

THE TWO ROSES.

Two roses once in my garden grew : The one was brilliant and rich of hue ; Proud of her beauty and perfume rare, She spread her sweets to each passing air ; The other, timid and chaste of mind. Shrank from the kiss of the fickle wind : Proud in the pride of her virtue meek, She veiled the blush on her modest cheek.

Dazed with the glare of her gaudy bloom. Drunk with the breath of her rich perfume, I tended the one with ceaseless care ; I marked the growth of each beauty rare, And dreamed that all on some future day Would own the power of her peerless sway.

At length my flower, that I loved the best, I sought to take and wear on my breast, That won from her parent stem to part. She might rest awhile on my loving heart. But flown was lure of her witching spell, As fluttering to earth her petals feil : Her heart was rotten and dead at the core-And I knew that my foolish dream was o'er.

I saw how poor the full-blown blaze That had charmed my senses and won my praise And I thought at last of the timid flower Which had pined unheeded for cooling shower, But drought unslaked had her life-spring dried So, fading and faded, she drooped and died,

I saw too now, with awakening eyes, How near I had been to my longed-for prize ; One half of the care 1 had spent in vain-Care that had brought me but grief and pain-If spent on the rose that had pined away, Would have reared a flower so chastely gay, That the joy of its countless charms untold My care had repaid a thousand fold.

Ah ! how oft in the toil and strife, The chances and changes which we call life, By slight and neglect in time of need, We kill the flower, and we rear the weed ; Then we see it, and know too late, We blame not ourselves, but curse our fate, For no solace have we on which to lean When we know what we long for might have

-Chambers Journal.

"JUST SO."

I hated Aunt Margery's parrot. Its screaming, croaking voice, its gurgling asides crooned as it sat on its perch, stirred up something in me evil and vindictive. Perhaps I had no natural inclination to

I only walked leisurely along, enjoying my shoes, I slipped softly through the the scene, and wondering to myself if I long, deserted passageway to my own should know Dick should I meet him in room. The door opened with a treacherthe whirlpool, or would he know me. All these faces were strangers' faces. Of all these people not one had any interest for me. The gay scene dimmed for a moment, and for a moment I felt the chill of isolation, as the crowd swept by. I wondered was Dick as lonely, as wistful,

as I. The question was answered by a sudden heart-thrill, for there, lusty and ruddy, stood Dick before me.

I fear I clasped his hand with unnecessary fervor as I said: "Oh, Dick, where did you come from ?"

"Where did you come from ?" responded Dick, sharply.

"I- Well, Richard, I can't stand Aunt Margery any longer-I can't! no, and I've left, Richard. "Left!" echoed Dick, thrusting his hat

back from his forehead, and plunging his two hands deep down in his trousers pockets. There was none of that cheery ingle of small change in them with which Dick was wont to playfully salute my ears. This silence was ominous. "Where to go to?" added Dick, after a

long, portentous pause. "Going to look for business."

"Ah!" "Dick, how you talk! Put your hat on

straight, and walk along. Everybody's looking at us.'

"My dear," says Dick, facetiously, and laughing now and showing his white teeth, "that remark of mine to which you take exception was prompted by the fact that I'm out of a job myself. Suppose I was in a quarrelsome mood after leaving the old lady's, for when Lawyer Gudge set upon me about neglecting the correspondence, copying, and the like slavish business. I turned upon the old brute, and we had a blow-up. I'm out on the world, dear, with a capital of twenty-five cents to be-

gin on. For two homeless waifs that sum was not extensive. I took my purse out of my pocket, never a heavy one at any time; but now-O fate! O evil, careless fate!-a nole revealed itself in the silken tissue through which had slipped noiselessly a nursling of a gold piece which I had cherished there, wrapped in a bit of paper, for a whole twelvemonth. I looked in my friend's face blankly. I was no princess, it seemed, coming to his minded doubtfulness creeping in for a rescue with golden gifts, but an added weight about his neck. "Dick," I faltered, meekly, "I'm in

ous creak that seemed bent to betray me. It appeared an age before I was fairly

within. This was my own pretty, pleasant little room, the shelter where I had so often betaken myself from Aunt Margery's rasping voice and incessant fault-findingwhere I had dreamed day-dreams and revelled in mightly visions. This cherished and familiar little nook had chilled to me in one day's absence. It had given possession to a horde of shadows that, mocking and gesticulating, flitted to and fro in the uncertain light. Perhaps the breezeblown branches of the elmoutside played me this trick; but it confused me strangely, and rendered my search for the watch a long one, till it seemed as if some tricksome self had filched it to distress me. At length, however, my hands touched and grasped the treasure ; the heavy chain glided with snaky coolness through my fingers, and I thrilled from head to foot with a new and strange sensation. For at that very moment I heard the door shut with a snap. This noise in itself was not startling ; no one was likely to hear it save myself; but it announced that I was trapped, a prisoner, snared in my own net; for the door closed with a spring, and I had left the key on the out-

I put my two hands to my head and thought desperately for a moment. There was no possible egress now except through Aunt Margery's room, with which mine was connected by a narrow passage. How could I hope to pass through without waking her? For just one instant I felt like despair. How was I to help Dick now? It must be done, however. I gathered up my courage ; I remembered the indignities I had borne, the needs of my friend, the absolute rightfulness of what I was doing, and, strong in resolution glided across the hall-silently, slowly, lest the ghost of a foot-fall should rouse the vigilant sleepers within. There was something dreadful in this, after all.

STANLEY THE EXPLORER.

LOVE STORY RUNNING FROM NEW YORK THROUGH THE HEART OF AFRICA.

The New York Graphic says :--There are few men to whom life should pparently be so pleasant as Mr. Henry Stanley; there are fewer, however, to whom it seems to be so bitter. All English is ready to do him honor; he has been overwelmed with praise and congratulation; the Queen has received him. Parliament has thanked him; the two great journals for which he has made his explorations have amply rewarded him. But he is sullen, morose, discontented and savage. Mr. Stanley has had a romance; it ended

unhappily for him, and this has soured him to the heart. Before he went upon his second expedition to Africa, he met and fell madly in love with the charming daughter of a weathy citizen of Jewish extraction, whose name is perhaps best known in connection with the erection of an extensive but unfortunate opera house. Mr. Stanley's passion was deep and violent, but he was told that he must wait, and that an immediate marriage was out of the question. He was anxious to win even greater fame and misfortune and lay them at the feet of his beloved.

It was at this moment that the second African expedition was proposed to him; in it he saw the coveted opportunity for distinction and reward, and he eagerly embraced the perilous commission.

Throughout the whole of that terrible journey through the jungles of Africa, amid all his toils, dangers, sickness, and disappointments, he was sustained by the thought of his love, and by the confident hope of receiving the reward which was dearer to him than the applause of the world or the riches of young lady to the most beautiful lake tions-three with a sort of cloth, and Such instances of feminine bravery as

cost too much and take too long to pre- soft voice attuned to her, avocation, pare separate steel-engraved dies for would excite the envy of many city every stamp; so a case-hardened steel die is made, down at the Continental Bank Note Company's, all carefully engraved and cut away to perfection, and then a steel plate softened for the pur- her woolly wards she discovered a fullpose, is by machinery rolled over the die, which leaves its impress every time, until the entire plate is hardened and is ready for use-one for every printing press in the room. These are hand presses, and the cylinder that makes the impression is merely turned by a single whirl of the wheel, obtained by the leverage afforded by the projecting spokes or handles. It is all done in a suprisingly quick way; and there is no 'lost motion" of wheel, cylinder or elbows.

The ink varies according to the kind of stamp. Some of the presses are realize her situation as the aggressor. printing the red 2 cent stamps, some he 3 cent green ones, and others different colors. Two-thirds of all the ring at the end, and this only, made stamps, says the superintendent, are the 3 cent green ones. The "ink," a queer substance in bulk and queerer still when seen on the ink table and deprived him of at least one toothsome roller, is made by the note company, and its secret is theirs. All they know at the printing room is that some kinds have "laundry blue" in them, and that stamps, a peg or two below that, the ferent colored inks are apparently about | unpleasantness," and was moving off. paper ink; but not by all means so to remain, while one girl threw him sticky. The "printer" who brushes off down and he other proceeded to adthe plate the moment before it goes into minister Western justice by searching Golconda. He gave the name of the the press, does it all in six swift mo- for his jugular vein with the knife. the former than buy them, and more

belles, and charm the eye of a connoiseur in search of a sensitive rose to complete the latest work of his easel. Some days since, while looking after grown wolf of the cayote species, and an uncommonly large one, stealthily approaching the flock, when she put her horse to his speed, and the wolf, feeling that his sanitary condition in that locality was very unsatisfactory, the race and chase commenced, over the hills and prairie, neither showing any indication of fatigue, until finally he was compelled to consider himself "run down." Now came the "tug of war," and any one who has ever seen a cavote at bay snapping and snarling, holding his position against a dozen dogs, can Nothing daunted, however, she unbuckled her bridle rein, and with the good her position, and, without alighting from her saddle, she had soon disabled her foe, saved her lambs, and morsel. Then she started out for the

nearest neighbor to the battle ground, nearly two miles distant, for assistance. but found no one at home who could all kinds are made with reference to assist her save another girl, who canceling-to the effect of the dauby mounted another pony, and, armed canceling-stamp used in the post-office. only with a dull knife, these two young For the orange-toned 90 cent stamps girls were soon galloping over the (these are the highest denominations I prairie to save the scalp for which the saw), and also for one of the vermilion | county pays a "royalty" when presented to the proper officer. When materials are imported from Europe, they returned the principal of this Red and mixed in New York. All the Riding Hood escapade had partially others are wholly made here. The dif- recovered from the effects of the "late

the consistency of some styles of news- At this juncture he was again invited

Cariefies.

-A scientist says angle worms do not suffer when put on the book. -It is said that an eucalyptus in the

bed will rid it of mosquitos.

-Generating steam power by the rays of the sun has been successfully tried in India.

-Character gives splendors to youth and awe to wrinkled skin and gray hairs.

-Ennui is a malady for which the only remedy is work; pleasure is only a palliation.

-Fare hard and work hard when you are young, and you will have a chance to rest when you are old.

-Often the shabbiest wallet contains the most money. Never judge a man by the shine on his coat.

-Patience is genius. Patience is power. With time and patience the mulberry leaf becomes satin.

-Heavy clouds often bring softening and fructifying showers, when light ones are empty and page over.

-When men grow virtuous in their old age they are merely making a sacrifice to God of the devil's leavings,

-Look well into thyself ; there is a source which will always spring up if thou wilt always search there.

-If at any time you are pressed to do a thing hastily, be careful; fraud and deceit are always in haste; diffidence is the right eye of prudence.

-James Lambert, the brave Scotchman-Charles Reade's "Hero and Martyr"-died in Glasgow a short time

-Between novels and books of devotion is this difference; that more read buy the latter than read them.

Often when I had been over-wearied at the old farm-house, the sight of mother's hens scratching for a living had irritated me with a sense of overwork. But they at least came honestly by their living. respected them; but this pampered, overfed thing made my flesh crawl as it clung ogling to its perch, or dropped lazily down to pick up a bit of cracker, nibbling thereat with an uncanny chatter.

No: I did not like pets. Aunt Margery did. This ugly foreign favorite had absorbed all her affections, I thought to myself bitterly, as I watched it that morning. She caressed the creature; she spoke to it endearingly; but for her own kith and kin she had nothing but everlasting fault-finding and ceaseless exactions.

A few tears dropped down upon my hands as I sat there. The parrot, blinking down upon me, drew up one skinny claw, scratched its emerald head, and screamed, "Just so!"-a pet phrase which served it to express the most subtle meanings, apparently, and with which it seemed to jeer at my emotion.

This was the third morning I had waited for Dick-poor Dick, light-hearted, high spirited Dick!-who had taken up his cap and left after his last word-battle with Aunt Margery.

This blow had taken the sunshine too utterly out of my life, and there, as I sat at the window, 1 mentally shook my fist at this gibbering thing, so sheltered and favored while he was adrift-where? What would become of Dick? oh, what would become of Dick?

The lad had always had some business in the city that sat lightly upon him, coming and going at his leisure; but now for three whole days his face had not light ened the gloomy house. The longing to back.' know of his welfare, the yearning to see him, had grown intense and intolerable.

And now, rendered irritable and distraught by my anxiety, I had quarreled with Aunt Margery myself-I, to whom the alacrity with which he accepted the her invalid state had hitherto excused so much, who had been her patient nurse so long, and her acknowledged peace-maker between herself and the outspoken, impolite Dick.

I had fallen from my high estate; I was an outcast from favor-not worth so much in Aunt Margery's eyes as this leering old

Well, I need sacrifice myself no longer. I was free to go away. Oh, how useless, how mean and degrading, seemed all that I had submitted to and suffered! It could benefit Dick no more, and, in his absence, dropped its splendid apparel of self-sacrifice, and revealed itself a beggarly and sordid tameness of spirit.

Outside of this narrow groove where I had grubbed and vegetated there was a thrilling, splendid reality of existence. A sort of winged feeling took possession of with a gold coin attached to its heavy me as I contemplated the possibilities of the future.

The parrot put up his elfin claw, blinked at me from the corner of his eye, and cried. loom of the family, the source of endless "Just so!" as he flopped back into his disputes, as I had heard, between the open cage.

From the window where that cage hung I could see the glowing gardens and pleasant lawns stretching below, and in the wistful hazy distance the city seemed to glittering appendages, at her sister's feet. shadow through-the bright busy city, where every one was astir and at work. Dick was there, too, somewhere. Dick did "business" easily and irresponsibly as after my mother's death it hung silent and a bird.

Why should not I do business? I began perhaps a superstitious offering to the to take account of stock-to make a mental | vexed spirit of the departed. estimate of myself. It is surprising, in I had determined to go back without

tending to work for a living." "Of course," was the answer. "Might

I inquire what at?" "You know I can do 'most any thing. Dick."

'Jenny, child," said my companion, looking down upon me benignantly, and stopping short in his walk (Dick always awed me when he assumed this elderbrother aspect)-"Jenny, child, it's a harddriven sort of a world you've put your tiny self into-a place where it's a very hard matter to get a footing, and where, if your foot slips, you're sure to be carried out into deep water.'

Dick's face darkened as he looked at the tide of people.

"Whatever's a fellow to do?" Winding up his discourse thus abruptly, my friend pulled his hat down over his eves, and glowered from under it like a

highwayman. I listened to this talk of Dick's, humili ated and ill at ease. Was I, then, a mere aimless waif-a mere bit of drift-wood afloat in this human torrent? Even Aunt Margery's chafing and chiding were better than this nothingness.

I began to feel very weary. A remembrance of my quiet room and of the blossoming apple bough that hung over the window came to me vision-like.

"Dick," said I, abruptly, "I'm going

"All right, little one," patting me patronizingly on the shoulder; "the very best thing you can do.

"Not to stay, Dick," said I, vexed at proposition. "No; I have an idea in my nead."

"Look so," responded Dick, sententiously.

"Dick, listen to me"-authoritatively "I shall sleep at Nurse Catterby's to night, and if you meet me there I'll have something to help you "

"My darling!" cried Dick: but I repelled this later exhibition of affection.

"Put me in the cars, my friend; I'm hungry, you know, but there's no time to

In my feminine fertility of resource felt myself infinitely superior to this helpless, good-hearted lump of a Dick, and I nodded my head to him gayly at parting, without thought of failure.

In my room at Aunt Margery's there hung a grand old-fashioned time-keeper chain, and a big seal wherein glowed a ruby. Secretly I regarded this as my own, for it had once been my mother's, an heir-

grasping elder sister and the younger. My mother was of a high spirit, and Dick. finally, in a fit of utter weariness and vexation, flung the watch, with all its

Aunt Margery had never returned itthat was not her way-but it had never been wound up since that day, and long shining in the room devoted to my use-

fool?"

This strange advent among familiar things ward to the handsome boat in which he that look on the intruder with sinister eves is not a desirable experience. made a part of his exploration-the Lady Alice. At length the source of the True, I was on a mission of mercy; but this fact failed to support me as I stood Congo was found; the great deed was poised on my aunt's door sill. A weakaccomplished; and Stanley returned with a proud and happy heart to the moment paralyzed my activity. This coast. At Zanzibar a packet of letters bauble had been in Aunt Margery's poswas awaiting him, and he hastened to session for years. Was it mine? was open them, hoping to find some mesit hers? The "sacred rights of property" sage of love and affection from the I had heard talked of so often : were my mistress of his soul. A fatal blow mother's sacred, or my aunt's ? Ah ! what struck him. One of the letters conwould become of all the property in the tained the intelligence that Miss Alice world if rightfully divided ? Would then -had been married several months. Dick go out starving and houseless from Aunt Margery's surplus of luxury? Dan-From that moment Stanley was a changed man. His delight in life was gerous speculations, but brief. I swept wholly lost. His natural good humor them all aside like cobwebs. Never and buoyancy of spirit gave place to should I desert Dick in his time of need. Stepping on tiptoe in my unshod feet, 1 long fits of melancholy, alternated with violent outbursts of petulance and anessaved to convoy my beating heart as tar as possible from the high oldfashioned bed-This, however, was Mr. Stanley's

stead. It almost seemed Aunt Margery might hear it in her sleep. The low night lamp sent a thin thread of light across the second love affair. He had experienced a previous disappointment, but it had floor ; it rested on the heavy drapery fesnot deeply wounded him. Chancing to tooned to the ceiling, which gave this be on the island of Crete, he saw from couch an awful dignity in my old childish days. And there, just opposite it, I stood transfixed. There lay Aunt Margery, with eyes wide open, looking out at me. I returned the gaze steadily, fro zenly. I know not how long we might have regarded each other thus, but the parrot, in his covered cage within, croaked uneasily. Aunt Margery turned sleepily on her pillow. "You are late, Jenny," she said querulously. "What

kept you so, child ? Hand me the camphor yonder, my head aches dreadfully. I handed the camphor silently, and of habit proceeded to bathe her hands and forehead as usual, and then came the usual innumerable orders. A little warm water from the bath room, and a little mixture from the medicine chest. Her pillows needed adjusting, her lamp needed trimming, and thus was I chained to her side a prisoner, with that doubtful time-

in the morning, discouraged and hopeless, he would drift away somewhere out of my reach. I hardly dared think of this contingency. To let go my hold on Dick was to give up my hold on life. Utterly exhausted with the long watching, I fell asleep at last, the heavy sleep of youth

and weariness. I was aroused from this dreamless slumber by a sudden loud crash, a rapping and tearing at the window.

Aunt Margery started up aghast 'Robbers !" she exclaimed, clutching my arm. But there never could have been so bungling a robber as this. I stood up and faced the intruder with wide-staring eyes. "All right !" said a loud, cheery voice.

"Why, bless my heart, auntic, I beg your pardon. But, Jenny girl, I've been walking the road till I couldn't stand it any longer. Thought you'd been robbed. or waylaid, or something-"

Propped up on her elbow among the pillows, Aunt Margery looked out majestically and interrupted this tirade. "Richard," said she, "are you a

'Couldn't exactly state to-night auntie.

which he discovered, as he gave it after- three to (conclude) with his bare hand. this are rarely met with, even on the roller made of Canton flannel. The printers are paid by the hundred.

> not find out, but it ought to be good so zealously. wages, for they "worked like beavers." There is no idling or play in that room -nor anywhere else in this busy establishment. The blank paper, all numbered, is charged to the printers to whom it is delivered, and the plates are also numbered and charged to them. When not in actual use the plates are kept carefully locked up in the safea little room in itself.

OVER TWO MILLION STAMPS & DAY.

Each of these eleven presses turns out 1,200 sheets a day, or 7,200 a week. Each sheet contains 200, and as they are delivered to the postmasters only in sheets of 100 it follows that each sheet must be cut right through the middle. This is done by hand. A girl,

with a long pair of shears, cuts them as his window a Greek maiden in the garaccurately as a ruled line, showingden of the opposite house, and at once what a good eye and rapid hand can do. felt that his fate was sealed. She was There is no room in the crowded sheet about fifteen years old, and Mr. Stanley for any error, and the girls make none. has since declared that never before One girl whom I watched for a while, nor since has he beheld so sweet and cut 50 sheets a minute-11,000 a day beautiful a creature. He at once sought It was a silent cut, cut, cut-from out the American Consul and revealed morning to night-working as if her to him the state of his heart. The life depended upon it. She sits at her Consul, who had himself married a work. The girls are all busy at a va-Greek lady, bade him not despair; took riety of processes in the preparation of him forthwith to the house of his the stamps, all of which require a deliinamorata and presented him to her cacy of touch as well as swiftness, and mother, who was a widow. Stanley their wages average \$8 a week, or a litcould speak no Greek; the mother no tle over. English; the Consul was the interpreter.

From the printing room and the dry-He did his work so well that at the end ing room (the latter an insufferably hot dry figs, and began his own frugal reof an hour the maiden was sent for. place where the sheets are placed in Stanley was forbidden even to touch frames on drying racks) they go to the her hand; but he conversed with her gumming room-which is also a drying room; but not hot-the drying being aided by revolving fans affixed to a shaft, which send their influence through lofty piles of the gummed sheets in frames. The gum used is not gum arabic - that would in drying cause the sheets to curl and crack-but is simply a kind of potato starch. It is made I believe in Providence. A girl swiftly adjusts the edges of a heap of The morning of the wedding arrived: printed sheets so as to slide them all Stanley was dressed for the ceremony into place while she deftly daubs them at a single stroke with the mucilaginous substance, which she applies with a single motion of a wide brush. This is the substance you lick "tomake it stick" on the letter you drop in the post-office. The sheets are dried in wooden frames.

much a year to the mother, so much to After the gumming and drying, the stamps, in sheets, are flattened out and made smooth by being subjected to the persuasive power of a hydraulic press, the force being 450 tons. They are put in thin boards, which divide the several packages. And after they come out counting. Let one of these damsels make a mistake, even of a single sheet,

that lost sheep is found. If he doesn't

The operation, for deftness and celerity, | frontier, and when a young girl peris like one of Heller's, the magician. | forms such an act as this it is certainly The ink is rolled over the plate with a worthy of commendation, as it was regarded as only a simple duty by her, and as a protection due to the flock of

Precisely how much they earn I could mutton and beauty she had cared for -----

CATCHING LIONS.

HOW FIVE WERE CAPTURED FOR PARIS THEATRE.

A correspondent writing from Paris SAVS.

Macomo, a large, powerful negro of Central Africa, had been informed of the nightly presence of a lion in his neighborhood. He lost no time in piness. arming himself with a long cutlass, and, dragging a young ox after him, arrived at the appointed place. At the usual hour his majesty appeared. The trio saw one another as in broad day.

The lion gave utterance to a deep, significant growl, looked from the man to the ox and flourished his great tail. Macomo remained perfectly quiet for an instant, then suddenly plunging his cutlass into the ox, he raised him in his vigorous arms and threw him at the lion's feet. The wild beast made a bound, sprang upon the bleeding body, caressing it for a moment as a cat does a mouse, and then, giving expression to stifled growls of joy, he drank the blood and crushed the bones. And Macomo-what was he doing all this time? Seated quietly a few steps from his guest, he opened a little sack from which he took a bit of corn-bread and

past. When his hunger began to be satisfied the lion raised his head and looked at the man. Their eyes met. Those of the lion were filled with surprise. Those of the man were calm and smiling. The lion returned to his supper. When he was completely satisfied he rose. Macomo did likewise. The lion made three or four steps toward Macomo, who remained motionless, and seemed to say: "This belongs to me." Macomo bowed. A last glance, friendly this time, and the lion quietly went his way, leaving Macomo to return to

his home. On the following evening, at the same hour, the African returned to the place of meeting, where the half-devoured carcass still lay, and shortly afterwardthe lion made his appearance, but not alone this time. As the hunter had foreseen, he came accompanied by family and friends. They were four in number-two lions, a lioness and lion's whelps,

The repast was served, but not as on the previous evening, in the open air. Macomo had built an arbor, covered with vines, banana and palm leaves, and into this pretty dining-room his

ford, Conn., a man of some means but guest entered fearlessly. Then crawlclouded intellect, who for the last ing noiselessly within reach of a hidden thirty years had done nothing-his spring, Macomo touched it, and his considerable means allowing him to four lions suddenly found themselves live in leisure-but walk up and down imprisoned in a strong iron cage, whose the streets, removing carefully from the sidewalks all stray pieces of orange peel and banana skin. In early life his lady love broke her leg by slipping on a piece of orange peel, and eventually died from the effects of the accident. This affected his mind and led to his unselfish occupation for the rest of his life. There is a field in Cleveland for some one with a similar life-purpose. -Some years ago, Sir John Herschel made the following calculation : "For the benefit of those who discuss the subjects of population, war, pestilence, famine, &c., it may be as well to mention that the number of human beings living at the end of the 100th generation, commencing with a single pair, doubling it at each generation (say in thirty years), and allowing for each man, woman and child an average space of four feet in height and one foot square, would form a vertical column, having for its base the whole surface of the earth and sea spread out into a plane, and for its height 3,674 times the sun's distance from the amount to 460,790,000,000,000.

-No man should be punished for his crimes who was trained to crime from his childhood. As well blame the young jockey for his bowlegs.

-There is no merit where there is no trial; and, till experience stamps the mark of strength, cowards may pass for heroes, faith for falsehood.

-Sorrows gather around souls as storms do around mountains; but, like them, they break the storm and purify the air of the plains beneath them.

-Alas! if the principles are not within us, the height of station and worldly grandeur will as soon add a cubit to a man's stature as to his hap-

-In a recent trial-in England it came out that economical band-leaders were in the habit of imposing "dummy violins" upon the managers whom moon was at its full and the strange they had contracted to furnish with musicians at so much a head. The dummy violin is played with a greased bow by a man who knows nothing of

music, and renders no audible sound.

-An extremely simple method of testing the genuineness of diamonds is given in a letter to the London Times : If the specimen is immersed in water, should it be a diamond it will sparkle with almost undiminished light and brilliancy of color; but if it be spurious, whether paste or rock crystal, the fire " of the jewel will be completely quenched.

-Edelweiss, the precious Alpine blossom, for which every tourist in Switzerland strains his eyes and sprains his knees, is not so sensitive a plant but that it can be transplanted to Engand and forced to bloom. In 1876 a young lady carried a plant from the

Rigi to the island and confided it to a gardener in Cranford, who has succeeded in making it bloom this spring.

-In a Pennsylvania town an owl took possession of a box in which a pair of martins were building their nest, and, when they returned at night, would not let them enter. The martins flew away and soon returned with a looking once more at his ox, which whole army of companions, who went was but partially devoured, his eyes | to work and plastered the entrance to the box tightly with mud. When the box was opened, a few days later, the owl was found dead.

> -When Waterloo bridge was built over the Thames, sixty years ago, the masonry was taken only two feet below the bed of the river, and started on piles. The river is now eight feet deeper than it was then, and the wooden crutches appear to have suffered from undermining, and are now considered unequal to support the superstructure above. The engineers recommend that the wooden pier be fenced round with wrought iron caissons filled with concrete till the whole is a solid mass, which, it is stated, will render the bridge perfectly safe.

-There died a few days ago at Hart-

that he was worth nothing and could The confounded sash !" And there stood not pay; the brothers looked daggers, the interpreter frowned, and the scene closed by the arrival of the Consul, who with difficulty got Stanley out of the clutches of his tormentors and shipped him off to Athens. He did not see his beautiful Greecian maiden again.

> ----POSTAGE STAMPS.

THE PROCESS OF MAKING THEM - AN INTERESTING DESCRIPTION.

and was awaiting the happy, moment, There entered to him three Greeks, whom he had not seen before, and an interpreter. They were introduced as the brothers of the bride, and they produced a parchment which the intrepreter explained. It was a deed of settlement, binding Stauley to pay so

each brother, and so much to his wife, and to plank down the first instalments on the spot. In vain Stanley explained

SMOOTHED AND COUNTED.

they are taken out and counted again by girls seated at tables, who also swiftly adjust them in even heaps while and she necessarily discovers it on the final footings and adjustments. Then there is a careful going over all these weary piles-thousand of sheets-till

bars had been hidden beneat

with his eyes, and they soon understood piece in my pocket, and my brain dizzy each other well. At the end of a week he with schemes for escape. Oh, what was an excepted lover. At the end of a would Dick think of me, recreant that I fortnight the day for the wedding arrived. was in his time of trial ?- poor Dick. All this while he had seen the young watching vainly all this time at Kate Catlady once a day, always in the presence terby's cabin, or wandering on the road. of her mother. On the day before the mayhap, all the long nightfall, meditatwedding he had been permitted for the ing on the faithlessness of woman ; then first time to take her hand and to imprint upon it a chaste salute.

this commercial valuation of one s self, being seen, if possible, and get this watch, how percentages shrink. A little hazy knowledge of history, a little nebulous would approve, to aid myself and my acquaintance with general literature, a friend in our sore need.

light touch upon the piano-all these things look painfully threadbare on examination, like stage properties seen by daylight, I could not settle upon any specialty in which I was preseminent. I must leave my future to fate, and I did so with the

delightful insouicance of youth. So the early dawn found me at the gar-

den gate, face to face with the kindling morning, the garden quiet and odorous. telt a sort of sinking at the heart not quite view.

It was with a beating heart, notwithin accordance with my enterprise. But standing my bravery, that I took the key the bustle about the depot, and all the of the side door from my pocket, and sights and sounds of travel, speedily entered the familiar domicle at night-fall dispelled my grief, and once in the cars, like a shadow. my spirits rose to the occasion. It was easy enough to obtain access to

Oh, I would do something, be somethe inner part of the house from here, for thing yet! and I nibbled a bit of cake, by way of breakfast, care-free and happy and confident.

and I was not likely to meet any servant at this time in the evening. I remem-The city was quite inspiring as I entered it-so delightfully active and bustling that it took my breath. People were coming and going purposeful and businessful; everybody seemed to have his eye on time

Haven't time to analyze. I only came to appropriating it, as I felt sure my mother look after Jenny. She's all right, it seems, so I'll bid you good-night. The ride seemed a long one; the road "Dick," said the invalid, shaking her long forefinger at him authoritatively, wound about in a manner I had never observed before, with a persistent dodging

most of the doors were carelessly latched,

"you'll stay just where you are. I can't do without Jenny I find ; she can't do | counted, and the number marked by a at the end, that gave me ample time for revolving ways and means for carrying without you, it appears."

"Of course not," said Dick, deliber-ately taking a chair. "I always was an out my scheme, till finally the moon shone out on the last evolution; and leaving the cars I trudged on afoot until the sentinel appendage of Jnny's you know, and poplars guarding Aunt Margery's gate shall be for the rest of my natural life. with their long black shadows came in I'm afraid."

"Just so !" screamed the parrot, one bright sunny morning, as I stepped down stairs in a floating bridal veil, and with my mother's watch in my girdle, Aunt Margery's wedding gift. Dick was waiting for me below, with beaming face and arms outstretched.

-Sir Henry Thompson, the famous brought forward as a candidate for the

bered a certain wide window-sill in the University of London at the next elechall, groping toward which I sat down to tion. If he stands, it will be at the rest myself, with a curiously scared and audacious expedition. Then, removing | claims,

The process of making postage stamps for the government, as seen at an es-

described by a recent visitor. After the paper is "wet down," as the printers say-every hundred sheets being

projecting tag-it is taken up to the printers. Each sheet is of the right size for making 200 stamps, of the ordinary size. Curiously enough, none of

the gentlemen of whom I inquired seemed to know what paper mill makes the paper; but it is made especially for

the purpose. The printing-room is crowded with hand presses used for printing the stamps; no fewer than eleven presses being in operation. Each press has three persons in attendanceone to "tend press," one to ink the plate, and one - the "printer" - to forms nfay be seen dotting the surface | than to treat him as Lucas was treated brush off all the ink (in a wonderfully and rendering it the beautiful scene by his seven lions in the last days of surgeon and artist, will probably be swift and dextrous way), from the surface as soon as it is put on.

The reason of this, which would oth- and one of his daughters, Mary Belle erwise be a piece of self-stultification, is | Loy, barely fourteen years of age, is the hunted feeling, which had not entered special instance of the medical profes- that the stamps are "counter-sunk," or shepherdess, whose rosy cheeks, sun- employed in English coal mines in earth." The column of human strata some goal ahead to be reached in a given into my calculations when I planned this sion and as representative of their cut in, and the ink is not wanted above burnt face and graceful form, as she 1877, 30,141 less than in 1876, and thus piled one on the other would them, on the plane surface. It would | mounts her pony, who kno wswell the 1,208, or 1 in 400, died by accident.

turn up then the piles are turned around, leaves. Friends were near at hand to and gone through with from the edge aid in removing the four lions upon a tablishment in New York city, is thus on the side, not the opposite edge-and lo, the delinquent is probably found to have got turued under, and so did not report at muster, for the count is done at the edges. A GALLANT HUNTRESS.

> HOW A KANSAS SHEPHERD GIRL DIS-ABLED & CAYOTE AND DISPATCHED HIM.

A correspondent writing from Eureka Kansas, says:

Five miles from this city lives a prosperous farmer named Robert Loy, who is engaged in raising sheep, having a large flock, which range at large over the hills and prairie, where their white intended. His "boys are all girls," to pieces.

cart, and they were about to commence their work when they perceived a new lioness, crouched down upon the sand licking her whelps between the iron bars. When the men raised the cage upon the cart she looked at them beseechingly, and when they all marched on she followed at a short distance with drooping head and tearful eyes And thus it is that we have five lions

instead of four at the Theatre Porte Saint Martin, five terrible, ferocious beasts, ready to revolt at any moment, and, although Macomo enters their cage and dominates them to a certain extent, they have not forgiven him for taking advantage of their confidence in him, and would ask nothing better which nature with her lavish hand has the old Hippodrome-simply tear him

-Upward of 494,391 persons were