

The Jilted Star.

I was sitting alone in the gloaming,
Gazing into a quiet sky;
My thoughts were tired of roaming,
As weary and tired as I.

When all at once in the sky above
Shone a star of radiant light,
And then it was in love that I fell
With this star, so strangely bright.

I knew 'twas a world many miles away,
Far greater and fairer than this,
But I watched for its coming at close of day,
And always threw it a kiss.

To my tired self it became a friend,
Bringing rest before unknown;
Its tender radiance seemed to blend
In my heart and make me its own.

But alas! too soon I grew weary
Of its cold, dispassionate face,
And a little mortal pang
In my heart crept into its place.

And when at the close of day,
With my new love at my side,
We talked in voices gay,
And she promised to be my bride.

The star looked down from above
As we stood there talking together,
And I thought of the change in my love,
And she of the change in the weather.

But that night, when the world was sleeping
The rain in torrents fell,
And I thought could my star be weeping
For the false one she loved so well?

LOVE AND HUNTING.

"Please, sir, are these for you?"

It was my man who spoke, and as he did so he held up for inspection an immaculate pair of "tops" in one hand and a pair of painfully new breeches in the other, while his countenance wore an expression of mingled fear and astonishment.

With an inward sinking at my heart I turned from my morning paper and cutlet, and having nodded a gloomy assent to his query, said: "That will do, James; lay them on the sofa."

The above conversation took place in my bachelor apartments in the Albany, and the reason for the appearance therein of the aforesaid tops and breeches I am about to explain. I am not a hunting man. I never could see any joke in bumping about on a hard piece of a pigskin in pursuit of a dragged piece of vermillion called a fox, although some people say the fox enjoys the fun. It is all very well for those who like it; and Mr. Jorrick, of immortal memory, may call hunting "the sport of things"—the image of war without its guilt and only twenty-five percent of its danger, if he likes, but I confess I can't see it in that light. It was with feelings the reverse of pleasant, therefore, that I received and accepted an invitation from Sir Harry Bullfinch to stay a week in his "box" in Warwickshire, and avail myself of his hospitality and a mount with the renowned pack which hunted that country. I was urged to this acceptance of what in my saner moments I should have indignantly treated as a practical joke by a slight attack of the master passion. I met Sir Harry and his daughter, Kate, in London, during the past season. We had frequently met at various balls and entertainments, and on several occasions had enjoyed the balmy fragrance of Bushy park and the still delights of a boat on the upper reaches of the Thames, but with my natural timidity I had never ventured to ask the question which was forever on the tip of my tongue, but never got further. The invitation appeared to hold out promises of quiet tete-a-tetes, so I electrified my tailor and bootmaker with orders for the necessary "togs" with which to carry on the campaign.

I remember having somewhere heard or read that in order to acquire an easy and graceful seat on horseback, sitting astride on a chair and holding on by the back was excellent practice, so, having called James and given him most express instruction to deny me even to my most intimate friends, I proceeded to struggle into perhaps the tightest pair of cords that were ever made for mortal man, and, with the aid of a brandy and soda and a couple of boot hooks, to pull on a pair of boots which nearly gave me a fit of apoplexy and made my corns burn for hours. Armed with a cutting whip, I then mounted astride the strongest chair in the apartment, and continued the exhilarating exercise with the firmness of a stoic and a martyr, and with only one interval for luncheon, throughout the entire day.

My train left the Great Northern station at 4:30, and landed me safely at my destination. In due course I found myself seated next to the fair Kate, with my legs comfortably stretched under Sir Harry's mahogany.

"I suppose our dull country pack will seem quite a second rate to you," said Kate.

I was murmuring something in reply, when Sir Harry cut in with:

"Ah! I've got a splendid mount for you to-morrow, my boy! A trifle playful, perhaps—hasn't been hunted yet this season, but will carry you like a bird."

"Oh, yes," said Kate. "Czar is such a nice creature."

"Indeed!" said I. "I am rejoiced to hear it. Of course you accompany us to the meet?"

"Yes," she replied, "and papa has said that as you are going out I might even follow the hounds a little way. You'll look after me, won't you, Mr. De Boots?"

I promised to do my devoirs, but in my heart of hearts thought I should require some one to look after me.

The following morning at breakfast which was early on account of our having to go some distance to the meet, the horses were brought round—a sturdy, thick-set, quiet-looking weight carrier, a neat-looking gray mare, and a bright, fidgety chestnut. The latter gave his attendant groom some trouble, and insisted on waltzing around on his hind legs a good deal more than appeared to me to be necessary.

"I am afraid your papa will find that animal rather troublesome," I remarked to Kate.

"That," she answered, "oh, that's not papa's—that's the one you are going to ride—Czar."

My appetite left me, and as I rose and walked, in an unconcerned manner as I could assume to the window, I saw that the Czar had reversed the order of things by putting his head between his forelegs and lashing out with his heels in a very vicious-looking and anything but "playful" manner.

A general move was now made to the front door. Kate looked at me and evidently expected me to "put her up," but I knew better than to attempt it, and pretended to be intent on buckling a strap of the pair of spurs Sir Harry had lent me until she was safe in the saddle. Czar was then brought up for me to mount, which, after several abortive attempts on my part, I effected, and we all jogged on toward the meet. Contrary to my expectation Czar behaved in a most exemplary manner, and I even ventured to swing my whip with a jaunty air without his taking the slightest notice. But it was too good to last. Presently a red coat popped out on us from a by-lane, and the Czar's ears began to twitch. Two or three more horsemen overtook us, and his tail began to describe circles, and he proceeded on his way with a crab-like movement, which was anything but elegant and eminently disconcerting.

Almost before I could realize the position, a stern voice shouted: "Now, you sir, mind the hounds, will you?" and a muttered oath, accompanied by an expression which sounded very much like "tailor," drew my attention to the fact that we had arrived in a field by the side of a wood, in which was gathered some seventy or eighty horsemen and a pack of hounds. Luckily for myself, and also for the hounds, on whom Czar seemed to think it great fun to dance, the master at this moment gave the signal to "throw off." It nearly came being prophetic in my case. In less time than it takes to write, a fox was started. I lost my hat and my head at one and the same moment, and nearly my seat, and the next thing that I remember with any degree of distinctness is clinging to the blind energy of a drowning man to the pommel of the saddle, and regarding with despair a huge fence which seemed to approach me at a terrific rate. There was a sudden rush, a tremendous spring—I seem to have left the lower part of my waistcoat and its contents on the other side of the obstacle—and, with a jolt which pitched me somewhere in the vicinity of Czar's ears, we were over.

The field we landed in was a stiffish fallow, but Czar still "urged on his wild career" with unabated speed. I shook back into the saddle, and a passing regret that I had neglected to insure my life against accidents flitted through my mind. I continued to cling to the pommel, and in this manner we negotiated three more fences, and got into a quiet lane, when, much to my astonishment Czar stopped dead short. We had, to my sincere delight, lost the hounds! I patted Czar gently on the neck, and quickly dismounting, led him slowly down the lane. We had not proceeded far when I discerned a country lad coming toward me, carrying in his hand my lost hat, which had been battered out of all shape by a horse's hoof. I recovered the lost headgear, climbed back into the saddle intending to walk Czar quietly homeward, when I could discover in what direction home was. But as ill-luck would have it, at that precise moment the sound of a horn was heard far off in the distance. Czar pricked up his ears and gave a sudden start, and on my attempting to check him, reared straight on end, while I lovingly clasped him round the neck with both arms, and with one plunged forward and upward we left that lane and that country youth forever. We landed in a pasture, and were going at a fearful pace up a slight incline. Arrived at the top, the whole hunt was to be seen coming down the valley.

And now Czar would take no denial. Rushing down the slope at a speed to which all former exertions of his had been as mere child's play, flew over a double post and rails, and I found myself a good field in front of the foremost flight of horsemen and close on to the hounds! still onward! until loom-

ing in the distance appeared a straggling line of stunted willows, which, even to my initiated vision, meant "water." Splash! there goes the fox! Splash! splash! there go the hounds! I hear voices shouting behind me as if in warning, but all I can do is to hold on and trust in Providence. Our pace, if possible, increases, and with a sort of idea of going up in a balloon, Czar and myself seemed suspended in the air miles above the brook. It seems ages before we come down again, which we do with a jerk that would have unseated me had it not been for Czar suddenly springing forward and shaking me back to my proper place. We rush on to where the hounds seem to be scrambling for something and quarreling amongst themselves—they have run into the fox and Czar comes to a standstill just outside the worrying pack.

Up comes the first whip and flogs them off their prey, and I see Sir Harry advancing toward me, red in the face and violently gesticulating with his heavy hunting crop. What have I done? Have I unconsciously infringed some point in hunting etiquette or have I hurt Czar? Neither the one or the other. Sir Harry, hastily flinging himself off his steaming horse, comes up to me and seizing me by the hand nearly wrings my arms off and bursts out with:

"Well done, my boy! You rascal, you! You've 'pounded' the whole of us. Never saw such going in all my life. Don't believe there's another man in the field that could have done it. Here, Lord George"—to the noble master who at that moment rode up—"permit me to introduce my friend, Mr. De Boots."

"Delighted to make your acquaintance, sir," says his lordship, shaking me heartily by the hand. "I trust to be able to show you some good sport if you are thinking of remaining in our country, though if you do we shall all have to look to our laurels, for you went like a bird, sir."

While he is speaking several gentlemen ride up, to all of whom I am introduced, and all of whom praise what they are pleased to call my "plucky riding."

Miss Kate comes up as the last obsequies are being performed, and on the huntsman, obedient to a nod from his lordship, who is no lover of women in the hunting field, presenting me with the brush, I handed it to her with all the grace compatible with mud-stained habiliments, and a crushed and battered hat.

We rode home together—Sir Harry and an old crony of his riding some distance in the rear. Czar was complacent and had apparently had quite enough, at any rate, for that day; so thinking that I might never have another such opportunity, I gently took Kate's whip hand and ventured to put that question which had been so long on the tip of my tongue.

Her answer was a whisper "Yes," but suddenly turning to me she added: "On one condition."

"Name it, dearest," I replied.

"You are so rash and daring that you must promise me never to hunt after we are married!"

Need I say how readily I gave the required pledge, and how faithfully I kept it?

How Sam Solon Fired a Gun.

Colonel Solon's boy Sam traded off his yellow dog last week to Jim Jenks for the latter's old army musket. Sam had never fired a gun, but he had a notion how it should be done. His father had half a pound of powder in the house, which Sam poured down the muzzle, then jammed down a whole newspaper, and filled the remaining space with chunks of lead which he cut off from the lead pipe in the kitchen with the butcher knife. The cap was put in place, and armed with this czar destroyer the boy went forth in search of adventures. Upon the roof of an adjoining house were a flock of doves, and Sam rested his gun over the fence, pointed the muzzle in their direction, and saying to himself, "They won't know what hit 'em," shut both eyes and pulled the trigger.

For about half a minute that neighborhood was so filled with feathers, noise, chunks of dove's meat, pieces of wood, boys' yells and women's shrieks that the people on the south side thought there had been a collision on the circus train, and the elephant was taking out an old grudge on the lions. Sam laid flat on his back, with the gun a rod behind him and still shivering from the concussion. Half of Sam's face was black and blue, and he didn't dare to get up until he was sure the gun had got all shot off, and even then he wasn't certain that more than half the load had gone out. And those doves! Why, two dozen had been paralyzed, and the top of that house looked as if a shell had burst in the attic and blown a feather bed with a servant girl up through the roof. There wasn't enough left of the doves to distinguish a fan-tail from a bull terrier, and people in the neighborhood are preparing to move away unless Sam is sent into the country.—*Oil City Derrick.*

PROCTOR ON THE PLANETS.

The Noted English Astronomer Says the World Is Not to be Disturbed.

When Professor Proctor and his newly-married wife were in Chicago, a short time ago, a reporter visited the celebrated English astronomer, and the following interesting conversation ensued:

"How much truth is there, Professor," asked the reporter, "in all the worry that the human family is having just now about perihelion and floods and the stars in general?"

"Not a bit—not a bit," laughed the professor.

"Well, how about the comet somebody by the name of Swift discovered the other day?"

"Swift? Is it so? Has he discovered another comet? Well, I didn't know it, I'm sure. I'm the worst person in the world to come to to learn about such things now; I'm so busy traveling and lecturing, you know. But it's a telescope comet, I suppose—a little fellow—don't amount to much, probably. But let's take a seat, and I'll tell you about some of these things."

And, seating himself, the professor fixed his eye on the office flagging and turning over the card meditatively between his fingers, kept gazing at this and this spot on the stone floor as if he had a constellation in the range of vision.

"It used to be thought," said he, "that the stars had an influence on the weather, on floods, pestilence and all that sort of thing, but science has disproved it. The truth is that the influence of all the planets together is not equal to the difference between the greatest and the least influence which the moon exerts in a year. And if all the giant planets—those outside the earth's orbit—were to come into conjunction and perihelion, all at the same time, they would not exert as much influence as that very small ratio of the moon's influence, namely, the mere difference between its greatest and least influence."

"Then the world is not going to pieces this year?"

"Not at all. Why, some of the planets are coming into conjunction every now and then all the time. Two of them came into conjunction on the nineteenth of last June. Let's see—nothing happened that day, did there?"

"And there will be no more trouble this year because so many come together?" queried the reporter.

"There is no more reason to expect it than that Jupiter has effect on the sun spots."

The reporter said that somebody had stated that the developments of astronomy were more and more demonstrating that there was after all some ground for ancient astrology. Did the professor think so?

"On the contrary, if anybody reads the works of ancient astrology," said he, "they will see what a mistake that is. The astrologists claimed, not that the relation of the planets to each other had any effect on the destinies of men, but that the position of the planets in the sky—that is in the canopy above the horizon—had such effects. For instance, the ancients thought the stars in the ascendant—which means those coming up from the horizon—were those that would influence the career of a child born during their ascendancy; but that had nothing to do with perihelion and conjunctions."

"Well, what about Jupiter's influence on sun spots, which you spoke of a moment ago?"

"Why it has been said that scientists admit that Jupiter affects the sun's spots, but the truth is, scientists have only thought such a thing possible, because Jupiter's period is ten years and ten months, or about that—of course, one can't carry all these things in one's head—and the sun-spots' period is ten years and one month. But nine months makes a great deal of difference."

"What do you think of the idea that the sun-spots affect the weather?"

"I think they do not do so at all. I have watched the sun-spots through cold and warm winters and through hot and cool summers, and I could not see that they had any effect whatever upon one another."

A Premium for Scorpion Scalps.

A Durango correspondent describes a terrible scorpion, known as the alacran, which infests that region. Its sting is mortal in every case, and no remedy has ever been found to counteract its deadly poison. The spasms are so violent that it takes three or four strong men to hold a patient stung by it. Happily the suffering is short, for after two or three hours the suffering is all over. Patients emit from their mouth a greenish-yellow foam, which turns into a black spongy matter in a short while. Every year thirty or more deaths are recorded as the work of the alacran. The government pays a premium for their scalp, and boys hunt them and derive quite a revenue from that source, but the pest does not seem to diminish any. They are said to occupy but a small belt of land running east and west, taking in Durango and Mazatlan.—*San Antonio (Texas) Herald.*

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

TO RELIEVE ASTHMA.—Soak blotting or tissue paper in strong salt-peter water. Dry and burn at night in the bedroom.

TO REMOVE PROUD FLESH.—Pulverize loaf sugar very fine and apply it to the part afflicted. This is a new and easy remedy, and is said to remove it without pain; or burnt alum pulverized and applied is an old and reliable remedy.

TO PREVENT CHOKING.—Break an egg into a cup and give it to the person choking, to swallow. The white of the egg seems to catch around the obstacle and remove it. If one egg does not answer the purpose try another. The white is all that is necessary.

MUSTARD PLASTER.—By using syrup or molasses for mustard plasters, they will keep soft and flexible, and not dry up and become hard, as when mixed with water. A thin paper or fine cloth should come between the plaster and the skin. The strength of the plaster is varied by the addition of more or less flour.

SCARLET FEVER.—An eminent physician says he cures ninety-nine out of every hundred cases of scarlet fever by giving the patient warm lemonade with gum arabic dissolved in it. A cloth wrung out in hot water and laid upon the stomach should be removed as rapidly as it becomes cool. In cases where physicians are not easily obtainable, simple remedies are not to be despised.

APPLES.—A more extensive use of apples as food at our meals will do much to diminish dyspepsia and biliousness. They are "loosening," and therefore tend to remove constipation—a prominent cause of digestive derangements. The acid of this fruit—one of the very best known in aid of digestion—acts favorably on the liver, causing it to secrete the bile, which is nature's cathartic, thus preventing this constipation. While eating them between meals must derange the stomach—like the use of all food at that time—they are really a very valuable food, demanded especially in warm weather. They may be too cooling in the coldest weather, while the more acid berries are better in the spring and summer.—*Dr. J. H. Hensford.*

A Wandering Cake.

A recent issue of the Sedalia (Mo.) *Bee* says: One day during the past week there arrived for Express Agent Faulhaber a box about twelve by fifteen inches in size, which came in from the north. It was apparently old and well battered, and contained a large jelly cake well wrapped up in tissue paper, on which was the following inscription: "This cake was baked on January 23, 1877. Pass it along."

This box was opened and Mr. F. and his assistants gazed in speechless amazement at the contents. The cake was well preserved, though as dry as Egypt and hard as the heart of Pharaoh, and notwithstanding the fact that it has been on the road for years it had a wonderfully innocent appearance.

The box was ornamented in every available spot with labels from different companies through which it passed; for each agent to whom it had been consigned had paid the charges (fifty cents), and, appreciating the joke, remarked the box and sent it forward to some other point. Thus the labels showed conclusively that the box with its precious contents had visited every State in the Union from Maine to Texas and Oregon to Florida, and it is probably doomed to be a constant wanderer upon the face of the earth until the end of time, for as long as it is kept going no one has to pay for its transportation.

Each agent upon receiving it simply sends it on, marked C. O. D., to the next man, who treats it in the same manner. And so it will go until some fellow gets disgusted, pays the charges and kicks the parcel into the street. Attached to the box was a string of tags on one side, on which were the usual directions, while on the other side waggish fellows along the way had made such remarks as they deemed appropriate. One says: "Too rich for our blood," another "Yum, yum," and others, "We pass," "Dry up," "Baked by Eve in the Garden of Eden for Adam's Express company," "When shall we meet again," etc.

It was sent from Sedalia to Fort Worth. Who started it no one knows, and there is no way of finding out. Could the box talk it could doubtless tell an interesting tale of travel, but its beginning was a mystery and probably its fate will be the same to all but the fellow who finally "takes the cake."

A Fisherman's Odd Catch.

Thomas Lipscomb recently had some hooks set out on Little river. Two of the hooks were set pretty close together and one of them caught an eel during the night, and the eel, in attempting to get off the hook, had twisted the line up until he was entirely out of water. When he went to examine his hooks he found a large hawk caught on the hook near the eel. He thinks the hawk saw the eel above the water, and in attempting to catch it got caught on the other hook dangling close by.—*Washington (Ga.) Gazette.*

CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIOUS.

Examine the thread-alike how we will we can find in it no mouth, no stomach, no muscles, no nerves, no parts of any kind. Yet it eats and breathes and grows. When it is too large to be comfortable it splits in two, and each half goes its way as a living animal.

The sea-urchin has several movable spines. Each spine looks very knowing, and apparently makes its own little excursions without regard to what the other spines are doing. In large specimens, where the claws can be seen round the spines, the effect is very comical.

The various tribes of ants go to war with each other, plunder each other systematically, and have altogether a great deal of excitement in their way. Some tribes of ants keep cows, and others slaves; others have blind beetles resident with them—blind birds, perhaps, to sing to them.

The *Journal of Applied Science* says that the birth of the elder-down industry in Iceland may be traced to British trade in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The birds reach the island in May and June, frequenting the firths and estuaries, and are never found in inland waters. If the nests are robbed more than thrice the birds will go away. Three nests give about half a pound of down. A real down coverlet weighs only one and one-half pounds, and cannot be quilted; the so-called down quilts weigh four and one-half pounds, and are not so warm.

In the ancient Egyptian astronomy the order of the planets, in respect of distance from the earth, beginning with the most remote, is Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, the sun, Venus, Mercury, the moon. The day was divided into twenty-four hours, and each successive hour consecrated to a particular planet in the order stated—so that, one hour being consecrated to Saturn, the next fell to Jupiter, the third to Mars, and so on, and each day was named after the planet to which its first hour was consecrated. The Egyptian week began with Saturday, or the day of Saturn; and the Jews, because of their flight on that day, made it the last day of their week—the last day of their bondage—hence their Sabbath or rest from labor.

Personnel of Our Earlier Presidents.

The Presidents of the United States were generally men of good personal appearance. The extremes in point of stature were Polk and Lincoln—the latter of whom was six feet four, while the former was a little more than five feet three. Van Buren, also, was a small man. The first four were men of much dignity. Concerning Washington nothing need be added on this point. He was the beau-ideal of manly beauty, even in his latter days, and when Stuart undertook to paint his portrait the artist was so overcome with the majesty of his patron that at first he was unable to proceed with his task. John Adams lacked Washington's noble stature and grandeur of mien, but he was a man of much dignity. Jefferson was of noble personage—tall, well-built and of imposing appearance. Madison had merely a respectable look, and being dressed in black presented much the appearance of a clergyman. Monroe and Washington were the only Presidents that served in the field during the Revolution. They were together at Trenton, where Monroe was a lieutenant and received a ball which he carried through life. He was the last of the Revolutionary Presidents, and wore the cocked hat and continental uniform, which became him to a remarkable degree. John Quincy Adams, like his father, was stout, thick-set and deficient in point of stature. Jackson was tall and gaunt, with bristling hair, and a nervous but deficient countenance. Van Buren lacked personal dignity, and, indeed, was the most deficient of all our Presidents in physique excepting Polk. Harrison was a man of much personal dignity. Tyler was a spare-faced man, with a broad, thin nose, which gave him rather a comical appearance. It was his station as President that won the hand of the rich woman, Gardiner, rather than any personal attraction. Polk was, as has been said, a small man, with a cold, repulsive countenance, and a hard, staring pair of eyes that were singularly free from anything like a kindly, genial look. Taylor was a heavy-built man with a rough visage, as might have been expected of one whose life was passed on the frontier. He was bred a soldier, and loved the service. His face had a pleasant smile at times, but was often impressed with the stern character of military life. Fillmore had a lymphatic countenance—dull, except when lit up by business or pleasure. He was agreeable in society and interesting in conversation to a degree much beyond many of his predecessors. He was of more than an average size, and of proportions that suggested dignity if not elegance. Buchanan was a feeble-looking old gentleman, whose white choker suggested the clerical order.

It is estimated that something between 800,000,000 and 1,000,000,000 feet of logs are yearly made into shingles in the United States.