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The Village Stork.

BAYARD TAYLOR'S LAST POEM.

The old Hercynian forest sent
His weather on the plain;
Wahlwinkel's orchards writhed and bent
In whirls of wind and rain.
Within her nest, upon the roof,
For generations tempest-proof,
Wahlwinkel's stork with her young ones lay,
When the hand of the hurricane tore away
The house and the home that held them.

The storm passed by; the happy trees
Stood up and kissed the sun;
And from the birds new melodies
Came flinting one by one.
The stork, upon the paths below,
Went sadly pacing to and fro,
With dripping plumes and head depressed,
For the thought of the spoiled ancestral nest,
And the old, inherited honor.

'Behold her now!" the throstle sang
From out the linden tree,
"Who knows from what a line she sprang,
Beyond the unknown sea?"
"If she could sing, perchance her tale
Might move us," chirruped the nightingale.
"Song? She can only rattle and creak!"
Epistled the bullfinch, with silver beak,
Within the bars of his prison.

And all birds there, or loud or low,
Were one in scoff and scorn;
But still the stork paced to and fro,
As utterly forlorn.
Then suddenly, in turn of eye,
She saw a poet passing by,
And the thought in his brain was an arrow of fire,
That pierced her with passion and pride and ire
And gave her a voice to answer.

She raised her head and shook her wings,
And faced the piping crowd.
'Best service," said she, "never sings;
True honor is not loud.
My kindred carol not, nor boast;
Yet we are loved and welcomed most,
And our ancient race is dearest and first,
And the hand that hurts us held accursed
In every home of Wahlwinkel!

"Beneath a sky forever fair,
And with a summer sod,
The land I come from smiles—and there
My brother was a god!
My nest upon a temple stands
And sees the shine of desert lands;
And the palm and the tamarisk cool my wings
When the blazing beam of the noonday stings,
And I drink from the holy river!

"There I am sacred, even as here;
Yet dare I not be lost,
When meads are bright, hearts full of cheer,
A blithesome pentecost.
Then from my obelisk I depart,
Guided by something in my heart,
And sweep in a line over Lybian sands
To the blossoming olives of Grecian lands,
And rest on the Cretan Ida!

"Parnassus sees me as I sail;
I cross the Adrian brine;
The distant summits fade and fall,
Dalmatian, Apennine;
The Alpine snows beneath me gleam,
I see the yellow Danube stream!
But I hasten on until my spent wings fail,
Where I bring a blessing to each and all,
And babes to the wives of Wahlwinkel!"

She drooped her head and spake no more;
The birds on either hand
Sang louder, lustier than before—
They could not understand.
Thus mused the stork, with snap of beak:
"Better be silent than so speak!
Highest being can never be taught;
They have their voices, I my thought;
And they were never in Egypt!"

American Legation, Berlin, Germany, November 12, 1878.

MAT'S LUCK.

"It is just my luck!" said Mat. "Confound it!"

He walked gloomily to the window and looked out—on the vivid green of the croquet lawn, on white and red roses clustering about the porch; on the old rector, tending his favorite geraniums in the distance, amid a blaze of sunshine and glow of color. Mat longed to be with him—the somber room seemed as oppressive as a cage.

He threw open the French windows, drew a long breath, and thrust his fingers into the pockets of his shooting-coat, falling naturally into a careless, lounging attitude, peculiar to him. The fingers came in contact with a note, and idly brought it to light. It was addressed in a woman's handwriting, to "Matthew Curtis, Esq., M. D." A grim smile played about that gentleman's lips as he reflected how unsuited was that formal superscription to the jovial, reckless good-for-naught, known to rich and poor for miles around as young Mat Curtis.

With a listless air he drew forth the brief inclosure. His face darkened as he perused it.

"Miss Agnes Bellue would be glad to have a few minutes' conversation with Mr. Curtis."

"Lover-like—very!" commented Mat, with sarcastic emphasis.

Another glance at the delicate paper and the firm square handwriting, the dark look hardening the while, until the character of the face seemed completely altered.

"Look at it!" quoth Mat. "Her hand never trembled; there is not a wavering stroke! Why, most girls would cry their eyes out while writing such a note as that to their lovers!"

He crushed the offending missive into a crumpled ball as he spoke, and addressed a few more expletives to the fair sunshine — expletives peculiarly unbefitting a clergyman's study, or the hearing of the young lady who noiselessly entered in time indistinctly to catch them.

Young—not more than twenty, perhaps—but with a serene and queenly grace of movement, a gravely beautiful face—an air just now of haughty disgust.

"Pardon me," she says, icily; "so interesting a conversation with yourself is probably of a confidential nature."

Mat turns with a flaming face, a quick, deprecating gesture, a courteous, apologetic bow and speech that somehow in their confused humility stamp him as a gentleman.

"I trust indeed you did not hear it. I earnestly crave forgiveness if you did!"

She contemptuously dismisses the matter with the slightest wave of a little jeweled hand. Cold, hard, proud she looks, and her words have a clear-cut articulation suggestive of newly-clipped coins.

"I sent for you."

"Yes," answers Mat, defiantly. His penitence is dying away—the dark, hard expression is returning. "Just my luck," it seems to repeat.

"To beg an answer to two questions," continues Miss Bellue.

Mat bows, thrusts his hands into the deep shooting-pockets once more, and resumes the careless, lounging attitude.

"Have you entered your name, notwithstanding my protest, as a gentleman-rider for the autumn steeple-chases?"

"Yes."

"Is it, indeed, true, that last night you involved yourself in a poaching affray, actually knocking down a keeper and helping the poachers to escape?"

"Yes," says Mat, with a kind of sullen despair.

Miss Bellue draws something from her white fingers, and holds it out. Mechanically Mat's hand comes out of the shooting-pocket and grasps it. It is a woman's engagement ring.

They look at each other, a curious contrast in the two faces. Hers composed, calm, haughtily indifferent. His blankly astonished, angry, agitated, by turns.

"Not—not that, Agnes," he pleads, huskily.

The serene beauty, the quiet determination of her face answer him.

"At least, let me explain. I can do so to your satisfaction, I think, I hope!" he says, dubiously. "Return it to your finger, and reserve judgment till you hear the defense!" And he holds the ring toward her, with a great, clumsy hand that trembles somewhat.

Still no audible reply. A faint shake of the head, a look of polite incredulity—that is all.

"Do you not care?" he asks.

His appealing eyes search her face. It does not change. Beautiful, imperturbable, the sentence written there never varies. His unsteady fingers drop the ring; but he lets it lie, half buried in a fleecy rug. Then, with a set, stern look, he sets his foot upon it, bows slightly, and walks from the room.

He leaves the house, passing the window to gain the road, but looking neither to the right nor to the left.

His head is erect, his hands are out of the loose pockets. For once (startling transformation), young Mat Curtis looks positively dignified.

And as he vanishes as startling a transformation takes place in the room he has quitted. Miss Bellue proves herself a woman, and not a queen, by a series of actions essentially feminine.

First, she rescues the bent love-token from the floor; then she kisses it and cries over it; then she locks it away carefully in a writing-desk; then she rushes up stairs to watch her lover out of sight from an upper window.

For a quarter of a mile or so she watched him, a retreating figure, growing smaller and smaller in the distance. He never once looked back; the regular march of his steps never faltered; a turn of the road hid him from sight. Miss Bellue sat down on the floor—a most undignified position—and cried till her pretty eyes were red and swollen.

"It is all over!" she moaned—"all over!"

* * * * * *

"Fire! Fire!"

Mat sprang from his bed, and, with professional expertness struck a light, tumbled into some clothes and rushed from the house.

No need to ask whence the alarm proceeded; the fierce pillar of flame and the red glow in the sky were beacons toward which he ran at headlong speed, with one thought in his mind, "I pray heaven it may not be the rectory!"

"Where is it?" he shouted to two laborers, fagging along as swiftly as heavy boots and ponderous habits of progression would let them.

"Farmer Joyce's, sur."

"Farmer Joyce's! Thank heaven! The next house to the rectory, but not near enough to endanger it!"

Mat's suspense gave place to a thrill of almost pleasurable excitement; it was his "mad young blood" asserting itself. Dashing through a gateway, he almost ran over a girl, bare-headed, wringing her hands in impotent anxiety. It was Miss Bellue.

"Go back at once," commanded Mat, curtly. "Put on a hat, and the thickest shawl you have."

The panic-stricken girl obeyed. Not till afterward did it occur to her he had no right to issue such instructions.

When she returned it was to find Matthew Curtis, Esq., M. D., in the center of a burning pig-stye, pitching out squeaking, half-roasted porkers.

"Just my luck!" he grumbled, examining his scorched fingers. "If they had been babies, now, I might have gained some credit at the same risk."

"The stable is a-fire, sur!"

"What!" shouted Mat. He did not wait for the information to be repeated. An ardent lover of horseflesh, it was an appeal to his sympathies that sent him round intervening outbuildings in a state of breathless suspense.

It was true. The stable was on fire; the horses were screaming with terror; two or three rustics were making excited and fruitless attempts to drag them out—attempts the poor animals resisted with all their might. A little crowd of men looked on idly and despairingly.

"Jim, run into the barn and get three or four empty sacks and a rope. Quick!"

"Yes, sur."

By drawing a sack over each animal's head and neck, thus blindfolding it; by passing a rope round the forelegs and setting strong arms to haul, and by a little organization of brave but until then ill-applied efforts, a rescue was effected. All the horses were saved except one poor brute smothered by the smoke.

Farmer Joyce came up, with a grimy hand extended in honest gratitude.

"Thank you kindly, sir. I don't mind for the ricks and the buildings—they are insured; but it went to my heart to hear them poor brutes scream."

Mat gave his left hand—the right one was bound up with a handkerchief. The old rector joined them, Miss Bellue leaning on his arm.

"The danger is over now, Joyce, I think. Mat, come across with me."

Mat glanced at the averted face of the young lady, and misconstrued it. She was, in truth, ashamed to meet his eye. The contrast between his coolness and courage and her physical cowardice humbled her.

"I have burnt my hand and arm slightly—just my luck!" said Mat. "I must go home at once to dress them."

He took off his hat as he spoke, awkwardly enough, with the left hand, and turned away.

"He is a fine fellow, Agnes, tha lover of yours," said the rector; "but his manner is rather abrupt to-night. What ails him?"

"Never mind, papa—never mind."

There was a kind of wail in Miss Bellue's voice.

"A lovers' quarrel," thought the rector, sagely. "Then my attitude must be one of dignified neutrality—my policy non-intervention;" and he laughed quietly to himself at the conceit.

Mat was dressing his burns in the surgery when the outer door opened and his father entered.

"Halloo, father! Who called you up! It was my turn to-night."

It should be explained that "young Mat Curtis" and "the old doctor" were partners.

"The old doctor" made no reply. He sat down in a low chair, and began to fan himself with a broad straw hat. Mat, looking up in surprise, saw that he was ghastly pale; that his eyes had a look of horror in them; that his whole appearance was that of a man who had sustained a terrible fright.

Mat touched his arm gently.

"What is it, father?"

"Doctor Curtis' lips moved twice before any sound issued; then he uttered but one word: "Cholera!"

Upon Mat's face there came a faint reflection of his father's fear. The scourge had been raging with frightful violence in distant parts of England. They had talked of it often, dreading its approach, trusting it might pass by this pure, healthy village.

"No; the next day three cases were reported and one death. The rival practitioner, Mr. Bennett, a man of good private means, fled with his wife and family. Mat and "the old doctor" were worked almost to death. No need of bar-parlor discussions, or approaching steeple-chases, or poaching affrays now to quiet the mad young blood.

Mat went from house to house with a grave face, and a cheerful, kindly, hopeful word to every poor terrified wretch, who shuddered at his own fears.

Then his father was stricken, "the old doctor."

Poor "old doctor!" When the evil he had dreaded really came to him, seized upon him, he grew brave and strong.

"Nonsense, lad!" he said, when Mat tried to speak encouraging words from a sinking heart. "I have no stamina; I could not expect to live much longer in the ordinary course of nature. Don't blink the truth, boy. I shall be glad to die in harness."

* * * * * *

Miss Bellue watched the funeral procession from that same upper window she had once before put to a similar use.

Very contrite was Miss Bellue in these days. A horrible dread had taken possession of her with the first report of cholera in the village. She fought against it; she hatred herself for it; she tried to drag herself to the beds of the sick poor; but trembling limbs refused to carry her. It was constitutional physical cowardice; and every gossiping tale of Mat's calm heroism increased her self-abasement and her love and admiration for that unconscious gentleman.

His father's death gave him double work, but he did not spare himself. He snatched food, rest, sleep, when and how he could, until the epidemic died out almost; then as the last case was in a fair way of recovery he sickened.

"My luck has changed," said Mat, with a smile. "I can be spared now the work is done."

Miss Bellue heard the news the same hour. A housemaid to whom she had done some little kindness ran off to the rectory to tell her. Miss Bellue gave an order or two and went straight to her father's study.

"Papa, Mat is stricken down."

"Bless my soul!" said the rector, in great excitement. "Poor lad—poor lad!"

"I have told Jenkins to put the horses to the brougham and the housekeeper to get the green bed-room ready."

"Eh?" and the old gentleman looked very bewildered.

"And you must fetch Mat," explained Miss Bellue, calmly.

"But—but"—

"He shall not be left to the nursing of those ignorant servants," she insisted, resolutely. "He shall be brought here or I will assuredly go to him."

The rector had yielded to her all her life. He shook his head in perplexity.

"Are you not afraid, dear?"

A peculiar smile lighted her pale, beautiful countenance.

"Not now."

A similar question was almost the first one put by Mat in a convalescent state.

"Were you not afraid, darling?"

"Perfect love casteth out fear," she rejoined, softly.

The Story of a Murder.

The case of Abe Rothschild, convicted in Texas of murder in the first degree, is interesting. The story, as told in the evidence, begins with the arrival of Bessie Moore in Cincinnati two years ago. She was about twenty years old and had considerable money, but her most noteworthy property was a large number of diamonds, for which she had a remarkable liking. She came to be known as Diamond Bess. Abe Rothschild was a noted Western gambler. He fell in love with Diamond Bess, or her diamonds, or both, and proposed to marry her. She several times pawned some of her diamonds to get money for him, but always managed to redeem them. The pair were married about a year ago, in Chicago. They went to Texas on a honeymoon trip, she carrying the diamonds carefully in her pocket. They arrived at the Brooks house, Marshall, on Jan. 17, and stayed two days. Quarreling in their room was overheard, and Bess appeared to be defending her diamonds against seizure by her husband. They next went to Jefferson, where Abe registered at the hotel under an assumed name. They quarreled in loud and angry tones nearly all night. On the following day they hired a horse and wagon, filled a basket with luncheon, and started off as though for a pleasure trip into the country. Bess acted as though afraid of her companion. She had the diamonds still in her pocket. Abe returned to the hotel at night alone, saying that the woman had gone to visit friends. He packed his baggage, burned some papers, and returned to Cincinnati, where he spent most of his time for two weeks in gambling, according to his habit. His demeanor was erratic, however, and he told his friends that somebody was following him. At length he shot himself in the head, but not fatally. About the same time the body of Bess was found in the Texas woods, with a bullet hole in her head. The fragments of the luncheon were scattered about, but the diamonds have never been found, and it is supposed that, being turned into money, they were used in the long and stubborn defense of the prisoner.

How $5,000 was Found in a Tree.

A treasure up a tree was seen in the watches of the night by a peddler, who was sleeping in a farmhouse in the Shenandoah valley. He told his dream to the farmer next morning, and on three successive nights he had the same vision. Then he prevailed on the farmer to accompany him to the forest, where he pointed out a large oak tree as the one he had seen in his dream. It was apparently sound at the butt, but about twenty feet up a limb had been broken off. The farmer did not feel like humoring what he supposed to be a superstitious whim, but the old fellow seemed to have confidence in his vision, and offered him one-half the spoils if he would help him cut down the tree. When the tree fell, there was a rattle of coin near where the limb had been broken off, and a small hollow was found there. By a little chopping a larger cavity was found, and within was a mass of silver. Both seemed wild with delight, and on counting up found that the pile amounted to $5,000. The peddler expressed his unwillingness to carry around so much silver in his pockets, and inquired where he would be likely to get greenbacks for his share. The farmer, having considerable money in his house, immediately transferred to the peddler $2,500 in paper money and took charge of the entire lot of silver. The peddler disappeared, and when his partner attempted to pass some of the silver, lo! it was counterfeit. He was the victim of a gang of coiners.—*Lynchburg Virginian.*

With all the fluctuations in pig iron and axle grease, chewing gum still keeps up at the old figure.

Dissecting an Elephant.

Professors and students of the Columbia veterinary college in New York, dragged the carcass of the baby elephant that died the day before in Central park into their courtyard. Then they prepared to hoist it to their dissecting room. At nightfall they had fitted up an incline plane, placed the animal upon it, and adjourned for the morrow's work.

There gathered the next day about the body Prof. Edward C. Spitzka, Dr. Finlay, and a score of students. Before fixing the ropes and tackling, they stripped the monster of its skin, thereby saving the hoisting of a hundred pounds. Slinging the body upon the table, the students prepared for the autopsy. Two seniors, with a junior, went with sharpened knives at the abdomen, while Professors Spitzka and Finlay cut and carved about the head.

When the examination was finished, Prof. Spitzka gave an explanation of the autopsy:

"This animal was about two years old, and had not, of course, attained its full growth. Its weight was about 800 pounds. That spongy, honeycombed-looking bone contains the air chambers. You notice that there are two skulls. In the skull of the elephant that went mad in the Royal college, of London, 400 bullets were embedded, yet only one of that number caused death. The only way to death, in my opinion, when firing at the head, is through the eye.

"This is the brain. Its weight is five pounds," the professor said. Placing a human brain beside it, he continued: "The intellectual portion is well developed. The convolutions are more intricate than those of the human brain. The spinal cord is not as large as that of the horse. The trunk is rich with nerves and muscles. The eye is smaller than the horse's. The heart, you will notice, has two points; in that it differs from all other animals. This shape is seen in a marine monster, whose shape is somewhat like to that of the porpoise. The complex mass of muscle on the neck, which supports the head, is most interesting. The direct cause of death was pulmonary congestion. The lungs were so congested that they sank in water."

The hide was exhibited. The covering of the feet looked like large rubber shoes. The hide at this part is more than three-quarters of an inch in thickness.

Words of Wisdom.

Truth is an immortal flower.

Tears are due to human misery.

As the heart is, so is love to the heart.

Conversation is the ventilation of the heart.

A man may be a great scholar, and yet a great sinner.

Age respects love, but, unlike youth, it respects little the signs of love.

The measure of choosing well is whether a man likes what he has chosen.

Hide not the truth when ye know it, and clothe not the truth with falsehood.

Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

The way to gain a good reputation is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear.

There is no man so great as not to have some littleness more predominant than all his greatness.

Every event that a man would master must be mounted on the run, and no man ever caught the reins of a thought, except as it galloped by him.

There is no vice or folly that requires so much nicety and skill to manage as vanity; nor any which, by ill-management, makes so contemptible a figure.

Restrain thy choler, hearken much and speak little; for the tongue is the instrument of the greatest good and the greatest evil that is done in the world.

Brave heart, arise! Be free from every chain, though it be glittering with gold! Be nobly courageous! Follow the true bride of thy life, even if her name be Sorrow. Let the shell perish, that the pearl may appear.

Opera on Wheels.

A contract was signed by Col. Mapleson and Samuel Carpenter, of the Pennsylvania railroad, in New York, by the terms of which Her Majesty's Opera company is to travel during their tour of the country in a regal manner. A train is furnished for the transportation of the entire company of 246 persons for the trip of 4,000 miles at a cost of $15,000. Of this train Col. Mapleson's private car is new, and fitted up and furnished in the most luxurious manner. It contains a drawing room, sleeping rooms, smoking room, bath room, etc. Externally it is as handsome as painters and gilders can make it, and its central panels on either side bear the inscription: "Her Majesty's Opera Company." To it are attached a kitchen and dining car. Three of the sleeping cars which have been refitted for the trip are named Gerster, Roze and Hank. The entire company will live on the train during their stay in various cities as well as when *en route*. A special car will be reserved for members of the press, several of whom from New York will undertake the entire trip.

A Modern Jack Sheppard.

An old offender was recently escorted over the threshold of the central office, in New York, by detectives King and Lyon, who had caught him strolling about town, seemingly prospecting new fields for the exercise of his art. This sharp-witted mortal was John H. Matthews, who, however, is best known to "flash" circles as "Jack Sheppard." This *sobriquet* he deservedly bears, for few of the cracksmen and light-fingered gentry have such a record as a jail-breaker to exhibit as this Mr. Matthews. His notoriety dates back many a year, and it is the oldest members of the police force who are most familiar with his doings. First he was a robber of low degree, whose exploits were only fitful and trifling; but he improved his opportunities, so to speak, and quickly ripened into a full-fledged burglar. While plying the jimmy he one night fell into the hands of the police and was taken to the central office. He was inside the building, in the very heart of the thief-takers' hive, but Jack was not a bit appalled by official terrors, and he opened his custodians' eyes when they saw him break away, dash through the door, clear the stoop at a jump and go around the corner like a streak. There was a hue and cry, and much hunting and tracking done, but Matthews had cleared away, and not a detective was able to lay hand on him. Then he turned up in the West, and played the mischief with lockups and vigilance committees. He was in a tight place many a time, but his eye was always open to chances, and he somehow managed to wriggle out of trouble.

One day, long after he had shook the dust of the central office from his heels, a detective met him face to face on the Bowery, and Jack had the "nippers" on him in a twinkling. They took him to the Tombs this time, believing that its massive masonry would present a barrier to liberty he would never be able to pierce; but out of it Matthews got in the old way, and his visits to the city have since been irregular and unannounced. He has not indulged in crib-cracking as much of late as he formerly did, but has a process of operating which he himself might be said to have patented, as he has until recently had a monopoly of it. It is for an offense of this kind, committed on the ninth of last July, that he is now in duress. On that date he called upon a truckman named James Lynch, of No. 35 City Hall place, and engaged him to carry off three bales of wool from the corner of Reade street and West Broadway. A number of bales had been left outside the establishment there, and Matthews, on the truck's arrival, superintended the work of removing them with quite an assumption of ownership. Then he took a seat beside Lynch and drove off. By some pretext he induced the other to leave him for a minute and go on message to the top floor of a house they were passing. The man was only a short time out of sight, but before his reappearance Matthews had caught up the reins, lashed the horses into a gallop and disappeared with truck and wool.

Weak Lungs.

The lungs of the human body are more subject to disease than any other vital organ. Coming directly in contact every moment with the poisons floating in the atmosphere, it is not at all wonderful that the delicate tissues should more often than any other organ be the seat of disease. It is a source of gratification that modern science and investigation have proved that the greatest number of lung diseases are curable. In years past nothing has been more common than to hear medical men say: "Oh, he has disease of the lungs, I can do nothing." Post mortem examinations upon a large scale have developed the fact that pulmonary phthisis is common in many cases where it is classed as something else. Numerous cases are recorded where the patient has died of other disease, and the lungs have revealed the old cicatrix perfectly healed and the surrounding tissues restored to health.

Instances are known where even an entire lobe of the lung has been solidified and the balance of the organ continued to do double work, and this with small inconvenience. In a series of examinations made at the hospital of Edinburgh, it was found that the lungs of at least one-third of those who died over forty years of age showed signs of former disease. A series of experiments at the hospital at Paris, of persons dying over sixty years of age, developed the same facts. That consumption is hereditary, no medical man doubts; that, by judicious treatment and by obeying wise laws it can be cured, hardly admits of a question. People who have lung trouble should not get into the habit of believing themselves doomed in consequence of it. Such impression often goes far toward retarding the work of cure. Out-door exercise, pure air, wholesome food, dry and warm clothing, ample protection to the chest and to the feet, and the weak-lunged people have lived, and will often live, to the allotted years of man's life.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

There are in the United States at present 4,500,000 young ideas who are learning how to shoot, and the shooting galleries, commonly known as public schools, have a total endowment of $8,000,000.

Items of Interest

A grate want—Coal.

Always awake—A vessel's track.

A precise flower—The primrose.

A past-time—"My Grandfather's Clock."

The man who pays in advance cannot be trusted.

The day after washing day is one of sad irony.

Spanish women get along with on mantilla 'nother comes.

Mary had a little lamb. It was roasted, and she wanted more.

The electric light is to be used in the streets of Liverpool instead of gas.

A well-fed hog roused up in his sty
And dropped a regretful tear—
"The Beautiful Snow has come," he said,
"And slaying will soon be here."

More timber is used under ground in the Comstock mine than has been employed in the construction of San Francisco.

Souvenir of the exposition by "Cham:" Small gentleman appears in huge hat, which ingulfs him to his shoulders. His wife—But that hat doesn't fit you, my love. He—That's what I told the man; but he showed me his gold medal, the only one awarded for hats, and what could I do?

Between the 1st of May and the 31st of October last, 571,792 strangers stayed in Parisian hotels and lodging-houses, being 46,021 in excess of the visitors to the 1867 exhibition, and 308,774 in excess of last year. Of these, 218,622 were foreigners, of whom 64,044 were English, 23,524 Germans, 21,419 Belgians, 16,417 Italians, 14,550 Americans, 13,284 Swiss, 10,234 Spaniards, and 9,072 Austrians. Thirty-six royal personages came.

The griddlecakes come days have come,
When proud Melinda passes
Her little platelet back for more,
And sops 'em with molasses.
Melinda, proud Melinda Jane,
Desist for mercy's sake!
Else, piling in those griddle-cakes,
You'll get the stomach ache.
And then, Melinda, loaded down
With griddle-cakes, you'd see
That viands doughnut ease the soul—
How waffle that would be!

—*St. Louis Times-Journal.*

The mother of two sons, twins, met, a contemporary relates, one of the brothers in a field one morning. "Which of you two boys am I speaking to?" asked the mother; "is it you, or your brother?" "Why do you ask?" inquired the lad, prudently. "Because, if it is your brother, I will box his ears." "It is not my brother, it is I." "Then your brother is wearing your coat, for yours had a hole in it." "No, mother, I am wearing my own coat." "Good heavens!" cried the mother, looking at him intently, "you are your brother, after all!"

How He Got Away from a Mob.

A Mr. Chase, who had been locked up in a jail by mistake in Wisconsin, tells the following story to the reporter of the Chicago *Telegram:* "I first heard firing outside, and the door was broken in. A rope was put around my neck, the fellow trembling like a dog. I told him not to get excited; there was plenty of them to do the job; if there were but few of them, and several to hang, there might be some occasion for nervousness. I was jerked out in double-quick time. The mob got hold of the rope and jerked me twelve feet before I struck the ground. Some said: 'Say your prayers now.' I said: 'Who is giving me so much wind? Don't get so excited. You have the whole town, and a rope around my neck.' They acted like a lot of boys. If I had been doing the job, I would have done the hanging in the jail. They rushed me off toward some tall pines, and I got the rope off my neck. They then put a hangman's knot about my neck and a stiff noose around my body, and started on a run. I again got free from them. I am fly with a rope. I turned around. The crowd behind were about twenty deep. I pushed them out of my way and got out of the crowd. I kept right on. I did not stop to shake hands with the boys. I would like to have made the acquaintance of the fellows who placed the rope around my neck, but didn't wait for an introduction. A chap fired three shots at me, close range. If I see him again I will buy him some ammunition. He needs practice. I gained on them rapidly, and, jumping over the fence, laid low until the crowd passed. I then jumped back, and did some tall running in the opposite direction, and arrived here early this morning. If I was them fellows" (referring to the mob) "I would go into some back yard and throw mud at myself: The crowd were bound to hang some one last night, and if they had not found me would have hung some of the other prisoners. I don't care about going back there; they are too demonstrative, and make calls at unseasonable hours, and the reception accorded me last night was too lively. I prefer retirement. The sheriff may, as a rule, be a good man to his guests, but I prefer the hospitality shown me here. I am no hog, and don't want so much fuss made over me as they demonstrated there. I am not guilty, and all I ask is a fair shake and speedy trial. If I am convicted and will then be serving my time, and for life, I will get acquainted with my companions the sooner."