The Stars of Night.

(From the German of Arndt.) And the sun rode out on his endless ride 'Round the world;
And the stariets said, "We will by thee ride

and the world." But the blustering sun said, "Stay ye at home

For I'll burn out your golden eyes if you roan When I ride in fire 'round the world!"

And the starlets went to the gentle m In the night; Said, "Thou who hast in the clouds thy thro

In the night, Let us roam with thee, for our golden eyes Will ne'er be burned while thou rul'st th

And she called them "Friends of th Night."

Now welcome, starlets and gentle moon, Ye know what lies in the heart, alone,

Ye know what hes in the In the night.

Come ye and kindle the midnight dome

With the lights I love as I dream at home

Lo the starry hours of the night.

— Chas. F. Lummis.

A Romance of Martinique.

You have often told me that you knew the island of Martinique. Then you have heard them speak of the Caravelle. It is a wild isthmus, so called by the sailors from a Spanish wreck. The sea is always raging wildly enough there. Ah, you should see the waves as they leap madly on the rocks. Then they break into dazzling white form—sheets a furlong broad—and then fall back in vain. And it is always going on; it never ceases. There my father's house was situated.

But further down, the country changes entirely; it becomes perfectly fascinating. The two sides of the isthmus resembling two fairy lakes. It was for this reason that its proprietor, the Count de Saint Croix, called it Beau Sejour—the beautiful home.

The Saint Croix family and ours

formed, so to speak, only one, we were so intimate. Francis, the count's only son, was like a brother with my sister and me.

Any one who had seen us, three-in-hand, running like deer over the sand, our hair lifted by the breeze, mingling our langhter with the murmur of the waves, would have believed that there

waves, would have believed that there are some happy beings here on earth.

Our greatest pleasure was to run out on the cayes, or sand bars, and hunt for shells. We left at sunrise, a little basket on our arms. The songs of the negroes, fishing in their log canoes, came to us over the water.

One winter day was actuated from a present the same to us over the water.

negroes, fishing in their log cances, came to us over the water.

One winter day we returned from running on the sands. It was an evening foreboding storm. Distant lightnings darted across the sky. Julie was delayed by endeavoring to tear up from a seafan a shell. The tide rose until the sandbank on which she stood became an island. The poor girl became alarmed, and lifting her arms, cried loud for assistance. Her long black braids flapped in the storm-wind, and coiled like serpents around her neck.

The negroes, hearing the cry, came in their cances. Before they arrived, Francis had swam across, and stood by my sister, supporting her.

They carried her beneath the palm trees which bordered the shore. With her arms entwined around her brother, she cast on him glances of love; but from time to time look regretifully to.

she cast on him glances of love; but from time to time look regretfully to-

Who will bring me my shell?" she

And, as if she had power to command the elementary spirite, there suddenly arose a deep strange voice, which ex-claimed, "I!"

claimed, "I!"

A man of copper hue, gray eyes, brows, long hair dripping with salt water, came forth from the waves, bear ing the wished-for shell.

"Father Sassa!" cried all the negroes.
Father Sassa was neither white, mu latto, nor black. He was of the indige none Carib race. His family, a last latto, nor black. He was of the indige nous Carib race. His family, a last remnant of the original tribes found by the Spaniards, had escaped the massa cres of civilization, and taken refuge among the rocks of our wild peninsula. But the family had been sadly reduced, and Sassa alone survived. He bore the title of cacique, though without subjects to rule. His name was Sassagari, but the blacks following their custom of giving diminutives, always called him Father Sassa.

He had brought the longed-for shell

He had brought the longed-for shell Julie. When he first heard her cry to Julie. plunged into the waves.
"Ah! what a horrible shell!" I cried,

perceiving a dark mass in the hand of the Carib, "Why, 'tisn't worth the pain it has cost. Throw it back into pain it has cost.
the sea, Father Sassa."
"To the sea! to the sea!" cried all

But the Carib, deaf to these murmurs

But the Carib, deaf to these murmurs, advanced with us under the shade of the cocoa trees.

"Little whites," said he, "you love what shines, and for that reason do not throw away this shell. It is colorless on the surface, but it gleams within. The stars of night have marked its heart."

heart."
"What, Father Sassa," we cried,
"do you mean to say you can see
through the shell?"
The cacique stretched out a hand
toward the last rock of the Caravelle,
where his little hut gleamed out and
anished every moment in the frequent

"Come there," said he, "and you will learn more."

And entering his canoe, he disap-

peared.

The lightning grew more brilliant: large drops, quickly falling, announced a coming tropical hurricane. We hastened homeward, bearing the shell.

The next morning the banana trees beaten down in the fields, the uprooted trees borne afar by torrents, were the only indications of the storm of the previous night. The heaven and the sea rested, calm and beautiful, after their wild passions had been gratified.

We started for the cabin of Father Sassa.

"Who gave me this twine to mend my net with?" said he.

"I, Father Sassa," replied Julie.

"Who gave me this good knife to cut twine, make me wooden needles, cover my cabin with reeds, carve my cance?"

"I, Father Sassa," replied Francis.

"And for that," continued the cacique.

"Sassagari follows you wherever you go. Sassagari would let the sharks eat him before a hair of your heads should be injured. Sassagari saw the little master and mistress yesterday struggling against the sea; he went under the water; he saved their shell."

"But what is this shell, Father Sassa?" I inquired; "and what was the meaning of all the sorceries of Zombi (a fetich), which you told us yesterday evening under the cocoa trees?"

"See!" said the Carib, pointing with his finger to the fragments of shells heaped up around his hut, "see what remains of Sassagari, my father, who was the first in these lands to walk securely beneath the deeps."

We observed that the shells were of the same kind as ours.

"The white strangers chased our fathers from their home. To escape from slavery the old Sassagari embark-

"The white strangers chased our fathers from their home. To escape from slavery the old Sassagari embarked his family in his cance; but he would not leave behind him these shells, which bring luck to the fisherman and keep afar the witchcraft of the water. The whites suspected some mystery. They broke the shells against the rocks. Furious at finding nothing but the white gleam of the shells, they pursued us; we rowed in vain! They shot all us; we rowed in vain! They shot all except me, who saved myself by swim-ming under the water. I was alone ming under the water. I was alone; the sea did not require my bones. I have caught since then far more than they snapped up, the bloodsuckers. The rock only, besides Sassagari, knows the nest where they slumber. But keep the shell of yesterday, little whites; when it speaks, Sassagari will reply. He who sings in the shells the plaints of the sea, and who paints the sunrise on their faces, will make the stars of heaven sink into their heart."
So the Carib spoke. He was motion-

So the Carib spoke. He was motion-less; he glanced, sweeping afar to the verge of the horizon.

We silently left him, and gained our cool hall before the burning noon made

it intolerable without. But these early happy days were coming to an end. We were about to quit this pleasant paradise for new

"We grew up. Our parents spoke of sending Francis and me to France. When Julie heard this she sighed—was

one evening my father came home from the town and said that passage had been taken for us on board a vessel which would sail in two weeks.

which would sail in two weeks.

My poor sister, the news was terrible
to her. I think I can see her now during those days. She would sit for hours
under a great palm tree, looking at the
deep blue see deep blue sea. Once, when Francis stole up to her, taking her hand, he said in the tender-

est tones:

"My lily, what is it you see there at
the bottom of the sea?"

"I see," she replied, " the white sail
of a ship which bears you far away—

away!"
The count consoled them both, and passing his hand over the golden curls of his boy, he said:
"You love Julie very much, then?"
"Yes, papa; and if I were never to see her again I would drown myself."
The day of departure came. We bade adieu. Julie, pale as a sheet, came to us with her shells.
She gaye the finest to Francia, and

us with her shells.

She gave the finest to Francis, and taking me by the hand, said:

"Jules, I give you this horrible old shell; don't forget that I found it that evening when Francis saved my life.

Keep it in memory of your sister and her love for Francis."

her love for Francis."

Six years later, during the winter of 1747-8, a young man completed a highly-successful course of studies at the university of Paris, and entered aristocratic life. It was the Vicompte de St. Croix.

Croix.

We made our preparations to return to Martinique. Between our departure and the wedding there came an obstacle. This obstacle was a revolution!

The freedom of the blacks was proclaimed. The Count de St. Croix was ruined. He hoped to save his crop by borrowing. The money was obtained and wasted in vain efforts.

Francis rose in dignity and energy during this trial. "I will overcome this disaster," he said. "I will not be crushed; I will go to America; a few

this disaster," he said. "I will not be crushed; I will go to America; a few years of labor, and we shall be reunited.

and Julie will be and Julie will be mine."

He left soon for Havre and for New York. Not long after his departure his father, the old count, arrived in Paris. He hoped to obtain from government some indemnity for his lost estates. Every effort was in vain. One morning the poor old count tottered into my room, and, casting himself on the sofa, exclaimed:

"All is lost!"

exclaimed:

"All is lost!"

In sudden alarm I started up to rejieve him, and that so suddenly as to
overthrow a heavy table. Owing to its
concussion, the portrait of Julie, which
hung on the wall, fell to the ground, and
with it the shell, which rested upon the
upper portion of the frame. As the
shell fell it separated into two portions,
from which rolled three white balls.

They were the three stars of night—
three extremely large, immensely-valuable pearls!

ble pearls!

That very day the first jeweler of Paris gave us \$30,000 for the three

Paris garbers again in Martinique. The marriage was solemnized. We sought the old Indian, and cast ourselves, shedding tears of gratitude, into his

"Father Sassa," said Francis, "you totd us the truth. We found the stars of heaven in the shells of the sea."

The eyes of the chief shone with a strange light, "Who were kind to the poor Indian? Who gave him wood for his cance, a knife for his fishing? Who were good to him? For all that, children, follow me."

He placed his hand on a great smooth stone, or rather rock, which seemed cast

He placed his hand on a great smooth stone, or rather rock, which seemed cast where it was by the fury of the waves, "Bassagari goes to the South. He goes to the hidden land to join his fathers. There they live in the silent city, where all is of gold, where the race of the Incas of the South and of the Aztecs of the North talk the old sacred

language of the serpent and of the sun.
There the voice of the white was never heard. Children, adieu!"
He rolled away the stone. It covered

He rolled away the stone. It covered the entrance to a cave, in which we saw piled high hundreds of shells containing pearls. We stood bewildered at the sight of such enormous; wealth, and then turned to embrace the Carib. He had disappeared. But afar off in the last rays of the setting sun, vanishing in its purple mist, we saw a dark cance paddled by one dusky form, which waved us an adjeu.

ns an adieu.

We had gained a million. On the grotto we had placed the inscript ion:

"To Sassagari, last of the Caribs of this

Where Artesian Wells Abound.

A correspondent in Fountain Creek township, Iroquois county, Ill., writes as follows on the subject of artesian

I will state that Iroquois county has I will state that Iroquois county has not less than 500 or may be nearly 600 flowing artesian wells, of which nearly 200 are in the town of Watseka, the county seat of Iroquois. The soil of the northern part of the county is mainly a rich, black, sandy loam from two to two and a half feet deep, with mostly a yellow clay, more or less mixed with some gravel, from three to twelve and fifteen feet deep. After this comes a soft blue clay at variable depths, say 100 and 150 feet, with sometimes but little change. Sometimes a small vein of sand is struck at a depth of from forty to change. Sometimes a small vein of sand is struck at a depth of from forty to seventy-five feet, which contains sufficient artesian water to flow to the top; but after the boring is continued again through the blue clay to the depth of seventy-five to 150 feet from the surface, then they strike a second vein, which is most always the strongest and will make a stronger and higher flow. I have not heard of any rock ever being found. Generally the flow is about two inches, in which a one and one-quarter inch gaspipe is put down from top to bottom, when comes the operation of pumptom, when comes the operation of pumping sand, after which the water will flow, though it is sometimes the case that the water will not raise quite high enough to flow. The strength of the flow of these wells is quite variable—from the size of a strew to a three juch from the size of a straw to a three-inch stream. The general surface of this artesian country is rather flat, and the ravines on the prairie are few and not . Some creek banks are only at the eight to ten feet deep; in the timber somewhat deeper. The cost for bor-ing and tubing with one and one-quar-ter inch pipe now does not amount to over fifty to sixty cents per foot instead of the former high prices

The alkaline substance known as quinine, notwithstanding its universal use throughout civilization as a powerful tonic and remedy in intermittent and remittent fevers, has been discovered less than sixty years. To Pelletier, the French chemist, noted for observation French chemist, noted for observation and analysis, belongs the honor of the discovery, for which the Academy of Science awarded him a prize of 10,000 francs. Quinine has been much employed recently as a preservative of health when the system is exposed to certain noxions influences. Its value as a prophylactic is so generally recognized that in our own and other navies quinine is regularly administered when ships are within given distance of the fever-infected coasts of Africa. It has not been found effective against all forms of intermittent fever; and the physician in medical charge of Livingstone's Zambesi expedition favored rum in preference. Procured from the yellow bark of that variety of the chinchona tree known as calisaya, it is to be had bark of that variety of the chinchona tree known as calisaya, it is to be had only in Bolivia and the adjoining Peruvian province of Carabaya, although the general impression is that it comes exclusively from Peru. The forests in which the calisaya tree is see ten to twelve miles' journey from inhabited places. They are penetrated by companies of Cascarillos, men who make an encampment, and roam through the region felling trees and gathering the bark, which is sent to Africa, and thence shipped to Europe and this country. The medicine commonly taken in such quantities in the West and South is the sulphate, or properly the disulphate, of quinine, and consists of one equivalent of sulphuric acid, two of quinine and eight of water.

A Meteor Ignites a Haystack .

The Portland Oregonian says: Our eaders will remember that some weeks

readers will remember that some weeks since we gave an account of a brilliant meteor which fell in southern Oregon. The Roseburg Star contains the following additional facts:

"It was seen to the north of us as far as Gervais, on the line of the railroad, and as far south as Sacramento, and was seen at see by the officers of the steamship Dakota, but we did not learn in what latitude. At Gervais it appeared low down in the southern horizon, and at Sacramento it appeared to the north; it passed to the south of Roseburg, its course being apparently from east to

at Sacramento it appeared to the north; it passed to the south of Roseburg, its course being apparently from east to west. While near the zenith at this place it was seen to explode. No report was heard, but it is stated that fragments of the serolite struck several places on this coast. One near Oak Grove station, about twelve miles south of this city, and others in Josephine county, and one further west in Del Norte county, California, while the officers of the steamer say the main body fell into the ocean.

"The most singular coincidence, however, has just come to our knowledge. On the evening in question, what is supposed to have been a fragment of the meteor, but to all appearances a ball of fire, siruck a haystack on the old Flourfarm, belonging to F. Archambeau, some nine miles southwest of this city, immediately communicating fire to the hay, which was consumed. Several reliable persons report having witnessed this phenomenon. This is the most remarkable meteor that has been seen for many years on this coast, and we would advise those living near where the fragments fell to dig for them, as they are valuable to scientific men as curiosities."

It is stated, in proof of the assertion that worry kills more people than work, that the Quakers, on account of their quiet ways, live ten years longer on the average than other people.

A Schoolmaster as a Ringmaster.

A Schoolmaster as a Ringmaster.
In Edward Eggleston'spon
'Some Western Scho
lished in Scribner cours this anecdote
of school discipline in Indiana in the old
times: To a nervous child the old discipline was, indeed, very terrible. The
long beech switches hanging on hooks
against the wall haunted me night and
day, from the time I entered one of the
old schools. And whenever there came
an outburst between master and pupils,
the thoughtless child often got the beating that should have fallen upon the
malicious mischief-maker. As the master was always quick to fly into a passion, the fun-leving boys were always ter was always quick to fly into a passion, the fun-loving boys were always happy te stir him up. It was an exciting sport, like bull-baiting, or like poking sticks through aftence at a cross dog. Sometimes the ferocious master showed an ability on his own part to get some fun out of the conflict, as when on one occasion in a school in Ohio the boys were forbidden to attend a circus. Five or six of them went, in spite of the prohibition. The next morning the school-master called them out in the floor and addressed them: ddressed them:

"So you went to the circus, did you?"

"Yes, sir."
"Well, the others did not get a chance to see the circus. I want you boys to show them what it looked like, and how

show them what it looked like, and how the horses galloped around the ring. You will join your hands in a circle about the stove. Now start!"

With that he began whipping them as they trotted around and around the stove. This story is told, I believe, in a little volume of "Sketches," by Erwin House, now long forgotten, like many other good books of Western literature of a generation ago. I think the author of a generation ago. of a generation ago. I think the author was one of the boys who "played horse" in the master's circus.

An Ambitious Frontiersman.

Near the site of Old Fort Kearney, in Western Nebraska, there has resided for years a queer character who is wellknown to the national representatives at Washington. At each recurring ses-sion of Congress, Mr. Moses H. Syden-ham, for that is his name, appeals per-sonally and through letters to Senators and Congressmen, to remove the national capitol to this, "the geographical center of the United States and the universe." He is a monomaniae on the subject, and has designated the exact subject, and has designated the exact spot with a framework of poles. Tourists who have time to do so, stop off at Kearney Junction, to view the scene of Jules Vernes' pen portrayals in "Eighty Days Around the World," visit the site of the old fort, and to have a chat with old Mr. Sydenham. We did not find him at home. Those, however, who informed us that he had gone to Washington, communicated several new sale ington, communicated several new and interesting facts about the old gentle man. In his last general circular to the man. In his last general circular to the Washington Solons, he guaranteed them that, in case they should decide to remove the capitol to this "geographical center," he would sell enough corner lots and adjacent territory to pay for all the expenses of removal, and leave a small balance for the national exchequer, after he himself had deducted three per cent. for transacting the very important business.—American Agriculturist. business. - American Agriculturist.

How to Get Married Cheaply.

Yesterday forenoon, while a Detroit justice of the peace sat warming his feet by the stove, and his nose by a cigar, a stranger entered and presently

inquired:
"Judge, how much will you charge
"Judge, how much will you charge me to read over about fifteen lines of printed matter from a book I bave?" "Why, can't you read them?" replied

"I can, but I want to hear how jons sound when read aloud. I'll give you a quarter to read them to me."

"All right," replied the justice; "I can't earn two shillings any quicker."

A woman opened the door at that moment, and the stranger put down the book on the desk, clasped her hand, and

"Begin at the pencil-mark there, and

His honor's chin dropped exactly eighteen inches by dry measure as he saw that the reading matter was the saw that the reading matter was the usual form of marriage, but he didn't back down from his word. It was the cheapest marriage he ever attended, and he didn't half enjoy the chuckles of bride and groom as they went out.—

Detroit Free Press.

Words of Wisdom.

says: Our There is no sky without weeks gold without its alloy. If we dive to the bottom of pleasure

we are sure to bring up dirt! The vigorous idea keeps hough wrapped in a few words.

Troubles are like dogs; the shey are the more they annoy us. He who works with hope before him knows no fatigue and feels not pain.

Gratitude is the music of the heart when its chords are swept by kindne

Divine guidance is shown when our essel, tempest tossed, keeps steadily on. A year of pleasure passes like a fleet-ing breeze, but a moment of sorrow seems an age of pain.

Happiness consists in occupation of mind. Small minds require to be occupied by affairs. Great minds can occupy After an event is irretrievable, nothing is more foolish and absurd than the discussion of what might have been

Why He Came.

Why He Came.

A gentleman who frequented a circus noticed a boy among the audience who was sound asleep every time he happened to be in. Curious to know why the urchin should resort to such a place for somniferous purposes, our friend went up one evening and accosted him:

"My little fellow; what do you go to sleep for?"

"I can't keep awake." rejoined the boy; "it is a terrible bore to see them doing the same thing every night."

"But why do you come!"

"Oh, I can't help it—I must come; I have got a season ticket!"

One who knows says you may talk of your water cures, your movement cures, and your blue-glass cures, but there is nothing like the sinecure, after all.

CURRENT NOTES.

An old, respectable and rich farmer of Ionia county, Mich., recently went over the hills to the poorhouse, select-ed a young and good-looking orphan girl, married her and took her home

In view of the slight injury done to orange and lemon trees by unusual cold in California, the Ban Francisco Bulletin says: "It appears from the testimony gathered from the widely separated geographical points that the orange tree is now successfully cultivated over an area in California not less than 400 miles long by 120 miles broad—or that on 48,000 square miles of territory the orange can be cultivated without encountering any serious climatic obstacles."

The introduction of the rabbit has the introduction of the rabbit has been a curse to the British colonies in the South Pacific. In the plains it is possible to keep them u r, but in rough country they drive everything else. Thousands of pounds have been expended in Australia on their destruction, and even then the slightest relaxation of vigilance sees these make their packets. tion, and even then the slightest relaxa-tion of vigilance sees them make head again at a terrible rate. New Zealand seems to be suffering quite as much, and more than one bill has been intro-duced to deal with these pests. Nothing short of a combined effort on the part of the settlers will ever uproot them where they have once fairly got a hold.

Houses that have been empty may become fever breeders when they come to be reoccupied. An English sanitary officer alleges that he has observed typhoid, diphtheria or other zymotic affections to arise under these circumstances. The cause is supposed to be in the disuse of cisterns, pipes and drains, the processes of putrefaction going on in the impure air in them, the unobstructed access of this air to the house, while the closure of windows and doors effectually shuts out fresh air. Persons moving from the city to their country homes for the summer should see that their drains and pipes are in perfect order, that the cellar and closets Houses that have been empty may be perfect order, that the cellar and closets are cleared of rubbish, and the whole house thoroughly aired before occupy-ing. Carbolic acid used in the cellar is a good and cheap disinfectant.

In Russia the machinery of factories and the engines of railroads and steamand the engines of railroads and steamers are chiefly in charge of foreigners, on account of the lack of experienced native mechanics. It is now realized that this state of things is neither economical nor patriotic; and besides there have been accidents because the foreign mechanics and engineers did not understand the Bussian language. In order to bring about a change, the government in 1871 ordered the railroad companies to pay fifteen roubles per verst (twoto pay fifteen roubles per verst (two-thirds of a mile) for the establishment and support of railroad schools. About 320,000 roubles a year are collected under this order, and now there are about twenty such schools. Twenty more are to be opened this year. These schools are situated on the railroad lines, and each of them is provided with a machine shop, where every pupil is obliged to work not less three hours daily. The full course requires four years. Each student chooses his specialty as me-chanic, engineer or telegraphist. Besides these there are five conductors' schools. As the railroad schools have proved successful, other branches of in-dustry are to follow the example. Many steamship companies and factories pro-pose to establish schools to secure ex-perienced hands for their service.

Average Death Rates of Great Cities Aslate weekly report of the New York board of health contains some interest-Aslate weekly report of the New York board of health contains some interesting facts and figures relative to the average death rate in that and other cities in this country and in Europe. For the week in question the actual number of deaths in New York was 569, a slight increase over the same period for the past five years, and an average of 27.09 per 1,000. The annual death rate per 1,000 persons living of the estimated or enumerated population—according to the most recent weekly returns—of Philadelphia was 22 06, Brooklyn, 19.90; St. Louis, 11.64; Baltimore, 19.52; Boston, 21.69; Cincinnati, 16.57; New Orleans, 21.54; Richmond, 23.69; Charleston, 41.42, Dayton, 9.88; Lowell, 13.69; Worcester, 18.87; Cambridge, 16.22; Lawrence, 10.11; Lynn, 12.37; Springfield, 21.52. Monthly returns—San Francisco, 18.52; Buffalo, 12.57; Wash-Lawrence, 10.11; Lynn, 12.37; Springfield, 21.52. Monthly returns—San Francisco, 18.52; Buffalo, 12.57; Washington, 28.05; Providence, R. I., 24.84; St. Paul, Minn., 12. Foreign cities—weekly returns—London, 26.2; Liverpool, 35.7; Birmingham, 27.4; Manchester, 31.4; Salford, 34.4; Glasgow, 29.3; Edinburgh, 24.6; Dundee, 31; Dublin, 48.9; Belfast, 45; Cork, 18; Brussels, 30.1; Antwerp, 25.4; Ghent, 28.9; Buda Pesth, 35.8; Paris, 28; Turin, 29.5; Venice, 23.6; Berlin, 27.5; Breslan, 31.39; Vienna, 29.7; Trieste, 39.4; Copenhagen, 24.58; Stockholm, 21.4; Christiana, 17.17; Amsterdam, 23.1; Rotterdam, 20.5; The Hague, 30.9; Calcutta, 49.9; Bombay, 38.8; Madras, 34.6; Geneva (without suburbs), 25.8; Basle, 25.8; Berne, 29.9; Warsaw, 24.91; St. Petersburg, 48.41. Monthly return—Alexandria, Egypt, 41.09; Hamburg (state), 21.77.

The Czar's Bear Hunt.

The Czar's Bear Hunt.

The czar wished to shoot a bear. A bear was accordingly found, a ring of pensants surrounded it, and word of its whereabouts was sent to the imperial sportsman. Unfortunately, while these preparations were being made, the creature contrived to slip through the ring and escape. What was to be done? That the emperor of all the Russias should come and find no game would never do. A happy idea seized one of the foresters. Regardless of cost, a tame bear was procured in the nick of time, turned loose within the ring, and now all was ready. The circle closed in; bruin was discovered at the foot of a tree; the attendants fell back, the emperor advanced to fire, but now came the climax—just as the trigger was about to be drawn, bruin rose slowly an his hind feet and began to perform the national dance! This exhibition saved his life, but it did the reverse of, securing for those who introduced him to the presence that royal favor which their ingenity deserved.

A Cigar that was Smoked.

I will not use the filthy weed, No, not in any form The vilest insect on it feeds The slimy, crawling worm.

Then hied he to his dismal den, A prey to griping grief; And sweet nepenthe found he in Nicotian's fragrant leaf.

AND THEN WISHED HE HADN'T. He soon grew pale, and then became A prey to griping grief; Re held his stomach in his ch in his hande His anguish past belief.

ODDS AND ENDS

What does Vicksburg Miss. Why is it that a hot furnace is always coaled?

Pituri is the name of a narcotic in lulged in by the natives of Australia. One-fourth of the [United States national debt has been paid since the war

Excellent paper may be manufactured out of the usually-rejected ends of aspar-The wealth of England is computed

at \$39,200,000,000; the wealth of France at \$40,300,000,000.

The question of the period is not who struck Billy Patterson, but, who did Charles Lamb? The school-boy manages to be more perfect in "recess" than in any other exercise of the school.

"Have you heard my last joke yet?" asked a would-be wag. "No," replied Twinkle, "but I wish I had."

Spring poetry rarely wastes its sweet-ness on desert air. It is generally crowded into damp waste-paper bags, and sold by the pound.

A Boston merchant closed his store "for improvements," sunk the floor about a foot, and then advertised to sell goods lower than ever before.

The smallest pianist in the world, Signor Luigi Gustavo Fazio di Plinto da Campo Basso, is now in Rome, Italy. He is only two feet high, and is said to be extremely clever. The young man who took up the col-ection in church the other Sunday,

when nothing but five-cent pieces forthcoming, remarked that was " bit of nickel-plating. "See here," said an eccentric old man to an office boy who had brought a doctor's bill to him. "See here; tell master that I'll pay him for the iter

medicine charged in this bill, but as for the visits, why—I'll return them!" Disappointments come to us early in life. One of the first we experience is when, in school-days, the teacher's rod comes down upon the palm of the hand which we hold out unflinchingly, because we have generously resined it. Ouch!!!—Puck.

There are said to be but six woman There are said to be but six woman lawyers among all the forty five millions of people of the United States: Mrs. Lockwood, of Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Mira Bradwell, editor of the Chicago Legal News, Illinois; Mrs. Phebe Cozzens, of Missouri; Mrs. Foster; of Iowa; Miss Goodell, of Wisconsin; and Mrs. Foltz, of San Francisco,

In ancient times the ring usually served as a seal. A law of Solon, to prevent counterfeiting seals, forbade the seal-engraver to keep the form of a seal made by him. Ancient sealrings were of gold, iron and ivory. They were worn by both sexes in Greece, commonly on the fourth finger, but the fingers were sometimes loaded. Gems were frequently used, the onyx being the favorite.

The New York Home Journal says the amount of luxurious tenderness be-stowed upon pet dogs in that city is al-most incredible. It is not at all uncommon to see a carriage, with two livery men upon the box, driving through Cen tral park on a pleasant morning, with only a dog, or perhaps a pair of them, inside, taking a sniff of fresh air. They have had their bath, their locks have been dressed and fresh ribbons adorn their necks, while a short-haired dog is carefully blanketed.

Pacific coast whalers set forth from their winter quarters early in the spring, provisioned for a long cruise of at least six months. The crews number about thirty-five men a force wifficient to men thirty-five men, a force sufficient to man four or five boats. The number of boats carried depends on the locality of the hunting ground and the nature of the whales to be captured. In the extreme north whales never attack a boat, but in the south they do so frequently. The best of the weapons carried is the patent harpoon gun, which is darted from the hand, and explodes after striking the whale, causing instant death when it enters a vital part.

A Lawyer's Courtship.

A Lawyer's Courtship.

Being in a confidential mood the other evening, Lawyer Pleadwell was induced to tell why he didn't marry young Miss Tenderheart, to whom he had formerly paid attention. "Well," he began, "one Sunday evening I called upon her with the intention of bringing things to a focus. I had thought of nothing else for a week, till my mind had got into such a state of agitation that I hardly knew what I was about. We were sitting opposite each other, talking on casual matters, when I suddenly braced up, and looking Mary in the eye (rather sternly, I suspect), said I, "Now answer me without equivocation—mind, you're on oath—tell me whether or not, to the best of your knowledge and belief, you are ready to become Mrs. Pleadwell?" Well, gentlemen, she showed a spirit I had little suspected, and which thoroughly awakened me to an appreciation of the fool I had made of myself. Mary was on her feet in an instant, raised herself to her full height—she had never seemed so tall before—and with 'Mr. Pleadwell, when I am ready and willing, I will send you word, sir I' she flounced out of the room. And I—well, I thought I'd be going. Now, gentlemen, this is not to be repeated," added Pleadwell, half repenting his burst of confidence. All promised not to tell, and that is how we heard of it.—Boston Transcript.