O shepherds! have ye wandering seen A winged boy with blinded eyes? I drove him from me yestere'en, Despite his tears and pleading sighs.

He bears a pretty bow, and keen Tipped arrows in his quiver lie. pherds, tell me, have you seen This banished Love come wandering by

Why shines the sun, regret to mock, Why flaunt the flowers in hues so gay, Why skip with joy the snowy flock, When poor lost Love is far away?

Unfeeling shepherds, wherefore smile And point towards my breaking heart? What! close behind me all this while? O sweet! we two no more shall part.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

The fire burns cheerful on the hearth, the great logs crackle and flare up the wide chimney, up which it is my wont to say you could drive a coach-and-four. I draw my chair nearer to it, with a shiver, "What a night!" I say.

"Is it still snowing?" asks my wife, who sits opposite to me, her books and work on the table beside her. "Fast. You can scarcely see a yard

before you." "Heaven help any poor creature on the moor to-night!" says she.

"Who would venture out? It began snowing before dark and all the people about know the danger of bening benighted on the moor in a snow storm." "Yes. But I have known people to it up carefully and tenderly, and wrap be frozen to death hereabouts before it in one of the warm blankets with now."

My wife is Scotch, and this pleasant house in the Highland is hers. We are trying to winter it for the first time, and I find it excessively cold and somewhat dull. Mentally, I decide that in the future we will only grace it with our presence during the shooting season. Presently I go to the window and look out; it has ceased snowing, and through a rift in the clouds I see a

"It is beginning to clear," I tell my wife, and also inform her it is past eleven o'clock. As she lights her candle at the side table, I hear a whining and scratching at the front door.

"There is Laddie loose again," says "Would you let him in, dear?" I did not like facing the cold wind, but could not refuse to let the poor animal in. Strangely enough, when I "I am afraid your mistress will be in opened the door and called him he bed," I say as we begin to retrace our wouldn't come in, He runs up to the steps door and looks into my face with dumb entreaty; then he runs back a few steps, him, and finally, he takes my coat in his mouth, and tries to draw me out.

"Laddie won't come in," I call out to my wife. "On the contrary, he seems to want me to come out and have a game of snow ball with him."

comes to the door, The collie was here before we were married, and she is almost as fond of him, I tell her, as she is of Jack, our eldest boy. "Laddie, laddie," she calls, "come

He comes obedient at her call, but refuses to enter the house, and pursues

the same dumb pantomine he has already tried on me. "I shall shut him out, Jessie," I say, "A night in the sncw won't hurt him,

and I prepared to close the door. "You will do nothing of the kind!" she replies, with an anxious look, "but you will arouse the servants at once, and follow him. Some one is lost in the snow, and Laddie knows it."

"Really, Jessie, you are ab-I laugh. surd. Laddie is a sagacious animal, no know whether any one is lost in the

snow or not?" "Because he has found them and 00W. "

I cannot but own that the dog seems restless and uneasy, and is evidently en-deavoring to coax us to follow him; he few spoonfuls of hot brandy and water looks at us with pathetic entreaty in his down her throat; and presently a faint sloquent eyes, "Why don't you believe color flickers on her cheek, and the me?" he seems to ask.

"Come," she continues, "you know you could not rest while there was a possibility of a fellow creature wanting your assistance. I am certain Laddie is not deceiving us,"

I have often grumbled and resisted and ment and warmth will do the rest, but through the winter's day she lies dying, yielded before, and as I doubtless often she has received a shock from which shall again.

"Laddie once found a man in the snow before, but he was dead," Jessie for us to take with us. In the meantime I rouse the servants.

They are all English excepting Donald, the gardener, and I can see they are scoffingly skeptical of Laddie's saface the bitter winter's night.

many a Christian, and will find something in the snow this night."
"Don't sit up, Jessie," I say, as we

start; "we may be out half of the night of the villages hereabouts, or we should on this wild-goose chase." "Follow Laddie closely" is all the an-

swer she makes. The dog springs forward with a joyous bark, constantly looking back to see if we were following. As we pass quiringly about her. She tries to speak, through the avenue gates and emerge but is evidently too weak. My wife on the moor the moon struggles for a raises her and gives her a spoonful of moment through the driving clouds and | nourishment, while she says, soothing-

clad country before us.

a bundle of hay, sir," says John, the still now and try to sleep. coachman, confidentially, "to think as The gray head drops ba we should find anybody on such a night | the pillow, and soon we have the satisis more than a couple of feet thick, and | piration, that our patient is fast asleep. it goes agin' reason to think that dumb animal would have the sense to come | sie," I say, "I shall ring for Mary, and

home and ask for help." "Bide a wee, bide a wee," says old night."
Donald. "I dinna ken what your Enggive the creature the gift o' speech, can retire to my solitary chamber. do mony mair things than them who

"I ain't deridin' of 'em," says John.
"I only say as how if they be so very clever, I've never seen it." "Ye wull, though, ye wull," says old

Donald, as he hurries forward after Laddie, who has now settled down into a swinging trot, and is taking his way straight across the loneliest part of the bleak moor.

The cold wind cuts us in two, and whirls the snow in our faces, nearly blinding us. My finger-tips are becoming numbed, icicles hanging from my moustache and beard, and my feet and legs are soaking wet, even through my shooting boots and stout leather leg-

The moon has gone in again, and the light from the lantern we carry is barely sufficient to show us the inequalities in the height of the snow, by which we are guessing at our path. I begin to wish I had stayed at home. L'homme propose, mais la femme dispose," I sigh to myself, and I begin to consider whether I may venture to give up the search, (which I have undertaken purely to satisfy my wife, for I am like John, and won't believe in Laddie,) when suddenly, I hear a shout in front time been keeping close to Laddie, drop on his knees, while the dog is wildly

digging in the snow with his paws. We all rush forward. Laddie has stopped at what appears to be the foot of a stunted tree, and after scratching and whining for a moment, sits down and watches, leaving the rest to us.

What is it that appears when we have shovelled away the snow? A dark object. Is it a bundle of rags? Is it-or, alas! was it-a human being? We raise which my wife's forethought has provided us.

Bring me the lantern," I say, huskily, and John holds it over the prostrate form of not as we might have expected, some stalwart shepherd of the hills, but but the teeth are so firmly clenched that I cannot. "Get her home as quickly as may be,

in sickness or trouble, to woman's aid. the men prepare to carry their poor helpless burden over the snow.

"I am afraid your mistress will be in die.

She kens Laddie dinna bring us out in the snaw for naething.

believing a dog," says John, very gracefully, striking his colors. "You were right and I was wrong; but to think She throws a shawl around her, and there should be such sense in an animal passes me!"

As we reach the avenue gate I de-She runs out in the hall to meet me.

"Well?" she asks, eagerly. "We have found a poor old woman, I say, "but we don't know whether she is alive or dead."

My wife throws her arms around me

and gives me a great hug. "You will find dry things and a jug of hot toddy in your dressing room, her son comes."
dear," she says; and this is the revenge "How she cou she takes on me for my skepticism.

The poor old woman is carried up stairs and placed in a warm bath under my wife's direction, and before the docdoubt, but I cannot believe that he is tor arrives she has shown some faint as ciever as that. How can he possibly syptoms of life; so my wife sends me word. Dr. Bruce shakes his head when are with the aged heroine who is dying he sees her. "Poor old soul!" he says, "how came she out on such a fearful come back to us for help. Look at him | night? I doubt she has received a shock which, at her age, she will not easily

get over." poor old eyelids begin to tremble, My wife raises her head and makes her swallow some cordial which Dr. Bruce has brought with him, and lays her in the same tone.

back among the soft, warm pillows. "I think she will rally now," says "What is a poor hen pecked man to Dr. Bruce, as her breathing becomes do?" I grumble, and resist and yield as more regular and audible. "Nourishshe will never recover." And so say-

ing, he takes leave. By and by I go up to the room, and says as she hurries off to fill a flask with find my wife watching alone by the brandy, and get ready some blankets aged sufferer. She looks at me with tears in her eyes. "Poor old soul," she

from the cold and exposure." bed and look down upon her. The aged gacity, and inwardly disgusted at hav- face looks wan and pinched, and the ing to turn out of their warm beds and scanty gray locks which lie on the pillow are still wet from the snow. She "Dinna trouble yoursels," I hear old is a very little woman, as far as I can Donald say. "The mistress is right judge of her in her recumbent position, enough. Auld Laddie is cleverer than and I should think had reached her allotted three-score years and ten.

"Who can she be?" I repeat, wonderingly. "She does not belong to any know her face, and I cannot imagine what, could bring a stranger to the moor

on such a night. As I speak a change passes over her face; the eyes unclose and she looks inlights up with a sickly gleam the snow- ly,-"Don't try to speak. You are among friends, and when you are better "It's like looking for a needle in a you shall tell me all about yourself. Lie

> The gray head drops back wearily on Why, in some places the snow | faction of hearing, by the regular res-"You must come to bed now, Jes-

she can sit up for the remainder of the But my wife who is a tender-hearted lish dogs can do, but a collie, though it | soul and a born nurse, will not desert has na been pleasing to Providence to her post; so I leave her watching and When we meet in the morning I find

that the little woman has spoken a few words and seems stronger. "Come in with me now," says my

wife, "and let us try to find out who she

We find her propped into a reclining posture with pillows, and Mary beside

her feeding her. "How are you now?" asks Jessie,

bending over her. "Better, much better, thank you, good lady," she says in a voice which trembles from age as well as weakness, 'and very grateful to you for your goodness. I hear at once by the accent, that she

is English. "Are you strong enough to tell us how you got lost on the moor, and where you came from, and where you are going?" continues my wife.

"Ah! I was going to my lad, my poor lad, and now I doubt I shall never see him more!" says the poor soul, with a long sigh of weariness. "Where is your lad, and how far have

you come?" "My lad is a soldier at Fort George, and I have come all the way from Liverpool to see him and give him his old mother's blessing before he goes to the of me, and see Donald, who has all the Indies." And then, brokenly with long pauses of weariness, the little old woman tells us her pitiful story.

Her lad she tells us is her only re-maining child. She had six, and this, the youngest, is the only one who did not die of want during the Lancashire cotton famine. He grew up a fine, likely boy, the comfort and pride of his mother's heart, and the stay of her declining years. But a "strike" threw him out of work, and unable to endure the privation and misery, in a fit of desperation he "enlisted,"

His regiment was quartered at Fort George, and he wrote regularly to his mother, his letters getting more cheerful and hopeful every day, until sud-denly he wrote to say that his regiment was ordered to India, and begging her to send him her blessing, as he had not over that of a poor, shrivelled, wrink- enough money to carry him to Liverled ragged old woman. I try to pour a pool to see her. The aged mother, little brandy down the poor old throat, widowed and childless, save for this one remaining boy, felt that she must look on his face once more before she died. She begged from a few ladies, whose sir; the mistress will know better kindness had kept her from the workwhat to do for her nor we do, if so be house, sufficient money to carry her by the poor creature is not past help," says | train to Glasgow, and thence she had John, turning instinctively as we all do made her way, now by foot, now begging a lift from a passing cart or wagon, So we improvise a sort of hammock to within a few miles of Fort George, of the blankets; and gently and tenderly | when she was caught in the snow storm, and, wandering from the road, would have perished in the snow but for Lad-

My wife is in tears, and Mary is sobbing audibly as the little old woman "Never fear, sir," says Donald, with concludes her touching and simple story, a triumphant glance at John. "The and I walk to the window and look out looking around to see if I am following mistress will be up and waiting for us. for a moment before I ask her what her son's name is. As I tell her we are but a few miles from Fort George, and that "I'll never say nought again about I will send for him, a smile of extreme content illumines the withered face.

"His name is John Salter," she says: "he is a tall, handsome lad; they will know him by that." I hasten down stairs and write a short

ncte to Col. Freeman, whom I know spatch one of the men for the doctor, intimately, informing him of the cirwho, fortunately, lives within a stone's throw of us, and hurry on myself to prepare my wife for what is coming. and I despatch my groom in the dogcart that he may bring him back without loss of time.

As I return to the house, after seeing him start, I met Dr. Bruce leaving the

"Poor old soul," he says. "Her troubles are nearly over; she is sinking fast. I almost doubt whether she will live till ·How she could have accomplished

such a journey at her age, I cannot understand," I observe. "Nothing is impossible to a mother," answers Dr. Bruce; "butit has killed her.

I go in, but I find I cannot settle to my usual occupations. My thoughts up stairs, and presently I · yield to the ed at home. While in London one day fascination that draws me back to her

As Dr. Bruce says, she is sinking fast. She lies back on the pillows, ber cheeks as ashy gray as her hair. She clasps my wife's hand in hers, but her eyes are wide open and have an eager, expectant look in them.

"At what time may we expect them?" whispers my wife to me. "Not before four o'clock," I answer

"He will be too late, I fear. She is getting rapidly weaker." But love is stronger than death, and she will not go until her son comes. All obediently taking what nourishment is

"My lad, my lad! God is good; he will not let me die till he comes." And at last I hear the dog cart. ay my finger on my lip and tell Mary to says, "I am afraid she will not rally bring up John Salter very quietly. But my caution is needless; the mother has

effort of her remaining strength she raises herself and stretches out her arms. "My lad! my lad!" she gasps, as, with a great sob, he springs forward,

and mother and son are clasped in each other's arms once more. For a moment they remain so. Then the little woman sinks back on my wife's shoulder, and her spirit is looking down from heaven on the lad she

loved so dearly on earth. She lies in our little churchyard under spreading yew tree, and on the stone which marks her resting place are inscribed these words, "Faithful until

Death." Our Laddie has gained far spread renown for his good works, and as I sit finishing this brief record of a tale of which he is the hero, he lies at my feet, our ever-watchful, faithful companion and friend.

FRIED APPLES .- Fried apples make a nice entree. Cut across the core in slices and then brown in lard, or butter and lard mixed, drain them hot. They make a nice garnish for roast pork when prepared in this way. Some cooks use beef dripping instead of lard and like the flavor better.

POTATOES FRIED IN CREAM.-Chop cold boiled potatoes, season with salt and pepper. For the cream, one pint of boiling milk, one tablespoon of butter, same of flour. Use just cream enough to moisten the potatoes. Make into flat cakes and fry brown in hot fat,

THE IMMORTAL WILLIAM.

Interesting Stories About the Birthplace of Shakespeare.

The hundreds of American tourists who go to Stratford-on-Avon every year and inspect the little house where the immortal William first saw the light never hear the most interesting of all stories about the place. Perhaps it was my luck during a recent hasty trip abroad to get this information. haps it was my newspaper instinct that was always prying into things and asking the most absurd, out-of-the-way questions. The reason I can not give. But the fact came to me all the same. It was one of the neat maiden ladies who have charge of the Shakespeare birthplace that imparted the information. I feel pretty sure she did not mean to impart it. English men and women are not over-anxious to praise anything Americans may do for England, or for any of England's cherished heroes. The maiden lady in question let the information slip out by mistake. She had kept herself in restraint hitherto to Americans, but she divulged enough to arouse my curiosity. I at and became an interviewer. I even threw aside my pilgrim phase far enough to take out a pencil and notebook and jot down the story as she told

It seems the old house in which Shakespeare was born had begun to he perceived by the light of a brilliant decay very fast after the first quarter moon two lions making off. They had William did his courting, or to the church where the great dramatist is of his game. buried. The owner of the property, who got it from one of the Shakespearean descendants, viewed the estate merely from a financial standpoint. Its possession or sale was a matter of pounds and shillings with him. He had no other use for it. In 1845 he advertised the property for sale. Strange to say, it went begging for a pur-

chaser. For over a year there was not even a bidder. It never struck the proprietor that by fitting the house up, so that it was safe to enter, he could capture many a shilling, or even half-crown, from the tourist and the eager admirer of Shakespeare. All Stratford seemed to overlook the fact that the most interesting relic of all relics that reminded people of the town's chief citizen was the house where he was born, and in whose shadow he passed his boyhood and most of his youth. The bench on which he sat and made love to Anna Hathaway was preserved, but the room in which his nativity occurred and the bed in which he slept were allowed to go to rack and ruin. The lines young William wrote to the gentle Anne Hathaway, every verse of which ended.

"Anne hath a way, Anne hath a way For making love, Anne hath a way," were carefully kept framed and hung on the wall in the old Hathaway cottage. But the initials "W. S." carved by the boy with his knife or scrawled on rough characters on the walls of his room at home were permitted to die out and be obliterated. It was a strange commentary on the English inhabitant of interesting towns. Generally he is eager to save all relics and but Gaylor would not allow them to do charge heavily for the sight of each ar-

ticle of interest. It was in 1847 that P. T. Barnum went to England for the first time. He was in search of curlosities that would add to the fame he had already acquirhe heard accidentally that Shakespeare's birthplace was for sale. He at once saw a glorious opportunity. He would buy the house, move it bodily to America, and exhibit it as part of the "greatest show on earth." The next day saw him at the Red Lion in at Stratford, in search of the owner. Somehow he missed him, and left word that he would give \$13,000 for the pro-

perty. So far as material value was concerned it was ten times what the house was worth. But the proprletor thought the property was greatly desired by some one, from the price offered, and he demanded \$15,000 for it. Barnum would willingly have paid that sum, but before he had a chance to bid higher sevgiven her, but never speaking except to eral wealthy Englishmen learned of the American offer, hurried to Stratford and paid the price asked. They suddenly awoke to the danger that threatened the old house and concluded it would never do to have Shakespeare's birthplace leave England or Stratford-I go round to the other side of the heard the sound, and with the last on-Avon. Barnum felt sore over the matter, for he knew there was money and fame in the transaction. Perhaps his soreness has kept him from telling the public how he rescued one of the most interesting spots in the world from utter ruin. Had it been bought by an ordinary citizen he would have converted it into a modern dwelling place and taken away even the semblance of its original appearance and

historical halo. The men who purchsed the property formed a stock company and appointed trustees to take charge of the house. Money was subscribed in order that Shakespearean relics of all kind might be purchased and put on exhibition in the house. The two estimable maiden ladies who still have personal charge were appointed. They were quite young in 1850, but to-day they are decidedly antiquated, and therefore, in keeping with their surroundings. Everything was put in place about the house and arranged as nearly as possible as it was when Shakespeare was a boy. Shakespeare's father used part of the house for a tavern and that part was turned into a museum. Shakespearean relics of all sorts were procured, and the col-lection has been increased from time to time until it is now exceedingly valuable. The very air of the house is Shakespearean. The old ladies are walking encyclopedias of Shakespearean lore. They are ready to refute all scandals connected with dear William's name, and to narrate marvelous and hitherto unpublished tales of his greatness. They are particularly emphatic in denying the stories of the great bard's bibulous tendencies, and declare

that he never lay under an apple tree for twenty-four hours in a drunken

stupor. The bed-room in which Shakespeare was born and even the bed where the event took place are pointed out. The desk he used at the quaint old school is well-defined spirit to suppress any atjack-knife are glorified. His signetshown, with the initials on it. This whole of Stratford. You see Shakespeare everywhere. There is a Shakespeare in the shoemaking line, a Shakespeare stable, a Shakespeare hotel and, doubtless the ubiquitous plumber attaches the great name to his trade.

A LION KILLED BY A DOG.

The Desperate Combat Witnessed by a Wyoming Hunter.

famous for their fierce courage and active strength. They are a pure cross between the bloodhound and the best English bull-dog. Many bear, elk and mountain lion have these dogs brought and Hide are the two foremost repreuproar among his dogs. Hastening out,

Taking Hair and Hide in the early morning he sailed forth. In a of convivial tendencies to adorn his short time his course was crossed by room expensively. It frequently occurs the trail of the whole family. The dogs | that a company of hilanous guests will at once sped along the freshly-tracked transform a collection of Parisian statusnow, and soon the game was found in ettes into an array of reminiscent torsos; a leafy covert of pine and quacking as- satin-covered couches will, under their pen. Pushing his way through the effusive influence, assume the doubtful snow-laden boughs the hunter came in designs of Gobelin tapestries, Smyrna standing on the trunk of a huge fallen ing of an Indian shawi and valuable pine, his long tail swinging from side paintings will acquire peculiar blotches to side, while his eyes flashed with a and blemishes that bury its authenticity at a short distance off at the foot of an- dinarily to enhance the worth 100 fold. and a savage fray began.

dogs, and wanted them to kill their nishing his quarters. enemy olone. Even if he had been disping with gore from a dozen different were on the fight still, however, and wanted to attack the lioness at once, penalty of their tyrannical customs.

JUDGE LYNCH IN INDIANA.

Three Notorious Outlaws Taken From Jail and Hanged.

Three of the famous outlaw gang of Archers, namely, Thomas and Martin, brothers, and John, a son of Thomas, suffered the extreme penalty of their crimes just after midnight on the 10th of March, at Schoals, Ind., at the hands of Judge Lynch. Precisely at 10.30 o'clock a vigilance committee of 100, composed of men from Larkin and Orange counties, entered the town. The lynchers was very quiet and orderly, and the Sheriff was first aroused by the barking of his dog, followed by a knock on the door. He asked who was there, and the answer was a crashing in of the front door, followed by heavy blows, which completely demolished it. The crowd then went to the jail door and knocked off the lock, but here they found another door which would not yield to blows. After about twenty minutes a man in the crowd was found who understood the opening of, the cell door, The lynchers then rushed in and grabbed all three of the prisoners, When the Archers saw the lynchers come in they made no resistance, and when asked if they had anything to say they refused to speak. Their hands were tied behind their backs, and they were taken over to the court-house yard

and hanged to young maple trees.

Tom Archer, the eldest of the gang, who was about 60 years old, was hanged first. His feet were touching the ground when viewed by the United States Press correspondent. Martin Archer, brother to Tom, aged 45 years, is hung up high and dry, and both of his eyes are star-ing wide open, making a ghastly sight. John Archer, son of Tom Archer, who was about 30 years old, is hanging with his bands tied behind him about thirty

feet from his father. The crimes for which they were hanged consist of almost everything en the criminal calendar, from murder down to petty thieving. For twentyfive years they have been a reigning terror both in Martin and Orange counties, and have terrorized the community in which they lived. They never falled to visit vengeance for a fancted slight and many a farmer in Orange and Mar tin counties has lost considerable sums of money by being robbed, cattle stolen or barns or houses burned down.

As the Sandwich Islander believes that the strength and valor of the enemy he kills passes into himself, so we gain the strength of the tempta-

*YALESTUDENTS' ROOMS.

Adorned in the Most Elegant and Luxurious Manner.

In spite of the prominence which the sons of rich men hold, there is a shown, and the evidences of a busy tempt at flashy display. Most men dress fashionably, but very few exquisring that he wore on his thumb is itely, to use that word in a well-understood sease. The style of a student's reverence for the bard pervades the apparel has, however, certain characteristics that make it distinctive. That wherein the affluence of a student's allowance first asserts itself is the furnishing of his apartments. These consist of a study and two small bedchambers, usually occupied by two friends. Many of these rooms are adorned in the most elegant and iuxurious manner. The walls are decorated with linerusta, with frieze and dado of tasteful design. Smyrna rugs cover the floor of tesselated woods, and high-art John Gaylor, a noted hunter of the furniture, with satin upholstery and ex-Wind Mountains, has a breed of dogs pensive tapestries, is ranged about the room in graceful negligence.

On the walls hang paintings and engravings with subjects best calculated to appeal to students' tastes. The Queen Anne mantel is full of costly once dropped the character of a tourist to bay and assisted in slaying. Hair bric-a-brac, and the space not occupied by these fantasies is filled with prosentatives of the gallant and efficient grammes, German favors, barber shop breed. Not long since Mr. Gaylor was signs, prizes, society plaques, trophies, aroused from sleep during the night by photographs of "conquests," and the a piteous bawling in his calf pen and an host of other mementoes of events dear

to the college student. It must not be supposed, however, that extravagance in decorating apartof this century had passed. The peo-ple of Stratford were indifferent to the in getting it. The next night Mr. Gay-idea of prodigality or fastness. There historical value attached to the place. lor watched his corral, but the wary is nothing in the possession of hand-The tourists who arrived from day to brutes did not come. The following some surroundings that should induce day simply had the house pointed out to them, and were then hurried on to mits of the Wind Mountains a light suits. It very often happens that elab-

Hathaway cottage, where the sweet snowfall. The old hunter was now sure orate quarters are occupied by a man of most correct and studious habits. It is really rather dangerous for a man close sight of the family. The lion was rugs will take on the mysterious weavgreen fire. The lioness was crouched in a mysterious gloom that ought orother huge tree, in the forks of which It has happened within the memory, could be seen two active whelps. Hare too, of one of the youngest inhabitants and Hide at once sprang for the lion, of Yale, that an occupant of a \$2,000 suit in Farnum, entertained a gathering The combat between the royal brute of classmates at "an evening tea," and and his fierce and active foes now be- when he awoke the following afternoon, came terriflic. Gaylor watched the he sent for a teamster to haul away the lioness and the fight. He was of his debris and spent another \$1,000 in refur-

But it must be said in mere justice posed to lend a helping hand, such was that the style of adorning quarters at the fierce confusion of the struggle that | Yale is as a general thing not near so he would have been as liable to have extravagant as that prevailing at some hurt his faithful friends as their savage other universities. Three thousand dolfoe. After a ten minutes' struggle the lars expended on rooms in Matthews or deep growl of the lion became more Weld at Harvard is quite an ordinary faint; soon they ceased entirely, and the proceeding. In Beck hall there are proud hunter beheld his two brave several suits, the adornment of which dogs, one at the broad muzzle of the entailed an expenditure of \$10,000, mountain king and the other at his wide \$12,000 and even \$20,000. In the latter haunch. The lion was dead and fairly dormitory there is at present a young "stretched out," to use an expressive man-from California probably-who

Westernism. Hair and Hide were drip- had his furniture insured for \$15,000. There is another side to the picture. wounds, both deep and sore. They Up under the roof of East Divinity hall the reporter saw a room that may serve as a type to the other extreme. There was no carpet on the floor; the furniany more, and a ball from his rifle ture consisted of three straight-backed stretched the lioness in death. Each of chairs, an old-style lounge covered in the whelps demanded a bullet, and a green oil cloth and a large home-made whole royal family had paid the stern table. Upon the board placed aboxe the fire-place to serve as a mantel were some old books, two half-consumed can-

dles and a clock with a dismal tick-tock. There was not a picture on the walls -nothing anywhere to relieve the dullness of the place excepting a blue flag that hung under the dirty, unused gasfixtures and indicated that the occupant of the den had once rowed a successful our in the class boat races. The occupant sat at the table straining his eyes in the twilight over the pages of the philosophical essays of somebody or other. It was plain that this scrupulous economy restrained him from lighting the rickety German lamp as long as there was a single ray of daylight with which to pursue his work.

Adventure with an Alligator.

We are reliably informed that on Tuesday, the 2d inst., about the coldest day in this section for the last century. Mr. Edward Oliver, residing about twelve miles above this place, (Sylvania, Georgia,) went out to hunt some of his hogs, taking a negro boy along with him. After rambling about for some time they came to a pond and crossing it on the ice they discovered on the edge a considerable pile of leaves and straw, rather peculiarly heaped together; procuring a pole they proceeded to poke it into the mass to find out what could be its occupant, when, to their utter astonishment, out jumped a huge alligator, which attacked them furiously, putting

them to flight. Mr. Oliver took to his heels across the pond on the ice with the monster in hot pursuit, but he did not go far before s slip upon the ice brought him flat, and the dreaded reptile was upon him. He thought his time had certainly come. but in his desperation he seized his formidable foe by the upper and lower jaw, and held its mouth open until the negro came up and put a stick in it, thus propping its jaws apart and rendering it helpless. They then proceeded to exterminate his gatorship, which was soon accomplished. It measured something over six feet in length,

W. Maticu Williams remarks that the popular notion that mosquitoes are chiefly resident in tropical and subtropical countries is quite a mistake, the home of their mightiest legions being within and about the Arctic Circle. On coasting trips to the North Cape even, vessels are invaded by maddening swarms at every stopping-place. It is reported that in Alaska they form clouds so dense that it is impossible for portsmen to aim at objects beyond. Native dogs are sometimes killed by them, and even the great grizzly bear is said to be occasionally blinded by their attacks and finally starved in con-