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THINGS THAT NEVER DIE.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth;
The impulse to a worldless prayer,
The dreams of love and truth;
The longing after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry,
The striving after better hopes—
These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need;
The kindly word in grief's dark hour,
That proves a friend indeed—
The plea for mercy, softly breathed,
When justice threatened high,
The sorrow of a contrite heart—
These things shall never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,
The pressure of a kiss,
And all the trifles sweet and frail
That make up life's bliss:
If with a firm, unchanging faith,
And holy trust and high,
Those hands have clasped and lips have met,
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word
That wounded as it fell,
The chilling wants of sympathy
We feel but never tell—
The hard repulse that chills the heart
Whose hopes were bounding high,
In an unfading record kept—
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do;
Lose not a chance to waken love—
Be firm and just and true.
So shall a light that cannot fade
Beam on thee from on high,
And angels' voices say to thee,
These things shall never die.

—*All the Year Round.*

MY LITTLE BOY.

I was a widow.

A young widow, I suppose—for no one would regard three-and-twenty as a very venerable age. And a pretty widow, people said. Whether they were right or wrong, I cannot take upon myself to say. Of course I knew, whenever I looked in the glass, that I was not an absolute fright—and so, when my cousin, Mrs. General Foxley, invited me to spend a summer with her at the Oriental hotel, where there were balls and soirees, lawn tennis and archery breakfasts going on all the while, I wasn't at all sorry that Mlle. Chatelage had sent home my lovely new half-mourning dress, all trimmed with pearl and lavender, sparkling jet and prismatic clair de lunes, and that Aunt Lavinia, our family "etiquette-book" had decided that it was quite proper to wear my diamonds if I pleased. For I was a decided brunette, and dark women always look well in diamonds.

Not that it had occurred to me that I should ever marry again. My old commodore had been very good and kind to me, but he was feeble and ailing, and required a great deal of care and my general impression of matrimony was that it involved trouble and solicitude, and a constant burden of responsibility.

And now, I was free, and I intended to remain so! I felt like a caged bird that had managed to give its golden wires the slip—a butterfly in the blue skies. I meant to go to the Oriental hotel and have a royal time, waltzing, dreaming—even coquetting a little in a harmless sort of way, if it seemed good to me—but as to marrying again—no, not I! Even Priscilla Bent, my companion, who was the most logical of creatures, declared that I would be the greatest fool alive to do that!

But we never know just what is going to happen to us. The very night before we were to start for the Orient, I came into the room where Priscilla was packing the lace things, which were too nice and delicate to be intrusted to Fifine, the maid.

"Prissy," said I, "look here! a telegram from San Domingo! My cousin, Fanny Black, is dead!"

"Dear me, how sad!" said Prissy, putting on the regulation look of affliction, although she had never in her life seen Mrs. Captain Basil Black, of H. M. 114th Fusiliers, stationed in the West Indies. "But I suppose that won't interfere with our trip to the seaside, will it?"

"But that isn't all," said I. "She has left a son. And with her dying breath she charged it on her attendants that I should take him to this country and make a home for him."

"How old is he?" said Pricilla Bent, looking aguet. And——"

"Let me see," said I, counting upon my fingers. "Basil Black—that's his name, for I remember cousin Fanny writing about him to mamma when I was a mite of a thing—must be one and twenty at least by this time."

"Bless me!" ejaculated Priscilla, "and you are only just turning twenty-three yourself!"

"Prissy," cried I, with mischievous glee, "You're as good as a book of dates!"

"But it won't be proper," said Priscilla.

"Not proper!" echoed I. Why won't it be proper? Isn't that dear old commodore's house big enough for all of us? And aren't you here to matronize us? I think myself it will be rasher fine to fit up a suite of bachelor apartments—smoking room; dressing-room——"

"Elsie," cried Miss Bent, in despair, "I believe you would make fun of anything! Don't you see how outlandish this plan would be? Write at once to these San Domingo people, and tell them it is out of the question."

"It's too late now, Prissy," said I. "They are on the way here, don't you see? I shouldn't wonder if the steamer [illegible] port now. And you know, [illegible] wanted to adopt a [illegible] commodore all that is delightful. And perhaps he'll want to go to college, or study law or something, so he won't be very much in the house, after all—and you know, Prissy, one can't neglect a dying woman's request."

"It was very thoughtless of her, at all events," grumbled my faithful old chaperon. "A young thing like you!"

I laughed. "I dare say she heard I was a widow," said I, "and probably imagined me a middle-aged horror with eye-glasses and a double chin. Leave these things, Prissy—we shall not go to the sea-shore now until cousin Basil is safely installed with his gun case, his hookahs and chibouks, his books and papers, in my blue rooms! Come with me and we'll have up the house-keeper, and turn them into a bachelor suite at once."

I was very happy for the next three days, studying the imaginary tastes of my unknown cousin, culling out choice editions of the poets, hanging rare engravings on the walls, and matching carpets and curtains. Miss Bent, poor old soul, said it was all nonsense,—that no young man of any spirit could condescend to "sit down" (that was her expression) "in a house where he was to be a dependent."

"But he is my cousin," said I. "He has a claim on me."

"Nonsense," said Priscilla, "that doesn't alter the case in the least."

In the meantime I was watching the papers—and when I saw in the shipping columns the arrival of the "Bonnie Kate" from San Domingo, I put on my hat and veil, ordered the carriage, and called Prissy to go and accompany me to welcome my new guest.

"If I must, I must," said Prissy. But she was not at all enthusiastic about it.

I was just pinning the crape bow under my chin, when Alice, the parlor-maid, came courtesying in.

"A young gentleman in the parlor to see you ma'am," she said in a smiling flurry. "From the San Domingo steamer. And——"

"I'll go down at once, Alice," I cried, tearing off my hat and veil and flinging the heavy cape streamer on one side.

"Elsie, Elsie, wait," Priscilla's shrill voice entreated me, but my mind was full of poor cousin Fanny and her orphan child—and hurrying down stairs, I found myself face to face with a tall, slender young man, very pale and fair, with dark blue eyes, a soft, silky mustache, and plain mourning dress.

Involuntarily I threw my arms around his neck and kissed him.

"You are welcome, Cousin Basil," said I, "welcome a thousand times."

He drew back, colored a little. "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Charteris," he said, "but there is some mistake here. This is your cousin!" and a pale child of four or five years old, whose long golden curls hung over his black suit, crept out from the shadow of the curtains, slowly and shyly.

"I am Frank," he said. "And Mr. Lesley is my dear, dear friend. He lived on the next place, in San Domingo. He has come to the United States with me!"

"But," I cried, looking helplessly around me. "where is Basil?"

"Basil died two years ago, when the yellow fever decimated our place," said Mr. Lesley, quietly. "I was his most intimate friend. Little Frank is all that is now left of the Black family, and I promised his mother to see him in safety to your house."

I looked with a pang of pity at the dear little golden-haired fellow, of whose very existence I had hitherto been ignorant.

"Sweet little Frankie," said I, "you shall be my little boy henceforward," and I clasped the baby form to my breast.

"And Mr. Lesley, too?" said the little lad, solemnly reaching out his hand to his friend. "Cousin Elsie likes Mr. Lesley, or she wouldn't have kissed him."

I could feel myself color to the very roots of my hair, but Mr. Lesley's features never stirred.

"She thought I was you. Frankie, don't you see?" said he. "She didn't expect to see such a mite of a chap as you. Good-bye, now, I am going to the hotel, and I shall see you very often, if Mrs. Charteris is—"

But at this Frankie burst into an infant cry of dismay and desolation, and I, recovering my presence of mind, spoke up at once:

"Frankie, don't cry," said I, "Mr. Lesley will not leave you—just at present, at least. You were my dead cousin's trusted friend, Mr. Lesley," I added holding out my hand. "May I not hope that you will be my guest, also."

And Mr. Lesley seeing that I was thoroughly in earnest, consented.

"If I shall not be a bore!" he said, when little Frankie jumped and danced around him, for very joy.

"Now I shall love cousin Elsie all my life said he. "And so will Mr. Lesley!"

Mr. Lesley occupied the suite of apartments which I had so unconsciously fitted up for the poor young cousin who was sleeping the while in the West India cemetery. Little Frankie, who had refused to be parted from his friend, slept in a crib close to his bedside.

"Well, Prissy," I said merrily to my mother chaperon, "so we've got two guests instead of one!"

"It's dreadful," growled poor Prissy.

"Do you think so?" said I. Now it seems to me that it is very good fun!"

Well, of course anyone can conjecture for themselves how it ended. Mr. Lesley was young and handsome,—moreover he had a snug little property of his own. He liked the United States, and incidentally remarked that if he had any object he would prefer to remain here permanently.

"But," he added, mournfully, "it is sad to be so entirely without ties, that no one cares whether you stay in one place or another."

"I care," piped up Frank, who sat as usual by his side, holding his hand.

"And so does cousin Elsie."

"Yes," said I, laughing, though not without some confusion. "Frankie is [illegible] "We both care."

[illegible] said Mr. Lesley, I will stay."

[illegible] engaged within the month.

[illegible] rid off my half mourning [illegible] so that Frankie [illegible] to separate [illegible] still, [illegible] the [illegible] es from his head, that all real romances end sadly,—[illegible] my experience, you see, has been al[illegible] gether different. And perhaps I am [illegible] better judge than she is.—*Shirley Brow*[illegible]

The Hammer.

The hammer is the universal emble[illegible] of mechanics. With it are alike forg[illegible] the sword of contention, and the plo[illegible] share of peaceful agriculture, the pr[illegible] of the free, and the shackle of the sla[illegible] The eloquence of the forum has mov[illegible] the armies of Greece and Rome to a th[illegible] sand battle-fields, but the eloquence [illegible] the hammer has covered those fields w[illegible] victory or defeat. The inspiration [illegible] song has kindled up high hopes and [illegible] ble aspirations in the bosoms of bra[illegible] knights and gentle dames, but the ins[illegible] ration of the hammer has strewn the fi[illegible] with tattered helm and shield, decid[illegible] not only the fate of chivalric comb[illegible] but the fate of thrones, crowns a[illegible] kingdoms. The forging of thunderbo[illegible] was ascribed by the Greeks as the hig[illegible] est act of Jove's omnipotence, and th[illegible] mythology beautifully ascribes to one [illegible] their gods the task of presiding at t[illegible] labors of the forge.

In ancient warfare the hammer was [illegible] powerful weapon, independent of t[illegible] blade which it formed. Many a st[illegible] skull was broken through the cap a[illegible] helm by a blow of Vulcan's weapon. T[illegible] armies of the crescent would have s[illegible] dued Europe to the sway of Mohamm[illegible] but on the plains of France their p[illegible] gress was arrested, and the brave a[illegible] simple warrior who saved Christend[illegible] from the sway of the Mussulman w[illegible] named Martel—"the hammer." H[illegible] simple, how appropriate, how grand [illegible] "the hammer." The hammer is t[illegible] savior and bulwark of Christendo[illegible] The hammer is the wealth of natio[illegible] By it are forged the ponderous engine a[illegible] the tiny needle. It is an instrument [illegible] the savage and the civilized. Its me[illegible] clink points out the abode of industr[illegible] it is a domestic deity, presiding over [illegible] grandeur of the most wealthy and am[illegible] tious, as well as the humble and imp[illegible] erished. Not a stick is shaped, no [illegible] house is raised, a ship floats, or carri[illegible] rolls, a wheel spins, or engine moves [illegible] press speaks, a viol sings, a spade delv[illegible] or a flag waves, without the hamm[illegible] Without the hammer civilization wo[illegible] be unknown, and the human species o[illegible] as defenceless brutes, but in skil[illegible] hands, directed by wisdom, it is an [illegible] strument of power, of greatness, [illegible] true glory.

An Eccentric Chancellor.

Chancellor George M. Bibb, of K[illegible] tucky, twice a Senator from that St[illegible] and secretary of the treasury in [illegible] Tyler's administration, was known [illegible] Washington as "the last of the sm[illegible] clothes." Until his death he wore [illegible] broad-brimmed hat, fine linen, lo[illegible] waistcoat, knee-breeches, black s[illegible] hose, and low shoes with silver buck[illegible]

The chancellor's personal appearan[illegible] and manners proclaimed him a gentlem[illegible] of the old school—dignified, high-ton[illegible] and courteous to everybody. Even t[illegible] boys, knowing that he took snuff, wo[illegible] often stop him in the streets with—

"Please, sir, give us a pinch of snuf[illegible] The chancellor, with an air that wo[illegible] have become Louis XIV. himself, wo[illegible] at once offer his snuff-box to the li[illegible] fellow.

One day, the chancellor met in Wa[illegible] ington a friend from Kentucky, and [illegible] quired particularly about the gentlema[illegible] family—his son and his son's children[illegible]

"His youngest," said the friend, [illegible] named for you and for one of the Bibi[illegible] characters: Nehemiah."

"That's right," replied the chancell[illegible] "The law and the prophets shou[illegible] always go together."

The chancellor's fondness for angli[illegible] amounted to a passion. Whether the f[illegible] "bit" or not, he would sit for hours on [illegible] bank of a stream, with rod and line, wa[illegible] ing for a nibble. A story, illustrative of [illegible] reputation as the most patient of angle[illegible] used to be told in Washington circles.

A gentleman, seeing that the chancel[illegible] had been sitting on the wharf for seve[illegible] hours, watching his float, strolled do[illegible] to him, and asked, "What luck?"

"None," replied the chancellor. [illegible] thought I had a bite two or three ho[illegible] ago, but apparently there is not a [illegible] nowhere."

"What is your bait?"

"A live, plump, young frog, hool[illegible] through the fleshy part of the leg."

"Look there, chancellor!" said [illegible] friend, bursting into a laugh and poi[illegible] ing to a log partly out of water.

The chancellor looked and saw his b[illegible] sunning itself on a log."—*Youth's Co*[illegible] *panion.*

Imitation in Birds.

I remember distinctly hearing [illegible] thrusher often repeating in its mad[illegible] song some notes new to my ear, wh[illegible] could not be ascribed to any Michig[illegible] bird of my acquaintance. After patie[illegible] ly waiting for some time in the glar[illegible] sun of a bright June day, I heard [illegible] notes so plainly that I was thoroug[illegible] convinced they were an imitation of [illegible] song of a Southern bird—the "chu[illegible] will's widow," so called, a species all [illegible] to our whippoorwill, and named—as [illegible] our familiar Northern representative [illegible] the family—from the words so plai[illegible] uttered. This thrush learned, then, [illegible] notes of the chuck-will's widow at le[illegible] 500, and probably quite a thousand m[illegible] from Michigan, and yet reprodu[illegible] them so distinctly that one could ea[illegible] distinguish them, and from mere desc[illegible] tions in books at once tell them the na[illegible] of the bird imitated.

Here, mounting the top of the tal[illegible] tree near its nest, it pours forth ecs[illegible] melody, executing the most diffic[illegible] strains with the same ease that it de[illegible] ers the simplest notes. All noises [illegible] attempted; the schoolboy's whistle, [illegible] bark of a dog, or the bleating of a la[illegible] are equally well executed and issue fr[illegible] its throat in a continuous, harmonious [illegible] strain, frequently of an hour's duration. What wonderful mimicry; what a contrast to the best attempts of ventriloquists and imitators, traveling through the country to reproduce before audiences a few mumbled sounds or attempted imitations of the sounds and notes uttered by birds and mammals.—*Dr. Morris Gibb.*

Mr. Evarts introduced into Washington what is called the statesman's fashion of wearing silk hats. He wears his hat clear over on the back part of his head at an angle of forty-five degrees until it pushes out his ears at right ap[illegible]

Just off it at the back is the green room, containing Huntingdon's portrait of Mrs. Hayes with its beautiful frame, and next to it the blue room where the President's lady receives her company and where the President stands while he shakes the hands of the multitude at a big reception. The furniture in this room is elegant in the extreme, all of blue and gold, and forms the drawing-room of the President's wife in the evening. The red room, furnished throughout in red, is like unto it, and in front of both is a long promenade hall, furnished like a parlor, and containing full length portraits of all the Presidents from Washington to Arthur. President Arthur's portrait is in the right and as you enter and it is one of the finest portraits of the lot. The end of this hall opens into the conservatory, and at a reception one can extend his walk in among the plants and flowers of the tropics. There are palm trees and ferns, roses of hundreds of varieties, lemom trees and orange blossoms, which bloom away under the glass while the wintry winds blow outside and the thermometer stands at zero. This conservatory opens in the dining-room of the White House. Here all of the state dinners are given and oceans of champagne, herds of fine beeves, thousands of turkeys, boat loads of terrapin, and great lakes of ice cream have been swallowed year after year for the past half century or more. Jefferson was almost a bankrupt from his White House dinners. Jackson spent upon them more than his salary, and not a President, save, perhaps, Andrew Johnson, came out of the White House with anything more than he went in. Arthur's dinners have cost him a fortune, and each state dinner cost him from ten dollars a plate upward. When it is remembered that each of these dinners have about forty guests at the table you will see that a state dinner costs at least $500, and I am told that Mr. Arthur's ordinary meals, to which he always has several strangers, cost about five dollars a plate. There is always wine on the table, and this is of a quality which adds materially to the table expenses. Last winter there were nine state dinners during the congressional season, and every person of prominence in Washington sat down at the President's table.

The usual dining hour is 8 P. M., and guests sit as late as 11 or later. While the dinner goes on the Marine band plays charming music in the vestibule, and the strains float in, not so loud as to interrupt conversation, but gently and pleasantly. The china set in use is of Limoge ware representing the different flowers and fauna of America. It cost $15,000 and contains five hundred pieces. The light of this dining-room is from colored wax candles in beautiful gold and silver candlesticks, and there are many mirrored sconces set into its walls. Its guests often appear in regimentals and a state dinner at the White House is perhaps the finest sight in our social world.

The upper floor of the White Hoese is devoted to offices and bedrooms. It is reached by a stairway and an elevator. The latter, however, is private. The cabinet chamber, the private reception-rooms of the President, and the rooms in which visitors are received by his three or four secretaries, are all here, and the whole looks more like a business office than a home.

Origin of Playing Cards.

Cards are supposed by antiquarians to be of Asiatic origin, and were introduced into Europe before the thirteenth century by Jews, Arabs or other Eastern nations. The Saracens made the game popular in Italy and Spain, and from thence it spread into France, Germany and England. The first mention of the introduction of cards into Germany is in the "Stadtbuch" of Augsburg of 1275, wherein it is stated that "Rudolph I. amused himself by playing cards and other games." Early in the fifteenth century a large trade sprang up in Germany and was carried on at Ulm, Nuremberg and Augsburg, for the demand for playing cards from England, France and other countries produced great prosperity among the manufactories.

It is popularly supposed that cards were invented about the year 1390 or 1392 to divert Charles VI., then king of France, who had fallen into melancholy. That they were not in use in that country before appears highly probable; first, because no cards are to be seen in any painting, tapestry or sculpture previous to that period, but are represented in many works of ingenuity since that age; secondly, no edicts issued in the king's name prohibit card-playing, although some years before a severe law was published forbidding, by name, all sorts of sports and pastimes, in order that the subjects might exercise themselves shooting bows and arrows and thus be in a condition to oppose the English, and in that law no mention was made of cards; and thirdly, no mention of the game is made in ecclesiastical canons prior to that time, although twenty years after the date (1390) card-playing was forbidden by the clergy. About the year 1412 is found in the account-book of the king's treasurer the following charge: "Paid for one pack of painted leaves for the king's amusement, 3 livres." Printing and stamping not having been invented, the cards were painted, which made them expensive, and in the canon above-mentioned they were called "Pagillæ pictæ"—little painted leaves.

The marks on the suits are supposed to be originally intended to represent the four states or classes in society. Hearts, or Gens de Chœur, the choir men or clergy; Spades, the nobility; Diamonds, the citizens, so called from the form of the tiles of the floors in their houses, and Clubs allude to the peasants. The four kings represented are David, Alexander, Cæsar and Charles, who were the four celebrated monarchs of the Jews, Greeks, Romans and Franks, under Charlemagne. By the queens are intended Argine, Esther, Judith and Pallas, typical of Birth, Piety, Fortitude and Wisdom. (Argine is the anagram of Regina or Queen). By the knaves were designed the servants of the knights for "knave" originally meant a servant.—*New York World.*

The Love of Praise.

It is an instinct as much as conscience is. It is an organic faculty as much as the reasoning faculty is. It is just as much a part of our structural existence as the heart is, or the lungs are to the body. It is a counterpart and balance of that which we call pride. But the word pride is offensive and usually conveys the idea of an improper feeling. It is the conscious value of one's self. It is the sense of individual rights, one's personality, the inherent right to be what we are, self-estimation. To be sure you have a right to your own judgment and personality, but these men have a right to judge you, and what they think you do well they praise you for, and you have that in you which makes praise very sweet. So there are those two qualities, one preserving the individuality of a man in all his rights; the other making him sensitive to the reflected influences of those around him.—*Beecher.*

Narrow Escape from a Bull.

Charles Ryman, an aged farmer, living near Eldersville, Penn., was leading a bull through a narrow lane on his farm, when it suddenly sprang upon him bellowing loudly, and held him pinned to a high broad fence, one of its horns being on one side of his body and the other on the opposite side. The space between the horns at the ends permitted his body to just squeeze in, but nearer the base it was so much narrower that he was held as if in a vise, and so tightly squeezed that the breath was nearly crushed out of him. Fortunately, the horns were so long that the bull's head was kept from crushing Ryman, although the maddened animal made every effort to do so. A twelve-year-old son of the farmer was with him, and he started back to the house to get a gun to shoot the bull.

On his way he saw a heavy manure fork leaning against an outbuilding. As it was a long way to the house, the boy seized the fork and hurried back to the spot where the bull held his father. He reached it just as the animal had backed away a few steps and was about to dash forward with lowered head upon the farmer. The boy met the advance of the bull with the fork, and thrust the two long tines with all his strength into the animal's side. Both of the sharp irons pierced the bull's heart, and with a terrible bellow it fell heavily to the ground, and was soon dead. With the exception of severe bruises on his side and a great nervous shock, the old farmer sustained no serious injury.

Eradicating Disease Germs.

Disease germs often cling to rooms with great persistence. A case in point occurred in a room in the old New York hospital before it was taken down. It had been used for some time for yellow fever patients, and it seemed impossible to disinfect it. Patients who were confined for several weeks in the room invariably showed bad results from its atmosphere. The difficulty was never remedied. At one time when the walls were thoroughly scraped the workmen who did the job all became sick, and one of them died, probably from disease contracted in this work.

Sometimes the germs are held in the mattress. A case proving this has just been reported to us. A person occupying a room became ill with typhoid fever. Her husband noticed a bad smell in the room, and complained to the housekeeper, but nothing could be done to rectify it. The owner believing the room to be wholesome occupied it himself and had the same disease. Finally an examination was made of the mattress, when it was found to contain a quantity of hogs' bristles in the center which had not been cleansed. They had caused the bad smell, and, no doubt, the disease of those sleeping on the bed. The manufacturers who make such beds are guilty of a great crime.—*Health and Home.*

English and American Language.

The English have no comprehensive word meaning what our "dry goods" means, and they need one. For "calico" they use the vague and ambiguous word "print." For "mirror" they always say "glass" ("glaws"), though, as there are a hundred different kind of glass, mirror is the word they sorely need. For "loafer," the English always say either "vagrant," "vagabond," or "dandy," and a loafer is generally neither. England has thousands of loafers, but not one word to describe them. The English never speak of the "waist" of a lady's "dress," but of the "body" of her "gown," which is certainly neither more correct nor more elegant. For "bureau" they say "chest of drawers," which is employing circumlocution in place of a name. For "candy" they always say "sweets," which is a similar subterfuge, using one of the qualities of the article to describe the whole thing itself. For "pantaloons" they always say "trousers," which is, perhaps, preferable because shorter; but both words had better be retained. For "bakery," "lumber" and "hardware" they have no equivalent words whatever, and have to resort to phrases and sentences to indicate what they mean.—*The Current.*

Rising and Sinking of Continents

Scientific men have been disposed to attribute the evidences of changes on the earth's surface to violent catastrophies in the operations of nature; but Lyell and the more recent geologists say that most of the alterations we witness were brought about by the slow operation of natural forces, acting through vast periods of time. The several earthquakes which have recently visited the northeast quarter of North America did something toward either raising or depressing the surface of the region affected. It is known that the Atlantic coast between Cape Hatteras and Cape Cod has been steadily sinking for centuries, and it is within the bounds of probability that before 2,000 years have elapsed the cities of New York and Brooklyn may be under water. When the Dutch colonists [illegible] Manhattan island, 200 years ago, the indians told them that in the time of their great-grandfathers it was possible to cross Hell Gate dry shod from one bank to the other. Professor Guyot estimated that the lowering of the Atlantic coast was twenty-three and a half inches every century. At the same time it is certain that the greater portion of the American continent is rising, while the continent of Australia is certainly sinking.—*Democrat.*

The Sign of the Red Thread.

It is related of Sir Charles Napier's campaign of the upper Scinde, that a sergeant with eleven men became separated from the rest of his command. An officer signaled an order to return, but they mistook the signal for a command to charge. There were seventy of the foe behind a breastwork at the summit of the mountain. They fell there, these brave eleven, after slaying twice their number. When one of their great warriors is killed in battle there is, it is said, a custom among the robber tribes with which these brave men fought, of binding his wrist with a thread either of red or green—the red for the highest rank. When the British found the stark bodies of their eleven brave comrades, around both wrists of each they saw the red thread. These robbers and foes gave the heroes their own glory as best they could.

THE LAND OF THE AFTERNOON.

An old man sits in his garden chair,
Watching the sunlit western sky,
What sees he in the blue depth there,
Where only the Isles of Memory lie?
There are princely towers and castles high,
There are gardens fairer than human ken,
There are happy children thronging by,
Radiant women and stately men,
Singing with voices of sweet attune
The songs of the Land of the Afternoon.

The old man watches a form of cloud,
That floats where the azure islands are,
And he sees a homestead gray and loved,
And a hand that beckons him afar.
Oh, cheek of roses and hair of gold!
Oh, eyes of heaven's divinest blue!
Long have ye lain in the graveyard mold—
But love is infinite, love is true;
He will find her—yes, it must be soon;
They will meet in the Land of the Afternoon.

The sky has changed, and a wreck of cloud
Is driving athwart its troubled face,
The golden mist is a trailing shroud;
It is cold and bleak in the garden place.
The old man smiles and droops his head,
The thin hair blows from his wrinkled brow,
The sunset radiance has appeared
O'er every wasted feature now;
One sigh exhales like a breath in June—
He has found the Land of the Afternoon.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

On her beam ends—The sun.

A sound sleeper—He who snores.

No brass band can play as many airs as a drum-major can put on.

Umbrellas and good jokes don't always belong to those who use them most.

A young woman is not necessarily an ice girl just because she has a snowy brow.—*Drake's Magazine.*

If "bread is the staff of life" then pound cake must be the gold-headed cane of existence.—*New York Journal.*

"Arizona now exports tannin." Thus is another avenue of usefulness closed to the Massachusetts schoolmarm.—*Boston Transcript.*

A woman never uses her husband's meerschaum pipe to drive a nail with more than once. Not if he knows it.—*New York Journal.*

Extract from a letter from Angelina: "Dear Henry, you ask if I return your love. Yes, Henry; I have no use for it, and I return it with many thanks."

We are in danger of having too much culture in this country. An æsthetic buff-colored pug recently got mad in Boston because his mistress dressed him in a light green blanket.

It is now stated that Henry M. Stanley, the great African explorer, wears a swallow-tail coat. We can now understand why he was able to travel among the cannibals for years without being roasted and eaten. No man looks juicy in a swallow-tail coat.—*Through Mail.*

A LAX.

The happy nightingale
Doth blithely trill away,
And charms some mortal's ear
With his sweet little lay.

Also, the barn-yard hen
Doth nest an egg each day,
And charms some mortal's taste
With her sweet little "lay."

Jef. Joslyn, in St. Louis Magazine.

Doctor: "Well, how are we to-day?" Patient: "Oh, I've had a miserable day, doctor." Doctor: "But your wife says you haven't groaned at all to-day, while yesterday——" Patient: "Good reason. Thought there wasn't anybody 'round. That woman is always taking an unfair advantage of me."—*Boston Journal.*

"Where is that new man that came with us in January?" said one M. T. to another. "He left last week," was the reply. "Well, if he left last week, it was because he couldn't get his hands on it," put in their slightly absent-minded employer, looking up from his books. Such is life, etc.—*Merchant-Traveler.*

MOSTLY LIES.

Said Jones: "I hardly ever ride,
For crowded cars I can't abide,
And carriages I do despise—
I am so fond of exercise."

"I bring my lunch," said Smith, elate,
"For noisy restaurants I hate;
Beside, I'd spoil my appetite
For dinner when I'm home at night."

Said Brown: "I'm tough; I never wear
An overcoat. I do declare
I do not feel the cold like those
Half-frozen chaps weighed down with clothes."

"I never touch cigars," Green spoke.
"They're made of stuff unfit to smoke;
For healthfulness or comfort ripe
Give me my fragrant brier pipe."

And so we all apologize
And make excuses—mostly lies,
Because we dare not say with sense
We go without to save expense.

—*Henry Gleason, in the Ironmonger*

Snuff Eating.

City druggists have very many glimpses in the inner life of their customers. "I want five cents worth of snuff," said a little woman, as she bent over the counter of a drug store this morning and whispered the order in the clerk's ear with a mysterious mien. Glancing furtively around to assure herself that there were no witnesses to the transaction, she added: "It's for another lady. I never use the stuff." Picking up a neatly wrapped little bundle in white paper, she placed it to her nose to assure herself that it was the genuine article, then flung down a nickle and hurriedly left the store. "Here, Johnny," said the clerk, turning to a boy who was standing behind the prescription case in conversation with a reporter, "put up some more snuff. All those packages we made last night are gone already, drat it! Here's another customer across the street. Yes, our chief patrons are women. We have no male callers for snuff at all. The men chew tobacco instead. Of course no woman buys the snuff for herself. The purchase is made for a neighbor or a friend. I have heard women complain of the stuff, which they said they were buying for another woman. The habit, I understand, is very fascinating, and when once begun is more gratifying than either chewing tobacco or smoking. In its strength to enslave the will it approaches the power of narcotics."

Robert E. Lee, Confederate commander-in-chief, was one of the surveyors of the Morris canal, in New Jersey.

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