

To a Little Maiden.

Sweet little maiden,
Modest little maiden,
Blushing little maiden,
Thirteen!
There's an airy spell about you,
There's a dainty charm about you,
There's a modest grace about you,
I ween.
Would you know wherein the spell lies, little maiden?
Do you ask wherein the charm lies, little maiden?
Shall I tell wherein the grace lies, little maiden?
Nay, nay!
For were I to tell,
Indeed, I know full well
It would surely break the spell,
Little maiden.
But I'll whisper in your ear
A word for you to hear;
Just a hint—never fear,
Little maiden.
Be always bright and ready,
Press onward strong and steady,
Ever help the poor and needy,
Little maiden;
And the charm and the grace
That are sealed on thy face
Will never lose their place,
Little maiden.

—Boston Transcript.

Her Blue-Eyed Boy.

"My boy, my boy, my blue-eyed boy,
For thee I sigh, for thee I weep,
When others tread the mazy dance,
Or smile in happy dreams and sleep.
Tom from these loving arms away,
By those who speak not thy prayer,
Ere thou couldst seek thy mother's name,
My tiny bud, my bauble fair."
"My boy, my boy, my blue-eyed boy,
Could I within thy bright eyes gaze,
Or have an hour to kiss thee in,
'Twould light up my gloomy days.
But thou art far from me, my boy,
Between us ocean's billows beat,
And I can but thy picture kiss,
My fairy rose, my bauble sweet."

As Miss Isabella Spooner finished reading these verses and proceeded to cut them out of the paper they had grasped with a pair of scissors that in company with a bunch of keys hung from her girdle, a murmur of admiration and sympathy arose from her audience. This audience consisted of Mrs. Spooner, Isabella's mother, a tall, thin, pale woman with a great deal of forehead—that is, in regard to height—and very white, well-shaven cheeks, which were as though they had been moulded out of lard; Mrs. Dusenberry, a lady who looked about five-and-forty, but who, according to her own calculations, grew young so fast that her friends confidently expected that in a few years she would be a girl again, with lips so thin that they were scarcely perceptible; a young bumpkin, small, black, uneven eyes, a nondescript nose and a figure remarkable for its unobtrusiveness; Captain Hottop, Miss Spooner's uncle, a hale, hearty, rather handsome man, who had spent most of his life in a sailing vessel; and a tall, thin, pale man, who had spent most of his life in a sailing vessel, called "Devilfish" by those of his companions who had been to the Aquarium, "because it came so near being Octopus, you know," with reddish hair, reddish complexion and no forehead to speak of; Miss Eugenia Ann October, sister of the pork merchant, a pretty, portly young lady, who came down to breakfast in diamond earrings, and talked a great deal about "style"; and two or three elderly men and three or four young men, who, being mere nobodies, can, of course, only expect mere mention.

"It was lovely day in the last week of July, and these people were gathered together on the broad veranda of the Spooner homestead (Mrs. Spooner took a few summer boarders for company), and, truth to tell, they could not have been in a pleasanter place. The house, substantially, was a grand one, built of wood and with beautiful wisterias that climbed to the very roof, faced the Delaware river, and the gleam of the water through the branches of the catalpa trees that stood just outside the garden gate, laden with showy flowers, among which the blue-birds were raising a riot, was a pleasant sight to see.

Miss Isabella Spooner, the real mistress of the homestead—her mother's extreme lassitude rendering her only the nominal one—was a comfortable, sentimental old maid, with an obtrusive figure (in which respect she formed a great contrast to her friend, Mrs. Dusenberry), light, very light blue eyes, and a snub-nose. She wore her hair brushed back from her forehead—a forehead much like her mamma's—and falling in a curly curl in the back of her neck. In evening dress these curls were always tied with a bit of bright ribbon, which imparted to her quite a juvenile appearance and charm.

Miss Isabella doted on poetry, and looked upon all rhymers as "heaven-born." In fact, she had an intense respect for and admiration of all persons connected with literature, and was wont to say, "Could I have been a gifted I would have asked my dear boon."

"How very sweet!" said Mrs. Dusenberry, in a soft, soft voice, as Miss Spooner, after reading the verses quoted above, took her scissors in her hand. "They remind me of some lines I introduced in my first letter to Professor Ganz at the time I became interested in the habits of the birds of North America. He said afterward, by-the-by, that the brightness of that letter absolutely dazzled him." Mrs. Dusenberry prided herself on her letter-writing, and, anxious that her letter should not be his only one, she thought of the subject which she thought would be most interesting to him, with a hint as to the impression he had made on her susceptible heart, to every man with whom she came in contact, as soon as possible after her writing, and when do you expect her, Isabella?" asked Mrs. Spooner, lifting her hands, of which she was very proud, from her lap, to regard them more closely, and then listlessly dropping them again.

"This afternoon, toward evening," answered Mrs. Spooner, taking a letter from her pocket and referring to it. "She writes: 'I hope to arrive just as the sun is beginning to dawn in your beautiful river, and the evening star peeps forth as bright as bright, alas! as the eyes of my blue-eyed boy.'" "How very sweet!" said Mrs. Dusenberry. "It reminds me of a note I received the other day from Dr. Drake, in answer to one I sent him, begging him for a copy of his lecture on the 'Human Skeleton.'"

"Well, I should say she was quite smart. Yes-s-s," said the young pork merchant, in a nasal voice. "Them verses sounded very pretty. I don't read anything in the newspapers but the lard quotations and the hog market reports myself, but I know good poetry when I hear it. And you read first-rate, Miss Spooner, you do. Yes-s-s."

"It was nice," said his sister; "but no better than a friend of mine can do. She can write pomes by the hour, but she don't print none. She don't need to, 'cause her pa's rich. She only does it for fun."

"Well, I'm blessed," she only broke in Captain Hottop, dropping his feet with a bang from the chair-top on which they had been elevated, "if I wouldn't like to know what this is all about. Who is she? And who's the blue-eyed boy?" "Why, bless me! you've just come, and you don't know, do you, uncle?" said Miss Spooner, putting the "pome" away in her pocketbook, and leaning back in her chair the better to meet the eyes of the captain. She's Mrs. Montgomery Montague, a charming young widow, and the blue-eyed boy is her only child—a lovely babe—

"Babe!" corrected Mrs. Dusenberry, at the same time playfully flicking the cheek of a youth at her side, one of the mere-mentioned, who in his interest in Miss Spooner's story had neglected to fan the rival of Madame De Sevigne; after having been captured and detailed for that duty only five minutes before.

"And when her husband died," continued the fair Isabella ("he was the younger son of an aristocratic English family, one of the very highest—intimate with the Queens of France, and the Duke of Burgundy, and his folks disowned him because they thought he married below him, though I've no doubt she was much too good for him, and he treated her shockingly"), his father sent for the boy, and tore him from his weeping mother's arms.

"And he came to me, and he said, 'My boy, my boy, my blue-eyed boy, could I within thy bright eyes gaze, or have an hour to kiss thee in, 'twould light up my gloomy days. But thou art far from me, my boy, between us ocean's billows beat, and I can but thy picture kiss, my fairy rose, my bauble sweet.'" "That's the poetical way of putting it," interpolated Mrs. Dusenberry.

"But she was left almost destitute," Miss Spooner went on, "and she's a delicate little thing, and—"

"Circumstances were too many for her," suggested the pork merchant.

"Just so," assented his hostess. "But, most fortunately, she possesses the gift of song; and with what her writings bring her in, and the money which are shared with her wherever she goes, she is such a favorite—the managers get along, I met her at Mrs. Bluelight's party last winter, and we took such a fancy to each other right off, and she told me her story in the conservatory. Young Chandler was there, and when he saw her, he came to the other end of the room, behind some tall plants—he was very attentive to her afterward, and gave her a pearl bracelet on her birthday—and I cried till my nose looked like a—"

"Cherry," suggested Mrs. Dusenberry, adding in a high, shrill voice, "Captain Hottop, he's a real sailor's son, and he'll never forgive you," to the great astonishment of the honest captain, who had not exchanged three sentences with the lady, and, indeed, had never seen her until this very July afternoon.

"Well," said Mrs. Spooner, changing a ring from the forefinger of her right hand to the forefinger of her left, "we must all be very kind to her. I sympathize with her all with all my heart about her child. I know how I'd feel if I lost you, Isabella."

hence laid handkerchief to her eyes to dry the tears that sprang to them just after she had remarked that the twittering of the dear little birds was so like a baby's voice. "Couldn't you get him away from them folks? 'Pears to me I couldn't refuse you anything when you clasp your hands and look at me with tears in your eyes."

"Oh, captain," sobbed the sorrowing mother, "there are very few people in the world like you—very few. You are one in a thousand—yes, five thousand. But I never had a chance to appeal to them personally. I was very ill when—when they took my darling away; and letters, with no matter how much feeling we write them, are so cold."

"Why don't you try 'personally,' then?" asked the captain, swinging her dainty parasol about, to the imminent danger of the delicately carved handle. She blushed, cast down her yellow-brown eyes, raised them again, looked him in the face like a child resolved to tell the truth, however painful it may be, and said, "I have no money wherewith to pay my passage to England, and I stand here, I would willingly, most willingly, be a steerage passenger, a stewardess, anything—anything to bring me nearer my child. But coming to them saves as befitted the wife of their son and brother, my husband's proud family would certainly disdain me, and I should be alone in a strange land more heart-sick than ever."

"Well, if the want of money's all," cried her honest lover, "that's easily settled. I'll give you the money to go in bang-up style."

But here he stopped in amazement, for Mrs. Montgomery Montague had risen from her seat and drawn her small figure to its fullest height. "Sir, do not insult me," she said, with trembling lips.

"Insult you!" cried the captain, springing to his feet, "insult you, my little woman! I never dreamed of such a thing."

"But you offered me—money," she stammered.

"And I was about offering you my hand and heart—that's the way they put it in the love stories, don't they? Will you marry me, Lillian? and then, if you choose, we'll go together for the boy."

"Generous man!" said the widow, a tear stealing down her pretty cheek. "But don't you see—and a smile succeeded the tear—"I'm not a girl, do you see? I can never plead for my child as the wife of Captain Hottop. It must be as the widow of Montgomery Montague."

"Blessed if you ain't right!" exclaimed the captain, looking at her admiringly. "Well, promise to marry me, then, and return. Do Lillian? No one could love you better than I."

"Yes, for surely my promised wife can accept part of the fortune that will be all hers when she is really my wife, without anybody's need know."

A Kaffir Wedding.
General Cunyngame writes in his work on South Africa: "I went to see the marriage of the chief Faku, with the daughter of another chief from the Klip river district. Faku is a chief who did right good service during the rebellion, and he likes to be paid some mark of respect, went as an uninvited guest, and was right hospitably received. Well, sir, before this I was always under the impression that a Kaffir marriage was a sort of bargain and sale, but the broomstick affair, as many of our patois and the woman handed over to the husband in the presence of the official witness; but I was much surprised to find it quite a different affair, and one of much ceremony. In civilized society the gentleman usually settles himself and a dowry on the lady, but here the dowry is given to the father, and he brings the lady in much Kaffir state to the husband. Proceedings open by a wild sort of dance, which announces the approach of the bride; in the meantime she and her bridesmaids were said to be washing and decorating themselves with streams of perfume, and the bride's party advanced, and was received by the husband and his people sitting down, a space being left of about twenty paces between them. All guests were on the husband's right hand, and they were surrounded by the husband's friends, women and children—in a sort of half-circle. The dances and songs open with the men on the bride's side, and after the dance the men despoiled their shields on the other in the center of the space, the bride's shield, as chief, being placed on the top. The bridesmaids then, and the bride herself being still kept in the background. When this is over the bride suddenly appears in the center of the bridesmaids, with her face veiled, a knife in her right hand and a small shield in her left. The dance and song of bridesmaids begin again, all the while the bride is held, and then stop. The husband calls to the bride to come to him, and she turns her back to him and dances with the rest back again; then again the men dance and sing. Several of the elders and wives of the bride's party run up in front of the husband, and tell him to come and dance with her, and he says, 'I am not a girl, do you see? I can never plead for my child as the wife of Captain Hottop. It must be as the widow of Montgomery Montague.'"

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TIMELY TOPICS.

Mr. David Melver, one of the proprietors of the Cunard line of steamships and member of Parliament for Birkenhead, writes to the London Times, declaring unhesitatingly that from his personal experience as a carrier he does not know of any nation whose trade prospects at present are so gloomy as Great Britain. The depression in the United States and elsewhere, he says, does not at all approach the depression here. The British exports to the United States are comparatively nothing, either as regards volume or value. The British food importations are steadily increasing, and the balance of their foreign trade is heavily against Great Britain that he sees nothing except ruin for home industries, whether manufacturing or agricultural, if the present state of things is allowed to continue.

While parents and guardians would consider themselves culpably negligent if children under their charge should partake of poisonous food or drink, yet how few are equally solicitous as to the character of the mental food supplied to the youthful mind. Three New York forgers, brought back from Barbadoes by the police, ascribe their crimes to the influence of dime novels. It is not enough that parents should simply forbid their children reading such demoralizing literature; it is equally important that every household should be supplied only with papers, books, and magazines that are elevating and instructive in their tone and contents. The active minds of youth demand some occupation, and will gravitate towards that which is exciting and stimulating, unless wiser counsels prevail. Let those in authority beware of the presence of rank moral poisons in the household.

The drowning of sixty English hussars in Afghanistan shows the wisdom of the old general's general, who said that every English officer and soldier should be able to swim. It is true that the strongest swimmer has little chance against a raging sea or the rush of a mountain torrent, but, nevertheless, a knowledge of swimming has saved English soldiers more than once in the field. In 1854 a noted cavalry officer, when pursued to the brink of a flooded river by the enemy, slid from the saddle, and grasped his horse's mane with one hand while paddling with the other. The animal, thus lightened, swam safely to the shore. In 1857 a Major Thompson and Capt. Delafosse, the only survivors of the Campwore massacre, saved themselves by plunging into the Ganges and floating down the stream, the incessant firing of the Sepoys from the bank serving merely to scare the crocodiles, who might otherwise have attacked them. They landed when a considerable distance down the river, and, after wandering in the jungle for two days, were picked up, half-starved and covered with sores, by a British detachment.

Menotti Garibaldi, son of the general, and Achille Fazio, his companion-in-arms, have been intending to sail in the autumn with 3,000 Italians for the southern coast of New Guinea, establish a colony there, and found a new city under the name of Italia. Their object is to find an outlet for that spirit of adventure and enterprise which has of late years been so prominent in many of our young men. Among those who are to join the expedition are between twenty and thirty now sitting as deputies in the Italian parliament. The party will number about 3,000, and will be divided into two parts—the military, commanded by Signor Fazio, for the protection of the settlers against the natives; and the agricultural and industrial, to lay the foundations of the colony and turn the resources of the country to account. Four steamers are to be engaged to carry the expedition, and to convey all the requisite stores and requirements, from spades, pick-axes, saws and planes to printing-presses and a telegraphic cable, with which they may place themselves at once in communication with the northernmost point of Australia.

Kaffir Traits.
We make an extract from a work on South Africa by General Cunyngame, at one time commander of the British forces in that region. The Kaffirs are true savages in their capacity for enormous eating on the one hand, and for enduring famine on the other. We read: "The quantity of meat which a Kaffir can devour is miraculous. Pound after pound vanishes before him, nor does he appear torpid or less active in consequence. It is by no means uncommon to see a Kaffir eat a fine fat sheep in twenty-four hours. They are not at all particular what part of the animal they eat. Pieces which we should consider revolting meet from them the most ready appreciation, and apparently every portion is as digestible as it is palatable. I was told that a Kaffir had been fed in a transport rider was bitten in the tongue by an adder while grazing. The ox, feeling the stinging pain, ejected the snake from his mouth, and an hour afterward was dead. It was skinned by natives and the meat eaten by them. Strange to say, none of the Kaffirs suffered from the bite of the snake. They are not so much particular as to the quality of their food, and they fill the vacuum by drinking water."

Artistic Savages.
The curious development of art instincts and art capacity in the Bushmen of South Africa, and of native customs which have been preserved in some degree, is sharply presented in a recently-published work on that country: "How strange it is that these creatures, so low in the social scale, should have possessed artistic skill superior to most savages! They have portrayed on the rough rocks scenes of the chase and of native life with such vigor, with a few colors of so permanent a character, that the spectator might take them for rough, first sketches, by some untrained artist, executed only a short while since. Each animal is characteristically rendered, and the manner of chasing and securing it, with the figures of those who assisted, are all sketched down, are faithfully shown. Possessing such admirable talents in so high a degree, these people were yet incapable of attempting the erection of any description of house, but sheltered themselves in such caverns and rocky niches as nature happened to provide. Some of these drawings include forty or fifty figures, correctly representing the chase of the lion, the eland, the rhinoceros, the gnou, the blesbok and many other wild animals, all vigorously drawn and colored in a species of distemper. These wild people are described as wonderful hunters; their sense of sight being scarcely surpassed by that of the eagle, or their sense of hearing by that of the wolf. Their hardihood and endurance far surpassed that of any animal in the field, while their cunning and adroitness was only equaled by the fox."

FARMERS' TROUBLES.

A Humorist Tells Us of the Many Trials Which the Patient Agriculturist Endures.
R. J. Burdette, the Burlington (Ia.) Hawkeye journalist, while on a recent lecturing tour through Illinois, wrote as follows: "From Augusta to Macomb, every field was full of plows and patient farmers. Dear, patient, good-natured, grumbling agriculturists. Where a farmer gets his good nature from is a mystery to me every time I look at him. I watched him from the car window, plodding along at the tail of the plow, and I wondered that he ever smiled at all under any provocation. Of all men, it seems to me the farmer has the best right to grumble. Only he never grumbles at the right things. He grumbles at prices, and then of course nobody sympathizes with him nor cares a cent for his troubles, because we grumble at the same thing. Prices never did suit anybody. The seller always thinks they are too low, and the buyer always knows they are too high. The merchant goes into bankruptcy because he is compelled to sell his goods for half what they cost him; and the customer can't afford to pay more because he can't afford to pay one-half what is asked for them. So the farmer, when he grumbles at prices, is no worse off than the rest of us, and accordingly attracts no sympathy."

It is spring, and the annual warfare begins. Early in the morning the jocund farmer hies him to the field, and hunts around in the dead weeds and grass for the plow he left out there somewhere some time last fall. He finds it, he takes it to the shop to have it mended. When it is mended he goes back into the field with it. Half way down the first furrow he says, he runs the plow fairly into a big live oak root, the handles alternately break a rib on this side of him and the other, and the sturdy root, looking up out of the ground with a pleased smile of recognition, says cheerfully: "Ah, Mr. Thistlepod, at it again, eh?"

Fifty feet further on he strikes a stone that doubles up the plow point, a piece of lead, and while the amazed and breathless agriculturist leans, a limp heap of humanity, across the plow, the relic of the glacial period remarks, sleepily: "Ah, ha! spring here already? Glad you woke me up."

"Go in to put this twenty in corn, this evening, Mr. Thistlepod?" "And before he has time to answer the sabbie bird, a tiny grasshopper, wriggling out of a clod so full of eggs that they can't be counted, shouts briskly: "Here we are again, Mr. Thistlepod; dinner for 500,000,000,000!" "And then a slow-moving, but very positive potato bug, crawls into the sunlight to see if the frost has faded his stripes, and says: "The old-fashioned peachblow potatoes are the best for a sure crop, but the early rose should be planted for the first market."

Then several new kinds of bugs, who haven't made any record yet, climb over the fence and come up to inquire about the staple crops of the neighborhood, and before he can get through with them Professor sends him a circular stating that there was a drop of rain from the middle of May till the last of October. This almost stuns him, but he is beginning to feel a little resigned when a dispatch is received from the Department of Agriculture at Washington, saying that all the potatoes in the world are now unprecedented, almost incessant and long-continued rains and floods, and advising him to plant no root crops at all. While he is trying to find words in which to express his emotion, a neighbor drops in to tell him that all the peach trees in the county are now killed, and that the hog cholera is raging fiercely in the northern part of the township. Then his wife comes out to tell him the dog has fallen into the well, and when the poor man gets to the dooryard, his children with much shouting and excitement, come and tell him there are a couple of cats, o the pole denomination, in the spring house, and another one under the barn. With tears and groans he returns to the field, but by that time it has begun to snow so hard he can't see the pole denomination in the snow. He is discouraged and starts for the house with his team, when he meets a man who bounces him for using a three-horse clevis he made himself, and wrings ten reluctant dollars out of him for it. When he reaches the house the dirt on his man is waiting for him, and while he is settling with him, clock peddler comes in, and a lightning rod man, screened by the storm, climbs up on the ten dollar smoke house and fastens \$65 worth of lightning rods on it, and before the poor farmer can get his gun half loaded, the balliff comes to tell him that he has been drawn on the jury.

No, I would not, even if I could, be a farmer. The life is pleasant and independent, but it seems to have its drawbacks. If I were a farmer I would grumble all I wanted, and thump the man who found fault with me for it.

Characteristics of Animals.
All animals are neat by habit—even the hog, which has been unjustly esteemed the very type of filth. We can think of no animal that does not look neat even in its free, normal condition. Even the toad, that makes its house in the dirt, when he comes forth from his hiding-place, looks as slick as a new pin, and not a particle of dirt sticks to the eel, though he is a mud-eater, and he is a mud-eater, though he has no wash-bowl, nor towel, nor comb, nor brush, who ever saw one dirty or with hair disheveled? The whole feathered creation are as careful of their personal appearance, and as nice and tidy in their dress as a bride. It is only in their domestic, abnormal condition that the inferior animals look filthy and are filthy; and here it is not their fault, but their misfortune. They are under the dominion of man, subject to their mercy, which sometimes is cruelty, and too seldom is considerate kindness.

What doesn't strike when it does strike?—A clock, when it won't go.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Ants that keep the world busy—Infants that keep the world busy—Infants that keep the world busy—Infants that keep the world busy—

"One robin doesn't make a spring; but one robbing makes a thief." People found abroad after eleven p. m. in Peoria, Ill., must explain themselves. "I can beat you all hollow," as the machinist's hammer said to the boiler. Since its foundation in 1775 the present Paris mint has coined 1,700,000,000 gold pieces. A new work on chemistry contains an article on diazorthiodiparotoluensulphonic acid. Why are balloons in the air like vagrants?—Because they have no visible means of support.

What color is pided type?—Meriden Recorder. "Well, it's not red.—Keokuk Constitution. "But it makes a printer feel blue.—Hacksack Republican. "Professor (looking at his watch):—"How we have, any one questions, if so disposed." Student—"What time is it, please?"

The area of the New England States is about the same as that of England and Wales, but the population of the last named is 23,000,000, or between seven and seven times the population of New England. There was an ingenious amount of devotion implied in the remark of a love-sick millionaire when the object of his affections became ecstatic over the beauty of the evening star—"Oh, do not—do not praise it like that," he cried; "I cannot get for you."

A former paragrapher has settled in Toledo as a teacher of writing. One of his scholars said to him the other day: "Which is the proper way to make K. Mr.?" The ruling passion was strong in the teacher, and he replied: "Make K while the sun shines."

"Well, how is the spring trade?" said a gentleman to a friend the other day. "Dry goods never brisker," was the reply. "My wife shops all day, every chair in the house is covered with bundles, and I think of sending my pocket-book out of town for change of air—it's too thin."—New York Star.

A French surgeon has performed a remarkable feat in the art of the transplantation of teeth. (Grape under the tongue) in the lower jaw of a young woman of twenty-six, and planted it in the upper jaw in place of a decayed tooth just removed. In a few weeks the tooth was firmly fixed. This successful experiment opens up a new field for dentists.

AN EDITOR'S EPIGRAM.
Oh, man of fears,
You've had your share
Of this world's ills,
And plenty here,
If you would look
And see the clock
Of life, you'd see
You'd change your task;
But now all past;
To you is past;
Your form is used,
Your ink is used,
Your inky quills
No more will quack,
Your 'till's bills
On rick-rack
And petty squibs
You'll no more squack.
—Lyceum Gazette

Jokes upon Names.
A great many good jokes and bright puns have been made on queer names. Sometimes they have been really cruel, though generally they are made good-naturedly. Perhaps a witty little epigram on Dr. Lettson, a famous physician of the last century, was written about a design to marry him, but it could hardly be read without doing him some injury. He used to sign his prescriptions I. Lettson, and the following was written: "When any patient calls in haste, I physician him, and he swears 'em, after that they choose to die. Why, what care I? I LETT'EM!" It is related that Sir Thomas More said to a Mr. Silver, who was brought before him for some misdemeanor: "Silver, you must be tried by fire." "Yes," replied the prisoner; "but you know well that I cannot abide the fire!" The promptness of the retort so pleased Sir Thomas that he let the man go.