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B. F. SCHWEIER, THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS. Editor and Proprietor.

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BY THE SEA.

Tired with the struggle,
With the ceaseless needs of life;
Tired of the petty jar,
Of the toil and strife;
Of the doubt and of the fear,
Of the care that haunts us here;
Of the fever and the fretting,
Useless dreaming, vain regretting,
Baffled aim, ungranted prayer,
Chate and turmoil everywhere—
With a vague unseeing sight,
She looked on the September night.

Broad and vast before her,
Spreading leagues away,
Hushing in the hush of night,
Gray beneath the gray,
Light winds ruffling on her breast,
Lay the sea in solemn rest,
Bright and wide the pathway showed
Where the harvest moonlight glowed,
Reaching from the silent land,
By the great horizon spanned,
Where sky and sea together blend,
Where our dim sweet fancies tend.

To the golden glory
Came a little bark.
Shone in it for a moment,
Then gliding into dark.
So in a dull life's hours and days
A child's fresh laugh, a word of praise,
A flower, a smile, a gentle duty,
Or a thought of peace and beauty,
Over the arid waste may fling
A light all pure and glistening,
Where a sad heart may rest and win
New strength, new conflicts to begin.

FLEEING FROM A FORTUNE.

The sun rose propitiously bright on Grace Sylvester's wedding morn; the air was balmy, the sky blue, and all nature seemed in sympathy with the happy day. Presently a stir awoke in the household that soon swelled into a murmur of consternation. The bride was missing. Some one had gone to her chamber to awaken her and found it empty. Immediately a search was instituted, which proved fruitless. The bridegroom was sent for, but he could offer no explanation; like the parents, he was distracted with anxiety.

Grace Sylvester was a proud, impulsive girl, with a warm heart and impetuous temper. She was an only child, and somewhat spoiled, as was natural; but nothing that could be imagined or adduced could account for this unheard of freak; she had not even fastened a note on the toilet-cushion as a key to the mystery, after the custom of heroines. For a week previous to this now unlucky day, the Sylvester mansion had continuously opened its hospitable portals to arriving guests. Friends and relations of Mr. Frank Howard, the expectant bridegroom, crowded to do honor to the occasion, which the Sylvester connection were no less eager to embellish with their presence. This singular occurrence, therefore, could not possibly be preserved a secret, and the chagrined and distracted host and hostess had all the added misery of knowing that their daughter's inexplicable flight was the subject of all sorts of surmises and discussions, by those who, in set phrase, endeavored to condole with them, and at the same time hint at insanity as the only solution of such an unprecedented freak.

But a special gleam was soon destined to illuminate the darkness. Grace had not been unmindful of her dear parents, nor of her devoted lover, a letter addressed to the former had been dropped by her in the post-office. It was brief, and evidently written under the pressure of excitement; but even in its fragmentary haste, Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester could trace their daughter's tenderness; and her lover, despite the undispelled mystery of its tone, took consolation from it. Its contents may be rendered thus:

She had left of her own free will and unaccompanied, though she admitted that she would be met at her journey's end by a worthy guardian, in whose care she would remain, and who, at the expiration of a week, would bring her home again; until then, she begged they would wait for her explanation, and above all forgive any pain or annoyance her hasty disappearance had caused.

This epistle, though gratefully received, since it assured them of her safety, was not, of course, entirely satisfactory to her parent and lover. Despite her promise to return, they could not remain quiet till the expiration of the time named, but sought her in every place; but, as was evident from the security of her retreat, Grace did not mean to be found till after the interval she had named. One by one, or in small parties, as they had come, the wedding guests departed. They carried to their own houses a charmingly inexhaustible theme for gossip and wonderment. Every one held a separate solution and theory and the subject promised to be one of unusual variety and entertainment. But only one of them possessed any clue to the truth—and she, sly, insidious plotter that she was, had laid a train whose success promised even beyond her hope. She watched its development in silence. It was not her one to speak, but to await the fulfilment of her design, and so she lingered, professing the intensest sympathy for all, and at the same time contriving to bestow most of it on Frank Howard, her distant cousin.

This young lady, May Prescott by name, had long been hopelessly in love with her cousin Frank. She knew that his heart was devoted to another, but had never had an opportunity of seeing her rival till the generous and unsuspecting Grace, wishing to give both her and Frank pleasure, had asked her by letter to be one of her bridesmaids.

May's darling object was then gained. She had unlimited faith in her own power of creating discord, and had secretly resolved to separate the lovers and win Frank for herself, even at the eleventh hour.

Her first interview with Grace convinced her that ardent and impulsive generosity were the strong points of her character. On these she acted.

"How oddly the gifts of fate are distributed," said she with a sigh as they were talking together the night before the wedding; "one would think it was enough to get a beautiful wife without grasping at a great fortune, too; but then Frank always had a keen eye for the main chance."

Grace's face flushed a deep, indignant crimson; her full, bright eyes flashed with sudden anger as she looked at May Prescott steadily,

"Pray explain yourself, Miss Prescott," she said, "I do not understand you in the least."

"What! Have you never heard of the will of Frank's eccentric old Uncle Paul? But I am sorry; perhaps I have done wrong in mentioning it. No doubt he meant to deceive you—no, no! I don't mean that—I mean perhaps he did not wish you to know."

She affected to be overcome with confusion at her own inadvertence, and pretended to regret having said so much. Grace quietly but firmly demanded to know all.

"You have said too much to recede," she exclaimed, "tell all there is to tell."

This was just the opportunity May desired. She arose to see that the door was closed: then, satisfied that she and Grace were alone together, she poured in to her victim's ear the story, whose result was Grace's flight from home.

The week passed anxiously enough to the three people who were awaiting the wayward bride's return. The appointed day came, and early in the morning a carriage stopped before the Sylvester mansion, and Grace alighted from it, followed by an old nurse, of whom she had always been fond, and whose presence explained the fact that Grace had been staying in her home, not five miles away. Grace walked into the house with an air of mingled triumph and deprecation. After the strange greetings were over, Mr. Sylvester, with attempted sternness, demanded the promised explanation and this was the story:

"The night before my wedding day, I learned from some one who thought I already knew it, that Frank was about to inherit $100,000 upon a very strange condition. His uncle had died and left that amount to him, provided he married me within a year after the testator's death."

"I had never seen this uncle, but as I learned from my informant, he had met me by chance in one of the New York hospitals, and after taking the trouble to inquire my name, and no doubt satisfying himself of the suitability of the connection, he made up his eccentric mind that Frank should marry me, or lose a large fortune in the event of disobeying his command.

"Now, though I am deeply obliged for the distinguished honor meant me by the deceased, I positively decline to be bartered away to any one at a stated price.

"It was sufficiently embarrassing to me to know that the old gentleman was attracted by a whim of mine, and mistook it for characteristic virtue. The fact is, during that winter—my first in New York—I was seized with a fancy to vary my round of pleasures by an afternoon among the sick, to whom I carried the ever-welcome gift of fruits and flowers, and it was while I was distributing these offerings that the matrimonial project occurred to Frank's uncle.

"Do you not understand, and can you not sympathize with me? Had I remained here, no explanation could have altered the case, and I should inevitably have become Frank's bride, under circumstances alike painful to my love of truth and selfrespect. I have always declared that I would be loved for myself alone, not for qualities I did not possess, nor the money of a whimsical old gentleman."

She drew a long breath as she finished her recital, and held out her hand with her own winning frankness.

"The last week of the year expired yesterday," she said, with an unmistakable sparkle of triumph in her handsome eyes. "If you take me now, Frank, it must be all for love. There's no longer any money in the question."

"With all my heart!" cried the indulgent lover. "Since you have come back to me of your own free will, and have no further objections to make to our union, I consider myself one of the happiest and most fortunate of bridegrooms."

He caught Grace's pretty, unreluctant hand in his and pressed it rapturously to his lips, with a smile quite as triumphant as her own and a glance whose intense and mischievous meaning was not explained until after the quiet wedding, at which May Prescott was the guest, for Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester's prudence and worldly wisdom still condemned their impulsive daughter's escapade, though their partial tenderness forgave her.

"You have chosen poverty in preference to wealth," they said, "and so must be content to do without the grand wedding we had contemplated."

Grace submitted with the best humor possible; she had tested Frank's love and gained her own end, and all was bright before her inexperienced eyes

After the wedding, Frank asked his bride:

"Are you quite satisfied with your choice of poverty and glad that your marriage occurred to-day instead of a week ago?"

"I am perfectly delighted," Grace answered.

"Will you take a little wedding gift from me, as I have not yet presented you with one?" Frank asked meekly.

"With pleasure," Grace answered, as she extended her hand, expecting to receive a jewel case. But instead of that, a ponderous legal document was produced, at which Grace gazed in blank surprise.

Then Frank explained that, despite Miss Prescott's kind interest in their affairs, the fortune was not lost, as she had made a slight miscalculation in dates; and his uncle's discordment in selecting so charming a wife for him had made him the happiest of men.

May Prescott's chagrin at the failure of her conspiracy, and the delight of Grace's parents at her good fortune can easily be imagined.

Grace bore her partial defeat with charming equanimity, as she was quite convinced, by some mental process of her own, that she had her husband's love. So she was reconciled to the possession of a fortune!

The Farmers' Need.

The great need of our farmers is understanding. We use this word as distinct from knowledge, intellect, education or wisdom, or rather, as embracing them all and more. A liberal education—by which we mean a knowledge of the so called higher branches, as mathematics, philosophy, astronomy and the classics—while it may render a farmer no less fitted for his business, is not really essential. The rudiments of an education, embracing reading, writing and arithmetic, well founded and understood, go a great way towards furnishing one with all that is absolutely necessary for a worker of the soil. The rest may come through, the schools or through observation, logical and practical deduction, and experiments.

Knowledge is desirable, but of little use to him who knows not how to apply it. Intellect sets man above the brute, and the one man above his fellows; but the most intellectual man is not always, or often, the most successful in his undertakings. Education is not to be despised; but its possessor may not always know how best to use it, and the wise man may often learn from the ignorant one much that will be to his advantage in the lower walks of life.

We would say nothing tending to influence the agriculturist to neglect the acquisition of any or all forms of useful knowledge and culture, but we would endeavor to impress upon him the fact that they may be like fertilizing principles that exist in nature in a state that render them of no use, because they are not in a condition to make food for, he assimilated by, plants. Understanding is that which enables their possessor to make them of service in his every-day life, and as a small amount of fertilizer judiciously applied, may be of more real service than a large quantity used at random, so a little learning that can or used is better than scholastic acquirements with an unpractical mind. So, get education, knowledge and wisdom when thou canst, "but with all thy gettings get understanding."

No Sale of Turkey.

Every body knows that Light street wharf, Baltimore, has a reputation for a standard of prices for the necessaries of life, but a few days ago a little incident occured in that locality, which "riled" a commission merchant to a considerable degree, notwithstanding his familiarity with the usual limited idea of his customers. He was on one of the steam boat piers, where he had a lot of live turkeys in coop, when a fellow came along and inquired:

"How much are your turkeys?"

"Eight cents," replied the dealer.

The questioner hesitated a moment and then said:

"Gimme a dozen nice ones."

The commission man plunged into the pile of coops, and after a deal of trouble selected twelve of the best in the lot.

"There they are," he remarked, as he finally secured them in a coop for delivery.

The would-be buyer thrust his hands into the depths of his pantaloons pocket and withdrew it filled with a jingling mass of silver and copper coins. Imagine the dealer's surprise, rage and disgust when the man counted but the sum of ninety-six cents which he tendered him as payment for the fowls. The only error was that the man had mistaken the price per pound for the price per turkey. It is scarcely necessary to add that the sale of the turkeys was not consummated with that party.

Cards and Croquet.

One day we rode fifty miles in a railway car, seated behind four men who were playing with those awful playthings of the devil—cards. They played euchre until they were tired of it. They played a little sevenup, pedro, and occasionally a trifle of poker. We never heard a dispute. Their bursts of merriment occasionally, at some unexpected play, repeatedly drew our eyes from our book. They never quarrelled, and never called names once. After we got out at the station, we sat at the window and watched a party of young men and maidens playing croquet. In fifteen minutes we saw two persons cheat successfully. We heard the one player who did not cheat accused of cheating five times. We heard four distinct bitter quarrels. We heard a beautiful young girl tell two lies, and a meek-looking young man three; and, finally, we saw the young girl throw her mallet against the fence so hard that it frightened a horse; the other young girl pounded her mallet so hard on the ground that it knocked the buds off an apple tree; they both fanged into the house at different doors, and the two young men looked shrepish and went off after a drink. Now, why is this?

Bathing In Excess.

A question has just come before the Manchester city council, England, which has interest for every town where public baths exist. It is found during hot weather that many of the bathers remain in the water and unconscionable long time—several hours at a stretch sometimes. This is said to be especially the habit of feminine bathers, to the great danger of their health. In one instance, a girl actually lost the use of her limbs, and in many others illness of one sort of another has been traced to this over indulgence. At the Manchester baths printed notices are posted up, prescribing half an hour as the maximum time. These, however, are sat at naught, and what may be "picking" goes on just as if there were no regulations to the contrary. We have little doubt the officials connected with the public baths of the metropolis could tell a similar tale if so minded. Perhaps, therefore, some good would come from distributing among bathers printed warnings as to the consequences that result from over bathing. Loss of strength, drowsiness, hepatic derangement, and, we believe, heart complaints are among the results of the practice when frequently resorted to. It is, we think, more through ingnorance of any harm resulting than out of dowaright perversity, that this foolish excess in bathing has come to be so general. Of course, there are some constitutions that can stand anything; and here and there a Webb or a Beckwith is to be found, to whom long immersion in water is, apparently, innocuous. And even these amphibious beings like to have the water warm—a condition which does not obtain at public baths during summer time.

How To Cleanse Mica.

Every woman who has been obliged to spend half a day several times during the winter cleaning the mica in her coal stove, usually by taking them out and washing them in soapsuds, will rejoice to know that there is no need to take them out or let the fire burn very low in order to do it successfully. Take a little vinegar and water and wash the mica carefully with a soft cloth, the acid removes all stains, and if a little pains is taken to thoroughly clean the corners and wipe them dry, the mica will look as good as new. If the stove is very hot, tie the cloth to a stick, and so escape the danger of burning your hands. It is a great care to see that stoves are kept in proper order, and not many servants can be trusted to do it as it should be done. The task might be made somewhat easier by choosing stoves which are not too highly ornamented; unless the trimmings are kept absolutely spotless and bright, which is very difficult thing to accomplish, they cannot lay the least claim to being ornamental; indeed, a stove which by reason of its excessive decoration is rendered the most prominent feature of the room demanding the attention the moment one enters, is certainly in bad taste. A clean well polished stove, with graceful shape, which fulfils the end of its being heating the house, is all that a stove should be. The fire may be, as it has been, called the soul of the rooms, but it ought not to ask too much attention to its body.

Telegraph Posts and Animals.

Herr Nielson the director of the Norwegian telegraphs, recently published some curious facts which have come under his observation. Wherever the telegraph wires were carried through the forrest twenty years ago the wolves disappeared and have not since returned. Of course this may be due to other causes, or to accident; but it has always been popularly believed that, no matter how famished wolves may be, a slight fence made merely with a cord stretched between two posts will drive then back. Another singular thing is that the vibration which the wind striking the wires, conveys to the posts, appears to be mistaken by woodpeckers for the working of worms inside the posts. The birds, therefore, peck at the posts near the insulators until they destroy them; and one was shown at the electrical exhibition with a hole thus made quite through it and large enough to admit the hand and arm. Another circumstance is that the stones of the mounds which steady the posts were constantly found scattered in all directions while the posts themselves were knocked about. This was long a mystery until the marks of bears' paws were observed on the ground. The theory is that the noise made by the wires in the wind is mistaken by the bear for the humming of bees, and that he does the mischief in trying to get at the honey.

A Female Knight of Pythias.

A woman of Bay City, Michigan, disguised herself as a man and clerked in a store for a year, and then applied for membership in the Knights of Pythias and was initiated. During the work of the Third Degree her sex was discovered. It seems that in the Third Degree they have an India rubber rat and a celluloid snake, which run by clockwork inside, and which were very natural indeed. The idea is to let them run at the candidate to see if he will flinch. When the snake ran at the girl she kep her nerve all right, but when the rat tried to run up her trousers leg she grabbed her imagaginary skirts in both hands and jumped onto a refrigerator that was standing near, (which is used in the work of the Fourth Degree), and screamed bloody murder. The girl is a member of the order, however, and there is no help for it. This affair may open the eyes of members of secret societies and cause them to investigate. One lodge here, we understand, takes precautions against the admission of woman by carefully examining the feet of the applicants. If the feet are cold enough to freeze ice cream the candidate is blackballed.

Tossed by a Mad Buffalo.

A buffalo hunter writes as follows, there was no time to be lost, as I was not more than forty yards from him; so reining in with a jerk and turning the horse at the same instant broad-side on I raised my gun, intending to put a ball, if possible, just between his neck, and shoulders, which, could I have done so, would either have knocked him down or at any rate made him swerve; but my horse, instead of standing steady, as he had always done before, now commenced walking forward, though he did not appear to take any notice of the buffalo. There was no time to put my hand down and give another wrench to the bridle (which I had let fall on the horse's neck) and for the life of me I could not get a sight with the horse in motion.

A charging buffalo does not take many seconds to cover forty yards, and in another instant his outstretched nose was within six feet of me, so, lowering the gun from my shoulder, I pulled it off in his face, at the same time digging the spurs into my horse's sides, but it was too late, for even as he sprang forward the old bull caught him full in the flank pitching him, with me on his back, into the air like a dog. The recoil of the heavily-charged elephant gun with which I was unluckily shooting, twisted it clean out of my hands, so that we all, horse, gun and man, fell in different directions. My horse retained his feet and galloped away immediately.

The buffalo on tossing the horse, had stopped short, and now stood with his head towered within a few feet of me. I had fallen in a sitting position and facing my unpleasant-looking adversary I could see no wound on him so must have missed, though I can scarsly understand how, as he was very close when I fired. However I had not much time for speculation, as the old brute, after glaring at me a few seconds with sinister -looking, bloodshot eyes, finally made up his mind and with a grunt, rushed at me. I threw my body out flat around the ground to one side and just to avoid the upward thrust of his horns; receiving however a severe blow on the left shoulder with the round part of it, nearly dislocating my right arm with the force with which my elbow was driven against the ground and receiving also a kick on the instep with one of his feet. Luckily for me he did not turn again as he most certainly would have done had he been wounded, but galloped clean away. The first thing to be done was to look after my horse, and at about 150 yards from where he had been tossed I found him. The buffalo had struck him full in the left thigh; it was an awful wound, and as the poor beast was evidently in the last extremity, I hastily loaded my gun and put him out of his misery. There I was, left alone and uninjured, with only my gun for company and the nob-backed buffalo cantering away toward the horizon.

Hunting the Wild Boar in Connecticut.

"Wild boar hunting in Connecticut," said an old Windham County farmer recently, "is something I never expected to see in my day. Nevertheless, it is a solid fact that can't be denied." The farmer's assertion is true. The finest and most exciting sports in Windham County this fall and winter has been hunting wild hogs. In the town of Ashford there is an extensive tract of sterile land that is nearly all a wilderness. Large forests cover the lofty hills, and in the hollows are impassable swamps, quagmires, and dense thickets, and along the hillsides rocky caves. In this district live and breed and are hunted the wild hogs. How the hogs came there is a question; but it is the general belief that they are the offspring of a litter of pigs that strayed away from the farm of Mr. Bosworth several years ago, and became wild. Their number now is variously estimated at from fifty to seventy-five head; and at certain seasons they do much mischief, prowling around the farms and out-houses at nihgt and rooting up fields of crops. They have returned to savagery. They are described as long-bodied and lean, covered with coarse, black bristles, and are ferocious and formidable antagonists. Their tusks are long, sharp and curved. They lurk in the coverts of the woods, feeding on nuts and forest twigs, and when disturbed rush out with a loud snort, and run with the swiftness of the wind. They have long since been voted a common enemy, and every hunter earns the gratitude of the farmers by shooting them. The hunters don't like to go alone to meet the hogs, but, well-armed with breach-loading rifles, or guns loaded with buckshot, go in strong parties.

About the middle of October was the first hunt of this year, and several hogs were killed after a fierce conflict, and brought into the village of Ashford amid great rejoicing. The carcasses were completely perforated with buckshot. Since then several other parties have tried the sport, but in each case the game was too wary to hazard a battle or too swift for the hunters. In one instance a big hog, with flaming eyes and erect bristles, started up out of a thicket just ahead of the hunters and dashed off in full view of the sportsmen, who were too astonished to shoot.

Recently the most formidable and elaborate hunting expedition of the year set out from Brooklyn, Windham County. There were nine men, all armed with breach loading rifles. A double wagon loaded with munitions of war, and drawn by a pair of heavy horses, conveyed them to the field. A small and lively domestic pig was carried along for a decoy. A drizzling rain was falling, and the ground slippery. The party tramped all day through the wet underbrush, going over thirty miles, and got not a glimpse of a wild hog. The domestic pig was a complete failure as a decoy. It was intended to take the youthful animal into a part of the forest frequented by the hogs, and to have one of the party secreted in the bush press it to his breast. It was expected that the pig would squeal agonizingly in return, and attract the wild swine to the spot. The man with the pig secreted himself, according to the requirements of the programme, and squeezed the animal viciously, but it would not squeal. He then tried to coax it to sound a note of appeal; he pinched its ear and trod on its tail, but not a sound would the pig utter. The party accordingly put the animal in a bag, and late in the afternoon, footsore and disgusted, rolled home in their two-horse vehicle. Their entry in the village was greeted with shouts of derision, and the price of tame pork rose a cent and a quarter per pound.

The St. Gothard Tunnel.

Six hours in the bowels of the earth, attended with as severe physical exertion as I ever went through in the same space of time; six hours in an atmosphere rapidly alternating between the heat of an oven and the clammy chill of a wet morning in late October, beside being thickly impregnated with the smell of exploded dynamite and the greasy, sickening smoke from innumerable oil lamps of the most primitive construction; in addition no slight percentage of danger from being crushed by passing trains or single trucks loaded with building material or *debris* knocked in the head by the pick of some vigorous workman, unseen and unseeing in the gloom or brained by a stone from the arched roof, loosened by an explosion of dynamite in the floor below—such are the necessary experiences to be gone through by any individual desirous of obtaining a thorough knowledge of the present condition of this most gigantic enterprise.

On arriving in the Alpine village fo Goschenen the traveler who has visited the western frontier districts of America will be struck with resemblance of this place to the settlements in the western wilds which are just beginning to assume the garb of civilization. Regularly built stone houses and hotels are surrounded by wooden shanties of simple, unplaned board construction, with the interiors fitted with rough tables, benches and sleeping bunks for the accommodation of the workmen in the Swiss end of the tunnel. The engineer's office of the tunnel division is a small, barren looking room, in which I found Monsieur Zollinger, in charge of this portion of the line, who not only readily acceded to my request to visit the tunnel, but volunteered to take me with him on his tour of inspection, which he repeats four times per week. At 2 P. M. I was shown into a grimy room containing a bench, rough washstand and a grating, behind which a stock of dingy clothing was hanging. This was the "dressing-room," where necessary preparations are made before entering the yawning mouth of the tunnel. I had put on my long war boots, and with a water proof coat considered myself capitally equipped for any subterranean exploration. To my surprise, M. Zollinger directed me to doff my waterproof as well as my coat, felt hat and tie. M. Zollinger himself donned a rough garb, and then needed his spectacles to even faintly distinguish him from any ordinary "navvy." With a greasy cap and well-oiled and tarred blue linen blouse. I mounted the little locomotive which was to transport our train to the point where the compressed air locomotive would relieve it. As we scrambled into the corners of the dirty machine, I could not help contrasting M. Zollingers equipment and means of making his rounds of inspection with those which an American engineer would have sported in like circumstances. The latter would have invented a natty dress, suitable for the work, yet readily distinguishable from the workman's garb; then he would have had a light steel handcar, with cushioned seats for three persons, and cranks for two men to work the machine behind him. This car could be easily lifted off and on the track when trains were encountered, and the engineer would have made his rounds in one quarter the time and with one-tenth the physical wear and tear of the St. Gothard member of the fraternity.

The tunnel is perfectly straight from end to end, and the engineers met each other so accurately that their centre lines were within a hand's breath of an exact coincidence. As the headings approached each other the explosions of dynamite were distinctly audible through nearly 400 metres (1.325 feet) of intervening rock. The total length is 15 kilometres 9 1 3 miles). The grade ascends uniformly from Goschenen to the summit of the tunnel, which is 1,154 metres above the sea level, and 45 metres (148½ feet) above Goschenen, while it is only nine metres above the mouth at Airolo. The ascent from Goschenen to the summit is 5:82 per cent, while the descent to Airolo is 1.25 per cent. The summit of the tunnel is 300 metres (990 feet) below the surface at Andermatt, and 2,000 metres (6,000 feet) beneath the peak of Kastelhorn of the St. Gothard group. This tunnel summit is 1,154 metres, the Mont Cenis tunnel summit is 1.338 metres, and the Pacific railway summit is 2,513 metres above the sea level. There are no air shafts in the St. Gothard tunnel, the two entrances being the only openings. When the mechanical operations cease inside, and the many existing obstructions to a free passage of air, such as scaffoldings, heaps of debris and unfinished parts near the centres are done away with, there will be nothing unpleasant in the passage through this tremendous tunnel, which is 2 700 metres (1¾ mile) longer than through Mont Cenis.

The engineers assert that the tunnel will be ready for traffic by the 1st of January although the whole line from Lucerna to Biasca will not be opened until next July. Although the great enterprise is successfully approaching completion, and that is the best evidence of good management there is room for some improvement in what may be called the niceties of construction. The means of access to the tunnel could be advantageously improved. There is too much delay in getting the shifts of men to their work, much valuable time being lost at the points where they have to change trams. Another thing struck me as being desirable. There was a certain absence of clearing up in the completed portions of the tunnel, and this, of course, necessitates needless expense in sending gangs of men to places where there should be nothing to do. There is nothing to prevent the ballasting being finished wherever the tunnel is completed, and the temporary track, transferred to this improved surface, would be much safer, and fewer accidents, with consequent loss of life and money, would occur. There is also an absence of scientific methods of lighting the great passage. Money would have been saved by a more general system of illumination. In fact the general impression made upon a foreign professional mind is that of "main strength and awkwardness" to a greater extent than one would expect to find in this highly inventive and suggestive age. There is no doubt in my mind that a large majority of the cases of injury to the employes has been due to the absence of a general systen of lighting the tunnel, and of those more scientific details embraced in my phrase of 'the niceties of construction.'

—The Average pay of the St. Louis school teacher is $615 51 a year.

What Was It?

He is a man with a light beaver overcoat on. He drives a white horse and top buggy, and all of a sudden he stops in the middle of the street and look fixedly at his horse. In two minutes fifty people line the curbstone.

"What's the matter?"

"Balky."

A man steps out to seize the bridle, and start the horse, but the driver shakes his head and motions him away

"I'll bet he's an ugly brute."

"Of course he is. Look at that ugly eye of his!"

The crowd has now been increased by fifty, and several vehicles have stopped.

"Anybody hurt?"

"No; balky horse."

"Why doesn't some one whisper in his ear?"

Four men stepped out to give advice, but they are hastily motioned back, and a livery stable man in the crowd observes:

"It that horse doesn't kill two or three men here I shall be much mistaken."

Three minutes more and the crowd numbers two hundred. The man with the gray horse looks up and down the street, braces his feet, takes a firm grip on the lines and softly says:

"Come, Peter."

And Peter drops his head, dangles his ears, and moves off as slowly and softly as a river of grease.

"What was it?" calls a man who has run four blocks and is puffing like a whale.

But there is no one to answer him. The crowd has dissolved like a handful of sugar in a barrel of water. It is very mysterious, and the crowd doesn't enjoy the climax at all.

I'm Out To-Morrow.

A piteable and interesting case was that of young McCarty, as the name appeared on the register, at Sing-Sing prison New York. This was an alias, however. McCarty had been sent to prison for two years for stealing. He was suffering from consumption when received. The poor fellow lay in his cot. He was undoubtedly in the last stages of his disease, and had an intelligent face and good brow. He was apparently above thirty years of age. The Warden stepped slowly up to his cot.

"Well McCarty almost through?" the Warden asked in a quiet way.

"Yes, Warden, this is the last ay, I'm out to morrow." McCarty replied, his voice scarcely above a whisper.

"How do you feel?"

"Oh, I'm stronger."

"What are you going to do?"

"God only knows, Warden. I've got $15 left. But how long will that keep me? I suppose I must go to New York. If somebody only knew of my case and would give me $5 to help me on to Philadelphia I could do something there. I could earn $3 a day there. God knows I don't want to be driven to stealing again." He spoke with broken breath, almost gasping out part of his speech.

"Are you strong enough to go?" the Warden asked.

"Yes, I'm going. My legs are heavy, and they won't work very well, but I'm going. If I only had an overcoat it would protect me from the cold I'm afraid of the raw air. Do you think, Warden," he asked, appealingly, "that there might be an old overcoat ying around that I could have?"

"Don't give yourself any trouble about that McCarty. I'll see you are fixed out with everything you want."

"Thank you, Warden, thank you,"

A bright light shone in McCarty's eye He was evidently thinking of the morrow.

"So, then," the Warden said again to McCarty, as he moved away, "you are bound to go to morrow."

"Yes, Warden. Only let me get outside the walls, outside the walls," McCarty was left smiling at the thought of "only getting outside the walls," "Poor fellow," exclaimed the Warden when he had moved away. "I'm afraid he won't ever get outside the walls alive, stronger? He's growing weaker and weaker. It's strange what a fascination it has for him to get outside the walls."

McCarty had not a friend in the world nor was there any one to take any interest in him.

Roast Armadillo.

On the Isthmus of Panama the tapir and sloth are eaten by the Indians, who also consider the agouti and other small rodents great delicacies. In Paraguay the capybara, a great amphibious guinea pig as big as an ordinary porker, is a standard dish, and throughout the whole of South America, roast armadillo is highly esteemed, and may be seen in all the cafes and restaurants of the cities turned on their scally backs, feel uppermost, and the interior filled with a rich sauce compose of lemon and spices—much too greasy for my palate, though the flavor of the animal itself is delicious. I have tasted monkey and parrot in Mexico, and found both very dry and insipid, but I am given to understand that the bird is not to be despised if properly dressed. That most malodorous marsupial, the opossum, is recognized as an article of food in Rio Grand do Sul, and other provinces which it inhabits, where, however, they bury it in the earth until the flesh is free from its chaacteristic offensive smell before cooking it. Its cousin, the dasyure, is treated in the same way in Australia, where it shares the honors of the table with the kangaroo.

—There are 2 3 women in Boston worth a million dollars each.

NEWS IN BRIEF

—Six hundred lions were killed at one show given by the Roman Pompey.

—The timber on Prince Wittgenstien's estate in Russia is estimated at $5,000,000.

—Archimedes invented a screw for facilitating irrigation in Egypt, B C. 250.

—The first altar mentioned in Scripture was erected by Noah, after the flood

—Margaret Gordon (Lady Bannerman) is said to have been Carlyle's first love.

—Miss Maggie Blaine, daughter of the ex-Secretary, is pursuing her studies in Paris.

—A boy living in Bangor, Me, is five years old and weighs less than six pounds.

—General Joshua L. Chamberlain, of Maine is passing part of the winter in Florida.

—T. F. Burges, ex-President of the old Transvaal Republic in South Africa, is dead.

—Gen. Franz Sigel is now a school inspector in the eighth district of New York City.

—There are ten female students in the Homœopathic Medical College, in Cincinnati.

—Sara Bernhardt will receive it is said £20,000 for her engagement at St. Petersburg.

—Gibbon began to write his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" in London, in 1772.

—The assessed valuation of Colorado is $96,059,000, an increase of $23,000,000 since 1880

—Alligator teeth, in Georgia and Florida, are purchased for between $2 and $3 a pound.

—In Moscow the plague introduced by the Turkish army carried off 20,000 victims in a month.

—A new law in Kansas forbids any person to marry within six months after procuring a divorce.

—Captain De Long, of Arctic fame, was an office boy at $3 a week in New York twenty years ago.

—In London *Queen* a lady advertises her wish to exchange her engagement ring for a black fur cape.

—The late Thomas R. Gould, the sculptor, considers his "Cleopatra," now in Boston, his best work.

—During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, in France, guilty animals suffered death on the gallows.

—Complaint is made in some of the rural portions of New Jersey that cider made of drugs is being introduced.

—Peacocks were carefully reared in the island of Samos and sold at such high prices that Varo says they fetched yearly £2,000.

—So great was the desire to see Mrs. Langtry on the stage that some of the audience paid, it is reported, as much as $50 for a stall.

—There is a heavy demand on the United States Treasury for bright new dimes, for bangles. There are none in the Department.

Mr. L. von Faber, proprietor of the famous lead pencil factory at Stein, near Nuremberg, has been made a Baron by the King of Bavaria.

—It is stated as probable that the Duke of Connaught, who has a strong desire to visit India, will be elected for an Indian command.

—One hundred women in this country have offered to go to Ireland to promote agitation there, and a majority are willing to serve without pay.

—Mr George M. Pullman, the originator of the Pullman cars, is about 47 years of age, and said to be worth from $15,000,000 to $20,000,000.

—The Duke of Wellington is President of the British Goat Society, and actively promotes goat keeping among the peasantry on his estates.

—In the city of Denver more than $4,000,000 was expended in the erection of new buildings, and the total assessed valuation of the city shows an increase of $9,460,000.

—The Washington school trustees have, by a vote of thirteen to three, decided against the admission of colored children to the schools attended by white children.

—It is proposed to erect a monument to Sallust at Aquila in the Abruzzi, overlooking the River Aterno—the site of the ancient Amiternum, where the historian was born.

—The school population of Ohio is estimated at 1,046,225. The increase is about 3,000 every year. The average daily attendance in the schools is only forty-six per cent.

—There arrived at New York during 1881 from foreign ports 6929 vessels of which 1953 were steamers; and from domestic ports 11,933 of which 1306 were propelled by steam.

—Eighteen steamboats are now plowing the waters of the St. Johns, Florida, carrying passengers and freight, exclusive of those employed in towing and for logging purposes.

—There is said to be no male descendant of the Sumner family. Its only representatives are the three neices of the great Senator—the daughters of his sister, Mrs. Julia Hastings.

—There is a weekly sale in Paris of toads, which are brought in casks filled with damp moss. One hundred toads are worth from sixty to seventy shillings. These are bought for gardens.

—A company has been formed in Winnipeg to supply Eastern cities with canned frogs. Large canning houses are to be built early in the spring in the vicinity of the town of Whitemouth.

—It is officially announced that the great St. Gothard tunnel will be opened for the regular passage of trains on January 1. The total cost of the work is 56,808,620 francs, or about $11,000,000.

—General George McDonald, now over 97 years old, has the honor of being "father" of the British army. He is colonel of the Bedfordshire Regiment, and entered the army in September, 1805.

—The total value of school property in West Virgina is $1,347,929. The school population is 213,441, the attendance is 91,298. There are 4,327 public school teachers in the State, 117 of whom are colored. The average salary given to teachers is $26.61.

—In the Annual estimation of the value of coins by the Director of the Mints, there are only two changes for 1885 in the values shown by the Treasury circular of January 1st, 1881. The Austrian florin and the Japanese yen are each reduced one mil.