A NEW MOTHER HUBBARD.

Miss Polly Betsey Patterson,
In a Mother Hubbard cloak
And a Mother Hubbard bonnet,
With a most bewitching poke.

One morning met a curly dog;
He was of medium size—
His ears were drooped, his tail was limp,
And the tears stood in his eyes.

Said Polly to the curly dog:
"Why do you look so sad?"
"Because," replied he, with a sniff,
"The times are very bad.

"You see," said he, "the streets are full
Of little Mother Hubbards,
But though I've wagged my tail most off,
They never speak of cupboards."

Said Polly Betsey: "Come with me.
'Twould melt a heart of stone!
I'll give you lots of bread and milk,
And a juicy mutton-bone."

She took him home and fed him well;
His tears were turned to laughter;
And now, wherever Polly goes,
The curly dog trots after.
—St. Nicholas.

THE LITTLE SAMARITAN.

Miss Mary Jane Ham stood in front of the imposing brick building used as the high school of Rifletown, with an unopened letter, just handed her by the passing carrier, in her hand. Miss Mary Jane had her little peculiarities, her faults and her foibles, her likes and her dislikes, as what woman has not, or man either, for that matter? but Miss Mary Jane's own crowning dislike, which embittered her whole soul, as much as it was impossible to embitter so sweet and sunny a soul, was her hatred for her name. The man of Ham could not be helped; it was the paternal patronymic; it belonged to the unfortunate son of Noah; but why should her mother aggravate the matter by adding the plebeian Mary Jane? There were hundreds of feminine appellatives that were quite as inexpensive and that would have added some grace to the inevitable Ham. Without petitioning the general court, Mary Jane had managed to lighten in a small way her grievance. Her friends called her Jennie. She signed her name in faultless chirography, as became a Massachusetts school ma'am, M. Jennie Ham; and she had faith that, in the near future some faultless young man would endow her with a name far more endurable than the one her father had left her and which was all she had ever received from him. It was, therefore, with a sort of shudder that she read the superscription, which ran, in bold business like letters, across the envelope: "Miss Mary J. Ham, Rifletown, Mass." The post mark for once not blotted over, was Chicago; the writer who? M. Jennie had no acquaintance in that famous western city, and only by dint of hard thinking did it occur to her that her mother's eldest brother, John Rivers lived there; but he was reputed to be of immense wealth, and very likely he had never heard of her existence. She tore open the envelope and read:

"My dear niece: I expect the reception of this letter will cause you some surprise, and the reading of it more. I am your mother's eldest brother. When I first came to Chicago I used to correspond with your mother; but, as the years slipped away, somehow our letters grew more and more infrequent and finally ceased entirely. Then your dear mother died, and in the heat of money getting I lost all traces of my Eastern relatives. Latterly, I must confess from selfish motives, I have been looking them up. I am getting old. My wife is dead. I have no child. I need a home. You must know that business men frequently suffer great reverses. I have written to each of my nephews and nieces much as I have written to you. My letters have mostly remained unanswered; or, if answered, furnished but a cold comfort. Will you take pity on an old man? I await your answer with intense interest,
Your uncle,
JOHN RIVERS."

M. Jennie slowly folded the letter, mechanically replaced it in the envelope, and, with a preoccupied air, turned her steps toward her home. She had been left an orphan at an early age, without a relative to claim her, and had won her way only by indefatigable industry and grit. First, as a sewing girl, going from house to house, she had saved money enough to fit herself for teaching: she had toiled night and day, and within the past twelve months she had obtained a situation in the Rifletown high school, at a salary of $700 per annum. She liked dainty things; books and pictures, soft, yielding carpets, and pretty furniture. She had a woman's longings for delicate laces and fine linens and crispy silks and soft cashmeres, and, recently, in a very small way, she had commenced to revel in their possession. She had even, during her coming vacation, contemplated a visit to the White Hill, and evenings and in the dulcet pages of Starr King, in imagination had floated over the bright waters of the Winnipiseogee and drank in the beauties of the Pemigewasset, the Saco and the Androscoggin valleys; and here, in the face of these long cherished anticipations, was a letter asking charity. M. Jennie had a tender heart. Her struggles with poverty had left no callouses on it. Her mind went reluctantly back to those old, unpleasant days and then reverted to Uncle John. He had been wealthy and now he had no home; he was old, his wife was dead, he was her dead mother's brother, and he needed some one to care for him. Ah! well. Her life, so far, had been one long repression; why not let it continue so to the end? And after all, is there not sometimes as much pleasure in the denial as well as in the gratification of a wish?

Long before she reached her home Jennie had come to a decision. The little brown cottage must accommodate one more. With a friend of her sewing days she had rented a little cottage on a back street, and this satisfied the intense longings of her heart for home. Her arrangements were soon completed, and the next day the mail carried an answer to Uncle John. "I, too," she wrote, "have known what it is to have no home and the one I have to offer you may sadly disappoint you; but I will try my best to make it pleasant for you. Your room is ready, and with my warmest welcome, waits your coming."

A week later an express wagon landed an old man, with a battered trunk, on the doorstep of the little brown cottage. It chanced to be on a Saturday, when Jennie had no school duties, and the cordial words with which she welcomed Uncle John were interrupted by a kiss on the old man's cheek, which the latter did not fail to repay. From under a pair of bushy eyebrows there peered out two keen, sagacious gray eyes, which took in every look and movement of the little schoolma'am.

"You dear little Samaritan!" he cried. "You, of all my relatives, alone consented—"

A soft hand was placed over the old man's mouth.

"Hush! Uncle John," she said. "You come as my honored guest, and you are to make no Samaritan references to me."

Then she introduced him to her companion, showed him through the little brown cottage, and, with many a tug and little cry, helped him carry the old, battered trunk up the winding stairway. The task accomplished, she proceeded to store its contents in faultless order in the bureau provided for the purpose.

"So like your mother in her girlish days," said Uncle John, interrupting her in her work to indulge in one more good, long look. "And what untold possessions and pleasures do you deny yourself for the sake of giving an old man a home?"

"Ah! Uncle John," she answered, with a merry laugh, "my life has had so many denials that a few more or less are of little consequence. And, besides, I have found, with the German Lessing, that the seeking the pleasures of the pursuit and anticipation is greater than the realization."

"And so you are deep in the Germans. Do not let their Haeckels and Buchners dim your faith."

Then they sat down and took a mental gauge of each other. From German philosophy they drifted to poetry, from poetry to history, from history to science.

"Uncle John has not found business so absorbing that he has not taken time to read. Perhaps his devotion to books caused him to fail," thought Jennie.

"The little Samaritan had not allowed poverty to intefere with the development of her higher nature. She is thorough in all her intellectual attainments," thought Uncle John.

Before a month had passed, a stranger would have thought that Uncle John was the master of the house, so genially had he fitted into the lives of the two girls. Left mostly to himself, his companions absent at their daily tasks, he became absorbed in the chemical mysteries of the kitchen. It is said that Dumas the elder was the best cook in France. Uncle John did credit to his short experience in culinary affairs. When the contents of Jennie's little book case became too familiar, the public library was at hand; and after an early tea in the soft June twilight Uncle John would read to the two girls, and he read with that appreciative feeling which made it a real pleasure to listen to him.

Two months swiftly sped away and the school year drew to its close. Teachers and scholars were alike dispersed, and Jennie had settled down for the hot summer months in the little brown cottage. It had not been so hard as she anticipated. Uncle John had proved such a pleasant companion, and, though, from the coming, she had been compelled to forego a few personal luxuries she did not really regret them.

She was sitting in the little parlor, the shades mostly down, to keep out the hot July sunshine, herself in keeping with dainty yet inexpensive furnishings which surrounded her, when Uncle John entered, carrying an open letter and exclaiming:

"In luck, in luck, at last, little girl. Here is one of my old customers, who has long been indebted to me and from whom I never expected to realize a penny, at last taken pity on me and sent me a draft for $800. "Come little girl," and Uncle John snatched some article of sewing from her hands and threw it into the corner, "no more work with the needle this hot weather. Pack your boxes and we will away to the White hills. I know you would have made this journey if I had not come, and now, with Sue, and myself as baggage master, we will see for ourselves how much of truth and how much of poetry there is in the Starr King."

It was needless for Jennie to indulge in remonstrance. She could not tell Uncle John it would be much better to put the money aside, against further contingencies, without causing him to feel that his presence was a burden to her; and so it was arranged that the White hills should be visited.

Uncle John at once put himself in the hand of a tailor. Was it Jennie's imagination, or did the perfectly fitting clothes, and the possession of a well filled purse, make a difference in Uncle John's personal bearing? He certainly had little difficulty in assuming the polished and courtly bearing that comes from mingling with the best of humanity, and the two girls grew to be very proud of their escort. The pert hotel clerks, the obsequious waiters, seemed to know that they had to do with a man of the world, and every-where the best rooms, the choicest service was exacted and rendered. Before starting Uncle John admonished his companions:

"Now, little girls," he said, "we are to consider this five hundred dollars as so much manna dropped into our mouths, I know that you, Jennie, have an unexpressed idea that the old pauper," (here his mouth was suddenly covered with a little white hand.) "Well, then, that your Uncle John might better put it aside, against the unknown demands of the future; but I want to take one more journey, and I don't want any thoughts of the past or fears for the future to mar its pleasures. In days agone, (More fortunate? Well, as regards companions, certainly not more fortunate), I used to take long journeys, and I know all the ins and outs of travel. Now you, little girls, are not to worry, not even about your baggage. I carry the checks and the pocket book, and for once I am going to play the autocrat. I have put fifty dollars one side for the fare home. When the balance is spent, we will come back to Rifletown, and, well, we will hope that many more of my delinquent customers will remember me."

And so they started. They went to Springfield and up to the Connecticut. They stopped at Northampton that Jennie might visit the female college there; they passed a charming day at Brattleboro; they loitered everywhere. At Haverill they engaged an open carriage, drawn by a span of black horses that made light of mountain road. They put up at cross road hotels, and, tutored by Uncle John, the girls drew from the clear mountain streams many a speckled beauty. Finally they reached the enchanted land, and then it transpired that this was not Uncle John's first visit. He was familiar with every desirable drive, not even Starr King knew better the best points for studying the charming scenery. And then Jennie discovered new treasures in her pauper uncle. If he was fairly familiar with every branch of literature, he was equally at home with the feral life of field and forest. He read the formation in the contour of the hills; he named the birds from listening to their songs; not a flower on the mountains or in the meadows was unknown.

And so the weeks sped by in happy content. From the White hills they drifted to Portsmouth; they sailed out to the Appledore; they staid several days at the big hotel, and Jennie delighted her eyes with a good long look at Celia Thaxter. They stopped at Newburyport, rode along within sight of the Merrimack, passed the house on the island which shelters Mrs. Spofford and her sister; and in a little side street, leading off the long, rambling thoroughfare of Amesbury, found the home of the Quaker poet. By and by they reached the Hub, stopping at the Brunswick, and Uncle John seemed as familiar with Boston, as with the White hills. A week passed, and still the five hundred dollars held out and Jennie began to think the purse that held it was like the one so famous in myth. At last August drew near its close; they had been away from home seven weeks; Jennie's school would soon recommence, and Sue's customers begin to think of fall styles. Was not the five hundred spent?

Once John drew a long face.

"Little girls, what must be, must be," he said, "though there is still money in the purse. What a pity we cannot keep on to the end just as we are, with no thought of schools or the cutting of dresses."

"It would be nice, I must confess," assented Jennie. "This trip has almost spoilt me, though I have seen the White hills, and now I want to see beyond the Atlantic. I have had one good outing, at any rate, if I never have another; and I am ready to go back to the little brown cottage and take up my work once more."

It was almost dark when the parlor car which contained them, (Uncle John's extravagance holding out to the end,) drew up at Rifletown station. As they alighted, a superb carriage, drawn by magnificent black horses, stood waiting, and a servant in livery touched his hat obsequiously to Uncle John, and opened the carriage door for the party to enter.

"Come, Uncle John, let us walk," said Jennie. "We know the streets of Rifletown well enough not to miss our way, and I am sure the money is all gone by this time."

"Just enough left to pay the carriage hire," laughed Uncle John. "Jump in, girls, let's wind up our outing royally."

The servant had already loaded in their bundles, the driver had difficulty in holding the impatient horses, and Jennie and Sue and Uncle John were finally in the carriage, and away they went with a dash.

Finally the carriage stopped before a stately gateway, illumined by two brilliant gaslights, and the door was opened by the obsequious footman.

"Why, Uncle, the driver has made a mistake. This is not home," said Jennie, looking out.

"Not home?" said Uncle John getting out on to the sidewalk. "Yes, this is home or, if it is not we will walk the rest of the way."

Jennie laughed her merry laugh. This home? Why, this was the Locusts, the grandest mansion in Rifletown. Many a time had she looked admiringly at its broad velvet lawns, its masses of blooming flowers, its rare and beautiful trees, its window walks, its statues, its rows of greenhouses and graperies. Uncle John was getting facetious. The girls got out, the footman touched his hat, mounted by the side of the driver, who, without waiting for his fee, drove away.

"Come, girls, let us go up and look at the mansion. Perhaps, after all, it is the little brown cottage made over by the wish of some modern Aladdin," said Uncle John.

Again Jennie laughed.

"Why, Uncle John, has coming home turned your head? If we should go and ask to look at the mansion, they would send for the police."

"Send for the police? Hardly as bad as that, Jennie. At any rate I have a call to make. Come up the walk a little way."

Uncle John took his companions each by the arm, and with gentle force led them up the broad marble steps, up the very steps, and did not pause until he had swung back the door of stained glass, and the three stood in the stately hall of the mansion. Turning to the right, he swung open a door, and motioned his companions to enter. As Jennie did so, she uttered an exclamation of delight. She had entered her ideal of a library. The room was flooded with a soft, mellow light. Shelving, fringed with bright leather, stamped in gold, extended to the ceiling on which reposed rows and rows of books in dainty binding, fragrant Russia, polished, shining calf, scarlet and green, and blue morocco. Huge folios of engravings were in their appropriate rests. Easy chairs were everywhere, and there was every appliance for literary comfort or study.

"My dear child," said Uncle John, taking Jennie in his arms and kissing her tenderly, "this is the little brown cottage, after all. This is home. And yet what I wrote you is true. I had no home, no wife, no child: but had hundreds of thousands in money. Business men meet with reverses: but I am not one of the unfortunate. I wrote to all of my relatives. You alone responded; you alone offered the supposed pauper a home. Had I come to you with all my wealth, you could not have cared for me more tenderly. Henceforth you are no longer my niece; you are my own daughter. I have legally adopted you. You are Jennie Rivers. And, Sue," turning to the astonished girl, "is also to share our home. She may come as housekeeper, or as your companion and honored guest."

And so Jennie laid aside her old cares and worries and even the name of Ham. "Beyond the Atlantic" was no longer unattainable. Her life of oppression only fitted her for the keener and truer enjoyment of the new life, and as poverty had never dashed her sunny temper, so richess failed to change her.

This episode in the life of Jennie Rivers seems like romance; but, for once, truth and poetic justice were in accord.

OLD-TIME PRIZE FIGHTING.

Hard Hitting By Men Who Fought For Love Of Fighting.

From the New York Sun.

It is a popular error, and one that is often carefully cultivated by interested parties, that personal ill-feeling exists between the principals in prize fights. When it is believed that such a feeling exists, public interest in the fight is, of course, greatly heightened, for then it is naturally supposed that the men will be most likely to do their best. Before almost every meeting in the ring even if it is only to be a hard glove contest in a private hall for the delectation of a few club men, rumors are set afloat of savage animosities between the men who are to fight. Sometimes the men themselves encourage the popular delusion by their threats and vaporing. But, as a matter of fact, the instances nowadays are exceedingly rare in which there is actually any more personal hatred in a prize fight than there is in a butter trade on the floor of the Produce Exchange. Matches are made entirely as a matter of business, and the bruiser looks upon the contusions he receives in the exercise of his profession as merely its incidents, just as a pedestrian regards the weariness produced by participation in a walking match. Indeed, among the best pugilists the very sensible view obtains that passion is an element of weakness in a fight, militating against that clearness of judgment and steady philosophical endurance of punishment which are essential to success in the ring. He's such a "good-natured fighter" is, therefore, actually much higher praise than words themselves imply. There was no ill feeling between Goss and Ryan when they fought, nor between Sullivan and Ryan. Jo Coburn and Jem Mace had no animosity in either of their two meetings, and certainly none could have grown out of their mutually inflicted hurts, particularly on the last occasion. The fight between Jo Coburn and Mike McCool in '63 was quite a friendly affair. So was the one between Bill Davis and Jim Dunn for the heavy-weight championship and $2,000 aside in the same year. No quarrel existed between Charley Gallagher and Jim Elliot when they fought, or between big Andy Blake and Tom Jennings, or Tom Jennings and McCool, or Allen and Gallagher, or Mace and Allen, or Allen and McCool, or Goss and Allen. And some of those fights were desperately hard ones, in which the men pummelled each other just as soundly, in a business way, as if their hearts were blazing with hate. Probably we are indebted to the English example for much of this friendliness in the modern prize ring. Certainly it did not exist here a few years ago. In the earlier history of prize-fighting in this country almost every encounter grew out of a personal quarrel of some faction of hate or national jealousy. Perhaps the fighting was not actually any harder or the pluck any greater then than it has been when no such feelings have existed; but at all events, the popular excitement evoked was much more intense than is ever shown now.

Good Dinners and Good Wines.

It is related that Lord Lyndhurst, when somebody asked him which was the best way to succeed in life, he replied, "Give good wine." A French statesman would have answered, "Give good dinners," which implies good wine and something besides, and would have carried out the advice into practice himself. Talleyrand kept the most renowed table of his day, but quite as much for hygienic as for political reasons, in the belief that well-considered and carefully executed cookery strengthened the health and prevented illness. At 80 years of age he spent an hour every morning with his cook discussing the dishes to be served at dinner, which was his only meal; for in the morning all he took was two or three cups of camomile tea before sitting down to work. In Paris he dined at 8; in the country at 5. After a short stroll, if the weather was fine, he had his game of whist, and then, retiring to his study, indulged in what was really an after-dinner nap. His flatterers said: "The Prince is meditating." Those who had no need to flatter him merely observed: "Monseigneur is asleep." The Emperor, who was no epicure, nor even a connoisseur, was nevertheless pleased with Talleyrand's luxurious and refined hospitality, in consequence of the impression it made on those who were so fortunate as to partake of it.—Belgravia.

The Marquis of Lorne's Title.

From the Montreal (Canada) Witness.

There is no reason to doubt the report that the Marquis of Lorne is to be raised to the Peerage on the expiration of his term of office as Governor General of Canada. A peerage is the only possible recognition of his services to the Crown. His duties have been fulfilled with vigor and ability. There has been nothing perfunctory about his term, but the utmost heartiness has characterized all his efforts. His present title belongs to his father and is his only by courtesy. The title of Earl of Greenwich, or Duke of Greenwich, which was conferred upon the second Duke of Argyll, might be revived. Lord Lorne may be long in coming to his father's titles, as the present Duke is only 60 years of age.

John Brown's Reign At Windsor.

From the New York Times.

One of the most touching examples of affectionate and inconsolable widowhood is that afforded in the conduct of the Queen may be said to worship the memory of the Prince Albert. Whatever he had looked upon with interest was endeared to her; whatever he had touched was thenceforth sacred, and that which he loved was to her an object of idolatry forever. John Brown was selected by Prince Albert to be the Queen's gillie, or boy attendant or groom. No fairy godmother could have done better by John Brown than this. His fortune was made. Whenever the Queen and her beloved consort went into the Highlands, John Brown was to the fore. And when the Prince Consort died, universally lamented by England and mourned with inconsolable grief by Victoria, John Brown was promoted to the position of personal attendant upon the Queen. From that time forward he went wherever the Queen went. He was her menial shadow, her constant companion her faithful and inseparable follower. John Brown was the Queen's body servant, attached to her person, and no more seen without her than was her robe, or shoe, or glove. And so it had come to pass that the name of John Brown must be linked indissolubly with the Victoria era. The history of the age that omits the name of John Baown will be incomplete.

In the course of time it happened that John Brown, who was the earthly link that connected the living Queen with the dead Prince, became to her Britannic Majesty something like an apotheosis of the prince consort. Victoria mourned Albert with a grief almost akin to insanity. The handsome, ready, obsequious and canny Scot doubtless made the best of his opportunities. The Queen could deny him nothing. He was only a gillie a menial. He could not be ennobled. He could not be knighted. The tie that bound him to the Queen of England would be sundered whenever he ceased to be a favorite and favored servant. He must be forever near the Queen. Grand ladies, peeresses and women of high degree were scandalized by the familiarity with which John Brown and the Queen bore themselves on all occasions, in palaces, in public shows, and during ceremonials of state. The peasant-born Scotchmen, secure in his place, snubbed princesses, and duchesses, and brushed aside ladies of exalted rank. The future King of England and his royal brother, the Duke of Edinburgh, disliked the gillie and complained of his insolence. But royalty and nobility in vain protested against this unprecedented preferment of a menial. The Queen lavished upon him favors reasonable and unreasonable. He had the right to shoot over royal preserves where only the Queen's permission gave entrance. He could go wherever the Queen of England went. He could hear all that was said and done in a council of state, could listen at the private audience granted by the Queen, and could secure for his friend and clients privileges personages by the etiquitte of the court.

Wasting of the Brain.

Between the ages of twenty and forty there may be what is called "cerebral sclerosis"—a hardening of parts of the brain. It is due to a chronic inflammation of the brain substance. Spots in it, from the size of a pea to that of an almond, become thickened and condensed, thus crowding on the nerve-cells and nerve fibres, cutting off their nourishment and causing them to waste wholly away.

This condition is known by the name of "atrophy." Among the symptoms are impaired mental faculties especially the memory, melancholy, readiness to weep or laugh, slow measured speech, headache, muscular tremor, vertigo and paralysis, first in one part and then in others. It may not prove fatal short of ten or twenty years.

In senile atrophy—the atrophy of old age—there is loss, not only in the nerve-cells and fibres, but in the net-work—connective tissue—by which each nerve-cell is surrounded.

In the former species of atrophy there was an actual increase of connective tissue: both the nerve-cells and the connective tissue waste together.

The brain shrivels up and becomes tough like leather, in some cases being reduced to a small part of its proper bulk.

The atrophy may be confined to one-half of the brain, or it may affect both halves. Generally it has no special cause, but is simply an aggravated form of the decay which characterizes old age.

The symptoms are mental weakness, loss of memory, blunted senses, unsteady and trembling movements, childishness, apathy, disposition to sleep, at length difficulty of swallowing and breathing, ending in death. Its duration is uncertain. Meanwhile the patient needs a good diet and tonics.—Youth's Companion.

There is no relaxation on the part of the authorities of their endeavor to detect and arrest suspicious persons. The police have just come into possession of information that a man has arrived in Dublin who is supposed to be an emissary of the dynamite section, and whose mission is the destruction of property. All the hotels are being watched with the hope of arresting him. The Coldstream guards have been placed in the building adjacent to Green street court house, where the trial of the Phœnix park assistant is to take place. The object is to secure protection of the officers of the court and of the informers who are to testify against the men.

One million fry are ready to be distributed from the state hatchery.

The Rev. Mr. Black, an evangelist, in a sermon at Clinton, Ill., prophesied the conversion of the Jews in 1947, and the arrival of the millennium in 1987