Youth and Age.

While yet my blood ran full and free,
Gay girls the Muses seemed to me,
Forever young, forever fair,
With laughing eyes that challenge care.

No hour when they would not be wooed;
If I was, they were in the mood;
We played at courtship all day long,
And cured our painless griefs with song.

Too happy days! But, wiser now,
Three matrons, with unjoyful brow,
And eyes severe, that conquer mine,
I see replace those witches fine.

Their looks convict the unthrifty years
Theirs are the rock, the thread, the shears
Symbols, the artist's triple clew
To matter, form, and measure due.

Each lays a finger on her lip
And signs, "Beware! the moments slip!"
How shall I hope the three to gain?
Together, triumph; singly, pain.

The Song of the Decanter.

There was an
old decanter, and its
mouth was gaping wide;
the ruby wine had ebbed
away and left its crystal
side; and the
wind went
humming,
humming;
up and
down the
sides it flew, and
through the reed-like
hollow neck the wildest
notes it blew. I
placed it in the
window
where the
blast was
blowing
free, and
fancied
that its
pale mouth sang
the queerest strains
to me: "They tell me,
puny conquerors!—
that Plague has slain his
ten, and war his hundred
thousands of the very best of
men; but I"—'twas thus the
bottle spoke—"But I have conquered
more than all your famous
conquerors, so feared and famed of
yore. Then to me, you youths and
maidens, come drink from out my cup
the beverage that dulls the brain and
burns the spirits up, and puts to shame the
conquerors that slay their scores below; for
this has deluged millions with the lava tide
of woe. Though in the path of battle
darkest waves of blood may roll, yet
while I killed the body I have damned
the very soul. The cholera, the
sword, never wrought such ruin as
I, in mirth or malice, on the innocent
have brought. And still
I breathe upon them, and they shrink
before my breath; and year by year the
thousands tread this dismal road to death!"

AMID THE ALPS.

"By the way, Rawdon, what became of that meerschaum of yours?" I asked him, as we sat one night over the camp-fire.

"What meerschaum?"

"The one you bought of the old German general at Holstein. I secured its twin."

"I may answer your question by asking what became of yours," returned Rawdon, puffing out the smoke.

"Mine! That pipe of mine did a vast amount of traveling, if you care to know. It looked with its fiery eye askance at the pyramids; dipped with me along the serpent bordered waters of the Nile; burned its small pile of incense along the storied Rhine. It yearned pensively and dropped an ash by the ashes of Herculaneum and Pompeii. It wended its way past the 'lighthouse of the Mediterranean.' It lowered about Mecca and Medina, and at last, when in a poetic mood, by the Caspian, immortalized by Moore's liquid verse—my lips relaxed their hold and my pipe fell into the sea."

"Quite a history," remarked Rawdon "Mine committed suicide."

Larco laughed.

"Truth," said Rawdon. "As I stood on London Bridge, my heretofore faithful pipe leaped from my lips into the Thames. A clear case of voluntary suicide."

"You had quite an adventure after I left the party, Fitzhugh wrote me."

"Had I? Let me see: it was soon after you left the party that we made the ascent—I attempted it, rather—of Mont Blanc?"

"Yes, that was what Fitzhugh spoke of in his letter. What about it all?"

"One can hardly hope to do justice to any thing which one tells of Switzerland," began Rawdon, after a pause of thought. "The country must be seen to be appreciated, and it must be seen by an artist eye and appreciated by a soul endowed with a deep religious sense of the miracles which God alone could create, to get the faintest conception of its wild, wonderful, and magnificent scenery. So sudden and varied are the changes which the eye beholds, that it seems more like a fairy land floating in the unreal mirage of a dream than like anything real."

"Aye."

"The great height and magnitude of the mountains, glistening with eternal snow; the awful chasms opening between them; the bolt upright precipices; the dark ravines, with here and there a shadowed pool or lake, and the fertile valleys blooming in luxuriance, combine to make a picture of rare excellence, and of unsurpassed wondrous beauty."

"Well! go on, Rawdon."

"Seen on a cloudless day, the sparkling glaciers, piled up and pointed in rare and fantastic form, dazzling the eye and filling the soul with wonder. Here a snow-white city lifts its spires and glistening pinnacles in frozen silence, like a mighty petrifaction. There, huge columns, like leaning towers of marble, catch the sun's glare on their polished surfaces. Again, one sees groups of marvelous statuary—figures standing, leaning, anything—and seemingly in death like repose."

"But about your adventure, Rawdon?"

"It was not much of an adventure," he retorted. "We had passed the winter at Geneva, a small few of us, finding it possessed among its citizens many of the most learned and scientific men of Europe. From this place the view of the Alps is unsurpassed. Toward Spring, parties of travelers going through the place made us restless, and we also started. As our party moved on toward the hamlet where we were intending to tarry a few days and await a propitious time for ascending Mont Blanc, I was so unfortunate as to get mounted on the most treacherous steed in the lot. Never did Pegasus throw his rider with less warning than my beast of a horse threw me. I escaped with, as I thought, the trifling injury of a sprained wrist. But I got deceived in judging that a sprained wrist was but a trifle, for my hand began to swell and grow discolored, as for my thumb, it might as well have been a pine knot, for all the feeling there was in it; 'twas my right hand, too. The rest waited several days for me to make the ascent with them; but finding that my hand mended so slowly, they grew impatient, and went on without me. It did not much matter, for parties were coming up every week or two, and I should not lack company. The tediousness of my stay at the inn was very much brightened by the kind attentions of my host's daughter, pretty Jennie Dessonnard."

Rawdon paused.

"I became impatient of the delay," he continued, "just as you, Larco, are getting impatient because I don't talk quicker. No sooner did cautious people suggest the impracticability of my attempting the ascent at all, urging as objections the dangerous season of the year, and the inconvenient stiffness of my wrist, that I made up my mind to risk the undertaking at all hazards. This unhappy trait of character lies dormant, or is active, in every nature."

"What do you mean about the dangerous season?"

"Well, I was detained by the illness longer than you think for, Larco; the summer and the season were alike over. That wound of mine had complications that you'd not care to hear about."

"I had no idea of that. Go on."

"The arrival in the hamlet one night of a famous naturalist and several of my countrymen, accompanied by the noted guides, Coutet and Devoriassond, decided me to no longer postpone the enterprise. My host and the doctor argued against it in vain. We—I and the new party—remained out late one evening viewing the beautiful scenery by moonlight. Mystic turret, tower and pinnacle were tipped with glistening and effulgent light.

"I have seen that."

"An hour or so before midnight, while my eyes were riveted upon a point far up the dazzling heights, where reposed what might be thought a garden of statuary, all the forms of the statues clearly defined—upright, bending over, recumbent—I began to think to myself what a disagreeable effect this long gazing, even by moonlight, has upon the organs of sight—"

"But why?"

"Because I got the impression that the petrified groups were moving. I looked away, rubbed my eyes and looked back again. The delusion still existed. I

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS: Two Dollars a Year, in Advance.

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Nothing is more indicative of the earnestness of life than the sight of a well developed male creature spending eight hours a day in trying to wear out a dry-goods box with the seat of his pants.

One of the amusements at a Chicago picnic was to place a silver dollar in a dish containing about an inch of molasses and let a squad of boys compete in trying to take out the piece with their teeth.

President McCosh, of Princeton College, says he has never asked for a dollar for the college, and does not wish that when he dies the text shall be: "And it came to pass that the beggar died and he was buried."

It is said—*we* have not tried the experiment—that by setting a glass fruit jar on a folded towel, thoroughly soaked in cold water, the fruit can be poured in boiling hot, with no more danger of breaking than with a tin can.

In one of his recent discourses the Rev George C. Harding says: "John Wesley preached forty-two thousand sermons, at the rate of fifteen a week. Mr. Wesley

"Young Jennie, brave girl, stepped forward and began uncoiling the rope.

"'I am going down,' she said. 'M. Coutet is to fasten this about me; I came for the purpose of descending the fissure.'

"They tried to dissuade her.

"If you will not secure me, I will tie it myself,' she affirmed.

"They yielded the point at last after some argument. With the ropes fastened about her, and the lamp strapped to her breast, the intrepid girl was slowly swung into the fissure. With her staff, steel-pointed at each end, she kept herself from striking against the jagged sides. In twenty minutes she signaled to be hauled up—then signaled them to stop. She had touched the bottom of the crevice, which was wonderfully shallow, and not finding any body, she conjectured that it must have lodged somewhere above.

"Her lamp had streamed into the basin and discovered me. She did not stop to ascertain if I was dead; but, taking the lines which she had brought, she bound me to her—wrapping her mantle about my head, least in some manner it might and cries. 'The avalanche! the avalanche!'

"We stood rooted to the spot. The thunder increased and neared us. Vast acres of solid-mountain-side were slipping with fearful rapidity toward the direction we were in. There was of course no real danger.

"'The pinnacle yonder,' said the immovable De Vare, 'will save us. The avalanche strikes it, shaves the irregularities from its side, shoots it many angles to the right, saving our hamlet at the expense of some other!'

"He was right. From that or some other cause, the death-dealing mass of ice rushed away into the valley beyond.

"'A dangerous season to make an ascent,' said everyone, when we got down home. But we resolved to try it.

"Early on the morning of the 17th a party of six, accompanied by the aforenamed guides, started upon the perilous undertaking. After proceeding a short distance we were made to halt by our guides, for the purpose of being tied together, with sufficient space between us to allow of uninterrupted movements; then in turn we were fastened to the guides themselves. It is doubtful if one in a score would safely return unless this precaution was taken, for there is a continual tripping of heels; first one, then another, slipping and falling upon the glaciers. "You don't, Larco; you've not made the ascent."

"And don't want to make it." I growled, like a surly fox.

Rawdon smiled, and turned the fire about. Then resumed.

'If we had got the idea there was either ease or comfort in the enterprise, it was speedily dispelled by actual experience. Shelves of rock met us everywhere, along which we had to crawl on our hands and knees; precipices towered above, up which our weary way was made by footholds cut with the hatchets of our guides. Terrifying chasms yawned on either side. Mysterious fissures, whose bottom and depth were lost in distance, had to be leaped over with the assistance of a guide and staff. As we ascended, the air became more rare, and the nose smarted with every inhalation. We made a tortuous way, winding about to escape chasms and evade towers of ice, or tremblingly crossing abyeses on frail bridges of snow that might crumble at any step."

"Hope you liked it!"

"We had a toilsome day, and did not succeed in making a very great distance, for my wrist troubled me after a few hours' exertions with it, and began to swell. However, we pitched upon a place to spend the night, it being partially sheltered from the cutting wind; and while Coutet prepared the supper, I climbed upon a pinnacle to take in the magnificent view stretched abroad before my eyes. It cannot be described except in faint outlines. Far below these icy fields reposed the verdant vales teeming with beauty and life; and placid Leman, like a sea of glass, sparkled in the setting sunlight, while Jura's distant hills were well defined against the clear sky. Thus night came on. But the stolen stillness that fell upon us, broken at intervals by the indescribable crash of the crunching pieces of snow descending on every side, is beyond description. Still we got to sleep."

"Glad you could sleep, Rawdon!"

"In the morning we awoke refreshed, and resumed the ascent, although I found great inconvenience from my sore and stiff wrist, and was obliged to carry my staff in the other hand. Not to linger on details, we, at last, after much suffering and danger, reached the goal which we sought. But I would say that if one undertakes this or a similar enterprise with the fond delusion that through it all he can maintain a dignified manner, he will find the fond delusion vanished."

"Bien entendu."

"Many a chasm the traveler must pass on the horizontal. The sure feet of the guide crosses a narrow isthmus of snow, which he is fearful an untrained foot may slip upon; therefore the traveler must submit to a prostrate position and be hauled across, his head taking the route of a ploughshare and leaving a broad furrow ploughed for the next comer to slide into. Again, the tension of the nerves will, ere many hours, cause the legs to buckle and bend in exact imitation of a devotee of Bacchus."

"Pleasant"

"We encountered a 'pleasant' tempest, too, thunder and lightning, when it seemed as if the whole Alps were splitting from base to peak, so heavy were the frequent detonations. But we were safely up and getting back, having met with many incidents, but no accidents. When within a mile of the hamlet from which we had started, the nearness of our journey's end tended to make us careless. Holding my staff somewhat heedlessly with my left hand, it so unexpectedly caught in a small fissure that my feet slipped from under me, and I fell. The smart jerk upon the rope drew out the knot, which must have been undoing for some time; and being at the end of the cord, I found myself loosed from the whole party and descending the precipitous glacier with fearful velocity. Instantly a cry of horror from above announced that the accident had been discovered. But I was beyond their aid.

"I drew in my breath as I listened. That I was not instantly killed in striking at the foot of the precipiece, down which I had first descended, was owing to my position of feet foremost; but the shock of the concussion left a feeling as of paralysis. My staff I still retained; but the point had caught and broken off. Down I went directly into the yawning end of a fissure, my staff catching feebly at the jagged walls. No doubt the fissure was hundreds of feet in depth, but I was not destined to sound the bottom."

"No!"

"The rains and thaws, the catching and splintering of crumbling avalanches, had poured tons of shelly ice directly into the mouth of the chasm; and apart from being severely scratched by the sharp particles, and being stunned by the force of my stopping, after the rapidity of my descent, I was not seriously injured when I stopped. There I was, in a well-like aperture of rattling, shelly ice, and unconscious. The rest of what I learnt later."

"But you are alive, Rawdon."

"Yes. Horrified as the whole party were, they had yet the sense to hasten the descent to the hamlet, and procure ropes and lights—for night had then set in. 'To secure the body,' said the guides. And the news spread, and the cry went echoing along the village, 'Man lost Man lost in a chasm!'

"In an hour's time the two guides, De Vare and Moulett, and another guide, were ready to ascend the slight distance to the point where the accident happened. Just outside the hamlet they were surprised to be joined by Jeannie Dessonard. She was known to be as fleet of foot as the chamois, and no one disputed her right to accompany the party. They toiled up in the fissure where I had disappeared, and then held a consultation. Was it best to lower a lamp? Doubtless the depth would make such a proceeding useless. Should one of the men be lowered by the others? This was an expedition not to be coveted. The party consisted wholly of large, heavy men; their weight might make the grinding of the rope instant destruction; and, at any rate, would be attended by great danger even to those who held the rope. Yet there was no other alternative.

seemed so real that I touched De Vare's arm.

"'Do you notice any thing unusual there beyond the cone—toward the Chamounix?'

"He gazed steadily for a time and then spoke to the guide. Coutet sprang to his feet with a yell.

"'An avalanche! an avalanche!' shouted the guide in stentorian tones.

"We started just as Coutet had done; all taking a position to watch the descent. First, the movement was so gradual as hardly to be noticed; but, gathering power with its progress, it soon increased its speed until a dull roar was distinguishable.

"'What is its course?' anxiously inquired our host of De Vare.

"'Toward us, direct,' answered the imperturbable traveler.

"We were filled with consternation. As the roar increased, the villagers rushed from their beds in terror, uttering shrieks beat against the walls of the chasm; and then gave the signal to be drawn up.

"And drawn up we were in safety. I was borne back to the hamlet—where, though still unconscious, I was found to be living."

"But the escape was marvelous, Rawdon," I said.

"It was."

"And what of Jeanie?"

"She married Coutet."

A Young Girl Saved.

A New York paper says: A beautiful young girl visited the detectives in the Police Central Office and told them that she was betrothed to George Strauss, who was arrested for swindling. She desired to see him. She was with her guardian, a wealthy merchant of Broadway. The detectives hesitated, but she was finally permitted to see the prisoner.

As she entered the cell Strauss shrank back. "So," said she, "you have been paying me attentions for over a year, and enveigled me into an engagement, but, thank God, I found you out ere it was too late. You are a swindler and villain, and I never want to see you again. Here, take back your ring," extending an engagement ring richly set with diamonds.

Strauss turned away, but the girl dashed the ring at his feet, and went from the cell weeping.

On an enamelled card which was handed to the *Sun* reporter was engraved, "Rosalie Mayer. She said that about twelve months ago she became acquainted with Strauss, who professed to be very wealthy. He frequently visited her and escorted her to the gardens in the neighborhood. She noticed that he was recognized many times by men whom the detectives have arrested.

Mrs. Rehfuss and her daughter, Minnie, of 411 East Twenty-fourth street, and Mrs. Frederica Silliff, of 551 Ninth avenue, visited the Central Office and asked to see the prisoners. Mrs. Silliff, who is a widow, about a fortnight ago was swindled out of $250 by purchasing two worthless watches. The prisoner having been conducted into the back room of the outer office among about thirty detectives and reporters, the women entered the room. Miss Minnie recognized Strauss, and cried out, "Das ist der greenhorn!" Mrs. Silliff gazed at him a moment and said, "Yaw, das ist der greenhorn." She was about to pound him with her umbrella, but the detectives interfered. Lindheim was identified as one of the men who had swindled Mrs. Rehfuss.

Mrs. Rehfuss said that Strauss visited her and told her an effecting story of having just landed and having been robbed. In the conversation Lindheim entered. To him Strauss appealed, saying, "Oh, if you sir, but assist me to get my things out of the Custom House, I would give you $20 and a piece of silk and some lace." "Why," Lindheim replied, "that would be worth $600! I am afraid you would remove your trunks as soon as you got it. How much do you want?" "Well," said Strauss, "$250 would do. Good gentleman, help me!" "Well, I would," was the reply, "but I am afraid to trust strangers. Have you nothing else you could leave?" "Yes," said Strauss, reluctantly, "I have two splendid gold watches and chains, but they were intrusted to me to take as a present to a gentleman in San Francisco. I would be afraid to let them go out of my sight." "Let me see them," said Lindheim, "that will do no harm."

Strauss showed him the watches. "These are worth a thousand dollars," said Lindheim, seemingly surprised. Strauss took a handkerchief from his pocket and wrapped it about his face, saying that he had a terrible toothache. Lindheim whispered to Mrs. Rehfuss, "You might as well make a little money out of this. You are a poor woman; I am wealthy." She paid for the watches, and Strauss and Lindeim departed. She shortly afterward learned that she had been swindled.

Mrs. Silliff, who was swindled out of $250, is penniless. Strauss and Lindheim were committed at the Tombs. The other two were sent to College Point, L. I., for identification by Mrs. Sophia Weiss, who was swindled out of $135.

THE PRESS.—There is no editor of a newspaper or magazine who is not constantly returning manuscripts full of useful and good material, which he cannot publish because it is not readable. The style is turgid or involved, or affected, or slovenly or diffuse. If the style happens to be good, the subject is uninteresting, or is treated for scholars, and lumbered with redundant learning. Of course the editor would not hurt the pride of the writers, and in politeness he simply says that their productions are not 'available.' They think the editor stupid, and he is content, so long as they do not accuse him of illnature. It is only when they charge him with the purpose of refusing all writing that is better than his own that he loses patience, and regrets that he had not been frank and definite in the statement of his reasons for declining their offerings.—*Scribner's.*

BUTTERFLIES.—People are not accustomed to regard butterflies as a nuisance, but Florence was, a short time ago, invaded by such a quantity of them that they were called a plague. In several of the streets the passage was almost obstructed by these insects, which swarmed in thick clouds around the gas lights in the evening. Fires were lighted by order of the municipality, and soon the bodies of the butterflies formed a thick layer upon the streets.

The Irrepressible Yankee.

Dr. Holmes, in his "Breakfast Table" article makes "the master" talk as follows :—

We talk about Yankee—a New Englander — as if all of 'em were just the same kind of animals. "There is knowledge and knowledge," said John Bunyan. There are Yankees and Yankees. Do you know two native trees called pitch pine and white pine respectively ? Of course you know 'em. Well, there are pitch pine Yankees and White pine Yankees. We don't talk about the inherited differences of men quite as freely, perhaps, as they do in the Old World, but republicanism doesn't alter the laws of physiology. We have a native aristocracy, a superior race, just as plainty marked by nature as of a higher and finer grade than the common run of people as the white pine is marked in its form, its stature, its bark, its delicate foliage, as being of the nobility of the forest ; and the pitch pine, stubbed, rough, coarse-haired, as of the plebeian order. Only the strange thing is to see in what a capricious way our natural nobility is distributed. The last born nobleman I saw was only this morning ; he was pulling a rope that was fastened to a Maine schooner loaded with lumber. I should say he was about twenty years old, as fine a figure of a young man as you would ask to see, and with a regular Greek outline of countenance, waving hair that fell as if a sculptor had massed it to copy, and a complexion as rich as a red sunset. I have a notion that the State of Maine breeds the natural nobility in a larger proportion than some other States, but they spring up in all sorts of out of the way places. The young fellow I saw this morning had on an old flannel shirt and a pair of pantaloons that meant hard work, and a cheap cloth cap pushed back on his head so as to let the large waves of hair straggle out over his forehead ; he was tugging at his rope with the other sailors, but upon my word I don't think I have seen a young English nobleman of all those whom I have looked upon that answered to the notion of "blood" so well as this young fellow did. I suppose if I had made such a levelling confession as this in public people would think I was looking towards being the labor reform candidate for President. But I should go on and spoil my prospect by saying that I don't think the white pine Yankee is the more generally prevailing growth, but rather the pitch pine Yankee.

The Profits of Base Ball Tossing.—A New York correspondent of the Chicago *Times* gossips as follows concerning professional base ball players:— The Mutuals, of New York, pay an average of $1,200 each to eleven players. The Athletics of Philadelphia, pay $12,200 to eleven players. The Baltimore Club, of that city, have appropriated $12,100 for ten players. Harry Wright's great Boston Club receive an average of $1,200. some of the players not receiving more than $900 or $1,000, while it is said that the two Wrights—Harry, the captain, and his brother George, the short stop, and best general player in the country—each is paid $3,000. The Haymakers, of Troy pay the largest amount in gross, they disbursing $15,600 for twelve players an average of $1,300. The Cleveland Forest City club pay their men an average of $1,500. When it is considered these amounts are for seven month's service, it will be admitted that the pay is not bad. It is, however, unevenly distributed, the catcher and pitcher getting the larger share. Some of the pitchers get as much as $3,000, because so much of the success of the season depends upon the skill, endurance and stamina of the pitcher. Indeed, I have been told that it requires to tempt Arthur Cummings from the side of his pretty, new-married wife, no less a sum than $3,500, or at the rate of $125 a week for seven months, with all railroad and steamboat fares, hotel bills, &c., paid while travelling. Cummings was formerly pitcher for the Stars of Brooklyn, but is now engaged by the Mutuals. He is said to be the best pitcher in the country.

Facts about Dyspepsia.—Dyspepsia is a weak stomach made weak by overwork, and, like a man made weak by overwork, it needs rest, needs repose ; but, as we cannot live without eating, the necessity must be met by giving the stomach as little work to do as possible and that work should be easy, just as we ourselves, in the weakness of recovery from disease, invite our strength back by doing but little work and that which can be easily done. The cure of most cases of Dyspepsia becomes extremely simple and very certain, if these few first principles are judiciously applied in any given case—to wit: give the stomach but little to do; let that little be of a kind which is easily done, and let both be so arranged that the stomach may do its work easily and speedily and have abundant time for rest. The work of the stomach is called "digestion," and means the process of preparing the food for yielding its nutrient portions to the system, to give it warmth, growth and strength. As a general thing, dyspeptics should not drink anything at meals, because there is a liquid in the stomach which dissolves the food—in a sense, melts it. If cold water is drunk, it cools this stomach-liquid, and it loses its power of melting the food, so to speak; as the cooler the water is, the less is it able to melt the ice in it. Of course, every physiologist knows that this comparison is not critically true; but it conveys the essential practical idea to the minds of the masses.

Inventions. — The greatest inventions seem to have been almost simultaneously duplicated. Faust and Guttenburg still divide the honor of discovering the art of printing; and of the rival claimants of discovering the invaluable use of ether. either may receive the praise. When Watt cudgeled the steam engine out of his brain, it was found that a mad Frenchman had projected the whole thing on paper long before, and been imprisoned for boring people with his diagrams. When Morse threw off the magnetic telegraph as a spark from his electric mind, it was only to find that Ampere was already familiar with the affair. And poor Elias Howe could not be allowed to have the glory of making the sewing-machine all to himself, but Thimonnier disputed his claim, and made all France believe he had actually designed the thing, even though the cunning Yankee had got the start in the small matter of execution. Thimonnier's widow died a few weeks ago, and was buried in great pomp, the sewing machine manufacturers turningout in great number to pay their respect to the memory of the inventor of their craft, and after the funeral they dined together and subscribed two thousand dollars for a monument to "The Inventor of Sewing-machines."

How to Live Cheaply.—Dr. Dio Lewis relates how he lived for a week on food that cost 54½ cents. He worked hard meantime, and gained half a pound. He took two meals a day. The following are specimen ones: Sunday breakfast, hulled Southern corn, with a little milk. Dinner the same. Total cost, six cents. Tuesday breakfast, two cents' worth of beans, with a half a cent's worth of vinegar. Wednesday dinner, two cents' worth of beef stew, a quarter of a cent's worth of pepper, and a cent's worth of hominy pudding. Saturday dinner, lobster, three cents; bread, one cent; hominy salad, one cent; cracked wheat and milk, two cents. This day he had a "spree"—cost, seven cents.

Pimpkin Versus Bodkin.

Jeremiah Pimpkin was an honorable citizen and a householder, and among his class he was an oracle. He flattered himself on his shrewdness. He often declared that he should have been a lawyer. He fancied that Solon Bodkin, Esquire, would have fared but slimly against him in forensic contest. Pimpkin raised turkeys, and upon a certain occasion it happened that a prowling dog made a raid upon his flock and killed four fine gobblers that were being fatted for the Thanksgiving market. Pimpkin make due inquiry and investigation, and satisfied himself beyond a peradventure that the marauding canine was the property of Lawyer Bodkin. Here was an opportunity he had long coveted. He waited upon the lawyer in his office, and was warmly welcomed, and invited to a seat.

"Squire," said Pimpkin, "s'pose a neighbor's dog should kill a lot of my turkeys, could I recover damages by law?"

"Certainly," replied Bodkin, "you can recover—that is, if you can prove the fact."

"O, I can prove it. I've got the evidence all right and tight. And so you think there can be no doubt?"

"Not in the least. And now, what are the circumstances?"

"Well, Squire, last night *your* dog killed four of *my* best turkeys. What do you think about it now?"

"Why, my dear sir, I think you can recover. That is the law. What is the amount of damage?"

"Them turkeys was worth a dollar apiece, Squire. Four dollars will settle."

"All right," said Bodkin. "I wish to deal legally. Here is the sum."

And the lawyer handed over the four dollars which Pimpkin took with a chuckle, and then departed.

Jeremiah Pimpkin had reached his home, having related his sharp practice with the lawyer to all his friends whom he had met on the way, and had just told the story to his wife, when Deputy Sheriff Reacher unceremoniously entered his domicile.

"A small bill, Mr. Pimpkin, which Squire Bodkin says I will collect or he will sue it to-day."

"A bill!—Squire Bodkin!" echoed Pimpkin, aghast.

"Yes," smiled the Sheriff—a bill for professional services in the case of 'Pimpkin *versus* Bodkin.' He says you sought advice upon legal points bearing on the case. The bill is five dollars, sir—expense of officer, one dollar—total, six dollars."

Pimpkin scratched his head vigorously, but he could scratch no path out from the trouble. He paid the bill, and from that time he was never heard to speak boastingly of his legal acumen.

Sagacity of a Mare.

A remarkable instance of the sagacity (is it not reason ? of a horse has come to our notice. Mr. John Fletcher of Norwegian, owns an unbroken cayuse mare which runs in a pasture adjoining his house, The mare, which is very wild, has a young colt at her side. A few nights since, after Mr. Fletcher had returned, he was aroused by the mare coming to the window of his house, and by pawing, neighing, and in every way possible trying to get his attention. This continuing for some time he got up and went out and drove her away, and returned again to bed ; but she immediately returned, and if possible increased her demonstrations ; he again went out, when the mare came up to him and rubbed her nose against him, although always before she had been very shy of allowing any one to come within reach of her, then ran on a few yards before him continuing her neighing then, as he did not follow her, she returned to him rubbing against him in the most demonstrative manner. He attempted to drive her off, struck her with a stick, and followed her a few yards to frighten her away. As soon, however, as he turned toward the house she returned and tried in every way to prevent him from doing so. He then remarked that her colt was not with her, a fact he had not noticed before as it was quite dark. It occurred to him then to follow her, which he did. So soon as she saw he was doing so she ran off before him, stopping every few yards, turning around to see that he was still following, then again running on keeping up her calling, until she reached a distant part of the field ; where she stopped at an old "prospect hole." On coming up with her she again commenced rubbing against him, and drew his attention to the hole, where he soon discovered the colt. It appears it had slipped into it and was unable to get out, and the mare had taken this method to obtain assistance. Being unable to get it out alone, Mr. Fletcher went for some of his neigobors, and with them returned. While they were taking the little fellow out the mare manifested the most intense delight, and seemed almost beside herself with joy ; and afterward, when the men had got out of the hole, she came up to Mr. F., and placing her nose on his shoulder gave every sign of gratitude that a human mother might under similar circumstances. Who will say the horse does not reason ?

Queer way to Mend a Broken Leg.—This morning, writes a correspondent from Rome, Italy, on the 10th of August, an English gentleman, with a florid face and white whiskers was returning to Rome on his horse, after taking a ride in the neighborhood of the Porta Pla. In crossing the via Felice' the horse unfortunately stumbled and fell. The animal rose unhurt, but the gentleman had dislocated his knee by the fall. Several persons ran to his assistance and carried him to a house. The faces of the bystanders were full of alarm and pity, while that of the brave Englishman remained unmoved; his cheeks were as red and his face as calm as before the accident. As soon as they had seated him in an arm-chair, he began to feel his knee carefully. "Shall we send for a doctor ?" they asked. "Oh ! no, is there a carpenter near here ?" he inquired. "Yes, there is one close by." "Be so kind as to help me to go to him." Half laughing and half inclined to think he was insane, two young men took him to the joiners. Once more seated, he asked for a sheet and rolled it round his leg. Then, after once more feeling the knee joint, he put it into the screw-vice and told the joiner to tighten it prudently. At first, with some hesitation, and afterward encouraged by the composure and authoritative manner of the foreigner, the man did as he was told and tightened the screw slowly, while the patient made the most singular grimace, till at last he called out: "Enough!" and tossing a crown to the carpenter got on his horse and galloped away, leaving the bystanders convulsed with laughter at this singular chirurgical operation.

Coal Fields.—There are 15,000 square miles of coal fields in which Piltsburg is interested, and $15,000,000 of Pittsburg capital is invested therein. Probably $25,000,000 more is invested in transportation, and the total of all interests dependant upon these coal fields cannot fall short of the enormous sum of $100,000,000.

The United States inspectors in the case of the Metis censure the captain and all the crew in their report. They moreover revoke the licences of the captain and the first and second pilot, and suspend that of the chief mate for six months.

The Tempest.

Bravery I lay no claim to I was, still never a man of feeble courage. There are few scenes of either human of elementary strife, upon which I have not looked with a brow of daring. I have stood in front of battle when swords were gleaming and encircling around me like fiery serpents of the air; I have sat on the mountain pinnacle, when the whirlwind was rendering its oaks from rocky clefts and scattering them piecemeal to the clouds. I have seen those things with a swelling soul that recked not of danger, but there is something in the thunder's voice that makes me tremble like a child. I have tried to overcome this unmanly weakness; I have called pride to my aid, I have sought for moral courage in the lessons of philosophy, but they avail me nothing—at the first low moaning of the distant cloud my heart sinks and dies within me.

My involuntary dread of thunder has its origin in an incident that occurred when I was ten. I had a cousin, a girl, of the same age as myself, who had been the constant companion of my childhood. Strange, that after the lapse of a score of years, that countenance is so familiar to me. I can see the bright, young creature—her large eyes flashing like beautiful gems, her free locks streaming as in joy upon the rising gale, and her cheek glowing like a ruby through a wreath of transparent snow. Her voice had the melody and joyfulness of a bird's, and when she bounded over wooded hill or the fresh green valley, shouting a glad answer to every voice of nature, and clasping her little hands in the very ecstacy of young existence, she looked as if breaking away like a freed nightingale from the earth, and going where all things were beautiful and happy, like her.

It was morning in the middle of August. She had been passing some days at my father's house, and was to return home. Her path lay across the fields, and I gladly became the companion of her walk. I never knew a summer morning more beautiful and still. Only one little cloud was visible, and that seemed as pure and white, and peaceful, as if it had been the incense from a burning censor of the skies. The leaves hung silent in the woods, the waters of the bay had forgotten their undulations, the flowers were bending their heads, as if dreaming of the rainbow, and the whole atmosphere was of such a soft and luxurious sweetness, that it seemed of roses scattered down by the hands of a Peri, from the far-off gardens of Paradise. The green earth and blue sea were abroad in boundlessness, and the peaceful sky bent over them. The little creature at my side was in a delirium of happiness, and her clear, sweet voice came ringing upon the air as often as she heard the tones of a favorite bird, or found some strange and lovely flower in her frolic wanderings. The unbroken and almost supernatural tranquility of the day continued until nearly noon. Then the indications of an approaching tempest were manifest. Over the summit of a mountain about a mile away, the folds of a dark cloud became suddenly visible, and at the same moment a hollow roar came down upon the winds, as if it were the sound of waves in a rocky cavern. The cloud unrolled like a banner-fold upon the air, but still the atmosphere was calm and the leaves as motionless as before; there was not even a quiver upon the sleeping waters to tell of the coming hurricane. To escape the tempest was impossible.

As the only resort, we fled to an oak, that stood at the foot of a tall, ragged precipice. Here we gazed almost breathless upon the clouds, marshaling themselves like giants in the sky. The thunder was not frequent, but every burst was so fearful that the young creature, who stood by me, shut her eyes convulsively, clung with a desperate strength to my arm, and shrieked as if her heart would break. A few minutes and the storm was upon us. During the height of its fury, the little girl lifted her finger toward the precipice that towered above us. I looked up, an amethystine flame was quivering upon its gray peaks, and the next moment the clouds opened, the rocks tottered to their foundation, a roar like the groan of a universe filled the air, and I felt myself blinded and thrown, I knew not whither. How long I remained insensible I cannot tell; but when consciousness returned the violence of the tempest was abating; the roar of the winds dying in the tree tops, and the deep tones of the thunder coming in fainter murmurs from the eastern hills.

I arose, and looked trembling and almost deliriously around. She was there—the idol of my infant love—stretched upon the wet green earth. After a moment of irresolution, I went up and looked upon her. The handkerchief upon her neck was slightly rent, and a single dark spot upon her bosom told where the path of death had been. At first I clasped her to my breast with a cry of agony, and then laid her down and gazed into her face, almost with a feeling of calmness. Her bright dishevelled ringlets clustered around her brow, the look of terror had faded from her lips, and an infant smile was pictured beautifully there—the red rose tinge upon her cheeks was lovely as in life!

I have but a dim recollection of what followed—I only know that I remained weeping and motionless till the coming on of twilight, and that I was then taken tenderly by the hand and led away where I saw the countenance of parents and sisters.

Many years have gone by on their wings of light and shadow, but the scene I have portrayed still comes over me, at times, with a terrible distinctness. The oak yet stands at the base of the precipice; its limbs are black and dead, and its hollow trunk, looking upward to the sky as if calling to the clouds for a drink, is an emblem of noiseless decay. A year ago I visited that spot, and the thoughts of by-gone years came mournfully back to me—thoughts of the little innocent being who fell by the whirlwind—in the memory that she had gone where no lightnings slumber in the folds of the rainbow clouds, and where sunlit waters are never broken by the storm-breath of Omnipotence.

My readers will understand why I shrink in terror from the thunder. Even the consciousness of security is no relief to me—my fear has assumed the nature of instinct, and seems, indeed, a part of my existence.—*George D. Prentice.*

Iron.—In 1865 the annual production of iron was about 7,000,000 tons, and at that time the consumption of Great Britain was 144 pounds, and of the United States 84 pounds, while the average consumption of the world was only 17 pounds per head of population. Last year the total production of the world had reached 13,500,000 tons, while the consumption had risen in England to 200 pounds, in the United States to 150 pounds and in the whole world to 30 pounds per head. It is not unreasonable to suppose that the rate of increase in the consumption of iron in the future will correspond with the experiences of the past.

Lynch Law.—The Newtown *Kansan* learns from a gentleman just arrived from Caldwell, that about three weeks ago a party of men went to a ranche Soutwest of Caldwell, occupied by four women who kept it as a secret rendezvous for the horse thieves who ply their trade along the south border of the State. At the ranche they found seven men, who were recognized as old offenders; these and the women they took a short distance from the ranche to a piece of timber and hung the whole gang.

The Pi-Utes.

A correspondent of a Western paper furnishes some statements in regard to the Pi-Ute Indians which modify our ideas of that tribe. The Pi-Utes and the Washoe Indians live in Nevada. The former are rapidly adopting white ways, and are becoming uninteresting. The men saw wood, black boots, and do odd jobs. The women are laundresses, and are no longer romantic. The Pi-Utes are the Digger Indians, and they can fight, as many a battle field shows. The women are drudges in the tribe. A gentle savage, who has any pretention to being a leading man, has, as a general thing, two or three wives, who roam about in the most abject and miserable condition. The children are left to get along as best they can, and may frequently be seen, in the most inclement winter weather, with little or no clothing upon their bodies. They are left to grow up or die, as chance may have it, and must look out for themselves. As a consequence of this, there is but little family affection, and not much respect is paid to the seniors by the younger members of the tribe.

In early times, the Pi-Utes had a terrible war with the Washoes, and, after defeating them, carried off all their best-looking women and their horses. For years, the Washoes were kept in subjection, and it was only after the whites settled in the country that they were again enabled to own horses and arms, and keep their women for themselves. The Washoes seem to be an utterly heart-broken race of beings, and it is difficult to conceive of any lower depth which a human being can be reduced to than being the slave or vassal of a Pi-Ute. They ruled over the Washoes with an iron rod. The latter had nothing they could call their own, and, when they had gathered a winter's supply of grass seeds, roots, and pine nuts, along came their inexorable task-masters, and carried off everything. Lodges, women, baskets, horses, food of every kind and description, were appropriated by them, and the starving Washoes were turned out among the bleak hills, with no more subsistence than the wolves themselves.

General Halleck says it is almost impossible to tell the difference between a party of Pi-Utes and a party of Chinese, if they were talking, and in a place where they could not be seen. The Pi-Utes are singularly free from the vice of intemperance. Their women are virtuous, and unchastity is punished with death. The tribe is adopting civilization so rapidly that it is probable a few years will see them blended with the whites. Possibly future statesmen of Nevada will boast of their Pi-Ute blood, much in the same manner that Virginia politicians and Virginia gentlemen of our day boast of having the blood of Pocahontas in their veins.

A Sermon on "Push."

When Cousin Will was home for vacation, the boys always expected plenty of fun. The last frolic before he went back to his studies was a long tramp after hazle nuts. As they were hurrying along in high glee, they came upon a discouraged looking man and a discouraged looking cart.

The cart was standing before an orchard. The man was trying to pull it up hill to his own house. The boys did not wait to be invited, but ran to help with a good will. "Push, push," was the cry. The man brightened up; the cart trundled along as fast as rheumatism would do it, and in five minutes they all stood panting at the top of the hill.

"Obliged to ye," said the man, "you just wait a minute;" and he hurried into the house, while two or three pink aproned children peeped out of the door.

"Now boys," said Cousin Will, "this is a small thing: but I wish we could all take a motto out of it and keep it for life. "Push!" it is just the word for a grand clear morning like this.

"If anybody is in trouble, and you see it, don't stand back; push!"

"If there's anything good doing in any place where you happen to be, push!"

"Whenever there's a kind thing, a Christian thing, a happy thing, a pleasant thing, whether it is your own or not, whether it is at home or in town, at church or at school, just help with all your might; push!"

At that moment the farmer came out with a dish of his wife's best dough nuts and a dish of his own best apples; and that was the end of the little sermon.

How it Feels to be Hanged.—Though would-be suicides are sometimes resuscitated, it is seldom that half-strangled victims of the law's majesty return to tell of their experience. A man named Franks was sentenced to be hanged in Fiji, last summer, for the murder of a Mr. Thomas Muir. It was the first attempt in Fiji to carry a capital sentence into effect, in a civilized way. The preparations were bunglingly made, and after the drop fell Franks was apparently dead for about three minutes, when he revived, raised one arm, and got hold of the rope. One of the officials on the impulse of the moment cut the man down, and soon after a reprieve arrived. Franks said that when the bolt was drawn and he fell, he thought he felt something break at the back of his neck, and he was praying, and thinking of God and Heaven. Then the memory of a wreck from which he was rescued passed before his mind. He saw himself cling to the chains until washed away; then seizing a rope attached to a floating spar, and clinging to it until washed back again on deck by a heavy sea. All the details of the wreck passed through his mind, and then came the thought, "Why do I not die?" Finding he could breathe, he suspected an intention to torture him by prolonging his sufferings. The Fijians seem to have had enough of the Western method of execution, and it is understood that Franks has been banished from the country. Whether Fiji will return to the roast-oven system remains to be seen.

What Did He Lose?—Tommy went to the cars with Uncle Jacob. On reaching the station, Uncle Jacob got into the train to secure seats and Tommy was to buy the paper. Tommy paid a half dime of his at the news-stand and started for the cars, his paper and two cents in his hand. Uncle Jacob took the paper and gave him a coin from his pocket, evidently supposing it to be a five cent piece. It was a cent, and Tommy looked at it on his hand with the other two, making just the price of the paper, and was a little puzzled, but yet pretty clear that he had not his due. On the whole he hesitated to arraign his uncle, and so put his coins in his pocket and said nothing. His uncle read his paper. Pretty soon it occurred to Tommy that as the matter now stood, his Uncle Jacob must think he had kept two cents of his without any sort of acknowledgenent, and this would never do. So Tommy resolved to give his uncle two cents and say, "here are two cents which I did not give you when I got your paper." And this he did when Uncle Jacob looked up from his reading, and so closed the transaction, leaving his uncle in ignorance of his loss of pocket money. How many cents did he lose, boys?

The following is one of the rules of tha Fat Men's Club: "If any woman gains a greater avoirdupois than yours, don't dispute her. Let her 'ave-'er-dupois.

Items of Interest.

West Point has at present 249 cadets.

Dallas, Ia., has a jail made of boiler iron.

Bazaine won't be tried till November.

Patti receives $1,000 per night in London.

Oxy-hydrogen gas is used to light the street lamps of Buffalo.

It is safe to eat sausages whenever pig is chesper than dog.

An Indiana boy has been poisoned by eating castor beans.

The nobby boot for ladies will this winter be made of velvet.

St. Louis has 31 flour mills that use 60,000 bushels of grain per day.

Milk even at ten cents a quart, is the cheapest animal food that can be used.

All the Illinois villages are making cities of themselves under a general law.

A Cheshire, Conn. farmer expects to harvest 3,000 bushels of apples this year.

A society has been formed in Indianapolis to assist girls in finding employment.

The new way of dressing the hair on the top of the head is called the "Josephine."

A stable-keeper in Chelsea, Mass., was lately bitten by a spider and died from the effects.

A number of French priests are said to purpose following Pere Hyacinthe's matrimonial example.

The popular preacher, Stover, of Kentucky, has been an "elder" since he was thirteen years of age.

A Michigander sneezed from his nose the other day a minnie ball that had entered his eye during the war.

A bad marriage is like an electric machine; it makes you dance and you can't let go.

The new sailor bonnet, shaped like a sailor hat is shown in black and colored velvet.

The St. Louis Republican published a marriage notice headed Huggins—Pleasant.

There is said be a spring in Amherst, Va., which throws up peach stones by the bushel.

Many a man who thought he had made a bargain buying silks finds that he has got worsted.

For riding habits, the colors most in vogue are black, invisible green, dark blue, and chocolate.

The young lady who thought she could make her voice clear by straining it, made a great mistake.

Cafe keepers say that the use of absinthe is steadily increasing among the younger society men, the set just coming in.

Baxter, Kansas, assures immigrants in search of a good place to stop, that no one has been murdered there for three days.

Pere Hyacinthe was lately treated to a funeral by his ex-associates of the Dominican order in honor of his marriage.

Late Haytian advices state that the import duties of the island have been increased 25 per cent., and the export duties 20 per cent.

We cannot gather grapes of thorns, so we must not expect kind attachments from persons wholly folded up in selfish schemes.

It is stated that of the 364 railroads in the States, only 104 pay dividends, the other 260 never pay anything at all to the stockholders.

In the murder case of Mrs. Laura D. Fair, at San Francisco, after being out nearly sixty hours, the jury rendered a verdict of acquittal.

The mother of a charming Dubuque girl would not let her marry a conductor because she didn't want her doors slammed off.

The average salary of eighteen Baptist preachers in North Carolina is a trifle over one hundred and twenty-five dollars a year!

A wife wrote to her husband, absent in California, that the longer he stayed away the better she liked him. Rather equivocal, that.

The Oregon Legislature elected M. C. Mitchell to the United States Senate he receiving forty-one votes, Corbett twelve, and Prime four.

There were no competitors at an Illinois fair for a premium of $10 offered to the oldest maiden lady who would state her age.

Raw beef chopped up fine with onions is a new "feed which Germans consider a cure or preventive of dyspepsia as well as of lung diseases.

English boots and shoes are now in great demand in the American market. They are not handsome, but broad, comfortable, and well made.

A colony of communists 1,500 strong is established in Iowa on a tract of land comprising 30,000 acres, which they very appropriately call "Amania."

"Insults," said a modern philosopher "are like counterfeit money; we cannot hinder their being offered, but we are not compelled to take them."

Henry Clay, after he lost the Presidency by an injudicious letter, said that it was better to ride fifty miles to see a man than to write him a word.

In view of the style of political warfare prevailing in the present campaign, a sermon is promised from the text, "Consider the lie—lies, how they grow."

A man in Charleston, S. C., has been relieved of a Guinea worm which had taken lodgement in his leg. These monsters will grow all through a man.

Advices from Rio Janerio announces that the election for members of Congress throughout the country has resulted in favor of the Government candidates.

A Terre Haute woman's pet puppy recently swallowed a diamond ring from her finger while she was feeding him. He was considerably "cutup" about it soon afterward.

The postal treaty between the United States and the German Empire for the exchange of postal orders is now in operation. Seventy-one cents, gold, has been fixed as the value of the German thaler.

A model bill, made out by an old farmer against his neighbor, reads as follows: "Neighbor A, Dr. to B to horse and wagon goin' to mill once since and twice before, one dollar."

It is computed that $75,000,000 worth of fuel is burned yearly in the United States, and that $100,000,000 worth of lumber is used annually in building and in manufactures.

The small-pox is reported as raging furiously in many places on the Pacific coast of South America. The disease is said to be unusally virulent; and at Santiago, Chile, also.

A lady in Portland owned a dog that gave birth to a litter of twelve pups. After their birth the dog arranged seven on one side and five on the other, and then strangled the seven.

It is reported that the cupola of St. Peter's, at Rome, shows unmistakable signs of decay. A Commission of Papal architects and engineers has been appointed to examine it.

A Lowell girl claims that she won her husband by a stratagem. He fell in the river, she grabbed him, and when he came to the surface he was very much excited, and proposed marriage.

never had a clergyman's sore throat, or a year's leave of absence, with all expenses paid."

Alsatians are preparing to take up their residence in Nancy, and numbers of others will go to other places. During the last fortnight 18,000 have left Metz to seek homes under French jurisdiction, and the city is already reduced to a population of only 10,000.

At Valley Stream, Long Island, a man fell between two trains of cars in attempting to jump from one to the other. With the exception of a slight contusion he was unharmed. When some of the railroad employees stooped to pick him up he waved them off, saying "I can pick up my own corpse."

A couple who were divorced twenty-three years ago, the wife meanwhile having married another husband, were remarried in Colorado. On hearing of the death of his successor the first husband renewed his suit and the lady returned to her earliest love.

That was a sly old Scotchman, who on marrying a very young wife, was rallied by his friends on the inequality of their ages. "She will be near me," he replied, "to close my een." "Weel remarked another of the party, "I've had twa wives, and they opened my een."

A Carlinville (Ill.) wife becoming angry because she could not have the last word in a dispute, recently put her sick husband out of doors at midnight and in a thunder-storm. In the morning she found him on the stoop dead from exposure. She is in the insane asylum.

A tradesman in Bristol, Eng., has just made a monster umbrella for an African chief. It is 65 feet in circumference, the lancewood ribs being 9 feet long, and there are 140 yards of material in it. It is covered with red, blue, and white chintz, and takes two men to expand it.

The celebrated Spanish monastery of the Escurial was struck by lightning, and enveloped in flames. The Royal Palace, the rare old books, paintings, and costly manuscripts have all been destroyed, and it was expected that the mausoleum and summer residence of the Spanish kings would be consumed also.

"The old oak chest" tragedy has been repeated lately in Kansas. Two children in Rock Creek, aged seven and ten, were left at home by their mother, and in their play climbed into a large chest, "which closed with a spring," and they were buried in that "living tomb" and when found were smothered to death.

A passenger train from London to Edinburgh came in collision, while running at full speed, with a freight train near Carlisle, Cumberland County, causing the instantaneous death of eleven persons, and injuries to many others so severe that it is feared several will die. Such an accident is almost unprecendented in England.

An Apt Pupil.

The New York correspondent of the Cleveland *Herald* tells how a poor young man of New York City came to own lots on Staten Island.

Two years ago a hotel keeper, well known throughout this country, opened an elegant hotel at one of the most frequented summer resorts. He wanted a clerk. Application for the position was made by a young man, a fine-looking fellow who confessed to being very poor. If you would share my rainy-day reflections you must not lose sight of the fact—that he was indeed dreadfully poor.

Mr. L—— did not think less of him because of his poverty, though afterward he had occasion to think of it as an existing fact at the time he was employed. For he did employ him, and proceeded to instruct him in regard to his duties. The burden of his instructions related to the bills, and were rather singular. He told the poor young man that when he made out a bill for a party he should make it appropriate—which meant in harmony with their style and appearance, number of trunks, and amount of luggage generally, diamonds, and so on, and above all, it should have no connection with what they had actually got in the way of extras or anything. He informed the young man that people generally who stopped at his house did not notice a bill of items "Did he comprehend?" He thought he did—and time proved that he did.

The hotel flourished meanwhile. The *elite* patronized it—people you know, with a loyal contempt for items.

Near the close of this last season a gentleman from New York stepped in the office of the C—— Hotel and asked the proprietor for the clerk, this poor young man. Mr. L—— told him he was out, would be in presently. Would he wait? "Well, yes," said the stranger. "I am anxious to see B—— (the clerk); am negotiating with him for a line of property over on Staten Island."

"Oh, then it can't be B—— you want to see. He hasn't any property," Mr. L—— politely explained.

"Yes, it is B——," said the stranger. "You have a clerk by that name, haven't you?"

"Yes," said the poor young man's employer, confidently, "but he is poor; has nothing; came to me very poor, two years ago. You can wait and see him, of course; but I do assure you you have made a mistake."

At this moment B—— came in, walked up to the stranger at once, and shook hands.

Mr. L—— spoke up. "Here, B——, this gentleman called to see you, he says about some property you own on Staten Island. You haven't any property there, have you?"

"Yes, sir," replied the young man, modest, though unembarrassed.

"How does this happen?" questioned Mr. L——. Didn't you come here owning nothing—very poor?"

The poor young man straightened up with the air of an honest man, discharging a sacred duty, and thus he did say.

"Yes, sir; I came into your employ poor. You instructed me to swindle and cheat our guests. My holding my position depended on my following instructions. I did follow them, and I put a share of the results in my own pocket. To-day, I am comparatively rich, and I own that property this gentleman wishes to buy. Now, what can you do with me? I should really like to know."

"**Wanted, a Boy to Attend Bar.**"—The paper dropped from my hand as I read this advertisement. It seemed as though I read, "Wanted, a boy to go to perdition." I fancied I saw a bright, earnest boy going to a bar room, seeking a living by that fearful trade of selling wine and rum. I could imagine how, one by one, all the good impulses and desires he had in the beginning fell before the evil influence of the dram shop: how he learned to drink, to swear, and to steal; how bad companions came around him and helped him on to ruin. Ah! my lad, or whoever you are, who may be tempted by such a call, let me tell you that you had better work in the field, or at the forge, or digging ditches—anything honest—than to degrade yourself by selling death to others. No matter how hard you work, no matter if it soils your hands or clothes, so long as it leaves your heart pure. Beware of such "good places" as will lead you into the snares of the evil one. There are many doors, besides those of bar rooms, which are almost the same as gateways down to the world of woe.—*Morning Light.*