

**Endurance.**  
How much the heart may bear and yet no break,  
How much the flesh may suffer and not die!  
I question much if any pain or ache  
Of soul or body brings our end more nigh.  
Death chooses his own time, till that has come  
All evils may be borne.

We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife  
Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel  
Whose edge seems searching for the quivering  
life;  
Yet to our sense the bitter pangs reveal  
That still, although the trembling flesh be  
torn,  
This, also, can be borne.

We see a sorrow rising in our way,  
And try to flee from the approaching ill;  
We seek some small escape, we weep and  
pray;  
But when the blow falls, then our hearts  
are still—  
Not that the pain is of its sharpness short,  
But yet it can be borne.

We wind our life about another life;  
We hold it closer, dearer than our own—  
Anon it faints and falls in deadly strife,  
Leaving us stunned, and stricken and alone;  
But, oh, we do not die with those we mourn;  
This, also can be borne.

Behold, we live through all things, famine,  
thirst,  
Bereavement, pain, all grief and misery,  
All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its worst  
On soul and body, but we cannot die,  
Though we be sick and tired and faint and  
worn;  
Lo, all things can be borne.  
—Elizabeth Akers Allen.

## THE SECRET.

I wish I could tell you—I do wish I could! I hate to have a secret; it burns like money in my pocket. It's an unnatural thing, anyway. One wants sympathy; if it's a gloomy secret, somebody to be gloomy with; and if it's a glad one, somebody to be glad with; somebody to talk it over with, to make much or little of it with, to conjecture concerning it, its beginning and its end, to dwell upon it and goat over it; how in the world is one going to enjoy anything all by one's self! If I'm eating a peach, I want somebody to have part of it, to know how luscious it is; and I wouldn't give a sixpence for a coach and four unless there were somebody by to see me riding. So I say to myself, what's the use of knowing it if you're not to speak or look, or wink, if you're not to be wiser than other people, and let nobody see that you are? And as for me, I am always blushing, and my tongue is tripping, and I'm sure to be on the point of betraying the whole thing by something I say, and clapping my hand on my mouth like a silly child.

Still, although it's nervous and anxious work, I can keep a secret if I try, or else when he—I mean she—at least I mean I shouldn't have been trusted with it if I couldn't. Some people are so important with a secret, and go about as if they knew enough to hang the rest of the world. But I never am; I only long to tell it; and I do so want to tell you this one. But there—I promised I wouldn't breathe it, and a promise is a promise, you know.

I wouldn't care half so much to tell if it were only a common place affair, if there were no romance about it at all. But there is. Some people are so fond of romance—our Romaine is; and I don't believe that anything could have pleased her half so much that happened in the regular, expected way. Our Romaine always was so full of fancies and ideals, and when there's anything romantic going, it always falls to her lot. Don't you think she's a beauty? I do; so tall, so beautifully made, so gracious, such hair—such soft fragrant hair—such eyes like jewels, and her skin so like a tea-rose! I don't believe any of those famous beauties that you read about can hold a candle to her—that I don't! I always wondered why she didn't take some one of her lovers, although I knew, too, or thought I did; for she was just as lovely ten years ago, when she came home from school at seventeen—the very day those dreadful soldiers came, you recollect—as she is to-day. She had been gone so long—four years—that everything about the place was just as sweet and strange to her as if it were a kingdom she had just come into; and she was going round, looking at this and exclaiming at that, caressing the creatures which knew her, every one of them, even to the parrots—just rejoicing in everything; and I, a little six-year-old worshiper, was following her in adoration, with the newscot following me; when all at once the lawn was crowded with soldiers, and the yard was full of foragers, and the horses, Romaine's own Guldare, and mamma's, were being led away, and all the cows were lowing, and the pigs were squealing, and the fowl were cackling, as those wretches took possession; and some were building fires in the yard, and the rest were swarming into the house. And they were in the china closet, ravaging the store-room, were in the bedrooms, in the wardrobes, and a parcel of them had poor mamma in a corner, and had torn away her shawl, and one was flourishing her cap on the point of his bayonet, and Romaine had sprung into the midst of them, threatening them with a wild fury, when suddenly a voice rang over the uproar, a terrible commanding voice, somebody strode through the throng, and seizing by the shoulder first one and then another of the men who had cornered mamma and Romaine, flung them on this side and on that, and in one moment silence fell, and man by man they were tumbling down the stairs, and marching out of the hall by files; and the officer who had wrought the change—a tall, slender young fellow of whom one could see little but the eyes blazing like wild-fire, for the torn and dropping visor of his cap, and for the brown beard covering his brown face, and the smears of smoke and powder, put mamma's shawl about her shoulders, bowed low to Romaine, and took me in his arms a moment and looked at me, and set me down again, and was passing out, when Romaine ran forward and caught his hand, and began to pour out a torrent of thanks. He turned and smiled. "I deserve no thanks," he said. And then, half hesitating a single instant, he raised Romaine's hand, that still forgetfully held his, and pressed it to his lips, and was gone. And a curious old silver-set diamond on his hand, whose stones made a tiny crescent, took my

baby eye, so that I always remembered it. But as I turned to Romaine—oh, how she looked then! I've never seen anything so beautiful since, she blushed such a rosy red, and her eyes lighted, and her smile grew dazzling, and I've thought, as I remembered it, that just so Eve might have looked when she woke and looked upon the world before her. And he turned in the door and saw her, and then he ran down the stairs, and mounted his horse, and presently we heard the last of them trooping over the hill. They took Guldare and All with them, though, for all of the young officer; but the very next day Guldare came into the yard by herself, and neighed for her oats.

Well, now, do you know, I believe that from that very moment Romaine made that young officer her hero and her ideal. She didn't know his name, she didn't know his regiment, she didn't know his rank, she had hardly seen his face; but, for all that, she just resolved—very likely without putting it in so many words to herself—that if she couldn't marry him, she would never marry anybody, and she would keep herself and all her thoughts sacred to this hero. And she did. And that is what has given her this air of remoteness, almost as she belonged to a superior race, you know. She didn't know whether her hero was alive or dead; there were skirmishes in the neighborhood, and before long a great battle farther off; but there were no means of learning anything, of course, and he never came back.

Somehow I think she felt that if he were alive he would, and I think she began to look upon him as dead, and herself as well, don't you laugh—as something like a widow; and at any rate, as vowed to him. She was only seventeen then, you know. Oh, yes, I know I'm only sixteen myself, and a terrible chatterbox too, Paul says; but I know that things get fixed in one's mind at seventeen that even seventeen more years won't undo, and Romaine has only ten years more. But Romaine has the poetical temperament.

Well, in a year or two Uncle Paul died, and left mamma a comfortable fortune. As the farm really belonged to Paul, when he reached home mamma decided to come to the city for our winters, and to build this little villa for the summers, and sometimes Paul comes to us, and sometimes we go to him. A year ago nearly I came back from school. Mamma said I was very pretty, but very unformed, and she wondered what my teachers had been about to leave all this trouble for her, and she doubted what sort of a match I would make. I said how could I make any with Romaine still hanging on her hands? Whereupon mamma said Romaine was the most preposterous girl alive; she had just let millions slip through her fingers, and she didn't believe the Archangel Michael would make any impression on her. So I began to watch Romaine, and I found an old brass button was one of her treasures, and I learned what sort of people it was in when she felt an interest; I observed that she looked at Guldare, although Guldare was twenty years old; and I discovered, by accident again, put away with a lock of Mrs. Brynning's hair and a leaf from Shelley's tomb, that brass button and an old torn visor of a soldier's cap. Again, once when we were all recounting old times, and mamma was telling of the fright she had when the soldier was flourishing her cap on a bayonet, and the gratitude she felt to her deliverer, who, she always did feel, came straight from heaven to help her, and, for all she knew, went straight back again, I happened to be looking at Romaine in the glass, whereupon she turned as red as a red rose, and her eyes were white as a white rose, and faint, and had to get out of the room. I made up my mind about Romaine.

I was sorry, too; for some of Paul's people who used to come mooning round her were mighty nice. There was Colonel Rice—I don't know what he was colonel of, some fancy-fair or sidewalk regiment—I'm sure he'd never smelled powder except when shooting pigeons; but he had the lightest foot and hand, and oceans of money, and a drag. And he did send Romaine such flowers! and if she had but thrown her handkerchief, there was nothing he wouldn't have given her—cashmere shawls to walk on, and diamonds bright enough to read by. And there was an English earl's son, just back from buffalo hunting, who would have made a countess of her, only give him time enough; and goodness knows how many more of Paul's chums, and Senator Catchpenny, and the regulation swells, and Cousin Nicholas.

And Romaine disdained them all—every one of Paul's chums of course, and Cousin Nicholas on account of the old family feud that had always kept us apart; he was a hundred-thousandth cousin or so. And when the Englishman was round she just out-Americaned the Americans; and nothing but the dread of a scene with mamma could get her behind Colonel Rice's horses, although I should have been glad of the chance; and that is the way it had been with one or another for nine or ten years, mamma said; and Romaine was undoubtedly a fixture.

"I don't know about your having the right to hold yourself so inaccessible," said mamma to her one day, as she was winding up a talking-to that sent Romaine out of the room crying. "What is there about you that no man in America, or Europe either, that can see, is fit to marry you, I should like to know?"

Romaine was dancing that night with Cousin Nicholas at Mrs. Glance's ball. The delicious waltz music made me feel just single. Mamma let me go to a ball just then, to show people what she had in reserve, Romaine said. But there was Romaine, so listless, so lovely, so indifferent, and Nicholas looking down at her so eager, so intent, and then leading her out into the moonlight, as if he would take her away from all these people, and into another world. "It's no use, Cousin Nicholas," I said, when he happened to think of me, half an hour afterward, and brought me an ice; "she wouldn't marry you if you were made of gold. She wouldn't marry anybody but a soldier anyway" (all at once Nicholas' face lighted up), "and him only if he had been nearly shot to pieces; and only one soldier out of all of them, I do believe." I made haste to add, for I didn't want to encourage him.

"How much must a man do to earn his case?" said Nicholas, in his slow languid way, which always did seem to make him taller and more broad-shouldered than ever. He was a handsome fellow, with his fresh color, his white forehead, his grizzled curling hair in tight rings like that of an old Greek head, his teeth gleaming from under the dark mustache when he smiled. I didn't see how she could help being at-

tracted to him, being—being in love with him, you know. "How many scars must he show?" he drawled. "Does she want you to wear your uniform and your bandages all the time?" And then his eyes flashed, he thrust his fingers through the gray rings, and I saw where a bullet had plowed its way among them. "That was my ticket to a hospital," he cried. And then he pulled down his fingers across his forehead, and drew his fingers across his forehead, and said, "What more does she want? Shall I tell her a ball made this dimple in my chin? That I carry the five wounds about me? I suppose if I took off both arms and both legs every night, she would have me out of hand."

"No, she wouldn't," I said. "She wouldn't have you unless you were a tall slender fellow whose eyelashes were burned off, whose face was covered to the eyes by a torn visor above and by a brown beard below, who kissed her hand, and wore an odd silver-set diamond crest on his—I saw it—and whom she has set up in her shrine for ever and ever. Why, Cousin Nicholas, what is the matter with you?" For he had suddenly burst into the gayest and most uproarious laugh. "You had better tell me, so that I can laugh too," I said, feeling as though I ought to be angry, but deciding that I could not be vexed with Cousin Nicholas. "I've no doubt she'll think better of you when I tell her about your scars," I said.

"When you tell her about my scars?" he exclaimed, so that I started and trembled. "Open your lips to her about them, you blessed little chatterbox, and I'll kill you! If she won't care for me without scars, she sha'n't care for me at all!"

"Well, I declare, I never—" I began. "Just take me to mamma, if you please, if Paul heard you speaking so to his—"

"Hang Paul! Hush! hush!" he said, drawing my hand through his arm and holding it. "You have made me happier to-night than you ever can again."

"I think everybody has gone crazy!" I cried. And then, instead of his taking me to mamma, Cousin Nicholas' arm slid round my waist, and he was whirling me round the room to the maddening waltz music in a way that mamma asserted afterward was utterly inexcusable, and that Romaine declared took her breath away. "I should never have thought of you," she said.

"Dear me," I answered; "you don't suppose he's going to go sailing like a furnace for you forever, when you—"

"When I what?"

"Have refused him twenty times."

"I've never had the chance to refuse him once. I don't want to have it!"

"You're afraid you'd accept him, miss," I exclaimed.

"I don't want to accept him."

"You'd accept him quickly enough if he was a slender young officer with a face hidden by a bright brown beard, and smooches and smirches of powder, driving his soldiers out of the house—the first man that ever kissed your hand, Miss Romaine, with an odd silver-set diamond ring on his—"

"You needn't think I have any eyes, if I wasn't, but six years ago, or any memory, or any faculty of putting two and two together."

"Oh, how can you be so cruel!" she cried, hiding her face in her hands.

"I'm not cruel," I said. "It's you that are cruel, and silly too. Cousin Nicholas is worth a dozen of that fellow that you set up for yourself; to bow down to. Don't you suppose Cousin Nicholas would have driven the soldiers out, and have kissed your hand too?"

"Nicholas, where bullets were flying—"

"Yes, where bullets were flying, and riddled with them, besides. And you don't deserve him, that you don't, if you are beautiful. But, oh! I do declare, Romaine, when you are so perfectly lovely, and he does love you so, for you to—"

"How do you know he loves me so?" He never said it.

"As if there were no other speech than just so many words! I can't see how you can be so unfeeling."

"I never said I was unfeeling."

"What? Really, Romaine? Are you in earnest? Do you really care for him, just a little?"

"I—I—I mean I could—maybe. But—but then, you know, dear, I—I can't talk about it. I feel as if I were pledged—as if I were breaking a bond."

"To that other fellow? Fiddlesticks! ends! You, twenty-seven years old, almost an old maid, and as silly as that! Now I'll tell you what, if you don't turn a short corner, I'll see what I can do myself; and when it's too late for you, you'll be eating your heart out with envy and rage. There he comes now, and I'm going out to see him and begin;" and so I ran down the lawn to meet him as he gave his horse to the groom—it was only the next day after Mrs. Glance's ball.

"I've something to tell you," I said, taking his arm and holding it in a way to drive vexation to Romaine's heart, for I knew she was looking at us behind a curtain somewhere.

"And I've something to show you, my dear child," he answered, and he fumbled in his pocket a moment, and then, opening his hand just a little way, let me see a gleam of something sparkling—diamonds—silver-set.

"Nicholas!" I cried. And I stood open-mouthed, looking him over from head to foot.

"Ten years make great alterations," he hummed.

"But, Nicholas—"

"Hush! hush!" he said. "Do you believe she has suspected?"

"Oh, never! Oh, make haste! Oh, do go in! She's in the music-room, looking out behind the curtain." And I never was so impatient with anybody in my life as with the slow, careless gait at which he went up the lawn and into the house.

I ran in, half an hour afterward, to get my Japanese work. They had gone out on the balcony, and were leaning over the rail together, looking at the sea; and as I just glanced at them there was a color in Romaine's cheek and a glory in her eye that almost made my heart stop beating. And suddenly I made a dart at her, and caught her hand and held it up. And they both seized me with one accord that moment, and swore me to secrecy. And I promised; and a promise is a promise, you know, and although I'm dying to tell you, wild horses won't get it away from me, and I never, never shall tell you what I was I saw on Romaine's finger.—*Harper's Bazar.*

"Silence is golden." Aunt: "Has any one been at these preserves? (Dead silence.)" "Have you touched them, Jimmy?" Jimmy: "Pa never lows me to talk at dinner."

**Emigrants' Costumes.**  
One thing that strikes the observer contemplating the emigrants as they arrive, says a New York paper, is the people of the old world. The national costumes that formerly gave such a picturesque appearance to the emigrants, are disappearing. From Germany, Holland, England, Sweden and Ireland come now about the same general style of garments, varied simply in cut and color, all bearing a close resemblance to the general fashion of raiment worn here. Yet, occasionally, one still encounters groups from countries more remote or further in the rear of universal progress toward assimilation who are well worthy of attention and remark. A party of Icelandic men, six in number, arrived here not long ago, whose garb would have been a prize for a sideshow. Their pantaloons of dark gray frieze extended up to their armpits. Their vests and coats just met the upper edge of the pantaloons, and from each coat dangled between the shoulders of its wearer a pair of the funniest, most ridiculous and diminutive tails it is possible to imagine. Big silver buttons that had been bequeathed from father to son for many generations studded the garments. The handsome men's costumes worn by any emigrants are those of long stockings, velvet knee-breeches, embroidered vests, short cloaks, etc.—shaped hats adorned with feathers, etc. It is a dress that has been familiarized throughout the country by the many bands of Tyrolean singers who have "yodel-ed" all over the land, and one which, by its beauty, deserves to be retained. The women from the same country have brightly-striped petticoats, sometimes with strips of gold or silver lace that make a very bright and pleasing show. Almost always both men and women have finely developed, handsome forms, which their costume displays to the best advantage. Their faces are generally very good—the women often very pretty—and of all emigrants they are among the cleanest and neatest.

The gayest-plumaged emigrant birds are the Finlanders. They wear mostly homespun materials, but gaudy with bright colors. Generally they come in colonies of forty or fifty persons, and when such a band arrives they seem to brighten all their surroundings. The women's dresses are like very fancy bathing suits of red, white and blue—no half tints or shades, but strong, pronounced colors—and their headgear consists of snowy white frilled mob caps. The fondness for color which distinguishes them is shown even in the dress of the men, who wear coat bindings of brilliant contrasting tints. On their heads the men wear colored caps of knitted wool like the fishermen of Brittany. Finland babies are brought here hung conveniently in leather bags on their mothers' backs, in just the same fashion that an Indian squaw carries her papoose. They seem to be a serious, sedate sort of babies, weighted down by the depression that must assail a baby's mind when it finds itself slung about like a package in that extraordinary way. The last colony of Finlanders that came here, only a few weeks ago, all seemed well-to-do, and brought with them from their home a sufficient quantity of dried meat, dried fish and other edibles to last them until they reached their destination in Minnesota.

**They Missed the Boy After All.**  
Jack was not a bad boy, but he was a terrible mischievous one, and his parents really felt relief at the thought that he was to start for boarding-school the next day. His father thought of it when he found that Jack had used his razor to whittle a kite-stick. He thought so again when he discovered that Jack's ball had gone through the parlor window. Jack's mother thought so when she found muddy footprints all over the parlor carpet and a great scar on the piano leg. They both thought so when they chatted at the supper table was interrupted by whistling and the upsetting of the milk pitcher, and they told Jack so when, after having driven almost wild his mother, who was trying to read the evening paper, by getting up a fight between the dog and cat, he sat down on his mother's new bonnet she had just been fixing, and utterly ruined it. Early the next morning Jack was packed off. Oh! what a relief from noise and trouble it was. His father's razer remained undisturbed; no sound of breaking glass was heard; the parlor carpet was unstained by mud. But, somehow, the house didn't seem cheerful to its occupants. It was a long day. Tea was served. There was no whistling and upsetting of dishes to interrupt the conversation, but the talk didn't seem to run so smoothly after all. And when it came to reading the evening paper and fixing up another bonnet, the dog and cat slept serenely on the hearth-rug, and no disturbance interrupted the proceedings. That's the difference between having a boy in the house and having him away, and the gentleman put down his paper and remarked as much to his wife, when he noticed a quivering about her mouth and two big drops on her cheeks, and there was a kind of mistiness about his eyes that bothered him about seeing.

"Yes," she answered; "it is nice—and quiet; uh, uh, on-u-u!" and he got up and went to the window and looked out and blew his nose for twelve minutes steadily.

**A Morning Star of Memory.**  
The Chicago Times relates a sad but beautiful incident of woman's devotion. In the fashionable west division of the city there lived a young couple who were engaged to be married, but ere the ceremony had been performed the gentleman was taken down with that most loathsome of diseases, smallpox, and was conveyed to the pest-house. Thither the young lady followed, and there she nursed him back to life but not to one of its greatest blessings. The case developed into the dreadful type known as "confluent," and when the young lover arose from his couch he realized the doom of desolation entailed upon him—he was stricken blind. And now, says the Times, while the warm sun is waking into vernal beauty park and boulevard, and while the shade trees are throwing out their umbrageous love-branches, a stalwart man, erect and stately still, although destitute of vision and with a face scarred by that fell malady, may be seen walking slowly and the beauties of the summer time, and by his side a young girl, upon whom he leans for guidance, and who is to him "the morning star of memory" that cannot fade or faint, or die until the last dread summons make even such sublime devotion vain to preserve a life that must be, without such solace, worthless and desolate beyond expression.

**A FREE PRESS.**  
**Some of Its Advantages Tercely Stated.**  
The beautiful idea of getting something for nothing is nowhere more readily traceable than in a newspaper office.

So much has been spoken, written and sung about a "free press," that people have come to accept the term in a sense altogether too literal.

If a man has a scheme of any kind germinating he just steps into the editorial room and details it with the remark: "I'm not quite ready to advertise yet, but a few words will help me along." He gets the few words and never gets ready to advertise.

Two tickets admitting lady and gent to the "G. R. X. M. T.'s grand ball," are expected to produce a six-line local and a quarter of a column of description of the ladies' toilets after the ball is over.

Church fairs and the like are worse than balls. They never leave tickets, but demand more space, because "it's a matter of news and a help to the cause."

Should a boy saw off his finger, "Dr. C. O. Plaster" dressed the wound with great skill, "would be a graceful way of stating it, and besides it is "unprofessional" to advertise.

The patent rat-trap man brings in one of his combinations of wire and moldy cheese bait, sticks it under the editor's nose, and explains how they catch 'em every time the spring works. "It's something of interest to the community, and if you put in a piece save me a dozen papers," which he quietly walks off with, as though he had bestowed a favor in allowing editorial eyes to gaze on such a marvel of intricacy.

An invitation "to come down and write up our establishment" is a great deal more common than a two-square "ad" from the same firm. Newspapers must be filled up with something or other, you know.

The lawyer, with strong prejudices against advertising, is fond of seeing his cases reported in full in the newspapers, with an occasional reference to his exceedingly able manner of conducting the same. It is cheaper than advertising.

In fact everybody, from a tizzard, who has an axe to grind, asks the newspapers to turn the crank, and forgets to even say thank you, but will kindly take a free copy of the paper as part pay for furnishing news.

The press being "free" all hands seem bound to get aboard and ride it to death. That is why newspapers are so rich that they can afford to pay double price for white paper, and never ask Congress to aid them by removing the duty on wood pulp.—*New Haven Register.*

**A Queen as a Circus Rider.**  
The ex-king and Queen of Naples live at the Hotel Vouillemont, in Paris, in the Rue Boissay d'Anglais, a life of perfect seclusion. The king cares only for two things—first, his crown, which he still fondly hopes to regain, and secondly, his consort, whom he worships and whose every whim and caprice he humors and obeys. He himself cares little or nothing about horses, but the queen, like her sister, the Empress of Austria, adores horse-flesh, his majesty is ever ready to give any price for the best cattle. The life of these royal exiles is tedious and monotonous enough. The king spends his days, when he is not with the queen, reading or dictating to his secretaries, fondly imagining that he is really the head of a party, and that the few Italian noblemen who gather round him care more for the success of his cause than for the pecuniary assistance he may afford them. His majesty will sometimes dictate or write far into the night, walking up and down the room in a feverish state of excitement, and at length, when rosy-fingered dawn begins to spread her palms in the sky, going to bed to dream of a triumphant return to the throne of his father, the king of Naples.

The queen has nothing to occupy her time but her toilet and her horse. She will have her hair dressed four times a day to kill time, and keeps five maids, although she does not receive and goes nowhere save to her sister's, the Duchess d'Alencon. Her great pleasure, however, is riding, and she is even a finer horsewoman than the Empress of Austria. During the bad weather her majesty went every day to the circus or hippodrome, and latterly has actually been taking lessons how to do circus tricks on horseback, a servant throwing balls to her, which she catches, going at a gallop and leaning back so that her head almost touches the horse's tail. The poor king stands by admiring and ever at hand to see that his beloved consort, whom he worships as a goddess, meets with no harm.

**The Great Lakes.**  
The latest measurements of the great fresh water seas are as follows: The greatest length of Lake Superior is 335 miles; its greatest breadth is 160 miles; mean depth 688 feet; elevation, 627 feet; area, 82,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Michigan is 300 miles; its greatest breadth, 108 miles; mean depth, 690 feet; elevation, 506 feet; area, 23,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Huron is 200 miles; its greatest breadth, 169 miles; mean depth, 600 feet; elevation, 374 feet; area, 20,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Erie is 250 miles; greatest breadth, 80 miles; mean depth, 84 feet; elevation, 555 feet; area, 6,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Ontario is 180 miles; its greatest breadth, 65 miles; mean depth, 500 feet; elevation, 261 feet; area, 6,000 square miles. The length of all five is 1,265 miles, covering an area of upward of 136,000 square miles.

**The "Great Hurricane."**  
The most terrible wind storms of noo occur in this latitude. What is known as the great hurricane started from Barbadoes October 10, 1780, engulfed an English fleet anchored before St. Lucia, ravaged that island, where six thousand lives were lost, traveled to Martinique, where it sunk a French fleet of forty ships, carrying four thousand soldiers, devastated St. Domingo, St. Vincent, St. Eustache and Porto Rico, and sunk many vessels sailing in the track of the cyclone. Nine thousand persons perished at Martinique and a thousand at St. Pierre. At Port Royal 1,400 houses were blown down, and 1,600 sick and wounded were buried beneath the walls of the hospital. Great as has been the suffering and loss of life from tornadoes in this country, they cannot be compared to this truly great hurricane of a century ago.

**Killing Four Panthers in Two Hours.**  
Panthers must be quite abundant in Oregon, judging from the following story, which we find in the *Buller Creek Enterprise*, of that State. A few days ago Mr. Haugh, who lives near Scott's mills, started for Beaver lake to get some cedar timber. He had along a large-bored rifle, a little rat-terrier and a rather large dog of part Newfoundland breed. After leaving the main road and getting on an almost blind road he saw a panther cross the road ahead of him. He stopped the team, tied them to a small tree and followed the dogs, who succeeded in treering the panther in a very short time. It was on a large oak tree, about thirty feet from the ground, and growing savagely. Mr. Haugh fell back a short distance, in order to get a rest shot, fired and his game fell dead to the ground, having made a final leap which brought him about fifteen or twenty feet from the tree. On going back to the wagon the children pointed out another panther, back on the road over which they had passed. On approaching it to get a shot it darted into the brush, followed by the two dogs, who succeeded in treering it on one without any difficulty. On following the dogs Mr. Haugh found it on the large limb of a fir tree about twenty-five or thirty feet from the ground. Getting a rest on the side of a tree some distance away, he shot this one. At the crack of the gun the panther jumped from the tree and was followed by the dogs. On following them it was found dead about 100 yards from where it was shot. On approaching the ranch where Mr. S. Huelet once embarked in the cattle business he found that the little dog had succeeded in treering a panther about two-thirds grown. This one was shot dead. Before Mr. Haugh had time to load he heard the big dog barking at something about 300 yards off down the hillside. On going to where it was he saw the biggest panther he ever saw—a very large female. She was growling and snapping her teeth at the dog so much that she formed the most savage picture he had ever seen. It was difficult to get a good shot, but on firing she came down and the limb on which she was with her. As she ran off the dog followed her, and on coming up with them he saw her on a stump about twenty-five feet from the ground. Mr. Haugh shot again, but as no vital part was struck it only succeeded in making her growl and lash her tail fiercer than ever. On looking for a bullet Mr. Haugh found that he had only half a bullet left, with which he had to make a successful shot or lose his game. His patching was all gone as well, so tearing off part of the lining of his coat, he put it round the bullet and rammed it home. Taking a careful aim he fired. This time he saw the huge beast tumble to the ground, to be seized by the dogs. She seized the big dog by the scalp with one paw, and had succeeded in tearing the scalp nearly off when death put an end to her struggles. The last one, on being measured, was over nine feet long from tip to tip. All the panthers were full grown, except one, which was only about two-thirds grown. They were all killed within two hours.

**Tusked by a Wild Boar.**  
The tye lands of San Joaquin valley, California, are several feet under water, and as a consequence the farmers cannot work, but devote their time to hunting wild hogs, which have been driven to the hills by the overflow. W. H. Tredway, late of Reno, but now a rancher down there, was the victim of an unpleasant adventure recently. He went out in company with his son Sylvester to look after some poison he had fixed for coyotes. When two miles from home they scared up a wild boar, which must have weighed 350 pounds. Improvising a lasso out of his saddle rope, Mr. Tredway caught the beast over his mouth, which infuriated his lordship, and he charged.

Before they could get out of the way it was upon them. Tredway's horse was the first victim, and was badly wounded by the tusks of the hog, which were nearly six inches long. To rescue his horse Tredway jumped to the ground, when the hog rushed upon him, and before he could gain his balance one of the tusks pierced his right leg, running upward and coming out back of the knee joint, making a frightful wound. Mr. Tredway mounted his horse and started for home. He had not gone far when he became faint from the loss of blood, and had to dismount and lie by the roadside while Sylvester went for a wagon. He was soon conveyed to the house, where he is now laid up for repairs under a doctor's care.

**Artificial Respiration.**  
The *Medical Press and Circular*, 1880, informs us that in a recent communication to the French academy, Professor Fort raises again the question of premature interments. One fact he mentions, is that he was enabled to restore to life a child three years old by practicing artificial respiration on it four hours, commencing three hours and a half after apparent death. Another case was communicated to him by Dr. Fournel, of Biarritz, who, in July, 1878, re-animated a nearly drowned person after four hours of artificial respiration. This person had been in the water ten minutes, and the doctor arrived one hour after asphyxia. Professor Fort insists also on the utility of artificial respiration in cases of poisoning, in order to eliminate the poisons from the lungs and glands. The length of time it is desirable to practice artificial respiration in any case of apparent death from asphyxia Professor Fort has not yet determined, but his general conclusion is that should be maintained perseveringly for several hours.

**In One Lifetime.**  
Some one has recently written: I am not an old man; yet in material things I have seen the creation of a new world. I am contemporary with the railroad, the telegraph, the steamship, the photograph, the sewing machine, the steam plow, the friction match, gaslight, chloroform, nitro-glycerine, the monitor, the calorific engine, the California gold discoveries, the oil well discoveries, gutta serena, canned fruits, the electric light, the telephone, etc. These are some of the footprints of material progress of the present generation. Do you think the moral world will remain the same as before? That society will remain unaffected by these changes? If you do, let me call your attention to the fact that the same generation has seen the abolition of slavery on a grand scale, the ascendancy of republicanism in America, the opening of China and Japan, the institution of the world's fairs, and the agitation for the freedom of women. And the march is steadily on, with accelerating motion. What is its meaning? Where will it end?