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ERE THE SUN GOES DOWN.

I have work enough to do
Ere the sun goes down,
For myself and kindred too,
Ere the sun goes down.
Every idle whisper stilling,
With a purpose firm and willing
All my daily tasks fulfilling
Ere the sun goes down.

I must overcome my wrath
Ere the sun goes down;
I must walk the heavenly path
Ere the sun goes down;
For it may be death is wending
Hither with the night descending,
And my life will have an ending
Ere the sun goes down.

I must speak the loving word
Ere the sun goes down;
I must let my voice be heard
Ere the sun goes down;
Every cry of pity heeding,
For the injured interceding,
To the light the lost ones leading
Ere the sun goes down!

As I journey on my way,
Ere the sun goes down,
God's commands I must obey,
Ere the sun goes down.
There are sins that need confessing,
There are wrongs that need redressing,
If I would obtain the blessing
Ere the sun goes down.

THE MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

I was spending the most beautiful part of the year at Ross Hall, my usual summer resort; and a gayer, happier company than that which was then around me, I have seldom found. Excursions, picnics, and all manner of enjoyments were continually on the list; and never had time passed so pleasantly before.

One among us, however, seemed to take no interest in our gatherings, or in any of our pleasure parties; and Charles Meredith's coldness and reserve were frequent subjects of comment, especially among the ladies. Young and attractive he certainly was, and possessed of brilliant colloquial powers, which I myself had often tested; for, strange to say, Mr. Meredith had repelled all friendly advances from others, and it was only after many persevering efforts that I finally drew him out of his reserve. Our sameness of pursuits had some influence here, no doubt. We were both artists. I was strongly and irresistebly attracted toward the handsome, energetic enthusiast; and it pleased me greatly to find that in my company, at least, he would throw off the mask of reserve.

When at length I persuaded him to mingle with our little party in the drawing-room, the fascinating young artist soon became a general favorite. I have noticed more than one fair lady's cheek blush with pleasure when Charles Meredith's dark eye flashed into hers; but among all the ladies of our little set he seemed to choose Annie Fay, the merriest little fairy that ever danced upon the earth.

One stormy evening we were sitting in the well-lighted drawing-room, most of us in earnest conversation concerning the "sphere of woman." I noticed that Charles was unusually quiet as the discussion went on, though his eyes were flashing strangely as he listened to their various ideas.

Suddenly I exclaimed to my opponent: "Say what you will, sir, when a woman has once lowered herself from her proper sphere she has lowered herself far in my estimation and respect."

As I said this I turned my gaze full upon Charles Meredith's face as if to ask his opinion. To my terror I saw him spring from his seat with pale face and hands uplifted, as though suffering intense agony. Several gentlemen sprang forward to aid him, when suddenly his arms fell helplessly by his side, and, hastily turning, he left the room."

"Poor fellow," said Annie Fay, "he works so incessantly that it is no wonder he is ill."

Her words were received as sufficient reason for Charles' behavior, and were verified when he returned to offer an apology for his abrupt departure, giving sudden illness as an excuse.

After that Charles Meredith never joined us in the drawing-room again. More reserved than ever, he worked in his room, or with sketch book in hand spent days in rambling over the hills. I now seldom met him, and when I did I was pained and surprised to find that his interest in me seemed entirely gone, so cold and discouraging was his behavior.

"Mr. Meredith has left us," remarked Mrs Ross one morning after we had break-fasted.

"Left us?" I exclaimed. "Where has he gone, and why?"

"I do not know; he gave me no reason," was the answer.

Now that he had gone. I found what a deep hold the dark-eyed boy had taken upon my affections. I recalled his graceful form, his musical voice and sad looks, and regretted keenly that I had not taken greater pains to secure his friendship.

I was walking in the garden one day, just at twilight, and hearing the roll of carriage wheels I approached the front entrance gate. A travelling carriage drew up before me, and as its occupant sprang out and came toward me, I was surprised to find it was Charles Meredith. We entered the house together, but he did not appear at the dinner table. Mrs. Ross was stating how glad she was to see him back again, and how pale and ill he looked when he entered.

The next day the bell was muffled, doors were opened and closed carefully, and the news of Mr. Meredith's dangerous illness flew from mouth to mouth. For a long time his life hung on a thread; but at last our good hostess joyfully told us of his sure recovery. A mighty load seemed to leave my heart, and I now waited anxiously for his appearance. Great was my surprise and disappointment then, when I heard that he had again left. As before, I asked where he had gone; but Mrs. Ross did not seem to hear my question; and I immediately exclaimed to Annie Fay, who stood near me. "It is very strange why Mr. Meredith thus suddenly takes his departure. Have you any idea of the time of his return?"

"He will not return at all, Mr. Brookfield, for he—"

Here Annie suddenly stopped, and casting a quick, confused glance at my face, she turned away. I looked after the little sprite in surprise.

"Why should she know anything of Meredith's affairs?" I thought; "and certainly she does, for she appeared strangely confused."

The next week I packed my trunk and started off also, with no particular determination or destination in view. I visited every studio and art gallery I came across, however, half in search of Charles Meredith and half-despairing of ever seeing him again. My efforts were unavailing. I never met Charles Meredith again.

At last I settled myself in a fine old city, offering me many inducements to remain. Having several influential friends in the place, I soon found myself in the midst of all the fashionable pleasures then in their height. Invitations poured in upon the successful artist, and my time was fully occupied. As I entered my studio one afternoon I found there an invitation to attend an entertainment given by Miss Helen Meredith.

"Perhaps this young beauty and heiress is some connection of Charles," I thought, and accepted the invitation.

The lady was unknown to me by sight, but by report she was no stranger. On the specified evening I entered the brilliant saloons, accompanied by a friend, who presented me to the beautiful hostess. I noticed that the lady turned hastily at the mention of my name; and I fairly started with surprise, for Charles Meredith himself seemed to stand before me; only that the sad, worn look did not rest upon his face, and, amid her surroundings, Miss Meredith seemed peerlessly lovely. She must have noticed my long glance at her face, for her cheek was crimson; and merely speaking my name, she turned away.

I was provoked at myself for allowing a mere resemblance to disturb me so; and then, drawn irresistibly, I turned to look at her again and met her eyes fixed full upon me. She was very pale now; and a strange thrill ran through me as I once more watched the strange resemblance to Charles Meredith.

"Pshaw!" I said to myself, "she must have a brother by that name. That is the reason of it. I shall certainly ask her if such is the case."

During the evening I found an opportunity of doing so; and I was assured that she had no brother.

"That is my sister at the piano, Mr. Brookfield," she said.

I felt rather foolish, and to relieve myself I told the story of my deep interest for Charles Meredith. She listened politely to the end; and then, after a few comments, she requested me to return to the room which we had left. I glanced at the burning cheeks and bright eyes, and then did as she requested.

I went home that night strangely happy, with Miss Meredith's permission to call again still ringing in my ears. I did visit her again, and many times. At first because she remined me so much of the lost Charles Meredith, and, finally, because my heart was in her possession.

A year flew by; and then I asked Helen Meredith to be my wife. She sat very quiet while I was speaking; I could not help noticing how tight her hands were clasped together and how gaspingly came her breath.

Finally, she looked full in my eyes and said, "Before I answer you, Mr. Brookfield, I shall tell you something that may, perhaps, greatly change your mind."

Here she stopped suddenly, and after a great effort continued:

"In a small country town, four years ago, a gentleman died, leaving two daughters to the care of an uncle, who had one son. This uncle, miserly as he was, allowed his nieces, and, indeed, his own son, only the barest necessities of life. The younger of the sisters was an invalid, and needed more than these. This the other soon discovered, as she saw her sister, day by day, approaching the grave. One day she applied to her uncle for assistance, but was roughly told that if she would consent to marry his son more would be done for them than had been hitherto.

"The proposition was, of course, firmly and instantly refused. But, seeing that the persecutions of both father and son would soon be unendurable, the sisters one day left their uncle's roof and betook themselves to a place where they were utterly unknown. For a long time the elder sister sought in vain for employment; and, at last, to avoid further privations and persecutions offered a helpless woman, the high-spirited girl was driven to a novel expedient—that of donning male apparel."

Here the thrilling voice again wavered, and a light was gradually breaking over my mind. But I kept my eyes resolutely upon the floor until she gained courage and proceeded.

The young girl now engaged a room for an artist's studio, and to her joy found that her talents and productions were appreciated. After a short time she was enabled to place her sister at a good school, where her health would be sure to receive proper attention. For a time the young artist labored incessantly, scarcely leaving her canvas, and give herself but few hours of recreation. Part of a summer was spent at a pleasant country place, from which she was recalled by the dangerous illness of her sister. When relieved of anxiety on her ace unt, she returned again to her summer resort, but only to suffer many days of illness caused by overexertion. During the illness the lady of the house proved herself to be a true Christian, and a noble, disinterested woman. Day by day she watched by the sick bed; and to her and a warm hearted girl in the same house, was confined the history of the young, struggling artist.

"After her recovery the young girl learned that a large fortune had been left her by a distant relative. Once more the country place was left behind, and with thankful hearts the two sisters took possession of their ample inheritance. And now, though Helen Meredith earnestly desired Mr. Brookfield's good opinion, and knows that he does not appreciate a woman who has 'once left her proper sphere,' yet she has told him her story, and is ready to hear him speak for himself."

"And I, Helen, having heard your story, and understanding it, wait patiently to hear your answer to my question," I answered, quietly holding out my hand.

"Then you are satisfied with me?" she asked, tremblingly.

"Perfectly, I answered, and her hand was lightly laid in mine.

I had my answer.

A Row in the Jones Family.

This time it is a little out of the usual routine and looks rather serious Bridget, the one faithful servitor and general factotum of the house, has just taken her vacation of two weeks—semi-annual—and gone to visit her sister, Mrs. Mulhooney, and her last words on leaving seemed almost prophetic viewed by the light of subsequent events, as the historians say. "Yese 'll be in a hapo of throuble afore I get back to yese; I feel it in my bones," was her valedictory remark. A successor was installed at once, however, and things seemed to jog along about as usual until one unlucky day, when Jones took it into his head to remark to his wife at table as the dining-room door closed on the new girl:

"Quite a treasure—not a bad-looking girl either, Maria!"

"I don't know what you see good-looking about her," snapped Mrs. Jones. "If you admire red hair and freckles and a snub-nose, why then I suppose she is to your taste."

"I didn't say she was good-looking, did I," asked Mr. J., with dignity, while secretly quaking in his boots. "I remarked that she was not bad looking, by which I meant evil, vicious, etc. I couldn't have told you whether her hair was red or blue!"

He looked so injured that Mrs. Jones hastened to pacify him, and they parted the best of friends, and when he had come home at night he had a little surprise for his wife, though it wasn't just what he had planned, as it turned out. It was Mrs. J.'s wifely habit to run down and open the front door when she saw him coming in the evening, so that he wouldn't have to stand in the dark vestibule and fumble for his latch-key. Jones was in quite a festive mood this evening, owning to "snacks" with a potation after business closed, and as his wife held the door open he skipped in and gave her a rousing smack that might have been heard in the next block.

"Kitchee-kitchee!" he said, playfully; with one arm around her waist—"put a little hand in my overcoat pocket and find a little present there."

But the screams that sounded through the Jones mansion took all the playfulness out of the unhappy man, and as he asked, hollowly; "Maria, what does this mean?" Maria herself appeared in a glare of light at the top of the stairs and saw the wretched Jones and the new girl, and, not realizing that it was all a dreadful mistake, fainted dead away. We are not good at diagnosing the weather in general, but if this domestic squall doesn't result in an elegant new spring wardrobe for Mrs. J., then the world is all hollow and our doll filled with sawdust.

A Clergyman's Dinner.

In a sea-coast village in New Jersey a clergyman lives who has a large family, but whose means are extremely small. The family were one day lately in a sore strait, having no meat for dinner nor means of purchasing any. The clergyman's wife and daughters were in the back yard consulting about the preparation of a meal of vegetables, when a large fish fell into the yard, apparently from the sky, for no one could have thrown it there. It seemed to come so appropriately as to be a special providence, and was in any case thankfully accepted. An explanation of the affair was given afterward by some one who witnessed it. A large fish-hawk had been seen to swoop down to the sea and rise with a large fish in its beak. The hawk rose with difficulty, for the fish was heavy and wriggled violently. At last a vigorous twist freed the fish, which fell to the ground, happily at point where it was very acceptable. The journal relating the incident states that its truth is vouched for by several trustworthy people. If this fish story meanders around much longer through the columns of the press it will probably put the pastor and his family on the brink of starvation, with the fish-hawk opportunely bringing him bluefish as the ravens brought meat to Elijah by the Brook Cherith.

– Mr. Moody proposes to visit Scotland for a short time and then, after a run to Paris, to preach in a number of towns in the south and southwest of England.

Old Jim.

Old Jim Doolittle used to keep a store in Cottonwood, Neb., but he is now out of the business. He was a very peculiar salesman. If a customer, didn't buy everything he looked at, Doolittle regarded him as an open enemy. He took very little stock in the motto: "No trouble to show the goods." In consequence of his peculiar method of transacting business Doolittle's trade dwindled until he was able to enjoy all of that solitude for which his nature seemed to yearn.

One day a lady strayed into Doolittle's store and timidly asked the poor boon of looking at some cheap calicos. Doolittle clung heroically to his nail keg, and kept right on whittling.

"Yer want to look at some prints, do yer?" he snarled.

"If you please," replied the lady.

"Well, now, ef yer air going to buy some, I'll show 'em down; ef yer ain't I don't propose to unlimber the goods and muss up the counter."

The lady fled.

A man from the North Loup stumbled on to Doolittle's store and went in to buy a pair of boots. The stock of men's foot wear was not very extensively sorted up, and every pair the Loup Fork man tried were too small for him. The last pair of split leather kips were mournfully laid aside, and with a sickly smile he said he guessed he had better go somewhere else.

"Then you don't want no boots ter day," snapped Doolittle.

"Yes, I've got to have sum bute, pardner, but it seems these air all too small enough."

"Yer don't act like a man as wanted any boots," said Doolittle, glaring at him like a wounded hen-hawk,

"They're too small, pardner,"

"Don't you call me pardner, you old lantern-jawed snoozer. Yer one of these finicky chaps as can't be suited nowheres, that's what yer air. What do yer have such cussed big feet for, anyway?"

"I guess I'd better be a-going," said the Loup Fork man, pulling on his old pair of moccasins and starting for the door.

"Yer had that, yer splay-footed old mud-dobbler. Here, hadn't you better come back and try on the case! Mebbe it'll fit one of your hog-fat feet."

Something like a crowd gathered in front of Doolittle's store immediately after this colloquy. There seemed to be a kind of theatrical entertainment going on inside. Anon the Loup Fork man would swing something over his head a few times, and then he would fetch the floor a thwack with it which made all the alabaster crockery and nutmeg-graters rattle off the shelves. The floor was strewn with canned peaches, cove oysters, boneless codfish and pants' buttons. The dust was so thick that the excited audience couldn't see exactly what was transpiring within, but from certain ejaculatory sentences overheard it was surmised that some one was trying to sell Doolittle a bill of goods on thirty days' time, five per cent. off for cash. But as he shot out into the heart of the crowd, and lay there in a kind of soft, pulpy condition, his face highly ornamented with displayed ads. and cuts, and a half pint of teeth scattered around him, the assembled multitude reverently made way for a tall stranger who issued from the store minus a hat, with a flushed face and a long rent down the back of his coat

Housekeeping Schools.

There are two interesting "Housekeeping Schools" in the kingdom of Wurtemburg, which have something of the character of a secondary school or college, no girl being admitted to them till she has passed through the ordinary schools. The general aim of the course of lectures and of the practical work at these institutions is the cultivation of "cleanliness, order, punctuality and efficiency in house-work and farm-work." All the work of the house is done by the pupils during the day hours. The evening is devoted to lectures on various subjects, singing and drawing. In both institutions the programme is divided into three branches of instruction housekeeping, woman's work, and continuation of the teaching acquired in the primary school. The first of these branches includes cooking, bread-making, washing, ironing, clothes-making, gardening, the management of all articles of ordinary food, such as milk, fruit, meat, etc. Under the second branch are found the use of the sewing-machine, embroidery and even cobbling, with instruction in the manufacture and character of the various stuffs and materials, such as wool, silk, cotton and lace. The third division embraces mental arithmetic ("head reckoning" as the Germans call it), dictation, book-keeping, singing, and lessons on health. There are two terms in each year, occupying between five and six months, during which the complete course of instruction is carried through from beginning to end. The expense is very slight. From eighty pfennige to one mark (18 to 25 cents) is charged for daily board and lodging, and the fee for the *kursus*, or entire plan of instruction, is only twenty-six marks a term. The success has been so marked that a multiplication of similar institutions is certain.

English Schools.

In England military drill is systematically taught to the boys attending 1,172 day schools; cookery is taught in 300 schools; in 1,187 savings banks have been established; and school libraries in 2,382. The expenditures of the Board Schools are steadily decreasing; the average cost per child throughout England and Wales has diminished during the last six or seven years by more than $1.25.

A High Bridge.

The highest bridge in the world is rapidly approaching completion, over the Kinzua creek, on the line of the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad extension. It is three hundred and seven feet above the creek, and for several hundred feet it is over three hundred feet high. Imagine more than a hundred feet on the Masonic Temple in Philadelphia and it will give a partial idea of the immense height. Its length is twenty-two hundred feet. The Kinzua creek in itself is insignificant, except as a trout stream, but at the railroad crossing there is a precipitous mountain on each side and from one mountain top to the other runs this magnificent example of engineering skill. It is built of wrought iron, manufactured for the purpose at the Phœnixville Bridge Works, on a solid stone foundation, which extends but a few feet above the surface, and the columns, eight inches in diameter, which form the derricks on which rests this immense structure, look very frail. As one runs his eye along the corner posts from beneath he trembles for the first train that passes at that remarkable height.

Through Mr. Kiefer, the engineer in charge, permission was obtained to go out on the finished part, and those only who have been up in a balloon or stood on this bridge can imagine the feeling of awe which strikes the visitor. The view from the bridge is indescribably grand and fear is forgotten when the scene in the valley beneath and the deep, green hills beyond present themselves. The hemlock forest appears like shrubbery. The men scattered about on different parts of the bridge look like so many spiders. I wondered as I gazed that men had the courage to enter into such an undertaking, but it is indicative of the indomitable energy of General Thomas L. Kane, the president of this extension, and the skill of the engineer, O. Chanule, chief engineer of the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad. The cost of the bridge will be in the neighborhood of three hundred thousand dollars. The object of this extension of the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad is to reach the valuable coal fields in Elk and Jefferson counties, and along its route are extensive forests of hemlock, cherry and maple.

A Millionaire's Pets.

W. H. Vanderbilt's great trotting pair, Maud S. and Lysander, are now domiciled at Charter Oak Park. They are in charge of W. W. Bair, under whose guidance Maud S. was developed and by whose driving she has made her most wonderful performances. The stalls occupied by the pair are very large. Opening out of them is a large shed, in which the horses may be allowed still further room for exercise. Maud S. presents a very handsome appearance in the stall and when her blanket is stripped off her soft chestnut coat and exquisite symmetry show to perfection. Since last year she has fattened up considerably and now weighs eighty pounds more than when at Charter Oak Park last. She receives the attention of visitors as a queen should, simply deigning to raise her large Hambletonian head and push forward the ears for which the scions of this line are noted. In the next stall to her is her companion, Lysander, a superb chestnut, fit mate for the great mare. He has proved himself one of the finest horses to pole in the country and although when Mr. Vanderbilt purchased him his record was but 2.20½ on many occasions since he has gone much faster and can trot away down in the teens. The stable equipments which accompany the horses are admirable and attract the attention of all horsemen who see them. Mr. Bair has brought with him the Caffrey sulky which was presented to Maud S. when she made her great time of 2.10½ at Rochester. It is a marvel of the carriage maker's skill and weighs but forty-seven pounds. The wheels are almost like webs and the fastenings are light and strong. There is also a trotting wagon in which the pair will be exercised and a curious vehicle, the first that has ever come to these parts. It is what is known as a Chicago driving cart. The running gear and shafts are similar to those of a village cart. In front and between the shafts is a purse-like arrangement in which the driver's feet are placed. The seat swings back of the axle and is so arranged that the driver's weight just balances the shafts, making the cart very easy on the horse. It is for use on roads and cannot be overturned.

A Baby and a Bear.

Henry Flynn, who resides up in the hills near Inskip, Cal., was in town recently and had the following incident to relate, in which a bear of the cinnamon species abducted his three year-old daughter, not with any desire to harm the child, but through a strange kind of affection. It appears that Mr. Flynn started one morning to take a horse to pasture, about two miles distant from the house, and, as his little girl seemed anxious to go he put her upon the horse's back and let her ride a short distance, perhaps forty rods from the house, where he put her down and told her to run home. He noticed that she continued standing where he left her and, on looking back after going a little further, saw her playing in the sand. He soon passed out of sight and was gone about an hour, expecting of course that the child would return to the house after playing a few moments. On returning home he made inquiry about her of its mother, who said she had not seen her and supposed he had taken her along with him. On going to the spot where he left her he saw huge bear tracks in the sand, and at once came to the conclusion that the child had been carried off by the bear.

The family immediately made search through the forest, which was grown up to almost a jungle, rendering their search very slow. All day these anxious parents searched for traces of their child; nor did they stop when darkness came on, but remained in the woods calling the lost one by her name. Morning came, and their search was fruitless. A couple of gentlemen from below, who are traveling through the mountains buying stock, came to the house, and, being informed of the circumstances, immediately set out to find her. The gentlemen wandered about, and as they were passing a swamp spot where the undergrowth was thick called the child, or else they were talking loud, when one of them heard her voice. He then called her by name and told her to come out of the bushes. She replied that the bear would not let her.

The men then crept through the brush, and when near the spot where she and the bear were they heard a splash in the water, which the child said was the bear. On going to her they found her standing upon a log extending about half way across a swamp. The bear had undertaken to cross the swamp on the log, and being pursued left the child and got away as rapidly as possible. She had received some scratches about the face, arms and legs, and her clothes were almost torn from her body; but the bear had not bitten her to hurt her, only the marks of his teeth being found on her back, where, in taking hold of her clothes to carry her, he had taken the flesh also.

The little one says the bear would put her down occasionally to rest and would put his nose up to her face, when she would slap him, and the bear would hang his head by her side and purr and rub against her like a cat. The men asked her if she was cold in the night and she told them the old bear lay down beside her and put his "arms" around her and kept her warm, though she did not like his long hair. She was taken home to her parents.

Forcing New Ideas.

The Minister of Education in Saxony complains that grave dangers have arisen from the too rapid development of new ideas and so-called reforms in higher education. He considers that the ever-growing criticism of classical studies as unpractical, and the desire to replace them by something more obviously useful arises from the mismanagement of these studies: first, by over-burdening the pupils; secondly, by over-specializing the instruction. It is noted that with the rapid increase in numbers of the Gymnasia, and the necessary employment of many young and inexperienced teachers, the home tasks and preparation expected from children are such as to overburden their brains and leave no time for wholesome exercise or recreation. This is the case not only in Saxony, but all over Germany, where the pernicious law which shortens military service to those who successfully pass an examination is in force. Every stupid boy is killing himself that he may escape the compulsory service as a private. The second evil noted is the over specializing of classical teaching, especially in the direction of theoretical syntax. The researches into the constructions of special authors, and the speculations on the logical use of particles, which have so deeply infected the modern grammars, encourage teachers of what they call at Cambridge "pure classics"(?) to set exercises which afford a mere series of syntactical problems, and no practice in turning the natural idioms of one tongue into those of another. The minute of the Minister insists that no learning off by heart of syntactical rules will ever teach a pupil the free and actual handling of a foreign tongue. The present school is described as teaching "an abstract and subtle *dogmatik*," which destroys all the pupils enjoyment in the great literature of the past.

Little Paris.

At one time Cape Haytien was called Little Paris. But on the evening of May 7, 1842, was a memorable date in the history of this fair garden. People were eating, drinking, and making merry in their homes. No evil was dreamed of, no suspicion of calamity was entertained, no portentous signs warned them of their peril. Suddenly, like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, a terrific noise was heard, nature was in her convulsive throes, the foundations of the earth were stirred. Men started up with blanched faces, women shrieked and wept, children cronched down paralyzed with fright. To escape was impossible. Already yawning gaps were seen in the massive walls. The heavy roofs fell in with a deafening crash, giant buildings tottered and fell, the air was filled with flying timbers and stones and sickening gases. Alas! The earthquake, so common in the West Indies, had visited this proud city. In a few minutes 7,000 persons with all their possessions were buried alive under tons of broken masonry. To us it was a sad and mournful spectacle. What a gloomy and sightless cemetery! There lay the uncoffined bones of the once rich and powerful and beautiful. No human hands had touched that monumental pile. Forty years have passed, and to-day the eye of the tourist surveys the same awful desolation that once filled the whole city with crying and bitter lamentation.

—Mrs. Ingersoll, the mother of E. C. Ingersoll, the Washington lawyer, who was recently taken to an asylum for the insane, says that her son's mental aberration is the result of the habitual use of quinine.

Sharking at Nantucket.

The hunting of the shark, by its excitement and colossal dimensions, about corresponds to the noble chase of the buffalo or the grizzly on shore, and is an experience well worth travelling to Nantucket for. Every self-respecting tourist carries home a shark's jaw or some of the shark's curved teeth as trophies, and small boys have their wonderful pockets filled with assorted teeth and scraps of shark's skin, on which they sharpen their jack-knives as on so many whetstones. To catch a shark you stop the boat while out blue-fishing and drop the line down in those shoal places off shore where the sharks chiefly lie in wait, but the blue-fishing company generally object to this and prefer to stay by their original spot. A better way, and one partaking more of the typical island flavor, is to sail down the harbor to the little peninsula of Wauwinet and, crossing the narrow strip of sand, re-embark in an old whale boat and, at a mile off shore, drop anchor at the favorite summer resort of the sharks.

Hunting the shark is the nearest approach to "sitting on a mountain to bob for a whale," since the Norcross boys present you with 200 feet of stout clothes-line and an iron meat hook for tackle, and impale eight or ten perch on the long barbed hook for bait. When our nine lines were streaming out from the boat's side, and each one was braced for the coming struggle, first one female head and then a second was bent in pensive attitude by the gunwale. My own head was swimming, and sea and sky were rolling together, when a shout from the man in the bow drove every such notion and sensation away, and we all stood up and shouted with excitement. The rope came slowly in, and soon the big fish was floundering on the surface, churning the waters white all around, and drenching us with the spray. The Norcross boy seized a club his brother held the line, and after a succession of blows on his pointed nose, the shark was hauled aboard, its jaws wide open and its ravenous career ended.

After this first catch there was a subdued excitement all around and no one thought of the ground swell again. The Harvard prize man announced that he thought he had a bite, and, hauling in his line cautiously, found a little yellow crab clawing at the tempting bait. The shout of laughter was drowned by my own shriek of victory, as there came a jerk from the other end of my rope. It may be cruel and murderous sport, but there is a savage excitement in waging war against such wild beasts and pulling in that shark was equal to holding a runaway horse. With braced feet and taking it hand over hand, the line gradually shortened and the body of the shark was seen darting around in the water. "Look out, or you'll land him in your lap," cried the yachtsman, "and if he comes in some of us will have to get out." The boys danced, the men shouted and the ladies stood up and shrieked in chorus with me, while the shark lashed the mighty waters with its mighty tail and sent the spray all over us and the boats seats. The Norcross boys took the line and drew my prize in, hammered on the head with a club, and putting another hook in his back pulled him over and stretched him out. There he lay, his nose at one side of the great whaleboat and his tail hanging over the other, 9 feet long from tip to tip, a good-for-nothing lump of a fish, weighing 800 pounds.

Business Rules.

All business letters, as a rule, demand some kind of an answer, especially those containing money. To neglect to reply to a letter is an insult, unless the letter failed to contain a stamp. In your reply first acknowledge the receipt of the letter, then the receipt of the money, whatever it is.

Letters asking for money or the payment of a bill may be postponed from time to time if necessary. No man should reply to such a letter while angry. If the amount is small and you are moderately hot, wait two days. If the sum is quite large, and you are tempted to write an insulting letter, wait two weeks or until you have thoughly cooled down.

Letters from Railroad Companies referring to important improvements, etc., should contain a pass, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Neat and beautiful penmanship is very desirable in business correspondence, but it is most important that you should not spell God with a little g or codfish with a k. Ornamental penmanship is good, but it will not take the cuss off if you don't know how to spell.

Read your letter over carefully after you have written it, if you can; if not, send it with an apology about the rush of business.

In ordering goods state whether you will remit soon, or whether the account should be placed in the refrigerator.

Manitoba.

The rapid increase of population in Manitoba has stimulated the inventive geniuses of the Dominion to contrive houses that may be portable and quickly put up. L. Forest, of Belleville, Ont., has planned one that is in three-foot sections and dove-tails together. A house, for a hotel or boarding establishment, has been put up at Winnipeg, over 100 feet long, two stories high, and divided into apartments sufficient to accommodate 250 guests. The foundation was laid on Tuesday and the house was completed on the Thursday afternoon following.

NEWS IN BRIEF

—Great Britain produced 7,900,000 tons of pig iron last year.

—The area of Japan is about 150,000 square miles, comprising nearly 3,000 islands.

—Chicago claims an increase of population in two years of 57,000 or a total of 567,000.

—The Carson mint rate for fine silver has been reduced to $1.47 7-10 per ounce fine.

—There are said to be 1,000 acres planted with tomatoes on the Manitee River, Florida.

—Within the year the mines of Arizona territory have paid nearly $1,000,000 in dividends.

—There are 125 newspapers in the country edited by colored men, only one of them daily.

—Notwithstanding England is a great dairy country, $26,225,575 worth of cheese was imported last year.

—The mileage of railroads in the United States is over 100,000 miles, with an invested capital of $5,000,000,000.

—No less than 340 periodicals were started in the United States last year, the majority of them filling early graves.

—The production of window glass in the United States in 1881 was nearly 2,250,000 boxes, valued at about $6,000,000.

—A London surgeon says that only one fashionably dressed woman in 500 can draw a full breath with her clothes on.

—The new bridge on the Cumberland Valley Railroad across the Susquehanna river at Harrisburg will cost $90,000.

—The famous lead farm in Bedford county has been sold to a mining company for $7,315, and prospecting for lead will begin.

—In July 231 outrages, including two murders, were committed in Ireland. In June there were 283, including five murders.

—The number of Chinese, according to the records of the Custom House, who have arrived in San Francisco for the four years ending August 4, is 65,047.

—The assessed valuation of the city of Boston this year is $672,490,100, an increase of $6,935,500 since last year. The tax rate is advanced to $15 10 per $1,000.

—Miss Annie Louise Cary is now enjoying excellent health, but has not recovered the use of her voice. Her physician tells her she must not attempt to sing again for a year.

—Mr. Samuel Swan, who has resigned the office of principal of the Phillips School, Boston, has taught in the public schools of that city without interruption since 1835.

—Mrs. Hope has given her granddaughter, the Lady Emily Pelham Clinton, the handsome wedding present of £50,000 on her approaching marriage with Prince Doria.

—The Trustees of the British Museum have decided to refuse to open that institution any longer at night on the ground that neither gas nor electricity can be used there with safety.

—The widest-gauge railroad yet reported is said by an exchange to be in operation in Washington Territory. It is an eight-foot gauge logging road running back from Skagit river.

—The largest diamond cutting house is in Amsterdam, employing 400 persons, where the Koh-i-noor was cut. The trade is difficult, and the wages are from $7 to $12 or even $14 a day.

—The growth of missionary contributions from 1820-30 to 1870-80 has been an advance in home missions from $233,826 to $26,921,625, and in foreign missions from $745,718 to $21,740,056.

—M. Saint Paul has offered the French Academy of medicine a sum of $5,000 to found a prize for the discovery of a cure for diphtheria, the competition to be open to the medical profession.

—Mrs. R. P. Dana, a daughter of the poet Longfellow, has purchased Healy's portrait of her father. Mrs. Dana appears in the painting as a bright-eyed little maiden, with golden tresses, peeping over her father's shoulder.

—The golden rose which the Pope blesses on the fourth Sunday of Lent and sends as a mark of especial favor to some Catholic Princess was this year sent to Stephanie of Belgium, bride of Rudolf, Prince Imperial of Austria.

—Senator Edmunds has given $5,000 for the endowment of a room at the Mary Fletcher Hospital, at Burlington, Vt., for the use of young female patients, in memory of his daughter, who died a short time ago.

—It is said that Prince Charles of Germany, brother of the Emperor, consumes daily from eighteen to twenty-four strong Havana cigars. He smokes three at a time, in a triple-barrelled holder made according to his own design.

—Lady Agnes McLean, the daughter of an English marquis, the widow first of the Comte de Montmorenci, and later of a clergyman named McLean, died lately in London, in the waiting-room of St. Pancras work house, having been ejected from her poor tenement.

—A French Government vessel has recently succeeded in dredging in the Bay of Biscay at a depth of 17,000 feet or three and one-fifth miles. The animals found at that distance beneath the surface were numerous, but of small size.

—A very rare and interesting print has been acquired by the trustees of the British Museum, namely, "The rouall progenei of our most sacred King James I." It is engraved by Benjamin Wright, and published by John Wontneel, 1603.

—A locomotive boiler, it is calculated, will last until the engine has traveled over 350,000 miles. On some lines, however, the boiler, under favorable circumstance, particularly when pure water is used, may travel 400,000 or 500,000 miles before becoming unserviceable.

—The award to M. Nerot, a French artist, of the prize of $10,000 for a design of a monument to Victor Emmanuel at Rome, has at last been confirmed, despite the determined opposition of the Italian public, to whom the idea of that honor and reward going to a foreigner was very distasteful.