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Soliloquy.

With thoughts and vagaries antique and quaint,
One day I wandered by a streamlet clear,
And as, in careful mood, I drew anear,
I have to care full reign without restraint.

The slumberous noontide sun is scarce[illegible]
To give to toil the over-weary soul;
But while we lie and dream at summer's feet,
'Tis joy to see the far-off ocean roll.

Ho! dreamer there! what though sweet rest be thine!
Dost thou not know the idle hours are past?
Hast thou not heard sweet leisure cannot last?
What though thou longest for a peace benign?
Enjoy as best thou may thy perfect hour—
The future of thy sky shall darkly lower!

—Luther G. Riggs.

In the Long Run.

In the long run fame finds deserving man.
The lucky wight may prosper for a day,
But in good time true merit leads the van,
And vain pretense, unnoticed, goes its way.
There is no chance, no destiny, no fate,
But fortune smiles on those who work and wait,
In the long run.

In the long run all goodly sorrow pays,
There is no better thing than righteous pain,
The sleepless nights, the awful thorn-crowned days,
Bring sure reward to tortured soul and brain.
Unmeaning joys enervate in the end,
But sorrow yields a glorious dividend
In the long run.

In the long run all hidden things are known,
The eye of truth will penetrate the night,
And good or ill, thy secret shall be known,
However well 'tis guarded from the light.
All the unspoken motives of the breast
Are fathomed by the years and stand confest
In the long run.

In the long run all love is paid by love,
Tho' undervalued by the hearts of earth;
The great eternal government above
Keeps strict account and will redeem its work.
Give thy love freely; do not count the cost;
So beautiful a thing was never lost
In the long run.

—Ella Wheeler.

PEG'S PUG.

The father was almost straight nosed, and the baby was undecided, but all the rest of the family (with the exception of Peg), consisting of the mother and three elder daughters, were aquiline.

Peg, brown haired, gray-eyed, cherry-mouthed Peg, was unmistakably pug. Her nose, I mean, of course. Somebody says that lovely eyes are as plentiful as blackberries, but a handsome nose is rarely met with. And somebody adds—which is also my own experience—that when met with it usually belongs to an intensely stupid person. It seems as though brains never did go hand in hand—no, that won't do—never did lodge above—that's better—a faultless nose.

Peg's pug was not the puggiest kind of a pug, but with the sauciest little tilt to it, enough that way to be unable to deny its relations. A third or fourth cousin, as it were, of the old original pug.

Mrs. Thrush, Peg's mother—a tall woman, with fair, lusterless hair, rather prominent light blue eyes, rosy complexion, wide mouth, and gleaming white teeth, in all of which particulars her daughters Aurelia, Amanda, and Arabella closely resembled her—had never ceased to bemoan and bewail the fact of Peg's pug. "That nose," she was wont to say, looking in an aggrieved manner at her husband, "never belonged to any of my family, Captain Thrush. Some of your ancestors must have owned it, and I think they might have much better kept it to themselves instead of bequeathing it to an unfortunate child of mine." During which remarks, and others of the like nature, the old captain would retire a moment or two behind his newspaper or book, and then emerge with smiling face to bestow a caress upon the brown-haired little girl at his side.

Poor Peg (I needn't say poor Peg, however, for she had the happiest, sunniest disposition, and sweetest nature, and brightest face in all Laureltown), on account of her nose—I can see no other reason—became the Cinderella of the Thrush family. Not that she sat totally neglected among the ashes, like the Cinderella of the old fairy tale—for she was the darling of her father and baby sister—but she fulfilled the duties of waiting-maid and seamstress to her elder sisters, thankfully accepting their cast-off clothing in return for her services (the captain had but a small income for so large a family), and she took almost entire charge of the youngest who had made her appearance in the most unexpected manner when Miss Aurelia was twenty, and she assisted Lucy, the servant-maid, at odd moments, and read to her father whenever she got a chance.

Well, things went on this way—Peg's sisters reading, dressing, walking and playing the piano and croquet, and Peg baking, sewing, sweeping, dusting and taking care of baby Effie and her father—until Peg was eighteen, and then arose a great commotion in the quiet country place in which the Thrushes lived.

There had always been a dearth, a great dearth, of men in Laureltown. The fact is, all the boys born in that beautiful but secluded place rushed away as soon as they became old enough to seek their fortunes in neighboring cities, and with the exception of Tamisin Brook, the vestmaker, who married Jeremiah Toothaker, the blacksmith, there had been no one married in Laureltown for the last eight years. No, there had not even been an engagement, let alone a wedding.

But the welcome news? Three most eligible men, according to the Laureltown standard, were coming to spend the summer among the hills and valleys of their native place—Captain Sparkman, son of Mrs. Sparkman, of the big house; Arthur Thorne, artist, brother of the two old maids of Honeysuckle cottage; and David Onion, Esq., the wealthy bachelor merchant (woolen goods, I think) proprietor of Lilac villa. Of these gentlemen, Mr. Onion had been in Europe for three years, and before that had never spent more than a week or two at a time in Laureltown, Captain Sparkman had only paid flying visits to his mother and sister for the last ten years, and Arthur Thorne had lived in a Southern State ever since his nurse carried him away from the old-fashioned cottage where his sisters still dwelt. Imagine the excitement when all three proposed returning together and staying three months!

And Peg was immediately commanded to leave father, baby, parlor, and kitchen, and devote herself entirely to her sisters' service. Old silks were turned, new morning dresses made, half worn muslins altered and retrimmed, hats bought and decorated, and for a week the old captain never saw Peg unless he peeped in at the sitting-room door, where she sat smothered in dry goods, and wee Effie cried by the hour, and would not be comforted, almost breaking the heart of the little seamstress; but until her tasks were completed, Peg's task-mistresses never relaxed their vigilance a moment. But at last all that could be done was done; and then Bella, the least aquiline and youngest of the three, said, with a slight twinge of conscience: "Why, Peg has nothing to wear."

"You may have my white Swiss, Peg," said Arabella, still answering her conscience. "It's torn all across the back breadth; but you can darn so nicely, and I never could, and if I could, I can't bear a darned dress and you don't care."

They came. The captain, the artist, the merchant, and the festivities began. The first on the list being a croquet party given by Mrs. Sparkman in honor of her son a few days after his arrival. And the very first guests the old lady had the pleasure of greeting were the three elder Misses Thrush.

Peg had been invited, for although Mrs. Sparkman had only seen her when her sisters had sent her to borrow or return a book—the house boasted of a voluminous library—she had taken a great fancy to the innocent young face, and had particularly requested that Peg should be present.

But Peg had nothing to wear but her sister Bella's cast-off white dress, and of course that wouldn't do for a croquet party. So Cinderella looked with wistful eyes, it cannot be denied—for what young girl delights not in music, ice cream and merry company?—after the retreating forms of her sisters, arrayed in their dark grenadines freshened with knots of blue and lavender ribbons, with their broad-brimmed, quaint looking hats garnished with grasses, buttercups and daisies, shading their aristocratic noses; and then tying her old flat on her head by passing a faded crimson scarf—one of Aurelia's gifts—over the crown and knotting it under her chin, she took a basket on her arm and went into the back garden to pick blackberries for supper. Peg always had the berry-picking to do, for the white hands could not be stained and thorn-torn, and old Lucy had as much as she could accomplish in the house. And as she picked the berries she sang loud and clear—Peg had a voice like a bird's, full of sweet little trills and shakes—

"'I love you well, my bonnie maid, my bonnie maid,' said he,
'And I have come, this summer day, to ask if you will be
My own dear wife, my sweet, true wife.' 'Perhaps I will,' said she."

And stopping suddenly to put a thorn-wounded finger in her mouth, became aware of a strange face looking down upon her from over the high fence—a face with dark brown hair, dark brown eyes and whiskers of the same color.

"I beg pardon—hope I haven't frightened you," said the voice belonging to this face—"but may I come in and get a drink from the old well I see yonder? I have been walking fast and am exceedingly thirsty."

"Certainly," said Peg, with a painful consciousness of her extremely short calico dress and scoop bonnet; and the stranger came in, hat in hand.

"I will bring you a glass," said Peg, drooping toward the ground in a vain endeavor to lengthen the skirt.

"Oh, no, indeed; this is famous!" drinking from the bucket; and then, as he let it fall again, he added, looking about him with an air of recognition, "Captain Thrush's place, is it not?"

"Yes," answered Peg.

"Is he at home? How I'd like to see the dear old boy! Many a dime he's given me in days gone by. And I will see him, too; though my mother and sister must be calling me all sorts of hard names, for they are at this moment giving a party in my honor. I went to the city last evening and promised to be back to-day two hours ago; but I missed my train, missed the phaeton which was to have met me at the station, and missed the road."

"Then you are Captain Sparkman?" said Peg, who had forgotten the short dress and scoop hat in the delight of hearing the handsome young fellow call her father "a dear old boy."

"The same, at your service," said the captain. "And may I have the honor—"

"Oh, I'm only Peg—I mean Margaret Thrush."

"The little curly-headed three-year-old I kissed good-bye the day I left this place to start upon my wild career!" exclaimed the young man. "Is it possible? But pray, Miss Margaret, why are you not at my party?"

And now Peg was in a dilemma. She had never told a falsehood in her life, bless her innocent young heart! She looked at the captain, and she looked down on the ground, and in her confusion began hurriedly eating the berries she had gathered, wishing from the bottom of her heart meanwhile that Effie would cry—but she didn't. The young man watched her for a moment, and then coolly intercepting the berry on the way to her mouth, repeated the question.

"I had no dress to wear," at last said Peg.

Captain Sparkman burst out laughing. Peg couldn't see why—it was no laughing matter to her; and his laugh awakened Peg's father, who was taking his afternoon nap in his big armchair on the back porch, and the old gentleman came out in the garden to find there, to his great surprise and delight, the son of his old chum and brother officer Colonel Sparkman. And instead of going straight home, as he should have done after shaking hands with his senior, the young man marched into the house, played with Effie, smoked with his host and looked at Peg for another hour, and so arrived at the croquet party just as it was on the point of breaking up.

And when Mrs. Thrush and the Misses Thrush returned with clouded faces—the merchant didn't play croquet, and the artist flirted abominally with Jenny Starr and didn't care how he played, and as I said before the captain only arrived in time for an introduction all around—and learned that their rude host had actually been, while all Laureltown was waiting to welcome him, wasting his time with "father, Effie and Peg," their indignation knew no bounds.

"What must he have thought of that pug?" said Amanda, with a sneer. And then the questions came fast and thick, and in answering them truthful Peg repeated the excuse she had offered for not going to the party.

Oh, what a rating the poor child got! Just think of it! Four highly aquiline women scolding at once!

And Cinderalla went sobbing to bed that night, wishing that Captain Sparkman had gone somewhere else for a drink of water, at the same time that that gentleman was sitting with his feet on the window-sill in the smoking-room gazing at the moon, and saying to himself: "What a dear, jolly little girl! Eyes and mouth lovely, and such a bewitching, saucy little nose! 'No dress to wear?' Wish I could give her half a dozen."

The next morning, at the breakfast table, you may be sure the three newcomers to Laureltown were well discussed.

"The captain is my favorite," said Aurelia. "I suppose father just dragged him in yesterday."

"Mr. Onion is mine," said Amanda.

"You're welcome to them both," proclaimed Bella. "Give me the handsome artist."

"And we must go for wild flowers"—going for wild flowers admitted of strolling in many directions in Laureltown—"this morning before the sun is high, the dining-room vases are empty," said all three together. "So, Peg, bring our walking-shoes and hats, and be quick about it."

"And, Peg," added Amanda, "have lunch ready at one, and set the table with the best china. We may meet one of the gentlemen, and bring him home with us."

"And make custards and sponge-cake," said Bella.

"And see that the bread and ham are cut very thin," commanded Amelia.

And away they went, Peg looking after them again, but this time with no longing in her eyes, until they disappeared at the turn which led past Lilac house, when she flew to the kitchen, made the custards and sponge-cake, and then donned her scoop hat, and a cunning white apron with a bib and pink pockets, and taking Effie by the hand, away they went for wild flowers—"The girls will never remember them," said Peg—but not in the same direction the aquilines had taken, oh, no, but along a shady lane that led to the foot of a hill where grew many fragrant, lovely blossoms at their own sweet wills.

Peg and the baby danced gayly on until the place of destination was reached, and a world of floral wealth lay before them. Up the hill they toiled, and stopping midway to gather some tall brilliant flowers that grew in their path, the very first stem baby grasped and pulled at broke off with a jerk in her tiny hand, and away she rolled backward down hill until she rolled into a pair of arms outstretched to catch her.

"Please, ma'am, here's your baby," said the owner of these arms, demurely raising a pair of violet-blue eyes to Peg's white face as he placed the child beside her.

"How can I thank you?" said Peg, in a trembling voice. "But for you, Effie might have been killed."

"I know of no better way than coming down into the road immediately"—twirling his long golden mustache—"and then my mind will be relieved about Effie. Though, if you say so, I'll stand at the bottom of the hill with pleasure until you are quite ready to descend, so as to be on hand to rescue her if she tumbles again."

"I think I'll go down," said Peg, the color coming back to her cheeks.

He held out his hand to assist her. "I can take care of myself, thank you, Mr. Thorne," said Peg.

"Mr. Thorne," repeated he. "How did you know I was Mr. Thorne?"

"By your eyes, your mustache, and your hands," said frank young Peg.

Thorne smiled, and looked at her earnestly. "And you?"

"I'm Margaret Thrush, whose sisters you met at Mrs. Sparkman's yesterday."

"You do not look a bit like them."

"I do not," said Peg, with a sigh.

And they strolled along together, talking pleasantly, until Peg was half way home, and then he begged her—oh, sly Arthur Thorne!—to rest awhile, and let him take a sketch of the baby. "Please sit down on that bank, Miss Thrush, and hold her upon your lap," he suggested. "I think she will remain quieter that way."

And the sketch was made. Peg on the bank leaning against the trunk of an old tree, her bright face glowing with purity and mirth, surrounded by rough breeze-tossed brown curls, peeping archly from under the scoop; and little Effie, with curious eyes and sweet puzzled look, half reclining in her arms.

"Why, you have drawn me too!" said the girl, rising and looking over his shoulder. "Do I really look like that? Effie is very pretty; but I— Oh, dear, it is a funny nose! Couldn't you straighten it just a little?"

"Not for worlds!" replied the artist, with emphasis.

"Shall you call it 'Wild Country Girls?'" asked Peg, blushing, for something in his tone implied that he liked the "funny nose."

"No; I shall call it 'Wild Flowers—Brown Daisies.' By Jove!" pulling out his watch, "it's near lunch time. Let me see you and Effie home, Miss Margaret, and I'll bid you good-afternoon." And he tied up his sketch book, took the tired baby in his arms, and thus they arrived at Captain Thrush's door. And arrived there, it only needed a cordial invitation from Peg to induce Thorne to enter, to the intense astonishment of the three elder sisters, who were already seated at the lunch table, having apparently been unsuccessful in their search for wild flowers and other things, as the vases were still empty and the guest chairs unoccupied.

However, with great self-possession they managed to conceal their surprise, and greeted the visitor in the warmest manner; and he, with the boyish absence of formality that characterizes his kind, was perfectly at home in five minutes, and discussing politics (of which, be it said in passing, he knew absolutely nothing) with the father, adroitly flattered the mother and her favorite daughters, told stories of impossible animals to the baby, and ate Peg's custards and sponge-cake like a schoolboy. In short, he made himself so agreeable that the unanimous verdict after his departure was, "charming," and Bella declared herself wildly in love with him. But they opened on Peg all the same.

"Where did she meet Mr. Thorne? Why did she let Effie roll down hill? Did she do it on purpose to attract his attention? Did she wish to utterly disgrace them? Wasn't it enough that she had exposed their poverty to Captain Sparkman? What possessed her to enter into conversation with an utter stranger?"

"He spoke to me first," said Peg, "and I had to thank him for saving baby's life; and I didn't feel as though he were an utter stranger, for I knew he was Miss Thorne's brother by his eyes and his hands and hissmu tache."

"As you told him, I suppose?" said Amanda, sarcastically, never dreaming that the child had really done so.

"Yes," acknowledged honest Peg.

"You did?" cried her tormentors, in a screaming chorus.

"There, that's what comes of your pugs!" exclaimed Mrs. Thrush, fanning herself excitedly. "And you coaxed him in to lunch?"

"No, mamma; he came without coaxing. Was it wrong to ask him? I thought," turning to her sisters, "that you went out on purpose to meet some of them, and bring them home with you if you could."

"Oh! hear her! hear her! Mother, you'd better lock her up," cried Amanda. "That is the only way to prevent her acting like an idiot and hoiden, and bringing us all to grief."

Peg fled to her room. "I wonder if he thinks me an idiot and hoiden?" she said, with burning cheeks.

What he did think was: "She's worth all three of her sisters. It's a great relief to turn to her dear pretty pug-nosed face after so much aquiline;" and he took out the sketch and smiled at it, and—artists are very enthusiastic, you know—he actually kissed the face looking out of the scoop hat full of child-like trust and happiness.

Poor Peg was kept a prisoner in her own room for three long days; but at the end of that time, partly because the old captain, summoning courage, peremptorily demanded the release of his darling, partly because they were enjoying themselves so much they could afford to be generous, and mostly because they could not do without her nimble feet and fingers, the aquiline party magnanimously forgave her, and Peg was free once more.

And with another twinge of conscience Bella actually proposed one day, after Peg had spent the whole morning in ironing their flounced and ruffled finery, that she should accompany her sisters to the musical party to be given at the old bachelor's that evening.

"She can wear the white dress I gave her, and, Relia, you can let her have your pink sash to drape over the darn, and you, Amanda, can lend her your jet necklace and bracelets."

"Well," said Aurelia, with the air of one granting a very great favor, "if she'll promise to remain in a corner all the evening, and if any one should speak to her, make none of her absurd remarks, I've no objection."

"Nor I, and with a few flowers in her hair, and my gray gloves—they're too large for me—she'll do—in a corner," chimed in the amiable Amanda.

So Peg put new rosettes on the tips of her slippers where they had begun to wear, and worked over the faded embroidery on a pair of silk stockings Aurelia loaned her, and looped up her white overskirt here and there with sprays of honeysuckle vine, and was as happy as her three sisters with their fine organdies, to purchase which their father had to go without a new coat and hat that summer, if not happier.

And when she came shyly after them into the music-room of Lilac house, she looked indeed "a sweet wild flower," "a sunny-faced brown daisy."

And so thought David Onion, Esq.; and while he saluted the others with a courtly bow, he held out his hand to the little stranger, and led her to a seat near the piano.

"Why have we never met before, Miss Margaret?" he said, as soon as she was seated. "Did it need a musical temptation to lure you from your seclusion? For that you love music your face plainly tells me."

"Indeed I do," said Peg; and Mr. Thorne appearing, the host left her to welcome other guests, but not to stay away long; oh, no, but to come back at short intervals to chat pleasantly with and gaze admiringly upon dear, happy little Peg the whole evening through.

And Peg did not remain in a corner as her sisters intended she should. Quite the contrary, I assure you. And, what's of much more consequence, the three eligibles were devoted to her.

And a few weeks after that musical party there were three proposals in one house in one day in Laureltown. Such a thing had never been heard of before, and probably never will be heard of again. And they were all to Peg, the "disgrace to her family," the "idiot and hoiden," the "pug-nosed!" And as she couldn't accept them all, she said: "I'm very, very sorry," to Mr. Onion and Captain Sparkman, and held up her sweet mouth for a kiss to Arthur Thorne, the artist.

"Well, after this nothing will ever astonish us," proclaimed the aquilines, and the old father went about openly exulting, and baby Effie joyfully sang over and over again, "I's doin wiff my Peg, my Peg, my Peg!"

And Peg was married in September, and went away with her husband to the great metropolis, where she became the pet and delight of all the good fellows who throng the studio buildings. But every summer she returns to Laureltown, to pay a long visit to her sisters-in-law, who, improbable as it may seem, love her better than any one in the world, excepting, of course, their brother.—*Harper's Weekly.*

A Ship's Collision With an Iceberg.

Captain Nyberg, of the Russian bark Condor, told a reporter of a thrilling experience while on the voyage to New York. It was during a heavy fog, he said, and a sailor named Harigo was making the main royal fast, when suddenly there came a cry from the lookout in the bow, to "keep her off." My nephew, W. Nyberg, is mate and was at the wheel at the moment. He instantly obeyed the warning, which was echoed by the after watch.

At that moment I came out of my cabin by the after companion way, and, as it seemed to me, in that exact second of time the crash came. The bark was moving at about the rate of four knots, and fortunately obeyed her helm readily, else we would have struck the 'berg squarely, and beyond question would have gone to the bottom. As it was she sheered off so that she struck first with her port cathead, broke the chain and whirled the anchor upon deck. At the same time her maintopsail yardarm smashed into the 'berg, as did the fore topgallant mast and the mizzen topmast. The great pressure against her yards caused the masts to bend and the vessel to keel over on her side partially, and as she did so the main chain plates on the port side struck the 'berg with terrific force, parting her lanyards and allowing the mainmast to go by the board. It came down with all the top hamper over her side, and the mizzen topmast and the fore topgallant went along.

It all seemed to be over in two or three seconds, before we could do anything, even to shelter ourselves from the falling mass or utter a cry of warning. The bark rolled on her side on a big wave, with the weight of the mast and all that clung to it dragging her over, and it looked as if we were going to capsize, but happily she righted, and were quickly brought, and the wreck was cut away and we were saved. Under the lumber of the fallen rigging, close by the starboard rail amidships, we found Harigo—the man who had been on the main royal—lying senseless. Near him was an Irish boy named Tom Rafferty, one of the crew, with a broken leg. Nobody else was hurt.

In addition to the injury to her rigging, the vessel suffered severely. Thirty feet of the port rail, stanchions and waterway were carried off, and the injury where she struck first was very serious. Still, we patched things up as well as we could, and managed to get into port all right.

Harigo had no bones broken, but was badly bruised and suffered some serious internal injuries from his fall. A week afterward he waked up sensible for the first time since the accident, and wanted to know what had happened. He had not seen the 'berg, and knew nothing of what had hurt him. Now both he and the Irish boy are doing well. None of us on deck, though we tried to do so, could make out the height or the width of that iceberg, it was so enormous.

Grave of the Author of "Home, Sweet Home."

A letter from Tunis, Africa, says: I must tell you of our visit to the Protestant cemetery to see the grave of John Howard Payne, the immortal author of "Home, Sweet Home." This man, who never knew the joys of real home died alone and unhappy in this far-off land. We called upon our American consul at Tunis, who told us some interesting things in connection with the last years of our unfortunate countryman, who died in the same room in which we were then sitting.

In a small inclosure, planted with cypress tress, and shut in with high walls, we found this quiet resting place of the dead, among many tombs of foreign consuls, English, German and other nationalities. Our attention was first attracted to the plain white marble slab, resting on a square foundation, and overhung by an immense pepper tree, whose long graceful branches reminded us of the weeping willow of our own land. We stood with uncovered heads as we read this simple inscription:

"JOHN HOWARD PAYNE,
Twice Consul of the United States,
Died April 1, 1852.
Born at Boston, June 8, 1792.
Sure, when the gentle spirit fled
To realms beyond the azure dome,
With arms outstretched, God's angel said
Welcome to Heaven's *Home, Sweet Home.*"

Land Birds at Sea.

During a recent passage of the White Star steamer Germanic from Liverpool to New York, and when about one thousand miles from Queenstown, a strange bird was discovered in the rigging. The sailors and passengers endeavored to catch it, but without success, until Dr. C. W. Goff, of this city, one of the passengers, came on deck, when the bird at once flew into his hands. The doctor cared for it, and upon the arrival of the steamer presented the bird to the collection at the Central park. The bird is known as the whimbrel—a peculiar land bird resembling the curlew in habits and about the size of a prairie hen, black and gray plumage, wings like a bat, with a long whalebone-like bill in shape similar to that of a woodcock. Great interest was attached to the bird by the officers of the ship from the fact of its being a land bird found so far at sea, with wings but poorly calculated to sustain it for any length of time.

The owl "Kate Field," captured under similar circumstances in midocean last autumn by one of the crew of the White Star steamer Celtic, is still at the Central park, thriving, contented, and doing honor by the wisdom of her countenance to the name she bears.—*Scientific American.*

Humming birds are very skillful and secretive in their nest-building. A Georgia paper thus describes one of their abodes: It was set upon the limb of a tree the thickness of a man's thumb, and was coated outside with the moss of an oak so as perfectly to represent a knot. It was about the size of a large hickory nut, an inch high, and constructed of cotton and hair. It contained two little white eggs about the size of a common snap bean.

Millions of Eels.

A recent letter from Milford, Pa., says: Any person who may stand on the bank of the Delaware river at the head of tide water at the season of the year will see what at first sight appears to be a huge serpent moving up the stream near the shore. It is very black, and from eight to twelve inches through. If the spectator waits to see the end of this moving mass he must remain on the shore for three or four days, for it will be that long in passing; and if he is not versed in the habits of fish he will be surprised, upon investigating the character of this apparently endless line of life, to find that it is made up of diminutive eels, none of them more than two inches in length [illegible] y of them no larger around than a knitting needle, and all so compactly crowded together as to form almost a solid body. They have just left the deep mud that forms the bottom of the river where the tide meets the water from above, and where they were deposited as spawn weeks before. They are on their way to the creeks and upper waters of the river, and by the time the smallest of them have gone 100 miles on their way they will have attained a length of two or three inches, so rapidly do eel-fry grow. The compact form in which these young eels make their transit from the brackish water is retained until they reach the rapid upper waters, when they become more or less separated, and complete the journey in smaller schools. When they reach a point where a tributary stream enters the river thousands leave the main body as if by prearrangement, and make their way up the smaller stream, while the great mass moves on up the river, until the drafts made by the quickly-recurring tributaries have reduced it to comparatively small proportions. During this strange journey the mass of eels is open to the attacks of marauding pickerel, black bass and other ravenous inhabitants of the river, which lie in wait among the rocks and weeds along the shore and feed to repletion on the tender prey. A pickerel will dart out upon the eels from his hiding place, and striking the moving body with his ponderous jaws wide open, pass clear through it, and fill his great mouth with eels at a single dash. A slight commotion in the wriggling army follows, but the next instant the ranks are intact again. The eel that was the size of a milliner's needle when it started out on its journey up the river will be nearly a foot and a half long and weigh a pound or more when he starts down stream in the fall.

"It was the Cat."

Down at Howell the other day an old woman about seventy years old boarded a Detroit, Lansing and Northern train to come to this city. Her baggage consisted of a large covered basket, and she wouldn't allow any hand to take it from her. She had scarcely got seated when the passengers were startled by a loud "me-ow!" in the car, quickly followed by a "per-wow" and other "wows" to numerous to mention. While all were searching to discover the cat the old lady sat as stiff as a poker and looked straight ahead at the stovepipe. The sounds continued, and a passenger finally peered around until he located the cat in her basket.

"Madam, are you taking that cat from one county to another?" he asked.

"What cat?" she snapped.

"Don't you know that under the laws of this State," he went on, "a person who removes a full-grown cat from one county to another without the written permission of the swamp land commissioners is liable to a fine of $100?"

"Good lands! but I didn't know that!" she exclaimed, as she faced around.

"Women don't keep track of the laws as men do," he said. "Personally, I'd like to see you take that cat through to Detroit, but there may be some one on this train just mean enough to inform against you and have you arrested. I'd let her out if I were you."

"Yes, I will, for I don't want to break any law at my age."

She fumbled around the basket for a minute, and all of a sudden the cat jumped out. She alighted on the head of the man who put up the job, gave him several sharp digs, and then leaped from one to another like a squirrel, biting and clawing as she went. Everybody rose up and yelled—everybody but the old woman. She sat like a statue, afraid of being suspected. When the feline had gone the length of the car she turned to an open window and shot out like a bullet, landing right-side up and making tracks for a barn in a field.

"Who brought that cat aboard? I demand the name of the person who owned that cat!" shouted a man whose head had felt her claws until the blood run.

No one answered. Several passengers looked straight at the old woman, who stood it for a minute and then lifted up her basket and called out:

"If anybody wants to look among the dried peaches in this basket for cats he can do so; you needn't all look at me as if I lived in the woods and didn't keep posted on law!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Brilliant Vagrant.

A letter was received at the Allegheny poor board office several days ago asking information in regard to an aged and insane tramp who had been arrested at Butler, and whose case was before the poor authorities of that county. He stated that he came from Pittsburg. Nothing was known about him at the Allegheny office, but later it has been found out that he was at one time, about thirty-five or forty years ago, a lawyer of no little ability, a polished and eloquent speaker, and a member of the State constitutional convention of 1837. He was also a politician of some note and took an active part in the campaign which resulted in the election of President Pierce, and received as his reward the position of United States minister to the kingdom of Sardinia. Here he served with no little ability until suddenly he became insane, and while out of his mind committed some acts which necessitated his immediate recall. He was brought back to this country, and returned again to this city, where he attempted to re-establish his legal practice, taking up an office in the Burke building on Fifth avenue. But the story of his insanity had preceded him, and he was regarded with universal distrust. Among other things he tried to recover a large amount for tuition from a former student in his office, and made great efforts to reopen old cases in which he had acted as counsel. He finally drifted out of view and latterly has been completely lost sight of by those of his old colleagues who are still practicing.—*Pittsburg Telegraph.*

Baths in the Schoolroom.

A mission school in Philadelphia has in its basement a large bathing and swimming department. There are four great tubs, in which the dirty little children are free to cleanse themselves and to take aquatic exercise under prescribed regulations. Each tub accommodates nearly two dozen children at a time. The surrounding floors and walls are of brick and concrete, so that no restriction is put on splashing. A man with a small whip in his hand stands by during bathing hours ready to castigate any of the young persons who are unruly or violent. To their credit it must be said that he is seldom compelled to use it. The girls bathe and swim on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and the boys on the other days of the week. The rule is that no child shall be allowed to enter the baths more than once a day. Many of the boys dodge this rule by exchanging clothes and presenting themselves in such combinations of costume that the man with the whip does not recognize them.

LIGHTNING.

People Who Fear the Electric Current—Guarding Against Lightning Strokes.

Nearly twenty years ago the writer remembers turning with a smile to others who shrank and cried at the peals of a terrible storm in a country house. The glare of a bolt coming down the center of the room caught the eye at that very instant; the next there was an explosion that shook the house, and insensibility followed. Two men in the same room were burned by the bolt, though no lives were lost, but I have never been able to smile at lightning since. To give any idea of the terror felt on a nervous organization by the shock would involve extravagance of terms.

But, unfortunately, so far from being an exception, there are too many who suffer the same harrassments with me. Nor are women alone subject to this nervousness. I knew a school superintendent and canal contractor, a man over fifty, with a large family, who would hide in a closet in a storm, and had been known to rush from his bed with fright at lightning. Many will remember the professor of Bowdoin college, who always retreated to the cellar in a thunder-storm, although his house was bristling with lightning-rods. The strongest man I ever knew, who could throw another man across the street, and work a hand-press in a printing office as if he were part of the machine, was discharged as a reporter because his desk was vacant every time there was a thunder-storm. The mother of Washington was afraid of lightning, and never failed to retreat to her room at the first flash of a storm, where she stayed till the last flash died away. The physical effects of this fear are most depressing. One woman knows when a storm is coming hours before be a prostration of strength and spirits, accompanied with symptoms like cholera. One of the most dauntless young women I know was sick in bed for hours after the great storm at Springfield, Mass., last year. She had received a shock of lightning years before, and never fails to be ill in a thunder-storm ever since.

Reason and study of the laws of lightning have done much to lessen the fears of it. It is true we live between two magazines of electricity—one in the earth and the other in the air—and a cloud charged with electricity passing over a point or body in a negative condition will discharge its surplus by the very quickest and most congenial medium, which it finds in the human body, a tree or house indifferently. But it is also true that, provide the lightning with a convenient and easy conductor, in the shape of a stout iron rod higher than any point of a house and reaching well into the ground, where electricity may scatter harmlessly into the damp earth, it will prefer that conducting rod to anything in its vicinity, and people who stay indoors in a well-protected house are safer from lightning than any bomb-proof from bursting shells. Every accident from this cause I ever knew of came from careless exposure in situations known to be unsafe. The first I noticed after my own accident was that of a missionary's daughter, who was killed while passing an open window, just as a woman was on Long Island last summer while sitting at her sewing machine. A young man in Malden, I think, was killed while sitting on a porch with his chair tipped back and his head against the knob of a door-bell, making an excellent connection with the bell wire. Many men have been struck while riding into a barn on a load of hay. Many will remember the frightful calamity at Scranton, Penn., where a party of women, out picking berries on one of the high hills, crowded into a deserted log hut in a sudden storm, and seven were killed by one bolt. Steep hills with mineral veins cropping out are not places for persons to live on who wish to escape lightning, and unprotected houses there are doubly dangerous.

It is never too soon to go in the house when a storm is rising. When the clouds are fully charged with electricity they are most dangerous, and the fluid obeys a subtile attraction which acts at great distances and in all directions. A woman told me of a bolt which came down her mother's chimney from a rising cloud when the sun was shining overhead. N. P. Willis writes of a young girl who was killed while passing under a telegraph wire on the brow of a hill, while she was hurrying home before a storm. The sad accident at Morrisania, when two children were killed, should warn every mother that it is not safe to let children stay out of doors till the last minute before the storm falls. People should not be foolhardy about sitting on porches or by open windows, whether the storm is hard or not. Mild showers often carry a single charge which falls with deadly effect. It may or may not be fatal to stay out; it is safe to be in the house with the windows and doors closed. The dry air in the house is a readier conductor than the damp air outside, and any draught of air invites it. A hot fire in a chimney attracts it, so to speak, and it is prudent for those who would be sure of safety to use kerosene or gas stoves in summer, and avoid heating the chimneys of the houses. People are very ignorant or reckless about lightning. I have seen a girl of eighteen crying with fear of lightning, and running every other moment to the window to see if the storm was not abating, unconscious that she was putting herself in danger. If every one would hurry to shelter as soon as a storm-cloud was coming, and if they would shut the doors and windows, and keep away from them afterward, and from wires, stovepipes, mantels, chimneys, heaters and mirrors, with their silvered backs, which carry electricity, and keep away from lightning rods and their vicinity, and from metal water-spouts, with good rods on their houses, they might dismiss the fear of lightning from their minds, so far as it is a thing of reason and not impression.—*Hartford Times.*

Charcoal and Its Uses.

Charcoal, laid flat while cold on a burn, causes the pain to abate immediately; by leaving it on for an hour the burn seems almost healed when the burn is superficial. And charcoal is valuable for many other purposes. Tainted meat, surrounded with it is sweetened; strewn over heaps of decomposed pelts, or over dead animals, it prevents any unpleasant odor. Foul water is purified by it. It is a great disinfectant, and sweetens offensive air if placed in shallow trays around apartments. It is so very porous in its minute interior, it absorbs and condenses gases most rapidly. One cubic inch fo fresh charcoal will absorb nearly one hundred inches of gaseous ammonia. Charcoal forms an unrivaled poultice for malignant wounds and sores, often corroding away dead flesh, reducing it to one-quarter in six hours. In cases of what we call proud flesh it is invaluable. It gives no disagreeable odor, corrodes no metal, hurts no texture, injures no color, is a simple and safe sweetner and disinfectant. A teaspoonful of charcoal, in half a glass of water, often relieves a sick headache; it absorbs the gases and relieves the distended stomach pressing against the nerves, which extend from the stomach to the head. It often relieves constipation, pain or heartburn.

Going home from church, she remarked to her husband: "Did you notice that baldheaded man in front of us, and how young he looked? I never saw any one so young before, with a baldhead." Then he shut her up by replying: "My dear, I was baldheaded before I was a year old."—*Syracuse Sunday Times.*

TIMELY TOPICS.

The iron workers of England include 140,000 laborers in furnaces and forges, 169,000 in the manufacture of machinery, 5,500 in steel works, 48,000 in shipbuilding, and about 200,000 in various branches of iron and steel manufacture, making about 570,000 in all. The mining population is about 530,000, and the laborers in cotton mills about 600,000.

Twenty years ago the deepest mining shafts in the world reached only about 2,000 feet below the surface. The very deepest, we believe, was a metalliferous mine in Hanover, which has been carried down to the depth of 2,900 feet. The deepest perpendicular shaft to-day is the Adelbert shaft in a silver-lead mine in Prizibram, in Bohemia, which, in May last, had reached the depth of 1,000 meters—3,280 feet.

An incident which occurred recently in Paris shows with what aversion compulsory military service is regarded by industrial classes in France. A young seller of sponges, aged twenty-one, shot himself with a revolver in preference to taking his turn of military service according to law. Death was instantaneous.

Sherrard Clemens, who died in a St. Louis hospital a short time ago, was a notable figure in the politics of twenty years ago. He represented a Virginia district in the Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth Congresses and was one of the most promising orators of his day. In 1856 he fought a duel with O. Jennings Wise, son of Henry A. Wise, receiving a wound that lamed him for life. Wise, who was also a man of brilliant talents, edited the Richmond *Enquirer*, lived to be killed in the Confederate service, at Roanoke island. Clemens never forgave himself for his part in the duel, being at heart opposed to that method of settling disputes. The last years of his life were passed in obscurity.

Tristan d'Acunha is the name of a small group of islands lying midway between South America and the African coast. Two years ago the ship Mabel Clark was wrecked on one of these islands, and the crew kindly rescued by the islanders, for which noble conduct they received a suitable reward from the United States government. These islanders are estimated at 109 in number, mostly decendants of one Hayes, an English corporal, and one of a garrison placed there by Great Britain while Napoleon was a prisoner at St. Helena. There have been but four deaths there in thirteen years, says the *Foreign Missionary*, and no death in infancy has ever been known on the island, even though no vermifuge or soothing syrup was ever known to those mothers and nurses. The greatest want felt there is that of a missionary or some clergyman, whose services are much desired, and for whom not a few would-be brides and bridegrooms are anxiously waiting.

The Argentine Republic, in which civil war is reported to have broken out, is a confederation of the Rio de la Plata, fourteen states or provinces containing a population in 1870 of about 1,800,000. Its area is some 543,000 square miles, and it is situated between Bolivia on the north and Patagonia on the south, the latter country being claimed as part of its possessions. There are in the Republic about 200,000 foreigners—Americans, Italians, Spaniards, French, English, Swiss and Germans. Except the Andes, in the west, and other mountainous ranges in the northwest, the whole region is composed of vast plains, covered alternately with rich pasturage and huge thistles. The climate is both temperate and tropical. As agriculture is very backward, less than 1-1,000 of the soil being under cultivation, rearing live stock is the chief employment of the people. Millions of cattle graze on the plains, along with great herds of mules and horses. Mines of rock salt, which plentifully incrusts the broad levels, are of much benefit to the roaming beasts. The name, River of Silver, is a misnomer, though silver, with gold, copper, sulphur and coal, is found to a moderate extent near the Andes. Very little mining has yet been done.

"Eating Crow."

A Western editor has been hunting up the origin of this well-known political phrase and finds that the first allusion to "eating crow" was made in the *Knickerbocker Magazine* a little more than a quarter of a century ago. It was a story of a summer boarding-house keeper on the Hudson and an indignant patron. Whenever the latter ventured to suggest that the spring chicken was rather tough, or that the roast beef must have been cut from the cow's hoofs, he was directly told that he was entirely "too pertickerler," and that the autocrat of the table and the house could eat anything, even a crow. This settled the matter for the time being, but the boarder convinced against his will was of his own opinion still, at all events, in regard to the quality of the edibles placed before him. So often was the remark, "I kin eat anything; I kin eat a crow," brought down on his devoted head that he finally resolved to try the old man. He went out gunning one day and succeeded in bagging a very fine, fat, old black crow. He went into the kitchen and by dint of soft words and filthy lucre induced the cook to allow him to prepare that crow for the table. He boiled it nicely and it wasn't such a bad looking dish after all. His heart misgave him; the flinty old cuss would eat it after all. The cook was a Scotch woman and used snuff. He borrowed all she had and sprinkled it liberally over the crow, gave her another simmer, and then taking it on a salver brought it before his host, saying as he set it down: "Now, my dear sir, you have said a thousand times, if you have said it once, that you can eat crow. Here is one very carefully cooked." It is said the old man turned pale for a moment but braced himself against the back of his chair, and with "I kin eat crow," he began, cutting a good mouthful. He swallowed it, and then preparing for a second onslaught, he looked his boarder straight in the eye while he ejaculated: "I've eaten crow," and took his second portion. He lifted his hands mechanically as if for a third onslaught, but dropped them quickly over the region of his stomach, and rising hurriedly and unsteadily retreated for the door, muttering as he went: "But dang me if I hanker arter it."

Bismarck's Dog.

Bismarck's big dog has been growing again. The chancellor was listening to a petition presented by two delegates from Altona, and his dog was on the carpet at his feet. The delegates—Nothnagel and Semper—took their seats on a leathern couch facing his highness. Noel thnag held a roll of paper in his right hand; and, being an energetic speaker, accustomed to emphasize his argument by gesticulation, he waved his scroll about while addressing the chancellor, unmindful of the fact that his movements elicited several successive disapproving utterances from the watchful hound. Presently the dog rose with a fierce growl; whereupon Prince Bismarck, hastily interrupting his interlocutor's remarks, exclaimed: "Do put down that scroll, I beg of you. My dog, like myself, entertains a profound aversion to every kind of paper. He believes it to be a weapon!" It is needless to add that Mr. Nothnagel promptly complied with this request, obviously to the satisfaction of the Realm-Dog, which forthwith subsided into his former peaceful attitude.

It is sad but true that we can silence our consciences easier than our desires.

SUFFERING A LIVING DEATH.

William Comstock's Life in Auburn's Prison Walls—Sentenced Twenty-two Years Ago for a Brutal Murder—He Yet Hopes of Ultimate Pardon.

September 28, twenty-two years ago, William Comstock, of Brookfield, N. Y., aged thirty-seven, went through the gates of the Auburn prison on a life sentence and he is still there. While drunk and crazy from the use of whisky he murdered his father and mother, and it is said that he cut out their hearts and was preparing to roast them when he was arrested. He was indicted and permitted to plead guilty to manslaughter in the first degree, on account of the fact that the crime was committed when he was suffering from delirium tremens. September 5, 1858, Judge Hiram Gray sentenced him to Auburn for life. A reporter of the Syracuse *Courier*, writing of Comstock, says: During all these twenty-two years Comstock has never been outside the prison walls, and now at the age of fifty-nine is as ignorant of the ways of the world as the mewling infant in the mother's arms. When he entered the institution he had no occupation, and up to twelve years ago was employed in what is known as the State shop at all kinds of work. Since then he has been in the tailor shop. His duties principally consist of looking after the convicts' clothing.

Every night from 6 to 8 o'clock he is engaged in distributing the men's shirts about the galleries in the different wings. Comstock is in many respects a remarkable man. When sent to prison he was a physical wreck from the effects of drink. Saturday, when the writer visited Auburn, he was apparently a perfect specimen of manhood. Tall, erect, with robust form, disease seemed a stranger to his frame. Comstock is one of the most orderly and well-behaved convicts in the institution. Since he has been an inmate he has never so much as been reprimanded for a misdemeanor of any kind. He is industrious, and during his incarceration has not been absent a single day from his labor. His health has always been good. This is due to the excellent care he has taken of himself. He carefully guards against ailments, and as the result he is free from the ills to which flesh is heir. He is an ordinary man in conversation and manners. While he shows no particular strength of mind he indicates no mental weakness. He holds aloof from the other prisoners, and as a consequence is respected by them. When one convict requests him to pass a note or some object to another while walking along the galleries in pursuit of his tasks, he passes on unmindful of remarks. No convict ever complains of him, as he is no tale-bearer, and attends strictly to his own business.

Comstock lives in hope. He has faith to believe that friends will some time interest themselves in him and endeavor to secure a pardon. He attends chapel regularly, and takes a deep interest in the services. Twice, it is believed, applications for pardon have been made to the governor, but both times a brother has opposed them. Major William H. Boyle, the principal keeper, believes that Comstock, if released now, would make a good citizen. He has lost his taste for liquor, and maintains that he knew nothing of his deed. This is doubtless true, as the man was crazy with drink at the time. Comstock is always cheerful. He lives in hope and never gives way to despondency. He has a singular face. He is dark complexioned, with high cheek bones, a sharp chin and prominent nose. His hair is slightly silvered, but with the exception of one small bald spot his head is thickly covered. The man has improved by study, and would be capable of earning an honest living.

When the convicts were permitted to make trinkets none were more skillful than Comstock. Comstock has witnessed the coming and going of a generation of criminals, and has observed the prison undergo almost a complete change through repairs and reconstruction. He has also seen a dozen changes in administration. Once in three years the set of hands in a shop entirely changes. Thus he has viewed new workmen at the benches and lathes nearly eight times. There is not a single officer in the prison who was there when Comstock entered. It is doubted if ever a man existed so long in confinement in this hemisphere as William Comstock. He has gazed upon the lifeless bodies of scores of convicts who have died while serving their sentences; but he has been spared. It does seem as though the ends of justice would be fully subserved if this man were given his liberty. The crime was committed under circumstances that afford some palliation, and the lesson of almost a life in prison would cause the wretched being to live an honorable life during the remainder of his days.

Origin of a Few Familiar Phrases.

"You cannot say boo! to a goose" How often have persons relieved their feelings of irritation at the weakness of others byh urling this phrase at them! Had the latter only known its origin they could have been paid back in their own coin The origin is this: When Ben Jonson, the dramatist, was introduced to a nobleman, the peer was so struck with his homely appearance that he exclaimed: "What! you are Ben Jonson? Why, you look as if you could not say boo! to a goose." "Boo!" exclaimed the witty dramatist, turning to the peer and making his bow.

The phrase "Putting the cart before the horse" can boast of great antiquity, having first been quoted by Lucian, the great Greek writer, nearly 1,700 years ago. Francis Rabelais, the French satirist and wit, whose "Gorgantua" was published in the year 1533, has the phrase "He placed the carriage before the steed." No derivation of it can be given, but the meaning is very obvious, and refers to those who begin to do a thing at the wrong end. "I have a bone to pick with you" is a phrase that is uncomplimentary to the ladies at starting. It means, as is well known, having an unpleasant matter to settle with you; and this is the origin of the phrase: At the marriage banquets of the Sicilian poor, the bride's father, after the meal, used to hand the bridegroom a bone, saying: "Pick this bone, for you have taken in hand a harder task."

The well-known saying that a shoemaker should stick to his last originated with Appelles, the celebrated Greek painter, who set a picture which he had finished in a public place and concealed himself behind it, in order to hear the criticisms of passers-by. A shoemaker observed a defect in the shoe, and the painter forthwith corrected it. The cobbler came again the next day, and encouraged by the success of his first remark, began to extend his censure to the leg of the figure, when the angry painter thrust out his head from behind the picture and told the shoemaker to keep to his trade.

"There's a good time coming, boys; a good time coming," was written thirty years ago by Dr. Charles Mackay, and sung with great popularity by Henry Russell in his concerts throughout the British islands.

"Going the whole hog." This phrase originated in Ireland, where a British shilling has been called "a hog" time out of mind. In Ireland, if a fellow happens to have a shilling, when he met his friends he would announce the fact that he would stand treat, even if the expense reached the whole amount—in plain words, that he would "go the whole hog" to gratify them.—*Troy Times.*

It is wonderful how silent a man can be when he knows his cause is just, and how boisterous he becomes when he knows he is in the wrong.

Watching the Dawn.

The shadows fill the vale below,
The mountain tops are all aglow,
The dew is clinging to the thorn,
The lark salutes the rosy morn;
With fragrance all the air made sweet—
A dawn with perfect charms replete!

The clouds in pearly vapors lie,
A slumb'ring silence fills the sky;
Still wider grows the harbor-bar,
Still dimmer grows the morning star,
How like the mazy fancies of a dream
This soft bewilderment of shade and sheen

—Frank H. Stauffer, in Golden Days.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

The early cucumber catches the best cramps.

There are 30,000 deaf-mutes in the United States.

Advice to a young man who is about to settle down—Settle up.—*Kokomo Tribune.*

A man in McNairy county, Tenn., has a razor-strop made from the hide of an Indian.

Sixty cars of iron ore per day is the regular shipment from the Iron mountain in Missouri.

Talk about a bull in a china shop, why, we've seen a cowhide in a schoolroom!—*New York News.*

There are so many snakes about the lakes in Hickman county, Ky., that it is dangerous to fish there.

Old people enjoy the beach, young ones don't; not when applied with a strong hand.—*Waterloo Observer.*

The average yield of potatoes in 1879 in the United States is stated to have been only sixty-nine bushels per acre.

"A new broom sweeps clean." It has been known to sweep a husband clean out of the house.—*Danielsonville Herald.*

Boston has about five thousand students of elocution and oratory. Many of them study only for the purposes of private life.

A manufactory at Indianapolis turns out daily 100,000 of the neat little wooden dishes in which butter is so generally sold.

New Orleans papers state that from the present outlook a magnificent crop of sugar will be harvested this season in Louisiana.

Two hundred and seventy-two trains arrive at and depart from Chicago every twenty-four hours. Forty-four railroads have offices in that city.

A man living at Rimmorsburg, Pa., is the father of thirty-four children, twenty of whom are living Nine were burned to death at one time.

A young man boasted that he had a well-stored mind, whereupon a young lady murmured: "What a pity we can't find out where he stored it."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Of the 37,553 miners employed in the gold mines of the colony of Victoria, Australia, during the last quarter of the year 1876, 28,443 were Europeans, and 9 110 were Chinese.

Bishop Simpson will visit the Methodist missions in Japan and China this summer. Bishop Merrill will visit the Methodist conferences and missions in Europe and India.

The New York flower mission distributed 150,000 bouquets during the last season among a hundred different hospitals, etc., and to the sick in tenement houses.

When a young man says he is going on the public garden to see the tulips, look at him squarely in the eye and ask, suddenly, "Which two?" It takes 'em every time.—*Boston Transcript.*

He is but a weak man who cannot twist and weave the threads of his feeling, however firm, however strained or however strong, into the great cable of purpose, by which he lies moored to a point of action.

During the past year thirty divers in the pearl fishery of the Persian gulf lost their lives, most of them by sharks. The value of the pearls taken in the Persian gulf in 1879 is estimated at $1,500,000.

The first real discoverer of copper on Lake Superior, whose exploration led to the development of the Cliff mine, is now an old and poor man, living on charity, in an obscure village in the Wisconsin lead region

John R. Smith, the coroner of Montgomery county, Ky., was found dead on a fence near his home, and is supposed to have died of strangulation caused by his clothes becoming fastened to the fence as he was climbing over it.

The first vessel of American build was the bark Blessing of the Bay, built for Governer Winthrop, of Massachusetts. It was launched July 4, 1631, was of thirty-one tons burden, and the first voyage was from Boston to Long Island and New York.

The total cost of the Gothard tunnel, the most gigantic work of the kind in the world, will not exceed $10,000,000. It has been very costly of human life as well as money, no less than 150 workmen having been killed, and 400 disabled during its construction.

James Fisk, of Brattleboro, Vermont, the father of James Fisk, Jr., has gone to Michigan to enter the show business. His show is a unique affair, combining a golden chariot and a tent for holding religious meetings and for exhibiting a harness which he has invented.

Simultaneously, in the Audubon (Iowa) county clerk's office, one man applied for a copy of a decree of divorce from his former wife, and another man for a license to marry her. The former wished the latter joy, but sarcasm was detected in his tone.

One of the prodigies brought into notice by the exposition at Nashville is a boy only five years old who is able to read promiscuously in books and newspapers, never stopping to spell a word, emphasizing well and enunciating slowly and distinctly, like a well-educated man. His name is W. C. L. Wetmore, and his home Wilson county.

Did you ever notice the little ragmuffin in the street with a supremely dirty face? Taffy, bread and butter and molasses form the groundwork for the accumulation of dust and grime, and his cheeks look like twin maps of the oceanic archipelago; his hands and wrists look like animated tree roots, they are so dirty, and his feet and ankles partake of the mud they contact with. Of course you've noticed him. And he is the lightest-hearted bunch of human nature you ever saw. Dirt doesn't strike any deeper than beauty, and within his heart is as clean a little soul, and a great deal freer one, as ever grew inside the neatest and slickest young devotee of soap and water that ever lived, washed and suffered.—*New Haven Register.*

How Russian Peasants Killed a Witch.

The Penza *Provincial Journal*, a Russian paper, says: In the village of Mosdovsky Parok lived a woman, Agraphena Chindaykina, known among the village population as a witch. This opinion she rather encouraged than otherwise, reaping substantial profits from her alleged witchcraft. In order to keep up her dangerous reputation Agraphena, from time to time, appeared at midnight, her hair disheveled, and in a white dress, walking in the streets and even entering the yards of the peasants. In the night of May 3 Agraphena was discovered in the cellar of one of her neighbors. Enraged at the thought of the troubles that might ensue from her visit, he furiously assaulted her, grasping her by the hair and beating her mercilessly with a fence stake, which is popularly held to be the only effective weapon against witches and sorcerers. The members of the family rushed out of the house at his out[illegible] took an active part in the chastisement of Agraphena. They dragged her by her hair over the ground, and inflicted numberless blows with sticks. Then the neighbors, aroused by the confusion, appeared on the scene. In order to prevent the witch from mysteriously vanishing, the peasants tied her firmly to a pillar with old reins, which, according to the current notions, witches are unable to loosen. The husband of Agraphena and her father-in-law used their utmost efforts to pacify the villagers and to save the life of the wretched woman. But all was in vain. The enraged populace shouted: "Beat her squarely, break her arms and legs!" And the beating was resumed with an increased ferocity. At last the local authorities made their appearance and put an end to the savage work, but it was too late to save the life of Agraphena. When untied from the pillar, she fell on the ground a corpse.