Other than mine One who has known in storms to sail I have on board; Above the raving of the gale,

I hear my Lord. He holds me when the billows smite-If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light-He tempers all.

Safe to the land, Safe to the land-The end is this, And then with him go hand in hand Far into bliss.

MOONLIGHT AND FLOODS.

The floods were out at Wendelthorpe. Boats were moving hither and thither in the lower-lying streets, and out in the open country field after field was changed to a lake. From amid the waters rose a solitary farm house, black against the darkening sky. The surging flow heaved and tossed and struck heavily upon it; here was no languidly spreading expanse, but the hurry of the swollen river rushing impatiently forward and rising in its impatience higher and even higher. At an upper window six persons were gathered, watching the motions of a light that came and went slowly, and seemed to be drawing nearer by degrees. The group was made up of the farmer, his wife, their three children, and a young man who was the eldest daughter's lover. The light was manifestly approaching, the dark shape of a boat became distinct, they heard the dip and splash of the oars; at last the boat paused in the lee of the house, and their rescue was secure. It could be seen now, in the light of the lantern, that there were several persons in the boat, and that one of them was a woman.

A voice called upward to those within, "How many are you?"

And a voice called downward in reply, "Six."
To that answer followed a moment of

silence.

for four." "Shall you be able to come back for the others?" asked the farmer.

Again followed a pause, brief, but sufficient to foreshadow the coming negative.

No, hardly, it was getting too dark

and too dangerous. Within were quick questionings and denials, a half-heard debate, caught and lost again between the ominous beating of the rising floods. By daybreak the housetop would scarely be left above water, even if the walls should be strong enough to hold out so

"Jack and I will stay," said the farmer at last. "If Jack stays so will I," answered the clear voice of his daughter.

Then a man rose in the boat and said; "There is no woman who would say that for me, and so let me stay."

as he stood leaning one hand against the summit. the wall. He was a stranger who had noon, and had volunteered his services at the starting of the boat.

The woman sitting in the stern moved a little and said: "I will stay, too;" and all eyes turned back to her. Her they knew. She was the new mistress of the village school, a grave young woman, and reported eccentric.

There was no remonstrance from the boat, only a low, ruminating surprise: from above, indeed, came protests, but faint and quickly overruled.

A window was opened in a lower story; the two entered upon a landing that was already flooded and went quickly upward. Warm, broken thanks met them and eager promises of return in the first hour of dawn. Then, from There was no token of life, no light, no the upper window, the two watched the embarkation of the six, heard their of relief and freedom in being here, shouts of thanks and of farewell, then the dip of the oars, and felt at their hearts a sudden blank. They stood side by side, watching the wavering lifted up her face to breathe the fresher progress of the departure and the wavering reflection of the shaken light. At last, when the boat was far away and no dim echo reached them of its sounds, tached itself from the straight line of they turned toward each other and toward the inner room. The room had, in the interval, grown nearly dark, and as they turned this way they heard the flap of the water, like a step, on the

"Have you any hope of their coming back in time?" asked the woman. Her companion answered, "No;" and she saw through the darkness that he shook his head.

"Nor have I," said she. They stood aimlessly looking into the fast darkening room. They had no occupation but to await the coming up of the water, and they were strangers who had never so much as beheld each other's face by full daylight. The wind and the water went sweeping by outside, and in the house were ghostly sounds of doors and windows stealthily tried and shaken.

"Had we not better go up to the attic while we can?" asked the man by "It is horrible!"

to the dark core of the house. The was bent forward, he was able to watch friends till we came to land, and then inky solitude below was full of creakings its outline. Surely she was younger and rustlings; above shone a square of than he had supposed. yellow light, revealing a steep ladder. A lighted lantern had been left for them in the attic, together with food and warm wrappings.

and swung himself quickly upward. She stood below, holding fast to the side of the ladder. His quick step sounded above her head; the light of life as it will ever give me." shifted and brightened, she saw his 'I don't think that it need be a quesface in a quick illumination; then the tion of age how much one's life is light whirled toward and beyond her, worth. Mine did not matter to any down, down into the darkness and one, either; and it was not very easy or I feel so much, much more flashed upon the stairs. Her breath hopeful for myself. I had wanted so not afraid. There's more stood still; she had a sickening feeling much, and had to learn that I must do of being left alone. Assurance of her with so little. Of course, it is not he forebore, out of pity, to put forth a

about two feet above her. ont two feet above her.

of escape, not selfish, but to help hap—

murmur.

The handle of the lantern was pier people, and * * it seemed The moon had put on, minute by have missed him!

loose," said he, as he came to her level.

"T'll go down and fetch it up." "No, don't! it is too dark.

don't! iet us go up. She had found his arm in the darkness and held him back. In the darkness, which was much blacker for that brief interposition of light, they made their way into the attic, and crossing it carefully, afraid of the low roof, afraid of unseen stumbling-blocks, afraid of returning upon the yawning aperture, made their way to the gray square of the window. Here they found a large box, upon which they sat down. They spoke but little; there were so few things left worth utterance in such an hour as this. By and by, as their eyes grew accustomed to the dimness, they discerned the general character of their surroundings. There was a table near them with food; there were boxes and bundles and a couple of old pictures, brought up hither apparently when the tide began to rise. In the middle lay the black square through which they had made entrance; at the far end a rough heap of straw was dimly distinguished and from this came restless gnawing, scrapings, and rustlings, causing the woman to shrink and shud-

"I suppose they are rats," she said once, when the sounds grew louder. "I suppose so; do you mind yery

much?" "No, if we could only see them." Again for a while they were stlent, hearing the little sounds within and the ever-increasing sounds without.

At last the man stood up, and passing his hand across his face, said: "Oh, this is very cold-blooded! They used to torture witches so, fixed to a stake, when the tide was coming up.' He moved to and fro impatiently and

stood still by the table. "Could you not eat something?" "No, thank you."

He broke himself a piece of bread, and returning to the window, ate a few mouthfuls. He pushed open the lattice and leaned out.

The water was rising rapidly, and was already washing on the window of the room below. He turned back toward her a face of dismay; hers as she sat within the room was not clearly visible. Then, amid the sound of the water, but her attitude was calm and undiscame up the words, "We have only room turbed. He sighed and came back quietly to sit beside her. But his quietness was of short duration. He asked, after a few minutes, "Would you not like to go out upon the roof? We shall have to do so sooner or later, and I don't think we should feel quite so much imprisoned."

"Oh. yes, let us go. Is there a trap door?" "I don't think there is, I looked just now. But I can get up through the window-the roof is close above-

and then I can help you.' He set his foot on the window-sill, and thrust his head and shoulders through the narrow opening. "Oh, yes, it is quite easy. But how it blows! We had better have some of those

She brought them and handed them out, watched him draw himself up, and The others in the boat looked at him | upward, found herself lifted safely to

The surge of wind and water was reached Wendelthorpe only that after- terrific; her hat was blown away at suddenly and fiercely, and the shock of once and she was blinded by her hair. up her shawl over her head she was able to perceive that the roof was formed of two long parallel gables, and that between them, at each end, a stack of chimneys rose from a solid platform. They went forward to the more sheltered brickwork at the base. They had before them the wide, desolate expanse of waters; below them torrents ran thundering between dwelling and out houses, and in the pauses of the cannonade that beat the walls and of the rushing and rending sounds within they heard a southern wind drifting with sighs between the chimneys. where they could see and know what

was befalling. "Oh, that is better!" said she, and

"One would say," said he, watching the dark cameo of her face, as it demasonry, "that you had a kind of enjoyment of all this.'

"In a sense I have. There is so much space and power. And there is the feeling of having for once put action and responsibility out of one's hands. There is nothing now which it can possibly be one's duty to do."

"You don't feel any fear of death, then?

"I fear it physically, of course—the actual drowning and choking-ah, don't let us talk of it. But at least we shall have had this hour of freedom and rest."

"I could bear it better," he returned, "if there were any element of struggle. To sit still in a cage until death chooses to come and put an end to you-that's horrible!"

She turned toward him and seemed to consider his point of view until it became hers, for she shuddered and said:

There was silence again between them She assented, and thay went inward for a little while. Again, when her face

"What made you stay?" he asked suddenly. She hesitated a little. "What made you?"

"I hardly know, more than what I "I will fetch the lantern," said he, said-that nobody cared much whether I did or not, and that I did not care

companion's safety reached her, how-ever, in the form of an imprecation. petty happiness, but oh! one does care! And then, all at once, here was a way

the key to everything when you stood up in the boat and said that you would

"Yet," said he, "I could not help wondering, as we stepped out, whether what we were really giving to those young lovers was only time to lose their love for each other, even in remembrance. For death can only destroy the future, but life can destroy the past, too.

"Are you sorry, then, that you staid?"

There was a little note of mockery in the question, or his conscience created it.

"No, it seemed the thing to do. One can but act in the present. And even if a man could know certainly that death would keep their love for them, and life would lose it, he could hardly bring himself to say, 'Then let death come.'
It takes Apollo to give death when he is asked for the best gift. But yet, what a chance for two lovers to have died together so!"

She drew a rather deeper breath and made no spoken answer.

Down at the far horizon the late moon was rising, vague and cloudy. A ghostly light, bringing in its wake mysterious shadows, spread slowly as the moon drowsily lifted herself and dropped the mists from her shoulders. The man, looking down, in this clearer light, to the water, started and said, "It is coming up much faster."

She stooped and looked. Then their eyes, lifting, sought each other. Both faces were pale in the moonlight. On both sat the human shrinking from this upward crawling fate. Yet it was something to see each other.

"How long is it to morning?" she He drew out his watch, but there came a cloud across the moon and they had to wait.

"It is just past twelve," said he. "Perhaps they will come out by moon-

"Perhaps," said he. But neither of them had any trust in the hope.

He had seen in the moment when hey looked at each other that she was indeed younger than his first supposition, though hardly so young as his second. She might be five and twenty, It was not the face of a girl. She had returned to her former position, and now, leaning back against the chimney, lifted up her face to the sky. Her eyes were closed and her lips drawn in. There was but time to look once before the lips curved again into a smile and the eyes opened to a calm gaze.

The man sitting by her heard the changing and deepening tone of the water as it came up and up. "You are too young for this," said he abruptly.

His voice had changed and deepened like the tone of the water. "No, no," she answered after a mo-"Don't trouble about me."

"Ido trouble about you. It's horrible! She again kept silence for a little space; then she said: "When I heard

you say-that- in the boat, and get up then mounted in her turn from box to to stay, I felt, suddenly, as if it was a the best moment life has ever brought window ledge, and, reaching her hands cruel thing not to stay with you, too- me!" She had been obliged to speak the

last words loudly: for the wind rose the water broke noisily on the walls. When she had freed her face and drawn | And as she ceased came a terrible crash; the whole building creaked and swayed; there were heavy splashes in the water, and water spouted over them as they caught and clung to each other. Long hair was blown before his face. They held each other fast, panting and group and sat down on the block of trembling. She freed a hand and drew aside her hair. There was a sound of water, running, trickling, and dropping. The calm moon, pursuing her leisurely pathway, passed out from behind a cloud, and showed them that the platform at the other end of the house had given way, and the stack of chimneys opposite had fallen.

"If it had been these!" said she. They crouched nearer together, each still holding to the other. The fear in by causes beyond their own control. Last each mind now was the fear of being divided, of losing all human companionship. The waters were rising faster, rising, as it seemed, with a malignant, to conclude that railway traveling is alhungry joy.

"It can't be long now," said the

"No," said she, There were a few more life-long moments in which they sat silent, breathing hard. The wild gust of wind abated; the moon found a wide, open archway among the clouds; the face of the waters grew by comparison still

"And so," said he, "it was for me you staid, and even at the end I can't go away in peace without pulling down some one else. And you, who staid, are a stranger, and we shall die here together, strangers. Oh, the irony of of this world. All my life I have been solitary and deserted. It has been my fault-no doubt it has been my fault; and now life is over. It's all too late, and there's no time."

She remained silent, and the monotonous pulse of the water throbbed "But if, by any miracle, we should be sayed, at least we know each other

now," said he. "Do we? Well, the depths, perhaps, of each other, but not the shallows. If you would go your way and I mine: and if we were to meet once a week for a twelvemonth we should speak to each other at first, and then we should nod and smile, and by and by we should pass and take no notice. No, what knowledge or friendshap we have does

not belong to this life!" "You believe, then, in another?" "It is hardly that I believe in another life so much as that I can't believe in death. We could not be capable of so much, and desirous of so much, and nothing come. We have not half enough. I feel so much, much more, No, I am

He in his turn was silent. Perhaps

minute, a fuller glory; it was illumining an arch of clouds, and beyond the arch lay measureless liquid, lucid depths. She looked and pointed upward. The full glow shone on her face. He saw in her dark eyes a slow meffable softening; in all the lines of her features breathed

a spirit of exultant reception, "The open doorway of infinity," said he, fitting to this radiance its apt poetic description, but without anything of the poet's rapture or belief. Her lips moved to a recognizing smile.

"And can you look up to that and

despair?" she asked. That has no voice for me. It is too far off, too silent, too unmoved. That look down on my drowned face. is, it comes from you."

Again the water came rushing over the fallen chimneys, and they looked my matter-of-fact story: In the summer out in momentary apprehension. But and fall of 1852, James Campbell and the the sudden torrent subsided, and the writer found a very rich mine in the small waters went on rising again slowly as ravine spoken of above, etc. before.

He then quietly proceeded: "One To-night a glimpse has come to me of something that seems to make life worth going on with. It may be life on the other side of a division; I can't tell. I don't want to be carried back into the old life, but I do want life-the life that brink. We do not know each other, you say; we are not friends, and can't be. I don't know. I only know that

Her hand, which still clung to his arm, trembled and was withdrawn, and in the next moment stole softly into

would neither go on nor go back,

They sat quite silent, and the endless light drew on. Memories rose before each of them of hopes and dreams that had once been all in all, and now were small and faint and immeasurably distant. Around them, rising always, surged the persistent waters. Now and again gusts of wind awoke suddenly and brought a sweep of waves over the submerged masonry.

Presently oozing drops began to creep between the chimneys behind

"We must go up higher," said the

They quitted their sheltered nook, and, mounting, stood upon the platform of brick-work. The wind flung itself upon them in fury. They clunk to the high. On one side were our bunks or chimneys and to each other, and for a few minutes stood so, battling strenously to keep their foothold.

The man cried out suddenly, "Oh! there were only some place for you! It barrel of mess pork; next to it, on a big is too hard a death for you. I am so peg, hung a large fat quarter of beef; sorry for you."

And even while he spoke the water was up about their feet, snatching and morning within 100 yards of our cabin; dragging at them.

"I am not sorry," she answered. "And oh, no! it is not hard; it is toes, beans, coffee and sugar, etc. After

crossed her lips. It was only because far-off, distant States-Campbell contendthey were uttered at his ear that he ing that the Texas girls were the prettiest could hear her words. And his, of reply, the winds snatched and carried away forever. The time of words was over. There was nothing now but harddrawn breath, and the vain struggle of resistance, and then, a placid moon, shining over a waste of floods.

Rallway Accidents in England. The official report of railway accidents in 1883, compiled by the Board of Trade, serves to show with how marvelous a degree of security to human life the enormons traffic of the United Kingdom is conducted. While millions travel, less than a score are killed, except where carelessness on the part of the sufferer contributes to a fatal issue. In the year before last, eighteen passengers were killed year the number fell to eleven! It is only necessary to compare these figures with the actual number of passengers carried, most the safest pursuit in which anybody can engage. In 1882 it was calculated that if season-ticket holders were included, the fatal accidents to passengers would only amount to one in 43,000,000 journeys. | ame Grizzly and her immense and hungry When we have the full statistics of passenger journeys for the past year we may expect to find that we have reached the comfortable ratio of about 80,000,000 journeys for each fatality. It is true that even eleven deaths, for the occurrence of which the victims were in no wise responsible, afford matter for regret; yet, under the circumstances of the case, there is solid ground for satisfaction. Looking back for a period of nearly forty years, we can trace the steady tendency to improvement in the degree of personal safety onnected with railway traveling. In the three years which ended with 1849 the annual average of deaths among passengers was twelve, and this at a time when railway traveling was very limited, compared with what it now is. These twelve deaths were at the rate of one for less than five million journeys. Hence we may reckon that if the passengers on a railway will only take due care of themselves, they are now exposed to less than a tithe of the risk that was incurred by those who patronized the rall in earlier days. A Monster Iceberg,

Captain White, of the Newfoundland ealing fleet, says: "On April 27, in atitude 51 deg. 18 min. north, longitude 53 deg. 25 min. west, I saw an iceberg about three miles in length, and as nearly as I could judge about seventy feet in height. Around the sides of this huge island were many harbors and creeks. During the whole of my experience I have never seen a berg approach this one in size, nor had the oldest sealer on board my ship. It was surrounded by drift ice and a number busted,"
of small bergs, and had I not been I jump positive of the position of my ship, I should have taken it for an island."

SHAKESPEARE has been dead just two hundred and sixty-eight years. the snow not over one foot deep. Our lower animals. Even then man may Had it not been for the sweet singer of Cables were on a ridge or divide between not be satisfied, and proceed to test and Michigan, how sadily the world would two ravines—with no undergrowth, but perhaps kill himself. Then we shall

An Unpleasant Visit.

Some years ago, A. R. Spicer, and his partner, James Campbell, of Texas, were mining for gold on a gulch or ravine, one of the branches of Canyon Creek, in Sierra county, California. Our cabin was but a few miles from the base of Pilot Peak, one of the tallest peaks of the sierras. This peak is covered with perpetual snow, and from its base run six bold mountain streams, all very rich in gold; on its north side run Onion Valley, Hopkin's and Poorman's Creeks, emptying into Feather river; on its south side run Grass Valley, State and Canyon Creeks, emptying into the Yuba river. The unsurpassed richness of the rivers and creeks mentioned is glory may come back, as serene, to a matter of history, and can be vouched But for by Napoleon Hill, now a noted meryou have to die with me. What hope chant, but who 33 years ago was a rough there is in life or death you have shown | miner in a rough country, and surrounded me. I den't know that it is lasting or by rough citizens. We all knew him in that it is good for much; but such as it | those days as "Pole" Hill, but even in that early day we all knew him to be "a rough

diamond, all the same." etc. Now, to As we did not care to desert our rich claim, it behooved us to prepare for the thinks of life as the life one has known. | winter by building a large, strong cabin and laying up a good supply of provisions, which, with the help of our only neighbors, we did. Our neighbors were John Mason and his brother "Burt," from Maine. So you see the two extremes-Maine and Texas, with Tennessee thrown I nearly saw just now, when we thought in-met and were friends in time of need. that our time was upon us. And I have etc. We were all four of us solid demofound you, standing with me upon the crats and could not differ on politics, and as we had no Sunday service, or much of any other service to disturb us, we were happy. We passed our time when not at work in shooting at a mark (we all had Colt's six shooters and Mississippi rifles carrying about an ounce ball) or playing poker or some other innocent game. Mason and the writer, being about the same age, were "chums." We were known to be the best shots with pistol and rifle far and near, and being always together we were not troubled with much foolishness from sharpers or "men spoiling for a fight." We both had an opportunity to show our nerve and skill with clooking men in the crowd. "Oh! there our rifles. It was about the 20th of October, 1852. Our winter set in; commenced in rain but ended in snow. After two days of rain it turned much colder, and about night commenced snowing, but as my partner (Jim Campbell) and myself had an unusually large and comfortable cabin well filled with supplies, we were happy, and concluded to let it snow, etc. Now, allow me to describe our cabin and position. At one end was our fireplace, about eight feet wide; the other end our door, about four feet wide and six feet beds, one above the other, as they are on steamboats. The other side was devoted to a general use for our provisions. In the corner next to the door was a half near it a large, unskinned, uncut blacktail buck that the writer had killed that next to it, on good-sized puncheons, was a keg of molassas and sacks of flour, potaeating a hearty supper we sat by a roaring the writer gave his to his old, big-hearted, fire, smoking our pipes of peace, talking Her voice was blown away as it and dreaming of homes and loved ones in age. in the world, and I trying to convince him that for shape, beauty, style and talent, the Tennessee girls surpassed all others. We finally concluded to suspend our discussion till morning and retire to our lonely bunks. We were soon wrapped in our blankets and sound asleep. How long I

had been asleep I cannot say; I was awakened by some terrible growls and very un-comfortable noises. By the light of the fire I could see our unwelcome visitorsthree large grizzly bears. They had undoubtedly scented our fresh meat, pushed open our door, which we had forgotten to bar, and marched in and helped themselves. The largest one was in front-evidently the mother of the smaller ones; she looked to me in my fright of enormous of the fire, but soon became quite at home. The large one quietly raised herself on her "hind" feet and very nicely pulled down the quarter of beef, which she seemed to enjoy. The cubs soon had down the deer. and after much growling and fussing they settled the matter by eating it up between above our flour, potatoes, etc., four real, sure enough Davis' canvassed hams, that cost us 75 cents per pound. To see Madcubs going for those hams would have been amusing "to a man up a tree," but to us, who were too near to be at all happy, with no way to escape, it was anything but funny. After finishing the hams they went for the sacks-flour, potatoes, bears and coffee they did not admire. But the sack of sugar they seemed to enjoy very much; they commenced looking around for something more that was good. One of the cubs turned over the half barrel of pork, but they did not like it after so many good things. Madam Grizzly in her way seemed to say it was about time they were going, but before leaving she thought it but right to thank us for our kindness, etc. She turned and came direct to our banks, putting her nose almost in Campbell's face. I reckon she did not like his looks or his smell, as she gave an unearthly growl, and went marching out with many grunts and growls, her cubs behind her. They kept up their music for awhile, and when far enough off, quick as lightning, Jim Campbell jumped up, ran to the door, barred it up and we were safe. Well, to say that I felt a little better is not going it strong. I thought a little fun might come in. Say, Jim, I had such a curious dream. I thought we were visited by three Texas girls. After eating up all our grub the largest and ugliest one stepped up and gave you a kiss. Then she gave such a howl that I awoke, and Jim as sure as you are alive your girls turned to great big grizzly bears." "Shut up, you durn hitle fool, and get out of that safe bed. Hurry about it, and run down and tell the Mason boys to come up at once and come armed. for we must have bear meat or we are

I jumped up and was soon ready. Putting on my long-leg rubber boots, buckling on my six-shooters, and with my trusted Mississippi rifle well loaded, started. I found it had cleared up, and any amount of very large spruce pine know, and possibly not till then.

trees. The Masons' cabin was about one fourth of a mile down the ridge from ours. I was not long getting there, and soon had them up. After arming themselves with rifles, pistols and knives we returned and found that Campbell had ready for us a big pot of hot coffee and a fair breakfast, such as the bears had left us. Campbell was made boss. He put Burt Mason on the left and the writer on the right, he and John Mason in the centre. It was now about light. The trail of the bears was plain and easily followed. We went slow and cautiously for about a mile. The sun was coming up when, to our surprise, we came in sight of our game. They seemed to be in no hurry to get out of our way. Campbell ordered Burt Mason and me to move to the right and left about 50 yards, and not to fire until he ordered, etc. I began to think he never would hollow to us to stop, but he did. The old bear rose up and sat down, facing Mason and Campbell, and bid defiance to them with unearthly growls. "Now, Bob," Campbell yelled, "put your ball right in her ear. If you miss, you are a dead boy." I stood not 50 yards to the right, beside a large spruce pine, took a long and steady sight and sent an ounce hall through the madam's brain. In an instant Burt's rifle boomed out and sent a ball through the heart of one of the cubs. The third one escaped unburt, as Campbell and Mason were holding back their fires. We soon reloaded and were ready for more, but it was unnecessary, as our bullets had done the deed. The o'd bear struggled for half an hour before it was safe to go within her reach. The smaller one died easy, as Burt's ball had gone through its heart. Campbell ran up before the large one was quite dead and cut her throat; both bled freely. About three miles from our cabins was quite a town of several hundred inhabitants, called the Crossing, as it was on the main trail leading from Downieville going north. It was a place of much interest and trading, etc. John Mason went there for help to save our prize, and he returned about noon with about 25 men, all more than anxious to see the huge bears that Mason had told them about. "Where are the boys that did this shooting?" said one of the hardest you are!" looking at Burt and me. "Well. youngsters, l'il be a little more 'ticular how I talk to ye herearter. Say, men,' he continued, "les' drag this 'big b'ar down to the Crossing, have her skinned, and sell her out for the boys. I'll open up for 20 pounds at \$1 per pound." all gave a hand, and with our gun straps soon had them on the way. Before we got half way we were met by over 100 men, with yells and cheers, but what was more useful, they had ropes and four big mules-the ropes were made good use of. but Brother Mule could not be coaxed nearer than 50 yards of Brother Bear. We finally arrived about night at the town. The town butcher soon had them swung up in his shop; next morning everybody from far and near was there to see the huge beasts. The butcher soon skinned them and was but a short time in selling. The large one netted us a little over \$800, the smaller one we divided with the butcher and ourselves, etc.; Burt, and I fell heir to the skins. which were sent to Sacramento city to be dressed. Burt carried his to his home: best friend, James Campbell, of Texas,but few such men as be live in this fast

New Styles in Casket ..

"Now is your time to buy coffins." says a placard before an undertaker's establishment. "Now is the time to buy," said the undertaker, 'because we are closing out our old styles. Do styles change? Well, I should say they did. Thirty years ago I wouldn't have known what that was," pointing to a small white casket. "Then everything was a coffin. Old-fashioned coffins are going out of style very fast. Changes are not only being made in their shapes, but also in the manner of trimming. Styles don't change as often as they do in coats, for instance, for a man never wants more than one style in a coffin, size. They all at first seemed to be atraid but they do change. In a few years you won't be able to find an old-fashioned tapered head and toe coffin anywhere-except in some old vault or graveyard. Many people are aware of this fact, and as they like to stick to old ideas they are buying their coffins now. I know a man living on Madison them with much relish. We had hanging avenue , who has had his coffin in the house for ten years. Why, he has moved three times in that period and has moved the coffin with him, The cost of a casket? That depends. There is one I'll let you have for \$15. There is another which would cost you \$250. A man wouldn't blush that was buried in a casket like that, Oh, yes; we make caskets to order quite frequently. Think of ordering yours? Give us a trial. Sure to suit you. After using one of our rubber-cushioned caskets I am sure you will never have any other kind. No, we never sell caskets or coffins on instalments.'

> Death By Telegraph. The discussion of electric light dangers springs up or breaks out often and in numerous places. A scientist and expert was asked if a man's life was in danger when his body was exposed to the current of electricity necessary to feed the electric light, His reply was tnat no man knew the extent of the danger, or rather the extent of the injury that might be incurred. If a man should place his hand upon the wire before the generator started and keep them there until the machine stopped, as he might be obliged to whether he wanted to or not, since the muscles would contract very strongly-if he did this, it is believed that he would be comparatively safe; but if his hands were removed, if they could be, or if the wire should break while the generator was in operation, he would receive an induction spark that might kill him and might not. That would depend on what part was affected and upon the man's physical condition. It might paralyze the heart, it might cause strangulation, and in any case would be likely to cause more or less derangement of the nervous system. But the positive or definite result will not be known, cannot be known, except by actual experience. Some light may be thrown upon it by experiments on