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### MY OLD HOME.

The pump is broken, the chain is rusty,
And the water, once pure, is fetid and musty;
The robin that sung on the nodding spray,
Grew weary of silence and flew away;
The brambles have covered the ivy vine,
And in through the shattered windows twine.

The stoop is broken and fallen down,
And covered with moss is the threshold brown;
The storm sweeps wild through the open door,
And the rank weeds spring through the broken floor;
The roof is fallen out and in
The swallows flit in the twilight dim.

The apple tree stands by the garden wall,
And in its dead branches, knotty and tall,
Hangs the rod we threw in childish glee,
To knock the apples from the tree;
The tree is dead, and on the hill
The restless feet in death are still.

And in the home that once was mine,
When I was young and in my prime,
There's nothing to me that seems the same
But the babbling brook at the foot of the lane,
Which, as it murmurs, seems to say:
You and your home are old and gray.

O, faces fair! Oh, hearts so strong!
Ye in the grave have lain so long,
And yet I almost seem to hear
Your merry voices ringing clear,
Happy and glad, full of joys
Were the days when we were girls and boys.

Good-bye, old home! in the shadows dim
I'll sadly sing my evening hymn—
That we sang together when we were young,
And the path of life had just begun,
The path is ended by all save me,
And I with my lost ones soon shall be.

## Apple Blossoms.

One Monday morning in May when Mr. Castor, of the law firm of Castor & Brush, entered his office he found on his desk a bunch of fragrant white flowers with that delicate flush at the heart that makes apple blossoms so irresistible.

"Apple blossoms, sir," his clerk explained. "I spent Sunday in the country, and brought them down, thinking you might like to see some.

Mr. Castor's preoccupied face lighted up with pleasure. Thank you, Mr. Clark," he said. "Get some water, will you, John? We must keep them as fresh as we can. I shall want to take some home to my wife to-night. There, that looks quite country like, doesn't it, Clark?" Arranging the blossoms to advantage against the law books and falling back a little to look at the effect.

Clark smiled, and Mr. Castor went to work at his law cases. But something was the matter with him. His thoughts would go wondering off to the green meadow by the side of the river where Clark told him he had broken the fragrant branch.

"I wonder," he soliloquized, "whether it is anything like that meadow where—pshaw! what am I thinking of! In a case of ejectment—yonder if I could sing 'Annie Laurie;' used to know that tune." And he hummed softly to himself:

"Gave me her promise true."

just as the door was thrown violently open and John Edson, the most quarrelsome man in New York, as his friends and enemies both agreed, burst in.

"What's the matter now, Mr. Edson?" asked Mr. Castor, rising to offer his client a seat.

"Matter? Matter enough, sir! But if he thinks I'm going to submit to the robbery by his knavery he'll find himself very much mistaken! My brother, sir, my own brother—think of that, sir!—is trying to cheat me out of my share of our paternal property. I want you to take steps immediately to stop his proceeding. He threatens to bring in a bill against the estate that will swallow up every cent—but what's that? Apple blossoms! Where did you get those?"

"Mr. Clark brought them down this morning. Sweet, though rather out of place in a lawyer's office, don't you think?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Edison, thoughtfully, taking up the tumbler and smelling the fragrant things. "Where did these grow?"

"Up in a little country village in Connecticut. Clark is from the country, you know, and I should think from his description it's quite a pretty place. Green meadows and river, you know, and all that sort of thing. But what do you want me to do?"

"Wait a minute, can't you?" said Mr. Edson, impatiently. You lawyers are always in a tearing hurry."

Mr. Caster raised his eye-brows, but made no verba answer to his rather inconsistent remark, while Mr. Edson leaned back in his chair and looked at the apple blossoms. In a minute he started up and brushed his hand across his eyes.

"It makes me think of old times," he said. I nearly broke my neck once climbing an old apple tree for blossoms like that to give to Lucy Baird, the prettiest girl in school. I fell from the top branch and my brother—I never had but one, sir—picked me up and carried me home. He was real good to me all the long time I was sick, too. I think he'd have died for me then, and just to think that now we should be quarreling over a few hundred dollars! Castor, you needn't do anything about this matter—just yet, at least. I—I guess I'll go see him. And say"—rather shyly—"you couldn't spare me a little twig with a few of those blossoms on it could you?"

Mr. Castor willingly broke off a branch and handed it to him, but he watched Mr. Edson's departure with a comical smile on his countenance.

"Those apple blossoms are doing sad work in this office," he said laughingly to Clark. "I've lost one promising case through them already, and as for keeping my own mind on anything legal it's an utter impossibility. It's evident to my mind that law and flowers were never meant to go together."

Mr. Edson, for his part, went down to his brother's office and entered with a little hesitation. The brother, a man older than Edson, with one of those stern, self-repressed faces which says as plainly as words could, "I've had a hard life and I don't care a cent about you. I'll have what I can get whether you suffer or not," startled as Edson came in. His eyes rested an instant longingly on the apple blossoms; but the next moment he drew back, asking coldly, "Did you wish to see me?"

"Yes, George," answered Edson, fingering the flowers awkwardly, "I came to see about that matter—that—that property, you know. It's a pity we should quarrel about it and—and—well, I don't care. You're the oldest and had the hardest row to hoe always, and I guess likely there was fully my share spent on me when I was in college; and see here, old fellow I'll do whatever you say if you'll speak to your lawyer and send him up to my office."

There was a moment's silence, and the young Edson, looking down, saw his brother put his hand to his throat as if he were choking. The next moment the elder spoke almost as awkwardly as his brother had done.

"It wasn't the money I cared for, but—but I wanted the old place. I—well, I had some associations with it."

The young brother started. Associations? What associations of pleasure could George have with the place? There was none, could be none except those with Lucy Baird, who had been for one short year his own wife, now laid away in Greenwood. He sprang forward, "George, did you care for her? You could have won her if you had tried, and you knew it. She cared for me first because I was your brother. Did—do you mean to say you have gave up the chance of winning her for me?"

For a minute or two the Edsons might as well have been a couple of Frenchmen meeting after a long separation. The elder was the first to recover himself.

"There, there, John," he said, n exactly the same way he used to speak when they were boys together, "I've been hard, but you see I never had a wife to soften me, and I intended to pay you for your share of the property at first but—well, it's no use talking it over. Of course you didn't know, but I kept thinking you might have known if you wanted to. But there, never mind that now. Did you know that Midland bonds are going up? I'll make a good thing out of them yet."

"I can't stay," answered Edson, opening the door, "but I'll see you again. Come up to dinner with me, won't you?"

"I will," answered the brother, heartily, and with a cordial hand-shake they parted.

The younger brother went straight home and put the precious branch of apple blossoms, which had been a divining-rod to him showing where the richest treasure of a brother's love lay hidden, into a glass and set it where he could see it often. The older as he turned to his desk again saw three petals lying on the floor. He hesitated a moment, and then stooped and quickly gathered them up, laying them reverently in his pocket-book.

### Praying on a Race Track.

In the late hurdle race at Brighton Beach, Coney Island, one of the horses named L. L. was mounted by a lad named Kearns, who had worked around the stables for a few weeks. He had never ridden in but one hurdle race previous to yesterday. When he reached the backstretch L. L. was third in the race. Leaping a hurdle his feet caught in the top and he went over in a somersault, Kearns striking his head first on the track and the horse falling on him. The horses following dashed over the hurdle, while a chorus of "Oh!" arose from the crowd on the other side of the track The horse soon rose and walked away, but his rider lay motionless in the dirt. Many thought he was dead, and a string of jockeys, stable boys and idlers started across the field towards the boy. In the line towered the tall form of young Father Dougherty. With the natural love of his countrymen for horse-racing he had been watching the equine contests. When the Father came to where the boy lay, with his bloody face turned to the sky and his lilac and red colors covered with dirt, he saw that the boy was insensible and apparently dying. Requesting the jockeys, stable boys and others to kneel down the reverend father offered up a prayer for the boy, annointing him and performing other services of his Church for the dying. The scene was strikingly impressive. Horsemen and riders who had never knelt in prayer before obeyed the request of the Father, their bronzed, earnest and hard faces softening in sympathy for the crushed jockey. All this was unknown to the crowd on the quarter-stretch and grand stand. Shortly afterward a jockey returned to the crowded stretch and remarked to a companion: "I guess Kearns will die, for they all kneeled on the track and prayed for him over there."

### Simpsonburg's Conundrum.

Simpsonsburg is not noted for his activity; quite the contrary. At the club the other evening he got up energy sufficient to propound a conundrum. Said he: "Boys, why am I like a torpedo?" After having recovered from the shock produced by Simpsonsburg's unwonted activity the guesses flowed in quick succession. Jones thought it was because a torpedo is full of empty noise; but that was not right, Simpsonburg said. Neither was Robinson's guess, that it was because a torpedo doesn't say anything when it speaks. Smith tried to work out a pun on torpedo, torpid oh, but failed miserably. Everybody began to look sick. Then Brown tried. He said it was because a torpedo was not good for anything till its neck was twisted. Simpsonburg shook his head with something like animation. One of the boys said it was because it was a relief when either went off, and another ventured the guess, in an undertone, that it was a blasted nuisance. Finally Simpsonburg had to divulge; he could contain himself no longer. He said it was because he was full of snap. The boys yawned languidly; every one of them acknowledged to Simpsonburg that he should never have guessed it, which pleased Simpsonburg mightily.

### Winking Photographs.

Winking photographs are said to be produced in the following manner: One negative is taken with the sitter's eyes open, another without change of position with the eyes shut. The two negatives are printed on opposite sides of the paper, registered very exactly. Held before a flickering lamp or other variable source of light, the combined photographs show rapid alterations of closed and open eyes the effect being that of rapid winking.

—Bears were very numerous within two miles of Boston in 1725.

### The Eel.

The eel, like the catfish, lives in the mud on the river bottoms, and many methods are adopted to capture the slippery wriggling fellow. The bob is merely a bunch of common ground-worms, knit upon a string with a needle. Eel-spearing is also a favorite pastime with many, but as it requires wading in mud and water to hunt out his habitation, it is withal disagreeable and dirty. The eel is very tenacious of life, and can be kept for many days after being caught. His home is under the stumps, in the hollows, in mud banks, around the bridge and wharf-pilings, and under bunches of long river-grass. The usual method employed to take the eel is with the float, or "cork" line. The line—of hemp—is from eight to twelve feet long, with small hook and sinker of lead. The float may be either of wood, cork or quill. The hook should be three inches above the sinker, the latter lying on the bottom. The float should be adjusted in such a manner, after the depth of water has been ascertained, so that it will swim in a perpendicular position on the surface. Worms are acknowledged to be the best bait for float-lines, and it should be firmly fastened on the hook, as the peculiar shape of the mouth of the eel enables it to strip the worm from the hook by sucking. The bite of the eel is a succession of gentle nibbles, and it is difficult to tell at times that you have hooked one.

Fine wire may be substituted for the hemp line, and it is peculiarly adapted to eel fishing. Every boy knows from experience, the difficulties and troubles he has encountered by having the line slimed and twisted and tied into countless and intricate knots by the contortions of his captive. It requires care to keep the wire from kinking by repeated winding and unwinding, but it helps to release the hook from the mouth and obviates the annoyance of having to stop fishing to wash the line or unravel knots. The cork may be held in position on the wire by inserting a small piece of stick between the hole in the cork and wire, or the cork may be entirely dispensed with, at the option of the angler. Another method, and one frequently practiced in our local waters, is the "eel-pot," although it affords no real amusement beyond the setting and taking up. An old demijohn, after having the particles of glass removed from the willow casing, is tied in some convenient spot over night. A string, with a few worms or a piece of meat tied to it, is inserted in the mouth. The eel passes into the mouth and once in he becomes a prisoner. When it is taken up in the morning, you are frequently rewarded for your pains by securing six or eight eels. The most effective method of skinning an eel is to roll it violently in the sand. This loosens the skin; then, with a knife, make an incision near the head, grasping the head in the left hand, seize the skin with the right one, and pull hard but regularly, and it will come off without difficulty.

### Unappropriate Hymns.

Hymn singing is not always appropriate to occasions, and leaders often make singular selections. A minister preached a solemn sermon on the judgment, and gave out at the close—

That awful day will surely come—

which the choir sang to the lively air "Coronation." "Brother," said the preacher to the chorister in the vestibule, "why didn't you sing Yankee Doodle?"

At an immersion baptism on the bank of a river, as each candidate, male or female, emerged dripping from the water, the people interjected the favorite revivalist chorus;—

They look like men in uniform,
They look like men of war.

At a protracted meeting one of the hardest families in the neighborhood—by name Ransom—were persuaded to go to the front as subjects for prayer. The rejoicing people shouted lustily in prospect of half a dozen much needed conversions—

The year of jubilee is come;
Return ye ransomed sinners, home."

This made old Ransom mad. He took it as a personal insult, got up from his knees and took his bedraggled better half by the arm, saying aloud:—"Come on, old woman, they dont want the like of us here; come on, boys and gals," and led the whole tribe out of church in flaming dudgeon! An English leaders set the advent hymn, "Christ the Lord is Risen To-day—Hallelujah!" to the Tyrolese waltz, and a Southern camp meeting Christian sung, "When I Can Read My Title Clear," to the minstrel melody "Wait for the Wagon and We'll All take a Ride."

### Deep in the Earth.

The Crystal Ice Cave, Pa., is situated on the [illegible] which separates the valley of the Pocono from Cherry valley, in Stroud's township, on the south side of the ridge, three miles west of that place and five miles from the Water Gap. The ridge on which it is located begins on the Delaware river, and runs west for twenty-five miles, embracing such eminences as "Shawnee Hill," "Fox Hill," "Crystal Hill," and others. The cave is elevated about eight hundred feet above the river level, at what is known as Mosler's knob, and from it a most picturesque view can be obtained. Lately Mr. T. Duncan Paret, president of the Tannite company has become interested in the cave, and has had several men employed for some time in excavating it, and some very interesting discoveries have been made. Recently, Dr. Leidy, of the Academy of Natural Sciences, of Philadelphia, and Dr. T. C. Porter, of Lafayette college, Easton, arrived and made researches in the cave, so far as it has been explored. The entrance was at first almost completely hidden by deposits of clay and animal and vegetable matter, but now it has been opened so that the mouth is about sixteen feet square. The bottom of the cavern was found to be covered with a thick deposit of clay, on the top of which was a deposit, varying in depth, of a dark substance, and on this is an incrustation of lime which has fallen from the roof of the cave. It is the deposit of rich, dark material that particularly interests the scientists, and to this Dr. Leidy and Dr. Porter gave their attention. They found many indications of the presence in the cave at one time or another of many animals, some of which were doubtless brought there by animals of prey, and others used it for their dens. Among the bones of animals found were the jaw-bones of the raccoon, skunk, weasel, beaver, squirrel, porcupine, woodchuck, fox, wildcat, elk, deer, and bison; the shells of two or more turtles, the bones of wild turkey, and the vetebræ of snakes in large quantities. Other bones will doubtless reveal the presence of other animals. The most interesting specimen found, however, were the head and teeth of a gigantic beaver (*Castoroides Ohioensis*) and a large peccary (*Dicotylus compressus*), neither of which has ever been found before in Pennsylvania. Besides these were found bones which had been burned and split—evidently the work of the aborigines, who sought the marrow in the bones. Indian relics were also found, among them being polished bone needles and bodkins, sea-shells, and fragments of quartz, which had been used as ornaments. A flint spear-head was picked up far back in the cave, imbedded in the clay. How it came there is a mystery, unless some Indian, entering the cave and finding a wild beast there, attacked it, and this spear, hurled at the animal, missing its aim, sped far back into the recesses and there remained until found by the scientists. No other traces of any kind which would indicate that the portion of the cave in which the spear-head was found had been visited by man or beast were discovered, and hence the theory as to how it came in the lonely spot. Dr. Leidy has taken his specimens along with him, and will make a report of his discovery to the scientific world in due time. As yet the lower deposit has not been removed, and it is thought it will reveal more interesting facts for the scientists than the middle layer. The cave has been explored to a depth of one hundred and fifty feet, and one can with ease walk the first one hundred feet. After that stooping is required at times. The indications are that the part thus explored is only a hallway, from which entrances can be made, after the earth and deposits have been removed, to larger and more remote chambers, which already appeared at different points. The top of the cave is a limestone arch, which reflects many brilliant colors when the light of the torches flash upon it.

### Fish Manures.

As with other manures, so with fish manure, there is a choice of soils to which it may be best applied. The soils from which highest results might be expected from applying fish guano, are those deficient in nitrogen and phosphoric acid, and in which the stimulating effect of the decomposition of fish may render other materials available for plant food. Soils that have been treated repeatedly with fish guano, phosphates and the various forms of bone manure, are often overstocked with these elements, and are deficient in potash; while it is also true that many soils are naturally poor in potash. Of course it will at once be seen that to apply fish manures to such lands and neglect to apply the other necessary elements wanting in the fish, would be to lose not only both money and time but very likely the crop. But here the rule that would obtain in the use of fish manures, is that which would also obtain with any other kind of fertilizer in the hands of a careful farmer, and that is that the deficiences of a given soil are best ascertained by actual trial, not only with different manures, but with various crops. The best form of fish manures is the dry ground fish guano, free from oil. The water and oil left in the "scrap" as the fish comes from the press, add weight and bulk without in any degree improving its value. But experience has proved that the coarse fish-scrap, as it comes from the oil factories, cannot be uniformly spread; is not easily diffused by the moisture of the soil; is acted upon by a few roots of growing plants, and becomes slowly available to the roots that do find it. The divided dry fish is, however, easily spread, is diffused by rains, and is thus made accessible to a large number of roots, and can be absorbed by them when they reach it. Perhaps one of the best methods of using the fish-scrap by farmers, is to use it in a compost with muck, good manure, ashes, lime and vegetable refuse, fermenting the whole mass by the use of urine. There is a higher and more practical consideration connected with this subject to which we have not alluded, but which is of vast importance to the agriculture of New England, and it is one which it is the main object of this article to enforce; and that is the greater use of fish manures by our own farmers. At present its principal use is by the manufacturers of phosphates and other forms of commercial fertilizers, by whom it is used for supplying the nitrogen and phosphoric acid to their manures. It is also sent in bulk by the cargo to enrich the lands of France and Holland. Is it too much to expect that at no distant day, some effort may be made successful for furnishing their fish-scraps in some portable, concentrated form to our own farmers? To this end we hope to see some earnest concerted action put in operation at once.

### Executed on His Wedding Day.

On the 22d of August a melancholy marriage ceremony was celebrated in the principal jail of Madrid. Some days previously a young man named Alvarez Oliva and his mistress, with whom he had lived for several years, were tried for murder by the criminal tribunals in the Palacio de Justiz, and having been proved guilty, were sentenced, the former to death by the garote, the latter to ten years' imprisonment with hard labor. Shortly after the condemnation they craved permission of the authorities to be united in matrimony ere the dread sentence of the law should be carried into effect, in order that their only child, a little girl five years old, should be legitimized. Their petition was granted, and the jail chaplain pronounced the blessing of the church upon their union on the morning of the day appointed for Alvarez's execution. Having duly exchanged rings and pronounced vows of mutual fidelity "till death should part them," they took an eternal and affectionate leave of one another, after which the bride was removed to the scene of her future punishment, and the bridegroom was conducted to the condemned cell, where, having confessed his sins and received absolution, he was pinioned and conveyed to the scaffold. A few minutes later he had ceased to live. Surely no grimmer expiation of a capital offense has ever been suffered by the most atrocious of criminals than to be inexorably strangled on his wedding morning by the public executioner.

### That Span New Umbrella.

If all the flustered grandpas and grandmas knew how much they contribute to the humor of common life and the keen enjoyment of children by the fun they innocently make while hunting for their spectacles while they are all the time perched on their heads, they would often be quite reconciled to such mistakes. A victim of the same description was a good old lady who had just finished her shopping in one of the Boston dry goods stores.

"There!" she cried, in an excited voice, "I should like to know what's become of that ambrll! I sot it up agin the counter when I come in, and afore I could turn round it's gone—and it was only on a Monday that I gin four and six for't."

"What kind of an umbrella was it, ma'am?" asked the polite clerk in his blandest tones.

"A spick and span new gingham, young man," was the response, "with an iv'ry handle on't and a——"

"Like the one in your hand, ma'am, for instance?"

"Sakes alive!" she exclaimed. And one might have thought she saw a serpent rather than her own "spick and span gingham," with "iv'ry handle" clutched fast in her hand. She colored up like a druggist's window, and went off amidst unintelligible excuses. She never felt so flustered in all her days, as she told Jemima Ann when she got home.

### A Tiger's Plaything.

"Well, my boy, if you want a tiger you've come to the right place, for this and the bit round Fort Perovski are almost the only spots on the whole river where there are any left; indeed, I might say the only spots in all Central Asia, except the great jungle of the Ili, two days' journey north of this."

So spoke Col. Petroff (the Russian commandant of the little outpost of Tchinaz, on the Upper Syr-Daria), to his excited junior officer, Lieut. Galkin, who had made up his mind that the first duty of every right-minded officer was to shoot a tiger single-handed, and that life would be a blank to him till he had done so.

"And what's the best way to get at them?" asked the young man, with a flash of excitement on his handsome face.

"Well, if you're so anxious to make their acquaintance," said the veteran, smiling at the lad's eagerness, "there are several ways of doing it. First and foremost, you can just follow the beast's trail till you come upon him, and then shoot him down; but that's rather dangerous, and not very certain either, for the trail's apt to get blurred in among these big reeds."

"Well?"

"Well, secondly, you can drift along the bank in a boat, and fire at 'em as they come down to drink: but that's not always certain, because, if there's a moon, they see you and run away, and if there's not, you can't see them at all. Thirdly, there's the cage."

"The cage?"

"Yes; you shut yourself up in an iron cage among the reeds, with a big bit of horse-flesh beside it by way of bait, and when the tiger scents the meat, and comes after tit, you fire at him."

"Capital!" shouted Galkin, with a loud laugh; "that's quite a new idea. The cage be it by all means."

"Well, I wouldn't begin with that, if I were you, my boy," said the Colonel, gravely, "for it's a risky business at best. A tiger-hunt's very good fun so long as it's you who are hunting the tiger; but when the tiger takes to hunting you, it alters the case a good deal."

However, Galkin was not to be moved, and daybreak next morning found him in his cage among the huge reeds (tall enough to overtop a six-foot grenadier with his cap on), through which, as they swayed in the morning breeze, he caught a passing glimpse, every now and then, of the broad, shining river, and the little tumble-down mud hovels and clustering trees on the opposite shore.

The most trying part of an exciting adventure is the waiting for it to begin, and so our hero found it; but, luckily, he had not long to wait. The Central Asian tiger has a keen scent for prey of any kind, and the warning crackle of the reeds was speedily followed by the gliding out of a huge gaunt yellow body, straight toward Galkin's ambush.

Despite his perilous position (for the cage was a pretty old one, and its rusty bars seemed hardly to be trusted against the rush of a full-grown tiger), Galkin could scarcely help laughing at this curious reversal of menagerie rules—the man in the cage, and the wild beast walking round it to look at him. But he was not the man to let either the joke or the danger unsteady his hand. He aimed carefully at the vital spot behind the fore-shoulder, and let fly.

The huge beast leaped high into the air, rolled over on its back, and, after a few convulsive kicks, lay dead before him. Hurrah! Up sprung Galkin, quite forgetting the cage in his excitement, and hit his head such a bump against the bars that for a moment hardly knew where he was.

The shout was answered by a long snarling cry, and out from the reeds broke a second tiger, evidently a young one, although quite big enough to have finished our friend with one bite. Galkin felt for his cartridge-pouch, to reload for a second shot, when, lo! no pouch was to be found. And now, to his dismay, he perceived that it had been off when he jumped up, and was lying outside the cage, where it had rolled over a slight descent of the land quite out of his reach.

Here was a pretty piece of business.

But, if the hunter was at a nonplus, the tiger himself seemed to be no less so. This cross-barred machine, with a motionless human figure inside of it, (for Galkin, finding himself defenseless, remained as still as a statue), was a complete puzzle to him. He had never seen anything of the kind before. It might be a trap. Who could tell? On the whole, he appeared to think that his wisest way was to begin with the horse-flesh, which he soon disposed of—a somewhat disagreeable hint to Galkin of what might shortly befall *him*.

Breakfast over, the tiger-kitten seemed to wax frolicksome. He leaped up against the cage, and put his fore-paws on the top of it, bringing his face so near Galkin's that the poor Lieutenant almost felt the hot, rank breath. Suppose the bars were to give way!"

But what *did* happen was almost as bad. Overbalanced by the beast's weight, the cage rolled over, and the unlucky officer along with it; while the tiger, delighted with the sport, and evidently thinking the whole affair a toy meant for his own special amusement, patted it about with his huge paws like a cat playing with a mouse, tumbling it over once or twice, and bumpling poor Galkin against the bars till he was pretty well bruised. All at once there came a tremendous crash, as a thick clump of reeds gave way, and splash down into the river went cage, Galkin and all!

Fortunately for our hero, there was a mud-bank close to the shore, so that the water only came up to his belt; but, even so, to sit waist-deep in a cold river for an indefinite time, with a tiger mounting guard over him, was anything but a pleasant prospect. Morever, the tiger, which was standing on the bank above, with a face of great disgust at the loss of its toy, seemed strongly inclined to leap down after it; in which case the sportsman would be rolled over in deep water, and drowned at once.

Just at that moment came the sharp crack of a rifle. The tiger fell headlong into the river, while Galkin, looking up, saw a boat coming toward him, pulled by two Tartars, behind whom appeared the grinning face of his friend, the Colonel.

"I hope you like your day's sport, my boy," chuckled the old soldier, as he opened the cage and pulled out his half-drowned comrade. "I was up stream, looking to see if I could find any game worth firing at, when I heard the crack of your piece, and I came along to see what had happened; and, on the whole, I think it's just as well I did."

### Novel Use of the Telephone.

It is well known that if a long dry tube open at both ends be held over a jet of burning hydrogen a musical sound is produced, the pitch and quality of which vary with the length, thickness and diameter of the tube. It has been proposed, to adapt such a tube to a safety lamp underground in the mines and to place it near a telephone in communication with another in the manager's office on the surface. The alteration of the sound due to a greater or less admixture of gases with the air of the mine would warn the manager of the state of the atmosphere in the workings.

### A Castilian Romance.

San Francisco society is just now honored by the presence of a lady whose history is of more than ordinary interest. She is notable, not only on account of being the wife of the celebrated American artist, H. Humphry Moore; but for her beauty, intelligence and high family connections. A brief sketch of her life cannot but prove interesting: Isabella de Cistue was born in Saragossa some twenty years ago, of purely Castilian parents. Her father was Col. Cistue, one of the sons of Baron de la Menglehs, who belonged to one of the most aristocratic families of Spain, and her grandmother held the high position of a lady of honor to the beautiful and powerful Queen Maria Louisa, so fondly remembered by the Spaniards. She is also a cousin by marriage to the ex-Queen Isabella, two of her cousins having married the two brothers of the royal personage. Senorita de Cistue was sent at an early age to the College of Loretto, in Madrid, where she received a finished and brilliant education, graduating before she was sixteen years of age, becoming proficient in three languages and a thorough mistress of the piano, harp and guitar. When Isabella was but a girl five years old she met a girl of her own age who was deaf and dumb, but who was well learned in the mute language. The two children formed a strong attachment for each other, and Isabella begged that she might be taught to converse with her little friend. About this time her eldest brother came home from college on a long vacation, bringing with him a friend of his, a handsome young Spaniard of about seventeen years of age, with the title of marquis. This young nobleman was also deaf and dumb, and from him the young Isabella learned to converse with her fingers and subsequently became the constant friend and protactor, in her childish way, of her dumb little playmate. Time passed on; the heroine grew to be a lovely young lady of the true Moorish type of beauty. Her coal black hair, beautiful flashing black eyes, and clear, rich olive complexion became a theme for the poet and the painter in Grenada, where she resided after having left school in Madrid. A favorite walk of hers was through the Garden of the Alhambra, where many an hour was passed, chaperoned by some of her family, but generally by her grandmother, then no longer the handsome maid of honor.

One day, as the two ladies were walking in a secluded but most beautifully romantic spot of the garden, they suddenly came upon a gentleman of about twenty-four years of age, of medium height, rather florid complexion, large, soft and speaking blue eyes, light auburn hair and delicately shaped mustache. He was sketching what afterwards became a fine work of art, known as "View of Grenada." Upon the approach of the ladies the artist arose and handed to the dazzling young Spanish beauty her handkerchief, which had fallen from her hand. Their eyes met, she passed on and the artist resumed his work. Upon several subsequent days they accidently met. The artist was less attentive to his work, and a Spanish nobleman who had been a suitor for the hand of the young Senorita, received less encouragement. About a month after the first meeting in the garden, while the artist was pacing up and down in his studio, a gentleman friend named De Costillo called upon him. To him the artist unbosomed himself. He declared he could do no more work until he had painted a picture of the young lady whose appearance had so strangely affected him. Then taking De Costelio's arm they went out and wandered to the Alhambra gardens. There he again saw the object of his infatuation. She was conversing in the deaf and dumb language with the Spanish marquis who had taught her the hand manual years back when she was a child. De Costello, knowing the marquis, introduced him to the artist, and the marquis then presented his companions, who were Isabella and her grandmother. Much to Isabella's surprise, she discovered that the handsome young artist was deaf and dumb. And then she found greater happiness in the use of the dumb language than she had ever before experienced. At his earnest solicitation she sat for a portrait, which she now has in her possession, and though titled suitors sought her hand, and she was even invited to become maid of honor to the then reigning Queen Isabella, she cheerfully renounced all this pomp and brilliancy and bestowed her heart and hand on the deaf and dumb American artist. H. Humphry Moore is well known in San Francisco, where he lived from early childhood up to 1865, at which time his father, who will be remembered in the firm of Moore & Folger, died. He was twenty-one years of age when his mother, who is now living in this city, accompanied him to Europe, where for three years he labored hard at his profession, in the studio of the greatest figure painter in France—Gerome. It was while in Grenada that he met with Fortuny, whose style of work is followed by him. Mr. Moore's name was forcibly brought to the minds of his California friends some two years since when he sent to this coast on exhibition his celebrated work, "Almah, the Eastern Dancing Girl." Mrs. Moore is devoted to her husband and proud of his talents. She is his constant companion in his studio, and day after day, in winter and summer, whatever else may claim her attention, from 4 until 6 o'clock she devotes to a study of his canvass and the work of her husband's brush during the day. In San Francisco, as well as all over the world where they have traveled, the interesting and happy couple have been received in the very best and most brilliant society, and they will long be remembered after they have bid California adieu.

### Wetting the Ropes.

When the immense obelisk, which stands in the Square of St. Peters at Rome, was to be erected, it was found that its elevation required the most powerful machinery and the highest skill in engineering. Thousands assembled to witness the achievment, and in order to prevent any interfersence with the work, the Pope issued a special bull, inflicting a heavy penalty upon any one who should speak before the engineer announced the great work was accomplished and all danger was over. Slowly the massive column rose, as round and round the windlasses were whirled. The crowd pressed in, gazing with silent admiration. It is near to its place—a few feet more—now a few inches only, and it will stand for ages. But suddenly it stops. The strain upon the ropes has been greater than the engineer expected—they relax. They refuse to carry the mass anyfarther—nay even to hold it where it is. It sways with threatening motion. The crowd is paralyzed with awe—the engineer is beside himself. It is a fearful moment. But hark! a cry. An English sailor, watching the scene, and in his excitement, forgetting the dreadful bull, shouts aloud. "Wet the ropes." That lawless order was instantly obeyed. Water was dashed upon the cables. At once they became strong and taut again, and soon the column, which threatened to crush the crowd below, was firmly fastened in its place. It is needless to add that the sailor was pardoned and rewarded instead of being punished.

—Horse racing on Boston Common was complained of in 1769.

### N. G.

A little round-shouldered man with a large beak nose and long black hair stood before the railing of the Police Court in New York, in a pair of shoes which had recently been introduced to each other. The prisoner was informing a court officer that the country roads were in a good condition for walking, when his remarks were interrupted by Justice Smith.

"Richard Tub, who are you?" asked His Honor.

"Well, Jedge," said the little man, "I might be a wire puzzle peddler or a boss millionaire, but I ain't. Who d'ye s'pose I am?"

His Honor gave it up.

"Why, I'm Dick Tub a wanderin' tourist, wot hain't got nothin' to do but travel for my health. I worked in Chicago for a while, but made so much money I had to stop so's I could spend it."

"You must be getting rich?"

"That's where yer head's level. I've been collectin' the dust in heaps right along. My clothes are full of it. Why, I've walked all the way from Oil City to New York by way of Erie."

"Took a roundabout way, didn't you?"

"Kinder. You don't get me in Jersey if I know myself. I would not be caught there for a good deal. I'm too well posted on the law. Cold wittles and sleepin' in a hayloft suits me well enough 'thout runnin' myself in a Jersey jail for six months. P'r'aps the melons ain't good, and maybe I havn't prospected so's to know where they're getting 'ripe.'"

"Studying farming, no doubt?"

"That's just it, Jedge. I never see a man like you. Why yer seem ter read my thoughts like a book. Yer orter hear the insinevations of some jedges."

"Oh, then you have been in Court before?"

"Only a few times."

"Richard, I'm afraid you're a hard case," said Justice Smith. "What have you to say to the charge of drunkenness and vagrancy?"

"I'm N. G. for sure."

"So I thought. You can prepare to devastate the melon patches for fifteen days on the Island."

As the prisoner was led away he muttered mournfully. "That's just the way. We ain't got ejucated men on the bench. Any man orter know that 'N. G.' stands for 'not guilty.'"

### On Record

A little old man known around the foot of Woodland avenue, Detroit, as "John" was hunted out in the office where he works by a stranger, who said he came from Oswego and had news to communicate. The news was nothing less than the death of John's brother by drowning, and the stranger happened to be on hand to witness. Old John stood for a few minutes as if trying to realize the full extent of the calamity, and then remarked;

"Poor George, I hadn't heard from him in ten years You say he fell off the wharf?"

"Yes; he was piling lumber, and his footing gave away and he went into the water."

"Did he fall quite easy?"

"I guess so. I dont think the fall hurt him any."

"How many times did he rise to the surface before going down to stay?"

"Twice, I think."

"Do you think he had his senses?"

"Oh, yes."

"And from where you stood you could have heard all he said?"

"Oh, yes. I was not a hundred feet away."

"Now then," continued old John as he braced up and got a new hold of his shovel-handle, "will you answer me something in confidence?"

"I will."

"Then, sir, tell me if my poor brother hurrahed for Hancock or Garfield before he went down the last time?"

This struck the stranger for a minute, but he answered by saying that George didn't hurrah for either of the candidates as he heard.

"Maybe not—maybe not," sighed the old man—"maybe he was what they call on the fence and didn't know whether to yell with the Dimocrats or holler with the Rep-ublicans! Poor George! I'm a bit sorry he didn't put himself on record!"

### Torpedo Balloons.

A scientific gentleman warns the country and the Government, of a new and terrible engine of war that may possibly come into use and against which New York would be utterly defenceless. It is the torpedo balloon. A vessel lying out of reach of any of the forts, could take advantage of favoring breezes to set adrift, without aeronauts, small balloons, each carrying fifty pounds of nitro-glycerine, the explosive to be dropped by a well known and cheap mechanical contrivance at such time as may be determined upon after the distance and the velocity of the wind have been estimated. It will readily be seen that a vessel barely in sight of land, and after only the rudest calculations could not send out any such fiendish missiles without doing great damage to life and property somewhere within the great area covered by New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City. It is poor comfort to think that other large cities of the world are equally exposed to such terrors, and even London and Paris are not far enough from the seaboard to escape harm. A general agreement between civilized Powers, such as was made regarding explosive bullets, should promptly nip this danger in the bud, but until this is done the safety of New York, Boston, Savannah, Charleston and other seaboard cities should be secured against such dangers by the strengthening of our navy to an extent that would allow a strong force to patrol the waters outside our important seaports, keeping dangerous visitors at a distance or disposing of them at sight. At present, our naval force is so small and scattered that the most insignificant Power that owns a single war ship and chose to be ugly, could, in a few hours, destroy property costing as much as fifty new naval vessels would.

### Science at Dinner.

*Nature* describes and illustrates a simple experiment involving the elementary principle of the centre of gravity which is capable of evoking roars of laughter at a dinner table If a dish of snipe has been served up, the head with its long beak may be fixed in a cork; and then two forks being thrust into the sides of the cork and a needle having been fixed into the lower end of it, the cork can be balanced upon a coin laid on the top of a wine bottle, and can be spun slowly around while the snipe's head nods at the various members of the company in turn, and finally stops opposite one of them. By making a slit at the bottom of this cork, putting in a silver quarter, and balanceing this upon the point of a needle which rises out of another cork in the neck of the bottle the apparently impossible feat of spinning a twenty-five cent piece on the point of a needle can be performed with the greatest ease.

### Frog and Dobber Fishing.

Henry Strader is a conductor of the Erie Railway. Like Judge Ridgway of Lackawaxen, he is an enthusiastic lover of the art of angling. Unlike the great Lackawaxen fisherman, whose fondest delight it is to lure the pouting-lipped but somewhat plastic sucker to his toils he finds his supremest pleasure in casting the treacherous fly that tempts the obstreperous black bass to its death. The hot weather has greatly interfered with Mr. Strader's indulgence in his favorite piscatorial pastime, there being a little more work in it than he is constitutionally capacitated to endure with the thermometer at ninety degrees.

"If somebody would get up an attachment to a rod that would throw the fly and land the fish," said he, the other day, "he'd make an independent fortune. I'd get one and go out and bring in a tubful of bass this afternoon."

"Attachment be busted!" said Charley Lockwood the engineer. "Why don't you just put a good-sized dobber on your line, get some young frogs for bait and still-fish for 'em? With that tackle and bait you can bet you hold the winnin' hand agin anything the whole caboodle o' black bass in the Delaware can pick up agin you."

Strader said he didn't much believe in bait fishing, but he wanted some bass and he'd try the frog and dobber. He gave a boy a quarter to get him a couple of dozen of young frogs. They were nice little green fellows, two inches long. Hank bought