#### THERE'S WORK FOR ALL TO DO.

Come, boys, the world wants mending, Let none sit down and rest, But set to work like heroes, And nobly do your best. Do what you can for fellow-man . With honest heart and true, Much may be done by every one-There's work for all to do.

You can but do a little? That little's something still, You'll find a way for plenty If you but have the will. Untiring fight for what is right, And God will help you through; Much may be done by every one-There's work for all to do

Be kind to those around you To charity hold fast, Let each think first of others, And leave himself till last. Act as you would have others should Act always unto you; Much may be done by every one-There's work for all to do

THE SPECTRE LOVER.

"Marion, you could not betray meme? Speak to me, darling. Tell me in words as true and tender as mine to you. that your heart is mine for ever, as my heart will be yours for ever and for ever.

It was a lover who spoke-an ardent and passionate, but doubtful lover. He was a tall, pale young man, strikappearance.

acteristic.

His large blue eyes were so dark and so heavily fringed with long, thick lashes that they seemed black.

who returned his steadfast, loving gaze and a gay wedding party issued forth. with half-averted eyes and a smile that | With a smile, and something like a halfwas half fond, half scornful, was the murmured benediction, Robert stood sort of woman who is often dangerous aside and waited to see the bride. And to men, aiways troublesome to herself. he did see her. She was a beauty and a coquette. and she was not wholly hardened or selfish. fled from his cheeks-his soul seemed She had just enough heart to make to die within him-for the bride in trouble for herself and others, and to pearly robe of glistening satin, and veil make her play badly in many small that swept the ground behind her, was games of the affections which she had Marion-his Marion-the woman who previously arranged in her head with had sworn to be his wife. She leaned great accuracy.

When she had begun her flirtation with Robert Norton, Marion Swayne whose title she would have bartered had not in the least meant to be serious | much more than her promise to Robert herself. She had intended all that sort Norton. For one instant, as she passed of thing for her victim. To her dismay him, Marion glanced aside and saw a she discovered that her own feelings | face that seemed to have come from the were considerably entangled, and much grave-it was so still, so white, the look more than they had ever been before. The brilliant and fashionable Miss shrank and shuddered, a stifled scream Swayne was absolutely in love with left her lips, but with a strong effort ters, whose genius was yet to be proved, her agitation. and whose path in literature was all up. hill and heavy climbing.

him to the lack of true depth in her knew it.

heroic.

Robert once more clasped her close to his heart with a vehemence that almost hurt her; but this time she did not complain, and a tearful mist dimmed her eyes when she found herself alone.

honestly mistook for the enthusiasm of | less. first love, and she carried it about in

her bosom for several days.

love-letter. It remained for the rest of his life again. Robert's most precious earthly posses-

sion, and it was found close against his heart after he was dead. Marion received Robert's frequent

letters with less and less delight as they came more rapidly, with now and then a gentle reproach for her scanty replies, till at last she pooh-poohed them altogether, and ceased to answer them at all.

Rumors had reached Robert of an elderly, wealthy marquis, who, accordyou could not love any other man than ing to common report, was about to confer a title on the fair Marion, and bear her off to his ancestral home. But Robert would not believe it. He

resolutely closed his heart against a doubt of her faithlessness to him. "To doubt her," he said, "is to die;" and he accounted for his darling's

silence by assuring himself that she ingly handsome and distinguished in was ill. At last he could bear it no longer, and he resolved to see her. It His hair was like waving silk, so was a lovely day in early summer when blonde and beautiful, that it might have Robert, on his way toward Miss given a character of effeminacy to a Swayne's house, reached the pretty countenance less determined and char- Gothic church where he had first seen her, her lovely eyes devoutly fixed on the minister in the pulpit. He paused a moment, though his haste was great, to pay it the tribute of one loving look.

The girl who stood before him, and As he did so the church door opened.

The light left his eyes, and the color proudly on her husband's arm, a finelooking old gentleman, the marquis, for in the eyes so fixed and stony. She young Norton, a penniless man of let- she controlled herself and laughed off

Robert was jost in the crowd, and she could have believed that her imagi-Robert knew that she loved him, too | nation had played her the trick of con--at least, as far as she was capable of juriag him up there. But Robert was loving him. His passion did not blind avenged, although, perhaps, he never Estremadura the development of the

what she said, and really felt quite and, although no sound issued from them, she knew the words they formed-

"You are mine, Marion, and you must come with me.' Slowly the figure melted away into the air, and was gone. Without a cry or sigh, Marlon fell as

if struck with death, and when her Marion read Robert's first letter with busband and his servants entered she a warm glow at her heart, which she still lay there, white, motionless, sense-

The young marchioness never recovered-she only revived from one swoon Under the effect of it she replied at to fall into another. And when the new once, and her answer was a very fair day dawned its first rosy beams flushed a cold, dead face that could never flush

> Marion was buried in the little grave. yard of the pretty church where she was married. A second funeral procession entered at the same moment, by the opposite gate. And the mourners said among each other:

"How strange! The funerals of Marion and Robert Norton in the same hour.

"Where will they be laid?" "Side by side," replied another, who

had seen the two new graves. So the roses and the violets that grea above their ashes grew together, intermingled their blossoms, and dropped their leaves on these two graves; while those whom death alone had brought together mouldered into dust beneath.

The Cork Trade.

At present we depend for cork upon the countries bordering the Mediterranean. In these countries the actual market value of cork is ten times what it was at the beginning of the century, and it is likely to go still higher. In Sardinia, Sicily and Naples, extensive cork plantations are being destroyed for the purpose of obtaining the tannin of superior quality yielded by the bark and carbonate of soda from the ashes of the wood. This destruction has been going on for years, while planting has not even replaced the trees destroyed, except in France and its African dependency. As long ago as 1822 the French government appropriated 4,500 francs, which were to be divided among those who, planting in 1823, should possess at the expiration of ten years plantations of 10,000 vigorous saplings. In 1834 only three persons had been entitled to the reward. But France has now over 500,000 acres of cork plantations in Algiers, yielding a considerable revenue to the state.

About fifty years ago the Spanish government began to encourage the planting of the cork oak, and the numper of trees in that country has increased. This increase would have been greater but for the fact that, while in some provinces cork has become the chief source of wealth, in others many proprietors destroyed their trees in order to clear their ground for more valuable productions. The cork oak grows to the height of fifty feet. In Igeria and the Spanish province of tree is somewhat greater. The tree

### The Country Played Out.

"I came up on the Graham from Cincinnati. I worked my way up on deck. I left Cairo, Ill., three weeks ago Monday. The country's played out."

The foregoing was the addendum to a request for money enough to get a meal made by a tramp on the levee recently to a reporter. The mendicant looked like the snapped out end of a hard winter, and evidently had divorced himself from the allurements of soap and water in the remote past. .

"What do you mean when you say the country is played out?" asked that man with the pencil.

"Why, I mean that this used to be the season of the year when work was so plenty in the west a man didn't have to do any. It's harvest time, you know. and seven years ago, or so, a man could travel clean from Belleville, central Illinois, up into the middle of Munesota and get all he wanted to eat and drink without doing a tap of work."

"What has caused the alteration?" "Farm machinery. That's what's killing the West. The wheat harvest commences in southern Illinois in the

middle or latter part of June. The harvest hands used to go down there and follow up the ripening grain into Will county, that state. There they'd cross over by Rock Island into Scott county, lowa, and follow the reapers clear into Minnesota, in the middle of September. By that time grain would be in stack and threshing commenced. They used to work the threshing right back on the same route they followed up the harvest, and reach St. Louis

with a pocketful of money in Novem-"With enough saved to keep them all

winter, I presume?" "Naw. With enough to go on a hallelujah drunk and then skip out south for the cotton field and stave tim-

bers and ditching."

"And how is it now?"

"It's all played out. Seven or eight years ago the farmers used to fight to get men to go into the harvest field and pay them \$3 and \$3.50 a day and their board. The men were independent as hogs on ice, and only took a job just when it suited them. They'd work a week or so and then go off on a bum for another week in the nearest town, and when the money was all gone steer for the harvest field again. Thousands and thousands of men followed that sort of life, and the people along the harvest range were so used to them that when a man knocked at the back door in a town, the woman of the house would open it with a hunk of bread in one hand and a chunk of meat in another, and never ask nary a question. But they invented the 'harvester' first off, where one man drove and two men rode on the machine and bound. You see in the old style reaper, but when they invented the

#### The Jockeys at Saratoga.

It has been just warm enough to stir quine blood to its keepest endeavor without causing discomfort to the looker on-a happy middle ground of temperature rarely granted the frequenter of the race course. Breezes have wafted through the grand stand, ruffling the leaves in the adjacent trees and rendering fans quite superfluous. With such days and with such fields of entries, as those which mark many of the events of the programme, it is certainly no matter of surprise that the now filled-up Saratoga pours out a flood of spectators that fills the grand stand, the quarter stand and the plaza. The great red omnibuses, the hacks and private vehicles by the score contribute the throng which about noon pours like water in a mill-race through the arched entrances of the grounds and upon the stands. The fair sex has been out in full force of late, and many who are not at all turfy in their nature or conduct grace the races with their presence. The betting is by no means confined to the masculine gender. Some of the ladies buy French pool tickets direct of the white-capped agents, who pass around among the spectators on the grand stand; others send out scouts, who take away crisp greenbacks and bring back little pasteboard tickets incribed with hieroglyphics which cause their fair owners to smile and look conscious as cules, whether they smile at the conclusion of the races or not.

The trainers, riders, exercise boys, grooms and owners number well into the hundreds. The boys live and sleep comfortably and are very sociable. Occasionally one negro boy will call another a "corn-field nigger," and this usually means a fight, but never a very serious one. One trainer here is called the "man who never sleeps in a house." His couch is of boards resting on supports about three feet from the ground, and consists of straw and horse covers. From the richest driver to the poorest stable-boy, all bet on their favorites. The boys are great lovers of pastry, and after a lucky hit patronize the pie counter liberally. All the boys are ambitions to become jockeys. Ten dollars for a mount and \$25 for a win, besides donations, bring up visions of colossal piles of pie, and dreams of being chosen leading riders for great racing stables land them in an imaginary paradise.

Ordinary riders only take up permanent quarters at the stables. Such jockeys as McLaughlin, Blaylock, Holloway and other stars live at hotels or private heases. During the winter many jockeys fatten up to a dangerous times, and rides as light as 105. The old methods of burying up to the neck in fertilizing heaps and swallowing overweight jockey wraps himself in some of them with cord and some with course they reduce themselves from cushion, chewing mechanically th

#### The Bastinado.

Said a writer from Egypt the second time that I presented myself at the Prefec. ture, I was compelled to witness, much against my will, the punishment of the bastinado inflicted on three unfortunate Arabs. I must ask my readers to overcome their repugnance and accompany me to the place of torture. His Excellency Osman Bey is seated on the divan of a large room of cold and sinister aspect, the floor covered with large slabs and lighted by high windows looking on the street. Near him, before a little table covered with green baize, sits his secretary.

As I walk up the room a clock strikes the hour of two. The Prefect offers me his hand, and at his invitation I take a seat by his side. Then a negro, clad in a long white robe and wearing on his head on enormous yellow turban, brings me a little cup of coffee and a bundle of cigarettes. As I hand back my cup to this imposing servitor, three Arabs, escorted by two guards, are led before the Prefect. These unfortunates seem to belong to the poorest of the people. Their feet are bare, their clothing is worn and ragged, their hands tremble convulsively, their eyes are haggard, and their faces twitch in apprehension as they listen in mournful silence to the words addressed to them by the Prefect. But they answer his questions with feverish vivacity, and after the exchange of a few words two of the prisoners are led from the room. Then five men enter. These are the torturers they tuck them away in their little reti- and nothing more feil or hang-dog than their looks can be imagined. Four of them seize the Arab who is still standing before the Prefect, and the poor wretch, as he is cast on the ground, throws at him a glance eloquent with agony and fear, but the great man's countenance remains fixed and impassive, and he makes no sign of grace.

The victum was then placed on one of the slabs with his chest resting on the stone, in which position he was held by two of the executioners. Two others next raised his legs until his feet were in a horizontal position, a position in which they were retained by means of a cord fastened to either end of a stick. Each man held the stick with one hand while with the other he kept fast hold of one of the Arab's legs. In the grip of these four powerful and expert men it was impossible or him to move and almost impossible for him to writhe. On this the fifth torturer, who had taken no part in the preliminary proceedings, came forward, holding in his hand a sort of lash consisting of five strands of twisted gut or hide. The face of this man was singularly bideous and repulsive -the yellow and tawny skin, the low forehead, the round eyes, dull and fixed, the thick, black eyebrows, the unbearded chin retreating from coarse, thick lips, the the creased and furrowed cheeks imparted extent for their calling. McLaughlin to the countenance of the chief executioner weighs about 140 pounds in holiday an air of ferocious and bestial stupidity. The tormenter raised his arm and struck

with the regularity of a pendulum the upturned feet of his helpless victim. At seven men used to hold stations after a powerful cathartics are discarded. The the fourth stroke the Arab utteres a cry of pain, and at every fresh stroke the cry harvester that knocked five of them out woollen garments called sweaters, and was repeated. But soon the cry became a of a job. Then they invented the then starts off on a ten-mile tramp. scream, the flagellated flesh visibly shud-'wire-binder,' where the machine does They generally take a country road and dered, and the soles were seamed with red all the work of cutting and binding- walk out five miles and back. By this livid streaks. Sitting silently on my

have burned into her soul.

As a picture of exquisite, entrancing beauty, she was worth gazing at. Small Marion gave the observer an impression both of fragility and nervous power. Her hair, brows, eyes and lashes were dark as midnight, but her complexion was of the creamy hue of the white camellia. Her vivid scarlet lips told of high health, exercise and animation.

"You don't speak to me, sweetheart," her lover continued, having waited some minutes for a respone. "Cannot you say that you love me, Marion, truly as her betrayed lover. I love you.'

"Don't be so tragic, Robert," was the the world-and can never love anyone figure. else at all. Will that satisfy you?"

For answer the impetuous lover covered the ill-treated little hands with And although Marion somewhat dreadhis arms, and held it close pressed to overcome her nervous excitement suffihis heart.

"It must satisfy me, my darling-I suppose you could not love me as I do you-perhaps no woman could."

Marion looked up with a half laugh. could tell this man, who loved her so. that there were women in the world who could love even as he did, and that he would do well to seek such a one and leave her to find a lover of her own stamp; her conscience, or what she inward voice.

Robert's caresses and passionate outbefore.

She answered: "I love you as I can, Robert, dear -- for your sake I wish I was capable of a greater love."

words.

me courage to say that bitter word- close to the figure and to look up into Farewell! May all good angels guard its face. you, Marion, till I hold you in these It was arms again. Do not fear for me, sweet of that."

"And don't, dear Robert, for my love the moonlight beyond. you will always have."

affection for him. It was all the more Never did the fair young marchioness, reaches a great age. It continues to hopeless, for he loved her profoundly whom he had known as Marion Swayne, grow for 150 or 200 years, and after its in spite of all the faults he knew she close her eyes in sleep without seeing growth it still yields cork, though of possessed. While addressing her in that white, despairing face that met ardent, lover-like phrases, he held both her at the church deor on her wedding Spain it is customary to destroy the her delicate little hands, and gazed day. Her sleep became a nightmare, tree when the quality of its cork begins down on her with a look that might and her waking hours were haunted by to deteriorate. In Europe the tree is the ghastly visions of her sleep. In voin her adoring husband took her but it needs a warm climate. In France abroad, in vain he lavished on her every and slight, but with the waving grace gaiety and pleasure that money could

and lithe strength of a willow tree, procure. Her heart was haunted by a spectre that could not be laid. In despair the marquis at length

home to her own country and to her girlhood's home; and this move seemed a happy one. For Marion passed the first night in

her old home in peace and quiet, and

She hardly dared to hope it might continue so, but contrary to her expecplayful answer, while her lips parted in tations, contrary to her fears, each sucbewitching smile. "Just see how you | ceeding night provad as tranquil as the have hurt my hands. They are abso- first. Her health visibly improved. lutely red and bruised from your vio- The color and rounded smoothnesss of lence. You know well enough that I her cheek came back, and her old, ra- Schwenninger, the daily meals of the love you-more than I love anyone in diant beauty shone both in face and General were divided into six portions.

The marquis began to hope that he might with safety bear her away again. kisses, gathered the child-like form in ed the experiment, she thought she had instructions. "The doctor is mistaken," ciently to venture on it.

attend to some necessary business ar- six meals were taken, but at each of rangements, and she was expecting him them he ate all the six portions assigned He added, with a sigh: "It may be home that same evening, as she sud- for the whole day. Thus three weeks that I am unreasonable to ask it- denly remembered, while sitting in the went by. The condition of the patient women must be so different from men." moonlight indulging in dreams of future did not grow worse, and the day was conquest. Suddenly the door bell rang fixed for him to start for Russia, when and wished in her inmost heart that she load and long, waking her from her dreaming fancies with a start.

the servants open the door?"

no sound of anyone in answer to the sheet of paper-he had lost his sight. called by that name, told her she should loud and peremptory summons of the His feet had for some time past shown do so. But she would not listen to the bell. She ran to the door, opened it, signs of dropsy, but, curiously enough, looked out in amazement, for no one the General had hidden this from those was there; but a chill, cold air blew around him. He fought indomitably bursts of tenderness were dear to her; upon her, and she fancied that a shadow against the disease, but in vain. Two it gratified her vanity and touched ner fell on her, and glided past her, along days before his death he lost consciousheart, such as it was, more than any the hall, and into the apartment where ness, and died on the day which had incense of the same kind had ever done she had been sitting. She cried out- been fixed for his return to Russia,

"Who is there?" And ran back into the room too

frightened to think whether she was afraid. There was no answer but as But Robert was satisfied-it was the she entered she felt sure that the same most sincere and affectionate speech shadow fell across her, and then she that Marion had ever made to him, and was distinctly conscious of the figure the luminous, joyful look in his eyes of a man standing before her, directly thanked her more eloquently than between her and the window. The same chill air seemed to blow upon her "You have filled my heart with joy, and to freeze the marrow in her bones, dearest-those kind words have given but a horrible fear forced her to go

It was Robert Norton-more pale, more shadowy than on that far-off day one; with your love as my promised when she last saw him at the church reward, I can attain to anything. You door-but not Robert Norton alive and shall yet hear my name with true wifely in the flesh; that she knew; for, lookpride. For your love I can dare all ing straight at him, she saw through things, and win them, too; but without and at the further side of that shad. that to look forward to-I dare not think owy figure the chairs, the little table, the window-curtains, eyen the street in

Still staring into the cold, white tace, from his nostrils, and he was carried out and for a moment Marion meant she saw the pallid, frozen lips move,

met with as high as 55 degrees north, and in Spain it is found 1,600 feet above the level of the sea, while in Algeria it occurs at double that altitude. The tree can bear a minimum average annual temperature of 55 degrees Fahrenheit. brought his fair and fading young wife It prefers land sloping to the southward and near the sea. Granite lands and slaty, sandy and silicious soils are very unsuitable, and it does not take kindly to damp soil. It grows spontaneously in virgin soil where silico or silicosuitable for the vine are also suitable for the cork.

Over-Eating.

The late Gen. Todleben, the defender of Sebastopol, died literally of overeating. By the direction of Dr. and the hour was fixed when to take each meal. But Todleben, who never in his life had listened to the advice of doctors, laughed at Dr. Schwenninger's he said; "my organism is weakened. and needs strengthening; my good ap-The marquis had gone to London to petite is a clear proof of this." The

he fainted suddenly during a walk.

He had hardly reached his residence "Ah, that must be he," thought after recovering consciousness when he Marion, and then, "why doesn't one of asked for the bill of fare. When it was given to him he expressed his Nearly a minute passed, and she heard astonishment at having received a blank

#### Died of Joy.

Chilo, Diagoras, and Sophocles died of joy at the Grecian games. The news of defeat killed Philip V. One of the Popes died of an emotion of the ludicrous on seeing his pet monkey robed in pontificials, occupying the chair of state. Muley Moloch, upon seeing his army give way, rallied his panic-stricken troops, rolled back the tide of battle, shouted victory, and died. The door keeper of Congress expired on hearing of the surrender of Cornwallis. Public speakers have often died in the midst of impassioned burst of eloquence, er when the deep emotion that produced it had suddenly subsided. Lagrave, a young Parisian, died when he heard that the musical prize for which he contended was adjudged to another. Hill, of New York,

was apprehended in theft, taken before the police, and, though before in perfect health, mental agony forced the blood dead.

wire, and only one man is employed. and he drives. That knocks the whole seven out. I'll bet there used to be 20,000 men followed that harvest range every year, and now they ain't got a

"Where have they gone to?" "Gone to the devil, 1 'spose," and the tisgusted ex-harvester sauntered up the evee.

How Alboni Turned the Tables.

The celebrated singer Marietta Alboni was noted for her courage and sangfroid. On the eve of a performance to be given in Trieste she was informed of the existence of a plot to hiss her off the stage. Having ascertained the names argillaceous compounds abound. Lands of her detractors and where they could be found, she donned male attire, her tall robust figure and short hair helping to complete the disguise, and went to the cafe where the conspirators held their rendezvous. She found them in full consultation. After listening a who lived during the revolution in a while the lady addressed the ringleader as follows: Hudson, near Tarrytown.

"I hear you intend to play a trick on somebody. I am very fond of a practical joke myself, and should be glad if you would allow me to join you on this occasion.

"With pleasure," was the reply. "We intend to hiss an operatic singer off the stage this evening.

"Indeed! What has she been guilty of?

"Oh, nothing, except that, being an Italian, she has sung in Vienna and we think she ought to receive some slight castigation for her unpatriotic conduct.'

"I quite agree with you; and now please tell me what I have to do."

"Take this whistle. At a signal to be given at the conclusion of the sir sung by Rosina the noise will begin, in which you have only to join.'

"I shall do so without fail," replied Alboni, and put the whistle in her pocket,

On the following evening the house was crowded from floor to ceiling. The opera was "Il Barbiere di Seviglio." The opening airs, sung by Almaviva and and Figaro, both favorites of the public, were received with great applause. Then Madame Alboni as Rosina appeared on the stage. At the moment when she was about to address her tutor, a few of the conspirators began to set up a row without waiting for the signal. The lady, without showing the slightest concern, advanced to the footlights, and holding up the whistle which was attached to her neck by a ribbon, said with a knowing smile:

"Gentlemen, are you not a little be-fore your time? I thought we were not to commence whistling until after 1 had sung the air."

There was a death-like stillness. Then suddenly thundering applause, begun by the conspirators themselves, resounding from all parts of the house; Alboni had gained the day. Before the audience retared she was called eleven times before the curtain, and received showers of wreaths and bouquets.

Who seeks a friend without a fault, remains without one.

three to five pounds a day. ----

so much suffering. I felt as if I were under the influence of some terrible nightmare. Osman Bey, his secretary, the five executioners, with their storn and sinister features, looking unmoved on so cruel a sight, seemed for a moment rather in his possesion a short black pipe which his father was wont to smoke in the days when the jolly old Comodore heavy thud of the strokes and the screams tugged at an oar in his Jersey wherry. It is not known with what emotions the burly son views this relic which reminds Then the punishment ceased, and the him of his humble origin. A scorched corn-cob pipe in the private desk of ex-President Grant is one which his honest father smoked as he wielded his grubbing hook in Ohioan wilds to maintain mented. Helped by a guard,-for his his humble family. The Vanderlips of maimed and bleeding feet refused to sup-Murray Hill passed from sire to son an port him, -he was then led, still moaning ugly and broken stone pipe of Indian with agony, from the torture chamber. workmanship. They claim that it is The two other Arabs were afterwards one smoked by General Washington on punished in like manner. a winter night beside the hospitablehearthstone of old Diedrich Vanderlip.

low, stone house on the banks of the A party visited the newly-opened observatory on Ben Nevis, and the fol-Yet another pipe around which hislowing words of description are sugtorical reminiscences cluster belongs to gestive of similar scenes on Mount a gentleman on Fifth avenue. It is Washington: The road was found to be known to be 104 years old; how much in passable condition to the lake; above more ancient there is no record to show. that it was almost entirely obliterated It was smoked during the days of the with snow, and the ascent of the upper first Napoleon, and its cheerful glow half of the mountain was found to be a has helped its owner through many very stiff piece of work. At the top weary hours in a dungeon beneath a they received a cordial greeting from Prussian fortress, where he was con- the residents, who assured them that fined for his participation in the break they were finding life very tolerable in for liberty in '48. A successor after- that high latitude. Curiously enough, Munich to German audiences; and ward drew inspiration from it on the though the house was surrounded by deck of an immigrant ship, dreaming of several feet of snow, there was none on a bright future in the land of promise, the roof, the wind having swept it clean and its present possessor now draws off the smooth surface. A day or two consolation from its time-stained stem previous the inmates found the western in the sumptuous library of a palatial door completely snowed up, and had to go

through the operation of digging them-As a flock of geese saved Rome from selves out in order to reach their instruthe barbarous invader, so pipes are said ments, an experience which is likely to to have preserved New York city. prove common enough during the win-Washington Irving chronicles that when ter. The house was found to be comthe British fleet entered the harbor to pletely air and water tight, and very take New Amsterdam the sturdy old comfortable. Three days later, though Dutchmen ranged themselves on the the thermometer showed seven degrees water's edge and smoked so vigorously of frost outside, the observers were that they raised a dense cloud of smoke able to work indoors in their shirtthat completely enveloped the town, sleeves. They are provisioned for six hiding it from the enemy. But even months. A second stove for cooking in these days there were people who purposes has been fitted up. They are disliked tobacco, and one, Rip Van well supplied with literature of various Abeel, objected to this novel smoke kinds, chiefly scientific, and they are entrenchment on the ground that "ye looking forward very hopefully to their people will believe yat a sacrifice is winter's isolation. The telegraph wire offerying to ye Evil One." Nor was has now been completed to the top and Rip alone in attributing to tobacco the is in working order, so that they can at doubtful qualities necessary to the pro- any moment put themselves in commupitiation of Satan. In modern times nication with their friends at Fort Dr. Adam Clark, famed for his learned William. Already some curious differences in the atmospheric conditions of detestation for pork and smoke were the two levels have been noticed. alike powerful, once announced that if | When a storm has been raging at Fort he was going to offer a sacrifice to the William it has been calm and screne devil, it would be a roast pig stuffed | weather at the top of the mountain,

> The more a person wants, the less will do him good.

Never begin a journey until breakfast has been eaten.

Better three hours too early than one minute too late.

JONES (to family physician)-"Hello, Brown. Make many calls New Yoar's?" Brown (professionally)—"No, I called the day after."

A WESTERN editor in response to a subscriber who grumbles that his morning paper was intolerably damp, says "that is because there is so much due

commentaries on the Bible, and whose

ONE of our policemen who had been taid up with a sore hand remarked that while he had a felon on a finger, he couldn't lay a finger on a felon.

residence.

on it."

# with tobacco.

## **Historic** Pipes.

There are many old pipes in New York handed down from one generation to another. William H. Vanderbilt has

the creations of a disordered imagination than beings of flesh and blood; but the of the victim recalled me to the real ty which I was so reluctantly witnessing. Arab, with ghastly face and body shaken with a feverish trembling, had to incline himself respectfully before the man by whose order he had been so cruelly tor-

Among the Clouds.

of my extinguished cigarette, I could not help shivering with horror at the sight of