

LOVE AND SORROW.

Love and sorrow met in May,
Crowned with rue and hawthorn spray,
And sorrow smiled.
Scarcely a bird of all the spring
Durst between them pass and sing,
And scarce a child.
Love put forth his hand to take
Sorrow's wreath for sorrow's sake,
Her crown of rue.
Sorrow cast before her down
E'en for love's sake love's own crown,
Crowned with dew.

Winter breath again, and spring
Covered and shrank with wounded wing
Down out of sight.
May, with all her loves laid low,
Saw no flowers but flowers of snow
That mocked her flight.
Love rose up, with crownless head,
Smiling down on spring time dead,
On wintry May.
Sorrow, like a cloud that flies,
Like a cloud in clearing skies,
Passed away.

—Pearson's Weekly.

Tale of a Typewriter.

Raymond Rose sat in his comfortable after-breakfast chair reading his after-breakfast newspaper. All his surroundings denoted comfort. He was a bachelor of thirty-five years. His dark and rather large face beamed with the kindness which comes of being thoroughly comfortable. He was neither thin nor stout—his frame had just contrived to fit that happy medium which is styled "comfortable."

He felt himself a success—in literature. At thirty-five his position was assured, so he must, at any rate, have been a moderate success. He wrote when and where he pleased. Just now he had completed a volume of short stories.

In fact, Raymond was one of those felicitous men who have in their life everything that they want—save one thing, and they don't know what that is. So Raymond Rose read his morning paper glancing around his own comfortable apartment, sighed and frowned. Then, bethinking himself of his volume of short stories, turned again to the newspaper and studied the advertisement sheet.

Typewriting done for authors and others at the rate of 8d. per 1,000 words, prompt found. Apply Miss G. Ramsay, 5 Nethercourt Terrace, N. W.

"Cheap," muttered Raymond, "distastefully cheap." "Think I'll try it." Then he began to wonder, in his usual way, as to what Miss G. Ramsay looked like, and whether Nethercourt Terrace was shabbily genteel or dirtily slumlike. "It's almost like 'sweating,'" he murmured. "I suppose she is hard up. Wants work badly, perhaps. The price does seem fearfully low all the same. All well, 'tis the same for me as for any one else."

From which it may be deduced that if Raymond's talents were a little above the average, his philanthropy was quite normal. Not that he was mean. No one ever thought of calling him that. Only his enemies dared to hint that he was "close." He was merely the ordinary English business man.

He sat him down before a desk and penned a note, which he addressed to Miss G. Ramsay, of Nethercourt Terrace. The missive contained a request to be informed whether Miss Ramsay could undertake to type-write Mr. Rose's "Volume of Short Stories" for immediate publication. Then with eased mind he proceeded to forget all about Miss Ramsay, Nethercourt Terrace, and the exigencies of the hard-pressed typist. Some letters had to be answered, proofs corrected and one newspaper article written.

Having accomplished these various tasks, he partook of a light luncheon, walked a little by way of exercise, smoked, and finally, as evening drew on, settled himself comfortably in his comfortable chair and looked over his manuscript stories. One or two required more alteration and addition than he had given them. One, he thought would have to be re-written. The rest were good enough for his purpose, which, after all, was to make an income, so he told himself. They were not great works. Critics would style them "fair, wholesome, and melodious." Friends would smile and prophecy their deservedly popular reception.

Then Raymond Rose went to bed and slept the sleep of the rightly respectable. As has been before observed he was a comfortable man, recking little of the future and not at all of the past. Unrealized hopes, ambitions, aspirations were nothing to him. "They are fulfilled," he would have told himself, had he recalled them, which he had not, "and because they are not fulfilled in the precise way in which I then hoped that they would be I cannot sincerely grieve. Circumstances mould the man. He is a mere puppet, swayed by their force. If I am less than I should be blame flattery and fortune, not me. I am but an instrument in their hands." Which is the way in which many sophisticated persons avoid similar consequences.

The next morning he got up, breakfasted and read the morning paper, as was his wont. Then he turned once more to his short stories.

Did he feel seedy this morning? Had the weather depressed him? or what was the matter? Certainly his work seemed far less satisfactory than he had ever previously found it. To his senses, refreshed by a night's rest, these stories appeared weak and dull. Why had he never noticed these things before? Or, rather, why should he have noticed them now, at the eleventh hour? This sudden consciousness was most inconvenient.

"Miss Ramsay, sir," suddenly said his housekeeper from the doorway. Raymond Rose turned in his chair, none too pleased at the interruption.

"Thank you," he said, and stared—stared at his visitor, wondering for the moment what her business with him could be. Mechanically he placed a chair for her.

"I have come about some typewriting," said she, hesitatingly.

Raymond started. He remembered now. This, however, was not the kind of typewriter with whom he usually dealt. Two women who had done work for him were angular and hard-featured, abrupt in manner, and as careworn as they could be. Miss Ramsay was a mere girl, well dressed, slight of figure and prepossessing of face. Her complexion was good, her small mouth prettily formed, her eyes large and lustrous, her hair a pretty brown color. Raymond found himself noting all these points about his new typewriter.

Suddenly he woke to the fact that she was waiting for him to speak.

"Yes," he said, "I require a volume of short stories typewritten. Unfortunately," he added, recalling his thoughts of a few minutes ago, "they are not quite ready. More than one will want doctoring if not rewriting."

"I might take them one by one," suggested Miss Ramsay. "That would save time. If you have one ready?"

"Yes, that will be our best plan," interrupted Raymond.

"And shall I do the work here or at home?" she asked.

"Which would be the most convenient for you?" inquired Raymond, trying to stifle his personal inclinations as regards the matter.

"If you will show me your writing—that is, your MS," said she, frankly, "I can tell you. If it is difficult I had best come here; if easy?"

"It is rather difficult," returned the other. "Perhaps you had best come and do the work here," he added, with quite unconscious eagerness. "The mornings would suit me best."

"Very well," she said. "Good morning. I will be here to-morrow."

The door closed behind her. Raymond Rose tried to settle down to work again. But he failed—miserably. Thoughts would not come. The pen scratched and spluttered like a thing in a bad temper.

Each story as he tackled it grew worse under his alterations. However, he made a desperate effort, and completed one ready for the morrow's typewriting.

Then he got up and went for a walk, wondering what had come to him. The visit of the morning would recur to his mind. Nevertheless, as became a bachelor of thirty, he refused to acknowledge that his comfortableness had been in any way disturbed.

"Absurd!" muttered he. "The fact is, I want a little change—change of air, change of scenery, change of people—change of life." The last was quite an afterthought.

The next morning Miss G. Ramsay arrived—typewriter and all. Raymond gave her the story. She read it through and prepared to set to work.

"What do you think of it?" asked Raymond.

She laughed—very pleasantly.

"At any rate, it is not 'sex-maniacal,'" she said.

"No," replied he. "I am glad it is not"—and began his own work.

He thought that she did her typewriting very well. When the story was finished he took the liberty of telling her that the work was more than satisfactory.

She only replied that she was pleased to hear his praise. After her departure he found himself wondering whether the G before her surname stood for Grace or Georgina.

In the days which followed he learned a good deal of her history. She had come to London with her brother, who was a clerk in a broker's office and received an annual stipend of eighty pounds. On this, and on what she could earn, they were dependent for their living, for the parents had died, leaving them penniless. It was a comfortable enough tale, yet Raymond Rose considered it remarkably interesting.

He always asked her what she thought about a story. "Miss Ramsay often gave him valuable suggestions," so he told his friends.

"I think that your stories improve," observed Miss Ramsay one morning.

"You seem to probe human nature more than you did, and your sentiment is not so artificial."

"That is due to your influence," he replied, gallantly and sincerely.

The dark, lustrous eyes looked up at him, and her face assumed a half frightened expression. Perhaps she caught the true inwardness of his words. At any rate, that glance threw Raymond Rose into ecstasy. No longer did he doubt his own feeling.

The same evening he pondered deeply. Here was a man, with everything to recommend him; a large income, an unimpeachable character, a kindly disposition, a heart filled to the brim with love. And she! A typist in straitened circumstances, of quite unknown origin, so far as the world was concerned. True, her brother presented rather an obstacle. But then—

The picture of the brother faded from his mind. He saw himself wedded to a pretty wife; his old rooms cheered and brightened by her presence; the stale order of things abolished; the opening of new pastures, illumined by the dual warmth of kindred souls. Then, moved by a sudden impulse, he sat down and wrote a story.

He wrote of a man, noble and good, to whom honor, fame, riches came like the sweet rain from heaven. The man lived, prospered and was comfortable. He felt, however, that a void existed in his life; he knew not its nature, nor how to fill it. Then came a woman, pure and beautiful as the dawn, and he knew that it was she who was to fill that void. So he married her and lived happily ever after.

By 2 in the morning he had finished the story. He went to rest, feeling that it was the best and the noblest work he had ever done; although it was the unvarnished tale of an ordinary man's life.

When Miss Ramsay next appeared her pretty eyes were red and swollen with weeping.

"Tenderly he bade her be seated and inquired the cause of her grief."

The tale was soon told, "brother" had suddenly and unexpectedly lost his employment, through no fault of his own. His "firm" had coalesced with another and his services would be no longer required. He was to be paid fifty pounds for his compensation and sent about his business.

"You must let me help you," exclaimed Raymond Rose, sympathetically. Then, on a sudden, an idea flashed into his mind, flooding it with joy. For the first time in his life he blessed that brother.

Would not the catastrophe make that task easier? The girl was at this moment threatened with destitution. He gave not a thought to the ungenerous side of the question.

"No," said he, eagerly, as Miss Ramsay wearily began her typewriting. "I don't wish you to do that to-day. You are in trouble. Here is a new story. I wrote it last night. I want you to read it and give me your opinion as you always do. I want to know whether you consider the ending is good."

Mechanically she took the manuscript from his hand. She read it at first without understanding its particular import. Then she suddenly became aware that his eyes were fixed upon her face with a burning, passionate gaze.

"You think it good?" she queried, as she finished. "It ends well, does it not?"

Miss Ramsay, you are, reading the story of my life, for I love you."

And he came towards her with eyes aglow, never doubting that his own passion would carry all before it. He caught her slender wrist and kissed the small hand and arm and gazed at her with a burning, passionate gaze.

"Give me time to think, Mr. Rose," cried she, pitiously. "I did not know, indeed, I did not know. You are good and kind!"

Then Raymond lost his head. He stooped and kissed her lips.

"You need no time," he muttered, fiercely. "You are poor, destitute—and I love you."

"Let me go now, please."

Raymond started at her tone. Then, seeing that she was in earnest, he opened the door for her and stood meekly by while she passed out. "Whereupon he sat

down on a chair with an indistinct sense of having done something very foolish.

"I have made a mistake," he said, wearily to himself. "But she will come round. A sensible woman such as she is will not refuse an offer of that sort."

But although Raymond had written of women and had made capital out of his writings, he had quite failed to grasp the fact that the sex is a strangely delicate organism, liable to be thrown out of gear by the faintest discordant movement.

Three days later there came a letter—Dear Mr. Rose: I have come to the conclusion that the end of your story was, so far as I am concerned, incorrect. Owing to the kindness of an old friend, my brother has obtained a little work, which will suffice to keep us from starvation. This and other considerations, which you will doubtless understand, induce me to decline your no doubt kindly-meant offer of three days since. Yours sincerely,

GRACE RAMSAY.

Raymond Rose cast the letter upon the floor and said bad words, cursing in turn the various classes of typists, brothers, and long-continued change of air. He climbed the Matterhorn and sailed down the Lucerne, coming back after one month's traveling to his old rooms and to his old comfortable ways, also to some old friends, who declared that he never looked so well in his life.

CONGRESSMAN'S OWL.

A Friend Sends Him One for a Mocking Bird.

"Did you ever hear about the Brazilian mocking bird that Congressman-elect John P. Tracy, of the Springfield (Mo.) district, once owned?" asked Jack Carr at the Planters recently.

"No? Well, I'll tell you about it. I was in Springfield and was going to Texas, and Tracy asked me to get a Texas mocking bird and send it to him. He said his wife had long wished for one, and he thought I could get it for him. I promised to do my best."

"The so-called Texas mocking bird is larger than the northern product and has a long scissored-like tail with a large white spot on each division of it. It is much easier to domesticate than the native of the Northern States, and its tones when it sings are more mellow. When I struck Paris, Tex., I went to see a friend of mine who had, I knew, several fine specimens. I told him what I wanted, and he showed me several birds and then asked me which one I wanted. I told him I wanted the largest one he had."

He took me into a rear room and said he would show me a Brazilian bird that beat the Texas all to pieces. Then he brought out a cage in which was the largest owl I ever saw. Every feather on its body was pure white, and when stretched out its wings measured over two and a half feet from tip to tip. I saw the joke and at once decided to send it—the owl—to Tracy."

"I boxed the bird up and took it to the express office. Then I decorated the box with all sorts of bottle labels, hieroglyphics of different kinds and other mysterious symbols and sent it to Tracy. He paid \$3 or \$4 express charges on it—you know it takes double charges to send live stock by express—and took the box home."

"Well, he made the best of it and kept the bird, and in time he came back attached to it. He had a ball and chain attached to its leg so that it could not fly. It could walk easily, however, and for a long time the owl had the freedom of Tracy's house and yard."

"One night the bird grew thirsty and hopped on to the edge of a barrel that stood under a spout at a corner of the house. He lost his balance and fell in and the ball followed. He tried to get out but could not fly with the ball attached to his leg, so he was drowned. The Congressman has not yet secured a genuine Texas mocking bird."

It Was a Bullet.

An interesting story is told of an unusual experience of Mr. Lawrence Winters, until recently a cigar maker in this city, which occurred during the late war, but the truth of which was not learned until a few years ago. A large scar on his arm proves the truthfulness of the story.

He was a member of the Twenty-eighth Ohio Regiment and during the battle of Chickamauga was in the thickest of the fighting. His regiment was standing over near some woods, and during the battle the artillery of the opposite side was trained on them. Trees began falling in every direction and a number of men were struck by the falling trees. Just as he was in the act of firing his gun a tree fell and the branches struck him a stinging blow on the arm. His arm began to bleed and it was found necessary to have him taken to the hospital. There his arm was dressed and as it soon healed nothing was thought of the matter. His arm would occasionally give him a good deal of pain, but he thought nothing of that until a few years ago, when it began to annoy him so much that he decided to consult a physician. After examining his arm the physician told him that there was a hard substance inside the flesh and said it would be necessary to cut it out to give him relief. Winters at first objected, but finally gave his consent and the operation began. After probing for some time the doctor drew from the flesh a large miniature ball. The ball was taken from the spot where Winters thought the branch of the falling tree had made a wound. He then came to the conclusion that he had been shot exactly at the time the branches of the tree fell on him.

No Obstacle At All.

A lieutenant, whose debts compelled him to leave his fatherland and service, succeeded in being admitted to the late President Lincoln, and by reason of his commendable and winning deportment and intelligent appearance, was promised a lieutenant's commission in a cavalry regiment. He was so enraptured with his success, that he deemed it a duty to inform the President that he belonged to one of the oldest noble houses in Germany. "Oh never mind that," said Mr. Lincoln; "you will not find that to be an obstacle to your advancement."

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

Brother Gardner Calls for an Old-Fashioned Meeting.

"My friends," said Brother Gardner as the members of the triangle calling the meeting to order moved to the old-fashioned hall, "de present meeting of the club will be held in the old-fashioned way, and such members as are alive at the close will repair to de aunty room an' be regaled on several large and voluptuous late water-millions which hev jist arrive from de Stait of Gawgy. In answer to deart letters of inquiry received dooin' de week I should like to say:

"Dis club an' pledged to no pettiekler sort of religion."

"We has no pollyticks as a club, but as individuals we cast our votes in favor of honest and respectable men. It an so seldom dat we find honest, respectable men rummin' for office, however, dat moas' of us stay home on 'leekshun day to clean out de cistern or repair de pig-pen."

"Our aim an' to elevate de cull'd race. If de race ar't for pegs higher in matters of science, philosophy, economy, an' art, we shoud give 'em de right to be in de club. It an' five y'ars ago it ain't our fault."

"We has no partnership wid congress, humal or legislative bodies, an' we enter into no alliance wid odder clubs or societies."

"We believe in a hereafter, charge seventy-five cents fur whitewashin' an ordinary cellar, an' any pusson desirin' stoves bled in de moas' conducive manner shoud give de job to a member of de Lime-Kiln Club. Let us now proceed."

Sir Isaac Walpole brought out a brand new bean box and a pint of fresh beans, and in ten minutes the following candidates were neatly and legally elected: Paradox Jones, Col. Carr, Shakspeare Smith, Rev. Job Pulser, Lord William O'Flynn, Hon. Asteroid Greene and Endeavor Williams.

The secretary announced an official communication from the secretary of the Akron Dead Beat Society, of Akron, O., asking to be admitted in a body to the Lime-Kiln Club. Their creed was: "Trust to-day; pay to-morrow." Their party platform: "Two dollars a day and no work." Their object in life: "To beat the human race."

Brother Gardner read the communication from Halifax containing the terms of the club joins the Good Templars and finds he can't let whisky alone, what would be good advice to him?"

"My advice would be fur him to go off an' drown himself," replied the president. "When I hear tell of a man who can't let whisky alone I sot him down as an idiot who had better take himself out of de world. A man who can't spit on his hands an' lick his appetite in a stan' up fight shoud hev bin bo'n a cow."

Givredam Jones offered a resolution that the fine imposed on Elder Toots for disturbing a meeting a few weeks ago be remitted. The disturbance, was created by falling down stairs and breaking a door, and Elder Toots never fell down stairs when he could avoid it. He might have made less noise, but he paid for the door and was anxious to be reinstated.

The resolution was adopted by a unanimous vote and the president declared the fine remitted.

Some time since Samuel Shin let an old tinman full of ashes fall upon Whyford Davis as the latter was entering the hall by way of Legislative Alley. There has been a coldness between them ever since, and Brother Davis has several times asserted that he would pulverize Brother Shin to a lifeless mass in case he could catch him out on a rabbit hunt. At the present meeting, and a few minutes before the trial, Brother Davis for the first time since he had received word that his mother had been dead for years, was dead. This softened his feelings and prepared his heart for a reconciliation, and he walked up to Brother Shin and extended his hand and bridged the awful chasm. He afterwards ascertained that his mother had been dead for years, but he had made up the coldness and he did not back out, as a less honorable man would have done.

The secretary then announced an official communication from the secretary of the Anti-Buttermilk Society, of Dupont Banks, Del., asking to be admitted to the Lime Kiln Club as a body, with authority to work on the third degree. The letter of application announced the fact that the society was of the opinion that buttermilk was the bane of the present age. Investigation had revealed the fact that the greatest enemies of the fluid were those most obstinately arrayed against the society and the law. Out of twenty-two murderers questioned by the society, nineteen admitted their fondness for buttermilk. Train robbers, burglars, cowboys and all the prominent embezzlers were buttermilk drinkers, and the society had started on a crusade which would not end until the crime was forbidden by law.

The secretary then instructed to reply to the Lime Kiln Club did not care for such an alliance, having used buttermilk for the last seven years with the most gratifying results.

The librarian reported that he had lately received several historical works, two volumes of poetry, three pamphlets on free trade and a hymn-book. The library was now open six evenings per week, from 7 to 10 o'clock, and the average attendance for the past month was sixty-eight.

The janitor reported that he had paid out twenty-seven cents for tin to nail over rat-holes.

The committee on judiciary reported a petition from Syracuse asking the club to use its influence to secure national legislation to make it a penal offense for any person to deliver a Fourth of July oration within five miles of a crowd of people.

The Keeper of the Sacred Temple reported the mysterious disappearance of the hat worn by De Soto when he discovered the Mississippi river, and for three or four minutes consternation was depicted on every countenance. It was then learned that Pickles Smith had taken the hat to carry home some carrots from the market. He was given such a raking down by seven men ever live through, and was then allowed thirteen minutes in which to gallop a mile and a half and return with the sacred relic.

Waydown Deebie then offered the following resolution:

"Resolved, Dat while dis club an' constitutionally opposed to lynch law, de members stan' ready to pull on de rope if dar an' any lack of help."

Trustee Pullback demanded the yeas and nays, and the resolution was adopted by a majority of 64.

The lamps being on the point of going out, the meeting sang a poem and adjourned to the banquet hall.

Not Cheap.

Major Moses P. Handy relates in the New York Mail and Express the following anecdote, which may well be pondered over by persons with a predilection for poker playing: A Chinese gentleman, staying at one of our big hotels, finding the time hanging heavily on his hands, asked an American acquaintance to

initiate him into the mysteries of the game of poker. Some other men were invited in and the game was played with a \$2 limit. The Chinaman was greatly interested, playing boldly and losing philosophically to the extent of about \$100. Then he called a halt. When they were settling up the game one of the party, being desirous of breaking the solemn silence, said: "Well, Mr. —, poker, how do you like him?" The Chinaman shrugged his shoulders and said, with a far away look in his eyes, "Good game," and then added quickly and emphatically, "Not cheap." The general opinion was that he had stated the case in a nutshell.

America a Century Ago.

There was not a public library in the United States.

Almost all the furniture was imported from England.

Every gentleman wore a queue and powdered his hair.

There was only one hat factory, and that made cocked hats.

An old copper mine in Connecticut was used as a prison.

Crockery plates were objected to because they dulled the knives.

A day laborer considered himself well paid with two shillings a day.

A Virginia contained a fifth of the whole population of the country.

A gentleman bowing to a lady always scraped his feet on the ground.

Two stage coaches bore all the travel between New York and Boston.

A man who jeered at the preacher or criticized the sermon was fined.

The whipping post and pillory were still standing in New York.

Pork, beef, salt fish, potatoes and hominy were the staple diet all the year round.

Buttons were scarce and expensive, and the trousers were fastened with pegs or laces.

A new arrival in a jail was set upon by his fellow-prisoners and robbed of everything he had.

When a man had enough tea he placed his spoon across his cup to indicate that he wanted no more.

"Fad."

A recently published article on the derivation of the word "fad" speaks of it as being of Welsh origin giving "fedd" as the root word. A New York Tribune correspondent writes on the subject: "The word 'fad' is a manufactured word, not given by Worcester. It has been in use only a short time, comparatively, and while it may be derived from the Welsh, it is more probable that it is made from the initials words 'for a day.' The word 'tip' originated, it is said, in that way. The story goes that in an old-time English tavern a receptacle for small coin was placed in a conspicuous place over which appeared the legend, 'To insure promptness.' Whatever was placed in the box was given to the servants. Other taverns followed the example, and soon the three words were written 'T. I. P.' everybody knowing what they indicated. Then the punctation marks were dropped, and the word 'tip' was born. 'Fad' and 'tip' are of the same class and kind."

How to Clean Laces.

Here is an old Italian recipe for cleaning lace. It is similar to the way in which our grandmothers washed their thread lace borders for caps and kerchiefs, for in those days all matrons, young or old, wore caps, and I am assured that this is the veritable way all French gentlewomen clean their laces, no matter how fine or how old.

Fill a large sized glass bottle with cold water, draw closely over it a stocking leg or a piece of white flannel, if preferred, place the lace smoothly over and tuck closely; put the bottle in a kettle of cold water, with a few shavings of cold soap, and put over the fire to boil; boil an hour or more; rinse in several waters; then drain and dry.

When thoroughly dry remove the lace very carefully from the bottle, taking care not to break or pull harshly, then pick out the edge gently with the fingers, fold it in quarter of a yard lengths and place it smoothly in a large book with a weight on top. Very nice lace can be made to look new by this process.

Hanged for Cannibalism.

Three scientific gentlemen of Sierra Leone, one of them a Sunday school teacher, were hanged recently by the British authorities for cannibalism.

They belonged to a "Human Leopard Society," the members of which hid in the bush in the neighborhood of villages, clad in leopard skins, and killed the villagers who came in their way; these the society subsequently ate. In their defense they explained that the murders were committed in order to obtain certain parts of the booty, the hand, leg and heart, with which to make medicine called "juju." They were taken from Freetown to the Imperial country, the scene of their crimes, where in a public street a scaffold was set up, on which they were allowed to hang for 48 hours, the scaffold being left in place as a warning to other "leopards."

Survival of a Strange Custom.

A strange custom, dating back to the dark ages, has survived in some of the mountain districts in Austria—the painting of skulls. The small size of most cemeteries in those regions makes it necessary to regularly remove the skeletons of the buried who have lain there eight or ten years, to make room for newcomers.

The relatives of the dead thus to be exhumed are generally notified before the removal so that they can attend to the cleaning of the skeleton and be present at its deposit in the so-called "bone-house" or "charnel-house." On such occasions the skull is often ornamented with paintings, representing rosaries, wreaths, snakes, etc., and it is marked with the name of the dead person.

Parks.

Hyde Park, the most attractive of London parks, covers 400 acres. The Bois de Boulogne, the most distinctive of Paris parks, covers 2,250 acres. Central Park, the most distinctive of New York parks, covers 840 acres.

Trials of a Teacher.

Class in arithmetic.

Teacher—Suppose, Fritz, you have a stocking on one foot, and you put another stocking on the other foot, how many would you have on both feet?

Boy—I never wear no stockings.

"Suppose your father had one pig in a pen, and he buys another pig and puts it in the pen, how many pigs would there be in the pen?"

"Dad don't keep no pigs."

The teacher blew a heavy sigh from his tired lips, wiped the perspiration from his scholastic brow, and went at it again with renewed courage.

"Suppose you have one jacket, and at Christmas your father makes you a present of another jacket, how many jackets will you have then?"

"He ain't that kind of father. He never gives nothin' at Christmas."

"Suppose your mother gives you one apple, and you have one already, what will you have?"

"Stomach ache. Our apples are cookin' apples."

The teacher was not the man to be discouraged by trifles. He began to suspect that the boy was not well up in arithmetic, but he resolved to make one more effort, so he said:

"If a poor little beggar boy has a cake, and you give him one more, how many will he have?"

"I dunno. I eat my own cakes."

Then the teacher told the children to go out and play.

Some of the First.

The first boat was a log bestridden by the navigator, who paddled it with a stick. Hollowing the log with a stone celt was the next step.