

GENUINE HEROISM

An Anecdote Which Contains a Moral for the Young and the Old.

I shall never forget a lesson I received when at school at A. We saw a boy named Watson driving a cow to pasture. In the evening he drove her back again, we did not know where, and this was continued several weeks.

The boys attending school were nearly all sons of wealthy parents, and some of them were dunces enough to look with disdain on a scholar who had to drive a cow.

With admirable good nature Watson bore all their attempts to annoy him.

"I suppose, Watson," said Jackson, another boy, one day—"I suppose your father intends to make a milkman of you?"

"Why not?" asked Watson.

"O, nothing. Only don't leave much water in the cans after you rinse them—that's all."

The boys laughed and Watson, not in the least mortified, replied: "Never fear; if ever I am a milkman, I'll give good measure and good milk."

The day after this conversation there was a public examination, at which ladies and gentlemen from the neighboring town were present and prizes were awarded by the principal of our school, and both Watson and Jackson received a creditable number, for in respect to scholarship they were about equal.

After the ceremony of distribution, the principal remarked that there was one prize, consisting of a gold medal, which was rarely awarded, not so much on account of its great cost, as because the instances were rare which rendered it its bestowal proper.

It was the prize of heroism. The last medal was awarded about three years ago to a boy in the first class, who rescued a poor girl from drowning.

The principal then said that, with the permission of the company, he would read a short anecdote.

"Not long since, some boys were flying a kite in the street, just as a poor lad on horseback rode by on his way to the mill. The horse took fright and threw the boy, injuring him so badly that he was carried home and confined some weeks to his bed. Of the boys who had unintentionally caused the disaster, none followed to learn the fate of the wounded lad. There was one boy, however, who witnessed the accident from a distance, who not only went to make inquiries, but stayed to render service.

"The boys soon learned that the wounded boy was the grandson of a poor widow, whose sole support consisted in selling the milk of a cow, of which she was the owner. She was old and lame, and her grandson, on whom she depended to drive her cow to the pasture, was now helpless with his bruises. 'Never mind, good woman,' said the boy; 'I will drive the cow.'"

"But his kindness did not stop there. Money was wanted to get articles from the apothecary. 'I have money that my mother sent me to buy a pair of boots with,' said he; 'but I can do without them for awhile.' 'O, no,' said the old woman, 'I can't consent to that; but here is a pair of heavy boots that I bought for Thomas, who can't wear them. If you would only buy these, we should get on nicely.'"

The boy bought the boots, clumsy as they were, and has worn them up to this time.

"Well, when it was discovered by the other boys at the school that our scholar was in the habit of driving a cow, he was assailed every day with laughter and ridicule. His cowhide boots in particular were made a matter of mirth. But he kept on cheerfully and bravely, day after day, never shunning observation, driving the widow's cow and wearing his thick boots.

"He never explained why he drove the cow, for he was not inclined to make a boast of his charitable motives. It was by mere accident that his kindness and self-denial were discovered by his teacher.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, I ask you—was there not true heroism in the boy's conduct? Nay, Master Watson, do not get out of sight behind the blackboard. You were not afraid of ridicule, you must not be afraid of praise."

As Watson, with blushing cheeks, came forward, a round of applause spoke the general approbation, and the medal was presented to him amid the cheers of the audience.—Children's Own.

The Weight of a Fly.

James Spencer hit on a novel way to get at the approximate weight of a fly. His store is greatly pestered with flies, and he recently brought into use the patent fly paper. He put out 21 of these sheets, being 12x28 inches each, covering a surface of 336 square inches.

In the evening, when the papers were filled, he took them up to destroy them and noticed the increased weight, and struck with curiosity, he put the papers, with their load of dead flies, in a pair of scales, and found that the 21 weighed exactly seven pounds. He then weighed 21 sheets without the flies, and found that they weighed four pounds and four ounces. Thus on the 21 papers there were 44 ounces, or two pounds and 12 ounces of flies. This number of flies is taken probably two or three times a day.

"Now if you want to know how much a fly weighs," says Mr. Spencer, "you will find that there is an average of 20 flies to the square inch on the paper. On one paper, therefore, which has 336 square inches, you have 6,720 flies, and on the whole 21 sheets there are 141,120 flies; therefore, if 141,120 flies weigh 44 ounces, how much does one fly weigh? It is a simple calculation, and those who have a curiosity to know can quickly find it out."—Chautauqua (Tenn.) Times.

A prize of \$500 has been offered for the production of the best practical elementary text-book of tropical agriculture specially applicable to Jamaica, manuscripts to be submitted to the government of Jamaica on or before August 1, 1888.—Antigua Traveller.

COLORED PHILOSOPHY.

You may notice it on de pallis, You may mark it on de wall, Dat de higher is a load for jumps, De harder will be fall.

And de crowd dat fly de swiftnes, Am de sooner in de corn, And de faster de de de most, Gite up earliest in de morn.

De brook dat am de shall'es, Chatters most upon de way, And de folks dat am de sill'es, An de ones hab' most 'er say.

And de rooster dat am young'es, An de one dat crow de most, Always make de bigger' boas', Nor am she de bigger' moas'.

And he am not de greater' man, Who totes de bigger' musics, Nor am she de bigger' bustle, Who wars de bigger' bustle.

You kin not judge de kin' ob man By de manner ob his walkin', An dey ar' not de smart'es' folks, Who do de loud'es' talkin'.

—Yankee Blade.

BUFFALO AND BULL-DOG.

Plucky Conduct of a Dog Which Went Hunting on the Plains.

The pack of dogs were in full cry after the stampeding herds of bellowing beasts as they rushed and tore along the column with their peculiar, rolling gait. But King, the bull-dog, singled out the immense wounded leader, who had now slackened his speed and was faltering in his tracks.

ON A DAKOTA TRAIN.

How a Big Man Secured a Comfortable Seat in a Crowded Car.

A big railroad grader who loomed up like the late Gullsh came in and sat down in a "turned seat" opposite a very little man. The large gentleman was comfortably drunk—the little man rather looked as if he might be a prohibitionist. The big man sort of a few times, wiped his feet on the small man's cushion, and then remarked:

"Say! I jes' despise a little, dried-up, insignificant man!"

"Er—ah—is that so?" said the little man, with a weak, no-recess smile.

"Commonly I eat 'em!" continued the large party in a loud voice. The little man's smile grew more feeble and ghastly.

"I chaw 'em up and leave 'em!" continued the grader fiercely, as he glared around without appearing to notice the small man with the dying smile. "I wouldn't hit a little, sneakin' wad of a man that weighed less than a hundred and fifty, 'cause there wouldn't be enough of him left for a funeral; but I've hit more'n a million of 'em!"

The little man weighed less than a hundred and thirty, and appeared to be growing rapidly smaller.

"Why, blank their little hides!" went on the big, big man, "there orter be a law ag'in 'em! They got to pass it mighty quick, though, or I'll have 'em all killed off!"

The little man was looking at the window out of the corners of his eyes and contemplating a leap.

"Somebody tie my hands 'n' feet an' show me one o' these 'small men!' yelled the grader as he warmed up. "Lemme lean over an' fall on him an' squish him! Somebody hold me an' lead up a small man an' lemme look at him an' par' live him! Yes—a—ah! Lemme breathe on one o' 'em an' scorch him!"

RATHER EXPENSIVE.

Half Young Decorator's Husband Deals in Facts and Figures.

"What do you think of it?"

A young housekeeper was exhibiting to an inventor a handsomely decorated plate which he had placed on a neat easel on the mantle of her pretty drawing-room.

"Beautiful!"

"Guess where it came from?"

"France, perhaps."

"No. I bought the plate down town and decorated it myself."

"An excellent idea! You can now have as handsome a dinner set as there is in New York at a mere trifling cost."

"That shows what you know about it," interposed the husband of the fair artist, with just a trace of sadness in his tones.

"Don't see why you say so, John," retorted the latter.

QUEERNESS OF THINGS.

A Few Puzzles Which No School of Philosophy Can Solve.

This is a sort of topsy-turvy world. No one seems to be satisfied. One man is struggling to get justice and another is dying from it.

One man is trying to buy a house, and another is trying to sell his dwelling, for less than it cost, to get rid of it.

One man is spending all the money he can earn in taking a girl to the theater and sending her flowers, in the hope that he will eventually make her his wife, and his neighbor is spending all the gold he has saved to get a divorce.

Smith is drinking imported ale to put flesh on, while Johnson is living on crackers and walking ten miles a day to reduce his avoirdupois.

The laborer with ten children keeps out of debt on ten dollars a week, while many an unmarried bank official with a hundred dollars a week can't get along without helping himself to the bank's funds.

Robinson takes sherry to give him an appetite, while Brown, who has a wine cellar, can't touch a drop of it on account of apologetic tendencies.

The doctor tells Morrill that if he doesn't stop work and take a rest he will go into a decline, and then tells Blakely that if he does not abandon his sedentary position and go off somewhere and work on a farm he will die of torpidity of the liver.

One man is ordered to eat eggs because they are nutritious, and another is cautioned to leave them alone because they produce bile.

One man keeps a pistol to protect himself against burglars, while his neighbor doesn't keep one for fear of shooting some member of the family by mistake.

LINCOLN'S SECRETARY.

A Chat With Colonel Nicolay About the President's Characteristics.

"How did Mr. Lincoln bear himself during the campaign?"

"He was always a self-poised man, quiet and equable in temper, seldom greatly elated or much depressed. He was not worried about the campaign, and had himself thoroughly in hand. People sent him many curious symbols of frontier life—axes, nails, wedges, rails—and all sorts of people on all sorts of errands called on him in the Governor's room in the State House, which was assigned to him. Many came from mere curiosity, and they would sit awkwardly around looking at him. He could not talk politics to much at such a time, and the bulk of his visitors were shy of speech. They handled the President's hat, had been sent in and spoke to him of their use, and he would sometimes take the end of an axe holve between his fingers and hold the axe out at arm's length, to show that he had not lost his strength. In various simple ways he thus managed to kill time. One fellow had the impudence to come wearing a secession cockade in his hat. Lincoln spoke to him pleasantly, and shook hands as with the others, and the intruder sat around half an hour, looking foolish and saying nothing, and finally went out. The crowd quietly ignored the intended insult."

"Mr. Lincoln was just as democratic in the White House, I believe," I said.

"Yes," assented Colonel Nicolay, "and that went far toward giving him his firm hold on the hearts of the people. It was his custom, while he was President, to hold an informal reception between twelve and one o'clock each day, to hear in person the requests and wishes of all sorts of people who chose to come to see him. Rich and poor, white and black, crowded into the business office, (now Colonel Lamont's) shook hands and told him what they wanted. He generally wrote a card and referred the petitioner to the proper department, but often he attended to it himself. Men who wanted office came, alleged Unionists who showed him how to put down the rebellion; mothers who had sons in the army; relatives of men who had been ordered shot; tramps who were hard up and wanted money or transportation to enable them to go somewhere. It was like some ancient Druid standing under an oak tree and dealing out justice to the realm."

"Didn't the people exasperate Old Abe sometimes?"

"Not often. He listened patiently to all, seldom protecting himself even from bores. I never saw him angry but twice, and then only momentarily. He turned one man out of the room and laid his hand on his shoulder to hasten his departure if necessary."

I asked if Mr. Lincoln comprehended that he was in constant danger of his life.

"Of course," said Colonel Nicolay. "It was often discussed between his friends and himself. They would say: 'Now, Lincoln, you must look out and be constantly on your guard. Some cranks is liable to come along and kill you.' His answer always was, 'I will be careful. But I can not discharge my duties and withdraw myself entirely from danger of an assault. I see hundreds of strangers every day, and if any one has the disposition to kill me he will find opportunity. To be absolutely safe, I should cock myself up in a box.' Threatening letters came, and these I always showed to Mr. Lincoln, who generally turned them over to the War Department."

—W. A. Crofut, in Indianapolis Journal.

THE LADY OF LYONS.

A New and Verdant Version of an Old-Fashioned Story.

An impression prevails among some people that the Lady of Lyons was a circus woman who went into the lions' cage and performed a feat. Such was not the case. She was a wealthy young lady of Lyons, N. Y., who moved in the first circles. She was strolling in the garden one day when the gardener's son, who was weeding an onion bed, saw her and immediately fell in love with her. He thought there never was such a woman as Pauline, though he couldn't make his pa lean that way, nor his ma. Hearing of the young man's infatuation, a couple of Pauline's discarded lovers put up a job on her. They dressed Claude in fine clothes and introduced him to her as a Count. He was of no 'count as a simple gardener, but as a supposed titled man he rose in the social scale very greatly. He pictured to her in glowing colors his home by the Lake of Como, with its fruits of gold, nickel-plated bananas, etc., and she expected to be conveyed to it in a palace car, four sections to themselves. Judge, then, of her vexation and disgust on being conveyed in a hot-balled horse-car and landed at his mother's humble lodgings on the sixth floor of a cheap tenement building. She thereupon denounced Claude and his deceptions, and he went off and enlisted to fight Indians. He got an appointment as an Indian Agent, amassed a handsome fortune in a short time and came back to claim his bride. Every thing was explained, except how he came to get so much money, and Claude and Pauline were re-united.—Texas Siftings.

Nothing shows greater abjectness of spirit than a haughty demeanor toward inferiors.

How do you get along without watermelon in winter, Uncle John? "Sah, dar, an chickens in wintah."—Boston Courier.

A Little M's apprehension.—Miss Dewdrop—"Don't you think Mr. Rosebush has a very sensitive mouth?" Miss Rayne (blushing violently)—"How should I know?"—Tid-Bits.

Nature usually keeps the general run of things on an even pace. A naturally hard heart is very apt to grow harder, and a naturally soft head is equally certain to grow softer.

A photographer is out with 'Suggestions to Stickers.' We have sent a marked copy to a man who allows his wife to take coal up three flights and black all the children's shoes.—Burlington Free Press.

The latest discovery is a seven-inch vein of leather polish or shoe-black on the farm of M. H. Gladman, just west of Hopkins, Mo. It is found four feet from the surface, and when wet and rubbed on a pair of shoes or leather makes a splendid polish. The find is a curiosity. Nowday county has most all the good things of this world, and now can boast of a shoe-black mine—the only one in the world.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Men who have company must have money.

GAMES OF ANIMALS.

How the Lower Orders of Creation Display Their Love of Sport.

That insects have their games and sports I am convinced. This first occurred to me while, in the Adirondacks some years ago. I was some distance in the wilderness, and having found a small clearing, was resting from my climb, when suddenly the sun, that had been obscured, sent a band of light through an opening in the trees and at once transformed the spot into a veritable fairyland. From all about innumerable forms of insect life seemed to spring into the gladsome light, and soon the great sunbeam was the scene of such revelry as is only imagined by tellers of fairy stories. A band of gnats, or insects resembling them, seemed to be performing some mystic dance. They floated on the beams of light; rising and falling in undulating lines, forming and reforming, now disappearing, as if at some preconcerted signal, only to appear again in some new shape. So regular and exact were these movements that I was impressed that they had some meaning. In and about this band of players various other forms were darting. Such games of tag! such aerial leaps, dives and plunges! all showing that this sunbath was being enjoyed to the utmost extent.

Once, when lying on the rocks that face the ocean, not far from Nahant, I was attracted by a curious clicking sound, first on one side, then on the other, as if a signal of signaling was going on. Recognizing the note of one of the locust tribe, I carefully turned and saw half a dozen large, rusty-brown fellows, commonly known as grasshoppers, which so exactly imitated the rocks in color that it was with the greatest difficulty I distinguished them when not in motion. It was apparent that they were engaged in some curious performance, as they were marching about in the most erratic manner, dodging and hiding behind pieces of stone, and exhibiting remarkable acuteness in avoiding each other. All the little irregularities of the rocks were carefully taken advantage of, and their motions in creeping upon one another reminded me of those of a cat, so stealthy and sly were they. This game of hide-and-seek was occasionally varied by a leaping performance. Two locusts would gradually face each other, and then as if at a given signal they would jump into the air, one passing over the other in the flight, alighting and assuming the same positions, only reversed. I watched their maneuvers for some time, and listened to the curious clicking that accompanied them; but finally an incautious movement broke up the games, and the players flew away, seemingly uttering vigorous protests.

The love of sport is not confined to these lowly creatures. I doubt that an animal can be found which does not in some way or at some time show a desire for what we term "amusement." Among the land animals, or rather the land and water animals, the otters are especially noticeable from the fact that some of their games are exactly like those of human device. It was Audubon who first chronicled their actions, he having watched them from a secluded spot, and since then their games have been enjoyed by many observers. The otters (utra canadensis) are perhaps the originators of the games of sliding down hill, and tobogganing.

Otters are always found about streams; building their tunnel-nests in the banks, having as a rule, one entrance into the water, and another on shore. During the winter a bank is selected having a good incline and leading into the water, or sometimes upon the ice. The snow is then carefully patting down and rendered as smooth as possible, and finally becomes a glare of ice. This accomplished, the otters start at the top of the hill, and turning upon their back they take the push with their hind feet, and away go the living sleds, dashing down the incline, turning at the bottom and with a splash entering the cold water, or darting away on the smooth ice. So fond are the animals of this sport that they keep it up for a long time, and hunters watch the slides, knowing that here they have the best chance of finding the otter.

The sea-otters are just as playful. They are found lying on the great kelp beds of shore, and have been seen tossing their young into the air, riding on the breakers upon their backs, and going through a number of motions of an extremely interesting nature. These occurrences are truly games, and needs but to watch the domestic cat and her kittens; and young lions, tigers and all the cat tribe have similar dispositions, while if we turn to the monkey its entire existence is seen to be a continuous game, or an endless series of practical jokes perpetrated upon its fellows.

Value of Self-Restraint.

A quick temper is an unfortunate inheritance, but not an irremediable one. Let our young friends understand this as a fact and cease to bewail their weakness. Let them take matters seriously in hand and strive to modify upon themselves, by avoiding occasions of irritation, and those old associates whose temper is known to be readily excited, like their own, with kind, good-natured people and cultivate their manner.—Phrenological Journal.

The darkest night was never yet longer than the brightest day.

One man ruins his business because he is a sloven; another ruins it because he is a fop.