O voices still beneath the churchyard sod Bright eyes that glistened from behind Warm beauty early given back to God, Red lips that now are ashes!

Ah, so it is! all that hath ever been Experienced by the spirit is immortar; Each hope and joy and grief is hid within The memory's sacred portal.

And yet the soft glow of the midnight hour A strain of haunting music sweet and A dream, a bird, a bee, a leaf, a flower, A sunset rich and golden-

Can fling that portal open; and beyond Appears the record of each earlier feel-

All hopes, all joys, all fears, all musings In infinite revealing. Till all the present passes from the sight-

Its cares and woes that make us weary hearted, And leaves us basking in the holy light. Of golden days departed.

### GOING ASHORE.

"There she is, sir; that's sne just off Bunk Sands, I'm a Dutchman."

My companion was no native of damland, for there was Briton written on every feature of his bronze-red face as a remark that elicited no response, for he stood by me on Baythorpe shore, in every one stood stolidly gazing toward his canvas trousers, fisher's boots, blue the doomed vessel. Jersey shirt, and tarpaulin hat, tied on

"Bang!" went the dull, smothered report of a heavy gun, and in the shade knew hardly what his object was he whistling of the wind and the thunder- come," ing in of the huge rollers as they curled over and over upon the sand, tearing it thrust aside, and a boat's crew was out from among the clays, and scraping soon made up, amid the shricking and it away by tons, made standing in the wailing of sweethearts and wives, who face of such a storm extremely confus- ran about the beach wringing their ing; and yet hundreds were out upon | hands. the shore close under the great sandbank, drenched to the skin with the spray, for the news had spread that a three-master was going ashore.

Going ashore! Simple words to a landsman; but what do they mean? The noble vessel tearing and plunging hat blown off and looking nobler than through the broken waters-now down ever. in the trough of the waves, now rising like a cork upon the white crests, and then a shook as she strikes upon the sand and seems immovable; a shudder- hush of expectation two men rose in the ing quiver through plank and beam, boat, dashed off their life-belt, and, and then crash, crash, crash—snapped amid half-muttered groans, leaped like little twigs on a dead stem, while out from their places and ran up the huge ropes part like burned twine, then sands to the bank where they disapthe rising of the apparently immovable peared. vessel, as she is lifted by the waves to fall crashing again on the sands, partthe deck; a wild, wild cry for help, and then the shore strewn with fragments, giant. casks, bodies, as the merciless waves sport with them, tossing them on to the go, lads." sands and then curling over to drag them back. Going ashore-not safety from a wild storm, but death.

"Ah," said the old salt by my side, shouting at me with his hand to his mouth, "did you hear that gun?"

I nodded. "There goes another." 'There goes another," he continued, where the flash could be seen, while

directly came another dull, heavy report. "Can't yer see her now, sir?" Mine were no sea-going eyes; and it was no easy task to make out a distant | launched. object through the blinding storm of I just managed to make out a dark mass among the boiling waves, and I shuddered as I thought of the fate of

those on board, and then, Lord have mercy upon 'em.

Amen!" As he said this the old man reverently took off his tarpaulin sou'wester, and stood with the storm tearing through the remaining of his grizzly hair; bald, rugged, and weather-beaten, the coarseness of his features seemed for the moment subdued-softened by the feeling within his breast-as he stood there no inapt representation of

the seer of old. shouted.

shrugged his shoulders. "Precious shouted in each other's ears. little," he said, "unless them chaps There was a long and aw come down with the lifeboat; but who'd only broken by the shrieking of the go out?"

It did look a desperate venture, indeed, to attempt to launch a boat with to sea.

"Bang!" There was another flash, and another dull, echoless report, and as the veil of the sands, and fifteen half-drowned spray seemed to clear during a lull in fellow creatures lifted out and hurried the storm, I could perceive a large up the shore. three-masted vessel about five hundred yards from the shore; and once, as she keeled over and showed her deck, I again." could see that she was crowded with

"God help them!" I muttered. "Amen!" said the old man; and just then, away to our left, we saw the lifeboat carriage coming down at a trot. drawn by two stout norses, while a loud and prolonged "hurray" welcomed its the storm, and again the gallant crew arrival-as another flash and its follow- were launched into the surf, that seemed ing heavy report seemed to come from to curl around the boat as though to fill

in its hour of distress. the old man, shouting in my ear, for a bank of foggy blackness, for night after the lull the storm came down with | had fallen. redoubled fury-the wind shricking and howling past, cutting the crests of the the stirring scene around me, for I waves off as it came tearing over the seemed held to the spot by a strange hill of waters and dashing the salt spray fascination. All at once a lurid light in my face till it almost seemed to shot up, for a quantity of straw had cut the flesh, while at times the women been set on five, and the flames roared

man, suddenly seizing my arm. the figures on the sands—some "Catching at straws. Why, there's watching eagerly the fringe of breakers,

a boatload coming ashore. There, don't you see-now a-top o' that break-

I caught sight of a small boat crowded with figures, and then there seemed to be a tail wave curl over it, and I saw it no more. "Gone!" said the old man. "I

knowed it. Nothing could live in such a storm.' "Let's go to the lifeboat and see if | vain. they are going off," said I-but the old

man was intently gazing out at sea. "There, just as I said," he shouted, hoarsely, just in time. "She's struck." And then above the yelling of the storm we could hear a crash and a wild shriek that seems to ring through me now on a stormy night, when far inland

I listen to the howling wind.
"It's now or never," said the old man, as he ran down towards where the lifeboat stood upon its carriage, the women hanging on to their husbands apparently begging that they would not dare

the perils before them. The sea had looked fearful enough from where we stood before, but here, as close as we dared to go to the breakers, it looked perfectly so, while the the point there. She's acoming stem attempt to launch a boat seemed absoon, and in arf an hour if she ain't on lute madness. It was evident the men thought so too, though as we came up

one sturdy fellow shouted: "I'm ready, mates, if you're going,"

Just then, in the dull haze seaward, with a bit of oakum band, while a blue light shone out over the water the flap behind beat about in the tre- like a dull star, but still no one moved. mendous wind that was raging in our All at once the old man by my side laid hold of my arm and whispered: "Give me a lift, sir;" and before I

of the coming night I just caught sight of a faint flash of light. Where we stood the spray came rushing in like a wildly, "I can't stand this. Stand a heavy storm of rain, while the aside and let some of the old ones

The spell was broken, Women were

"Hurray for old Marks!" shouted a voice at my elbow, and the crowd loudly cheered the old man. The oars were shipped and all made ready, the old sailor seizing a steer-oar as he stood up in his place with a life-belt on, his

"Now, are you all ready?" he shout-

"No, no!" was the reply; and in the boat, dashed off their life-belt, and,

"I'wo more!" shouted old Marks, and for a few moments, so dread was ing in the middle; rushing billows the peril, not a soul moved; then two pouring tons upon tons of water over stout lads came rushing toward the boat, pursued by an elderly man-a perfect

"Stop them!" he roared. "Yer shan't

He came up to them by the boat's side as they were climbing in, and endeavored to stop their progress; but in hurt? It is not serious, I hope? his turn he was seized from behind by a couple of men, and the two newtheir places,

"Let me go!" shricked the old man; stretching out his hand and pointing to but the others clung to him as the signal was given, the carriage backed down into position, the time accurately chosen, and with a wild "hurrah" heard above the storm, the lifeboat was

My attention had been so taken up spray which beat dead in my face, but | that I had ceased to look upon the man who was struggling to regain his liberty; but, just as the boat was leaving its carriage, a bystander was driven violently against me, and the moment after I "She must come to it," said the man; saw a figure dash across the intervening "she'll come in just here,' and he space and seize the side of the boat; pointed to a spot among the waves then came the roar of the storm and where they seemed the roughest, the rush of the spray, while for a few "She'll be there in less time than I said; minutes the lifeboat was invisible. Then a short distance off she was seen rising upon a wave then disappearing again in a dull haze, which, mingling with the coming night, soon shut everything from our gaze but the foaming

water. "Over seventy, sir," shouted a voice in response to a query. "Old man-o'war's-man. Been in many a storm, but this here's awful."

Awful it was, for so wild a night had not fallen upon that part of the coast "Is there no chance for them?" I for years, and as the folks upon the shore gazed in the direction the boat The old man shook his head and had taken they shook their heads and

There was a long and awful pause, wind, and then came a loud shout:

"Here she comes!" and in another minute, obedient to their steersman, the such a sea on, and, having no reply, I rowers had timed their strokes to a past life." stood shading my eyes and gazing out second, so that the boat, heavily laden, rode in upon the summit of a giant wave so far that twenty willing hands were at her side, and she was run up

"Now, my lads," cried old Marks. "onto the tracks with her, and we're off

The boat was soon mounted, and every man at his post, the father of the

There was another cheer rising above the doomed yessel like a groan of pain it in an instant. It rose and fell, a dark mass, amid the white foam, for an in-"They'll never go out to her," said stant, and then seemed to plunge into

I could not drag myself away from who had come down were complete- and crackled as dry seaweed and pieces ly held back against the steep sand of wood were heaped up to increase the sailor, who sat erect in the bed. glare, which appeared to gild the crests "There! look there!" cried the old of the wayes, and threw into bold relief

ready to rush down and secure anything lashing upon the further shore. Break-

wreck. More straw was heaped upon the fire, and the flames and sparks rushed inland as they arose with the mighty current of air and darted across the sandbank. Out seaward all seemed blank darkness, and the eyes strained after the lifeboat were for a while strained in

All at once there was a cry of "Here she comes!" but it was prolonged into a wild wail of despair, for by the light from the fire the boat could be seen broadside on and close ashore, and then was dashed, bottom upward, upon the

There was a rush to aid the men struggling in the surf. Some were dragged ashore; some scrambled unone was sucked back by the under-tow; but by the life-belts they were kept the whole crew was ashore-three being carried up to the village insens-

I now learned that about half way to the vessel the steersman's oar had snapped in two, and the boat fell into the trough of the sea, when, in their efforts to right her, a couple more blades were broken; a wave swept over them and washed two men from their places, and then the boat became unmanageable in their hands; for in spite of the efforts of the coxswain, the men appeared panic-stricken, and rowed at

The light that glared upon the shore now showed that it was completely strewn with wreck, and I looked with horror upon the various signs which so entangled with rope, were churned over and over in the sand; and twice I saw something dragged ashore and carried away, which sent a shudder through my frame. At last, heart sick and weary, I turned away, and inquired where the crew of the boat was, and who had suffered; when to my sorrow injured was old Marks, who had so gallantly set the example which had resulted in the saving of fifteen poor creatures from a watery grave,

On entering the village I soon found where the old man had been conveyed, and a few minutes after was at the bedside of the sufferer, I found him sensible, but with a change in his countenance that no amount of pain and suffering could have placed there. He was quite calm, and smiled as I

"Has she gone to pieces?" he whispered, stopping to wipe the blood away that oozed from his lips. "I fear so," I replied; "the shore is

strewed with wreck." "I knowed she would," he gasped, 'Poor things! poor things! How many did we bring ashore?"

I told him fifteen. "Ah!" he groaned, "not enough, not enough!"

said, "and more would have been saved \$18. He got the money finally, and, as I asked one of the hunters who had cramps and chilblains, and my teeth "But it was a most gallant act," I but for the accident. Where are you Lo wasn't in town, Black Jim put it in killed more than a thousand alligators, were on edge from the lemonade, and I "Serious!" he whispered; and then

with a sad smile, "no, it ain't serious; comers were in half a minute equipped I'm the only one hurt, and my time's for the dire struggle before them and in up long ago -four years and more. So there, it ain't serious,"

"Where are you hurt?" "Ribs all crushed." he whispered. "I was under the gunwale of the boat, and it's all over. I could see it in the doctor's looks."

A gush of blood stopped his utterance and I did not dare whisper the comfort I could not but feel.

"It's all right, sir," he whispered, after lying with his eyes closed for about half an hour-"it's all right, and an old tar couldn't die better than dom' his duty. I never thought so; but I always felt as I should like to die in harness, as they say, and so I shall; but I wish there had been more," "More what?" I asked.

"More saved," he whispered. "Yer see, I've been afore now in action; and the Almighty only knows how many souls I've cut off; and I should like to feel sure as I'd saved more than I did for-that's all. Perhaps they may go in the scale to help balance the

"But you did all as a part of your

duty." "Ah," he whispered, "duty. Yes, sailors should always do their duty, and I felt it was mine to-night to go. old men-o'-war's men were trained to answer a call in calm or storm; and when lives were at stake to-night I felt that I was called, and I hope I did my duty. Will you ask them fifteen to say just a word or two for the old man in their prayers, sir; I mean when I am gone? I think I should like it, for I'm an old sailor and can boast of my

"Have you no relatives?" I whispered: "no friends that you would like to

"Far away-far away," he said, with a mournful shake of the head, "and some are a-waitin' for me to join their watch. Don't leave me, sir," he said,

piteously, I promised I would not, and sat watching hour after hour, listening to the hard breathing of the sufferer, who seemed to sink into a state of two lads taking his place by the side of stupor, moaning at intervals as he the old coxswain, for no amount of tossed his head from side to side on the persuasion on either side could effect a pillow, and muttered a few words, broken and half spoken. The storm gradually sunk till the wind quite lulled, and at about three o'clock I half drew the curtain and looked out upon the which still tossed fearfully, though all above was calm and peaceful, a light cloud just drifting slowly past the pale bright moon.

I stood gazing at the soft, blue sky, now so placid and serene, almost wondering that so great a change could have taken place, when I started, for a voice behind me shouted: "Morning watch! Draw the curtain

in and let that moon shine in!" I obeyed-turning cold and trembling as I did do-still looking at the dying

boatswain piping for me to keep my everlasting watch. Ay, ay, sir! There —hark again! There's the waves a hung in the ordinary way.

that might be washed ashore from the ers ahead! breakers a-head! Look out there! The old vessel's struck and she's going to pieces-the old seventy-four that's weathered many a storm, going ashore. Farewell, messmate; one short struggle, one cold plunge and a hopeful heart-a brave striking out through the

harsh breakers! Land ho! land ho! on other the side-end it's a land of rest-a land of peace and hope. Now for it! The rush of the dark waters is comingblinding - deafening-but keep a bold heart, messmate. God bless you! I'm going ashore!"

For some minutes I sat motionless. after tossing about for a moment, she The old man's eye had lighted as he gazed straight before him out upon the fan camp. Six dead alligators were mooulit heavens. His voice seemed to peal through the silence of the night, until I shivered as he described the wreck then taking place. To the last word night One of the young men was busy aided from the water, while more than his voice had rung out clear and resonant; then he sank back motionless but by the life-belts they were kept upon the pillow, stained now with his affoat, and at last, more or less hurt, lifeblood, and I passed softly from the room, for I knew that his life-bark

#### was stranded by the sea of death. Odd Traces of Lost Money.

Almost any one could collect and tell a good many incidents about lost money that has been found if he would try, but these cases came under our own observation, and we can vouch for their

A farmer in Kinnickinnick Valley was paid \$1,000 while he was loading hay. He put it in his vest pocket, and after he had unloaded the hay he discovered that he had lost it, and no doubt had pitched the whole load into the mow on top of it. He went to work and pitched it all out, a handful at a time, upon the barn floor, and when the hired man's plainly disclosed the fate of the good fork-tine came up with a \$100 bill on it ship. Spar, plank, beam and cask, he knew that he had struck a lead. He

got it all. A young man one spring ploughed a pocketbook and thirty dollars in greenbacks under, and, by a singular coincidence, the next spring it was ploughed out and, though rotten clear through, was sent to the treasury, where it was discovered that the bills were on a I learned that the only one seriously Michigan National Bank, whither they

were sent and redeemed. We lost a roll of \$100 in the spring of '82 and hunted the house and the office through in search of it in vain. We went over the road between the office and the house twenty times, but it was useless. We then advertised the loss of money, giving the different denominations of the bills, and stating, as was the case, that there was an elastic band around the roll when lost. The paper had not been issued more than an hour before the money was recovered, every dollar of it. It was in the pocket of another vest. This should teach us, first, the value of advertising, and, secondly, the utter folly of two vests at the same time.

Apropos of recent bank failures, we want to tell this one on James S. Kelley, commonly called "Black Jim," He failed himself along in the fifties, whom he was indebted in the sum of bottom and is lost. a bank, the name of which has long hours after Jim had put his funds in

Meeting Lo on the street, Jim said: "Your money is up in the Wild the to Cat Bank, Lo. "Fil give you a check \$65.

"No use, old man: she's gone up." "No!" "Yes; she's a total wreck." Jim went over to the President's room.

He knocked as easy as he could, considering that his breath was coming so "Who's there?" "It's Jim Kelley-Black Jim-and

I'm in something of a hurry." "Well, I'm very busy, Mr. Kelley. Come again this afternoon." "That will be too remote, I am very busy myself. Now is the accepted time. Will you open the door, or shall I open

The President opened it, because it was a good door and he wanted to preserve it.

Black Jim turned the key in the door and sat down. "What did you want of me?" says the

President. "I wanted to see you about a certificate of deposit I've got on your bank for eighteen dollars," "We can't pay it, Everything is

"Well, I am here to get eighteen dollars or to leave you looking like a giblet pie. Eighteen dollars will relieve you of this mental strain; but if you do not put up I will paper this wall with your classic features

and ruin the carpet with what re-The President besitated a moment, Then he took a roll out of his boot and

paid Jim eighteen dollars. "You will not mention this on the street, of course," said the President. "No," said Jim, "not untill I get

there. When the crowd got back, however, the President had fled, and he has remained fled ever since. The longer he remained away and thought it over, the the more he became attached to Canada, and the more of an incurable fugitive

he became. We saw Black Jim last evening, and he said he had passed through two bank failures, but had always realized on his certificate of deposit, cashier told Jim that he was the homeliest man that ever looked through the window of a busted bank, He said cashiers on toast and directors raw with a slice of lemon on top.

A durable and weighty-looking door is now made of paper. While it costs about the same as wood, it is much better, because there is no shrinking, swelling, cracking or warping. It is composed of two thick paper boards, stamped and moulded into panels, and glued together with glue and potash, and then rolled through heavy rollers. "Hark! don't you hear that? It's the It is first covered with a waterpro-

#### Alligator inunters.

The men who hunt alligators for their hides and teeth reap their harvest in hot weather. The warm weather induces great numbers of aligators to frequent the marshy banks of the rivers. and the absence of sportsmen during this season makes them comparatively fearless. The most successful hunters hunt only in dark nights. A few nights ago I had my slumbers broken several times by the discharge of guns. On repairing to the banks of the river the next morning to ascertain the cause of acquainted with, and that I, like all me the noises I found two young men occupying a hastily constructed palmettolying around the camp, varying in length from four to eight feet. The hunters had killed them the previous skinning the alligators, while the other, with the aid of a single cooking utensil which answered the purpose of baking oven and coffee pot, was preparing a length; but there seemed to be no way frugal morning meal. The skin is re- of mastering the difficulty, and he was moved from the belly, the under part too much of a gentleman to suggest of the jaws, and the inside of the legs. even a temporary abandonment of my The skin on the back is worthless. As principles. But by-and-by he said: soon as the skins are removed they are shipped to a New York firm. The hunters receive \$1 apiece for all hides priety in it." four feet long and upwards. After the skins are removed the

hunters cut off the heads, and place them on the edge of the river, where they remain for about a week. At the end of that time the teeth become so loose that they can readily be pulled out with the fingers. The teeth from after midnight. I never enjoyed myself half a dozen large alligators weigh about a pound, and are worth \$4. alligators in the week that they hunted hunting as soon as it becomes thoroughly dark. Their hunting outfit consists of a bulls-eye lantern, in cept my umbrella. camp language called "look-'em-up," a doubled-barrelled shot gun, or "kill-'em-sure," and a hatchet, with which they split the alligator's skull, and to which they have given the very expressive name of "dynamite," The man who is to do the shooting for the night fastens the lantern to his forehead, and takes his place in the bow of a small boat. His partner paddles the boat and so I changed off for lemonade. I cautiously along the stream, while the man in the bow keeps a sharp lookout for alligator's eyes, which, under favor- than soda water, but it isn't so. In the able circumstances, he can "shine" with his lantern at a distance of two hundred yards. As soon as they discover a pair of eyes they paddle cautiously up to within a couple of feet of the alligator's head and discharge a load of buckshot into it. As soon as the shot is fired the paddler catches the alligator by the jaws, which he holds together with one hand, while he cleaves the skull open with the hatchet.

Sometimes the alligators retain considerable power of action. When such is the case, it is rather exciting work getting them into the boat. Sometimes very large alligators turn the boat over. ally I enjoyed a good deal. But I could and, by a big struggle, had made out to If an alligator is not handled at once pay everybody but Lo Bartlett, to after being wounded, he sinks to the of kegs of ice water.

ago sunk into oblivion. In fact it began ever killed, and he told me 13 1-2 feet the oblivion business about forty-eight long. He said that his father killed one on the St. John's river 17 1-2 feet long, the head of which when placed in a flour barrel projected two inches over the top. He sold it to a museum for

# Drinking Ceremonies.

The custom of touching glasses prior to drinking healths is very common in England and many other countries, and especially in Germany. It is curious to trace how this custom has prevailed, and still exists, even among savage tribes. To drink out of the same cup, and to eat off the same plate, was one way in which the ancients celebrated a marriage, and the wedding feast continues te be not the least important of the marriage ceremonies to the present day. The Indians of Brazil retain a custom of drinking together a little brandy, as a sign that the marriage is concluded. In China similar customs are met with. In the mediæval banquets of Germany it was the custom to pass a "loving cup" from hand to hand, out this gradually necessitated that the cup should be of enormous size, and thus smaller cups and glasses were adopted, and the custom was conformed

before drinking. among the Anglo-Saxons to pass round and as he lifted the cup with both him. To prevent this, the following plan was adopted: When one of the company stood up to drink, he required be his pledge-that is, to be responsible for protecting him against anybody who should attempt to take advantage of his defenseless position; this companion stood up also, and raised his own sword in his hand to defend the drinker while drinking. This practice, in a somewhat altered form, continued long after the condition of society had ceased to require it, and was the origin of the modern practice of pledging in drinking. In drinking from the "loving cup" as now practised, each person rises and Kelley looked like a man who ate bank takes the cup in his hand to drink, and at the same time the person seated next to him rises also, and when the latter takes the cup in his turn, the individual next to him does the same.

ALTHOUGH the hand organs have retired from business, there are still lote of cranks turning up.

insects by darting out the tongue, which

### The Canada Side.

Mark Twain says: I managed to find my way back alone to the place from whence I had started on this foolish enterprise, and then hurried over to Canada to avoid having to pay for the guide. At the principal hotel I fell in with the Major of the Forty-second Fusileers and a dozen other hearty hospitable Englishmen, and they invited me to join them in celebrating the Queen's birthday. I said I would be delighted to do it. I said I liked all the Englishmen I had ever happened to be countrymen, admired and honored thy Queen. But I said there was one insuperable drawback-I never drank anything strong upon any oceasion whatever, and I did not see how I was going to do proper and ample justice to anybody's birthday with the thin and ungenerous beverages I was accustomed The Major scratched his head and thought over the matter at considerable

"I have it. Drink soda water. As salted and packed in barrels, which are long as you never do drink anything more nutritious there isn't any impro-

And so it was settled. We mee in a large parlor handsomely decorated with flags and evergreens, and seated ourselves at a board well laden with cresture comforts, both solid and liquid. The toasts were happy and the speeches were good, and we kept it up till long more in my life. I drank thirty-eight bottles of soda water. But do you The two young men killed fifty know that is not a reliable article for a steady drink? It is too gassy. When I this neighborhood. They begin got up in the morning I was as full of gas and tight as a balloon. I hadn't an article of clothing I could wear ex-

After breakfast I found the Major making grand preparations again. I asked what it was for, and he said that this was the Prince of Wales' birthday. It had to be celebrated that evening. We celebrated it. Much against my expectations, we had another splendid time, we kept it up till some time after midnight again. I was tired of soda, drank several quarts. You may consider lemonade better for a steady drink morning it had soured on my stomach. Biting anything was out of the question -it was equivalent to lock-jaw. I was

beginning to feel worn and sad, too. Shortly after luncheon I found the Major in the midst of some preparations. He said it was the Princess Alice's birthday. I concealed my grief. "Who is the Princess Alice?"

asked. "Daughter of her Majesty the Queen,"

the Major said. I succumbed. That night we celebrated the Princess Alice's birthday. We kept it up as late as usual, and renot stand lemonade. I drank a couple

In the morning I had toothache and what was the size of the largest one he | was still pretty gassy. I found the inexorable Major at it again.

"Who is this for?" I asked. "His Royal Highness, the Duke of

Edinburg.

"Son of the Queen?" "Yes." "And this is the birthday-you haven't made any mistake?" "No; the celebration comes off to-

night." I bowed before the new calamity. We celebrated the day, I drank part of a barrel of cider. Among the first objects that met my weary and jaundiced eye the next day was the Major, at his interminable preparations. heart was broken and I wept.

"Whom do we mourn this time?" I "The Princess Beatrice, daughter of

the Queen." "Here, now," I said, "it is time to begin to inquire into this thing. How long is the Queen's family likely to hold out? Who comes next on the list?" "Their Royal Highnesses Anne, Mary, Elizabeth, Gertrude, Augusta, Wil-

liam, Simon, Ferdinand, Irene, Sophia, Susannah, Socrates, Samson-"Hold! There is a limit to human endurance. I am only mortal. What man dare do, I dare-but he who can celebrate this family in detail and live to tell of it is less or more than man. to by the drinkers touching their glasses If you have to go through this every year, it is a mercy that I was born in The ceremony attending the passing America, for I haven't constitution and drinking out of the "love cup" as enough to be an Englishman. I shall practised at our great city festivals and withdraw from this enterprise. I am at some of our college hails, is said to out of drinks. Out of drinks, and thirhave arisen from the assassination of teen more to celebrate. Out of drinks, King Edward. It was then the custom and only just on the outskirts of the family yet, as you may say. I am sora large cup, from which each guest ry enough to withdraw, but it is plain drank; he who thus drank stood up, enough it has to be done. I am full of gas and my teeth are loose, and I am hands, his body was exposed without wretched with cramps, and afflicted any defence to a blow, and the occasion with scurvy, and toothache, measles, was often seized by an enemy to murder mumps and lockjaw, and the cider last night has given me the cholera. Gentlemen I mean well, but really I am not in a condition to celebrate the other the companion who sat next to him to thirteen. Give us a rest." I find, now, that it was all a dream. One avoids much dissipation by being asleep.

# A Curious Book.

Perhaps the most singular currosity in the book world is a volume that belongs to the family of the Prince de Ligne, and is now in France. It is entitled "The Passion of Christ," and is neither written nor printed. Every letter of the text is cut out of a leaf; and being interleaved with the blue paper it is as easily read as the best print. The labor and patience bestowed on its completion must have been excessive, especially when the precision and minuteness of the letters are considered. The general execution in every respect is indeed admirable, and the volume is of the most delicate and costly kind. Rudolph 11 of Germany offered for it, in 1640, 11,000 ducats, which was pro-The toad, frog and chameleon capture | bably equal to 60,000 at this day. The most remarkable circumstance connectis tipped with glutinous saliva. The ed with this literary treasure is that it constricting serpents crush their bears the royal arms of England, but