The Stage-Driver.

There is a magic in the calling of a stage-driver. Everybody knows and asstage-driver. Everybody knows and aspires to know the stage-driver; everybody is known by, and is proud to be known by, the stage-driver. The little boys remember it a month, if the stage-driver speaks to them. There is a particular satisfaction to be able to distinguish among drivers, and say it was Winkle, or it was Nason, or it was Mitchell. The stage-driver is prince of a peculiar realm; and that realm consists of the yellow coach he drives, and so the provided in any year, or government, from the days of Semiramis and the Pharoahs down to the present time. His collection is worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. He has over species the matter of feeling than either of physical or mental characteristics. It is a startling fact, well brought out by Jesse in a synopsis of the dog's attributes ("Researches," chap. v.), that there are very few human passions which a dog does not share.

A dog feels anger precisely as we do, and after provocation is sometimes vindictive and sometimes placable, according to the individual character. He is sists of the yellow coach he drives, and the high seat he occupies, and his four mettlesome horses, and forty miles of Bank of California, and 4,000, or over, kind. He is so exerutiatingly jealous the the high seat he occupies, and his four mettlesome horses, and forty miles of country road, and the heart of several principal roads, not to speak of ten thousand little matters of interest and pleasure, business and profit, news and pleasure. thousand little matters of interest and pleasure, business and profit, news and gossip, with which he is connected. Hence he, like a prince, is held in revenue of the populace. Of all the people on the earth, he is the one who rolls by in a gilded coach; he is the one who rolls by in a gilded coach; he is the one who rolls by in a gilded coach; he is the one who rolls by in a gilded coach; he is the one who in a gilded coach; he is the one who rolls by in a gilded coach; he is the one who rolls by in a gilded coach; he is the one who rolls by in a gilded coach; he is the one who rolls by in a gilded coach; he is the one who rolls by in a gilded coach; he is the one who rolls by in a gilded coach; he is the one who rolls by in a gilded coach; he is the one who rolls by in a gilded coach; he is the one who rolls by in a gilded coach; he is the one who rolls by in a gilded coach; he is the one who rolls by in a gilded coach; he is the one who rolls by in a gilded coach; he is the one who rolls by in a gilded coach; he is the one who rolls by in a gilded coach; he is the one who rolls by in a gilded coach; he is the one who rolls by in a gilded coach; he is the one who rolls by in a gilded coach; he is the one who rolls by in a gilded coach; he is the one who rolls by in a gilded coach; he in a gilded coach; he is the one who rides through his immense estate with the most lordly and consequential air, and all the rest of us seem to be but poor tenants and gaping boors. It is something to speak to a stage-driver; it is a great thing to be recognized by the stage-driver. To be perchance known by one who knows nobody, is nothing. To be known, to be pointed out, to have your name whispered in a bystander's ear, by one who knows everybody, affects you as if Omniscience of the ancient Tewish kingdom, of the various kings, of suls and emperors of Rome, of Tyre, Sidon, Carthage, Nineveh, Sadon, Carthag nothing. To be known, to be pointed out, to have your name whispered in a bystander's ear, by one who knows His collection has been the work of a stranger of the collection has been the collection has b were speaking about you. The stage-driver differs from a steamboat captain, in that the latter is not seen to be so bis pieces from Europe and the East. may be almost said to be a dog's leading immediately connected with his craft as He has gold and silver coins from the the former. We meet the captain at the breakfast-table; he is nobody; he is no more than we; we can eat as well as he can. But who dare touch the stage-driver's ribbons? Who dare swing his whip?

How rapidly and securely he drives down one hill and up the next--and that with fifteen passengers and half a tum of baggage! Then how majestically he rounds to, at the door of the tavern! tun of baggage! What delicate pomp in the movement of The four handsome horses! In what style the cloud of dust, that has served as an outrider all the way, passes off when the coach stops! How the villagers—the blacksmith, the shoemaker, the thoughtful politician, and the boozy loafers that fill the stoop—grin and stare, and make their criticism!

How he flings the reins and the horses to the stable-boy, who presently returns with a splendid relay! How he accepts these from the boy with that sort of air with which a king might be supposed to take his armor from the hands of a valet! There are his gloves, withal; he always wears gloves, as a Saratoga fine lady, and would no sooner touch any-thing without gloves than such a lady would a glass of Congress water.

There is, moreover, a mystery attaching to the stage-driver—a mystery deeper than the question why the carcasses of elephants are found imbedded in the ice-mountains of the Arctics--even this: Why the stage-driver is not frozen to death in our winters? His punctuality has something preternatin the severest storm, in fogs, in sleet, in hail, in lightning in mad body else is abroad, the stage-driver appears, rounding the corner, just as regular and just as quiet as the old clock in the kitchen!

Four Men to be Hanged. .

Four men, all of them whites, are now lying in the County Jail of Burnet | circumvent the others by his cunning. County, Texas, under sentence of death --- all to be executed at the same place on January 15. Their names are Benjamin Shelby, Arthur Shelby, Ball Woods, and William Smith. They were all sentenced for the murder of Benjamin McKeever. Their case, taken in all its details, is one of the most interesting in the annals of criminal trials, The evidence against them, though conclusive, was entirely circumstantial. McKeever was shot from his horse at night near the residence of the Shelbys. his throat then cut, and his body carried on horseback three miles and thrown into a cave. A large rock was placed on the bloody spot where his throat was cut, but this precaution, instead of concealing the crime, led to the arrest of the criminals. The keen eyes of a frontiersman saw that the rock had been recently placed there; so it was removed, and indications of blood found. A closer search resulted in the further finding of a paper-wadding that had been fired from a shot-gun. On examining a gun of Benjamin Shelby paper-wadding was likewise found in it, and yet another wadding that had been fired from a shot-gun like the first, was found under Shelby's doorstep. In his house was found a copy of the Chimney Corner, and by comparisons it was ascertained that the three pieces of gunwadding had been obtained from that paper. Placed together the following enigma could be easily read : With piece of paper or a slate,

Sit around the fire both large and small:

A letter make, almost an eight,

And now you see what covers all. There were several other circumstances pointing strongly to the accused men as the murderers; therefore the jury that tried them did not hesitate to find them guilty of murder in the first degree. The verdict is generally approved by the citizens of Burnet County, and the latest advices from there indicate that there will probably be no interferences by Superior Courts or the Governor to prevent the decreed quadruple execution.

story : "There were two dogs living in the same neighborhood, up town, that miles, are about a dozen volcanoes, were attached friends, often visiting every one extinct, being, as Prof. each other and making excursions together. The other day one of them sickened and died. His canine friend called to see him, and found him dead. He watched beside the body until night, and then attempted to drag it to his home. But the burden was too great sure eruptions, instead of to the action for his strength. After dragging it of craters, several hundred yards, he was edmpelled to desist. But even then he would not leave. He stood, for a time, gazing sorrowfully on the dead, then laid down in the street, beside him, with his head on the neck of his old

The Champion Numismatist,

It may not be generally known that Dr. Charles Spier of this place is the oldest living and most successful numisstances and greatly advanced in years, though still robust for one of his age, remains in Visaila on account of the ex-

Chinese Gambling,

Visalia (Cal.) Delta.

Little by little we are arriving at an inderstanding of the Mongolian's habits of life. The introduction of the race into Pennsylvania has given us a new insight into their "ways that are dark," and the Pittsburgh Post, which has never ceased to wonder at them since their pioneers reached Beaver Falls, thus describes one of their peculiar amusements:

"Among the many little diversions employed by the Mongolians at Beaver Falls, none are more popular than the game called 'Chamie. It is played by the pigtails with 'tseen,' a copper coin of the value of one-tenth of a cent, the sentiment as well as we. Pride in The gamester is driven into reckless a successful chase may be witnessed in profligacy by the necessity of throwing every dog, and even felt in the quickened whole penny into the pool at one time. The game causes the utmost excitement and the most intent ardor among the players. On the table is a kind of dais with holes all around it. Into this each player puts as many tseen or pennies as he wishes, the number being restricted How, in the coldest weather, within a certain limit, and then a spring makes all the pennies put in tumble into a heap. Each player then guesses the number of pennies in the pool, and the one who guesses the nearest obtains the pool. At first sight the game looks dogs generously overlooking the insults exceedingly simple, and one would imagine that each player would put in the smallest number of pennies possible But this is not so; for each one tries to A player will put in sometimes a great many more pennies himself than the other, and then guess in proportion. The main amusement of the game to an outsider is the manner of playing it -the many ways which the players employ to make believe that they are put ting in many pennies by enlarging their fists, or that they are putting in little by making them smaller, when they may doing the very opposite. It is exreedingly comical and interesting, and all the time the jabbering and chattering goes on at a pace that would astonish Confucius himself."

Love at Sight.

A servant girl of no strong intellect, who lived with a lady in the neighborhood of Paisley, one day surprised her mistress by giving up her place. The lady inquired the cause, and found it was that fertile source of dissension between mistress and maid-servant---a lad. And who is that lad?" inquired the

mistress. "Oh he's a nice lad; a lad that sits in

the kirk, just fornent me."

"And when does he intend that he and you should be married?"

"I dinna ken." "Are you sure that he intends to marry you at all?"

"I dare say he does, mem."

"Have you had much of each other's

"Not yet," "When did you last converse with

him ? "'Deed, we hae nae conversed ava

yet."
Then how should you suppose that he is going to marry you? "Ou," replied the simple girl, "he's been lang lookin' at me, and I think he'll soon be speakin'."

The volcanic rocks of the Pacific oast in the Sierra Nevada and Coast range consist of a cooled lava flood extending from middle California, through Oregon-where it is two thousand feet An Affectionate "Pup."--The Terre thick-northward into British Columbia. Haute Express tells the following dog In this lava region, occupying an area thick-northward into British Columbia. of not less than fifty-six thousand somere Joseph Le Conte of the University of California calls them, mere pimples upon its surface. That geologist maintains that these volcanoes could not have poured forth so immense a quantity of ava, and ascribes its occurrence to fis-

> A company of New York and Penn-sylvania capitalists have purchased ten acres of land at McKinney's Station, ten miles from Pittsburgh, Penn., for

The Emotional Nature of Dogs

A little reflection shows that a dog approaches a man much more nearly in the matter of feeling than either of physical or mental characteristics. It

susceptible of hatred of the bitterest kind. He is so excrutiatingly jealous that his life becomes a burden in the presence of a favored rival. His envy very extended lifetime. He has travel- the mother-dog feels it with heroic pas his pieces from Europe and the East, may be almost said to be a dog's leading principle, supplying first the spring of size of a very large teacup, down to that of a pea. We wish we had the space to particularly describe some of them. The doctor, who is in easy circumbe has accepted good. Regretand grief he feels so deeply that they often break his heart. Fear is a passion which dogs exhibit with singular variation, some cellence of the climate. His collection breeds and individuals being very timorous, and others perfect models of courage; the latter characteristics and is very interesting to any one appreciating the mementoes of antiquity.--fortitude sceming to be more character-istically canine. A greyhound has been known, after breaking his thigh, to run on till the course was concluded; and in the excellent new volume "On the Dog," by Idstone (p. 39), is a frightful story of a foxhound whom its ferocious master flogged so savagely for "bab bling" as to cut out its eye with his whip The animal continued to hunt with the pack till the end of the chase, where, upon the human brute, a certain Colonel Thornton, "took out his seissors and severed the skin by which the dog's eye had hung pendant during the entire As to hope, no one can observe run. the dog watching for his master's step-

as in Landseer's picture of "Expecta-tion," without admitting that he knows the sentiment as well as we. Pride in every dog, and even felt in the quickened heartbeats of a grayhound when caressed and praised. That dogs have personal vanity appears from the fact that they are so manifestly dejected and demoralized when dirty and ragged by long exposure, and recover their self-respect immediately upon being washed and combed. Chivalry and magnanimity may nearly always be calculated upon

to which the four-footed beast never de

scends. The stories are endless of big

of small curs, or taking them into water and giving them a good ducking as a punishment for their impertinence, and then helping them mercifully back to land (see Jesse's "Ancedotes," p. 147). Sense of property, bifurcating into both sovetousness and avariee, is common to dl dogs. The kennel, rug, collar, waterensin, or hone once devoted to his use no dog can see transferred to anothe without indignation. Frequently he "covets his neighbor's house," and at-

empts to enscorce himself in it surreptitiously: and almost universally he covets his neighbor's bone, and purloins it if he dare. Even from avarice he annot be wholly exonerated, observing his propensity to bury his treasures Shame, humor, gratitude, in fact, nearly all other emotional attributes not above enumerated are also to be noticed in

Forrest and the Lion Tamer.

Mr. Forrest had the reputation of be ing a tyrant on the stage, and was ex-tremely apt to bully all in the theatre, from the manager down. But once he met his match. It was when he was playing at the old Broadway Theatre in New York. His pieces were followed by an exhibition of lions by their tamer, a certain Herr Driesbach. Forrest was one day saying that he had never been afraid in all his life---could not imagine the emotion. Dsiesbach made no remark at the time, but in the evening, when the curtain had fallen, invited Forrest home with him. Forrest assented, and the two, entering a house, walked a long distance through many devious passages---all dark---until final-Driesbach, opening a door, said,

'This way, Mr. Forrest.' Forrest entered, and immediately heard the door slammed, and looked behind him. He had not time to express any surprise at this, for at the same moment he felt something soft rubbing against his leg, and putting out his hand, touched what felt like a cat's back. A rasping growl saluted the motion, and he saw two fiery, glaring eyeballs looking up at him. "Are you afraid, Mr. Forrest?" asked Driesbach, from out in the darkness. "Not a bit. Driesbach said something; the growl deepened and became hoarser, the back began to arch, and the eyes to shine

more fiercely. Forrest held out two or three minutes but the symptoms became so terrying that he owned up in so many words that he was afraid. "Now, let me out, you infernal scoundrel," he said to the list tamer, "and I'll break every bone in your body !" He was imprudent there, for Driesbach kept him, not daring to move a finger, with the lion rubbing against his leg all the time, until Forrest promised not only immunity, but a champagne supper into the bargain.

Two young ladies residing on the Alexandria turnpike, a few miles from Newport, Ky., learning that a young man named Newman had been talking

A Burying Ground of Giants,

On the farm of Mr. Harrison Whaley, near Moorfield, in Carlisle Co., Ky., is a skirt of woods which possesses charac-teristics of deep interest. About three inches beneath the surface of the entire tract may be found innumerable bones, evidently the remains of an extinct species of the human race. Several mounds are also in the woods, and in one which has been partially explored were found skulls and bones which from their size must have belonged to a race of beings far more gigantic than the race which now inhabits the earth. In this mound were also found many clay utensils; to go for the doctor before morning. also arrow heads cut out of the solid rock, and pipes of the same material. the more anxious ones, including the fealso arrow heads cut out of the sond Arter wating for a time, a number of rock, and pipes of the same material. the more anxious ones, including the ferous the manner of the sond arrow heads cut out of the sond arrow heads cut of the sond arrow heads cut out of the sond arrow heads cut out of the sond arrow heads cut maintain the glory of their respective tribes? Or was it a common burial ground? The first seems to be the most plausible theory, inasmuch as the whole tract, covering at least fifteen acres, has nally lay exposed to view, until the ac-cumulated deposits of time formed the black, rich soil which covers them. But whatever theory may be adopted, it is certain that these bony materials antedate history and furnish another proof of how little is known of the races and tribes who flourished, it may be, cen-

Animal Ingenuity.

The architectural ingenuity, or rather genius, of the tarantula is a fact long familiar to naturalists, a San Diego, Cal-ifornia, paper tells us. This insect has an exceptional development of the instinct which instructs all creatures which are not protected by nature with a warmth-engendering hairy hide to properly house themselves. The details of the tarantula's dwelling, down even to the matchless mechanism of the doors of its edifice, have excited the wonder of all interested in natural history. The most elaborate inventions in locks and hinges of younted human skill are disanced by this venomous insect in the onstruction of the door which secures its privacy. But the road-runner, be-tween which and the tarantula a deadly nmity exists, is its master, as an incilent which we are about to relate will

Prof. Agassiz, during his recent visit nere, exhibited a special desire to be supplied with as many specimens as

possible of the road-runner, of the tar-intula, and of the tarantula-killer. We are not advised as to whether he vas supplied with live specimens of the cond-runner. This is a very timorous and incredibly swift bird. It is about he size of a pheasant; its plumage is not unlike that of the pheasant family. It has longer legs, and a slenderer neck and body than the pheasant. It trusts for locomotion almost altogether to its less and runs with a switness that would shame a rabbit or a mare. It is susceptible of domestication, and in time learns to come at the call of those who have petted it. But it is a hopeless thing for a stranger to try to approach

It is as sagacious as swift. We were out in possession of facts about the erenture by Mr. Jose G. Estudillo, which excited our wonder and admiration. As we have said, there is enmity between the road-runner and tarantula. The road-runner is as noiseless as rapid. lies in wait for the tarantula, and the noment it finds its enemy asleep, it approaches noiselessly with a twig of the prickly cactus. Deftly and stealthily A goes on piling the prickly prison around the devoted insect, until at last a ram-part of the desired height is piled up. It then selects a specially jagged and heavy piece of cactus, and drops it on the tarantula. The last, awakened by the shock, endeavors to rise and make its exit. It is instantly impaled upon the thorns, and the triumph of the roadrunner is complete.

The Story of Stephen Girard.

The man lives in Philadelphia who when young and poor, entered u bank, and says he, "Please, sir, don't you want a little boy?" And the stately personage said, "No, little boy, I don't want a little boy." The little boy, whose little boy, "The little boy," whose heart was too full for utterance chewing a piece of licorice stick he had ought with a cent stolen from his good and pious aunt, with sobs plainly audible, and with great globules of water rolling down his cheeks, glided silently down the marble steps of the bank. Bending his noble form, the bank man dodged behind a door, for he thought the little was going to shy a stone at But the boy picked up something and stuck it in his poor but ragged jacket. "Come here, little boy," and the little boy did come here; and the bank man said, "Lo, what pickest thou " And he answered and replied, pin." And the bank man said, Little boy are you good?" and he said he was. And the bank man said, "How do you vote? 'Excuse me, do you go to Sunday School?" and he said he did. Then the bank man took down a pen made of pure gold and flowing with pure ink, and he wrote on a piece of "St. Peter," and he asked the ittle boy what it stood for, and he said "Salt Peter." Then the bank man said Then the bank man said it meant "Saint Peter." The little boy

Then the bank man took the little boy to his bosom, and the little boy said 'Oh!" again, for he squeezed him. Then the bank man took the little boy into partnership, and gave him half the profits and all the capital, and he mared the bank man's daughter, and now all he has is all his, and all his own, too.

The value iron acquires under the hammer is something wonderful. It is said that a bar of iron worth \$5 is worth \$10.50 when made into horse-shoes, \$55 when made into needles, \$3,285 made into penknife blades, \$29.480 in shirt buttons, and \$250,000 in balance springs of watches. Boys may, from this, see what labor is worth, and learn to value and respect it, for it is the labor the its value. Consider what would be the result if there were no iron.

A Hard Walk.

The train from New York to Paterson, N. J., got fast in a drift at a cut near Clifton, one night during the late storm, and bid fair to stay there all night. The passengers took the affair in all sorts of humors. One man said his daughter was to be married that evening, and he would give two hundred dollars to be carried through. One lady had gone to Passaic in the morning for an hour's visit, and she was alarmed at the probable condition of the little nursing babe she had left at home. Another man had a wife who he expected would want him would walk to Paterson.

It was an awful walk. In places the snow was above their waists. One moment they would be upon the track; the next they would suddenly find themmultitudes of human bones but a few selves precipitated into some ditch, or inches beneath the surface. It is evious embankment. The woman, dent they were never buried, but originally with the babe at home, delicate and sickly as she was, kept up with the rest, although she was occasionally helped by the strong arm of some of the men. When a male member of the party felt discouraged, and like giving out, he was

> Despite the situation, the cracking of jokes never ceased, and good-humor prevailed to such an extent that the party had no time to get down-hearted. Then somebody would disappear with a yelp down some unseen cavity; all hands would rush to the rescue, and the miss-ing person would be extricated and threatened with being left alone if he did such a thing again! And so it went. Set. As he approached, a long, gaunt, tawny-colored, flerce-looking animal, whose wild scream upon the mountain about 11 o'clock at night, having been passed on the road by the train they had ibandoned, which had succeeded in forcing its way through, but without and bid defiance with glazing eyes. It stopping to pick up the trampers was driven to desperation by hunger.

An African Man of Business.

Soor Hadji Palloo was a smart young man of business---energetic, quick at mental calculation, and seemed to be born for a successful salesman. His silent circle over again. His fingers seemed never at rest, they had a fidgety, nervous action at their tips, constantly in the act of feeling something; while in the act of talking to me, he would ean over and feel the texture of the cloth of my trousers, my coat, or my shoes or socks; then he would feel his own light jamdani shirt or babwain loincloth, until his eyes casually resting upon a novelty, his body would leas for-ward, and his arm was stretched out with the willing fingers. His laws also were in perpetual motion, caused by the vile habit he had acquired of chewing Mohammedan, and observed the external courtesies and ceremonies of the true believers. He would affably greet me, take off his shoes, enter my tent protesting he was not fit to sit in my presence, and, after being seated, would begin his ever-crooked errand. Of honesty, literal and practical honesty, this youth knew nothing; to the pure truth he was an utter stranger; the falsehoods he had attered during his short life seemed already to have quenched the bold gaze of innocence from his eyes, to have banished the colour of truthfulness from his features, to have transformed him---yet a stripling of twenty---into a most accomplished rascal and consummate expert in dishonesty .- African Corre-

Au Old-Fashioned Brigand.

Brigands of the old-fashioned type are fast dying out, but some very fin imens of the romantic sort are still to be found in Corsica. A correspondent of the Paris Temps mentions that, besides some thirty-four very doubtful characters, who systematically elude the police of the island; there are three indi viduals, named Germani, Suzzoni and Alberti, about whom very sensational legends are told. The exploits of these brigands are, however, mere child's play compared to those of Suzzon's prelecessor, the famous Santaluccia. He was perhaps the last of the old race, and was a power in Corsica some thirty years ago. He took to the woods in consequence of what happened to one of his brothers, who was convicted on the evidence of false witnesse, and sent to the hulks. Santaluccia gave himself no rest until he had got those men into his power. The first of these he tied to a tree and addressed as follows:

"Yours is a lying tongue; you are about to lose it:" which assertion he instantly made good. To the next he said: 'You have declared that your eyes beheld that which they have not seen; you are going to lose your eyes." To the third he said: "You have sworn that your ears heard what they had not heard; you will lese your ears." then tore out the eyes of one and cut off the ears of the other.

When a flea, under a microscope, is made to appear as large as an elephant, we can see all the wonderful parts of its formation, and are astonished to find that it has a coat of armor much more ted over each other, each plate like a tortoise-shell, and where they meet hundreds of small quills project Market of \$4,000. It is not every one whe, when losing money, has the luck to meet a with Madame Le Bran. dreds of small quills project like those on the back of a porcupine or hedgehog. There are the arched neck, the bright eyes, the transparent cases, piercers to puncture the skin a sucker draw away the blood, six long legs, four of which are folded on the breast, all ready at any moment to be thrown out with tremendous force for that jump which bothers one when they want to catch him, and at the end of each mind puts into the iron that so increases leg hooked claws, to enable him to cling on to whatever he lights upon. A flea

can jump a hundred times its own companion, and thus he passed the night, and thus he remained until the body was removed. Such is dog friend-body was removed. Such is dog friend-ship."

It is purpose of establishing works for improperly about them, waylaid him the other night and beat him severely. He has sween out a warrant for the arrest of the parties.

All the prisoners confined in the jumped five hundred feet; and he can have a load two hundred times his own his parties.

Frankfort (Ky.) jail escaped one dark draw a load two hundred times his own hight through the roof.

Encounter With a Panther?

Dave Mosher, a trapper and guide in the North Woods, had a terrible encoun-ter with a North Woods beast last week. Three miles from Sacondaga Lake there is a wild, rugged pass between the mountains, known as Black Cat Valley. The mountains on either side are very steep and rocky, and are covered with a heavy growth of black balsam and spruce timber. As the snows deepen and the weather becomes cold, many deer and animals take shelter in that

Among the rest are the martin, having a valuable dark-colored fur, known among trappers in those regions as "Black Cat." They seldom move by day, keeping concealed in trunks of trees or between the fissures of rocks. Owing to the uncertainty of finding one twice in a place, and their natural shyness, it is quite difficult to trap them. However, when they become pinched with hunger they will jump at the bait

without hesitation.

A keen, strong, steel trap is set and covered with snow or leaves directly under a drooping branch that the animal der a drooping branch that the animal can reach by rearing; upon this is secured the bait, and in the affort to reach which it is pretty apt to step in the trap; then come a system of desperate manoevers, and the only way to hold them is by having the trap chain attached to a small sappling that will spring and lift them off the ground. This sleek fine-furred animal is about This sleek, fine-furred animal is about the size of a red fox, and, as David used to express it, "They're a sassy varmint

to get hold on."
As Mosher was going the rounds of his traps, he saw through the bushes ahead a terrible commotion under a large white birch, where a trap had been ror to those who are safe in the cabin. sprang upon a lower limb of the birch,

Had David quietly backed out he could have enjoyed his supper of venison and pancakes. But no, he raised the old rifle and fired. In one-fourth of a York minute, Bill Stewart's exact time for a light of the country o for skinning a Montezuma bullhead, all the clothes upon him would not have made a bib for a china doll. He directeyes were never idle, they wandered over every part of my person, over the tent, the bed, the guns, the clothes, and, though they had been through a threshhaving swung clear round, began the ing-machine, while, at the same moment, with a spit and a scream, a panther disappeared up the mountain side. When he came up the panther was engaged in killing and devouring a martin which was caught in the trap, and his hunger being partly appeased was the means of the trapper crawling off with his life.... Auburn N. Y. Advertiser.

Aaron Burr. Henry Ward Boocher, says. "Aaron burr was a keener thinker than George Washington. He was a far more ingebetel-nut and lime, and sometimes tobacco and lime. They gave out a sound similar to that of a young shoat in the act of sucking. He was a pious nious man, a more active man, and, i would have been an abler man. ington was a man of good sense, but he was not a man of genius in any direction except that of conscience. He was a man of singular equity, great disinterestedness, and of pure and upright intent. Sagacious he was, by a light which came from integrity. He endur-ed, having faith to believe that right was right, that it was safe, and that right in the end would prevail. That which made Washington the only great hero of our revolutionary struggle was the light of the moral element that was him---not any intellectual genius which he possessed; not any rare tact of administration, or any remarkable exe-cutive power. And if you look back upon those names in our history that have stood the test, you will find that they have been men who were fmitful in the highest moral element. And as time goes on, those men who lack these elements sink lower and lower and lower till they set below the horizon; and those who possess them rise higher, till they reach the meridian, with undying splendor, to shine upon history and the world.

Bad Memory

Those even who are cursed with the nost treacherous memories generally retain a pretty accurate recollection where dollars are concerned. But there are exceptions to every rule, and a curious one recently occurred in Paris. One Madame Le Brun, when leaving the Vincennes railway station, saw a little packet drop from beneath a lady's dress. She picked it up and gave it to her, but the lady denied all knowledge of it, and the officials at the station. He opened the mysterious parcel, and found that it contained about \$4,000, Madame Le Brun then rushed once more after the lady, who came back protesting that it wasn't hers; presently, however, the recollection suddenly, flashed across her that her mother, who had recently made a great deal of money, gave her a present, a day or two before, of the sum in question; but, knowing that her daughter was going to pay several visits, took the precaution of sewing the packet of notes into her petticoats --- an attention which, had it been effectively carried out by a more vigorous ply of the needle and thread, would seem to have been by no means ill-bestowed in the case of a lady who totally forgets in a few houss a

The hay consumed by different animals does not vary greatly from three pounds daily for each hundred pounds weight of the animals. The following table is the result of various experiments by different persons, and will be useful for farmers who wish to determine, by calculation beforehand, how their hay will hold out for the winter, 500 cubic feet of timothy hay, in a full bay, being one ton: Working horses, 3,08 pounds; Working oxen, 2.40 pounds; Milch cows, Boussingault's 2.24 pounds, Lincoln's 2.40 pounds; young cattle, 3.08 pounds; Steers, 2.84 pounds; Dry cows, 2.42 pounds; Pigs, estimated, 3.00 pounds; Sheep, 2.00 pounds.

Good-Bye, Old Year !

We bid you good-bye, with a smile, Old Year because it won't pay to cry. You are bound to go, and leave us, we know, and we cannot but say good-bye. We feel none the less that a long-draws

We feel none the less that a long-drawa sigh, a quiver of lip and tearful eye, would better express, we will confess, our heartiest last good-bye.

You've piled upon us a heavy load and many an ache, on an up-hill road; yet enough for the day way the strengthalway, and hence our smile is at best away with which we say. Old Year, goodwith which we say, Old Year, good-

To be sure, we have felt that the aches To be sure, we have felt that the aches and pains were often by pounds and the joys by grains; and the screws seemed turned with an extra pinch, as though some malice had hold of the winch; and others seemed having much mere de-light, and we much less, than was fair and right; that coin of the realm and head and stacks and real estate in bonds and stocks and real estate, in squares and blocks and acres untold of prairie and hill and silvery stream and prairie and hill and silvery stream and dam and mill; that these and more of the coveted real, and desires fulfilled of beauty's ideal, were the lot of too few, while we of the many were often in want of even a penny. But then, since we know, or at least don't doubt, that the broads of care are swarming about the hordes of manifold wealth that burn and sink and leave by stealth; that "reumatic" loves to pain and twist the grasping heart and the gripping fist--we about conclude that we do not know we about conclude that we do not know of one so fortunate here below with whom we'd exchange what the year has brought—though little of profit our hands have wrought—and take his share of trouble and pains, and also his lot of regret and shame, and also the

gaunt old skeleton grim that in cup-board or closet is grinning at him.

We cannot but feel, though a load of care, that to say the least it is hard to bear, it has been our lot all along the years, that nevertheless there is joy in life, in spite of sorrow, pain, and strife, and hence we regret the old year gone, and wish it's draft on time undrawn; that all to soon the new is old, too soon the wondrous tale is told.

The stream of time-Oh, woe is me! Hath a current too strong and swift; It hurries me on to the silent sea,

Like a rudderless, soulless wreck Oh! would that there were some little

bay, Some headland, beneath whose tranquil

lea,
We might forever at anchor lay,
Or float when we would to the deep, dark sea.

But a-truce to regrets! let time roll on; what matters what comes or what is gone! It is joy to have lived, it is joy to live; why care for the flight of the fugitive? If each have filled up the fleeting days with noble deeds and high essays, then no remorse or sad regrets will cloud the year's serene sunset.

Observation 6----

Active preparations are in progress to drain the great Okeefenokee swamp' in Southern Georgia. The largest (counting Florida out of the question), in this part of the world, is now being attacked in earnest, and company propose to see if it cannot be made valuable for something besides bears, coons, wild turkeys and snakes. The swamp which extends down into the upper border of Florida, is a thickly timbered morass, nearly two hundred miles in circumference--nearly twice as large as the Dismal Swamp--and its ornithological population, cludes some strange voiced birds ap-parently peculiar to that particular domain, is only paralled by its endless variety of snakes and alligators. The preliminary work of draining the swamp required an experiment to show the nature of the ground beneath it; and a shaft or tunnel, sunk at the border of the morass, has disclosed curiously enough the existence at the depth of two hundred feet, of a bed of genuine bituminous coal. Its extent, as well as the comparative value of the coal, re mains to be determined. The most obvious facts in geology will readily explain, not only the existence of coal in such a place, but the (probable) fact that the bed is a large one. Other geological facts of some interest are said to have been developed by this shaft. one being stratum of rock of the Silurian age.

In the Cemetery.

Lodging-house keepers have serious objections to the introduction of children to their apartments. These innocents are apt to damage furniture, to greate disturbances not at all conducive to the peace of the rest of the house, and to be the unfortunate subjects of infectious diseases. For these reasons those the lady denied all knowledge of it, and said that it could not be hers. Madame Le Brus, much puzzled, spoke toone of that people with children must live somewhere, and sometimes artifice has to be employed to enable them to do so. On All Souls' Day a gentleman, seeking fresh rooms, was asked whether he had any children. The man answered with tears that they were "all in the ceme-tery." Satisfied with this reply, the landlord accepted him as a tenant; but the agreement between them was no sooner signed than four children appear ed on the scene, with their nurse. It was true they had been to Highgate Cemetery but they had come back again.

The "Infant's Pavilion" will be a notable feature of the Vienna Exposition. Within this pavilion, gathered from all antions, will be grouped the various contrivances used in the care of children. Those that minister to th physical needs, those that amuse and develop the mental faculties, toys and games of all kinds, will find a place there. This is not all. It is the design to prevent the various plans and systems used in charitable movements for the care of children and the medical methods and inventions used for remedying physical defects and malformations. The idea of the "Infants Pavilion" certainly commends itself to the feelings of every

A Boston Gentleman who could not waltz offered a young lady \$400 if she would allow him to hug her just as much as the man did who had just waltzed with her. It was a good offer, and showed that money was no object to him, but they put him out of the house so hard that his eyes were quite black.