

J. VAN SLYKE, Editor & Public OTH CETTER

THE LITTLE TRAVELER

STRAIGHT down the city's crowded street
A little Traveler west;
The cages throw, with hurrying feet,
Ones had leasure bent,
I die freefer him amarrow way,
fur ham amarrow ham

As on the little Traveler went.

A Stranger free take far of Lind
Spoke then in doubtful tone:

"Tis said your race bew not to Kinga,
But unto Worth alone.

O Who, then, is this, to whom all pay
Such homage in the cawded way !"

"A Traveler, more noble far
Than Kings of noblest age;
Purer than any praying priest,
Wiser than any sage.

He rests in yonder holy place;
Come, then, and look upon his face."

The tender lights fell soft and dim;
The air was thrilled with pashma.
He lay in coffin white and small,
With lilies in his palms—
Serenely peacoful, as those steep.
Who have no longer watch to keep.

O happy Traveler! thus to win.

While yet unsolled by tears.
The Home that we shall hardly find
Through weeping, weary years.
Whose small, unsandaled feet may stray
On heights for which we vainly pray!

Harper's Weekly.

NANNIE.

I CANNOT set down in so many words just when or how it came to be under stood between my partner, John Still-man, and myself that I was to marry his daughter Nannie when she was old enough. I have a vague impression that she was in long clothes at the time we first talked of it.

Her mother died when she was a lit-tle girl, and old Mrs. Stillman took her home to the family house at Owl's Cor-ner, one of the prettiest little villages I ever had the good fortune to see. But Nannie was eighteen when I first met her as a woman, and this was the scene of our meeting.

John had sent for me to come to Owl's Corner on a certain July day, promising to drive over to the station and meet me, as my elderly legs covered the ground but slowly. We had retired from business, rich men both, some five years before, and corresponded regularly. But I had been abroad, and this was my first visit to Owl's Corner in ten years. I remembered Nannie as a romping child, fond of swinging on the gates, climbing up grape-arbors and imperiling her neck fifty times a day, John always saying on each occasion:

"She's a little wild, but she'll get

I waited at the station for half an hour; then, seeing no sign of John, I started to walk home. It was midday and fearfully hot, and when I had accomplished half the distance I turned off the road and started through a grove that gave me a longer walk, but thick shade. I was resting there on a broad stone, completely hidden by the bushes on every side, when I heard Lohn's voice. John's voice:

"Where have you been?" There was such dismay and astonishment in the voice that I looked up in surprise, to find that he was not greeting me but a tall, slender girl coming toward him. Such a sight! She was dark and beautiful, dressed in a thin dress of rose-pink, faultless about the face and throat, but from the waist down, clinging to her one mass of the greenest, blackest, thickest mud and

rater. 'In the dack pond," she answered with a voice as clear and musical as a chime of bells. "Don't come near

"You are enough to wear a man into "There, don't scold," was the coaxing reply; "little Bob Ryan fell in face down. It did not make any material difference in his costume, but I was

afraid he would smother, so I waded in after him. The water is not over two feet deep, but the mud goes clear through to China, I imagine. It is rather a pity about my new dress, isn't

"A pity!" roared John; "you'll come to an untimely end some day with your freaks. As if there was nobody to pick a little brat out of the duck pond

"There actually was nobody else about. There now, don't be angry. I'll go up to the house and put on that be vitching white affair that came from New York last week, and be all ready to drive over to the station with you, at what time?"

"About 3. Lawrence is coming on the 2:10 train.

And I had come on the 12:10. This accounted for the failure to meet me. I kept snug in my retreat until John and Nannie were well on their way homeward, wondering a little how many young ladies in my circle of friends would have so recklessly sacrificed a new dress to pick up a beggar's brat out of the mud.

When k in my turn, reached the house, John was on the porch, waiting for Nannie's reappearance. He gave me a most cordial welcome, or rather a luncheon, called Nannie, his mother and a man to go for my trunk, all in one breath, and seemed really rejoiced to

see me. Presently a slender girl, with a truly "bewitching" white dress, trimmed with dashes of scarlet ribbon, and smoothly braided black hair, tied with scarlet bows, came demurely into the room and was introduced. Never, however, in that first hour could the wildest imagination have pictured Nannie Stillman wading into a duck-pond. But the half-shy, half-dignified company manner soon wore away, and Nannie and I were fast friends before dinner. She sang for me in a voice as deliciously fresh as a bird's carol; she took me to see her pets, the new horse that was her last birthday gift from "papa," the ugly little Scotch terrier with the beautiful brown eyes, the rabbits, Guinea hens, and the superanuated old pony, who had preceded the

new horse. In a week I was as much in love as

ever John could have desired. Nannie was the most biwitching moden I had ever met, childlike and yet womanly, frank, bright and full of girlish freaks and boyish mischief, and yet well educated, with really wonderful musical gitts and full of noble thoughs. She was a perfect idol in the village, her friends and neighbors thinking no party complete without her, while the poor fairly worshiped her.

"What on earth sent the puppy home?"

"Love for Nannie, I imagine. Come, John, you won't be my father in-law, for I will not marry Nannie if you are ever so tyrannical, but we can jog along as usual, the best of friends—look!"

I pointed out of the windew as I spoke. On the garden walk, shaded by a great part tree. Walter Bruce stood.

had a way of conferring favors that never wounded the pride of the most

sensitive.

We don't together every morning; we walked in the cool evening hours; we spent much time at the piano, and discussed our favorite authors, and one ssed our favorite authors, and one day when I asked Nannie to be my wife, she said, coolly:
"Why, of course; I thought that was

all understood long ago."

I was rather amazed at such matter

of-fact wooing, but delighted at the result. How could I expect any soft, blushing speeches? I suppose I ranked just where John and Nannie's grandmother did in her affections.

But one morning, when Mrs. Still-man was snipping her geraniums in the sitting-room, and John was reading the morning's newspapers, Nannie burst in, her beautiful face all aglow, her eyes bright with delight, crying: "Oh, grandma! Walt has come home! I saw him from my window

riding up the road." She was going then, just as John exclaimed:

"Confound Walt!" "Who is Walt?" I naturally in-

quired. "Walter Bruce, the son of one of our neighbors. He has been like a brother to Nannie all her life, but went off to Europe two years ago, when he came of age. They wanted to correspond but I forbade that. So he has turned

up again.'' It was evident that John was terribly vexed, and I very soon shared his annoyance. Walt, a tall, handsome young fellow, improved, not spoiled, by trav el, just haunted the house.

He was generally off with Nannie as soon as he arrived, and blind to Mrs. Stillman's ill-concealed coldness and John's sarcastic speeches about boys and puppies.

As for me, by the time my sleepy eyes were opened in the morning, Nannie had taken a long ride with Walt, was at the piano when I came into the room, and Walt was walking beside Namie when the hour for our usual stroll arrived.

And the very demon of mischief possessed the girl. There was no freak she was not inventing to imperil her life, riding, driving, boating, and I fairly shivered sometimes at the prospect of my nervous terrors when it would be my task to try to control this quicksilver temperament.

But one day when I was in the summer house, a very rueful little maiden, with a tear-stained face, came to my side.

"Walt is going away," she said.
"Indeed."
"Yes, and he says I'm a wicked

flirt," with a choking sob; "I thought I would ask you about it." "About what?"

"Our getting married. You know papa told me I was to marry you ages and ages ago.''

"And I knew it was all right if he said so. But Walt says you must be a muff if you want a wife who is all the time thinking of somebody else.

"And you know I can't help Walt has been my friend ever since we were always together. And when he was in Europe papa wouldn't let us write to each other, but I kissed his picture every night and morning, and wore his hair in a looket, and thought of him all the time. And he says you

won't like it after we are married."
"Well, not exactly." I said, dryly.
"You'll have to stop thinking of him then.'

"I don't believe I ever can. And so I thought I'd tell you, and perhaps— perhaps you will tell papa we don't care about being married after all. I don't think I could ever be sedate and grave like an old lady, and of course I ought to be if I am to be an old man's wife."

"Of course." "And I am so rude and horrid, I know I am not like nice city girls, and I am altogether hateful, but Walt don't

I rather agreed with Walt as she stood in shy confusion before me, her eves still misty, her sweet lips quivering. It was a sore wrench to give her up, but I was not quite an idiot, and I said, gravely:

But your father!"

Yes, I know; he'll make a negl storm. But then his storms don't last long, and maybe you would tell him that you have changed your mind. You have, haven't you?"

"Yes; the last half hour has quite changed my matrimonial views. I could not help smiling, and the next moment two arms encircled my neck, a warm kiss fell upon my cheek, and

Nannie cried: "You are a perfect darling, a per-fect darling, and I shall love you dearly

all my life. So when I lost her love I gained it. She flitted away presently, and I gave myself a good mental shaking up, and concluded my fool's paradise would soon have vanished if I had undertaken to

make an "old lady" out of Nannie. John's wrath was loud and violent. He exhausted all the vituperative language in the dictionary, and then sat down, panting and furious.

"Come, now," I said, "what is the objection to young Bruce? Is he poor?"
"No, confound him! He inherits his grandfather's property, beside what his father will probably leave him."

" Is he immoral?" "I never heard so."

"What does ail him, then?" "Nothing, but I have set my heart on

Nannie's marrying you."
"Well, you see she has set her heart
in another direction, and I strongly object to a wife who is in love with some-

party complete without her, while the poor fairly worshiped her.

John allowed her an almost unlimited supply of pocket-supply of pocket-supply of pocket-supply for blankets for old women, totalepto for did men, to candies for the children, and rides on horseback for the urchins. And she had a way of

strong ones.

John looked. His face softened, his eyes grew misty, and presently he said:
"How happy she is, Lawrence."

"And we will not cloud her happiness, John," I answered. "This is right and fitting. Nannie is too bright a lifay flower to be wilted by being tied up to an old December log like me."

So when, half fearful, the lovers came in, they met only words of affection, and Nannie's face lost nothing of its

sunshine. She was the loveliest of brides a few months later, and wore the diamond parure I had ordered for my bride at her wedding. And she is the most charming little matron imaginable, with all her old freaks merged into sunshiny cheerfulness, and her husband is a proud, happy man, while I am Uncle Lawrence to the children and the warm friend of the whole family.

The Recent Earthquake in Venezuela.

A PASSENGER who arrived from

Puerto Cabello in the bark Rocket, yesterday, gives some additional par-ticulars of the great earthquake in Venezuela last month. This gentle-man was in Valencia at the time, and says that, although severe shocks were felt everywhere, no loss of life was reported except in the valley of the River Tuy. This, valley lies between two ranges of mountains near the coast of the Caribbean Sea, and is very fertile, being used chiefly for growing sugar.
The Town of Cua, about thirty-five miles southwest of Caracas, was entirely destroyed on the 14th. A terrible shock was suddenly felt at about 8:30 in the evening. The ground seemed to roll like sea waves, throwing down the walls of the houses, crushing many, and entangling others in the debris. The roofs were made of light material, which caught fire from the lamps which were overturned, and a general conflagration ensued. In vain the poor unfortunates who had escaped the falling walls endeavored to gain open ground. The flames spread rapidly, and the people on the outskirts of the village were unable to offer any assistance. The shricks of the dying were to be heard for a long time above the crackling of the flames. Fully 300 lives were lost at Cua that night. Repetitions of the earthquake were looked for, and those who had escaped were in a constant state of terror for a number of days. Word was sent to Caracas, and subscriptions were made in all the large towns of the neighborhood to aid the sufferers. The President of Venezuela started for the scene, and on the way was thrown from his carriage, owing to the roughness of the road, but was not seriously injured. Shocks were felt all over the country, up to about the 4th of May, when the Rocket sailed. Telegrams were sent out frequently from Caracas to the towns with which there was telegraphic communication, stating that another severe shock was hourly expected. It was during Holy Week that the first shocks were felt, and the inhabitants, who are superstitious, seemed to regard the occurrence as ominous. The wildest rumors were constantly affost, The Town of Ocument, about twenty miles east of Cua, and in the same valley, suffered extremely, the houses being wrecked and a number of serious accidents occurring, but the number of persons killed or injured had not been ascertained when the bark left. The business of the country was at a stand-still and the greatest terror prevailed whenever telegrams prophesying the approach of a heavy shock were received. The people in the towns, on such occasions, would remain in the street through the greater part of the night. The shocks have severely damaged the industries of the whole country. Workmen had not the heart to work in the sugar factories, many of which had fallen in. The losses will be very large, but cannot yet be estimated. The earthquake was the severest experienced in Venezuela for many years, it being considered much heavier than that of 1812. -N. V. Times.

A Shocking Gambling Scene.

Burperhaps the most soul-harrowing seene that ever took place at a gaming table transpired at a public house in Port an Prince some years ago. Several the game to commence. Among the crowd of loiterers was a Capt. St. Every, a noted gamester, deadly duelist

and well-known man of pluck.

Some one spoke up, "Who'll play?"

"I will play," said the Captain of a
French frigate, which had just arrived
in the harbor, and seizing a dice-box threw to win or lose the amount of a small sum of money that then lay upon the table. He was ignorant of the stake

to be played. "Monaieur Commandant, you have won," said Capt. St. Every, pushing to-ward him several piles of gold.

Astounded at the sight of so much wealth, the Captain drew back saying, "Gentlemen, I should be wanting, not only in common honesty, but even in good manners, were I to appropriate thought I was playing for the trifling his wounds. Hartmann has a wife and stake laying on the table. I cannot, two small children, and their distress therefore, take the enormous sum as

my own by right."

"Sir," said Capt. St. Every, "you must take it, for if you had lost you would have been obliged to pay the same sum.''

gered in reference to paying a debt of honor which I never contracted, nor in refusing to accept of so leave to honor which I never contracted, nor in refusing to accept of so leave to honor which I never contracted, nor in refusing to accept of so leave to honor which I never contracted, nor in refusing to accept of so leave to honor which I never contracted, nor in refusing to accept of so leave to honor which I never contracted, nor in refusing to accept of so leave to honor which I never contracted, nor in refusing to accept of so leave to honor which I never contracted, nor in refusing to accept of so leave to honor which I never contracted, nor in refusing to accept the solution of so leave to honor which I never contracted, nor in refusing to accept the solution of solutions and his solutions. "You are mistaken, sir, if you think refusing to accept of so large a sum which I never expected to win.

"Monsieur le Commandant," shrieked Capt. St. Every, raising his voice to the highest pitch, "if you had lest you should have paid. I would have made

you do so." you do so."

This was fire to the gunpowder, intended to provoke a challenge, and it accomplished its purpose. "Sir," said Capt. St. Every, "I don't wish to take any advantage of you, which my acknowledged ability in the use of the sword and pistol gives me, so I offer you terms of equality. Bring a pistol here at once, load it, and the chance of the dice shall determine which shall the dice shall determine which shall blow each other's brains out."

"Agreed," said the nothing-daunted frigate Commandant.

A shock of horror ran through the veins of the assembled crowd at the blood-curdling affair. Some shrank

from the room; others more hardened in sights of horror crowded near the gambling table, perfectly cognizant of the desperate character of St. Every and inwardly lauding the bravery of

the unknown.

Each party examined the pistols, The naval Captain first threw the fatal dice. He threw eleven.

"A good throw," said St. Every, holding for a moment his own; "the chances are now in your favor; but listen, if it turns out, as it appears to me it will, that fortune favors you and not me, I wish neither mercy nor pity, as I should think either a coward who would spare the other."

"Sir, I need your impertment remon-strances to back me neither now nor at any time," replied the Commandant. St. Every took the box and threw fif-

The company were paralyzed with horror.

Monsieur le Commandant arose 'Your life belongs to me, sir," said St. Every, throwing down the dice on the

"Fire, sir," said the Commandant, placing his hand on his heart, "an nonest man is never afraid to—

St. Every's ball scattered the brains and blood of the unlucky Commandant over the clothes and persons of the bystanders, as his lifeless body fell to the saloon floor.

St. Every deserted to the English, and soon after fell mortally wounded at the Battle of Orois, as the English were carrying the day. - Cincinnati Commercial.

A Workman Falls Into a Vat of Seething Oil.

A VERY sad accident occurred on Monday at the Belleville Oilworks of Brosius & Co. Henry Hartmann, a man in the prime of manhood, and an experienced mechanic, fell into a cauldron containing eight barrels of castoroil, which was heated to 212 degrees Fahrenheit, and was so badly burned that death must finally ensue from the injuries received. It is only to be wondered at that he escaped alive from the hot liquid. Mr. Hartmann is a man in the prime of life, about thirty-three years of age. He is a carpenter by trade, but during several years of work, off and on, at the oil-works, has beconfices expert in the oil-refining business. On Monday, he was engaged in steaming castor-oil. After the oil has been extracted it is heated by steam to a certain degree, and all the impuri-ties are skimmed from the top. While engaged in the work of skimming at one of the kettles, capable of containing about sixteen barrels of fluid oil, but which was only half-filled, the man's feet slipped from under him, and he plunged into the cauldron head foremost. He righted himself in the hot liquid and came up with the loved the bright little fellow. His feathupper part of his body above the surface of the oil. He then grasped with both hands a steam-pipe which ran horizontally shows the could be surfaced the boright interesting. His feathers were getting quite long and glossy now, and he was growing tall.

At meal-times Peep had a way of horizontally above the cauldron, in the center of it. The pipe was charged with steam at about 220 Fahrenheit. The fleshy parts of his hands covered with oil soon became charred and commenced to smoke. He shouted for help, and the two sons of his employer, John and Henry Brosius, hastened to his aid as soon as they heard the cry of distress, but they were so bewildered that they could not rescue him. The engineer, Mr. Casper Knebelkamp, who heard the ery of distress from the man and the boys above the din made by the running of the machinery, after hastily shutting off the steam, ran to the chamber where the oil kettles were placed. He took the situation in at a glance, and, with almost superhuman efforts, reached over the edge of the kettle, grasped the suffer-ing victim around the waist, and shouted to him to let go his hands. He succeeded in lifting him out of the cauldron though be burned his own hands and face in the act. As soon as Mr. ers, proudly waving as he strutted off. Hartmann was placed outside and came "Surely," she thought, "if they see Hartmann was placed outside and came in contract with the air he felt the inevitable torture, and ran some distance before those around him were able to catch him and strip him of his clothing. He finally fell exhausted, and the parties were waiting about the room for clothes were cut off his body, and he was carried on a mattress across Main street to his residence. Drs. Rubach and Leifert were soon after on hand, and caused the body to be enveloped in cotton batting and every other aid and assistance which would ameliorate the excruciating pain was applied. That part of the body which had originally been clothed, was literally cooked, and the flesh and muscles fell off. The palms of the hands, which had grasped the hot steam-pipe, were so burned that the fleshy part fell off, and the bones, muscles and sinews were visible. Though the man plunged in head foremost, his head and face were but I can." Still nobody seemed to admire him, but instead, said the old slightly disfigured, but the pain in the lower part of the body contorted the muscles of his face, while the medical gentlemen and neighbors who did all the sums, the winning of which I never they could to ameliorate his condition, expected in the least degree, for I and save his life, were busy dressing they could to ameliorate his condition, two small children, and their distress was a sad sight to the sympathizing neighbors. Last night he was still alive, but it is considered that he can hardly recover, or that if he does he will ever be able to perform any manual

> PROF. H. R. PALMER returned to New York, May 28, from his European tour.

Youths' Department.

WHO DID ITS

Who tracked the mud across the floor— And through the hall, and up the stair? And left it clinging to the chair? Whose flager prints deface the door?

nose crames oeneasa are cause are; Who smeared the butter on the cloth? Who spilled the gravy, slopped the broth, ad dropped a pickle in the pie?

ulled the curtain with a jerk, left it hanging all askew, broke the cord?—'twas nearly new; der if 'twas mother's work.

Whose knife is this, with handle stained, And open blade with rust so marred? "Twas found this morning in the yard, Upon the grass—last night is rained.,

Just now I slipped and nearly fell— A marble rolled a rod or more, And then I crushed an apple-core— Whose was it, mother? Can you tell?

Face downward on the slab, a book Lies open, leaves dog-eared and thumbed; And neer, a bandkerchief, be-gummed And stiff with taffy—only look!

Upon the door-knob hangs a hat— Tis passing strange it hangs at all; And in the corner is a hall, And en the sofa rests a bat.

I missed the hammer, yesterday; The hatchet vanished long ago; All winter, underneath the snow. Behind the house the shovel lay.

Are things bewitched? Do genii hide Within my closets and my drawers. And skulk behind the chamber doors And through the darkened attacs glide?

I often go from room to room, And sweep the floating cobwebs down, And wonder when the spiders brown Departed with their dainty loom;—

But then—who knows?—those films so fine May once have lain upon my shelf Beneath the little bowl of delf; "Twas there I used to keep my twine.

The tiny tacks I lost last spring— A parer full, with polished heads As black as jet and round as beads But deader than a mummied king—

What do you think they did to day?
My sugar-bucket's aides they stormed,
And in the sugar fairly swarmed—
Who turned tacks into ants, tell me, pray?

The elves are in the house, 'tis clear;
I'd like to catch that one who took
The clothes-brush down from off the hook
And left it on the etagere.

Who was it, little Johnny Bell?
Why do you stand so shame-faced there,
And blush from chin to forehead fair?—
I think you know the culprit well.
—Mrs. E. D. Kendail, in Wide-Awake.

The Pert Chick.

OLD CLUCK was a Cochin-China hen, and lived with her brood in a nice coop, a little apart from the barn-yard. Cluck was a dear old hen, very kind to her chickens, and very pretty chickens she had. There were Tee-Tee, and Wee-Wee, and Tu-Tu, and Twit-See, and Chee-Chee, and Peep-Weep, whom they called Peep for short—six in all—six well-meaning chickens, although they had their little faults. Peep's fault was pertness. He was always answering back to his mother and saying sharp things. He wasn't a bit afraid of his brothers and sisters, and thought it a joke to tell Tee-Tee she was "a fluffy little fool," or call Tu-Tu "young goose." And when Tu-Tu would ruffle his pin-feathers and show he was a game little chicken, and not a goose at all, old Cluck would say Peep was only witty, and liked to talk, but meant no harm, and her chickens must not fight. Peep was always the last to come under Cluck's wing to bed at night. He would play about and say, "I won't go to bed," and even cry out to his mamma, in a saucy way, "Go to bed yourself, Mrs. Cluck."

"Oh, how naughty, Peep!" Cluck would say; but she never stopped his

pecking at his brothers and sisters, and while he ate as much as anybody else, he called them all "pigs," and laughed at them.

At last, when Cluck told him quite gravely, that a good chick must mind his mother, Peep said, "Oh, go away! mothers don't pay," in a manner that was very naughty; but Cluck found it so bright and clever for such a fledgeling. Peephad his own will in his family. He said and did whatever he liked, and grew quite big and handsome, and thought himself the finest fellow in the

Well, one day Peep kept running far away from the coop, and his mother was afraid some of the barn-yard fowls would hurt him, so she called him

back. "Don't you fuss," said Peep; "I'm going to take a walk;" and he looked so bright, and spoke up so sharp and funny, that Cluck was quite lost in admiring his ways and his fine tail reathhim in the barn-yard, all the hens will envy me such a clever chick."

To the barn-yard Peep went, and be gan scratching about for his lunch with the rest of the fowls. Pretty soon an old bird gave a crow that was really a very fine loud noise, and sounded far and wide over the fields.

"I can do as well as that, and better, too, old chap," said Peep. Now Peep knew he couldn't, but he had a way of saying pert things.

To his wonder, nobody laughed; but a big hen—the crower's wife—said, Can you, indeed, do as well? Let us hear you."
She looked quite fierce at him, not a

bit like fond, good old Cluck, and all the fowls gathered around Peep. "Pooh!" said he, "I don't want to, but I can." Still nobody seemed to ad-

rooster: "You can brag, young fellow; but you shall show what sort of a crow you have, or I'll peck you to death.'

Peep was very much scared, and tried his first crow. It was such a feeble, foolish noise that all the hens and roost ers, and even the turkey-gootlers and ducks and guinea-hens and pigeons, laughed at him and despised him.

Peep was not daunted yet, but he strutted off among the younger fowls. He struck right and left with his bill, as abor. He is a member of the Knights he did at home; he laughed, and called of Honor, and his brethren are doing names, and bragged, and at last a fine tall young rooster, as big as himself, and as handsome, said:

"Come, Mr. Chicken, I don't like your airs." "You don't amount to anything,"

said Peep, just as he spoke to his

mother.

"Don't I?" said the young rooster; and before Peep knew what he was about the stranger had strewn the fine tail feathers, poor Cluck's pride, all over the ground. Peep was struggling in vain; the young rooster pecked and pecked till the blood came. One of Peep's eyes was gone, one leg was use-less, and not until he lay quite still and fairly beaten did the enemy hold off. Over Peep's body the fowls all said, "It served him right for his impu-

After a while Peep hopped home very feebly on one leg, and lay down quite humbly under old Cluck's wing.
"Where has my poor Peep been?" asked Cluck, with the tears running down her bill.

"Been out in the world, mother," said Peep.

"And didn't the world admire you?"
"Not a bit. Oh, my little brothers
and sisters," said poor Peep, "chicks
must not be pert and rude and unkind at home among their friends, for when they carry the habit cut into the world with them they meet their match and come to grief;" and Peep kicked once with his one leg, rolled up his one eye,

-died. All this happened in the land of Cochin China. Of course there are no pert chickens in our country. - Harper's Bazar.

Over in a Minute.

Kirry had constructed a new swing for her doll's entertainment; but it proved unsatisfactory; for that wooden lady slipped from her perch and landed with considerable violence upon the table, overturning an ink-stand upon a picture Walter was copying. In an instant Walter sprang to his feet, snatched up the doll and threw it into the fire, and marched out of the room, leaving

Kitty in tears and the table in confusion In half an hour he returned, gay and sunny as ever, bringing a handsome doll to replace Kitty's loss. She was easily comforted, and was more sure than ever that Walter was the best brother in the world.

"If a fellow is quick-tempered, why, is a reliow is quick-tempered, why, he is; I suppose that's all there is of it," said Walter, more carelessly than penitently. "I do get angry in a jiff; but it's all over in a minute or two."

"Are you sure of that?" asked his grandfather, gravely.

"Oh, yes. I'm not one of the sort to go sulking about over nothing; I flash up quick enough, but never bear malice.

"But the consequences—can you be sure that they are all over in a minute or two? I never hear anyone speak carelessly of that fault without recalling one scene in my boyhood. I was quick-tempered, too, Walter, and, as you say, quick over it—flying into a rage one minute and ready to laugh at my own tempest of passion the next. I held a high place in my classes, and one day had spoken rather boastingly of my po-sition and how long I had kept it; but that very afternoon, through some carelessness, I failed, and gave an answer so absurd that it was received with a burst of laughter. Mortified by my blunder, vexed at having lost my place, I passed an uncomfortable afternoon; and when school closed, I walked out moodily, inclined to speak to no one,

and pretended to be busy whittling.
"Here comes the infallible! Here's
that fellow that never missed!" called a teasing voice of a schoolmate in front of me, and then he mockingly repeated

my absurd answer. "With all the force of sudden fury I threw my open knife at him. It just missed his head, and in an instant it was quivering in the tree beside him. The sight of it, and of his white, startled face, recalled me to my senses, and I sank down upon the ground, covering my face with my hands. The boys gathered about me kindly, even Charley, the one at whom I had aimed the blow, saying that the fault was more his own than mine. But I knew that only God's mercy had saved me from seeing my schoolmate dead at my feet, and my whole life darkened with

the stain of murder.
"For weeks afterward I lived it over in horrible dreams; and to this day, Walter ungoverned temper can never seem a light thing to me. Anger that is 'over in a minute' may be like a spark of fire on powder, and give you cause for shame and sorrow all your days.—S. S. Visitor.

Notre Dame Cathedral.

THE Cathedral of Notre Dame is one of the great historical curiosities of Paris, which, of course, must be seen by all new-comers; but inside it is dark, dreary and cold, so much so as to make the flesh creep, on a dark day, on entering it. We found at the door the old beggars sitting, with their tin cups, and rattling some sous in them to attract attention, some of them stalwart-looking men and others old crones, who seem to have the permission of the church authorities to sit on the benches inside of the doorway. Others, holding out their hands for pennies, were further inside, regularly installed in seats, apparently prepared for them. They were old and ragged and dirty, but, suppos-ing that we might "be entertaining an-gels unawares," we responded to their mute appeals, hoping that they would use the money to buy soap to wash themselves. There is a solemn grand-eur about Notre Dame; its massive stone columns and high altar, the vastness of its interior and the lofty arches that support the roof, all being calculated to impress the beholder with a feeling of awe. Here and there, among the small side altars, worshipers were kneeling, and at a small altar in the center a sa cristan was busily at work decorating it with flowers In a room behind the altar, for a small fee, is exhibited the gown and vestments worn by Archbishop Dubois, of Paris, and the four priests. at the time they were massacred by the Commune. - Cor. Baltimore American.

-A fashion item says "puffs and false braids are being dispensed with;" but when you see a woman drowning and reach the spot as she is going down the third time, you want to grab her pretty close to the skull, or you may have seven dollars' worth of false locks and your labor for your pains. - Norris-