

YOUNG FOLKS.

Little Girl on the Wall.

Now the daylight is done, and the curtains are drawn, And the katydids sing all alone on the lawn.

"Can't I play with the little black girl on the wall?" Tho' she's dollies that cry and a dog that can bark,

Mamma, what does she eat, and, O, what does she drink, And what does she do all day long, do you think?

"I don't see her by daytime—O, where does she go? But at twilight she follows me—now to and fro—

Mamma, what does she eat, and, O, what does she drink, And what does she do all day long, do you think?

So our pet prattles on, when she's in for a race With her shadow. (O, isn't life just such a chase?)

SAVED BY THE TOWN CLOCK.

A Fairy Tale of Love and Law in Queer Old China.

A way off on the other side of the Pacific Ocean, in China, the country of oriental splendor, there was a town called Cingtan.

Loo-La's grandfather, a venerable old gentleman, was a Mandarin, still holding a very responsible position, although already eighty years old.

"No," replied he, "but I will take a substitute."

"Who shall it be?" demanded the lean Mandarin.

"The executioner looked interested. 'Suppose you try it, sir. You are tall and wouldn't mind your head, I'm sure.' But he refused the honor.

"Have you read the Bible?" "Then," continued the Count to the surprised officer, "do not forget that we are commanded to love our neighbors as ourselves."

"Can you read?" he asked. "Yes." "Have you read the police regulations?" The Count was obliged to reply in the negative.

"Then," answered the officer, as he proceeded on his way with the prisoner, "read them then before you come here and preach."

"There's another monopoly," growled an old bachelor as a pair of lovers passed him, both "talking sweet," at once.

"How's that?" "Well, if that isn't a consolidated gas company were never was one." [Detroit Free Press.

A murderer under sentence of death had a number of influential friends who were exerting themselves to secure a respite from the Governor.

"My dear sir, he hasn't said anything yet; he wants time to think."

"Great heavens, man! This suspense is terrible!" exclaimed the criminal, dramatically.

"Don't mention it," responded the Sheriff in a cheerful tone; "it ain't anything to what it will be if the Governor doesn't interfere."

Judge—"Miss, what is your age?" Witness—"I am past twenty."

Judge—"You must be more explicit." Witness—"Well, I am between twenty and thirty."

Judge—"No more trifling. State your exact age." Witness—"I'll be thirty day after tomorrow."

Patrick (in Ireland)—Sure it's a foine country Americky is, Biddy. O'P'll be afther startin' there at once.

Biddy—D'yez not have to work there the same as here?

Patrick—No, indade; me brother Moike writes that he is a policeman, an' has nothing to do but shtand on a corner and assist foine ladies across the street, and ate oranges an' nuts an' bananas.—[New York Weekly.

"My friends, I lost it in the lake and a fish swallowed it."

All ran on hearing this and brought fishing tackle, and the road leading to the lake was black with people.

Loo-La, who had been up all night, cried when she saw the solemn fishers. She would try herself to catch the fish, she said.

The fat Mandarin caught in the window so "stayed put" until morning. He got as he had to kick the frame loose.

Mr. Stayathome (handing his wife the paper)—There, my love, read that account of the terrible destruction along the coast and you will understand why I did not take you to the seashore this Summer.

Mrs. Stayathome—And you knew all the time this tidal wave was coming, George? Mr. S.—Yes, my dear. I had made astronomical calculations to that effect, but for fear I might be mistaken I said nothing about it.

Mrs. S.—Oh, George, can you ever forgive me for reproaching you? Mr. S. (with great condescension)—Certainly, dear, certainly. Think no more about it.

Mrs. Solid, who is stout and not very tall, has a daughter who is tall and rather slender. Now if there is anything about which Mrs. Solid is sensitive it is her avoirdupois.

"I don't care, Julia," exclaimed her mother; "when you're as big as I am you'll be a good deal bigger."

Dealer—If you'll pardon me, sir, I think a wider-brimmed hat would become you better.

Matthy—What! and throw me eye-glasses in the shape? Nevah!

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"You are a brave lad," he said, "to save a girl and offer to die for her grandfather."

"I only did my duty, Your Majesty," answered Fun-Nee.

Just at this affecting point Barnee, the noble in green, rushed forward and howled: "Howly Moses! I hear a voice like music on me ears; show me the speaker."

Fun-Nee he embraced him and continued: "Ah, ye darlin' blackguard, wid dem reges on and the long coat; ye mind me of the town of Kilmareh, County Clair, and the day I druv Mickey Finn's pigs to pound, and skipped. Ye are me own son. Where are all yer good clothes?"

And so all were happy, none happier than Fun-Nee and Leo-La. And there was a grin on the face of the town clock.

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THE RACES OF MANKIND.

There Are 72 of Them Existing Now—All Came from Asia.

M. de Quatrefages, the leading French ethnologist, in presenting the second part of his "Introduction to the Study of the Human Races" to the Academy of Sciences, has given an interesting summary of his general conclusions with regard to the origin and distribution of mankind.

Neglecting the minor differences, he estimates that there are no fewer than seventy-two distinct races in the human species. All these descend or branch off from three fundamental types—the black, the yellow, and the white—each of which had their origin at the great cradle of mankind.

The whites, according to M. de Quatrefages, appear to have originated on the west of the central mass, the yellows on the north, and the blacks on the south.

As for the Allephyles, represented by the race of Crete-Magnon, they occupied parts of Europe and North Africa, from which they extended to the Canaries.

The peopling of America dates from the quaternary period, and is due to migrations of different types—Allephylic, white and yellow, blending with the local quaternary races, which also belonged to the yellow type.

The notice of a scientific man has recently been directed to a revival of the old experiments in "crystal vision," known as divination to the Assyrians, Persians, Japanese and Jews in the earliest times.

The necromancers among these peoples in the early ages of the world declared that they were able, on looking into a crystal or beryl, or into a cup filled with a black, opaque liquid, to see scenes and figures which foretold the future.

Down through the whole course of English and French history we find occasional mention of crystal divination as practised by charlatans. It is revived now, and with the light of science turned up it will probably prove to be a very simple matter.

The experimenters in England and this country procure a globe of crystal, or black, shining surface, and holding it close to their eyes look fixedly at one point until a sense of dizziness and faintness is produced.

While the explanation of these phenomena is not yet fully given by physicians, it is probable that they are produced by the strain upon the optic nerve, which affects the brain.

The nausea and faintness which we are told came upon the ancient diviner to punish him for his too near approach to the immortal gods were, it is likely, caused by the reaction of the overstrained nerves upon the stomach.

Getting the Old Man's Daughter. Telling a short time since on the edge of the lime-stone or blue-grass region the writer overheard the following conversation at a cabin near Halls Half Acre in Robertson county, Ky.

The young ladies had hardly seated themselves before the asafetida combination began to get in its deadly work. The odor became sickening, but no one knew whence it came.

The conductor racked his brain to find a solution of the malodorous mystery. No solution. All at once one of the afore said young ladies happened to draw out her handkerchief. She dropped it, and dropped it suddenly, with a shriek and a gasp.

"Pap, pap!" he un yer paw." "Why, Mandy?" "We're gaged, He'n I!" "Ar?" "Yep. Sho! This is Ephraim Maybriar's boy."

"Yep? What's yer fist name, Maybriar?" "Zonk—Zonk Maybriar's my name." "N'yer want ter git marrid ter' my Mandy, eh?" "Yes, sorter." "Reckon yer can keep her wall?" "Yep." "Ef'n' die fur hern if need be?" "Ef'n' die part of the contract."

"N' wollop shoel onto everybody that hes agin her." "Yep." "Put it thar', Zonk Maybriar. Yer jus' th' feller we've been wantin' for years. I've got plenty of work fer yer in my family, Zonk."

A new ophthalmic disease which has recently appeared in Vienna, attacks the cornea of the eyeball, upon which appear small white specks, so that the patient is almost unable to see.