On the Channel-Boat.

"What! Fred, you here? I didn't see You come aboard at Dover. I met the Browns last week : they said That you were coming over, But didn't say how soon.

"Oh, yes, I came by the Britannie; And what a rush there were for berthe Twas almost like a panic. I'm mighty glad to meet you, Will: Where are you going?'

" Paris." "Good! so am I. I've got to meet My cousin, Charley Harris, To-morrow. He and I have planned A little trip together Through Switzerland on foot; I hope

We'll have some decent weather. Take care there ! hold your hat : it blows

West how this steamer tosses! I'm never seasick: Charlie is, Though, every time he crosses. Who's with you, Will?"

"I'm traveling with My sister and my mother: They're both below. I came on deck It's close enough to smother These chaps don't care a sna

For ventiliation, hang 'em! Where did you stop in London? We Were stopping at the Langham." You were? Why, so was I. But then

I only got there Sunday
At breakfast time, and went away The alternoon of Monday; And yet within that short sojourn I lost my heart completely: Such style ! such eyes ! such rosy cheeks

Such lips that smiled so sweetly I only saw her twice, and then-Don't laugh-'twas at a distance; But, Will, my boy, I tell you what, In all my blest existence

A girl so really splendid. But, pshaw ! I couldn't stay, and so My short-lived visions ended. Idon't suppose she'll ever know How I, a stranger, love her,"

"Who was she, Fred?" "Ah! that's just it:

I couldn't e'en discover Her name, or anything at all About her, Broken-hearted, I saw it wasn't any use To try; so off I started, And here I am, disconsolate

" All for an unknown charmer ? Your're soit, my boy. Let's stroll abait The sea is growing calmer;

Or torward, it you like. The view May make your feelings rally. We're drawing near to France, in half An hour shall be at Calais. See! there's the town, and, just this side

The port with shipping in it; And, there, beyond, you see the spires,

" Here, Will, stop a minute. By Jove! look there! that girl in gray, With red flowers in her bonnet! I do declare—I—yes—it's she: I'd take my oath upon it.

What luck! It I had only known

How can it be I missed her? Look! here she comes!"

"Why, Fred, you tool ! That girl in gray's my sister - Geo. L. Callin, in Lippincott.

FOUND ON THE TRACK.

Wet and dreary. It is midwinter: the scene is Kirklington, on the London and Northwestern; the time 10.45; just after the night mail has flashed through without stopping, bound for Liverpool and the North. The railway officials—points—mailway and profess, platelayers—

out stopping, bound for Liverpool and the North. Ther allway officials—pointsmen, signalmen, porters, platelayers—are collecting preparatory to going off duty for the night.

"Where's Dan?" asks one of the crowd upon the platform.

"I saw him in the hut just after the 10.45 went through. Can't have come to any harm, surely."

"No; he said he'd seen something drep from the train, and he went down the line to pick it up."

And Dan had picked up something. It was a basket—a common white wicker basket—with a lid fastened down by a string. What did it contain? Refreshments? Dirty clothes? What?

A baby! a child half a dozen weeks eld, no more; a pink and white piece of human china as fragile as Dresden and human china as fragile as Dresden and as delicately fashioned and tinted as bis-euit or Rose Pompadour.
"Where did you come across it?"

asked one.

"Lying on the line, just where it fell. Perhaps it didn't fall; perhaps it was chucked out. What matter? I've got it and got to look after it; that's enough for me. Some day maybe I'll come across them as owns it, and then they shall pay me and take it back."

"Is there nothing about him? Turn him over."

him over."

The little mite's linen was white and of fine material, but he lay upon an old shawl and a few bits of dirty flannel. All they found was a dilapidated purse All they found was a dilapidated purse—a common snaplock bag-purse of faded brown leather. Inside was a brass thimble, a pawn ticket and the half of a Bank of England note for £100.

"What good's half a bank note to you?"

you?"
"Half a loaf's better than no bread."
"Yes; but you can eat one, but you ean't pass the other. Won't you catch it from your wife! How'll you face her, Dan? What'll she say?"
"She'll say I done quite right," replied Dan, stoutly. "She's a good sort, God bless her'.

bless her's "So are you, Dan; that's a fact. God bless you, too," said more than one rough voice in softened accents. "Perhaps the child'll bring you luck after all."

Winter-tide again six years later, but this season is wet and slushy. Once more we are at Kirklington, a long straggling village, which might have slumered on in obscurity forever had not the Northwestern line been carried close by it, to give it a place in Bradshaw and a certain importance as a junction and center for goods traffic. But the activity was all about the station. All the permanent officials had houses and cottages there: in the village lived only the field laborers who worked at the neighboring estate, or sometimes lent their hand

for a job of navvying on the line. These poor folk had a gruesome life of it, a hard hand-to-mouth struggle for bare existence against perpetual privation, accompanied by unremitting toil.

A new parson—Harold Treffry—had come lately to Kirklington. He was an earnest, energetic young man, who had won his spurs in the East End parish, and had now accepted this country living because it seemed to open up a new field of usefulness. He had plunged bravely into the midst of his work; he was forever going up and down among his parishioners, solacing and comforting, preaching manful endurance and trustfulness to all.

He is now paying a round of parochial visits, accompanied by an old college chum, who is spending some days with him.

"Yonder," said Treffry, pointing to a

visits, accompanied by an old college chum, who is spending some days with him.

"Yonder," said Treffry, pointing to a thin thread of smoke which rose from some gaunt trees into the sullen wintry air, "yonder is the house—if, indeed, it deserves so grand a name—the hovel, rather, of one whose case is the hardest of all the hard ones in my unhappy cure. This man is a mere hedger and ditcher, one who works for any master, most often for the railway, but who is never certain of a job all the year round. He has just lost his wife. He is absolutely prostrated; aghast, probably, at the future before him, and his utter incapacity to do his duty by his motherless little ones. Jack!" said the parson, stopping short suddenly, and looking straight into his companions face, "I wonder whether you could rouse him? If you could only get him to make a sign; to cry or laugh or take the smallest interest in common affairs. Jack, I believe you're the very man. You might get at him through the children?—that marvelous hanky-panky of yours, those surprising tricks; a child takes to you naturally at once. Try and make friends with these. Perhaps, when the father sees them interested and amused, he may warm a little, speak, perhaps, approve, perhaps smile, and in the end give in. warm a little, speak, perhaps, approve, perhaps smile, and in the end give in. Jack, will you try?" Jack Newbiggin was by profession a

Jack Newbiggin was by profession a conveyancer, but nature had intended him for a new Houdin, or a Wizard of the North. He was more than half a professional by the time he was full-grown. In addition to the quick eye and the facile wrist, he had the rarer gifts of snave manner and the face of brass.

They entered the miserable dwelling together. The children—eight of them—were skirmishing all over the floor. They were quite unmanageable, and beyond the control of the eldest sister, who was busied in setting out the table for the mid-day meal; one other child, of six or seven, a bright-eyed, exceedingly beautiful boy, the least—were not nature's vagaries well known—likely to be born among and belong to such surroundings, stood between the legs of the man himself, who had his back to the visitors and was crouching low over the scanty fire.

The man turned his begd for a mean for the way to be the scanty fire.

The man turned his head for a monent, gave a blank stare, than an imper-ceptible nod, and once more he glowered lown upon the fire. "Here, little ones, do you see this gen-

tleman? he's a conjuror. Know what a conjuror is, Tommy?" cried the parson, catching up a mite of four or five from the floor. "No, not you; nor you, Sarah; nor you, Jacky"—and he ran through all their names.

nor you, Jacky—and he ran through their names.

They had now ceased their gambols, and were staring hard at their visitors—the moment was propitious; Jack Newbiggin began. He had fortunately filled his pockets with nuts, oranges, and cakes before leaving the parsonage, so he had half his apparatus ready to hand.

The pretty boy had very soon left the father at the fire, and had come over to join in the fun, going back, however, to

lather at the fire, and find come over to join in the fun, going back, however, to exhibit his share of the spoil and describe voluminously what had occurred. This and the repeated shouts of laughter seemed to produce some impression on him. Presently he looked over his shoulder, and said—but without animation—

tion—

"It be very good of you, sir, surely; very good for to take so kindly to the little chicks. It does them good to laugh a bit, and it ain't much as they've had to make 'em lately."

"It is good for all of us, now and again, I take it," said Jack, desisting, and going toward him—the children gradually collecting in a far-off corner and comparing notes.

"You can't laugh, sir, if your heart's heavy; if you do, it can be only a sham."

While he was speaking he had taken the Bible from the shelf, and resuming his seat, began to turn the leaves slowly

"I'm an untaught, rough countryman, sir, but I have heard tell that these strange things you do are only tricks; ain't it so?"

Here was, indeed, a hopeful symptom!

He was roused, then, to take some in-terest in what had occurred.

"I'll tell you, air, short as I can make
it. Conjuror or no c.njuror, you've got
a kindly heart, and I'm main sure that
you'll help me if you can."
Dan then described how he had picked
up the basket from the 18.45 Liverpool

"There was the linen; I've kept it. See here; ail marked quite pretty and proper, with lace around the edges, as though its mother loved to make the little one smart."

Jack examined the linen; it bore a

Jack examined the linen; it bore a monogram and crest. The first he made out to mean H. L. M.; and the crest was plainly two hammers crossed, and the motto, "I strike"—not a common crest—and he never remembered to have seen it before.

—and he never remembered to have seen it before.

"And this was all?"

"Copt the banknote. That was in a poor old purse, with a pawn ticket and a thimble. I kept them all."

Like a true detective, Jack examined every article minutely. The purse bore the name of Hester Gorrigan, in rude letters inside, and the pawn ticket was made out in the same name.

"I cannot give you much hope that I shall succeed, but I will do my best. Will you trust me with the note for a time?"

"Surely, sir, with the greatest of

"Surely, sir, with the greatest of

pleasure. If you could but find the other half, it would give Harry—that's what we call him—such a grand start in life; schooling and the price of binding him to some honest trade." Jack shook the man's hand and prom-ised to do his best, and left the cottage.

Jack shook the man's hand and promised to do his best, and left the cottage.

When Jack Newbiggin got back to the parsonage he found that his host had accepted an invitation for them both to dine at the "Big House," as it was called, the country seat of the squire of the parish.

They were cordially received at the "Big House," Jack was handed over forthwith to his old friends, who figuratively rushed into his arms. They were London acquaintances, no more; of the sort we meet here and there and everywhere during the season, who care for us, and we for them, as much as for the South Sea Islanders, but whom we greet with rapturous effusion when we meet them in a strange place. Jack knew the lady whom he escorted into dinner as a gossipy dame, who, when his back was turned, made as much sport of him as of her other friends.

"I have been fighting your battles all day," began Mrs. Sitwell.

"Was it necessary? I should have thought myself too insignificant."

"They were talking at lunch of your wonderful knack in conjuring, and some one said that the skill might prove inconvenient—when you played cards, for instance."

convenient—when you played cards, for instance."

"A charitable imputation! With whom did it originate?"

"Sir Lewis Mallaby."

"Please point him out to me."

He was shown a grave, scowling face upon the right of the hostess—a face like a mask, its surface rough and wrinkled, through which the eyes shone out with baleful light, like corpse-candles in a sepulcher.

sepulcher.
"Pleasant creature! I'd rather no

baleful light, like corpse-candles in a sepulcher.

"Pleasant creature! I'd rather not meet him alone on a dark night."

"He has a terrible character, certainly. Turned his wife out of doors because she would not give him an heir. It is this want of children to inherit his title and estates which preys upon his mind, they say, and makes him so morose and melanchely."

Jack let his companion chatter on. It was his habit to get all the information possible about any company in which he found himself for his own purposes as a clairvoyant; and when Mrs. Sitwel flagged, he plied her with questions, and led her on from one person to another, making mental notes to serve him hereafter. It is thus by careful and laborious preparation that many of the strange and seemingly mysterious feats of the clairvoyant conjurer are performed.

When the whole party was assembled in the drawing-room after dinner, a chorus of voices, headed by that of the hostess, summoned Jack to his work. There appeared to be only one dissentient, Sir Lewis Mallaby, who not only did not trouble himself to back up the invitation, but when the performance was actually begun was at no pains to conceal his contempt and disgust.

The conjuror made the conventional plum-pudding in a hat, fired wedding rings into quartern loves, did all manner of card tricks, knife tricks, pistol tricks, and juggled on conscientiously right through his repertoire. There was never a smile on Sir Lewis' face; he sneered unmistakably. Finally, with an ostentation that savored of rudeness, he took out his watch, a great gold repeater, looked at it, and unmistakably yawned.

Jack hungered for that watch directly he saw it. Perhaps through it he might

peater, looked at it, and unmistakably yawned.

Jack hungered for that watch directly he saw it. Perhaps through it he might make its owner uncomfortable, if only for a moment. But how to get it into his hands? He asked for a watch—a dezen were offered. No; none of these would do. It must be a gold watch, a repeater. Sir Lewis Mallaby's was the only one in the room, and he at first distinctly refused to lend it. But so many entreaties were addressed to him, the hostess leading the attack, that he could not in common courtesy continue to refuse. With something like a growl he took his watch off the chain and handed it to Jack Newbiggin.

A curious old-fashioned watch it was, which would have gladdened the heart of a watch collector; all jeweled and enameled, adorned with crest and inscription—an heirloom, which had probably been in the Mallays family for

enameted, adorned with crest and in-scription—an heirloom, which had pro-bably been in the Mallaby family for years. Jack looked it over curiously, meditatively, then suddenly raising his eyes he stared intently into Sir Lewis Mallaby's face, and almost as quickly dropped them again.

Mallaby's face, and almost as quickly dropped them again.

"This is far too valuable," he said, courteously, "too much of a treasure to be risked in any conjuring trick; an ordinary modern watch I might replace, but not a work of art like this."

And he handed it back to Sir Lewis, who received it with ill-concealed satisfaction. He was as much pieased, probably, at Jack's expression of possible failure in the proposed trick as at the receivery of his property.

Another watch however was counded

He was roused, then, to take some interest in what had occurred.

"All tricks, of course; it all comes of long practice," said Jack, as he proce, ded to explain some of the simple processes, hoping to enchain the man's attention.

"That's what I thought, sir, or I'd have given you a job to do. I've been in want of a real conjuror many a long day, and nothing less'll do. See here, sir," he said, as he took a small, carefully-paper from between the leaves of the Bible; "do you see this?"

It was half a Bank of England note for £100.

"Now, sir, could any conjuror help me to the other half?"

"How did you come by it?" Jack asked at once.

"I'll tell you, sir, short as I can make it. Conjuror or no enjuror, you've got a kindly heart, and I'm main sure that you'll help me if you can."

Dan them described how he had picked up the basket from the 16.45 Liverpool

supernatural powers.

"Oh, but this is too preposterous," Sir "Oh, but this is too preposterous," Sir Lewis Mallaby was heard to say quite angrily. The continued applause pro-foundly disgusted him. "This is the merest charlatanism. It must be put an end to. It is the commonest impos-ture. These are things which he has coached up in advance. Let him be tried with something which upon the face of it he cannot have learned before-hand.by artificial means."

nace of it he cannot have learned before-hand.by artificial means."

"Try him, Sir Lewis, try him your-self," cried several voices.

"I scarcely like to lend myself to such folly, to encourage so pitiable an exhibi-tion."

tion."

But he seemed to be conscious that further protest would tell in Jack's favor.

"I will admit that you have considerable power in this strange branch of necromancy if you will answer a few questions of mine."

"Proceed." said Jack, gravely, meeting his eyes firmly and without flinching.

"Tell me what is most on my mind at this present moment."

"The want of a male beir," Jack re-

plied, prompt,y, and thanked Mrs. Sitwell in his heart.

"Pshaw! You have learned from Burke that I have no children," said Sir Lewis, boldly; but he was a little taken aback. "Anything else?"

"The memory of a harsh deed you now strive in vain to redeem."

"This borders upon impertinence," said Sir Lewis, with a hot flush on his cheek and passion in his eyes. "But let us leave abstractions and try tangible realities. Can you tell me what I have in this pocket?" He touched the left breast of his tail-coat.

"A pocketbook."

"Bah! Every one carries a pocketbook in his pocket."

"A pocketbook."
"But! Every one carries a pocketbook in his pocket."
"But do you?" asked several of the
bystanders, all of whom were growing
deeply interested in this strange duel.
Sir Lewis Mallaby confessed that he
did, and produced it—no ordinary morocco leather purse and pocketbook all
in one.

Are you prepared to go on?" said baronet haughtily to Jack.

Certainly."
What does this pocketbook con-

"Evidence."
The contest between them was now to be death. 'Evidence of what?"

"Of facts that must sooner or later come to light. You have in that pock-etbook links in a long chain of circum-stances which, however carefully con-cealed or anxiously dreaded, time in its inexorable course must bring eventually to light. There is no bond, says the Spanish proverb, which is not some day fulfilled; no debt that in the long run is not paid."

not paid."
"What ridiculous nonsense! I give you my word this pocketbook contains nothing—absolute.y nothing—but a Bank of England note for one hundred

Stay!" cried Jack Newbiggin, facing him abruptly and speaking in a voice of thunder. "It is not so—you know it— it is only the half!"

And as he spoke he took the crumpled aper from the hands of the really stueiled baronet. It was exhibited for in-pection—the half of a Bank of England ote for £100.

There was much applause at this harmless and successful denouement of what threatened at one stage to lead to altercation, perhaps to a quarrel. But Jack Newbiggin was not satisfied.

"As you have dared me to do my worst," said Jack, "listen now to what I have to say. Not only did I know that was only the half of a note, but I know where the other half is to be found."

"So much the better for me," said the aronet, with an effort to appear humor-

baronet, with an effort to appear humorous.

"That other half was given to—shall I say. Sir Lewis?"

Sir Lewis?"

Sir Lewis?"

Sir Lewis nodded indifferently.

"It was given to one Hester Gorrigan, an Irish nurse, six years ago. It was the price of a deed of which you—"

"Silence! Say no more," cried Sir Lewis, in horror. "I see you know all. I swear I have had no peace since I was tempted so sorely, and so weakly fell. But I am prepared to make all the restitution and reparation in my power—unless, unhappily, unless it be already too late."

Even while he was speaking his face turned ghastly pale, his lips were cov-ered with a fine white foam, he made one

ered with a fine white foam, he made one or two convulsive attempts to steady himself, then with a wild, terrified look around, he fell heavily to the floor."

It was a paralytic seizure. They took him up stairs and tended him; but the case was desperate from the first. Only just before the end did he so far recover the power of speech as to be able to make full confession of what hed converted.

just before the end did he so far recover the power of speech as to be able to make full confession of what had occurred.

Sir Lewis had been a younger son; the eldest inherited the family title, but died early, leaving his widow to give him a posthumous heir, the title remaining in abeyance until time showed whether the infant was a boy or girl. It proved to be a boy, whereupon Lewis Mallably, who had the earliest intimation of the fact, put into execution a nefarious project which he had carefully concoted in advance. A girl was obtained from a foundling hospital and substituted by Lady Mallaby's nurse, who was in Lewis' pay, for the newlyborn son and heir. This son and heir was handed over to another accomplice, Hester Gorrigan, who was bribed with £100, half down in the shape of a half-note, the other half to be paid when she announced her safe arrival in Texas with the stolen child. Mrs. Gorrigan had an unquenchable thirst, and in her transit between London and Liverpool allowed her precious charge to slip out of her hands, with the consequences we know.

It was the watch borrowed from Sir

It was the watch borrowed from Sir It was the watch borrowed nom on Lewis Mallably which first aroused Jack's suspicions. It bore the strange crest—two hammers crossed, with the motto "I Strike"—which was marked upon the linen of the child that Dan Blockit picked up at Kirklington station.

The initial of the name Mallaby coingressions are considered to the child of the coingression of the child of the name Mallaby coingression. The initial of the name Mallaby coincided with the monogram H. L. M. Jack drew his conclusions, and made a bold shot, which hit the mark, as we

have seen. Lewis Mallaby's confession soon stated the rightful beir, and Dan Blockit, in after years, had no reason to regret the generosity which prompted him to give the little foundling the shelter of his home.

The Sweet Hay of Moncton.

The Sweet Hay of Moneton.

Growing in the meadows here and there on the marshes at Moneton, Ont., there is a "sweet hay" that would startle a western hayfield. The perfume it exhales is very sweet and very lasting. Little ornamental and work baskets are woven from it, and it retains its sweet perfume for years. You can smell this hay when you drive past the meadows, and it is enough to make you wish you were a horse, to be fed on such ambrosial hay as this. It is a perfume not altogether unlike, although much sweeter than sweet clover; but grows in much sweeter places. Sweet clover grows more thickly in Happy Hollow than in any place I know of. But sweet hay grows in the pleasant meadows on the sea marshes and by the tidal creeks and rivers. It mingles with the home-like odor of the newmown hay; while you smell it you can hear the cheery song of the mowers, and now and then the clink of the scythe stone ringing a pleasant accompaniment to the song. There is a smell of brine too, in the breeze that steals in from the sea, and a scent of pine that it catches from the hill.—Burlington Hawkeye Correspondence.

Mr. Barry Sullivan, the English actor, prides himself on having played Hamlet more than 2,800 times in all quarters of the globe.

TIMELY TOPICS.

The product of oil from the menhaden fisheries exceeds that derived from the American catch of whales by about 200,000 gallons. Man takes from the water every year nearly 900,000,000 of menhaden, weighing from 200,000 to 300,000 tons, valued at about \$1,600,000. They swim in enormous scheels, reached. 300,000 tons, valued at about \$1,000,000. They swim in enormous schools, packed as closely as sardines in a box, and sink at the slightest alarm. They are caught all along the New Jersey coast.

Georgia is about to erect a monument to Sergeant William Jasper, of South Carolina, who fell in the assault on Savannah, October 9, 1779. This is the hero who leaped from the parapet of Fort Moultrie and regained the flag which had been shot away by a ball from the British fleet. On another occasion, aided by a single companion, he captured a British guard of ten soldiers and rescued twelve American captives.

nd rescued twelve American captives.
"Wild Bill," the frontiersman, who in "Wild Bill," the frontiersman, who in his day was as notorious as Kit Carson, and who was killed three years ago, has turned to stone from scalp to toe. His remains, which were buried at Deadwood, in the Black Hills, were tagen from the grave for re-interment at another place, when they were found to have become petrified. The features are as natural as life, save that a whiteness overspreading all gives to the face the appearance of chiseled marble.

appearance of chiseled marble.

George Baxter has been until recently a sort of Japhet in search of his grandmother. He is a middle-aged man of Greensburg, Ino., and heard many years ago that his only living relative was Mrs. Margaret Baxter, his dead father's mother. He padded around the country for a long while in search of Mrs. Margaret to learn by some accidental occurrence a few days ago that he had been serving her with milk for a decade. He had strayed off from the family when a mere lad.

At the present time the United States is making more than one-third of all the paper made in the world. The product is about 1,830 tons daily, amounting to about 640,500 tons per year. There are now 927 mills, repre-senting a capital of at least \$100,000,000. These mills emuloy 22,000 persons who senting a capital of at least \$px0,000,000.

These mills employ 22,000 persons, who draw about \$9,550,000 in salaries per year. It is estimated that the entire paper interest, including manufacturing, printing and publishing, furnishes employment to 75,000 persons.

The following statistics will prove in-The following statistics will prove interesting to those who raise either dogs or sheep: In 1860 Massachusetts had 114,000 sheep and 112,000 dogs, and it is believed that the present number of sheep in that State is actually below 55,000, while there are good reason for believing that it has more than wo, perhaps nearly three dogs to every-sneep kept in the State. During the year 1875, 11,489 dogs killed 1,673 sheep; and in 1878, there were 10,000 dogs taxed, and sheep killed by them to the value of \$10,584.55.

The cotton crop in the South this year will correspond well with the enormous crops of wheat and corn in the West and Northwest. The report of the executive committee of the National Cotton Exchange, just received, says that "during the last five years cotton-culture in the United States has outstripped the most sanguine expectations, that the most sanguine expectations; that the problem of free labor has been virtually solved, and that the South must be re-garded as the future reliance of the cotton manufacturers of both America and Eu-

It is not generally known that there exists in the northern part of Arizona 1,000 Indians who subsist entirely upon what they can pick up in the way of acorns, berries, nuts, grass seed and a little wild game. Still such is the case. The Wallapal Indians, including a small band of some 150 Ava-Su-Pais, if anything, exceed 1,000 in number, and for several years have lived without aid from the government, preferring to from the government, preferring to suffer almost anything, even starvation, rather than give up their country in the North and go on to the reservation at San Carlos.

Of medical novelties there is no end Of medical novelties there is no end One Dr. Christian, not satisfied 'with any existing pathies, has proposed in the principal German and Swiss journals something which he regards as better than water cure, milk cure, whey cure or grape cure, viz., night-air cure. "Open your windows," says Dr. Christian, "and allow the cool spirits of the night to enter your chamber and to sweeten and calm your dreams." Some time ago Miss Nightingale advanced the theory that night air was absolutely theory that night air was absolutely harmiess to the sick; but Dr. Christian goes further, and declares that it will make them well.

The plague of rats in the Deccan, The plague of rats in the Deccan, Bombay, for the second season in succession, is occasioning serious alarm. These animals overspread the country like locusts, destroy the crops almost as thoroughly, and are even more difficult to keep down. So grave had become the aspect of affairs that a "Rat Committee" was averented to incurre into the lost was appointed to inquire into the best means of disposing of these creatures. They have advised the people to turn out en masse and face the enemy. Re-wards are to be offered for dead rats, and, wards are to be offered for dead rats, and, in fact, the invasion is to be treated as a matter to be dealt with vigorously by the whole community. In the meantime the question has arisen as to how the rats have multiplied.

On the 31st of December, 1877, there were 58,466 postoffices in Europe, with 223,517 persons employed, or one postal establishment for every 6,134 inhabitants. These postoffices are most thickly planted in Switzerland, and after Switzerland in Great Britain and Ireland. zerland in Great Britain and Ireland. A striking contrast to these two countries is afforded by Russia and Turkey, there being in the former only one post-office to every 5,708, and in the latter one to every 1,105 square miles. Altogether, 5,682,000,000 letters, papers, etc., were sent by post in Europe in 1877, 3,597,000,000 newspapers, and 563,000,000 patterns and the like; and the greatest number of letters, papers, etc., were sent in Great Britain and Ireland. the total number dispatched being 1,483,075,000, number dispatched being 1,483,075,000, or at the rate of 34 7 letters and 9.4 newspers for every inh bitant.

Lieut.-General Maxwell writes to the Life Boat Journal, an English periodical, to give to the public, or rather to swimmers, a valuable hint for use in case they are called on to save a drowning man. He picked up the idea while in service in India. A man had fallen into a large reservoir used to store the rainfall, and a native, who happened to be passing by

with a long staff, jumped in, taking the staff with him and pushing it forward in tront as he swam. The drowning man eagerly clutched the staff and was thus towed slowly in by the swimmer, who was obliged to keep his body nearly upright. A person who is not used to the water loses his wits as well as his breath when he suddenly finds himself overboard, and is aptto seize upon the swimmer who would rescue him in such a way as to carry both down together. The lesson Gen. Maxwell lays down is that if you have to jump into the water to save a man, take with you a long stick, an oar, a plank, a broom, or a bit of wood of some kind, if one is at hand. It will then be possible to keep the drowning man at a safe distance and still get him out.

The Longest Beard in the World.

The Longest Beard in the World.

A correspondent of the Detroit Post and Tribune writes from Adrian, Mich., of a certain Edwin Smith, who is the possessor of a remarkable beard. The correspondent says: Ordinarily Mr. Smith and his beard would not attract especial attention. He does not let it sway at its own free will at all times, but keeps it tied in a compact bunch under his chin, holding it fast with thread and hairpins. When thus "done up"it does not appear to be of unusual length unless the observation is close. So while it has come to be generally known in the vicinity of Mr. Smith's residence that his beard is unusually long, but few people have seen it in all its enormous length except as hereinafter stated. He isforty-seven years of age. He is about six feet high and weighs 145 pounds. His hair and beard are sandy and tinged with gray. He has a pale face, blue eyes, a high forehead, and an intelligent and pleasant appearance. At thirteen years of age he began to raise a beard, and while yet a young schoolboy was possessed of a light silken covering to face and neck, rivaling in length that of many of his seniors. But he became tired of this, and shaved almost daily for several years, keeping his face smooth and beardless. He continued to attend school in what used to be known as the Sherman district, Huron county. The growth of his beard was not, however, sufficiently rapid to attract any special notice. In 1858 he came to Michigan, where he married. His health from boyhood has not been of the best, bilious and lung troubles being most common. In 1861 his health failed, and he went to California in the hone of recaping it.

where he married. His health from boyhood has not been of the best, bilious and lung troubles being most common. In 1861 his health failed, and he went to California in the hope of regaining it. It was the fashion among the miners of those days to allow their beards to grow. It was agreed among several of them, Mr. Smith among the number, that they would allow their beards to grow for six months, and see which could at the end of that time boast of the longest. Mr. Smith outstripped all rivals, and allowed his beard to grow from then on. The nature of the miners' work made it convenient to tie or fasten the beard under the chin. In this way Mr. Smith first became accustomed to wearing it long, with the superfluous length tied up out of the way. "And now," said he, "you see what it has grown to." And as your correspondent looked from the smiling face of the man, and then turned to go on a search for the other end of the beard, he thought of the story of the steeple which was so tall that you had to look twice to see the top of it. There could be no mistake about it. Each individual hair stretched its silken, wavy length from face to floor." Now I will show you how long it's," said Mr. Smith, and he stepped upon a chair and stood erect. Still its length was so great that the foot could be placed on the ends, which touched the floor. The beard has been carefully trimmed, so that it is of even weight and size to the very end. Unrolling a little paper which was laid away in a drawer, he said, "That's its length last'winter," and unwound a seemingly endless hair. When measured it was found to be seven feet four inches long. "Now we will measure the beard as it is to-day," said he, and looked for the yard-stick. Seven feet six inches and a half was the length.

A Pamily's Tragic End.

A Family's Tragic End.

A few miles from Wittsburg, St. Francis county, Arkansas, lived a widow named Hammett. The woman was engaged in farming, and, though she had two grown sons, was compelled to employ a young man to superintend farm labors. Mrs. Hammett was about forty years of age. The laborer was a mere boy, but an attachment soon sprang up between the widow and the youth, which ended in a matrimonial proposal. The between the widow and the youth, which ended in a matrimonial proposal. The wedding day was fixed. The two sons, hearing of the matrimonial arrangements that had been made between their mother and tried to dissuade her from her and tried to dissuade her from marriage. The widow refused to accept her sons' counsel. The sons made threats but the widow affirmed that she loved the young man, and would marry him at all hazards. The sons went away, and at the appointed time the young man apall hazards. The sons went away, and at the appointed time the young man appeared, attired for the wedding. The minister came, and friends were assembled. "Thou art man and wife" had hardly been pronounced, when a flash at the window, followed by a loud report, terrified the women and astonished the men. Another flash, another report, and the newly made husband sank to the floor. The widow's younger son was the murderer. He fled, but was captured. Next day the young husband died, and shortly afterward the widow's younger son, in attempting to escape, was shot and killed; and report says that shortly afterward the elder brother went to his mother's house and beat her brains out with a club.—Little Rock (Ark.) Garette.

The Mule and the Small Ray.

The Mule and the Small Boy.

The Mule and the Small Boy.

A boy, apparently very much agitated, rushed into a house yesterday and said to the lady:

"I don't want ter alarm yer, but I've got big news. The man sent me up from the livery stable to tell yer,"

"Good heavens! what is it?"

"Why, you know yer little boy, Aleck, what the man can't keep outen the livery stable 'round the corner?"

"Yes, well?"

"I told Aleck just now not to go inter the stable among the horses, but he wouldn't mind me—"

"Oh, dear! What has happened?"

"He said he wanted ter see what a mule 'ud do when yer tickled its heels with a straw."

"Oh, heavens!" gasped the lady, and

mule ud do when yer tackled its heels with a straw."

"Oh, heavens!" gasped the lady, and clung to the mantel for support.

"Well, sir, yer boy Aleck got a straw, snuck up behin' a sorrel mule, tickled him on the heels, an'—"

The lady started for the door.

"An' the blamed critter never lifted a hoof," called the boy. "Never as much as switched its cussed tail. It's a mighty good thing for Aleck that he didn't, too; an' I thought I'd come up and tell yer."

And he dodged out at the side entrance.

—Cincinnati Enquirer.