

Lyra Incantata.

Within a castle haunted,
As castles were of old,
There hung a harp enchanted,
And on its rim of gold
This legend was enrolled:
"Whatever bard would win me
To strike and wake within me
By one supreme endeavor,
A chord that sounds forever."
Three bards of lyre and viol,
By mandate of the king,
Were bidden to trial
To find the magic string
(It there were such a thing).
Then, after much essaying
Of tuning, came the playing;
And lords and ladies splendid
Watched as those bards contended.
The first—a minstrel hoary,
Who many a rhyme had spun—
Sang loud of war and glory—
Of battles fought and won;
But when his song was done,
Although the bard was lauded,
And clapping hands applauded,
Yet, spite of the laudation,
The harp ceased its vibration.
The second changed the measure
And turned from fire and sword
To sing a song of pleasure—
The wine-cup and the board—
Till, at the wit, all roared.
And the high hall resounded
With merriment unbounded!
The harp—loud as the laughter—
Grew hushed at that, soon after.
The third, in lover's fashion,
And with his soul on fire,
Then sang of love's pure passion—
The heart and its desire!
And, as he smote the wire,
The listeners, gathered round him,
Caught up a wretch and crowned him.
The crown—hath faded never!
The harp—resounds forever!
—Theodore Tilton.

Humors of the Telegraph.

The majority of the reading, and all of the educated world are familiar with the accepted theories regarding electricity, and with the application of these theories by which we have the telegraph. But comparatively few have lifted the veil of the temple and witnessed the peculiar results of its practical working. And these are the employees of the companies whose business it is to control and make use of the mysterious agency and "wonder-working wires" for the convenience and happiness of the public.

In the history of the Western Union company I recall but two instances of the contents of important messages among the millions of opportunities and inducements offered.

In no other business are mistakes more common, or for many reasons so excusable. For instance, a compositor or a copyist has his manuscript to easily consult, and, to a certain extent, is master of his own time; but an operator's time, especially if receiving a message, is governed by the one at the other end of the line, and he must depend for accuracy upon the correctness of his ear and memory. Nearly every one has read of the indignation of that father who received a message that his sickly daughter, who was absent at school, "had a child this morning," and the subsequent appeal of his wrath upon finding out that the original message read "chill," not "child." Not long ago a certain charitable institution was considerably mystified by a message asking for the whereabouts of "Monkey Wrench." The inquiry was instantly changed to "Mother French," however, upon being returned to the telegraph company for explanation, and apology made for the unintentional blunder. It was, I think, the same operator who, in taking an Associated Press article, innocently spoke of "Mrs. Herman" as secretary of the treasury—a sudden advance in woman's rights to which the secretary, Mr. Sherman, would doubtless object. And a peaceful family circle ought not to be surprised, as it was, by receiving the following: "John is dead beat. Depot this evening," when a correct transmission of the dispatch would have rendered it, "John is dead. Be at depot this evening." I recall another family agitated by the telegraphic information that "Brother lied last night," only to ultimately find out that he had departed life instead of truth.

Some time since a message transmitting the intelligence that "the Presbytery lacked a quorum to ordain," caused a prodigious amount of ecclesiastical wonderment and dismay on reaching its destination by announcing that "the Presbytery lacked a worm on to Adam." Comment is unnecessary.

The worthy and sedate Dr. Blank, of one of our eastern colleges, once accepted an invitation to lecture in a western city. His letter of acceptance, appointed in early date, omitted to state the subject of his discourse, and, to advertise in advance, the committee was obliged to telegraph him, requesting his subject. They were somewhat astonished at his reply, but not thinking of the possibility of a mistake, handed it over to the only daily paper, which in a highly eulogistic but misleading article advised all its readers to hear Rev. Dr. Blank deliver his celebrated and extremely humorous lecture—subject: "A Plea for Activity." The doctor arrived too late to lecture, and the announcement changed to what it should have been—"A Plea for Activity"—and the result was a disappointed house and a grieved lecturer.

The mistakes of the telegraph, often provoking and sometimes amusing, are occasionally in their results of great importance. It was not long ago that a wheat speculator in Chicago made \$60,000 by a small order being accidentally changed to an immensely large one. I believe he has made no complaint. Had the market turned the other way though?

Some years ago the daughter of a well-known citizen of central New York, named Jennie, had unfortunately, as the father then thought, formed an attachment for a young man named John. To separate them the father sent her to spend the winter with a married sister, Mary, who resided in New York. Spring approached and Jennie was expected home on a certain day, but, instead, the father received a letter from his son-in-law desiring that she might remain a while longer so that his wife could accompany him on a short southern trip, and requesting an answer by

telegraph; whereupon the father sent the following dispatch:
"Jennie may stay and Mary go, if she wishes to very much."

The message as delivered in New York read: "Jennie may stay and marry George if she wishes to very much."
The father immediately received this from Jennie: "A thousand thanks for your permission; John and I marry at once. The telegraph stupidly made his name George, but of course you meant John."

How it happened that John was so wonderfully convenient is, probably, not our concern, and we can only hope that the father and Jennie have never regretted this mistake of the telegraph. The hieroglyphical characters supposed to be writing in some messages handed in over the office counters is sometimes fearful and wonderful to contemplate.

The telegraph is only used in cases of importance or emergency, and the incorrect reading of a single word in a condensed telegram is apt to render it not only valueless, but is liable to lead to a serious misconception.

Business men especially should bear in mind that a plain, clear chirography not only lessens the liability to error, but helps to hasten the forwarding of a message.

To illustrate the carelessness of some men's writing is the story of that English nobleman who wrote to a friend in India to "please send at once two monkeys," but he wrote the two without crossing the t, and otherwise so blindly that his friend mistook it for 1,000, and on the first boat came thirty-five monkeys, with a note saying the balance would follow as soon as so large an order could be filled.

The members of the press are not exempt from this carelessness of untranslatable handwriting. I remember a special sent by a metropolitan reporter from a small town, describing an execution. The sending operator complained of the writing, and stumbled along slowly and grumblingly, finally capturing the climax by saying the "doomed man then arose, partook of a hearty breakfast, and went out and buried himself with his life." The city operator requested a halt, and after a long silence and evidently much study, was told by the sender to change the last five words to "busied himself with his pipe."

Mentioning newspapers, recalls a message sent by an energetic Cincinnati editor who had heard a false rumor of a heavy rain and flood in the country editor's vicinity, to the editor of a country weekly. It read:

"Send us particulars of the flood."
The reply was quite prompt:
"You will find a full account in Genesis."

An operator gets accustomed to these messages, and also to such as: "Send me two daughters of an outcast;" or, "We have no desperate men;" for he rightly concludes that the last-mentioned are either to or from some book-dealer.

Why telegraphers, as a class, are so seemingly careless and mirthful need not be discussed here. Perhaps the lively character of the fluid with which they are brought into constant contact is transfused and causes this effervescence of mental activity. One of their honored customs in the initiating of an operator, fresh and verdant from some small country place into his new position in a city office, with its babel of sounds and perplexing rush and hurry, reminds one of college hazing, or the sailor's baptism on his first crossing of the line.

The victim is requested to take a "special." How timidly he sits down, and how nervously he sharpens his pencil to take for the first time in his life press for the papers. How the instrument buzzes when he says "go ahead," and closes his key. He feels the watchful eye of the chief, and he must not, he will not, fall in his first trial. And, oh! what a dispatch for a newspaper! It begins all right about a railroad accident, but in some mysterious way this connects itself with a temperance convention, which branches into a fire caused by a walking match, with Congress calling upon Mexico to prevent the duel between the polar expedition and the Pacific railroad which—

He stops matters for an investigation and wonders if it's entirely daft. Then he rubs his amazed head, and looks cautiously around and discovers that he seems the sole object of interest to the others; and if he takes good naturedly the roars of laughter and the pointed questions that greet him when he also discovers that his wonderful dispatch originated in the fertile brain, and by a clever switching of the wires, was sent by the fastest operator in the office from the other end of the room to tell him, he has taken one long step toward fraternalizing.

The all-night men while away the tedious hours after the dropping of business with conversation and stories; and the better the story-teller, and the fresher his jokes, the more popular he is. And how easy to dispose of a bore! It is said that on one of the circuits between New York and Chicago and intermediate cities, the all-night men had only to request one of their co-laborers, who had no other fault than his long, pointless stories, to relate something, and then, unknown to him—for he would not desire to offend him, and have a social good time for an hour or two. On adjusting the wires the honest and solitary story-teller would be rattling along, unconscious of his loss of auditors, and perfectly happy in his remarkable attention. Perhaps the reader has in his youth told with much enthusiasm a capital story to a sleepy bedfellow to find, on nearing the end, that his companion was sound asleep. It's rather depressing.

A story, first told by a San Francisco paper, I will venture to repeat here for no better reason than because it is strictly true. It often happens that telegraphers are called into service at the representation of a stage play, in which occurs what is known as a "telegraph scene," such as the ones shown in Byron's "Across the Continent," or Bonicault's "Long Strike," and at such times the operator behind the scenes manages to amuse himself by "talking" to the audience, unknown of course to only those of the fraternity who are present. The drama of "Across the Continent" was several years ago produced at a certain hall, and on the night of the telegraph instrument which plays an important part in the most exciting scene of the play, an operator, whom we will call Frank, was engaged. His position was such that he could see the audience without being seen, and upon taking his position he discovered in the auditorium a brother operator from out of town, Spicer by name, who had that day arrived. Frank is fond of a joke, so when the time came for sending the first dispatch he loudly sounded on the machine, "How are you, Spicer?" The profes-

sional ear of Spicer instantly caught the words, and, wondering who it was, straightened up and stared at the stage as if he would give two dollars and a half to know something more.

"Spicer, how's your mamma?" quickly followed from the instrument, and the myopic Spicer confidently turned to his fair partner to express his astonishment at the most singular circumstance. As luck had it the auditorium held quite a delegation of operators, who knowing Spicer and his great characteristic of bashfulness, with one accord began to look around the theater for him.

Spicer had hardly begun telling the young lady about it when there came another message:

"Aha! old Spicer! Don't fool that confiding creature with any of your nonsense."

This aroused the telegraphers to a pitch of curiosity, and many of them stood gazing about them as if their only object in life was to discover Spicer. And he felt that they saw him, and the confusion which had been gradually covering his features grew into mortification when he saw so many eyes leveled at him, and at last culminated in his hasty withdrawal from the theater.

But Frank sent a parting shot, for as he faded from view he heard

"Good-bye, Spicer; but don't forget her tendency for ice cream."
When it is considered that this scene forms the climax of an exceedingly thrilling point of the play, and Mr. Byron is dramatically explaining with wild gesticulations to the audience what the instrument is supposed to be saying, the modest Spicer's embarrassment can be understood.

Hastily as we have glanced at the brighter and cheerier side, there is now room for the dark one. But messages of sorrow and death burden the long slender wires and trip through the creaking instruments. Living dramas are constantly wrought through their mute agency, and of this perhaps they are speaking when at the quiet of midnight we hear from them that strange, Eolian music like voices from a spirit land, that deep within us finds a responsive chord, thrilling and saddening us.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Words of Wisdom.

The path of moderation is the safest to tread.

It's poor foolishness to run down your enemies.

The mother's heart is the child's school-room.

Make yourself necessary and your success is certain.

Hide the faults of others and make known the virtues.

Reason is the test of ridicule—not ridicule the test of truth.

When reason is against man, a man will be against reason.

Our actions are our own; the consequences belong to heaven.

The festival which bears the greatest fruit is the festival of duty.

Our acts make or mar us; we are the children of our own deeds.

Every undertaking is involved in its faults, as the fire in its smoke.

Of expectation fails, and most of all here where most it promises.

Age that lessens the enjoyment of life increases our desire of living.

Watch your own speech and notice how it is guided by your less conscious purposes.

Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.

Commend a fool for his wit or a knave for his honesty and they will receive you into their bosom.

No triumph is so great as that of the soul over the body. It is inspired by the highest motive.

When gratitude has become a matter of reasoning there are many ways of escaping from its bonds.

Many a sweetly-formed mouth has been disfigured and made hideous by the fiery tongue within it.

A clear conscience can rest easy on a bed of granite, while an evil one would be uneasy on a bed of swansdown.

Uphold truth when thou canst, and for her sake be hated; but know thy individual cause is not the cause of truth, and beware that they are not confounded.

It is easy to advise a person, but how difficult to receive, under similar circumstances, that same advice from another, because we are so prone to believe that what we accept is truth, and that those who cannot see with our eyes are all wrong.

The Bull and the Devil Fish.

The Topeko (Japan) Times says the story given below was communicated by a correspondent: The author of "Schuykidan" who lived some sixty years ago, was once traveling in Muttu, one of the northern provinces. Walking one day near the sea beach he heard the bellow of a bull, and went in the direction of the noise. He was then witness of an extraordinary combat between some cuttle fish and a bull. An enormous poulpe, with bright purple eyes and tentacles six feet long, had attacked the quadruped, the monster tried to make for the water with its captive. Meanwhile other octopi, in large numbers and of great size, swarmed on to the shore, which seemed to be alive with their big round heads. Some of them assisting their comrade, soon like him attacked the bull, dragging it down to the sea. Their quarry, however, made a brave resistance, and succeeded in going its first foe in the head and belly and shaking itself free from its embrace. Before it could escape, however, it was firmly held by a still larger monster, which others took solicitous care of the wounded one. The unfortunate bellowing attracted a crowd of fishermen to the spot. One of these, stronger and braver than his fellows, his limbs swayed in straw bandages, and a sharp knife in his hand, boldly rushed to the rescue of the bull, and cut through the tentacles which inclosed it. Other poulpes then attacked the fisher, to whose aid his fellows hastened, and a fierce fight ensued between men and monsters in which the former were victorious, many of the squids being killed, while the rest escaped into the water. Two of the tentacles wound round the bull were so heavy that one man alone could not carry them. One was twelve and the other six feet long; the largest of the two was subsequently boiled in sections at different times in a big kettle. Some years previous to this battle, cattle had disappeared in a mysterious way from the same shore. The fight between the cephalopoda and the bull enlightened the proprietors as to their loss.

London—Its Greatness.

London is a vast world in itself. You are impressed, when you find yourself in it, with its immensity; as one is impressed by the vast reach of the ocean when he steams over it day after day without a glimpse of land or the sight, perhaps, of a single sail. You feel like a mere atom in this vast billowy tide of human life. Cut up into smaller communities London would make a dozen cities equal in population to New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans and San Francisco! It contains more people than our six populous New England States, more than the whole kingdom of Denmark, more than twice as many as Norway, nearly as many as all Scotland. It is said to contain more Jews than Palestine, more Catholics than Rome, more Irishmen than Dublin, more Scotchmen than Edinburgh. There are omnibuses running across the city, by as straight a route as the cow-patch streets allow, which start before five o'clock in the morning and barpel make two round trips before midnight.

And year by year the great city pushes out its borders, encompassing village after village of the outlying suburbs in its spider web of pavements, and water mains, and omnibuses, and busy traffic. The villas around its fringes, as Hare says, seem to be constantly making an effort to get into the country and never succeeding. Many neighborhoods in the solidly built city still bear the names by which they were known when they were only little hamlets in the fields miles from the city gates—such as Chelsea, Kensington, Camberwell, Bayswater, St. John's Wood, etc. It is partly because of the absorption of so many villages in the great metropolis that it is afflicted with such confusion in its street nomenclature. If you wish to visit King street it is possible for you to explore ninety-four different streets of that name before you find the right one. If it is Queen street, your chance of hitting the right one the first time is just one in ninety-nine. Does your friend live on Church street—you are confronted by one hundred and fifty streets of that name besides the one you want! Even of John streets there are one hundred and nineteen, and of New streets—new a long while ago in most cases—one hundred and sixty-six! It becomes a necessity, in such cases, to give the street a surname, so to speak—as men begin to take surnames when James and John and Mary became frequent in the same circle of acquaintance.

Streets are often designated, therefore, by adding the name of some well-known thoroughfare into which they run, or the special neighborhood to which they belong, as Queen street, Cheapside; King street, St. James Square; Church street, Tooting; High street, Marylebone, etc. And in any case the initials of the general division of the city are usually affixed to the address—"E. C." for East Center; "W. C." West Center; "S. E." Southeast; "N." North, etc.—Good Company.

A Queer Bug.

A curious bug was brought to the Chronicle office this morning by Henry Hunt, a resident of North B street. Mr. Hunt found the bug in his back yard, and it is about the size of a quarter of a dollar, and its peculiarity is, that while it is shaped much like a turtle, it walks on only half of its legs at a time. It has six legs, three on a side. When it walks it balances itself on its edge and moves along at a good pace on three legs. After walking in this way about a minute it flops over and walks on the other three legs. Sometimes it walks on its two fore legs, like a man in a circus walking on his hands. Mr. Hunt asserts that the bug can execute a hand-spring, either backward or forward, but while it was in this office it did not essay a feat so difficult. Its back is a deep blue spotted with gold, and its belly is striped with red. When the bug walks on its forelegs it remains one of a circus acrobat in spangles of many colors. While Mr. Hunt was exhibiting his bug, Captain Sam, the Pulte chief, came in with Charley, of Silver City. Sam remarked with a smile of superior knowledge: "Circus bug, you bet!" The Pulte stretched a string between two tables, and the bug walked the tight-rope on edge and then hung down from it by his hind feet. The Pultes venerate the insect, and say that when it appears in the fall with gold marks on its back it means plenty. Black flies, the sign of death and white spots famine. Aside from the absurd superstition, the bug is certainly a wonderful thing and its antics vastly amusing. Mr. Hunt refused ten dollars for it this morning, offered by Tom Buckner.—Virginia City (Nev.) Chronicle.

Burning a Dead Elephant.

Somebody asked a great German chemist, "What is man?" A pinch of phosphorus and a bucketful of water," was his answer. It recalls this contemptuous definition (made from a chemical standpoint), to read of a two-ton elephant reduced to a wheel-barrow load of chips. The London Telegraph describes the disposal made of "Boy," a dead elephant at the Zoological Gardens at Berlin: The corpse of this colossal public favorite was found to weigh considerably over two tons, exclusive of the bones, and had to be divided into several sections before it could be conveyed away from the gardens to the furnace by which it was eventually consumed.

Eight strong men assisted to lift the skin alone into a cart. "Boy's" hide weighed twelve hundred weight, and was found to be two inches thick in some parts and an inch and three-quarters thick along the spine. It was so much damaged, however, by the illness to which "Boy" succumbed, that eminent taxidermists, to whose inspection it was submitted, pronounced it unfit for preservation, and declined to attempt to stuff it.

Accordingly, it was reduced by combustion to ashes, and yielded half a hundred weight of manure, valued at £4s. 6d.

The whole of his carcass, with the exception of the bones, which have been preserved for the purpose of reconstructing his skeleton, was consumed by the action of steam until all that was left of it could be carried away in a wheelbarrow, and sold to a gardener for 18s.

Batteries are covered with feathers; hairs are hollow tubes. The surface of our bodies is covered with scales like those of a fish. A single grain of sand would cover a hundred of these scales, and a scale covers hundreds of pores. Through these narrow openings perspiration forces itself out, like water through a sieve.

TIMELY TOPICS.

Eighteen of the States have civil damage liquor laws. Their provisions are substantially the same, making dealers responsible peculiarly for all harm resulting from the sale of alcoholic beverages. New York, Massachusetts and Illinois have statutes precisely alike.

The Russian government is about to introduce one more penalty against journals published without preliminary censorship. They are now prohibited from publishing business advertisements. The Ruskaja Pictoria says that the measure will prove a punishment not only for the editors, but also for the advertisers, who, being innocent, may suffer more than the guilty editors themselves.

Charles A. Showe, a Chinaman, became a tea merchant in Boston thirty years ago, married an American wife, grew wealthy, and mixed in cultivated society. Lately he visited his native land, and, on returning, says to the Boston Herald: "Every thing in China seemed almost as strange to me as it did to me when I first came to Boston." He found few social changes, however. "Individual taste, if it leads to a deviation from the set forms of society, is frowned down, and, so long as this feeling is prevalent in China, its people are slaves to custom, opinion and usage."

There is something strangely parallel in the tragic fates of Donaldson and Wise. These men were intimately associated in former years. Donaldson went up from Chicago, and Wise from his rival city, St. Louis. Each had with him one companion. Neither of the balloons were ever found, and the fate of each is a matter of conjecture, although it is thought that both were engulfed in Lake Michigan. Each of the companions were found some time after the occasion, each on the shores of Lake Michigan, one with a copy of a Chicago paper in his pocket, the other with a St. Louis paper.

The United States consul at Tien Tsin, China, in a dispatch to the Department of State, reports that two English physicians have had remarkable success in their practice in the royal family, leading to an immense practice among the common people. The viceroys have established a free dispensary and placed one of the doctors at its head. The whole expense is borne by the viceroys. He has also noticed favorably Miss Howard, M. D., an American lady, who holds high rank among the physicians of Peking. This liberal and humane course by the foremost man in the empire will do much to break down the prejudices of the people.

The Nevada Miner says that wherever in any part of the world silver mines have been worked they are worked now, unless by war, the invasion of Indians, etc., the work has been stopped. There is no silver mining region in the world that has given out. Mexican mines worked by the Aztecs before the conquest by Cortez are still as profitable as ever. The old Spanish mines, opened long before Hannibal's time, are still worked with enormous profits. The South American mines have constantly yielded their wealth for more than 300 years, and are as productive as ever. Mines in Hungary that were worked by the Romans before the time of Christ, still yield an abundance of ore.

The Hungarians are exceedingly jealous of their identity as a distinct and sovereign people, and carefully preserve their national usages and language. With the latter, however, they have much trouble, the tendency being to its gradual extinction before that of the more numerous and powerful Teutonic race, with which they are so joined that one or the other must give way. German is the official and judicial language of Hungary, and some of the schools are not only not conducted in Hungarian, but that language is not taught in them. An effort in the Hungarian Parliament to make instruction in the native tongue compulsory in the schools was under discussion some time ago, and was finally defeated because it was feared that it might create trouble with the rest of the empire.

The annual report of Dr. W. W. Strew, the medical superintendent of the City Lunatic Asylum, at Blackwell's Island, New York, presents an interesting and valuable exposition of the work of this important public charity. During the last year the total number of patients under treatment in the asylum was 1,797, of whom 304 were discharged either entirely or partially recovered. The death rate among the inmates was extraordinarily low, and the sanitary condition of the institution appears to have been admirable throughout. Dr. Strew, in his report, calls especial attention to the fact that a benevolent lady of this city has interested herself in procuring employment for cured and discharged patients who, after recovery, usually find it difficult to obtain situations, and expresses the hope that other friends of these unfortunate people will follow this laudable example.

A singular fact has been recently reported of the people of the little visited country of Annam, an independent though tributary state on the south of China. The natives of the country of pure descent have the great toes of each foot separated from the others like the thumb on the hand, and can do so with their toes in much the same manner that the thumbs are used, though, of course, to a much less extent, in the vicinity of the seaport of Sargon, where foreign intercourse has produced an admixture of races, this typical characteristic of the Annamese is gradually passing away; but in the northern section of the kingdom, where the race has remained distinct, it is rarely the case that a child is born without flexible toes. That this peculiarity is of great antiquity is shown by the fact that in the Chinese annals of the year 2300 B. C., there is a description given of the barbarian tribes that were then to be found upon the borders of the Chinese empire, and among these one tribe or race is mentioned as having this peculiar formation of the big toe.

They have no civil damage act in Germany, but even there the necessity of some restriction upon the sale of alcoholic liquors to such as have not sufficient discretion to use them properly appears to be conceded. In various districts, by authority of general instructions proceeding from the government, the police have prohibited tavern keepers from selling or otherwise furnishing to minors under the age of sixteen, apprentices or persons mentally deranged or weak, any distilled spirituous liquors

of whatever description, and a similar prohibition will apply to sales to confirmed drunkards, whenever the names of these latter have been given to the liquor vendors with a proper caution. Disobedience of these orders will be punishable by fine and imprisonment; but they are not intended to apply to the sale of beer, the consumption of which has never been found to cause injury to anybody. The police orders are to be posted in a prominent place in every tavern. This news must make German liquor sellers in America feel less persecuted and forlorn.

Romantic Episode in the Career of a United States Senator.

A correspondent writes as follows to the Boulder (Col.) News and Courier: The Denver papers publish two different statements concerning a duel that was to be fought in Breckenridge in the early settlement of this country, neither of which gives the true cause of the settlement of the difficulty, nor the reason it did not terminate fatally to one or both parties.

The principals in the duel were C. P. Hall, who is now in Montana, and Spicer, who is now in the Black Hills mining, and was formerly United States Senator from Alabama.

The difficulty occurred at a social gathering, where Hall, imagining Spicer had insulted him, wrote him a challenge to mortal combat, and placed it in the hands of a friend to be delivered to Spicer. The latter at once accepted the challenge, naming hatchets as the weapons, and the early part of the following day as the time of meeting.

The parties each bought hatchets, but they were not the size and weight that could be thrown with accuracy. Spicer had had practice as a boy in throwing a particular-shaped hatchet of a certain weight, and a blacksmith named George Bressler was employed to make two of the kind wanted. This delayed the time of meeting until afternoon, and the interval was employed without avail by mutual friends in the endeavor to settle the difficulty.

The parties met, and again friends interfered to stop the fight, but neither would retract nor make any apology, though this delay probably saved the life of Hall, for at this moment the mail carrier came in sight, and the seconds told the principals to wait, as the carrier might have a letter for one or both of them. They waited, and the carrier came up with a letter for Hall from his mother, who wrote that she had just visited Spicer's mother the day before writing, and how happy they both were to think of their two boys, who were together to take care of each other in case of sickness or trouble, if necessary.

Hall, after reading the letter, passed it to his second, who also read and handed it to Spicer's second, the latter giving it to Spicer. After the letter had been read all around both principals blamed themselves as being too hasty and apologized, Spicer soon after leaving for home, and during the war joined the Union army. Hall started for the Salmon river gold mines, but finding gold in Montana in the Sinking Water mines, he went there and was married.

Down a Chute.

A chute is laid from the river's brink up the steep mountain to the railroad, and while we are telling it the monster logs are rushing, thundering, flying, leaping down the declivity. They come with the speed of a thunderbolt, and somewhat of its roar. A track of fire and smoke follows them—fire struck by their friction with the chute logs. They descend the 1,700 feet of the chute in fourteen seconds. In doing so they drop 700 feet perpendicular. They strike the deep water of the pond with a report that can be heard a mile distant.

Logs fired from a cannon could scarcely have greater velocity than they have at the foot of the chute. The average velocity is over 100 feet in a second throughout the entire distance, and at the instant they leap from the mouth their speed must be fully 200 per second. A sugar-pine log sometimes weighs ten tons. What a living avalanche! How the water is dashed into the air! Like a grand plume of diamonds and rainbows, the feathery spray is hurled into the air to the height of a 100 feet. It forms the grandest fountains ever beheld. How the waters of the pond foam and seethe and lash against the shore.

One log, having spent its force by its mad plunge into the deep waters, has floated so as to be at right angles with the path of the descending monster. The mouth of the chute is perhaps fifteen feet above the surface of the water. A huge log hurled from the chute cleaves the air and alights on the floating log. You know how a bullet glances, but can you imagine a saw-log glance? The end strikes with a heavy shock, but glides quickly past for a short distance, then a crash like a reverberation of artillery, the falling log springs 150 feet vertically into the air, and with a curve like a rocket falls into the pond seventy yards from the log it struck.—Truckee (Nev.) Republican.

Thirteen Days Without Food.

The steamship England reached New York from Liverpool after a rough passage. When a longshoreman descended into the fore hold, which was stowed full of barrels, packed so closely as to leave only a space of about three feet between them and the deck, he heard talking and suddenly touched something that his lantern showed to be a human body. Soon afterward the sailors dragged to the light a man, still alive and conscious, but so reduced by starvation that he was only a living skeleton, with skin like shriveled parchment drawn over his bones. The ship's physician tried to force nourishment down the stowaway's throat; but he was too far gone, and in half an hour he died. It was evident that he was a foreigner, and when he was first taken on deck an Austrian girl from among the steerage passengers succeeded in understanding a few words that he was able to murmur. He begged for water, said that he had tasted neither food nor drink since the day the ship sailed and that his name was "Harry." That was all he was able to say. His body was sent to the morgue, in the narrow space into which the stowaway had squeezed himself just before the steamship sailed, he could only lie down or crawl around over the heads of the barrels; but could not stand nor could he sit upright. His clothing showed that in his terrible hunger he had gnawed it, as he had also gnawed bits of wood from the barrels.

The man who wears a watch chain should keep a watch on it.