Here comforted or pilot state that it is the charmed dreams, but not of world no Behold a ship! her wide yards score the sky; he satis a steel-blue sea

As turns the great amassment of the tide, Drawn of the silver despot to her throne, So turn the destined souls, so far and wide, The strong deep claims its own.

Still the old tale, these dreamy islanders, Each with hot Sunderbunds a somewhat That calls, the grandstre's blood within them

Dutch Java guards his bones. And these were orphaned when a leak was

sprung
Far out from land when all the air was balm; The shipmen saw their faces as they hung, And sank in the glassy calm.

These, in an orange-sloop their father plied, Deck laden deep she sailed from Cadiz A black squall rose, she turned upon her

Drank water and went down. They too shall sail. High names of alien Are in the dream, great names their fath-

ers knew; Madras, the white surf rearing on her sands, E'en they shall breast it to

See threads of scarlet down fell Roa creep, Wild moaning winds rend back her va-porous veil: Wild Orinoco wedge-like split the deep, Raging forth passion pale;

Or a bine berg at sunrise glittering, tall, Great as a town adrift, come shining on, With sharp spires, gemlike as the mystical, Olear city of St. John.

## A NEWSPAPER FILE.

It was two days after Aunt Priscilla's funeral, and Sue and I were sitting together by the kitchen fire, with that hush over our spirits still which follows we had been busy in getting the house to rights, not meddling yet with the things which had been hers and were now ours, but by dint of open windows, sunshine and furniture dusted and rearranged, trying to restore to the rooms that familiar look which they had lost during those weeks of anxiety and trouble. A few dam more and we must face a future which was full of terrors. Meanwhile, custom as well as inclina- thousand dollars I could double my tion accorded a brief respite in which to think of her who was gone and of each two. Sue, darling, don't cry." other, with the clinging fondness of those whose lives, never before parted, were about to separate.

Sue sat on a low stool, her head against the chimney jamb. It was the chimney of Aunt Priscilla's youth; she would never alter it-one of the wide, old-fashioned kind, with pot books and blazing logs, and bake oven at one The soot blackened bricks and faint red glow made a background for my sister's head, with its great twist of fair hair and lily like slender throat. Sue is very pretty, prettier than any-body I ever saw. I recollect a picture as I looked at her—a picture of Cinderella sitting in just such an attitude by the chimney side. She was equally picturesque at that moment; so far as looks go, equally worthy of a prince; aboue it, and seeing what we have, and but alas! no fairy godmother was likely what it's worth," I urged, loth to give to emerge from the apple room for her up any ghost of a chance. "We may Aunt Pris, who in a small do that, mayn't we John?" way, had enacted that part towards us, was gone, and her big rocking chair do sooner or later. Look over the which we had no heart to sit in, swung house, and make a list carefully, and empty in its accustomed place, type of

feel for a long time to come. things, so we saved our words.

Their poor little engagement had been to-morrow, John." made two years ago. How many years t was likely to last nobody could guess, but they held on to it bravely, and were John?" content to wait. Pretty soon, as we sat waiting, his step sounded without on the gravel, and with a little tapcourteous, but unnecessary, for the door was never locked—he entered, gave Sue a gentle kiss, me another, and sat down between us in aunty's rocking chair. It was a comfort to have him do that.

gone?" he asked. "Pretty weil," replied Sue. "We have been busy and are tired to-night, I think I'm glad you are come, John dear. We are getting lonely and dismal, Cree and I.

John adjusted a stick on the embers, pose, is it John?" and with one daring poke sent a tongue of bright flame upward before he answered. Then he took Sue's hand in something." his broad palm, and patting it gently,

"Now let's talk over matters. We John. "Good night, children," ought to decide what we are to do, we

"That "three" was very comforting to me, but John always is a comfort. And he certainly carries out the purpose of his creation.

'Did your aunt leave any will?" he went on

paper, on which dear aunty had stated in her own simple form, that she left all she had to be equally divided between her nieces, Susan and Lucretia thing in her life. Our list was a very Pendexter. Squire Packard's name and short one. A few chairs and tables, a man, were written below as witnesses.

"Very well, said John. That's good in law, I fancy; or, if not, you are the nearest relatives, and it's yours anyway. What property did your aunt into each other's faces as we set them down

'She had an annuity of \$250 a year, and \$50 more from some turnpike stock. That's all, except the house and furniture, and there is a mortgage of \$300 counterpanes," replied Sue—"warmer on that. Squire Packard holds it. The annuity stops now, doesn't it?"

John looked as though he wanted to

whistle, but refrained. "Your aunt was a clever manager," he said-a capital manager. She made a very little go a great way, didn't she? don't know any one else who could live on \$300 a year, with mortgage interest taken out. You have always seemed cozy and comfortable."

the garden you know, and the cow; that see the familiar page. Meanwhile I gave us two thirds of our living. Aunty was a wonderful housekeeper, though. Isn't it a great deal cheaper to feed women than men? She always said so."

"I suppose it is. Men are carniverous. them very well; they are apt to grumble for something more solid. Well, my dear girls, our summing up isn't very satisfactory. Even without the mortgage, you could'nt live on \$50 a year."
"No. And I've been thinking what And I've been thinking what

we could do. So has Cree, though we haven't spoken to each other about it. I might teach a district school, perhaps. And Cree-"

"I could take a place as plain cook. There isn't anything else I can do as well. Plain cooking, with dripping and soapfat by way of perquisites;" and I gave a laugh which was meant to be

"It is hard" said John with a moody look on his face which was foreign to its usual frank brightness. "How much a little money would do for people who can't get it, and how little it is worth to other people, who fling it away without a thought of its value! A thousand dollars now! Any rich man would con. sider it a mere bagatelle in his expenses; but if I could command the sum, it would

make us three comfortable for life." "How do you mean? What would you do with a thousand dollars if you had it. John?"

"I'll tell you. Langworthy is going to sell his practice."

"It is a large practice for the country, you know. It brings him six or eight hundred a year-sometimes more. He has a chance to go into partnership with his brother out west, somewhere, and he'll sell for a thousand." "But, John, some people like you

better than they do Dr. Langworthy.' "Yes, some people do. But the question is, will they like me better a death and a burial. All the afternoon than the other man who buys Dr. Langworthy out? If I were that man I should comman, both practices. It is a chance, don't you see? But a new man cowing in has his chance to cut me out."

"I see. What can be done?" "Nething," with rueful glance. 'That's the worst of it. I can only keep on and hope for the best. But it is hard, when with this miserable chances and make a nice home for you

She had laid her cheek down on his arm, but she wasn't crying, only looking sadly into the fire.

"If we sold everything, all this which aunty left us-the home, everythingcouln't we get the thousand dollars?" I asked desperately.

John shook his head. "I couldn't let you do that in any case. You'll want your share some day yourself; it musn't go into buying a practice for me. But, apart from that, houses sell so badly now that this wouldn't realize much over the value of the mortgage at a forced saie. And the furniture though worth a good deal to keep would go for nothing at an auction. That plan wouldn't do at all for any of us."

"Still there's no harm in thinking

"Of course. That is a thing you must we'll consult and fix on approximate a like emptiness which we were con- values. Den't hurry about it, though. scious of in other things, and would Next week is time enough, and I know you need rest. "

were tired and spiritless, and John Slade was coming presently to talk over things, so we saved our work were tired and can't take," I cried impetuously. Slade—John—was Sue's lover. keep us from thinki g and getting blue is what we want. We'll make the list

A little more talk and he rose to go, "Did you stop at the post office

"Yes, There was nothing for you." "Not even the Intelligencer?" asked Sue languidly.

"I forgot to tell you there has been a great fire in New York, and the Intelliencer is burned out. Abner brought the news over; it was telegraphed to the Junction. They say the building is a The house seemed less forlorn at once. total loss, so I suppose there won't be "Well, children, how has the day any publication for awhile-some days

"Poor aunty! how sorry she would be!" sighed Sue. "Aunty took the paper ever since it began-forty-five years ago. She never missed a number. There it is all upstairs-stacks and Lucretia is my name, but Sue and stacks of it. She was so proud of her Aunt Pricilla always called me "Cree." file. Is's no use at all now, I sup-

"The ragman will give a penny a pound for it," I suggested; "that's "We'll weigh the lot one of these days and see what we can realize," said

It was a ghostly task which we set out to do next day. The past itself, the faint, fragmentary past, seems to be to me, but John always is a comfort. Wrapped up and enclosed in those bun-He was "made so" Aunt Pris said. dles of time-worn articles with which elderly people encumber their storerooms and closet shelves. Some air of antiquity exhales as you open them, and, mingling with our modern air, produ-"Only this;" and I brought from be- ces an impression half laughable, half tween the leaves of the big Bible, where we had found it, a half sheet of note collector. She loved old things because Sarah Brackett's, our old washer-wo- dozen thin spoons, and a small teapot in silver, the hige newspaper heap which

"I wish it were possible to eat Intel-

John came as usual in the evening, "Here's enterprise!" he called out as

"What is enterprise?" "The Intelligencer! Behold it, large as life, and looking just as usual, only forty-eight hours after the fire! That's what I call pluck!"

"Isn't it?" cried Sue, admiringly, as emed cozy and comfortable."
she drew the paper from its wrapper, and held it to the blaze that she might little list.

"You were right, John. Sue and I have searched the house over to-day, and this is all there is of any value-the A diet of tea and vegavables don't suit furniture, a little silver, and those wretched Intelligencers.

I was interrupted by a startling cry. Sue was gazing at the newspaper in her hand with large dilated eyes. Her cheeks flushed pink.

"What is it? What is the matter?" both of us cry in a breath. "Just read this! Oh, John! I don't believe it! Read!" She thrust the paper into his hand,

and he read: \$1,000. THE PAPER FILE OF OUR PAPER evening of the 13th inst., we offer the above price for a complete and perfect set of the Intelligencer from its first number, March 4, 1830, to present date. Any person able to supply a set as stated will please communicate with the publisher. P. O. Box 2351, New York.

"A thousand dollars! Oh Sue! oh John! what a good piece of good fortune! Dear aunt—think of her file turning out such a treasure! It is too wonderful to be true. I feel as though it were a dream;" and I danced up and down the kitchen floer.

John and Sue were equally excited. "Only," premised the former, "we musn't forget that some one else may have a file of the Intelligencer, and get

ahead of us." This wet blanket of a suggestion kept me awake all night. My thoughts kept flying to New York, anticipating the letter which we had written, and John posted over night for the early stage. If it should be lest in the mails! When ton and Knox, and acted in concert morning came I was too dreary and too fidgety to employ myself in any way. But about noon John walked in, comfort in his eyes.

"Why, John, how funny to see you here at this hour! Why do you look so? You haven't heard yet; you can't for the letter is only half way there." "But I have heard! I got ahead of the letter-drove over to the Junction, telegraphed, paid the answer, and here it

Blessed John! This was the telegram:

Send file at once. Check ready to your of P. HALLIFAX How we cried and laughed and message meant! To John and Sue, the satisfaction of their love, life spent to-gether, the fruition of deferred hopes; to me, the lifting of a heavy weight, home security, the shelter of my sister's wing, the added riches of a brother who was brotherly in every deed. And all this for a thousand dollars! Oh, how much money can do sometimes! and at other times how little! We had grown somewhat calmer, though Sue still kept | times a dozen times a day. her sweet wet face hidden on John's shoulder, and shivered and sobbed now was ill that day, was sitting in a chair, and then, when I turned emotion into with a bedspread around him, talking

Morse. John seized another, and added: The Intelligencer-may it rise like a phoenix from its ashes!" drink this heartily.

The Martin Koszta Affair,

Martin Koszta had been one of the leaders in the Hungarian revolution against Austria in 1849. After the rebellion had been suspended he fled to Turky for refuge. The Austrian government demanded him from the Turk, but the Porte refused to give him up, though, after some correspondence on the subject, it was agreed to exile him permanently to some foreign land. He chose to be sent to the United States, and came to New York and took out partial papers of naturalization during

In 1854 Koszta returned to Turkey, contrary to his promise to the Porte. At Smyrna he received a passport from the American consul and went ashore. The Austrian consul at Smyrna, hearing of the exile's presence there, and having no power to arrest him on shore, hired some bandits to throw him into the bay, where a boat picked him up and conveyed him on board an Austrian frigate. Capt. Duncan Ingraham, United States navy was at anchor in the bay with the American sloop St. Louis, and he forthwith ordered his gunboat loaded and pointed at the Austrian vessel, threatening to fire into her if Koszta was not immediately surrendered into the charge of the French consul. The Austrian captain yielded the point and gave up the prisoner.

The affair gave rise to a long discussion between Baron Hulseman, the Austrian minister at Washington, and William L. Marcy, the American secretary of State. Secretary Marcy got the best of the argument and Koszta was restored to the United States.

On Her Muscle,

Dr. Mary Walker, of Washington re-cently created a sensation at the Capitol. She appeared in one of the corridors of the lower floor of the House wing, and going to the enclosure occupied by the janitor of the House obtained permission to deposit her tile on the wood-box while she went into the room of the Committee on Claims.

After the doctor had disappeared into the committee room some wag bribed a colored employe of the House with a quarter to put the hat on his head, go into the committee room and offer it to the doctor. The colored man placed the dector's hat jauntily on his head. and stepping into the committee room, bowed to the doctor and was about to offer her the hat when she sprang to her feet, screamed "You impudent scoundrel," and dealt the colored man a blow in the eye which staggered him. She drew off to give him another from the shoulder, when the colored man, thinking that under the circumstances a retreat was advisable, dropped the hat

and retired in haste. The doctor regained her hat and departed in triumph.

An exchange says: "The backbone of the Cleveland strike is broken." That is well enough so far as it goes but it is not so much the backbone of a strike that needs breaking as the jaw;

Colonel Mien's Leap.

Colonel Allen's boyhood was passed in Nova Scotia, of which province he was a citizen till about his twenty-first year, though he received part of his education in Boston. When the colonies declared their independence and the war of the Revolution began, young John Allan, who was an ardent American patriot, made a strong effort to have Novia Scotia and New Brunswick join with Maine and Massachusetts and declare themselves free of England; and if he had succeeded, those two provinces would be free States of the American Union to-day instead of colony possessions of England. But the Tory influence there was too strong for him, since he was then only about twenty-one or twenty-two years old, and he was obliged to fly for his life to escape hang-

He came over the border into Maine and settled at Machias; and from that time forward through the whole war, he was the mainstay of defence for the people of the eastern frontier. For though a quiet man, he was a very determined one; and his rule of always doing exactly as he engaged to do soon made him loved by the Indians, over whom he gained an almost complete mastery and leadership. This was very important; for the Indians of the Penobscot and Passamaquaddy tribes were then very numerous and very useful in

The government at that time could give Colonel Allan but little assistance, with them. At one time, fearing that he should be unable to give certain supplies to the Passamaquaddy Indians, he left his two sons, William and Mark, as hostages, in their hands, and proceeded to Boston, hoping to hasten the tardy appropriations made for them.

Delay followed delay, and the lads, then aged thirteen and eleven, spent two years among the Indians, hunting porpoises and fishing with them, getting nothing better to eat all that time than parched corn, fish and occasionally a bit Allan worried about her boys, whom she was unable to see during all that time! When at last they did return advised their neighors to be careful. kissed each other! How much that home, they were dreadfully dirty, clad in skins, and their hair hung in tangled locks down their shoulders.

The British were greatly incensed against Colonel Allan during all this time. Many attempts were made to capture him, and Indians were several times sent from Nova Scotia to assassinate him. The friendly Indians were coming and going from the colonel's as much expression in his face as his house at Machias every day and some-

One afternoon as the colonel, who

I leave you to guess if we did not got behind the door leading into the So he sat down at the board and which stood ajar, pu a time John and Mark both went out to and the wax player. do some work, leaving the colonel alone

as he thought. Some minutes passed, and he had fallen into a drowse, when suddenly the outside door flew open with a bang, and a gigantic Indian, named "Seek-um-O cum,' from down Halifax way-not one of the Maine Indians, but one that the British had hired to kill the colonelleaped into the room, frothing at the mouth like a mad dog, having wrought himself up to a fearful pitch that he might have courage to commit the deed. He was brandishing a huge knife around his head; and Colonel Allan, who was unarmed and wrapped closely in the bedspread, could do nothing save ed. It was remarkable how well his fix his eyes sternly on those of the

With a frightful howl the savage sprang upon him to strike, but at that instant Sam Jack, who had somehow heard of his coming, and who had been standing behind the bedroom door all this time, bounded out, and with one blow of a club which he had concealed under his frock, laid the red miscreant

stiff on the floor! Drawing his own knife, Sam Jack might have had Seek-'um-O-cum's scalp off in short order. But the colonel forbade him; and when at length the would-be murderer came to his senses, the colonel merely pointed to the door,

and bade him 'go home." At another time while alone on a trip, ouring the early part of winter, to con-fer with some Penobscot Indians, then camped on the Schoodic lakes, he was chased by a party of six hostile Indians from across the border, who wished to the wax man can give him points "the wax man can give him points." take him prisoner, in order to get the large reward offered for his capture, dead or alive, by the British. These savages had been dogging his steps for two days, and finally came up with him as he was going down the lower lake on

skates. Chancing to glance over his shoulder, when about a half-mile out from the shore, he saw all six of them dash out upon the lake in full chase. They also were on skates. Col. Allen well knew what his fate would be if taken. Like a strong man who feels that his life is at stake, he struck out with all his powers to escape. But the Indians were more practiced skaters than he; glancing back, the colonel saw that de his utmost exertions, the savages were

slowly coming up with him. "Their exultant whoeps sounded nearer and nearer. Worse still, he now discerns a black line of open water, not more than a mile ahead, stretching far | Prince Henry is one of the handsomest out from the shore nearly across the lake. It did not look very wide; but like in his appearance, and has a rare exactly how wide it was, he could not at first tell. If too wide to leap across, ne would surely be taken! But, reflecting that to drown was as good or better than capture, the brave colonel strained every muscle, and skated straight at the open water. The nearer he came,

the broader the gap looked!

"It's a rod white, surely," thought the colonel. "But God helping me, I can clear it—if I get a good jump!"

He was now within ten rods of it, and a couple of lunges more brought him

within a hundred feet of the black water. It now looked wider still.

"Heavens! it's twenty feet!" muttered the colonel. "Can I? I can't, But I must!" and he collected all his strength for the terrific jump.

The Indians now saw what he meant to do. They were scarcely a hundred yards behind him, and seeing his design, they yelled horribly—to fluster him, Two of them hurled their tomahawks, one of which whirled past the colonel's head, the other skipped along the ice between his feet; and both plumped into the water ahead of him, just as he jumped! For collecting all of his strength at the final forward lunge, he sparng for the ice on the other sidebarely landed on the brink of it-fell and slid far along on his hands and knees! a third tomahawk whizzed by who had halted a little way back to unsling his gun, fired at the same instant, sending a ball skipping along the ice. But the Indians stopped. Not one

of the six dared take that perilous leap; and as the colonel scrambled to his feet again and dashed away, he heard one of them exclaim:

"Ugh! big jump!" Before they could go ashore and clamber through the thick brush so as to come out on the ice below, the colonel had a mile the start of them again, which so disheartened them that they gave up the chase. For they knew there was a block-house at the foot of the lake.

An hour later Colonel Allen arrived at the block-house somewhat fatigued -but otherwise none the worse for his race and the big jump.

Hendricks and a Dummy.

A tall man dressed in severe black, and wearing a very shiny and very high hat, entered the Eden Musee, N. Y., recently. People who looked at his white necktie tied so simply under his collar, and the patriarchal way in which he walked about, said that he was a church deacon. Other far-seeing peoof moose-meat. Ah, how poor Mrs. ple, whose sensitive nerves had been stirred up by the number of arrests lately made by Superintendent Murray, No one thought for a moment that he was Vice President Hendricks, but it was, and he walked up and down and looked at himself in wax,

There was a number of people around the wax Vice President, and they expressed their opinions freely. Some said he was a smart man and others said he was not, and the tall man had waxen imitation. The wax gentleman looked more comfortable than the flesh-

and-blood gentleman. The Vice President eventually went up to a little man who sat behind a a new channel by seizing a tumbler of with his sons, John and Mark, one of chess-board. His kings and queens water and proposing this toast: "To the memory of the late Samuel F. B. and sat down without saving anything not speak be moved his hishops and and sat down without saying anything. not speak he moved his bishops and But as the colonel allowed them to knights around so intelligently that the come and go as they liked, no questions | Vice President thought he would like were asked him. By-and-by, as they to play a game of chess with such an went on talking, Sam Jack got up and intelligent little wax gentleman.

just back of his chair. They were so on his head. People began to gather. busy talking that they did not notice it, They had learned who the player was or forgot it in a few moments; and after and they crowded very close up to him

"Two to one on the wax man!" said a young man with a brown mustache. "I'll take you!" was the answer from another man, and the money was put

up in a jiffy.
"He looks just like his picture, doesn't he?" another man asked. "Yes," a friend replied, "if he had those little side whiskers shaved off. I don't think side whiskers are becoming to a man who may be President." "He's got a dandy suit," was the

next remark heard. "I'll bet he doesn't get it made in Indiana," was heard a second later. Meanwhile the Vice President playantagonist, considering that he was not alive, moved the pieces. The Vice President was apparently losing ground. He got excited. Not so with the gentleman in wax. His calm, quiet plaster of Paris blue eye beamed upon the crowd, and it is no extravagance of speech to say that under the most trying ordeals he remained the same calm, imperturbable gentleman of the first part of the game. He had such an in-expressive face that he must have been a master at face. His hands moved quickly and without a bit of nervous-

Some of the remarks that went around at this stage of the game were like these

not bite his lips the way Mr. Hendricks

"Five to one on wax works," "There were no takers. "Hendricks is a dandy player, but "I always heard that the Vice President was calm. Why, he's all ruffled,"

"That fellow in wax is a daisy." .

The game finished ang the Vice President arose defeated. He put on his high silk hat and moved out of the crowd and left the building. A spruce, dapper little gentleman came out of the wax man with the blue

eye, and said: "Phew! It's hot in there! He's a pretty good player-for an Indianian.'

As a Princess Looked.

As she drove up to the church the Princess Beatrice looked sad and uncomfortable, while her eyes were much swollen. The Queen, in all her magnificence, gave one the impression of a fond and foolish mother who was sacrificing her only child. The Queen is quite gray, but her face looks well. of men, superbly heafthy and soldiercharm of expression, and he took the greatest pains to smile and nod to the crowd. The Princess seemed to be madly in love with him and, during the drive from the church, she had only for him, and they chatred and laughed, almost ignoring the crowd. she seemed very fair and buxom in her

low-cut satin, lace and orange blossoms. Between the man who knows too much and the man who does not know enough the happy medium is the best. An Eye on Mail Bags

"Mail depredations" is the legend over one of the many doors in the postoffice department building.

"Our work" said the head of this or numerous?"

"No," he answered; they are very small when compared with the amount of business done by the department. The postoffice system, you know, carries immense sums of money—millions upon millions of dollars every year. Of course we do not know the number of dollars transmitted in our registered packages, but, when you recognize the fact that there are between 11,000,000 and 12,000,000 of these packages transhim and cut into the ice; before he could mitted every year, you will see that regain his legs; and one of the Indians the amount must be very great."

"How do the losses come? Through the dishonesty of government employ-68211

"In some cases, yes, The large proportion, however, is from mail robberies outside of government employ, and by accidental losses; such as railroad accidents, fires, etc. A very large proportion of our losses by robbery are through persons outside of the department service, robberies of postoffices, train robbers, highwaymen in the thinly settled sections, and characters of this sort. We have very few cases of depredations by our own employes, although they number many thousands."

"Are all government employes who handle money required to give bond?"
"Not all of them. Of course the large Postmasters give a heavy bond, and they usually require their clerks to give bond to them for faithful services. The letter-carriers give bond, also, but those in the railway mail service who

handle the letters do not." "How do you insure their honesty?" "By getting good men and keeping out any bad ones that may appear among them. We have the record of these men down pretty fine. Do you see that long line of books over there? They contain the record of every mail robber arrested in many years past. By them we can tell the records of every man who has made a record of crime in connection with the mail service. In this way we keep the losses down to a very small percentage, a percentage which is constantly growing less in proportion to the business performed by the mall service.

Tonga Men and Women.

They are muscular, cheerful looking, and well-fed; and their features are, I think, much better than the English average, being in many cases regular and fine. The nose may be rather broad at the base, but it is frequently well cut: the mouth is large and the lips a trifle full, but the teeth they disclose are strong, and white, and even, and their eyes are dark and lustrous. women of Tonga have, I verily believe, the most beautiful eyes in the world, and they know how to use them, too. Liquid, soft and speaking, they glance through the fringe of their silken lashes in a manner that is indescribably sweet Their dress consists of a cloth, fastened round the waist, which hangs down below the knees; the body has no covering, and they go bareheaded. The missionaries with their usual idiotic interference, have tried to alter this seneible dress, which is decent, even according to our artificial notions of modesty, and most admirably suited to the climate. They insist on the women wearing a sort of absurd pinafore, which is left off on every possible occasion; and some time ago a law was made that every man should wear a European dress or shirt and trousers, and leave off the charming vala. To enforce this iniquitous law, the manufacture of tappa, the native made cloth, was prohibited, so that perforce the natives had to purchase European fabrics-a thing very greatly to the advantage of the traders, through whose influence with the min-ister this disgraceful state of affairs was brought about. But even the worm will turn, and this was too much for the gentle Tongan, and the law has been wisely repealed by the king.

To such an extreme was the enforcement of this act carried, that any men seen without trousers or shirt on the turf road in Nakualofa was liable to a fine of many dollars. It seems a queer state of affairs that a man cannot walk along the very road his ancestors made, in the dress of his country, but must don the ness, and it was noticeable that he did hideous garments of an intruding people. In the church at Tongataba, where the intelligent mysionary of course rules supreme, this ordinance, which forbids any man to attend the service except he comes in European costume, is still enforced. It is perhaps needless to say that the women have to wear bonnets or hats, because St. Paul said that in his opinion it was seemly for a woman to have her head covered; so these poor creatures have to discard their wreaths and natural flowers, and stick on their heads bonnets or hats adorned with feathers and artificial flowers, like any factory hand in England.

American Manutacture.

An exhibition of American manufactures and natural products is to be opened in Rome next November, under the sanction of the Ministry of Agriculture and Commerce, and of the Consul General of the United States. The purpose is to give our manufacturers and merchants a chance to advertise their wares in Italy, and, it is hoped, lay the foundation of a new commerce.

Many a man who thinks himself a great gun is nothing more than a big

The delicate girl fied into the house and sauk upon the fautenii with a shrill scream. For some moments she lay there trembling and gasping as if for breath. Her mother rushed to her, and, seizing her hands, called her by name again and again. At last she opened her eyes, only to close them again, sob-bing convulsively the while. "She lives!" cried the loving mother,

"Tell me daughter, what is it that has frightened you?" "Oh," gasped the yet half uncon scious girl, "I—I—saw a cow."