ly," returned the other; "and if we

should have a bit of luck to-night it

yet I had a narrow escape with this. It

never was a cuter. I'll tell you, sir,'

said he, addressing me, "it is two years

ago, come December, on a Sunday, when we were all at church, that we had news

of a wreck. Well, off we all started, and

the parson not toe last, to see what God

had sent us. We found, on coming up, that it was a French India-man. She

had gone to pieces on the rocks, and the

goods were floating around like dirt. I

wasn't long in making the most of it,

and Jim was jest a going off for the cart, when I spied, half covered with weeds, and hidden by a piece of rock,

the body of a Frenchman. I soon saw I

had got a prize, for he was loaded with

money and trinkets. These I quickly eased him of, as he'd never want 'em,

but to make sure, I hit 'un a good slap

over the head, just to see whether life

when little Jim runs after, crying, Dad, dad, hit 'un again, dad; he grin'th, he

grin'th." I looked back, and sure enough that rascally French thief-

his arm about, and opening his eyes as

hate Englishmen as they hate the devil,

so I makes no more ado, but I hits 'im a

lick with the tail of a rudder, laying

every grade, but never before did I have

the fortune to hear depravity of such a

character so freely confessed. "Well, Knox," said Gray, after a pause, "so you

have seen Hobart; how's poor Bill?

Knox placed his finger significantly on his cheek. "How," said the other, "dead?" "Dead as a fish," returned

Knox. "You know I was in it, and a

sharp fight we had. Poor Bill had three

balls in him; he died the same night."

A universal expression of sympathy fol

lowed this announcement, and various

were the questions put as to the details

of his death. It appeared that he was

killed in an engagement with a revenue

cutter. "He was as likely a lad as ever run cargo," said Thomas. "Where did

you bury him? Alongside of the gauger,

'spose," said Gray, who ventured a ma

licious glance, though apparently half

doubtful of the consequences. I never

saw so speedy a change as that remark

produced in Knox. In an instant his

brow became as black as the storm that

was raging without. "What have you

to do with that, you meddling, conceited

fool?" said he, as he fixed his black eyes,

almost concealed by their overhanging

brows, on the object of his wrath. " Now,

mark me, Master Gray, play off no more of your jokes on me. This is not the

first time I have warned you, but it shall

be the last." I learned afterward that

the gauger alluded to was Knox's half

brother, who was supposed to have met

with his death by the hands of his rela-

tion, his body being flung down a shaft

near the sea. What confirmed the sus-

picion was that he had frightful dreams

about his brother, and would tremble

like a child if left alone at night. Be

that as it might, however, a fierce alter-

cation was now proceeding between Knox and a friend of Gray's who had

replied to the other's threats, and serious

the attention of all been diverted by a

seemed so unusual an occurrence that

the host hesitated to unbar the door, for

never was a stranger known to arrive

night too, for the rain was still pouring

in torrents. The knocking continued,

and although we were too many to fear

anything like personal danger, still I could see an evident uneasiness spread-

ng throughout the party. The knock-

ing was now fiercer than ever, and the

host was compelled to unbolt and unbar

As the door opened, in stalked a tall,

weather-beaten man, enveloped in a

huge, shaggy great coat, and a broad

"What do you mean by this?" he said,

dashing his hat upon the floor, and shaking the rain from his coat like a

huge water-dog-"keeping a traveller

As he spoke, was heard a heavy, boom

ng sound from the sea. "A wrack, a

outside your house on such a night.

oil-skin hat on his head.

loud knocking at the outer door.

onsequences might have ensued had not

more you won't harm.

POWELLS ELLE

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.

BY W. B. B. WESTCOTT.

- I love to see, in summer time, The farmer plow the land; And broadcast o'er the furrows sow The buckwheat with his hand.
- I love to see the little germ Come springing up to view; And see at morn the growing plant Besprent with sparkling dew.
- I love to see the blossom ope, As white as pearly snow, While o'er the fields the gentle winds With laden perfume flow.
- I love to see the blooming field Put on its coat of brown:
 And see the heavy-laden stock
 With ripened grain hang down.
- I love to see, in even swath, The cradled buckwheat lie; And help to rake and bind the sheaves And set them up to dry. Before the old barn-door, And hear the sounding of the fiall Upon the threshing-floor.
- I love to see the fanning-mill Blow off the dusty chaff; And see them measure up the grain, And "strike" the bushel half.
- Revolve with mighty power, Which sets the mili-stone whizzing round, To grind the buckwheat-flour.
- I love to hear the thumping bolt, Within the noisy mill, And see the miller scoop the flour, the farmer's bag to fill.
- I love to see the busy cook, Her pancake batter make, And on the heated griddle pour The limpid, flowing cake.
- I love to see the half-done cake With skin turned upside down, Until the stove, with steady heat, Has baked the pancake brown.
- The buttered cake upon may plate, I dearly love to see,
 And when with sirup sweetened well
 It looks most temptingly.
- Than all the pleasures I have named, A greater one I take—
 'Tis at the table, when I sit
 And eat the Buckwheat Cake.

THE WRECKER'S WAGER.

From the New York Times.

There are few parts of England more wild and desolate than the mining dis-tricts of Cornwall. Nature, as a counterpoise to the treasures which she has close by, and I'll warrant me he'll never lavished on this region, has given to its come to ask for my goods." The misexternal features a most forbidding aspect. The eye takes in a prospect of bleak and barren plains, with neither might feel at the recollection of a virtree or shrub to protect the traveller tuous action; while his companions, to from the wind that sweeps across them, and presenting danger at every step from the numerous shatts by which they are intersected. It is truly an inhant are intersected. It is truly an inhospitable country, and the nature of its inhabitants quite accords with its unfriendly characteristics. They are to a me whose countenances would have great extent repulsive in appearance, hung them at any bar in England, but forbidding in manners, and cruel and none ventured to boast so openly of by natural disposition, and seem hardly to have risen very much above the barbarous state of their ancestors. It was late in the autumn when I visited this region, and toward the close of a gloomy day that I found myself at the residence of Capt. Thomasso I shall call him-a man whom I had met in London, and who had persuaded me that the only sure way to make fortune was to invest a trifle of ready money in a copper-mine. He held the rank of Captain, by the custom of the country, as a mine, like a ship, is conducted by a captain and officers. The Captain was rather a decent specimen of his class, for where there are so many combinations of miner, smuggler, wreck er, and consequently ruffian, a man of even tolerable manners and address is something. My worthy friend, however, had one besetting weakness which I afterward discovered, he would have considered it quite admissible to have robbed his own father rather than not to have robbed at all.

Our supper being over, he proposed an adjournment to the "Red Dragon or red something-it is so long ago 1 have almost forgotten-where he assured me, I would meet a most respectable society of gentlemen, and where I might pick up much valuable informa-They were all particular friends of his, he added, captains and pursers of mines. It was a dismal night, when wo sallied out, a thick mist was gathering around, the sea was breaking against the huge rocky cliffs of the coast, desfening roar, and at times was heard the distant thunder. It was then with a most comfortable feeling that I found myself safely housed at the rendezvous of these choice spirits of the mines. The party to which I was introduced were seated at a long deal table, in an apartment half kitchen, half tap-room, at the upper end of which appeared a blazing On one side of the room a door opened into a small parlor, and in the corner was a bar, to enable the host to dispense to his customers their various potations from his smuggled treasures. The arrival of Capt, Thomas was hailed with marked satisfaction. We were soon seated, and in a twinkling a large tumbler of hot brandy and water was placed before me, and a pipe thrust into my hand. The conversation, which was rather loud when we entered, was now suddenly hushed, and intelligent glances were quickly interchanged, which I saw related to myself. Thomas understood them, and said: "You need not be afraid: this gentleman is a particular friend of mine, and a great patron of the fine arts." I then begged to assure the company of my veneration for miners and mines, and all connected with them. There was a visible brightening up at my declaration, and doubtless a that moment various were the plans of rascality that were hatched to pue my devotedness to the proof. "A likely night this, Capt. Thomas," said a beetlebrowed, short, muscular man, whose dark eyes peered from beneath a brow of peculiar ferocity. "Uncommon liketike blood hounds on their prey. "Keep your places, you fools," cried the stranger; if she goes ashore it will be many miles from here, with the wind in

YES OF TAKWOON IS

would not be a bad beginning this win-ter." "Ah!" said the first one, who an-swered to the name of Knox, "my wife this quarter. I've heard the guns some time, but she has good offing yet, and she may manage to keep off. I'd lay my life she is a foreign craft; they are alsays she thinks Providence has deserted says she thinks Providence has deserted our coast. We haven't had anything worth telling about these two years. I ve seen the time when we've had a dozen wracks a season." "Well, never mind, Master Knox,' said a pert-look-ing, snub-nosed fellow, named Gray, whom I at first took for an attorney, but afterward found that he was a minways in such a hurry to sing out."

The company had now seated themselves and resumed their pipes. They likewise took the liberty of scanning the but afterward found that he was a min-

new arrival. There was nothing in his appearance very remarkable beyond the fact of his being a tall muscular man, having short, black hair, and immense ing agent. "Never mind, Master Knox," said he, jingling a bunch of seals, which bushy whiskers, meeting under his chin, together with large, black eyes. Alto-gether, his countenance was not an un-pleasant one. He did not apologize for peeped from beneath the waistcoat of that worthy. "You have made the most of your luck, and if you don't get any nis intrusion, but called at once for his "Why, yes," said the fellow, drawing out a handsome gold watch, which hardly seemed in keeping with his coarse at-

pipe and his glass.

"Did you come from the Portreath side?" asked Knox. The stranger took side?" asked Knox. "Who tire, "I don't complain of the past, and a whiff and nodded assent. brought you across the moors?" "Do it hadn't been for my boy Jim, I should have lost it." "He's a cute child, that boy of yours," remarked one. "There you think no one can trend the moors but yourself and the louts of the place?"

"None that I ever heard of except the devil," said Knox, peering suspici-

answered the stranger.

ously at the stranger.

The latter laughed. "The path is dangerous by night," said Thomss, "few strangers find the way alone." "Then I am one of the few, for here I am," said the stranger. "I've lived here, man and boy, these forty years," said Knox, "and I never knew a stranger to do that before. And you must be a stranger, for I've never seen you before." "Are you sure of that?" Knox scanned him attentively. "I never saw you before." list! His money is sunk with him. Let "You see, then, a stranger can find his 'em hang me; I'm innocent; they can't way in these parts. I came by the prove it." It became too distressing. way in these parts. I came by the Gauger's Shaft. Thou knowest the Gauger's Shaft," said he, significantly. Do you come here to mock me," said

the other, with a furious imprecation; "if you do, you had better return afore was in 'un or no. (Here a general grin went round) Well, I was just going away, when I see'd a diamond ring on harm comes to you." "You are a strong man," said his opponent, "but I am so his finger, and the finger being swelled much stronger that I could hold you with the water, I cuts it off, and walks off with my goods. I hadn't gone far with one arm on yonder fire until you were as black as your own black heart. Come, if you have a span of Courage! I'll put it now to the test," "Courage! "I Come, if you have a spark of courage, I'll put it now to the test." "Courage! ing shafts and pits without once staying to pick his way. It could have been no human horseman nor steed that could have sped on such a wild career. There whether it was drawing the blood or not, I don't know-but he was moving and ring that betits thy finger so oddly, that you dare not go into yonder room alone and look on the face you shall meet there." "You are a juggler and a cheat," cried Knox, "I'll have nothing the appearance and disappearance of the stranger in a more credible way. Some there," and already cattle growers therefore the stranger in a more credible way. Some that they must soon look elsewhere feel smugglers reported that on that night they saw a beautiful French smuggling like the past—a few deductions of a milif he were bent on taking the bread out of my mouth. This made me mad, for these Frenchmen are a spiteful set, and further to say to thee." "There's my gold," said he, throwing a heavy purse on the table; "look at it, count it; a might have been one of the crew who hundred as bright louis as ever was had made himself acquainted with the

yonder room that I will raise the form day the popular belief. of one whom thou would'st most dread "I fear nothing and believe you to be same thing. Knox was evidently the

villain par excellence. I saw others around "There's my gold." "Take the wager," cried several of Knox's friends, "we'll see you have the crime. Knox was the only avowed pro-

"Done!" cried Knox, with a sort o fessor of villainy, and seemed to glory in desperate resolve, and he placed the ring his right of pre-eminence. I have travand watch on the heap of louis. elled somewhat, and have met ruffisns of

must have arms and lights." "Take them," said the stranger, before you go I will show you a portion of your property you have never dis-covered." He took the ring, and touching the inside with the point of a pin, it flew open and discovered a small space tilled with hair. It was not till that moment that it was discovered that the stranger had lost the little finger of his left hand. For a moment all was still as the grave, a frightful suspicion seemed to have taken possession of every one around that the murdered stood before them to claim his own. The stranger broke into a loud laugh. What ails you all, are you afraid of a man without a finger, and his laughter was louder than

"I'll not go into the room," said Knox in a low broken voice. "Then the watch and ring are mine, said the stranger; "you have to forfeit the wager," and he began to fill the bag with coin.

"It's a base juggle to rob me of my own," cried Knox, whose courage re-turned as he witnessed the business-like manner in which the stranger fingered

"Keep to your wager, man," cried Thomas, "we'll see you rightly dealt with. He can no more do what he says than raise old old Beelz bub himself." "Will you stand to your bargain?

asked the stranger. "I will, and defy you and all your works." He took a candle and loaded pistol and went toward the room. If ever the agony of life was condensed into the short space of a few minutes it must have been so at that moment. Ruffian as he was he was a pitiable object. Pale and trembling, without even making an effort to conceal his distress, he paused and turned irresolute even at

the threshold of the door. Shame and avarice urged bim on. He entered the room and closed the door. If I say that I looked on as a calm spectator of these proceedings I should say falsely. I began to grow nervous, and there at such an hour and on such a was infected with the superstitions feeling which had evidently taken possess ion of my companions.

The only unconcerned person was th stranger, or at least he was apparently so. He tied up the money, watch and ring in the bag and placed them on the He then took two pieces of paper and wrote some characters on both one he handed to Thomas-it was mark ed with the name of the gauger—the other he kept himself. He advanced to the fire, and, muttering a few words, threw into it a small leaden packet, and retired at the same moment to the end of the room. The flames had hardly time to melt the thin sheet lead when our ears were greeted with the most terrific explosion that I have ever in my life heard, and it seemed as if the elements were in wrack," shouted Knox, and instantly a unison with it, for a deafening thunder dozen fellows were up and ready to rush | crash at the same moment shook the

house to its foundation. Every man was thrown violently to the ground, the chairs and tables tumbled about, every door was burst open by the shock, and hardly a pane of glass remained entire. This, with the grouns of the men and the screams of the women, completed the terrors of a scene which, if any one could have withstood without actual fear, he must have been a bolder man than I was. For several minutes at least so it appeared to me—did we lie stunned on the floor, expecting every moment the house to fall over us in ruins. All was, however, silent as leath, except the roaring of the storm outside. So when the sense of suffocation was somewhat removed by the fresh air forcing itself through the open doors and windows, we ventured to hail each other. It was some time, however, before we could get a light, and then our first care was to look to our friend in the back parlor. We found him lyin the back parlor. We found him by trade may be estimated at the stock parlor. We found him by ing on his face, quite insensible, and that it took 111 cars per day to transfer bleeding from a wound in his head, the stock, and one bank in Kansas City which he must have received in falling. handled \$3 000,000 cattle money. In We brought him into the large room, and after a time we procured restoratives. I never shall forget the wild and ghastly look with which he first gazed around him. He looked as though seeking some horrid object. "It's gone," he cried; "thank God! what a horrid sight—who saw it?" "Saw what—who?" asked Thomas. "Just as bloody and ghastly as when I pitched him down

hush," said Thomas; "you don't know what you are talking about." "Who says I murdered him ; who says I got his money? He's a liar, I say, a fortunately, for the feelings of all; the unhappy man, or rather, now, the maniac, relapsed into insensibility, and in

the shaft," cried he, incoherently. "Hush,

had disappeared. Strange were the ru-mors abroad next day. Some men going very early to work swore they saw a little or no value, that stock can be horseman flying over the moors, cross- rais d to great advantage. But even the was another report, which accounted for the past year received 300,000 settlers, coined in France against your watch and ring not worth the half." The eyes of the wrecker glistened at the bright heap. "What is the wager?" he descouted as quite unworthy of the slightmanded. "If you will dare go into est credit, and the former remains to this

THE TEXAS CAPTLE KINGS.

The Mighty Stock Forms of the Plains. Texas Cattle Breeding-Immense Riches in the Heart of the Continent -The Paradise of Fortune Hunters in America. From the Pittsburg Commercial

Texas alone has 3,800,000 cattle, divided into 950,000 beeves, 950,000 cows, and 1,900,000 young cattle. The plains on which these cattle roam contain about 152,000,000 acres of ground. The principal pasturages are on the Nucces, Rio Grande, Guadalupe, San Antonio, Colorado, Leon, Brazos, Trinity, Sabine, and Red Rivers. The cattle are owned by scores of ranchmen, each one of whom has from 1,000 to 75,000 head. On the Santa Catratos river is a ranch containing 84,132 acres. It is owned man, Richard King, and has on it 65,000 head of cattle, 20,000 horses, 7,000 sheep and 8,000 goats. This immense number of live stock requires 1,000 saddle horses and 300 Mexicans to attend and herd it Ten thousand beeves are annually sold from the ranch, and 12,000 young calves branded. There is another ranch on the San Antonia river, near Goliad, which grazes 40,000 head of cattle, and brands 11,000 head of calves annually. Mr. O'Connor, the owner of this ranch, sells \$75,000 worth of stock each year, and his herds are constantly increasing. In 1852 he began cattle raising with 1,500 head, and his present enormous herds and wealth are the result of natural increase. On the Gulf, between the Rio Grande and Nuccus, is a ranch containing 142,-840 acres, and owned by Mr. Robideaux. It is on a peninsula, surrounded on three ides by water, and, to enclose the other side, has required the building of thirtyone miles of plank tence. Every three miles along the fence are houses for the herders, and enormous stables and pens for the stock. There are grazed in this enclosure 30,000 head of beef cattle, be-

sides an immense number of other stock. A ranch on the Brazos river contains 50 000 head of cattle, 300 horses, and 50 herders. John Hitson, the owner, drives 10,000 cattle to market annually. Ten years ago he was a poor farmer in Tennesee, but selling his land and going to the Brazos, he succeeded by dint of hard labor in getting together sixty cows and nine brood mares, when he went to raising stock. He has now 50 000 head of cattle, worth at least \$150,000, and he is still only forty years old. This man is establishing a stock ranch on the South Platte, in Nebraska, where he now has 5,000 head of cattle, and next spring will

oring in 10,000 more. There is a ranch on the Concho river, Texas, where, I am told, one man owns 70,000 head of steer and milch cows.

The best grazing counties in Texas are those of Throckmorton, Stevens, Jack, Young, Callahan, Coleman, Brown, Tarrant, Ellrath, Comanche, Palo, Pinto, Hill, and Johnson. These counties lie slong the Rio Grande, Nueces, Guadulupe, San Antonio, Colorado, Leon, Bra-20s, Trinity, Sabine, and Red rivers. The stock from these countries are driven to the Gulf in great numbers, where they are slaughtered, packed in steamers, or put on alive, and shipped to New York, Boston, and other northern markets. A great many cattle are driven North on foot by way of Abilene, Kan-

low the Peccs, and pass into Arizona and California; others keep along the Arkansas to Bent's Ford, thence across Colorado over the Black Hills and into Wyoming, and on up into Utah, Mon-tana, Nevada, and Idaho. There are some drivers whose names I cannot mention, but the whole number of cattle brought North overland from Texas dur-ing the year 1870 did not not fall short of 100,000 head. Of these, 20 000 went to Montana, 8,000 to Utah, 8 000 to Nevada, 9,000 to Wyoming, 10 000 to Cali-fornia, 11,000 to Idaho, and 30,000 to Colorado and New Mexico. The amount of money handled along the base of the mountains in transferring this stock was over \$1,250,000. At Abilene, the great Kansas cattle market, over 200,000 head were handled. The shipments in Sep-tember reached 60 000 head, and in October nearly 75,000 head. This immense trade may be estimated when it is stated Nebraska the cattle trade with the South is just beginning; yet last year 27,-000 head changed hands at Schuyler, and

led \$500 000 in consequence of this trade.

It is likely the trade at Schuyler in 1871

will reach 100,000 head of cattle, and it

will require \$1,500,000 to carry it on.

sas, and Schuyler, Nebraska. Some fol-

BUBINESS CARDS

Large as the cattle trade may seem, it is as yet in its infancy, not only in Texas, New Mexico, Colorado, on the Platte, but throughout the United States. The rapid increase of our population, both from foreign and domestic sources, demands a corresponding increase of food, and at present there is no product of cattle that is anything like equal to the demand. Beef can be raised on the plains, and delivered, at six cents per pound, and until that is done there need that state was conveyed home.

It was not till then that we thought of the stranger. No trace of him could the found. The money, ring and watch the found that the found the found th be no apprehension of crowding the catlion acres of pasture lands in a single grazing State than New York, Pennsylvania, or Ohio. Yet, compare these States, and how do they stand now? New York, with her settlements 250 years old and a population of 4,000,000, has 748,000 oxen and stock cattle; Penn-721,000; Ohio, with 3,000,000 people, has REN: My Summer in a Garden. 749 000; Texas, with 800,000 people, has

800 000 cattle alone.

The great Platte Valley has over 8,000,-000 acres of rich pastures; but how long will these acres remain grazing grounds? The Union Pacific Railroad has already divided these lands from their eastern to their western extremity, and towns and villages are springing up everywhere along its iron rails, and farms are being opened on every side of them. It is no exaggeration to say that the population of the United States before the close of the present century will probably reach 100,000,000 of people. Then there will be no West to settle up, no great stock ranges, but farms and cities and cities and farms everywhere. I predict that those men who begin now by raising cattle on Government lands, and ar wise enough to buy a portion of these lands as soon as they are offered for sale, will find before they die that these ands will be worth more to them than their herds ever could have been. great Ohio Senator, Benjamin Wade once said that he believed " within the present century every acre of good land etween the Missouri river and the California coast will be worth fifty dollars in gold." Wild as this declaration at the time seemed, it has already been realized in many portions of Nebraska and is likely to come true in all our States and Territories west of the Big Muddy. Great, then, as are the fortunes which are being made in cattle, still greater will be the fortunes made in and. Those who are wisest will make all they can on their cattle, and the moment the lands are for sale buy all they can get, even if they have to sell a part of their herd to pay for the lands. Homestead law precludes the possibility of getting much land in one body, but by buying out settlers at fair prices, sufficient grounds for grazing purposes may be had for many years yet.

THE ACCUMULATION OF RICHES .-The acquisition of riches seems from the beginning of time to have been one of man's universal passions. Many causes have tended to inspire it. In the hands of the good riches have been a blessing but who will say that in the hands of the majority riches have not been a corrupter and a curse? Yet it is not oney which is the rock of all evil, but the love of money for its own sake, or merely for the luxuries and pleasures it can bring one's-self. This feeling is the real curse of gold.

THE ONLY LOCK -" Can I induce you to invest in a look?" smilingly inquired a travelling agent for an improved doorfastening, of a plain-looking old maid, whom he encountered sweeping the doorsteps. "You might, sir," plied, with a ghastly smile, eyeing him carefully for a moment from head to foot, "in wed lock."

UNITY IN DIVERSITY .- What is one man's salvation is another one's bane this old saying is an axiom. Those who urge their remedies or medicaments on others do not understand that in unanimity or oneness there may be divers-

A READER'S NOTES.

of Thought and Word From New and old Books.

The subject needs to be considered in all weathers of the soul, for it is very large. - ARTHUR HELPS.

The origin of a parvenu is forgotten if he remembers it, remembered if he forgets. - Conceits and Caprices.

One great art of managing with small anxieties, is to cease thinking about them just at that point when thought beomes morbid .- ARTHUR HELPS: Companions of My Solitude.

Lessing, when he was Librarian at Wolfenuttel, proposed to start a review which should only notice forgotten books. -MAX MULLER: Chips.

The wise man acquires with each access of learning, an increase, at least, of one special sort of knowledge, that, namely, of his own ignorance.—BLACK-LEY: Word Gossip.

There are doubtless as many good people in towns as there are in the country, only, perhaps, the good would be better still if they lived in the country. -MISS MULOCH : Fair France. the First National Bank of Omaha hand-

The chiefest and sublimest end of music is the graceful return of our thanks to the gods, and the next is to purify and bring our minds to a sober and harmonious temper.—Plutarch: Morals.

Our men of Art, contemning its ancient majesty, instead of that manly, grave, heavenborn music, so acceptable to the gods, have brought into the theatre a sort of effeminate musical tattling, mere sound without substance .- PLUTARCH:

If the works of the great poets teach anything, it is to hold mere invention somewhat cheap. It is not the finding of a thing, but the making something out of it after it is found, that is of conequence.-Lowell: My Study Windows.

What a strange, desperate notion it is of men, when they have erred, that things are at their worst—that nothing can be done to rescue them; whereas Judas might have done something better than hang himself .- ARTHUR HELPS: Comvanions of My Solitude.

To contrast the size of the oak with that of the parent acorn, as if the poor seed had paid all costs from its slender strong-box, may serve for a child's won-der; but the real miracle lies in that divine league which bound all the forces of nature to the service of the tiny germ in fulfilling its destiny.—Lowell: My Study Windows.

To dig in the mellow soil—to dig moderately, for all pleasure should be taken sparingly—is a great thing. One gets strength out of the ground as often as one really touches it with a hoe. There is life in the ground; it goes into the seeds, and it also, when stirred up, sylvania, with over 3 000,000 people, has goes into the man who stirs it .- WAR-

Again and again nations have have thought it enough to garland the tombstone when they had not crowned the brow, and to pay the honor to the ashes which they had denied to the spirit. Let it not displease them that they are bidden, amidst the tumult and the dazzle of their busy life, to listen for the few voices and watch for the few lamps which God has toned and lighted to charm and to guide them, that they may not learn their sweetness by their silence, nor their light by their decay .-RUSKIN: Modern Painters.

By the time a man gets to be eighty, learns that he is compassed by limitations, and tast there has been natural boundary set to his individual powers. As he goes on in life, he begins to doubt his ability to destroy all evil and to reform all abuses, and to suspect that there will be much left to do after he is done. I stepped into my garden in the spring, not doubting that I should be easily master of the weeds. I have simply learned that an institution which is at least a thousand years old, and I believe six millions, is not to be put down in one season.-WARREN My Summer in a Garden.

Just so many misdirected letters every year and no more! Would it were as easy to reckon up the number of men on whose backs fate has written the wrong address, so that they arrive by mistake in Congress and other places where they do not belong! May not these wanderers of whom I speak have been sent into the world without any proper address at all? And if wise social arrangement should furnish us with something of the sort, fancy (horrible thought!) how many a workingman's friend (a kind of industry in which the labor is light and the wages heavy would be sent thither because not called for in the office where he at present lies -Lowell: My Study Windows.

The more we examine the mechanism of thought the more we shall see the automatic unconscious action of the mind enters largely into all its processes. Our definite ideas are stepping-stones how we get from one to the other, we do not know; something carries us; we do not take the step. A creating and informing spirit which is with us, and not of us, is recognized in real and in storied life. It is the Zeus that kindled the rage of Achilles; it is the Muse of Homer; it is the Daimon of Socrates; it is the inspiration of the seer; it is the mocking devil that whispers to Margaret as she kneels at the altar; and the hob-goblin that cried, "Sell him, sell him!" in the ear of John Bunyan; it shaped the forms that filled the soul of Michael Angelo when he saw the figure of the great Lawgiver in the yet unhewn marble, and the dome of the world's yet unbuilt basilica against the blank horizon; it comes to the least of us as a voice that will be heard; it tells us what we must believe; it frames our sentences; it lends sudden gleam of sense or eloquence to the dullest of us all, so that, like Katterfelto with his hair on end, we wonder at ourselves, or rather not at ourselves, but at the divine visitor, who chooses our brain as his dwelling-place, and invests Talking prevents doing. Silence is our naked thought with the purple the great fellow-workman.—ARTHUR the kings of speech or song.—Holmes:

Mechanism in Thought and Morals. our naked thought with the purple of

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Clergymen who preach against the equisition of wealth seldom object to an increase of salary.

An oyster weighing three pounds is on exhibition in the window of a Newark saloon.

The cost to the United States government of the occupation of Alaska, according to Major Tidball, is \$9,388 a month, besides supplies, and is divided as follows: Army, \$3,900; navy, 3,588; revenue cutter, \$2,200; and custom house, \$700.

The Lynn shoemakers have a yacht, the hull of which is composed entirely of old shoe boxes, the stays are made of shoe bindings, and the sails of split leather. And they have now formed a yacht club, in order to have a commodore's flag, which is to be of Turkish morocco.

A Springfield (Vt.) lady left her little boy at home to amuse himself with matches, and when she returned met him in the street, crying. He said he only made a little fire in the bureau drawer, and a lot of red-shirted men with a great big tea-kettle came and squirted water all over the house. They saved the cellar door.

Humboldt, Kansas, claims to have the champion nailer of the world, in the person of Albert Minor, a lather by trade, and a son of Vermont. Minor can drive more nails in one day than any other living man. He will drive nails faster than the fastest compositor can pick up type. He will drive sixty lath nails a minute, ten hours out of the

twenty-four, the year through. A mysterious occurrence took place lately at Haverhill, Mass. Four sailors, with trunks and carpet bag, landed there in an open boat, set fire to the boat, watched it until it was entirely destroyed, and then took cars for Portland. Nobody knows who the strangers were, or whence they came. But for the trunks and carpet bags, they might be sup-posed to be some of Captain Kidd's freebooters. Who knows?

In a New Hampshire city on Tuesday a espected citizen was upon the ticket of one party as a candidate for the School Committee, while his daughter was a candidate of the opposite party for the same office, the latter having received the nomination, not on account of any female suffrage proclivities, but because she was a very efficient teacher. As she shrank from the responsibilities of the position, the nomination, even, having een made without her knowledge, her father was generally voted for and elect-

Horse thieves in Michigan are practicing a new dodge. Four men are required to carry it out. Two of them go in advance with a horse and buggy, and, when an opportunity presents itself, the horse is sold, and the two hire another horse, and proceed to the next neighorhood in search of another pur On the following day the two arrive in hot haste, inquiring for the two who had left, representing them as horsethieves; learn that they have sold the horse; one of them claims it, and proves ownership by the other, and gets possession of the horse as having been stolen from him; then they pass on to the next neighborhood to repeat the process on another victim.

A good story is told of himself by a season ticket holder on the Boston and Maine Railroad-a wide-awake, jolly, generous, joke-loving gentleman, liberal in his religion. Riding in a horse car a short time since, with the Catholic priest of his village, who has been active in trying to induce his flock to become emperate, he familiarly addressed him in language something as follows:
"Father —, you are doing a pretty
good work just now—I don't know but you are doing as much good as all the ther clergymen in town." The priest quietly replied that he was doing what he could to improve his people. "I'll tell you what it is," continued the gentleman, "I've been thinking about attending your church, but was afraid it est too much to get all my sins pardoned." "Oh," said the priest, "we can manage your case; when we have a very large contract we make a liberal discount!"

John Bellows has a weakness for pretwomen. Among these he includes a little apple-vender near the market. He makes love to her sometimes, and yesterday tried to kiss her. She wouldn't be kissed, and a little disturbance resulted which procured John the pleasure of an introduction to the recorder. "And so you insulted the girl yesterday," inquired the magistrate. "I was only joking," pleaded John. "But didn't you try to kiss her?" "Well," said John, straightening himself up. "I made out like I wanted to kiss her, but it was all nonsense; I didn't care anything about it."
"Indeed!" "Certainly not." "The you were trying to deceive the girl, and that can't be tolerated by this court. Here is a pretty girl whom you say you wouldn't care to kiss. Well, a man of such bad taste ought to be punished; and I'll fine you for not wanting to kiss her!" And he did .-- N. O. Pic.

Last fall a party of thieves stole a train on the Central Pacific Railroad and robbed the express car; but were followed so closely that they were obliged to conceal a part of their booty in the mountainous region west of Salt Lake City. The robbers were appre-hended and brought to trial at Eiko where they secured the services of two Wells, Fargo & Co. suspected that the accused might turn over some of the stolen property to the lawyers in payment for their professional services, and determined to keep a watch on the latter. The legal gentlemen started for the mountains, closely followed by detectives. When they had found and secured the hidden property, amounting to several thousand dollars in value, they were apprehended and taken to they were apprehended and taken to Salt Lake City, where they were examined before Judge Hawley and bound over to appear at the District Court in the sum of \$5,000 each. The stolen property was returned to its owners.