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## The Cause of the Rain.

Away by the shore of the ocean blue  
In peacefulness known to the lonely few,  
The wife and child of a sailor true  
Lived and toiled together.  
Full many a sweet and pleasing tale  
Was told the boy, of sea and sail,  
Of floating berg and northern gale,  
Of clear and cloudy weather.  
Adown the west the king of day  
Was hastening through the gates away,  
In all his golden bright array,  
When home returned the skipper.  
At evening, strolling on the sand,  
He told the boy of many a land,  
And slowly traced with his brassy hand  
The cross and the starry dipper.  
Twas midnight, and, undisturbed,  
The boy stole softly from his nest  
To watch the moon in clouds of the west  
Play hide and seek with the water,  
O laugh at the wind in its wild, wild race,  
And again the stars of the heavens trace;  
But he thought that the dipper was out of place.  
And called Andromeda's daughter.  
The sea was mad, for the wind was high,  
The huge black clouds would soon go by,  
And down fell torrents of rain from the sky  
And woke the sleeping skipper.  
And suddenly long and loud laughed he,  
When the voice of his child broke forth in glee,  
"Oh, father! the king of the northern sea  
Has upset his starry dipper."  
Evilly Blake, in Boston Transcript.

## How They Came Together Again.

"Now, Kitty, you don't mean so!"  
"I do, Will."  
"Then give me back that ring."  
Quick as thought came the ring  
From Kitty's tapering finger, and  
another moment it flashed in the palm  
of Will Graham's hand. Then the two  
looked at one another aghast, as if a  
precipice had suddenly yawned between  
them.  
"Come to leave the grove! Cars  
coming," said a voice, hearing them.  
"Oh, Kitty, quick, if you don't want  
to be left!"  
And her sister, Nellie Barton, who  
had been searching for her, came  
forward to grasp her by the hand and hur-  
ry her off to the picnic train waiting for  
the finished and tired party from the city.  
"Hang the train!" said Will, reflect-  
ing afterward that it would be rather a  
hard thing to do. "What am I to do  
with this ring? I would like to crush  
it under those locomotive wheels. And  
Kitty! What have I done!"  
The sequel was that Will, scuntering  
along, was too late for the train, and  
had the pleasure of walking into town,  
ten miles.  
"Good enough for him," said the  
sister, Kitty, in a rather feeble way,  
as she missed him in the train, protesting  
not to look for him, and yet con-  
stantly darting shy glances in every  
direction to see if he could be near.  
"Good enough for him," she said, when  
the cars started. More tender thoughts  
yawning between her and Will in the  
grove seemed to yawn wider. "I wonder  
if he'll come to-night."  
No Will came. The big arm-chair  
looked empty enough, and Kitty felt  
like trying a piece of candy to it. Will  
reached home thoroughly tired out by  
his walk, and thoroughly disgusted with  
himself for his treatment of Kitty.  
"Fool," he said to himself, as he  
dropped asleep. And that was just what  
Kitty said to herself. They were foolish.  
At the picnic party there had been  
a little jealousy and then a little  
slighting of one another. Kitty thought  
Will cruel, and so the end was that  
Will walked ten miles that night with a  
plump little gold ring in his pocket.  
Both went to sleep, saying in self-ac-  
cusation, "Fool!"  
Both woke up with intentions to make  
reparation the next day. It is easier  
though to make a break in the dam than  
to mend it. When Will Graham went  
down to his late breakfast, he found a  
short but peremptory letter waiting for  
him. It was from Mrs. Will. The lieuten-  
ant in his regiment. The letter was a  
summons back to his post, for the  
enemy were reported to be intending a  
serious demonstration. Every man  
must be in his place. The sentences of  
his letter ended with a pistol-shot,  
and Will was off by the next train. He  
sent a message by a lady friend to Kitty  
that he wanted her to write and he would  
as soon as possible answer it, and that  
she must not think anything of what  
had happened. Would she forgive him?  
he asked. But the lady friend, who  
chanced to be visiting in the place, was  
suddenly hurried home by symptoms of  
approaching sickness. The sickness  
proved fatal, and Will's words found a  
grave with her. As for Kitty, she wrote  
a note before leaving her room that  
morning saying she was sorry, and gave  
it to a little boy to drop in the office.  
The game of marbles played on the way  
sent into happy oblivion all thought of  
his errand, and when he did think of his  
note, he couldn't find it. It probably  
dropped out of his pocket in pulling  
out a bag of marbles and was finally  
picked up by the next errand-  
runner, who carried it to the office, crying  
"Bugs, bugs."  
Will wondered why after his mes-  
sage, Kitty didn't send a letter, and  
Kitty wondered why after her letter,  
Will sent no message. The result was  
that a certain pretty little finger went  
minus a gold ring.  
It was a weary autumn, and wearier  
winter Kitty thought, that followed.  
The dead leaves whirling in the wind  
never seemed so mournful, and the snow  
never seemed so much like a shroud.  
"No Will," she said, "these long  
winter evenings! Nothing but war-  
pers sounding like batteries going off  
all the time."  
"What is the matter with Graham?"  
said Will's mess-mates, as they rumi-  
nated after dinner on the subject of his

depression, sending up their inquiries  
toward the tent roof through dirty rings  
of tobacco smoke. And Kitty's friends  
wondered why she was so dull and  
averse to society.  
"Oh, father and mother are both  
feeble and need me," she said. "Will  
has been years away; and I'm waiting  
no heart to come home. In the  
meanwhile, Kitty married and left the  
place."  
"Gone to T—," some one said; "mar-  
ried a rich old fellow that she didn't  
heartily love, all for the sake of making  
her father and mother comfortable."  
It was just about so, but only when  
Kitty had grown heart-sick waiting to  
hear from Will. Reading at last in the  
evening paper that Lieut. Graham had  
been killed, she gave up all hope. She  
made a grave as she thought for the old  
lady and gave herself away to a rich old  
friend of the family, a Mr. Carleton.  
"Will be a good thing for father  
and mother," said Kitty. Mr. C— took  
his young bride to the city of T—. In  
two years, Kitty found herself a widow.  
Mr. Carleton had been a kind husband,  
but she had never been able to get  
anything like a hearty love, sincerely re-  
spected him. Love, however, is a  
plant that can't live on respect alone.  
Kitty's affection had been given to  
somebody else, and that somebody else,  
though Kitty did not know it, was still  
alive.  
"Almost dead," said Surgeon Dale to  
Will; "they say you were found after  
that last little skirmish. The bayonet  
wound you received in your eye, will  
finally, I am afraid, cause you to lose it.  
At any rate, you must wear a green patch  
for a long time."  
Will's health recovered sufficiently to  
allow further service, and at the end of  
the war, he was sent home with a gold  
eagle on the shoulder and a green patch  
over the left eye.  
When Will reached home, he said to  
himself, "The young woman who once  
wanted the little gold ring I carry in my  
pocket, surely won't want it now if  
she must take the green patch with it."  
And sure enough, she didn't. Kitty's  
old home was empty as a robin's nest  
in October. He heard that she had  
gone somewhere and was a widow.  
Col. Graham was rich, and why  
shouldn't he marry? Many a girl would  
have put up with that green patch for  
the sake of his warm heart and manly  
character. Add money, and the green  
patch was very attractive. In one little  
clique where Will moved, it is a wonder  
it was not adopted as a badge. But  
those works of green were never carried,  
though assaulted by many a fair rider.  
Will was given up at last, and venom-  
ously reckoned as a "warty old back."  
The soldiers' orphans, and also the  
poor women that the war left penniless  
widows, knew the green patch, however,  
as the sign of a warm-hearted man who  
made children happy with candy, and  
their mothers happy with coal.  
As a handsome little property in the  
city of T—, felt to him one day, the  
colonel concluded to move there. The  
property included a big, hospitable old  
mansion just suited to his tastes. It lay  
in a large garden. The trees were not  
close up to it, smothering it, but stood  
at respectful distance. In one little  
shrub could grow a white ruff of the  
depths of gold-color, bringing health  
and life. To outsiders in the street, so  
thick were the intervening trees, it  
seemed like a nest stowed away in the  
green foliage. Around the house went  
a broad piazza, like a white ruff of the  
olden times about a lady's neck. Back  
of the house, there were long slopes of  
grass leading down to a river. In June,  
this river went like a minstrel past the  
massions bordering it, singing beauti-  
ful songs of love and longing. Will  
was a minstrel, this princely tramb-  
le brought out of his treasures all  
sorts of precious stones and spread them  
on the water's surface to tempt away his  
lady-loves wandering on the river's  
banks. Within the house, the rooms  
were open to the sky, and the air was  
fresh and bracing. The hall, furnished  
after the English style, was an  
ample, comfortable retreat, ever open to  
all soldiers whose stumps halted at the  
colonel's door.  
"Oh, mamma," said little Kitty  
Carleton, now ten years old, and Kitty  
Barton's only child, "somebody's tum-  
somebody's tum, over dere. See in de  
garden!"  
Sure enough as Mrs. Carleton looked  
out of her windows, she saw that the ad-  
joining mansion we have described was  
being occupied. Strolling under the  
trees she saw a finely-formed, stalwart  
man. The stranger turned his face to-  
ward Mrs. Carleton's home. "See,"  
said little Kitty, "something gee in  
his eye."  
"It is a green patch, darling, on his  
eye. It must be a poor soldier. Kitty  
must love him, you see." "I will, mam-  
ma, and won't you?"  
"Yes," the widow replied, hardly  
conscious of any reference to the  
gentleman walking under the trees. "As  
long as I live," she said to herself, "I  
shall be a drawer and taking out Will  
Graham's faded picture. "There, I  
thought I had got over that. It was  
never buried, after all. No, there are  
no graves for a true love."  
Mrs. Carleton soon found that Kitty  
and the gentleman whose eye appeared  
abnormally in green, were great friends.  
She would be surprised to bring  
home flowers or candy or toys. One day  
Kitty said she had found out his name,  
the name of that "nice" gentleman.  
"What is your lover's name?" said  
Mrs. Carleton, smiling.  
"It's a ham, mamma; some kind of  
a ham," said Kitty.  
"Graham, you must mean, child."  
"And he's been a sear; and some-  
body tame to see him and talked him  
Will."  
"Will Graham, and a soldier. Well,  
that is a coincidence," thought the  
mother. And Kitty said she had told the  
stranger her name. "Kitty Barton  
Carleton."  
So that the colonel thought he had  
got hold of a coincidence. "Kitty Bar-  
ton! Well, it can't be she!"  
And Mrs. Carleton said, "Will Gra-  
ham! It can't be he!"  
Both wished from the inmost depths  
of their souls that he might be so.  
For several days the colonel missed  
his little pet. "Seem's to me the col-  
onel's fussy," said his housekeeper,  
"wondering why that child don't come  
over, and saying every five minutes he  
must get step over and see if she's sick.  
Theo', sartin, I do remember I've seen  
old Dr. Gray's gig there twice. I'll tell  
him, or he'll fliget into a fever."  
"Is it the little girl, or do you sup-  
pose it's her mother?" said the colonel,  
emphasizing the mother. "I should  
hate to have the little girl sick; and  
he added to himself, "I might feel worse  
if it were the mother. There, I will call  
over to-morrow and get light on this  
mystery."  
"Do I s'pose it is the mother," said  
his housekeeper, vigorously. "I don't  
know nothin' about it. There, Mrs.  
Timmins said, away in the recesses of  
her own consciousness, "that man has  
been peekin' out of the blinds at that  
child's mother. He's old enough to do  
better."  
That very day the colonel stepped out  
on his piazza dressed up for the proposed  
call. Looking opposite, he saw his lit-  
tle acquaintance running suddenly out  
of the house, and as he looked, he  
noticed a light wreath of smoke puffing  
after her.  
"Oh, Mr. Graham, Mr. Graham,  
mamma sick and house's a-fire. Tam  
quick!" she cried.  
The colonel rushed over. He ran into  
the sitting-room. In a rocking-chair  
sat a lady in a morning-gown.  
"Oh, excuse me sir! but the house's  
on fire and I can't stir."  
The colonel bent over her, took her  
in his arms, carried her toward the  
light. "Why, Kitty!" he said.  
"Why, Will!" was the answer. Not  
another word was spoken.  
"Well," said Col. Graham to himself,  
as his fair burden rested in his arms,  
"this is awkward, though delightful.  
Where shall I take her? Take her to  
your house, of course, simpleton," said  
an instinct within. Kitty had swooned,  
he saw, and in that unconscious state  
he bore her into his sitting-room, there  
to leave her and her child with the en-  
ergetic Timmins. The fire in Mrs. C's  
house arose from a defective furnace  
flue, was spreading rapidly, and the  
colonel, who had gallantly returned to  
fight the flames, found the house could  
not be saved. The next morning Mrs.  
Carleton looked out from the guest-  
chamber at the colonel's only to see a  
charred heap of ruins.  
"Why, mamma, we tan't go home  
and hild us best stay here!" asked  
Kitty.  
"Hush, child, we must go some-  
where." There was a knock at the door.  
"Shall I bring your breakfast in  
now?" said Mrs. Timmins, making the  
following private remarks for the bene-  
fit of one Timmins: "I know the colonel  
wouldn't like to let her take her  
breakfast down stairs, but said she was  
an invalid."  
"Thank you," replied Mrs. Carleton.  
"I am sorry to trouble you. Could you  
order me a carriage after breakfast?"  
"I had better go to the hotel and not im-  
pose on your hospitality."  
"Ho! let's take the really warm-  
hearted Timmins. "You are better  
fitted to take your bed than a carriage.  
No sick folks leave this house in such  
a fix. If sojourners can stay, eating the  
colonel out of house and home, I guess  
a neighbor can."  
There was another knock at the door.  
It was the colonel himself, and Timmins  
withdraw.  
"She won't go," remarked Timmins  
to herself. "She'll think the  
blinds always did mean something."  
"Why, how much the colonel looks  
like Will Graham of old," silently ob-  
served Mrs. Carleton.  
"Kitty," said the colonel, blushing  
suddenly. "Mrs. Carleton, I mean,  
why must you go to the hotel? I don't  
intend to let her go. She never looked so  
charming," thought the colonel.  
"He never looked handsomer, in  
spite of his green patch," thought Mrs.  
Carleton. "Oh, colonel, I—I—I—"  
Kitty said Col. Graham, stooping  
low and whispering, "couldn't you call  
me Will again?"  
"Will," came back in a soft, low  
whisper.  
"Here, little Kitty," said the colonel,  
blushing redder than ever, and taking  
Mrs. C's child in his arms, "wouldn't  
you like to see here all the time?"  
"Oh, yes; and wouldn't you, mam-  
ma?"  
"Say yes, dear Kitty," whispered the  
colonel, stooping lower to Mrs. Carleton.  
No microphone ever brought the faint  
answer to that outside public, whose  
greedy ear catches up every such thing  
eagerly; but in a few months there was  
a very happy wedding at St. Luke's,  
and little Kitty Carleton had a new  
father.—Portland Transcript.

## FEEDING ON FELINES.

Managers in New York that are said to be made of Cat Meat.

The New York Mercury asserts that some of the residents of that city are accustomed to buying sausages and other food partly made up of the flesh of young kittens. The Mercury says men go about at night hunting cats, which they put into bags as soon as caught. Its article continues:

When a sufficient number of victims has been obtained, the cat-hunter takes his homeward way and empties his bag of his evening's spoils. The largest and fattest having been selected, they are quickly killed, either being knocked in the head or having their throats cut, while those too lean are reserved to fatten on a little fish. He then enters the cat in a sack, and the cat is then skinned, the skin being of some value, especially the white and black ones, and the meat prepared for chopping. Mixed with a little bull meat, or sometimes alone, it is then chopped and made into the desired sausage, and is ready for use. Many of these cat hunters manufacture the sausages and sell them themselves, thus combining the occupations of manufacturer and tradesman on the smallest scale, while others sell the meat to small butchers. The manner in which this business is carried on is very interesting, and is of great interest. Certain officials, a few months ago, in a tour through the eastern part of the city in search of alleged abuses, were surprised to find evidence of this traffic in more ways than one. A reporter of the Mercury discovered three or four men who made a business of getting, keeping, and breeding cats. Two of these men manufactured and sold Bologna sausages in quantities. A woman told the reporter, not knowing his errand, that a short time ago she had purchased one of these sausages, but its appearance and taste was so peculiar that she was afraid to eat it, and threw it away. It is most difficult to obtain accurate information, as these men are most reticent regarding themselves. Many of them do not speak any English, and are evidently afraid their business will be discovered. The cats, when caught, are sorted out, and those reserved for fattening are kept either in large boxes or in small yards adjoining their captors' houses. The advantage of the boxes is, that they can be easily covered and kept in smaller compass, and sometimes in a small cellar or room; but they are not preserved in such good condition in this way as when allowed more freedom, so it is not resorted to except in cases of necessity. The boxes have slats nailed in front of them, and the cats are fed at stated intervals with some fattening compound. When a yard is used, the tops of the surrounding walls are smeared with a substance known to these cat-dealers which the animals do not like, and the collection of cats thus imprisoned presents a most amusing spectacle when seen by the reporter. About a hundred cats, of all sizes and ages, were sleeping, eating, quarreling and caterwauling in various attitudes. All grades of cat society were represented from the handsome Angora and Maltese, to the prosaic homely backyard Tom, that makes night hideously with his yells, and murders sleep. Great care has to be used, it is said, to prevent the old Tom cats from eating their young. The "uncles," as they are called, are indeed kept in smaller compartments, and are fed with a mixture of cats' milk and sugar. "I've seen a cat that was as fat as a pig," said one of the cat-dealers, "and I've seen a cat that was as thin as a stick." "I've seen a cat that was as fat as a pig," said one of the cat-dealers, "and I've seen a cat that was as thin as a stick." "I've seen a cat that was as fat as a pig," said one of the cat-dealers, "and I've seen a cat that was as thin as a stick."

## Antiquity of the Plague.

The plague is one of the oldest things under the sun. According to Petavius it ravaged the whole known world in 767 B. C. In 534 B. C. it made terrible havoc in Carthage, and the people, deploring the anger of the gods, offered up their children as a sacrifice. The plague has been a graphic description of the plague which raged in Athens in 430 B. C., and which extended over Egypt and Ethiopia. In the eighteenth year of the Christian era Rome was depopulated at the rate of 10,000 daily. Three centuries ago the plague was carried to Europe. In 1478 more persons perished in England of pestilence than had died in fifteen years of continued war. At various periods of its history London has suffered terribly from plague. More than 20,000 persons perished in 1603-4, and more than 35,000 in 1625. But it was not until 1665 that the city learned what a scourge the plague might become. A moderate estimate says that 68,500 persons perished, while other authorities state the number at 100,000. Since that period England has been tolerably free from the plague, but it has carried off 80,000 persons in Persia, 60,000 in Egypt, and 60,000 at Marseilles at one visitation.

## A Moment of Horror.

A prominent fancy goods dealer of this city, whose neatness of attire is the envy of the less fortunate, stepped into his store Sunday to replenish his shelves. He laid aside his glossy silk hat and put on an old straw. Having arranged matters satisfactorily, he sauntered up Congress street just as church-goers were coming down. Meeting a lady of his acquaintance, he gracefully refused to serve in the case, and the lady was compelled to compromise, which they did by each agreeing to pay his own costs, which amounted to over \$1,500 a side or an aggregate of over \$3,000.

## CAPTAIN BOYTON'S TRIP.

A voyage in His Majesty's Sloop on the Allegheny River, from Oil City to Pittsburgh.

Captain Boyton, the celebrated swimmer, swam from Oil City, Pa., to Pittsburgh, starting on a Thursday morning and reaching his destination the following Sunday. He had expected to make the trip of 132 miles with only one stop, but the weather was so severe that he had to stop several times. He was in the water altogether about forty-one hours, and the trip from Freeport to Pittsburgh—the last of his journey as described by the New York Herald in a Pittsburgh dispatch as follows:

At ten minutes past five Boyton took his paddle, and, with a wave of his hand, plunged into the water, which was seething with the ice. He was followed by cheers that went ringing down the river and echoed back by the rapids. The lonely swimmer made rapid time, although surrounded by ice, and reached Tarentum, about six miles distant, at twenty-five minutes past seven o'clock. Here it was found that the water had congealed over him in the chill early morning and he was frozen almost solid. The sun rose soon afterward, and though his glare was unpleasant to the navigator's eyes, it thawed the ice considerably and gave Boyton a chance for life. Puckety was passed at twenty minutes past nine, and the "Buckeye" ran along the water's edge and roared over their welcomes in tones that carried conviction of their earnestness. The people are now beginning to appreciate the sufferings that their water hero is undergoing, and instead of the "Have an'thin', cap-in!" it is now, "God bless you, cap-in!" "I'd like to die for you." No pen can describe the intensity of feeling as it extends here; and old residents affirm that Pennsylvania has not been so much excited since the war.

At Halfon Boyton was sighted at half-past eleven, making two miles in over two hours. When the swimmer came opposite the village a perfect fleet of small boats came out to meet him, as he was observed to be painfully struggling to make a landing. When he reached the shore a reporter of the Oil City Herald discovered that the captain's forehead was frozen white, and thereupon rubbed it with ice until circulation was restored. Boyton then said he was almost famished. A short distance below Puckety he struck into a dead water, known as Logan's Eddy, where the river was frozen from shore to shore. In order to continue his voyage he was compelled to break through about two miles of young ice with his paddles; while a terrific mountain wind drove the spray into his eyes, blinding him, and he was obliged to fast. Added to this it began to snow, and the agony endured by the brave voyager is only known to himself. Just before he paddled from shore again a dispatch was handed to him in the river signed by M. Anderson, who invited the half-dead man to go at once to the place she is walking in upon his landing. Boyton's answer to this cool request was more forcible than elegant. At twenty minutes past twelve Montrose was reached, and an ovation was given in honor of the floating man as he passed by rapidly and bravely on his way to Pittsburgh early in the afternoon. But the village was soon left behind, and the ceaseless paddles carried Paul Boyton on through the ice to Sharpburg, which was reached at two o'clock. The American flag was here placed in the brass socket of his foot, under the bag of provisions that lasted for four and a half miles to Pittsburgh. The firing of canons and ringing of whistles made the air hideous with sound, and soon the voyager came in sight of Pittsburgh. There are three bridges over the Allegheny at Pittsburgh, and these were packed to suffocation, while the roar of murrurs coming from the vast assemblage on either shore sounded like an ocean in the distance. Hundreds of small boats surrounded the captain, and a time nothing could be seen but the swaying silken flag.

Finally, the steaming Caldwell swung out beside the captain to take him on board. It was seen that to land among the multitude would likely cause a catastrophe and a loss of life. Boyton refused to get on land until he had reached Duquesne point, where the Allegheny river ends. Here he got on board at twenty minutes to four and was taken to the ferry landing at South Pittsburgh under a full head of steam. A carriage was in waiting, surrounded by the police, and Boyton was ferried across to the Manchester ferryboat to the Allegheny side, from which he crossed the bridge to the Robinson house in a closed carriage. The police were compelled to handle the crowds very roughly in order to clear a passage from the carriage to the door, and the captain was exhausted and man who walked up the stairs to his room glittering with ice. In a few minutes Boyton was stripped and laid upon the bed, where he reclined at full length, but little life left in him. His fingers were found to be frozen and his face was badly frost-bitten. Besides this, his feet and wrists were very painful.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A side-walk—The crab's.  
Light timber—An eye-beam.  
Lawyers profit by their clients' trials.  
The most popular mine—"Baby mine."  
He who learns to read will read to learn.  
A book for the table—One full of plates.  
Split horse-leather is made up into shoes.  
When a man kicks he generally puts his best foot forward.  
In a London theater you pay twelve cents for a programme.  
Birds are not noted for courage, but many of them die game.  
The census reports show 6,000,000 farmers in the United States.  
Fernandina (Florida) ships snappers—travellers in tierces to Savannah and the North.  
What we are suffering to know is, if a State prison convict takes the mallbox, can he break out with it?  
An old bachelor's proverb: Sorrows grow less and less every time they are told, just like the ages of women.  
"Sing a Song of Sixpence" dates from the sixteenth century, and "Three Blind Mice" is in a music book dated 1609.  
On the leading avenues of Rome the guards now patrol the whole length of the way when the king and queen are expected.  
"Is that marble?" said a gentleman, pointing to a bust of Kentucky's great statesman. "No, sir; that's Clay," replied the dealer.  
The Hawaiian rice crop is sold almost entire to the United States, the Hawaiians buying for home consumption a cheap paddy, or rice, from China, Japan and East Indies.  
The bridge over the river Jantra, at Biela, in Bulgaria, is a structure of unusual beauty. It has fifteen circular arches, with hollow piers. It is the work of a self-taught Bulgarian mason.  
Whether on the hen-roost high,  
Or in the butcher's van,  
The noisiest place for fowls to die  
Is where they're cooked.  
An English gardener has brought out a new vegetable called the cabbage broccoli, which is about the size of a good cocoon cabbage, solid and tender, and when cooked is of a peculiarly mild flavor.  
Forests receive more rain than open plains, and pines more than leafy trees. Pines retain more than half the water that falls upon them, and therefore furnish the best shields against inundations, and the best means of imparting humidity to the atmosphere.  
Who is it, with funeral tread,  
Cries slowly home and goes to bed,  
And his offense are forgotten,  
Subsiding on a single bun,  
And after all's caught nary one.  
Men may escape the law, but their own consciences they cannot flee from. Many years ago a young man in Boston was guilty of an offense against the law, an offense which brought social ruin upon himself and his family. The time and his offense are forgotten by the public, yet he lives, and lives in Boston. But from the day his offense was discovered—although, having escaped the law, he is free to come and go as he pleases—he has never been seen outside of his own home in the daytime. Some time after the event of his night, he walks abroad to take an airing, and note the changes that thirty years have wrought, but an ever-active conscience makes him shun the light of day and the faces of men, and he walks apart, a stranger in the midst of those among whom he has always lived.

## The Curiosities of Advertising.

Some persons find the advertisements the most amusing part of their daily paper. Advertising is in fact a 225 years old; the first authentic newspaper advertisements having appeared in England about 1658, in the latter days of Oliver Cromwell. At first two or three small insertions in the newspaper of the day were sufficient for the wants of the moment. These only related to runaway servants, the apprehension of evil-doers, quack medicines, lead dogs, horses and hawks, and occasionally challenges. As, for instance, Edward Perry, July 1, 1658, is advertised for as "of low stature, black hair, tall of neck, holes in his face; his wear is a new grey suit, trimmed with green and other ribbons, a light cinnamon-colored cloak and black hat, and hath run away from his master." Here is another, evidently by the hand of the merry monarch himself, and printed by the honorable editor in type extraordinary, June 28, 1660:

"We must call on you again for a Black Dog, between a Greyhound and a Spaniel; no white about him, only a streak on his breast, and a Tayl a little bobbed. It is His Majesty's own Dog, and doubtless was stolen; for the Dog was not born or bred in England and never would forsake his Master. Whoever finds him may assist any at Whitehall, for the Dog was better known at Court than those who stole him. Will they never leave robbing His Majesty? Must he not keep a black guinea? Each woman holding half a crown in each hand, and a first woman that drops the money to lose the battle."  
"ANSWER.—I, Hannah Hyfield, of Newgate Market, hearing of the resolution of Elizabeth Wilkinson, will not fall, God willing, to give her more than three guineas; each woman holding half a crown in each hand, and a first woman that drops the money to lose the battle."  
"ANSWER.—I, Elizabeth Wilkinson, of Clerkenwell, having had some words with Hannah Hyfield, and requiring satisfaction, do invite her to meet me on the stage, and box me for three guineas; each woman holding half a crown in each hand, and a first woman that drops the money to lose the battle."  
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