

FIFTY YEARS APART.

They sit in the winter gloaming. And the fire burns brightly between them. One has passed seventy summers. The other just seventeen.

Pistols for Two.

While the old frigate Brandwine lay at Gibraltar, the American Consul Mr. Sprague, came on board with a man who wished to join the ship, and after some consultation, said man was received by the captain as a work of steward, he having agreed to work for his passage and board, and some slight consideration besides.

ter the other, down his throat, making several dry faces as they took their passage downward. The fellow had evidently never seen anything of the kind done before, for he was astounded.

It seems that Joe found a boat ready to take him off to the ship at once, for he was not gone over three-quarters of an hour, and when he came back he had two superbly-mounted pistols with him.

When Joe returned with his pistols, he looked them over with care, and made the exchange which was made at the time, he had only to press smartly upon a secret spring on the side of the stock, and he had the whole charge which the other had put in, emptied into his hand.

Ever after that, while he remained in Mahon, Joe Lattit was an object of both curiosity and dread on shore, for an account, all colored to suit the fancy, had been spread over the city, and the pious Catholics there wanted nothing to do with such a man, only to be sure and keep on his good-humored side.

The stage driver was a rough looking giant, his big paws hidden away in foxskin gloves, and his body well covered by a buffalo skin overcoat. He flung the mail into the sleigh, untied the ponies, and his shout of "All aboard!" brought out a solitary traveler for the cold ride of eighteen miles over the snow-covered hills of Wisconsin.

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By all means mount St. Isaac's, even if you have to stay in all day afterward, for in no other way can you form an adequate notion either of the religious or the political which planned the city on a web and a loom, and the mercy of both river and sea, or the extent, and symmetry and picturesqueness of a city which the Moscow people, sneer at as they may, find only too successful a rival as the residence of the Court and as the seat of Government. This St. Isaac's Church, built on piles forced deep down into a yielding morass, and continually requiring repairs, from an awkward habit of slipping, has already cost three million sterling, and to an impartial mind is hardly worth the money. It is a four-square building, approached on each side by a grand flight of steps, and supported by a magnificent peristyle of columns sixty feet high, granite monoliths from Finland.

It was a small frame house this time, partly surrounded by a wind-break of poplar trees. The house was old and weather beaten. The windows were covered with frost, the path to the gate was hidden by drifts, and the only living thing to be seen was a poor old horse standing on the lee side of a hedge.

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neither washed nor wiped after. Less disagreeable to the touch than these but more disastrous to the possessor are those dry and burning hands which leave on yours the impression of fire, and are indeed signs of the fever, whether of cold or body, sure to be consuming those who possess them.

These are reckless boys at the depot baggage room. The way they handle things this cold weather is a caution to travelers. Some of them will get hurt some day. But they got a set-back recently. We wandered around that way about two o'clock to see them make the brass head trunk hilly in the frosty air. A drummer was standing against the butting post just outside the door, and he winked at us as we went in, Smith was on duty with Drury, and he laid a Saratoga down from the top of a great pile of trunks and let it fall with a smash that jammed in one hand and loosened the top, and then he uncoiled a rope and tied her up and threw a small sample case across the room on to a trunk.

NEWS IN BRIEF. —One firm at Fort Worth, Texas, have received and shipped 50,000 buffalo hides this season. —England has 140 daily papers, 84 of them morning journals, 19 of which are published in London.

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Hand Language.

The long fingers, with large knuckles and narrowed waists in between, are painful indications in the matter of health. They threaten consumption; broken scrofula; are never associated with fingers which clink like the appearances of things may be.

People We Like.

The trouble is, we are apt to like those people whom our judgment tells us we should not even tolerate. For instance, there's a certain style of young ladies that I like, but which I heartily disapprove. They are pretty, fashionable, elegant and accomplished. But I know how full of ill-humors they are.

Two Odd Dreams.

An exchange tells a story of a gentleman who, on going to bed, lost a collar button, which on coming detached rolled to a distance of ten feet, and he searched for it about ten minutes, and then gave it up for lost. In the night he dreamed that he found it under the washstand, and on walking up found it in that spot. This isn't half so odd as the case of a man who lost a valuable horse, and before going to bed ate a Welsh rarebit. He dreamed his horse was in a village church fifteen miles away, and was quietly consuming the hair in the pew-cushions, having left the buggy on the pulpit steps.

Hebrew Poetry.

All deep personal feeling, such as a noble and earnest lyric expresses, stands in close relation to some universal truth. What the poet experiences in his own heart must have a validity going beyond himself; and in particular the religious conviction that animates the Hebrew hymns has its necessary source and counterpart in a body of general religious truth. The worth of modern subjectivity which separates the religious sentiment from all persuasion of objective realities is remote from the spirit of the Old Testament; but, conversely the general truths of the religion of Israel except in so far as they are embodied in ritual, precept or historic narrative, are always spoken to the heart as well as to the intellect.

Bartholdi, the Sculptor.

Bartholdi, the sculptor, telegraphs from Paris that he has completed all his plaster casts for the statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World." He will immediately begin to mould the remaining portions. He expects to have the statue completed and ready for shipment within a year. —A singular suicide recently occurred in Drownau, Australia. A Greek who had become insane by reason of poverty and had been eating a quantity of molten lead down his throat. He died in agonies, and after death a lump of lead nearly half a pound in weight was taken from his stomach. —Michigan has gone into the business of fish culture with an enthusiasm and discretion that must produce a marked effect in the cost of living to the masses of that State. Last year there were deposited in the waters of that State nearly 10,000,000 spawn, embracing salmon, white fish, bass, pickerel and other varieties of valuable fish.