

BEWARE.

The poet sat in his office-chair,
Alone with his pipe and sad despair;
For try as he would his pad was bare,
Not a thought came to him to pencil there.

He fiercely smoked and tore his hair,
Then sent he forth a terrible swear,
That filled the room with sulphurous air,
And he vanished in smoke, Beware!

A DIAMOND RING.

"Found.—This evening, Wednesday, nearly opposite Sutton College, a valuable diamond ring. The owner may recover it by calling at No. 10 Winton Street, etc."

Before noon on the following day I was making my most courteous bow to a venerable-looking old gentleman, whose white face and benevolent smile added a double charm to the grace with which he stepped forward, and, waiting ceremony, extended his hand, saying:

"You have taken a weight from my mind, my young friend, and must allow me to thank you."

The insinuating delicacy of the adjective (I am not more than forty-five) was, perhaps, not without its effect. I accepted the offered pledge of amity in respectful silence.

"A young man," continued the patriarch, "may possibly find it difficult to understand how the loss of a trinket can be the source of positive suffering to an old one; but—I am alluding to my lost ring—there are associations connected with it which—ahem! This is childish; you will excuse my emotion."

I bowed profoundly in presence of his natural emotion.

I have passed some hours of sleeplessness and distress, from which you have been the means of relieving me; I feel deeply indebted to you. There remains nothing now but to reimburse you for—"

"Excuse me, sir," I stammered, rather hurriedly, "but if the ring is yours, you can undoubtedly describe its armorial bearings."

"Armorial bearings, sir! It was a diamond ring."

"Certainly."

"A plain diamond ring," repeated the old gentleman, sternly. "Do not attempt to play tricks on me, young man. I will point out to you directly—"

"I beg your pardon," said I, drawing back from the outstretched hand, "but as the ring in my possession is surely engraved with a crest and motto, I conclude it cannot be the one you are in search of."

The old gentleman eyed me for a moment keenly.

"I am afraid you are right," he sighed, in a tone of deep dejection; "I must seek further. Alas! what a melancholy termination of my hopeful journey."

"Speed the parting, welcome the coming guest," is a very good motto. I made no attempt to detain my venerable friend; but as he turned toward the door, I am certain I saw, beneath the silver hairs, a lock of dark and abiding brown.

My next visitor was a lady, extensively got up, of imposing height and carriage, rounded, accented, spectacled. "We meet under singular circumstances," began this lady, with a condescending haughtiness; "I am the principal of a college for young ladies. With a deferential bow at the honor done me, I begged to know what had procured it."

"In the hours of recreation we are accustomed to promenade in the park—a delightful spot, so suggestive of the blushing country. During our ramble of yesterday a young lady under my charge was so unfortunate as to lose her ring. You, sir, are the fortunate finder."

"I certainly did, madam, pick up a ring, but—"

"Ah, how grateful my pupil will be at beholding it again!" exclaimed the teacher of youth, clasping her hands ecstatically.

"Describe it."

"Describe it! A diamond ring, handsome and massive, but plain."

"And the crest?"

"The crest! Ah, that my young charge were with me! Stupid to have forgotten. The crest of the Deloraines. It is a lion passant—or? No, I am wrong. Unfortunately that she should be too unwell to accompany me. But it is immaterial; I will take it for her inspection; she will recognize it immediately."

"I fear madam, that I should scarcely be justified—"

"Sir!"

"I feel it my duty," I said firmly, "under the circumstances, to take every precaution against mistakes. I trust the young lady is not too seriously indisposed to give you the necessary information."

"Very well, sir. Exceedingly well, sir. I fancied—yes, actually fancied—that I was speaking to a gentleman. You will find, sir, that the lady principal of a female college is not to be insulted with impunity. Good-morning."

Very harrowing this. I am scarcely recovered from my lady governess, when there is a dash of wheels to the door, and a young fellow, flinging the reins to a groom in livery, springs up the steps to the door-bell.

"O, dash it!" he begins, breathing out a volume of stale tobacco. "I beg your pardon, and that, but the old woman—dash it! that's my mother—told me I should find my ring here; so I ordered out the vessel and the cats, and spun along like nixnapace for it."

"I shall be very glad to restore the ring I was so unfortunate to find when I can discover its owner."

"Discover! dash it! didn't I tell you it's mine? I say, I wish you wouldn't be so precious slow—I don't want the cats to catch cold—I've just had 'em shampooed, y' know, naphthalene, and that."

"What sort of a ring was yours?"

"What sort? O, come, as if you didn't know—that's good."

I intimated that I should be glad to find out if he knew.

"Not know my own ring, eh? I know it's worth a couple of ponies. Come, let's hear the damage, and I'll stump you."

"I cannot give up the ring unless you describe it."

"O, dash it! don't chaff a fellow now. I don't care a hab about the thing, only it belonged to some defunct party, and the governor would cut up so deuced rough. I've got heaps of 'em. Come, I'll swap you any one of these because of governor."

I respectfully declined the proposal.

"Well, dash it," explained the young fellow, as though struck with a sudden idea, "what a couple of muffs we are! I could tell you in a minute if it's mine, dash it!"

I replied that I was very sorry that I could not oblige him, and, adding that he had better obtain an exact description of the thing from his governor, I recommended him not to keep the cats longer in the cold.

Mem. I am getting exceedingly tired of my treasure-trove. I retire to my room with a view of dressing to go out. I am informed that a lady wishes to see me, and I am afraid my mental calculation was not complimentary to the lady in question.

A tall, graceful figure, draped in heavy mourning, rises at my entrance. She opens the negotiation in some confusion, turning away her face. She has come to me in the hope of regaining a ring, carelessly lost, the parting gift of a fond father to her brother and herself.

My eyes rested on the crape about her dress—on her pale, beautiful face, from which the blush of confusion and timidity had faded. Deferentially I request her to describe it.

"A large diamond, handsome," she believed, "but valuable to her far other reasons."

"But," I said, gently, "chased on the gold inside the ring there is—"

"A crest; I am aware of it," she answered, sadly, "but I know nothing of heraldry, and have never given it more than a second glance. My brother is dying, sir," she said, lifting up her pale face to mine. "Only this morning he missed the ring from my finger, and, as he was alone in the world; it is the only relic left of one so lately taken from us, how can I tell him it is lost?"

"I am sorry to pain you," I said, trying to be firm, "but it would be more satisfactory for all parties, and cause but little delay, if you could obtain the description from your brother."

Without a word she turned away; the mournful resignation of her air and attitude touched me, and as she turned I saw a tear roll silently down and fall upon the hand stretched to the door-handle. I couldn't stand it.

"Stop," I exclaimed, "one moment. I am sure—I feel certain—I may trust you. You will tell me—"

I take the ring from its security; I hold it out timidly for the blue eyes to examine.

I see yet the look of delight overspread her fine features—I see the expression of almost childish pleasure in her eyes as she looked up at me and clasped her hands and cried out: "The ring, the ring! O, Alfred, my dear brother!"

Her hand was upon it, such a tremulous, happy eagerness in her glance; such a caressing fondness in her way of fingering it. How pretty she was!

"My dear child" (I am forty-five), "it gives me sincere pleasure—"

Then I stammered; then I sprang after her. "At least you will leave your address with me."

"Ah, sir," she says, sadly, handing me the card on which she had been pencilling, "some day you will be sorry for this. You do not trust me."

Certainly I am a brute. The accent of reproach in her voice haunts me; the sorrowful glance of her eye—how pretty she is! I sit down to my breakfast in the morning, half inclined to call at the address given, and apologize for my heathenish distrust. How delightful to see her in her own peculiar atmosphere, ministering to the sick brother who is all she has in the world; to look upon, if one cannot enjoy, the beautiful tenderness of a gentle sister to an afflicted brother.

But my letters wait, and I toy with them. This is a hand I know. What does Fred want, I wonder? I tear it open! I read:

"Dear Jack:—What a queer chance if you have stumbled upon my ring. A pretty taking I've been in. It's mine, the crest is inside. You know it—a mailed hand holding a lance, and the motto: 'Armed at all points.' Verily, truth is stranger than fiction. Keep it for me. Fred Vynning."

Idiot! Gull! It is quite useless to call myself names. It is almost superfluous to add that when I called at a certain address to inquire for Miss Lucy Hamilton, the lady was not to be found. Probably the "dear Alfred" had required speedy change of air; probably brother and sister were even embracing in rapturous gratitude over the relief of one lost to them so lately. Was that dear one not lost, but transferred? Had the silver-haired patriarch of the first visit changed to the dashing buck of the third? And was the virtuous teacher of youth only the tender sister in masquerade? On my word, I believe so. I dare say they are enjoying the joke. Possibly it is a dodge often repeated. But what am I to say to Fred?

The musical composition, "Working at Eve," is the first indication that Adam was a magus.



WHAT'S IN A NAME.

Little girl 'at lives next door
Never plays wive me,
'Cause she says 'at I don't move
In society.

She wears jes' the finest clothes—
Cost a lot, I guess—
While the bestest gown I has
Is a gingham dress.

She has the most b'u'ful hats—
My! but they is fine;
An' her shoes—I guess they cost
A dollar more than mine.

She has ponies 'at she drives
Almost ev'ry day;
An' they goes as fast—oo—oo—oo!
Takes your b'ref away.

She is rich, but I jes' bet
'At she envies me.
'Cause her name is Maggie Smif
An' mine is Althea Penelope d'Arcy
Lee—Louis R. Cooley.

JEWELS OF ALUM.

How to Make Them for Charades and Amateur Theatricals.

A very pretty and amusing way of making jewelry to be used in the production of charades or in juvenile amateur theatricals is here shown.

Dissolve a pound of alum in a quart of hot water and suspend in the saturated solution a crown or some other shaped form made of wire and covered with strips of flannel or wound with wooten threads. In order to obtain the very best results it is necessary to select a vessel of glass with an even, highly polished inside surface, which must remain undisturbed for twenty-four hours in a quiet place after the solution of alum has been poured in and the article to be covered is hung free in the solution without touching on any side. A cool room is preferable for the crystals covering the wire will then be larger and more brilliant.

After remaining twenty-four hours in the solution the article, now covered with crystals, can be withdrawn, and will keep indefinitely in a dry place. The addition of some chemicals will result in very fine color effects; thus the use of iron alum will bring forth very fine blue crystals, and chromo alum equally fine yellow ones. The simplest and easiest for coloring the crystals, while not bringing about the results, are a few drops of ordinary blue-black writing ink or of a solution of litmus, which can easily be obtained in any drug store.

A Scientific Fiasco.

The problem is to see how many coins can be dropped into a wine glass filled quite to the brim with water without making the water overflow.

Were you to be told that the glass would hold as many as twenty quarters or shillings after it is quite full of water you would all shout, "Impossible!" however, a trial will prove to you the truth of this surprising statement. Wipe the glass dry so that not a vestige of moisture clings to it either inside or out; then, with a vessel having a spout, fill it slowly and carefully with water to the exact brim. Now with steady hand very gently drop in the coins, holding them edgewise. As soon as the coin touches the water let it fall, so that as little disturbance as possible will be made. As each coin goes in the water rises a trifle above the brim until its elevation is readily perceptible to the eye. Of course, there comes a time when just one more coin will make it overflow, but you can stop just before this occurs. The scientific explanation of this interesting experiment is that the "attraction of gravity" is not so great as the "cohesive attraction" of the water—that is to say, up to a certain point. Some day this will be made clearer to you, but just now you can amuse yourself with the fact.

Forcing an Egg Into a Bottle.

Atmospheric pressure furnishes some interesting facts, some of the experiments being enough like magic to find a place in a parlor entertainment. Take an ordinary decanter and a hard-boiled egg. Take the shell off the egg. Then push a piece of paper down into the decanter and light it and let it burn. As soon as you see that the paper is nearly consumed, put the egg on the mouth of the decanter like a cork, small end down. In a few minutes the air outside presses the egg through the neck of the bottle down inside. The egg being at least twice as large as the mouth of the decanter it requires force enough to make it grow long and narrow. The vacuum inside made by the burning paper and the atmospheric pressure get the egg through and it falls to the bottom and regains its own shape. We will not discuss the question of getting the egg out again.

Reminding Him.

Helen and her father and mother were dining in a hotel, and Helen, who was six years old, had never before dined in a public place. The waiter was so attentive and courteous that Helen's mother said he must be tipped at the end of the meal. The word "tipped" was one Helen had never heard except in connection with a dunce on her father's premises. When they got up to leave the dining room she said: "Oh, papa, papa! You forgot to dump the waiter!"

He took the advice.

The boy had got into trouble and the old gentleman had taken him to task for it with considerable severity.

"I just followed the other boys," he pleaded, "and did what they did."

"That's worse than no excuse at all," returned the old gentleman. "That indicates that you haven't any independence or individuality. I want you to lead and not to follow. The leaders are the people who count in this world, and I want you to be a leader. I never want to hear again that you have followed the other boys into trouble."

The boy promised that he would follow this advice and results showed that he lived up to his promise. When he was next before his father for getting into trouble his face was wreathed with smiles.

"It's all right this time," he said. "All right this time," exclaimed the old gentleman. "Why, it's worse than ever. According to the complaints coming in from the neighbors you have been up to more mischief in the last two days than ever before."

"That I didn't follow anybody," protested the boy, "I led."

"Worse and worse," returned the old gentleman.

"Why, you said you wanted me to be a leader," asserted the boy.

"What has that to do with all this devilry?"

"Everything," answered the boy. "There ain't but one way to be a leader that I know of."

"And what is it?"

"Why, to size up which way the crowd's going to go and then travel a little faster than any one else in that direction."

The old gentleman stopped in his search for the cane he had intended to use, and which the boy had carefully hidden. His eyes opened wide with astonishment, and he gasped once or twice before he was able to speak.

"That boy," he said at last, more to himself than any one else, "is born to go into politics, and there's no use trying to whale it out of him."

Finger Stocks for School Children.

In the old Dame's schools in country districts, even so late as 50 or 60 years ago, there was always kept on the desk, side by side with the birch, a pair of finger stocks. As the children went up in turn to the desk to repeat their lessons, they were each obliged to put on these stocks.

The hands were placed behind the back, and the four fingers of each hand inserted in the holes. With the shoulders brought well back, the child in this position was absolutely helpless, and entirely at the mercy of the old dame, should she be inclined to use the birch or box the ears of any delinquent scholar.

These finger stocks were also used as a mode of punishment; the children having to stand with their hands fixed in them for an hour or more at a time.

Although they do not look a very formidable method of torture, if only remains for them to be tried to satisfy the inquirer of their efficacy.

The finger stocks here illustrated are the actual size of the picture. They came from a remote village in Wales, and are made of limewood, tied together with old brown ribbon.

Fears of Animals.

If scientists are to be trusted, it is a mistake to suppose that the lives of animals are peaceful and happy.

Worms are in constant terror of birds. The smaller birds are never free from dread of hawks or owls or cats. Cats are afraid, not only of their ancient enemy, the dog, but of the wicked small-boy who throws stones. Dogs are afraid of one another and in mortal terror of cows.

Horses are haunted by the swish of the whip. Sheep appear to suffer from a constant prevision of the butcher. Sprats are tortured by the expectation of being swallowed by the mackerel and mackerel are always expecting the same fate at the jaws of a shark. Almost every living thing is afraid of man.

Besides, not an animal exists who is not being perpetually gnawed by hundreds of parasites. The woodcock and turbot swarm with tapeworms; in the young caterpillar the ichneumon lays its eggs, and the little animals that are hatched at the caterpillar all not a particle is left.

Thousands of little worms live in the rabbit and when a dog eats him they lodge themselves under the dog's tongue and often drive him mad with pain. Great tumors are raised on the backs of sheep and cattle by parasites which bore under the skin. Even crocodiles suffer from never-ending toothache, caused by a little beast that lodges in his jaws.

In fact, it is a true with regard to animals, what is said of man—that there is no peace for them on earth.

Keep Quiet.

Arthur, who is forbidden to speak at the table, had his revenge the other day. As dinner began he was uneasy, and finally said: "Ma, can't I speak just one word?"

"You know the rule, Arthur."

"Not one word?"

"No, Arthur, not until your father finishes the paper."

Arthur subsided until the paper was finished, when he was asked what he had to say.

"Oh, nothing; only Nora put the cutlery outside the window to cool, and the cat has been eating them up."

A Rising Young Man.

While drunk a pint of yeast, drank it 'spite of warning.

"I hope," said he, "this will make me rise early in the morning."

HE TOOK THE ADVICE.

Concluded in The London and Edinburgh Shipboard.

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DIOCESAN NEWS.

What Was Done in the Diocese of London and the Diocese of London.

A very pretty wedding was celebrated at St. Clement's church at 10 o'clock Wednesday morning, the betrothal being celebrated at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. J. A. Morrissey, at 10 o'clock. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Butler, in the presence of a large number of guests and friends. The bride was handsomely groomed in pearl silk with white trimmings. Her only attendant, her sister, Miss Kate Morrissey, was attired in blue. A wedding breakfast followed the ceremony at the house of the bride, covers being laid for forty. Mr. and Mrs. Morrissey were the bridesmaids. The wedding party consisted of many beautiful girls. They left later in the afternoon for an autumn trip, and will be home after Feb. 1st at Arden. Among the guests from out of town were Mrs. J. P. Morgan, Mr. Thomas Jackson, the Misses Ames, Jennie and Lillian Finagun of Arden, Dr. J. A. Morrissey, Miss Minnie Finagun of Limerick, and Mr. and Mrs. J. Wilson of Mansfield.

Mrs. John Fitzgerald spent the past week with relatives in Rochester.

The married man will hold their third annual dance on the evening of Feb. 3d.

An auxiliary of the A. O. U. W. will be organized here in the near future.

Miss Libbie Clark of Southville spent Sunday with Mrs. Thomas Clark.

Savannah.

Sarah O'Shea of Phelps was the guest of her aunt last week.

The C. R. & B. A. held their first annual ball last Friday evening. It was well attended.

John Howley of Phelps spent the last of the week here, the guest of relatives.

A Rosary and Altar society was organized here last Sunday. A number joined and more are expected.

J. Fitzpatrick and sister of Ontario were the guests of their mother, the first of the week.

Miss Mary Shaw is confined to her home with illness.