

State Library

The Chatham Record.

The Last Kiss.

I put the half-written poem,
While the pen idly trailed in my hand,
Writes on, "Had I words to complete it,
Who'd read it, or who'd understand?"
But the little fare foot on the stairway,
And the faint, mothered laugh in the hall,
And the eerie-love lip on the silence,
Cry up to me over it all.

So I gathered it up—where was broken
The tear-faded thread of my theme,
Telling how, as one might I read writing,
A fairy broke in on my dream—
A little inquisitive fairy—
My own little girl, with the gold
Of the sun in her hair, and the dewy
Blue eyes of the fairies of old.

Then the dear little girl that I could not
"For was it a moment like this,"
I said, "when she knew I was busy,
To come romping in for a kiss!
Come romping up from her mother
And clam ring there at my knee
For one little kiss for my dolly
And one little uzzer for me?"

God pity the heart that repelled her
And the cold hand that turned her away!
And take from the lips that denied her
This answerless prayer of to-day!
Take, Lord, from my memory forever
That pitiful sob of despair,
And the patter and trip of the bare little feet
And the one piercing cry on the stair!

I put by the half-written poem,
While the pen idly trailed in my hand,
Writes on, "Had I words to complete it,
Who'd read it, or who'd understand?"
But the little fare foot on the stairway,
And the faint, mothered laugh in the hall,
And the eerie-love lip on the silence,
Cry up to me over it all.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

THE ROGUES OF INDIA.

Many wonderful things have been written about the jugglers of India, but things still more wonderful could be written about the thieves. I have lived in Bombay, Madras, Calcutta, and Rangoon, and have been knowing to some operations of these gentry which seemed incredible.

Every foreigner is considered fair game by the natives. While there are plenty who will not rob him by force, there is none who will not swindle him if it can be done. On three different occasions, in different hotels, I sent out by waiters to make purchases or get money changed. In each instance they ran away, although in no case was the sum over a dollar, and in every case the native left lucrative employment in order to beat me. It couldn't have been the idea of gain so much as the idea of getting ahead of a foreigner. While there is no positive security from thieves in India, there is partial security in hiring a chowkadar. This fellow is a thief from away back. He is known to be, and he is employed on this account. If you pay him so that he can afford to be honest, he will keep other thieves away. It is a point of honor with the fraternity not to steal from any one employing a chowkadar. His services are a species of blackmail, but you must either pay him or be at the mercy of the slickest, slickest set of rascals on earth.

At Bombay I had a bungalow with an English artillery Captain on leave of absence. As he had with him two servants whom he felt he could trust, we determined not to employ a chowkadar. Several called to offer their services, and all seemed greatly surprised and annoyed when sent off. One of the fellows was an old man with a foxy look, and he protested to the Captain.

"I am a great thief, but too sharp for the officers, who have never yet laid hands on me. I know all the thieves, and if I am with you no one will dare steal from you."

"And if we do not employ you?"

"You will surely be robbed."

"Well, we shall try to get along without you, and if thieves come, some one may get killed."

The old man went away with a look of cunning on his face, and we had no doubt that he would be among the first to seek to lay hands on our goods. There were but three rooms to our bungalow—a parlor, kitchen, and bedroom. The Captain and myself occupied the parlor as a sitting room, dining room and bedroom, while the cook and his fellow servant occupied the other two. We kept but little money by us and had but few goods. The Captain was experimenting a little with a new explosive, and I was making a report to the home Government on the various vegetable poisons of that peninsula. We therefore had plenty of leisure to plan for our protection and watch all suspects.

On the second day after the sly old man was sent away, a lame native woman, leading a boy about 4 years of age, sent in word by the servant that she wanted to see the Captain on important business. The pair were admitted, and she began making inquiries about her husband, who she said was a member of the Captain's command. She gave the name of a native known to the officer, and asked so many questions that she took up fifteen minutes' time. I was not much interested in her story, but was in the actions of the child. No sooner did she let go of his hand than he began running about to inspect things. We saw afterward how hard he tried to draw all our attention to herself. The Captain paid no heed to the child; but presently, as I

watched, I saw the little shaver grab something from a stand.

He then returned to his mother and took her hand. After a moment I remembered that my field glasses rested on the stand, and as I rose up to look for them they were not to be seen. I went over to the child, and notwithstanding the fact that he shrank away and began to cry, as if scared at me, I picked him up and gave him a shake. The glasses fell to the floor from the folds of a cloth about his waist, and with them three spoons which he had stolen in the kitchen. He ran away as I put him down, and the woman hurried after him. It was a put-up job to pilfer from us, and, while the child did not look more than four years of age, we afterward learned that he was over ten.

In India everybody sleeps during the middle of the day. That is, everybody should. About a week after the occurrence related above, the Captain climbed into a hammock under the veranda about 11 o'clock one forenoon for a nap. I should have climbed into another, but I had some letters to get off that day, and I removed coat and vest and sat down to a table in a corner of our room. The window before me was up, but a light bamboo shade was down to keep the sun out. The Captain had had plenty of time to go to sleep when I happened to look out through the slats of the blind. While I saw nothing, I felt that something was wrong, and I softly rose up and went to the door opening out on the veranda. This door was, of course, wide open. My feet were in slippers, and I made not the least noise as I reached the door. The veranda was about 20 feet long, and the Captain's hammock was slung at the centre. I peered cautiously out, and I saw the figure of the sly old man right under the hammock. His back was towards me, but I determined to see what he would do, and then capture him if I could. As I looked he slowly rose up on the Captain's left, cocked his ears to listen, and then his deft black fingers began a search of the sleeping man's pockets. I braced myself, took a full breath, and was on him at a bound. I seized him firmly by the body, but he sank down, wriggled two or three times, and next minute he was gone, upsetting me by grasping my feet, and heaving away as he went. It did not seem that he had been at work over ten seconds when I grabbed him, and yet in that time he had extracted the Captain's watch and wallet, and several other articles. All were left behind, but the thief had disappeared like a shadow.

Perhaps the best way would have been to give in and employ a chowkadar but we were both determined not to be bulldozed into it. All portable articles not in hourly use were put into a strong wooden chest and kept under lock and key and both of us were on the watch for any new movement. A couple of weeks had passed and we were beginning to feel safe, when the fellows attempted a very bold game. A juggler came to the veranda and began to perform and we both went out. While the room was left alone, the thieves—there were three of them—came through the garden alongside the house and cut a hole through the side exactly back of the chest. The Captain happened to look in just as the box was being moved and with a couple of bounds he crossed the room and seized one of the handles. I could not realize the situation until the thieves had pulled the chest half way out, and by the time I had got around the bungalow they had disappeared. How they could have located the chest so exactly was a mystery to us, as it had been moved several feet only the night before. They cut neither to the right nor the left, but exactly back of it, and the space was only an inch wider than the chest.

The next move created a sensation in Bombay. Opposite our bungalow, which was on a side street, was one belonging to a native—a known thief. The fraternity had somehow got the idea that we had a great pile of money hidden in our bungalow, and that the Captain was making gold nuggets by the wholesale. He was, as I said, experimenting with a new explosive, and this probably started the idea. The explosive was either dynamite or something very near it. One day, after the Captain had been fussing around in the front yard for half an hour, and while he was reading on the veranda, there was a terrible explosion. It seemed as if our house was lifted a foot high, and everything inside was thrown into confusion as it settled back. It was an explosion which was felt for half a mile around, and when we got out doors we found a hole in our front yard into which a couple of bullocks could have been dumped. That wasn't all, however. A big ditch had been opened straight across the street to the other bungalow, and the bruised and battered bodies of three natives were thrown out within thirty feet of the big hole. It took us some little time to figure out what had occurred. The sly old man and his pals had dug a tunnel from the native bungalow to within three feet of ours. It was intended to pass under

the house and break ground inside, there being no floors in our place. The explosion, which took place in an iron kettle, was almost over the tunnel, and the force was mainly downward. The concussion followed along the ditch and blew the roof off the native bungalow. The thieves were either creeping forward or backward in the tunnel, and death came to them so quickly that they never knew what hurt them.

Next morning a native priest, accompanied by a scribe, called upon us to secure our account of the affair. The Captain had explained matters to the authorities, and there had been no inquest. The priest said that the sly old man had been one of his most devoted followers, and as he was a person of considerable importance in Nagpore, where he had many relatives, an account of his death was to be published in the native language. The visit was made us at an early hour in the morning, while everything was lying around loose, and the two men had scarcely left the house when we missed the field glasses, a pocket compass, a pair of shoes, and two or three other articles. A native detective assured us that the priest and scribe were two notorious thieves, who had come in that disguise to get even with us.

I was bitten by a poisonous snake at Bangalore, and for several weeks was unable to leave my bed. While out of danger after the first two or three days, enough of the poison circulated through my system to keep me weak and feverish for a long time. While lying on my bed on my right side I could look out on an extensive back yard. There was a path running down to a summer house, and beyond the summer house was a thicket and a ravine. Midway between the bungalow and the summer house, and off to the left of the path, were the stables. One forenoon as I lay looking out on this yard, I saw an almost naked native come out of the thicket, glide up the path and turn into the stables. I knew from his actions that he was a thief, but the hand bell had been accidentally removed beyond my reach, and I could not call loud enough in my weak state to give an alarm. There were three servants at the stables, but it turned out that they were gambling and deeply interested. The thief entered the buildings and stole two suits of clothing and some horse goods, and went back down the path with the bundle on his back.

The Captain was raving angry over the loss, as he had been bothered a great deal with thieves, and after dinner we had a consultation. He went to a friend and borrowed a steel trap which had once been sent for and captured a tiger. It was larger than the bear traps seen in this country, requiring the services of two men and a lever to set it. The stable men were sent away on errands, and, assisted by a corporal from the barracks, the Captain set the trap in the centre of the path, between the summer house and the stables. An excavation was made to sink it out of sight, and then dirt and leaves were scattered over the spot. The Captain's family was away, and the stable men never went beyond their quarters. If anybody fell into the trap it would be some native who had no business in the grounds. The loss of the stable goods had not been reported to the police, and the thief was not alarmed. He might not make another visit to the place, but it was hoped he would. There was a stout chain attached to the trap, and this led to a small tree and was made fast with a padlock.

It was nearly a week before anything unusual occurred. A bell had been fixed in the housekeeper's room, with a cord running to the head of my bed, and it was arranged that when I gave a certain signal she was to run to the kitchen and send a native after the Captain, providing he was not at home. That signal would mean game in the trap. If any one came at night, all the people would be at home, and could do as directed by the Captain. I could not leave my room, and must certainly be a good sentinel if awake. If asleep, any noise out of routine would arouse me. The Captain did not come home, after leaving in the morning, until 1 o'clock. We had begun to despair of luck in trapping a thief, when, one morning about 10 o'clock, just after I had opened my eyes from a nap lasting half an hour, I saw the head of a native as he peered from behind the summer house. It was a thief spying out the land. I got hold of the bell cord, but waited to see what the fellow would do. In two or three minutes he stepped out in full sight, and I was quite sure he was the same who came before. He came boldly up the path, as if bent on an errand, and walked directly over the trap. I was so astonished that I forgot to ring until he had turned into the stables.

The housekeeper had gone to the kitchen and was wrangling with the cook, and so my signal was unheard. The fellow was out of my sight seven or eight minutes, and when he reappeared he had a sack of horse feed on his shoulders. He hid caught the stable men napping again. I rang and rang, but no one came. He went down the path bent over and seeming to glide,

but as he reached the trap the dirt and leaves flew in a shower, the fellow seemed to spring into the air, and next instant I saw that he was fast in the jaws. He pitched forward, and I could see his right ankle was held in the vise. He quickly scrambled up, however, looked sharply around him, and then uttered a low whistle. Inside of thirty seconds four natives came from the thicket to assist him. The trap puzzled them. If they had ever seen one before, they did not know how to manage the springs. The prisoner must have been in terrible agony, for the teeth went to the bone on each side of his leg; but he never brought a groan. While the five were consulting I rang again, and this time the housekeeper came and sent for the Captain. Long enough before he came the affair was ended. When the men found they could not liberate the prisoner they designed to cut his leg off above the trap. He refused to agree, as it would doubtless have been the death of him. They had nothing with which to break the chain or lock, and, doubtless fearing that the prisoner would peach on the gang, the four plunged their knives into him and ran away. By the time the Captain got home the man was dead. —[New York Sun.

The Use of Water at Meals.
Opinions differ as to the effect of the free ingestion of water at meal times, but the view most generally received is probably that it dilutes the gastric juice and so retards digestion. Apart from the fact that a moderate delay in the process is by no means a disadvantage, as Sir William Roberts has shown in his explanation of the popularity of tea and coffee, it is more than doubtful whether any such effect is in reality produced. When ingested during meals, water may do good by washing out the digested food and by exposing the undigested part more thoroughly to the action of the digestive ferments. Pepsin is a catalytic body, and a given quantity will work almost indefinitely provided the peptones are removed as they are formed. Good effects of water, drunk freely before meals, has, however, another beneficial result—it washes away the mucus which is secreted by the mucous membrane during the intervals of repose, and favors peristalsis of the whole alimentary tract. The membrane thus cleansed is in a much better condition to receive food and convert it into soluble compounds. The accumulation of mucus is specially well marked in the morning, when the gastric walls are covered with a thick, tenacious layer. Food entering the stomach at this time will become covered with this tenacious coating, which for a time protects it from the action of the gastric ferments, and so retards digestion. The tubular contracted stomach, with its puckered mucus lining and viscid contents, a normal condition in the morning before breakfast, is not suitable to receive food. Exercise before partaking of a meal stimulates the circulation of the blood and facilitates the flow of blood through the vessels. A glass of water washes out the mucus, partially distends the stomach, wakes up peristalsis, and prepares the alimentary canal for the morning meal. Observation has shown that non-irritating liquids pass directly through the "tubular" stomach, and even if food be present they only mix with it to a slight extent. According to Dr. Lutz, who has made this subject a special study, cold water should be given to persons who have sufficient vitality to react and hot water to others. In chronic gastric catarrh it is extremely beneficial to drink warm or hot water before meals, and salt is said in most cases to add to the good effect produced. —[British Medical Journal.

A Watch Without Hands.
The watch without hands which has recently been brought before the public is simply a watch with ordinary wheels in which the intermediate teeth are wanting and which gear every minute and hour only. The contrivance, though admitted to possess some inconveniences, is on the other hand claimed to present some genuine preferences over the ordinary make. Thus, the construction not only allows the reading to be accurate, but also permits of estimating the time that separates each passing minute. There is not only an optical signal given, but also an acoustic one, since at every change of figure the ear perceives a slight sound, and consequently it becomes useless for one to examine his watch in order to measure a given interval of time—a feature of special value to engineers, physicians, officers, travelers and observers. The experimenter knows exactly when a minute begins and ends. —[New York Sun.

Fashion Put Up the Price.
Turquoise is the rage this season, and jewelers who had seen stocks of these gems run down to prices almost nominal blessed fashion when it set its seal of approval on these pretty bits of blue. A year or two ago little turquoises could be bought as low as \$1. To-day the same stones are worth from \$12 to \$15. So says a well-known Boston jeweler.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Two Little Birds in Blue.

Two little birds all in blue,
Airtly flitted the garden through
(Pink blows the brier in summer weather.)
And they could whistle a rondel true,
Which all of the neighbors loved and knew,
(Pink blows the brier in summer weather.)
Now, through the garden, the north wind goes,
And the bush is bent to the ground with snows,
(Back turns the brier in winter weather.)
Where are the little blue birds—who know!
And where, oh, where is the pink brier rose!
(Ah, sweet things come and depart together.)
—M. E. Wilkins in Wide Awake.

The Wiggles of Wakefulness.

Some expressions are all the more forcible for having sprung spontaneously into existence without the fostering aid of grammar. Lillian had an uncomfortable way of waking before light, and expecting the family to rise with her at what they considered an unbearably early hour.

"Lillian, you must lie still and try to sleep," said her mother one morning, when this early bird began to chirp.
"I'll try," said the child, and so she did, but it was to no purpose. In five minutes she was sitting up in bed playing with her little pink toes. This time her mother, growing impatient, as sleepy people have been known to do, summarily extinguished her under the bed-clothe, saying, in despair, "Lillian, I told you to try once more to go to sleep!"
"I know it, mamma," said truthfully Lillian, "and I did try, but the wake wiggles in me so I can't keep still!" —[Youth's Companion.

Short Sermons for Children.

Most boys and girls do not like sermons—they say that they are too long for their high-chairs. Perhaps they may like these short sermons. They will give food to think over, and must not be read too hastily.

A Swedish boy fell out of the window and was badly hurt, but, with clenched lips, he kept back the cry of pain. The king, Gustavus Adolphus, who saw him fall, prophesied that that boy would make a man for an emergency. And so he did, for he became the famous Gen. Bauer.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their color, and painted the white side of his father's cottage in Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist Titian.

A German boy was reading a blood-and-thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself: "Now, this will never do. I get too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it. So here goes!" and he flung the book out into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher.

Do you know what these little sermons mean? Why, simply this, that in boyhood and girlhood are shown the traits for good or evil that make the man or woman good or not. —[Jewish Messenger.

Helen and Baby.

"What is baby thinking about?" asked grandma, smiling across the breakfast table at the tiny girl, who was forgetting her oatmeal and cream, while her spoon rested upon the rim of her plate, and her blue eyes were gazing into vacancy.

"She is thinking about God," said Helen. Five-year-old Helen never allowed that any one was thinking of trivial matters.

"No, I am not," said Baby Louise; "I am thinking about grandma. I don't want to have her go away to stay a month; for what if I should have a birthday while she is gone?"

At this the children all laughed, for it was only a week since baby's birthday, when there had been a party, with two two-year-old guests, and a little cake, with two wax tapers, and it had been the sweetest little affair that ever was seen.

"Why did you not let grandma suppose you were thinking about God?" said Helen, after they had quieted down after their laugh. "Grandma loves to have us think about him, and how good He is to us."

"Cause I wasn't, and it wouldn't have been the truth," said baby.

"That is right, darling," commended grandma. "Always tell the truth, and then God will love you, because you are doing right."

A few days later Helen was telling one of her mamma's friends about the birthday party, that was still considered an event of note by the children of the family.

"Oh, Aunt Mary brought a great big cake, and seventeen great big wax candles in it."

"Helen," interrupted baby, who was standing by, "I am thinking about God now, but grandma isn't here to be glad."

Helen's great gray eyes opened very wide for a moment, then she said, slowly:

"If grandma was here, she would say, 'Helen's memory seems to be failing as she gets older.'" —[Harper's Young people.

PEKIN.

A Vivid Pen Picture of the Great Chinese City.

Its Dirty Streets, Queer Shops, and Emperor's Palace.

When Sir Henry Parkes returned to Pekin he said he had come back to "dust, dirt and disdain;" and most travelers will find this sentence, sweeping though it may be, rather lacking in D's than otherwise. However much Pekin may be described, its condition would still remain inconceivable to those who have not seen it; all the filth thrown into the roadway—a mixture of mud and abominations, in the ruts in which the springless cart-wheels are forever sticking! You get along Curio street—supposed by some people to be the most beautiful in China—by walking along the little bits of crumbling ground in front of each shop, and then swinging yourself around the wooden pillar that supports the roof, so as to avoid getting soiled by the quagmire below. The shop fronts are of wondrous carved wood; highly gilded signs hang out into the street; wonderful beams with curved ends project across the roadway, and strings from which dangle red feathers. But I must say that the last thing I am struck with is the magnificence of the scene. The shops are pleasant enough. One goes into a back parlor, set out like a miniature museum; through that courtyard; then an inner sanctum not overcrowded with pretty things, and with plenty of chairs. But the prices of the curios are exorbitant; so that one can only be glad that Pekin shopkeepers bow and smile as politely on non-buyers as on customers. Indeed, it is customary for them to send their wares on inspection to the different houses day after day. "Number one thing! six dollars," say they. Reply unwarily with "Half a dollar," and it is yours; whereupon you feel sure at once the thing is no real curio at all and worth nothing. This bargaining is a great amusement each day after breakfast. Pekin furs are lovely, and there are lovely white feather-like Thibetan sheepskins, red-backed Mongolian squirrels, and, most fascinating of all, cinnamon or cream-colored fox skins, so soft that they could almost be passed through the traditional ring.

The great sights of Pekin are behind closed gates at present. Sometimes some are open; others never. We go to the clock tower; a wattle fence is hurriedly erected across the opening as we approach. We go to the examination hall—sometimes open, but shut to-day. Of course you can go again, if you liked the smells last time. It is adjoining the observatory; where the carved bronze supports of the instruments— weird dragons chained to mountains lest they should escape, redundant foliage, etc.—deserve to be one of the wonders of the world. I am glad to have seen them; I should like to see them again. But, oh dear! the smells! and the man with loathsome sores and the hideous voice, who wants to try gentlemen's cigars for them and to touch ladies' dresses, who fights with strangers for a larger tip when he has more than enough already. That man is of a piece with Pekin.

The outside of the emperor's palace—all that any European has ever seen of it since the days of Marco Polo—is ideal, a fairy palace. High walls shut in the forbidden city; a moat surrounds them; and then there are the glistening yellow tiles, the roofs built by the old Mongols in imitation of their tents. Then there is the green hill with its trees, and palace roofs climbing up it. The entrances are of deep blue, bright green, golden dragoned, with here and there a touch of vermilion. The sky is blue above, the sun shines, and there in the roadway sits a child stark naked, his face so dirty that it is impossible to see what it is like, its head mishapen with disease. No wonder the present emperor never cares to come outside, and is supposed never to have done so. The world inside must be far more delightful, if it matches with those glittering fairy roofs. —[St. James Budget.

Superstitious Indians.

Lieutenant Cushing says that the Zuni Indians invest everything used in their daily life with a spirit of its own. A jar has its life and death and the twanging sound it gives forth upon breaking, especially when in the oven, is the cry of the departing soul. The lieutenant in order to learn the ways of the Zuni, sat down among the women who were turning pottery and imitated their work. He began to whistle, when they threw up their hands in dismay and cried to him to cease. Any noise would excite the jar's spirit and cause it to break when in the oven. They always paint a band about the rim of a vessel, outside if it is a water jar and inside if it is intended for cooking. But this band is never complete, as this would not allow the spirit to escape when the jar dies. All the jars found in ancient Los Muertos were banded, sometimes in three or four colors, but the ring is never unbroken. —[Boston Journal.

Make Me a Song.

Out of the silence make me a song,
Beautiful, and soft and low;
Let the liveliest music sound along,
And wing each note with wail of woe,
Dim and drear;
As hope's last tear
Out of the silence make me a hymn
Whose sounds are shadows soft and dim.
Out of the stillness in your heart—
A thousand songs are sleeping there—
Make me but one, thou child of art,
The song of a hope in a last despair,
Dark and low,
A chant of woe;
Out of the stillness, tone by tone,
Soft as a snowflake, wild as a moan.
Out of the dark recesses flash me a song,
Brightly dark and darkly bright;
Let it sweep as a love-star sweeps along
The mystical shadows of the night,
Sing it sweet,
Where nothing is drear, or dark, or dim,
And earth songs melt into heaven's hymn.
—[Father Ryan.

HUMOROUS.

Needs signal ability—Man at railway crossing.
Impressions of America—Footprints in the snow.
Wisely improving the present—Selling a duplicate gift.
It takes a great deal of pluck to get the feathers off a live goose.
1888 is but little over a fraction of time, anyhow—one and three eighths.
"Give me a dude egg, please," said the boarder. "A dude egg? What is that?" "A fresh one."
The frequent changes in the Cabinets of Europe lead one to believe that the Ministers are Methodists.
A physician says: "If a child does not thrive on fresh milk, boil it." This is too severe. Why not whip it?
It has been averred that a lady with a diamond ring will scratch her nose in a given period four times as often as other women.
He (at a very late hour, with deep tenderness)—How can I leave thee? She—Really, Mr. Stayer, I can't tell you. I wish to heaven I could.
A young lady recently presented her lover with an elaborately constructed penwiper, and was astonished the following Sunday to see him come into church wearing it as a cravat.
Two young writers were talking of their hopes, their ambitions. "If I have not made a reputation by the time I'm thirty I shall blow my brains out," asserted one. "My dear boy," replied the other, "you are as good as dead."
The most novel complaint of impure milk reported is that of a London boy, boarded out under the poor-law regulation, who reported that the milk given him out of town, instead of being taken out of clean tins, had been squeezed out of a nasty cow, and he "seed 'em a-doing it."
A teacher noticing that upon an examination paper the Isthmus of Panama was every time spelled "Panamaugh," was curious to know the name of the author of such extraordinary spelling, and turning to the head of the previous page, found the child's name to be Katie Hummelbaugh.
Skill of Ancient Builders.
A personal inspection of the pyramids of Egypt, made by a quarry-owner who spent some time recently on the Nile, has led him to the conclusion that the old Egyptians were better builders than those of the present day. He states that there are blocks of stone in the pyramids which weigh three or four times as much as the obelisk on the embankment. He saw a stone whose estimated weight was 800 tons. But then the builders of the pyramids counted human labor lightly. They had great masses of subjects upon whom to draw, and most of their work was done by sheer manual labor and force. There are stones in the pyramids thirty feet in length which fit so closely together that a penknife may be run over the surface without discovering the break between them. They are not laid with mortar, either. There is no machinery so perfect that it will make two surfaces thirty feet in length which will meet together in unison as these stones in the pyramids meet. It is supposed that they were rubbed backward and forward upon each other until the surfaces were assimilated. —[London Iron.

An African Mocking Bird.
A Kaffir vanished and groans were heard. He was searched for without result, but on the following night groans were still heard. The search continued and the man was found murdered. His murderer was arrested and executed, but the groans still continued, to the dismay of their auditors. At last they were traced to a mocking bird. That bird alone of living things had seen the deed of blood, and now from day to day reproduced the piteous moaning of its victim. —[Saturday Review.

Speaking from Experience.
"Does your mother wear felt slippers?" asked an old lady of a little boy where she was visiting.
"Yes, ma'am, she do. I've felt 'em," answered the small boy, significantly.
—[Detroit Free Press.