Two Drummers. ID OF THE BOAR

two rival drumm The merits that did blow Of safes were in St. Louis made And safes from Chicago.

They chanced upon a merchant Who fain a safe would buy, And in the praise of their hou mers twain did vie Each striving to see which could consta

Up spake the St. Louis drums "Once a man a cat did take And locked the animal in a safe Of our superior make.

They made a bonfire round the safe With tarand kerosene, And for four-and-twenty hours it blazed With raging heat, I ween.

"The fire went out, the safe was cooled, And I will forfeit five Hundred good dollars if that cat Did not come out alive.

Then mild upspake and answered him The Chicago safe agent:
With our safe one day we did essay The same experiment

We placed the safe selected on Of coals a fiery bed, And pitched-pine we heaped in coal-oil

Till the iron glowed bright red And in forty-eight hours we ope'd the safe And, alas! the cat was dead!"

"Was dead? Aha!" his rival cried. With a triumphant breath; But the Chicago man replied:
"Yes, the cat was frozen to des

No word that St. Louis drummer spoke, But silent he stood and wan, While the Kansas merchant an order gave To the Chicago man.

### Better Late Than Never.

His name was John Holt; and, moreover, he looked like his name, or like the image which the sound of his name, in a musical ear, would call up in the mind. Physically he was so well proportioned that his weight could scarcely be guessed, and so broad-shouldered that you had to set him beside another man in order to realize his superior height. His skin was fair and his eyes blue, but the hair, which had been tow-colored in his childhood, had deepened to brown. John Holt's face was not one of those which are called expressive, but wore, in repose, pretty nearly always the same look.

Mrs. Holt had a large and valuable farm just on the borders of the town. Streets had crept gradually about her fields and surrounded them on three sides; on the fourth woodlands stretched back toward the east. Why she should give the control of this place to John, instead of to one of his sharper brothers, was a puzzle even in her own mind. The only reason she could give was that John was steady and more likely to remain at home than the others were.

John was in love with pretty Nellie Cramer, a neighbor's daughter; but one day when he started to tell her of his passion she stopped him short with a laugh and a "Nonsense, John!"

He never got angry with her. How could he? But sometimes a shadow would drop over his face, and he wouldn't have much to say to her for a time. Then, when she went to him with her coaxing ways, and laid her little hand on his arm, whispering:

"Now, don't be vexed, John; I like you so much; but I don't want you to talk nonsense," he would look down and smile, though not very brightly, and promise to try to avoid nonsense in the future; ending his promise with a sigh.

"Dear me! I do wish you wouldn't sigh so, John!" the girl would smile again, still less brightly, and promise to try not to sigh any more.

Such little scenes as this were mere asides, however. Nellie usually paid

not to sigh any more.

Such little scenes as this were mere asides, however. Nellie usually paid but little attention to John, being chiefly occupied in dancing, flirting and quarreling with his more showy brother occupied in dancing, firting and quarreling with his more showy brother Frank, or with any other gay fellow who was so unfortunate as to be taken with her pretty face, For Nellie was an incorrigible flirt. It was only when she had no one else to talk to, or wanted to pique some other lover, or when she wanted some real service, that she went to John, who was sometimes pleased and sometimes hurt to see that she came to him only when she wanted help or advice.

"You are a sort of grandfather, you know," she said one day, giving his arm a squeeze. "I have an idea that you are about seventy-five years old. How old are you, John?"

"I am only one-third of that," he said, smiling. "I am only a month past twenty-five."

said, smiling. "I am only a month past twenty-five."
"Possible? Well, you must have been very old when you was born. Besides, twenty-five is old to me. I am only nineteen. Now you come and hear my story and tell me what to do. I came over here on purpose to see you."

John followed her obediently through the garden and down to a bench under the shadow of the beech grove on the lawn; and when she took her seat there he leaned against the trunk of a tree and waited, looking down on her.

he leaned against the trunk of a tree and waited, looking down on her.
"You see, John," she began, "I've had an offer."

John Holt was tanned that summer, but through the brownness one might have seen a faint blush run over his face. Nellie didn't see it, for she was looking down and rolling her apron tassels, a very bright color in her own face.

There was a moment's silence after this announcement, and seeing that he was expected to say something, John presently said "Xes?"

"Oh, if yea don't want to advise me, I won't trouble you," the girl flung out, rising in a pet.

"Come back, Nellie," he said, kind-"I am not cross, only tell me what

ly. "I am not cross, you want."
you want."
She seated herself again with a little

She seated herself again with a little quiver in her lip.

"I want you tell me what you think of James Lee. Tell me if you think I'd better marry him. Tell me if you think I'd better marry him. Tell me if you think he cares enough for me to go just where I say and live where I wish."

The color waved again in John Holt's face, and he drew a quick breath. Some impulse to speak seemed to come upon him. Glancing up for his answer, Nellie saw the change and added a word:

"You see, John, I like Albert Leighton better than I do James."

The color and light dropped out of his face again, and a rim of even, white teeth pressed for an instant his under lip.

lip.
"Then why don't you marry Albert
Leighton?" he asked, looking up into
the tree that spread over his head, and
reaching to break a slender twig.
"He never asked me to," she an-

"He never asked me to," she answered demurely.
"I suppose he means to, doesn't he?" asked John, looking at her with a glance that might be called almost haughty.
"How can I tell?" Nellie pouted.
"Men are so queer. The most of them would rather wait to be asked, I think."
"If you want my advice, I will give it," John said, twisting and flinging away the little twig in his hand. "If you like Albert, don't keep James Lee in suspense. You have no right to do it. You can't seriously think of marying one man when you brefer another. If Albert likes you, as I believe he does, take him. He's a good fellow."
"You think so?" the girl said, looking up suddenly.

ing up suddenly.
"I think so," he repeated, turning away. "Now let's go up to the house."
She rose and walked quietly up by his side, her fair, girlish face a little pale, her eyes downcast. At the gate she stopped.

"I will not go in, now," she said, in a low tone. "I will go home." He merely bowed, and looking back after a few stops she saw that he had not entered the house, but was stealing

off toward the barn.

The next week James Lee commenced a violent flirtation with Bessie Holt, John's sister, and in a month the two were engaged. Nellie laughed and turned the light of her smiles upon Albert Leighton, a handsome, dashing fel-low, who had been crazy about Lee for the last six months. John Holt said nothing, but was rather cool about his

"You see, suspense would have killed him," Nellie whispered, mischievously. "Thope he isn't marrying my sister out of pique toward you," John said, coldly. "If I didn't think Bessie loved him too well to give him up, I'd tell

"And betray my confidence, John Holt," Nellie exclaimed, "I tell you he is like most of you men—purely self ish. He didn't care a fig about me. I think he seems to like Bessie.'

"When are you going to get married?" he asked abruptly.

The question came so suddenly that
for once the girl lost her composure. A
crimson blush swept over her face, and
she dropped her eyes without being
able to speak a word.

able to speak a word.

Of course, she recovered herself in a minute, and protested that she had no

minute, and protested that she had no thought of marrying. Any woman would have done the same. But the blush had convicted her in John Holt's eyes, and he scarcely heard a word that she said. It was winter, and while they talked they were waiting, with half a dozen others, for a large sleigh that was coming to take them out to a party given by a friend seven or eight miles off in the country. Even before Nellie's blush had faded, the trampling and jingling at the gate attracted their attention, and Albert Leighton put his head in at the door to call them. Bessie and her lover

Albert Leighton put his head in at the door to call them. Bessie and her lover came forth from an adjoining room, another group came up from a distant window, and they all ran gayly out and and bundled into their place.

The party passed off as such things usually do. All seemed to enjoy themselves; Nellie was lovely as a pink and full of mischief, Leighton was attentive, and John Hole was cheerful and kind to everybody. He was fully as quiet as usual, to be sure, and rather avoided Nellie Cramer, but it is doubtful if any one but herself noticed that.

It was twelve o'clock when they start-

oom for me on t with you.

He made room for her in silence, and she left her discomfited escort and took her place next that strong shoulder.

Then silence fell again; but after awhile, in the darkness, John Holt was aware of a light pressure against his aware of a light pressure against his

awhile, in the darkness, John Holt was aware of a light pressure against his arm, then a soft, plaintive whisper stole into his ear.

"I am so sleepy, John!"

He turned a little—why not? they were old friends—and lifted his arm to the back of the seat, took the head softly and tenderly to his bosom. And so she and tenderly to his bosom. And so she lay in that faithful and tender clasp till

and tenderly to his bosom. And so she lay in that faithful and tender clasp till they drew near home; then, with one whispered word of loving gratitude, "Nobody is so good as you!" she drew away, and took Albert Leighton's hand to step out at her own door.

After a stir in his own mind, John Holt concluded that Nellie and Albert had quarreled. He sighed, since she could not hear and so be annoyed, pitied the girl, and then went steadily about his work. The waters of his soul were too deep for babbling.

When spring came, for the first time in his life John electrified his friends, He was going to California. The announcement was made quietly but firmly, and he stood like a rock, against which expostulation beat itself to spray. He gave good reasons, and absolutely maintained his right to choose for himself.

"You have always said, mother, that you wished I were more venturesome," he said. "I am going to please you now."

he said.

"But how is the farm to get along without you?" she objected.

"Frank understands everything and can manage."

Mrs. Holt took courage, and, breaking over some little awe, which, in spite of her talk, she felt for her son, spoke out:

"John, has that Nell Cramer jilted

"John, has that Nell Cramer jilted you?"

"Jilted me!" he said, finshed as much with anger as with surprise. "What do you mean, mother? We have always been good friends, but never any more. I never gave her the chance to jilt me."

"Then, why don't you give her the chance?" persisted his mother, who did not choose to give up, now that the ice was broken. "Nell is a good girl, if she does flirt a little. I always thought that she liked you, only that you were too slow to see it. Then, Nell has got a little money of her own that wouldn't be amiss."

You are entirely mistaken, mother, he said decisively. Don't let us say any more about it."

more about it."
"Oh, you great fool!" muttered the mother, looking after him as he went out. "Was there ever a man so blind! He is no more fit to live in the world than an angel out of heaven is."

Then, seeing Nellie Cramer passing the street, she lifted her voice and called her in. The girl came in, wondering at such

The girl came in, wondering at such a peremptory summons.

"Come and sit by me!" commanded the matron, and Nellie obeyed.

Mrs. Holt scanned her from head to foot; the neat, trim figure, is its snugly-fitting paletot of dark gray, the green bonnet, that brought out her fresh, clear color with a new luster, and the fair, bright face.

"Did you how that our John is going to California?" said Mrs. Holt, abruptly, her keen eyes on the girl's face.

All the color faded out of it in an instant, and Nellie Cramer dropped into a chair as suddenly as if she had been shot. She sat there and looked at the other with her strained eyes, but said

"Yes," said Mrs. Holt, unable to repress a slight smile of satisfaction at this proof of the correctness of her surmise, "yes, he's set on going, in spite of all that I can say. He is going in a month or six weeks. Let me see; this is the middle of April. He says he shall start by the first of June at far-

shall start by the first of June at farthest."

That smile of Mrs. Holt's was an unfortunate one. Nellie had always feared those sharp eyes, and now the thought flashed upon her mind that John's mother was trying to expose and mortify her. A woman's pride will do a great deal for her, even when her heart is breaking. It brought the color to her face again, and strengthened her trembling limbs. It steadied her voice and her eyes. Mrs. Holt was puzzled and disconcerted by the sudden change.

"I'm so sorry!" Nellie said, in a tone of fearless regret. "We can scarcely get along without John. He seems such a stand-by. But men ought not to be tied at home, I think. If they choose to go, they should be allowed their own way. There he is now, in the garden. I am going out to speak to him of it."

"Try to coax him to stay, Nellie," said the mother, in a tone of more entreaty than perhaps she had ever used in her life before. "He is a good son, and I can't get along without him. I think you can keep him if you will."

This prayer would have been effectual, but for the memory of that smile which rankled in the girl's heart. Had she not said and done things so affectionate toward him that she had blushed with shame thinking of them afterward! John was no fool, and if he had cared for her, he might have understood. He had probably been trying to

had eared for her, he might have under-stood. He had probably been trying to

put her back.
With these thoughts burning in her With these thoughts burning in her heart, Nellie Cramer went directly to John Holt as he walked up and down the garden. He stopped, seeing her, and looked wistfully into her face. Though he had denied his mother so decidedly, her words had not been without weight. Women understand each other. Could it be possible? And there was Nellie coming down the walk. Her head was erect, and her face perfectly composed, though slightly pale. "I am so sorry," she began. "Your mother has been telling me your plans. Of course, you know best what is good for you, and I have been telling her to let you have your own way. But we

and John Holt was cheerful and kind to everybody. He was fully as quiet as usual, to be sure, and rather avoided Nellie Cramer, but it is doubtful if any one but herself noticed that.

It was twelve o'clock when they started to go home, and the moon had set, At first their gayety held out, but after a mile or so fatigue and want of sleep began to tell upon them, and one by one they fell into silence.

"John," Nellie Cramer, but it is doubtful if any one but herself noticed that.

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"John, "Nellie Cramer, but it is doubtful if any one but herself noticed that.

It was twelve o'clock when they started to gangaed in making a pretense of being kind and friendly, and just as usual, that each could not perceive that the order was also making a pretense; and four weeks after they parted with tolerable composure, and John Holt went to Galifornia.

He stayed there five years, and sent

to California.

He stayed there five years, and sent his mother her gold spoon. He stayed three years longer, and then came home himself. Nellie was Nellie Cramer still, they told him, and was much sobered. Some way she hadn't seemed to care much about flitting for several years. and sent much about flirting for several years. Her father and mother were dead, and she was keeping house for an unmarried brother. There were hints that the new

she was keeping house for an unmarried brother. There were hints that the new minister went to see her very often, but Mrs. Holt didn't believe that Nellie would look at him.

John listened, and, when evening came, took his hat and went out for a walk. No one but his own family as yet knew of his return, and he was resolved to see himself the effect of his coming on Nellie. The soft spring twilight was settling down when he reached her house, and as he walked quietly up the path a slight figure sat in a window, looking out, singing lowly to herself in a mournful reverie. She did not see him; but when he came nearer he saw her face clearly. The round outlines and bright color were gone, but he was forced to own that she had grown far more beautiful. The chastened luster of the eyes, the firmer, sweeter closing of the mouth, the purer and more perfect outlines—all belonged to one who had eaten of the bread of sorrow, and had found a blessing in the bitterness. Something swept over his heart with passionate force—some regret, some longing, he scarce knew what. If he had suffored at losing her eight years before, he felt that such a loss now would kill him. He quietly entered the open door, paused on the threshold of the room where she sat alone. She still sang softly, but, as he looked, stopped, sighed, and became silent.

"Nellie!" he would have said, but his voice was only a whisper.

He went forward into the shadowy room.

"Is it you, James?" she said, half turning, expecting her brother.
John took a step nearer, and this time his voice did not fail.
"Nellie!"
She started, half arose, hesitated, then, as he took one step nearer, sprang with a glad cry into his extended arms.
"I thought you would never come, John!" she sobbed.
"Were you waiting for met" he

"Were you waiting for me?" he ked. "Did you care for me before I "Were you waiting for me?" he asked. "Did you care for me before I went away?"

"Then and always, John. How could you be so blind?"

John Holt smoothed her hair tender ly, for one moment of silence; then exclaimed, as though some great truth had suddenly dawned upon him.

"I deserve it! I always thought them wrong, but they were right. I was, indeed, a great fool."

## Prices Paid for Furs and Skins.

In its latest report, the New York Tribune says the catch of sknnks continues very large, but speculators are taking them at better prices. Trappers and collectors show more willingness to dispose of their skins as prices advance. Quotations below are for simulations only. advance. Quotat prime skins only:

Bear, Northern black, for size yearlings
Beaver, Northern, per skin.
Beaver, Western and Southern.
Badger.
Cat, wild
Leer, summer
Fisher, Northern and Eastern, each..... Fisher, Southern and Western... Fox, silver.... Fox, cross, Northern and East-

ern...

Fox, red, Northern and Eastern

Fox, red, S. Penn., N. J., N. Ohio

Fox, red, Southern and Western

Fox, gray, Northern and East
ern, cased...

Fox, gray, Southern and Western

Fox, gray, Southern and Western ern.... Fox, kitt. Lynx, each. Marten, States. Mink, New York and New Eng-

iand.
Mink, Canada, Michigan and
Minnesota.
Mink, New Jersey, Pennsylvania
and Ohio.
Mink, Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, Indiana, Wisconsin
Lowa

Mink, Missouri and Southern... Muskrat, Northern and Eastern, 11@ outhern, fall and winter.
Otter, Kentucky, Virginia, North Carolina, Kansas, etc.
Otter, Northern and Eastern and Northwestern.
Otter, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Western.
Otter, South Carolina and Georgia 2 00@ 3 00 gia.

gia Opossum, Northern, cased.... Opossum, Southern and open Northern Baccoon, Mich., N. Ind., N. Ohio Raccoon, Ill., Iowa, Wis., and Minn.

# New York's Big Fire.

The recent destructive fires in New York recall some of those noted conflagrations which have become historical in the annals of the city. The first historic fire was in the beginning of the revolution. Prior to that there was the incendiary panic, but it was not accompanied with severe damage. The fire referred to took place soon after Washington's retreat (September, 1776), and destroyed the best part of the city, including the first Trinity church. Nearly 400 buildings were laid in ruins, and the burnt district was not rebuilt in twenty years. Trinity church was not rebuilt until the beginning of the present century, and was so inferior in its construction that in forty years it was considered unsafe and was therefore demolished. No one who sees the present The recent destructive fires in New ed. No one who sees the present Trinity can regret the change. The burning of the Park theatre, in

1820, was the next fire of note, and other minor casualties occurred, but nothing of a startling nature until the great ing of a startling nature until the great fire of December 15, 1835, which had never been equaled on the continent. The previous aggregate damage, occasioned by all the fires that had ever occurred here, was less than that inflicted by this vast and crushing catastrophe. It destroyed the heart of the business district, including 700 buildings (chiefly stores), with an estimated loss of \$20,000,000. The extinction of the large amount of capital was one cause for the panic and pressure which set in the next year, and which is still remembered.

the next year, and which is still remembered.

In 1845 the business part of the city was again ravaged by what may be called the great fire. Unlike the last above mentioned, it occurred in the hottest part of the summer, and was memorable for that mysterious explosion which was proof against all investigation. The burned area was not less than twenty acres, and was rapidly rebuilt. The fire thus proved a permanent benefit, but a number of insurance companies were ruined. Several very extensive "tea fires," as they were called, have occurred, one of which was the destruction of the Smith warehouse, with a loss of nearly \$1,000,000. Tea makes a heat so intense as to prevent an approach sufficiently near to cope with the destructive element. The recent Broadway fires are more extensive in point of loss than any which have occurred since 1845, and have given insurance stocks a heavy blow. The companies in many instancts have lost their surplus, and the stockholders must not expect their usual dividends.

At an English wedding, which took

At an English wedding, which took place not long ago, the bridesmaids were three bands of silver braid around their heads, with a lily at the side.

The onion originated in Europe, mportant facts leak out one by one.

JORDAN AND THE DEAD SEA.

acred and Famous Waters of Pales

The following extract is from "Syrian Sunshine," by T. G. Appleton: The Nile is a sacred river, and the Tiber is famous, but the most secred and most famous river of the world is the Jordan. From the beginning to the end, it has that mystical character which befits such lofty pretensions; its life is the most vivid and complete, and its death the most sudden and mysterious that can be imagined. It is torrential, and it leaves the banks of the Hermon and the many fountains of its tributaries with an eager precipitation, as if it bore a mission. From its greatest height, some hundred feet above the sea level, it leaps downward till it disappears im the Dead sea some thirteen hundred feet below it. It hides itself among oleander, tamarisk and willow, and many an unfamiliar Oriental tree, as if wishing to keep from profane eyes the secret an unfamiliar Oriental tree, as if wishing to keep from profane eves the secret of its errand. It does not stop long to overflow its banks and fertilize the valley, for it has a purpose too mystical to waste itself even upon acts of benevolence. It is only willing to become a living barrier between the desert tribes and the favored nation which loved it. No boat lives on its bosom. No fishermen dwell by its margin; but it moves, one headlong column of sacred waters one headlong column of sacred waters from its cradle of snow and cloud, high in the heaven, till it dies in a fatal lake marked by the finger of God, and for-ever a subject for man's curiosity and

reverence.

It would seem a thing apart and not to be confounded with vulgar waters, which lose their personality in the boson of the mighty sea, but exhaling to heaven like some holy messenger who perished in the fulfillment of his duty. Its birth and its death alike separate it from its sister rivers of separate it from its sister rivers of earth, and only the voiceless mounds of perished and nameless cities, tribes stationary as if bidden to halt by some supreme destiny of the past, or the awed and questioning stranger from the many Christian lands whose baptism drew its authority from the sprinkling of its waters, are seen upon its banks.

And then we wandered through many whispering reeds, through a kind of jungle where sterility and the river had fought for mastery, and which showed traces of both; a tangle of bushes as it were, fighting their wayl up, and great

were, fighting their wayl up, and great spaces of barrenness which the summer would scorch to lifelessness.

And at last the Dead sea. Though we know that it is of volcanic origin, and fed by mines of salt, the imaginaand red by miles of said, the imagina-tion now, as ever, is content to see in it a thing accursed. There was a fresh breeze; and a reluctant lift and heavy tumble of its tiny breakers made them unlike other waves, but rather like those of Dante's Infernal sea. There was a breath heavy with doom in the air, and we were fortunate it was not more stiffing. Was it the breath of those lost or tortured there? And beneath that saline sheet, did we not as in the picture of Delacroix, the nizing and twisted figures of the con-We did not bathe in the Dead

We did not bathe in the Dead sea, Others have done so, and report of its buoyancy the same tales that are told of our own Salt lake. There is a whimsical coincidence in the geographical relation of the Dead sea and the home of the earlier prophets, and Mr. Brigham Young's personal continuation of the old dispensation, with a private Dead Young's personal continuation of the old dispensation, with a private Dead sea of his own, in his immediate neighborhood. The poorest swimmer keeps his head above water; and persons have said to me that their legs secured to fly up from under them. All speak of its waters as refreshing after the great heat of that tropical valley. Birds are said never to fly over it, which is the merest superstition, for they are really often seen to do so. This lake certainly has a brand upon it, as of divine vengeance. The waters are heavy with sin, the shores around blessed, and the very site of destroyed cities upon its banks unknown. And here are still seen the apples of Sodom, smooth and pretty banks unknown. And here are still seen the apples of Sodom, smooth and pretty to the eye and touch, of a pale yellow, like a small orange, but within, as Josephus says, still retaining the ashes of Sodom in living perpetuity of the divine punishment. They are like little oranges to the eye and touch, but when pressed are like oak apples, and explode like these, a puff of air leaving the shell hollow, with only a slender pouch holding fine filaments like silk, which the Arabs use as matches for their guns.

# "That 'Ere Dog."

their guns,

At noon vesterday At noon yesterday there was a piece of bedcord, a dog and a man on the Woodward avenue portico of the city hall. If the dog could have had his say about it, he would probably have offered the man for sale at a low figure; but dogs in this country are dumb. It was the man who

he would probably have offered the man for sale at a low figure; but dogs in this country are dumb. It was the man who explain ad:

"Yes, this 'ere dog is for sale. I kinder thought when I left home that I wouldn't take less than \$10 for him, but I find, on gittin' here, that most everybody owns five or six dogs apiece; and so I 'spose I'll have to come down to six or seven dollars. I hate to do it, though. If the old woman wasn't wearing a horse-blanket for a skirt, and the children barefooted, I wouldn't part with this dog, even up, for the biggest rhinoceros in Barnum's hull colleckshun."

"Any mean traits about him?" inquired the citizen.

"Waal, no," slowly replied the owner; "nbt any downright mean trick."

"Then why do you wish to sell him?"

"Waal, I can't lie, even to sell a dog, and as bad as the old woman wants a new skirt. The fact is, we've kinder lost confidence in Bozer, and the old woman, in pertickler, is down on him."

"How was it?"

"I don't keer about the dog's hearin' what I say," replied the man as he lowered his voice and drew off a lit-le.

"You see, he took the durndest streak on you ever heard of. One day he left home and come back with a wallet in his mouth. There was \$600 in it. Next day he brought home a diamond earring. Next night be eame home with a gold watch and chain, and on his next trip he brought home a thousand dollars in greenbacks. In the course of the past month this 'ere dog haf brought home over ten lost pockets books, seven gold watches, five diamond rings sind six wolf robes."

"Good gracious! but is that so?" ex-

claimed the citizen, looking the dog

cover anew.

"Yes, that is so; and that's why we've lost confidence in him, and why I want to sell him, I'm afraid he don't come by those things honestly, and they are a burden on my conscience. The old woman has turned everything over to the sheriff to be restored, and she says if we keep the dog we're aiding and abetting robbery."

"If I take this dog I shall simply keep him in the barn," observed the citizen.

citizen.

"Just so. If you let him out he'll find a lost wallet, sure."

"I shall see that he remains locked up day and night, my honest friend, and, by the way, let me compliment you on your rare display of conscience. You deserve the thanks of every honest man. Here are 27 for your dog."

You deserve the thanks of every honest man. Here are \$7 for your dog."

"Thank you," was the humble reply, and that meek and humble look didn't leave the man's face until the dog and his new owner had turned a corner. Then he didn't say anything. He merely gave vent to a chuckle which sounded like ice breaking off a mansard roof in a thawing day and coming down on a lot of scrap-iron.—Detroit Free Press.

#### A Counterfeiter's Story. Lodged in the Newark jail are two

Lodged in the Newark jail are two notorious counterfeiters who have floated more "queer" money and given the anthorities more trouble within the last ten years than all the other counterfeiters combined. These same two gentlemen have romantic histories that engage the attention of the public, and would no doubt win a few sympathizing words from the press were the latter not conscious that it is always the habit of such dangerous criminals to beguile and touch the soft side of the public with just such tales. Charles Ulrich, one of these knights of "spurious plates," told his story in the United States commissioner's office, and in brief it is as follows: Born in Prussia, at the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to an engraver and became very skillful at the business, a fact that hundreds of thousands of our citizens have no reason to doubt. To avoid a draft he went to England and subsequently came to this city, where he and sixteen others were insands of our citizens have no reason te doubt. To avoid a draft he went to England and subsequently came to this city, where he and sixteen others were induced by an English officer to take service in the Crimea. Ulrich was drafted into the famous Light Brigade, and was one of the gallunt six hundred who made the historic charge at Balaklava. He described his feelings when the brigade dashed at the Russian lines. He said he was carried away with the excitement, as were his fellows, and he did not think of danger. He was struck on the head with a musket by a Russian soldier. His skull was crushed, his side was pierced by a bayonet, and he was left for dead on the battlefield, where he lay helpless for thirty-six hours. He was then carried off by the English troops and placed in a hospital. He recovered, and was sent to England. In support of the above assertion he exhibits scars on his head and body. After a short residence in England he returned to this city and fell in with Jim Cala short residence in England he returned to this city and fell in with Jim Colvert, a partner of Cole, (who is under arrest with Ulrich), and Colvert induced him to engrave a vignette, not telling him for what purpose it was to be used. By this trick, he said, Cole got him in his power, and he was forced to engrave many plates for him. At one time they issued \$50,000 in \$5 banknotes, and at another \$200,000 in \$50 banknotes, and at another \$300,000 in \$50 notes were shipped to Hamburg, Germany. These notes, he said, were given by brokers in Germany to emigrants who were coming to this country, and on their arrival the emigrant passed the notes for railroad fare. In this way the United States officers discovered that counterfeit \$50 notes were being circulated in Europe.

—New York Mail.

# Cat's Customs.

Cat's Customs.

Cats are not supposed to have the intelligence of dogs, says an exchange, and yet if we observe them we find that they are capable of a great degree of reasoning. A cat belonging to us had a kitten, which, when it had learned to drink milk from the saucer with its mother, was given to a neighbor. For many days after the old cat never drank more than a certain quantity of the milk given to her, leaving the rest for the kitten, which she hourly expected to return. After a time, finding the kitten did not come, she resumed her habit of drinking the whole of the milk placed in the saucer. We were calling at a cottage when an old cat came in. "Ah!" said the woman of the house, "she has been to see what our neighbor's cat has got for her. She is too old to hunt for herself see our neighthere was a piece of | bor's cat has got for her. She is too bor's cat has got for her. She is too old to huut for herself, so our neighbor's cat will keep a mouse or a bird for her, and she goes regularly every morning to see what there is for her." Another cat we have seen who has been taught tricks in the same manner as a dog, and if her master places her on the table and says "Die," she will lie quite motionless, and not move a paw or her tail until he tells her to get up, when she jumps up immedi-ately and is as frisky as ever.

# Birds and Hard Winters.

Birds and Hard Winters.

The tendency to augur a hard winter from the arrival of birds which usually winter in countries far north of us, is, we think with the Rev. F. O. Morris, himself a great observer of the habits of birds, generally a mistake. What such arrivals do prove, is not what is going to be so much as what has already happened in these Jorthern regions—the birds flying before the cold, rather than taking precautions against it before they feel it. No doubt this may imply a severe winter for us, as well as for these northerly regions, especially if northerly winds prevail, as they are very apt to do when there is unusual cold, and, therfore, an unusually dense atmosphere to the north of us, which rushes in on the rarer atmosphere of our more humid climate. But that is only saying that the birds fly from weather which is not likely to extend itself to us, not that they anticipate severe weather before they feel it. When robins come into