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The Path.

Backwards I look along my path,
A pleasant path by lawn and sea.
The thrush and linnets sing no more,
No longer hums the summer bee.
The flowers are dead: the leaves are dead
On shrub and tree.

Forward I look along the path
That I, alas! have still to tread.
A dreary waste, vague shapes of pain,
Are there, that fill my soul with dread.
Better than trace that woful space,
Be with the dead.

Upwards I look beyond the way
That I, forlorn, have still to go:
The cool dews fall from golden stars,
That glide where tempests never blow,
Nor sounds of signs ascend the skies,
Nor tears-drops flow.

ISAAC PENRITH'S THANKSGIVING.

The clock had just struck three. It was no trifle of bronze or iron; it was a piece of one of those quaint old sentinels of dark wood and tarnished gilding that you sometimes encounter on antique stairways, keeping ghostly guard over the tread of generation after generation. It was a trim, compact little clock, hanging where its dial, like an eye, seemed to look through the four deep-set windows of the circular stone room and watch the tides as they swung back and forth, murmuring discontentedly around the solid masonry that upheld the lighthouse. A strange place, a dreary, desolate place, it seemed prison-like in its isolation and terrible in its frowning strength. Yet even there the grace of woman's presence cast its visible sign and glow. Upon the pine table a vase of late autumn flowers glowed in velvet carmine and gold, and a round that decorated with the scarlet wing of a tropical bird lay beside it.

Lucy Penrith was looking from one of the windows—a loony, pretty girl, with touches of faint crimson on her cheek, and violet gray eyes, where the deep lights seemed to swim. Her black still dress was very simple; but there was a flutter of vivid scarlet ribbon at her throat, and a bunch of coral-red berries in her shining brown braids, bearing silent witness to the mutual love of the picturesque that exists in every woman's heart.

"I don't think the sea is very rough, father,"

Lucy Penrith deliberately folded his newspaper inside out, and commenced on a new note of vain nonsense about that boy, the raggid old man, with iron-gray hair, and a brow where the wrinkles stood out like knotted cord.

Lucy stole across the stone floor, and put her dimpled face between the printed page and her father's spectacles.

"Now, father, I've never seen you around here. Oh, father, I never can spend Thanksgiving evening in this dismal place, and I promised them at the farm house!"

"Rash promises are better broken than kept," sentimentally answered old Isaac.

"But it wasn't a rash promise, father. All the young people are to be there, and Phillip Martin—"

She stopped abruptly, checked by the dark frown that corrugated her father's brow.

"Phillip Martin! I tell you, Lucy, I'll have no more idle nonsense about that boy. It was Phillip Martin whose father tried to be keeper of the lighthouse in my stead—a bad, black-hearted man—and the boy is a branch off the old tree, I'll go bail. And—"

But Lucy was crying, with her head on her father's shoulder. Isaac's heart softened within him.

"I'm a cross old bear, I know," he made haste to utter, "and I ought to be a little kinder what I say. Don't cry, little one, there! I'll rove ye cross if ye say so; tain't near dark yet, and it's rather hard on a young gal like you to live in this stone dungeon year after year. I wish I hadn't told Sam he could have the day to himself. But never mind; I'll be back long before lightning time."

Lucy brightened up like a rose after a shower.

"Oh! father I am so glad! I do so want to go!"

She tripped backward and forward, adjusting the round hat with the scarlet wing, folding the brown shawl, and rearranging the coral berries in her hair, while old Isaac, with his fur cap on, and his hands in his coat pockets, watched her with a proud, amused sense of proprietorship.

"She's more like one of them foreign birds with plumage like fire, and little, glaucin' ways, than she is like a human critter," thought the light-house keeper.

"I know I am goin' clean agin all rules and regulations, leavin' the place alone; but 'twon't be but for a few minutes, and I don't like to disappoint the gal, her heart's so kinder set on't! I've got to be father and mother both to the child—and she's a good gal and a pretty one, too, if she does happen to be Isaac Penrith's daughter."

"I'll carry the flowers over, father," said Lucy, removing them from the vase, and wrapping a bit of paper round the damp stems. "There's not much left in the farm-house garden, and they'll help to make the Thanksgiving table gay. Now, father, I'm ready!"

And as Isaac Penrith pulled the shell-like little boat out to sea, with the long, steady, vigorous strokes that betokened his daily habitation to life on the deep, he fell into a musings remembrance of the far away Thanksgivings of his youth, with their rains of red and golden leaves, and the odor of sweet fern in the pastures, and the old red farmhouse among the bleak New England hills!

And unconsciously the roar of the green translucent waves, and the wild wind in the upland forests, and Lucy's blooming face opposite him seemed her mother's smiling out from the mists of years.

Nor was the salt drop on old Isaac's cheek the spray from his steadily dipping oar.

Lucy Penrith sprang lightly to her feet, as the keel of the boat grated softly on the smooth shining sand of the beach.

"You will walk up to the house with me, father. See how high the sun is!" Isaac stopped and secured his boat to

a heavy projecting rock by means of a loop of heavy rope.

"I'll go," he said, briefly, adding within himself, "and if Phillip Martin's there, I'll bring her back with me again. I don't like his father's son."

The old brown house stood a little way back on the beach, with a smooth stretch of silvery sand in front, and a cluster of black green cedars in the rear, tossing their plummy hands about in the blustering salt-scented gale, and a group of merry-makers, young and old, in their Thanksgiving habits, were in the front awaiting the arrival of the new comers.

"Oh, Lucy, we thought you never were coming!" said a bright-eyed little damsel, whose hair was blowing about her face like a mist of rippled gold; "what made you so late. And Phillip Penrith's!"

Lucy's appealing, frightened glance stopped the half-uttered sentence; but Isaac Penrith had caught its meaning.

"Lucy," he said, drawing his daughter aside as the gump hurried merrily into the house once more, where a fire of drift wood blazed roily in the huge old-fashioned fireplace, and the "old people" in caps and brass-buttoned suits, were purring around the genial glow—"Lucy, is there anything between you and—Dorr Martin's son?"

A colored and turned her face away, while the tears sprang to her eyes.

"Tell me," he urged, sternly grasping her arm; "I will have no more half-confidence. Has he asked you to be his wife?"

"No, father."

"And you—what answer did you make?"

"Father," simply answered Lucy, with her violet eyes raised to his, "I love him."

"Child," answered Isaac Penrith, "conspicuous this idle folly as best you may, I never desired my daughter to marry Phillip Martin! So now you know my will and determination in the matter."

He turned abruptly away, releasing Lucy to the demands of half a dozen pleading, bird-eyed girls, while he hurriedly sent a kindly word of honor of hospitality that beset him on every side.

"I must be goin' back, friends," he said; "I wasn't fairly right to come over, but Lucy was so set on't, and I ain't lose no more time. By the way, Isaac, I'll have a stormy night, and the Lord help them that are out to sea along this cruel shore!"

And so he bid the revelers a "Good-night," and looked his last at the ruddy glow of the drift-wood fire, and Lucy's sweet face, flushed by its radiance—or something close to it. He stood adjusting a late vase in Barbara Cliffe's gold-mounted hair.

"I'll walk down to the shore with ye, neighbor Penrith," said old Truman Cliffe, pulling on his dreadsought coat.

"Somehow, I've been a sailor so long I can't bear to keep a'float when the night is blowing up like it does now."

The late autumn sun was fringing the overhanging clouds with a sultry fire—such fire as bursts itself out in stormy reflections, leaving a track like bloody footsteps across the tides—the winds were moaning sullenly along the shore, and the waves were howling in the ground swell sounded like the bass chords of Nature's organ.

"You're right, Isaac," said Truman Cliffe. "It's goin' to be an awful night! There's mischief in them clouds, and if ever there was murder in the sound of the waves, it's there tonight. Who's what's the matter?"

For Isaac Penrith had uttered a cry that made the old sailor's blood grow chill in his veins.

"The boat! Merciful Father, the boat has gone!"

It was true; the loop had somehow become loose, and the little bark was rocking somewhere on the waves, beyond sight or sound.

"Truman, I must have your boat as quick as possible. The sun is nearly down, but I can reach the light-house yet before lightning time!"

He spoke in a husky voice, while the beating of his heart seemed like the strokes of a muffled drum.

Truman Cliffe turned a white, dismayed face towards his old companion.

"Our boat is down to Kileoran, with Jared and his girls; they won't be back until to-morrow mornin'."

There was an instant's silence, and then Isaac spoke, still in the same breath, unnatural voice.

"Is there no other boat that I could get?"

"There's Hugh Donnelly's down to the Point; but that's two miles off!"

"I'll go for it."

Truman stopped him, as he was turning blindly toward the shore.

"No, Isaac, your lane and stiff, and I am a good walker. Keep your strength for the hard rowin' you'll have to do, and I'll be back as quick as mortal man can go and come. Sit down on the rock, old friend, and rest—you're tremblin' like a leaf."

Isaac Penrith obeyed, mechanically, and dropping his head upon his hands he sat motionless, while the bloody track upon the waves grew purple and more indistinct, and the far-off thunder of the ground swell seemed to utter menace in his ear.

Two miles away! and the brief twilight was already setting in! How slowly Truman Cliffe plodded along; and yet the time, on the shore had always called him a swift walker. He would go himself and be started up only to sink back again weak and helpless.

"I have no strength left," he thought. "I must wait. I must wait for that snail to creep along the sands. They were right; it will be a fearful night at sea! And there is no light in the lighthouse to warn homeward-bound ships off the reef!"

As he closed his eyes he could almost see the stately ships drifting upon their death, and going to pieces along the snaker rocks, while their crew were looking out in vain for the red signal star of danger! He could hear the creak and groan of shivering timbers—the crash of masts and yard-arm—the shriek of human creatures! He shuddered convulsively.

"And I shall be a murderer! O, God! why did I desert my post?"

And in this moment of agony and repentance, Dorr Martin's mocking face rose up before him, full of elf excitement.

"He always said I could not be trusted, and he was right."

Dorr Martin's rump was the bitterest drop in the bitter cup that Isaac Penrith drained to the dregs that stormy night!

"The sun has set—the hour of grace has passed," he muttered to himself. "I will not live to have wideows asking me where are the husbands who perished on those reefs—I will not look little children in their faces and hear them whisper that I murdered their father!—I will not see Dorr Martin triumphant in my ruin! No; better a quiet grave at the bottom of the sea, than a life of remorse and despair. My son, Lucy! I had better mourn me dead than live to blush for me! Good-bye, my fair-haired darling! I shall never see your bonny face more!"

How the wind blew his gray, uncoverted hair about, as murmuring a faint and forgotten prayer, he crept down to the beach, and sought his death where the cruel, white fringed waves writhed along the shore. An instant he paused, to look a last adieu to the world, the sky, the far-spreading shore, when all of a sudden a wild shriek broke from his parched lips.

For, like a madman, he was trailing his glory along the tumultuous sea, the light of the light-house streamed upon his vision! The danger signal—the steady flinger of the fire held up to bid a hundred crafts "beware"—the beacon for which many an anxious helmsman and none but a stout sailor's death benumbed, yet the light was all in a blaze in his huge crystal lantern, and he was guiltless of the weight of crime and misery that had so nearly weighed him down.

When Truman Cliffe rowed up to the shore an hour afterward, he found Isaac Penrith kneeling on the wet sand, with forehead against the chill white rock.

"Well, I say for't!" ejaculated Truman. "You hadn't been to the light-house and back, 'cause you hadn't got your wits about you. A 'bird could ha' done it. Who lighted up?"

"I don't know. Give me the oars, quick, Cliffe."

Truman started, but made room for the keeper, and gave up the oars. Not a word was exchanged between them, as Isaac rowed with giant strokes, and the little boat sped like the wind, the billows swift and light as a floating leaf. Nearer and nearer glowed the gigantic star, clearer and clearer its glory seemed to shine, until at length Isaac Penrith sprang upon the stone ledge, and rushed two steps at a time up the first stairway to the lantern-room.

"Phillip Martin!"

"Mr. Penrith!"

"You—you lighted the signal?"

"I did. I came over to bring Lucy to shore, and found the light-house on fire. Of course I concluded something was the matter, and I went myself until I should hear from the young man's hand."

Isaac Penrith wrung the young man's hand.

"Phillip—if there had been no light on the reefs all this night your father would have been kept to-morrow, and I should have been a ruined man."

The deep color rose into Phillip Martin's cheek.

"If I had been a villain, Mr. Penrith, I should not be Phillip Martin!"

"God bless you, Phillip; God bless you!" murmured the old man. "I shall never forget this kindly office you have done me!"

"But Lucy?"

"Lucy is over at Cliffe's. Take the boat Phillip, and go join her. Truman is below. And Phillip—"

"Sir."

Tell her—well, tell her what you like! The old man smiled faintly, and saw the warm flush upon Martin's bronzed cheek, and the next moment he was alone.

Phillip knew that the coveted prize was his at last, and the little boat flew back over the waves almost like an arrow.

And throughout all the length and breadth of the rejoicing nation that night, there was no Thanksgiving half so fervent as that breathed in the light-house when the signal star threw its fiery lines far out to sea, and the fog and mist brooded like a phantom over the face of the great deep.

The Fish.

The fish of the United States are unsurpassed in flavor, and the world, Sportsmen who, with rod and line have whipped European waters, say there is nothing like them there from the Norway fords to the Guadaluquiver. Africa and Asia are both poor in this respect. Even in China, where fish is an abundant article of food, and is found in great variety, the fish is coarse. The salmon of the Scotch lochs afford the nearest approach to the succulence and tender delicacy of our mountain trout and the flaky tenderness of our salmon trout. Then there are the white fish, the bass, the shad, and an innumerable number of others. We have but one rival, and that a poorer one, small one. It is the French sardine when fresh. This delicious fish, in a few years, will cease its rivalry, however, if reports are true from the coast of France. At present the sardine fisheries employ twenty thousand men, women, and children, and to prepare the fish for market. Each year shows an advance in the price and a diminution in the catch, any in no great time overfishing will have produced its usual consequence—a failure of the fish.

A WONDERFUL ANIMAL.—A Western paper publishes the following notes:—"Lost or strayed from the scribe a sheep all over white—one leg was black and half his body—all persons shall receive five dollars to bring him. He was a she gote."

According to an Ohio mathematician, one man dies from the use of alcohol every seven minutes.

Hypatia.

There was once a pleasant village in a thrifty New England State—there are scores of such to-day. The boys attended district school, helped on the farm, and, as they grew up, the girls went to school to their mothers could spare them, rode down hill on the boys' sleds in winter, helped with the housework in summer, and frolicked, boys and girls together, at apple-bucks, corn-huskings, quilting-parties, and picnics all the year round. By and by two of the boys, the son of a farmer and the son of a minister, went to the city. They were tried of country life, and determined to see the world. They were good, smart boys, and everybody prophesied well for their future. They were honest country blood into the great city, the world would hear of them, and their native village be proud of them.

And so at first it seemed. The boys were received with favor, obtained the confidence of their employers, and rose rapidly until they were placed in positions of honor and trust. Their good news traveled back of course to the little New England village, and became the never-ending subject of conversation. The boys were the heroes and exemplars of the modern spirit of enterprise and progress; and while the coaches were made continually to spread the necessity which chained them to their homes, numbers of the boys were goaded by taunts at their want of "smartness" to try their own luck, and were lost in the great maelstrom.

But two young adventurers continued to justify their good opinion of their townfolk. The older boy spread his wealth came to them, substantial evidences of which were seen in sundry additions to the farm-house, in a new four-wheeled vehicle for Sunday church-going, in divers silk dresses of quiet style but rich material, city-made bonnets, and such a fitting out for the season had not been in all the days of its existence.

When the boys, now men, returned after a long absence for a brief visit they were received with due honors. A meeting was held in the meeting-house, speeches were made, and everybody shook hands, the old people cried, the young women presented bouquets, and everything went merry as a marriage-bell. In fact marriage bells followed. The son of the minister had wedded the daughter of a city millionaire, but the farmer's son continued to wed the only daughter of the rich man in his native town. This put the climax to their prosperity. Boys were sent to them to be taught the art of success; money rolled in upon them—they were now at the head of great business houses of the town, and widows begged them to take their funds, invest and increase them.

What is it that makes the apple rot when it has reached perfection? What is it that puts a limit to prosperity and says to the waves of ambition thus far shall thou go and no further? What is the pest that enters the mind and prepares its own downfall?

One day a great bubble burst; one day a great wrong was detected. In the ruins of these events we find two smart boys; two rich, greedy, unscrupulous men; hundreds of ruined families; a town in a desolate, wretched manner, women and children, and a refuge in a foreign land, the other in a back street; neither dare go home to receive curses instead of blessings.

Sahara in the Past.

Dr. Zittel, the geologist who accompanies the expedition of Rollin in its researches through the Sahara, in the light of his letters on the characteristics of that desert, establishes, with great clearness, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and by more than one distinct proof, the theory that it is the dried-up basin of a former shallow sea. The fine quartz sand, in particles never larger than the head of a pin, which forms at once the main feature and the danger of the surface, is not produced from any formation in or near it, and must have been carried to it by some foreign agency.

The real surface of the desert is a bare, dry, chalk plateau, at first examination resembling that of the Swabian Alps, but in reality of a much more recent origin. Above it rise here and there the isolated peaks called by the Arabs "witnesses." The tops of these, where several are visible, are invariably in a plane, showing that they are the fragments of an ancient surface, the intervening spaces of which have been washed away. If the question be asked why, then, there being a ground level ever for supposing torrents or glacial action, the answer can only be by the constant beating on it of waves dissolving the softer portions.

But a more interesting point to many geologists will be Dr. Zittel's comments on the spinters of drift, which are produced in great quantities round certain peaks by the cutting process of the alternate slight dews and frosts which the expedition has found to be common in the winter nights in the Sahara. These fragments lie around in profusion, and to a careless observer might appear not unlike some of the ruder flint chips of the first part of the stone age. But Dr. Zittel, who has made a study of the latter, took pains to examine some thousands of these natural chippings of flint, and found but a single one which an experienced eye could take to resemble those which have attracted so much notice in Europe. One, therefore, concludes that the Sahara flints afford the fresh and very strong indirect proof of the production of the others by the human agency to which science has already assigned them.

CONSIDERATION.—A firm in Cleveland, O., whose store was recently destroyed by fire, sent a check for one hundred dollars to the police fund, and was surprised to have it quickly returned, with a note, in which the Secretary of the Police Board said: "The Board considers the duties discharged by the police force at the time of the unfortunate conflagration, through which your firm and others suffered so greatly, were simply such as they are paid for by the city at large, and it deems it unjust to the private citizen to take money from him by reason of his misfortune."

The weight of a smelton should be in the neighborhood of two thousand pounds.

The Way of the World.

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The Kurnel's Room.

How Squire Skaggs got Skinned by the "Pharaoh Men."

"You see," said the Squire, pitching his voice in a croagative alto, and in a way that was slow and ponderous, "I wuz a week ago, I sailed down from Guinness to Atlanta with seven bags of cotton. Arter I sold 'em, I kinder loafed round lookin' at things in general, an' feelin' 'jest as happy as you please," Skaggs says home. An' the Kurnel used to be boys together, an' wuz as thick as five kittens in a rag basket. We drunk outen the same goad, an' we got the lint snatched outen us by the same bandy-legged school-teacher, 'wuz gittin as lonesome as a rat-crow, afore I struck up with the Kurnel, an' I wuz glad to see him—durned glad. We knocked round town right smartly, an' the Kurnel inter-posed me to a whole raft of fellers—mighty nice boys they wuz, too. Arter rouser the Kurnel says: 'Jels go to my room where we kin talk over ole times sorter comfortable an' undisturbed like.'"

"Greabie," says I, an' we walked a square or so an' turned into an alley an' walked up a narrow par of stairs. The Kurnel had a little rap at a green door, an' a slick lookin' merletier popped an' axed us in. He wuz the durned perlitest nigger you ever seen. He jest got up an' spun aroun' like a tom cat with her tail afire. The room wuz as fine as a fiddle an' full of pictures an' sofs, an' the cheerers wuz as soft as wool, an' I thought 'er was a feller that the Kurnel was a lugubrious ens. There wuz a lot of mighty nice fellers scattered round a laffin' an' a talkin' quite soshabel like. Arperent, the Kurnel wuzt much set back, for he sorter laffed to himself an' then he says:

"Boys," said he, 'I've fetched up a fren', Judge Hightower, this is Squire Skaggs of Guinness, Major Briggs, Squire Skaggs, an' so on all round. Then the Kurnel turns to me an' says:

"Bein' I, wuzen expectin' company, Skaggs, but the members of the Young Men's Christian Sossahun make my room their headquarters."

"I ups an' says I wuz mighty glad to meet the boys. I used to be a Premativ' Babbs myself afore I got to essin' the Kankees, an' I hev always had a sorter notion to get the arterious folks. They all laffed at smok' hab' over agin, an' we sot that snuck an' chawin' 'just as much as you please. I disremember how it come up, but presently Major Briggs gits up an' says:

"Kurnel, what about that new parler game you got out the other day?"

"Oh," says the Kurnel, lookin' sorter siceciph, 'that wuz a humbug. I can't make no head nor tail outen it.'

"I'll bet I kin manage it," says Judge Hightower, quite animated like.

"I'll show you how, Judge, with pleasure," says the arterious feller.

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The Evils of Using Tobacco.

The following article, taken from the *Country Gentleman*, thrillingly sets forth the fearful results of using tobacco: First experiment, a hog was shut up in a light pen, and his only food was one-half pound of tobacco a day. In one week he had lost four pounds. Second, a man was placed in a stall without food. Two plugs of tobacco were placed before him twice a day. He grew gradually restive. On the third day one plug was forced down her throat, when she tore the experiment of her teeth, showing the bad effect tobacco has on one's disposition. It was then found necessary to muzzle her so that she could not open her mouth. At the end of eight days she died. Third, a dog was muzzled in a tobacco hoghead. At the end of four days he was taken out much reduced. Fourth, another dog was inclosed in a tobacco barrel and rolled down a steep hill. Within two years that dog went mad! Truly these are Satan's nets! I could cite plenty more of such experiments. We all know that a single drop of the oil of tobacco placed on the end of a dog's tail will kill a man in a minute. Of four men lately killed on the Erie Railway, three were smokers, and the father of the other an inveterate chewer of tobacco. On the bodies of the two men washed ashore after the late storm on Lake Michigan, papers of tobacco were found. In my own neighborhood, a very distressing accident, by which a most estimable lady, the mother of seven lovely children, broke her leg, was occasioned by a pair of runaway horses running into a fence that surrounded a field of tobacco. Miss Chloe Flatfoot recently died in the county adjoining mine at the age of 118 years. She had both chewed and smoked over 100 years, and as she had no disease till the time of her death, it is only fair to suppose that it was tobacco that killed her. For so long a time was Satan spreading his nets for her. But why multiply examples? You know how it is yourself.

Disappointed Lovers.

In New Haven two students ventured to call upon two sisters with whom they had a slight acquaintance. They were invited to the sitting-room, where a beautiful domestic scene presented itself. The mother was reading aloud a useful historical work, and her two daughters were industriously sewing while listening. The youths were seated, when the reading began again, and was continued without any signs of interruption. In vain did the love-struck students seek to catch the eyes of their adored; in vain were all their manifestations of impatience. The monotonous reading flowed on for two hours or more, when the disappointed and disgusted visitors made a burst for the door.

COMPARATIVE HEALTH OF STATES.—A comparison of death rates in twelve States shows that Indiana is the healthiest, then Vermont, Ohio, Rhode Island, Illinois, New Hampshire, Virginia, Pennsylvania, New York, California, Massachusetts, and Louisiana. The death records are, however, no safe guides. In but few of the States are they kept with regularity and precision, and it is possible that if registration were as correct in Indiana as in New York, the two States might change places in the list.

Lot's wife got into a pretty pickle. Some say that the northern pole is a bear spot.

The wicked drop orange pool for the good to kick at.

Panic times even affect bales of cotton. They are frequently hard pressed.

A certain man has a watch which he says has gained enough to pay for itself in six months!

The rector of Trinity parish says the wealth of that corporation is greatly over-estimated, and the actual income last year was only a half million.

An exchange asserts that Vanderbilt believes in plain talk, and when one of his clerks contended that "Worcester" was pronounced "Wooster," Van paid him off.

When they find a man in Washington who hasn't a plan of his own for the solution of the financial problem, they drown him in the Potomac. No one has been drowned there yet.

Nothing mean about them. The Detroit *Free Press* tells us that an Eastern man was lynched there the other day, but the lynchers, finding that they had made a mistake, sent the body home in a very nice coffin.

Illinois is having a hard time of it by reason of wolves. Seven of the animals were seen on one farm in Scott County in one day; the *Pittsburg* reports that they were in Ogle County; a railway train ran over and finished one wolf at Jacksonville.

The quarrel about the kind of religion that shall be taught to children in reform schools has extended to Minnesota, and the Senate of that State has passed a bill providing that minors shall be educated in the religious faith of their parents.

A. Van Pelt, the reformed saloon keeper, and comrade of Dio Lewis, is a man of large frame, broad square face, and straggling black beard. He wears a sack coat made of velveteen. He is a success at a frightful example, but a dead failure as a speaker.