

NEWS OF THE WEEK

—William Moses, an engineer of the Bennett Slope, near Kingston, Penna., on the 30th ult., accidentally caused the death of a miner in the slope by hoisting a cage from the bottom of the shaft, supposing everything to be clear. When Moses learned what had happened he committed suicide by shooting himself in the head. The dead body of S. R. Gordon, with the throat cut, was found in Lincoln Park, Chicago, on the 30th ult. The sum of \$250 was found in his pocket-book, and he had a silver watch with a gold chain. Letters in his pocket indicate that he was from Philadelphia.

—The amount stolen from the Adams Express car on the St. Louis and San Francisco railroad on the 25th ult. is now estimated at from \$100,000 to \$120,000. The post-office at Mount Vernon, Ohio, was robbed on the 29th ult., of about \$2000 in money and stamps. Joseph Green, bookkeeper for a firm in Louisville, Kentucky, was knocked down with a slug shot and robbed of money, valuable and clothes in one of the streets of that city on the 29th ult. His injuries are fatal.

—The San Francisco Bulletin publishes a letter from Apia, dated October 15, which says that "authentic news has reached Samoa to the effect that on the morning of September 10 over one hundred heavy shocks of earthquake occurred on the island of Nifanof, one of the Tonga group, and that from the bottom of the lake, which is two thousand feet deep, a mountain has arisen to the height of three hundred feet above its surface;" also that this mountain has burst out in flames and thrown out hot stones and sand in such quantities as to destroy two-thirds of the coconut trees on the island. In Samoa "light shocks of earthquake occur so frequently now that they no longer cause any alarm."

—There was another shock of earthquake at Summerville, South Carolina, at 25 minutes past 8 o'clock on the morning of the 1st, but no damage was done. The "spring" started in the Custom House yard at Charleston on the 31st ult., was not of seismic origin, but came from a break in a water pipe.

—At Scranton, Penna., on the 1st, James Caffrey, aged 7 years; John Dougherty, aged 7; John Dougherty, aged 6, and Ellen Dougherty, aged 3, were killed by the falling in of a sand bank under which they were playing.

—The total coinage of the U. S. Mints during October amounted in value to \$4,172,100. The number of standard dollars turned out was 3,000,000.

—James Hindle, alias McDonald, a notorious counterfeiter, was arrested in Minneapolis on the 30th ult. He had been passing counterfeit silver dollars, his spurious coin being "nearly a perfect counterpart of the genuine." He confessed that the stuff was made by a gang near Omaha, and also said that a gang had been organized to rob banks and stores in St. Paul and Minneapolis. Eleven thousand of his bogus dollars were found in a cave near Cedar Lake.

—Two boilers in the Charleston Cotton Factory, at Charlestown, South Carolina, burst on the 2d, wrecking the boiler house, killing one man and dangerously injuring another. Five hundred men are temporarily thrown out of work by the disaster.

—A fire at Shumway, Illinois, on the 1st, destroyed Henry Bernhard's flour mill, two dwellings, a warehouse, a store and a barrel factory. Loss, \$30,000. A fire in Boothbay, Maine, on the 1st, destroyed six or seven stores and buildings, causing a loss of nearly \$30,000.

—On the arrival of a Lake Shore train from Chicago to Toledo, Ohio, on the 1st, it was discovered that the United States Express Company's car had been robbed of several packages of valuable merchandise. An investigation is going on.

—John Hooley, advance agent for the "Rag Baby," committed suicide by cutting his throat in a hotel in Olean, New York, on the 2d. It is believed he was insane. Frank D. Bacon, aged 50 years, a commercial traveler, on the 2d, committed suicide in New Haven, by cutting his throat. He was dependent from illness.

—The failure was announced on the 2d of Richard Preston, dealer in worsted goods and tailors' trimmings, of Boston. His liabilities are placed at from \$100,000 to \$150,000.

—A resident of Washington recently sent to the U. S. Treasury for redemption three thousand three hundred and seventy dollars in Continental notes, of the issue of 1778-9, in denominations of \$50, \$55, \$60, \$70 and \$80. Though yellow from age, the notes are in good condition, but the First Comptroller has decided that "they are barred by time and cannot be redeemed."

—Governor Pattison on the 3d issued a proclamation designating Thursday, November 25th, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer.

—Mrs. Lida Coffin attacked and probably fatally wounded her husband, with an axe, at New Castle, Ohio, on the 2d, on the 3d she was adjudged insane. Marvin McCabe and his three sons, John, James and Charles, met Robert Wigger, near Potosi, Missouri, on the 3d. McCabe, Sr., and Wigger were old enemies and began to quarrel. Wigger was attacked. He drew a revolver and fatally wounded McCabe, Sr. The wounded man's sons then shot Wigger dead. James McCabe had a quarrel with John Holland and his son in Huntingdon, Penna., on the 3d. Subsequently McCabe got a shotgun and shot both father and son as they were returning from work. Their injuries are not necessarily fatal.

—The schooner Anna P. Hutcheson, which arrived at New York on the 3d, reports that on October 14th, 50 miles south of Dry Tortugas, she picked up the captain, mate and four seamen of the bark Tros Aurora, upon a piece of cabin house, they having been four days in that condition with-

out food or water. The captain stated that the bark broke up and sank on October 10th during a hurricane. The remainder of the crew, seven men, are supposed to have gone down with her.

—General Booth, of the Salvation Army, left Chicago on the 2d for Kansas City. Before he left farewell services were held in Central Music Hall, which was filled. The corner-stone of the new "barracks" to be built in Chicago was laid on the 2d, and it was announced that a lady who recently joined the ranks had subscribed \$7500 toward its erection.

—An express train on the Erie Railroad ran into a party of Italian laborers engaged in ballasting, at Hankins, on the 3d. Two of them were killed and two fatally injured. They had just stepped on the east-bound track to avoid a west-bound freight train.

—The boiler of the steamer Cossackie burst on the 3d at Poughkeepsie, killing Matthew Quinn and dangerously scalding another man. A despatch from Pittsburg says a large quantity of powder stored in the cellar of Rend & Robins' general store at McDonald Station was exploded on the 3d by some person carelessly throwing a lighted match near it. Two clerks in the store were seriously injured. The building was completely wrecked. "The destruction of the store will be seriously felt by 800 coal miners who dealt there."

—Hester Armstrong, colored, about 40 years of age, was burned to death near Berlin, Maryland, on the 30th ult., by the explosion of a can of coal oil which she left standing on a stove after having used some of it to start the fire. Her mother was badly burned in trying to save her. Louis Lechlechner perished by the burning of his house, in Steubenville, Ohio, on the 31st ult. His wife and children were saved.

—The Chickasaw Cooperaige Company's works at Memphis, Tennessee, were burned on the 4th. Loss, \$100,000; insurance, \$40,000. The works employed 50 men. The court house at Lancaster, New Hampshire, was burned on the 4th, with all the records. The loss on the building is about \$20,000; insurance, \$10,000. It is supposed the fire was caused by an explosion of gas in the furnace. "Heating apparatus improvements" were being tested, and at half-past two o'clock a "terrific explosion was heard and immediately flames burst from the front door, windows and roof." Fifty buildings, comprising two and a half blocks in Southampton, Ontario, were burned on the 4th. Thirty families are homeless. The loss is estimated at \$50,000; insurance \$12,000. A fire at Dalhousie, New Brunswick, on the 3d, destroyed twenty-two buildings in the business portion of the town. A fire at Battleford, Manitoba, on the 4th, destroyed the Town Hall, the American News establishment and two stores.

—Mangus, head chief of the Chiricahua Apaches, passed through Kansas City on the 4th, with thirteen other Indians, male and female, on the way to Fort Marion, Florida. "While the party were going through Colorado Mangus jumped through the car window and ran some distance before he was recaptured. Then he obtained a knife and stabbed himself in half a dozen places, inflicting serious wounds. On the 4th he attacked his interpreter, striking the man about the head with the shackles on his wrists.

—The boiler of an engine on the Texas Pacific Railroad bursting on the 4th near David Station, killing an engineer named Dehaven and a brakeman named Given. Another train had been severely injured.

—The President of the National Bank of Peoria, who disappeared about a year ago with \$200,000 of the bank's funds, was arrested in Montreal on the 3d, and is held for extradition proceedings.

—More shocks of earthquake were felt on the 5th in Georgia, the Carolinas and Virginia and the District of Columbia. The shock at Charleston, experienced at half-past twelve o'clock P. M., was slight, though "marked." Reports from Walterboro, Greenwood, Chesterfield, Laurens, Abbeville and other points in South Carolina, indicate that the shock to-day at those places was more severe than in Charleston. At Walterboro it was so severe as to "make people rush into the streets and to cause the Circuit Court to adjourn without ceremony." At Columbia the shock was felt at 12.23. It was accompanied by "the usual loud detonations." The vibrations continued forty seconds. Buildings were violently shaken and people rushed out into the streets. The shock was probably severer than any experienced since August 31st. At Sumter and Greenwood the shocks were very severe. All the schools were in session at the time of the shock. One pupil in a colored school was crushed in the panic of the pupils, and several pupils in the Shaw school (colored) were slightly injured by falling plastering. At Savannah a sharp shock was felt just as the clocks were striking 12. "Tybee Island reports it the heaviest felt there since August 31, and preceded by loud rumbling. It lasted thirty seconds, and people all rushed into the streets. No damage was done beyond the cracking of glass." At Augusta the shock was felt at 12.26 P. M. It lasted twenty-five seconds and caused the people to rush into the streets. At Macon and Columbus the shocks were light. At Wilmington, North Carolina, the shock was sharp and at Raleigh slight "but quite perceptible." Two slight shocks were felt in Richmond, Virginia, and one in Washington at 12.30 P. M.

—Mrs. John Rushton, divorced from Frederick Roberts, lives with her second husband in a tenement in Chicago. When she left her first husband she kept their child. On the night of the 4th Roberts called at the rooms and demanded that she and the child go with him. She refused, whereupon he threw coal oil upon her and set her on fire. She is thought to be fatally burned. Adam Head was shot dead by "Wat" Chilson in a political quarrel at Selina, Kansas, on the night of the 3d. Both were farmers and prominent politicians. Dewee Bolton, a young man, was assassinated on

election night by Polk Hill, colored, in Washington county, Texas. It is said the assassination was the result of a conspiracy, Bolton having made himself politically obnoxious to the negroes. Seven arrests have been made, but Hill is yet at large.

—A well dressed young man, traveling in the interest of an advertising scheme, who registered at a hotel in Baltimore, fell dead on the street on the 5th. Letters found in his satchel showed that his name was W. R. Woodruff. He had said he was from Chicago. No money was found among his effects. Joseph Harris was crushed to death in a quarry at Allentown, Penna., on the 5th, by a large rock falling upon him.

—The business portion of Chelsea, Wisconsin, was nearly destroyed by fire on the 1st. Loss, \$25,000.

—A man who gave the name of Thomas Collins was arrested at Chicago on the 4th while tampering with a Lake Shore switch. He was held in \$1700. He was recognized as one of the former employees of the road.

—John and Nathaniel Parsons, brothers, were killed on the 5th on a mine railroad near Birmingham, Alabama, by the collision of their hand-car with a stone train.

—Lawrence Donovan, of New York, who some time ago jumped from the Brooklyn bridge into the East river at New York, jumped from the new suspension bridge at Niagara Falls into the river below at seven o'clock on the morning of the 7th. His jump was witnessed by four or five persons. He was accompanied by Mr. Drew, reporter for a Buffalo paper, and a Professor Haley. "He made the jump successfully, a distance of 190 feet. He went straight down, feet first. He came up somewhat dazed, but struck out for the boat, in which were Drew and Haley, was taken in and stimulants were given him. He is not seriously injured. One rib is broken and his hip is bruised. He said before he got out of the water that he would not jump again for a million."

—Adam David, of Pottsville, Penna., was found in the woods near Schuylkill Haven, on the 7th, with his throat cut. It is not known whether he committed suicide or was murdered.

—Willis McNaif, colored, was serving on a United States jury in Little Rock, Arkansas, on the 6th. The jury went to J. W. Knot's restaurant for breakfast, but the proprietor refused to admit McNaif. The same action was taken at the Capital Hotel. The facts were reported to Judge Caldwell, and he said the jurors were officers of the law and could not be separated. They were sent back with a United States Marshal. Mr. Knot again refused to admit McNaif, but the Capital restaurant furnished a meal for the party.

—Dr. Ralph L. Stone, 22 years of age, committed suicide in his room in the County Hospital at Brooklyn, New York, on the 5th.

—An attempt was made on the 5th to assassinate William Carr and his family in Union county, Tennessee. Carr and his son were unloading corn at the barn, a nine-year-old daughter being on top of the wagon. Suddenly a volley of shots came from a thicket near by, and each of the three received a portion of two loads of buckshot. It is thought all are mortally wounded. Thomas Barry, a distant relative of the Carrs, was arrested "and made a confession."

—Snow fell yesterday in Western Pennsylvania, Northern New York, Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine. The depth ranged from one inch at Pittsburg to five at Whitehall, New York, and six at Middlebury, Vermont. The heaviest thunder storm known there for years passed over Bangor, Maine, on the night of the 6th. "Rain fell in torrents, the wind blew a gale and heavy thunder and vivid lightning continued almost unintermittently" from 10 o'clock on the night of the 6th to 7 o'clock on the morning of the 7th. The agricultural shed at the fair grounds was blown down, also fences and limbs of trees.

—A moderately strong shock of earthquake was felt at Charleston, South Carolina, about 11 o'clock on the night of the 7th. It was preceded and accompanied by the usual rumbling sounds, though in a somewhat milder form than has been usual of late. The shock was perhaps of ten or twelve seconds' duration, and was generally felt throughout the State. It was followed in about five minutes by another shock, which, however, was quite moderate.

There are men who no more grasp the truth they seem to hold than a sparrow grasps the message through the electric wire on which it perches.

THE MARKETS

PHILADELPHIA.

Beef	3 00	5 1/2
Hogs	6 00	7 1/2
Sheep	6 00	7 1/2
Butter	18 00	19 00
Flour, Western	3 25	3 50
do Pennsylvania	3 25	3 50
Wheat, Western White	0 92	0 98 1/2
do Pennsylvania	0 87 1/2	0 93 1/2
Rye	65	70
Oats	30	35
Corn	45 1/2	48 1/2
Potatoes	8 00	8 50
do refined	8 00	8 50
Butter	18 00	19 00
Cheddar	18 00	19 00
Wool, Penna and Ohio	25 00	40 00
do N. Y. and Western	25 00	44 00
do Canada	20 00	30 00
Hops	10 00	15 00
Provisions	10 00	15 00
Beef	7 00	12 00
Lard	6 00	7 1/2
Butter	4 00	5 1/2
Sugar	8 00	9 1/2
do refined	8 00	9 1/2
Rice	35 00	38 00
Flax	35 00	38 00
do bay	35 00	38 00
Codfish	3 00	5 00
Herring	2 00	4 00
Straw	12 00	15 00
do Oats	7 00	10 00
Hay	12 00	15 00

NEW YORK.

Flour, Western	3 25	4 00
do Pennsylvania	3 25	4 00
Wheat, Western	0 92	0 98 1/2
do Pennsylvania	0 87 1/2	0 93 1/2
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Butter	18 00	19 00
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Wool, Penna and Ohio	25 00	40 00
do N. Y. and Western	25 00	44 00
do Canada	20 00	30 00
Hops	10 00	15 00
Provisions	10 00	15 00
Beef	7 00	12 00
Lard	6 00	7 1/2
Butter	4 00	5 1/2
Sugar	8 00	9 1/2
do refined	8 00	9 1/2
Rice	35 00	38 00
Flax	35 00	38 00
do bay	35 00	38 00
Codfish	3 00	5 00
Herring	2 00	4 00
Straw	12 00	15 00
do Oats	7 00	10 00
Hay	12 00	15 00

Whose Face?

Some faces are supremely fair,
Some sparkle in their splendor;
Some are demure and demoral,
And some divinely tender.

Some win us with one fatal glance
From eyes too brightly beaming;
Some smile that smile that brings a trance,
Till life is lost in dreaming.

Some flirt before us, sweet and gay,
To fill our hearts with laughter;
Then fade as fancies fade away,
And leave no aches after.

And some—some faces, sorrow-kissed,
When holiest thoughts are thronging;
Come back, come always in the mist
Of everlasting longing.

So faces come and fade;
Some make existence sweeter;
And some, they make life sad, we know;
Yet being sad, completer.

Until one face comes up at last,
(Heaven knows each heart; don't doubt it)—
The future fades, the past is past!
We cannot live without it!

We ask not if men call her sweet,
Or fair, or wise, or clever;
We ask we passionately entreat,
"Will you be mine forever?"

ON A MOUNTAIN LEDGE.

"Seniorita S-s-U! Seniorita!" reached in a low whisper the ears of Senorita Mercedes Guadalupe Grenados, as she swung lazily in the hammock on the wide verandah.

"Who is it?" she asked in Spanish.
"Pablo!" came in the same low whisper.

A tall negro, showing in the slightly coppery hue of the skin the mixture of Indian blood, stole cautiously across the open space between the house and the thick bushes, and almost crawling, reached the place where his young mistress was.

"Well, Pablo, what news?" eagerly demanded the young girl.
"All lost, seniorita! All lost!"
"And Don Enrique?"
"Out in de bush dar, hidin' n de caneas."

"But why don't he come in? What does he want to stay there for?"
"Indians chasin' of him—de Cancaenos," answered the peon gravely.
"What!"
"Yes, seniorita. Fo' fo' days now. And Don Enrique he say mus' get t' mountains now, quick."

"What does he want?"
"Want some money, an' some food, an' some clothes, seniorita."
The young girl hesitated a moment, and then said, sharply:
"Pablo, go to Don Enrique, and tell him to go to the old hut down in the swamp. I'll be there in half an hour."

As the peon turned to execute the order, the girl ran into the house, and once more silence fell upon the place. The revolution, one of those unsuccessful revolutions of which the history of Columbia is full, was just over, and Don Enrique Gonzalez found himself on the losing side.

Under ordinary circumstances he might have surrendered; but when he heard that the dreaded Indians of the great Canca Valley had been placed upon his track, he knew there was nothing to do but to fly. For these men are noted in the northern part of South America for the fact that they never give or take quarter. They are like human bloodhounds, there one idea is to kill. Don Enrique had good reason to make the most of his time with the Cancaenos after him.

Down in the cane swamp stood an old palm house, the sides made of upright sticks split from the black palm, and lashed to cross pieces, and the roof heavily thatched. Here, sitting on a log in the shadow, was Don Enrique, a young fellow about twenty-seven, while lying on the ground was the peon, Pablo.

Suddenly the Peon raised his head.
"Somethin' comin', senior!"
The two listened for a minute, and then through the only path to the hut came a large mule, saddled and bridled, followed by another one, upon which was the seniorita.

Don Enrique had the girl in his arms almost before the animal stopped moving, and the whispered words of endearment, the rapturous kisses and looks which the two gave each other, told the old, old story plainly.

Don Enrique mounted his, and, led by the peon, the party made their way out of the cane into the main road. Once on this, they pushed ahead rapidly, Pablo keeping up without the slightest difficulty.

The road, which at first was good, gradually got wilder and rougher, until as they went up the mountains, the mules would stop and pant every now and then before beginning one of the frightful climbs, during which they had to almost spring from rock to rock. Still up, and up, the mules climbed, urged on as much as possible by their riders.

Suddenly Pablo, who had been looking back, said—
"Look, senior!"
And Don Enrique, turning, saw far below a string of what seemed like little brown boys, carrying long sticks, crossing an open space.

"Eight, nine, ten," he counted, in a tone of some bitterness. "Well, if we must fight, we must," he went on, setting his teeth hard, and mechanically loosening his revolver.

"No fight here, senior," said the peon earnestly. "No good here. Up dare," pointing as he spoke to a peak about three miles from them.

"All right, Pablo."
And once more the mules were urged along by voice and spur. But if the fugitives had seen their pursuers, they had in turn been seen, and the race began between them. The road was frightful.

At one side the rocks towered above them until it seemed as though they reached the sky; while, on the other hand, a hideous, yawning barranca, as they call those strange crevices in the Andes and their associate ranges, went down sheer some six or seven hundred feet.

More and more frightful became the pass until the young girl was forced to cover her eyes with her hand, unable to look out any longer. Long before Pablo had taken her bridle rein, while Don Enrique rode behind. The mules, with the wonderful instinct which marks them, stepped as caefully as cats, trying every stone before resting their weight upon it. Suddenly Pablo stopped.

"Get down here, seniorita," he said, as, lifting her from the saddle, he placed her on her feet. You too, senior. No one can ride here."
The ledge made a sharp turn to the right, and on the turn was not more than two feet wide. While Don Enrique held the girl in his arms, her head buried in his shoulder, Pablo cautiously led the mule she had been riding round the turn. Then he returned to the other, telling the two to go ahead. Holding on to the rough rocks with one arm around Mercedes, Don Enrique moved inch by inch round the point, and as they reached the other side sank down on the wide platform where the mule was standing, fairly faint with the reaction from the nervous strain, while Mercedes fainted outright.

In the meantime Pablo had begun to cautiously drive the second mule round the turn. Just as the animal was twisting itself round, a diabolical series of yells began up the pass, and the Indians came running in. The mule started, one foot slipped, and after a moment's vain pawing to recover its footing, it launched out into the air, turning over and over, until it met its death in the gulf below, smashed out of shape on the pointed rocks. The moment's hesitation which this gave the Indians enabled Pablo to slip round the turn in safety. Roughly shaking Don Enrique, he said significantly:

"Now we fight, senior!"
Don Enrique sprang to his feet, and with Pablo advanced to the edge; none too soon, however. A head, copper-brown in color, where the hideous red and black of the war-paint did not hide it, was thrust around the rock only in time to get a cut from Pablo's machete or long knife. The next and the next, and the next, seemingly urged on by pressure from behind, fared the same way. Then came a pause. A moment afterwards a cloud of little arrows, about eight inches long, each wrapped with a tuft of cotton, flew through the air, and then again there was quiet.

"Can they reach us from above Pablo?"
"No, senior; dis only place."
Again the Indians tried to steal round, and again Pablo's machete fell. But this time, what looked like a stick about three feet long had been turned toward him by an Indian lying on his stomach, and as the peon was raising his arm to strike, he felt a little prick like a pin in the leg. The arrow fell to the ground, but Pablo, glancing down, saw the end of a fine splinter in the wound. Don Enrique at once attempted to dig this out, but both he and the peon knew it was no use. The arrow poison had touched the blood, and in less time than it takes to tell it, Pablo began to feel numb all over and sank to the ground, the girl wiping the cold perspiration from his forehead.

But while Don Enrique had been busied with the peon, two of the Indians had passed the point and a third was following. His revolver settled one of them, but he missed the second shot. Catching up the heavy machete from where the peon had dropped it, he began a hand-to-hand fight. Feinting at one over the head, he whirled the heavy weapon around and caught his foe under the arm, almost cutting him

in two. Striding over the dead body, he met two of them at once. The one to the left he struck on the head, laying the brain open; but a glance showed him that the machete of the one to the right was coming down. He just managed to spring out of the way when a deafening report just by his ear, and the leap of the Indian into the air, told him that Mercedes had picked up the revolver where he had let it fall. To advance to the corner and strike down the man coming round was the work of a moment, and then with a sigh of relief, he realized that he once more held the pass. The rest was but for a moment's thought. Taking the revolver from Mercedes, and leaning cautiously round the rock, he waited in silence. Before long he saw a head raised, and fired, killing the last one of the party after him.

During this time Pablo had been getting weaker and weaker. When Don Enrique knelt beside him the peon was almost gone, but he could murmur:
"De children, senior?"
"Are mine always!"
"Good-bye, senior!" as the eyes, which had been getting duller and duller, finally closed, and Pablo was gone.

The broad road to Venezuela was traversed slowly by Don Enrique and his promised bride, and at the first town they came to, a very quiet and somewhat hurried wedding took place in the rude church of palm. However, they reached the coast, and before many weeks were safe in France. Nor was it many years before another turn in the political wheel brought back to Columbia Don Enrique Gonzalez and his beautiful wife.

A Baby Among the Elephants.

While Forepaugh's show was exhibiting at Orillia, Canada, a few days ago, and after the performance in the circus pavilion had been in progress for nearly an hour, during which time the menagerie tent, containing the animals and elephants was at that time quite deserted, a woman's terror-stricken shriek, "My child!" rang through the pavilion, and roused the half dozen animal keepers in the menagerie quarters from their afternoon nap. Hastening to the spot from whence the scream came, a woman was found in the act of crawling under the guard ropes which encircled twelve huge elephants. Another glance revealed the tiny form of a chubby four-year old boy standing in the midst of the herd, patting their squirming trunks with his diminutive hands, laughing and shouting, and having a world of fun, all to himself, with his ponderous playmates.

Unnoticed he had strayed from his mother's charge, and, like all the boys, discovered the most perilous place in which to expose himself; unobserved by anybody he had walked under the guard ropes surrounding the elephants, and there he stood when discovered by his frantic mother, in the centre of a dozen huge colossal beasts, who were reaching out their huge trunks toward him, and begging, as is their custom, for ginger snaps and peanuts, which visitors are in the habit of giving them.

Old George Wade, the elephant keeper, took in the situation at a glance, sank quickly seizing the frenzied woman, handed her to an attendant, and shouting to the elephants, who were familiar with his voice and presence, entered among them, and gently raising the darling little intruder to his shoulder, carried him to his agonizing parent, who, the moment the boy was placed in her arms, fainted and sank to the ground. In a few moments she recovered and bitterly chided herself for her want of attention to her baby boy in thus permitting him to escape from her care.

He Chased a Shadow.

As the engineer of engine 1,277, on the Wabash, pulled out of Given, en route for Ottumwa, one evening recently, he noticed what appeared to be a small animal hopping along the track ahead of the pilot. Gradually he increased the speed of the locomotive, but the little quadruped seemed also to have "dropped another notch," and despite the tremendous gait of 77 easily retained its position. Discussed beyond expression, the engineer began heaving chunks of coal at it, but all in vain. It seemed to bear a charmed life, and successfully baffled all efforts of the engineer and the fireman to check its wild career. For twenty-one miles the engineer had chased that delusive object, and thoroughly disgusted he gave up the race at Ottumwa, and stopped. The object stopped also. With his pick in his hand the engineer made a sneak on the animal, harmless, but possessed of such anomalous migratory powers. With quick precision he brought the pick down full upon the animal's back, but a "slinking thud" was the only sound he heard and with a wild laugh he arose, henceforth to be a raving maniac. For a full hour he had been making desperate efforts to run over the shadow or a leaf adhering to the headlight, and the discovery and reaction was too much for his already shattered nerves.

Oh! if men would use as much diligence in rooting out vices and planting virtues, as they do in proposing questions, there would not be so great virtues committed nor scandals among the people, nor so much relaxation in monasteries.