

I CLIMB TO REST.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Still must I climb, if I would rest:
The bird goes upward to his nest:
The young leaf on the tree-top high,
Craves itself within the sky.

The streams, that seem to hasten down,
Return in clouds, the hills to crown:
The plant arises from her root,
To rock aloft her flower and fruit.

I cannot in the valley stay:
The great horizon stretches away!
The very cliffs that wall me round
Are ladders unto higher ground.

To work—to rest—for each a time:
I toil, but I must also climb.
What soul was ever quite at ease
Shut in by earthly boundaries?

I am not glad till I have known
Life that can lift me from my own;
A loftier level must be won,
A mightier strength to lean upon.

And heaven draws near as I ascend:
The breeze invites, the stars befriend,
All things are beckoning to the Best;
I climb to thee, my God, for rest!

—Cottage Hearer.

THE HAUNTED JEWELS.

BY SARA B. ROSE.

"No," said old Grandma De Varney, in a voice which reminded one of a spiteful cat; "no girl shall ever own my diamonds who will not own the name I gave her—Mehitable Augusta, an aristocratic, high-sounding name it is, too."

"But, grandma, who could expect any girl nowadays to own up to such a ridiculous, old-fashioned name as that? I won't, any way—not for a thousand diamond sets!"

"Nobody wants you to; nobody wants you to. You never should have them any way, if you should call yourself by as many names as Queen Victoria; it's too late in the day, my girl."

"Who, then, shall you give them to, grandma? Marcia?"

"Do you take me for a fool, Mehitable Augusta De Varney? If I should give them to that simple sister of yours, don't I know that it would be you that would wear them?"

"Then, I suppose, they will belong to red-headed, cross-eyed Mehitable Sisley, who sheds hypocritical tears when she hears that you are sick. But what does she care whether you live or die? and I don't know as I should, if you would not even see my face."

"She cares as much as you, my dear. Your joy when I have a bad spell shows itself in your evil countenance."

"Ha, ha," laughed Gusta De Varney, "I'm not a hypocrite, any way. I must say, I hate hypocrisy."

"There's a great many things you hate in this world, Mehitable Augusta; there's one comfort, any way, I shall leave my diamonds to Mehitable Sisley—you shall never possess them."

"As if I cared who you left them to! When you are dead I shall just take the diamonds, and Miss Mehitable will be none the wiser."

"Mehitable Augusta De Varney!" cried the old woman, in a frenzy, and raising herself among the white pillows as far as she was able, "if you dare to do such a thing, I'll ruin your whole future for you. I'll make you wish you had dealt honestly by that poor girl."

"But, grandma, you forget," said Gusta, in a low, provoking tone, "you will be dead then, and cannot help yourself."

The aged woman almost sprang from her bed in her anger, as she shrieked: "I will help myself; I will haunt you, Mehitable Augusta De Varney, if you dare lay hands on my diamonds after I am dead."

Gusta tossed her head and laughed in a scornful, sneering way; but before she could again speak, the door opened, and Marcia, her younger sister, entered, saying, in a shocked tone:

"What! quarreling again with grandma, Gusta, and she so very low! How can you have the heart to do so?"

"I have no heart, you know, sis; nothing but a calico gizzard," laughed Gusta.

"I don't know about that, Gusta; you have very strong affections, and may have to suffer by them as much or more than you are causing grandma to suffer now."

"Don't preach, I beg," cried the heartless girl. "Here, hand me my hat; I'll get out of this as quick as possible."

After the careless and ungrateful Gusta had gone, Marcia, who was a sweet-tempered, kind-hearted girl, sat down in the vacant seat and soothed her grandmother down to something like calmness; but Marcia knew that, spite of all her ministrations, the old lady cared nothing for her, rating her far lower in her affections than she did the impudent Gusta, whom she declared twenty times a day she hated; but she went on with her duty as willingly as if she had been the best beloved of her grandmother's heart.

Everybody said that the fiery old lady and her granddaughter Gusta were exactly alike; but, if one should mention the fact to either of them, she would fly into a passion instantly and deny it with the greatest vehemence.

Old Mrs. De Varney had been a very high-spirited as well as wealthy woman, and her really fine diamonds had been the pride of her heart, and she had kept them through every reverse of fortune for the little motherless granddaughter she loved so well, and who bore her name; but as her idol grew older it was shattered, for Augusta became willful and very unkind to the poor old lady, and refused utterly to bear the name of Mehitable, which she hated. This was a great blow to the proud old lady, and she determined that if Gusta would not bear her name she should not wear her diamonds.

Marcia the old lady hated. She had no spirit, Mrs. De Varney said. But she had another granddaughter, the child of her only daughter, whom she had repudiated, because she had disgraced herself by marrying a poor man. Mrs. De Varney was then wealthy, but she was now poor, but this made no difference. She would not forgive the orphan child of her only daughter enough to see her. But although Mrs. De Varney would not look upon her face, she now intended her diamonds for her, because she said she hated Gusta, and if Marcia owned them, Gusta would be sure to wear them.

Marcia had listened to many exciting talks upon the subject, but felt little doubt but that Gusta would eventually

own them; but she often said it was only right if Mehitable Sisley should get them for grandma had done so much for Gusta and had never even seen her daughter's child. But this idea was a terrible thorn in the side of the proud and ambitious Gusta.

Marcia sat by her grandmother's side long after she was sleeping peacefully, silently sewing upon some embroidery intended for her sister's wardrobe.

Suddenly there was a terrible shudder ran over the form lying so silently among the pillows, and Marcia sprang to her feet to see the old lady in the agonies of death.

She rang a bell quickly, and gave the order: "Send for father instantly, and tell Gusta to come quickly."

But before any one could reach her bedside, the old lady, without regaining consciousness, had passed into the land of shadows.

It was but a week after their grandmother's death, when Marcia saw Gusta one day trying the effect of her grandmother's diamonds.

"Gusta," said Marcia, "when are you going to send our cousin her diamonds?"

"They are not hers," replied Gusta, looking with wide opened eyes at Marcia. "Grandma gave them to me the very last day she lived."

Marcia looked a little incredulous, and said: "Why, Gusta, I thought you were quarreling with grandma that day!"

"Well, I was not. She had just told me she thought she was going to die, and that I was to have the diamonds."

"But she had said so many times they were to be Mehitable's that I would send them to her, if I were you."

"If you were me you would not. I am going to wear them to finish the captivity of that rich Capt. Wilyoung, who is so devoted to me."

"Gusta De Varney, you are not going to that ball, with our grandmother just dead."

"What's the diff?" said Gusta, lightly. "I am not going to lose all my chances because she is dead."

"But I told Capt. Wilyoung not to call for us on that account."

"But I have met him since, and I told him it would not make the least difference."

"Gusta De Varney, you have no heart, and I was going to say—decency."

"I know it, and if it does not trouble me what business is it of other people's?"

Marcia said no more, but that night, when her sister's admirer called for her, Marcia was obliged to entertain him for a moment, as her sister was not ready.

"So you will not attend?" he asked. "No," she replied coldly, "not so soon after grandmother's death."

She did not notice the look of approval in his face, but she wondered how he could admire one so heartless as her sister; in a moment more the servant came into the room and said in a low tone: "Your sister would like your assistance, Miss Marcia."

Marcia arose, and, excusing herself, went to Gusta's side.

"Marcia, I can't fasten these tormented things, and whenever I touch them they feel like burning coals."

"I would not wear them with that muslin dress, they are entirely out of place."

"Nonsense, clasp them on for me quickly."

Marcia did as she was told and then brought a light shawl for her sister, who departed in a few moments for Mrs. Chase's grand entertainment.

Gusta was expecting the looks of astonishment which were cast upon her as she entered the great parlors, for grandma's diamonds could not be equalled in the town, and had been worn but a few times in the last twenty years.

She felt very proud and complaisant, and was delighted at the whispers and glances in her direction, and her triumph was at its height when, with Capt. Wilyoung, she took her place to dance. There was a peculiar look upon his face when he said:

"I beg your pardon, Miss De Varney, but what very uncommon ornaments yours are?"

"Very uncommon indeed," lisped Gusta in delight; "there are none in Rossville like them."

"I should think not," said he, gravely. Gusta fancied the handsome Captain was not as attentive as usual this evening, and she was half piqued with him when he joined a group of young ladies after the dance was finished.

"Gusta De Varney, what ails you?" asked Mamie Graves, one of Gusta's particular friends. "Your face is perfectly livid, and that jewelry, I declare, Gusta, I would take it off."

"Indeed!" said Gusta, greatly displeased. "And pray, what fault have you to find with it?"

"Why they look exactly like something from a charnel house."

When Mamie had gone for the hostess, Gusta, with a terribly grown-up feeling, glanced around her, and there, in the large mirror opposite, plainly depicted, was the face and form of her grandmother De Varney, gazing with an evil smile at her perplexed granddaughter.

In an instant the last words her grandmother had ever said to her came into her mind, and with the cry, "My God, she is haunting me!" the unhappy girl fell in a dead faint upon the floor, and there Mrs. Chase and Mamie Graves found her a few minutes later.

Restoratives were applied, and when Miss De Varney came to her senses, Capt. Wilyoung was summoned, and the frightened girl returned to her home.

Her parting with her escort was as cool as politeness would allow, upon his part.

When Marcia removed the jewels from about her sister's neck and arms, no trace of the horrible death's head was to be seen; but Gusta was sufficiently frightened, the jewels were sent to the rightful owner early the next morning; the heartless girl never wished to see them again.

Capt. Wilyoung's attentions ceased from that evening. Whether he was disgusted with the heartless girl's behavior, or had at first admired Marcia most, certain it was that, six months later, Marcia became Mrs. Capt. Wilyoung, and her sister, angry though she was, felt that she was amply rewarded for her cruelty to Grandma De Varney.

"The City of the Sun."

The ruins of Heliopolis, "The City of the Sun," which adjoin the present village of Metarijeh, is about five miles distant from Cairo. This famous place is identified as the On of the Bible, where Joseph took the daughter of the priest Potiphar to wife.

The site of the once important city is appropriately marked now by the oldest obelisk that has yet been discovered, with the exception of a small one in the necropolis of Memphis.

The companion to this existing obelisk (for obelisks are always erected in pairs) passed away over twelve hundred years ago. The two were erected four or five thousand years ago. The remaining one is a shaft sixty-six feet high, of red granite, covered with hieroglyphics.

The metal on the pyramid on the top has passed away, and the successive inundations of the Nile have piled a good many feet of mud about the monument.

At Heliopolis was also the finest Egyptian temple, with one exception, in those Old Testament days—a temple dedicated to the sun, and employing a staff of priests, menials, custodians, and other attaches, which is said to have numbered no less than 12,913.

The Pharaohs were especially proud of their title as "Lords of Heliopolis."

Nearer the modern village are the tree and well of the Virgin. The Virgin's tree is a decayed sycamore, planted in 1672, allegedly on the site of a previous tree, in the hollow trunk of which Mary had concealed herself and the Divine Child.

Not satisfied with well enough, the people in the vicinity spoil the whole tradition by also averting that a spider spun his web across the opening so as to effectually screen the fugitives. I did not learn whether the spider and his web are still preserved here or not.

The present tree was presented to the Empress Eugenie by the Khedive at the inauguration of the Suez Canal.

It is also stated, on pretty good authority, that the balsam shrub, the balm of which the Queen of Sheba presented to King Solomon, once thrived in the vicinity of Heliopolis.

The plant has long since ceased to grow hereabout. Cleopatra attempted to reintroduce it, but without success.—*Cor. New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

Herbert Spencer on the Source of Rights.

Primitive peoples of various types show us that before governments exist, immemorial customs recognize private claims, and justify maintenance of them. Codes of law independently evolved by different nations agree in forbidding certain trespasses on the persons, properties, and liberties of citizens; and their correspondences imply, not an artificial source of individual rights, but a natural source.

Along with social development, the formulating in law of the rights pre-established by custom becomes more definite and elaborate. At the same time, government undertakes to an increasing extent the business of enforcing them.

While it has been becoming a better protector, government has been becoming less aggressive—has more and more diminished its intrusions on men's spheres of private action. And, lastly, as in past times laws were avowedly modified to fit better with current ideas of equity, so now law reformers are guided by ideas of equity which are not derived from law, but to which law has to conform.

Here, then, we have a politico-ethical theory justified alike by analysis and by history. What have we against it? A fashionable counter-theory which proves to be unjustifiable. On the one hand, while we find that individual life and social life both imply maintenance of the natural relation between efforts and benefits, we also find that this natural relation, recognized before government existed, has been all along asserting and reasserting itself, and obtaining better recognition in codes of law and systems of ethics.

On the other hand, those who, denying natural rights, commit themselves to the assertion that rights are artificially created by law, are not only flatly contradicted by facts, but their assertion is self-destructive; the endeavor to substantiate it, when challenged, involves them in manifold absurdities.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

THE convict at present carries an indelible brand. The law limits his punishment, but society makes it life long. If he seeks work he must practice deception to secure it. If he tells the truth about himself he is ordered away. There is ample room here for the exercise of Christian precepts and principles.—*Harford Post.*

PREJUDICE is the yellow jaundice of judgment.

THE MASSACRE OF CAWNPORE.

A Visit to the Scene of "The Blackest Crime in Human History."

Cawnpore is a thriving manufacturing city of some 125,000 inhabitants. In commercial importance it is only second to Calcutta and Bombay. It furnishes the railways centering here with more traffic than any two or three interior towns put together. Its greatest notoriety, however, is associated with its past. Here was perpetrated what many have called "the blackest crime in human history," the horrible Cawnpore massacre.

I shall only review the incidents of this massacre, which are necessary in connection with my visitation of the scenes which it involved.

Early one morning after Chota Hazree, I rode over to the Memorial Church in company with a citizen. The Memorial Church, as the name implies, is an edifice of the state religion, erected near the scene of the memorable resistance of Gen. Wheeler.

Just without the church was the intrenchment of 1857, a miserable mud wall about four feet high, every vestige of which has disappeared. Here 1,000 persons defended themselves for twenty-two days against the hottest kind of a fire from thousands of blood-thirsty pagan foes. Of the number 560 were women and children, and only 440 men.

The sufferings of these women and children are almost beyond belief. They had no shelter except such as their distraught male protectors could provide for them. The thermometer went up to 140 degrees in the shade, and the sun's rays penetrated every part of the intrenchment. Many perished from sunstroke or disease. Their food was scarcely sufficient to keep them alive. When they wanted water they had to risk their lives by venturing out to a well, which is still to be seen here, in plain view of the enemy. Shot and shell wrought sad mischief until the 27th of June, when the men ordered a semi-surrender, chiefly out of consideration for the dying women and children.

The Nana Sahib, leader of the Sepoy mutineers, had promised to honorably conduct the party to the Ganges, embark them, and send them down the river in perfect safety.

Accordingly the people who were not sick emerged from the intrenchment and confided themselves to the protection of the treacherous Nana. It was understood the sick should be returned for.

The eager prisoners marched down to the river, and embarked on the Gate Chowra Ghat. No sooner had they been loaded upon the boats than hundreds of unseen natives opened fire upon them. Their boats were stranded, and though they did their best to return the fire and get off they could not become easy victims to this, the foulest instance of treachery on record in military history. Only three men in all that company of 1,000 escaped death, and but 206 women and children were left. Among the massacred were a few Americans.

These 206 women and children were then dragged to a building which has gone down into history as the House of Massacre. They were crowded into two small rooms, twenty by ten feet in dimensions, and kept there until July 15, when, by the order of this same Nana, they were every one slaughtered.

Nana had heard of Gen. Havelock's advance, and while he boasted of the strength to vanquish him in battle, he gave orders that this most shocking deed should be carried into execution, lest by any chance a rescue should be effected. But even the cruel Sepoys rebelled at the thought of such a crime, and Nana had to hire five butchers of the city to enter the house and professionally carry out his will. This they did, the five men consuming an hour and a half in taking the 206 lives. They were paid one rupee per victim, or, in American money, about \$85 jointly, for the bloody deed.

Then, by order of Nana, the mangled bodies were dragged to a well in the immediate vicinity, and cast down, the dying with the dead, into its crimson waters fifty feet below!

It is a matter of regret to every sympathetic traveler to know that this inhuman monster Nana soon after disappeared, and has never since been heard from; so that he probably escaped the punishment he merited.

When Gen. Havelock, the pioneer soldier, at length arrived at Cawnpore, and repaired to this assembly-room, he found himself just thirty-six hours too late. The floor was still nearly ankle deep with coagulating blood, while shreds of flesh and tufts of hair told of the barbarous violence that had been administered. The cuts on the wall made with the butchers' knives were low down, showing how the poor victims had crouched before their assailants. In the meantime the sick who had been left behind at the intrenchments had also been slaughtered. There were many other massacres in the country round about that were as shocking, but none that were so wholesale.

I have talked with men here who saw as mere boys the forms of European women on open, a bottle of gunpowder worked while they were still alive, and then the whole body blown to atoms.—*Cor. New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

How to Keep Tires Tight.

Here is something every farmer should remember and put in practice. It is the experience of a man who knows what he is talking about. "I have a wagon of which, six years ago, the fellows shrank so that the tires became loose. I gave it a good coat of hot oil, and every year since it has had a coat of oil or paint, sometimes both. The tires are tight yet, and they have not been set for eight or ten years. Many farmers think that as soon as wagon fellows begin to shrink they must go at once to a blacksmith shop and get the tire set. Instead of doing that, which is often a damage to the wheels, causing them to dish, if they will get some linseed oil and heat it boiling hot and give the fellows all the oil they can take, it will fill them up to their usual size and tighten to keep them from shrinking, and also to keep out the water. If you do not wish to go to the trouble of mixing paint, you can heat the oil and tie a rag to a stick and swab them over as long as they will take oil. A brush is more convenient to use, but a swab will

answer if you do not wish to buy a brush. It is quite a saving of time and money to look after the woodwork of farm machinery. Alternate wetting and drying injures and causes the best wood soon to decay and lose its strength unless kept well painted. It pays to keep a little oil on hand to oil fork-handles, rakes, neck-yokes, whiffletrees, and any of the small tools on the farm that are more or less exposed."

Insomnia.

The immortal Sancho Panza says: "While I am asleep I have neither fear nor hope; neither trouble nor glory; and blessings on him who invented sleep—the mantle that covers all human thoughts; the food that appeases hunger; the drink that quenches thirst; the fire that warms; the cold that moderates heat; and, lastly, the general coin that purchases all things; the balance and weight that makes the shepherd equal to the king and the simple to the wise." Cervantes, like all great brain-workers, evidently understood the value, the comforts, the delights of sleep, which are not fully appreciated by any one until he suffers the pangs of wakefulness. One of the most exquisite forms of torture devised by the tyrants of Europe and of modern China was to inflict death by preventing sleep.

A case is somewhere recorded of a Chinese criminal who suffered for nineteen days before he succumbed. Food, drink, and raiment are more easily dispensed with for a considerable period than is rest for the brain. Insomnia, or inability to sleep, is a common enough symptom of many nervous and mental diseases, and deprivation of sleep, if kept up long enough, invariably results in the loss of reason. The poet Southey laid the foundation of that mental malady which clouded his later years by watching at night at the bedside of his sick wife after the continuous mental labors of the day. Many a mental wreck dates from such overtaxation of the brain.

Wakefulness is generally owing to something that irritates the brain through the feelings. Prolonged or excessive intellectual effort, so long as the emotions are not stirred up, does not naturally produce loss of sleep, but rather predisposes to slumber. When the emotions, especially those of a depressing character, are aroused, the brain is kept in a state of irritation, and sleep will not come, no matter how earnestly it may be sought. In fact, anxiety to sleep, like any other form of anxiety, hinders the obtaining of it. Worry is, therefore, worse than work, and wears out the instrument of the mind more rapidly than anything else.

The hard-worked soldier or sailor may sleep soundly in spite of noises or confusion, the roar of cannon or tempestuous winds, while the officer may remain sleepless when the night is peaceful and everything would seem to favor rest of mind and body. Care and worry over duty unperformed or to be done effectually prevent the advent of slumber.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Death to Prairie Dogs.

Some three years ago, while making a trip across the continental divide, I stopped for dinner at a roadside tavern, situated in a creek valley; close at hand was a prairie dog town, numbering over 500 inhabitants. Not long since, I had occasion to stop at the same house, and saw that the small level prairie, once occupied by prairie dogs, had been inclosed, plowed, and was then covered with a luxuriant crop of grass. Seeing no signs of the little beasts, upon asking what had become of them, I was told they had been exterminated in the following way:

Balls of cotton or rags were saturated with bi-sulphide of carbon—an impure preparation will do and is cheap—pushed far down into the holes, and the holes firmly packed with earth. Bi-sulphide of carbon being an extremely volatile fluid, quickly evaporates and forms a heavy gas, which occupies every chamber and gallery of the animal's dwelling. This gas is as promptly fatal to animal life as the fumes of burning sulphur or carbonic acid gas.

My informant also destroyed in a similar way several colonies of large ants, of the same species as those found in Texas. He built a fire close to the ant-bed, shoveled the earth forming the ant-hill into the fire, so as to burn up the ants contained in it with their young, then scraped the surface of the ground clean, and waited a while to give the ants a chance to clear the tunnels from any earth that may have dropped into them. A ball of cotton saturated with bi-sulphide of carbon was placed in the center of the bed, covered over with a tin vessel large enough to embrace the greater number, if not all the outlets, and earth was packed about the tin, so as to exclude air. Next day the tin was removed. He showed me the sites of several beds in this yard where the ants had been killed in this manner. Since then, while in Colorado Springs, I was told this plan had been successfully used in California for a number of years; it was used for the extermination of gophers, yellow-jackets, and all other burrowing animals and insects.—*Leadville letter.*

A Practical Application.

A prominent clergyman who, happening one day to pass the open door of a room where his daughter and some young friends were assembled, thought, from what he heard, that they were making too free with the character of their neighbors. When the visitors left he gave the children a lecture on the sinfulness of scandal. They answered, "But, father, what shall we talk about?" "If you can't do anything else," said he, "get a barrel and roll it about; that will at least be innocent diversion." A short time after this an association of ministers met at his house. Some doctrinal questions were set up for discussion, and it was plain enough that Christian temper was about to be lost in zeal for Christian doctrine. The eldest daughter procured an empty firkin, and, entering the room, gave it to her father and said, "There, father, roll it about."—*Bow Bel's.*

THE heart beats seventy-five times a minute; sends nearly ten pounds of blood through the veins and arteries each beat; making four beats while we breathe once.

HUMOR.

A view of approaching spring—a bent pin upon a chair about to be occupied.—*The Judge.*

An honest, conscientious politician is the hardest thing to find among all of the "noblest works."—*Gouverneur Herald.*

"My father is willing," a Paris girl wrote, "that you for my love make parent. But be careful, dear John, when you give him your note, For he always wants something to boot."—*Paris Beacon.*

It is asserted on high authority that the most of the game had at club suppers is poker. This may account for the big expense some men complain of after attending a game supper.—*Peck's Sun.*

A DISCONSOLATE looking tramp picked up a spectacle case, which was lying on the sidewalk. "I am in luck," remarked the sordid party to himself; "all I need now is to find a pair of spectacles to fit the case, and lose my eyesight and then I am fixed."—*Texas Siftings.*

THE first Selectman of a town near Boston was lamenting the inferiority of public men. "The great men," he exclaimed, "are all dead. Washington is dead, Jefferson is dead, and so are Jackson and Clay and Webster, all gone, and—ahem—I don't feel very well myself!"

IN SACKCLOTH AND ASHES. Into my life three years ago She came and took a place None else could fill. Her step was slow And full of gentlest grace.

Beneath the ash they laid her; I have not smiled since that Sad day that death's bayonet lay. My own dear—just cast. —*Cincinnati News Journal.*

"I HOPE," she said to the new boy in school, "that you do not indulge in the wicked and filthy habit of smoking cigars?" "Naw," replied the new boy in a burst of proud disdain, "gimme a clay pipe and some niggerhead tobacco when you want me to enjoy comfort. None o' your fancy smokes for me."

And then she knew that the new boy used to clerk on a raft.—*Burdette.*

HE was a young lawyer and was delivering his maiden speech. Like most young lawyers, he was florid, rhetorical, scattering, and windy. For four weary hours he talked at the court and the jury, until everybody felt like lynching him. When he got through, his opponent, a grizzled old professional, arose, looked sweetly at the Judge, and said: "Your Honor, I will follow the example of my young friend who has just finished, and submit the case without argument." Then he sat down, and the silence was large and oppressive.

AN exchange gives an account of an editor found dead in a bath-tub. This is indeed a remarkable place to find an editor, dead or alive. How in the world did the editor come to stray into such an out-of-the-way place and be in his right mind? There are several ways to account for this. He may have been laboring under a temporary attack of mental aberration when he strayed into the tub, and recovering his senses before he had got out of the place, realized his terrible situation and was frightened to death. However, the story is doubted on account of the unusual and unreasonable position in which it is claimed the editor was found.—*Peck's Sun.*

"WHAT'S the matter, Slipity?" asked a friend, as the person addressed approached, with the impression of five finger-nails on each jaw, with his hat off, cooling his head, that resembled a half-picked fowl. "Nothing much," he answered, trying to smile; "just a little domestic cyclone."

"Well, you see, at breakfast my wife asked me what I thought would be the next thing to heaven." "And I remarked that I thought my mother-in-law was the next thing to heaven. She wanted to know why, looking awful pleased, and I told her because I didn't think my mother-in-law would ever get to heaven, and consequently, she would be the next thing to that place. Then the air got sorter tangled up with finger-nails, hair, and me, and I thought best to come out and cool off."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Two Knowing Dogs.

At a convent in France twenty poor people were served with dinner at a given hour every day. A dog belonging to the convent was always present at this meal, watching for any scraps that might be thrown to him. The guests being very hungry themselves, and not very charitable, the poor dog did little more than smell the food. Each pauper rang a bell, and his share was delivered to him through a small opening, so that neither giver nor receiver could see each other. One day the dog waited till all were served, when he took the rope in his mouth and rang the bell. The trick succeeded, and was repeated the next day, with the same success. At length the cook, finding that twenty-one portions were doled out instead of twenty, determined to find out the thief, and at last the clever dog was detected. But when the monks heard the story, they rewarded the dog's ingenuity by allowing him to ring the bell every day, and a mass of broken victuals was thenceforth regularly served out to him in his turn.

A dog