The wealth of the colored population of Alabama is estimated at \$20,000,000.

Out of the fifty-one descendants of the King and Queen of Denmark, but one, the Duke of Clarence, is dead,

According to the San Francisco Chronicle the steady influx of Japanese into the United States is not viewed with pleasure by the working classes.

At the beginning of the present century there were in the United States fivemillionalres. Now there are more than 7000. How many will there be fifty

British farmers are asking their Government to take steps to protect them from the field-mice, which are invading the country, particularly Scotland, in great numbers, and devastating the

The San Francisco Chronicle aversthat "had any prophet twenty years ago predicted that German beer would take the place of French wine as the popular drink of Paris, he would have been regarded as a candidate for an insane asylum; yet this change has come to pass.'

An element in the Southern industrial situation not to be lost sight of, the Washington Star remarks, is the failure of railroad management to pay. Eleven companies with a mileage of over a thousand miles of completed road have in less than two years gone into the re-

The Atlanta Journal admits that the rising generation in the Indian Territory have reached the front rank in the march of civilization, and are keeping right up with the procession. The young ladies of the fe nale seminary at Talequal, the Cherokee capital, have arranged to give a leap year ball, and the young men of Eufaula, in the Creek Nation are organizing a coract band.

I. C. Libby, of Burnham, Me., who has large cattle interests in Montana, says that if the farmers of Maine would live in shacks, as they do in Montana, with no furniture to speak of and the coarsest of food, no Sundays, no boiled shirts, no top carriages, no pianos or other articles of luxury, they could make money just as fast as it is made in the West. Mr. Libby thinks that a year in Montana would cure a Maine farmer of grumbling at his native State.

The males are in the majority in the United States. The Consus Bureau has recently completed its classification of the population by sex and nativity, and finds that in 1890 there were in the United States 32,067,880 males and 30,-554,370 females. In the decade the increase of males was 25.66 per cent., while that of females was 24,02 per cent. Of the 62,622,650 inhabitants enumerated 53,372,703 were born in the United States. The colored people, including in that category Chinese, Japanese, and civilized Indians, numbered

In endeavoring to find causes for the present deplorable condition of affairs existing in that portion of Russia commonly known as "the famine district," one almost inevitably concludes, after even a slight examination, writes W. C. Edgar in the Forum, that other and more weighty ones than that usually given (the unfavorable weather of last year) are at the bottom of it. The longer the investigation is continued, the firmer grows the impression that fundamentally the system of communal ownership of laud is responsible for the situation. 'The "mir" or community has simply exhausted itself, and the thirty years which have elapsed since the emancipation of the serfs have been more than sufficient to demonstrate that the entire foundation upon which Russian agriculture is based is radically weak, and that the practical result of holding land in common, at least in Russia, is a complete and utter

The climate of the United States is much the same now that it was a hundred years ago, though perhaps a little milder, for astronomers tell us that the North Pole is actually moving southwhich is good news for the explorers of the future-and yet the aborigines of America lived to a good old age before "sanitary woolens" were invented, or overcosts had come in style. In fact, if we are to believe the historians, they were leggins, meccasions and hunting shirt of door skin with the hairy side turned toward the body, and caps made of the fur of asimals, and that was all they did wear. When these garments were wet through, for you know mackintoshes and umbrellas are the products of an "effete civilization," they were about as comfortable as none at all, and when frozen stiff, as they often were on a winter's morning, "Lo" might as well have donned sheet-iron stove pipes Instead of his primitive trousers and been equally

LOVE'S FLITTING. When Love is coming, coming, Meet him with songs and joy,

Bid him alight and enter, Fintter and feast the boy; Crown him with gems and roses, Charm him with winning wiles, Bind him with lovely garlands, And kisses, and smiles,

When Love is going, going, Leaving you all alone, Craving, the fickle tyrant, Some newer slave and throne Hinder him not, but quickly, Even though your heart may bleed, Saddle a horse for his journey, And bid him God-speed! -Elizabeth Akers, in the Century,

HEN HAWK'S" ROMANCE.

BY R. L. KETCHUM.



ly bubbling over the east of us. days more and then

We, of the "L bar," who had known him for two years, almost, were at a loss hill across the creek. to account for this sudden rise in Hen's mental temperature, and probably showed it. Indeed, there were several of the boys who hinted that an explanation from him would be gratefully received by his curiosity-beset co-laborers; but Hen would merely grin a broad, broad grin, and say nothing. But just ten days before Thanksgiving he let the

"Boys," said he, in a muffled voice, back t' th' States!'

breakfast table. "That's what, boys. I'm goin' right

after Thanksgivin', tew.' "The dooce, ye say! Must've lost a rich r'lation 'r b'en doin' a little rustlin' on th' side. Now I think of 't, they was some talk 'bout thar bein' some inside 'sistance t' th' Baldy Stites gang w'en they honored this hyar vicinity wi' thr 'tentions last year." volunteered "Red" Posey.

Hen, having joined liberally ih the smiles that followed this remark, went "I cast th' insinerations back intuth

th' teeth o' th' red-nosed gent wi' th' fragrant name. No, sir. /Taint neither one n'r t'other. Mebbe 'fore I go I'il tell ye-an' mebbe I won't."

And Mr. Hawkins again smiled, knowing that the boys would suffer immeasurably until they knew whence came the " stake" on which he was going

Next day, immediately after breakfast, Hen rode off in the direction of Brownsville, the nearest town on the west, about irty miles away, and we saw nothing of him until Friday, when he returned, whistling cheerfully. The boys were very keen to know what his errand had been, for they were sure he had not gone merely to get a few things from the grocer's and harnesmaker's, but Hen did not enlighten them.

That night, however, in the boss's room, he told the story to a select audience, consisting of the boss and the

"I b'en kinder holdin' off, ye see, cause a feller no ways cert'n 'bout savin' it O. K., I may's well tell ye, on'y I don't want the boys to knaow.

"Ye see, 'twas this away: 'Bout five come out hyar an' grow up wi' the kent' dew it, but ye see, I sort o' hed tuh."

observed the boss, dryly, "I believe the late Mr. Stites began his brilliant career in somewhat the same softly. way. Was your difficulty about a borse,

Hen's laugh over, he proceeded, some-

what blushingly "No, 'twan't that, hardly. But they wan't no chance that for a poor cuss, an' so I pulled out. Ye see, me'n Molly Hopkins hed bout made up aour min's t' him before he had traveled four. He git spliced, an' ev'rythin' was goin' on urged his horse faster, knowing the faithsmooth's smooth, w'en in steps of George Hopkins an' takes a han' hisself. Oi' Hop was a high-toned ol' duck, an' put man an' member of th' Legislater, w'ile Th' ol' egiot might've saw haow things never let on t'll one night he come home f'm taown an' heered me'n Molly talkin' in th' settin'-room.

"Then he jes' waded in brash. Gosh! how he did go fer me? Went on t'give into Jersey from the southwest. me th' dickens fer my 'dacity in persoomin' t' th' han' o' his, George Hopkins', darter. 'Th' idee! I want ye t' understan', young man,' says he, 'th't 1 hev better plans fer her th'n lettin' 'er marry a penniless carpenter!' 'N he went on an' tore aroun' fer awhile thet style; but I stood my groun', t'll fin'lly 'Young man, when you c'n show a bank 'count o' ten thaousan' dollars, she's your'n, an' not b'fore.' Then he grins a hull lot, thinkin' haow I'd

"Wa-al, me'n Molly talked it over a lot, 'n finally concluded th't I'd hev t' summers else, ef I ever got forehanded; so, one day, we says good-bye, daown in the medder lot, an' I pulled

"Sence then I've be'n knockin' 'round all over the th' kentry, tryin' one thing 'n 'nother. Purty hard luck, most o' th' time, tew-but jes' 'fore I come hyar, I located a claim, me'n 'nother feller, over in Colorado, an' worked it some. It didn't pen out none, so we hed t' try somethin' else, an' hyar I come, leavin' Peters t' keep up work on th' claim, him

comp'ny fer twenty-five thaousan' an' my haif's what I went t' Braownsville fer.

Hen filled his pipe, said "Good night," and went out, whistling softly.
"By Jove!" said the boss, "to hear

him tell it, in that easy way of his, with the cowboy lingo and the occasional Yankee twang, you'd think it a very common-place affair. I don't know what you think of it, but I think it decidedly romantic, and I'm glad it's turning out so well. Hen's an hoaest chap, and deserves all the luck in the world. The girl must be a plucky one, too. Hum! hum!" And the boss looked at the ceiling and blew smoke rings in a pensive way he sometimes had.

There wasn't a man on the ranch who didn't hate to see Hen go, and who wasn't honestly glad at his good fortune. Even the misanthropic Posey evinced not a little regret as he said good by to him, when, the morning after Thanksin great spirits. He had been fairto start for Jersey, the railroad town to

It was a beautiful morning, almost for two weeks, like spring, and Hen couldn't have and every day wished for a better day to start on. The added to his last good-by said, he straightened up, sniffed the cool breeze, looked to see that everything was all right, and with an 'Adios, boys," was off, waving his hand in acknowledgment of the rousing cheer we gave him as he reached the top of the

> Jersey was only twenty odd miles away, and Hen expected to arrive there at noon, in time to get his dinner, dispose of his bronco and make the 2 o'clock train East. There was plenty of time, so he let his horse take its own gait, and gave himself up to his

Going home! Home! How sweet the word sounded! Five years-only caused by the presence of a knife-load five, but they seemed twice as many. He of potatoes in his mouth, "I'm goin" wondered how he had ever managed to ock t' th' States!"

Open-eyed astonishment all around the live through them. The first two had not been so hard. He had been full of hope and vigor and had told himself it was only a little while-only a little while. Then when the reward for all his toil seemed to be no less distant than at first, it was hard. Sometimes he had thought he would give it up and go home to confess himself beaten; then the picture of the little brown eyed girl who had cried so hard that day in the meadow lot-the little girl who, through her tears, had told him to be brave and patient and all would be well-would come before him and he would set his teeth hard and "pitch" in again. Maybe it had soured him a bit. He wondered if sometimes he had not been rather unsociable, and rather poor company for his companions, and concluded he had.

His thoughts turned again to Molly. How pretty and sad she had looked with the tears on her pink cheeks that day (for somehow he couldn't for the life of him think of her except as she looked when he saw her last). He remembered how conscious he had been that she was watching him as he went down the road, and how he dared not look back for fear his courage would give out. And just to think! Only a few days more, and-'Hullo! Wa-al, I'll be teetotally dog-

The wind had shifted around into the north; dull gray clouds hid the blue and gold that had made the early day so fair; two or three flakes of snow were visible now and then. It was one of these striking Hen on the cheek that caused him to rein up his horse so suddenly and make the above inelegant remark.

Not a living creature was in sight on all the broad plain. Hen and his horse 'is milk t'il he gits the pail out f'm un were as much alone as if they had been der the caow; but now, bein's I've got on the open sea. Human habitation, between the "L bar" and Jorsey, there were none. Hen dismounted and laid his ear to the ground, and listened inyear ago, back in Maine, I c'ncluded t' tently for a few seconds. Yes-there it was-that dull, whispering, indistinct try a hull lot. "Twan't 'cause I wanted roar, which the plainsman knows and fears-thereoice of the coming blizzard. The horse heard it, or felt it, and turned his head toward his master, whinnying

> "Yes, ol' boy, it's comin' all right 'nough," said Hen, as he rose from the ground, "an' me'n you's got t' hustle a hull lot, Mister Pokey, Let 'er slide, ol' chap! I reckon we c'n make it."

> Only twelve miles or so, and yet Hen knew that the blizzard might overtake ful animal could easily stand the work. It was growing rapidly colder, and the

few flakes of snow were being followed on heaps o' airs, cause he was th' best by countless thousands. The wind was fixed man in taown an' hed be'n S'lect- increasing in velocity, and Hen, bending low ower his horse's neck, could I was on'y a carpenter an' hadu't ary red. hear the victous "swish-swish!" of the snow as it was hurled through the grass was goin' on-1 reckon he did-but he and along the ground. Very soon it was impossible to see more than a hundred yards or so shead, but Hen knew the general direction, and for safety's sake was heading for the stage road leading

> On and on they went, Pokey, alive to the situation, pounding along at his top traveling speed, steady as a clock. On and on came the storm, covering horse and rider with snow as fice as flour, until they looked like ghosts. leaning back to get his overcoat, lost the direction, but he had full faith in Pokey and knew that the little animal would do better without any piloting.

toes were like lumps of ice-worse, they hey t' hustle a consid'ble spell 'fore I got | had hardly any feeling left in them. His car and check on the side exposed to the storm, were getting nipped. would soon strike the stage road, and then, if he had not miscalculated, there would be only five or six miles-

"Great Scott! For Pokey had given a sudden high leap and stood still, panting. Almost under his feet lay a snow-covered obect, with a strange look about it. Hen leaned down from the saddle and turned it over. It was a dead man, holding It | tight, in the stiff right hand, a whip such as stage-drivers use.

"Stage-driver, deader'n Tom Jefferson. Drunk, likely, an' fell off; poor equally as absurd and foolish. -St. Louis havin' a job clus by. Wa-al, th' other coss!" But there was no time to stop Republic,

day, Peters he sold aout tew a Boston and investigate. In another second Pokey was turned to the left and pound-

ing along up the stage road.

A dark object loomed up suddenly as they shot past, and a sudden chill sent the sluggish blood coursing through Hen's veins. He halted and turned Pokey's nawilling head on the back

Sure enough, it was the stage; but there were no horses attached. Hen felt around and reached the door-handle. A cry-a child's cry-came from within. Hen tied Pokey firmly to a wheel, found the door again, and entered. "Thank God!"

It was a woman's voice, and Hen almost fainted to think that its owner should be in such a terrible predicament. "Oh, sir, have you come to take us away? The driver fell off, I think, and the horses broke loose, somehow, and we're almost frozen."

Hen could see her now. It was a oung, good-looking woman, and she held, tight clasped to her breast, a child about three years old. Neither was clad for such awful weather.

Hen's heart stood still for a moment. If that woman and child remained here it was almost certain death. It might be days before help could reach him, and even if aid could come to them to-morrow, they would have frozen, meanwhile. On the other hand-"Can you ride, missis?"

"Yes, indeed." "Wal, come, then, quick!" In another minute-"Ride straddle-so. Naow, hold th' kid 'n let th' hoss take 'is own road

Min', naow!" "But what are you going to-" Hen was fastening the driver's robes about her.

"I'm all right. Naow, hang on an keep holt o' th' kid. Go on Pokey! Good-by, missus!" He was alone on the prairie in a de-

serted stage coach, with the storm howlng about him, and his thoughts were of other things for a long time before he remembered that all his money was in his saddle-bags. "Wa-al, chances is purty nigh agin

ny ever needin' it," he muttered, in his quaint way. "Taint like I hed a stove an' a hull lot o' grub. She'll save it fur me, likely, anyhaow."

It was two days later that the stage, coming down from Jersey with several Samaritans aboard, found him. It was two weeks and more before he came to himself in the hotel where he had had every possible attention. He was, as he himself remarked, "Glad to be alive, an fin' I hedn't los' no han's n'r feet."

But the woman and child had gonethey had left Jersey the very day that Hen's halt dead form was brought in by the relief party-and with them went Hen's money; for the saddlebags had been taken to the woman's room by the hostler, and no one else had had possession of them, besides which, much to the landlhrd's surprise, she had paid her bill with a \$100 greenback when she left. Hen's money had been mostly in bills of that denomination.

Hen "kept a stiff upper lip" and said little, when he got back to the rauch, which he did in a short time much to our surprise.

"Twas all on 'caount o' them blame saddlebag," said he. "Ef I'd let newfangled notious alone, au' carried th' stuff an' other things in my clo'es, I'd ben all right."-San Francisco Examiner.

Expensive Chessmen. The New York Home Journal describes remarkable set of chessmen that have ust been finished by a down East mechanic. The pieces are made of silver and bronze, and the period of costume and equipment is A. D. 1194, all the characters being historical and contemporary, and strictly accurate in every de heraldic blazonry and costume. The knights are in chain mail armor with shield, ax, sword and dagger, Their fur costs have each the individual blazon of the wearer. The queens wear royal robes and carry scepters. The bishops are in church vestments and carry cross and crozier. The pawas are men at-arms in a kneeling posture, with spear, bilihook and knife. The white en are English, the black French. The Euglish King and Queen are Richard L. and his Berengaria. The bishops are Herbert Walter, Archbishop of Canterury, and William Longehamps, Bishop of Ely; and the knights are the Earl of Salisbury and the Baron of Worcester. The castle is Anglo-Norman, and is a perfectly accurate representation feu ial architecture. The French King and Queen are Philip and Ingeborg, his Danish spouse, the bishops being De Dreux and De Sully, of Beauvals and Paris. The knights are also well-known men of the twelfth century, and the castle is Franco-Norman. The set has taken upwards of six years to make.

How He Handled Rattlesnakes. Dr. Wing, the Chinese corn doctor, is urchasing all the live rattlesnakes he an obtain, which he uses to make medcines. An Indian brought him one last Saturday in a tightly secured can. The his snakeship was released he was held in such a manner with the stick that he could not bite; then Wing took him in his left hand holding him firmly about an inch back of the head and then preceeded to sew the snake's mouth up. He then placed it in a bottle containing alcohol and expressed himself thusly

Kleele cure!"-Alturas (Cal.) Herald. Carious Chinese Medicines.

'Heap good; alle same two tree day

The Chinese medical writers recomneed such remedies as tiger bones, bear's gall, ground blood, tree bugs, ossil crabs, fowls' gizzards, elephant blood. Dinsects of man smells," dew falling in the dark of the moon, cow hair, ground hones of cow's knee, Job's tears, snake skins, ground rhinocerus horn, hedgehog skin and claws, dried silk worms, and many other remedies

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

There are only two works in Austria making cast or rolled-plate glass. It is proposed attempting to stamp out

tuberculosis in cattle in Denmark by vaccination. A gas engine has been made in Eng

land that runs at the rate of 540 revolu tions a minute. The results obtained from using sulplante of copper dressing to prevent the

growth of the fungus on potatoes are

decidedly satisfactory. The more rapidly an animal is fattened the less quantity of food is necessary to sustain its vitality, so that liberal or abundant feeding is the most econom-

The oil fuel used in a copper-smelting works at Kedabeg in the Caucasus is pumped to an elevation of 328 feet through fifteen miles of four-inch steel

Above the length of nineteen or tweny feet, snakes in the Phillipine Islands nerease greatly in bulk for every foot of length, so that a snake nineteen feet long ooks small beside one twenty-two feet

In order to keep sea porgies through the summer, the fishermen of Rhode Island have nets so arranged that the passing schools are led up into salt-water ponds and the channels connecting with the ocean are closed.

In one of the Comstock mines a new water-wheel is to be placed which is to run 1150 revolutions a minute, and have a speed at its periphery of 10,805 feet per minute. A greater head of water than has ever before been applied to a wheel will be used.

Plans are being examined for the construction of a railroad across the main chain of the Caucasus Mountains. The line will have a length of 100 miles, and will present great engineering difficulties. There are to be two tunnels, one four and a third and the other six and three-

quarters miles long. Pear growers are complaining of the depredations of a small suctorial insect, somewhat resembling in size and in its transparent, steep-sloping wings the typical plant louse, but it is readily distinguished from that in its being a jumping insect, whence it has received the name Psylla, meaning in Greek a

The mysterious subject of hypnotic influence has been agitating society in Calcutta, India. A young Government clerk made several attempts recently to get married to the girl of his choice, but each time he was mysteriously overcome at the altar and thrown into a trance of stupor. He has made no less than six attempts, failing each time.

Paper manufacture is one of the leading industries of Corea. Besides its use for writing paper, it is employed in a great diversity of ways, such as string, and in the making of lanterns, hats, shoe soles, coats and boxes. It is made from the bush of the mulberry order, which is indigenous, growing in many parts of the island, but thriving best in

In walking to the Central Park, New York City, one day a Boston naturalist was surprised by some of the trees, shrubs and flowers he saw there. He says he found even sugar maples, Norway maples and swamp maples. He found moss pinks, Asiatic magnolias, lilacs, the forsythia, the cornelian cherry, and other charming things that are familiar to New Yorkers who stroll through the

Who would think that science could devise an apparatus or instrument for counting the number of dust motes that dance in a bar of sunlight? No one would imagine that such an unheard of feat could be carried out with any degree of accuracy, but, if we are to believe official reports, that and much more has recently been accomplished by the microscopists. At the Ben Nevis Observatory, Scotland, an attempt has been made to determine the relative purity of the atmosphere.

Animal Wisdom.

We are all familiar enough with examples of intelligence in cats and dogs, but of these stories we do not easily tire. Here are some facts from a corre spondent-

In moving to a new place of residence which had been left there by a former occupant. She was not of the real domestic kind, but lived principally in the barn, occasionally venturing into the house to obtain her food. Oa one occasion, much to the surprise of my wife, she came up to her and mewed several times, turning each time toward the door leading to the barn. This she repeated until Mrs. N. was induced by curiosity to follow her, when she led the way to a barrel half full of straw, up the side of which she climbed, all the time mewing and looking at my wife, and there were five kittens, cold and dead. Mrs. N. remarked . "They are cold and dead, pussy," and the cat went away

She would sometimes scratch the children, and we were fearful she would seriously injure them, and one day I said in her presence that "I would shoot her." She was missing for about six weeks, and of course I had then "got off the notion."-Forest and Stream.

Their Beloved Quill Pens.

Although the English steel pens are as good as any in the world, the use of the quill pen is still extensive throughout the British Islands. Everywhere in the hotels you will see quill pens lying on the tables in the public rooms, and a plentiful supply of quills from which others may be made whenever there is a demand for them. A quill pen is so troublesome to make, and generally so unsatisfactory when it is made, that it is impossible to understandwhy the English should prefer them to the admir-Great Britain all over the world .- New

AN ENGLISH SWANNERY.

THE SWAN PARADISE IN THE LAGOON AT ABBOTSBURY.

in Ancient Haunt for Thousands of the Graceful Birds - Fierceness of Nesting Swans.

LONDON paper (the Spectator; calls the Fleet, the straight lagoon which runs for nine miles from the Isle of Portland o Abbotsbury, behind the barrier of Chesil Beach, "the swan paralise," and

The nine straight miles of water be

low is only the playground of the birds; but in spring this is forsaken, except by a few pairs that nest on the inner side of Chesil Beach; and the rich and sheltered mead which fringes Abbotsbury Brook is white with the graceful orms of a thousand nesting awans. In this their ancient haunt, so ancient that though the hills beaind are crowned with the ruins of votive chapels and ancient monasteries, the swans may claim for their established home an equal if not greater antiquity-all the favorite sites were last week already occupied by the jealous and watchful birds, each keenly resentful of intrusion on its territory, yet in such close proximity to its neighbors that a space of ten or twelve feet at most divided it from ground in "separate and hostile occupation." Near the mouth 5f a small stream which enters the Fleet below a close and exensive ped of reeds, now cut down and stored for the use of the birds when milding, lies the ground most coveted by the swans. There, between two hundred and three hundred nests, or sites for nests, were occupied on

a space of two acres at most. So anxious are the birds to secure a place on this favorite spot that they remain sitting constantly on the place when occupied in order to maintain their rights against intruders, and there collect with their long necks every morsel of reed and grass within reach to form a platform for the eggs. At this time the swanherd visits them constantly, and scatters bundles of dried reed from the stacks, which are eagerly gathered in by the swans and piled round and beneath them as they sit. These additions to the nest go on continually; and as the cock-swan takes his share, or even more than his share, of the duties of sitting upon the eggs, one of the pair is always at liberty to collect fresh material. This is mainly piled in a kind of wall round the nest,

terior being already finished, and often partly felted with a lining of swansdown from the birds' breasts. To the visitor who, under the guidance of the swanherd, walks on the parrow grasspaths which wind amid the labyrinth of nests, the colony recalls visions of visits to the island homes of the great petrels or giant albatrosses in distant oceans. Many of the swans have built their nests so that they even encroach upon the paths; and each of the great birds as he passes throws back its snake-like head, and with raised crest hisses fiercely and rattles the pinions of with every feather quivering with excitement, makes as though it would drive the intruder from the sanctuary. But the presence of the swanherd generally reassures the birds, though the hissing rises and falls as if from the throats of a thousand angry snakes. In view of the natural jealously and fierceness of swans in the breeding season, the comparative gentleness of the Abbotsbury birds, is omewhat remarkable. On the rivers and broads of Norfolk each pair claim and secure a large stretch of water for their sole use, and constant and sometimes fatal fights take place if the reserved territory is invaded by another pare. There, also, the swans will occasionally attack not only strangers, int the swanherds themselves, who owing to the extent of stream and dykes along which the swans nest, are, of course, less well known to the birds than are the keepers at Abbotsbury. Mr. Stevenson was told by John Trett, a marshman of Surlingnam, that he was "attacked by an old male swan as he was examining the eggs in a nest, to which, being a boggy place, se had crawled on his hands and knees. Tae awan, coming up behind him un-

perceived, struck him so violently ou the back that he had difficulty in regaining his boat, where he laid for some time in great pain, and though he managed at length to pull home, he was confined to his bed for more than a Another marshman was struck on the thigh in the same manner, and described the force of the blow and the nain occasioned by it as something inthough not pinioned like the Norfolk birds, and leading a life of freedom on the verge of the sea, seem to know by instinct that the protection and safety which they obtain at Abbotsbury are more than enough to compensate them for the loss of the freedom and independence which an isolated nesting slace might give; and with the exception of about twenty pairs, they congre gate as has been described, abandoning not only their natural instruct for isolation, but also much of the combativeness with which this instinct is accompanied. Fights between the cock-swans do occur. But the swanherd soon restores neace One fine old bird which had quarrelled happy by a semicircle of tamarisk boughs stuck in the earth around its nest, and

A Strange Pet.

so clearly defining its territory.

Mrs. King, daughter of C. H. Jackson, who recently came from her home in Cooper County, says the Clinton (Mo.) Democrat, brought with her young otter about seven weeks old. The floods washed it out of its nest or the bank of the Lamone River. It is about a foot and a half long, and promises to become a great pet. son's little son, Arch, had it on exhibition on the street this morning, and attracted almost as much stiention as an Italian with a monkey and a hand organ,

DON'T GROWL

Jon't growl About the weather For easier 'tis you'll find,

RATES OF ADVERTISINGS

One Square, one inch, one invertion. \$ 100
One Square, one inch, one month. 300
One Square, one inch, three months. 500
One Square, one inch one year. 1000
Two Squares, one year. 1500
Quarter Column, one year. 3000
Haif Column, one year. 5000
One Column, one year. 10000
Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.

each insertion.

Marriages and death notices gratis.

All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.

Job work—east on delivery.

About "the sermon," And show your lack of wit,

About your neighbor For in your neighbor's view,

If you cannot lick a man be lenient

Handcuffs might appropriately be alled sad-irons. -Lowell Counter. Stealing away from bad company is

nter-Ocean.

"That's where the shoc hurts," as the

It isn't so much by industry we thrive as by the favor of those who will pay for the fruits of it .- Truth.

"How does your new orrand-boy go, Johnson?" "The long way, apparently, every time."—New York Truth.

It is the man who has to live on corn

they usually put in engagement rings."

She (pointedly) — "Fingers."—Town

Duck is to be a favorite wear this season, both for ladies and for gentlemen who are in the swim .- Lowell

There is nothing in the world more aggravating to a man with a secret than

Atchison Globe. He—"Is it true that you are engaged to Mr. Bartow!" She—"I don't know; the society papers haven't abnounced it

yet."-New York Herald. "What is a dark horse, papa?" asked Freddy Gaswell, "Dark horses are nightmares of the leaders, Freddy," replied his paper.-Pittsburg Chronicle-

Drawing-Room Inanities: Sur — "No, don't sit there, Mr. Splosher— that's my ugly side!" He (wishing to any difference!"--Punch.

"Does it? One grocery bill doth tread

way as is most likely to eatch the eye of the public. - Philadelphia Ti aes. Hicks-"See those two ladies over there. They seem to be onjoying them-selves hugely." Wicks-"Yes; I wonder which of their dear friends they are

park the other day, and he had his arms about the animal's neck, "-Harper's Ba-Reynard-"He called me a coward, a

what else you can do; you would prob-About the Count: Sister Ethel (who ikes him)-"Well, anyway, he is a polished gentleman." Brother Jack (who does not) "Polished enough, but the shine is all on his clothes."—Harvard

bully and a liar; would you advise me to fight him?" Axistree-"I don't see

Lampeon. "You are a kinsman of this host, are you not?" asked one of the guests. 'Yes," said the poor relation near the consin fourteen sents removad."-Chi-

cago Tribune. Friend-"What did he say to you when he proposed to you?" Miss Rox-He said life without me meant nothing Friend-"He was sincere in that. That's just what his possessions amount to."-

Chappie-"Coce I was in a terwible storm at sea. The waves wolled mountain high." Miss Pinkerly—"Dear mu! Weren't you afmid?" Chappie - "No, indeed, I was west bwave. My si was with me. "-New York Herald,

"Paw, is an islet a little island?" "Yes, Anaximainder," "Then a chap-let is a little chap." "No, Anaximainder, all'hen a chap-And if you try any more punists of thatkind I will warm your jacklet with a twiglet from the oaklet."-Brooklyne

Mrs. Prye-"Dear me, Mrs. Blunt, how is it you continue to hold your age so well? I declare you look as young as, you did twenty years ago. Mrs. House -"I don't know, unless it is that I ess cape a great deal of care by attending tonobody's business but my owe." Prye-Yes, that may be it; but, poor thing! you can't find much pleasure in living, can you!"-Boston Transcript.

"There seems to be no day or no hour of the day that you are not after that measly little bill of yours," exclaimed Bauley wrathfully to a roan who had just! entered his office. "I am glad to seek you acknowledge a hereafter," said that man with a sail moile, as he sat down; wearily. "But you are wrong this time, am not after that hill to day," "Not?" said Bagley, looking up with his old cheeriness. "What is it then?" "The money."-Boston Post,

To make your mind to weather

Than weather to your mind.

For, like a boot, a sermon hurts The closer it doth fit.

His neighbor is not fauitless, That neighbor being you.

-Boston Herald.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

ith his faults -Texas Siftings.

istifiable lareeny.—Binghamton L. ader. The man who wants to live in clover eed only buy a lawn-mower.-Chicago

bridegroom muttered, rubbing the back of his head,—Truth.

bread at home who finds the most fault with the pic when he travels,-Ram's He-"What, besides the date, do

There are people who think their neighbors' houses need painting because they do not wash their own windows .-

o meet people who have no cariosity .-

please) -- "Well-a-really I don't see "Does time fly as fast as before you were married and were merely engaged?"

upon another's heels, so fast they fol-There is no question of the value of advertising, but still it doesn't justify a young man carrying an umbrella in such

picking to pieces."-Boston Transcript. "Hawkins is very fond of his horse, isn't he!" "Why, no, he hates him," "That's queer. I saw him riding in the