

THE ECONOMICAL DINNER PARTY.

BY E. V. BLAKE.

A wily Crocodile,
Who dwelt upon the Nile,
Bestowed himself one day to give a dinner.
"Economy," said he,
"Is chief of all with me,
And shall be considered as I'm a sinner."

With paper, pen, and ink,
He sat him down to think,
And, first of all, Sir Lox, he invited;
The northern Wolf, who dwells
In rocky arcile dells;
The Leopard and the Lynx, by blood united.

Then Mr. Fox, the shrewd—
No lover he of good—
And Madam Duck, with sober step and stately;
And Mr. Frog, serene,
In garb of bottle green,
Who warbled bass, and bore himself sedately.

Sir Crocodile, content,
The invitations sent;
The day was come—his guests were all assembled.

They fancied that some grille
Lurked in his ample smile;
Each on the other looked, and somewhat trembled.

A lengthy time they wait;
Their hunger grows great;
And still the host in conversation dallies;
At last, the table's laid,
With covered dishes spread,
And out, in haste, the hungry party sallies.

But when—the covers raised—
On empty plates they gazed;
Each on the other looked with dire intention;
Ma'am Duck sat last of all,
And Mr. Frog was small,
She softly swallowed him, and made no mention.

This Mr. Fox perceives,
And saying: "By your leaves,
Some punishment is due for this transgression,"
He gobbled her in haste;
Then, much to his distaste,
By Mr. Lynx was taken in possession.

The Wolf, without a pause—
In spite of teeth and claws—
Left nothing of the Lynx to tell the story;
The Leopard, all in haste,
At his relation's fate,
Made mince-meat of that wolfish monster hoary.

The Lion raised his head—
"Since I am King," he said,
"It'll befit the King to lack his dinner!"
Then on the Leopard sprang
With might of claw and fang,
And made a meal upon that spotted singer.

Then saw in sudden fear
Sir Crocodile draw near,
And heard him speak, with feelings of distraction,
"Since all of you have dined,
Well suited to your mind,
You surely cannot grudge me satisfaction."

And sooth, a deal of grille
Lurked in his ample smile,
And down his throat the roaring Lion hastened.
"Economy," said he,
"Is chief of all," said he,
"And I am glad to see there's nothing wasted."

THE CRUISE OF THE JEMIMA.

Charlie, my young brother, had been
fagging at his studies; I had just passed
the R. O. S. E., and was proportion-
ately elate. We had earned our sum-
mer holiday, we thought; and nothing
loft was I when Charlie, with a map in
his hand, pointed out a spot on the
Caitness coast and exclaimed:

"Here we are! There we go! What
say you, Frank?"

"Very good choice. Plenty of ozone,
fishing, and boating; fashion at a dis-
count. Where is the time-table?"

A primitive fishing village—call it
Clanhead—was quickly fixed upon; and
after the usual delights of railway
traveling we found ourselves in a place
richly endowed by nature, but minus
an inn.

A Highland cottage, however, proved
a comfortable resting place; and after
a hearty breakfast and a hearty fish
breakfast, we strolled out toward the sea.

In the one straggling street of "Clan-
head" were yellow-haired children who
stood in wide-eyed, innocent wonder
and stared at us. Perhaps they were
overcome by the sight of our hideous
brown sand-shoes; or it might have
been that they were bewitched by
Charlie's handsome face.

Charlie is the Adonis of our family;
and I—well, I am an ugly young man
with a marvellously wide mouth, eye-
sight so near that I cannot pick up a
sixpence without the help of my glasses,
and an expression, to say the least of
it, scared.

Such as we were, we stood the lads
and the lassies' scrutiny unabashed,
plodding on till we perceived a middle-
aged man leaning on a gate, in im-
agined, a dolce far niente condition.

He turned, however, and moved to-
ward us.

"Will ye no' be takin' a sail the morn-
in', gentlemen?"

"Just what we want," cried Charlie.
"Aweel, tak ye the first turn to the
reef, an' it'll bring ye to the head o' the
cliff. Some way back ye'll see the
openin' to a ravine. Gang awa' through
the gap, an' ye'll soon be where the sea
washes the cliff foot. Be ye canny, for
the tide's high the noo, and the shallow-
est water there may drown ye.
In five minutes I'll be comin' round
wi' my boat an' my mate at your service."

The boatman touched his cap and
moved off; we made for the ravine,
passed down it, and came suddenly
upon the most magnificent expanse of
rolling water that our eyes had ever
feasted upon.

Shortly from, I suppose, some shel-
tering nook under the cliff, came along
our little craft the Jemima, with her
mainsail spread and her master at the
helm, while Donald, his mate, kept
watch at the bow.

With a "Yo ho! Steady! Yo ho!"
she was "brought to," and in scram-
bled we, neck or nothing.

We were scarcely seated before,
emerging from the ravine, toiling on
with the help of a crutch over the loose
earth and boulders, came a girl with a
sweet but very sad face. Evidently she
was suffering in mind and body.

"Ech, Hinny! Hinny!" said our boat-
man, with a softened intonation. "Ye
shouldnae act sae, my dear! When
gentlemen hire the Jemima they dinna
expect to tak her master's family
aboard. Gang awa' hame again, Mamie."

"Oh, by all means, take your friend
aboard, Mr. —"

"Ben is my name, sir, an' I thank ye
for your kindness. Come, then, bairn!
an' look ye, dinna trust to your crutch
when ye step aboard. Should the boat
luff, it'll slip frae under ye. Let me
lay it down at the stern, an' gie me
your hand. Now, steady, an' in ye
are."

Ben guided the boat off, then turned
to the girl again. "Eh, my bairnie,
not sae mickle as a speck o' head gear!
an' they bits o' fat-laid clothing flyin'
about ye. Ye'll catch your deathly
maun hae my jacket on. Mebbe, sir,
ye'll be sa' kind as to hand the tiller

whiles I dress her oop? There, now,
Mamie, are ye no' warmly buskit?"

Off we were before the wind, our
swelling mainsail hiding the man at the
bow. The grand sea and sky threw
Charlie and myself into ecstasies; Ben,
used to such scenes, was quiet, and, I
thought, sad, while the lassie looked de-
cidedly sleepy.

"Eh, my doo," said Ben, "ye were
oop wi' the birds; I marked ye wendin'
your way to the cliff by the first glint
o' the sun. Ye's liken to a wraith, my
dearie! Ye's aye wanderin'. Aweel,
lay down your head a while on my
shoulder, and be takin' a wee bit nap
the noo."

With his disengaged arm Ben sup-
ported the frail little body, and soon
his charge was dozing as restfully as
any weary child.

As she slept I espied a wedding-ring
on her finger; and even in repose her
face told a tale of mental and bodily
suffering. Some heavy calamity, I
thought, must have fallen upon her.

Her childlike confidence in Ben and
his tenderness toward her were
pathetic; and, altogether, my sympathy
was won.

Presently I ventured to ask if she
were not an invalid; and returned Ben,
"Oo, yes, sir; an' she is my only
bairn. Pretty doo! She married ower
early. An' a week after, Tam, her hus-
band, sailed forth wi' his crew for the
fishin'. Three months hae passed sin'
the wofu' day, but nae word can we get
o' boat or men."

"Then you think the vessel—"

"Went down, sir, is what ye mean?
There is nae doot about it; for, miles
awa' along the coast, a piece of her sail
was washed ashore. But my lamb
knows that; an' sae, instead o' puttin'
on widow's weeds, she aye says we's
bound to find him; an' she watches the
sea, an' questions every fisherman she
meets, till it's just pitifu' to hear her."

"She is nearly distraught," thought I.
Then I gave Ben a warning note re-
garding the imperative need of trying
to divert her mind from her trouble.

Also I proffered a word of advice about
her lameness, which, it appeared, rose
from some recent injury done to the
muscles, and which, I gathered, had
been treated in anything but a scientific
manner.

Ben was delighted to find that I was
a doctor, and most grateful for my in-
terest in him. Indeed, he was so earn-
est in pouring out his thanks when I
volunteered to take Mamie's case in
hand while I was at Clanhead, that the
man at the bow (as he afterward owned)
became an absorbed and sympathetic
listener; for Mamie and he had been
playmates, and he felt rather down-
hearted, Ben told me, when Tam car-
ried her off.

Deep in our subject, and entirely free
from apprehensions, we rounded pleas-
antly along. One moment all our
thoughts were of healing; the next—
crash! crash! crash! over our heads,
under our feet, everywhere!

A swift glance at the mainsail, a
wrench at the tiller, and a tremendous
shout from Ben—

"Bow, there, bow! Are ye sleepin',
mon?"

The warning was too late. A large
vessel was down upon us; our mainsail
was pierced through by her bowsprit;
our timbers were shivering under her
bows. I heard shouting on the deck
above us; I saw a man leap from the
vessel's side; I saw Mamie wake up in
an agony of terror, and throw her arms
round her father's neck; I heard Ben
say, "Nae, dinna cumber me, but strike
ye cot an' trust." I knew we were all
in the water, for I saw Ben supporting
his child as he swam vigorously toward
the man who had leaped over. I saw
Charlie going down (neither he nor I
was a swimmer); I clutched at him
fruitlessly; then came confused cries of,
"Keep your heads up!" "Here's a life-
belt!" "Catch this rope!" and so on.

But soon the voices sounded far away
and indistinguishable. I knew that
salt water was in my nostrils and
mouth; there was singing in my ears,
roaring in my head; I felt a mad im-
pulse to rise; I did rise; again for a
moment only, I heard eager voices near
me, and caught a glimpse of the efforts
that were being made to save us. In
an agony I made an effort to keep up;
it was futile. Then hiss! hiss! swish!

through my very brain; after that,
darkness, dense darkness! a clear con-
sciousness that the hand of death was
on me, a cry from my inmost soul to
heaven, and—a strange, deep calm.

The sun was going down in a flood of
crimson glory. I lay upon a well-
swabbed deck all alone. Where had I
been? Where was I going? What
had happened? I pinched myself and
felt the pain, so I was still in the flesh.
I tried my voice, "Hi! hilloo! some-
body!"

No one came. I sat up and took a
speculative survey. The vessel was
taut and trim, and she smelled of tim-
ber, but she was not of British build.
As I cogitated—rather weakly, I must
own—a footstep sounded on the deck,
and along came a good-natured-looking
seaman, fair and blue-eyed; he made
his way to me and looked smilingly
down.

"What ship is this?" queried I.
A shake of the head.

"Are you a German?"

"Two shakes of the head."

"Speak, man, in some tongue or
other, will you?"

The word "speak" he understood, and
obeyed with energy. But no word of
any language could I pick out from his
strange jabber.

Feeling, no doubt, that my under-
standing wanted arousing, he went
away and shortly returned with six
other men; some strong, fair, and
blue-eyed, like himself, the rest shorter,
darker, but powerfully built, and all
chattering the most unintelligible jar-
gon.

As they bent their energies to make
me understand something or other, I
tried hard to discover their nationalities,
for certainly they were not all of one
nation, when—happy thought—came
flitting through my brain the words:

And then the blue-eyed Norseman told
A saga of the days of old.

"You are from Norway," bawled I.
"And you," to the darker men, "you
are Swedes. Am I right?"

"Ha! Norrøway! Norge! Norge! Ha!
ha! Norrike! Ha! ha!"

The words were taken up like a re-

frain with boisterous satisfaction. Had
I only raised my eyes to the vessel's
flag, I might have seen at first that she
was called the Jarl Hakon. But just
then my wits were scattered. They
began, however, to disentangle them-
selves, and thoughts of Charlie, Ben,
and the rest crowded upon me. Where
were they? Where was the lame girl,
and where the Jemima?

It was useless to question, so I rose
up and with rather unsteady step
walked across the deck and found my
way to the Captain's cabin.

On one side lay Ben, with pain in
every line of his face; in the Captain's
berth, looking absolutely dead, was
Mamie; stretched out on a rug lay my
brother. He, however, managed to
moan out "Bravo!" when he saw me.

I went to the girl's side and felt her
pulse. Then, "Where's the Captain?"
said I to Ben's careless mate, Donald,
who was standing close by, the picture
of helpless distress.

"Here," came a ready answer from a
mellow voice behind me.

I turned. There stood a portly,
gray-headed man, with a trustworthy
face. He spoke English; "This was
worth something just then."

"Have you a wife—a lady on board,
sir, who will carry out my instructions
respecting this patient?"

"Are you then a physician?"

"I am a member of the College of
Surgeons, and am anxious to do my
best in this emergency."

"I am heartily glad, sir. A lady—no;
there is not one on board. But there
is a man who would lay down his life
for this child. He is burly, but docile;
let him be her nurse."

"Oh, her father? But he is in sorry
plight himself. I fear I shall find some
broken bones when I have time to look
at him."

"No, not her father—her husband."

I glanced at Ben.

"I know," said he; "there's a reet
bright siller linin' to oor clood, thank
God."

"Bring him in," quoth I.

He came, a young fellow having a
splendid physique and six feet two of
height, the very man who had leaped
from the side of the Jarl Hakon to our
rescue.

I stretched out my arm in front of the
berth as a warning or barrier. But Tam
had not tact and caution. He stood mutely
looking down on his ghostly young
wife; then, in response to a touch on
his arm, he bent his head to take my
orders.

While Mamie remained unconscious
he was to keep his post quietly, using
the prescribed remedies; the moment
she showed signs of consciousness he
was to vanish.

I turned to Ben, who I found had a
broken arm. "Springs," said I to
Charlie, who was on his feet by this
time, "Go to the Captain for thin
rent and tools to shape it, also linen
for bandages—a sheet will do. Now,
Ben, you are a Briton, I know; will
you trust me to set that bone?"

"Trust ye? Ay, sir; I ne'er wince at
sic like. I'd be poorly off an' it were nae
set."

That business was got through, and
Ben had scarcely uttered a moan from
first to last, but cold perspiration stood
on his forehead; and I was just dis-
patching Donald for a strong cup of tea
to revive him when—a sudden knock on
my arm.

I turned sharply. "Beg pardon,
sir," whispered Tam, as his great bulk
rolled and stumbled into a dark corner
beyond me.

But Mamie's eyes were wide open;
the whiteness had gone from her face;
her breath came thick and fast; she
even tried to raise herself on her
elbow.

"Father! father! Ye's found my
Tam!"

Quaking with fear lest the remedy
should be worse than the disease, I
motioned Tam out from his hiding-
place.

I saw the girl's face flush violently; I
saw her throw up her arms to clasp her
husband's neck; I saw the young giant
turn white and weak with emotion; then
away darted I, never halting till I
reached the stern. Tyro as I was, I
would rather have set half a dozen more
bones than have stood out that meet-
ing.

The Captain was there, and very soon
we got into conversation. Here is the
substance of what he told me.

The Jarl Hakon was doing a pine
trade between Bergen and Aberdeen.
On her last homeward voyage she had
picked up Tam and another seaman,
who were beating hopelessly about in a
small boat, half dead with thirst and
exhaustion. Tam's fine frame had bat-
tled through, and he was working his
way back to Scotland; but his compan-
ion in peril had succumbed and was laid
in a Norwegian grave.

Mamie walked without her crutch be-
fore I left Clanhead; and Ben's bone
was doing famously. I was in high
spirits at my success as surgeon on my
own account. I had gained friends,
too, stanch and leal. Said Tam at
parting:

"Ye's gien me a bonny wife for a sick-
ly one, an' I'll ne'er thank ye enoo, sir."

"All right, Tam; you saved my life
when you leaped from the Jarl Hakon,
you know, so we're more than quits.
And look here, lad, if you ever want a
friend, send to me."

"Sae I will, sir; and suld ye'er need
an act o' reet willin' an' faithfu' service
ye'll send to me."

"That compact was an honest one, and
it will stand.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

No Fool Like, Etc.

"None, except those in costumes, can
enter," said a masquerader to an old
gentleman who was about to enter the
ball-room.

"Nonsense! I am too old to put on
the fool's cap and bells," exclaimed the
old man.

An Eccentric Gun.

I was riding through the woods in
Central Arkansas in a seemingly vain
endeavor to find a road that would lead
me from the wilderness, when I sud-
denly came upon a small log house.

I stopped and called to a man who stood
near the door, "wiping out" a long
cifle. He handed the gun to a small
boy who staggered under its weight and
approached.

"Mornin', sah, mornin'," he said,
turning to drive away a dog that would
have surrendered his hope of ever get-
ting anything to eat merely for the
pleasure of planting his ugly teeth in
my leg.

"I am looking for a road," I said,
after exchanging "how air yers" with
the old fellow, "and would be greatly
indebted for any assistance you might
lend me."

He grinned mercilessly, I thought,
and replied:

"What're yer from?"

"I told him, how truthfully it makes
no difference, and repeated my inquiry
concerning the road."

"Stranger, did yer fetch a road with
yers?"

"I confessed that I did not."

"Well, then, I don't know o' nunn in
this here neighborhood."

"You don't mean to say that you have
no roads?"

"That's what I mean."

"How do you get along?"

"Through the woods."

"How do you haul your wood?"

"Don't haul none. Chop down trees
an' tote the wood in. When the trees
gets scarce, we move."

"Can you tell me how far it is to the
next house?"

"Stranger, you kaint find the next
house."

"Why?"

"Because it ain't thar. Say, thar,
Dick," turning to his son.

"Yes, pap."

"Don't drap that gun. It mout go
off an' shoot the stranger."

"It might also shoot you," I sug-
gested.

"No, it never shoots home fokes, but
it does hank powerful airter strangers.
Felt mighty sorry fur one o' these
here Government whisky hunters tuther
day. He cum er hangin' round here,
jes like yer air doin', an' I was mighty
afeard that ole Sal—that's the gun's
name—would get ter entuin' up, an'
blame ef she didn't flop over airter a
while an' shoot the feller through the
leg spite o' everything I could do.
Shot him, sah, even arter my wife had
reasoned with her, an' my wife's a rea-
soner, lemme tell yer. Say, thar,
Dick."

"Yes, pap."

"Do ole Sal look sorter ashy?"

"Yes, pap."

"Stranger, I don't wanten hurry you
off, fur if thur's a man in the cummunity
that likes compny it's me; but, ef I
was in yer place, dingef ef I didn't
ride."

"I don't know which way to ride."

"Better ride straddle, I reckon."

"I meah I don't know where to go."

"Go er way! Say, thar, Dick!"

"Is Sal gittin' hard ter hold?"

"Yes, pap."

"Stranger, I swear that yer'd better
hussle, fur when Sal gets crossways, an'
ashy, an' hard ter hold, thar's gwine ter
be trouble."

his invitation, dryly remarked that the
meeting apparently was intended to
celebrate not the memory of Jefferson,
but the glory of Calhoun and his pei
hobby of nullification. "I'd like," he
added, chuckling, "to send a broadside
into him." After a moment's thought,
laying down his pipe, he wrote a cou-
teous note of refusal, and begged leave,
according to custom, to send a toast.
It was, "The Federal Union. It must
and shall be preserved."

The toast having been sent by the
President, could not be ignored. It
was read, and the shouts of applause
with which it was received, and of
laughter from those who appreciated
the President's grim joke, fixed it in
the memory of the public, by whom it
was made a household word, until the
civil war gave it new and terrible sig-
nificance.—*Youth's Companion.*

Artemus Ward's Boyhood.

Artemus' father died when the boy
was about 15 years old, and, as the
family circumstances were somewhat
limited thereby, he was apprenticed to
Mr. J. M. Rix, who published the Coos
Democrat, at Lancaster, N. H. The
stage line to Lancaster ran by the
Brown homestead, and the drivers were
not unfamiliar with the ability of the
future "genial showman" in the way of
practical jokes. They knew how he or-
ganized shows, wherein his father's red
cow, with a coat sleeve stuffed full of
hay hanging from her nose, served as
the elephant, upon which innocent
country youth were invited to ride, with
startling results. They knew, too, how
old Deacon Hale's white horse had been
induced to wander away for miles fol-
lowing a tempting bit of hay, hung just
beyond reach by means of a lath
strapped to the horse's neck.

There was an endless series of pranks
gotten up by the boy to mystify the vil-
lagers in general and his mother in par-
ticular, and all these were well known
to the stage drivers. So when the
young humorist started for Lancaster,
eager to know as much as possible about
his future residence, the veteran
driver, Steve Seary, having previously
conspired with the boys in Rix's office
to give young Brown a fitting recep-
tion, assured him that Mr. Rix was a
pious man, and that his hands were, if
anything, more pious than he, and that
the sooner the would-be apprentice
crammed on the catechism the better.

Charles listened dolefully. It was late
at night when the stage reached Lan-
caster, and in the morning young Brown
hied himself to the office. The "force"
consisted of a journeyman and an ap-
prentice named Smith. They received
him solemnly. The journeyman handed
him a Bible and made him read a
chapter, after which he was examined
on the catechism. His ignorance was
commented on, but he was permitted
to go to work. At noon a similar per-
formance was enacted, while an intense
gloom rested on the office during the
day. The next morning Charles went
to the office resolved to run away at the
end of the week, but, on looking about,
failed to find his fellow-craftsmen. Fur-
ther search revealed them under the
garret stairs too intoxicated to walk.

Young Brown was so angry over the
sell that he wrote a note to the driver
threatening vengeance, which was never
carried out.

Brown's fame as a humorist was a
surprise to all who knew him, and even
to himself. A greater surprise to his
knifolk now is the interest still mani-
fested in the dead merry-maker and his
work. They thought that all attention
would cease with his life, but every
year the number of people who visit
Waterford to see his mother—now al-
most 80 years old—increases.—*Water-
ford (Me.) Cor. New York Sun.*

The Population of China.

Many persons entertain doubts of the
accuracy of the figures for the popula-
tion of China. Four hundred and fifty
millions seems an incredible number.
A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Com-
mercial* makes some statements which
ought to remove doubts. 1. The Chi-
nese Government has a census system,
under which, at irregular periods, it
obtains an enumeration for military
purposes of the male members of fami-
lies between the ages of 16 and 60.

Multiplying this number by five gave
in 184