

Winter Weather.

Gold from the northland blows the wind keenly;
(Gold are the desolate homes of the poor.)
Soon will the snowflakes be falling serenely.
(Think of the pain that the fireless endure.)
Brightly in parlors the diamonds glisten,
(Tons of black diamonds one would buy.)
Beautiful darlings to loving words listen.
(Poverty's children are dying close by.)
See stretches out from the shore of the river,
(Any worn blankets, old dresses or coats?)
Even the warmest must tremble and shiver.
(Every free gift a glad angel notes.)
They who have plenty may rest and be thankful,
(Think of God's children with nothing at all.)
How should sweet charity's river be banked full.
(Think of the stream that is bitter as gall.)
Winter is with us, in spite of delaying,
(Help that poor woman, so scantily clad.)
Now for the glories of skating and sleighing.
(Hunger is driving that girl to the bad.)
Months are before us of hard winter weather,
(See the poor babes in their pitiful need.)
Nighly the rich ones are joying together;
(Charity gives to all pleasures a zest.)
Brightly the sun of prosperity rises,
(See that you make not the hard times too hard.)
Past are the days of the "panic" and "crisis."
(Heaven with charity's jewels is starved.)
Winter shuts down upon city and forest,
(Thousands must suffer with hunger and cold.)
Joy is now highest, and need is now sorest,
(Charity's crown is of heavenly gold.)
—New York Sun.

ESCAPED.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

New Jersey, as well as New York, was originally settled by colonists from Holland, and although the English at one time got possession of the territory, the Dutch regained it and held it, under the name of Achter Kol, until 1673.

Among the early emigrants from Holland was a family by the name of Kovenhoven, who took up lands in what is now Monmouth county, near the present village of Eatontown. Their descendants, under the anglicized name of Conover, live in the same regions to this day.

In 1777-78 this family had a farm on the ocean shore, probably within the present limits of Long Branch. At that time the men folk were all away with the Continental army, under Gen. Washington.

The family left at home consisted of the mother, a daughter of eighteen or twenty years, a son of sixteen years, and another of ten. These contrived to support themselves on the farm, and also to contribute liberally to the Continental cause.

Notwithstanding the defenceless condition of the place, with the enemy in possession of the country, the Kovenhoven homestead was an important post in a line of secret communication kept up between the parties of New York and the East, and their friends beyond the Delaware.

The elder of the Kovenhoven boys, though only a growing lad, was a trusted messenger in this "grapevine" postal service, and by his skill and daring in working through the British lines, had already won the name of Kalte Kovenhoven, or, as we would now say, Cool Conover.

Early in the summer of 1778, when Gen. Clinton was preparing to abandon the line of the Delaware and fall back on the Hudson river, a body of Hessian troops was sent through the Jerseys to open the way to Sandy Hook, where the army was to embark for New York.

The Hessians harried the country to some extent, foraging as they advanced, and making special efforts to break up the secret postal service known to be maintained in spite of their utmost vigilance.

The line was kept running at that time, as may readily be supposed, with redoubled activity, and the messengers spared neither risk nor hardship to get their dispatches through.

The service was all the harder as the activity of the enemy forced them to seek round-about ways, and travel long distances. The route was turned down through the pines, an unbroken wilderness, extending, at that time, nearly across the South Jerseys.

One night in June young Conover returned home from a trip into the pines weary and worn. He had ridden many a long mile through the soft sands of the forest without daring to wait for rest or refreshment.

Stopping at the barn and turning his tired mare into the salt meadow, he shouldered the saddle and carried it up to the barn.

He had an important dispatch with him, fastened under his arm in a waterproof cover. Worn out with hard riding from early morning till after midnight, and with the constant strain of anxious watchfulness, he felt relieved and thankful to get home in safety.

Sitting down on a heap of straw, he took off his heavy riding-boots, and unbuttoned his shirt to remove the perspiration, and then, in an instant, the reaction from over-exertion conquered him, and he dropped into a deep sleep.

He slept heavily until the first beams of daylight began to shine through the cracks in the barn. Then he was suddenly awakened by a tremendous stamping close by him.

As he sprang up the butt of a musket broke through the door, and instinctively the boy realized that for once he had been caught napping.

It was his way to face danger when he could not avoid it; so he sprang to the door, feeling for his package and finding it safe under his arm at the same moment.

Six men stood outside, and in the dim morning light he recognized them as a detail from a detachment of Hessians whom he had been dodging all the previous afternoon.

They addressed him roughly, and one of them, in broken English, commanded him to find forage for their horses.

"Und, yunker," he added, "rouse der house and get right away breakfast."

The boy brought out hay and grain in abundance for the horses, and then

led the way to the house. His sister Katie was already astir, and immediately comprehending the situation, she set about preparing a good breakfast, without any fuss or hesitation.

The meal passed off quietly, the family keeping in the background as much as possible, and the troopers showing no disposition to make trouble.

The corporal in charge of the detail, after partaking most heartily of the good things that filled the table, seemed inclined to be quite friendly.

"Und what your name ist, mein kindt?" he said to his hostess.

"Katie, sir," replied the girl.

"Ya, wolle, Katrina. Du bist liebes madehen—goot girl. Und der bruder?"

"My brother? His name is Ned—Edward, I mean."

"So, Etouart, ya! Und der fader, wo ist?"

At this moment "Etouart" came to the door leading the corporal's horse. "I've watered him," he said, and rubbed him down as well as I could in a hurry.

"Ya, wolle, schooner kerl. Now we go ahead mit;" and the dangerous question as to the father's whereabouts was not answered.

On inquiring the way to Shrewsbury town, the corporal decided that "Etouart" must accompany the party a mile or two up the shore to point out the road.

The boy did not dare to object under the circumstances, and was the less unwilling to go as in walking up the beach he might meet Dennis Hendrickson, the messenger expected to take the dispatch and carry it forward.

He therefore led the way down to the shore, striding along beside the corporal's horse, explaining to that worthy the state of the tide, and the necessity for making some haste to avoid the rising water.

The Kovenhovs still spoke Holland Dutch at home, and "Etouart" understood nearly everything the Hessians said to each other, but he was very careful not to permit any sign of intelligence to escape him.

To his surprise and consternation, he found that one object of their raid long-shore was to capture himself. They were bound for Sandy Hook, and had instructions to pick him up on the way, though they had but dim ideas as to what he could be like, or where they could come up with him.

He had taken the precaution on leaving the house to make an excuse for handing his sister the spyglass, which hangs over every longshoreman's mantel. The quick-witted girl had caught the hint to keep watch of the party, as he knew she would do.

After following the beach nearly a mile, and finding the Hessians hadn't a shade of suspicion in their minds as to who he was, he was just congratulating himself on getting out of a dangerous predicament in safety, when out of the very lane the soldiers were turning into, there came the last man in the world he wanted to see. This was a shoemaker by the name of Sanborne, whom everybody in the neighborhood disliked and distrusted. He evaded his duty as a patriot, and was believed to be a traitor at heart.

Coming upon each other at right angles, Sanborne and Edward met almost within arms' length. No sooner did the shoemaker see the troopers than he threw up his hat and cried out:

"Kalte Kovenhoven, caught, by George! So they've got you at last, you young rebel!"

Edward tried his best to make Sanborne understand that he was not a prisoner, and that the Hessians did not know him; but the man would not heed his signals.

"You needn't make signs to me," he said. "I don't know any of your signs, and don't want to."

"Kalte Kovenhoven?" queried the amazed corporal, looking all about him in confusion. "Wo ist Kovenhoven?"

"This is him!" exclaimed Sanborne. "This is the little sand-snipe that has made you more trouble than a hull regiment of ragged Continentals."

"Du Kleiner Spitzbube!" cried the corporal, not without amused interest. "Ist dot so?"

The soldiers drew their horses around him, and incited by Sanborne, two of them loosened their halters to secure him with them. If they once confined him, they would be very likely to search him, and then they would get possession of the dispatch.

He had no great fear as to his own fate, even if made a prisoner, but the dispatch; they must not get hold of. Such were the thoughts that flashed through the boy's mind, and prompted a desperate resort.

Dropping to the ground as one of the troopers reached out to lay hands on him, Cool Conover darted out from between the horses and sprang across the beach. Tearing off his coat as he ran, he leaped into the surf and dove through the breakers that were rolling from four to six feet high over the bar.

"Fire! fire!" screamed Sanborne. "He'll get away from you!"

But the stolid German soldiers were not given to firing without orders, and the corporal, completely bewildered, could only remark, "Dot poj will go trowt!"

"Etouart," however, had no notion of drowning. Clearing the line of breakers, he struck out straight off shore, and although several shots were fired at him he was not hit, and soon he was out of musket range. The tide, running flood, carried him up the beach, and the soldiers followed along after him, expecting him soon to grow weary, and to see him sink under the waves.

Katie Conover watched the departure of the soldiers with a long sigh of relief, and the moment they were out of earshot called to her mother that they were fairly off.

She followed their movements until they turned towards the lane, and then dropped the glass, satisfied that all was well. Something, however, prompted her to take another look after Ned, and while trying to make him out, she saw a figure dash across the beach and into the surf.

A moment's reflection told her what had occurred. She understood that Ned had met with some sudden peril, and rather than to risk the loss of the dispatch, he had plunged through the surf and was swimming out into the ocean.

"Now," she reasoned with herself, "he doesn't expect to swim across the

Atlantic, and he can't stay in the water all day, hoping to be picked up by a coaster. What he thinks of is that maybe he'll see him, and try to pick him up with the surf-ski; and so I will."

Calling her younger brother, the brave girl ran down to the shore, and with the child's help dragged the surf-ski across the beach.

A Jersey surf-ski is a very light boat of cedar, thin as a shell and easily handled. To launch the little craft through the breakers and jump into it without upsetting, requires a good deal of skill and a good deal of pluck beside. Katie was not a novice in such things, and in a few minutes she was pulling a strong, steady stroke up the beach, heading a point or two off shore.

She could not see her brother in the water, but after rowing, as it seemed to her, a very long time, she saw the soldiers on the sand, and judged that Ned must be somewhere in line with them.

Pulling on until she came abreast of them, she stood up and looked about her. She found she was at least a mile off shore, and two miles up the beach from home.

Ned was nowhere to be seen, and after scanning the sea in every direction, she sank back with a sickening fear that he had gone down.

At that moment she heard a faint call, and rising again, could plainly distinguish a distant sail. She could not see anything at first, but pulled rapidly in the direction of the sound, with her head over her shoulder, she was presently gladdened by a glimpse of something yet a long way off.

Rowing for dear life, she soon made out her brother's arm occasionally appearing on a rising wave. He was floating almost under water, and very nearly exhausted.

Katie had to give him the oars to rest on, and to help support him as best she could for some time before he was able to scramble into the ski.

The girl had done her best, but with all her speed he had been an hour in the water when she reached him. The loss of a few moments might have lost his life.

With Ned lying in the bottom of the ski ill and faint, Katie pulled away for home with a glad heart, and if she cried a little, it was for joy as much as anything.

They found Hendrickson waiting for Katie's return, thinking she might possibly have the despatch, though he little expected to see Ned with her.

The Hessians had watched their escaping prisoner until almost out of sight, and then they saw him throw up his arms and disappear. When Katie came along in her boat, they supposed her search would be useless, and had turned into a lane leading inland.

On reaching their rendezvous at Sandy Hook, they reported that the boy had been drowned and his body carried out to sea.

Sanborne hastened to spread the same report through the neighborhood, and his friends thought they had lost Master Ned, and great was the rejoicing when he reappeared the next day sound and well, and everybody said: "Isn't that just like Kate Kovenhoven?"—*Youths' Companion.*

Forest Trees and Climate.

A writer who has been making a study of forest trees, their rapid destruction in this country, and their effect on climate and health, says that since 1835 the forest area of the western hemisphere has decreased at the yearly average rate of 7,600,000 acres, or about 11,000 square miles, and that this rate in the United States alone has advanced from 1,600 square miles in 1835 to 7,000 in 1855, and 8,400 in 1876, while the last two years have scarcely been less exhaustive. Statistics for eighty years previous to 1835 show that we have been wasting the supply of moisture to American soil at the average rate of seven per cent. for each quarter of a century during the last 125 years, and that we are now approaching the limit beyond which any further decrease will materially influence the climate of the entire continent. Many Eastern regions, such as Afghanistan, Persia, India and Asia Minor, once possessed of a fine climate, and abundant harvests, are now often scourged by pestilence and famine, and it is altogether probable that their misfortunes began with the disappearance of their native forests. It is quite likely that we shall suffer in climate, fertility and health before a great while, if we continue to destroy our trees as recklessly as we have done, and it behooves us to be warned in time. What has happened elsewhere may certainly happen here. Indeed, there is great danger of it, for we know by experience that fertile lands have grown sterile by loss of trees, and that sterile lands have in turn become fertile by systematic planting. A certain proportion of well-wooded, as well of arable and pasture land, is essential to our material prosperity; and this proportion can never be kept up unless regular tree-planting be adopted as a set-off to the excessive destruction incessantly going on. For 150 years we have been felling the forest; for the next 150 we should try to restore what we have taken away.

Keep Your Secrets.

The whole world is full of people craving for confidence—people to whom a secret is like gold in a child's pocket, burning to be issued. Those who are high in rank and blessed with every advantage are often tormented for want of a "true friend;" meaning thereby some one to whom they can confide secrets. And on those who will simply take them and keep them, they are willing to bestow friendship; to those who would be in such confidence it is enough that they follow the advice already given of never being directly or indirectly the means of disseminating gossip of any kind.

In connection with this subject the reader may properly be advised against curiosity. There are people who cannot see a letter without craving to know to whom it is addressed, or who cannot find anything written lying on a table without involuntarily picking it up. The Paul Pry is the meanest character of society, and he who would feel superior in strength and in integrity should strive vigorously to have nothing in common with such a type of baseness. Bear continually in mind the fact that in the art of conversation the secret of success lies not so much in knowing what to say as in what to avoid saying.

A Desperate Duel.

Although the number of duels which have ended fatally for the combatants is happily limited, the fashion which prevailed during the eighteenth century of having a number of seconds on either side pitted one against the other, caused many duels to end fatally for more than one of the actors in them. One of the most famous duels of this kind, as well as one of the most disastrous in its consequences, was that between the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mohun, which took place in the reign of Queen Anne, in the year 1712. The Duke of Hamilton was a most amiable and accomplished gentleman, beloved by his friends and respected by all; while Lord Mohun was the most finished scoundrel and desperado of the time, which is saying a good deal. Lord Mohun, for private reasons, of which revenge was only one, was determined to force a quarrel on the duke. Accordingly he insulted him grossly and then sent him a challenge, which the duke, although he knew that in so doing he played into the scoundrel's hands, was forced to accept. They met in Hyde park, and fought long and fiercely. Both were accomplished swordsmen, and although they wounded each other again and again, no attempt even at a reconciliation was made. It was thoroughly understood that the duel was to the death. The duke had received four serious wounds, and Lord Mohun three, when the duke managed to get past his adversary's guard, and rid the world of one of the most worthless men who have ever disgraced it. What really followed will never be known for certain. As the duke leaned forward with his sword still in Lord Mohun's body he was stabbed through the shoulder to the heart. It was said that Lord Mohun, after receiving his death-blow, shortened his sword, and with the desperate strength of a dying man, drove it to the hilt through the duke's body. But this was disbelieved at the time, and Major Macartney, one of Lord Mohun's seconds, was accused of having stabbed the duke from behind, as soon as he saw Lord Mohun was mortally wounded. His immediate flight after the duel lends some color to the accusation, but that may perhaps be explained by the fact that he well knew no one concerned in the death of such a notable man as the Duke of Hamilton would escape punishment. Be this as it may, the fact remains that one of the most accomplished statesmen and polished gentlemen of the day bartered his life for that of a scoundrel fit only for the hulks. And this shows one great reason why dueling is such a miserable folly. Unless the lives involved be equal in value, the game is manifestly unfair.—*The Argosy.*

Authors and Diseases.

A New York correspondent says: It has been said that Bayard Taylor's disease was hardly understood by the physicians, and it is not even now clear whether it was dropsy or disease of the kidneys. This leads to a brief reference to authors and diseases, and by looking at the history of the former, we shall find that they generally enjoy good health and live to the average of human life. Shakespeare died of a fever, and his life terminated on his fifty-second birthday. Tradition says that the disease was brought on by a drinking bout on the occasion of a visit from Ben Jonson. Pope died of a general decline being then fifty-six. It is surprising how so weak a frame endured even to this age, for he speaks of his life as a "long disease." Goldsmith died of fever aggravated by a severe local ailment. Johnson was old and was a sufferer from dropsy. Addison was intemperate in his latter days, and this brought on a dropsy. Milton, though not an old man, died like one worn out with the trials and toils of life. He is the first author who is mentioned as smoking a pipe, which he found a solace during the weary hours of blindness and old age. Fielding died in middle life of a decline, produced by fast living. Gibbon's disease was hernia of long standing and aggravated character, terminating in dropsy. Byron died of fever. Shelley died of paralysis of mind and body, and so did Scott. Wordsworth lived to see fourscore, and died on the 23d of April, the day and month which marked both the birth and death of Shakespeare. Irving died of disease of the heart, having for the last year of his life been a great sufferer. Keats, Kirk, White and Pollock died of consumption, and each early in life. Burns was broken down by poverty, toil and strong drink at middle age. Coleridge had a very strong constitution, which enabled him to endure the effect of opium, and he lived to the approach of old age. Tom Moore died like Scott, in a state of mental and bodily prostration. Chatterton and Hugh Miller committed suicide. Edward Everett died of a severe cold. Bryant was prostrated after making a speech, and never recovered. Our poets have generally attained long life, as illustrated by the instances of Bryant, Charles Sprague and Halleck, to whom will yet be added Longfellow and Whittier.

Decay.

Turn whithersoever we will on the proud face of creation, and we find the landmarks of decay. A continued autumn brings down the weak and aged to death.

The strong oak that lifts its haughty head on yonder hill, defying the hurricane, may have a tiny worm gnawing at its heart that will sooner or later send its lifeless trunk to the earth, a broken mass of decaying wood.

The huge mountain, around whose lofty turrets the lightnings of a thousand ages have played and flashed, and whose devoted sides have breathed the storms of snow and rain, alike impervious to each other, may contain within its bosom a volcano that will, one day, rend it in fragments, and level it with the plain.

The haughty eagle, that mounts the sky, and dries his plumage in the sunshine far above the clouds, has his allotted 100 years to live.

Everywhere we find indelibly stamped the word "decay." The sun, moon and stars—the earth, with the bones and ashes of her myriad dead—must one day be rolled up as a scroll. The tooth of time is continually gnawing the bones of departed millions. The silence of the tomb gives back but a single echo, and that—decay.

Economy in Cooking.

In the basement of a house on the north side of Union square, No. 83 East Seventeenth street, is one of the coziest and most complete little rooms for cooking purposes that the gastronomic world can boast of. Miss Juliet Corson is the presiding deity, and yesterday she brought into this little room a few neophytes in the art of cooking. At half-past three o'clock there were in the gastronomic headquarters three young girls, none over ten years; three very pretty maidens of uncertain age, all unmarried (so they distinctly said); four old ladies, and four reporters. The kitchen was therefore not overcrowded, and the remarks of the fair lecturers fell not on unprofitable ground.

"Now," said Miss Corson, "liver rolls are very easily obtained and cooked." The children tied up the rolls, now and then looking wistfully at Miss Corson, and a nod of approbation was invariably the answer. This course of lessons is designed for the instruction of the young daughters of the working people in the preparation of those simple dishes which add variety to daily fare without increasing the cost. Miss Corson selects for soup materials fresh meat and untainted vegetables. The average cost of each dish of soup is twelve cents. Many reformers would have been driven crazy yesterday by the bungling attempts of their proteges. It was the first experience of the little girls, but they were quick and apt. The course of training is entirely American.

First came liver rolls. Beef's liver is apt to be strong in taste unless it is well cut. From the glowing stove to the bench the earnest lecturers moved rapidly and incessantly. Her voice was low, but she emphasized her remarks with the gesticulation of a frying-pan or a griddle more significantly than does Dr. Talmage when he tells Brooklyn how naughty New York is. Miss Corson took potatoes, scooped them out half boiled, and made a very delicious and very cheap dish of them. She made coffee at a moment's notice in a pitcher, three tablespoonfuls to one quart of water. The process was as follows: Put the dry ground coffee over the fire; then pour a half pint of boiling water on the coffee; stir it steadily for three minutes, and then pour on the rest of the water.

"But, please, Miss Corson," said Mrs. Stuart, "repeat that over again. Only three spoonfuls of coffee? Suppose the gentleman wants his coffee very strong?"

"Then," said Miss Corson, "suit yourself, or, rather, suit him; I only look toward plain and economical cooking."—*New York Herald.*

The Biggest Locomotive Engine.

A huge specimen of locomotive art passed through Pittsburgh, Pa., towed by other locomotives, on its way to the far West. It is a monster tank engine for the New Mexican and Southern Pacific railroad, and which is especially intended to work on a long heavy grade at a point on the Rocky mountains. It is the largest and most powerful locomotive engine ever built in this country. It is a ten-wheel tank engine of consolidated pattern, having eight driving wheels and a pony (two-wheel) truck. The cylinders measure twenty by twenty-six inches, and the driving wheels are but forty-two inches in diameter. The boiler is enormous, being straight, fifty-eight inches diameter. It has 218 tubes, each over eleven feet long. The fire-box is about ten feet long. A water tank, almost the entire length of the boiler, rests on top of the engine, and when filled with water will add considerably to the weight. The truck wheels are thirty inches in diameter, and are of paper, with steel tires, similar to those now being used so extensively under the Pullman sleeping-cars and on the Metropolitan elevated railroad, New York. This engine, when in working order, will weigh 118,000 pounds. The great weight and size of the boiler, and the small driving-wheels combined, form a tremendous power, well suited to the work the engine has to perform. The eight driving-wheels are merely to distribute the weight, for if the weight rested on but four, no track ever laid could withstand the pressure. The weight is so great that the Western railroads over which it must pass will not permit it to go over bridges so it will have to be taken to pieces and carried over in sections. It passed over all the bridges of the Pennsylvania road without being dismantled.

Stock of Specie in Each Country.

The stock of specie in the commercial world on the 1st of January, 1879, is estimated by Alex. Del Mar, the well-known statistician, in his forthcoming "History of the Precious Metals," as follows:

SPECIE IN MILLIONS OF DOLLARS.	
France.....	1,200
United Kingdom.....	520
German Empire.....	400
Russia.....	250
United States.....	250
Other Independent States in America.....	30
Spain.....	100
Portugal.....	50
Austria-Hungary.....	70
Italy.....	40
Holland.....	60
Belgium.....	30
Switzerland.....	10
Greece.....	10
Sweden.....	8
Norway.....	8
Denmark.....	3
Turkey in Europe.....	3
European portion of Colonies in America.....	50
Africa and Australia.....	50
Total.....	3,509

Things to Think about.

If we thought half as much about the security of our plumbing and drainage as we do about trifling matters of arrangement and decoration, we should lead healthier and longer lives, and our children would have better chances in "the struggle for existence." We could spare a little of the current enthusiasm over ceramics, tiles and bric-a-brac if the surplus could be devoted to awakening an intelligent interest in the construction of drains. We erect costly houses, and fill them with furniture and paintings and all the luxuries of life, and then sit down contentedly to breathe air which our plumber has poisoned for us. It would startle people if they could know how many houses there are, costly and well-appointed, into which poisonous air from the city sewers finds constant vent in unsuspected places.—*Boston Journal.*

Song.

Listen, listen, listen while I sing—
There's mirth, mirth in everything!
In laughing eyes' quick glance,
In dashing through a dance,
Mirth does my charmed soul entrance!

Listen, listen, listen while I sing—
There's joy, joy in everything!
In bubbling of fresh streams,
In flashing sunlight beams,
Joy sparkles through my pensive dreams!

Listen, listen, listen while I sing—
There's hope, hope in everything!
In gloom and chill and night,
When lost the guiding light,
Hope rises ever bright!

Listen, listen, listen while I sing—
There's love, love in everything!
If mirth and hope must die,
Still I can upward fly;
Love lifts me to the sky!

—Theodore Winthrop, in Scribner.

Items of Interest.

A precise flower—The primrose.
A noisy fellow always annoys a fellow.
The best illustrated paper—Green's back.
A past-time—"My Grandfather's Clock."
A man who has plenty of thyme—The gardener.
Sunbeams should be used in building a lighthouse.
Going to the bow-wow—The man who keeps a dog.
Ofal to contemplate—The contents of the garbage cart.
A man may shed an or, and yet be unable to shed a tear.
When is a magistrate like necessity? When he knows no law.
The upshot of the matter was that he fired his pistol in the air.
Pen, ink and paper, as well as the fixed stars, are all stationary.
The first temperance society in this country was organized in 1808.
A man feels the need of a good character most after he has lost one.
Gymnasts go upon the principle that one good turn deserves another.
The Hindoo widow is the only one that cremates; the other cremates.
The average value of the gold found in Russia has risen to \$23,250,000 a year.
Garlic is said to be a sovereign remedy for gout. There is no remedy for garlic.
Sheep-shearing by horse-power is the latest labor-saving invention announced.
Always build a pigsty with great deliberation, and in the sow-west corner of your lot.
Why is it that people boot a dog, and shoot a hen, and foot a bill, and cap a climax, and steal a glance?
There is one advantage in marrying a woman who hasn't a mind of her own; she can't forever be giving you a piece of it.
Wilhelm, the violinist, is making a good deal of money in this country, though he is obliged to "scrape" for a living.
"What plan," said one actor to another, "shall I adopt to fill the house at my benefit?" "Invite your creditors," was the reply.
A man whose knowledge is based on actual experience says that when calling on their sweethearts young men should carry affection in their hearts, perfection in their manners, and confection in their pockets.
A middle-aged old woman was sneering at a young mother's awkwardness with her infant, and said: "I declare a woman ought never to have a baby unless she knows how to hold it!" "Nor a tongue-tie," quietly responded the young mother.
Two Irishmen were in prison, the one for stealing a cow, and the other for stealing a watch. "Hello, Mike! what time is it?" said the cow-stealer to the other. "And, sure, Pat, I haven't any timepiece handy, but I think it is most milking time!"
What resemblance?—bread to sun?
Ah, don't tell us there is none.
For there is, and when you see it you'll concede it.
Why, bread rises in the yeast
And it sets beneath the yeast
And you generally have it when you knead it.
—Graphic.

"I say, Pat," said a philosopher "can you be doing two things at the same time?" "Can't I?" answered Pat: "I'll be doing that any day!" "How?" asked the philosopher. "Why," replied Pat, "I'll be sleeping and drinking, too, at the same time, don't you see?"

The population of the world, according to the latest German estimates, is 1,340,145,000; of whom 413,000,000 are reckoned as Christians (including the Protestant, Catholic and Greek churches); 1,900,000,000 as Mohammedans, 190,000,000, and the rest, numbering over 700,000,000, are reckoned as heathens.

Whalers have been wondering what has become of all the whales, but there is now news as to where they are disappearing. Lieut. Sandebery, of the Swedish navy, has lately returned from an expedition to Russian Lapland, made especially with a view to researches in natural history, and has brought back many rare zoological specimens which he will divide among the museums of Stockholm, Christiania and St. Petersburg. He reports that there never were such quantities of whales seen in the gulf of Naranger and Whittier as during last summer, and that a single Norwegian boat captured a hundred.

The articles made of paper at the late Berlin exposition comprise the roof, ceiling, cornices and interior walls of a house, the exterior walls of which were of pine wood; but all the furniture, blinds, curtains, chandeliers, carpeting, ornamental doors, mantel and table ornaments were of paper, including a stove made of asbestos paper, in which a fire was burning cheerfully. There were also exhibited wash basins, water cans, a full-rigged ship, lanterns, hats, shirts, full suits of clothes and underclothes, straps, handkerchiefs, napkins, bath tubs, buckets, brooms, flowers, urns, jewelry, belting and animals, both for ornament and for toys.