The sure to give us a trial before enulracing with

THE WASHER AT THE WELL. A BRETON LEGEND. Nigh a league to the castle still :

Twelve! tooms the bell from the old clock-tower Now, brave mare, for the stretch up the hill, Then just a gallop of half an hour, Half an bour, and home and rest? Is she watching for him on the oriel stair,

Or cradling the babe on her silken breast In the hush of the drowsy chamber there? Holad steady agood Bonnthelle 100 111 77 1 11 Seared at the wind, or the owlet's flight? Ha! what sties by the Washing Welt?

Who goes there at the dead of night: Over the stream relow the slope, Where the women wash their webs at noon, A form like a shadow seems to grope, Doubtful under the doubtful moon.

Good mother, your task is late and lone. or 1 4 All goes well at the castle? say ! Not a word speaks the withered crone. Gray as a ghost in the moonlight gray

Stone-still over the running stream, Steadily, swiffly, round and round, Plying her web through gloom and glean Out and in, with never a sound-

Slowly, slowly she turns about;

Never a sound save the blasted oak That shakes in the wind, and the bubbling well; This is no face of the peasant-folk !-With the sign of the cross he bars the spell.

On the creeping horror that chokes his breath As slowly she draws the linen out, And fashions its folds in gaise of death-Long and loose, like a winding-sheet

So sharp he pulls at the bridle-rein The mare stands straight on her trembling feet Before she cowers to the ground again, Now he knows, with a shudder of dread, The Ghost of the Well he has looked upon

Washing the shroud for some one dead-Some one dear to him, dead and gone Well and washer and funeral-pall Swim under his sight in pale eclipse

The good God send that the shroud be small !-He bites the words in his bloodless tips. Over the lonely moor alone, Praying a prayer for the dearest life,

Child or wife : is it child or wife? Over the threshold and up the stair, And into the hush of the deathly room. To a motionless form in the midnight there

Stiffing a cry for the dead unknown,

And the babe on her bosom-child and wife! Child and wife ! and his journey done." Hark ! overhead, with a sullen strife, The bell in the old clock-tower booms-One!

CHANG-HOW AND ANARKY.

KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

"Gret Beezle !"

A dismayed silence while Anarky, our cook-black as night, eyes set square in her head, that head set level on her stout black shoulders-walked around the Chinese youth my husband had brought home as an experiment in our domestic life-around the Chinese youth with his wiry frame and insinuating stoop of the shoulders, and a smile of neutral tint lying placid but wary on his buff counte-

"Lordy-mussy!" quoth Anarky. An other vehement, aggressive pause on her part, a silence observant and self-defensive on his. "Name o'Satan, Mis' Maud "This is to be your fellow servant,

Anarky.' "Gret Beezle! Wish I may die ef didn't think it wor a yaller rat !" "Anarky, I am ashamed of you! What should Mr. Smith want with a yellow

"Thought he bought it at de sukus in New York, an gif to you like he did dat monkey. Ef it ain't no rat, an' ain't a monkey, name o'Satan, what kin it be? 'Tain't a 'ooman, for all dem gret long sleeves: you know dat yo'se'f. An 'tain't like no man as eber I seed. What dat hangin' on to its head? An' what matter wid its eyes, sot crank-sided right 'ginst its nose, kickin' up der heels, pintin' ebry way for Sunday-one en' uv um ez sharp as a 'nittin'-needle, an' tudder en'

ez roun' ez a marble?" Chang-how sent one eye skirmishing in my direction, and the other toward Anarky, and the same deprecatory vet wary smile rested like moonlight on his

"That will do, Anarky," said I. "I wish you to understand that this is to be your fellow-servant. You will cook and wash as usual. Chang-how will attend in the dining-room, and do I don't know yet exactly what else; but I wish you to be kind to him, remembering that he is a stranger in a strange land, Also, I will have no further remarks on his personal

Silenced by authority, but unmoved by my eloquence, Anarky made another tour with the despairing, silent venom of one of inspection-silently raised the end of Chang-how's queue, disgustedly let it fall, and went to the door. There she stopped and looked at him again. "Good Lord?" said she under her breath by way of parting salute.

The look of mild unconcern that had rested on Chang how's features was rippled by a quaint, cunning smile, and for the first time he cast a quick glance full at her, then stood again with folded hands, calm, submissive, apparently unobser-

Seeing the antagonism that was likely to exist between them, I myself showed Chang-how and his bundle to the room he was to occupy, and in a short time he emerged clad in a neat white jacket, his queue deftly bound around his head, ready for business.

The fellow was exceedingly bright and quick, and, though he never seemed to be silence. Then she sounded a note of "takin' notes," nothing escaped his observation. He learned our ways in an incredibly short time, and when those ways did not come in conflict with any habit previously formed he adapted himself to previously formed he adapted himself to them at once; but woe to any pet notion that interfered with Chang's preconceived ideas! That notion had to go to the wall. However, that has nothing to do here.

Whether Chang how had been 'takin' notes" was a debatable point, but that somebody was taking everything takable on the premises soon became a self evident proposition; and this was uncomfortable for more reasons than one. Mr. Smith and I almost quarrelled about it. He would not believe it to be Chang-how, and I was determined it should not be Anarky. Said he, "Anarky is taking advantage of the popular idea that the me that Chang-now might assist Anarky in the laundry, thus affording her an opportunity for greater display in the culimary department; so I called him up: Chinese are invariably dis-

"Now, who ever heard anything like that?" I interrupted. "What does An arky know about the popular idea concerning the Chinese? About as much as I should know if you were to talk to me about the Tentante idiom for mezzotinted phonetics.

"You have convinced me, my dear, that Chang how is the guilty party; but the idea I meant to convey before you knocked me down with those big words

was this-that Anarky, knowing what people think of the Chinese, indulges her lishonest yearnings, believing we shall suppose the thief to be Chang-bow." //

But I know it isn't Anarky, because Anarky always had a blundering, awkward, above-board way of stealing that made it only taking things, and she was always getting caught; and Chang how always manages not to be found out. And I know it is Chang how; I know it by that. It shows he is used to it."

Mr. Smith laughed. "It does ! and I know it is Chang-how and it isn't Anarky." Then Mr. Smith laughed again, and said women were born to be lawyers. Chang how would come to me the was dining-room servant, you remember): Evly one spoonee no come homee. V'

"How you mean, Chang-how ? Where "All no light : all longee. Spoonee go

Oh, but you must find them, Chang how. How many go?" "Four spoonee. "But they are solid silver! You really must find them."

"You tell where lookee, I go lookee. "I am sure I don't know were you are to look. And two forks were missing arky. last week !" I stared reflectively at a June-bug on

folded hands and drooping shoulders, a will give you almost anything you seraphic calm upon his features, as of one who had stood upon the burning deck when all but he had fled. Evidently he had done his duty. I was so impressed with this fact, and that the responsibility, if not the guilt, was now mine, that I simply said, "Go set the table then, Chang-how. Mr. Smith will have to tell us what to do when he comes home." Exit Chang.

Enter Anarky: "Mis' Maud, how many hank'chers you sent out dis week?" "Twenty-three, I believe." "An' now I am't got but nineteen.

You see dat? How many socks for Mas' "Six or seven, I suppose. Why?" "You see dat again? Ain't but fo' par

lef! Ef I don't beat him, shoze I'm a nigger !" 'Your Mas' Jim?' I asked, smiling. Tain't nobody but dat yaller varmint dat's stealin' roun' de lot .- Lor' ! Lor' ! ef I jes' could cotch him !"

Anarky, while we are talking about little better about the biscuit and-well, the eggs, and-and a good many little things of the kind. I am sure we have an abundance of everything, and it mortifies me exceedingly not to have it at table. Haven't you and Chang everything you want, and as much?"

"We gets more'n 'nuff. An' what goes outen de kitchen goes correc'. Whar dey lands 'tween dar an' de din' room don't nobody know but dat yaller dorg. I misses things cornstant—things dat I ain't took my eyes off 'em, 'cep' ter wink ; an', bless de Lord! while I wor a winkin' de lard done took to its heels or de flour flewed away "

The next evening, when Chang brought in supper, Anarky walked by his side in solemn state, empty handed, dignified. watchful. He appeared totally unconscious of his escort, and I made no re-mark; but Mr. Smith sent him into the hall on an errand, and during his absence Anarky rose to explain: "Which you see all dem biskit, Mis' Maud?" Yes; I am glad we are getting all right

again, Anarky. 'Well, I got dat many me' in de ub'

now-jes' like I use ter hab "fo' dat-Here an appalling idea seemed to strike her. "War dat Chow-chow nigger? she exclaimed, and made a dash toward the door. As she reached it Chang-how quietly glided in and handed Mr. Smith he paper he had gone for.

The next moment a sound came from the kitchen-something between a howl and a roar-and following in its wake came Anarky. Almost inarticulate with rage, she shook her brawny fist in Changhow's face. 'You good-fur-nuthin' yal-ler houn'!" she exclaimed. Mr. Smith wheeled around on his

chair and looked at her in stern surprise.

Chang-how stood his ground and gazed at her with the unruffled calm of a full moon beaming o'er a raging sea. She turned to us, trembling with excitement: "Well, ef dat ain't de beatinest trick et ebber I 'seed! Think dat yaller houn' ain't stole de biskit outen de ub'n? An', 'fo' Gord! I didn't know he'd been out o' here long 'nuff for a dog to snap at a fly! Ef you aint't de oudaiwho felt herself a pauper in words, a verbal failure, a wretched creature who in

Chang-how's hands were folded, and his eyes rested dreamily on the floor. Evidently, he was contentedly rolling tealeaves in his native land.

the supreme hour of trial was proving

herself the wrong person in the wrong

Suspiciously regarding the abnormal appearance of Chang-how's neat white jacket, I forbore to rebuke my sable favorite, but Mr. Smith, not having observed the little protuberances which had attracted my attention toward his more delicately-tinted protege, said with decision, "Go to the kitchen, Anarky, and send in supper or bring it yourself; and make haste about it,'

Anarky turned again to Chang-how and pieces! Yo' mammy won't want what'll be left uv you, 'cos' 'twon't be wuf

berryin' !" "Shut upee! to much jawee," Chang-how benignly, and dreamed again of his native land. But for three days nothing was missing in Anarky's department, and so far Chang-how escaped with unbroken bones.

On the evening of the fourth day I re-ceived a letter announcing the coming of visitors, and it unfortunately occurred to me that Chang-how might assist Anarky nary department; so I called him up; 'You washeeman, Chang how?"

"Oh yes, I washee all light," said Chang, "You help Anarky iron to-day I give "All light! How muchee?"

"No washee one dollar," said Chang.

"One dollar." "Two dollar." "One dollar."

"No washee at all, then."

"One dollar ap."

"Nor a dollar and a half : I get other

washee,"
"Melican man no washee ap."
"Oh yes. Melican woman suit me."
"All light! I washee one dollar."
"Very well, As soon, then, as you leave the dining room go to the laundry. And, Chang, no make cook cross."
"Cook to much tarkee: cookee bad

Deen galte" field fotad A" Chang-how will assist you in the ironing other language, he makes a capital to-day, so that you can get through clerk for himself, when he ought to do quickly; and show my friends some of the thinking of the business. In other your best cooking, Anarky. I do hope— cases what is done is not done either at What Shang-doodle know bout i'unin ?' asked Anarky sulkity. with cheerful faith; "and I do hope you will try to get on nicely with him this time. You know what the Bible says

about brothers dwelling together in unity, and all that? "Chang-jaw ain't none o' my brudder, an' I ain't none o' his'n," resisted An-

"Oh yes, we are all brothers; and if you will only be Chang how's long the window-sill. Chang-how stood with enough to get through with the ironing, I want. "Gimme a nigger all day long," said Anarky: "I fa'rly hates a Chince an' a

> "Try it to day, though, Anarky, for my sake," said I persuasively; and she consented, though sulkily enough. Hearing Chang-how coming, I seated myself on the stairway leading into the laundry, curious to see how they would

Orrisher.

Anarky pointed authoritatively to a heap of dried linen. "Sprinkle dem ar cloze," said she to Chang. "I'm gwine out in de yard to git what's on de line." While she was gone, Chang-how, as it the manner of his people, filled his mouth | mate!" As she caught sight of Chang-how moistening the linen with water from his mouth she stopped : she staggered, her basket fell to the floor, and, stooping down, she it, I-I really wish you would manage a threw her hands above her head, then brought them down again with a violent slap on her knees. Good Lor' ! come down," said she, "an look at dat valler houn' a-spittin' on Mis-Mand's cloze.- I got you now ! Can't nobody blame me fur beatin' you 'bout

> Then she flew at him, and what a scene it was ! She, black, brawny, of immense physical power-he, lithe, sinewy, supple as a panther. It was a spectacle! First one, then the other, seemed to have the advantage. She would catch him in her powerful grasp, and, lifting him off his feet, swing him in the air as if about to slam him to his final resting place, when by some inexplicable manœuvre he would writhe from between her fingers or wriggle himself to the back of her neck and mash her nose flat against her breast as if bent on suffocating her or breaking her neck. In a moment she would reach back with both hands and pull him over her head very much as men doff a shirt. Likely as not, Chang came down with his heels in the air, and at it they would go again. Presently she was tripped, and fell with a violence that should have broken every bone in her body, but before Chang-how could pursue his advantage she had wheeled on her side, wound his queue halfway up her arm and had her knee on his breast.

"Good for you, An-! I mean, aren't you ashamed of yourself? Stop! for Heaven's sake, stop! You might kill

As well have spoken to the winds And as they became more terribly in earnest I began to scream for help Stop, Anarky ! (Murder ! murder !)-Here, Chang, take the poker. (Muu-u-r-der D Great Heaven! don't hit her with it ! Stop, Chang-how ! (Murd-e-r! Oh, mercy! somebody come!) —Here, Anarky, take the pota (Mur—d - r - rr!—, to masher—and—don kill (M - u - r—der!—kill him—with it, unless he kills you first .- Oh, mercy mercy! I don't know what else to give you all to keep you from killing (Mar-der!-killing each other with.-Anarky! you are breaking his neck!-Here's a

flatiron, Chang! (Murder! Fire! fire This brought the neighbors and the neighbors' children, and their neighbors and their neighbors' children, and finally a forlors policeman, who marched Anarky to the magistrate's office and left Chang to do up his pigtail at leisure, and reflect how often he had sinned and gone unwhipt of justice, and now, in the hour of peace and in the act of duty, retribution had deliberately sought him out, and found him and disposed of him as afore

It seems that Anarky went quietly enough to the magistrate, who gave her the choice between going to jail and depositing five dollars as security for her appearance next morning for examination. Not having five dollars to deposit, she was allowed an hour in which to seek some one who would go bail for her. At the end of that time she- returned to the office panting, exhausted, wiping the perspiration from her face with her blue cot-

elbows, she replied with contempt. "I ain't been arter no bail : I dun been home an' finish beatin' de lites outen dat yaller houn'. Dat all de bail I wants! Which ef ennybody's lookin' fur him, dey kin fin' his pigtail, an' maybe a piece uv his head a stickin' to it, hin' de chick'n coop at Mas' Jim's Now kyar me to jail an' lemme res'. I boun' he don't spit on no mo' cloze I got ter han'le !"

ACTIVITY NOT ENERGY.

There are some men whose failure to succeed in life is a problem to others,

their fortance! They have forgotted the first evolution which had made that misdirected labor is but a waste of activity. The person who would sucored is like a marksman firing at a tar-"Cook to much talkee! cookee cookee cookee cookee cross per. "Well, you no make cookee cross per. haps I give you more money be a set of friends, who, though always active, has this want of energy. The distemper, if we may call it such, exhibits itself in various ways. In some cases the man has merely an executive capacity when Going to the hamdry, I said to Anacky the should have a directive one; in the right time or in the right way. Energy, correctly anderstood, is activity proportioned to the end.

A THRILLING STORY.

The following incident actually ocarred on board of a British frigate, and was communicated to the writer, several years ago, by an old man-ofwar's man:

A timid boy, about fourteen years of age, hesitated to go aloft, but by the captain's orders, was forcibly put in the main rigging, and then a boatswain's mate was commanded to lash him like a dog until be learned to run aloft. The poor fellow's legs and arms trem-bled, he grasped the shrouds, he cried, he prayed the inhuman captain for God's sake to have mercy on him; but all in vain. The boatswain's mate was ordered to lay on harder, and harder, regardless of the boy's piercing screams, which made even veteran seamen turn from the brutal scene with disgust. His clothes were rent from his back, the blood followed the lash, and still the tyrant roared out, "Lay on, boatswain's afterwards, that the attack of the ma-

with water, and was blowing it in a fine | With one wild scream he sprang from spray over the linen when Anarky ap- under the lash, and bounded up the peared in the doorway, a basket of clothes rigging with amazing rapidity. He on her head, her kauckles on her him, doubled the futtock rigging like a cat, passed up the topmast and topgallant rigging with undiminished speed, shinned the unrattled royal rigging, and perched bimself like a bird alongside of the penmant which streamed from the masthead. Here he paused, looking fearlessly upon the deck below. All hands came up to see him-his cries and cruel treatment bad already enlisted their sympathy, and, if possible, had inceased their hatred of the cap-

The monster was smiling complacently at the success of his experiment he was one of those tyrants who boasted that the cat, properly applied, could make men do anything. Still he was apprehensive that the boy might destroy himself, and the circumstances be used against him at the Admiralty, where he knew representations of his cruelty had already been made. The men gazed in silence, looking first at the boy and then at the captain, who was seated near the taffrail. They dared not to be seen speaking to one another-it was a flogging offence; even at night spies passed under their hammocks to ascertain if they whispered. The officers walked the lee side of the quarter-deck, occasionally casting their eves aloft, but were as silent as the men. Still the boy clung to the masthead, playing with the pennant, apparently unconscious of the interest he excited below. Tired with gazing aloft, the captain sung out through the speaking trumpet, "Down from aloft!

Down! ing his arms out, gave a wild laughing ing to see the boy dashed in pieces on royal stay towards the foretop-gallant chatter like a monkey, as if enjoying convulsions, staining it with the blood which still trickled from his back. He was a maniac. The surgeon's skill in the course of a few weeks restored his bodily health, but not his reason.

From that time forward he was fearless. In the darkest night, the flercest gale, he would scamper along the deck like a dog, and bound aloft with a speed which no one on board could equal. He would run over the yards without holding, pass from mast to mast on the stays, ascend and descend by the leeches of the sails, and run upon the studding sail booms. He was as nimble as a cat, and had forgotten fear. Some of the light duties aloft he learned to discharge in company with them-he did as they did, but could not be trusted to ways obeyed without hesitation. At the command, "Away aloft," he was Calmly turning down the sleeves that off, and never paused until he reached had been rolled above her shining black the masthead. As he was harmless and rarely spoke, the captain kept him on board, and, in the course of a year, strength increased with his years, but his bulk and height remained nearly the same at eighteen as when he be-

came a maniac. His ribs, breast and back seemed one case of bone, and his sinews and muscles made his legs and arms appear like pillared columns. He was fair, with light blue eyes and delicate skin; his face oval and full, but void of expression-neither love, fear, revenge nor as well as to themselves. They are in- pleasure could be traced to its stolid dustrious, prudent and economical; yet outline. His eyes stared at everything after a long life of striving, old age without appearing to see, and, when he finds them still poor. They complain spoke, there was rarely any meaning of ill-luck. They say fate is always in his words. He followed the men in against them. But the fact is that they their various duties like a dog follow-

him a maniac. As the sailor's story runs, the ship arrived at Plymonth to be docked and get; if his shots intes the mark, they refitted. The captain, availing himself of France, and Charles XV., of Sweden, are a waste of powder. So in the great of the leisure, was going to be married, game of life, what a man does must be and the news was communicated by his made to count, are it might almost as servant to the cook, who soon circulated well have been deft undone. Every- it on the berth-deck among the men, of the leisure, was going to be married, as instances. The latter's request of

who cursed him and all his kin. His servant came on board of the hulk where the men were lodged, the evening when the captain was to be married. Crazy Joe (the name the boy was known by) met him at the gangway, of the scathing satire which Edward and asked intelligently if the captain Axon, a Swedish writer, had on that would be married that evening and where? The servant gave him the information he desired, and went about

That night, while the captain was fair lady, on me," said Crazy Joe, "but do not scream, or I will kill you, Look on me. I hold within my grasp a devil, who delights in cruelty-a merciless fiend who has scourged the backs of hundreds of brave men-a ruffian who has robbed me of my reason; I hold him within the grasp of death, at the very moment his black soul thought itself within the reach of bliss. Monster! look upon your ladythink a moment of the heaven of earthly joy almost within your reach-then think of me, poor Crazy Joe! and of the hell to which I send you! Die,

wretch, die !" When the alarm was given, the strangled body of the captain was found laving alongside of the bridal bed; but the maniac who killed him was never recognized afterwards. He belonged to Cornwall, and probably found shelter from pursuit in the mines until the excitment passed away. The lady stated at the time, and many years niac was so sudden and silent that she knew nothing of it until the curtains were pushed aside and she felt the pressure of the captain's body bent over the edge of the bed. Joe held his victim around the neck with the right hand, and turned him from side to side as easily as if he had been a child, while the foretinger and thum of the left hand grasped her own throat, ready to extinguish her life if she attempted to raise an alarm. His face was pale and deathlike, his eyes started, but were motionless, and every word he uttered seemed to issue from the very depths of his soul. The captain's looks were terrible beyond description -death left the impress of ferocity upon his darkened features. How the maniac entered or left the room she never knew; his departure was as noiseless as his entrance. So paralyzed was she with fear, that an hour elapsed before she could muster courage to call for help; but she thanked God, when the captain's cruel character became generally known ashore, that she had been rescued from his alliance. - London Nautical Magazine.

ARGUING WITH A KING.

I sojourned in the beautiful Queen of the Mælar, Stockholm, a few weeks last summer. One day I took a trip across the little channel which separates the city from that splendid place of recreaation. Djurgarden, a park where such lights of genius as Bellman, Lidner, Kjellgren, and others-all clustering around that dilettante King, Gustavus III., 80 to 90 years ago-were wont to spend their leisure hours in taking a social glass; which, by the way, was the absolute ruin of the, in all respects, The boy sprang upon the truck at a limmoderate tragic poet Bengt Lidner. bound, and raising himself erect, waved Here the quick-witted Bellman improhis cap around his head; then, stretch, t vised both words and music to a number of his popular lays, and here stands scream, and threw himself forward. his bust. Well, in company with a The captain jumped to his feet, expect- friend, I went over to the Garden of Animals (Djurgarden) in a little steamboat, deck; but when clear of the shade of the | took a long stroll about the magnificent sails, he saw him sliding along the main | place, admiring its splendid villas, its fine roads, its grand trees, its fragrant masthead, and heard him laugh and land bracing air. A very attractive looking restaurant was too tempting a the sport. He reached the masthead scene to pass by on a hot day, so in we in safety, and then descended along the stepped, ordering some refreshments, top-gallant backstay hand-over-hand. and were waited upon by a beautiful The captain looked at him, and was and polite young lady, who could speak about to speak, but could not find a little broken English. After a while words. The boy frothed at the mouth two other gentlemen entered, one of and nose; his eyes seemed starting out whom attracted my attention on acof his head; he rolled upon the deck in count of his great height and distinguished air. They also ordered refreshments, meanwhile keeping up a very animated conversation. Suddenly the tall man turned around and fixed his dark eyes on me.

"Are you an Englishman, sir ?" he asked with a strong Swedish accent. "No, sir : I am a citizen of the United

"Ah! Is that so? I heard you speak-I have always admired the United

"I am very glad to hear you say so, much said in behalf of the Great Renited States for the last few years." Human nature is the same the world

"In this I beg leave to differ with you," said I. Here I called for another bottle of claret, inviting the two strangers to partake, which they accepted with thanks. Resuming the conversation, I expressed my innate pointing out and vehemently deormous salaries which the over-burand Princesses: how the system created things essentially different, they have supposed that if they were always busy they would be certain to be advancing to statically a boatswain's proper to fire a carriage, and there should street to fine a carriage, and there is to be grading the people in their own self-supposed that if they were always busy they would be certain to be advancing to statically a boatswain's grading the people in their own self-situation for a dyspeptic, we should never paused until he had performed family." I also emphasized with con-

siderable vigor the extravagance and licentiousness so common among said personages, referring to the cases of Catharine II, of Russia; Louis XV. Parliament to grant a dower of 200,000 crowns to his daughter, Louisa, at her marriage with a Danish Prince, some nine years ago, while the country suffered from famine, and the poor Swedes in America were sending relief across the ocean, I stamped as an act of inoccasion addressed to Charles XV.

After listening to my arguments a few moments more, the two strangers. bade me adieu, the tall one remarking ; "I should be glad to see you again and dragged to the bridal bed. "Look, For the present my business calls me

away. "Do you know that tall gentleman?" I asked the waiter girl, after they had

The girl smiled. "Indeed I do, sir. He is Oscar II., King of Sweden."-Correspondence Chicago Inter-Ocean.

the wide with MIS. THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

The great wall of China was measured in many places by Mr. Unthank, an survey for a Chinese railway. His their conduct, measurements give a height of eighteen feet and a width on the top of fifteen feet. Every few hundred yards there is a tower twenty-four feet square and supply in assumption. from twenty to twenty-five feet high, The foundation of the wall is of solid granite. Mr. Unthank brought with supposed to have been made two hundred years before the time of Christ. In building this immense stone fence never attempted to avoid mountains or tanks and are killed after being sold, chasms to save expense. For thirteen hundred miles the wall goes over plain foundation is in solid granite, and the rest of the structure is solid masonry. In some places the wall is built up larger streams the wall runs to the pulse, which sees but maid water's edge, and a tower is built on each side. On the top of the wall there are breastworks, defences facing in and out, so that the defending forces can pass from one tower to another without being exposed to the enemy from either side. To calculate the time of building, or the cost of this ancient or modern times of which there is any trace. The Pyramids of Egypt are nothing compared to it.

SINGING IN THE FAMILY.

Cultivate singing in the family. Be gin when the child is not yet three years old. The songs and hymns your mother sang, bring them all back to and supposed to be his nearest living memory, and teach them to your little ones; mix them all together, to meet in Washington, and has recently had the similar moods, as in after life they ber furniture attached by a landlord for come over us somysteriously sometimes. Many a time and oft, in the very whirl of business, in the sunshine and gayety of the streets, and amid the splendor of the drives in a park, some little thing wakes up the memories of early youth the old mill, the cool spring, the shady tree by the little schoolhouseand the next instant we almost see again the ruddy cheeks, the smiling faces, and the merry eyes of the schoolmates, some gray-headed now, most "lie mouldering in the grave." And "the song your mother sang" springs unbidden to the lips, and soothes and sweetens all these memories. At other times, amid the crushing mishaps of business, a merry ditty of the olden time pops up its little head, breaks in upon the ugly train of thought, throws the mind into another channel; light breaks in from behind the clouds in the sky, and new courage is given to us. The honest man goes singing to his work, and when the day's labor is done, his tools laid aside, and he is on his way home, where wife and child, and tidy table, and cheerful fireside await him, he can not but whistle or sing.

MARRIAGE.

Perhaps nothing shows the existence of the Divine idea in marriage so much as its incomprehensible mystery, which all those who enter it, save the most frivolous and thoughtless, are obliged to recognize, feeling themselves as much and nine great-grandchildren, and no surrounded by it as if they lived among ing English. Well, so much the better. the great, primeval agencies that first set the world going-for to all it seems as strange as if they were the first and only opes, and they were at a loss to replied. "In a monarchy like Swe- explain it or penetrate the meaning of den one could hardly expect to hear the deep and sacred enigma. They understood a mother's love for the public, except it be from the working | flesh of her flesh in her children, a classes; but even they seem to be going | child's love for the visible providence do anything himself. One order he al- back on her now on account of the of its father; but who is to comprehend hard times which have prevailed in the | the love of the husband, who, arrived "Well Sir," (the six-foot-and-four- formed, his course marked out, meets inches-tall stranger kept up the conver- one who, in scarcely more than an insations in English, although occasion- stant; becomes more to him than father ally with apparent difficulty,) "that's or mother, sister or brother, or all the sent him afoft for amusement. His just what I have always expected. world-in short, on whose presence the happiness of the world hinges? And over, and a working man stands as who shall comprehend the devotion of good a chance and is as much respected the wife, who, if need were, would die in a monarchy as in a republic."

-A Cincinnati man is responsible for the following: Some years ago at the funeral of a friend, I was seated in a carriage with a person who in face carried all the habiliments of woe. 1 hatred to the monarchical system, was not aware he was acquainted with the deceased. I became inquisitive, nouncing, among other things, the en- | Says I, "Are you a relation " "No. " "A friend?" "No." In Yankee tiquities of the Euphrates Valley. It dened people had to pay those parasites fashion, I said, "Why attend his fuof society called Kings, Queens, Dukes neral, and look so sad?" He said, to leave England during next spring, "In fact, I am troubled with dyspepsia. miscarry because they mistake mere ing his master. Whenever he was an absurd, imaginary distinction be- My doctor advised me to ride. I am contributions, the Government having activity for energy. Confounding two struck or startled by a boatswain's tween the ruled, de- too poor to hire a carriage, and there- refused its aid. The organization for

Varieties.

—What pupil is most to be pitied?— The pupil of the eye, because it is always under the lash, here began

When the world has once god bold of a lie, it is astonishing how hard it is to get it out of the world.

-Austria has forbidden the circulation within her territory of all German socialistic newspapers, and pathon of

-The German army to to ass the telephone. It' is to be especially serviceable on the outposts, with land

-Georgia has 25% miles of railroad completed and in operation or about one mile of road to 488 inhabitants. The Sultan of Turkey is diliged to

have 265 suits of clothes tu a year; be al never wears the same garments builte. -Life is a state of embryo, a preparation for life. A man is not completely born until he has passed through

-An Ottawa (Can.) Alderming was attacked by a bear. The Alderman recovered from the fight, the bear it was that died.

-Heaven exercises men with trials, holds in its hands the issues of things, American engineer, lately engaged in a and determines men's lot according to

-None are more apparently valiant than the coward when freed from danger. What is lost in reality finds a

-Prince Bismarck is becoming very corpulent. When weighed recently im a brick from the wall, which is at Kissengen, in Germany, he pulled up two hundred and forty pounds: -German and Austrian law forbids

the sale of dead fish. The fish are to keep out the Tartars, the builders brought from the sea and river in -There is a proposition to found a new conservatory in Paris for declama-

tion and for teaching actors and ac-

tresses separating this brauch from that of the musical profession. smooth against the bank, or canons, or . . . Opinion should guide in public afprecipices, where there is a sheer fairs, not feeling. Opinion is grounded descent of a thousand feet. Small on circumstances, on observation, and streams are arched over, but on the on reflection. Feeling acts from im-

-Frances Alice Flintoff, the California Giantess, is dead. She was fortyfour, stood six feet six inches, was a native of New York, and lad travelled with Lee & Marshall's Circus.

- The sale of Marshal Bazaine's work on his "Escape from Fort St. wall, is beyond human skill. So far as Marguerite," is interdicted in France. the magnitude of the work is con- A number of the pampfilets were recerned, it surpasses everything in cently seized on the Pyrenean frontier. A lad of considerable local celebrity

at Augusta, Ga., is a one-armed boy

named Theodore Johnson, who, though

he has but one arm, is an expert swimmer and has saved four persons from -Mrs. Fanny Washington Finch, the great-grand-niece of Washington, relative, is keeping a boarding house

rent. -A Hartford (Conn.) lawyer, assigned to defend a thief at the Superior Court in 1873, received then no pay for his services, but has just received from New Zealand a letter from the thief asking for his definite address in order

to pay him, -Mr. Lockyer, the English astronomer, while staying at Lake View, near Buffalo, witnessed a water-spout, It : was of remarkable dimensions and very complete, It traversed about two miles of Lake Erie before burstage, and was

in full view all the time. -Dr. J. S. Myer, of Virginia City, Nevada, has rediscovered a lost Egyptian art. He tempers copper tools to a more lasting cutting edge than steel tools will hold, similar to that of the copper implements with which the stone for the Pyramids was cut.

-A new species of tea shrub resomoling that which grows in China, has been discovered in Armenia, near Trebizond. The peasants pick the leaves and dry them in the sun, and large quantities have been sent to Persia, where the new product is highly appreciated.

Mr. Reuben Peterson, of Duxbury Mass., aged 87 years, and wife, aged 84, have been married sixty years; have had seven children, four sons and three daughters; also twelve grandchildren death has ever occurred among their

-Two little fellows found a loaded revolver on a window sill in a house in Chester county, and one of them began snapping it at the other. Two chambers were not loaded, but the third contained a bullet, which was sent into the fleshy part of one of the lad's arms, inflicting a painful wound.

-They are at this moment the unrecedented number of thirty-three ironclads in commission in the British navy, besides many unarmored frigates and corvettes of recent construction.-Of the ironclads in commission fourteen are in the Mediterranean with Admirals Hornby and Lord John Hay.

-One of Gilbert Stuart's Portraits of Washington has been presented to the Maryland Historical Society. It was originally painted for the late Solomon Etting, of Baltimore, and was given to the Society by his daughter, who was present on a number of occasions while the artist was performing his work. -A project is afoot for the thorough

and systematic exploration of the anthe funds for which are to be raised by