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A Troutling Idyl.
"I go a-fishing"—Johns xxi, 3.
A line,
A hook,
A rod,
A brook,
A man absorbed in fishing;
A cast,
A bit,
"A trout?"
"You're right;
For this I have been wishing;"
In camp
To lie,
With trout
To fry,
Farewell to cares and sadness!
No care,
No strife
In such
A life,
What health and rest and gladness!
Then come
With me,
Away
We'll flee,
And spend a month together,
By stream
And lake
Sly trout
We'll take,
And sleep in stormy weather.
—Cambridge Tribune.

DESTINY.

On a stormy March day a fresh-faced young girl was (I am tempted to say "maudlinly") "womanfully" making her way along the main street of a New England factory village. A bright, daring face was hers—one that said as plainly as brown eyes, red lips and piquant features could say: "Here I am. Let Fate send her worst. I shall fight the good fight." The very curls on her temples, blowing this way and that, under her simple straw turban, looked fearless, almost stony, yet without any suggestion of that hideous, straight-hanging, modern crank of fashion termed "bangs." She wore a neat waterproof suit, sensible in length, and pepper-and-salt of hue, though a shrewd physiognomist might have been willing to wager that somewhere among her feminine adorning would be found a vivid dash of scarlet. She carried her cotton umbrella without endangering people's eyes, and appeared altogether business-like and self-sustained. A passing stranger, glancing at her eager face and quick gait, would think, "That girl is in dead earnest."
She looked occasionally at the pictures, vases and other pretty trifles in the shop windows but without a twinge of envy in her healthful soul. She was wont to say that she could enjoy them four times a day (except when she carried her dinner) without the trouble of taking care of them. In short, she seemed fully equipped for "possessing" in the very best sense. She did stop, however, before a confectioner's window where some tempting oranges were displayed, counted the contents of a shabby little purse, then snapped the steel clasp with a determined shake of the head. "Nettie Randall, you're a selfish coward," was her mental comment as she walked resolutely on.
Turning into a quieter street, yet not too far from the business part of the village, she entered a small frame house by the door of which was tacked a modest tin sign, lettered, "Ladies' Trimming Store. F. & A. Randall." In the front windows hung a few ribbons, cheap laces, Hamburg edgings, etc.—a most unpretending establishment. As Nettie closed the door upon her dripping umbrella and the general discomfort of storm and fast-thickening darkness outside, a cheery warmth and light greeted her, and another fresh-faced, brown-eyed girl, a year or two younger, looked up with a bright smile, from her seat behind the counter, where she was swiftly and dextrously drawing the bristles through those indispensable aids to civilization, tooth-brushes.
"How's 'Destiny'?" asked Nettie, in a matter of course way, as she hung up her waterproof and pushed her over-shoulder under the stove to dry.
(In explanation, let it be here stated that these two were once singing that beautiful poem which begins:
"Though the day of my destiny's over,
And the star of my fate hath declined,"
a tiny, sleeping cousin caught the melody, and piped out: "Though the day of my destiny's 'clined," "Destiny's 'clined" became thereafter, a most appropriate expression, when the "best-laid schemes" seemed obstinately bent on "ganging agley.")
The answer to Nettie's question came promptly:
"Awful! just fifteen cents in the cash drawer! I haven't sold anything to-day but a paper of needles and a yard of elastic."
"That means oatmeal for supper again, I suppose," said Nettie. "I hate it," she added, savagely, her good humor oozing away at the uninviting prospect. She had been working all day, for "out-down" wages, in a woolen factory, and was wet, tired and most unenthusiastically hungry.
"That's because you haven't got far enough in 'Epictetus,'" said her sister, serenely.
Nettie glanced around at the hanging shelf of carefully selected volumes, ancient and modern, gathered for these two, in years past, by a studious father's loving hand and judicious brain.
"We can't eat Greek philosophy. If we had the original manuscripts, we might make papyrus soup. I'll tell

you what it is, Flo," she continued, decidedly, as she put up her feet to warm, "Something must happen pretty soon. My pay won't amount to much this month, and the next installment to Mr. Stone falls due on the 17th, you know. Besides, the coal is nearly gone."
"Oh, dear! Those payments to Mr. Stone! What do you suppose ever became of that money, Nettie?"
"We have asked ourselves that question for the last two years, Flo, and we don't come any nearer to the solution of the riddle—whatever we accomplish toward the solution of the debt."
"Is it a debt, I wonder," said Flo,—"a legal one, I mean? I know it is a moral one, and I shall not give up trying to pay it, as long as I can fill a brush, or—mop a kitchen-floor, if it comes to that. Our literary ventures don't amount to anything. I should rather write stories and paint pictures than make brushes, I'm sure, and you would rather give dramatic readings than be tied down to a factory bell—but we are evidently not headed for the temple of fame, and may as well give up."
"Fame!" rejoined Nettie, "who cares for the empty bubble? It's the money we want. I wish we had back all we have spent in postage stamps on the miserable scribblings."
"I suppose it's true (as some editors tell us, in their polite little notes) that writers seldom accomplish anything of real literary merit till they are at least thirty. We don't belong to the fortunate group of phenomenal geniuses"—and Flo twitched away her finished brush from the vise, with a quick, practiced movement, and began to spread the table for their simple supper in the back part of the store. In cold weather they lived in this room as much as possible to save fuel.
Nettie toasted her feet luxuriously, and looked rather admiringly at her pretty hands lying idly in her lap. Her work at the factory was by no means detrimental to their shapeliness.
"If Mr. Stone had only been at home the night father brought the money for him from Ashfield, it would have been all right. Or if father hadn't had the 'stroke' before morning." Her lips quivered, and her eyes filled, at the memory.
"Nettie," said Flo, solemnly, as she put the rye loaf, "we are sure that Mr. Sackett is an honest man, and he never would have said that he sent the money by father if it hadn't been true."
"Why do you emphasize Mr. Sackett so strongly? Don't you suppose Mr. Stone is honest too?"
"I don't know anything about it," said Flo. "People can't always help their suspicions. Perhaps he was at home that night."
Nettie laughed incredulously.
"Nonsense! Don't you suppose people would have found him out before this if he was a rascal? I don't think myself he's very amiable. Father very likely put the money in such a safe place till morning that nobody will ever find it unless the old homestead should be pulled down or struck by lightning, and then it will probably be discovered in some mysterious cranny of the floor or walls. Secrets come to light in strange ways, sometimes."
"I know one thing," said Flo, resolutely, "you and I are going to pay back that money, Nettie (or the remainder, seeing that Mr. Stone took the very house from over our heads), if we have to live on dry bread and oatmeal for twenty years."
(Ah, how easy is prospective heroism at sixteen!)
"We shall be almost old women by that time, and cross and ugly, like as not," said Nettie, taking a discontented bite from her butterless bread. Despite her buoyant demeanor on the street, she was more subject to ups and downs than Flo.
"We needn't be cross and ugly," answered Flo, carefully measuring out her share of milk from the tiny pitcher. "I hope the lamp won't smoke again to-night. How nice it would be to have a new burner!"
A short, bobbing figure, in an immense rubber cloak, with an umbrella in one hand and a yellow quart bowl in the other, pressed a beaming face against the glass upper half of the door.
"Miss Mellavine!" said Flo joyfully, and sprang up to admit her.
Their next-door neighbor, Miss Mary Lavinia Murray (who had given herself the name of "Mellavine" when a little child) was what Flo and Nettie called "a walking sunshine factory." Many a time had her kindly deeds helped to tide them over a threatened collapse in the commissary department, and her gifts were as delicately bestowed as they were timely. A simple, unlearned woman, with a heart of gold.
"You dear things! I do hope you haven't finished your tea, for I said to myself this boiled dinner is so savory this afternoon (you know, my habit of two meals a day in winter, my dears), those girls must have a taste. Don't get a chair—I mustn't sit down."
She did, however, and smiled on them, benevolently, while pretending not to see just how acceptable was her neighborly offering.
"Such a day, to be sure! It's a mercy my good spirits don't depend on the weather. How did you get home from the mill, Nettie, child?"
"Oh, I'm used to all sorts of days, you know, Miss Mellavine. That 5 o'clock whistle haunts me in my dreams, but I hope for something better some day. (I believe that is the current phrase these days.) And what have you done to pass away the time?"
"Oh, odds and ends, my dear—odds

and ends. A little mending and my housework—a letter to my sister Celinda's son, because it's his birthday, off among strangers, dear boy—and a bit of flannel sewing for one of poor Bridget Maloney's ragged little tribe. I'm so glad you like the things. Some folks ain't any hand for boiled dinners but I must say I like them. You get so much in a small compass. You may cut me off two yards of that twelve cent rucheing, Flo, my dear. Now I really must go. (Never mind about the bowl this time.) Caleb Stone is very sick again—taken worse suddenly, they say—and Mirandy wants me to come over to-night. He's dreadful fidgetty, and wants to see me about something particular, she says. Mirandy's no hand to do for sick folks, you know, though she's not to blame, never having been brought to it"—and the short auburn curls, slightly silvered, on each side of the round smiling face nodded good-will and good-night as she disappeared in the cavernous depths of the rubber cloak and stepped out into the rain.
"Caleb Stone very sick! If he should die we may have to hurry up the payments to the lawyers or somebody," said Flo, rather apprehensively, getting her dish-pan ready.
"I shan't worry over that," answered Nettie, blithely, as she tied on a large apron preparatory to dish-wiping. She had recovered her elasticity since the advent of the parsnips, etc.
"If there's an out-and-out angel on the face of this selfish earth it's Miss Mellavine. What a difference a good meal makes in one's moral barometer. I was cross before supper, Flo dear," said she, penitently giving her sister a quick little dab of a kiss on the left ear, "if any one has a right to be cross it's you, shut up here all day—with no exercise except to do errands in the evenings when I'm at home to tend the store. You're twice as good and patient as your unsanctified sister Nettie."
Enough of Miss Mellavine's beneficence remained to give a flavor to the breakfast, and Nettie went to her work with a light heart in the dark of the wintry morning. Her duty in the factory was packing and labeling stockings. About the middle of the afternoon her quick eye detected something wrong in a pile of stockings that had just been brought to her for boxing.
"How's this, Richard?" said she, to the messenger, "there must be a mistake. Mr. Barker has given you the wrong kind. These stockings are part cotton and my labels say 'superfine all wool.'"
The boy gave a knowing wink. "I guess it's all right, Barker knows what he was about. Mum's the word, Miss Nettie, if you and I want to keep our places."
With sparkling eyes and scarlet cheeks Nettie carried the box of stockings into an inner room where sat Mr. Barker, the overseer of her department, a heavy, flabby man, with pale eyes, pale hair and a hanging under lip, and with him one or two clerks.
"These are not the right stockings for my labels, Mr. Barker. They are half cotton."
Mr. Barker fumbled the stockings with his thick fingers, looked at the labels and then at her with a beery smile.
"My dear young lady, you surprise me. The stockings are all right. Your legitimate business is simply to put on the labels which we provide."
Higher mounted the color in Nettie's cheeks. Her voice trembled, but her courage did not falter.
"Then I must decline to do it, Mr. Barker."
"Ho, ho, indeed!" said the beery Barker, with sudden energy. "Here, Simpson," to one of the dapper clerks just passing through the room, "Be kind enough to step to Mr. Wiggins' desk and ask him to settle accounts with this ex-ceedingly conscientious young woman, and provide her with a ticket of leave," and Barker turned abruptly on his heel.
Nettie's nerve and indignation carried her through the next few moments, and soon she had closed the factory-door behind her.
"I know I've done right, and I shall find something to do. I hope Flo won't be very much overcome!"
Her sister looked up surprised at her early return. On hearing the story she gave a half-hysterical laugh.
"You match my experience," Nettie. "That 'drummer for the Worcester firm was here. Do you notice anything strange?"
Nettie looked around the room, and beheld show-case and rope-lines nearly emptied.
"We hadn't the money ready, you know," said her sister, "so the goods had to go. He was 'very sahy,'—'disagreeable dewty,'—and all that sort of thing of course. Such 'gentee' kid gloves he wore, and such a 'gentee' case he brought to pack the things in! I sat in stony silence, working away, and never lifted a finger to help. Mean of me, wasn't it?"
Nettie slowly sank into the little rocker and stared helplessly.
"Now," said Flo, proceeding briskly with her brushes, "the question is what to do next. I shall get two quarts of New Orleans molasses, and start a candy trade to-morrow."
"I suppose I might take a flat basket and peddle the sticks, after you make them," said Nettie, half bitterly, "I might strike a gold mine, in the shape of a rich old lady or gentleman who is fond of taffy and would like to adopt a likely barn to pass away the time."
"Oh, odds and ends, my dear—odds

too much of it ourselves," said the provident Flo.
"Where's the tin pail? said Nettie, jumping up with alacrity, "Oh, here it is. I'll go to Dickerman's for the molasses right o'. You will need every spare minute for your brushes now—till you teach me how to make them too. After all, I don't see why it won't be just as respectable to sell candy as anything else, if we deal in pure goods and give honest measure, I'm sure authors sell their books, and artists their paintings. It's only a question of degree."
"And even monarchs and great statesmen receive compensation," laughed Flo.
The molasses was soon bubbling merrily in the porcelain-lined kettle, and until the time of constant stirring should arrive, Nettie sat down by her sister to take a lesson in brush-making.
"We can take a few dollars of your pay, Nettie, and lay in a small stock of candy to-morrow. The school children will soon find it out. I can take some comfort in having you at home, for a time, at least. Why can't we indulge in a good supper to-night, as long as you have your pay? I'm getting reckless. Let's have oysters."
"Agreed!" said Nettie, delighted to see Flo so ready (for once) for a comparative luxury. "Scrim-pation has its limits!"
"Oh, oh!" cried her sister, in mock horror. "Labors of Max Miller! How can you, Nettie? There! The candy nearly boiled over! Run and stir—quick!"
(In the midst of stirring and fun enter Miss Mellavine in a state of unwonted excitement.)
"Such a surprise, my dears! What do you think? But, first of all, I suppose you've heard that Caleb Stone is dead."
She dropped into the nearest chair and fanned herself with her brown-check apron, though it was wintry March outside.
"Why, no!" exclaimed the girls in a breath, while Nettie held her spoon suspended in midair, with ropes of taffy gracefully pendulous therefrom.
"I must begin at the very beginning," said Miss Mellavine, "or I shall be sure to forget something I ought to remember. (He died at 4 o'clock this morning, but Mirandy couldn't bear to have a mess of half-strange women around, she said, so she begged me to stay on—though I'm free to confess I ached to come and tell you as quick as I decently could.) I can't get over the turn it gave me. To think that all this time—but I shall be sure to let it out before I get around to it, after all, if I'm not careful.) When I went up last night he was asleep and Mirandy was sitting by the fire and the little fellow had gone to bed. 'I'm so glad you've come, Mellavine,' says she, 'for Caleb is that set on seeing you that I'm afraid he might try to dress himself to go to your house if you didn't come. He's been out of his head, more or less, all day, but the doctor gave him another small dose of morphia and he's resting easier now.' She hadn't more than got the words out of her mouth when he turned his head on the pillow and opened his eyes."
"Is that you, Mellavine?"
"Yes, sir," said I, going up to the bed.
"Mirandy," says he 'you go out and sit by the kitchen fire till I want you again'—and to humor him she went. Just as quick as she shut the door he clutched me by the arm and pointed to a heavy black box that stood on the bureau.
"There! There it is!" says he. 'It's clutching at my throat now, as if it had fingers. Take it away! Take it away!' he almost shrieked.
"Yes, yes, presently," said I, to pacify him.
"Why don't you take it? The key hangs around my neck. Here, unlock the box, and take away the—the package. It's clutching me, I tell you! I e quick! Be quick!"
"I did just as he told me (you've got to be with a ravin' man, you know), not expecting to find anything important. I unlocked the box, and the first thing I see—oh, I pretty near let it out that time, but you've guessed it, like as not I declare, I don't know when I shall get over the turn it gave me!"
(Flo and Nettie exchanged quick, startled looks, and drew nearer to Miss Mellavine, while the molasses bubbled unheeded in the porcelain kettle.)
"Tell them," he says, 'that I've not had an hour's peace since I locked it in there. Their father's sudden death put it in my head—the temptation came to me in my head—then—oh, the misery! You know the rest. Afterward I could not confess. They are good girls—good girls. John Randall's daughters could keep it all—all. It is doubly theirs, I have so wronged them! I do not want them to pay another dollar on the old account. It is the only reparation I can make. Beg them to keep my secret. I don't deserve that they should have mercy on my good name—but, oh! for Mirandy's sake and little Joe's—beg them to keep it! They are good girls. Now call my wife,' he says, and drops his head back on the pillow without another word. There, I've tried to tell it, word for word, just as it happened—and, you dear things, nobody could be gladder to put it into your own hands than my very own self—but that miserable man's looks and motions will haunt me to my dying day, I verily believe."
She drew from the bosom of her calico dress a packet which she placed in Nettie's hands. The lost money! as the reader has doubtless guessed.

"From Loren Sackett, of Ashfield, to Caleb Stone, \$1,800 payment for live stock. Sent by kindness of John Randall."
For two years hidden in Caleb Stone's strong box, while two heroic girls, turned out of their homestead to satisfy his guilty greed, were working their young lives out to make good its assumed loss!
Flo and Nettie wept silently at the side of their good friend. Mingled with the inexpressible relief at their good fortune, were pity (such as few in like case would have been able to feel) for the wretched, guilty man who had so used them—and sorrow for his innocent wife and child, that this gain must come from their grief and loss! Ah! John Randall's daughters were indeed good girls!
"After all," said Flo, finally, jumping up and running to the stove, "I don't believe it's good economy to let the candy burn!"
They kept the dead man's secret faithfully, compassionately. They made the remaining payments to the heirs as if nothing had occurred, then went to Boston, Nettie and Flo as an art student. They were not wanting numerous Paul Prys of both genders who "couldn't" for the life of them see where John Randall's girls got money to fool away on such doings! To such Miss Mellavine discreetly replied that, as far as she could say, it was a present from a very kind friend named "Destiny!"
A Savage Still.
There is a capital story in the *Fraser's Magazine* illustrative of the almost irresistible tendency of the civilized savage to revert to the customs of his ancestors. The Basuto chief Rantzani, a nephew of Moseth, had been converted to civilization, education, breeches, coats and collars. He was a professed Christian, and dressed as a Kafir or London dandy accustomed to good society might be expected to dress. This had been his mode of life for years. But one day an event happened. He was discoursing fluently and eloquently to a meeting on the importance and happiness of peace, and of a regular life of labor, and of school and church attendance. He was fashionably dressed; and as he spoke his paper collar irritated his neck. He tried to put it right, but the buttonhole broke. Then suddenly the long repressed savage broke forth. Tearing off the collar, he changed altogether the current of his speech. "I am tired of this imposture. A something arises within me; it springs upon me now; it tells me I am talking nonsense. Away with this spurious civilization!" He tore off coat, vest, and breeches until he stood forth the totally unadorned savage. Then he set fire to the school in which he had been lecturing, and departed; and has since lived his old life. If Rantzani's collar had been but a little stronger, he might at this moment be a model of civilized respectability.—*Christian at Wor*
Not to be Fooled by Cow Blackbirds.
Mr. D. C. Beard, writing in the *Scientific American*, says that our summer yellow birds, though confiding little creatures, are not readily duped or imposed upon by the cow blackbird, which deposits eggs indiscriminately among the nests of smaller birds, so that its young are hatched and reared without any care from their real parents. The instinct of the yellow birds is sufficiently near reason for them to detect the difference between their own little fragile, prettily-marked, greenish-colored eggs and the great dark-colored ones the vagabond cow blackbird has surreptitiously smuggled into the egg nest. The domestic little couple cling to the spot selected for their house, and will not leave it, neither will they hatch the obnoxious eggs which they are apparently unable to throw out, but the difficulty is soon surmounted, and so are the gratuitous eggs, for the indefatigable workers proceed at once to cover up the cow blackbird's eggs, constructing a new nest on top of the old one, building a second story, as it were, to their dwelling.
A Hermit's Hoard.
A hermit named S. T. Hayden died recently in the vicinity of Mount Carmel, Mo., at the age of sixty-four years. After his death three neighbors were appointed to examine his cabin. They found hidden in a corner of the old house \$300 in good notes, and in five old pocketbooks hidden in separate places was brought to light \$362, \$132, \$101, \$90 and \$75. In various other places was discovered \$90 in silver and \$67 in gold coin, \$14 in old fractional currency in 5, 10, 25 and 50-cent pieces, \$5.75 in Mexican coin of ancient date, \$5 in different kinds of foreign coins, \$3.30 in nickels, \$5 in mutilated \$1 notes, \$3 in St. Louis treasury warrants, 11 half-cents in copper coin issued in 1842 by the Half-penny bank of Montreal, besides a big roll of Confederate money. Hayden was a bachelor, and his relatives, who are unknown, can now lay claim to his treasure.
The Bald Man's Warning.
"If ever I marry I shan't seek for mind; mind's too cold. I'll choose an emotional woman."
"Don't do it," eagerly exclaimed his bald-headed friend. "Don't do it, I implore you. My wife's an emotional woman."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.
Trained nurses readily get from \$15 to \$20 in New York.

Set Free.
Entering by chance an upper unused room, That looked upon a noisy city street, Ere sight could penetrate its dusty gloom, I hear a sound of insect wings that beat And flutter wildly on the window pane; Then passed warm out, then beat and strove again.
Searching, I found a regal butterfly, All golden-russet, barred with velvet black, Prisoned in sight of freedom, trees and sky. Its bruised wings now wide spread now folded back,
Caught 'twixt an outer and an inner frame, It rose and fell and flickered like a flame. With careful haste I drew the window down— The half-bewildered captive fluttered free, Hovered a moment o'er the sordid town, Then circled upward till I could not see. Oh, Death, thou wilt thou lift Earth's prisoned bars And free our souls for flight beyond the stars!
—Laura B. Nichols, in *Our Continent*.
HUMOR OF THE DAY.
The best time to pass mutilated silver coin is to pass it when it is offered to you.
A fowl in the hencoop is worth two in the baseball field.—*Boston Transcript*.
It is hard to catch a man's meaning when he carries on a running conversation.—*Pittsburg*.
The porters who handle kegs of all ver in the treasury department are rolling in wealth.
Write plainly on all postal cards. The time of a postmistress is valuable.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.
Victor Hugo wrote: "I could live forever on the invisible." Then he went over and ordered a dozen raw oysters and a whole mince pie.—*Detroit Free Press*.
There is an article going the rounds headed, "Who Kissed Away That Tear?" Well, we suppose it is as well to own up to it first as last. It is a mighty mean man that won't kiss away a tear.—*Peck's Sun*.
A: "How do you like my bride? Do you approve of my choice?" B: "Well, I must confess that in one point at least she is far ahead of you." A: "What point do you mean?" B: "Good taste."—*Fliegende Blätter*.
The *Farmer's Review*, an excellent agricultural journal published at Chicago, has an editorial headed, "Why does Timothy run out?" We shall require considerable information about Timothy's personal habits, before we can risk answering that question.—*Siftings*.
The stage of a Western theater took fire the other evening, but a panic and a rush for the door was averted by the manager, who, with great presence of mind, slipped to the front and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, we have prepared a little surprise for you. An immense kettle of whisky punch is now being heated, and in a few minutes waiters will pass through the audience and distribute it." After that the audience had to be pulled out, one by one.—*Philadelphia News*.
An Otahaiten Dance.
A sojourner in Tahiti relates his experiences in a letter to the *Detroit Free Press*, as follows: Monday might be called Gunpowder day, as the cannon were firing salutes all day long. The present fleet of vessels in the harbor is an exceptionally large one, the French rear admiral having some eight or nine vessels, three of them iron-clads, and the Russian admiral in these waters having two vessels with him. There was also an English vessel in the harbor when we arrived, but she sailed away directly. On Monday night the natives gave a grand dance in honor of the two admirals. The scene was wild and weird. All the foreigners were arranged in a circle, and in the middle sat a crowd of native girls. The French band struck up, and the girls, rising with a wreath of flowers in each hand, advanced toward the strangers, singing in their native language. After crowning each of us they joined hands and circled around, then breaking, crowned each stranger again, and immediately commenced the savage whola-whola dance. After dancing till they were tired they passed green coconuts around among the visitors. After a very short interval the native men stepped in the middle and danced the Kanaka war dance. The wild contortions and movements of the natives, the dim light from the candles, the gay colored dresses and the strange fruits and flowers scattered around made up a very picturesque scene. The dance took place about two miles out of town, and lasted until 1 o'clock in the morning. All the next day was spent in seeing the town. Far removed as Tahiti is from the stir and bustle of the world, it yet shows signs of its close connection with the outer world. One of these signs struck us in rather a ridiculous light as we were passing a yard completely covered with shrubs and guava bushes, in the shape of a bare-legged Kanaka boy riding an American bicycle. Horses and buggies are to be had anywhere, though at a pretty fair price. Cafes are numerous, and in every one billiard or bagatelle tables can be found. For the benefit of the aristocracy there are the three clubs, the Citizens, the Army, and the Navy. Taken all in all one can enjoy life in town very nicely, but the real beauties of the island are only to be seen inland.