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Job work—cash on delivery.

In addition to being the oldest living ex-Senator of the United States, Joseph Cilley, of Nottingham, N. H., has become by the recent death of General David Hunter, the oldest ex-officer of the regular army, his commission dating from March 12, 1812.

Bull fighting is apparently a lucrative profession. Lartijo, the favorite toreador of Madrid, makes $30,000 during the summer season at that capital, and during the winter he makes about $50,000 traveling through the provinces. Last year he killed 345 bulls and did not receive a scratch.

As a rule, England's war veterans reach a greater age than our own. Hancock died at sixty-two, Grant at sixty-three, and McClellan at sixty. Lord Stradbroke, who served under Wellington in Spain, died recently at the age of ninety-two, and the Iron Duke himself lived beyond fourscore years.

Greenville, Penn., points with pride to Magdalen Miller, who is ninety years old and mother of twelve children. When young, she was as vigorous as a man and could shoulder three bushels of wheat. During the graveyard insurance craze she was insured for over $100,000, and has outlived all the companies. She has smoked tobacco for more than seventy years.

Sparrows are coming into the New York market in a way that could never have been expected. There is a great demand for the skins (with plumage) of canaries, goldfinches and other small birds, for the decoration of gowns, and the enterprising traders in such goods have discovered that skins of sparrows are obtainable at a cheap rate, and may be dyed in various gay colors, and sold under any name except their own.

The Alps are pierced by three remarkably long tunnels, entering Italy from France, Switzerland and the Austrian Tyrol. They are the Mont Cenis, seven and three-quarters miles long; the St. Gothard, nine and one-quarter miles long; and the Arlberg tunnel, only six and one-half miles long. The projected Simplon tunnel, by which the railroad from Geneva, to Martigni will be carried through the mountains to Dumo d'Ossola, will be twelve and one-half miles long, and the estimated cost $20,000,000.

One of the latest notions for preserving health and beauty is to drink a glass of hot water before breakfast, and it is largely practiced. A Baltimore physician, speaking of this, related some curious methods employed by his female patients to preserve their good looks. One drinks a glass of toast water before arising in the morning; another uses a half-teaspoonful of tincture of cinchona in a goblet of water; still another takes a pinch of table salt into her mouth before leaving bed, and a Philadelphia belle every morning regularly gargles her throat with soapsuds made of white castile soap.

The immense quantity of peanuts grown in Africa, South America and in our own Southern States afford not only an article of food, but a very large source of oil production. The seed contains from forty-five to fifty per cent. of a nearly colorless, bland, fixed oil, not unlike olive oil, and used for similar purposes; it is a non-drying oil, which changes but little by exposure to the air, and remains fluid even at several degrees colder than thirty-two degrees. A very great quantity of soap is manufactured from this kind of oil; indeed, some of the finest toilet soaps imported from France are of this material.

There is one happy corner of the footstool where currency questions are unknown. The inhabitants of the Port Hamilton group of islands, recently purchased by England from Corea, are neither bi-metalists nor mono-metalists. They are strict no-metalists. Silver and gold have they none, and they are quite set upon doing without either. They are equally unfamiliar with paper money. In short, they know nothing about currency in any form, and so far it has been impossible to argue the idea into their heads. They are willing to work making roads and landing-places, but not for money. They insist upon being paid for their labor in rice. An islander who was offered a Mexican dollar, and told that he could get rice for it, gave back the coin with the pithy remark that it was "rather small for a farm." When informed that the grain was to be got, not by actual production, but in the way of exchange, he replied that he "would take it at once, so there would be no need of exchanging." As it was impossible to stand up against such remorseless logic, the native went off with the grain, and the European was left with the uncrowned dollar.

HEBE.

See, what a beauty! Half-shut eyes—
Hide all buff, and without a break
To the tail's brown tuft that mostly lies
So quiet one thinks her scarce awake;
But pass too near, one step too free,
You find her slumber a devil's truce:
Up comes that paw—all plush, you see—
Out four claws, fit for Satan's use.

'Ware! Just a sleeve's breadth closer then,
And your last appearance on any stage!
Loll, if you like, by Daniel's Den,
But clear and away from Hebe's cage—
That's Hebe! listen to that purr,
Rumbling as from the ground below;
Strange, when the ring begins to stir,
The fleshings always vex her so.

You think 'twere a rougher task by far
To tame her mate with the sooty mane?
A splendid bronze for a showman's car,
And quite enough for bit and rein.
But Hebe is—just like all her sex—
Not good, then bad—be sure of that:
In either case 'twould a sage perplex
To make them out, both woman and cat.

A curious record, Hebe's. Reared
In Italy; age—that's hard to fix;
Trained from a cub, until she feared
The lash, and learned her round of tricks;
Always a traveler—one of two
A woman-tamer took in hand,
Whipped them, coaxed them—and so they grew
To fawn or cower at her command.

None but Florina—that was her name
And this the story of Hebe here—
Entered their cage; the brutes were tame
As kittens, though their mistress near,
A tall, proud wench as ever was seen,
Supple and handsome, full of grace;
The world would bow to a real queen
That had Florina's form and face.

Her lover—for one she had, of course—
Was Marco, acrobat, circus-star,
The lightest foot on a running horse,
The surest leap from a swinging bar;
And she—so jealous he dared not touch
A woman's hand; and, truth to say,
He had no humor to tease her much
Till a girl in spangles crossed their way.

'Twas at Marseilles, the final scene:
This pretty rider joined the ring,
Ma'm'selle Celeste or Victorine,
And captured him under Florina's wing.
They hid their meetings, but when, you see,
Doubt holds the candle love will show.
And in love's division the one of three,
Whose share is lessened, needs must know.

One night, then, after the throng outpoured
From the show, and the lions my Lady's power
Had been made to feel, with lash that scored
And eye that cowed them, a snarling hour—
(They were just in the mood for pleasantry
Of those holidays when saints were thrown
To beast, and the Romans, entrance-free,
Clapped hands)—that night, as she stood alone.

Florina, Queen of the Lions, called
Sir Marco toward her, while her l...
Still touched the spring of a door that walled
Her subjects safe within Lion-land.
He came there panting, hot from the ring,
So brave a figure that one might know
Among all his tribe he must be king—
If in some wild tract you met him so.

"Do you love me still," she asked, "as when
You swore it first?" "Have never a doubt!"
"But I have a fancy—men are men,
And one whim drives another out."
"What fancy? Is this all? Have done;
You tire me." "Look you, Marco! oh,
I should die if another woman won
Your love—but would kill you first, you know!"

"Kill me! and how—with a jealous tongue?"
"Thus!" quoth Florina, and slipped the bolt
Of the cage's door, and headlong flung
Sir Marco, ere he could breathe, the dolt!
Plump on the lion he bounced, and fell
Beyond, and Hebe leapt for him there—
No need for their lady's voice to tell
The work in hand for that ready pair.

They say one wouldn't have cared to see
The group commingled, man and beast,
Or to hear the shrieks and roars—all three—
One red, the feasters and the feast!
Guns, pistols blazed, till the lion sprawled,
Shot dead, but Hebe held to her prey
And drank his blood, while keepers bawled
And their hot irons made you scars that day.

But the woman? True, I had forgot:
She never flinched at the havoc made,
Nor gave one cry, but there on the spot
Drove to the heart her poniard-blade,
Straight, like a man, and fell, nor stirred
Again; so that fine pair were dead;
One lied, and the other kept her word—
And death pays debts, when all is said.

So they hustled Hebe out of France,
To Spain, or maybe to England first.
Then hitherward over seas, by chance,
She came as you see her, always athirst,
As if, like the tigresses that slink
In the village canes of Hindostan,
Of one rare draught she loves to think,
And ever to get it must plan and plan.

—*Edmund C. Stedman, in the Century.*

WHY HE DISAPPEARED.

A ROMANCE OF THE WAR.

When the war broke out Jim Dutton was the postmaster at Blue Rock. He had held the position for a number of years, and no man in the settlement stood higher. Jim's strong point was his honesty. He had very little book-learning, and was ignorant of the ways of the world. Still, with the assistance of his wife, a charming little woman, he succeeded in managing the business of the postoffice in such a manner as to give general satisfaction.

While the new Confederate government was getting its affairs in order, the old machinery organized under the United States authorites continued to run on. This was a public necessity, as the postmasters could not all be changed in an instant, or be recommissioned. As a clever Georgian, though not a strong Confederate, Jim Dutton held on under the new regime and did his duty. But it was only for a couple of weeks. One Monday morning the villagers found the postoffice closed, and investigation disclosed the fact that Dutton and his wife had mysteriously disappeared. The money and accounts of the office turned out to be all right, and nobody could understand why Jim and his wife should have slipped off at night without leaving a clue. It was ascertained that a day or two before their departure the postmaster mortgaged his cottage and furniture for almost their full value as security for a loan which he had obtained. So the couple did not go away unprovided with money.

No event ever in the history of Blue Rock created such intense excitement. It was a tantalizing mystery, and it was impossible to unravel it. The rapid progress of the war, however, soon absorbed public attention, and the Dutton episode ceased to be talked about.

Some time ago, in a little town in Western Texas, I accidentally ran against Jim Dutton. There was no mistaking the man. Time had dealt gently with him, and he looked prosperous. I slapped him on the back with a hearty

"Hello, Jim Dutton!"

Jim turned and fell all to pieces, so to speak. He recognized me and shook hands. After a long and pleasant conversation, Jim said:

"Colonel, I reckon you would like to know why my wife and I left Blue Rock?"

"Well, you may explain if you feel like it," I replied.

Later in my room at the hotel before a blazing fire and with a good cigar to stimulate him Dutton unbosomed himself to me.

"Colonel," said he, "it makes me blush now to think what a greenhorn, what a miserable ignoramus I was at the beginning of the war."

"Oh, no," I suggested deprecatingly.

"But I was," continued Jim. "I verily believe I was the biggest fool in Georgia, and yet I thought I was the smartest man in the State. You see, being postmaster had puffed me up so that I felt as big as the governor himself. Well, after the Confederacy organized I went ahead under my old Federal commission, attending to the postal business of the Confederate States. One night my wife, who was a great reader, hinted to me that may be I had laid myself liable for high treason. At first I laughed at the idea, and then I rummaged through some old histories and found that in every civilized country where there was a rebellion and a government officer sided with the rebels he was held guilty of treason. Now, it struck me that our secession was in fact a rebellion, and if we were whipped, as I feared we would be, I would be in a bad box. I told my wife about it, and she reminded me I had a copy of Blackstone, and advised me to read up on the punishment of treason."

Dutton paused a moment, and then said:

"You see I was so badly scared that I was afraid to consult anybody, and beside there was no lawyer at Blue Rock. I had heard a heap about Blackstone and supposed everything in it was the law of the land. So that night I got the book down and my wife and I looked through it. I give you my word that what we read made our hair stand on end. Why, sir, we learned from that book that I was liable to be convicted of treason, drawn to the place of execution on a hurdle, hanged, divided into four quarters, beside forfeiting my property and having my blood corrupted. My wife burst into a fit of tears and threw her arms around my neck. I blubbered a little, too.

"'Just to think,' said my wife, 'that my Jimmie must be cut into four quarters like beef, and be hanged, and all sorts of horrid things.'

"'It is bad,' I said, 'and then I see my blood is to be corrupted.'

"'How can that hurt you?' asked my wife, 'after you are dead?'

"'Dunno,' I said, 'but I don't like the idea.'

"Well, the long and short of it was, we decided to skip. I made my arrangements about the property as you know, and we slid out one Saturday night. We never stopped till we got away out here. It was on the frontier then, and bless your soul, the war never bothered us. We never saw a soldier."

"But," said I, "didn't you find out very soon that your fears were without foundation?"

"No, sir; it was years and years before I felt safe. In fact it was some time after the war ended. I had begun to accumulate property. My ranch was turning out well, and I had leisure to read books and newspapers. You bet I looked up that treason business, and found what a monumental fool I had made of myself."

I leaned back in my chair and laughed heartily.

"Oh, you may laugh," said Dutton, "but my folly and ignorance were the making of me."

"You would have done well if you had remained in Georgia," I replied.

"No, I wouldn't. I'd stuck to Blue Rock, and perhaps been postmaster there yet on a salary of $75 a year. Now I have a ranch worth $150,000. I have knocked about in the world. I go every year to St. Louis and New Orleans, and I am beginning to enjoy life. Come home with me and see. I live only twenty miles from here."

I had to decline the invitation, as I was going to leave the next day.

"You can tell the boys, if you like," said Jim, at parting. "Some of those Blue Rock fellows are as green as I used to be, and I don't care what they may think about it. And, Colonel, tell them that me and the old woman are getting along just splendid, and that my two sons and two daughters are the finest lads and lasses in Texas."

As I rode off I turned when I came to the first hill-top, and a half mile below in the village street I could see the ex-postmaster of Blue Rock waving his sombrero after me.—*Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.*

The Blood at a Gallop.

Just before mounting our horses (on the morning of the second day's fight), it occurred to me to ascertain the pulsations of the human system in the excitement of going into battle. I requested my medical director, Dr. Brodie, to examine the pulse of myself and staff. He found that they varied from ninety to 130.—*General Beauregard.*

A JAPANESE MARRIAGE.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CEREMONY BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

Georgeous Raiment of the Guests—The Toddling Bride and Abashed Bridegroom—Odd Customs.

A gentleman who has seen a wedding in high life in Japan has given an account of the ceremony to a Philadelphia *Press* representative: "I had been," he said, "staying four days in a tea house at Osaka, which, on account of being the seat of all that is prominent in art, literature and the drama, is often spoken of as the Paris of Japan, when I was informed that Tokiwa, a pretty maid of seventeen, the daughter of my host, Fujama Madura, was to be wedded to Yoritomo Sanjo, a rich young man who was proprietor of a big theatre. The wedding was a tremendous affair owing to the high standing of the families of the bride and groom. It was celebrated in the evening, and three of the largest rooms on the second or top floor were thrown into one for the occasion by simply pushing the paper-screen walls that separated them out of the way. Then the spacious apartment was lavishly decorated with bright scrolls of pictures and mottoes and verses from the Japanese poets and with proverbs about matrimony and portraits of all sorts of jolly looking gods of good luck and wealth and happiness.

"The raiment of the young ladies and little boys and girls were simply too gorgeous to be described without the aid of a well-stocked paint box. All the girls, big and little had their odd faces (very few of them are pretty) powdered and painted in a manner most fearful to behold, but considered very charming by their countrymen. Their eyebrows were blackened, too, and the girls under twelve years had all sorts of odd pins in their hair. Above that age no respectable female ever makes use of them.

"At last everyone had arrived and was seated on the floor of the big room where the wedding was to take place. They made the place fairly hum with their merry clatter, and the youngsters gathered about me in a sort of irregular circle and shook with laughter whenever I spoke to or smiled at them. Their parents tried to keep them still, but couldn't, and had it not been for their sense of politeness they too would have stared as hard as the children. As it was they would keep their eyes on me when they thought I was not observing them, but instantly looked away and pretended not to be at all curious whenever I glanced their way. At the end of the room where the ceremony was to take place there stood on the matted floor a dwarf pine tree about three feet high and under it the figures of an old man and old woman, the whole symbolizing a long life of married happiness and a green old age. There were also two brown storks and a bronze tortoise, and a swinging censor of the same metal gave forth the rich perfume of burning sandal-wood. On a low stand of gold lacquered wood there were three slender porcelain bottles, covered with figures of the god of wealth and health and other desirable features of life, one being twice the size of the others, and also a beautiful little cloisonne vessel, looking like a teapot with two spouts, the one opposite the other, and with a handle of laquered bamboo. A small tray, on which were three delicate little china cups, each standing in the one beneath it, completed the 'outfit' necessary for the proper performance of the marriage, which in Japan is neither a religious or a civil ceremony, and no priest or government official is needed to tie the knot. The Japs call the ceremony san-san-ku-do, or three times three are nine.

"When three young girls had ceased playing a very inharmonious composition on a native guitar, a small drum and a squeaky flute, the wedding party entered. First came two girls who were to act as the bridesmaids, and they were dressed in the loveliest shade of coral pink crepe, embroidered with an irregular flight of butterflies, which, the Japs say, always fly in pairs, and which are nearly always present in some design or another at weddings. Their sashes were blue and silver. The fair Tokiwa then appeared, toddling between her proud parents (all Japanese women 'toddle' rather than walk), and completely veiled with a white scarf. Her dress was of dove-colored crepe, with here and there a white stork in full flight across the face of a great round golden sun, from which the rays shot out two or three inches in all directions. Her sash was of the same shade of pink as the bridesmaids' dresses, with graceful sprays of cherry blossoms stamped upon it, and her tiny feet now and then peeped out clad in snow-white little mitten socks.

"Following came Yoritomo, quite abashed by the attention he was receiving from the audience and flanked on either side by his mother and father, both very old people and both the picture of antique good humor. Yoritomo was about twenty-four, short, sturdy, with jet black hair, arranged in the conventional fashion, and wore a costume of claret-colored material, over which were designs that looked like a terrific thunder-storm, with sheet, chain and fork lightning playing about the forms of the most amazing collection of dragons and fishes, which were disporting themselves by twisting themselves into double bow-knots and other uncomfortable positions. It was the most stunning garment I ever saw on a man. There was a tremendous amount of etiquette gone through with, but the way that these two young people really got married was about as follows:

"Each of the bridesmaids took one of the small bottles, which was filled with the best saki, a sort of beer made from rice, looking like pale sherry and having a sweetish, insipid taste, and poured its contents into the larger bottle, this act being symbolical of the mingling of the two lives of the pair about to be joined together; and the tray bearing the three little cups was then handed to the bride, whose veil had just been raised, and the upper cup filled from the large bottle. Miss Tokiwa, blushed through her thick coat of paint, and her lips which were entirely covered with gold foil, parted in a pretty smile bestowed upon her future lord and master, who returned the smile with interest. She then raised the tray and sipped three times from the cup, handed it to Yoritomo, who, with three more sips, emptied it and placed the top cup under the other two. The other bridesmaid then filled the cup now on top, and, six more sips having emptied it, the last of the three was similarly treated in its turn, and the knot was legally tied.

"In order to do the thing in the most approved fashion and leave no room for doubt, the double-spouted teapot was then filled with saki, and Mr. and Mrs. Sanjo each took a pull at its contents at the same time, and, that over, the parents went through a somewhat similar performance with the three cups, and then everyone congratulated the happy pair and the chattering recommenced more vigorously than before, and a great feast was served below in the public rooms, which had been closed since an hour before the wedding.

"A party of singing girls then came in and did their level best, which was very, very bad, and, in the jolliest, most childlike and generally hilarious manner, the entire company, old, young and middle-aged, thoroughly enjoyed themselves until about 10 o'clock, when the happy young couple went off to the new house he had prepared for her, in a gorgeously decorated jinricksha, drawn by three men, with a dozen others running before, singing and swinging paper lanterns, and then everyone else went home."

The Town Cow Discussed.

One of the most annoying things that the country people have to contend with is the ordinary town cow. When the farmer leaves home he puts in the bottom of his sleigh or sled a bountiful armful of hay. This answers the twofold purpose of a seat and to keep the feet of himself and the good wife warm. He arrives at town, unloads his wife in front of some store, and proceeds to hitch his team at some point about the public square. No sooner is his back turned than a dozen starved cows immediately surround his sled, and before he can say "Jack Robinson, with his own mouth open," every straw in his sled has gone through the gastric orifices of the aforesaid cows. We noticed one particularly careful fellow the other day. After hitching his team he took his hay and carried it into the court-house yard. He was going to have the dead-wood on that bunch of hay, and departed for a saloon with a grin on his face. We watched the proceeding with considerable interest. He was not out of sight until three or four long-horns opened the gate and proceeded to the pile and chewed it up. Clubbing these lean kine does no good. In fact, they rather enjoy the fun. You can take an ordinary stick of cordwood and bounce it from off their cascasses fifty feet high and they will turn around and smile at you. They don't even grunt when you have hit them hard enough to stave in their ribs. Such punishment seems only to act as a tonic; it whets their appetites and makes them enjoy the repast which the farmer has hauled to them from his home many miles distant. And after it is all over, just notice the peculiar look they give the man who came to town sitting on a pile of hay, as he departs for home sitting on the bare boards! The town cow is a nuisance, but at the same time a necessity in all rural villages. A "home without a mother" would not be a more lonesome spectacle than a rural village without its herd of lean, long-horned, stump-tailed cows.—*West Union (Ohio) People's Defender.*

An Able Indian Chief.

"Speaking of Geronimo," said an officer, "he is no doubt a brave and skillful leader, but we haven't had such an Indian in this country since the days of Tecumseh as old Chief Joseph, who gave Howard such a tussle and came near getting John Gibbons' scalp at the Big Hole. Joseph was not only a brave fighter, but he had military genius. After his surrender I escorted him to Washington to see the Great Father, and got well acquainted with him. I tell you, I was surprised to find how much that man knew. He could not read, of course, but he could speak a little English and his description of his campaign against Howard was very interesting, for it showed that the fellow had true military instinct and was naturally a tactician. I tell you if I had that fellow in command of a regiment of scouts I would not be afraid of anything." "Yes, and how old Joseph could fight," said another officer. "His tribe, the Nez Perces, did not know what fear was. Look at John Gibbons' fight with them at Big Hole. Gobbons went in with the whole Seventh infantry. He struck Joseph's camp in the Big Hole basin just at daybreak. The Indians, men, women and children, were all asleep. Not a soul wakened until the first volley. Every soldier picked his Indian and had a bead on him before the camp was aroused. And yet, after as complete a surprise as that, blamed if Joseph didn't rally his band and drive Gibbons out. And, what is worse, he came near making another Custer affair of it. I have heard [illegible] ons say that it was the hardest fi[illegible] ever had, and that the only thing [illegible] esta, saved a massacre was that Joseph [illegible] nition gave out and he had to retr[illegible]resh Ga[illegible]icago *Times.*

& Co.

Prof [illegible] says that a fair estimate o [illegible] duct of the American fis [illegible] ll far short of $100,0[illegible]

REQUITAL.

As Islam's Prophet, when his last day drew
Nigh to its close, besought all men to say
Whom he had wronged, to whom he then should pay
A debt forgotten, or for pardon sue,
And, through the silence of his weeping friends,
A strange voice cried: "Thou owest me a debt,"
"Allah be praised!" he answered. "Even yet
He gives me power to make to thee amends.
Oh, friend! I thank thee for thy timely word."
So runs the tale. Its lesson all may heed,
For all have sinned in thought or word or deed,
Or, like the prophet, through neglect have erred.
All need forgiveness, all have debts to pay
Ere the night cometh, while it still is day.

—*John G. Whittier.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Waist of time—The middle of the hour-glass.

A young lady wrapped up in herself is a delicate parcel.

It's a wise goose that knows its own feather.—*Lowell Citizen.*

If you cannot lick a man, be lenient with his faults.—*Picayune.*

A curtain lecture: "Why don't you roll that shade up straight?"

Advertisement of a church—Singers wanted. In choir of the organist.

It's the little things that tell—especially the little brothers and sisters.—*Burlington Free Press.*

The Irish question is rapidly assuming this shape: "What shall we do with England?"—*Philadelphia Press.*

From trifles our pleasures often spring,
The smallest thing happiness renders,
And many a man feels as proud as a king
In a pair of embroidered suspenders.

—*Boston Courier.*

"Shrouds!" exclaimed an old lady who was listening to an old sea captain's story, "what do you have them at sea for?" "To bury dead calms in, madame."—*Siftings.*

The town of Glenelg, Md., is remarkable for the fact that its name spells the same backward or forward. That's what's the matter with Hannah.—*Washington Critic.*

"In my opinion all men are liars," said Mrs. Blister to her husband. "Permit me to remark, my dear, in that connection," he responded, gallantly, "that you are an angel."—*Merchant-Traveler.*

"All flesh is grass," the prophet said;
If this be true, I ween,
The grass of which the dude was made,
Was very, very green.

—*Boston Courier.*

A clergyman who married four couples in one hour the other evening remarked to a friend that it was "pretty fast work." "Not very," responded his friend; "only four knots an hour."—*New York News.*

Harkins (to traveler)—"Oh, yes we have some very wealthy people here, and several monopolists. Of the latter, I think Richards, the flour-mill man, is about the wealthiest." Richards—"I do detest these grinding monopolists."—*Judge.*

"The coming man is an object of much solicitude out West." That shows how changed conditions are in different parts of the country. Here there is often more solicitude on account of the going man, especially on the part of his creditors.—*New York Graphic.*

He asked: "Why is this look of pain
Upon thy lovely face;
Why on that brow hath agony
Set its corroding trace?

Oh! tell me, dear, why misery
Thy sinless soul doth blight?"
"Oh, darling," she replies, "because
My new boots are so tight."

—*Boston Gazette.*

Do Flying-Fish Fly?

The question "Do Flying-fish Fly?" seems to me should have long since been settled in the affirmative. Many years ago the writer was engaged in trading voyages in the South Pacific ocean, where the flying-fish were to be seen daily. They would generally rise in shoals, which fluttered from wave to wave from fifty to one hundred yards before settling in the sea. Again individual fish would rise, flying comparatively higher, their flights sometimes being from one hundred and fifty to probably two hundred yards long. The school fish were the smallest in size, and would bury in the crests of the waves in crossing them, while the individual fish would, at the most, simply touch the spray of some of the waves in passing. These last fish seemed to range from fifteen to twenty inches in length, were quite thick, had a reddish color about the head and shoulders, and in flying often made curves from a straight line, as if avoiding the vessel or some danger in the sea.

There could be no spring or jump in the matter, except to emerge from the water when starting, the flight being caused by the wings, which vibrated as quickly and like those of the humming-bird. Further than all this, it is only necessary to examine the wings of a flying-fish and it will be seen they are too long, yielding and fragile to admit of using in so dense a fluid as sea water. My theory is that the flying-fish used their tails and small fins to raise themselves out of the water, and made their flight by the large fin wings while in the air; further, that they touch the waves simply in passing as a rest, the larger fish being stronger making longer flights, toward the end of which they seemed to sail with wings extended until they dropped into the sea.—*American Angler.*

Buckles of brass of the modern form are found in the prehistoric mounds of England.