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Fate.

With Sodom apples fill thy harvest tin;
Barter heart wealth for gold in Fashion's mart,
Traverse rough seas some distant port to win
Without a chart.

Fray the fine cord of Love until it break;
Launch thy pirogue before the storm alone;
Tease the prone, sleeping Peril till it wake;
Then rail at Fate.

—[Danske Dandridge.

ALMOST PERSUADED.

A sultry evening had closed over the great city. Overhead, the stars shone faintly along the narrow streets; the gaslights flick red; every doorstep, every open casement in this densely populated quarter of the city was packed full of humanity, striving to get a breath of air.

Lilly Germond had come home late from the store. She was tired and dispirited; and the gentle little step-mother, to whom she always turned for sympathy and tenderness, had gone to spend a week at her brother's farm on the Connecticut River.

How strange and empty the little room looked, with the vacant rocking-chair and work-basket so unmeantedly tidy.

"I wish she was back again," Lilly sighed, as she dropped into a chair, and began listlessly to eat her supper, of a slice of baker's bread broken into a bowl of sky-blue city milk. "I wonder why Uncle Mark didn't ask me, too! I suppose he thought I couldn't leave the store; but I could have got a few days vacation I am sure; or perhaps they had but one spare room, though I could surely have slept with mother, just as I do here."

Lilly Germond did not know how much good Uncle Mark Stevens dreaded a meeting between his son Ben and "any feather-headed city girl," as he expressed it.

"Ben is as good as gold," reasoned Mr. Stevens, talking the matter over with his wife; "and I don't want any silly coquette playing with his feelings. If he's to have a wife—as I s'pose it's in the nature of things he should have some time—let it be some sensible girl as will be a real companion to him that you and I can take comfort with. But don't ask Mary to bring that step-daughter of hers here. She's no kin to us, anyway you can fix it, and it'll only be exposing Ben to temptation and folly."

"It seems kind o' hard though," said Aunt Almira, "to separate mother and child."

"Mary's my own sister," said Mr. Stevens, "and I'm willin' to give her country air and change of scene. But I don't owe no duty to Mary's step-daughter, as I know of."

But when Mrs. Germond told them of Lilly's sweet temper and patient toil, of her long days of work in the store, and her cheerful evenings of sewing for her mother, the hearts of both of these old people softened in some degree.

"Father," said Mrs. Stevens to her husband, "Mary's step-daughter must be different from what you and me s'posed. I almost wish—don't you?—that we had asked her here, too!"

"So do I," said Uncle Mark. "Look here, Almira! Ben is going to take a load of cord-wood into town on Thursday. Spose we tell him to go around by Bleecker street and bring Mary's step-daughter out for a surprise to her mother—eh?"

Kind Mrs. Stevens brightened all over.

"That will be a real nice plan," said she. "And if Lilly is anything like what Mary says, I guess we shan't have no reason to regret it. It does seem too bad to think of anybody cooped up in the hot city such weather as this."

If tired, overworked Lilly Germond could have known all this how her heart would have leaped up within her! But we are not always aware how near the angel of deliverance is to us; and she was very rebellious in her heart this night.

"It's all one wretched treadmill of toil and drudgery," she murmured to herself, with never a prospect of change or recreation! One might as well be dead!"

Just then, Arietta Wales, a bright young factory girl who boarded on the floor above, knocked at the door.

"All alone, Lilly?" said she. "I thought as much. Well, I've got such a plan to propose to you! John Morton is going to take me to the Gleaful Society's ball to-night at Winnifred hall. And he's got a ticket for an extra lady; and so, why can't you go with us?"

"I!" Lilly Germond turned red and pale. "But—mother don't approve of balls!"

"Of course she don't!" retorted Arietta, with a toss of her yellow, much-befrizzed hair. "She's old and pokey, and you are young and gay. Besides, she's only your step-mother, and you can't expect her to feel for you as she would do if she were your own mother."

Lilly frowned a little, but she passed on to the next objection.

"I've got nothing to wear," said she.

"Yes, you have—that pretty white muslin with the needle-work flounce. Nothing can be prettier than that. And John does so want you to go. He's got a friend coming—such a genteel young man! Do come, Lilly! Think how much nicer it will be than sitting here in this stuffy hole, with Mrs. Booker's baby crying next door, and old Mr. Farren playing the flute overhead."

"I promised mother not to go out anywhere in the evening while she was gone," hesitated Lilly.

"What of that! She'll never know," urged Arietta. "She surely can't expect you to mew yourself up here like a mouse in a trap, while she is enjoying herself. Old folks are so selfish!"

Once more Lilly frowned.

"My mother is not selfish," said she.

"Oh, well we won't argue about that," said Arietta, coaxingly. "But there's no reason you shouldn't see a little life, once in a while, as long as I and John are going to keep you company!"

"It would be nice," said Lilly. "I've almost a mind to go."

"Then make haste about it!" cried Arietta. "I'll call for you as I come down stairs. The earlier we are there, the better chance we have on the dancing floor."

Lilly went into the back room after Arietta was gone. Mrs. Booker sat there, rocking her baby on her knee, and to her the girl confided her desires.

"I wouldn't!" said Mrs. Booker, shaking her head, soberly.

"Why not?"

"That Gleaful Society don't bear the best reputation, Lilly," said Mrs. Booker. "A lot of giddy girls and reckless young men that are beat on earning their living some way outside of honest work. I don't think your mother would like you to get into such company as that while she is gone."

"There's always some reason to keep me from enjoying myself, so far as I can see!" fretted poor Lilly. "Arietta Wales is going, and I mean to go, too!"

Mrs. Booker looked pityingly after her as she flounced out of the room.

"Poor girl, it is sort o' hard upon her!" she pondered. "And she so young and pretty too, and worked so steady all day! But that Gleaful Society—I ain't what I should like a daughter of mine to get mixed up in. However, a willful girl will have her own way."

Half an hour later there came a soft "tap-tap" on the panels of Mrs. Booker's door, and a brown, handsome face peeped in.

"Her parlor, ma'am," said a cheery voice; "but is this Miss Germond's room? I'm her cousin Ben, and her mother has sent me to bring her out to the country and make a little visit there."

"And I'm her Uncle Stevens," added a second voice, "and the team's waitin' below, and there ain't no time to lose."

"Dear me, I'm so sorry!" cried Mrs. Booker, starting to her feet, "but Lilly Germond has gone to a ball!"

"A ball!" echoed Uncle Stevens.

"Gone to a ball!" reiterated Ben in amazement.

"With her mother away," cried the old man, "and my sister telling me how quiet and steady she was! Come, Ben, I don't know as we want no ballgoing young ladies out at the old farm. I guess perhaps we'd better be starting for home."

"But wait a minute; perhaps she left some word," said Mrs. Booker. "Her room is the next one beyond; I'll go and see."

"I guess it ain't worth while," inflexibly uttered Uncle Mark.

Mrs. Booker knocked at the door of Mrs. Germond's room, as a sort of forlorn hope.

"Come in!" called a soft voice.

And there sat Lilly at her sewing by the light of a shaded kerosene lamp.

"You look surprised!" cried Lilly, laughing. "But you see I decided, after all, to take your good advice, Mrs. Booker."

"And I never was so glad of anything in my life," said Mrs. Booker. "My dear, here's your uncle and cousin from the country, with a team, waitin' to take you to your mother."

Lilly uttered a cry of delight as she jumped up, and flung her sewing into the corner of the room.

"Really!" she cried—"truly? or am I dreaming? Where are they?"

She ran out into the hall, and was kissing Uncle Mark and shaking hands with Ben almost before they knew it.

"So you didn't go to the ball after all?" said the old man, his hard face softening as much under the blue joyousness of her eyes as beneath the touch of her rosy young lips.

"No," said Lilly—although I was sorely tempted to forget mother's good advice. But I never disobeyed her yet, and I'm not going to begin now. But it was so dull and lonesome here!"

"Poor child! I should think so," said Uncle Stevens, with a look into the dismal room. "But now put on your things—quick! The horses don't like standing there knee-deep among ragged children."

Lilly was not long in packing her little bag; and when she ran to bid Mrs. Booker good-bye, she whispered:

"It was your good advice that turned the scale. Thank you so much for it. How much I should have lost if I had gone to the ball!"

"She's a nice girl," said Uncle Mark to his wife that night, when Lilly was asleep in the lavender-scented bedroom that looked out upon the river, "and I don't wonder Mary's proud of her. But I did feel sort of queer, just for a minute when I thought she was a-larkin' round at balls with Mary knowin' nothing about it."

"Of course she wouldn't do nothin' of the sort!" said Aunt Almira resolutely.

"She didn't, it seems," said Uncle Mark.

A week afterward, Lilly heard, through a letter from Mrs. Booker, that the ball of the Gleaful Society had been inexorably broken up by a detachment of the police, in search of some counterfeiters who belonged to the den, all among whom were Arietta Wales' beau, John Morton, and his dashing friend who had been destined to escort her, Lilly Germond, on that particular night.

And Lilly shuddered at the thought of the risk she had so narrowly escaped.

Out here all was so sweet, so fragrant, so peaceful; in the city all was hurtle, flit, perpetual jostling. And Lilly's cheeks took on a softer pink, and her heart beat a pulse or two faster than its ordinary pace, when she recalled the way in which Ben had looked at her that morning when he had brought her a long, trailing spray of white blossomed clematis.

"You like the country?" said he; "and us?—and you wouldn't mind staying here always?"

"I should like it of all things," Lilly had eagerly responded.

And then, as his eyes had rested a moment upon her, she had hidden her face among the clematis stars.

And so she was murmuring to herself:

"Perhaps! perhaps!"

And Ben Stevens, out in the harvest-field, was saying to himself, as he swung the gleaming cradle to and fro:

"Perhaps!"—[Saturday Night.

Locomotive Engineers.

The engineer whose humanity is not hardened has his feelings harrowed occasionally by pedestrians who risk their lives on the track. Tramps and other careless persons are so numerous that the casual passenger in a locomotive cab generally cannot ride fifty miles without seeing what seems to him a hair-breadth escape, but which is nevertheless treated by the engineer as a commonplace occurrence. These heedless wayfarers do, however, occasionally carry their indifference to danger too far, and they are tossed in the air like feathers. Doubtless there are those who, like the fireman who talked with the tender-hearted young lady, regret the killing of a man chiefly "because it muses up the engine so;" but, taking the fraternity as a whole, warmth of heart and tenderness of feeling may be called not only well-developed but prominent traits of character. The great strike on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy road last spring, which proved to have been ill-advised, would have been possible only in a body of men actuated by the most loyal friendship. Undoubtedly a large conservative element in the Brotherhood of Engineers believed the move injudicious, but they joined in it out of an intense spirit of fidelity to their brethren and leaders.—[Scribner.

An Escape from Cannibals.

Mr. H. H. Johnstone, English consul at Old Calabar, Africa, took a trip up the Cross river to try and make treaties and settle quarrels among the natives that were injuring trade by their warfare. He had a most interesting time, more interesting than he would care to experience again. At a place called Efedema, he was pulled from his canoe by a mob of cannibals, slung on the shoulders of one of them and borne on a rapid trot to the town. There he was placed in a hut with the door open, while hundreds of savages continuously stared at him. Looking upward he saw arranged around the upper part of the clay walls a horrible array of at least a hundred skulls, while a smoked human ham hung from the begrimed rafters as an appropriate centre piece. His interpreters opportunely arriving, a friendly palaver resulted in his return to the canoe in the same manner in which he had been taken from it.—[New York Witness.

Boy Bullfighters.

It will, perhaps, be hardly credited that at San Sebastian, Spain, bullfights are arranged between child toreadors of 13, 14 and 15 years old, and bulls of 2 years. These small Spaniards, dressed in picturesque costumes, brave death for the sake of furnishing the crowds with an amusement, and actually prefer the dangerous life and applause they receive to working at any trade or going to school. It is a sickening spectacle witnessed by thousands of all nations, indeed, there are far more French and English present at the children's bullfights than there are Spaniards.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A Composite Cat.

We took our pussy's photograph.
Then one of a neighbor's cat,
And then a third, and then a fourth,—
A dozen pussies sat.
And then we took the photograph
Of every photograph,
Oh, that is often done, you know,
Indeed, you needn't laugh!

We showed Mamma the last effect.
"Here is the type," we said,
"Of all the dozen pussy cats—
See what a cat had died!"
"Splendid! A terror," cried Mamma,—
"Quite frank to say the least.
"Each pass would be a tiger type
Than this composite beast!"

—St. Nicholas.

A Home for Birds.

In the beautiful Kew gardens of England, where perhaps the finest trees and flowers grow, the birds are made welcome to come and nest. Signs are here, there and everywhere forbidding the boys to molest their homes, and as a consequence there is music for you wherever you may turn. Some pour forth a melody of song, while others twitter and chirp their happiness, stoning for the slight damage some of their tribe may do to bud and blossom.

Funny Fishes.

At the aquarium at Crystal Palace in London there are large tanks filled with many sorts and kinds of fishes. Lobsters rest on the future banks, each lay quietly in among the rocks, while delicately-tinted sea anemones look like full blown flowers, tumbled from some invisible receptacle. The seals sport and bellow in their pond; one half expects the seals to sport, for they are true young calves, docile and as easily trained as a dog, but what is astonishing is to watch the carps at play; down one will dash, another close behind, and turning belly up, No. 1 will skim along the bottom of the pond, and all of a sudden, presto, turn a sort of somersault over No. 2, who in its turn goes through the same performance, until one by one all the sober looking fish that have been floating in a sleepy way hard by join in the fun, and a general frolic ensues, so funny and so odd that the lookers-on join in a merry laugh at the little funny fishes.—[Pacific.

The Bears of Berne.

The city of Switzerland, Berne, takes its name from the bears. They figure in the coat-of-arms, in carved wood they hold the matches, canes and umbrellas of the Swiss; they figure as white bears on ginger cakes; and they, or at least five or six of them, live like very princes of bears in one end of the city of Berne, where they have a home and playground. It is said that some good woman, dying, left her money to feed these bears. However that may be, they are certainly well fed and jolly. Be soon as you look down upon them they will sit up and motion steadily with their large arms to you to throw some toothsome article, and if one succeeds in catching the coveted prize the excitement becomes intense, and all the others beckon as though trying to say, "Throw me too." These happy bears are even furnished with toys, they have trees to climb and big wooden balls to roll; and one wonders if they ever pine for the woods and rocks of their native mountains.—[Pictorial.

A Brave St. Bernard Dog.

It is only within the last few days that particulars have been published in the Swiss papers of a brave rescue effected on Mount St. Bernard. While a violent snow storm was in progress, Grand, the manager of the hospice, noticed that his own special dog that was alone with him in his room became very restless, and made signs to him to go out. He took the lantern and fog-horn and went out on the mountain, the dog leading him. In a very short time he heard a call and groaning, and, helped by the dog, dug out of the snow an Italian, whom he carried on his back into the hospice. The rescued man stated that his father, two brothers, and another Italian, all journeying home with him over the pass, lay buried in the snow. He had pushed on to obtain help, but had been overpowered by the storm. Grand made ready and went out again. The second search was more tedious and led him further away, but at last the barking of the dog announced a discovery. It was the Italian stranger, who was now saved and carried up to the hospice. A third time Grand and his dog sallied out into the tempest, and after a quarter of an hour's search found the others, near where the second man had been discovered. They were quite buried under the snow and almost insensible. He took the most feeble on his own shoulders, and with difficulty conducted the others to the hospice. It was now midnight. His lonesome task had occupied Grand over four hours in a blinding snow storm.

Why are the workers of the Armstrong guns the greatest thieves in Her British Majesty's service? Because they rifle the guns, forge the materials and steel all the gun breeches.

HIGHBINDERS.

A Chinese Organization for Murder and Blackmail.

Crimes of the Hatchet Society in America.

The Highbinders, whose atrocious murders and continual blackmailing operations have puzzled the police of San Francisco, St. Louis and Pittsburg, and whose operations in New York have so far been carried on with great skill and secrecy are an organization of Chinamen dating back to the Tai Ping or long-haired rebellion, which was entirely suppressed, it was thought, some thirty years ago in the Flowery Kingdom. The Highbinders belong to the Triad Society, which has been compared in China to the Nihilists in Russia. On entering it the Chinaman renounces all obligations to his family, his gods and his fellow-men. Its motto is the exclusive of his superiors in the Order. Political conspiracy and the raising of funds to bring about a restoration of the Chinese dynasty in place of the Manchoo emperor now on the throne are or were the prime objects of the Highbinders through their parent order, the Triad Society. Hence its close relationship to the Nihilists.

But like small pox and sin, enforced with the razor and the long knife, has long been with equal objection the Highbinders in the United States. The trial of six Chinamen in St. Louis for blackmail and murder a year or two since threw light on the last clearly. In St. Louis every Chinaman not initiated with the Triads was assessed six cents blackmail a week. The assassination for which the six Highbinders were tried in St. Louis was peculiarly atrocious.

The term Highbinder, as originally used in San Francisco, where it was first heard in this country, meant things. The Triads were then supposed to be in the land of the Celestials what the Thugs are or were in India. But it was discovered shortly that whereas religion is the prime motive of Thuggism, politics started Highbinderry, which speedily devoted itself to the congenial task of blackmailing. Bound by the Highbinders become known as the Hatchet Society, and murder for money was recognized as the chief object of its existence. Chinamen were conveyed by the Hatchet Society to San Francisco at $600 a head. The oath and the ritual of the Highbinders were demoniac in their ferocity. The cult came east to Denver, then moved on, murdering, to St. Louis, then to Pittsburg and then to New York. In New York its operations have been conducted with the utmost secrecy and success.

The case of the six Highbinders tried for the murder of Lee Johnson in St. Louis, called the attention of the entire country to the speed of this Celestial order.

The murder of Johnson grew out of his assisting the police in breaking up the gambling business of the Chee Goom, or Lee Gang, the leader of the Chee faction in St. Louis. Goom and his friends agreed to pay $600 for the removal of Johnson. A distinguished member of the Hatchet Society in Frisco, Ah Long by name, an Old Highbinder, who had served a term in the San Quentin penitentiary, was sent for to do the removing, but, there being a hitch in the matter, he didn't start in time, so that Chee Cunnee, Quong Song and others not so eminent in the profession undertook the task. They found Johnson asleep in bed, chopped him almost to pieces and then stood the body on its head in a bucket of lime and locked it up in a closet. They sent Quong Song away with $15, promising to send him more, but he was captured.

He gave the police the entire story in the case, and through fear of having violated the oath of the Hatchet Society and dread of their vengeance, he went crazy in jail. Johnson and the Chinks were sentenced to death. The Chinese element in New York and San Francisco has never since been quiet. The feeling in Mott street would that the Highbinders were called to be called at any time, the presence of Ah Long, the past Grand Highbinder, being an indication that the Hatchet Society is ready for business.

Another case of Highbinding was that of Sing Lee, at Troy. A Chinaman at Montreal borrowed $600 from another and Sing Lee was a witness. When a Chinaman borrows money it is with the understanding that he will pay it when he can, provided the law making the loan does not want to go home to China. Then he asks for the money, and the borrower must pay it back, or if he does not be held responsible for what ever trouble may befall the lender through delaying or preventing his departure for home. The borrower in this instance refused to pay back the money, and the lender entered suit for it in Montreal. The case was called and Sing Lee was the most important witness. When the case was concluded Sing Lee went back home to Troy, N. Y. The lender went there and circulated pretty freely, giving the name of a Chinaman known as a tea grocery, who is [illegible]. He called on Sing Lee, on the day and at the hour Sing Lee was paying his rent. When the landlord left he attacked Sing Lee, killed him, stole all his money $700, and then wrote on a piece of paper and pasted on the door [illegible] a placard:

"Me go to New York. [illegible]
Sing Lee."

As Sing Lee could not write a word of English suspicion was aroused and the murder discovered. It was proved, indeed, that Sing Lee's removal had been considered formally at a meeting of the Montreal branch of the Hatchet Society.

When a Chinaman is found murdered the inference that he came to his end by Highbinders is quite as readily drawn as that of Mafia responsibility in the assassination of Italians. Both the Mafia and the Highbinders are secret organizations, as is foreign in their aims and methods to American policy and as inconsistent with century society as it is possible for any bodies to be.—[New York World.

Apple Lore.

In Scotland and in England the apple is a very popular divining medium in love matters. Part of this popularity is probably due to the common notion that the tree of knowledge of good and evil was an apple tree. Hence mention the use of apple pips in love affairs. A lover would take a pip between the finger and thumb and shoot it up to the ceiling, and if it stuck it, his or her wish would be accomplished. Nowadays a maiden tests the fidelity of her beaux by putting a pip in the fire, at the same time pronouncing his name. If the pip starts with a report, it is a sign that he loves her; but should it burn silently, she is convinced of his want of true affection for her. This is often performed with nuts instead of pips. Gaye Hoosier experimentes with the pips by placing one on each cheek, one for Lubberkin, and the other for Bumpkin:

"For the pip that soon drops upon the ground,
A certain token that his love's unsound.
While Lubberkin sticks firmly to the last,
Gay also mentions the very common amusement of paring an apple without breaking the peel and then throwing the strip over the left shoulder, in order to see the initial letter of the lover's name formed by the shape the paring takes upon the ground. This is often one of the more divertisting daily practices on Halloween or All Saints' Eve. Another way at the same season is for the curious maiden to stand before a looking-glass combing her hair with one hand and eating an apple held in the other; the face of the future husband will then be seen in the glass looking over her left shoulder. Mrs. Latham, in her "Specs a Superstition," says—another apple charm. Every person present fastens an apple on a string hung and twirled round before a good fire. The owner of the apple that first falls is declared to die upon the point of marriage; and as the fall successively, the order in which the rest of the party will attain to continental honors is clearly indicated, single blessedness being the lot of the one whose apple is the last to drop."—[Chamber's Journal.

Traveling on His Trunk.

Gold watches that never keep time have long been a favorite means of securing transportation, but the American trunk is now coming into fashion as a medium of railroad communication. The pedlock account in the Indianapolis Journal says:

"Do you know that a man has a heavy trunk he can sometimes travel a long distance on a railroad with out a ticket or money more?" said a young man to-day. "I was with one a few days ago. When I reached St. Louis I had but five cents in my pocket, and I did not know a man there I could borrow a dollar. I went to the ticket agent and making known my condition, asked him how I could get to Indianapolis. 'Have you a trunk?' he asked. I told him I had, and he said he would introduce me to the conductor. When the conductor came up I was introduced, and he moved me for my check to my trunk, which I gave him, and he then gave me a smaller ticket, which he said would get my trunk to Indianapolis. I asked him how much the trunk would cost me when I went to get it out, and he said $7. Well, I got through all right, but when I presented the ticket for the trunk it cost me $9 instead of $7. I have ever wondered ever since who got the money, but I didn't care, for I was glad to get back to Indianapolis, even on those terms."

Sound Finance.

Bagley—"Young Wiggins asked me to lend him a hundred this morning, and I said I'd see about it. What do you think?"

Gigley—"I think it would be cheaper to give it to him. You won't have to spend anything in trying to collect the debt."—[Judge.

Smiles Instead of Tears.

When shadows hide the sun away,
What use to sigh about it?
Keep up a cheerful heart, and say,
If sunshine can't be ours today,
We'll get along without it.

If things go wrong, let worrying go:
What good will come of fretting?
It may be a little or so,
Only time it will not know,
To spare your vain regretting.

There is a sunshine that makes good
The lack of sun above us,
In cheerful words, and happy mood,
And love, that will not darkly brood,
In spite of those who love us.

We cannot help what happens here,
So make the best, my brother,
Of what fate sends from year to year;
A smile is better than a tear
For us and for each other.

HUMOROUS.

The weather prophet derives his profit from the change in the weather.

When a man wants to take a dignified position, he usually stands on ceremonies.

"Wiggins, the prophet, appears to be lost," says an exchange. This is all profit and no loss.

The latest initiate in the ranks of fiction is a cowboy who claims to have caught a cholera germ with a lariat.

Piano-playing is like the medical profession in two respects. One cannot succeed in it without patience and practice.

A man who formerly acted as fireman to a locomotive refers to his recollections of that time as tender reminiscences.

"Ah, Brown, one moment," said the poet. "Can you suggest a title for my book of poems? It is to be published in the spring." "Is it a collection of your published works?" "Yes." "Call it 'Hard Lines.'"

The infant class teacher was trying to bring out the fact that David was a man of varied occupations. The question was asked, "What do you call a man who plays on a harp?" A youngster quickly answered, "An Italian." Then a new topic was introduced.

"Why am I like a pint?" asked Mr. Wittyman triumphantly of his wife. He expected she was going to say "Because you are so sharp," and he was simply paralyzed when she responded: "Because if you should get lost it would not be worth while to spend time looking for you, and no one 200 of you put up in a bundle would be worth 10 cents."

A Clergyman who Believed in Brevity.

In 1798 the Baptist church of Hillsborough, now Weare, N. H., "voted a desire which was unanimous that Elisiah Tingley settle among us in the work of the gospel ministry." He was a graduate of Yale college, had studied theology two years, and was noted for short prayers and short sermons. The brevity of some of his sermons—they were not more than eight minutes in length—made him a notable preacher in an age when ministers discoursed for an hour, and even longer. One day, being called upon to lead in prayer at a public meeting, he fell on his knees and said: "O Lord, teach us to feel the need of Thy grace and to seek it; to know Thy will and to do it, to find our place and to keep it. Amen." The historian of Weare tells this anecdote of the laconic minister's wit: A young minister being in a company where several clergymen were present so engrossed the conversation that all feared that his volubility was limitless. At last, turning to Father Tingley, he said, with an air of familiarity: "Sir, we read of Judas' part of the ministry; and what part do you think it was?" "I think it was the talkative part, sir," answered the old man; and the young man's loquacity departed for a season.

A Warning to Parents.

A writer in a late number of Harper's Bazar gives this piece of warning, and many parents would do well to lay it to heart: "One of Browning's most beautiful and pathetic poems, and one intelligent to whomsoever runs, commemorates the act of an earl of Arundel, who, having struck his little child on the head, had the picture of himself and the child painted, the child, as he became in after years, indelible from the effects of that blow. It would be well, we think, for every parent, and for all those having children on their hands, to commit these verses to memory, and to put the lesson in practice, for the injury done to children by the quick and careless box on the ear that is thought nothing of at the time is something incalculable. It is impossible to hit a tender child a blow upon so delicate an organ as the ear, and one having such close connection with the brain, without doing an evil and unseen work, even when the blow is given with the flat of the open hand. The action, it has been fully ascertained, has produced violent inflammation in the ear, and running discharges for years; blood has been known to follow it immediately; and when this has not happened, partial and even total deafness has been the consequences in many instances."