

KEEP TRY VIGIL.

Far away beyond the mountains Mournfully he watch she keeps, And against her drooping bosom Baby-boy serenely sleeps.

ANDRA BENAIR.

"Auntie, I am going round the world!" was Ward Arlington's sudden and evidently startling announcement.

"Why, Ward, what has put that into your head, just as you have your new home finished?" thought he.

"Yes, I know; but I have thinking that our home lacked so many things that I could send home from foreign lands—bric-a-brac, sea shells—you know how I love the sea—besides, then I could say I collected them myself."

"Well, auntie, I'm o'er young yet for life's trials. I would like to see a little more of the world before I settle down. I'm only 23."

Ward had just completed an elegant mansion, which stood about a mile from the outskirts of a pleasant village.

He was a merry, good natured fellow, whose fair hair and bright blue eyes many a dark belle envied; and had he known how many anxious mammas and lovely daughters had their thoughts upon him, he might not perhaps have been so ready to leave his native land.

It was but a few days before Ward Arlington was on his way across the ocean, outward bound for the city of Yeddo, in Japan.

Ward had ever been interested in conchology, and now that he had the opportunity, he visited every unheeded place in search of curiosities in shells.

From the Yellow Sea, from Ceylon and the Soooloo Island Aunt Margaret received specimens carefully labeled, until the home was a vast museum of shells and marine curiosities.

Is she married? "Oh, no," resumed the other, with a surprised look, as he resumed his duties.

Ward returned a bow of recognition from the unconscious Benaire with a feeling of defiance, and retired to his stateroom.

The next day was one on which to do nothing, read nothing, think nothing—only to exist. The sky was one exquisite azure, and as the day went by Ward felt that the slow heaving of the water were almost insupportable.

And he sighed as he thought of the lonely hours he must spend in that large mansion with Aunt Margaret.

Without much difficulty he effected a landing, and with a long staff in his hands he poked among the debris and seaweed along the shore in search of his specimens.

quietly, and before him stood a tall, slim man of about his own age.

"Are you the gentleman who wrote this advertisement?" inquired the stranger, pointing to the paper in his hand.

"I am, sir, please be seated." "You must really excuse me, as I am in a hurry. I am Andra Benaire."

"Yes. Was there a portrait with the basket?" "There was, with the name of 'Andra Benaire' beneath it."

"Just so. That is my dead mother's picture, and I am named after her." Mr. Benaire remarked, as he took the articles from Ward's hand.

"After offering a remuneration for the trouble taken Mr. Benaire politely bowed himself from the room."

"Well, that's a nice end to my romance," said Ward to himself. "So that was my Andra that I was building castles about! Ha! ha!"

Gayly the gulf steamer Seguna steamed forth from the Havana harbor, bound for England, and on the after deck stood Ward Arlington, on his way home after a two years' ramble. He was thoroughly disgusted with the end of his adventure, and he made his arrangements immediately and started for home.

The sun set in a golden glory in the bosom of the waters, and the gulf was as calm as an infant's breath.

Ward gazed indifferently among the dancers, and his eye fell upon a couple who were floating around the room in the old slow legate step.

He gazed at the dancers until a jealousy arose in his heart which he could scarcely master as he saw, at a pause in the dance, the girl slip her arm through that of Benaire, with the air of one who has the most perfect confidence in her companion.

He turned his back upon the dancers and made his way to the rail, and looked moodily over the dark waters of the gulf, lighted only by the star light of tropics.

"What an idiot I am!" he said to himself. "She is probably his wife."

The mate of the steamer paused by his side a moment, and Ward embracing the opportunity, questioned: "Do you know the name of that lady in the dark blue traveling dress?"

"That? O, that is Andra Benaire." Ward, exasperated that he had not made himself understood, but ashamed to question further, tried another method.

"Is she married?" "Oh, no," resumed the other, with a surprised look, as he resumed his duties.

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silent, expecting death at any moment. At length there came a shock that threw them to their feet.

"She has struck!" shouted Benaire, almost in Ward Arlington's ear.

A horrible, grinding, indescribable noise audible above even the roar and rattle of the raging storm.

"We are aground!" shouted the mate from the open hatchway. "The probability is that we can reach shore in the open boats. The less excitement the better; come on deck one at a time."

Ward followed Benaire, with his half-fainting burden in his arms, to the deck. "Heaven have mercy on us!" said the mate as he passed him tremblingly.

It was now 3 o'clock in the morning, and the storm was abating. The steamer lay half out of water near the English shore, and was creaking and straining in every timber. It was still dark, but a couple of boats were launched, and those who preferred it were allowed to depart.

The morning broke misty and gray and still the steamer had not gone to pieces. They were about three miles from shore, but faintly discernible through the mist.

Ward Arlington bowed low to the object of his adoration, albeit he was somewhat mystified at the similarity of the names of brother and sister.

Ward was despairing at the thought of parting with his companions. His heart ached as he shook hands with Andra Benaire on the pier, and lifted his hat to the fair creature whom he feared he should never see again.

The workmen on board the Tiger were unloading the trunks and other baggage of the passengers. Ward was walking near them when a heavy iron-bound trunk struck him in the side, and he, exhausted and worn out by the night's vigil and excitement, fell upon the slippery pier, unconscious.

When next he regained his senses he felt the touch of a soft hand upon his brow, and the beautiful form of Andra Benaire knelt by his side, bathing his forehead with cold water.

"Hush!" said the young girl. "You are very ill. The surgeon has set your fractured limb; you are to be perfectly quiet. Rest assured you are among friends. My brother will be here directly."

He lay back perfectly quiet, and his eyes followed the beautiful girl, now doubly beautiful to him in her new capacity of nurse. He was surrounded by every appliance of luxury, and as the long days of pain went by, in which his love grew stronger, he almost thanked Providence for the accident which had made him an invalid.

All the events of his voyage, of his whole life, of his home in Cumberland, he told the listening brother and sister during his hours of convalescence. And they in return told him of their Spanish mother, who had died at their birth, and who, when their father had bent his head to catch the last loving words, had murmured, "Name my baby after me."

They had a large property, partly in Cuba where they had been before undertaking the voyage which was so nearly fatal to them all.

"But the basket was your sister's was it not?" asked Ward. "Yes," returned Andra. "We had been strolling on the beach where you found it, and we left it by mistake. It contained our mother's picture, which we highly regard. Andra has one taste in common with yourself," he went on after a pause, "and that is her passion for shells."

Ward gazed at the beautiful girl, whose dark eyes fell as a soft blush crept over her cheek, and the hope in his heart grew stronger. And when next they were alone there were a few words spoken which sealed forever the fate of two loving hearts.

Great numbers of bats recently took possession of a church in Solano, Col., and so thick and aggressive did they become that the service was necessarily postponed. The deacon inaugurated a bat hunt and behind one of the window casings found and killed two hundred and forty-one of them.

The orange crop of Florida this season is estimated at 60,000,000 oranges, netting the growers \$1,200,000.

In the Barber's Chair.

"Will you have your hair cut medium or pretty short?" asked the barber.

"Pretty short," answered the customer. The barber then took up a nickel-plated instrument and ran it up the back of the customer's head with a clicking sound.

"We are aground!" shouted the mate from the open hatchway. "The probability is that we can reach shore in the open boats. The less excitement the better; come on deck one at a time."

"Hair is getting pretty thin in front, isn't it?" remarked the customer.

"Yes," said the barber, "but you needn't be afraid of that. Men seldom begin on the front of the head to grow bald. The crown is the place where real baldness begins."

"Scissors. If the hair is cut often it grows fast and the scalp will be healthy. Every man ought to have his hair trimmed at least once a month. He would not catch cold then every time his hair was cut, and it would keep the hair in good shape all the time. Is the back all right. There, sir, please pay your check to the boss."

The people of Tuckahoe, Dennisville, New Jersey, and the upper end of Cape May county have, for some time past, been startled at the wonderful exploits with a rifle of a mysterious Amazon named Jennie Moore, who lives in an isolated cabin in the pines, on the bay side, about four miles from Woodbine station, on the West Jersey road.

Two or three weeks ago a pedestrian who was passing a house on Ripello street, Detroit, heard the sounds of a terrific struggle going on, and as he looked in at the front door a boy about 12 years of age, who sat in the hall, quietly observed:

"It's only the old folks having a little row, stranger?" "Do they have em' often?" asked the man.

"Almost every day." "If I were in your place I'd stand at the door here and charge ten cents admission fee. It's worth the money to see a family riot like this, and you might as well make a few dollars as to let the chance slip."

The boy said he would think of it, and the pedestrian waited until the man had choked the woman as black as a plum and then passed on. Yesterday he chanced that way again, and there was another row going on, and the same boy sat on the door-step.

"I'll see the show," said the man as he pulled out his wallet. "Has my advice profited you?" "Stranger, I can't take your money," replied the lad.

"Why?" "Because I'm a square boy. For a week or so every fight in there was as square as a dice and worth the price of admission, but as soon as a crowd began to come and the gate money began to run up to eighty or ninety cents, dad and man began to hippodrome on the public. That blood on his nose was put there half an hour ago, and man's black eye is three weeks old. They want me to stand in with them and deceive the public, but I can't do it. Let the best man win or quit the business, is my motto. Pass on, stranger, for this is a put up job to gull the confiding public."

Time is not ill-spent which is spent in recreation. You should, if possible, be out of doors, in the open air, under the sky, for at least three hours every day. You cannot have high health, good digestion, sound sleep and equal nerves unless you are often and regularly in the air and taking rapid exercise.

Men from 21 to 65 years of age may frequently be seen playing marbles in the street of Angel's Camp, Cal.

The Louisiana Swamp.

There is a beauty, a charm, an enchanting serenity, and a delight in the Louisiana Swamp which the devotees to the city's glare and flush, the lover of rugged mountain fastnesses, or he who vaunts the graces of the unruffled prairie would scarce concede.

Walk under the over-spreading boughs of the forest centenarians, revel in the delicious fragrance of flowers without number, gaze, as you must, on their exhilarating hues and their soul-stirring completeness, and adore the Mighty One who formed and rejoices in them.

Eye and ear alert, breath suppressed, rifle ready, heart bounding and limbs trembling, as he spies the crowning of the day's adventure; an elfish sunbeam dances on the polished muzzle-sight, there is a snap, a crack, a puff of blue smoke, a dash forward to firmer footing, and the prize is won.

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Saved by Wild Pigeons.

A flock of wild pigeons, flying very high, in a north-westerly direction, attracted the attention of the people of Morton, N. Y., recently, and the flock was watched with intense interest until it disappeared in the distance.

"Now that's what I call a genuine curiosity," said an old resident. "That's the first flock of pigeons I've seen in ten years in these parts, and yet I can remember when they came here in thousands every spring and fall. They used to nest in our woods in the spring, and came back again every other fall to feed on the beech nuts. They came every two years because they knew that the beech trees were barren every other year, and they never made a mistake in the year, either."

"If it hadn't been for wild pigeons some of the richest men in this county and neighboring counties would have been poor to-day—that is, if they had staid where they were. We used to have some big pigeon years, but the season of 1837 beat any two we ever had. Lumbering was the only business in this part of the county then, as that and tanning are now. The lumber was rafted down to the Delaware, and then to Philadelphia and other markets. In 1837 times were bad. That was the year of the great panic. Lumber couldn't be sold for what it cost to get it to the market, and for what was sold it was hard to get pay. To make matters worse, all crops failed in this region that season. The fall opened with prospects of starvation for the hundreds of people who depended for support on the lumber business. Employers had no money to pay workmen, and there was no way to obtain the necessities of life."

"It happened that 1837 was the beech-nut year, and nobody remembered when the nuts had been so plenty in many years. That was the salvation of the region. People were beginning to talk in earnest of making raids upon the surrounding towns and villages to obtain supplies, the news of the bread riots in New York having reached here, and given them the cue. But before any act of this kind was committed the wild pigeons began to arrive in the beeches and in a very few days the woods were alive with them. To say that there were millions of them does not approach the number. Every tree seemed to be loaded, and the ground was littered with the branches broken off by their weight as they thronged in the trees at night to roost. The noise made by their wings and throats was so great that the report of a gun could not be heard 100 feet away. A person could go anywhere in the beeches, shut his eyes and shoot, and never fail to bring down pigeons. They were shot, clubbed, netted, and killed and captured in every known manner by men, women and children, and carried away by the boatload and sold about the country."

"There was a splendid rafting freshet in the Delaware at the time, but although there were many rafts ready to run, it isn't likely one would have started down the river if it hadn't been for the wild pigeons. Old raftsmen and others agreed to run these rafts to Philadelphia free of charge to the owners if they would grant them the privilege of loading the lumber with pigeons. Some of the rafts were stopped at different points along the river, where, hard as the times were, profitable markets were found for the birds. Others ran through to Philadelphia direct, where the pigeons were quickly sold at good prices. The freshest kept up so well that some speculators made several trips, clearing as high as \$1,000 a trip. Before the pigeons left the beeches, which was not for weeks, more money was brought back to the region from their sale than was received for all the lumber that went to market. Men, who, with their families, had been on the verge of starvation, were made comparatively rich almost in a day, and the foundations of big fortunes were laid. One of the biggest grocery establishments and one of the wealthiest leather firms in New York city to-day, owe their existence to the big pigeon year of 1837, for the men who own them were started in business by their fathers, who made the money by rafting wild pigeons down the river that memorable fall."

"Speaking of beech nuts and speculation, another big year for nuts was 1820, and that year a man named Conroy went into a speculation that had quite a different result from the one in wild pigeons that followed. In those days people were in the habit of letting their pigs run in the woods and fatten on the nuts. Conroy conceived the idea of fattening hogs in this way by wholesale, and then gathering them up and driving them to market. He calculated that he could easily make a profit of at least \$5 on every hog thus fattened. He secured every hog that bought up at least a thousand pigs and turned them into the beeches. They got along finely; but a week or so before he intended to collect his hogs and drive them to market the weather turned terribly cold and a foot of snow fell. When he went into the woods to get his hogs he found them scattered about dead, in groups of a dozen or so, where they had huddled together to keep warm. A few only survived the cold, and they ran wild. Descendants of theirs lived in the woods for years, and were so wild that they afforded many exciting hunts for the sportsmen of that day."

"In the town of York, Maine, is to be seen a birch tree, about 40 feet high, two roots of which have lifted a block of granite computed to weigh 20 tons, about 12 inches. The tree is still growing, and the rock continues to be raised and pushed sideways at the rate of nearly an inch a year."

"A bean-eating tournament at Tonawanda, N. Y., under the auspices of the Grand Army of the Republic, was won by J. Baker, of Tonawanda, who devoured six pounds of beans in forty minutes."

"A famous Irish piper, Patrick Bohan, who played before the Queen and the Prince Consort in 1801, and afterwards before the Prince of Wales, died recently in Dublin."

"What is it?" inquired the startled friend.

"Why, he thinks he's thinking."

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