Sometimes I'm faint and weary
Of t is work-day world and life,
With its endless round of duties, And all its cares and strife; So tired of unmended stockings, Of buttons that won't stay on, Of answering unnumbered questions From Harry, Dick and John.

Tired-of planning the dinners, And furnishing brains for the cook, With scarce an hour of quiet thought, And never time for a book, I marvel that we as women Gave up our girlhood's life, And took upon us the worries That tall to mother and wife, Till I envy each single maiden With no greater grief or care Than the cut or the fit of a dress, Or the smoothness of her hair.

But when the day's work is over And still each wee lisping tongue, When quiet reigns which all day long, With childish voices have rung, And when in the gathering twilight I draw out the easy chair,
• I feel that this world would be empty But for loved ones that are there! When I think of the love that is mine,

That makes my burdens its own, I'm grateful for my lot in li e-That I'm not a maiden lone. And so the problem now is solved, My question an answer found, Twas ever thus and e'er will be, That love makes the world go round.

## A ROMANTIC SKETCH.

The following story I had direct from a son of the clergyman who performed spoken if she would. the marriage ceremony, and who came from England to this country, where he is now in good business:

"On the evening of a dark and lowry cret?" day in late autumn, a close carriage was driven to the door of au inn in a manuand veiled. She seemed to know that | what you have seen; but for his sakethe landlord was a kind-hearted man, and one to be trusted, She called him aside, and said, without raising her veil, but in a voice of rare sweetness, and evidently of a young person;

"I must trust you, good sir, with more, perhaps, than life. I wish you to serve me without asking a question, I can give you my word, in the outset, that no harm can come to you on my account in any legal way. I must be later—as the same bell hammer was married. I must be a wife within this pealing forth the eleventh hour—anhour; and you must find me a husband. other carriage was driven rapidly up, I only ask that you will find a man who from which alighted two gentlemencan legally take a wife; a man, not a one an elderly man, with a hard, hawkrascal, and a man who will take three like face, and the other, younger, and hundred pounds and give his solemn evidently a debauchee. Mark Conroy pledge never to seek me, nor to speak heard the arrival, and came in to see. to me after the final word of the marriage ceremony shall have been pro- less. Had anything been seen of a nounced. If you can find such a man, young lady, appearing as the old man and tring him hither, and then bring a willing clergyman, you will do me a

'But the license, madam?" "I am provided, I have a special publican.

license wanting only the name of the bridegroom.' It took the host some little time to

nake up his mind that the lady was in vixen!-of being the handsomest girl in earnest, and that all else was right so Staffordshire." far as the law was concerned. When And then the nodded and pleasantly smiled.

where he found Mark Conroy at work | mined to serve her if he could. over a favorite horse. Mark was a splendid specimen of physical and men- and the elder man swore a bigger. tal manhood. Nearly six feet tall, perfectly proportioned, with feet is regular and handsome, an eye like a well Before they went away, the younger of light, and a clustering mass of nut-brown curls setting off his shapely mained respectfully in the background. head, he was such a man as might win the love and esteem of any woman; and the only reason why he had not married or courted any one of the many damsels who sought to attract him, was just now.' that his love for his beautiful horses engrossed his whole heart.

Mark heard the landlord's story, and went with him into the private apartment where the lady was, determined to have the request from her own lips; away." and she made it, though, when she had seen him, standing so strong and so most dainty bit of womanhood in the proud before her, she faltered consider- kingdom. Egadi I supposed I had her ably. But she got through with it, hard and fast. Sir John is her guarclaiming from him the pledge before dian and had given her to me; but"mentioned. While she spoke he tried an oath-"she has given us the slip. by every means in his power to gain a Locks and bolts and iron bars have glimpse of her face, but in vain. Yet been of no use. If she's been honestly he did not miss her voice. It was very married, Sir John's guardianship is at was to him an index to her character. ous things." Never a coarse woman with such breathing of music.

"My dear lady," he said, with a respectful inclination of the head, "I will "Who was that?" demanded in the head, "I will "Who was that?" accept the money which you offer, be- as they drove away. cause I think I can make a good use of it. Ordinarily I would not listen for a of Bently-Dick Temple. moment, but nowthree hundred pounds may be the weight in the balance that shall make my whole future; and, added to this, I may serve you Not for a

"Then I am ready."

"And-I have your promise-" "I have given my word. It was never yet broken, and I do not think that to bles of Monkton & Conroy stood at the your harm I shall now make my first | head of the list in England. false step."

Somehow the lady seemed to be more shy than she had been at first, and once or twice she moved away from Mark, as | Four years later the filly was known and though she was afraid of him, and celebrated under the name of "Lightcrouched nearer to the landlord,

rector. He came in, fully understanding she won the money back for her noble the work he was to do, and after a few owner in one season. whispered words with the lady he signified his readiness to proceed. The name of Mark Conroy was filled into the li- of life, and in that direction he bent cense, after which the work was quickly every energy.

made wife asked, uneasily.

he drew from his purse a half sovereign in glowing, glorious health. of gold, and laying it upon the post of into two equal parts, one of which he

"Lady," he said, "I need not tell you that this, to me, is, and must ever be while I live, a serious matter. Do not tremble. You have my word. But will old walled city of Ulm, on the Danube. you not take this bit of gold and keep it in rememberance of the man whose name you can wear when you will, and who must henceforth be true to you?" She caught the piece of gold with a

though to hide an emotion which she did not care to have witnessed. One step, and Mark Conroy was by her side. He took her hand, and raised

it to his lips. true to the vows this night taken upon | the lady to that boat?" myself. If, in the time to come, Mark Conroy can in any way serve you, you may command him without fear. He will never intrude, and he will never she would make no outcry. take advantage of any service he may

bless you ever!" And with this he turned away, and was gone. The lady could not have

"I suppose," said the landlord, as the lady was ready to depart, "that you would have this kept a profound se-

"No! no!" she cried vehemently. If men should be upon my track-if they facturing town of Derbyshire, from should trace me to this place—tell them which a female slighted, closely cloaked that I am married. Tell them exactly that I am married. Tell them exactly my-my-husband's-do not give his name. Will you promise this?'

The good Bouifac promised, and very shortly afterwards the lady's carriage was whirling rapidly away into the gloom, toward Cheshire.

The clock in the tower of the old stone church was striking the hour of nine as the strange woman drove away from the Derbyshire inu. Two hours

The gentlemen were eager and breathdescribed.

Mark contrived to whisper into the host's ear, to direct his questions. "How old was the lady?" asked the

"Nineteen," answered the old man. "Was she handsome?"

"She had the name-the shameless

Aud then the host told his story-told he was satisfied upon these points he it as it was, all save that he represented the husband as having gone in pursuit, Just the man required was in his not to molest the lady, but to protect employ. He went out into the stables, her into Staffordshire, for he had deter-

The younger man swore a big oath,

"Hallo, Mark! Is that yourself?"

And he advanced and extended a hand with perfect freedom of manner. "Yes, my lord. I am stopping here

"Ah, say, Mark, did you see this girl we have been talking about?" "Why, my lord, as for seeing her. I cannot say I did; but I saw the carriage, and saw a woman get into it and whisk

"Weil, old fellow, there went the

Mark said he would give the filly a trial, and shortly afterwards the gen-"Who was that?" demanded the host,

"That," replied Mark, "was the Earl And they all went their ways in life

as seemed to them best. Mark Conroy from that night became a new man, He borrowed books, and thousand times three hundred pounds read and studied, and went to French would I lend myself to a plot that could and German schools. He had said that work harm to yourself." the three hundred pounds might be the "It will save me, sirl oh, it will save making of him; nor did he mistake. The owner of a place near to Derby-a raiser of thoroughbred stock-was glad to sell him a half interest, and in a very few years the horses from the sta-

The Earl of Bentley let his favorite filly go to pay a betting debt, and Mark of yourself has been the blessed spirit bought the animal for twenty guineas. foot," and Mark sold her to the Earl of Near at hand lived an accommodating Derby for ten thousand pounds, and

> This was but one circumstance of many. Mark Conroy had one great aim

At the age of two-and-thirty he sold "Must 1 sign the register?" the newly out all interest in his Derby property, and nis funds in the hands of his bank-The clergyman insisted upon it. The ers amounted to more than eighty thousand pounds. He had made not Mark signed his name in a bold, one mistake in all his adventures, and Mark signed his name in a bold, strong round hand. Then the lady took the pen, and tremblingly wrote a name, saying:

"That is not the name by which I am known, but I have a sacred right to it."

She had written "Cordelia Temple."
She gave to the rector five pounds—to the host five more; and then she sounted out six crisp, new, fifty-pound strong for the grand lad him to the station of a sevents, the thought held him pure and true, and led him to the station of a series of his fruitless endeavors might not be told in England. But in England, Mark Conroy and his wife live no more. They found a pleasanter home on the Rhine, where were countrymen enough to make it had heard in the old Derbyshire inn! O! what should come of 1t? At all of head and heart that endeared them to all with whom they came in social meeting.

notes to her husband. Mark took them | manhood that any man might covet, for and put them into his pocket, and then | it was pure, and, above all else, robust

Eight years had elapsed since the day a big oaken chair, he placed the edge on which Mark Conroy was married, of his pocket-knife upon it, and with a | and he had grown from four-and-twenty single blow of a billet of wood he out it | to twe-and-thirty, when he took a notion Germany. From city to city, seeking a pleasure he did not really find, until at length he found himself in the quaint

He was standing in the quaintly con- buckled a wide, yellow leather band. structed hall of a quaintly constructed inn, with innumerable nooks and cor- many winters," he said, throwing one ners, and dim recesses, when he was ners, and dim recesses, when he was leg over the other and applying a attracted by the sound of a familiar lighted paper to his pipe. "It is a spasmodic clutch, and turned away, as evidently engaged because of his physi- it and want to go back winter after win-

cal strength and daring. "She will be alone in her chamber "I do this reverently," he said, almost an hour after dark," said the voice of in a whisper. "And now, lady," he have bought up her an bour after dark," said the voice of

The valet said he would do it. He knew just how to accomplish the task. He would bear the lady to the boat and

"Once she is in my power," went on happily render. Adieu! May God and the Earl, 'all else is simple. We will the good angles watch over you, and prove her professed marriage all a sham, and she will marry with me, or-" The rest of the sentence was lost."

Conroy's heart beat nard and fast, He knew very well who was the lady alluded to.

He inquired of the landlord, however, and was informed that the occupant of the suite he had designated was an the interior. Rough wooden benches English lady, who had been with him several weeks-Lady Isabel Cordelia, of Templeton. She was a beautiful woman, but evidently unhappy.

Mark Conroy found the suite of apartments, and did not lose sight of the entrance, About an hour after dark he saw the maid come out, and saw her speak with a man who has hiding in a recess. Presently after that this man was joined by another, whom he had called by a low whistle, and the two entered the chamber from which the maid came. A few moments, during which the watcher's heart beat furiously, and then came the sound of a smothered

With a bound Conroy was in the chamber, where he saw a lady struggling in the grasp of two men. With a blow of his fist that might have felled an ox, he sent the valet to the floor; then with a backward sweep he sent the other against the wall; and then winding his left arm around the lady, he held her in safety, while with his right he drew a pistol and levelled it.

"My---!" exclaimed the valet, when he had picked himself up and looked upon the man who had knocked him down, "it's the horse-tamer-Conroy!"

"And you'll find him something more than that if you do not take yourself out of this. Go tell your master that Mark Conroy knows all, and that if he 18 in Ulm to-morrow mor suffer for it!"

The two men slunk away, and then Conroy led the lady to a seat, and would have let her go, but she clung to him. He was able to speak with comparative calmness, because he had carefully prepared himself for the meeting. "Lady, I have not forgotten my

promise. I have watched over you when you knew it not, You may command me, even yet,"

She looked up into his face, still clinging to his strong arm, and a variety of emotions were shadowed upon her surprisingly beautiful face.

"You are Mark Conroy?" "I am," "Do you know who I am?"

"I do." "Do you know that you ever saw me before? "I cannot say that I know, but my

heart tells me that it is so,-it tells me that you have the mate to this." And he drew from his bosom, where it had hung suspended from a silken cord about his neck, a tiny bag of

chamois-skin from which he took a semi-disk of gold. A moment she stood irresolute, and then while a rich glow suffused her

cheeks mounting to her temples and sweet to his ear. He loved music, and an end. But, say, Mark, I have a brow, and imparting to the lustrous he did not think he should ever forget magnificent filly, which I wish you to eyes a living light, she drew from her the rich, pure tones of that voice. It take in hand. She promises tremend. own bosom, where it had been kept in a velvet peuch, the other half of the golden half-sovoreign. Conroy could contain his great heart

no longer. Grasping both the lady's hands, and looking earnestly and frankly into her face, he said:

"Lady, from that hour, of the other years—that nour in the old Derbyshire inn! I have kept the faith then pledged. Your voice betrayed to me a pure and worthy woman, and I have held the sweet remembrance in love and true fashion. devotion. I dare not, knowing who and what you are, ask you to share my lot; but O!-if you-"

She put out her hand and stopped "Mark Conroy, from that hour I

have not lost sight of you. I know how you have lived-how you have thrived and prospered-" "But," he cried, interrupting her, 'you do not know that the one thought

of my uprising." 'Rut-I have hoped it," she said.

"You—have—hoped?"
"O! my husband! if you can claim me for your wife, and love me always. I will be happy!"

And so, after the years of waiting, Mark Conroy found his reward; and he was not prouder or more happy than the Lady Isabel Cordelia, heiress of the vast estate of the Earl of Templeton, A distant cousin inherited the title, but the wealth was hers. Lord Bentley, when he learned the

truth, not only gave up his striving and his persecution, but he descended to beg that the story of his fruitless endeavors might not be told in England.

THE LOGGING CAMP.

A Rough Life That has its Peculiar Fascinations.

man in picturesque attire was musing to make a tour of the continent. He in front of a blazing fire at the Union went to Paris first, and thence into depot, Minneapolis, awaiting the de-Germany. From city to city, seeking parture of a train. His costume consisted of a blue Mackinaw jacket, red trousers of the same material and a broad-brimmed hat around which was into camp is very fat as is the one that

"I have been in the woods a good voice. It was the voice of the Earl of rough, hard life, but there's a fascina-Bentley, and he was talking with his tion about it somethin' like diggin' gold valet, a dark-visaged, powerful rascal, so that you kinder get into the way of ter. Leastways that has been my 'speri-

After a protracted interview in which added, lifting his head proudly, and maid. My boat is at the old landing. subject to spin a yarn, in which he himstepping back, "know that I shall be I must not be seen here. Will you carry self flowed as the longer frequently strayed from his self figured as the hero, a good many facts regarding life in the lumber camps of Minnesota and Wisconsin were evolved from his inner consciousness.

A lumber camp is usually situated in a clearing near a good spring of water. There are several buildings, of which the hook shanty, as it is called, is of chief interest. This is built of logs and is about twenty feet wide and sixty feet the roof is composed of shake shingles, which are long and broad and overlap each other in orthodox fashion, wooden table set on stakes nailed to the floor extends down the middle of are placed on either side of the table. The spaces between the logs composing the walls of the shanty are plastered with a compound composed of cement and mud, making a building much more inhabitable during the cold days and nights, when the mercury goes down almost out of sight, than the ave-

rage dwelling house in city or town. A sleeping shanty of about the same dimensions is in a convenient proximity. Two tiers of bunks are arranged on either side, on which the logger wrapped in their blankets repose in profound slumber at night. For bed-springs there is a layer of hemlock boughs and their only mattress consists of a tick full of straw obtained at the stables. A carpet bag or bundle of old clothes usually suffices for a pillow, and a logger will declare that after a hard day's work in the woods and a good warm supper at night his sleep is as sweet as if he lay on a bed of eider down. There is a stable or two, a supply shanty, a blacksmith shop (if the camp is remote from settlement) and sometimes a pig pen and a chicken house. Instead of a shake roof

the stables have roofs made of straw, The boss is a conspicuous figure in to be law there is trouble in the camp. is also the night quarters of the cook

and the cookee. Another conspicuous figure is the cook. He may be a Frenchman, German, Irishman, Norwegian, or of any other nationality. He reigns supreme in the cook shanty. Occasionally his cooking is subject to adverse criticism, and once in a Wisconsin camp the men rebelled against the tyranny or the cook and took him out one night and hung him to the branch of a tree. If it had not been tor the tamely arrival of the boss, the unfortunate cook would have been hung by the neck until dead. Quite often the cook is a master of the culinary art and serves the ravenous loggers who sit down at his table with most toothsome dishes. The cookee is his lieutenant. His duties consist of the neck of the fish with one foot, the carrying water from the spring, paring potatoes and other vegetables, and ren- the other, and so flies off, striding as it dering his chief what assistance he can. The men themselves are big, brawny, good-naturel fellows, who enjoy the life, rough as it is. When a bad char acter comes in it is not long before he is found out, and when he is, he is told

The men begin to come into camp at is little variation from day to day. The cook and teamsters are astir as early as half past 4 o'clock, and breakfast is served about 6 o'clock. As likely as not the bill of fare would comprise pork and beans, potatoes, hot bread and tea sugar to go in the coffee. Milk is a luxury. The table service consists of the meal goes on in a catch-as-catch

Dinner is served in the woods, whither it is conveyed on a sled by the shanty boss. The men stand around the fire, if it is a cold day, and munch their dinner with an occasional interchange of

trim off the branches; the sawyers divide the tree into logs; and the chain-men manipulate the chains dragged by unloaded to sleds drawn by mules and ox-teamsters, who drive the oxen, and | 1t!" road men who are employed to keep the roads in good condition. Oxen are much better for chain work, as they can plow through the snow with much more ease than horses. The logs are hauled on sleds to the banks of the creeks and rivers, where they are placed so as to lie parallel with the stream. In the Spring when the ice has melted, the flood gates are opened and the logs are driven from the creeks and lakes to the larger streams, and so on through forest

and field to their destination. When night begins to fall, all hands quit work and make their way into

amusement that is hard to suppress, Plugs of tobacco, jackets and orders on the lumber company owning the camp are put as wagers. As the logger does not receive his pay until the end of the A big shouldered, shaggy bearded season, there is seldom any cash to change hands. Sunday is usually taken advantage of by the men to cut each other's hair, wash their clothes, write letters, and read newspapers. The average logger is an inveterate letter writer, and the mail boy that comes

> goes out. The logger concluded his remark by saying that Lo, the poor Indian, was not a success as a logger. He was too "It is a indolent and uncertain. No dependence could be put in him, consequently most lumbermen of late years refused to employ him. 'The half-breed was even less industrious than the red-bloooded child of the forest.

"The boys," he said, "did not do much good with their money when they the logger frequently strayed from his got it," after all their hard work and exposure. When they return to town they usually drink to excess, and what doesn't go into the till at the tap room is lost at the gaming table.

Some Predatory Birds. Many birds are especially constructed for feeding on the living creatures which he buried in the earth. As a lids had come together like a vise. type of this class we may take the common rook, which feeds principally upon long. The floor is of hard wood and the grubs of the cockchafer, the wireworm (itself the grub of a beetle allied to the fireflies of warmer countries,) and similiar beings. All these grubs are vegetable feeders and destructive to the crops, but are little suspected because they are concealed below the earth; while the rook which comes to eat them is thought to be the devourer of the seed and the young plants which have in reality been destroyed by the unsuspected foes that lurk in darkness. The terrible turnip caterpillar is a much favored food of the rook, whose strong bill is able to dig to a considerable depth, and drag the hidden caterpillar from his dark retreat. Watch the plowman as he is at work, and you will see him followed by trains of rooks, which walk closely behind him in the furrow for the purpose of picking up the grubs which the plowshare has turned up. Anywhere near the seashore gulls will accompany the rooks in this mode of procuring food, and after very severe reather will venture very far inland. Daring the spring of last year I was called upon to pass much time in traveling upon the Scotch railways. The winter had been a very sharp one, and no sooner had it relaxed its grasp on the earth than the plowman were at work. In the repeated journeys which I made between Edinburgh and Glasgow 1 noticed that the gulls extended over the whole tract of country, and that they were nearly, if not quite, as plentiful as every lumber camp. In many cases he the rooks. In a lesser degree the staris or a different nationality from the lings are quite as useful as the rooks, men who compose the crew, it having finding their principal food in the debeen found that when this precaution is structive grubs of the different species the big valves, and bracing back, I taken there is less conflict of opinion. of large tipu's which are popularly wrenched them apart, and rose to the Whenever the word of the boss ceases called by the name of daddy long legs, Then again, there are all the predatory He has his bed in the cook shanty, which birds, which for the most part live entirely on vertebrate animals of their own killing. Such are the eagles, hawks, owls and shrikes, each of which groups finds its own food in its own way, and does not interfere with the others. The eagle, for example, can successfully attack pigs, lambs, or even small sheep, and carry them off to its nest, while it mostly lives on hares, rabbits, and even pike and salmon. Not that it disdains the bodies of dead animals. For eagles have often been caught in traps baited with a dead sheep or lamb; but it much prefers living to dead food. Some of

## An Oregon Girl.

venting it from struggling.

The women are very expert horsewomen. The writer recently approached a mansion situated on Poverty Flat, the first fall of snow, and when there is and observed the daughter of the house 10.30. Things looked just the same. He enough snow for good sledding the in the front yard, clenching a man's composed himself to write his customteams are brushed in. When the work saddle on an Oregon horse that objected of the winter is fairly underway, there to this proceeding. She was about the to this proceeding. She was about the age where "standing with reluctant feet from my work on the books. I am womanhood and children meet." I awfully tired, dear, and miss you so offered my assistance as she was hopping around on her right foot, her left foot in the stirrup, while she firmly grasped the bridle-bit in her left hand. or coffee. There might be a little brown | The cayuse, meanwhile, was making etc., etc." mad bounds, bellowing as only an Oregon horse can bellow, and standing tin dishes and plates-no crockery-and first on his hind feet and then on his head. "No, thanks; I can manage him!" she said, and vaulted into the saddle, not sidewise but otherwise.

The instant the girl gained the saddle and the horse felt that she was there down went his head, an arch strung in his back, and away he went, jumping light. His wife's smiling face looked stiff-legged every sage-brush six feet There is a set of men for each part of nigh, until horse and rider disappeared the work. The awampers clear out the brush; the choppers fell the trees and back at a thundering gallop, and reined his trousers' leg. He felt like death.

"You sit your horse like a centaur. the ox-teams in "toting" the logs to the skids, from which they are subsequently "Over to the Bully Creek Sunday unloaded to sleds drawn by mules and school. You bet your life I can set horses. Besides these gring there are him streight up, and don't you forget

## Rain.

California journals are philosophizing about rain. Sometimes in that State rain has fallen at the rate of 1 inch an hour, which would yield a water crop of 16,000 tons of water to the acre! The average annual rainfall in the tropies is from 80 to 115 inches. At the mouth of the Amazon a fall of nearly 300 inches in a year has been recorded. The greatest precipitation in a year, of which we have any account, was in the mountain region near Calcutta, where 610 inches is the maxicamp. Supper, which is the principal meal of the day, is served smoking hot about 7 o'clock. When this is over the loggers sit down to smoke, dry their clothing, and play cards. Poker is a favorite game. Although card playing is prohibited at rome camps, it is an fall in the Sacramento Valley. A Clam Story.

It was while we were at the Tonga Islands that I secured the services of a native and his boat, for the purpose of collecting coral and shells, We took advantage of the low tide for our work, for then the tips of the coral showed above the water.

One morning we were out; I was in the boat, and the native, distant some half mile, was wading about. Suddenly I heard him yelling, and saw him waving his hands wildly about, My first thought was that he had discovered some fine specimens, but I soon saw that he was in distress. I thought the water too shallow for sharks, but made all possible haste to

reach him. As I approached, I perceived that he was held down by something underneath; he was lamenting piteously. The water was very clear, and when I reached his side I saw the poor fellow's leg was caught between the lids of a onstrous clam, five feet or more in length. It seems that those big clams are common there, and have a way of half sinking themselves in the dead coral; and when open, with the great white animal showing itself, they can

scarcely be told from the bottom. And he had walked right on to one, and the To make the matter worse, the tide was fast coming in, and was already lapping his shoulders. I immediately set about trying to release him. I first jammed an oar into the small opening between the halves of the shell, but that only made the creature press together all the closer, and reddish streams that began to discolor the water showed that the knife-like blades were cutting

in deeply. In desperation, I jammed the boathook into the animal, but the point broke off against the iron-like shell. It was awful. There the poor fellow was, his head just above the water, hanging on to the boat. You've heard of death coming on the ebb tide, but it came on

the flood here. Inch by inch the tide rose, and the poor fellow begged of me to kill him. was on the point of attempting to cut off his leg as a last resort, when it occurred to me to cut the big muscle that held the valves together. There wasn't a minute to loose, as the water was now nearly to the man's chin, while his efforts to keep above it almost sank the boat. His eyes staring and veins standing out, he was perfectly paralyzed with

the horrors of his condition, I lashed my big knife to a piece of bamboo that I had, and dived down to see where to cut, Sticking the knife in at the angle between the lids of the shell, I sawed away until my breath gave out, and then I came up, Getting a new supply, I tried it again, and this time could feel the round muscle, or scollop, we call it, as big as a man's thigh. I got the knife into it and cut it, and putting one foot against one of surface just in time to pick the poo fellow up. He had fainted away, and no wonder.

I placed him in the cance, and when he came to he was so grateful he couldn't say or do enough for me. His leg was cut, and the bone crushed out of shape. All in all, it was about as narrow an escape as I ever saw or

heard of.

Ante On the Sealskin.

A Lewiston, Maine, business man's wife has been away on a visit to the this group, called ospreys, or sea old home in another city. He has eagles, live almost entirely on fish, lived, during her absence, ostensibly at which they snatch out of the water with home, but really has been living on their claws and carry away in a manner porterhouse steaks at the botel, and has almost unique among birds. Holding just been elected president of a new whist club, in which he had a young osprey grasps the small of its tail with red-cheeked girl for a partner, and while of course he deeply regretted the were over the fish and effectually preenforced absence of his own dear wife, he was managing to get along without pining away very rapidly. The other night be and his roseate partner had just swept the board. They had had a thirteen-trick hand and the rest of the

table was nowhere. ary letter, beginning, "it is now halfmuch, I don't want to hurry you home, and I want you to stay as long as you feel like it, this time, for I shall not want to let you leave me again

He finished the letter and stamped and directed it, and then took a look at the starlit evening, and thinking he would finish his cigar (he never used to smoke in the house) walked out to the corner. . When he got back he heard a rustle in the dining-room and looked in, The light had been moved. There was a head bending over the up out of the radiance beneath the up at the door a trifle excited, but "I'm reading a charming letter from smiling."

you," said she. "So kind of you! It sounds like those you used to write before we were married." The lady read it through and then read it aloud.

"If she'd only a got mad I'd been all right," said the Lawiston man, Tuesday; "but she didn't; she laughed. Every one of my yarns twisted her up and she laughed until it made me sick. I never got such a roast, and the worst of it is I've lost all my reputation for veracity. If I say I'm going to the lodge she lets out one of them laughs and I stay at home, If I say I have been making up a trial balance at the office and it kept me late, she draws that laugh on me and I wilt, It's terrible, I feel meaner every day. If it keeps on I'll have to fix it with a seal-skin cloak. It's my last resort, but if this thing keeps on and worse comes to worse I'll have to stop taking degrees and ante on the sealskin."

To remove mildew, soak in butter milk and spread on grass in the sun. If nutmegs are good, when pricked with a pin, oil will instantly core out.