

Consistency. There a time to wake and a time to sleep. A time to sow, a time to reap. There's a time for work, a time for play. A time for haste, a time for delay. A time for rejoice, a time to weep. A time for the living, a time for the dead. There a time for hope and expectations. A time for fulfillment and realizations. Poor mortal, whatever thy lot may be, Cultivate flashes of consistency. There's a time for love and a time for hate. A time to grieve, a time to abate; There's time to adhere, a time to secede, A time to wound and a time to bleed; There's a time to endure, a time to forbear, A time to do and a time to dare; There's a time for silence, a time to unfold, A time for the meek and a time for the bold; Poor mortal, whatever thy lot may be, Cultivate flashes of consistency. There's a time to abide, a time to abstergo, A time to caress and a time to scourge; There's a time to intrust, a time to decry, A time for decay and a time to espy; There's a time for justice, a time for right, A time for pity and a time for might; There's a time for the noble, the good, and the true, A time to gather and a time to strew; Poor mortal, whatever thy lot may be, Cultivate flashes of consistency. —Charles A. Fischer.

The Red Flag at No. 54.

(Mrs. GRAY to Mrs. THOMPSON.) Cousin Ned from California, Nevada, New Mexico, and all other places beyond the Rocky mountains, has been paying us a visit. You know just what a jolly good soul Ned always was, and he is just as jolly now—as why should he not be, with an income of six or seven thousand a year? Beside that my poor George's eighteen hundred hides is diminished head. He is handsomer than ever, too—the same merry brown eyes and chestnut hair; but, in addition, he has a new air, so altogether distinguished that our neighbors all go to their windows to gaze after him. Well, do you know, the moment he appeared I set my heart on him for our dear old friend Adelaide, who shall not waste her sweetness on the desert air if I can help it. You know I always had a fancy for matchmaking, though, to confess the truth, I have never yet scored a success in that line; my two predestined affinities always fly off at a tangent just as I flatter myself it is an fait accompli. (You will perceive I have not forgotten quite all the French we learned together at the Riverside seminary, notwithstanding my years of devotion to pies and puddings. I will keep a little of it out of respect for the memory of poor Mademoiselle Laurent who worked so hard to drill it into me.)

But Adelaide and Ned have been corresponding a year or two; she speaks of her with great respect—as how could he otherwise, of course?—and I have fondly hoped that his mission to the East may have more relation to the affairs of the heart than to mining success, as he pretends. Well, soon after his arrival three weeks ago, Ned and I were sitting in the dining-room alone; the children had started for school, and George had kissed me and gone downtown, after a neighbour's talk with Ned about ranches, and burros, and gulches, and canons. Now that I was alone with our visitor the conversation took a confidential turn, bordering on the sentimental, and in pursuance of the idea uppermost in my mind, I told him I thought it mysterious, providential, that he had not fallen a victim to some bonanza success, or some bewitching scortaria with no dowry but her beauty. "And by the way," I went on, "what was ever the trouble between you and the captain's daughter?" You remember of course, Julia, how much we heard at the time about that affair—how during the war I used to read to you, even during study bouts, the letters I had received from brother Jim, stationed at Fortress Monroe, giving the details, in Jim's rather sentimental style, of the serious flirtation in progress between Lieutenant Ned, of Company C, and Captain Darrington's pretty daughter, of the regulars? And afterward, how some way a suspicion came between them—somebody could tell how only that Ned was lasty, and had exaggerated ideas of a man's prerogatives, perhaps, and Miss Darrington proud and shy? So it was forgotten. And now this same lieutenant, after hair-breadth escapes from shot and shell, and scalping Apaches, sat there in an easy chair by my Baltimore neighbor and actually turned pale because I mentioned the "captain's daughter!" Love is indeed la grande passion. I had nothing to communicate, however; bade me consider that we were always great fools at twenty-one, and likely at that time to get caught in a trap, or, on the other hand, to throw our chances of happiness away, just as it chanced to be; he became silent, and I had not the heart to rally him as he sat there watching the floating smoke of his cigar with a far-off look in his eyes—knowing as I did that he had gone back fifteen years, and that he was walking the moonlight beach with pretty Lottie Darrington, while the band of the regiment played in the distance. From the sublime to the ridiculous—it is always my fate, dear Julia, Barney, the bottom of the neighborhood, tapped at the window, and as I raised my head, "A fine morning, mum," said he; "there's a red flag out at Number 54, and I thought I'd be after comin' to ye. 'Tis a lonesome house, and a lonesome body, more's the pity." You see Barney knows my weakness, and he had seen me a few days before an animated bidder at an auction in the neighborhood. "Thank you, Barney; I think I'll be on hand," I replied, closing the window. "A fine leddy," to be sure; I had often met her—a fair-faced woman, plainly and tastefully dressed, walking with two charming children. Her house seemed the abode of peace and comfort, so far as the passer-by could judge, and what could have compelled the breaking up of so cosy an establishment? At all events I would not stop to speculate—it was possible here was my opportunity to secure a handsome sideboard at a bargain. As I wished to be on hand in time to look through the house before the sale began, I asked Ned to have the goodness to excuse me an hour or so. "Oh, I will go with you, Mrs. Tho-

dies," said he, quite gayly, and ran upstairs for his hat and cane. So off we went to No. 54, where the flaming flag announced the desecration of household gods. We were admitted by the man in charge of the sale; and such a charming abode! Not a downright curious shop, the effect of decorative art run mad, but such taste and ingenuity were everywhere. People with awkward, hard faces, boarding-house keepers, "second-hand men," peering the engravings and pretty water-colors on the parlor wall, running their greasy fingers over the keys of the piano, turning chairs topsy-turvy, and shaking tables to see how firm on their legs they might be. In the bay window was a large stand of beautiful white plants of which I resolved to carry off at least half. The two floors above were neat and pleasant; but it was the second story back that wrung my heart. It was the nursery. Toys and personal articles had of course been removed, but there was a pretty little bed beside the large one, and two cunning little rocking-chairs. The windows looked out on a pleasant garden, and here was sitting old Mrs. Wiggan, with whom I had a little acquaintance. "Such a charming house," said I, "is it not a pity to break up this pretty nest? Do you know the family?" "Poor Mrs. Graham! She lived here with her children so comfortably and happily, two or three lodgers on her upper floor, until a few months ago she lost everything by the failure of a banking-house. She had no relatives in the city; she struggled on, tried to get boarders, but the location is too remote; she sees no way but to give it up, place her children with friends in the country, and try to earn a livelihood by painting. She is said to be an excellent artist, though I'm no judge myself. These are all her own pictures, I believe. She is shut up in the back parlor; everything taken out of it but a chair. I saw her a few minutes ago. The tear was running down her cheeks, but there she sat, bravely stitching on her children's winter clothes, sewing on the last button, and mending the last stocking—poor thing. There are the little innocents at play now in the yard."

Mrs. Wiggan herself (although she had an eye on the best chamber set) wiped away a good generous tear; my eyes were dim, and I would gladly at that moment have relinquished the best bargain in sideboards. Ned, too, the dear old fellow, looked awfully sorry, as he gazed meditatively out of the window where the bright-eyed little girl and the boy with fair long curls were loading dirt into a tiny cart with a miniature shovel. From the floor above came the sharp ring of the auctioneer's voice: "How much, how much? Six dollars, did you say seven? Six dollars, seven dollars—gone at seven!" The auctioneer descended with his followers into the front chamber. Before I knew it Ned was there, and in his impetuous way was bidding in a fashion to astonish the second-hand men. He swept everything before him; Mrs. Wiggan, to be sure, stood him a little contest on the "set," and I laughed to see her glare at him, while he was so absorbed that several punches with my parasol had no effect whatever. "Was there insanity in his family?" I asked myself. By the time we reached the parlor the second-hand men had slunk away, the boarding-house keepers looked agast. I made a brave stand for the sideboard, but it was of no avail; and indeed most of us sat down leaving Ned and the auctioneer to themselves. Every article from the second floor down was purchased that morning by the distinguished stranger.

This amusing turn of affairs rather confirmed my hopes in regard to Adelaide; of course, thought I, he cannot rid himself entirely of those old recollections; but he knows very well the sterling worth of Adelaide, and what a noble, intelligent, devoted wife she will make. All had gone but Ned, myself and the auctioneer. The latter knocked at the door of the back parlor. "Come in," said a voice, and the burly man swung the doors aside. The mother was making an effort to rise, but the little fellow with the fair curls was clinging so closely about her neck that she could not readily free herself. As she arose and came forward we saw the traces of tears, the paleness of her face, the tremulousness of her whole form. From Ned, who was standing just behind me, I suddenly heard the words: "My God! is it possible?" and turning saw him with a face most indescribable in expression. Of course there was no doubt about his being out of his mind—too much auction had made him mad. The auctioneer, after opening the doors, had been called suddenly away, and we three now stood there—those two gazing at each other, and I at both. "Edwin!" at last said Mrs. Graham; "Edwin!" with a voice and smile so sweet and sad that I did not wonder at what followed.

Ned's face suddenly flushed all over. He stepped forward, stretching his arms toward her, "Lottie, my beloved, have I found you again?" and he clasped her to his heart. "And you, too?" said Barbie, cordially. "I like you." "And so these two, after years of separation, were brought together again. And in such an odd manner, too! I couldn't help thinking how differently I should have managed it, had I been writing a story instead of acting a part in real life. I should have found Mrs. Graham first, and sympathizingly won her to tell me the story of her troubles. Of course she would have mentioned Ned, and of course I should have seen as a glance that she loved him still. And then I should have been the good angel to bring them together, and merit the title of their life-long thanks, and instead of that, here was Barney acting the part of the angel without knowing it, and my own chance for a romantic adventure spoiled forever. It was shameful—abominable, and then my plans for Adelaide and Ned, of course it was clear they never could succeed now. And yet I felt delighted. I went home leaving Ned at No. 54.

What a heavenly change for Mrs. Graham! How different from that of the morning looking the sunlight of this afternoon. Her home intact—her little ones safely near—the prospect of the lonely garret faded away like a frightful dream. And Ned, happy as a clam, for having remembered the widow and the fatherless, I had them all to dinner that night. Mrs. Graham is charming. I will say it even if Adelaide dies an old maid.

There will be a wedding soon at No. 54. I have already received as a present a sideboard much handsomer than Mrs. Graham's. Barney will be provided for, and we shall all bless the day that Cousin Ned went to the auction and bought up the entire establishment—including a widow and two children not on the list.

Let me look after the dinner; but I thought I must write to you this little romance of my humdrum life. An ever your old chum, EMMA. —Ehrich's Quarterly.

The Orient. The native bazaars of Cairo and Alexandria reveal to the traveler at a glance, the character of the Orient; its cheapness, its squalor and occasional richness and gorgeousness. The shops on each side of the narrow street are little more than good sized warehouses, with rooms for shelves of goods in the rear, and for the merchant to sit cross-legged in front. There is usually space for a customer to sit with him and, indeed, two or three can rest on the edge of the platform. Upon cords stretched across the front hang specimens of the wares for sale. Wooden shutters close the front entrance. The little cubbies are not places of sale only but of manufacture of goods. Everything goes on in the view of all the world. The tailor is stitching, the goldsmith is blowing the bellows of his tiny forge, the saddler is repairing the old donkey saddle, the shoemaker is cutting red leather, the brazier is hammering, the weaver sits at his little loom with the treadle in the ground, every trade goes on, adding its own clatter to the uproar.

What impresses me most is the good nature of the throng under trying circumstances. The street is so narrow that three or four people abrade each other as they pass. The street is so narrow that three or four people abrade each other as they pass. The street is so narrow that three or four people abrade each other as they pass.

The traveler has come into a country of holiday which is perpetual. Under this sun and in this air there is nothing to do but to enjoy life and attend to religious five times a day. We look into a mosque; in the cool court is a fountain for washing; the mosque is sweet and quiet, and upon its clean matting a row of Arabs were prostrating themselves in prayer toward the niche that indicates the direction of Mecca. We stroll along the open streets, encountering a novelty at every step.

Here is a musician, a Nubian, playing upon a sort of tambour on a frame; a picking, feeble noise he produces, but he is accompanied by the oddest character we have yet seen. This is a stalwart, wild-eyed son of the sand, coal black, with a great mass of uncombed, disordered hair hanging about his shoulders. His only clothing is a breechcloth, and a round shaving-glass bound upon his forehead; but he has hung about his waist heavy strings of goats' hoofs, and these he shakes in time to the tambour, by a tremulous motion of his big body as he minces about. He seems to know his own value, and himself that I expect knowledge of his language in order to tell him that he looks like an idiot. —Charles Warner.

Dog Against Coon. Being in a tobacco store on Gravier street, New Orleans, Colonel Boyd fell to praising his blooded dogs of the terrier and bull species. His extravagance provoked the remark from Colonel D. Wilson, a bystander, that his colored porter owned a coon which could whip any fighting dog in the city. The talk became a dispute and the dispute grew and out of it came a wager. The fight took place at Nelligan's, once the great "sporting" center in New Orleans. The rules for the combat were drawn up regularly. Boyd led out a bull terrier named Sam. The dog weighed thirty-five pounds. He was a terrible thing of bone and teeth. The coon was a veteran, with long claws and teeth and heavy fur. The bet was: A \$1,000 to \$500 that the coon would give in ten minutes; \$1,000 to \$250 in ten minutes; \$1,000 to \$100 in one-half hour; by the watch. Several buckets of water were placed in the ring for Andy's benefit. By the time all was in readiness \$50,000 had been staked on the result, and the betters were all men of position in society. A member of Congress, the sheriff and all the city officials were present. The fight was opened by a dash of the terrier. For a full minute the beasts rolled in deadly embrace over the arena and the fur flew. At the end of the first round the dog wasn't such a favorite, though he still led. Round after round was fought until forty-five minutes had been consumed. The coon with singular cunning upset the buckets of water in the saw-dust so that the dog slipped here and there. The fight ended in the complete discomfiture of the dog, which died on the following day from his wounds. But where was the society for the suppression of cruelty to animals? And yet, considering that the combat occurred on Christmas day, 1855, the S. P. C. A. were not to blame perhaps.

The remains of grass-land in England this year show a considerable increase, while those of corn land show a corresponding decrease.

TIMELY TOPICS.

It is now tolerably certain that by the year 1883, when the New York world's fair is to open, the Brooklyn bridge and the Hudson river tunnel will both be finished and in constant use.

A writer in the Scotsman avers that out of 35,000 hams imported into Hamburg last year, 297 were found to contain trichinae, while of 14,000 sides of bacon eighty-five were found to be more seriously infested.

An exchange is responsible for the statement that more people lost their lives in this country by the burning of hotels in 1870, than by the accidents of travel on railroads and steamboats on all the rivers, lakes and sounds combined.

Little Wolf, who was sixteen years old when the declaration was signed, and he who had plenty of horses, but who, nevertheless, never saw Washington nor acted as his body servant, died recently in his wigwag near where he was born in 1790, on the St. Croix river in Wisconsin, five generations being present at his death.

A list of the railroad lines either directly or indirectly under the control of Mr. Jay Gould has been published, by which it appears that he now operates, under the Wabash consolidation, about 8,168 miles, or nearly one-tenth of the entire mileage of the United States. It is safe to say that, as far as an league is concerned, this is the largest combination of roads in the control of any one individual or corporation in the world.

William Pennix was a jolliest fellow in Lynn county, Ind. He fiddled and sang at the country gatherings, rode recklessly in horse races, and was seemingly incapable of a serious thought. Miss Bundy shared in the general estimate of his character, and laughed when he attempted courtship. He declared that for once he was in earnest, but she would not listen. The dead bodies of both were found in the road a few days ago. Pennix had proved his sincerity by murder and suicide.

The frequency of stammering in the south of France is found, on investigation, to equal twelve or thirteen cases in every 1,000 of the population, while in the eastern departments the proportion is only one to that number. It has been assumed that the defect was, in many instances, stimulated to avoid military conscription, but according to the Abbe Petitote there are two districts in the Bouches du Rhone where all the inhabitants—some 15,000—stammer. He ascribes this to long-continued in-marrriages among the communities, and to a consequent degeneracy of the race.

Professor Becke, of Marburg, Germany, after measuring 970 human hearts, says that the growth of that organ is greatest in the first and second years of life. At the end of the second year it is doubled in size, and during the next five years it is again doubled. Then its growth is much slower, though from the fifteenth to the twentieth year its size increases two-thirds. A very slight growth is then observed up to fifty, when it gradually diminishes. Except in childhood, men's hearts are decidedly larger than those of women.

One of the results of the many civil wars which have been waged in Spain is a list of officers out of all proportion to the strength of the armed forces. Each party as it has succeeded to power has been obliged to reward its adherents in the army by giving them promotion, and thus the list of officers, of higher rank especially, have continually increased in length. At present there are no fewer than 598 generals on the active list of the army, though the total strength of the latter, even including the national guards, provincial militia, and the carabinieri, is barely 150,000 of all ranks.

Some years since a cluster of women, in association with Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, founded a society whose purpose was to bring the influence of women to bear in the promotion of peace. Their annual meeting recently took place in Boston, and addresses were made by Mrs. Diaz, Miss Selma Borge, Miss Jennie Collins, Miss Horatio Ware, and others. One of the speakers illustrated the blight of war by mention of the single article of gunpowder, of which the annual production for military use was stated to be one hundred million pounds, which would be equivalent to ten million pounds of fertilizing nitrogen, again equivalent in productive capacity to five hundred million pounds of bread.

The origin of the familiar abbreviation SS., so often seen in legal documents, has caused not a little discussion. An exchange says that the received opinion that SS. is an abbreviation for scilicet is correct in substance. It stands, however, not simply for scilicet, but for three repetitions of the word. The courtcrier precedes announcements by "Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye," and in like manner writs and memorials of courts are prefaced, in contemplation of law, by a thrice repeated "Be it known," or "Know ye." The initials of scilicet is doubled to express the repetition, in analogy with the similar use of the double initial as an abbreviation for plurals and superlatives.

A Glass Mountain. Another marvel recently brought to light in the Yellowstone park of North America, is nothing less than a mountain of obsidian or volcanic glass. Near the foot of the Beaver lake a band of explorers came upon this remarkable mountain, which rises in columns of sharp, not rounded bosses to many hundreds of feet in altitude from hissing hot springs at the margin of the lake. As it was desirable to pass that way, the party had to cut a road through the steep glassy barriade. This they effected by making huge fires on the glass to thoroughly heat and expand it, and then dashing the cold water of the lake against the heated surface so to suddenly cool and break it up by shrinkage. Large fragments were in this way detached from the solid side of the mountain, then broken up small by sledge hammers and picks, not, however, without doing injury to the hands and fingers of the men from flying splinters. In the Grand canon of the Gibeon river, the explorers also found precipices of yellow, black and banded obsidian, hundreds of feet high. The natural glass of these localities has from time immemorial been desired by the Indians to tip their spears and arrows.

Superstition.

It is amusing to read the books and treatises written a hundred years ago and to note how thoroughly the minds of men were imbued with superstitious fallacies. Even the writers themselves were in the habit of taking things for granted which we in these latter days are apt to reject as the grossest absurdities. There were those who knew that the delusions of the Salem witchcraft were carried altogether too far, and that many people were grossly deceived by designing men, but they at the same time believed that there was a great deal of witchcraft practiced, and that the witches could only be kept out of the house by constant fasting and prayer, and that even this was of no avail unless aided and assisted by the potent talisman of a horseshoe nailed over the outer door. No wizard or witch, however powerful, could make any headway against this great remedy, and he who had plenty of horses, but who, nevertheless, never saw Washington nor acted as his body servant, died recently in his wigwag near where he was born in 1790, on the St. Croix river in Wisconsin, five generations being present at his death.

In these days it was considered a flagrant case of lying in the face of the Divine Providence to plant corn or potatoes in the wrong time of the moon. Occasionally, however, there would be a difference of opinion among the oracles of the neighborhood as to what constituted the wrong or right time of the moon, and each oracle having his adherents, the dispute would breed a neighborhood quarrel as useless and foolish as was the war of the roses in Great Britain two centuries ago. But, while it is to be hoped that mankind is gradually outgrowing this nonsense, the fact remains that there is yet a great deal of old leaven of superstition left in the minds of people of the present day. There are many persons in the State of New York who claim to be intelligent, and who would keenly resent the imputation of being superstitious, who will not begin a piece of work, or make a contract, or go on a journey on Friday. They can give no reason for it, and if pressed for one, are apt to reply that they are not in the habit of concerning any business on Friday, and that they were brought up to believe that Friday is an unlucky day. If we were going to trade horses on that day it might be that we should make an un-lucky deal. But then it would be all the more fortunate for the party of the second part, and he could truthfully say that Friday was a lucky day for him, because our experience teaches us that it is a very unusual horse swap where both the contracting parties are beaten.

We have known tolerably intelligent men who will not plant cucumber seed except upon the morning of the first Sunday in June at four o'clock. By adopting this mysterious system, they claim the bugs will never trouble them, and that the crop is certain to be unmolested by those evils which would otherwise inevitably destroy the fond hopes of the kitchen gardener. And very many learned men are very nervous about sitting down at table where they make the thirteenth in number. When that fact is discovered, many of them doubtless feel as if they were hearing their death warrants read.

There is that implanted in the human breast that makes us dread the weird, mysterious, and unearthly, and it will take ages of philosophical research and disquisition to entirely eradicate superstitious tendencies from the human mind. By that time the votaries of church fairs and the patrons of lotteries will have ceased to believe in luck, and even if they should try to procure the ticket that is to draw the capital prize, they will estimate the probabilities at the true standard, namely, one in one hundred thousand. They will not place any reliance on the dreams that they may have concerning the lucky numbers, and spiritual mediums will have no work for their daily bread. But that time is now in the dim vista of the distant future; and until that time comes people will have to be very careful about first seeing the new moon over the left shoulder, and must rigidly observe the signs and omens that their ancestors so earnestly believed in.—Albany Times.

Going to a Fire.

One of the most exciting sights a stranger can witness in the lower part of New York is the fire department responding to an alarm of fire in the daytime. A representative of the Freeman's Journal describes a scene familiar to all our citizens, but one that many of our readers have probably never witnessed. We chanced to be in Broadway a day or two since, and saw the fire department street was crowded with vehicles of all kinds, and the sidewalks with a regular procession of pedestrians. Suddenly the gong of an approaching steamer sounded with its sharp, sudden and continuous jingle; there was a rush of teams to clear the center of the street, and a rush of policemen to aid the drivers in getting their vehicles against the curb; then came a fireman running for dear life, shouting "clear the road," and right behind him came the steamer. The horses on the gallop, and a cloud of smoke issuing from the smoke stack a moment, and the steamer came. Then came a hook and ladder truck, with sounding gong, horses on the jump, and the members of the company clinging to their precarious perches on top. Next came the salvage corps, gong sounding, horses running, and the men urging them as if their lives depended on their speed. It was an exciting event, lasting but a moment, but quickening to the pulse of the laziest on-looker. Thousands of persons had stopped to catch a glimpse of the passing firemen, and for over a mile Broadway was jammed with vehicles and pedestrians, all of whom had turned out to make room for the firemen, on whose speed might depend the property and lives of some of our citizens. So stranger the sight must have been in a bygone one, and impressed him with the efficiency of our fire department. We know that to our soldiers the heavy rumble of the apparatus seemed like the movement of artillery to the front and to pressage an impending battle. And so it was a battle—a fight between the trained firemen and an enemy as old as the earth or the heavens, and one that has scourged mankind since time was.

An excellent cement for uniting broken glass may be made by dissolving in a pipkin over the fire (using special caution that it does not boil over) one ounce of red wax in two ounce glasses of spirits of wine. The wax will be transparent.

The climate of North Africa might, thinks Dr. Theobald Fischer, be more easily improved by the planting of forests than by forming an inland sea.

Philadelphia Baptist churches have within a year paid debts aggregating \$161,000.

Between 300 and 400 Hindoo families in Belasore, India, have recently abjured heathenism.

The National Bible society, of Scotland, ranks as one of the three largest in the world, its income having been \$132,000 last year. It circulated 415,000 Bibles.

The vote of 141 to 229 on the question of a colored bishop encourages the colored people to hope for the election of such an officer at the next Methodist general conference.

An Adventure on Lachine Rapids.

Canadian tourists, or those familiar with the river St. Lawrence, need not to be told of the picturesque danger of the Lachine Rapids. Many traditions and some authentic stories are preserved of luckless persons who have been engulfed there, and the "shootings" of the rapids even by skillful pilots is always an anxious and delicate piece of work. Another such example was recently added to the record of calamities at this celebrated locality. In this case, as in others, the presence and exertions of a famous pilot—named Daillebut in the present instance—failed to avert the catastrophe. Ten lumbermen under Daillebut's command, started early in the morning from Caugnawaga village to make the descent of the Lachine rapids. Another raft under Baptiste, also a well-known pilot, set out at the same time from the same place; and those who were on board the last raft saw all that happened to the crew of the first one. It seems that, by some mischance, Daillebut swung his raft out of the right channel at a critical moment. Before he and his men could retrieve their error their control of the raft was gone. In a few moments they were driven with awful velocity into the vortex of foaming waters that the tourists' steamers pass through when running the rapids. Those steamers, steered with masterly dexterity, and having their engines steady their course, get through habitually in safety. But with a raft, having nothing but human strength to shape the course, it is, of course, far different; in this case the frail structure was rolled over and over and hurled in every direction. She had to go through a mile of tumbling, seething waters—for the most part indeed half a cataract—before she or any fragments of her could emerge into the smooth safety of the river below. The spectators saw a moving and extraordinary sight. Logs sixty feet long were tossed in the air like so many twisted sticks by piece the raft broke asunder. No power on earth could aid her wretched crew, and it seemed inevitable that they must perish to a man. But it was otherwise decreed. Despite this amazing ordeal, and despite most of their number being frightfully bruised, eight of the eleven occupants of the raft went through the rapids alive. Not only that but they managed to cling to portions of their shattered bark so as to be rescued at last by their brother lumbermen who had seen without being able to aid them in their peril. The remaining three raftsmen perished; and the wonder is, according to the reports that have reached us, that there should have been any survivors at all from a catastrophe which in former cases has usually been fatal to every man concerned.

Badgering a Witness.

The court and jury, as well as the spectators, generally enjoy the scene when a lawyer, in an attempt to badger or browbeat a witness, comes off second best in the encounter. A correspondent recalls an amusing incident of this sort which happened a few years ago in an Albany courtroom.

The plaintiff, who was a lady, was called to testify. She got up very well, and made a favorable impression on the jury under the guidance of her counsel, Hon. Lyman Tremain, until the opposing counsel, Hon. Henry Smith, subjected her to a sharp cross-examination. This so confused her that she became faint, and fell to the floor in a swoon.

"Of course this excited general sympathy in the audience, and Mr. Smith saw that his case looked badly. An expedient suggested itself by which to make the swooning appear like a piece of stage trickery, and thus destroy sympathy for her. The lady's face in swooning had turned purple red, and this fact suggested the new line of attack. The next witness was a middle-aged lady. The counsel asked: "Did you see the plaintiff faint a short time ago?" "Yes, sir."

"People turn pale when they faint, don't they?" "A great sensation in the court, and an evident confusion of witness. But in a moment she answered: "No, not always."

"Did you ever hear of a case of fainting where the party did not turn pale?" "Yes, sir."

"Did you ever hear such a case?" "Yes, sir."

"When?" "About a year ago."

"Where was it?" "In this city."

"Who was it?"

By this time the excitement was so intense that everybody listened anxiously for the reply. It came promptly, with a twinkle in the witness's eye, and a quiver on her lip, as if from suppressed humor. "Twas a negro, sir."

Peal after peal of laughter shook the courtroom, in which the venerable judge joined. Mr. Smith lost his case, not to say term.

Milton married the daughter of a country squire, and lived with her but a short time. He was an amateur literary recluse, while she was a red, rumping country lass, who could not endure the restraint placed upon her by the squire. Subsequently, however, she returned, and they lived together happily together.

The little book he consults more often than is generally supposed, and the danger of keeping bees, especially in cities, has recently been pointed out by M. Delpech, speaking for the hygienic council of the department of the Seine, to whom the question had been referred by the police, great inconvenience having arisen from bees culture in the department. M. Delpech cites many cases of fatal results from the sting of these insects. It appears that especially dangerous stings occur about the head and face and near the respiratory organs. The food, by being changed in character by the poison, can no longer excite the motor nerve and aphixia rapidly supervenes.