Lightning and Kisses he storm is coming on apace; The trees begin to shiver; Big drops of rain drum on the pane,

And set me all a-quiver: The clouds are black as ink, oh-oh! How vividly it lightened! And this premonitory hush-Joe, I am sadly frightened.

" No wonder, darling, you're afraid In such a storm as this is; But never fear the lightning, dear, I'll blind your eyes with kisses.

It's driving down upon us now; The very house is rocking; Wind-currents roar, rain-torrents Oh, how my knees are knocking; The thunders crash and roll as though

Joe, I shall surely faint away, I am so afraid of thunder, 44 Darling, you well might faint away In such a storm as this is;

The sky had split asunder:

But never tear the thunder, dear, I'll silence bring with kisses.' " It's such a catching season, Joe.

I'm in a constant panic; There's that about a thunder-cloud Which seems almost satanic. What did you say, Joe ?-that you wish

'Twould come on every day so?
You cruel tellow—let me go— How do you dare say so? " Of such a cruel wish, my dear, The explanation this is:

The grass and grain need frequent rain. And I-need frequent kisses.'

A BITTER GAIN.

A remarkable affinity existed between the occupants of two separate windows in one of a dingy row of brick-houses one exceptionally hot summer not many years ago; it was the more remarkable that these two people were very unlike each other, being of opposite sexes, the one a grizzled, gruff, grumpy bachelor on the wrong side of fifty, the other a round, rosy, rollicking maiden of "sweet and twenty." The man was evidently a foreigner, the woman an unmistakable American, and these two heads, framed by the embrasures of the separate windows, formed a strong contrast. It A remarkable affinity existed between by the embrasures of the separate windows, formed a strong contrast. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, and both of them were looking for the postman—she from her attic window; he from his second floor front. They had been looking for the postman every day for a fortnight, and hope deferred had paled the cheek and subdued the had paled the cheek and subdued the merriment of the maiden, while it deepened the already rubicund color and sharpened the already rubicund color and sharpened the already testy temperament of the man. Presently appeared in sight the brisk dapper little fellow, in the gray uniform, with his bag strapped over his shoulder, stepping along from house to house, dealing joy and sorrow, surprise, fear, ecstacy, all the emotions incident to poor hapless humanity as he went. But he dealt nothing to the two anxious watchers in the dingy brick row. Their heads simultaneously turned to watch him as he disappeared around a neighboring corner. The man grunted out a bitter ejaculation, and slammed down the window; the girl sighed, and with difficulty repressed a sob as she closed the lind.

The next day at four o'clock the same

The next day at four o'clock the same pantomime was enacted. The same anxiety, hope, fear, disappointment, e painted on the two taces. The girl brushed the tears from her eyes, and put wearily back her hair. As the man with his usual expletive of disgust and disappointment, tugged at the blind, a puff of wind blew the light ribbon from the hair of the girl straight into his eyes, and from thence to the floor of his room. He saw it at once. It lay upon the faded carpet almost under his feet. His first impulse was to tramp upon it as he marched to and fro growling at the hard luck that had shu him up in this hot hole during the dog, days. His next impulse was to kick the bauble aside; but it was not of a kickable nature, and clung close to his feet. He stooped at last and took it from the floor and found it suspiciously damp.

"She's been sniffling again." he said.

mp. 'She's been sniffling again," he said. "As usual, she gets no letter and cries; I get no letter, and I swear. I wonder which is the most consoling. And why in thunder don't she get her letter? She ean't have any rascally lawyers to deal with, that lie, and cajole, and cheat and steal. She can't be waiting for a witmess to come from the other side of the world to testify in a case that ought to have been settled before he went to sea. I believe it was a conspiracy on the part of these infernal lawyers to dawdle along with the case, and not discover the existence of this Martin Malloy till he had shipped again, and was well out of their call. And now it seems that the fate of the suit depends upon the testimony of this fellow before the mast. At least five thousand pounds of my money at this present moment is at stake in the life of a miserable sailor far out at sea." Here his soliloquy was interrupted by a light tap at the door. "Come," he growled, without turning his head.

He thought it was his landlady, Mrs.

is nead. He thought it was his landlady, Mrs. latson, for whom he had no particular fection, or her rough-featured domesaffection, or her rough-featured domestic, that he feit certain was shortening his life by her miserable cookery. But a gentle voice said, "Did you want anything, sir?" And turning he beheld his landlady's daughter. And how in the world she could bear that relation to the fat, swarthy, coarse and commercial female who kept the house, this lodger could not imagine. Her eyes were so soft and brown, so pleading and innocent, frank and confiding as a little child's, whereas her mother's were narrow and sharp, distrustful and cun ming,

The young girl flushed under this scrutinizing gaze, and said again: "You didn't want anything, then, Mr. Mc-Graw? Mother said you pounded on the floor."

"It fell in the window to-day as we were both looking for that contounded postman. I hope we'll have better luck to-morrow, Maggie."
"I thought sure we would to-day, sir," said Maggie, blushing and sighing.
"I had a good sign this morning."
"What was that, Maggie?" said Mr. McGraw, still holding his end of the blue ribbon.
"Why, see, sir," she said, and pointed

blue ribbon.

"Why, see, sir," she said, and pointed to the skint of her dress. "I put it on wrong side out this morning, and never changed it, for Martin used to say it was sign of good luck."

"And who is Martin?" said Mr. McGraw. "It so happens that I am interested in that name."

"And who is Martin?" said Mr. McGraw. "It so happens that I am interested in that name."
"The one I'm looking for a letter from, sir. The vessel was due a month ago;" and here her voice broke, and the brown eyes filled with tears.
"A sailor with the name of Martin?" said Mr. McGraw, with increased interest. "What's his last name, Maggie?"

gie?"
"Malloy, sir—Martin Malloy."
"God bless my soul!" said McGraw;
"this is a remarkable coincidence!
Why, Maggie, this is the very man 1'm
waiting to hear from. A heavy sum of
money depends upon this friend of
yours. I suppose he is more than a
friend, Maggie?"
"We're promised to he

friend, Maggie?"

"We're promised to be married, sir, after this voyage. He had a chance of rising to second mate; and oh, I'm so sorry we waited!"

"So am I." said Mr. McGraw. "If he'd stopped long enough to be married we might have got hold of him for a witness, and that would have been the making of many a thousand pounds for me; but never mind, Maggie; let's depend upon the awarry of the netticoat. me; but never mind, Maggié; let's depend upon the augury of the petticoat. You see our fates are linked together, and as only one of us wears a petticoat, the one garment must serve for us both; and I'll tell you what, Maggie"—for she was fast vanishing again, and he hated to see her go—" I'll tell you what, when Martin comes back, and wins for me this money, a good round sum of it shall go for a wedding outfit for you."

"If he only comes back!" said Maggie, and went out of the door, leaving the ribbon still in the hand of Mr. McGraw—a meditative, softened, alto-

Graw-a meditative, softened, alto-gether changed expression upon his

ce.
"A most remarkable coincidence!" he
peated to himself. "This accounts repeated to himself. "This accounts for the interest I've taken in that girl from the start. A queer freak of destiny has thrown us together, and here we are both hanging upon the fate of this sailor. I don't suppose he's worthy of her. No doubt he's a rough, common, abusive brute; but he's young"—here Mr. McGraw gave vent to a grunt that was meant for a sigh—"and, I suppose, after his low tashion, good looking." Here Mr. McGraw kicked over the Here Mr. McGraw Ricked Over ottoman that obstructed his way, put the blue ribbon in his vest pocket, drew a chair to the window, filled his pipe, and looking out upon a triangular bit and looking out upon a triangular bit of the western sky fell into a profound

The next morning Maggie was at her old post at the attic window. Mr. old post at the attic window. Mr. McGraw was also rattling at his blinds: but he looked fully as often up at Mag gie as he did down the street for the postman, and was quite jocular and smiling for a man of his nervous tem-

"Any more signs, Maggie?" he said, almost dislocating his neck to get a good look at her pretty face.

Maggie shook her head, and smiled

ournfully.
"I dreamed of white horses, sir, and mother says it's a bad sign.

"Your mother is always a f—" Here the postman stopped at the door, and nobody will ever know whether Mr. McGraw meant to call his landlady a fine woman or a fool, for all further conversation was stopped by the coming of the long-looked-for letters. There was one for Maggie, and one for Mr. McGraw. Maggie had run down to the door, taken both letters, and fled up stairs again. Her hand was trembling and cold as she put the letter in Mr. McGraw's hand.

"I'm afraid to open mine." she said.

McGraw's hand.
"I'm afraid to open mine," she said;
"it's in a strange handwriting." Mr.
McGraw watched her disappear, then
tore open his own envelope without a
tremor. At the first sentence, however,
Mr. McGraw started, and put his spectacles firmer upon his nose, and by the
time he had read the missive half
through, his face had become the index of many conflicting emotions. All
at once there was a heavy thump upon at once there was a heavy thump upon the floor of the room above.

"My God!" said Mr. HcGraw, "she's got the news already. And rushing out of the room and up the stairs as fast as of the room and up the stairs as fast as his rather gouty legs could carry him, he saw the poor girl stretched lifeless upon the floor, the fatal letter crumpled in her hand. Then he pounded in right good earnest; and being a man of action, had proper restoratives used, a doctor brought, and after a time poor Maggie wearily opened her eyes. The moment she saw Mr. McGraw she screamed and fainted again.

"I'm a hitter reminder of her loss

I'm a bitter reminder of her loss 'I'm a bitter reminder of her loss, said Mr. McGraw. The doctor and Maggie's mother looked at him inquiringly, wondering how Mr. McGraw could remind Maggie of the drowning of her lover. But Mr. McGraw did not explain; he merely stepped aside when Maggie opened her cycle again. A free

other lover. But Mr. McGraw did not explain; he merely stepped aside when Maggie opened her eyes again. After her first long, sobbing breath, her first words were for Mr. McGraw.

"Where is he?" she said. "Let him come to me. He has lost his money, and I have lost—" Here the words froze on her lips, and she held out her hands to Mr. McGraw, who had reached the couch upon which they had lifted her. She put her arms around his neck and sobbed there like a little child. Mr. McGraw had lived a lonely bachelor's life; his kith and kin were far away. This was a new experience to himnew and strangely sweet For years and years the fragrant breath of a woman had not touched his lips. His eyes were wet and blurred; a queer choking sensation arose in his throat; his voice was husky as he blurted out some consoling words.

The young girl flushed under this scrutinizing gaze, and said again: "You didn't want anything, then, Mr. McGraw? Mother said you pounded on the floor."

"Pounded!" said Mr. McGraw; "of course I pounded. If I don't get a letter soon I'll make smithercens of some of this horsehair furniture about me. If your money. I'm very sorry for you, Mr. McGraw."

Sle meant she was sorry for herself, but the poor child craved companionship in her grief.

Heaven knows she got it from Mr. McGraw it will be thinking it's my gensation arose in his throat; his voice was husky as he blurted out some consoling words.

"He can never come back to speak for you, Mr. McGraw."

Sle meant she was sorry for herself, but the poor child craved companionship in her grief.

Heaven knows she got it from Mr. McGraw. He's been following me about with that damaged leer of his for the last fortnight. It's a mercy I haven't stabbed him through the canvas. And, say," he added, for the girl was fast wandshing out of his sight, and she was woodrous pleasant article to look upon im this gloomy old barrack—"say," would soften the affliction of a girl of twenty, and failing with those, sought to distract her by junketings to parks where the big ships lay. Here what the bid of blue ribbon in his fingers and now held it out to the young girl.

"He can never come back to speak for "Some wretched criminal," thought Mr. McGraw. "who has risked every-thing to see this woman he loves. See here, my good fellow," he said, lower-iost plus the poor child craved companionship in her grief.

Heaven knows she got it from Mr. McGraw. From this time out he became devoted to the duty of assuaging as. Till wait and hear what these land sharks have to say."

At that moment the senior lawyer entered, and turned upon the fellow a distract her by junketings to parks we for news of a shipwrecked sailor called the pounds, said the law-yielded to her desire to go down to the what here where the big ships lay. Here

they spent hour after hour, Mr. McGraw content to hold one of her hands in his, while the other lay idly in her lap, and her eyes went wistfully wandering out over the water, till the shadows grew longer and longer, and the day was done. Then he would say, gently, "Come, Maggie," and she would obey in asweet, dutiful fashion, lifting her face to his, full of some sort of affection—he didn't stop to consider what it was; but Maggie knew that she owed this luxury of melancholy entirely to Mr. McGraw. He had coaxed her mother into giving over Maggie's ordinary drudgery to other hands, so that she could have the comfort of nursing her grief under the auspices of Mr. McGraw. His landlady had, indeed, needed very little persuasion, and met his entreaties half way. Mr. McGraw found nothing distasteful in this maternal solicitude, ha ving for years parried the thrusts and caterings of anxious mothers in behalf of their portionless daughters, the more so as it furthered his own happiness. of their portionless daughters, the more so as it furthered his own happiness, and rendered him more and more com-

fortable as time went by.

Now that the hot summer was gone, and the stormy winds of winter began to blow, the old brick lodgings were not so gloomy. The obliquely visioned ancestor had been taken from the wall; the horsehair furniture covered with a gay chintz; the rusty grate was rubbed nto a rubicund brightness, and therein he coals blazed generously. Therewas no stint in the maternal blessings showered upon this lodger, and Mr. McGraw for the first time, appreciated his dealfor the first time, appreciated his dealfor the first time, appreciated his dealings with a commercial woman, who was willing to spend money when there was considerable to be made by it. This excellent woman even endeavored to put an air of smartness into Maggie's wardrobe, and garnished her cloak with a crimson trimming. Maggie wore the cloak, but her face was sadly out of keening with the brave garment. She keeping with the brave garment. keeping with the brave garment. She had grown so much more subdued, and so much in honerer manner and appearance, that Mr. McGraw felt more and more at ease in her society, and of and more at ease in her society, and of the two he began to appear the bright-est, and wore an air of briskness and vigor that went far to make up for his meture years. His lawyers declared that never, in the whole course of their experience, had they seen a man pos-sessed with such admirable philos-ophy. ophy.

As the months went by, it began to be generally conceded by all concerned that Mr. McGraw was "paying attention" to Maggie, and she was treated with that rare consideration that her good luck demanded.

The only creature that seemed utterly ignorant of the situation was poor Mag-gie herself, who had never for a moment gie herself, who had never for a moment forgotten her dead sailor, cr ceased reviving his memory to Mr. McGraw. Who seemed the only one that could tully sympathize with her and console her. Prodded on by the encouraging hints and allusions of the girl's mother, Mr. McGraw had endeavored to infuse into his manner something of the bearing of a lover, but Maggie invariably received these advances with the gentle gratitude that had become a part of her nature, and Mr. McGraw instinctively shrank from anything that might shock nature, and Mr. McGraw instinctively shrank from anything that might shock her delicacy, or estrange her from him. One morning, as they stood upon the long pier and looked out to sea, he said to the girl clinging to his arm: "Shall you be sorry, my dear, to see me one of these days sailing away from you in a ship like that one over yonder, never perhaps to look upon you sweet too perhaps to look upon your sweet face again?"

She said no word, clung closer to his arm, and two big tears rolled out of her eyes. He took courage then to put his arm about her—not but that it had

often been there before, but that was in a fatherly sort of way.

"Would you be afraid, Maggie, to cross the sea with me?" he said.

"Afraid!" she replied; "I could never be afraid of the sea."

There was an unpleasant inflection in

There was an unpleasant inflection in these words that was closely connected with the dead sailor, and Mr. McGraw essayed still another inquiry. "Don't you love me a little, Maggie?" he said. "I love you better than anybody now," she said.

now," she said.

He longed to ask her if her love was anything of the nature of the ardent passion she had once held for the sailor Malloy, but of course he refraified, and indeed he was well content with his present happiness. Mr. McGraw felt certain of the future. There seemed no obstacle to his happiness, and that very day he resolved to get his affairs in shape so that he could leave the country at a moment's notice. He stooped and kissed Maggie good-bye, and started off blithely to see his lawyers.

at a moment's notice. He stooped and kissed Maggie good-bye, and started off blithely to see his lawyers.

"Don't be long," she called from the window. "I shall wait here till you come back."

"God bless the child!" said poor Mr. McGraw. "There certainly now is nothing to hinder our happiness."

The lawyers were out, and the office was in care of the boy. On a low chair by the door a man sat, with his head resting upon his knees. His whole appearance was of that slipshod hature that it seemed as if he might fall to pieces at any moment. His frame, of herculean dimensions, was the more pitiable that the flesh had shrunken from the bones, and the features of his face were harsh and forbidding in their prominence. His clothes were faded and patched, his hat was pulled over his eyes, and altogether he was a most forlorn and pitiable object in this office of a prosperous solicitor.

In the beyday of happiness, how could

eyes, and altogether he was a most forlorn and pitiable object in this office of
a prosperous solicitor.

In the heyday of happiness, how could
Mr. McGraw pass this wretched fellowcreature by without a word?

"Good morning, my poor fellow." he
said. "You seem to be in a sorry plight.
Can I do anything for you?"

"You can tell me, 'said the man, in
a hoarse and hollow voice, 'if it's true
that these people here will be glad to
see me. I'm told there's a reward offered
for any news of me, and I'd like a little
money to prink up before I go to see my
sweetheart. She'll be thinking it's my
ghost if I go to her like this."

"Some wretched criminal," thought
Mr. McGraw, "who has risked everything to see this woman he loves. See
here, my good fellow," he said, lowering his voice, "if this money will be of
any use to you, take it, and go; but I'd
keep clear of the law if I were you."

"Why, thank you, sir," said the man,
putting back the bills, "but I'm no beggar. I'll wait and hear what these land
sharks have to say."

At that moment the senior lawyer entered, and turned upon the fellow a distrustful glance. "What do you want
here?" he said, sharply.

"I want the money that was offered

was gazing at the man with strained eyes. "This Malloy is dead," he added, still keeping his eyes upon the man. "He ain't quite dead," said the man, "but as near as he likes to be." Then "but as near as he likes to be." Then he went on to tell the story of the wreck, the exposure in the open boat, the agony and starvation, the death and insanity of most of the crew. It was an old story, repeated very often, but the lawyer and Mr. McGraw seemed to hang upon every word that fell from the lips of the miserable mariner. Mr. McGraw's face, grow old and, wrinkled hang upon every word that lell from
the lips of the miserable mariner. Mr.
McGraw's face grew old and wrinkled
as he listened. The lawyer at length
uttered an ejaculation of joy. "I congratulate you, Mr. McGraw," he said,
turning to his client, "your money is
as safe as if you held it in your hands."
But Mr. McGraw had fallen back
against the wall. They loosened his
necktie, and threw water in his face.

"By Jove!" said the lawyer, "your
joyful news has been too much for him.
A big part of his money was at stake,
you see, and he's hidden his feelings so
long under a mask of resignation that
now he is overcome. Get a cabat once,"
ht added, to the boy.

But Mr. McGraw revived, and by the
time the cab reached the office he was

time the cab reached the office he was able to go home alone. He, however, asked Martin to go with him; and as

asked Martin to go with him; and as the cab rolled along, his eyes were still fixed upon his dilapidated companion. "Nobody would know you, I sup-pose?" he said to the sailor. "Not a soul, sir," said Martin. "Not even the—a—the person you spoke of as your sweatheart?" "She least of any," said Martin. "I "She least of any," said Martin. "I

sight."
"You think so?"
"I'm sure of it. I bet you a dollar she would."
"Yet it wouldn't pain you?
"Why, no-why should it? Women folks are made that way. But I'll soon prink up if I get a chance."
He began to write us a preedy ant big.

He began to prink up already, put his hat back, and brushed his rumpled hair from his forehead, looked from the window of the cab with the air of a man to dow of the cab with the air of a man to whom life was unspeakably rare and sweet. He was emaciated, shrunken, sallow, fierce-eyed and forlorn; he was poor and patched; but Mr. McGraw would willingly have taken his place in the race for happiness; he knew that all was lost. Here was Martin Malloy; that was the end of exerviting.

was the end of everything.

The thought came a little too late that seeing her long-lost lover might kill the girl or drive her mad. He began to exgirl or drive her mad. He began to ex-plain to Martin, as gradually as he could, that the house to which they were journeying was the one that con-tained his sweetheart. Mr. McGraw chose the most careful phrascology he chose the most careful phrascology he could muster, but the sailor seemed all at once to get on fire. He flung his hat upon the seat beside him; he stretched from the window his long shrunken

"You'd better get out and come in after I've broken it to her. It may kill her; it may drive her mad. The shock was a terrible one to me," said Mr.

McGraw.
"That be hanged!" said Martin. "That be hanged!" said Martin.
"You're an old man, you know, and
thought of your money—but my
Maggie!" here he stopped, and the
flame of delight burned in his cheeks
and eyes. He grew suddenly young
and strong under the gaze of poor Mr.
McGraw.

McGraw. McGraw.

Maggie sat there by the window, as she had promised. Oh, the bitterness of that moment to one, the happiness to the other! One moment Mr. McGraw saw her as he had left her—pale, calm, subdued, patient; the next, a crimson glow had leaped to her face, then left it paler than before; suddenly it disap-peared, and Mr. McGraw thought it had fallen away somewhere in a faint; but presently it shone on the breast of the sailor, so radiant and heautiful that

the sailor, so radiant and beautiful that it dazzled poor Mr. McGraw. "Why, you did know me," said Mar-"Why, you did know me," said Martin, tears bursting out of his burning eyes. "In spite of everything, she did know me! I owe you a dollar, Mr. McGraw!"

"And, 'Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound,'" quoted Mr. McGraw, with a bitter grin.

What more can be said? The wedding took place a little later on, after the lawsuit bad been decided in favor of Mr. McGraw. Maggie's wedding trip was across the sea, but not in a steamer. It was in a trig little vessel, which Mr. McGraw gave as a wedding present, at the express request of the bride.

"Martin wouldn't give up the sea," she said.

"And you wouldn't give up Martin,"

she said.

"And you wouldn't give up Martin," said Mr. McGraw.

"Why, no, sir, not for the world," said the foolish girl.

So poor Mr. McGraw took passage alone.—Harper's Weekly.

A Wonderful MesmerIser.

Strange stories come from India of the feats performed by a native mesmeriser named Buni, whose magnetic power would appear to be found quite irresistible by the lower animals, upon which he exclusively exerts it. He gives seances, to which the public are invited to bring all manner of ferocious and untamable wild beasts, and holds them with his glittering eye. In a few seconds they subside into a condition of cataleptic stiffness, from which they can only be revived by certain passes which he solemnly executes with his right hand. A snake in a state of violent irritation was brought to Buni by a menagerie proprietor, inclosed in a wooden cage. When deposited on the platform it was writhing and hissing licroely. Buni bent over the cage and fixed his eyes upon its occupant, gently waving his hand over the servent's rest. platform it was writing and hissing iercely. Buni bent over the cage and fixed his eyes upon its occupant, gently waving his hand over the screent's rest-less head. In less than a minute the snake stretched itself out, stiffened, and lay apparently dead. Buni took it up and thrust several needles into its body, but it gave no sign of life. A few passes then restored it to its former angry a tivity. Subsequently a savage passes then restored it to its former angry a tivity. Subsequently a savage dog, held in a leash by its owner, was brought in, and, at Buni's command, let loose upon him. As it was rusning toward him, bristling with fury, he raised his hand, and in a second the fierce brute dropped upon its only as though it was stricken by lightning. It seemed absolutely paralyzed by some unknown agency, and was unable to move a muscle until released from the magnetiser's spell by a majestic wave of his hand.

One day during an eclipse of the sun a boy sold smoked glasses at six cents apiece. "You ought to make money," said a purchaser. "Yes," said the young merchant, "ours would be a good business if the dull season were not so

The Texas Pacific company has built 444 miles of railroad at a cost of \$27,-000,000. An additional 600 miles will be completed by January 1, 1883.

FIRST AMERICAN NEWSPAPER.

ter. Printed one Hundred Years Ago.

It is a fact worthy of record that in Boston was made the first attempt to set up a new spaper in North America, and that this attempt dates back nearly 200 years—to the 25th of September, 1690. The title of this ancient sheet was Publick Occurrences, both Foreign and Domestick. Only one number of this paper is known to have been printed, and this bore the date of September 25, 1690, but whether it was suspended for lack of patronage, or because the legislative authorities spoke of it as a pamphlet published contrary to law, and contairing "reflections of a very high nature," is not known. It was printed by Bening "reflections of a very high nature," is not known. It was printed by Benjamin Harris for Richard Pierce, and, so far as known, the only copy in existence is deposited in the state paper office in London. It was printed on the first three sides of a folded sheet—two columns to a page, and each about seven by eleven inches in size, and was to have appeared over a month."

to have appeared once a month.

It is still a more significant and important fact that the first newspaper that was published in North America that was published in North America was published in Boston. It was called The Boston News-Letter, and the initial number bore the date of Monday, April 24, 1704. It was a half sheet of paper, in size about twelve by eight inches, made up in two pages folio, with two columns on each page. The title is in Roman letters of the size which printers call French canon, and under it are the words "printed by authority," in old English. The imprint is: "Boston; printed by B. Green; sold by Nicholas Boone, at his shop near the old meeting-house." The proprietor was evidently John Campbell, postmaster, as indicated by the following advertisement, which was the only one the paper contained:

This News-Letter is to be continued "This News-Letter is to be continued weekly; and all persons who have any houses, lands, tenaments, farms, ships, vessels, goods, wares or merchandise, etc., to be sold or let; or servants runaway, or goods stolen or lost; may have the same inserted at a reasonable rate, from twelve pence to five shillings, and not to exceed: Who may agree with John Campbel, postmaster of Boston. All persons in town or country may have the News-Letter weekly, yearly, upon reasonable terms, agreeing with John Campbel, postmaster, for the same."

Campbell was a Scotchman, and be-

Campbell was a Scotchman, and be-Campbell was a Scotenman, and besides attending to his duties as postmaster and editor and publisher of the News-Letter, did some business as book seller. Judging from copies of his paper, his literary accomplishments were of a limited character, for what little original matter there is, is poorly constructed, without regard to punctuation or arrangementical construction and constructed, without regard to punctuation or grammatical construction, and consisted mainly of his own business advertisements. The paper was chiefly made up of extracts from London papers, which were necessarily several months old, consequently its support was feeble, and its circulation limited. The paper was issued weekly, and the second number contains there will appear the was issued weekly, and the second number contains three printed pages, the tourth being left blank, evidently for the want of news to fill up. This piece of enterprise was apparently not appreciated, as but two pages appeared in the next number, and also in the issues for many years thereafter. Up to November 3, 1707, the News-Letter was printed by Bartholomew Green, and from that date to October 2, 1711, it was "Printed by John Allen in Pudding-lane (now Devonshire street), and sold at the postoffice in Cornhill (than a part of Washington street)." At that time the postoffice and Allen's printing office were destroyed by fire, and the paper was again printed by

Allen's printing office were destroyed by B. Green, for John Campbell, postmaster, till the end of the year 1722.

Campbell made frequent importunate calls upon the public to support his enterprise, "so as to enable the undertaker to carry it on effectually." In January, 1719, Campbell proposed publishing his paper on a whole sheet January, 1719, Campbell proposed publishing his paper on a whole sheet, "because with half a sheet a week it is impossible to carry on all the publick news of Europe;" but his expectations were far from realized, judging from his statement that "the Undertaker had not suitable encouragement, even to print half a Sheet Weekly, seeing that he cannot vend 300 at an Impression, tho some ignorantly concludes he Sells upwards of a Thousand; far less is he able to print a sheet every other soin, tho some ignorantly concludes he sells upwards of a Thousand; far less is he able to print a sheet every other Week, without an Addition of 4, 6 or 8 Shillings a Year, as everyone thinks fit to give payable Quarterly, which will only help to pay for Press and Paper, giving his labor for nothing." In the latter part of the same year another postmaster was appointed, who began the publication of a rival newspaper. This disturbed Campbell greatly, and when, in 1721, James Franklin established a third newspaper, the New England Courant, his ire was aroused, and he expressed his feelings in the News-Letter more forcibly than eloquently, as follows:

"On Monday last, the 7th Currant, came forth a Third Newspaper in this town, entitled the New England Courrant, by Homo non unius Negotii; or Jack of all Trades, and it would seem, Good at none, giving some very, very frothy fulsome Account of himself, but lest the continuance of that style should offend his readers, wherein with each.

Jack of all Trades, and it would seem, Good at none, giving some very, very, frothy fulsome Account of himself, but lest the continuance of that style should offend his readers; wherein with submission (I speak for the bublisher of this intelligence, whose endeavors have always been to give no offense, not meddling with things outside his own Province.) The said Jack promises in pretense of Friendship to the other News Publishers to amend like Ale in Summer, Reflecting too, too much that my performances are now and then very, very Dull, misrepresenting my candid endeavors (according to the Talent of my Capacity and Education; not soaring above my Sphere) in giving a true and genuine account of all Matters of Fact, both Foreign and Domestick, and well Attested, for these Seventeen Y ears and half past," etc.

The quarrel between these two papers added to the prosperity of both for a while, and for two months Campbell issued a whole sheet every week, but at the expiration of that time the News-Letter was reduced to its original dimensions. No copies of the early numbers of Franklin's papers are in existence, but it is safe to assume that his replies were qually as caustic and bitter. The files of the News-Letter down to 1732, when Bartholomew Green became proprietor, are very imperfect, but the most complete are found in the library of the Massachusetts Historical society in this city, and these are all bound in two volumes, embracing not half of the numbers for the years previous to 1730. The News-Letter was printed upon the coarse piper in use at that day, and as the type was of the ancient order, with "fa" for "a's," its print is rather difficult to de-

cipher, but well repays one for the effort. As previously stated, most of the matter is copied from the London papers, but occasionally there is reference to local events, which are remarkable alike for their quaintness of composition and the singular character of the events recorded. The News-Letter was published without interruption for published without interruption for a period of seventy-two years, and was the only paper printed in Boston during the siege.

Peruvian Village Life.

Ernest Morris, the young American naturalist, who is on an exploring tour along the banks of the Amazon, draws this interesting picture of a Peruvian village: The Iquitos of to-day has a population of 2,500, and is a quiet, sleepy place, as are all villages on the great Amazon. The principal business of the place is conducted by foreigners, and their stores are stocked with foreign articles, all of which, however, are very dear. For example: Flour is worth twenty-two dollars per parnel; butter, in cans, one dollar per pound; coffee, thirty cents per pound; thea, in cans, three dollars per pound; the constitute of the dollars per pair (I never have seen a pair of American-made shoes on the Amazon); coarse prints, thirty cents to fifty cents per yard; rice three dollars for treature; shoes on the Amazon); coarse prints, thirty cents to fifty cents per yard; rice, three dollars for twenty-nine pounds. House rent is very dear, from ten to twenty dollars per month, but liquors and onions are cheap. It may be said without exaggeration that the Indian population of Iquitoes subsists on the last mentioned articles—onlors by day and liquors by articles—onions by day and liquor by night. The inhabitants amuse them-selves by dancing the fandango. When serves by dancing the landango. When a school boy I read often of the Spanish dance called the fandango, and I always associated with it a bright starlit night in the tropics. A dance in open air under the shadow of the great palms; in the tropics. A dance in open air under the shadow of the great palms; young girls with countless fire-flies in their hair; dark, swarthy-looking men, with broad-brim hats, smoking large cigarettes—all this did I read of, and I longed to see this Spanish dance. Since I have been in Peru I have witnessed many of the dances of these people, and the fandango so called is, I regret to say, nothing more or less in my opinion them a drunken orgy. I have witnessed no dances under the palms, seen no swarthy men, but I am bound to say that firemen, but I am bound to say that fire-flies are not wanted to set off the beauty of these Indian girls. Though Iquitos has no inn, yet two billiard and gambling saloons are to be found, in one of which the walls are decorated with a most fanciful likeness of Columbia surrounded by the eagle and shield; her robe is most gracefully pinned up, and in her hand she holds a bottle which in her hand she holds a bottle which sets forth on its label the excellences of American champagne. I mention the above, as the picture always attracts a great deal of attention, and I have been repeatedly asked if the senoritas of my country were as pretty as Columbia. I always answer in the affirmative. The majority of the inhabitants of Iquitos are of Indian or mixed bleed. are of Indian or mixed blood, and in general appearance differ greatly from the Indian population of the villages of the Lower Amazon. The men are all the Lower Amazon. The men are all below the average stature, with pale, sallow complexions, coarse black hair, and whose deeply sunken eyes tell too plainly of nights spent in drunken revelry. In all the Brazilian villages on the Amazon combined I have never seen one-tenth part of the drunkenness that I witnessed during my stay in Jouitos. witnessed during my stay in Iquitos. As to women, I will say but little, lest I should be called a second Gibbon, who, you will remember, was constantly writing of the pretty girls he met with during his journey through Peru and Bolivia. Those of Iquitos are beautiful, and the ease with which they can roll and smoke a cigarette, drink a glass of liquor and assume modesty will astonish a stranger. It must be remembered that the above remarks apply only to the Indians and creoles. Of the higher class I wish to say nothing.

Indigo Factory.

Have you ever thought what indigo Have you ever thought what indigo is, and where it comes from? Near the city of Allahabad, in India, our missionaries may see the little indigo plan growing, and the factory where our indigo is prepared for use. The following account of the preparation of the indigo from the plant was given by the proprietor to one who traveled in that

country:

It is the young shoots of the humble plant you see before you which provide us with the precious material for dyeing. and not the nowers, as is commonly supposed. The gathering of these shoots is a very delicate operation. When they have arrived at a proper de-gre of maturity, they must be speedily removed, and each cutting must be exegre of maturity, they must be speedly removed, and each cutting must be executed with rapidity and during the night, for the sun would wither the branches, and deprive them of their properties. We therefore require a great many hands; all the villagers on my estate are placed in requisition. The workmen are all dispersed in the fields at midnight; and in the morning the produce of the harvest is deposited in these stone troughs, which have been previously filled with water. Then is the time for the sun to perform its part. Under the influence of its rays the substances undergo a species of fermentation; the water becomes colored with variegated tinges, and rapidly turns blue. After aspace of about forty-eight hours, the liquid is drawn off from the smallest troughs. It now emits a slightly ammoniacal smell, and the color is almost black. It is allowed to evaporate again, and is then placed in metal vats, heated by steam, in which, when the evaporation has ceased, a deposit of pure indigo is formed. It only remains to dry this deposit, pack it, and send it to the market at Calcutta.

Attitude of Church Tower

Attitude of Church Towers.

The Cologne Gasette states that the towers of Cologne cathedral are now the highest in the world, the height they have attained being five feet higher than the towers of St. Nicholas' church in Hamburg, which has hitherto been the highest edifice. Ultimately they will be 51 ft. 10 in. higher. The following are given as the heights of the chiefloity buildings in the world: Towers of Cologne cathedral, 594 ft. 11 in. from the pavement of the cloisters, or 515 ft. 1 in.; cupoli of St. Peter's, Rome, 469 ft. 1 in.; cupoli of St. Peter's, Rome, 469 ft. 1 in.; cathedral spire at Strasburg, 465 ft. 11 in.; cathedral spire at Strasburg, 465 ft. 11 in.; tower of St. Stephens, Vienna, 443 ft. 10 in.; tower of St. Martin's, Landshut, 438 tt. 8 in.; cathedral of Florence, 390 ft. 5 in.; St. Paul's, London, 365 ft. 1 in.; ridge tiles of Cologne cathedral, 360 ft. 3 in.