

### Charles Klagsler's Love of Animals.

But to speak of his home without mentioning his love of animals would be to leave the picture incomplete. His dog and his horse were his friends, and they knew it, and understood his voice and eye. He was a perfect horseman, and never lost his temper with his horse, talking to and reasoning with it if it snorted or bolted, as if it had been a rational being, knowing that, from this organization of the animal, a horse, like a child, will get confused by panic, which is only increased by punishment. His dog, Dandy, a fine Scotch

rior, was his companion in all his earlier walks, attended at the cottage lectures and school lessons, and was his dear children's friend for 12 years. He lies buried under the great fir tree in the Rectorial lawn, with this inscription on his gravestone, "Fideli Tolleret, and close by "Sweep," a magnificent black retriever, and "Victor," a voracious Teckel, given to him by the Queen, with which he sat up during the last suffering nights of the little creature's life. Cats, too, were a constant delight to him; the stable lad always its white cat, and the house its black cat or tabby, and he never tired of

of animals was strengthened by his belief in their future state—a belief which he had in common with John Wesley and other remarkable men. On the lawless side of a family of "water jacks," he was born and lived on from year to year in the same place, the great city, which the seafaring men were allowed to approach. He had two little friends in a pair of sand wags, who sat in a crack of the window in his dressing room, one of which he had picked up from drowning in a hand basin, and which he tenderly used as a cushion; and every Spring he would look out eagerly for them or their children.

came out of, or returned to the same back. The little fly-catcher, who built his nest every year under his bedroom window, was a constant joy to him. He had also a favorite slow-worm in the garden, which his parishioners were warned not to kill, for the mischievous idea prevalent in Eversley that slow-worms were poisonous. All these things he encouraged in his children, teaching them to love and handle gently, without disgust, all living things, from the frog, beetle, and worm, to the deer from the hand of a living God. His guests were surprised one morning at breakfast, when his little girl ran up to the man, whispering:

holding a long repulsive-looking worm in her hand. "Oh, daddy, it's this thing, a frightful worm." He had but one answer, which he could never conquer—to spider, and it was of himself he spoke. "Glucius," after saying "Unt every seems to have his autipathic animal; I know one bred from his childhood to zoology by land and sea, and old in asserting, and honest in feeling, at all without exception is beautiful, yet cannot, after handling and poisoning, and examining all 'day long every south and venomous beast, avoid a crimson of horror at the sight of the mmon house spider." But, after all,

bird, he often said, was to him the most wonderful of God's creation: he looked for the arrival of the birds of passage every spring with a strange longing, and seemed less restless after the yellow had appeared at Eversley. His heart was full with tears at each fresh arrival, and again each Autumn as he gazed over their departure. He knew every note, and was never tired of catching their character and habits.

**A COMPLICATED CASE.**—A rather complicated case is about to come before the courts at Frankfurt-on-the-Oder. A very young boy was recently sent there by rail from Quistrin, carefully shut up

a wooden cage. On the journey, however, he managed to break his prison, and devoured no less than twenty-five pounds of German yeast, which happened to be in the same carriage. The notion of the misguided pig, when the meat began to rise, may be imagined. It was quite unable to bear his suddenly-acquired greenness, and gave up ghost in a multitude of sighs, which were quite explicable under the circumstances. But now the question is who is to pay the damage for what? The railway company repudiates all responsibility. Is the owner of the carcass to succeed against the owner of the yeast

owner of the egg, or in the export of the egg, to proceed against the owner of the pig for the loss of life and limb. The court held that the owner of the pig was held liable at the claim of both parties because the pig was the owner of the egg, but the court held that the egg was never calculated to withstand the frantic efforts of a pigging into frenzy by the owner of the pig. The court held that the pig was the owner of the egg, but the court held that the egg was never calculated to withstand the frantic efforts of a pigging into frenzy by the owner of the pig. The court held that the pig was the owner of the egg, but the court held that the egg was never calculated to withstand the frantic efforts of a pigging into frenzy by the owner of the pig.

ork yesterday to assist on one side or the other in contesting her will, which was about two-fifths of the estate in apportion to relatives and friends, and the rest to charities. Under the principle prevailing in that Court until Judge Davis, in the General Term of the Supreme Court, adjudged it unlawful a few years ago, all the fees and expenses of these lawyers would be allowed by the surrogate out of the estate, whatever the result of the contest. At the ordinance of progress the end of the five hundred thousand dollars would be speedily reached among the forty without any of it getting to the legatees on

**STONEWALL JACKSON.**—The widow of Stonewall Jackson says that no man is as badly misunderstood than her husband. "He is represented," she asserts, "as having been stern, inexorable, and hard-natured. He was just the opposite. He was as demonstrative, as affectionate and yielding as a woman."

home he was tender, playful, and loving. His whole life hung around his home. He had no ambition—no sense of power—no thought of place and position. His horror of bloodshed was instinctive and powerful. He served his country from a sense of duty. He was passionately devoted to children.

A workman shuffled in one day and read the subscribing list for probates. "Where is the clerk?" he asked. "He is not here," answered the probate clerk. "Do you want them?" "Certainly," he was told. "You are the gentleman of the signature." "Oh! I am at you man really have them?" "Can't I?" "Certainly not," answered the probate clerk.

**LYX ON WALLS:**—There is a popular belief that ivy growing on a building endures it damp and unhealthy, which is entirely unscientific; in fact, if a wall, particularly a north wall, be damp, the best treatment is to plant English ivy on its base; for not only does the dense foliage of the plant keep out rain, but the aerial roots absorb the moisture already in the wall.

A preacher said, "Every tub must  
and on its own bottom." A sailor  
umped up, and said, "But, sir, suppose  
has no bottom?" "Then it's no tub,"  
turned he, quickly, and went on with  
the sermon.

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An unpaid-for yacht is now politely  
turned a floating debt.











