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Poetry.

THE OLD HOME.

BY WILL WALLACE HARNEY.

An out-door quiet held the earth
Beneath the winter moon,
The cricket chirped in cozy mirth,
And the kettle crooned upon the hearth,
A sweet, old-fashioned tune.

The old clock ticked a drowsy race,
With the clicking of the cricket,
And red coals in the chimney-place
Peeped out, with many a rosy face,
Like berries in a thicket.

The crane's arm empty, stuck out stiff,
And tinware on the shelves
Twinkled and winked at every gliff,
In the flickering fire-light as if
They whispered to themselves.

The good dame, in her ruffled cap,
Counted her stitches slowly,
And the old man, with full many a gap,
Read from the Big Book on his lap,
The good words wise and holy.

The old clock clicked; the old man read,
His deep voice pausing, lowering;
The good wife nodded, dropped her head—
The lids of both were heavy as lead—
They were sound asleep and snoring.

Oh, hale old couple! sweet each dream,
While—all the milk pans tilting—
Puss paints her whiskers in the cream,
Till John and the belated team
Bring Maggie from the quilting.

May time, I pray, when failing years
Make thin my voice and thrapple,
Find my last day of life like theirs,
As sweet with children's love and prayers,
And like a winter apple.

To-Morrow's Chicken-Pie

"Always in mischief! always in mischief!" muttered Betty, as she stumbled over the broom stick Jack had left on the floor when he got tired of playing circus-rider; and then she went on talking to herself about cutting off boys' noses, and making 'em laugh the other side o' their mouths so that little Tommy fairly trembled all over, as he sat hidden away on the dark back stairs. He had been keeping very still for half an hour, thinking how nice it would be if he was a fairy prince, with a kingdom of knives and skates, and candy, and with power to make poor sick mamma well again. But Betty's scolding voice made him feel very unprince-like indeed, and his little fat hands fumbled nervously over some half-eaten gingerbread nuts in his pocket. What if Betty should discover that some of her gingerbread was missing?

Every one was busy, for somebody was coming next day; Jack and Tommy could not find out who, but there were whisperings going on, and great preparations.—Kind-hearted Aunt Emily, who was so stout she could not move very fast, grew red in the face as she panted to and fro, from kitchen to bed-room, bringing every question to the gentle invalid who lay among her pillows longing to get well enough to have her little boys play at her room again.

"Dear me, Betty,' said Aunt Emily, all in a flutter, "how will you manage to do all the cooking alone to-morrow? For I shall have to be in the parlor, and there's pudding to make, and beef to roast, and chicken-pie, and salad!"

Tommy's mouth watered at the mention of all these good things, for boys are always hungry.

"I know what I'm about,' said Betty, with grim complacency. "I'm going to get all the stuff ready before night, and stone the raisins and wash the currants.—Then I mean to bake the chicken-pie right off, and be done with it. That will be off my mind then, and I can warm it up as good as new for dinner to-morrow."

"Very well—I leave it to you. Where are those boys? I sent Jack for three pounds of raisins, and he's been gone an hour!' And Aunt Emily looked anxiously out of the window down the street.

"Send a boy for raisins?' exclaimed Betty. "I'll be bound he'll put half of them down his throat!"

"Sure enough!' said poor Aunt Emily, with fresh anxiety.

Meanwhile Tommy slowly and softly crept up stairs, he was so afraid Betty would find him listening, and she might shake him, she did so often when he did not know he had been naughty. Just as he reached the hall in came Jack through the front door, whistleing "Yankee Doodle," but when he saw Tommy he stopped.

"Here, Tommy,' he said, "hold your pocket and I'll fill it with raisins. My pocket is full. Run off with them now, or Betty'll steal them from you!"

So Tommy got behind a great chair in the parlor, and sat on the floor, contentedly munching raisins. Jack was his hero for he was two years older, and was not afraid and could say such smart things. Jack ran down stairs, threw down the paper of raisens, and was off again without stopping thus cleverly escaping a box on the ears.—For suspicious Betsy saw at a glance that those raisins could not possibly weigh three pounds.

"Such a boy!" said Aunt Emily, plaintively.

"I don't see how sister ever manages him. He is quite a little gentleman, when she is well."

Betty went on with her work; Aunt Emily put the room in order, and made toast for the boys' mother; Jack and Tommy kept out of the way, and everything progressed smoothly till about four o'clock in the afternoon, when there was a sound of crying and lamentation. In came Jack with flushed face, muddied up to his knees leading poor little Tommy, who was muddied all over. The mud dripped down on Betty's clean oilcloth, and Betty was in a fury, for she was tired, and that made her crosser than ever. In vain the boys tried to tell her how it happened—how some wicked boys threw a kitten in the duck-pond, and Tommy tried to get it, and fell in himself, and Jack waded after him and brought him out, kitten and all. Betty did not appreciate the fine points of the story, and the budding chivalry—she only appreciated the mud, which was hard on the boys. Aunt Emily came down in a panic, and she and Betty went to work getting the little fellows dry and clean again, with dire threatenings of punishment ahead.

"O, if your poor mother knew!" exclaimed Aunt Emily, almost at her wit's end.

Jack's lips quivered, but he never spoke.

"Look a' here?' cried Betty, triumphantly; "here's Tommy's pocket all lined with raisins, and here's gingerbread!" and she gave him a premonitory shake.

"And here's Jack's pocket with lobster claws in it,' said Aunt Emily in despair.—"I was going to garnish the salad with those claws. O you naughty boy? And she would have boxed his ears, but he dodged.

"Well,' said Betty, "they ought to be put to bed without any supper. That's what ought to be done!'

"Sure enough,' said Aunt Emily, who in her heart was glad to spare them a whipping; they shall go to bed without any supper."

So to bed they were sent—to bed at five o'clock and a fine time they had of it when they were left alone in their room. They dressed up two pillows and named them respectively Aunt Emily and Betty, and pommelled them, and shook them, and scolded them, till their rebellious little hearts were satisfied. After that they told stories and made plans, and finally went to sleep.

"Why don't Jack and Tommy come to say good-night to me? asked mamma, as the evening wore on.

"Why, sister,' said Aunt Emily, half appologetically, "they fell in the mud, and ate up the raisins, so I let them go to bed without their suppers."

"Poor little souls! said mamma, sorrowfully. And she made up her mind that, sick or well, her boys should not be kept from her another day. But the hours went by, till she, too, was asleep, and Aunt Emily and all.

It must have been about midnight, that dark, mysterious, silent hour, when Tommy slowly awoke to a consciousness of being pulled and pounded, and shaken.

"O please don't, Betty!" he cried as soon as he could speak.

"Hush! hush!"

It was Jack's voice whispering to him, so Tommy hushed, and Jack began to unfold his plans.

"Tommy, ain't you hungry? I'm awful hungry. Come, let's get up softly, and creep down stairs, and get some gingerbread."

"They'll catch us!" said Tommy.

Hush! no they won't—we'll go softly. We ought to have something to eat, or we shall starve. You don't want to be dead in the morning, do you, Tommy?"

"No!" said Tommy, decidedly.

"Hush! Well, come—it's moonlight.—Put on your stockings; they don't make so much noise as bare feet. Mayby we can find some citron."

Thus encouraged, Tommy got softly out of bed, and threw his stocking on his chubby little feet, while Jack made ready also; and then they started, Jack leading the way, very softly, through the upper hall, a step a minute, hearing their own hearts beat loud enough to frighten them, very softly down the stairs, which crack as they never did by day, then softly through the lower hall, and then with bolder confidence they pushed on down through the kitchen to the pantry, and there they stood, two shivering little objects in the moonlight, all excitement with the adventure.

"Here's gingerbread!" whispered Tommy, seeking the well-known jar.

"I'm hungrier than that,' said Jack.—"I wish I had a nice meat bone to pick.—I say, Tommy, here's chicken-pie. Don't it smell good though?"

"We're going to have that for dinner to morrw," said Tommy.

"How good it smells! I wish I could get a bit of wing out. No one would ever know." And Jack began to tap on the pastry crust.

Now, after it was baked, Betty had carefully removed the top to put in a little more seasoning, and as carefully replaced it; but it was loose under Jack's hand.

"Glory!" he exclaimed under his breath. "Tommy, the top lifts off like a lid. Here I'll lift it on the floor, and we'll just get a wing."

So on the floor they sat, two as hungry boys as you ever saw, with the delicious chicken-pie before them. One wing did not satisfy. Bone after bone they drew out, covered with soft, rich flakes of meat, legs, wings they devoured them all with a gusto, even to the unwiedly breast bone, which was Jack's last effort.

"I've had about enough,' he said. 'Have you Tommy?"

"Yes,' said Tommy, in trembling delight at his own audacity.

"Now let's put the bones back—we've picked them clean. Tommy, help me on with the lid. There that looks as good as new. We're safe till dinner time Tommy, and if Betty looks very cross to-morrow, why we can run away."

"We can run away!" echoed Tommy.

"I'm not afraid, are you Tommy? asked Jack. "I'm not afraid!"

"I'm not afraid,' said Tommy; but for all that, he was growing cowardly very fast.

Out of the pantry they stole again, carefully closing the door, and up the stairs they went on tiptoe, and through the halls. No one woke up, no one heard them, and they reached their own bed in safety.—There they lay and whispered a while, till at last the weary little eyelids shut fast, and Jack and Tommy were asleep.

Next morning the sky was clear, and everybody seemed unusually good-natured. Even Betty vouchsafed some jam tart as a compensation to the boys who went to bed supperless. Mamma had them come into her room, and there they staid for some time, happy and quiet, with a new book of paints, and plenty of pictures to practice fine art on.

Suddenly there was a sound of carriage wheels rolling up to the door and stopping. Jack and Tommy ran to the window, and there they saw, getting out of the carriage door, their great splendid Uncle Ned and Cousin Dick, and pretty Cousin Alice, with blue eyes and golden curls. This was a surprise indeed, and the boys were wild with excitement; but mamma's smilling face shewed that she at least knew what was going to happen. Down went Jack and Tommy, pell-mell, and rushed up to Uncle Ned, who shook hands heartily, and then Dick and Fanny came up, laughing, while Aunt Emily bustled about, getting off their wrappings, and everybody was talking all at once.

What a merry time they had! Dick was the oldest of all, and very polite, but he liked a frolic, too; and as for little Fanny she was smiling in a shy sort of way, behind her curls, all the time. Jack and Tommy looked at her as if she was a little doll, dressed up in pretty new clothes, and must not be touched; and by-and-by she made them wonder still more, when she went to the piano, and played and sang a sweet May-carol.

It is true that now and then a dark foreboding crept over Jack's mind, and he had a vague idea of escaping just before dinner time; but that seemed a long way off yet, and they were having such fine sport, it seemed a pity to loose any of it. Little Tommy was so full of joy and excitement, that he quite forgot there was such a thing as chicken-pie in the world.

"Come," said Dick, "let's play the Grand Mufti, and I will be Mufti!"

"O yes!' cried Tommy and Fanny.

But Jack was rather slow in coming forward. He was thinking to himself:

"I've a great mind to go and tell mamma, and she will not let them have it for dinner, and she won't let anybody know."

But at that very moment the dinner-bell rang, and in came the grown folks, and it was too late. Jack became stoical.

The knives and forks clattered, and the glasses rang; the good dinner was served to all, and their keen appetites were doing it ample justice. Aunt Emily sat at the end of the table, in mamma's place, and the moment arrived when she said, in a clear voice:

"Betty, you may change the plates, and bring in the chicken-pie."

A look of such utter dismay came over Tommy's round face, that Jack had to tread on his toes under the table, and wink at him to be on guard. Perhaps after all, it would be charged to the rats. Jack hoped it would, at least till dinner was over and after that he meant to tell the whole story to his mamma alone.

"I think you will find this pie excellent brother," said Jack's papa. "I never saw finer chickens in the market."

Betty brought it in with an air of pride; Aunt Emily received it on the table before her, and there was a moment of silence as she raised her knife and cut into the crust. The crust gave way—fairly "caved in," Dick said, afterwards.

There was only a heap of well picked bones! Uncle and cousin started; Tommy turned red, and Dick turned white.

"Why, what's the matter?" said papa. And he wiped his spectacles and bent forward.

"It's all gone, said Aunt Emily, faintly, "there's not a shred of meat left on the bones!"

Uncle Ned roared; but Betty who was hovering near the door, in a blaze of wrath, stepped quickly forward, and seizing Jack began to shake him soundly.

"It's him, sir! It's him—the thief of the world!" she exclaimed, loudly.

"Stop, Betty," said papa. "Be quiet—wait a little. Let me learn how this happened."

So, bit by bit, the story all came out, and in shame and confusion Jack and Tommy raised their eyes; but they met only kindly glances. The adventure was too comical to be scolded. Only papa said:

"Well, boys, we'll tell your mother all about it, and what she says, we must do."

But of course the mother forgave her contrite little people, and Aunt Emily treated the whole party to nuts and raisins, and when the sun went down, it said good-night to no happier hearts. But long after, when Tommy told the story he said:

"I tell you what—we boys never meddled with to-morrow's chicken-pie again!"

The Growth of American Journalism.

In the beginning of the year 1775, there was publlshed in the American Colonies—the Canadas not included, but in the old unadulterated Thirteen, that defied great King George and all his men, and threw down a monarchial rule that they could never set up again—thirty-seven weekly papers and not one single daily. Hard upon the heels of time to which this statement refers, was inaugurated the war for Independence—a glorious and long struggle—a bright and everlasting monument to the unselfish and brave patrotism of the fathers of the great Republic. But the gallant colonists were poor in pocket when the war began, grew poorer as it progressed, were absolute paupers—publicly and privately—when the contest terminated, and proud, strong, opulent England was vanquished. Liberated America was free, but weak and impoverished.

While were pending the disputed causes which resulted in the Declaration of Independence, Benjamin Franklin was told by his prospective father-in-law—a shrewed and well-to-do man of business—that there were already three printers in the colony of Pennsylvania, and that a fourth would incontinently starve to death. Benjamin did not die of hunger, and Deborah Reed, his wife, never lacked food nor raiment;—not only was comfortable, nay, more, she was elegantly maintained. But her once poor, obscure printer husband, who was to starve behind his press, conferred upon her the boon monarch and millionairs cannot give—the coveted, precious gift of immortal remembrance among men. But for the generous, philosophical printer Franklin, the name of the mercenary, narrow minded jeweler, Reed, and all his kith and kin, would long ago have been buried in a deserved oblivion.

But to return the growth of journalism in the infant Republic. While the people were poor, they were also intelligent. From the outset of their national career, they were fully impressed with the great truth that a free government is a moral and physical impossibility without a free press—a press free and unshackled. When will the nations of the Old World learn this valuable lesson? But whenever they do, republics will not only be possible, but permanent among them.

Again, to revert to the increase of newspapers in America. Now, in the dawn of 1875, there are published in the United States, 350 daily papers; there was not a single one a hundred years ago; and our dailies lead the world. A generation ago, the conservators of the divine right of Kings of the Old World devoted considerable of their time, and the best of their talents, to ridiculing the self-asserting tone of American journals; in those days it was considered a capital joke to say that the *Quaker City Broad Axe* made the tyrants of the Old World tremble in their boots. Years since all that was changed, and the crowned heads of Europe and their Prime Ministers, Lords in Waiting, and Lords out of waiting, Masters of the Horse, Lord High Chancellors, Dauphins, and Grand Dukes, Hospodars and Regents, Bismarks and Bonaparts, Hohenzollers and Hapsburgs, are all eager to become acquainted with the opions of the American papers. Great Mother England actually whimpered when the journalists of the United States would not sympathize with her in the Crimean war; and France and Germany, in their recent gigantic struggle, were as careful in counting the American journals that were for and against them, as they were enumerating the number of armed men in the field. And to-day, a paragraph in an American newspaper causes more fluttering throughout the Courts and Cabinets of Europe, than a mail-car load of diplomatic notes.

And as to our weeklies—unfortunately, there has not been made any reliable census of them; but there should be, and that right soon. Their numbers run up high into the thousands, and the influence of many of them, at home and abroad, is fully equal to that exercised by the foremost of the great dailies.

And all of this has been accomplished in a hundred years! A century is no great space in a nation's history, after all. If the one hundred years just ended have wrought such wonderous changes in American journalism, what may we not expect from the grand era of intelligence and progress that must stretch from 1875 to 1975. Readers are multiplying more rapidly than ever they did before in the worlds history. The newspapers of to-day have not only created a race of readers, but they have educated a class of thinkers.—Thoughtful men and women, who will build up new towns, cities, and States, in their poineer work will ignore the rifle, and push forward the press. The time is coming, is near at hand, when no town will be projected without a newspaper;—when no village will be deemed inhabitable unless, among its population, it numbers a printer.

Great as has been the progress of American journalism, it is yet in its puling infancy; a robust growth lies before it, and far, far away, a mature manhood—when the newspapers of the Union shall be as many as the sands of the sea, and their influence stronger than that of the strength of all the oceans combined.—*Printer's Circular.*

HE who betrays another's secret because he has quarreled with him was never worthy of the sacred name of friend; a breach of kindness on the one side will not justify a breach of trust on the other.

Your Nose and Larynx.

DR. JOHNSON TELLS WHAT HE KNOWS ABOUT THE BREATHING APPARATUS.

Dr. H. A. Johnson, of Chicago, recently delivered a lecture on "The Organs of Respiration; their Use and Abuse." The Professor said his subject covered the whole field of anatomy, physiology, and pathology. Respiration consists in the exchange of the blood for the oxygen of the air.—The carbonic acid must be removed from the blood or we die. There is a process carried on in the body similar to that of combustion in the air. As the wood in burning takes up oxygen, and the carbon is changed into carbonic acid, so in the human body carbonic acid was constantly being produced and thrown off through the lungs, and oxygen as constantly consumed. The animal body is indeed a furnace. We must feed with air or we perish.

The organs of respiration are those that perform this work of exchanging carbonic acid for the oxygen of the air. Naming them in order, they are the nose, the mouth, the larynx, the trachea, and the tubes and air cells of the lungs. By reference to a manikin, the speaker explained the shape and character or the air passages of the nose. There is a large extent of surface in the nasal cavity, the use of which is to warm and moisten the air as we draw it into the lungs, so that it will not irritate them. It also had the power to collect and retain the little particles of dust that otherwise might reach the air cells and do serious harm. It was for these reasons that it was not healthful to breathe through the mouth. The nose was greatly abused by not using it as nature intended, as an organ of respiration. The doctor pointed out on the manikin the nerves of the smell. These nerves are not only productive of great pleasures, but they often warn of danger. What is the meaning of a sneeze? It tells us we are liable to take cold. The upper air passages are exceedingly sensitive, and irritation to these causes great pain, whereas but little pain is experienced when the vital membranes below are diseased. The delicate membrane of the throat may be injured by the use of tobacco and alcohol and serious pulmonary diseases may result.

The larynx performs the double function of an organ of respiration and of speech, it is a delicate two-stringed musical instrument, which, in speaking or singing, we play upon as the musician does upon his harp. He explained the expansion and contraction of the chords by which the various notes were produced.—Children, he said, were liable to have these chords strained by over-use when young, especially where they were severely drilled in high notes. Open air speakers also were liable to injure or lose their voices.

He then explained, by reference to a plaster cast and two skeletons, the anatomy of the lungs and their position with reference to other organs, and showed how the muscular action of the diaphragm aids respiration.

He referred to the difference in shape between the male and female chest. This difference was not owing entirely to dress but was natural. He advocated freedom of dress. The chest should neither be compressed below nor above by drawing the shoulders forward. He did not believe in drawing the shoulders back forcibly by means of shoulder-braces; the defect should rather be connected by voluntary effort.

We never breathe with absolute regularity. If we watch ourselves we will find that about every sixth breath will be longer than the others. When we exhale we never expel all the air from the lungs. When we get tired and sleepy at the close of the day we do not keep up so steadily the muscular action of breathing, and we make up the lack of air in the lungs by a yawn. Unpleasant as gaping may be in company, it helps to wake us up.

The blood is made up of a liquid on which float little globules 1.3000 of an inch in diameter. There are about 66,000,000,000 of these in a man's blood. Each one comes back to the heart freighted with carbonic acid, and is pumped to the lungs to discharge its little load, and take another of oxygen and carry it to the fartherest part of the body. The process goes on from life's dawn to its close. He could not see how any one could study this wonderful mechanism of the human heart and not feel that there is one whose thoughts are higher than ours.

THE FORGOTTEN ONE.—"But to think that my brother could forget me," cried Charlotte, large tears coursing down her cheeks, "when I have loved him so, and longed for our meeting again!"

"It is because you are changed so much that he does not remember you; you were little when you parted," replied her mamma. "You will always be together now, and know and love each other as before."

"But it will always grieve me to think that he forgot me!" Sobbed Charlotte.

"Did you never forget a friend?'

"I think not, mamma."

"Who is your best friend—the ever blessed, loving friend who died for you?"

"Jesus Christ, the Saviour."

"Did you never forget him?"

"O yes! often."

"And yet he loves you far better than you ever loved your brother. How your forgetfulness must grieve him!'

Before the throne of glory, Christ remembers us from day to day. Shall we then forget him who ever intercedes for us?

THE line of life is a ragged diagonal between duty and desire.

A Very Bad Boy.

The Detroit *Fress Press* thus tells how Jackson Green deceived his poor grandfather:

Jackson Green is fourteen years old and he lives on Sixth street. The other day, while reading a dime novel, his grandfather came in with the paper and asked him to read the President's message. It irritated Jackson to break off his story just where the trapper was going to be scalped, so he made up his mind to have revenge on his grandfather. He took up the paper and started as follows:

The business of the patent office shows a steady increase. Since 1836 over 155,000 patents have been issued. Officer Deck of the station wants it distinctly understood that he is not the Deck confined there a few days since as a lunatic.

"What!" exclaimed the old man, "is that in the message?"

"Right here, every word of it?" replied Jackson. And he continued:

The business of the agricultural bureau is rapidly growing and the department grounds are being enlarged, and the highest prize in a Chinese lottery is twenty-five cents, and the man who draws it has his name in the paper, and is looked upon as a heap of a fellow.

"What! what is that?" roared the old man. "I never heard of such a message as that.

"I can't help it," replied Jackson;—"you asked me to read the President's message, and I am reading it." And he went on:

During the year 5,753 new applications for army invalid pensions were allowed at an aggregate annual rate of $89,332, and kerosine oil is the best furniture oil; it cleanses, adds a polish and preserves from the ravages of insects.

"Lor' save me! but I never heard of the likes before!" exclaimed the old man. "I've read every Paesident's message since Jackson's time, but I never saw anything like this before.

"Well I didn't write the message," replied Jackson, and he continued:

During the year, 3,264,314 acres of the public domain were certified to railroads, against over six millions acres the preceding year, and you will save money by buying your Christmas presents in the brick block, fine toys of every description at reduced prices.

"Jackson Green, does that message read in that way?" asked the old man.

"You don't suppose I would lie to you, do you?" inquired Jackson putting on an injured look.

"Well, it seems singular," mused the old man. "I shouldn't wonder if Grant was tired when he wrote that."

Jackson went on:

There are 17,620 survivers of the war of 1812 on the pension rolls, at a total annual rate of $1,691,520, and still another lot of those one-dollar felt skirts; they go like hot cakes on a cold morning.

"Hold on Jackson—stop right there!" said the old man as he rose up. "You needn't read another word of that message. If Gen. Grant thinks that he can insult the American people with impunity he will find himself mistaken. You may throw the paper in the stove, Jackson, and let this be an awful example to you never to taste intoxicating drinks."

Jackson tossed the paper away and resumed his dime novel, while the old gent leaned back and pondered on the degradation of men in high places.

Strategy.

"Monkeys should be looked after and educated," says a sarcastic writer; and certainly these animals possess a talent for mimicry which gives them the appearance of possessing brain power. Man, however is more than a match for them, as the following story will show.

A company of Brazil hunters had a lot of little boots made, just large enough to be drawn over a monkey's foot, and filled the bottom with pitch. With these they set out for the woods, and soon found themselves under the tree where the lively little fellows were leaping about among the branches, hanging by their tails, swinging themselves easily from one tree to another, and chatting noisily together, as if making observations upon the strange visitors that had come into their quarters. The hunters quietly sat under the trees, while the little chatterboxes were rattling on over their heads, but never for a moment removing their eyes from them. Then they placed the little boots where they could be seen, and commenced taking off their own boots. Having done this, they let them stand awhile near the little boots. All this the monkeys very carefully noticed. The hunters, now taking up their boots, having carefully looked at them, drew them slowly, one after another, on their feet. Not a motion escaped the observation of the monkeys. Having replaced their boots they hurried away to the thicket, where they could, unseen, watch the monkeys, leaving the little boots standing in a row.—They were no sooner out of sight than down from the branches dropped the monkeys. They looked at the boots, took them up, smelt of them, and finally, seating themselves as the hunters had, drew them on over their feet. As soon as they were fairly in the boots, out sprang the hunters from their hiding place, and rushed upon them. The monkeys, affrighted, at once started for the trees, but only to find that they had destroyed the power of climbing by putting on the boots. So they fell an easy prey to their cunning enemies.

How They Drop Shot.

A reporter of the Baltimore *American* thus describes one of the many processes of making shot in one of the shot-towers of that city: One of the "secrets" of the manufacture is the mixing of the lead with a certain proportion of a combination of mineral substances called "temper." The temper is fused with the lead, and gives the molten metal that consistency which makes it drop, and without which the lead would be moulded by the sieve, and would form little pencils instead of round shot.—When "BB" shot, for instance, are to be made, the lead is poured into a pan perforated with holes corresponding to that size. The little pellets come pouring down in a continuous shower, and fall into a tank filled with water on the ground floor. In their decent of two hundred feet they become perfect spheres, firm and dense, and they are tolerably cool when they strike the water, although the swift concussions make the tank foam and bubble as if the water was boiling furiously. The shot must fall in the water, for if they would strike any firm substance they would be flattened and knocked out of shape. To get the little pellets perfectly dry after they have been in the "well," is the most difficult and troublesome process of the whole manufacture. An elevator with small buckets (very much like those used in flour mills) carry the shot up as fast as they reach the bottom of the well, and deposits them in a box 60 feet above the first floor. The water drips from the buckets as they go up, and not much is poured into the receiver above, although it is intended to be a sort of dripping machine. From this receiver the shot runs down a spout into a drying pan, which greatly resembles a gigantic shoe, made of sheet iron. The pan rests at an angle which permits the wet shot to roll slowly down to the chamber below, and the pellets become perfectly dry as they pass over the warm sheet-iron.

A Realistic Stage Fight.

The introduction of realistic features upon the stage involves a question of taste over which the critics have wrangled for a long time, and in regard to which they are likely to quarrel for some time to come. They should consider the way in which things were done recently at Yalo (Cal.) theatre, where the entertainment may be fairly stated to have been realistic to a remarkable degree. The theatre was a Chinese one and the actors were all Celestials. As is well known a Chinese play sometimes runs for several days ere the plot is unraveled, and, as a matter of course, the interest of the audience flags at times under a course of treatment so severe. Upon the occasion referred to in the Yalo theatre the audience was aroused from its listlessness by a combat between two of the performers on the stage which appeared to be well simulated. The actors were armed with knives, and their struggles were so desperate and the thursts and cuts delivered with such apparent earnestness that the observers waxed enthusiastic and yelled and stamped their approval of the admirable acting. Finally the climax was reached and the audience, from being enthusiastic, became horror-stricken. A stream of blood ran across the boards and trickled down upon the orchestra, and one of the combatants fell back dead. The fight between the actors had been no mere mock duel but a fight to the death, and there was a women in the case. The two men who fought were rivals for the affection of a slant-eyed daughter of the flowery kingdom, and they had resolved to settle the question *vi et armis*. The success which attended their efforts afforded a spectacle of more than ordinary interest for an audience, every man of which got his money's worth, and at the same time furnished an example of the results of too much realism which some of the critics should lay hold of.—*St. Louis Republican.*

Life Scenes.

SCENE 1.—A parlor. Old gentleman, baldheaded, sitting in an easy chair reading a book. Small boy playing around the room kicking up a muss.

SCENE 2.—Small boy attentively watching the perambulation of a blue bottle-fly, and wondering how said fly makes such a noise. Old gentleman asleep.

SCENE 3.—Fly alights on old gent's head. Small boy watches it, and thinks he would like to kill it. Places a chair behind the old gentleman, and procuring a large book, stands on the chair.

SCENE 4.—Old gentleman dreams that he is up in a balloon, and that he sees a comet approaching, which he knows will strike him, and as he cannot get out of the way he dreads the inevitable consequences. Awaits its approach.

SCENE 5.—Small boy still standing on the chair. Book raised high above his head. Fly still in position. Small boy confident that he can hit it with the book. One, two, three, and down comes the book on the old gent's head!

SCENE 6.—Comet has just struck him completely out of time. He awakes and finds himself lying on the floor, sans balloon, sans comet and a queer sensation on the top of his head.

SCENE 7.—Small boy standing on a chair frightened at the position of his venerable parent, who is lying on the floor rubbing his head, and muttering something, like "Ol' prob'litics might said something' about it." Exit small boy. Curtain drops.

Josh Billings says, "Tew enjoy a good reputashun, giv publicly and steal privately."