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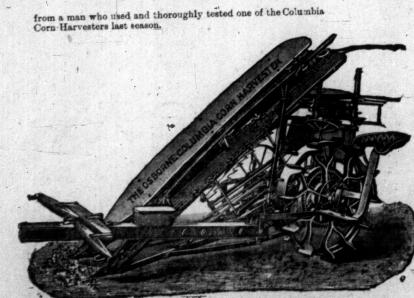
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A READER'S LAMENT.

Hope's new one isn't opened yet.
I've not read James's last;
And Howells is so prolific new,
And Crawford writes so fast,
"Evelyn Innes" I must skim,
O'er "Helbeck" I must pore:
"The Day's Work" I'll enjoy, although
I've read the tales before.

And then there is "The King's Jackal,"
"The Gadfiy," "Caleb West,"
"Silence," "The Forest Lovers," and
I can't name all the rest.
I'll try to keep up with the times,
But oh, I hope that I
May read my "David Copperfield"
Once more before I die.
—Carolyn Wells, in the Bookman,

THE PARSON'S BOX

"Speakin' o' war," remarked Moot Rivers, the old Maine guide, as he tipped his cracker-box back against the front of the country store, upon whose platform a company of village loafers had gathered-"Speakin' o' war reminds me of a sort of Quaker parson that ust to come up into these parts every winter and travel round amongst the lumber camps, holdin' religious services. That man was the deadest sot agin blood-sheddin' of anybody I ever see, before or since. He didn't even believe in war between man and varmints, sayin' that it was a crime agin God to take the life he had given any critter of his'n. He wouldn't eat meat becuz it was 'slain,' and sometimes, I can tell ye, boys, the poor cuss was reel hard put to it for a bellyfull, here in the woods, whar the heft of our provender ust to be wild meat. I've seen him go to bed half-famished, when he'd stop at one of my camps for a night and find me out of everything but tea and venison.

"The Parson-as we fellers up here called him; he was a good sort of a chap, too-was so determined not to shed the blood of any livin' critter that he wouldn't even fight varmints in self-defence. He didn't carry any weppin besides his axe and jack-knife; and these he only used for cuttin' his wood and buildin' his camps. What did he do when pestered by wild critters, then? That's what I'm a-goin' to tell

"The Parson travelled through the woods with a strong oak box, 'bout seven feet long and two and a half broad, sot on a toboggan. It was the stoutest, best-built box I ever see, put together with four-inch screws, and bound on the inside with steel strips and brackets. The top raised up, lid-fashion, and was fastened on by eight big brass hinges. Inside thar was a chain lock to hold the cover down, so the devil himself couldn't raise it without pullin' the box to pieces. Thar were two or three small holes bored in the end o' the box for ventilation; and I'll be blamed ef that feller didn't ust to dump his duds in the snow and crawl into that box when ever wolves or painter or b'ar got arter him, and thar he'd cuddle down, as snug and peaceful as a kitten in a basket, and let them critters paw his chist around ontil they got tired of it!

Thar ust to be scratches a quarter of an inch deep all over that box, where varmints hed clawed it; and the Parson has told me that sometimes he lay thar for a hull night or a hull day, till whatever critter was interested in him got its curiosity kind o' wore off, and left in s'arch of softer vittles. More than oncet he come within an inch of freezin', and would 'a' froze ef it hedn't be'n for the blanket he had in the box with him. But sartin sure no varmint that roamed the woods was able to crack the Parson's shell, and he wa'n't no hard-shell Baptist nether

"I s'pose he might 'a' gone on boxin' of himself up that way till he got all the choppers in the woods convarted, ef it hedn't be'n for an accident that disturbed his arrangements and kind o' demoralized his principles. I'll tell ye

"Me and him was on the way to the Jennings lumber camp, away up near the head waters of the Alleguash. It was spiteful cold weather, in February, and we was anxious to reach shelter before nightfall. The Parson's box was a kind of hard draggin' up them hills, but he stuck to it, and said it wa'n't any wuss than my pack, anyway-which was true enough, I guess.

"Wall, it got to be along about three o'clock in the arternoon, when I'll be gosh darned ef I didn't hear a wolf, two or three miles back, give his longdrawn howl on our trail! Now, thinks I. Mr. Parson and Mr. Rivers, there's goin' to be plenty of excitement for ye in about an hour! The Parson knew what was comin' as well as I, and he says: 'I think thar's room for two in my box, Mr. Rivers. Will thee not jine me thar, when we are obliged to seek safety, ontil these poor critters become weary of their thirst for human blood?

"'Thankin' you for yer hospitality, Parson,' says I, it will agree with my constitution better, I think, to camb a tree and pick off them varmints, one by one, till the coast is clear for a

warm supper and a dry bunk.' "'O Lord!' says he, lookin' up with mournful eyes, the bloodthirstiness of man, made in Thine image! Nevertheless, I will continue with the, my friend, ontil the peril is upon us Then, perhaps, thee will reconsider and enter the box with me.'

'That remains to be seen, Parson says I, for I didn't want to hurt his

"In the meanwhile the howl of the first wolf hed be'n answered by an-

seemed to be full of the yellin' devils. It wa'n't a great while afore we could see 'em skulkin' arter us amongst the trees, and I come to the conclusion it was time to get fixed for business. 'Get into yer box, Parson,' says I, 'for I've picked out my tree and the limb whar I'm goin' to set."

"'Thee will not jine me, then?' says he, beginnin' to pitch out his plunder. "'Not this trip, Parson,' says 1. 'Sometime, when it ain't so cold and so late in the day, perhaps, I'll jine ye.' " Tarewell, then,' says he. 'And may

God restrain thy hand." "So he tucked himself into his box. and I got out o' the straps of my pack and took old Spitfire up the tree with

"We had hardly got fixed afore the hull pack o' wolves, about twenty on 'em. was swarmin' round us. They didn't give a look at me, but begun to nose around the Parson's box, and I kind o' held off with old Spitfire. becuz I'd never reely seen how the Parson conducted his campaigns, and was a fhight cur'us to obsarve how the varmints would use him, anyway. Arter smellin' round for a few minutes, the wolves begun to scratch and gnaw at the box, and finally they sot to work to tip it over.

"'Now, as I was sayin', the Parson's chist o' refuge was sot on a toboggan, to which it was bound by thongs. We hed stopped on the side of a small mounting, and when the wolves begun to push and haul at the box, the tobog-gan slewed around til it was p'inted down hill, and then off she went like a duck on ice.

"'Thunderation!' thinks I to myself. 'Is the Parson goin' coastin' amongst all these trees?' Sure enough, he was, and gatherin' headway all the time, with the wolves trottin' arter, kind o' su'prised like. 'Parson!' I yelled, unlock that box and stop her, or thar won't be a splinter left of either of

"I dunno whether the Parson heard me or not, but ef he did, thar wa'n't much time to foller my instructions, for in half a minute the toboggan was goin' like a log in the rapids, and then like a bullet out of a gun; and afore I could get my jaws closed ag'in, ker-whack! she struck a big hemlock! The Parson's box bust open lengthwise, just like a pea-pod, and out he come a-flyn' and sailed along on his coattails for a good ten yards, just like a pa'tridge when she lights. The minute he struck the snow, he was up ag'in, leggin' it for a tree. I reckon he had it all planned out while he was in the air, for I couldn't 'a' chose a better tree myself, nor shinned up it any livelier.

"When the Parson got perched, I could see his white face among the branches, lookin' down at the wolves, that were howlin' and leapin' up on the tree. 'Shoot, Mr. Rivers! shoot!" he yelled. 'For God's sake, save me from these beasts!"

"I got a rest over a limb and begun to onhitch old Spitfire. Every time she spoke, a wolf keeled over, snappin' at the snow, and makin' himself a red rug to lie on. Once in a while the Parson would give a yell, and towards the last they was whoops of triumph. In less than half an hour every wolf was dead, excep' three that sneaked away. Then V got down and went to

see how the Parson was. He seemed to kind o' miss his box, for I never see a man quite so disturbed about a few pesky wolves. 'Have you killed 'em all, Mr. Rivers?' says he, with chatterin' teeth.

"'All but three,' says I. 'And you needn't be afraid they'll come back.' "'Sure?' says he. "'Sure,' says I.

"But it was fifteen minutes afore I could get him to come down. 'It is dreadful, this carnage!' says he, shyin' away from the dead wolves. You must excuse my confusion and inconsistency, Mr. Rivers, but I was never in such a plight before. In the seclusion of my box, I knew nothing of these

"'You'll get used to 'em, Parson, says I, 'now that the box is gone. And when you set down to supper at Jenning's, to-night, I'll bet you'll be glad you ain't cooped up here, waitin' for them critters to get tired o' the smell o' yer carcass.'

"'Thar is somethin' in that,' says he. And, by gum! if the cuss didn't eat a hunk o' bar's meat with his beans and mush, that night, at Jennings's!"-James Buckham, in Field and Stream.

Eggs at Easter.

The origin of the custom of giving eggs at Easter is not of great antiquity, dating back to a Persian legend that has been more or less written up, in memory of which it is still customary to give presents of colored eggs in Persia on a certain festival in the Spring. Easter eggs have had various names, being called pasch, pace, or paste eggs, and the uses to which they have been put are many. One deserves our particular notice, as it is connected with our American custom of allowing the children to roll their eggs on the lawn at the White House. This rolling of eggs is one of the very old customs the finest grassy slopes being selected for the purpose. The children, in rolling the eggs, repeated some such ditty as the following: "Carland, parland, paste-egg day." But this custom was not entirely confined to the children, for in some places the older, welldressed people indulged in the sport, having their initial or some distinctive marking on the eggs, for the one that held out claimed the rest. Our Southern negroes have such a "game."

Both tansy pudding and bacon and eggs were very generally eaten at this time, the bacon to show abhorrence of the Jews; though on the Continent it was very customary to abstain from eating flesh at Easter in order to escape fever for the rest of the year.

Business Proposition.

be achieved without guard his health as he guards his capital; for health is part of his capital and the impairment of that capital affects every business interest. A sedentary occupation and quick lunches, soon show their effects in a sluggish liver. The use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will cure "liver trouble" as well as in-

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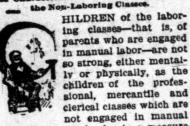
alcohol or other intoxicant.

"After three years of suffering with liver trouble and malaria" writes Mr. Edward Jacobs, of Marengo, Crawford Co., Indiana, "I gave up all hopes of ever getting stoat again, and the last chance was to try your medicine. I had tried all the home doctors and received but little relief. After taking three bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and one vial of his 'Pleasant Pellets' I am stoat and hearty. It is due entirely to your wonderful medicines."

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CHILUREN.

ties of the Laboring and



labor. This may be due in a measure to their food, their habits and their nanner of living. We have found out, too, that girls are generally superior to boys in their

studies, although there is a greater degree of adaptability in boys than in more quickly and show higher percentages in the studies, but the boys

get more out of them. Children of the non-laboring classe show greater ability in their studies than those of the laboring classes. Children whose parents are of different nationalities show less mental ability than the children of parents of the same race, which demonstrates that a mixture of races is not favorable to

mental development. Children who have long heads rather than broad heads have less mental bility; where the hed is very long the

child is usually dull. Bright boys are generally taller and heavier than dull boys. White children not only have a greater standing height than colored children, but their sitting height is still greater. Relatively to their height white children have longer bodies than colored childran, yet colored children have greater weight than white children.

White boys of American parents of the non-laboring class show the high-est degree of nervousness. The highet percentage of defects in eyesight occur in white boys of non-laboring parents and the lowest percentage in colored children and bright colored

Girls in private schools, who are generally of wealthy parents, are much more sensitive to pain, heat, etc., than girls in the public schools, which proves that refinements and luxuries tend to increase sensitiveness, but there seems to be no necessary relation between intellectual development and pain sensitiveness. While girls are more sentitive than men, they can endure more pain.

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