3.

The Family.

UNDEL IEP.

THERE Is no unbelief—
Wherer plants a leaf beneath the sod,
And waits to see it push away the clod,
Trues he in God.

Whoever says when clouds are in the sky,
"Be patient heart, light breaketh by and by,"
Trusts he in the Most High.

Whoever sees 'neath winter's fields of snow. The effent harvests of the future grow, God's power must know.

Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep, Content to lock each sense in slumber deep, Knows God will keep.

Whotver says "To morrow," "The Unknown,"
"The Fature," resteth in that power alose
Ife dares not to disown.

The heart that looks on when the excitos close And dares to live when life has only woes, God's comfort knows.

There is no nobelief,
And still by day and night neconsciously,
The heart lives by that faith the lips deny—
God knowth why. -Selected

For the POMOTTEPIAN KETTEN FROM ZURICH TO INNSBRUCK BY THE ARLBERG RAILWAY.

On leaving the great manufacturing town of Zurich, the train runs along the left shore of the lake through fine scenery. Handsome houses, chiefly scenery. Handsome houses, chiefly inhabited by silk manufacturers, appear in the midst of vineyards and orchards. On reaching Wadenswyl-the largest village on the lake—our train was almost emptied of its occupants, who were on their way to spend Sunday as pilgrims at

EINSIEDELY.

which is regarded as a holy deed. Although the distance—21 miles—is traversed by a railway, I was told that most of the people belonged to the poorer classes, and would walk, though rain was beginning to fall. Einsiedeln. in a valley watered by the Alphach, consists almost entirely of inns for the entertainment of pilgrims, and shops for the sale of such articles, pictures, etc., as pilgrims carry back with them. Here is the extensive Abbey of "Notre destroyed six or seven times by fire, it was rebuilt in 1704-19 in the Italian style, and rises high above all the other buildings of the place. Miracles, of course, were performed here which were confirmed by the Pope, who accorded plenary indulgence to all who should make the pilgrimage to "Our Garda. In 1806 about make the pilgrimage to "Our Garda. In 1806 about make the pilgrimage to "Our Garda. In 1806 about make the pilgrimage to "Our Garda. In 1806 about make the pilgrimage to "Our Garda. In 1806 about make the pilgrimage to "Our Garda. In 1806 about make the pilgrimage to "Our Garda. In 1806 about make the pilgrimage to "Our Garda. In 1806 about make the pilgrimage to "Our Garda. In 1806 about make the pilgrimage to "Our Garda. In 1806 about make the pilgrimage to "Our Garda. In 1806 about make the pilgrimage to "Our Garda. In 1806 about make the pilgrimage to "Our Garda. In 1806 about make the pilgrimage to "Our Garda. In 1806 about make the pilgrimage to "Our Garda. In 1806 about make the pilgrimage to "Our Garda. In 1806 about make the pilgrimage to "Our Garda. In 1806 about make the pilgrimage to "Our Garda." Dame des Eremites," founded in the sime of Charlemagne. Having been destroyed six or seven times by fire, should make the pilgrimage to "Our Lady of the Hermits." The offerings of the pilgrims became a source of great wealth to the Abbey. It still is the most frequented Abbey in Switzseland; and in the Roman Catholic Canton, the Abbot, who has great in-fluence, is styled "Prince of Rinsied-els," the Emperor Rudolph, of Habeburg, having created its Abbot, "Prince of the Empire," in 1274.

When the French invaded the coun try in 1798, they seized the greater part of the treasures which had then accu-mulated here, and carried them off to Paris. The image of the Virgin was rescued by the Fathers, who took refuge for a time in the Tyrol, returning with the image in 1803. From that time pilgrimages were resumed, the average number of visitors being 150,000 yearly. Many of them come not only from Suisse, but from Bavaria and more distant countries.

f It is interesting to learn that Zwingli was pastor of Einsiedeln from 1515 to 1519, the effect of his preaching being such that in 1517—the anniversary of the festival-the monks left their cells, and the Abbey was for a time deserted, We soon come to

LAKE WALENSTADT,

the mountain scenery of which is almost as grand as that around Lucerne. The mountains on the north shore rise almost perpendicularly to a state of the course of the cour height of six or seven thousand feet. On the opposite side, by which the railroad runs through nine tunnels, are several hamlets at the mouths of the mountain torrents, whose names, as well as that of the lake itself, show that the inhabitants are of Rhotian or Latin origin, and not Germanic. On reaching Sargans in the valley of the Rhine. from which the railway continues on to Ragatz and Chur, we turn, and go in the opposite direction down the valley to Boebs, the frontier station of the Vorarlberg, where we enter Austrian territory. After a short stay for examination of baggage, we continue on to Feldkirch, in the valley of the III, and soon arrive at Bludens, where After a short stay Austrian territory. the railway formerly ended. In 1883 a new line, that of

THE ARLBERG RAILWAY.

begun in 1880, was completed, connecting Bludens with Innsbruck, that is, the heart of the Vorariberg with the heart of the Tyrol. From Bludens to Lan gen, where we enter the great tunnel, a distance of 16 miles, the line rises 50

bells. We pass through in less than 20 minutes and suffer no inconvenience from the air. The Ailberg (5,895 feet) is the watershed between the Rhine and the Danube, and the boundary between the Vorarlberg and the Tyrol

From the eastern end to Landeck, in the ralley of the Inn, is sixteen miles. From Bludens to Landeck the engineers had to contend with the greatest difficulties in the shape of mountains, rocks and torrents which had up to that time been overcome by human skill and patience. At certain places are galleries hewn into the rock -masterpieces of modern engineering They protect against avalanches, and were necessary to make the building of the railway possible.

After a succession of galleries. ravines and precipices high over mountain streams, which are many times crossed on iron bridges, we reach the valley of Landeck, out of which rises an amphitheatre of mountains, surmounted by castles and ruins which make this valley one of the most picturesque spots on the line. We once spent a night at Landeck when driving down the valley of the Inn from the Engadine, long before the Arlberg Railway existed, and had time to admire the scenery, dress and customs of the Tyrolese, which railroad travelling scarcely permits. Forty-five miles from Landeck we reach

INNSBRUCK. now the capital of the Tyrol, and one of the most picturesque towns in the whole German Alps. Its streets are whole German Alps. Its streets are and the great enginery of modern civilibroad, and have some handsome houses dating from the seventeenth and of the times seems to be to make each since the railway from Munich and North Germany entered the town, on its way to Italy by the Brenner. The church here most frequented is the Franciscan (Hofkircke), because of the many statues it contains and their artistic workmanship. On cutering the first object which meets the eye is the mith ignorance." As we rise toward what has mountain toward the formulation of honoladar. monument in Tysolese marble, erected

ANDREAS HOPER,

the hero of the Patherland, whose fate reflected disgrace on the first Napoleon. He was born in 1767 at the Wirthshaus the French on the shore of Lago di Garda. In 1803 he promoted the re-organization of the militis, in 1808 he took command of the Tyrolese, whose struggle for liberty was crowned with success on three occasions near Innsbruck as well as elsewhere. Hofer nov seammed, the position of level, and military governor of the Tyrol, and resided for a short time at Schloss Tirol, where he conducted the administration with characteristic simplicity and shrewdness.

After peace was concluded the Esperor of Austria exhorted the Tyrolese to submit to the foreign yoke; but Hofer, misled by false reports, was in-duced once more to lead his countrymen against the French and Bevarians, their allies. His patriotic efforts, how ever, being speedily crushed, be then dismissed his followers and retired to his native hills, where he found refuge in a chalet on the Kellerlahn. His hiding place was betrayed to the French by a man whose secret was extorted by threats of death, and in January, 1810, Hofer and his family were made prisoners. He was taken to Mantua, and tried by court martial. It is said that the majority of the members of the court were opposed to his execution, but notwithstanding this, he was shot on the 20th February by

were the Capuchin monk, Haspinger (1776-1858), who distinguished himself as a soldier, and Speckbacher (1758-1820), another Tyrolese, originally a farmer and chamols hunter. He also took up arms in defence of his country and ended his career as a major in the Austrian service. They, too, are buried in this church. In relief on the monument to Hofer are six Tyrolese representing the six districts of the Tyrol. binding themselves by an oath over a lowered banner; and at the sides are the tombs of Haspinger and Speck-bacher with memorial tablets. Opposite to these memorials is a monument to all the Tyrolese who fell since 1706, with the inscription . " Absorpta est mors in

videria. VILLA MAJA, MERAN, Oct., 1888.

UNKNOWN SENSATIONS.

SOUND is the sensation produced on us when the vibrations of the air strike on the drum of our ear. When they are few, the sound is deep, as they increase in number, it becomes shriller yards in every thousand, and runs 500 and shriller; but when they reach forty feet above the valley. The tunned feet above the valley. The tunnel thousand in a second they cease to be itself, nearly seven miles in length, pursues an upward direction as far as the centre, and then descends. It is all then four hundred millions of feet wide and as feet high, large white figures marking the distance every 70 retins in a second, they produce red, feet, and at every 350 feet is a narrow and as the number increases the colour siche for the guards. The niche at passes into orange, then yellow, green, 1,000 feet has a signal lastern which the managed by means of a cable thousand violations in a second and

reaching from the station at either end four hundred millions of millions we of the tunnel, and there are eleven signal have no organ of sense capable of have no organ of sense capable of receiving the impression. Yet between these limits any number of sensations may exist. We have five senses and sometimes imagine that no others are possible. But it is obvious that we can not measure the infinite by our own narrow limitations.

Moreover, looking at the question from the other side, we find in animals complex organs of sense, richly supplied with nerves, but the function of which we are as yet powerless to ex-plain. There may be fifty other senses as different from ours as sound is from sight and area with the sound in five minutes. I can outrun or throw you which we are as yet powerless to ex-plain. There may be fifty other senses sight, and even within the boundaries of our own senses there may be endless sounds which we cannot hear, and sounds which we cannot near, and occurs as different as red from green, of which we have no conception. These and a thousand other questions remain if you want to look well in Jeanwhich we have no conception. These and a thousand other questions remain for solution. The familiar world which surrounds us may be a totally different place to other animals. To them is may be full of music which we cannot hear, of colour which we can not see, of sensations which we can not conceive. -Sir John Lubbock, in Popular Science Monthly.

OVERWORK.

those who are now young, but they shall see the stuff the baby is made of were no less urgent. Then the country Hey, Voss, he shouted.

was to be settled up, railroads built, Nicholas came over, smiling, but colwas to be settled up, railroads built eighteenth centuries. Many new man and woman, so far as his or her buildings have, of course, sprung up capacities allow, oraniscient by means since the railway from Munich and of the great facilities for wide intellectof the great facilities for wide intellectused to be mountain tops of knowledge, our horizon enlarges, and "Alps on Alps " still pierce the clouds all around

us. We grow poorer and poorer also. What was extravagance and luxury to our grand parenta, the so-called poorman commands: a silk dress for his wife, schools for his children, carpets and nice furniture in his house, " with all modern conveniences." The appetite for advancement, promotion, power, wealth, grows by what it feeds on. So it always has been; so it always will

be.

But there come reactions to individuals and to races. Both wear out and die out. Many an abandoned lew England farm is tilled by peasants from the Old World, who thrive where he fermer courses reaped but a shiften beyond their strength. They understook too much, their wants were too many for their incomes to settiny, and

many for their incomes to setisfy, and far from getting ahead, they fell behind constantly. Probably those who have succeeded them will in a generation or two have a like history. New supplies will beget new wants, and these almost always grow faster than the supplies for

An old lady was recently giving some results of overwork that had fallen under her own observation. "When I was a girl," said she, "the farmers in our town were such driverz. They worked day and night. In my grandmother's kitchen was a little window looking into the wood-shed. In this window was set in the evening a candie. window was set in the evening a candle, by the light of which my grandfather would thresh his grain, draw shingles, or do other in-door work, while my grandmother corded and spun, or knit grandmother corded and spun, or knit or sewed. At nine o'clock they went to bed; at five they were up and at it again. Their neighbours worked just as hard. Everybody worked hard in those days. These were as were fixed curiously on him. those days. There were so many deaths of consumption, of lung fever, and other fevers. So many children died. Poor little things, they had no vitality when they were born. Their parents had none to spare to them. The air was always sad with funerals. Forty years ago the number of bedridde people in that town was wonderful. people who were not sick, but who simply took to their beds and stayed I think it was a reaction from the intense activity of their former days. My father was an exception. He used to say, 'I'll work till I get to a certain to say, "I'll work till I get to a certain point, and then I'll stop. You boys can keep on if you want to, but I shall stop." And stop he did. He would lie down in the bushes or under a tree

lived to be ninety-siz years old, and was hale and bearty to the end of his days," A great many people, if they were willing to go without some "things," would have a chance to color themselves. How often we need to remem-ber Christ's declaration, "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." barter health, time, strength, life, for more things; if we exhaust vitality in laborious study and acquisition, and bankrupt ourselves, of what advantage to us is the fruit of our labour when we have no power to enjoy k?-N. Y. Christian Advecate.

and rest whenever he got tired, and if we chadren could find him at such times he would tell us stories. He

Have you read our Special Offers to new author/bert?

A SWISS STORY.

A GROUP of young men were standing one morning in April, on the banks of the River Aar, which flows by the quaint old Swiss town of Berne. There was Johann Leid, the baker's son, and Fritz Bund, the wood-carver, and balfa-dozen others, with their sisters and gone !" sweethearts.

Bund, as usual, was loud mouthed and voluble. He talked with one eye on the guls to see the effect.

in five minutes, Leid."
Leid nodded, threw off his coat, and

was beaten in both race and wrestle.

nette's eyes," he muttered, "it is Nich-olas Voss you should throw, not me. She thinks more of his finger than of

your whole braggart body."

Bund was enraged. Everybody saw that plainly. He looked at Jeannette, standing with the other girls, like a modest little rose among flaunting dahlias. Nicholas Voss was playing with his dog on the other side of the field. He was a quiet, undersized fel-low, the son of the schoolmastea "Throw Yoss! I could do it with-one hand. No credit in that. The fel-

The temptation to overwork is nothing new. Those who were young fifty years ago, a hundred years ago, knew all about it. The demands on them all about it. The demands on them a test that'll shame him. Jeannette

ouring a little as he passed the girls. He was a diffident, awkward lad, and felt his arms and legs beavy and in the way whenever a woman looked at him.
"Come, girls!" cried Bund. The

girls drew nearer, sly but curious. "Here's a question of courage to be settled. Leid wants me to try a throw with Voss; but it wouldn't be fair, for I could fling him with one finger, and blow him over, for that matter."

Voss changed colour. He played nervously with the dog's collar. He knew that it was true that he could not compete with Bund in a trial of strength; but it was hard to be told it-before

little Jeannette too "But there's something Voss can do as well as L"

"What is it?" cried Nicholas, etgeri).
"You can awim. Come, jump into

the river yonder with me and see which

of us can reach the other shore."

The girls looked at the river. It was swelled with the spring floods, and filled with great lumps of ice, which crushed and tore each other as they

went rushing by.

"Ah, that would be a brave deed?"
they said, looking admiringly at Bund.
Jeanneste looked and turned away with
a shudder.

("Well does, Bond ! " said the orbi lede, "There's no covardice in Bund,

that's certain." Bund tore off his woollen jacket and boots, straightened himself, and clapped his hands. He was not sorry that the girls should see his broad chest and embroidered braces.

"Come, little one, off with your coat I You're a famous swimmer—and Jean-nette is looking," under his breath, with an angry flash in his eyes. Nicholas looked at the lads waiting.

and at the excited, silly girls, and then at the cy river. He did not trust him-self to look at Jeannette. In summer he had often awam the Asr at this very point. But his lungs were weak. He could not bear the slightest exposure; to plunge into this flood would be certain illness, perhaps death—and for no purpose but to gratify the pride of a vapouring, idle fellow.

"I am not going to swim," he said.

If he had bluffed it out in a strident, Jocular voice, he might have carried the day. But he was painfully conscious that they all thought him a coward. He was a sensitive lad, and it cut him to the quick.

"Afraid | afraid | " laughed Bund insolently. "Well, Voss, I wanted to do you a good turn, and let the girls see that you had the making of a man in you. But no matter," turning away contemptuously. "A pity he could not wear gowns and a bonnet," he said to Jeannette, loud enough for Voss to

1011 Voss turned away, and went hastily down the road. He was bitter and angry, and would not go home to his father in that mood. He went to the bear-pits. Now, everybody knows that bears are a sort of sacred animal to the Bernese; and Nicholas, like his neighbours, took a keen delight in watching the great sluggish beasts in the pits. But he had no pride in them now; in fact, though he leaned over the barrier and looked with the crowd, he did not see them at all.

There were many strangers there that day, principally English travellers and Americans. Their children were climb-ing about the edge of the pit, as no Bernese child would date to do.

"Take care, youngsters!" cried a workman. "They are fleros—those monsters down there. An Roglish officer fell in last spring; and though he fought for his life, that big fellow killed him."

"Ach! See his red eyes, the saur derer l orted a woman.

All the people stretched their necks to look where he lay blinking up at them; and a stupid nurse mald, with a child in her arms, stood on tiptoe, to lean farther over. There was a push, a

scream-"The child! Ach Gott! It is

The crowd surged and pressed against the barrier. Voss was almost unshed upon its edge. For a moment there was a silence like death, as the people looked with straining eyes into the darkness below. Then they saw the little white heap close to the wall of the pit. Two of the smaller bears were snuffing curiously. The monater that had killed the Englishman was slowly gathering up his fore legs, and dragging himself toward it.

There was scarcely any sound in the crowd. Men grew pale, and turned away. A woman who had never seen the child before fell in a dead faint on the ground. But its mother stood quite still, leaning over the pit, her hands held out to it.

There was a wild cry from the crowd A boy had jumped into the pit. The bear turned, glared at the intruder with a sudden fury, and then rushed upon him. He dealt it a blow straight between the eyes, but it fell like a feather on a stone wall.

He leaps over him !"

"The others are coming on him !"
"Ach, what blows!"

"Well struck! Again, again i"
"But he can do nothing He will
be torn to pieces!"

"Oh, the poor boy!"

"See, the bear has tom his flerb!"

"He has the child! He has the child! A ladder! A ladder!"

But there was no ladder to be found, nor weapons of any kind. The mass

nor weapons of any kind. The mass of people leaned over, praying, shouting, sobbing, while the struggle went on below as silent as the grave.

The boy, bleeding and pale, was pushed to the wall, the child lifted high in his arms. The savage brutes surrounded him. There was a trunk of a tree in the centre of the ph, i laced there for the bears to climb upon 12 measured it with his eve, gathered its measured it with his eye, gathered vis

The rope was brought, and flung towards bim.

"He has it! He will tie it about his waist. No, it is the child be ties. He will saye it first."

He fastened the child, and watched it swung across in safety. When they threw him the rope again, he did not catch it. He was looking at the mother when they put the babe in her, arms. When he had taken the rope and tied When he had taken the rope and tied it about him, a hundred strong hands, English, French, Swiss, were ready to help to pulk him in. As he awang acrose the chasm, going half way to the bottom of the pit, the bear caught at him; but its hold slipped, and the animal fell back with a heffed growl.

There was a great shouting when the lad stood on the grass in safety. Everyhody talked at once to his neighbour.

"God be thanked!"

"That is a brave fellow."

"That is a brave fellow." "Who is he?"

" It is the schoolmaster's boy."

" Where is he ! " But Nicholas had duappeared in the

Nothing else was talked of the next day in Berne. In the shops and kitchens, at the balls, in the brilliantly lighted great houses, even in the Government Council, the story was told, and the lad was spoken of with praise and kindness. Mothers held their babies closer to their breasts that night,

and with tears prayed God to bless him. Meanwhile, Nicholas lay in his cot tended by his old father and mother. His legs were sorely torn. But he was rather do almost any amount of work

In the afternoon a messenger from the Council knocked at the door, and lest an official document. It was a deed conveying to Nicholas Voss a house and pasture land in the vicinity of the

He put it into his father's wrinkled hands. "Now father you are sure of a home for you and mother," he said. He fell asleep soon after that. When

he awoke the sun was setting, and shone on the bed, and the happy old people

were watching him.

A few days later his father put a little case into his hands.

"Look at this, my boy? Never did I think a lad of mine would reach such high honours ! "

It was the gold medal of the Humane Society of Switzerland, awarded only to

"And here," said his mother, " is a bunch of violets which little Jeannette

Nicholas' eyes shone as he looked at the medal, but the flowers he held close to his lips. - Youth's Companies.

A GERMAN Princess, Marie Dorothes. took leave of a Christian missionary with these words:-"Christians never see each other for the last time-Adieu 1"

Please being our Suscial Offers to new subsicibers under the notice of

The Children's Corner.

MARJORIE.

"O, DEAR," said Farmer Brown, one day,
"I never saw such weather!
The rein will spoil my meadow hay,
And all my crops together."
His intile daughter clumbed his knee f
"I guess the sen will shine," said she.

But if the sun," said Farmer Brown, "Should bring a dry September,
With vines and stalks all wilted down,
And fields scorched to an ember "—
"Why then Lytis rain," said Marjoric,
The little girl upon his knee.

"Ab, me i " sighed Farmer Brown, that fall,
"Now what a the use of living?
No pian of mine succeeds at all ""
"Why, next month comes Thank sgiving,
And then, of course," said, Marjorie,
"We're all as happy as can be,"

Well, what should I be thankful for?"

Asked Farmer Brown. ""My trouble
This summer has grown more and more,
My losses have been double,
I've nothing left "—"Why, you've got
me!"

Sald Marjorie, upon his kace. -Wide-Awake

"DRATHERING."

MRS. PUTNAM stood looking out of the back window. The kitchen store, which was heated to bake the Saturday's bread, made the air uncomfortably hot, while the pile of unwashed dishes gave a rather fortorn took to the usually tidy room, quite in contrast to the scene without. Under the maple trees in the yard two little gitle were playing croquet. Dressed in their cool afternoon lawn dresses, they made a pleasant picture. The mother smiled in spite of her aching head to see them so happy. But nevertheless the game must be spoiled, for there was some brushing up and dusting to be done elsewhere, and the children must "do the dishes."

The oldest little girl dropped her mallet and ran at once to see what was

wanted.

"Can you and Helen do the dishes for poor, tired mamma?"
"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed Millie, measured it with his eye, gathered us strength, and then, with a might, bound, he reached it, and began to like my of saying "You and Helen must do the trunk.

"A tope i a rope !"

"Oh, mamma !" exclaimed Millie, for she knew that this was mamma's politic my of saying "You and Helen must do the dishes," and a very decided frown puckered her forehead.

Sometimes it was almost more of a

sometimes it was almost more of a trouble for mamma to get any work out of Millie than to do it herself, and she was afraid it was going to be so this afternoon. But to her surprise the cloud suddenly disappeared from the little girl's brow, and in a brisk, cheerful tone she called out: "Come on, Helen; we're going to do the dishes

for mamma. The checked gingham aprona were soon buttoned on, and a few minutes later two sweet voices were heard singing over the work. The song was im-

"Only a dishwiper, proofly I stand, Wiping the disher at mamma's command; Watching if 'Riese them' shell the order be, Standing by the table serving fathfully."

And then came the chorus t

"Strely my manuse may depend on me. Though but a dishwiper I may be."

"Bless their dear little bearts !" said namma to berself.

A little later mamma was resting in a darkened room and the game of croquet was resumed. That night, after the children were

in bed and little Helen was saleep, mamma sat on the side of Millie's bed to have the usual good-night talk. That night-talk gave the mother a stronger hold on her child's confidence than anything else could. "You were a real belp and comfort to mamma to-day, dear; but you know

sometimes you do what I ask you to in such an ungracious way that I would than ask you to help. What mad do it so nicely to-day?" "Well, mamma, I'll just tell you. You looked so tired, and I remembered

what you told me about doing things to help other people, and all at once I just felt as if I'd deather do it than not."

And then she added, with a burst of

thought: "And mamma, isn't it funny bow much difference draftering makes?" "Yes, dear, it makes all the difference in the world. None of us can choose what we will do from day to day, but we can choose to do what is given us to do cheerfully and well, and, as you say, 'drathering' makes all the differ-

HOW THE PARROT SETTLED IT.

ence. Gore me my kiss. Good-night."—Selected.

Mr. Brown had a "bird dog," a very handsome pointer, and I must sell you how he was spoiled for hunting; it was so funny a circumstance, that his master always laughed when he told the

master always laughed when he told the story, shhough he was much vessed to lose so good a game dog. His housekeeper had a parrot given to het, and the first time the dog caine into the room where the bird was, he stopped and "pointed." The parrot alsowic crossed the room, and cases on slowly crossed the room, and came up in front of the dog, and looked blen aquare in the eye, and then, after a mo-ment, said she, "You're a rascal!"

ment, said she, "You're a same."
The dog was so much aetonished to hear a bird speak that he dropped his sail between his legs, wheeled about, tail between his legs, whooled about, and ran away; and from that day to this be has never been known to "point" at a bird.—Listic Men and Women.