AUTUMN DAYS.

Today, across her pensive face Sad nature draws a veil of mist, As if to hide the palid cheeks And whiten'd lips that Death has kiss'd

And Summer lies with folded hands; Her happy, sunny tasks are done; The paths she trod are sere and brown; The leaves are dead her fair hands hung.

The sun looks like a golden moon; His strength wanes with the waning year, mournful whisper in the uir Doth tell us of the dark days near,

O saddest days of all the days, You do beget a thoughtful mood; The leatless trees, the barren fields, Teach lessons easily understood.

But, as I gaze upon the scene, Behold! the golden butterflies Rise from the stubble, bare and brown, And secm to pierce the misty skies.

And so I hope, when comes to us The dreary Autumn-time of life, When from our souls the chains are loos'd, So may we soar from toil and strife

When death doth kiss our palid lips, May we e'en like the butterfiles, Find wings on which to soar from Earth, Until, like them we reach the Skies

SPECTER ON HORSEBACK.

The Fiery Torch that Startles a Westchester Valley.

New York Mercury.

The descendants of the ancient Dutch settlers of Sleepy Hollow are exercised over the pranks of a modern "Hessian horseman," whose mysterious vagaries are not unworthy the hero of Mr. Knickerbocker's chronicle. This sequestered valley begins at the intersection of the Croton Aqueduct with the Bedford road, in north Tarrytown, and extends northerly about two or three miles. Its very heart lies between the southern extremity of the valley and an ancient mill pond, from which ice is collected in winter The highway between these two points 18 very undulating, but not hilly, and in length about one and a quarter miles.

A few weeks since, between nine and ten o'clock on a very dark night, the clatter of hoofs was heard along the valley road from the south. The few who peered through the windows expecting to see a runaway horse, caught a glimpse of what seemed to be

A BLAZING HAND OF FIRE,

Borne by an undefined figure on horse back, which went flashing past with the speed of a locomotive and eventually disappeared in the direction of Hart's icepond. After a brief interval the clatter of hoofs was once more heard, and as the thunder echoes rolled among the hills the flaming light burst again into view, apparition swept by into the and the darkness with the same speed as before. Those favored with the best advantages of eye-sight and position say that the goblin or horsewas of remarkable speed, and in no respect bore resemblance to the human form. What seemed shoulders it had, but no head, except that a hideous face rested on its front, or-if the figure had been that of a man-in the place where the chest ought to be. From the supposed shoulders streamed a low mass of shagginess like to the

TERRIBLE MANE OF A BUFFALO BULL. Then out of and above this spectral figure rose a burning torch, which cast a lurid glare on surrounding objects and left behind it an odor generally thought to savor of sulphur, but by a few to smell something like kerosene. Nearly a week had passed by before the mounted apparition put in an appearance. The subject began to be even a little stale among the honest burgres of the Hollow, when suddenly one evening, about the same hour as before, he came again on the scene. This time he advanced from the direction of the ice-pond, and on reaching the house of Mrs. William Karl he wheeled at a short angle, cleared the front picket fence at a bound.

SHOT AROUND THE HOUSE.

ever, an agreement having been reached, the boldest spirits of the valley met ev ery night in the "chabod Crane schoolhouse, where they lurked in the darkness, well-armed with hay forks, which they judged to be the most effective weapon for the event in hand. The plan was to watch for the torch, and as it drew near the party were to rush out, sieze the horse's bridle or form a cordon around him, and thus find out what THIS TERRIBLE SPHINX WAS LIKE.

After a few nights' watching the headless horseman was described bearing down upon the school-house with slackened speed, as if to fall more easily into the trap set for him. The determined band instantly darted out, formed a line across the road and firmly clasped hands. They had scarcely taken position when the demon horseman seemed to rise in his stirrups swing his torch rapidly in the air and put spurs in his steed. In two bounds the powerful animal reached the serried array of pitchforks, vaulted high over their points and vanished in the surrounding gloom. As he went over the specter hurled his blazing torch full at the heads of his now terrified opponents, with bird shot on his retreating form. More amazed than ever, the discomfited party separated for the night, steadfastly resolving to fight it out on that or some other line, if it took all summer. But happily since then nothing has been heard of the headless horseman, through the Hollowites en masse are prepared to give him a warm reception.

Our Contributions from the Meteors.

Real estate owners will not build up any hopes of an increase of their property from moteoric contributions, after read ing the views of Proctor, the astronomer, on the subject. In an article on "meteor dust," in the Gentlemen's Mayazine, after citing abundant authority to show that such dust is constantly settling on the earth's surface, he savs:

"I have no doubt that the earth has, in remote past ages, received no small portion of her present mass from the interplanetary spaces; but I certainly have never maintained that the meteoric matter now continually falling must, in the lapse of ages accumulate in such a degree as materially to contribute to the matter of the earth's crust. I do not believe that in the lapse of ages, using that expression to signify many thousands of years, the hundrdeth part of an inch can be added in this way to the earth's di-ameter. I do not think that in a thousand millions of years the earth's diameter can be increased a single foot in this way. (And certainly such an increase can hardly be properly described as a material contribution to the thickness of the earth's crust.) For, as I have already mentioned. taking the highest estimate of the number of meteors of all orders which fall yearly upon the earth-or rather, which enter her atmosphere-and the greatest average weight which can be attributed to each. it is certain that not more than one ounce of matter is added to each square mile of the earth's surface per annum. Now, in a square mile there are (nearly enough) about 1,500,000 square yards. So that even if the supply of meeoric matter showed no signs of exhaustion during the next few millions of years, not more than a pound's weight of matter would be added to the earth s surface in the course of the next twenty-four millions of years, or roughly about three stones' weight to each square yard in the course of a thousand million of years. Now, this amount of matter spread over a square yard would form a layer of very small thickness, even if the greater part of the matter were no denser than pumice stone. If of the density of water, 42 pounds of such matter would have a volume equal to that enclosed within a fourgallon vessel. Or the matter may be put thus: A cubic foot of water weighs as nearly as possible 1,000 ounces, and as

belonging to this brooch was composed of a large pear-shaped sapphire weighing sixty carats, and set in diamonds. The whole collection of jewels belonging to ble women. Speaking of the demi-this one family worth over \$2,000,000! monde's craze over the matter, recalls a this one family worth over \$3,000,000! monde's craze over the matter, recalls a "There is no such sapphire as that largest little incident. Last week I was called one," continued my informant, "even mong the crown jewels of Russia. I furnished myself two very fine ones to the Empress, each weighing sixty carats, but they do not compare with this mag-nificent gem." The gentleman who spoke was well qualified to give an opin-ion, as he is one of the few diamond merchants in the world and is measured merchants in the world, and is moreover noted expert. He it is who was recent y sent for by the Russian government to go to St. Petersburg to make a full estimate of the value of the crown jewels, and he furnishes whatever ornaments in precious stone are purchased by the members of the Imperial family.

THE LATEST FOLLY.

How Women Tattoo Their Legs-The Way It is Done in Philadelphia.

The item which was published in the

London Times, and which was ginerally copied in this country, relative to the elopement of the the daughter of a nobleman, in which occurred the sentence, "She can be fully identified by a cross tattooed on the right leg, just below the knee," has served to call out in this country, from the press, a general condemnaof the practice which was known to be largely indulged in by English and French

In order to learn whether the tattooing was carried on to any great ex ent in this city, an item reporter made a tour of discovery, in which he was very successful. Among the first visited was a young physician, who said: "The leg mark reterred to in reference to the eloping young damsel, would be a poor means of identity in this country, for I know of a number of young ladies in this city who have their limbs decorated in a similar manner. During my brief time of practice I can say that I have met with very many cases. Two young wives whom I attended recently had crosses tattooed on their limbs, and one young lady of whom I know had the initials of her favorite suitor pierced in the skin just above the ankle. A young practitionor said he had met with many cases lately. Among the most favorite devices are serpents with their tails in their mouths, forming a ring, which are tattooed in just above the knee."

Among the demi monde he had seen "any number of cases," He stated that most of the female tattooing was performed at the house of the patron, by a woman whose name he did not know. He was of the opion that tattooing would spread like wild-fire since that phragraph about the young English woman had appeared

Being anxious to gain all the information possible relative to this barbaric custom, an item reporter started out in search of the woman referred to, who was finally found in an unpretentious but neat house in the vicinity of 6th and Callowhill streets. A ring at the bell brought a colored servant to the door, and a scribe was invited to a seat in the parlor, while his card was taken up stairs.

Five minutes afterward, a pleasantfaced lady attired in plain silk, unrelieved by adornments of any kind, entered the parlor and smilingly extended her hand, the fingers of which were black with india ink. After stating his business, the lady, after some hesitation, consented to talk on the subject, providing her name was

now I have more than I can attend to." "I do not know how

Artist-The demi-monde. Lately they have become almost crazy over it. Still I shall be only too happy to comply. I should like to know the exact minute at I have quite a practice among respecta-"2:27."

"I. ah___"

and take a beerf"

"Hoop la!" shouted Mr. Johnson as he

Mr. Gilfillan snid nothing, and while

THE LOST BABIES.

Both of us are bent and aged— Backward, mother, let us look. This is still the same old homestead Where I brought you long ago, When the kair was bright with sunshing

Come, my wife, put down the Bible, Lay your glasses on the book; Both of us are bent and aged...

When the bair was bright with sur That is now like Winter's snow. Let us talk about the bables, As we sit here all alone, Such a merry troop of youngsters; How we lost them one by one.

And the form reclining there— Would you think that brilliant lady Could be your own little Clare?

I can bere him prattle now-Such a strong and stordy fellow, With his broad and honest brow,

How he used to love his mother!" Ah! I see your trembling lip; He is far off on the water,

Captain of a reyal ship. See the bronze upon his forehead, Here the voice of stern command;

That's the boy that cluug so fondly To his mother's gentle hand?

Ah! my wife, we've lost the babies.

Ours so long, and ours alone: What are we to these great people. Stately men and women grown? Seldom do we ever see them;

Yes, a bitter tear-drop starts, And we sit here in the fire-light,

Lonely hearth and lonely hearts. All their lives are full without us;

They'll stop long enough, one day. Just to lay us in the church-yard, Then they'll each go on their way.

Young and Old.

MORE CHILD-WIT.

A little boy was asked if he had a good

"No, said he. "but I have a

"Good enough; now don't you think upon by one of them to tattoo the name the doctor may have poisoned her?" "I never thought of that." of a well-known politician on her limb, which I did. The next day another "Well, it may not be so. In fact I am woman of the same class called for the sure she died a natural death, but if you same purpose. I remarked to her the cocould kick up a fuss about it, and get the matter noised around in the newspapers, incidence. Turning around in the chair, she said: "If any other woman bears it would build up the doctor's business his name tattoo it on the bottom of my and give you a reputation upon which foot, so that I may express my contempt you could lecture. I know it's kind of for him.' mean for a man to make an advertising Reporter .- What are your charges. medium of his wife's remains, but busi-

Artist-They are arranged from \$5 to \$25, and for more elaborate designs as high as \$50. Most of my customers, however, are of the \$5 class, for which ness is business." got out on the stoop; "won't you come

sum I will tattoo crosses, monegrams and circles. After declining an offer to tattoo his watching his eccentric friend the latter name on his arm, the reporter withdrew, said: "I have won \$10 on your wite. I thoroughly satisfied that the rumors of bet she'd kerflummix before 3 a. m. the practice of this art were not without Now, if there is any dispute about the record, will you back me up with 2:27? toundation - Philadelphia Item.

But by this sime the bereaved widower How a Woman Brought a Ship to had vanished within the melancholy Port. shades of his home.

Brief mention has been made of the voyage of the ship Templar which reached San Francisco after a voyage of 325 days from this port, during which the persons on board had desperate contest with the yellow fever. The following particulars of the voyage are given by the San Fran-cisco *Ohronels*: "When the Templer sailed Capatin Armstrong was accompanied by his wife and daughter, the latter a beautiful and accomplished young lady, well known in New York. Captain Armstrong is known to "deep sea" sailors as one of the most skilful masters that ever skipped a ship' out of New York harbor. The attachment between father and

Jack the first of all the party. Came to us one Winter's night; Jack, you said, should be a parson, Long before he saw the light. Do you see that great cathedral, Filled, the transept and the nave Here the organ grandly pealing, Watch the silken hanging wave; See the priest in robes of office, With the altar at his back.-Would you think that gifted preacher Could be our own little Jack? Then a cid with way. daughter was, in this instance, all the stronger because of the infrequency of the meeting between the bronzed sea-dog and his beautiful child. Perhaps it was the result of the affection that Miss Armstrong, who was admired in society for her bearing and accomplishments, was a Then, a girl with curiy tresses Used to climb upon my knee, Like a little fairy princess, Ruling at the age of three. With the years there came a wedding— How your fond heart swelled with pride, When the lord of all the country Chose your baby for his bride! Watch that stately carriage coming, And the form reclining there skilled mathematician, and theoretically as good a navigator as her father away on the high seas. After the sailing of the already sorely sticken Templar from Rio for San Francisco, the yellow fever attacked one-half the crew, together with Captain Armstrong, his wife and daughter. Most of those of the crew attacked, and the captain's wife, died, and were hastily slipped by the frightened remainder of the ship's compliment into the sea. Then. the last, a blue eyed youngster-Captain Armstrong, after the crisis of the

fever had passed and he remained alive, lay during all the weary weeks of the funeral cruise, between life and death, and utterly unable to grasp the terrible situation or command what should be done. The first mate had escaped the terrible malady. He was an experienced and brave officer, but his heat failed him at last, as, with his captain helpless below, seaman after seaman was leaded and plunged forever into the dreary waste of waters. At last he gave orders that the

ship should be headed for the mouth of the Rio de le Plata. "Miss Armstrong had been attacked by the dread disease, but she had lived through it, and, though still as weak and helpless in body as her father in the adacent berth, her heart was stout, and she resolved that the ship commanded by her father should sail its cruise into the ha bor of San Francisco. Convalescent according to medical theory, but still in fact helplessly weak in body, she gathered from the conversation of those who attended upon her the design of the mate to reach the nearest port. She obtained

Somebody has been hunting for the "Footprints of Vanished Races." He her father's consent to command the ship, might look in the sawdust after the close and uy her orders the first mate was reof a go-as-you please tramp match.- N.O. lieved of his command and the second Picayune. mate put in his place. The second mate

memory.

good forgetency."

A little boy once stood gazing thou

bushest And I know the old hen that laid it. I'm just going to put it back in the nest and make her finish it !! Lord Cokebuin was seated one day on

the hillside of Bonally with a Scotch shepherd, and observing the sheep reposing in the coldest situation, he observed to him, "Join, if I were a sheep I would lie on the other side of the hill." 'the shepherd answered, "Ay, my lord, out if ye had been a sheep ye wad have had mair sense "

A friend of the writer, who resides in a hilly district, was one day not long ago walking out with her little nepnew, a child of seven. They observed a strong little pony drawing its load vigorously and quickly up an incline. At length Harry asked: "How is it, auntie, that ponies can go faster than horses?" Then he paused a moment, and answered himself, "I think I know-they haven't so much of themselves to carry !'

A talkative girl often annoyed her mother by making remarks about visitors that came to the house. On one occesion a gentleman, whose nose had been by some accident flattened to his face, was expected. The mother cautioned her daughter beforehand to say nothing about this pecularity. Imagine her consternation when the little one exclaimed in the gentleman's presence: "Ma! you told me not to say anything about Mr. Smith's nose: why, he hasn't got any !"

Children will sometimes add to their usual prayers, petitions for something they particularly desire. A very little boy, who lived with his sunt, had very often been told by her of the fine time coming when he should be big enough to go to school and carry his dinner in a little basket on his arm. One night, when he had finished "Now I lay me down to sleep," etc., Eddie asked his aunt to teach him the "big prayer." She accordingly said "Our Father" for him, stopping very often that he might repeat. When she said "Give us this day our daily bread," Eddie drawled out, halfasleep, "Give us 'is day, our daily bread, and a b-a-s-t-e-t, too."

A little girl one day said to her moth-A little girl one day said to her moth-er: "Papa calls me good, auntie calls me good, and everyone calls me good; but I am not good." "I am very sorry," said the mother. "So am I," said the child; "but I have got a very naughty think." "A naughty what!" "My think is naughty inside of me." And on her mother inquiring what she meant, she said: "Why, when I could not ride yes-terday, I did not cry nor anything; but when you was gone I wished the carriage would turn over and the horses would run away, and everything bad. Nobody knew it; but God knew it, and He can-not call me good. Tell me, mamma, how can I be good inside of me?" Another friend very recently overheard

the following dialogue, the speakers being her little daughter, Maggie, about four years old, and her little son, Wilfred, two and a half. Master Wilfred had nervously requested his sister to go with him into another room for some purpose, the room in question being at the time unoccupied. This proposition not meeting with Miss Maggie's approval as she was otherwise engaged, she promptly said: "There are no lions there, and there are no tigers there; go by yourself, Wilfred. And beside," she added, "you will not be by yourself: Jesus Christ will be there." "Will he?' queried httle Wilfred; and apparently satisfied he went alone on his expedition.

The Reason of His Glumness

He was down on one of the East River wharves, sitting on a string piece, tanning himself with a bit of shingle, and calmly but deliberately eating an apple. "You seem rather out of sorts, my friend," said an elderly man, with a Moody and Sankey smile.

"Well, yes," replied the man

not published. "I have to maintain much secrecy,"

said the lady, "for many of my patrons belong to the best families."

In answer to the query whether the practice was increasing, the lady said: "A year or so ago business was dull, but

And back into the highway again, and out of sight before the family, who were sitting on the perch, could recover their senses. On this occasion the goblin continued to swerve from thestraight, meteroic course of his first visit, and swept down the valley in a zig-zag direction, through barn-yards, gardens and pickle patches. regardless alike of the dismay occasioned on all sides among the people and poul-

try. Mr. George S. Rice is a farmer who resides about a mile distant from the main road, on the westerly side of the valley. His dwelling is embowered in trees, principally evergreens, so that the view is much obstructed on all sides. On this special evening his family and some friends were sitting on the front porch. engaged in conversation, when the

HEAD LIGHT OF THE SPECTRAL HORSEMAN Flashed on their astonished vision, as his steed skipped over a side gate and thundered across one end of the piazza, taking the airection of the barn-yard, where he put to flight a herd of kine, and then going over a six foot gate was soon out of sight Mr. Rice's man Patrick was in the act of milking a cow, and in the tumult which followed he was stretched prone on his back. Partially recovering his senses, and grasping his milking-pail convulsively, he fled into the barn, under the impression that he ought to run somewhere, and was soon afterward found by Mr. Rice reclining on the hay, much shaken bodily and mentally.

"What did it look like?" asked Mr. Rice.

"The loikes of it, is it?" asked Pat. "Bedad, I reckoned me time had ceme. Whin that big lanthern went whizzin' through the yard I thought a mateor had milkin' the red-faced cow just then, and powers! it did lape the finces nately," ad-ded Pat.

And so it went for two weeks longer. On some dark night the prankish rider would perhaps be discovered careering through Isaac Mead's or some other coin field, to the great detriment of the roasting ears; and after vaulting easily over a a pig sty or hennery and a half-dozen extra high gates, leave, as usual, for parts and so thought the slightly terrified and red as to the best means of bagging their

here are only 672 ounces in 42 pounds. it follows that a vessel of water eight inches deep by one square foot in horizontal cross-section, would be as nearly as possible equal in weight to the maximum quantity of mcteoric matter falling on a square yard of the earth's surface in a thousand million of years. Now, there are nine square feet in a square yard; hence it follows that the total increment of meteoric matter in a thousand million of years, if on the average density of water, would add but one inch of thickness to the crust & the earth, or would in-

crease the earth's diameter (sup posed unchanged from other causes), by two inches.

Largest Sapphire in the World Paris Letter.

I have recently been favored with the sight of one of the famous jewels of the world—a stone that has its history and its pedigree, and is celebrated in the annals of trade and in the annals of the note gems of Europe; I have held in my hand and admired beneath the rays of the sunlight the finest sapphire that is known to exist. This beautiful and well-nigh

priceless stone combines in a singularly perfect degree the leading qualifications ot size, shape, color, and water. In form it is flat oval, being about two inches long by an inch and a half wide. It is cut slightly en cabochon on top and into a multitude of small facets beneath. Its hue is perfect, being a warm lustrious Marie Louise blue, not so dark as to show back beneath the gaslight, but hav-

ing all the velvet softness and purity of tint that is required in a really fine gem of this description. Its weight is 300 carats, and it belongs to a noble and wealthy Russian family in whose possesfell in among the cattle, sure. I was sion it has been for the past two centuries, and it has been placed by its owner the poor craythur was so bediviled she in the hands of one of the great diamond sint me sprawlin', and the full of the pail merchants of Paris for safe kceping. was scatthered all over me. But, be the One of the Rothschild family has offered for it no less sum than \$300,000, but the offer has been refused. I asked the

courteous gentleman in whose care it has been left as to the actual value of the stone. He told me that, being as it was, perfectly unique, no precise value could be set upon it, but that he was inclined to estimate it at some \$400,000. He also showed me a string of enormons graduated pearls of extreme purity and fineunknown. Such a provoking, as well as ness (the center one was as large as a mysterious ghost was hardly ever known, small cherry.) And he told me the necklace belonging to the noble Russian, was exasperated farmers, who at last confer- composed of six similar strings of equal beauty and exceptional size. The great tormentor, and settling his status. But sapp ire was mounted to be worn as a his steed usually moved with such erratic brooch, being surmounted with large diacourses that a pursuit of Paddy's flea monds of some twenty carats each. Its was boy's play in comparison. How- guardian informed me that the pendant

the operation," said the lady, "for I am not very apt at such things. But if I could so arrange it that you could see the modus operandi yourself, will you pledge me secrecy in case you know or recognize the patient?"

The scribe willingly gave his word to be mum, and he was taken into a room up stairs which adjoined the operating room, and where he could observe with out being seen. The operating room bore the appearance of a dentist's office. A large comfortable chair, in which an aspirant for tattooing honors was seated, stood by the only window in the apartment. The patient's leg was bare and exposed nearly to the knee, and from its appearance it was evident that the operation had been suspended when the lady came down to welcome the reporter. Work upon it was resumed without delay, and every time the needle pierced th skin the young woman winced perceptibly, and it was evident that the operation was a paintul one. Several times the leg was jerked back convulsively, which drew out an angry command to "keep quiet." At last the work upon the cross was completed, and the young woman de-

parted. The next patient was a well-known leader of the demi-monde of this city, who had come to have the finis ing touches placed on an elaborate design She laughed and chatted through the operation, and before she left concluded o have the other leg decorated at an early day.

As soon as she had left, the India ink artist joined the reporter, saying : "Well, I am now ready to continue

interview." Reporter-From what I have seen] am led to believe the operation a painful

one. Am I correct? Artist-To some it is, to others not. have known some to faint while undergoing the tattooing, while others will laugh and joke throughout the entire operation, evincing no uneasiness whatever.

Reporter-Is not the practice injurious?

Artist--No, I have never heard of it being so at least. I know of one young lady whose limb was inflamed and swoilen for two or three days, so that it was impossible for her to use it; but the swelling went down, and since then she has experienced no trouble. But I did not wonder at this case. Reporter-Why?

Artist-She wanted too much. She actually insisted in having tattooed on her limb, from the knee down, no less than eight devices, including monograms, crosses, half-moons, &c.

Who are your best customers!

whole sum of education, that of being true in the time of danger, but slightly at fault in this, that after the bearings were taken he could not tell by the secondary and necessary calculation whether he was off the coast of Africa, South

mands.

so an expe

America, Australia, or the Farrallones. But Miss Armstrong could. She put the second mate in command, and in pursuance of her orders he again headed the Templar on her California course, and at high noon he took the mechanical bear-

seaman with

ings of the vessel, and submitted them to the girl for her calculation and com-"It would be an endless story how each day she figured out where the hopeless hulk lay on the merciless waste or was

driven into still more merciless calms. spring months, through the fullness of summer-time she stcered the ship Templar into the waters of San Francisco bay. Miss Armstrong is now aboard the Templar, anchored in quarantine waters off Point Fort, and will be kept there for some time, lest she should taint the air of

San Francisco with the feared scourge." An Erratic Sympathizer.

Three weeks ago Mr. Gilfillan's most amiable little wife was taken suddenly sick, and her case grew worse and more alarming so rapidly that her life was despaired of. One day she would be at the point of death, and the next day she would be able to sit up in bed at intervals. She kept on in this uncertain state for some time. Last Thursday night she died, and, on the following morning, an eccentric neighbor, entitled Johnson, rang the bell, and was met by Mr. Gilfillan, who asked him into the parlor and

showed him to a seat. "I am sorry," began Mr. Johnson, know of your amiable lady's death, but I thought I'd drop around and tell you the condition of my feelings on the subject. I know just the kind of a racket it is myself. When Maria died I thought I was struck with a gas bill. Maria had points. Oh! couldn't she everlastingly

sling things and she died so calm and peaceful that it was a chromo. Did Mrs. Gilfillan slide off the hooks graceful?" "She was calm to the last

"Well, Maria wasn't; she died an orig-inal death; she talked to the last, and after she flumed we inserted a tube and drew a lot of embryo lingo out of her, so she would fit into her coffin. The coffin was a size too small for her, but I got it cheap, as it was a little old-fashioned in cut, and was the last one the man had. Are you going to fire the late into an ice box, or are you going to try the new fash ion of

"I, ab, I must request

fully into the sky, and, upon his father inquiring what he was looking for, was philosophizing on "how God got him down here when he was made up in the sky.

A little boy running along caught his toe in something and fell on the pavement "Never mind my little fellow it won't hurt to morrow,' said a by stander, To which the boy replied : "Then I won't cry to-morrow."

A little girl who had fallen out of the bed said at first: "It was because I slept too near the place where I got in." Then correcting herself she said: "No," it was because I slept too near the place where I fell out.

A little fellow four years old, prayed thus for himself: "O Lord, bless George Through the winter months, through the and make him a good boy; and don't let him be naughty again, never, no never! not been jerked out of your clutches by Because you know when he is naughty death, the fell monster who waite he sticks to it so.

A mother was teliing her "little hope rul" among other things of the leopard that cannot "change its spots;" he, however, insisted to the contrary, declaring that "when it is tired of one spot is can change to another."

A teacher defines conscience as "some thing within you that tells you when you have done wrong. "I had it once," spoke up a young towhead of six summers, "but they had to send for the doctor."-Binghampton Republican.

Finally, another little fellow, who, like many children, found his boots a very troublesome part of his toilette, prayed: "O' God, bless father and mother and sister Nanny, and please make my poots go on easy.'

The confidence a child has in what i said by its parents is well illustrated in the following: A little boy, disputing with his sister, argued his point in this way: "It is true, for ma says so. And it ma says so, it is so, if it ain't so.

A shrewd little fellow lived with an'uncle who barely afforded him the necessa ries of life. One day the two were out together and saw a very thin greyhound and the man asked his nephew what made the dog so poor. "I expect," replied the boy, "he lives with his uncle."

A little girl was also puzzling herself about her transference from heaven to this mundanc sphere, and questioned her mother: Did God and the angels have a funeral when I came away?" "I presume there was no funeral," said the mother. "Well,' said the child," I presume they all felt bad."

A little girl found a shelless egg under the currant bushes in the garden, and in a high state of excitement brought it and dat would be takin' de shoes an' stockin's

string piece, as he posed the apple on his finger and seemed buried in the contemplation of a scientific discovery; I don't feel a little bad."

"You look as though you have just arisen from a sick couch, and are trying to brace up on salt air.

"I know I do; I look like anything. A man approached me this morning and gave it as a candid opinion that I had played Hamlet to an empty house and was being pursued by the Sheriff. An-other man thought I h d fallen in love with an actress already married, while a third individual said I looked like a person who had been to see an editor to tell him how his paper ought to be run. You can bet your life I'm sad.

"I trust, my dcar sir," continued the spochryphal missionary more blandly with the regularity of a landlord."

Here the tears trickled down the appleeater's cheeks, and the philantrophic friend said :

"Well, I'm sorry I have opened a sensi-

"I never was married," responded, the man on the string piece, "or I might be sadder."

"Have you lost your situation?" persistently inquired the hoary headed man "I win't had none to lose for six months.

"And that's what makes you so sad, isn't it?"

"No sir, it isn't." "Perhaps you voted for Tilden in 1876?"

"No, I didn't; but if you want to know_"

"By all means."

"You won't go and tell anybody, will vou?" "No."

"You won't put it up for the newspaper,

"No, no, tell me quick !" "No, no, tell me quick !" "Well, I'll tell you. I went the other day and bought a five-dollar commutation ticket at a restaurant-

"Yes. yes, whooped the old man: "and what else?'

"Well, yesterday the restaurant tailed." The old man expressed his sympathy, and passed on with a melancholy stride.

A colored man was once asked why he did not get married. "Why, you see, sah," said he, "I got an old mudder, an' I hab to do fo her, ye see, sah, an' if I don't buy her shoes an' stockin's an' bread an' butter, she wouldn't get none. Now, if I was to get married, I would showed it to her aunt. "See, auntie," an' bread an' butter right out o' my mud-said she, "what I found under the currant der's mouf."