

gone when one day a young man called at the house of the Maxwells and declared that the babe found in the coal-bank was his sister, and that he had come from a pleasant home in Iowa to see her, and if possible persuade her to return with him. Their mother had died a few months ago, and on her death-bed she told how she had hid the babe in the coal-bank, of Mr. Maxwell's finding it and all about it, and made a dying request that the family should hunt her up and claim her. The Maxwells were well pleased with the young man, and he remained with them several weeks. When he returned to his Western home he took his sister with him. He also took the promise of one of Mr. Maxwell's daughters that she, too, would share his home and fortune ere long. This promise was kept.

A Lingering Superstition.

Two gentlemen were conversing the other day on the folly of superstitions, when one of them remarked, "There's just one superstition which clings to me still. I never like to break a mirror. I never knew any bad luck to follow, but I don't like to have it happen."

"I agree with you," replied the other, "and my experience has warranted my fears. I have never broken a mirror but I have met with some bad luck the same day."

"Is it possible?" asked the first, with open mouth.

"Yes," replied the other gentleman, "there was never a day on which I broke a mirror that I did not lose from two to twenty-five dollars."

"You don't say!"

"And more than that, the amount lost always corresponded with the value of the mirror broken."

"Ah, very likely, very likely;" and the subject was abruptly changed.—*Detroit Chief.*

An Idyl.

"O! can you help me? I'm suffering; suffered, terribly all night long."

"Yes," responded the delighted editor to the pale beautiful damsel who had dashed so unceremoniously into his office, "that is just our line to relieve the afflicted, to bind up the wounded."

"O! thank you; you are so kind. For three days I have not tasted food; for three nights I have paced my room."

"That's it," smiled the editor. "I had it too, but never so bad. But I grew thin and pale, and finally they sent me South. It cured me."

"How strange," she murmured; "I never knew change of climate to affect—"

"Just the thing. A nice trip South; roses and roustabouts and other children of nature divert the mind. Or a trip to San Francisco, or a sea voyage, that is now the proper racket. Is this case hopeless? Can we not save—"

"No, no," she moaned, growing paler each instant. There is but one cure, I fear, and she fell into a chair.

"O say not so," pleaded the tender hearted editor, his eye glistening with the tear of sympathy. "So young, so fair, to speak so hopelessly of life—"

"I do not quite despair of life, and yet it is not worth living if this pain must continue."

"Might I try my hand at curing you? When it comes to a delicate little matter of this kind, I flatter myself—"

"Oh," she muttered, "pa has every confidence in you. And he says you are so skillful that you can replace the old—"

"Bless him, bless him," blurted the delighted editor, a vision of paradise floating before him. Where did he learn so much of me? True I'm only a poor toiler, but rich in the wealth of affection?"

"Affection, affection," snapped the young lady, starting up, "who is talking of affection?"

"Why, why—I thought—you said, that is you—"

"Asked you to extract a tooth that has ached for a week. Pa directed me to Dr. Grinder as a careful dentist."

"I beg your pardon. I—"

But only blank walls answered the pleading of the desolate young editor, while a very mad young lady flounced down stairs three steps at a time.—*Detroit Free Press.*

To A Beautiful Stranger.

A glance, a smile—I see it yet!

A moment ere the train was starting;
How strange to tell! We scarcely met,
And yet I felt a pain at parting.

And you (alas! that all the while

'Tis I alone who am confessing!)

What thought was lurking in your smile

Is quite beyond my simple guessing.

I only know those beaming rays

Awoke in me a strange emotion,

Which, basking in their warmer blaze,

Perhaps might kindle to devotion.

Ah! many a heart as stanch as this,

By smiling lips allured from duty,

Has sung in Passion's dark abyss—

"Wrecked on the coral reefs of Beauty?"

And so, 'tis well the train's swift flight

That bore away my charming stranger

Took her—God bless her!—out of sight,

And me, as quickly, out of danger!

John G. Saxe.

A Disappointed Masher.

There lives in St. Louis a very sensible old German named Muller, who keeps a store. He has a daughter, but her name is not Maud; she does not rake hay on a summer day, and angle simultaneously for susceptible old judges. Her name is Mina. Not long since she attracted the attention of one of those unfortunate creatures called "mashers," so called because their noses need mashing about ten times a day. He found out where she lived, and next day an unkempt urchin brought Miss Muller a personal note, marked "strictly confidential." The contents of the note were to the effect that he loved her for herself alone; also that he had something very important to communicate to her, hence she should meet him at ten o'clock, sharp, at the corner of Biddle and Tenth Streets. The following postscript was added:

"P. S.—That my darling may make no mistake, remember that I will wear a light pair of pants and a dark cut-away coat. In my right hand I will carry a small cane, and in my left a cigar. Yours forever, ADOLPHUS."

As the urchin said he was told to wait for an answer, Miss Muller took the note to her father, and requested him to write an answer. The old man did so, stating that his daughter would be at the appointed place at the time specified by proxy, he, her father, having authority to represent her at the proposed caucus. The postscript read as follows:

"P. S.—Dot mine son of a gun may make no mishdakes, I vill be dreshed in mine shirt sleeves. I vill wear in mine right hand a glub; in mine left hand I vill wear a six-shooter, forty-five calibre. You vill recognize me by de vay I bats you on de head a gooble dimes twit mit dot glub. Wait for me on de corner, as I have somedings imbardant to inform you mit. Your friend, HEINRICH MULLER."

For some unexplained reason, Adolphus was not on hand when he was wanted, much to the grief of the old man, who meant all that he wrote.

A late reviewer suggests that the familiar nursery story of old Mother Hubbard and her dog is derived from the legend of St. Hubert, the patron saint of dogs. The derivation commonly accepted for the surname Hubbard is that it is from Hubert. The title "Mother" may have been given in a contemptuous sense, just as we style a certain kind of man an "old woman." Mother Hubbard is a good old soul, but in all her canine anxieties and efforts, quite fatile. Her dog is none the better for her patronage. And so possibly in her person the saint himself may be derided, our version of old "Mother Hubbard" being a sort of parody of the old saint legend, composed when the belief in the saints and their powers was dying out.—[*Harper's Weekly.*]