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H. T. HELMBOLD'S

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Druggist and Chemist,
Philadelphia, Pa.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

A STORM AT THE SEASHORE.

Adown along the pebbly shore
I watched the sea gulls flying:
While way off in the distant fore
The western sun was dying.

The ashen hue-flecked clouds o'erhead
Swift through the air went cleaving.
While on the oceans placid bed
The waves began upheaving.

Full soon the ebon hue of night
Began the sky o'erwreathing;
And nature seemed filled with affright,
Marked by her labored breathing.

Anon, bursts forth the doleful sound—
The harbor's awful moaning;
And earth, and sea, and sky—all 'round,
With agony seem groaning.

Quick through the pall hung o'er the sky—
The lightning dart is flashing:
While 'gainst the beach, and rocks so high,
The waves are madly dashing.

Hark! what sound breaks on the air!
The thunder's loud complaining;
While with a force that comes but rare,
In torrents now—'tis raining.

The morinng mists begin to break
On shore so whitely gleaming;
While ocean's stormy crested wake
With placid smiles is beaming.

Above, the sun pours down each ray
Through clouds of snowy whiteness;
While here below a perfect day
Assures us of its brightness.

Minnie's Ruse.

"Heigho!" sighed Minnie Arlin, "what a plague these lovers are! Particularly if one is not quite certain whether they are enamored of one's self or one's fortune. I wish I knew—" And as she said this she gazed thoughtfully after the retreating form of a tall, gentlemanly looking young man, at that moment passing slowly out of the gate in front of her father's mansion.

Minnie was not a beauty, as heroines usually are, but she possessed a sunny, gleeful temper, a warm heart and a well-sultivated mind, which amply compensated for all deficiencies of form and face, so that among the truly discerning she found many and warm friends

As her father was very wealthy, many suitors knelt at the feet of Minnie, who otherwise would have sought a lovelier bride. But to all she had given a kind but decided negative, until she had met with Walter Roby, the visitor who had just bid her adieu. He was a young lawyer, who had recently come into the village of Belmont, and who, possessing a handsome person, fascinating conversational powers and bland, agreeable manners, very soon won the confidence and good will of the people, and particularly of the ladies.

He did not at first, however, notice Minnie with much attention; but in the course of a few weeks he seemed to be suddenly enamored and soon became very attentive.

Though Minnie was much flattered by the apparent devotion of the "handsome lawyer," yet she had a large share of that rare but important article—common sense; and as she suspected that this assiduity did not arise wholly from a love of her own rather plain self, she determined to prove her lover. He had this very day made her the offer of his heart and hand, and begged hers in return; but Minne had given him this reply.

"Mr. Roby, I am not prepared to answer you immediately. I shall require at least two weeks to reflect upon it."

He was somewhat daunted by this cool answer, to his rather eloquent and ardent proposal, for he deemed his handsome person irresistible. He urged her for a shorter probation, but she would not relent, only telling him that if she decided before the time had expired, she would inform him.

Minnie sat long in her room that night devising some means to ascertain his real sentiments. She thought if she were only handsome, she might rest assured he loved her, and then she could return that love. She revolved many schemes, but none seemed plausible; and finally, when the bell chimed 12, she retired, resolving in the morning to impart her trouble to her father and implore his aid, for she was motherless.

Morning dawned, and Minnie arose unrefreshed and pale. As the breakfast bell rung she greeted her father at the foot of the staircase.

"What ails my birdie this morning?" he said, as he gave her his accustomed kiss.

"I'll tell you after breakfast, papa," replied Minnie.

Accordingly, when the meal was finished she twined her arm within his, and accompanied him to the parlor, where she unfolded to him her suspicious, plans, and hopes. Minnie's father was not surprised Mr. Roby had applied to him to sanction his contemplated proposal to Minnie; and as Mr Arlin thought him worthy, talented young man, he told him that "if Minnie consented, he would."

"Don't be troubled, my daughter," said Mr. Arlin, when she had concluded. "It would be strange if we could not devise some means by which to ascertain what this young lawyer is in love with. He then unfolded his plan, and when they parted, Minnie's face had resumed something of its old looks of careless gayety.

The first week of Walter Roby's "banishment" (as he told her he should call it) had not passed, when it was rumored that Minnie's Arlin had entered the shop of Mrs. Rand, the milliner, as an apprentice, and that when questioned she had replied. 'She did not wish to be a burden upon her father in his present circumstances." There came also flying reports of loss of property, which seemed in accordance with Minnie's conduct, and many people began to believe that Mr. Arlin would be obliged to dispose of his handsome mansion and fine farm. Minnie continued her daily tasks at the milliner's shop until the two weeks had nearly expired. Two days before the time had elapsed she dispatched to her lover the following note:

MR. ROBY:—If you still entertain the sentiments you professed at our last interview, I will give you my reply this evening.
MINNIE ARLIN.

Walter had heard the rumors, and endeavored to ascertain the truth. He trembled lest they were trure, for he felt that he could not make Minnie Arlin, if poor, his bride. He was quite undecided what to do when he received Minne's note; but he immediately sallied forth, determined if possible, to satisfy himself as to the truth of the rumor. Stopping in a house of a physician, with whom he was on terms of intimacy, he said, after a few moments' conversation:

"What is it, doctor, about this affair of Mr. Arlin? Is he really so reduced that Minnie is obliged to become a shop girl?"

"Well," replied his friend, "I thought at first there must be some mistake, but I heard the old gentleman say this morning, when some one spoke of Minnie being so industrious, that Minnie Arlin would make see her father reduced to poverty and not some effort to assist him. So I presume there is some foundation for the reports. But, my dear fellow, Minnie is a noble girl, without her property—although she has not so pretty a face as some young women."

"Oh," replied Roby carelessly, "I hope you do'nt think I'm committed there. I have been somewhat friendly with Minnie, it is true; but nothing serious, I assure you. No trouble about the heart," and he laughed; "although," added he, "I should regret exceedingly to have them meet with reverses."

He soon after took his leave, and returning to his office, seated himself at his writing-desk and wrote, sealed and dispatched the following note:

My Dear Miss Arlin: During the time that has elapsed since I saw you last my feelings have become somewhat changed, or rather I have analyzed them more closely, and I fear we can never be happy together. I see now that I was somewhat premature in my proposal, though I still entertain the warmest feelings of regard and friendspip for you. Your cooly reply to my proposal led to suppose that your feelings were not much interested in myself—and perhaps it were best for both that the affair should terminate here.

I remain, most respectfully, your obedient servant. WALTER ROBY.

Minnie shed tears when she received this cool epistle, for she hoped, as maidens sometimes do, that her lover might "be tried in the balance and not found wanting." But brushing the tears away, she went to her father and handed him the note, saying:

"Ah, father, you've lost the handsome, accomplished young lawyer for a son-in-law. He doesn't think your homely, poor Minnie can make him happy."

Leaving the room, she caught up her straw hat and went out to ramble in the woods to a favorite haunt, hoping the sweet influence of nature might soothe and calm her somewhat troubled spirits.

The scene was lovely, for it was the sunset hour, and the dreamy golden light glanced down between the interlacing boughs upon the soft green moss, making dancing lights and shadows in every greenwood path. The air was soft and balmy. No sound broke the stillness of the forest shades save the sighing, plaintive windharps, or the occasional carol of a bird. Yielding to the lulling influence of the scene, Minnie seated herself upon a fallen tree, and was soon lost in reverie. In her musings, she thought how pleasant it would be to be loved for one's self alone; and a voice seemed whispering in her ear, with soft, thrilling tone, love's own cadence, and dark eyes were gazing into her own with tender, loving look. She had wandered thus far into love's fairy dream-land, entirly unconscious of all around, when the crackling of a dry twig startled her, and she sprang up in alarm; but a pair of dark eyes looked into her own, and a familiar voice reassured her. She laughingly greeted the intruder, saying:

"Why, Herbert, how you startled me!"

He smiled, and, advancing to greet her, replied:

"I am sorry I frightened you—I did not think to find you here; but you are looking pale, are you faint?" and he gazed at her with so much anxious solicitude that poor Minnie's equanimity was entirely overthrown, and sinking again upon her seat, she covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears. The feelings so long pent up, and the tears that had been gathering for several days, had at last found vent.

Herbert Clayton had grown up with Minnie from childhood. He had always loved her, but he felt that a deep gulf separated him, a poor widow's son, from the only child of the wealthy Mr. Arlin, and, therefore, he felt compelled to "worship from afar." He, too, had heard the rumors of Mr. Arlin's losses, and he supposed that this was the cause of Minnie's agitation. He could scarcely repress the hope, sweet and feint though it was, that Minnie might now be his; but checking this feeling, he seated himself by her side to comfort and cheer her if possible. Gradually she became calm, and then she imparted to him the story of Roby. He was indignant at such baseness, and led on by his feelings, told Minnie of his love and hopes. His unselfish affection touched her heart. Here was one who loved her for herself, and was willing to take her, even if poor. But the wound she had received was too fresh to allow her to do aught but rise embarressed, and, though thanking Herbert with her eyes, to shake her head sadly.

But that chance victory decided the fate of both. The more she thought of Herbert's disinterest offer the more his character rose in her estimation. Meantime, as she had consented to receive him as a friend, he often visited her; and gradually esteem for him ripened into love.

One soft, summer evening, Herbert ventured to urge his suit again, and this time Minnie, though embarrassed as before, did not say nay, but returned a blushing answer that filled his heart with joy. They lingered long amid the forest shades, and when they returned Herbert sought Mr. Arlin, while Minnie ran up to her room like a frightened deer.

When Herbert had confessed his suit, Mr. Arlin, looking archly in his face, made reply: "Do you wish to make poor Minnie Arlin your bridge? Can you think of taking a dowerless wife?"

"Oh, yes," earnestly replied Herbert "I should never have told of my love had she still been as in days gone by."

The old gentleman smiled a peculiar smile, and said, "Yes, Herbert, she is yours you are worthy of her; but I am glad, for your sake and hers, that I am not so poor that she will be a portionless bride. But you must let Minnie tell you story."

Minnie did tell him the story, and Herbert was unspeakably delighted at the idea that he had won the hand of the heiress of Mr. Arlin's wealth; but Minnie laughingly told him that her poverty had lost her one lover and won her another.

Herbert was also a lawyer; but being poor and without influential friends, he had many times been nearly discouraged; but now he felt his heart become strong within him, more because he had won the hand and heart he had so long desired, than at the prospect of a portion of her father's wealth.

They were soon after married, and Mr. Arlin's handsome mansion was thrown open to the crowd of friends who gathered to witness Minnie's wedding.

Before the day arrived, however, the story of Minnie's *ruse* had become rumored forth in the village; and Roby, finding himself and his selfish principles too much the topic of conversation, found it convenient to leave Belmont for some other field of labor.

The Two-Ocean Pass.

Amid the other wonders of Yellowstone Park, according to the tradition of many old trappers, it was reputed to have a stream of considerable size, which divided near it source and flowed down both sides of the water shed, thus discharging its waters into both the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. In some maps of this district, dating back to 1851, this most remarkable geographical feature is noted, and Captain Reynold's Report of the Exploration of the Yellowstone, in 1868, alludes to it. Somewhat later Captain Jones, of the United States Engineers, gave a brief account of it. But the most circumstantial account is that just published by F. V. Hayden, the geologist in charge of the United States Geological and Geographical Survey. During the last season he passed over this divide, making a careful study of it, and having a chart showing the exact character of the drainage, sketched on the spot. The Two-Ocean Pass is located about longitude 110 deg., and latitude 44 deg. 05 min. At the summit, not over 10 miles from the junction of the Atlantic creek with the Upper Yellowstone river, the elevation, 8081 feet, is not more than 150 feet above the valley of the main stream. The valley is at first quite narrow, but it gradually expands into an open, grassy meadow, which near the pass becomes one-third of a mile in width, and gradually closes up again into a canon on the Pacific slope. So obscure is here the drainage that the party of explorers, on the night of October 3, 1878, encamped within a quarter mile of the water divide, but did not perceive it. They commenced their march on the following morning. The conditions were found to be as follows:—The summit of the pass, for a distance of about half a mile, is so nearly a level that a marsh is formed, which in times of high water becomes a lake. A portion of the waters from the surrounding mountains accumulates in the marshy meadows, and gradually gravitates from either side into two small streams—one of which flows to the northeast, the other towards the southwest. On the east side of the divide there is a depression or gorge in the mountain, which is occupied by a small stream; this, at the time of Mr. Hayden's visit, flowed in a well-marked channel towards the north-east, into Atlantic creek, and constituted the Two Ocean creek. At the base of the mountain side a small stream rising from a spring is separated from this creek by a distance of not quite six feet, and at the time of his visit this distance was occupied by a small, dry channel, which connected the spring with the Two Ocean creek, and which showed that at times of high water a portion of the water that started down this latter broke over the side into the small stream from the spring, and flowed thence along into the Pacific. Lower down in the Two-Ocean Channel were also found two places where there are two old channels connected in time of high water with the channel from the spring, showing that even here a portion of the water that started down the mountain's side for the Atlantic was diverted towards the Pacific. This is even a more uncommon occurrence than the simple separation of water on a divide, and the entire series of phenomena as here met with is probably without an exact parallel.

Art Items.

About one-third of the new facade of the Cathedral at Florence will be finished this month. Fears are entertained that the work will be wholly unworthy of Brunelleschi's great monument, one writer goes so far as to hope it may be found so hideously ugly as to restrain the ill-advised Italian ardor for restoring ancient buildings. A new foundation is to be set up in the Piazza Venezia, at Rome, facing the Corso. In the lower basin a lion, a gondola and a gondolier, emblematical of Venice, will be represented. Two figures above will symbolize the Tiber and the Anio, while on a third platform various figures will represent the different provinces of Italy. The most perfect of the three statues recently unearthed in Milo is a figure of Poseidon, and is said to be in the highest style of Greek art. The Greek Government has purchased the statues and lodged them in the Museum of Athens. The picture now on exhibition at Munich, and ascribed to Michael Angelo, represents a Pieta of the same character as the master's famous statue of this name in St. Peters in Rome, except that two angels flank the Madonna. The picture was for several centuries in the possession of a family at Ragusa, according to whom it was painted for a bishop who was a friend of the artist. A letter is extant from Vittoria Collonna, which shows that such a picture once existed. Several authorities have pronounced in favor of its authenticity. A competition will soon be held among painters in France for filling with a picture the panel behind the President's seat in the chamber at the Palais Bourbon. A subject will be chosen to represent an event in the history of France during the last twenty-five years. Under the monarchy of July this space was filled by a picture representing the taking of the constitutional oath. During the Empire a green curtain filled it. Excavations of Waldorf, in Germany, have brought to light the remains of a Roman villa with a frontage of two hundred feet, They lie near the site of an extinct volcano, and although the mosaics and wall painting which adorned the palace, have been found in a very shattered and fragmentary state, the existence of the large villa alone confirms the opinion that the volcanoes of the Rhine at the time of the Roman occupation had long ceased to be dangerous.

WHEN Pat Orton leaves his shop on business he posts this ambiguous notice on the door:—Not lost but back be 4!

They Sold Telephones.

'He tried to cut me, sergeant. He's got a knife somewhere about his clothes.'

'Well, now, that's a fine way to talk ain't it? Look at me, sergeant. I'm cut, ain't I? And cut bad, ain't I? And is he cut? Well, I guess not.'

'Well, just hold on,' said Sergt Hayhurst, of the Third district, 'and let me hear one of you at a time. Now, you man with a cut over your eye, what's your name?'

'William Gray.'

'What's your business?'

'I—well, I sell telephones.,

'Well, how did you get cut?'

'Well, that man there smashed me in the head with a chair and his partner smashed me, and between the two I think they intended to kill me.'

'Now what's your name?'

'William Franzell.'

'What is your line of business?'

'I sell telephones.'

'Well, what have you got to say?'

'That man had a knife and he tried to carve me with it. Of course I did't want anything like that, so I kept him away.'

'How did you keep him away?'

'The best way I could.'

'Did you do it with a chair?'

'No, siree.'

Another officer came in at this juncture accompanied by a short, stout, young man.

'That's him,' said Gray; 'he's the man that smashed me.'

'Smashed who?' said the newcomer; 'I guess not.'

'I guess yes,' said Gray.

'What's your name? said the sergeant.

'Al. Lewis.'

'What's your business?'

'I'm in the telephone business?'

'What do you know about the row?'

'You see we three were partners in the telephone business. We fell out. Somebody had to get hurt. I wasn't the man.'

'Search them,' said the sergeant. They were searched. In the pocket of each was found silk thread enough to reach from here to the Gulf of Mexico, and a thousand and one pieces of tin, together with a few circulars which said, 'For the small sum of a dime we will insure you a perfect system of telephonic communication.,

No Accommodation for Giants.

Court Officer Kiernan appeared in the door of the police court in the company of a man six feet six and one half inches tall, who, when he walked to the railing in front of the bench towered above all the officers and spectators of the room. He was dressed in a checked shirt (over which a magnificent gray beard rolled down halfway to his waist) and a pair of dark trowsers. He said in answer to Justice Smith's questions that he was Mike Sullivan, sixty-one years old, that he came to this country from Dublin in 1848.

"Officer Kiernan, what's the charge against this pris——this man?" said his honor, correcting himself and looking up in the direction of the ceiling at Sullivan's face.

'I arres—; came—we came here, sir,' stammered the officer. 'His wife got an order for him for disorderly conduct, your honor. She says he got drunk and smashed things in the house.'

'Good gracious! how tall you are?' queried the magistrate.

'I stand six feet six and a half en my shockings,' said 'Mike,' in a voice that sounded like theatrical thunder.

'Six feet six and a half inches of disorderly conduct. I wonder how much beer it holds when it's full,' murmured the justice. 'Officer, did he give you any trouble when you arrested him?'

'No, sir,' was the answer in a thankful tone.

'You did not club him?'

'No, sir; I did not,' said the officer emphatically, 'and what's more, I didn't even threaten him,' whispered the policeman to a reporter; 'so don't go and call this another case of clubbing.'

'Sullivan,' observed the court, 'I don't think we have any place to put you here. You see it would not be right to keep one man to the exclusion of others. You are discharged.'

Indian Tom's Last Hunt.

There was a brave, big-hearted set of follows among the mountains of Josephine Co., Oregon, in early times. They were a rough, perhaps, but soft as women when a comrade was in distress, and as intrepid as soldiers of the old guard when in dangerous situations. It needed rough, bold men in those days for the times were rough, and many a story is related of the manner in which they stood shoulder to shoulder for mutual protection. Illinois river, below Kerbyville, was the wildest and most inaccessible part of the country, but gold in paying quantities had been found on it, and in 1852, notwithstanding the mountains through which it ran, were a favorite resort for Indians, many of the boys continued to work on it: One of the strongest parties was located on the "Peersoll" bar, and one of the number being Aleck W——, a great strapping Western man, lithe as a cat, steady and unerring in his aim, always carrying a "pass" for a red skin in his rifle, and gaining the credit of making many a "good" Indian. Aleck was a terror to them; their trails were unsafe and frequently aboriginal visitors to the Peersoll camp, lost their reckoning and never returned. After the close of hostilities between the whites and Indians, the latter often visited the camp, sometimes hunting deer for the boys, and were generally treated fairly, as they deserved to be. On one occasion, a "black," named Tom, belonging to the Rogue river tribe, a sulky, ill-favored wretch, demanded Aleck's gun for a hunt, which was refused, the owner saying he wanted to hunt on the next day himself. The Indian was offended and inclined to be sauvy, the result was he was driven out of camp in an angry mood, flinging at Aleck as he went such an angry glance as only a redskin can give. The menance was instantly recognized, but the old hunter said nothing. Starting up the mountain on the west side of the river the next morning, with the snow two feet deep, Aleck hunted steadily and faithfully till noon. Usually successful he never was in such ill-luck, but still he labored on in hopes of getting sight of a deer. Finding he was above the "sign," he made a deteur which took him considerably down the mountains, and then swinging round he crossed his own track made during the forenoon in the deep snow. There was a mocassin print in it. The situation at once flashed on the mind of the hunter; Indians never followed the tracks of another hunter expecting to find game, and he once realized that it was himself that was being hunted. Pushing onward a short distance without leaving anything to indicate that the moccasin tracks had been discovered. Aleck pressed through a bunch of brush, and turning abrudtly to the left ensconsed himself behind a large clump of manzanita, growing on the comb of a small ridge. Placing his rifle through the branches of his own cover, so as to command the right point of his broken trail, and lying down in the snow behind it, he waited. One—two hours passed, till the watcher, now nearly chilled, thought he waited in vain. The soft snow made no sound and he dare not raise himself to even a sitting position for fear of discovery, but at last his quick ear detected a slight rustle in the brush and an ugly brown face, made hideous with hatred, and smeared beneath the eyes to protect them from the glare of the snow, was in sight. It was his friend of the preceding day. Stopping where the trail was broken, as if conscious that his game was nigh, he glanced wildly abou, with his eye balls almost starting fromt their sockets, and his gun cocked; but only for an instant. There was a little white puff of smoke from behind the manzanita cover, the print of a human form in the snow—an empty wigwam on the river! Leaving the body where it fell, Aleck took the Indian's yager, broke it across a tree and flung it into a ravine. Finding a revolver on the Indian he detached the cylinder, throwing it in one direction, the stock in another. Returning homewards, the hunter jumped up several bands of deer, but he was nervous and chilled from his uncomfortable vigil, and he went home empty-handed. Aleck's failure was noticed: but saying that the sights of his gun had been moved, he quietly lighted his own pipe and kept his own counsel. A year passed by and still Tom did not make his appearance. Another year, and still the ugly face was not seen at the camp. At last one of the boys asked Aleck, "where do you suppose Tom keeps himself?" "How should I know." was the reply. "Am I my brother's keeper? Why do you ask?" "O," said his partner, quietly, "I found some bones up on the mountain yesterday, and kind o' guessed they were Tom's." "Well," said Aleck, in surprise, "What, do you think he suicided!" "Yes, I guess so, made a hole dead centre between his eyes, then busted his yager all to flinders and threw it down the gulch," laughing remarked his interrogator. Right there Aleck confessed, detailing every circumstanee, explaining his silence as prompted by the fear of trouble from White Indians only, and demanded a fair trial. Being the only witness, and known to be a man of the strictest veracity, the trial at the camp was short and the verdict—"served the darned sneak right." Aleck still lives in Josephine County, and often laughs when he thinks of the little game where the Red tried to outwit the White.

Laying Back the Ears.

The expressive gestures which many animals make with their ears are matter of familiar observation. Nothing is more significant than the drawing back and pressure of the ears to the head, which indicates a savage frame of mind. Mr. Darwin, in his recent work on the means of expression in men and animals, gives an ingenious explanation of this movement. He observed that it is only found in species which fight with their teeth. All the carnivora do this, and all, so far as he has observed, draw back their ears when feeling savage. This may be continually seen with dogs fighting in earnest, or puppies fighting in play. Cats, tigers, leopards and lynxes show the same peculiarity. It is very noticable in horses, and the vicious expression it gives to them is unmistakable. But cattle, sheep or goats, thought they fight, never use their teeth in fighting, and never draw back their ears when enraged. The elephant, which fights with its tusks, does not retract its ears, but on the contrary, erects them when rushing at the enemy. The connection between biting as a means of warfare, and laying back the ears as a sign of anger, is so uniform, and the exceptions are so few, that Mr. Darwin's explanation of the origin of the habits is highly probable. He says animals which fight in this way try to bite each other's ears; and reversely, being conscious that the ear is a weak point of attack, lay it back upon the head to keep it out of the way. This habit being deepened into an instinct through many generations, has become so associated with the feeling attendant upon warfare, that the ears are depressed even by an amount of anger too slight to find any other expression. The opposite movement of pricking the ears forward to express attention is so natural as to need no special explanation. It is generally accompanied by an elevation and turning of the head.

How to Make $1,000.

A few days ago, while Mr. Fred Knapp, passenger agent of the Buffalo and Southwestern Railroad, was standing upon the City Hall, Buffalo, steps conversing with a gentleman, he noticed a man standing a short distance away, who was intently measuring him with his eyes from head to foot. Presently the stranger approached Mr. Knapp, and touching him upon the shoulder, said:

"I beg your pardon, sir; but can I have a moment's conversation with you?"

"Certainly," replied Frederick, and excusing himself from his friend, he moved a short distance and joined the stranger.

"Do you want to make $1,000 in real money?" began the stranger.

"You bet your life," promptly responded the now thoroughly interested passenger agent.

"How can we do it?"

"Easy enough. You know about the cutting of Courtney's boat at Chautauqua Lake?"

"Yes," breathlessly added Fred.

"Well, Old Hop Bitters Soule has offered $1,000 reward for the man who cut those boats."

"I know it," said Fred as a shade of disappointment passed over his placid countenance; "but what in thunder has that got to do with our making $1,000?"

The stranger again looked Fred over from head to foot, and said: "If you can find the man that cut your pantaloons you have got the man who cut Courtney's boats, and you can get the full amount of the reward."

The man edged away and disappeared in the Pearl Street Rink, and Fred leaned up against the lamp-post and seemed to be unhappy.

Terrible Poisons.

No one needs to be told that cyanide of potassium, a drug largely used in photography, is a poison of the most deadly character. Its active ingredient is prussic acid. Prusic acid in its pure or as chemists would term it, "anhydrous form, is a substance too dangerous to be kept, or even manufactured. If a glass capsule containing a wine-glassful of pure prussic acid were broken in the pit of a theatre, those among the audience nearest to the doors might escape, but the great majority would be killed on the spot. The prussic acid ordinarily sold, and occasionally used for killing dogs and cats, contains about a drop of the pure acid to a quarter of a pint of water. Pure prussic acid no druggist dare keep. He might as well compress a ton of dynamite into a single cartridge, supposing such package to be possible, and then leave the deadly parcel lying on the table. Cyanide of potassium is not, like prussic acid, volatile. It is a white powder, rather resembling flour chalk. It is, however, so poisonous that a mere pinch of it sprinkled over an open wound or sore, will cause almost instantaneous death; that a fragment almost imperceptible to the eye will, if swallowed, prove equally fatal; and that its mere smell has before now produced immediate death.

"I'm Going to Toledo."

Half an hour before the morning Detroit train over the Canada Southern Road was to leave for Toledo a pompous, fat man, with several parcels in his arms, entered the depot with a great rush and made a bee-line for a Grand Trunk train. When halted at the gate and asked what train he wanted to take, he replied:

"I'm going to Toledo, and if you make me miss the train I'll sue you for damages."

"But this isn't the train for Toledo."

"Why isn't it, sir; why in the old Harry isn't this train for Toledo?" loudly demanded the fat man.

"Because the train for Toledo stands over on the track there."

"Then why didn't you tell me so in the first place? I'm a good mind to report you to your superiors, sir!"

"You'll find the Superintendent up stairs," humbly replied the gate-keeper.

"And I'll lodge complaint against you—yes, I will! Travelers have rights, and those rights must be maintained!"

The fat man rushed half way up stairs and the whistle of a yard engine made him halt and turn and rush down again. Reaching the gates of the Canada Southern train, he called out:

"It is your business to give warning at least three minutes before the train leaves!"

"And I'm going to do it," replied the gate-keeper. "It is over twenty minutes yet before train time. Please show your ticket."

"Show my ticket! Do you suppose a man in my position means to steal a ride on the hind trucks?"

"The rule is for all passengers to show their tickets"

"I don't believe it, and I want your name! I'll go up to the Superintendent and see if travelers have any rights in this depot. Your name, sir?"

"My name is Bumps, sir, and I'm a poor widower with seven children to support."

"I don't care a cent if you've got seventeen children to support. I'll bump Bumps 'till he'll never dare sass another traveler!"

The fat man rushed up stairs again, and was heard galloping the numerous halls and passages and calling for the Superintendent. The janitors passed him along until he came down the outside stairs on the public streets.

"Have a hack, sir!" yelled about forty drivers in chorus.

"No, sir—no, sir!" he screamed in reply.

"Have a wagon?" howled twenty expressmen in his ears.

"Never! Never! I want to get into the depot! If I miss that train I'll sue the whole city!"

He was shown the public entrance, and he made a rush for a Flint & Pere Marquette train just making up.

"That isn't the train for Toledo!" called several voices, and he hurried over to whore Bumps was standing and said:

"I'll fix you for this, sir! Let me through this gate!"

"Ticket, please."

"Yes, I'll show you my ticket, and as soon as I reach Toledo I'll make an affidavit of this affair and send it back to the Superintendent!"

He passed through and entered a coach. A woman was saying she feared her trunk had not come down on the baggage wagon, and he dumped his parcels into a seat and said:

"I hope it hasn't! It will serve you just right to miss it! A person who hasn't got spunk enough to stand right up to these railroad folks and let them know what's what ought to lose her trunk! They tried to bluff me around just now, and when they found they couldn't do it they couldn't be too humble and obliging. Go out and blast them, madam—blast their eyes till they can't rest!"

Up a Tree.

Dr. Bob Grier and a party of sportsmen of Jersey Shore, Pa., returned from a big hunt in the wilds of Potter county recently, about twenty miles northwest of Coudersport, where they spent a week in pursuit of game. Grier is well known as a great fox hunter and lover of the chase, and on this occasion he met with an adventure that is worth relating. Recently he left his party at the cabin where they were encamped in the forest, for the purpose of visiting a lumber camp about four miles away, to see an acquaintance. He slung his Remington over his shoulder, thinking he might get a shot at a deer or a bear. About half way between the cabin and the lumber camp was a stage road but little traveled. As he crossed the road he came suddenly on a large buck. He fired, inflicting a slight wound, which served only to irritate the animal. The buck made a dash for him and he was compelled to climb a tree, having barely time to escape being trampled to death. In his flight Bob dropped his rifle and he had no other weapon except the ordinary hunter's knife. His situation was anything but comfortable, but as there was a possibility of relief from a passing team he felt disposed to make the best of the situation. After he had been up the tree about an hour he heard the crack of a rifle, and almost immediately two of his companions, by the name of Sutton and Cole, came rushing by, pursued by a bear of unusual size and activity. They took refuge on a wild cherry tree, which parted in two trunks a few feet above the ground, one part leaning slightly and very rotten, the whole looking like two trees. Once up the tree they were safe from immediate harm, if the bear could be kept from climbing after them. In the meantime Dr. Bob, in a fit of desperation, concluded to risk an encounter with the buck. In preparing to descend he took the precaution to fasten his knife, the only weapon he possessed, by a piece of twine to his person, so that it might not be lost if it dropped from his hand. Close by a hemlock had fallen, and the roots at one end and the branches at the other kept the trunk of the tree about two feet from the ground, making a place of retreat to which he could resort if hard pressed. He descended cautiously, but the enraged animal was on the alert and at once rushed upon him. His great strength was no match for the buck, which crushed him to the earth and tried to stamp him to death. On his hands and knees, mangled and bleeding, he succeeded in reaching the fallen hemlock and crawled under the trunk. The buck could just touch him with its feet, but could not harm him.

Anxiety and pain were wearing Bob out when he heard a crackling noise at the root of the tree and a sharp cry of pain from the buck, which is a familiar sound to the experienced hunter. Peering out cautiously he found the deer securely held by the knotted roots of the tree and his right leg dangling loosely, it having been broken in the efforts to escape. He was satisfied from the desperate struggles of the animal that it could not extricate itself, and watching a favorable opportunity he plunged his knife into the buck's heart and sank down exhausted. At this moment Dr. Holmes, who resided some miles from that place, and who was attending a patient at the lumber camp, drove up and found Dr. Grier, who was an old acquaintance, lying upon the ground, almost exhausted from loss of blood. He took Grier into the wagon, and after leaving a revolver and knife in sight of the men up the cherry tree drove off to the camp for help. Meantime the bear, after many ineffectual attempts to climb the tree, gave it up, and apparently relaxed his watchfulness by lying down some distance from the tree. Sutton, at this time, thought at least one of them might escape and broached the idea to Cole, who objected, knowing that relief would soon arrive. Watching an opportunity, Sutton descended the tree quietly, without being observed, and after moving cautiously for some distance sprang to his feet and started for the cabin with the speed of the wind. Meeting the relief party hurrying up to their assistance, he returned with them to the rescue of Cole. Meanwhile the bear had got up and moved to the foot of the tree, when, apparently missing one of the men, he renewed his efforts to climb it. Suddenly the decayed part of the tree fell with a crash. The bear was somewhat stunned, but fortunately Cole was not hurt, and he started for the revolver and knife, which he secured. The bear pursued and overtook him and hugged him around the body. Cole fired, but did not inflict a sufficient wound to make the bear relax its hold. He fired a second and a third shot, with no better result. But one more bullet now remained in the pistol. He felt softly on the bear's breast to find the location of his heart from its pulsations, and pressing the muzzle of the pistol to the spot fired, when the bear gave a heavy groan and rolled over dead, and Cole sank exhausted by its body. In a few minutes seven hardy lumbermen came to his relief. His wounds, though painful, were not serious.

The Flying Frog.

The flying frog is a native of East India and the islands of the Sunda Archipelago. Several species of these frogs have long been known, but it was not until a few years ago that Wallace discovered that the skin connecting the toes of this frog serves not only for swimming, but for flying also. Wallace thought he had discovered an entirely new species, but subsequent researches have proved the identity of this frog with the so-called paddle-frog previously known. The toes of the flying frog are very long, and are connected by a skin, which is laid in numerous folds when the animal is at rest, covers a large area then is taken up by the body and limbs of the animal. The individual captured by Wallace was altogether about four inches long. The skin between the toes of the hind feet measured four and a half square inches, while the area taken up by the extended skins of all four feet exceeded twelve square inches. The ends of the toes are provided with concave disks, the peculiar construction of which permits the frog to take a firm hold of the branches: Another peculiarity of this frog is the power to inhale and store in the body a large volume of air. By this means the body is considerably distended, and its weight, compared with its bulk, reduced. This faculty and the large surface offered by the membrane between the toes, enable the frog to fly short distances from branch to branch. In appearance the flying frog is extremely beautiful. The back and legs are of a lustrous green color; the belly and toes are yellow; the skin between the toes black and decorated by yellow stripes. With the exception of the folds in the web of the feet, the surface of the entire body is smooth.

A Fatal Shirt Button.

The death is announced at Heidelberg of Dr. Adolf Sander, who was formerly in large practice as a physician in Elberfeld and its neighborhood. One morning in 1874, while dressing, he contrived in some way to get a shirt button between his teeth. Unconsciously while laughing, the button slipped into the back of his mouth, and thence into the larynx. All the exertions of his surgical friends to remove it were in vain. It was ascertained that it sank into the right lung, which soon became irritated. Spitting of blood ensued, and he was himself looking forward to his death as not very remote. He removed to a villa he had near Frankfort-on-the-Main to pass his last days in quiet. Here he was surprised by a violent fit of coughing, accompanied by spitting of blood, in a paroxysm of which the button was ejected. His health rapidly improved, and in a few months, regarding himself as quite cured, he resumed his professional work, and endeavored to gather up the threads of his former practice. But last year unmistakeable symptoms manifested themselves that the lung had not fully recovered from the presence in its substance of a foreign body for several months. He spent the winter in the South of Europe, but returned almost worse than he went. He gradually wasted away and sank a few days ago.

A Parting Scene.

Did you ever hear two married women take leave of each other at the gate, on a summer evening? This is the way they do it:

"Good-bye!"

"Good-bye; come down and see us right soon."

"I will. Good-bye."

"Good-bye. Don't you forget to come soon."

"No, I won't. Don't you forget to come up."