papers that might throw light on the case. He was not long in coming upon a copy of 'Police Information' setting forth that a young man calling himself Lachlan McLachlan was 'wanted' in consequence of having passed a spurious half sovereign in the village of Bannockburn some months previously, and giving a description of the guilty person. He taxed the astonished Lachlan with being the missing man, and after a faint denial Cameron confessed his identity, and within ten minutes of entering the county buildings he was imprisoned in one of its comfortable cells, with the gloomy prospect of having to appear before the Circuit Court on a charge of uttering base coin

A TURKISH EQUIPAGE.—We clip the following description of a Turkish vehicle from a recent magazine sketch entitled "The Sultan's Harem:"

"The vehicle in which they are conveyed is called an *arabah*. It is very primitive in its construction, and resembles a farm wagon, without springs or seats. The side-boards are elaborately decorated with carving, paint and gilding, the ends left open, and the top part provided with hoops, which are covered with a sort of rich red, shaggy cloth fringed with gold.

"Velvet mattresses are spread on the platform of the wagon, on which the ladies sit; elegantly embroidered cushions support their elbows. Ingress and egress to this vehicle are performed by means of a temporary ladder placed in the rear.

"This *arabah* is drawn by a couple of oxen, whose foreheads are adorned with a sort of breast-plate, decked out in pieces of glass and variegated beads, and their tails made fast to tassled trappings proceeding from the yoke pins, which arch over their backs, in order to prevent their spattering mud.

"Of course there is no seat for the driver. This functionary walks before the animals, and his adjunct beside them, to goad them on when required. Besides these two, a train of black guards—eunuchs and other footmen—surround the carriage, either for protection or for service."

THE DEACON ANSWERED.—Up in New Hampshire, where I used to live when a boy, (says Gov. Noyes) there was an old deacon who was a great deal more pious than honest. He was an old hypocrite, and when he had done any particularly mean thing he eased his conscience by going out into a field, along one side of which was a stone wall, and kneeling beside it, praying to the Lord to topple it over on him if he had done anything offensive to Him or wrong in His sight. Well, we boys found it out, and one day when we saw the deacon making for the stone wall, we got on the other side and waited. He knelt down according to his usual custom, and went through his usual formula, closing with the petition to have the wall toppled over if he had done anything wrong. And we toppled it. Jumping out from under the stones, the old man cried, in tones of mingled disgust and alarm:

"Good gracious! Can't you tell when a man is joking?"

IN the dim, uncertain twilight of the soft May evening, a distracted figure was seen hastily flitting down the street of an Ohio town in the direction of the railway station. It slapped a lank and hungry grigsack on the bracket of the window and demanded in husky tones: "Ticket!" "Where to?" calmly asked the unruffled monopolist behind the window. "Anywhere! Anywhere!" was the frenzied response. "Anywhere! Clean through! Clean across! To Burglary, or Prôosy, or the Danube, or Diffendorfer, or any place. Anywhere out of an ungrateful country that coldly turns its back upon its deserving children. Anywhere out of America." And he bowed his head and wept. He was the only man in Ohio that didn't get an office.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

VERY MUCH SO.—An old bachelor was courting a widow, and both sought the art to give their fading hair a darker shade. "That's going to be an affectionate couple," said a wag. "How so?" asked a friend. "Why, don't you see that they are dying for each other all ready!" was the reply.

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