

Upon My Word She Did.

MARGARET EXTINGOP.

Her hair was black, "But black," she sighed. "Is very much too cold." And so she bleached her locks until they looked almost like gold. A simple satin robe she wore, which closely to her clung. (In fact it was extremely scant), And from her belt a lily pale And four sunflowers hung— Four big sunflowers hung.

She would not touch a bit of meat, But oft she'd sit and weep, To think the broiled chops were once Part of a baby sheep. "And oh!" she'd moan, "these seared steaks. So full of gravy now." (This was a slight mistake, I think, "Once wandered o'er the fields and meads. Attached to a cow— A gentle browsing cow.

She was the most poetic thing; She wouldn't harm a fly; "Its life is short at best," she'd say— "Oh, pray don't make it die!" The very cat for catching mice In fearful voice she chid, And then at last she married (And seemed quite glad to get him, too) A butcher; yes, she did— Upon my word she did!

Harper's Magazine for March.

JESU'S STORY.

Driving a Coach in the Rocky Mountains.

"Did you ever meet with an upset on these mountain roads?" "No; but I had a terribly close call near Grand Canyon a year ago the 10th of August."

Here Frank grasped the butt of his whip and curved the tip of the lash over the leaders' heads. The handle of the whip was highly ornamented. On the broad band at the butt there was an inscription of several lines.

"I seldom handle this whip without thinking of that ride," said Frank. Seeing that I was interested, he continued:

"We had a load of nineteen passengers inside and outside the coach, and ten heavy trunks in the boot. We were going from Silver Cliff to Canon City. I had the best six-horse outfit on the line, and felt a pride in driving, although I knew the load was too heavy for the coach in some places. At my side sat a pretty little lady, and on the end of the seat was the wife of one of our directors. The director sat behind his wife. All went well until we came to the top of Greenhorn Range. The drive down the range for two miles and a half is one of the most perilous in the Rockies. In places there is scarcely six inches to spare to keep you from going over the precipice, and on the other side is a wall of rock. About half-way down is a point called Cape Horn. The road has been built out around this rocky point, and the turn is so sharp that when the leaders of a six-horse team have rounded the rock they are out of the driver's sight. This place is the dread of all the drivers and teamsters on the road. The descent is about 260 feet to the mile, and when once you start there is no stopping until you reach the bottom.

"Of course, I felt a little anxious when the leaders went over the brow of the range; but my wheelers were powerful and game, and trained to obey every word of command and touch of the whip, while the others were steady and fast enough to keep me out of harm's way. As the coach began the descent I placed my foot on the brake with a firm hold. The heavy load required extra pressure, and I gave it steadily. We hadn't got more than twenty yards when the brake broke! In an instant the coach was on the wheelers, and they were on their haunches, snorting and using their fore-legs like plows. It was no use. The leaders went in the air like wild horses, and to save themselves from being crushed the wheelers sprang to their feet and joined in the race. One yell came from the men on the coach, pierced by a simultaneous shriek from the women. After that they remained still as death. The little woman grasped me round the waist at the first jump of the horses, holding my arms as if in a vice. "For God's sake woman!" I exclaimed, "let go of me and take hold of the rods by your side. Our only hope of safety lies in my being able to guide the horses." She unwound her arms and I handled the reins as best I could.

"Down we plunged, the coach swinging and rocking like a toy. There wasn't a place wide enough to zigzag or break the velocity of descent. I turned my head for an instant toward the director. His wife had fainted, and he had all he could attend to in holding her in her seat. There were places where the outer edge of the roadway had been ground off, and, in hugging the bank, the wheelers nearly caused a collision several times, fairly bouncing and balancing the stage on two wheels. At last the horses dashed around Cape Horn, and there I gave up the stage as lost. These stages are so built that when they overturn a pin drops out that connects the pole and horses to the coach, and the driver has a chance to save himself by being drawn off by the horses. When the leaders were out of sight around the rock it flashed through me that I might save the little woman. So I took a firmer grasp on the lines with my right hand, and was ready to swing my left around her body. The stage swirled and actually made the turn on the two outside wheels. Then, thank God, she settled down again and went on bouncing down the range. It seemed an age before we reached the level, where the horses ran two or three hundred yards before I could stop them. When I did finally get at their heads to caress and encourage them for bringing us down safely, the perspiration was pouring out of every pore of my body, although it was a cold day in the mountains.

"When the director got in and related the incidents of the ride to other members of the company they asked: 'What shall we do for Frank?' 'Give him a cheque for \$100,' replied the director. They gave me the cheque and the passengers clubbed together and presented me with \$165 in cash and this whip, which I shall carry as long as I live."

THE Nature reports that Mr. Barham, an experienced surveyor, is to start soon for Western Africa for the purpose of making a survey for a light railroad from the Gold Coast through the little-known gold mining region of Wassaw. If the railroad is built it will open up a country rich not only in the precious metals, but in palm-oil, india rubber, and other valuable articles of commerce.

HE "CAME FROM ONTARIO."

How he Fell Among Confidence Men in Wicked Chicago.

Emerson International.

Notwithstanding all that has been said about confidence men who beset the path of the traveller to Manitoba, occasional victims to their wiles are forthcoming with tolerable regularity. For instance, a young man from Stratford, a school teacher, thought he would go out there and get rich right away. On the way he formed an alliance with a young Ontario farmer of robust proportions and lots of spunk. At Chicago a confidence man spied the school master and concluded that he was a fit subject to operate on. He therefore addressed him in affectionate terms by his name, and enquired about his (the school-master's) sisters and cousins and aunts in Stratford, to all of which the tenderfoot replied in appropriate terms. Then the Chicago man explained that he was engaged in a large business in Winnipeg, and was on the lookout for a clerk. He thought the young school master would just suit him, exactly, and as the latter was not averse to dropping into a good situation at the outset the interview resulted in his being engaged at a liberal salary. Then the merchant mentioned incidentally that he had a lot of freight on the way out, and would he accompany it to Winnipeg. The tenderfoot agreed to do so. Then the pair, accompanied by the farmer, went to the freight agent to see about getting the stuff forwarded. The freight man wanted his pay in advance. The merchant remonstrated. It wasn't customary. The freight man pointed out a new clause which made it imperative freight should be paid in advance. The merchant was astonished and after a sharp altercation with the freight man, ended by borrowing \$70 from the schoolmaster. Then he requested the school master to go to the depot, get a receipt and look after the freight. The farmer, who had hitherto been contemplating the situation with dreamy indifference, smelt a rat at this particular juncture. The more the "merchant" wanted to get away the more the farmer smelt the rat, until he just collared the freight man and made him disgorge the seventy dollars, to that functionary's intense disgust. The fact was that the Winnipeg "merchant" and the freightman were pals, and the schoolmaster escaped being plucked, by the interference of his rustic friend. The story leaked out on the train to Winnipeg, and the schoolmaster was tormented nearly to distraction by his fellow passengers, who had "tumbled to the racket."

Nature's Housekeeping.

Popular Science Monthly.

Nature has many of what we are accustomed to call the small economies of life. She does nothing without a purpose, and she has a horror of waste. In the world of living beings, particularly, is she careful of her materials. It is no easy life to bring matter up to the organic level. She has to call in the sun to her assistance, and get their united shoulders under the load, ere it can be raised to the required height; and she can not afford to let it down again while there is any pith left in it.

It is interesting to follow her through this portion of her housekeeping, and watch the care with which she gets all the life-force possible out of her organic stock in trade, letting not a crumb go to waste. She invites a guest with a special appetite for every morsel—guests furnished with teeth to rend, nip, and gnaw, claws to tear, and augers and chisels to bore and gouge, saws, drills, punches, and suction-tubes—that no fragment of the feast shall be left on the unswamp tables.

There are guests of every shape, size, and description, alike only in the one particular of being normally hungry. Like the sitters-down at a public dinner, they all seem to have been saving up appetite for the occasion. Some there are, indeed, of such omnivorous tastes that we would be quite willing to have them left out from the general invitation. But that is not Dame Nature's way. Every crumb must be eaten; and we know little of her facility of invention if we imagine that she can not find a tooth for every hard morsel. She is ready for any such emergency, and you will be bound to find some queer creature gnawing away at the indigestible fragment, with as much zest as if it were a dish fit for a king.

Let us take a sly glance in at Nature's kitchen and watch her guests at their meal. We shall not call it breakfast, dinner, supper, or lunch, for there is no such formal division. It is a whole-day feast, and a whole-night feast, too, for that matter. The tables are always spread, the guests always hungry; they crowd in from high-ways and by-ways; always one ready to take up every vacant knife, fork, and spoon; or to plunge in with fingers, teeth, and claws, in the true primitive fashion.

Deterioration of the eye.

Pall Mall Gazette.

By the law of development man progresses to physical perfection. But by the accidents of civilization the eye, which is the light of the whole body, is in imminent danger of deterioration, and after being evolved by the brute, it is being ruined by man. Already the increase of shortsightedness and color blindness is attracting considerable attention, and even when these defects are not present the eye of civilization is much inferior to that of many birds and beasts and savages. Not to speak of the cat's ability to see in the dark, what eye can compare for range with that of the condor of the Andes, or for keenness with that of the Indian on the trail of his enemy. Brudenell Carter, whose address at the Health Congress at Brighton is one of the most interesting and suggestive of recent contributions to popular science, insists upon the importance of checking this gradual deterioration of the organ of vision. School Boards, he says, should educate the eye as well as the tongue; volunteers should institute tests of distant vision, and trade unions should strike against every employer whose factory is badly lighted. Even the most short-sighted people can see the importance of Brudenell Carter's warning, and, as the spectacle-makers are not a very powerful corporation, there is some possibility that "science, common sense and humanity" may succeed in arresting the further deterioration of the eye.

NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

Five Minutes' Select Reading.

Summary of Foreign, Domestic and War Items—Concise, Pithy, and Pointed.

DOMESTIC.

Montreal is to have an open stock exchange.

The Upper Canada steamers of the R. & O. Company are to be leased or sold.

Two servants in a Brantford hotel have been arrested for stealing towels.

Montreal has only got \$4,000 of the \$20,000 required to open coffee houses.

Narcisse Hetu, a brakeman on the G. T. R., was killed at Montreal recently.

John Merkle, a London shoemaker, accidentally shot Joseph Burridge in the cheek recently.

A ten-year-old lad named McGuire was drowned at Lakefield recently. Another boy was rescued.

The dead body of an infant was found on the steps of the Sacred Heart Hospital, at Quebec, a few days ago.

Mr. Creall wants \$30,000, and Mr. Latham \$20,000 from the Montreal corporation, because they fell on sidewalks.

Allison Smith has been chosen President of the Nova Scotia Sugar Refining Company, and Michael Dwyer, Vice-President.

The police authorities at Montreal are looking for "Billy the Kid," a sneak thief, who stole \$117,000 from a Cleveland bank.

At a meeting of the Western Fair Board, it was resolved to offer next year \$15,000 in prizes, being \$3,000 more than at the last show.

The second report of the Civil Service Commission contains an elaborate scheme of theoretical organization of the various departments of the Civil Service at Ottawa.

Several members of the Temperance Colonization Society have waited upon Sir John Macdonald in regard to the Society's project for obtaining lands in the North-west.

His Excellency has announced a tennis tournament at Rideau Hall on March 6th, at which the lady members of any tennis court in the Dominion may compete. Six prizes will be offered for competition.

Mr. A. Prevost, advocate, and Mr. A. C. Decary, notary, both of Montreal, will be the Conservative and Liberal candidates respectively for the seat in the Quebec Legislature for Jacques Cartier county.

Patrick Whalen, to whose house little Johnny Connors ran from the Donnelly murder, was buried yesterday. He had been ill about a month. Pat Donnelly attended the funeral.

UNITED STATES.

No trace has yet been found of Miss Blood of St. Clair, Michigan.

The anti-polygamy bill has been carried in the United States Senate.

A pension of \$5,000 has been granted to Mrs. Garfield, widow of the ex-President.

Mrs. C. M. Rollison suicided at Ithaca, N. Y., in a barrel of water. Her only son died.

The coloured Jubilee Singers were on Wednesday night denied admission to every hotel in Washington.

The U. S. crop report for 1881 shows a decided falling off in the production, with an improvement in prices.

Some Congressmen want to be paid for attending Garfield's funeral. Claims for services, articles, etc., amount to \$200,000.

Helena, Ark., is flooded by the breaking of the Mississippi levee. The river is so high that steamboats cannot land. The levee is being repaired.

A conference was held in the Navy Department at Washington, and an extensive scheme submitted for increasing and improving the United States navy.

GENERAL.

Slavery is to be abolished in Egypt.

Commander Selby's assailants have been arrested.

Bontoux and Feder, of Union Generale, have been released on bail.

Count Schouvaloff has been appointed administrator of a Russian department.

The Jews in a village near Kichinef were attacked from a Russian peasant on the 6th inst., and ten nearly beaten to death.

A telegram received from the cable-laying steamer Parady, sent on the night of the 13th inst., states that all on board were well.

At Odessa petroleum was poured on a man's head and set on fire, and the man died in agony. Subsequently many children were mercifully killed.

One hundred and twenty persons were entombed by an explosion in a mine near Durham, but thirty of the number were subsequently rescued.

At Elizabethgrad, Kieff, Odessa, Niezjin, Peczer, Kona, and Priblays over two hundred and fifty women were outraged by Jew-baiters during the disturbances.

F. D. Morcattab contributed £1,000 to the Jewish relief fund, and offers to contribute one per cent, on any sum not exceeding £1,000,000 collected within two years.

Mr. C. B. Allsopp, Conservative, has been elected to the Imperial House of Commons for Taunton. The vacancy was caused by the death of Sir William Palliser, also a Conservative.

While the Queen was driving from Paddington to Buckingham Palace, a horse ridden by an outrider became restive and threw him. This matter caused false reports that the Queen had met with an accident.

Gladstone, in the House of Commons last night, referring to his alleged Home Rule utterances, said that "he simply repeated regarding local government for Ireland what he had often said—that the supremacy of the British Parliament must be maintained."

Another death is reported in London of a lady who had taken an excess of "anti-fat" medicine. The nostrum is supposed to act as a slow blood poison.

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

Detroit Free Press.

"What I was going to remark," said Brother Gardner, as the rattling of hoofs died away on the calm evening air, "was to de effeck dat Prof. January Sunbeam, of Mississippi, am waitin' in de ante-room to address de meetin' on de subject of 'De Goneness ob de Past.' De Professor am not only know all ober de kentry for his theories on astronomy, but he am de only man in America who kin skin a woodchuck in selen minits by de watch. Sir Isaac Walpole, you an' Giveadam Jones will put on your yeller kid gloves an' longtailed coats an' escort de Professor into de hall."

In about five minutes the stranger made his appearance and was greeted with a burst of applause, which upset the water pail and filled the shoes of eight or ten of the nearest members. On taking the platform he was introduced by the President, handed a piece of slippery elm to keep his throat moist during his oratory, and he then bowed and began:

"My dear frien's whar' am de past? Look fur it under de bed, down cellar, up sta'rs, in de wood-box or whar' you will, an' you can not find it. Why? Kas it am gone. It has slipped away like a streak of grease runnin' across de kitchen floor, an' it will neber, neber return. (Sighs from all over the hall.) Do you meet Plato as you go up de street? Do you fin' Cicero waitin' at de ferry dock? Do you h'ar of Diogenes hangin' round de Union Depot to work de string game on some greenhorn? Not any! Dey belongs to de past an' gone. Dey sleep in de dimness of odder centuries. Whar' am de glory of de Roman Empire? Let de dust of de past answer. (Much blowing of noses.)

"My frien's, de past am not de fucher, any more dan day after to-morrow am day befo' yesterday. As time fades so does glory fade. To-day you may march at de head of de pureshion, yer hat on yer ear an' a red sash tied aroun' yer body—to-morrow ye may be in jail fur borrowin' somebody's woodpile to keep yer feet warm. (Sly and suspicious winks all over the room.) Do not prize de present too highly—do not forget de warnin's of de past. We cannot recall de past, but we can look back an' see whar' de grocer gin' us short weight on codfish, an' whar' we took advantage of a cloudy day to pass a twenty-cent piece off fur a quarter. (Cheers and applause.)

"My hearers, we should not lib fur de past, but de fucher. Whar' am it to us as we riz up in de mawin' wheder Cesar met his mother-in-law at the depot or forbid her his house? Whar' am it to us as we retire to our humble couches fur de night wheder de orators of Athens greased deir butes wid lard or went bar-foot? As we sit on a box in de alley to consume our noon-day lunch car' not whether Brutus dyed his goat or was clean-shaved. (Cries of 'No! no!') But de fucher am big wid events. To-day we may be full of sorrow. If so, we hope dat de morrow will bring clam-chowder. (Great smacking of lips.) If de present am full of biles an' chilblains an' heart-aches, de fucher may be as bright as a cat's-eyes shinin' out of a bar'l on a dark night. Nebber look back on de past. It am as much gone as a three-cent piece paid out fur Fourth of July lemonade. Nebber despair of de fucher. When de heart is heaviest, de fire lowest, an' work de skeercest, you may find a lost wallet, or strike some bucher willin' to give credit. (Whoops of applause.) My frien's, I am dun. Thank you severely for your infectious dancing, I rambulate to my seat wid oderiferous feelings of concentration towards each an' ebery one of you."

During the wild excitement which followed the close of the masterly effort, Samuel Shin and Trustee Pullback fell upon the hot stove in an enthusiastic embrace, and seven windows had to be lowered to let out the odor of overdone mule steak.

ELECTION.

The Glee Club struck up: "We'll Swim or Sink T'gether," and as Sir Isaac Walpole passed the bean box down the aisles no living man could have told that he had ever made a running jump over a fence seven feet high to get away from a dog which seemed fourteen feet long. The following members were elected in cold blood and with malice aforethought: Old Lime Jones, Elder Tucker, Anxiety Hastings, Glad Tidings Taylor, Zeke Anderson, Heroic Braxton, Texas McFadden, Prof. Kipp and Wintergreen Brown.

AGRICULTURAL.

The Committee on Agriculture, to whom had been intrusted the query from Indiana: "Are we advancing in agriculture?" reported that they had spent seven weeks in investigating the matter, and were quite ready to answer in the affirmative. Among other instances of progress in agriculture might be mentioned that of hoeing corn. A dozen years ago the plan was to lean the hoe against a stump in the field and go off fishing. It is now done by giving a chattel mortgage on three steers and hiring a neighbor to do the work. Ten years ago turnips were heaped up in the barn or cellar and supposed to be fit food for only cows and calves. To-day they are carefully wrapped in tissue paper, laid in bureau drawers, and are considered a fit diet for even a Senator. When wiped off with a dish-cloth and scraped with a butcher knife they furnish a very bracing and enervating diet. Progress had been made in plowing, dragging, reaping, and many other particulars, and the committee felt safe in saying that the time was not far distant when a farmer could sit in an arm chair in a lager beer saloon and raise sixty bushels of wheat to the acre.

HE WON'T COME.

Giveadam Jones, Chairman of the Committee on Lunatic Asylums, reported that he had for the last two weeks been engaged in correspondence with Oscar Wilde, with a view of securing him to deliver a lecture before the Lime-Kiln Club. Wilde's latest reply was to the effect that he would deliver a lecture entitled "The Relation of the Damphool to the Sunflower" for \$300 in cash and half the beer checks found on the floor next morning.

Samuel Shin moved that he be telegraphed to at once to come on and deliver the lecture, but Brother Gardner settled Mr. Shin with one look from his left eye, and then went on to say:

"It am my opin'yn dat de only thing needed to make dis club solid fur all fucher time am a lektur' from de pusson named, but we can't afford it. As de nex' best thing

I will appint Pickles Smith an' Trustee Pullback to have fo' dozen sunflowers painted on de walls, an' at de nex' two meetings Absolute Jones an' Uncertain Thomas kin dress in knee-breeches an' look as utter as possible."

ANOTHER VALUABLE RELIC.

The Secretary then announced the following:

OLEBURNE, Tex., February 4.

Bro. Gardner: DEAR SIR.—Inclosed you will find the pen which our first President, George Washington, used in writing his first love letter to his wife. Accept the same as a contribution to your museum. Hoping it will prove a great addition to the relics you already have, with best wishes I remain,

Yours, etc.,

PARDON DAVIS.

NOT ONE OF THE FAITHFUL.

A communication from one of the Aldermen of Norfolk, Va., announced that a colored man named Dick Riddick, of Portsmouth, had been taken to the pest-house with small-pox, and that he claimed to be a member of the Lime-Kiln Club and demanded financial relief from the same. An inspection of the books proved that Riddick made application eighteen months ago, but was rejected on the information that twenty-four cans of peaches were found in his house next day after a fire in a grocery.

A PETITION.

The Secretary further announced a petition from twenty-four colored men of Richmond, asking the Signal Service of the United States to give at least twenty-four hours warning of the approach of earthquakes. No arrangements have been made for reporting earthquakes at all, and the colored population have had to depend on luck alone. Brother Gardner announced that the Lime Kiln Club would indorse the petition and forward it to Congress.

RESOLUTION DEFEATED.

The Rev. Penstock offered the following resolution: Resolved, Dat de Lime-Kiln Club will use its influence on all possible occasions to suppress de brutal and barbarous bizness of prize fightin'.

Medicated French called for the eyes and noses on the resolution, and without further remark the roll was called and the resolution was voted down by a majority of 36.

"While dis club may not favor prize fightin'," observed the President, "it seems hold dat if two brutes want to go out an' pound each other to pieces it am cheaper to git rid of 'em dat way dan to hang 'em. We will now disrupt de meetin' an' purceed homeward."

The Baby's Autograph.

They gave it to me at Christmas—the pretty new autograph album—and I was very proud of it; the binding was so gay, and the white, gilt-edged sheets so spotlessly pure. I could hardly make up my mind who should have the honor of dedicating the album, or what verse was grand enough to be inscribed on its pages; and before I had quite decided, baby found it! She had toddled into the parlor and taken it down from the table before we missed her, and was sitting cross-legged, like a Turk, with the precious book in her lap. That would not have been worth recording, and I should not value my album beyond price now if it were all. But she had a pencil—and she had made her mark on the front leaf (the title page) of my beautiful book. She had made a dozen marks, criss-cross and zig-zag, and there she sat, her bright hair tossed down over her face, her little demure mouth pursed up, her blue eyes full of mischief, half-shy, half-defiant and we three women looking at her.

"Oh, you naughty, naughty baby!" I cried; "you've just ruined my new album, you bad little thing!"

"Bless her dear little heart," said my mother; "doesn't she make a picture?"

"Whip her!" said aunt Harriet in a vindictive tone. She has no children of her own and knows just how to bring up other people's.

I was angry enough to do it, and had made one step forward intending to wrest the book out of the clasping baby hands, and then—what! beat my own child? I was saved that degradation of my own good mother, who shook her head at me over aunt Harriet's shoulder.

How long is it since Christmas? Counting by heart-throbs, I should say years! It is only a couple of months and to-day I would give, oh! what would I not give to have those little hands doing their sweet mischief. Peace, foolish heart! "He giveth His beloved rest." The baby is gone, but when I look at the little short lines that dedicate my album—the sweetest, saddest lines to me that were ever written—soon ended like her little life—I am glad that I took her in my arms, kissed the rosy lips, and put the book away without one reproving word—glad that I caused no angry feelings in that baby heart, or left memories for myself that would now have power to wound!

That is why all the leaves of my new album are blank—pure, spotless, just as the fair page of her little life was; but you, who think these characters on the dedicating page unmeaning, have never had the key to them. Mothers can tell what they are. Angels will be glad over this record without blot or stain. There is no handwriting so fine that I would exchange it for the baby's autograph; as for us:

Our lives are albums written through With good or ill, with false or true, And as the blessed angels turn The pages of our years, God grant they read the good with smiles, And blot the bad with tears."

Why He Did It.

Two countrymen pause at the serpent house in the Jardin des Plantes and contemplate the goodness and wisdom of heaven as revealed in the boa constructor.

"Say," says the first countryman, "what's that insect tied himself up in a knot for like that?"

"Oh," replies his fellow, in a superior manner, "I suppose he wanted to remind of something when he wakened up—that's why."

ACCORDING to a calculation made by M. Auguste Felsch, a theatre or concert hall lasts on an average only 22 years, and is then destroyed by fire.