

One Square, one inch, one insertion	10 00
One Square, one inch, one month	3 00
One Square, one inch, three months	4 00
One Square, one inch, one year	10 00
Two Squares, one year	18 00
Quarter Column, one year	20 00
Half Column, one year	30 00
One Column, one year	100 00

Legal notices at established rates.
Marriage and death notices gratis.
All bills for yearly advertisements collected
quarterly. Temporary advertisements must
be paid in advance.
Job work, cash on delivery.

CONSTANCY.

HE SAID:
And leaned as he spoke on the pasture bars,
That he vowed by the heavens blue—
By the silvery moon and the shining stars—
To ever prove loyal and true.

"Men change," he said, "but oh!
Believe me, my own dear love,
Affection like mine, as time will show,
Has a strength that no power can move."

SHE SAID:
"No fear or doubt, beloved, have I,
For deep in this heart of mine
Is a love that will never dim or die,
But will last for aye—like thine"

He gave her a ring and a fond caress,
While her tears like a torrent fell;
As with faltering words and in sore distress,
He bade her a long farewell.

But the man in the moon, who had often
viewed
Such tender scenes, I ween,
Winked knowingly then, as the lovers stood
Beneath, in the silver sheen.

Two summers with blossoms and bud were
gone,
Two winters with frost and snow;
And again, the man in the moon looked
down
On the wedding world below.

And what did he see? Why, the lover had
won
A widow with wealth galore,
While the maiden had wedded, that very
morn,
The clerk of a dry goods store.

Quoth the man in the moon: "It's exactly
now
As it was when the world began;
No weaker thing than a woman's vow,
Excepting the vows of a man."

These things have given the man in the
moon
Such cynical views of life
That this is the reason he lives alone,
And never has taken a wife.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

"What is your name?"
"Clip."
"Rather appropriate, I fancy," observed Jack Cranford, eyeing the dwarfish figure of the lad before him. "Who do you belong to?"
"Nobody."
"Well where on earth did you come from?"
"Clipper Gap."
Cranford indulged in a hearty laugh. "You want to know if you can stay here, eh? Yes, you may, but I warn you that you won't get either fat or rich very soon unless you have better luck than the rest of us."
"Can Clipper come too?" inquired the boy, with an upward glance of his sharp black eyes.
"Who in the name of all the gods is Clipper? Your dog, eh?"
"No, she ain't a dog, she's a gal, my sister."
"Where is she now?"
"Down by the gully washin' her feet 'cause they hurt."
"How old is she?"
"Don't know; bigger'n me, though."
"Concise and explicit," remarked Cranford, with an amused smile. "You had better run along and bring her up to camp. It is growing dark and you may get lost."
"Clipper never gets lost, she can go anywhere," he asserted in a tone which bespoke the utmost confidence in his sister.
Cranford watched the boy as he bounded nimbly down the hillside. "Hi-eh-hi-eh-hi," he sang at the top of his voice. A musical "Ho-eh-ho-eh-ho" resounded through the hills and the next moment a slim girl darted forward, caught Clip in her arms, kissed him and then gave him a sharp slap on the cheek.
"Ye hateful little toad, I thought ye was lost," she said by way of explaining the dual reception she had given him.
"Where ye bin?"
Clip rubbed his face and muttered resentfully:
"Up there, found a camp, the man wants ye to come too."
"Oh, Clip!" she cried, not heeding his answer, "I was scared—I thought they'd caught ye—I wish ye wouldn't run off like that." The exclamations were uttered in a breathless sort of way, and she placed her arms protectively around him. A very pretty picture she made as she stood there. The golden red rays of the setting sun glimmered athwart the live oak boughs, threw fantastic shadows over her gypsy-like face. Her scant costume, consisting of a brown petticoat and sack, and a gray colored Mexican shawl draped Spanish fashion around her head and shoulders, gave her a quaint picturesque air. Jack Cranford, who had strolled leisurely after the boy, appeared in view on a declivity a couple of yards above them. Catching a glimpse of him she started back a few steps, then lifted her dark, half-terrified eyes to his face.
"It's only the miner," whispered Clip, in an assuring tone.
"and in hand they advanced to within a short distance from where he stood. Just then a group of men appeared on the other side of the camp clearing. The girl's sharp eyes discovered them, and in an instant she was at Cranford's side, grasping his arm.
"Don't let them touch him!" she cried, her dusky face growing almost white.
"Nobody shall harm either of you," said Cranford, laying his hand on her shoulder.
"Hello, Jack!" called out one of the party, "who are your visitors?"
"Clipper and Clip, of Clipper Gap," he responded. Then to the girl, "You needn't be afraid; they all belong to our camp."

"You were afraid of me, eh?" queried the newcomer, Dick Emory, "what dreadful crime have you been perpetrating?"
"I didn't do nothing bad," she replied with a touch of childish dignity, "but he," indicating her brother, "stole. He ain't got no one but me to look after him, and my way was going to put him in the refuge, so we run away."
"Poor little creatures," said Dick, his pleasant-toned voice full of tender pity. "So you thought we were agreed to capture you."
Meanwhile the other miners had gathered around the children, for the girl was a child in years, although a hard experience had left little of the child nature in her.
"I'm not scared now," she announced, glancing toward the group of rough men. "If ye'll let us stay I'll work for ye. Can cook an' wash, can't I, Clip?"
The youngster screwed up one eye and nodded his head in an impish sort of way, which caused the miners to laugh heartily, and they all expressed a desire to keep them for awhile at least. Later on they learned that the children were orphans. They never saw their father, but had been told that he had died before Clip was born. Some three years before their mother, when on her death-bed, had charged the girl to take care of her brother, who had proved the torment of her life, but whom, nevertheless, she loved passionately.
"I tried to make him good," she asserted, with a pathetic sigh, "but he'd steal every chance he'd get."
Her real name, she told Dick Emory, was Carita, and her brother's Ignatio, but they were called Clip and Clipper, because they were born in Clipper Gap. Dick Emory was young and handsome, even in his rough miner's dress. There was something contagious about the mirth that sparkled in his dark-blue eyes and spread itself over his frank, boyish face. His courtesy and good-nature rendered him a general favorite with his companions; consequently they were not surprised when Clipper exhibited a marked preference for his society. She seemed to anticipate his slightest wish, and whenever he rewarded her with a smile a crimson flush would steal into her brown cheeks and her beautiful dark eyes would glow with pleasure. The girl was so young and childish in many ways that no one dreamed she was capable of loving. And she, herself, was too simple and ignorant to comprehend the meaning of the joy his presence afforded her. She only knew she was happy—happier than ever before—and that was enough. Past sorrows were forgotten; she was satisfied—infinitely so—with the present, and never gave a thought to the future. Did Emory know, was he conscious of the love he had inspired in the breast of this child-woman? No; the sentiment was shrouded in such exquisite purity that even he was not aware of its existence. All womanhood was sacred to him, even this embryo woman, who was touching his life with her love, and he treated her with a deferential tenderness, not for the purpose of winning her regard, but because he could not do otherwise. But, alas! for the peace of poor, ignorant little Clipper! Every touch of his hand, every soft inflection of his voice, drew the meshes closer around her.

After the children had been in the camp several months the rainy season set in, and with it a low fever, which attacked even the most robust miner. It was then Clipper proved herself a ministering angel. She refused to sleep, or even rest, when she fancied any of the sick men required her care. Emory had a slight attack, but recovered in a few days. When all thought the disease had spent itself the faithful young nurse was stricken down, but in her case it assumed a far more serious form; the remedies that had proved beneficial to the others gave her no relief. Finally, a physician was summoned from the nearest town, but his skill was of no avail.
One evening Emory was sitting near the camp-bed upon which the girl was tossing restlessly.
"Poor little Clipper!" he murmured, tenderly stroking the dark hair back from her burning forehead. "You must try to get well, for I want to take you to Frisco next week. I am going to tell you a secret," he went on, hoping to interest her. A slight movement of her head indicated her desire to hear it.
"You see, when I came up here, about two years ago, I left one of the sweetest little girls in the universe in San Francisco. She promised to be my wife as soon as—"
A low moan broke from the fever-parched lips.
"What is it, dear? Are you in pain?" he questioned in a gentle, almost womanly voice. "I have tired you with my nonsensical talk. There," bending over as a mother might over a sick child, "let me bathe your head awhile. I will keep very quiet and perhaps you can sleep."
"No, tell me all about it," she pleaded, laying her hot hand in his. "I like to hear ye talkin'!"
"There isn't much to tell," he resumed, anxious to please her, "except that I love her better than any one in the whole world and hope to make her my wife next week."
"Better'n me?" she questioned, in a strange, surprised voice. Her dark eyes were looking out yearningly from beneath their heavy lids, and Emory grew embarrassed under the searching gaze.
"My—my love for you is—something different—like a father's for a child—a brother's for a sister," he stammered.
"An' ye like her better'n me—better'n me!" she repeated the words in a far away voice. Then with a sudden move she threw her arms around his neck, drew his face down and kissed it, saying: "I like you better'n a Clip—better'n the whole world."
"You are making her talk too much."

Emory, you remember the doctor said she must be kept quiet."
It was Jack Cranford who spoke. The younger man arose.
"Yes," he assented, huskily, "she cannot bear agitation. Perhaps you can soothe her to sleep."
He turned away and the next moment was striding up the mountain as if hoping to escape the torture that filled his heart.
"Good God, is it possible that that child has learned to care for me," he asked himself. "And have I done aught to win her love. No, God knows I never dreamed of such a thing. I looked upon her as a child—a guileless child to whom the sentiment of love was unknown."
Dave Poole was the first man he met when he returned to camp an hour later.
"How is Clipper?" he asked, glad that it was too dark for the man to observe his agitated air.
"On the home stretch, I reckon, poor little gal! She's been asking for you," he responded, blowing his nose vigorously, hoping thereby to keep the tears from his eyes.
Emory stepped softly into the tent where she lay. Death was dealing gently with her—aye, even more gently than life had. A drawn look about the mouth was the only visible trace of his presence. Seeing her lips move, he drew near.
"Bury me—out on the hill—where we went one day—to git flowers. It is nigher heaven up there," was what she said.
The day that she was laid to rest on the hill that was nearest heaven the miners gathered around the grave and sang "The Sweet By and By" for her requiem. It was the only sacred song they knew, and they sang it with fervor as if each hoped to meet poor little Clipper again "on that beautiful shore."
Clip rather enjoyed the excitement, probably for the reason that he did not comprehend his loss. The miners spoke more gently to him. The best of everything in the way of food was given him, and taking it all together he had a very good time.
In the years which followed, Emory tried, for Clipper's sake, to make an honest man of her brother, but, as the poor child expressed it, "he'd steal every chance he got," and at last reports Clip was serving, gratuitously, the State of California.

A "Trouble-Man's" Life.

The life of a telegraph company's lineman is a laborious and dangerous one, and at times entails great hardship and exposure. In Philadelphia the Western Union company has five men whose whole duty is to repair damages to the line in or within a few miles of the city. One of these is George Riley, who went to sea for eleven years of his life and who has been in the employ of the company for the past fifteen years. In speaking of accidents in telegraph work he said:
"There is some danger, of course, in line-work, but as a rule it can be avoided if one is cool-headed and careful. The trouble with most men is that when they get accustomed to climbing they become careless and reckless and sometimes get bad falls. The only man of our line that has been killed in my time was thrown to the ground by the breaking of a cross-bar. There are very narrow escapes, though. I have climbed a pole that I thought was sound and found when near the top that it was soft and rotten. Once I fell about twelve feet, and only saved myself from falling to the ground by grabbing some wires. In Philadelphia the company has about fifty poles that are from seventy to 100 feet high. Formerly we used to climb these like the rest, but of late years the monsters are fitted with iron steps, and going up them is nearly as easy as going upstairs. The steps were adopted because the poles are valuable and the climbing made holes in them and caused them to be exposed to the weather. One of these poles is eighty feet high. Formerly we had either to climb this pole or to get to it from the roof. The jump from the mansard roof to the fourth cross-bar was fully five feet and the cross-bar, seventy feet above the ground, was only three and a half inches broad. You can imagine that this was a small foothold for such a jump, and yet we never missed it. The jump back to the roof was somewhat more dangerous, there being a space of only sixteen inches to land on and a wall to bump against. I took the jump several times, but liked it less and less at every jump."
"The best and boldest climber I know is Dick Penn, of Baltimore. He has climbed old poles that broke under him, but, like a cat, he always falls on his feet. He doesn't use any monkey-wrench, as others do, in getting out the two-and-seven-eighths-inch bolts that fasten the cross-bars to the pole, but pulls them out or kicks them out. A climber's outfit is generally a pair of climbing-irons, a pair of nippers to break wire with and a section of wire—say ten pounds. I have seen Penn climb a forty-five-foot pole with 160 pounds of wire thrown over his shoulder. James Grace, also a lineman, was the only other man who could climb with this weight."
"They call us at the office 'trouble-men,' for whenever there is anything wrong on the line we are sent to fix it."—Philadelphia Times.

Dinner Gratis.

Cocobal, the famous French sponger, throws off all restraint when he sees any chance of getting what he calls "a good blow-out." The way he invites himself to your table is as simple as it is irresistible. The other evening he called on a friend who was just sitting down to dinner. "What, Gustavo, you are not having dinner alone, are you?" he exclaimed on entering. "I am, as you see." "Ah! but it is a bore to have to dine alone. I'll tell you what, I'll sacrifice to you my evening for once!"

THE ONE-EYED PASSENGER.

HIS FELLOW-TRAVELERS THOUGHT HIM CHICKEN-HEARTED.

But He Proved the Reverse When the Road Agents Came—A Western Stage-Coach Episode.

The Detroit Free Press tells how a number of passengers traveling in a Western stage-coach were mistaken in one of their number, and how they found out their mistake. The passengers were discussing the probabilities of being attacked by "road agents." By-and-by an army officer mentioned something about road agents, and directly the conversation became interesting. Coaches had been stopped at various points on the line within a week, and it was pretty generally believed that a bad gang had descended on the route and were still ripe for business. The man with one eye had nothing to say. Once or twice he raised his head and that single eye blazed in the darkness like a lone star, but a word escaped his mouth. The captain had said what he would do in case the coach was halted, and this brought out the others. It was firmly decided to fight for and weapons to fight with.

The man with one eye said nothing. At such a time and under such circumstances there could be but one interpretation of such conduct.

"A coward has no business traveling this route," said the captain in a voice which every man could hear.

The stranger started up, and that eye of his seemed to shower sparks of fire, but, after a moment, he fell back again without having replied.

If he wasn't chicken-hearted, why didn't he show his colors? If he intended to fight where were his weapons? He had no Winchester, and so far as any one had seen as he entered the coach he was without revolvers. Everybody felt contempt for a man who calculated to hold up his hands at the order, and permit himself to be quietly despoiled.

"Pop! pop! halt!"

The passengers were dozing as the salute of the road agents reached their ears. The coach was halted in a way to tumble everybody together, and legs and bodies were still tangled up when a voice at the door of the coach called out:

"No nonsense now! You gentlemen climb right down here and up with your hands! The first man who kicks on me will get a bullet through his head!"

We had agreed to fight. The captain had agreed to lead us. We were listening for his yell of defiance and the click of his revolver when he stepped down and out as humbly as you please. The sutler had been aching to chew up a dozen road agents, and now he was the second man out. The surveyor had intimated that he never passed over the route without killing at least three highwaymen, but this occasion was to be an exception. In three minutes the five of us were down and in line and hands up, and the road agent had said:

"Straight matter of business! First one who drops his hands won't ever know what hurt him!"

Where was the man with one eye? The robber appeared to believe that we were all out, and he was just approaching the head of the line to begin his work when a dark form dropped out of the coach, and a revolver began to crack. The robber went down at the first pop. His partner was just coming around the rear of the coach. He was a game man. He knew what had happened, but he was coming to the rescue. Pop! pop! pop! went the revolvers, their flashes lighting up the night until we could see the driver in his seat.

It didn't take twenty seconds. One of the robbers lay dead in front of us—the other under the coach, while the man with one eye had a lock cut from his head and the graze of a bullet across his cheek. Not one of us had moved a finger. We were five fools in a row. There was a painful lull after the last shot, and it lasted a full minute before the stranger turned to us and remarked in a quiet, cutting manner:

"Gentlemen, ye can drop yer hands!"

We dropped. We undertook to thank him, and we wanted to shake hands, and somebody suggested a shake-purse for his benefit, but he motioned us into the coach, banged the door after us, and climbed up to a seat beside the driver. His contempt for such a crowd could not be measured.

The Riches of Arizona.

Governor Tritic, of Arizona, has made a report upon the progress and development of that Territory. The Territory now claims a population of 75,000 and \$20,000,000 in taxable property. The dangerous and disturbing elements which have been such forcible factors in checking progress are now well under control. The value of the gold and silver products for the year ended December 31, 1882, is \$9,298,267, against \$8,198,766 in 1881. The yield of copper in 1882 was 15,099,000 pounds. The combined value of the silver and copper product for 1883 will be between fifteen and sixteen millions of dollars. This will place Arizona second on the list of bullion producers. Figures are given showing that a herd of 100 head of cattle will in five years, by natural increase, number 302 head. The number of sheep in the Territory is placed at 200,000, producing 2,400,000 pounds of wool yearly. Congress is asked to provide for the boring of artesian wells, for a geological survey, for the erection of a capitol, for an increase of pay of territorial legislators, and for a fourth United States judge.

Within ten years, writes a Western man, thirty California millionaires have died, and not one of them was distinguished in life for anything but his money.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

According to a writer in a foreign paper, animal oils are unsafe to use in air compressors, as they take fire spontaneously in compressed air, or, in other words, they create an explosive gas.

A specimen of vegetable wool is an exhibition at Amsterdam. It comes from Java. When it is freed from its leathery covering and the seeds, through a very simple process, it is worth between sixteen and seventeen cents a pound.

Baron Mueller asserts that palm trees reach their extreme southern limit in New Zealand, where a noble species extends as far as forty-four degrees south latitude. The most southern American members of the same tribe—*Kentia sapida*—ceases in La Plata, in latitude thirty-four degrees.

Germany has 500 mills for the manufacture of wood pulp, and such a degree of perfection has been reached in its manufacture that even for the better qualities of paper it is a complete substitute for rags. Wood pulp constitutes seventy-five per cent. of the paper stock used in that country.

The difficulty of dealing effectively with leprosy in India is that it is hereditary, and it was not until late years that a rational system of treatment was adopted with the lower order of natives. Now the isolation which had been practiced with this terrible disease since the days of Moses and proper hospital care may in a generation abate the evil.

Recent investigations at Höchst-on-the-Main, where no fewer than 672 persons are employed in the aniline color works, go to prove that though aniline is admittedly poisonous, none of the men who became ill died, and those engaged for eighteen years in the magenta house, although reddened with dye even to the inside of the mouth, suffered no serious bad health.

"The best quality of charcoal," says the Engineer, "is made from oak, maple, beech and chestnut. Wood will furnish, when properly charged, about twenty per cent. of coal. A bushel of coal from pine weighs about twenty-nine pounds. A bushel of coal from hard wood weighs thirty pounds. About 100 parts of oak make twenty-three of charcoal; the same quantity of red pine 22.10, and of white pine twenty-three."

S. R. Caenestrini has been experimenting upon the effects of decapitation upon insects. Butterflies were able to use their wings eighteen days after they had lost their heads. Crickets leaped on the third day after they had been beheaded, and the praying-mantis showed signs of life on the fourteenth day after the head had been separated from the body. He gives still more singular observations, tending to show that the head in insects cannot be subject to the same perpetual strain as the head in mammals in guiding the motions of the body.

The Father's Search.

No sadder story was ever told in the pages of romance than that of the cruel abduction of little Charley Ross and the wanderings of the unhappy father, who has been dragging his sorrows about from place to place for nine weary years in a vain search for his lost child. Every new claim, while it brings with it hope, tears open the wounds of the parent's heart, and they bleed afresh. Every new disappointment recalls the anguish of the first wretched hours of bereavement.

If the child could be found and restored to his parent all the world would rejoice. Every heart would breathe a silent prayer of thankfulness and joy. But even then there would be a touch of sadness mingled with the bliss of reunion. Poor Charley when stolen from his parents was a little four-year-old prattler, with bright eyes and golden hair and merry laugh. The father will never again take the lost child to his heart as he was in those days. To wholly heal the wounds he has received it would be necessary to set back the hand of time to enable him to fondle the golden locks—to hear the childish voice lip its joy—to kiss the fresh young lips as they used to be kissed in the happy days before the terrible sorrow fell upon the family circle. This can never be. Little Charley is gone forever. The child, if found, will be a lad of thirteen or fourteen years, tried by adversity, probably without a memory of his past history—of those who have suffered such anguish for his loss. No; there can be no thorough healing of the parent's sorrow in this sad case. But every heart will send up a sincere wish that he may discover his son and that his weary search may at last be succeeded by such happiness as he can yet enjoy.—New York World.

A Chinese Passport.

If you intend to proceed to the interior of that country by river, writes a correspondent from China, you must get a "house boat"—a sort of a monster gondola built in junk fashion—you must engage a cook and interpreter, and you must finally obtain a passport, without which you may be turned back by any little mandarin's representative who may chance to challenge you. The house boat and cook were found for me by the energetic manager of the Hotel des Colonies at Shanghai; the passport owing to the care of the esteemed English consul came just in time to allow me to avail myself of a fair wind and a good strong tide. The passport would have made a first-rate sheet for a bed, both in point of size and toughness of material. What it said I shall never know. The man who inscribed it will carry his dread secret to the grave for all I can decipher. Suffice it to say that it contained upward of 400 large Chinese characters, two alone covering nearly six square inches, and that by a Chinese gentleman of my acquaintance it was pronounced "Welly can do," which was satisfactory.

SOME DAY.

Some day I shall be dead,
Some day this tired head,
With all the anxious thoughts it now doth
know,
Shall be laid low.

This body, pain-racked, ill,
Shall lie at length, and still,
Under the clover and the wind-swept grass,
Nor hear you pass.

That were, indeed, strange sleep,
When even you might weep,
And come, and go—even you—unheard of me
As bird or bee.

Nay, sweetheart, nay! believe
Here is no cause to grieve,
One so wayworn, of trouble so oppress,
Is glad of rest.

Perchance, when that release
Hath wrought its spell of peace,
O'er this unquiet heart, long vexed with woe,
Heart's ease may grow.

Who loves me will not weep
When that I lie asleep,
But rather joy to think such sorrow may
Have end some day.

—Isabella Grant Meredith.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Among the oldest of smokers—Chimneys.

When the giraffe wants a drink he knows what a long-felt want is.

The shoemaker should know more than the doctor about the healing art.—Piscayuna.

When your husband has the malaria ask him to go out and shake the carpet.—Harford Journal.

Emerson said: "There is always room for a man of force." He had probably met Sullivan in a crowd.—The Judge.

The following is extracted from a smart boy's composition on "Babies":
"The mother's heart gives 4th joy at the baby's 1st 2th."

The general introduction of oatmeal mush as a breakfast dish causes a stir in many a household in the morning when only the cook is astir.

Nothing is more common than ingratitude. Notwithstanding the comfort we derive from a fire, it is the first thing to which we turn the cold shoulder.

It doesn't hurt a man's back half so much to bend over at bowling, when he rolls twenty-pound balls, as it does to bend over to black his shoes.—Puck.

She knew music, and painting, and style,
And possibly knew how to flirt;
But Saints of the Kitchen! she asked for
A griddle to iron a shirt.

Why is it that if a man loses his night-key he never discovers the fact until he arrives home after every one has gone to bed, and wants to open the door.—Puck.

A valuable exchange publishes an article headed "Surprising a Minister." Some one, perhaps, dropped a whole quarter into the contribution basket.—Bismarck Tribune.

"Augustus," she said, "why is there so much confusion in that store?" "I know not, dearest," he simpered, "unless it is caused by that bustle in the window."—Free Press.

Beneath the leaflets yellow,
In the garden lone and murky,
The most unhappy fellow
Is the turkey,
Who knows he won't be living
One day after Thanksgiving.

Before a young man can court a Mexican girl he has to tell her parents on the door-steps of the house what his prospects in life are. If he says he is a circus pitcher for a champion baseball club, the old folks say "go in."

We have every reason to doubt the existence of the Giant's Causeway and the wonderful cliffs which are said to line the northern and western coasts of Ireland, as the island is well known to abound in shamrocks.—Judge.

"Will there be a hop to-night?" asked a boarder of another who had loved the stock market "not wily but too well." "Don't know about the hop, but there will be a skip if I can get my trunk out," was the reply.—Boston Bulletin.

The North American Review has an article on "Early Man in America." Oh, yes; but there's nothing scientific about him. He's the man that comes in at 3 o'clock in the morning singing "In the morning by the bright light."—Hawkeye.

Mining.

John W. Mackey, the California bonanza king, said to a reporter for the St. Paul Pioneer-Press: "Mining is the most precarious business in the world." "You can well afford to say it," the reporter retorted, "with \$30,000,000 to your credit. But did you think so in 1869, when you were pushing an ore car in the Ophir mine?"
"I knew it then only in theory; for my salary of \$4 a day was always sure, and my wants were simple. You always hear of the successful miners. The men who disappear and are lost in Pauper alley are not so often quoted."

A Trick of the Trade.

William Petty was a most successful gambler but by a queer trick. As he sat at the table with a pile of coin before him there lay at his hand a twenty-dollar gold piece that was hollowed out and contained a mirror. By holding this at an angle of forty-five degrees behind a stack of coin in front of the dealer he could see every card held by his opponents. He was recently arrested at Portland, Oregon, with three false pieces in his possession.

In a contest in the Milwaukee postoffice one of the clerks distributed 1,000 postal cards in thirteen and one-half minutes.