Baby-boy serenely sleeps. Ah, her heart is lone and heavy, And his absence wounds her sore, Yet her sorrow dare not whisper She shall never see him-Never more!

Keep thy vigil, patient waiting, Though is seem to thee in vain-Where no night is found, nor weeping He will visit the again. Silent is the night and lonely, Hot the pestilential breath

Where beneath a canvas awning He is fevered unto death. Needs he now thy gentle pressure Stealing o'er his bursting brow; He had thought to meet thee clasping Hear his greeting to thee now, To thee now-

"Keep thy vigil, little darling.
Through a few more years of pain,
And, when meeting knows no parting,
I will visit thee again."

## 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? I thought we were to settle down and have a time of quiet after all this bustle of building and furnishing."

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,"

"But, Ward, why this sudden resolution? It seems so very strange. I thought you intended going into busi-

"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." And the young man looked at his aunt with a sunny smile in his blue eyes. "At any rate, I have concluded to start by the next steamer. Don't be alarmed, Aunt Maggie," he went on reply to his aunt's anxious look. "I shall return safe and sound in a year or so; and, oh! the boxes that will come in for you on every steamer. And I want you to arrange them as only your good taste can do."

Ward Arlington was the orphan son of a banker, who had left his only son the undisputed heir of half a million of money. His Aunt Margaret had been to him a second mother, and they had always had their home in Cumberland.

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 know 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 unheard of place in search of curiosities in shells, From the Yellow Sea, from Ceylon

and the Sooloo Island Aunt Margaret received specimens carefully labelled, until the home was a vast museum of shells and marine curiosities. Every variety of strombus and polythalamous shell, corals of all kinds, he had in his collection; but there was one variety which he had not yet secured; and two years later he was searching for it upon the Island of Cuba.

"Within a couple of months more must be in England," mused Ward, half aloud, a habit which he had contracted in his solitary ramblings, as he took up his oars for a paddle along the shores of the island in search of a specimen of spirulidæ which had hitherto evaded his eye. "Then I suppose I must begin life in earnest."

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

Rounding a point of rock, he came to a long stretch of white beach, while as he returned his pleasant greeting. high above towered jagged rocks, upon whose summits innumerable sea birds had their home.

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

"Aha! what is this?" he ejaculated, as he picked up a dainty hand-basket trom the shore. "A woman's workbasket, as I live!" he went on. "Ah, here is her picture. How interesting A Spanish beauty of the first water; and I declare here is her name-'Andra Benair," he read; then he replaced a parcel of fancy work and her picture. "It stands for reason she will be back soon for her property. I rather think I'll wait for her.'

But he waited in vain; and as the twilight came he took the little basket with him to his hotel, where he sat down and wrote the following advertise-

"Found-On the shore near Largo lington and describing contents. Room W. A." 46 English Hotel,

This he sent to the Havana papers in both the English and Spanish languages. Then he waited with commendable patience for further developments. "I hardly think she will come herself," he thought. "It will be some pompous old don who will eall."

And then, with a view of ensnaring the stately parent into a friendship, he ordered half a dozen bottles of the best wine and a box of choicest cigars sent to his room.

But all the next day he had to himself, and the next day the beautiful Spanish face of "Andra Benair" was scarce away from his mental vision; and already in his fertile imagination, together mey trod the hall of his English hold this fancy had taken of him.

window, a low knock sounded upon the prayed aloud in the agony of fear, while season is estimated at 60,000,000 or door of the room. Ward opened it some stood like frozen marble, stern, ges, netting the growers \$1,200,000.

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

"Yes. Was there a portrait with the basket?" "There was, with the name of 'Au-

in a hurry. I am Andra Benair."

"You?"

dra Benair' beneath it." "Just so. That is my dead mother's picture, and I am named after her," Mr. Benair remarked, as he took the articles from Ward's hand. After offering a remuneration for the trouble taken Mr. Benair politely bow-

ed himself from the room. "Well, that's a nice end to my romance," said Ward to himself. 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

The sun set in a golden glory in the bosom of the waters, and the gulf was as calm as an infant's breath. The "Yes, I know; but I have thinking band began playing the invitation to the dance, and soon several couples were swaying back and forth as the enchanting strains of the "Manola Waltz" lured idlers into poetic motion.

> 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. Surely he had seen that tall, slim man before who bent his head so gently toward his part- ton. ner? It surely was the hero of Ward's episode, Mr. Andrey Bsnair. And this same Andrey Benair, revolving with slow, languid grace, held upon his arm the graceful figure of a woman whose Southern beauty outshone any type of oveliness that Ward had ever seen ..

Just at this moment the dark, velvety eyes glanced up into his face with that He made his way down the almost pernameless, indefinable fascination which it is the lot of some women to exercise. Ward stood there entranced, all his old carelessness gone, and all unconscious that the woman whose lightest breath was to lead him, and whose lightest wish to sway him, was before him in the softness of that summer night.

He gazed at the dancers until a jealousy arose in his heart which he could scarcely master as he saw, at a pause in that of Benair, 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 "Weat an idiot I am!" he said to nim-

self. "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 Benair."

Ward, exasperated that he had not made himself understood, but ashamed to geustion further, tried another meth-"Is she married?"

"Oh, no," resumed the other, with a surprised look, as he resumed his du-

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

The next day was one on which te 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 steamer and the "flip-flaps" of the water were almost insupportable. He saw nothing of the lovely Spaniard, and when he met the polite Benair that evening in the gentlemen's cabin he only gave a little look of vexation and one quick contraction of the eyebrows

"Mr. Phelps, the mate, tells me you are just completing a trip around the world," observed Mr. Benair politely. "Yes," replied our here. "That is I have followed paths not generally taken by the majority of the tourists."

"That is something I have never yet been able to do," who returned Benair, who seemed to be a pleasant, genial

One night the two were chatting together, when Phelps, the mate, said: Gentlemen, I am afraid we shall have a thunder storm before morning. The sun did not go down to suit me, and this, ghastly, livid look upon the water is not the thing I like to see."

The atmosphere was sultry and heavy, and by 12 o'clock the sky was black and enshrouded in the deepest night. A monstrous cloud had scudded across the smiling sky, and no light of star or planet was visible, and ever and anon the thunder pealed and forked light-

ning zig-zagged amidst the darkness The steamer began to pitch heavily, Point, a basket. The owner can have and almost every moment a great founthe property by inquiring for Ward Ar- tain of spray enfolded her in a dense cloud of salt waser. The passengers huddled together in the cabins, and the sheet lightning showed faces as white as

death and lips that trembled with fear, Ward Arlington had been in several storms at sea, but never before had he seen such a commotion. He put on a heavy sea jacket and stole up the companionway. Many of the passengers were there before him, and he brushed heavily against Andrew Benair, with a white form lying against his breast, and his arms wound around her, before he was aware of their presence.

"Passengers you must go below," shouted the captain through his trump "You shall be warned when there

is danger." The passengers fell back like frightened sheep, and it seemed when the Then he laughed aloud at the hatches closed over their heads as if the sunlight would never more meet their Just as the Southern Cross came out eyes, and that they were shut in some in the heavens, and the fireflies began subterraneous cavern of earth forever. to glow on the foliage beyond the open | Nervous women shrieked, strong men

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

"She has struck!" shouted Benafr, almost in Ward Artington'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 Benair, with his half-

fainting burden in his arms, to the deck. "Heaven have mercy on us!" said the mate as he passed him tremblingly 'We have mistaken the lights.

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. Andrey Benair and his companion, Ward Arlington, the captain, officers and crew, remained on board the Seguna.

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. The water was of a reddish hue and thick and muddy, and acres of towering foam marked the dissolution of the lashing seas, as they thundered on the shore.

"We shall have help soon now," said Andrey Benair to Ward, who still kept close at his side. The soft dark eyes of the lady looked

nquiringly at the speaker. "Andra, darling, allow me to present to you Mr. Arlington, the gentleman who found your basket with our mother's picture. My sister, Mr. Arling-

Ward Arlington bowed low to the object of his adoration, albeit he was somewhat mystified at the similiarity of the names of brother and sister. His heart beat high with happiness, although they were still in danger, at the thought that Benair was only the brother of his beautiful companion. pendicular companion-way to his stateroom, from which he emerged with a heavy waterproof cloak, which he offered to Miss Benair. It was received with a smile and glance which set his heart throbbing with joy in his bosom.

Andrey Benair was right; one of the boats had drifted in the way of the tug Tiger, who learning of the disaster, came to their relief, and before 9 o'clock they were safe in the cabin, leaving the the dance, the girl slip her arm through unlucky Seguna to be rescued from her perilous position, or to be beaten to pieces by the furious waves.

Ward was despairing at the thought of parting with his companions. His heart ached as he shook hands with Andrey Benair 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 isolated cabin in the pines, on the bay tecting mother-bird, ferns spread their baggage of the passengers. Ward was side, about four miles from Woodbine graceful wings. Just above, a mass of walking near them when a heavy iron- station, on the West Jersey road. The yellow jasmine holds a little knoll, bound truck struck him in the side, and woman is about 30 years of age, of waxen-white blossoms of magnolia-he, exhausted and worn out by the splendid physical development. She is grandiflora peep between their leathery night' 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 beauteons form of Andra Benair knelt by his side, bathing his their cabin, which is equipped in the forehead with cold water. His lips slowly moved at last, and he said, half unconsciously, "Andra, darling, is it

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

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 convalesance, 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." But instead of one there were two, and Mr. Benai regarding his wife's wish his sacred law, had called the little girl Andra after her mother, and the little boy with a slight change, was called Andrey. And now he too was gone, and the brother and sister were all in all to each other.

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 Andrey. "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 shel's.

Ward glanced 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,

And so it happened when Aunt Margaret welcomed home her wandering boy that he had two companions: one, Andrey Benair, a "friend and brother;" the other, Andra Arlington, the wife of his love, the star of his life.

-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.

In the Barbe 's Chair.

"Will you have your hair out medium or pretty short!" asked the barber. "Pretty short," answered the custom-

The barber then took up a nickelplated instrument and ran it up the back of the customer's head with a clicking sound. "This is a 'clipper, " he said. "I can shingle a man's head with this-cut the hair down close to may say it is not beautiful, lovely, exthe scalp, you know in three minutes. Before we had this tool I've been an of the great city, leagues beyond craggy hour doing the same job. Last year we had the contract for shearing the heads stretch of prairie, and ignorant of the of the American District Telegraph boys The man who did the work clipped 150 heads in five hours. I've cut eighty heads in a day myself with only scissors. They were convicts. The clippers used to cost \$5. Now we get them for \$3.50. It takes about fifteen minutes to cut hair as I'm cutting yours, and about the same length of time to shave an ordinary face and dress the hair. Journeymen barbers own their own razors, but few of them know how half day Sunday. There is also one day off every other week. In some of the down-town shops barbers are given a commission on the work they do. Usually it is 50 cents out of every \$1 they take at the chair and 10 to 20 per cent. on the sales of brushes, soap, etc. There are about 3,000 barber's shops in New York and there must be 10,000 barbers. Very few of the shops have more than ten workmen and not many have that number. There are fifteen or twenty agencies in New York exclusively for the employment of barbers. When a boss wants a man to whom he is willing to pay \$10 a week he goes to an agent and gives him 50 cents and says he wants a No. 1 \$10-man. The agents also get a fee from the workman. They make a good thing out of it. There must be 3,000 barbers discharged and employed every week."

"Hair is getting pretty thin in front, isn tit?" remarked the customer. "Yes," said the barber," "but you needn't be fraid of that. Men seldom seldom begin on the front of the head to grow bald. The crown is the place where real baldness begins."

"What is the best hair restorer?" "Scissors. If the hair is cut often it row fart 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.

## A Jersey Amazon.

The people of Tuckahoe, Dennisville, New Jersey, and the upper end of Cape May county have, for some time past, bering, tumbling verdure, everywhere been startled at the wonderful exploits around and over him. Violets cuddle with a rifle of a mysterious Amazon on a lump of sod whence the water has named Jennie Moore, who lives in an retreated, while over them, like a promarried to a man named Jackson Moore, whose father lives at Vineland, and who ekes out a scant livelihood by chopping wood for the Millville glass factories. In November last the couple settled in passion flower climb up, up, to the true border style, half of it being under ground. It is stated that they came from Texas. The woman has a pretty little daughter, 12 years of age, who can sing like a nightingale. It is believed that the woman is a native of Brooklyn. She says that for several years she traveled with a show under the stage name of Jenny Franklin, giving exhibitions with her rifle. On several occasions the Amazon has astonished the natives of the towns in the vicinity with her skill. Some of her feats are remarkable. She can light a parlor match "with a rifle ball, and part an apple on the William Tell style, resting on her husband's head. A favorite shot is to hit the apple, while in that position, by a shot with her back turned and taking aim in a looking-glass. Snuffing candles and clipping the ashes from a lighted cigar while being held between the teeth of a man are trifling matters. to her. It is regarded as exceedingly strange that a woman of her refined tastes, culture, and amazing skill with a rifle, should bury herself in the wilds of Jersey and undergo the hardships of a wood-chopper's life. It is a common thing for her to take a tramp of miles through the widerness of that country with her rifle slung over her shoulder, The people of Dennisville with a few of whom she is acquainted, speak in glowing terms of her lady-like deportment and social accomplishments.

## Care for Your Health.

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. The fine bloom on the cheek, the luster in the eye and the spring in the step which are tokens of unimpaired health are not to be had unless you spend many hours every week away from heated rooms and in the company of the air, the sunshine, and whatever else free and beneficen Nature has to bestow upon you. It is a duty to be in good health if possible and probably half the nervous invalids in the world could escape much suffering if they would obey God's laws written in their bodies. When health has been bartered away in the pursuit of pleasure, or in reckless waste of any description. it cannot be regained unless at a great cost and at the price, it may be, of years of effort. Time can be utilized best by those who are well, and every young girl should mean to be well, cheery and strong if she can. To this end she should neglect nothing which God puts in her reach for the preservation of health, animation and vigor.'

-Men from 21 to 65 years of age The orange crop of Florida this season is estimated at 60,000,000 oran- bles in the street of Angel's Camp, The Louisiana Swamp,

There is a beauty, a charm, an enchapting serenity, and a delight in the Louisiana Swamp which the devotee to the city's flare and flush, the lover of rugged mountain fastenesses, or he who vaunts the graces of the unruffled prairie would scarce concede. Wild, level, gay as these, it is unlike them; yet none quisite. Far from the rattle and racket mountain rage, remote from the wide village church Swamp's broad aisles and lengthy coilonades invite the lover of nature to feast. There are gorgeousness and delicacy of coloring, grace and grandeur of form, intricacy and simplicity of texture and construction.

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 exhilerating hues and their soulto keep their razors in order. They stirring completeness, and adore the send them to the grinders about once a | Mighty One who formed and rejoices in week. The boss furnishes everything them. No fetid morass lost among but the razors. Barbers are paid \$5 to hills, not a mere splatch of liquid mud \$13 a week. A week is six days and a wherin ownerless swine befoul themselves, but broad as ever was prairie spread, seeming dallying with the blue firmament above as its glorious foliage climbs aloft, abundant in leafy coverts and resounding with the sweet carolings of countless birds-this is the Louisiana Swamp, the Venice of the wildwood, There the gladdened botanist, wandering afoot or floating in his tiny pirogue, through waving iris, discovers flora so sturdy, so rank, he, for a moment doubts its identity. There the delighted hunter comes upon wader and diver, brings down snipe and plover, hopefully follows the agile water rail, or sends his whistling rifle-ball skipping on the glassy water into the neck of wary mallard and teal. Pushing further into the inner labyrinths where large game hides, he slowly lifts his stealthy foot from the wad of grass he bends down for a moment's footing and sliding along to another, brushing through nodding cat-tails, thrusting aside the rattling palmetto, and tearing away the heavy network of vines saucily catching him in their embrace. Eye and ear alert, breath suppressed

rifle ready, heart bounding and limbs trembling, as he spies the crowning of the day's adventure; au 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. As the million echoes scamper away amid the cries of startled birds, the hunter turns and gazes on flower and vine and bush, so dense, rich, profuse, it seems that were the seeding ground for the forests of the universe. He has been so eager in his search, so intent on the discovery and pursuit of his game, he has not seen, till now, the maze of sprawling, clamleaves like roguish eyes between chubby fingers, and all around giant cypresses look down as upon a joy they cannot comprehend, while trumpet flower and coveted perch of the great outstretched arms where, nestling in the soft gray moss, they pour forth wordless jubilates of purple and scarlet glory.

The Confiding Public.

Two or three weeks ago a pedestrian quietly observed:

row, stranger" "Almost every day."

might as well make a few dollars as to down the river that memorable fall. 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 roy went into a speculation that had plum and then passed on. Yesterday quite a different result from the one in he chanced that way again, and there wild pigeons that followed. In those was another row going on, and the same

vice 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 thousand pigs and turned them into the square as a dice and worth the price of beeches. They got along finaly; but a admission, but as soon as a crowd be- week or so before he intended to collect gan to come and the gate money began his hogs and drive them to market the to run up to eighty or ninety cents, dad | weather turned terribly cold and a foot and man began to hippodrome on the of snow fell. When he went into the public. That blood on his nose was put | woods to get his hogs he found them scatthere half an hour ago, and mam'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 | cold, and they ran wild. Descendants the best man win or quit the business, is my motto. Pass on, stranger, for this and were so wild that they afforded is a put up job to gull the confiding many exciting hunts for the sportsmen

Thinks He's Thinking.

A large and imposing Senator from a Western State was walking up and down the Senate Chamber behind the chairs. His hands met at the small of his back and one of them held the other. His step was stately and his head leaned forward a trifle. On his face was the far-away, abstracted expression which is usually interpreted to mean that the owner of it is in deep thought. On a sofa in the corner of the Senate Chamber sat a Senator from another western State talking to a friend. Pointing to the Senator who was pacing back and forth in full view of the galeries, the sitting Senator said to his friend: "There's a man who is laboring under a very strange hallucination." "What is it?" inquired the startled

"Why, he thinks he's thinking."

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. 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 necessaries 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 surrounning towns and villages to obtain supplies, the news of the bread riots in New York having reached here, and given them the cue. Rut 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 grandiflora peep between their leathery 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 freshet kept up so well that some speculators made several trips, clearing as high as \$1,000 a trip. Before the pigeons left the beeches, who was passing a house on Riopello which was not for weeks, more money street, Detroit, heard the sounds of a was brought back to the region from terrific struggle going on, and as he their sale than was received for all the looked in at the front door a boy about lumber that went to market. Men, 12 years of age, who sat in the hall, who, with their families, had been on the verge of starvation, were made com-"It's only the old folks having a little paratively rich almost in a day, and the foundations of big fortunes were laid. "Do they have em' often?" asked the One of the biggest grocery establishments and one of the wealthiest leather firms in New York city to-day, owe "If I were in your place I'd stand at their existence to the big pigeon year the door here and charge ten cents of 1837, for the men who own them were admission fee. It's worth the money to started in business by their fathers, who see a family riot like this, and you made the money by rafting wild pigeons

"Speaking of beech nuts and speculation, another big year for nuts was 1820, and that year a man named Condays people were in the habit of letting boy sat on the door-step.

"I'll see the show," said the man as the pulled out his wallet. "Has my adfattening hogs in this way by wholesale, their piga run in the woods and fatten on 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 scoured the country and bought up at least a of theirs lived in the woods for years, 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 Tenawanda, 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 1861, and afterwards before the Prince of Wales, died recently in Dublin.