My Little Bo Peep.

My little Bo Peep is fast asleep,
And her head on my heart is lying,
I gently rock, and the old hall clock
Strikes a knell of the day that's dying;
But what care I how the hours go by,
Whether swiftly they go or creeping?
Not an hour could be but dear to me,
When my babe on my arm is sleeping.

Her little bare feet, with dimples sweet,
From the folds of her gown are peeping,
And each wee toe like a daisy in blow,
I caress as she lies a-sleeping;
Her golden hair falls over the chair,
Its treasures of beauty unfolding,
I press my lips to her finger tips
That my hands are so tightly holding.

Tick, tock, tick, tock; you may wait, old clock,
It was foolish what I was saying;
Let your seconds stay, your minutes play,
And bid your days go all a Maying.
O, Time! stand still—let me drink my fill
Of content while my babe is sleeping;
As I smooth her hair, my life looks fair,
And to-morrow—I may be weeping.

That Hateful Man.

I hated Henry Carling from the first time he took his seat in front of me at table d'hote in the Sea Beach Hotel and looked at me so much it interfered with my appetite. When I went out rowing and the boat upset he was on hand to fish me out. I suppose I ought to have been grateful for that, but I wasn't. I'm sure he knew my boat was cranky and followed me on purpose; besides the waves were not running very high.

He was an artist and could spend hours looking at a sunset. Did you ever know anything good of a man who could act in that incomprehensible manner?

I was out walking about a week after I allowed the young man to save me from drowning.

I walked, and walked, and walked. Presently I came to a cottage, outside of which a beautiful little child, with long hair, was playing. The pretty little thing ran after me laughing.

I held out my hand to him.

We walked on toward a clump of wild flowers that hung over the road in a graceful way that I am too stupid to describe or draw, though Henry Carling can do both. I suppose that, though I may dislike a person, I'm able to do that person some sort of justice.

We—the child and I—were seated together on the little rock I had chosen as a resting-place, when suddenly there came in sight an object I shall never forget—no, not to my dying hour.

It was a dog; mad, it was too easy to see. It ran on, hanging its head, but with wild eyes and foaming at the mouth' hideous and furious. It flew at the little child.

I only remember one thing. As it flew at the child I caught its threat. I held it with the strength of the madness of that terror, for the little creature's sake, that had come upon me, and there I stood. I did not tremble.

The horrible saliva ran from the dog's mouth. It did not touch my hands. Fortunately, too, I had doeskin gloves to keep my hands from freckling and tanning.

I stood so—and ages seemed to pass—when Henry Carling came up. With him were three men.

How they mastered the dog I do not remember. After that I fainted.

When I revived I had been carried, I found, into the cottage of the little child's mother. She was kneeling beside me and saying all manner of things to me about "saving her boy's life."

As for Henry Carling, he was crying.

The idea of crying like a baby, a grown man!

And all because a girl held a mad dog! I suppose he would have had me think of nobody but myself and run off! I hate such people!

Two days afterward his sister came to see me. I had to keep my bed. I was overcome by something or other—fright, I suppose, for when it was over I could not but admit that I did feel strangely.

When I finally came down-stairs there was that provoking man, as large as life.

He looked pale and had tears in his eyes, and when he tried to speak to me he seemed to choke and could not do it.

Then what do you think, of all things, that he did say?

He said he loved me.

To-day week we are to be married. Papa made a little fuss at first, but Aunt Julia, who had taken a mother's place to me ever since my poor mamma died, advised him not to thwart me.

"What is the use of being rich, my dear Charles," said she, "if you cannot let your child follow her own inclinations? Carling is a fine artist and a gentleman."

There that horrid man calling now. He is in papa's library. He wants—a kiss! He says it is three weeks since he had one. Does he suppose for a moment that I am going to him to give him one? I am in the sitting-room writing all this. I presume that if he must have such an indulgence he is big enough, and old enough, and ugly enough to come for it himself.

Watch the Insects.

Injurious insects demand attention throughout the summer months. Look for the borers near the base of young fruit trees; if saw-dust is seen from a hole in the bark, or if a portion of the bark is seen to be depressed, cut out the borer. If the leaves of currant and gooseberries are eaten by "the worm," apply white hellebore at once. Stir a teaspoonful of the powder in a pailful of water, and apply with a syringe. Repeat this after a few days. If later broods appear, continue the remedy, which is a very certain one. The greenish sling slug, which appears upon the leaves of cherry, pear and other trees, may be destroyed by applying air-slacked lime or wood ashes. This may be dusted upon the leaves by means of a bag of coarse fabric, attached to a pole. The insects attacking the grape vines this month are mainly large caterpillars, which are most readily picked by hand, and the so-called "thrips," which is properly the "grapevine leaf hopper," and not related to the true thrips. It is a little whitish insect which often rises in clouds when the vines are disturbed. The best treatment is to go among the vines with torches, gently beating them to disturb the insects, which will at once fly towards the light. The first appearance of grayish spots on the undersides of the vine indicates mildew, and flowers of sulphur should be applied with a bellows made for the purpose.

Dom Pedro, Emperor, of Brazil, sailed from Rio de Janeiro yesterday for Europe on the steamer Gironde.

THINGS GOOD TO EAT,

And How to Get Them Up with Satisfactory Flavor.

Chocolate Cookies.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three cups of flour, four eggs, one cup of grated chocolate, one-half teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Roll thin and bake in a quick oven.

Lemon Jelly.—The yolks of two eggs, one cup of sugar, one cup of water, one tablespoonful of corn-starch and the juice and grated rind of one lemon; cook till thick. This is nice for layer cake.

Yankee Muffins.—To one quart of milk add one gill of yeast, one teaspoonful of salt, with four or five eggs beaten; add flour sufficient to make a thick batter; bake in muffin rings. Serve with butter.

Lemon Soda Cake.—One cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, two eggs, one-half cup of sweet milk, one teaspoon of soda, two teaspoons of cream tartar, one pint of flour, measured after sifting.

Puff Pudding.—One pint of boiling milk and nine tablespoonfuls of flour; mix first with a little cold milk. When cold add a little salt and flour, three well-beaten eggs, and bake in a buttered dish. Serve at once.

Excellent Cake.—Take one cupful of sugar, three cupfuls of flour, one and a half cupfuls of milk, half a cupful of butter and eggs; mix thoroughly, adding two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in a hot oven.

Eggless Cake.—Two-thirds of a cup of sugar, two-thirds of a cup of sweet milk, one-third of a cup of butter, two cups of flour and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Flavor to taste, and before putting in the oven grate sugar over it.

Tea Cakes.—Rub together four teaspoonfuls of butter and one cup of sugar, add one well-beaten egg, one tablespoonful of cream and two cups of flour, into which has been sifted two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in small pans and eat while fresh.

Beef Fritters.—Chop pieces of steak or cold roast beef very fine; make a batter of milk, flour and an egg; mix the meat with it. Put a lump of butter in a saucepan, let it melt, then drop the batter into it from a large spoon. Fry until brown, season with pepper and salt and a little parsley.

Cream Cake.—One half-cup butter or one cup sweet cream, one and a half cups sugar, four eggs (one beaten separately), one half-cup sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls cream of tartar and one teaspoonful soda. Bake in a long pan. When done, cut open and spread between one pint whipped cream and one cup sugar. Flavor with lemon.

Bread Griddle Cakes.—Soak a small bowl of bread over night in milk. In the morning mix a half a cupful of flour, into which is put one and a half teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, with one quart of milk, three well-beaten eggs and a little salt. Beat up the bread with this batter until it is very light and fry a delicate brown. The batter should be thick.

Ice Cream.—Three quarts of milk, nine eggs, four tablespoonfuls of arrowroot and three cups of white sugar. Set the dish containing the milk in a kettle of water, and when hot add the arrowroot, previously wet in milk, the sugar and the eggs. Cook a few minutes and flavor when cold. This will fill a gallon freezer. Less eggs may be used, but your cream will not be so nice.

Water Pound Cake.—One pound of butter, one pound of powdered sugar, four eggs, one cupful of boiling water, one pound of prepared flour, flavor with lemon. Beat butter, sugar and the yolks of the eggs to a cream, then add the boiling water and stir gently till cold, then the pound of flour with the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth, the lemon last; bake one hour. This cake cannot be told from real pound cake, and it will keep two weeks.

In making beef pot pie, cut in small pieces two pounds lean beef and one half-pound fat salt pork. Place in kettle, with one fine-chopped onion, one carrot, one-half turnip and water to cover well. Stew until tender, then add salt and pepper to season and place over stew the following crust: Two teacupfuls flour, in which have been thoroughly mixed two teaspoonfuls baking powder; rub well through flour one tablespoonful salt, and wet with cold water or sweet milk and mix to a stiff dough; roll into a sheet to cover stew; make two or three perforations in crust. Keep kettle closely covered, and stew twenty minutes to half an hour after adding crust. When no dough adheres to straw when thrust into the middle, the pot pie is done.

He Won Her by the Book.

An exchange relates that a young gentleman happening to sit at church in a pew adjoining one in which sat a young lady, for whom he conceived a sudden and violent passion, was desirous of entering into a courtship on the spot, but the place not suiting a formal declaration, the exigency of the case suggested the following plan: He politely handed his fair neighbor a Bible (open) with a pin stuck in the following text, II. St. John, 5: "And now I beseech thee, lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love another." She returned it, pointing to Ruth ii. 10: "Then she fell on her face, and bowed herself to the ground, and said unto him, Why have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldst take knowledge of me, seeing I am a stranger?" He returned the book, pointing to III. John, 13: "I had many things to write. I will not with pen and ink write unto thee, but I trust I shall shortly see thee, and we shall speak face to face." From the above interview a marriage took place the ensuing week.

Awaiting the Result.

The popular Major Priest, of the New York Central road, very much resembles Dr. Burton, of Fultonville. The other day a lady entered a car in which the Major sat, and, stepping up to him, said: "Doctor, my husband is not so well to-day." The Major understood the situation at once, and inquired: "What seems to be the difficulty?" "Well," said the lady, "he seems to be more nervous than he was." "Oh," said the Major, "that's all right; give him three more pills." "I will," said the lady, and with that the Major departed. What the result of this prescription will be remains to be seen.—*Albany Journal.*

There are more than 65,000 widows in Massachusetts, about half of them being less than 40 years of age.

A ROMANTIC CAREER.

A Young Man Steals $50,000 and Skips to a South Pacific Island, Where He Becomes a King.

That wickedness sometimes prospers is evidenced, says the New York *World*, by the rather romantic career within the last few months of Charles W. Banks, formerly of Albany, this State, later of San Francisco, Cal., and now elevated by the power of love to the throne of King of Cook's Island, in the South Pacific Ocean. A history of Mr. Bank's life in Albany would add so little interest to his later life that it is unnecessary to refer to it now, except to state that in that rolling town he married a very interesting young lady, for whom, according to his latest letter to his friends in this city, he still entertains the most touching affection. It is also hardly necessary to say that the lady in question, Mrs. Fanny A. Banks, who is now in this city, places so little faith in these assurances of unbounded love that she has begun a divorce suit, and charges his kingship with desertion and infidelity.

Soon after the marriage of the couple they journeyed to San Francisco, where Mr. Banks, being intelligent and bright, as well as a handsome young man, obtained employment in the express office of Wells, Fargo & Co. There he prospered, prospered too well for his personal good; for having obtained a position of trust, and gained the entire confidence of his employers, he suddenly disappeared six months ago, carrying with him over $50,000 belonging to the company. His many friends at the Golden gate mourned his departure, for he was a good fellow, reckless with his money, an interesting talker, and a good story-teller, while his little suppers at home and at his club were the talk of society for days after each event. Mrs. Banks, too, mourned his loss, but her reasons were widely different, and she came to this city after gathering enough evidence in San Francisco to prove to her that her husband had not been all that she had expected. Consulting the law firm of Messrs Johnes, Benner & Willcox here, the papers for a divorce were properly drawn up, but pending information as to the whereabouts of her recreant husband, she withheld proceedings.

Meanwhile Wells, Fargo & Co. had sent detectives after the defaulter, who tracked him to Tahiti, Sandwich Islands, but the wily young man fled in a schooner a few hours before the sleuth-hounds of the law reached there. From this point the gay defaulter's movements much resemble those of Billy Kid, the illustrious hero whom Rosini Vokes sings about in her clever song, "His 'Art was true to Poll."

Like Billy Kid, Mr. Banks

Landed on a strange shore and looked out for an inn,
When a noble savage lady, of a color rather shady,
Came along and accosted him.

"Oh! stay with me and the king you'll be,
And in a palace loll,
Or I'll eat you like a filet;" so he gave his hand, did Billy,
But his 'art was true to Poll.

Mr. Banks was certainly in luck. He had sailed away from Tahiti for a point anywhere out of the grasp of the law, and favoring gales had directed his craft to the shores of Rarelonga, Cook's Island, in the South Pacific, where the beautiful but dusky Queen Ulakea (Ulakea in English, but something else in her own picturesque language) reigned quietly and kindly over her loving tribe. She is a widow, but ceased abruptly to grieve for her departed lord when the handsome face and manly bearing and figure of Mr. Banks loomed up before her in her quiet, luxurious home. He was a wanderer, weary and forlorn, and she a widow, sad and lonely, but with lots of this world's goods and a large heart, which she unhesitatingly threw at his feet. Her kindness won him, coupled with his own Yankee ingenuity, which told him that he had struck it rich, to use an Americanism, and he availed himself of the fortunate opportunity equally as unhesitatingly as it had been opened to him. There at Raretonga, safe from the law's strong grasp, where the climate is glorious and warm all the year round, Banks is now living, duly domesticated and acknowledged as king, and receiving the homage of the people, who adore him because their beloved Queen has set them the example. The detectives who found him there say he expresses no desire to return to his native country, but seems satisfied to continue his life of idleness and power. Mrs. Banks has heard of her husband's fortune and has decided to begin divorce proceedings at once. Her counsel, Edward R. Jones, appeared before Judge Lawrence in the Supreme Court chambers recently and obtained an order for the publication of a summons in the suit, a copy of which will be mailed to King Banks I. at his palace at Raretonga. Although Mrs. Banks has sufficient evidence to secure a divorce without reference to her husband's present position, the detectives who have traced Mr. Banks and discovered his new mode of life will make affidavits which will be used in the suit in order to show the man's utter unworthiness. Wells, Fargo & Co. have not given up hope of bringing Banks to justice, or of obtaining from him the money he embezzled. Banks' flight at the time of the discovery of the theft created a sensation. The publication of his subsequent movements will probably prove a greater surprise to the many society people of both San Francisco and this city who know him and his wife.

He Changed His Mind.

A well-known New York homœopathic physician says that he was once rung up in the middle of the night, and requested by a man to call immediately upon his wife.

"Very well," said the doctor.

"How much will it cost?" asked the caller.

"Ten dollars—to go that distance."

"How much will it be if you call in the morning?"

"Two dollars."

"Well, call in the morning," said the husband.

A man at Geneseo, Ill., took sick the other night and sent his nephew out for some pills. The young man, finding the drug stores all closed and one solitary grocery open, entered and procured a handful of small white beans. When he got home he filled a pill box in his room with beans and took them to his uncle. The beans were taken and proved quite efficacious, as the man recovered the following day.

HAS THE GIFT OF HEALING.

An Old Ohio Farmer who Banishes Pain by a Mere Touch.

"Do you see that white-haired, countrified-looking chap sitting in front of the Red Lion Hotel?" asked a business man of a friend whom he met on the opposite side of the street.

"Well, what of him?" answered the other.

"He is one of the most peculiar old chaps I ever met," said the first speaker. "He claims to be possessed of the 'healing power,' and his touch is something wonderful. It makes your nerves fairly tingle. For my part I don't understand it."

This conversation was what led a *Dispatch* reporter to look up the man with the healing in his hands. He was found sitting outside the door smoking a regulation tobie and quietly watching the passing throng. His hair and beard are snowy white and worn short after the country style, while his dress is more substantial and comfortable than rich and fashionable. Taking a seat beside him, the reporter asked:

"Are you the doctor?"

"No, sir," he answered rather innocently.

"Ain't you the faith cure doctor that is stopping here?"

"No, sir; I ain't no faith cure doctor, but I can knock a pain out of you in a jiffy if I set my hands on you," he replied with a good deal of animation.

The interviewer was at a loss to know how to take the old gentleman's answer—whether he meant that he would knock the life out of him for his impertinence, or that he would kindly relieve his physical sufferings. As he did not take a threatening hold on the big dogwood cane that he carries, the interviewer proceeded to explain:

"I was told that you were a faith cure or pow-wow doctor."

"I'm nothing of the kind. My name is Josiah Stonebraker, and I live down in Belmont county, O., near Demos post-office, and I don't have to pow-wow for a living. I am a farmer, and I do most of the undertaking business in that section. I used to make my own coffins, but I don't do it any more. You fellows up here make 'em cheaper than I can. No, I'm not up here after coffins; I just came up to see some old friends and look around. I was here about twelve years ago, but it doesn't look like the same place. Then it was so smoky and dark that I thought I would have to get a lantern to see my way on the streets."

"Yes, there has been a great change. But I would like to know something about this pain cure."

"Well, young man, all that I know is that when a person comes to me and says: 'Si, I've a pain, so and so,' and I put my hands on the place, the pain goes away, or if I rub a wart or corn they go away, and I've known cancers to disappear after I've rubbed them that way. You needn't laugh, young feller," says he solemnly as he laid his hand on the doubting Thomas' thigh.

It may have been imagination, but his hand seemed as hot as fire and sent thrills to the ends of the toes.

"No, never laugh at such things, for you don't know what might happen. I have saved life, and while I do not travel on it, still I feel that whenever I can relieve suffering I ought to do it. As I said before, I don't have to, and am up here just to look around. Do I believe in faith cures? Of course I do. Every Christian must believe in them. In the early days of the Church all cures were effected by means of the laying on of hands, anoiting with oil and offering up prayer. Why may it not be just as good now? I don't know anything about magnetism, galvanism nor none of your isms. I only know that if you have a rheumatic pain there in your knee, a tightness in your chest, or a pain in your head, I can drive it out. Now, you can call it whatever ism you please."

"Do you believe the power is from God, or is it your own?"

"Every good and perfect gift is from God; besides, we have no power of our own. In olden times the people possessed divers gifts; some the gift of prophecy, some the gift of healing and others the gift of teaching. I reckon mine is the gift of healing."

"Did you always have this power?"

"Yes; but I didn't know it until a gifted healer told me so. He said that I had a great deal of power, and he showed me how to use it. My wife, who had been an invalid for twenty years, and had been in bed four years, and weighed only about 50 pounds, now weighs 150, and is able to do her own housework. Why, sir, the blamed doctor bills just kept me poor, and she got worse right straight along until I struck this. Then she quit taking medicine, and hasn't taken a drop since, and is now well and hearty."—*Pittsburg Despatch.*

Origin of Hand-Shaking.

In the early and barbarous times, when every savage or semi-savage was his own law-giver, judge, soldier and policeman, and had to watch over his own safety, in default of all other protection, when two friends or acquaintances, or two strangers desiring to be friends or acquaintances, when they chanced to meet, offered each to the other the right hand alike of offence and defence, the hand that wields the sword, the dagger, the club, the tomahawk, or other weapon of war. Each did this to show that the hand was empty, and that neither war nor treachery was intended. A man cannot well stab another while he is engaged in the act of shaking hands with him, unless he is a double-dyed traitor and villain, and tries to aim a cowardly blow with the left while giving the right, and pretending to be on good terms with him. —*Rochester Post-Express.*

All Colors are Welcomed.

A European ball-room is full of surprises to an American. In the first place, he is astonished to find that, in general, leaving out the very high society people, every one dances with every one else, without introduction. Another thing in a large ball at any of the various European resorts, you will see men of all colors, from a jet black down to a pale yellow, waltzing with the young ladies, chatting and flirting with them; in fact, quite as well received as any one else.—*New York Sun.*

—In the charge against Wm. Lahey, of Dundas, for assaulting, striking and knocking down Michael Laden, an old man, the Police Magistrate Saturday found Lahey guilty and fined him $5 and costs—$12.35 in all.

BYGONE BONNETS REVIVED.

Coffee-Colored Blonde Lace—Grass-Green and Rose-Pink—Notes.

A correspondent writes: "One of the chief features of the new fashions seems to be a revival of the colors and forms of the past. I saw a bonnet the other day, fresh from Paris, that recalled the 'Jane Clark" of bygone times. It was of pale coffee-colored blonde lace, and on one side 'the cap,' as it used to be called, was a wreath of blush roses. On the top of this head-gear was a knot of grass-green ribbon and the strings were of the same hue. Grass-green and rose-pink! What would the æsthetics have said to it? But it was a very pretty bonnet, all the same. Another—still prettier—was composed entirely of unripe corn (green), over which was drawn a veil of green tulle. The front was formed by a wreath of poppies, and on the left side was an aigrette of poppies—three, placed one above the other, to mount it up high—with the stalks showing, and the top poppy the smallest of the three. The sleeves of a different material or color to the dress show another return to an old and a very pretty fashion; but great care must be taken, or the toilette will look patchy. Dun-color and dark brown, stone-color and pale blue, grey (pure and simple) and violet, or dark green, go well together; but the sleeves should always be of the more telling color and the richer material. The present has one great advantage over the past. The inexpensive stuffs of to-day are prettier than any seen of yore, more especially the striped ones. I have just seen a material composed of alternate stripes of white poplin and white Valenciennes lace, which would make a lovely wedding dress for a bride in her teens. Another material was composed of alternate stripes of tussore silk and lace of the same shade. A frock of that stuff might be worn with almost any color, and at the smartest day festivities, and would outlast two or three of the white cambrics trimmed with broiderie Anglaise, that threaten to become the rage, and need to be so very fresh and clean.—*London Lady.*

He Wasn't Qualified.

"Did you hire that young man who applied for your school?" was asked of a Dakota school district officer.

"Well, I should rather say we didn't."

"Why not?"

"His 'edication didn't come up to the scratch."

"What in?"

"Gram'er."

"How did you find it out?"

"W'y, he got in my wagon to ride from the field to the house an', says I, 'Did ye ever drive much?' 'Of late years,' says he, 'I have driven very little.' 'Drove very little, ye mean,' says I. 'I beg your par don,' says he, 'but I mean driven.' 'Drove is right,' says I. 'No, sir,' says he, 'driven is the most gramaticalist.' 'Oh, well, mebby ye know,' says I sorter sarcastic. 'I reckon I do,' says he. 'I'm jes' comin' out here to learn you folks something.' 'Do you see that road?' says I. 'I does,' says he. 'Well,' says I, 'it goes to town, an' you want to git right out an' humpen yerself down it mighty fasten, 'cause I'm goin to begin to kicken ye in about a minute by the clock!' He saw I knowed more 'bout gram'er than he did and he got out o' that wagon an' scooted down the road. You bet we're goin' to have a teacher that understands gram'er or none at all."—*Dakota Bell.*

Moses was a Gentleman.

Some amusing stories are told of the wit and wisdom of London school children. A class of boys in a boarding school was being examined orally in scripture. The history of Moses had for some time been a special study, and one of the examiners asked:

"What would you say of the general character of Moses?"

"He was meek," said one boy.

"Brave," said another.

"Learned," added a third boy.

"Please, sir," piped a pale-faced, neatly dressed lad, "he was a gentleman."

"A gentleman?" asked the examiner, "how do you make that out?"

The boy promptly replied in the same thin, nervous voice:

"Please, sir, when the daughters of Jethro went to the well to draw water the shepherds came and drove them away, and Moses helped the daughters of Jethro, and said to the shepherds: 'Ladies first, please, gentlemen.'"—*Christian World.*

"Seed 'Em a Doing It."

It is almost impossible for country people to recognize the dense ignorance as to all matters agricultural and rural from which the children of the London poor suffer. A day or two ago the parson of a London parish asked one of the children who had been boarded out under the new poor law regulations how he enjoyed the change of air and scenery. "Please, sir," said the urchin, "I don't like it at all; instead of giving me milk out of a nice clean tin they squeezes it out of a nasty cow—I seed 'em a doing it!"—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Some Etiquette.

In calling on a lady who is away from home leave your card. If the visit is intended for two or three ladies at the house leave two or three cards, but do not turn down one corner of the card, as that custom is now exploded, except in three card monte circles, and even then it is regarded with suspicion.—*Bill Nye.*

Economy.

Pater—"Tom, Tom!—this 'll never do. Past 11 o'clock!—and you've been in bed fifteen hours out o' the twenty-four." Tom—"But it's cheap, Gov'nor—'costs nothing. Wh'r'as directly a fellow's up and dressed, expenses begin!"—*Punch.*

A Truism.

I don't know that I ever coined a maxim worth repeating, but if I ever have it is this: "I owe my success to printer's ink." —*P. T. Barnum.*

The *Vossiche Zeitung* says the Porte has ordered the Germania Company, of Kiel, to despatch to Turkey a vessel with two torpedo catchers, also nine torpedo boats. The vessels are required to be powerful and speedy.

Shelley—Life may change, but it may fly not; Hope may vanish, but can die not; Truth be veiled, but still it burneth; Love repulsed—but it returneth.