The Grave on the Hill.

There's a spot on the hillside far away,
When in summer the grass grows green,
Where, beneath a rustling elm tree's shade,
A moss-covered stone is seen.
'Tis a quiet and unfrequented spot,
A solitude lone and wild;
Yet—somebody's hopes are buried there—
'Tis the grave of a little child.

In the winter, alas! that mossy stone
Is hid 'neath a shroud of snow;
But around it, in spring-time, fresh and sweet,
The daisies and violets grow;
And o'er it the summer breezes hum
With a fragrance soft and mild,
And the autumn's dead leaves thickly strew
That grave of a little child.

And every year there's a redbreast come
When the month of May is nigh,
And builds her nest in this quiet spot,
'Mid the elm tree's branches high;
With her melody sweet, by the hour she trills,
And if by the scene beguiled,
Perhaps—who knows? 'tis an angel comes
To the grave of that little child.

Yes, somebody's hopes lie buried there,
Some mother is weeping in vain,
For though years may come and years may go,
'Twill never come back again,
Yet blessed are they who die in youth,
The pure and the undefiled;
Some road to heaven, perchance, runs through,
That grave of a little child.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

Buy a Lot—The Loiterers at the Church Door—A Good Berating.

Every young man who earns wages ought to buy a lot and make a start for a home. The way to get a start is to save a little money each month and make a payment on your purchase, and so, little by little, pay for your lot and build your house. Don't spend all your money on livery turnouts and dances and ice-cream to please your best girl. After a while you will need a home for that best girl and the youngsters that some way or another generally come around and want to "put up" with you. Put a little of your spare cash into the ground as you go along, and after many days it will bring you a royalty.—*California Architect and Building News.*

Will the young man who takes his position along the curbstone in front of the church every Sunday night to wait for his best girl please bend his ear in this direction a minute? Gossip desires a word with him. You are an unmitigated nuisance, you are, and the girl who will permit herself to be picked up by you in front of the church is wanting in self-respect. Why don't you go to her house and take her to church, and sit beside her during the sermon, and learn wisdom, and take her home in a respectable manner? Do you know what you look like ranged along the curbstone? You look like a lot of crows on a fence-rail. That's what you look like.—*Harrisburg Telegraph.*

A POINT FOR DARWINIANS.

Baby Monkey Cries Like a Child Over Its Dead Mother.

A correspondent with the Nicaragua Canal expedition in Central America writes: A much longer residence in these regions will add materially to the converts of Darwinism, for one has only to see the monkey in his native clime to appreciate the wisdom of the great philosopher. On Christmas Day we gave the men a treat for dinner in the form of a red monkey, which, next to the large lizard, is considered by the natives one of the choicest of meats. Though we were forced to walk over ten miles to reach our canoe, the dead body of the victim was followed the entire distance by one of her young. When we reached home and threw the body down in front of the tent the little one rushed up for recognition. Failing in this, he began to rub vigorously in hopes of restoring life. Still unsuccessful, with a heartrending scream that almost brought tears to hardened eyes, he threw himself upon the breast of his mother and cried like a child.

A Balloonist's Sad Death.

A Duluth, Minn., despatch says: A farmer living in the woods several miles from this city reports the discovery in the woods several miles from his dwelling of a stranded balloon. He also discovered in the limbs of a tree, against which the balloon was caught, the dead and half decayed body of a man, who had evidently been thrown violently from the basket, for the body was wedged in the branches. The man had been probably about 30 years of age. There was nothing in the pockets of the dead man by which he could be identified. The car contained a sand bag half full, a compass, etc. A broken rope, trailing some distance, showed that the unfortunate aeronaut had made every effort to bring his dangerous craft to a standstill before it was torn to pieces by the gale and he was dashed to death. It is supposed the balloon was the one which went up last spring from a southern point and was never heard of.

Married in 1840; Remarried in 1888.

An Eagle River, Mich., despatch says: A strange wedding has taken place here. Col. Wm. B. Wright, an old settler and well-known hotel man, was married again to his wife he married 48 years ago. He is the recipient of a large pension from the United States Government, and knowing how difficult it would be for his wife, in case of his death, to draw his pension without a marriage certificate, had a new ceremony performed. The colonel and Mrs. Wright were married at Sackett's Harbor, N. Y., in November, 1840, but while moving from Eagle River many years ago the marriage certificate was lost.

Slips in the Council Chamber.

The Toronto *World* collects the following "bulls" perpetrated in the Council Chamber of that city:

Ald. Baxter—The voice of the vox populi.

Ald. St. Andrew's Carlyle—Pedestrians on foot.

Ald. Ritchie—To rely upon a thing like this is totally unreliable.

The *News* Man—I don't see any of the absentees present.

A $30,000 Burglary.

On the 13th ult. burglars entered Taplow Court, near Maidenhead, England, the residence of Mr. W. H. Greenfell, M.P., and ransacked Mrs. Greenfell's dressing-room. They got away with about £6,000 worth of jewellery, principally wedding presents, including a necklet valued at £1,500.

It is true that the busiest man is often the happiest man, but he often doesn't have time to realize it.—*Burlington Free Press.*

SUPERSTITION EXTRAORDINARY.

A Great Scare in the Town of Birmingham.

THE LAST DAY LOOKED FOR.

A singular evidence of the survival of superstition in the nineteenth century, and of the strong grip which it retains on the fears of ignorant persons, has been furnished in Birmingham. Some days ago the newspapers contained the bold prediction of some sapient astrologer that on the 11th of January, in consequence of the violent "fiery planet Mars" forming a conjunction with the "evil planet Uranus" in the eighteenth degree of the zodiacal sign *Libra*, and at the same time of the evil aspect of Mercury, which was mischievous enough to present itself 90 degrees distant, the unhappy denizens of this globe might look out for all manner of calamities. Among these were named "many sudden deaths among the nobles of the land, numerous accidents in collieries, fires, explosions, murders, wars and earthquakes," and lastly, as a makeweight, "storms and high winds, with many untoward events, resulting in much fatality." The wide comprehensiveness of this programme of prophecy, while instructive and amusing to the judicious, seems to have had a very different meaning for the unskilful. To them it was explicable only on the supposition that the last day was at hand. It must be admitted that such a programme seems too liberal of mischief for any less momentous occasion. The occurrence of thick darkness at an earlier hour of the day than it might have been expected in the absence of a fog was accepted by more than a few as a startling confirmation of the prophecy, although it had not been specially named by the prophet. There were people who went about with the information, exclusively theirs, that half-past 2 in the afternoon was the exact time at which to listen for the crack of doom, and when that hour had passed in peace and quiet they probably hailed the early darkness as an incident behind which they might shelter themselves from the fire of chaff which had begun to beat upon them. All this, of course, was a source of innocent merriment to the vast majority of people about town, but it was so firmly believed by ill educated people here and there that many of them made fearsome preparation for the end of all things. The police report that not only did old women betake themselves to their Bibles with unusual zeal, but younger women remained in bed all day, dreading the coming earthquake. Children were kept away from school as a similar preparation, and those who attended school came home full of fear and alarmist rumors. Two little folks, the children of a Police Inspector, begged their father at dinner-time not to be out in the streets at midnight, for two stars were going to meet and burst and set the world on fire. In Constitution Hill, the new cable being set running as a trial of its working, a tradesman, startled by the unusual noise it made, rushed out of his shop with a pale face, and called the attention of a passer-by to it, offering the suggestion that it was the first symptom of a convulsion of the earth's crust. From the Ladywood Police Station it was reported that there seemed to be "a general state of fear." Some women called at the Moseley Street Police Station in the hope of deriving comfort and support from the constable in charge of the office, and seemed a good deal shocked at the levity with which he treated their forebodings. They went away at last to buy a copy of the Bible, for which three of them clubbed together their coppers. At Moor Street Police Court, in the morning, a woman of the same class, on being fined a shilling for uttering threats of bodily harm, had accepted the alternative of a week's imprisonment with the observation that it didn't matter, for the world would be at an end soon. She was evidently sincere, and imagined that she would perhaps be lucky enough to cheat the law out of a part of its penalty, although she had not ventured to offer in defence the plea that she would have no time to carry out the threats she had made use of. At night a half-drunken soldier was found praying in Holloway Head, with all the fervor of fright and a troubled conscience. The amount of credulity which actually prevailed with reference to this silly astrological bogey was not even paralleled when many thousands of people assembled in High street and the Bull Ring to see Spring heeled Jack leap from the roof of the Market Hall against the spire of St. Martin's Church, and for a fortnight afterwards pursued that ubiquitous spectre all over the town.—*Liverpool Post.*

Irresistible.

Rev. Robert Collyer tells an amusing story of a trained group of monkeys he once saw in London on a stage, whose intelligence was such that he was almost persuaded to accept the Darwinian theory on the spot. They had been drilled carefully to go through a series of military exercises in uniform, and were making a fine display of their attainments when a man in the gallery threw a handful of nuts on the stage, and the simian soldiery at once broke ranks, threw down their guns and scrambled for the hard shelled dainties. "That moment," says Dr. Collyer, "the hand on the dial of time was turned back a thousand years!"

The Catch of the Year.

Utah mother (to daughter)—You will probably meet young Mr. Brigham at the ball to-night, dear.

Daughter—Yes, mamma.

Utah mother—And you must be as pleasant as possible. Mr. Brigham is the most desirable party of the season; he has only one wife, you know.

On General Principles.

Gentleman (to Uncle Rastus, who is troubled with a balky mule)—Uncle Rastus, do you think kicking that mule in the stomach will make him go?

Uncle Rastus—Da haint nuffin wot'll make dat mule go when he 'cludes not to, sah. I'm only kickin' him fo' my own satisfaction.—*Accident News.*

In many of the churches of Edinburgh on the 15th ult. pulpit references were made to the deaths of the Rev. Dr. Phin, the Rev. Dr. W. Wilson, and Mr. Herdman, R. S. A.

A BLIZZARD HEROINE.

Minnie Freeman, a Nebraska Girl, Saves a School of Children.

Not many miles from the town of Ord is situated the school-house of Mira Valley school district. The house is a small frame structure, and the nearest dwelling to it is at least one-half mile distant. Thursday morning, January 12th, when the blizzard came, there were in the little school-house Miss Minnie Freeman, the teacher, yet in her teens, and thirteen pupils between the ages of 6 and 15 years. The children were wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement by the fury af the storm. In the midst of the teacher's assurance that all would be well a terrible gust of wind struck the building, the windows rattled, the house shook and the door of the structure was torn from its hinges. It was then the young teacher realized the necessity of preparing for emergencies. With an exhibition of rare judgment she gathered her little brood together, and securing a coil of strong heavy twine, began with the largest one and tied the children together by the arms and bodies, three abreast. This completed, she huddled her charges around the stove and awaited the pleasure of the storm king. Its furious work came sooner than was expected. The terrific gale, sweeping everything before it, struck the building and carried away, in the twinkling of an eye, the entire roof of the structure, leaving the frightened little ones exposed to the elements. The time for prompt action had arrived, but the plucky teacher was equal to the emergency. Taking the youngest and frailest of her charge in her arms, she tied the remaining end of the twine around her own body, and with all the words of encouragement she could muster the courageous teacher started with her "team" of frightened little ones into the fury of the storm. Those who have braved the terrors of a Nebraska blizzard need not be told that it required courage to enable a young girl to breast those furies, having in her keeping the lives of thirteen little ones and the happiness of thirteen homes. Those who felt and suffered from the effects of Thursday's storm need not be told that the act of that young girl was one from which strong men might quail. Selecting her way carefully, following the course of the storm, the brave girl led her little charges through snow-drifts and blinding blizzard, now cautioning them about their steps, now encouraging them to cheerfulness, and all the way herself bearing an additional burden of somebody's darling, urging them into renewed efforts. And thus it was that after a wearisome journey of three-quarters of a mile, through all the fury a storm could muster, the little band reached the threshold of a farm house, where she received a hearty welcome. At the house where they found shelter one of the children made its home, and if the eyes of a loving mother filled with tears as she pressed her little one to her heart they were not dried when she gave to the brave young teacher an embrace in which was embodied all the love and gratitude within a mother's heart. It is safe to say that the subsequent reception of Miss Freeman in all the homes whose little ones she had rescued perhaps from death were equally as warm as that accorded to her in the first instance.—*Omaha Bee.*

Wit of Other Lands.

Creditable Relationship.—Visitor—Don't you miss your little nephew very much, Freddie? Freddie (whose nephew died the week before)—Yes, I miss him very much; but I like to be the uncle to an angel.—*Life.*

In School (Fact): a Class of Little Girls.—The Teacher—What! Don't any of you know what an epistle is? Answer (after some hesitation)—Yes, Miss, I know. An epistle is the wife of an apostle!—*Moonshine.*

Considerate.—And whatever you do, Mary Ann, said a loving mother to her nursemaid, as the latter set out in charge of her two little children to walk in Kensington Gardens on a rainy April day, don't let my darlings sit down on the wet grass. If they are tired and want to rest, you must sit down yourself on the grass and let them sit on your lap.

A Weary Waiting.—Young Man—Isn't the sermon nearly done? Deacon of Church—About an hour yet. He's only at his "lastly." Young Man—Will it take him an hour to get through his "lastly?" Deacon—No; but there's the "one word more and I am done," and the "finally," and the "in conclusion" to come yet. Don't be impatient, young man, your girl won't spoil.—*Australian Lantern.*

The Grand Old Name of Gentleman.—Beg pardon, mister, but what particular breed might yer be callin' this 'ere little dawg o' yourn? You'll ascuse me a harskin, gov'ner; but me and another gentleman 'ere 'as just been 'avin a small bet about it! (Disgust of Montmorency De Vere Snobley, who has always described himself as a gentleman.)—*Punch.*

Worth About $ ¢ a Week.

What is Beauty worth on the stage? The average salary for Beauty alone is about $12 a week. Beauty with talent? That depends on the talent. The salaries of the ladies named run from $50 to $200 a week, according to their talent and experience, not according to their beauty. Miss Cheatham probably gets the smallest and Miss Rehan the largest of these sums. The stage is probably the worst market in the universe to take Beauty to if there is no other ware to be sold with it. When Beauty goes on the stage alone she must very soon go as "Beauty unadorned," and Beauty unadorned on the stage cannot drape and dress as she almost invariably wants to in private life on $12 a week.

Proof Positive.

"Oh, by the way, Job," said Mrs. Shuttle as she handed him his warm slippers, "you remember that you abandoned smoking with the New Year."

"Yes, my dear."

"And I found three cigars in your overcoat pocket this very evening."

"Certainly. If I had been smoking they wouldn't have been there."—*Hartford Post.*

She Knew What to do With It.

Husband (exasperated)—What in the mischief did you do with the snow-shovel brought home last night?

Wife—What did you expect I would do with it, John? I tied a ribbon around the handle and put it in the parlor.—*Epoch*

CURRENT TOPICS.

WORTH, the French milliner, lives in the suburbs of Paris in a palace that covers several acres and is gorgeously furnished. Once a year it is thrown open to his employees, and the fete lasts a day and a night. On this day each of the women employed by Worth is permitted to select a dress from his stock, and it is made up according to her directions.

MORE than $10,000,000 worth of oysters were shipped from Maryland to all parts of the world this season. Over 50,000 persons are employed in the industry in the State, and it supports besides 1,500 schooners and sloops. To enforce the law for the regulation of these vessels the State maintains an "oyster navy," consisting of five steamers, six schooners and eight sloops.

AN American who saw the Mikado of Japan at Tokio recently says: "He sat in lonely state, a dark-featured, black-haired, thick-lipped man, dressed in the uniform of a European general, and with nothing grand in his make up or appearance. The absolute monarch of thirty-six million people in a tight-fitting, gold-laced blue coat and a French shako for a cap! Shades of Gilbert and Sullivan preserve us. I wanted to pull off his foreign tailor trumpery and pitch his coat into the nearest canal, scatter his monkey-like soldiers and make him and them all over again in the likeness of their royal ancestors."

A NEW method of preserving oysters in the shell, so as to transport them to any distance in a perfectly fresh condition, is being tried at Oxford, Md. The process is of the simplest description, consisting wholly in a single turn of iron wire twisted tightly around the shells so as to keep them so closely shut that none of the juice of the oyster can leak out. It appears that it is the opening of the mouth of the oyster when out of water that causes it to "spoil." There is evidence that oysters clamped by wire by this method have kept fresh for several months. Arrangements are already made for the shipment of about twenty thousand oysters a day to Liverpool.

ELECTRICITY is about to be put to a new use. The emptying of the sewage of London into the Thames has necessarily polluted that river; and, searching for some means of preventing this pollution, it has been discovered that electricity transmitted into the sewage produces the equivalent of a chemical change. The electric current sets the particles of matter in a circulatory motion, and the result is that the organic matter collects at the top in a semi-solid form, so that it can easily be separated from the transparent fluid beneath. The experiments have so far been conducted on a limited scale, but if the plan should prove to be cheap and practicable it would go far toward solving a problem that agitates every large city.

A CURIOUS case is likely to come before the London courts. Some months since a young girl was apprenticed to a fashionable city milliner. She lived with her employers, two maiden sisters, and a week ago for some alleged offence committed in the workroom she was given a severe corporal punishment by one of the sisters. The girl complained to her aunt, who at once wrote demanding an explanation. A reply was received stating that by the terms of apprenticeship the proprietor of the establishment was *in loco parentis*, and had the right to administer such chastisement as a mother might inflict upon a disobedient child. She further stated that she found the rod an indispensable adjunct of the workroom, and was quite prepared to defend her right to use it. The girl's aunt threatens to bring an action for assault to test the case.

To have made 996 couples happy out of a possible 997 is a marrying record that may well claim the hymeneal championship. Such is the knot-tying performance of Rev. Ellis Howell, now visiting at Kansas, Illinois. He is 83 years of age, and has been a minister of the gospel sixty-two years. It happens, curiously enough, that the one divorce that resulted from the 997 marriages was that of a brother clergyman whom he deadheaded on account of "the profesh." To eke out a day's developments in the line of connubial curiosities there comes from Findlay, Ohio, the story of a colored woman who was married at 11, at 12 bore a child, which, being a girl, was in turn married at 12, and before arriving at the mature age of 13 herself became a mother, so that the original bride of tender years is a grandmother at 25. Then at Fairmount, Illinois, occurred the wedding of two children, aged respectively 15 and 13, by consent of their parents; while at Petersburg, Virginia, a father managed to prevent the elopement of his daughter of 16, who had walked eleven miles to run away with the man of her choice.

LORD DUFFERIN, says the Edinburgh *Scotsman*, is a man of many accomplishments. He is probably the most cosmopolitan statesman in the service of Great Britain, and in his time has learnt something of many languages. To his other linguistic accomplishments he seems to have added, at least, a sufficient command of Persian to enable him to read a speech to the chiefs of the frontier tribes at Peshawur, as he was reported recently to have done. It was surmised that the speech, although read by Lord Dufferin, had probably been composed by some one more likely to be acquainted with Oriental languages, but, if an Indian paper which I have just received is to be credited, the Viceroy recently examined the boys at the Badshahi Mosque at Lahore "in their studies in Persian, Urdu, etc., and heard them read the 11th part of the Koran," after which His Excellency "expressed his satisfaction at their progress in education." There may still be some room for doubt whether the versatile Viceroy relied on his own knowledge in commending the youthful students of Persian and Urdu, but Lord Dufferin is a student as well as a diplomatist, and there is nothing intrinsically improbable in his having devoted some of his leisure time to acquiring one or more of the many languages of the East during his enforced sojourn there.

MISS MINNIE FREEMAN, the heroic young school ma'am who saved thirteen children during the Nebraska blizzard, has received nine offers of marriage. Minnie had better ponder the subject carefully before accepting. As a contemporary observes, she might strike a matrimonial squall that would last longer than the blizzard, and a good deal colder in the end.

A LONDON cablegram announces that Lord Bute, who has made many millions during the last few years by the simple process of sitting still and watching the growth of the town of Cardiff, which he owns, has donated $80,000 toward building a Roman Catholic church at Rothesay, in Scotland. He had previously given about half a million dollars for a similar purpose in England. His Lordship joined the Catholic Church fifteen years ago.

A NEW YORK artist tells a story which will be of interest to any one fond of psychical investigations. He was sitting in his sleeping chamber late at night reading a French novel, when his wife, who had retired some hours before, suddenly awoke and related a dream which she had just had. The dream was an exact counterpart—even to details—of the plot of the novel, which the lady had never read.

IN a Vermont town not long ago a justice trial for assault was the order of the hour. The jury had been empanelled, the plaintiff was testifying, and he closed his story by pointing to one of the jurymen and saying: "He saw the whole affair and knows all about it." Whereupon the attorney for the respondent had that jryman excused in short metre, on the ground that he was disqualified by reason of knowing too much.

SOME enterprising Indiana capitalists have undertaken the scheme of transporting natural gas by rail in large reservoirs from the wells to Fort Wayne. If the gaseous fuel which nature is furnishing so lavishly in certain parts of the country can be packed into tanks and carried like oil to distant places for consumption a very great step will have been taken in the direction of reducing the cost of heating and illuminating. It remains to be seen, however, whether the experiment will be in every way successful and feasible.

CARTER H. HARRISON, ex-Mayor of Chicago, writes from Bangkok that he has had an audience with the King of Siam. Speaking of King Chulalanghorn Mr. Carter writes: "With a kindly, gentle face, bespeaking a warm and generous heart capable of deep affection, and showing his loving disposition by his real grief for the untimely death of his Queen, he is compelled to take many wives, the daughters of his noblemen, and now, at a little over 30 years of age, he is the father of some thirty odd children." Poor Chulalanghorn!

IT is said that when exposed to severe cold a feeling of warmth is created by repeatedly filling the lungs to their utmost in this manner: Throw the shoulders well back and hold the head well up. Inflate the lungs slowly (the garments being loose), the air entering entirely through the nose. When the lungs are completely filled, hold the breath for ten seconds or longer, and then expire it quickly through the mouth. It is important for all to practice this exercise many times each day, especially when in the open air. If this habit ever becomes universal, lung diseases and many others will rarely be heard of. A permanent expansion of the chest of one, two and even three inches, will eventually follow.

IT will please those who have too long been annoyed with stories of the infelicities of the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise, cables a correspondent, to know that they are travelling on the Continent together. At present they are staying at Naples, where they live in a simple, unostentatious fashion, dining at the public table and otherwise practising rigid economy. The Princess and her husband travelled *incognito*, and on their arrival at Naples walked to the hotel. The manager, however, recognized the Princess, and offered her a suite of apartments on the first floor, reserved for notables. These were declined, as was a suggestion that the illustrious guests should eat in private.

An Important Little Miss.

A London cable says: No dynastic question is the subject of more political interest in Germany than that of Holland. The King is 73 years of age, and His Majesty's only surviving child is a daughter, not yet 8 years old. If the King survives ten years or so he will have probably to decide between a German or an English husband for this Princess. If she comes to the throne during her minority the matrimonial question will be more anxious; and outside the present limits of Germany, no matter is so near the heart of Prince Bismarck as the entry of Holland into the German Empire upon a footing like that of Bavaria. Not only the position of Holland, so favorable for the development of German strength at sea, but her colonial possessions are especially attractive. They are not so much coveted by Englishmen, but were Holland to join the German States the new empire would at once become the second colonial power in the world.

A Dog Fond of Fireworks.

A dog story recently reached me which shows in a remarkable way how that animal's tastes adapt themselves to his surroundings. Messrs. Brock, the well known pyrotechnists, have at their factory a Newfoundland dog which positively revels in fireworks. He rushes into a shower of sparks with as much delight as most of his kind display in a cold bath, and on a lighted squib being thrown within his reach he will run after the smouldering stump as if it were a bone and trample it out with his paws.—*London Truth.*

—Love is like the measles; we can have it bad but once, and the later in life we have it the tougher it goes with us.

A pressed glass tumbler nine inches tall with a capacity of eighty ounces, the largest in existence, was made in Rochester a few days ago. A special press was constructed to shape the glass, and glass-workers regard it as much of a masterpiece in its line as the great steel gun cast at Pittsburg recently.