

The Sentinel and Republican

B. F. SCHWEIER.

VOL. XXXVII.

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 24, 1883.

Editor and Proprietor.

NO. 4.

NEWS IN BRIEF

—Grand opera is said to be going out in Europe.

—Georgia farmers now brew beer from sugar cane.

—New Orleans people do not like the Northern flag.

—Turnips and carrots are used in the adulteration of jams.

—In 348 there were 5,000 hermits in the Egyptian Thebaid alone.

—Elizabeth Gaiety Stanton advises a bill for girls of the period.

—The population of Rome under the emperors greatly exceeded a million.

—John A. Waldorf, age 103 years, voted at the recent election in Pike county, Ky.

—The Chinese minister at Washington has a wardrobe said to be worth \$20,000.

—Twenty thousand messages are transmitted daily by telephone in Cincinnati.

—Since 1850 eighty-two people have thrown themselves from the Vendome column in Paris.

—A valuation of \$400,000,000 in round numbers is reported on property in Texas this year.

—The sum of \$3,650,000 is now invested in the manufacture of iron in the Birmingham, Ala., district.

—A contract for removing the ruins of the Tuilleries Palace in Paris has just been awarded by the French Government.

—Felix, the well-known composer of the opera "Martin," has been bound from the disease known as gray cataract.

—It is estimated that the total wool clip of the United States this year will amount to 300,000,000 pounds, worth \$100,000,000.

—During the fiscal year, the Federal Government received from inspection of steam vessels and officers' licenses \$278,880.

—A ticket twenty years old was tendered and accepted recently on the Concord and North Adams roads between Hartford and Boston.

—A Halifax Merchant insists that many mistakes are made in fighting through using short pencils, which cramp the fingers.

—For several weeks the banks at Galveston have been receiving and exporting to the interior an average of \$500,000 per week.

—A union depot, 250 feet long with covered tracks extending 1,000 feet, and costing about \$400,000, is to be erected at Minneapolis.

—The Chateau of Evanson, Wyoming, have built a large Mammoth Tunnel and dedicated it to the students of their country.

—The Nebraska State Superintendent of Public Instruction reports that there are 7000 more boys than girls of school-going age in that State.

—In seven centuries before the Christian era, Italy was so thickly set with Grecian cities as to be known as Magna Græcia.

—The Faculty of Amherst College, Massachusetts, has forbidden its students to take part hereafter in inter-collegiate athletic contests.

—In Texas there are so many apples that two or three hundred bushels have been offered to make one bushel. Much peach brandy also will be made.

—Queen Victoria is fond of Welsh wools in plain and dark tints, and in their checks of rich dark red and brown. Her favorite is black and dark green.

—Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes will be requested by his former pupils to sit for his portrait, a request which has been repeatedly made, but hitherto not granted.

—Queen Olga of Greece carries with her on her travels a lap-dog of that rare breed known as the "Poodle" and Sir Peter Lely in his pictures of the ladies of the Court of Charles II.

—The record of suicides in New York City for the past two years shows that nearly 1700 persons have committed the unpardonable crime, three-fourths of these were men.

—The annual report of the Public Printer shows that during the fiscal year which ended on the 30th of June last the expense of his office was \$2,555,150, which is \$419,219 larger than the previous year.

—Trade was carried on between Ireland and the continent lying around the Mediterranean basin from the earliest times. The Irish export was wool, but there was some traffic in slaves.

—The Maine bank examiner reports a prosperous year for the fifty-five savings banks of the State. In 1878 and 1879 the deposits decreased, but in 1880 there was a reaction. The increase in that year was nearly two million dollars.

—During the twelve months which ended on November 30, 1882, the exports from the United States exceeded the imports by the value of \$1,431,895. During the twelve months which ended on November 30, 1881, the excess of exports was \$195,130,108.

—The Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne will take home with them a pair of wool blankets, the finest ever manufactured at the Glasgow Woollen Mills, San Francisco, and the gift of ex-Governor Leland Stanford.

—A Wisconsin millionaire divided his estate among his three children, and the provision that half of each portion was to be kept by the trustees until the child to whom it falls is 30 years old, and that it is not to be delivered until proof is given that at least one-half of the portion previously paid has not been squandered.

—The favorable mortality reports made by the Registrar-General of Victoria, Australia, are largely due to so many persons living in the colony between 20 and 30 years of age, and leaving it before 60. As a matter of fact, the infant mortality in Australia is very heavy, although the climate is, for the most part, so much favorable, especially for those with any tendency to pulmonary troubles.

—The farms in the United States are worth \$10,126,799,945; therefor, \$70,755,723; five at \$25, \$50, \$33,187; farm implements and machinery, \$408,516,902; manures and special fertilizers, cost, \$23,887,965; the total value invested in agriculture is rated at \$12,210,233,316. Its yearly products foot up \$2,505,000,000, and the revenue yearly collected from its produce for the support of the national, State and local governments and for education amounts to nearly \$100,000,000 annually.

The Discovery of the Mammoth.

The banks of that great Northern Siberian River, the Lena, are quite peculiar. Those on the western side are generally low and marshy, while those on the eastern are often from sixty to one hundred feet high. In the extreme north, this high elevation is cut into numerous pyramidal-shaped mounds, which are formed of layers of earth and ice—sometimes a clear stratum of the latter many feet in thickness.

It was before such a mound that a fisherman stopped, dumb with astonishment, one spring morning, many years ago. About thirty feet high, half-way up the face of the mound, appeared the section of a great ice-layer, from which the water was flowing in numberless streams; while protruding from the ice, and partly hanging over, was an animal of such huge proportions that the simple fisherman could hardly believe his eyes. Two gigantic horns or tusks were visible, and a great woody body was faintly outlined in the blue, icy mass. In the fall, he related the story to his comrades up the river, and in the ensuing spring, with a party of his fellow fishermen, he again visited the spot. A year had worked wonders. The great mass had thawed out sufficiently to show its nature, and on close inspection proved to be a well-preserved specimen of one of those gigantic extinct hairy elephants that roamed over the northern part of Europe and America in the earlier part of the world. The body was still too firmly attached and frozen to permit removal. For four successive years the fishermen visited it, until finally, in March, 1874, five years after its original discovery, it broke away from its icy bed and came tumbling down upon the sand-below. The discoverer first detached the tusks, that were two feet six inches in length, and together weighed three hundred and sixty pounds. The hide, covered with wool and hair, was more than twenty men could lift. Part of this, with the tusks, were taken to Yakutsk and sold for fifty rubles, while the rest of the animal was left where it fell and cut up at various times by the Yakouts, who fed their dogs with its flesh. A strange frozen solid, truly—meat that had been frozen solid in the house of Nature perhaps fifty thousand years, more or less; but so well was it preserved that, when the train was afterwards compared with that of a recently killed animal, no difference in the tissues could be detected.

Two years after the animal had fallen from the cliff, the news reached St. Petersburg, and the Museum of Natural History sent a scientist to secure the specimen and purchase it for the Emperor. He found the massive skeleton entire, with the exception of one fore leg. The tusks were reattached in Yakutsk, and the great frame was taken to St. Petersburg, and there mounted.

"I will ask my friends to refuse you all job work."

"This whole town doesn't have \$10 worth a year."

"You shall have no more legal advertising."

"Never had a square of it yet, and don't expect any."

"Sir!" exclaimed influential, as he paused in his walk, "I will rise through the country and stop your subscriptions; yes, sir, I will lose you 100 subscribers between this and winter!"

"How many?"

"Colonel Blank," shouted the editor, as he rose up in his wrath, "you are the biggest fool in America! How on earth are you going to take 400 subscribers off my books when the Gazette has only 355, counting in all the dead-ends and deadbeats? Go away, sir! Go and take your revenge by throwing stones at my cow and making up faces at my dog."

The foundation of Verona.

A correspondent writes: at one place in Verona I saw some soldiers swim repeatedly across the singing river to save women, children and old men. At another they climbed outside the houses to free the inmates. As we passed one particular house in the part called Vermetti, heartrending cries were heard. There was no way of getting at the inmates, as the upper part of the house had fallen in consequence of the neighboring building having given way. There was only an archway by which the people had formerly entered the house, and now this archway, and a narrow way, was under way. Our men stopped for one moment; a young soldier seemed to consider briefly—then he threw off his jacket and hat, and snuggled, as if he were going to take part in a dance, jumped into the water and dived under the archway. The deed seemed not only courageous but desperate. None of us spoke; we almost held our breath. Our eyes were all fixed on the archway and the muddy water, none of us daring to hope that the soldier would resurface. But he did, and not only once. Three times he returned, carrying in his arm a child, half dead with fright at the immersion, but yet alive. There was no one else in the room, and we moved on to the other side. There the colonel had been standing looking on at the exciting scene. As we approached him he said never a word, but beckoned to us to come near where he was. At the heroic soldier landed, all drenched, he raised his hand to his bare head to salute the colonel in military fashion. But that officer put his arms about the soldier's neck and kissed him, while the modest hero blushed and the people around frantically applauded. I asked the soldier's name but could not get it. The man, with the natural dignity, refused to tell it. He replied that he had done only his duty, and would have neither thanks nor payment.

The last invention for the protection of heavy artillery is a "penetrable safety wall," which has just been patented by an engineer at Kottbus, Germany. The plan is to make the interior wall of all parts of the theatre of paper masonry, and a certain method, such a wall will have the appearance of massive stone, but, by pressure upon certain parts, the words are to be painted in luminous letters.

"To be broken open in case of fire," access to the exterior corridors is to be obtained, whence escape to the outer air can be made.

The Farmer's Wife.

There are several leading departments which, by common consent, are relegated to the sphere of the wife. Engrained in her special department is the management of the household expenses, and, unless dairying is made the chief business of the farm, she has usually the entire care of the dairy. A story is told of one of the early pioneers in a new country who, with his wife, commenced farming on a tract of 100 acres of wild land, only partially paid for. Year after year they prospered, the 100 acres were paid for, in large part, by the hard-earned money which the wife had secured through the sales of butter and cheese. Again and again the question was asked by the husband: "Shall I buy another hundred acres?" and the answer by his good wife was always ready and always the same: "Get me 15 more cows and you may safely buy the land." When in their old age the wife of 500 acres was fully paid for, the wife could rightfully boast that it was her labor quite as much as that of her husband, which had paid for their broad acres. The power which a farmer's wife may exercise in the farm carries with it many responsibilities. It is her duty in every way to fit herself to become a judicious helper and counsellor. The farmer's club meeting should be open to the wife and the daughter as well as to the farmer and son. Not infrequently the little improvements made at trifling expense, through the influence of the wife's taste and tact, add more to the value and attractiveness of the home than many times the money cost invested under the husband's management. In all the suggestions as to making farm life attractive to young men there is none better than to enlist a hearty co-operation of their mothers and sisters. They will point out to the youth the ideal and aesthetic side of the farmer's work, while if he learns farming wholly from his father he is apt to learn it only as a life of proxy and poorly-paid toil.

Rats And Rabbits.

At the present time, when the inhabitants of the several Australian colonies are searching for some means of diminishing the vast numbers of the rabbits which are devouring the produce of the soil, the history of the acclimatization and utilization of the mongoose in the island of Jamaica, which was related in a paper read by Mr. W. Bancroft Esq., at the meeting of the Zoological Society lately may not be without interest. A few years since the growth of crops in the island was so seriously interfered with by the number of rats, that land was allowed to pass out of cultivation, an expenditure of from £200 to £300 annually on several of the estates failing to keep down numbers of the three species of these destructive rodents—the brown and black rat, and the cane pine rat (*Mus muscorivorus*).

Several attempts, to introduce animals destructive to the rats had been made, but without success. The rattle snail (*Formica canivora*) was effectual in certain localities, but it was equally efficacious in destroying native birds, chickens, puppies, and even occasionally killed calves. The aqua tonsalis, as a remedy, proved as bad as the disease, as they killed all ground birds, chickens and eggs. Ferrets were also introduced, there being no mousteline animal native to the island. But they were destroyed by chigoes. Fox terriers were found useless, as they were out by the serrated edges of the sugar cane. In 1875 Mr. Egerton introduced nine mungoses, four males and five females, one of the latter with young ones, direct from India. These were distributed, and in a few months had bred freely. So great was the destruction of rats effected by the animals that in two years the expenditure for the extermination of rats had ceased, as they were not only disseminated by the introducer, but the young mungoses were trapped alive by the negroes at 5s. each, the original expense of their introduction being about £1 per head. The beneficial effect of their introduction has been variously estimated at sums varying from £100,000 to £150,000 a year.

In 1875 the growth of coconuts was almost impossible, the export of chocolate and coconuts for the whole island only amounting to £870 per annum; in five years the value of the export had risen to £11,000. And coffee, maize, peas, and beans, the growth of which had almost entirely ceased, were largely cultivated. The utility of the mongoose was not confined to the destruction of rats, as it destroyed vast numbers of snakes, toads, and land crabs. Since the advantage of the mungoes in Jamaica has been proved it has been introduced into several of the other islands, as Cuba, Bortadoes, Porto Rico. Several subsequent importations have been made into Jamaica, but the arrivals sent from England have not done as well as those imported direct from India.

The only objection made to the mongoose is that it has interfered with the ground-nesting birds; that the number of the quail has been observed to be diminished. Domestic poultry have not suffered seriously, or perhaps not so much as they previously did from the rats and snakes. In those parts of India where they are found they are not regarded as being specially obnoxious to tame animals. A singular result has followed their acclimatization in Jamaica; they have effected an alteration in the habit of the rats, that have taken to tree climbing, making their nests in the hollows of the trees where the mongoose could not follow them. The success which has attended the acclimatization of these animals in the West Indies may possibly lead to a trial of their services in Australia as destroyers of the rabbit.

The Whale-Hunters of Japan.

The whale-fishery of Japan is carried on as a regular business on both coasts of the country; but more men are employed, and the catch of whales is larger, off the eastern coast, especially off Kiu province. The fishermen of the little town of Koza have a lookout-tower perched upon the rocks, far up on the hill-side. A sentinel is kept constantly watching for the spouting *kajiri* ("number-one fish"), as the natives call the whale. Long boats, holding from four to ten men, are kept ready launched. These hardy fellows row with tremendous energy, as if in a prize race. If the whales are numerous, the men wait in their boats, with snails on their pins and straps ready to slip on at a moment's notice, all in order to put out to sea. A gay flag with a curious device floats at each stern. The whalemen are divided into scullers, netters, and harpooners, or grappling-iron men. Japanese never-row, but scull with curiously bent long sweeps, which swing on a half-round knob set into a pivot, the handle and being usually strapped at the proper height. The device on each flag is different, and spears, nets, and grappling-irons are marked, so that the most skillful get proper credit for their courage, sure aim, and celerity.

The boatmen are tightly clad in short, sleeveless cotton jackets, with leggings, like greaves, reaching from knee to ankle. Around their waists are belts made of coarse rice-straw. The nets, which are about twenty feet square, with meshes three feet wide, are of tough sea-grass rope, two inches thick. Twenty or thirty of these nets are provided, and then tightly tied together, go as to make one huge net, from four hundred to six hundred feet long. As soon as the signal from the tower is given, the boats put out, two by two, each pair of the larger boats having the net tacked, and all armed with darts and spears. Rowing in front of the whale, the net is dropped in his path. If skillfully done, the huge fish runs his nose or jaw into a mesh. He at once dives, and tries to shake off the net. This he can not do, for the square in which he is entangled immediately breaks off from the rest, which is hauled on board, ready for another drop. Should this also be successful, the game is soon up with the whale. Usually, the more he flounders, the more tightly his terrible coils hold him, entangled his fins and quickly exhausting his strength. No sooner does he rise for breath than the rowers dash close to him, giving the harpooners an opportunity to hurl their darts at his big body, until he looks like an exaggerated pin cushion. As his struggles become weaker, the grappling-irons are thrown on and the boats tow the carcass near shore. To land their prize, the successful hunters lash about it stout straw ropes, and attach to them a cable, winding the other end around a windlass set up on the beach. When, with gay and lively songs, they haul the enormous mass ashore, the whale is now set up into chunks. It is divided on the fisherman's gridiron, or is pickled, boiled, roasted, or fried.

The Echo of a Bell.

A story about which there is a fascination which it is impossible to resist when you hear men tell it is that of the "Home of Gold." Somewhere in South-western New Mexico, in the Sierra Madre, it is said there is a wonderful valley. Small, enclosed in high rocky walls and accessible only by a secret passage, which is known to but few, is this extraordinary place. It is about ten acres in extent, has running through it a stream, which was at it thoroughly and makes it a perfect Paradise, with its exquisite flowers and beautiful trees. In it are thousands of birds of the most beautiful plumage. Raining across it is a ledge of pure gold about thirty feet wide, which glistens in the sunlight like a great golden belt. The stream crosses this ledge and, as it runs, minerals around blocks of yellow metal, other streams do around pebbles. The ledge of gold is supposed to be solid gold and to run down into the centre of the earth. The legend is of Indian origin and around it clusters a number of Indian stories, in which the name of the ill-fated Montezuma occurs frequently. The descendants of the Aztecs believe firmly that the day will come when Montezuma will return and free them from the dominion of the descendants of the Conquistadores. They believe that the money necessary for this work will be taken from the Madre d'Oro. The secret of the entrance into the valley is carefully guarded by a tribe of Indians living near it, and among them it is only communicated to the oldest men, amid the solemn ceremonies of the Medicine lodge. Having such a story told to work upon is little wonder that the vivid imagination of the Mexicans should have built upon it tales of men who have found this wonderful place. One is that a certain Jose Alvarez, while wandering through the mountains in search of game, saw the valley from the top of the wall. Finding that he could not hope to enter by climbing down, he took up his abode with the Indians who guard the canyon leading into it. The daughter of the chief fell in love with him and betrayed the secret to him. Exactly how she found it out they do not tell. Having been shown the entrance, Jose went in and would possess himself of the gold. He did not get up the declivity at the lower end of the passage. He was discovered and the Indians sacrificed him on the golden ledge with all the terrible ceremonies of the old Aztec religion. She, in despair at losing him, threw herself from the high walls into the valley below. Hundreds of prospectors have spent months of toil trying to find the Madre d'Oro, but it is securely necessary to say, without result.

The Echo of a Bell.

Not long ago the convicts in the third tier of cells in the east wing of the prison at Jackson Michigan, snuffed fire, and as they raised an alarm which was heard issuing from cell No. 69, occupied by a life man named Isaac Van Anken. The guard on duty ascended to the cell as quickly as possible, which he found filled with smoke, while flames enveloped the grated entrance. Owing to the expansion of the iron door by the heat, difficulty was experienced in opening it, but when it swung back the wretch who occupied the cell sprang naked through the scene to him. Meantime his cries of agony were terrible, for he was being literally cooked, and as he shot out upon the corridor he would have gone over the railing to the stone floor, many feet below, had the guard not caught him by the arm and stood his headling spring. He was shrilly burned about the face and all over his body, and as he was being taken to the hospital repeatedly cried: "I want to die! I have been a bad man; I deserve this!" He lingered about twenty-four hours, when death put an end to his sufferings.

The cell occupied by the desperate man 13 feet 6 inches wide by 7 feet 8 inches and 6 feet high. It is arched overhead with brick, of which the walls are also composed, and is air tight, without a fissure or opening of any kind anywhere save at the grated door. It resembles an oven, and on this occasion was converted into that sort of apparatus by the occupant, who seems he and piled his bed clothes, his blanket, and his hat, and other things, and when, together with the canvas cot in which he slept, and a pine box in which he kept his letters, against the wall of the cell, then pouring the oil of lamp over the mass, as is conjectured, set it on fire.

Van Anken came from Lenawee county for life on the 30th of July, 1866. His crime was one of demoralized brutality. In a paroxysm of rage he cut down his wife and killed her with blood with an axe; then pursuing his son, who ran into an adjoining field to escape him, also killed him with the iron implement, fresh with his mother's blood. He was a surly, mean, dogged scoundrel about the prison.

Beyond.

Sweetheart, say that you care too much for me to send me away.

"Oh, Ralph, you must wait."

Ralph muttered an unpleasant word, and flung away without a good-night.

A nasty step came down the path.

"Looking for me, Rick?" Daisy tried to speak cheerfully.

"No; get away!" Rick spoke wildly.

"You've been out with Ralph—you'll go off with him next. You're tired of me, and I can't do better than to make an end of myself. I'm going the straight road."

Daisy threw herself before the gate; she clung to him, pleaded with him. Rick crossed as he was, Rick was in no condition to go back to the village inn, and the rough crowd which would be gathered there at that hour. But all of a drunken man's obstinacy was aroused, and while they stood thus, there came against them the wind which they were checked suddenly, and Dr. Lloyd sprang down as he took in that scene at a glance.

"Go into the house, Richard," he commanded, and Rick, without a word, obeyed. "I'll give him a pointer," said the doctor to Daisy. "You must sleep yourself to-night. He stood talking with her after he had seen Rick safely in his room. "So he has had the pistol again?" "I think that's all," said Daisy; "but he's not likely to do himself any harm. He has been sly enough to hide it again, or I would take possession of it. He is never violent towards you."

"Oh, no, never."

"Not quite true enough for that," muttered the doctor, as he took his leave, and Daisy slept peacefully after her trouble.

She did not really believe that Ralph meant what he said, which she seemed determined after that to visit his dispensary upon her. Miss Winter came back from her walk next day with her hands full of liras.

"So Mr. Armstrong isn't your engaged lover after all?" she remarked to Daisy. "I don't think that he's better than the other one," said Daisy. "I terminated after that to visit his dispensary upon her. Miss Winter came back from her walk next day with her hands full of liras."

"I have been mad enough for that, Daisy—to fall in love with her. And if I think of her, my own head aches. I need not be in despair—that is the bitterest thought of all."

It is not too late to be true to yourself yet, Rick."

She had a little hope that this new feeling might work some good in him, but before the week was over, he had broken bounds again, as if determined to buy regret in oblivion.

Meanwhile the time came for Miss Winter to return to London, and she sent for Ralph, who had promised to drive her to the station. He came with his light carriage and mottled horse, looking neither sorry nor cast down, Daisy observed with a thrill of the heart.

"He isn't false, then; he'll come back to me again when she is gone."

Rick had been at the village. He was on his way home when, at some distance away, he saw the carriage standing at the persons of Ralph and Miss Winter were just taking their places in it, the minister stood on the steps, and the curious face of a maid looked down from a garret window. As Ralph settled down in his seat, his glance fell upon that shimmering figure in the road, and he gave a vicious start with his lips; the spirited horse started with a plunge, a buckle snapped, and then the next instant the driver had lost all control over him.

Rick had taken in the scene which his eyes rested on, and a sudden stiffness went over him.

"They've been getting married!" he said to himself, agast. "I've been getting married, and he has cheated Daisy. But he shan't get away so easy as that."

His brain was clouded with liquor; some blind impulse of rage and revenge moved him, and his fingers clasped and brought out the weapon which he sometimes carried. They were close upon him now. He lifted his hat from the carriage, for there was a dangerous ebb-back near, toward which the runaway was heading. But he raised his arms, and the carriage rolled over him. A little further on and the carriage was wrecked. Ralph Armstrong was picked up bruised and senseless; his newly-made bride was dead, a bullet in her heart, and further back was blood, all in white, as he remembered her, all in white, as he remembered her so well. Then he was holding her hand, and looking into her startled eyes.

"My little white Daisy!" broke over his lips. "I never really loved anyone but you, and I have come back to ask you to be my wife, after all."

"Oh, Ralph, don't you know?"

"Know what?" he asked, almost hoarsely.

"That I am Dr. Lloyd's wife. I was married a week ago."

"And—are you happy?"

He wanted her to say no; he thought his own misery would be easier to bear if she knew she shared it. There was a sound of wheels moving the gate. She turned her face that way; a beautiful flash tinged it, and that look assured him without the low-spoken words—

"I am very happy."

In the pretension of coat. Illinois is only second now to Pennsylvania. The State bureau of labor reports that the output has increased from 6,000,000 tons in 1880 to 9,000,000 tons in 1882, and that the value at the mines has been about \$44,000,000.

Farr's erratic dog: Fritz has named his dog Non Sequitur, because it does not follow.

Do you never look at yourself when you abuse another person.

DAISY.

A clear and ringing whistle rose and fell and rose again, a pleasant sound to hear, upon the evening air; but the girl who stood knee deep in clover beside the meadow fence looked somberly down as the joyous notes struck upon her ear.

"Poor fellow dear fellow!" she said to herself. "It is so hard to go against him when he is as light-hearted as that."

A moment more, and Ralph Armstrong, her lover, vaulted lightly over the intervening bars and stood beside her.

"Straight, stridy, brown, something of the contrast between himself, with his superabundant hair, and the wee woman waiting there, seemed to strike him.

"Why, my little Daisy," he said, with a playful tone, turning up her chin until he could look into the soft eyes, that straightway filled with tears. "Why, Daisy!" he repeated, in an altered, vexed voice. "I thought when I saw you out here that you were glad to have me come. Never mind; you will be when I tell you the news. I have paid off the last instalment on the farm, and there's to be an end of your drudging your life away. No more cooking for lodgers, or sitting up half the night to look out for Rick. Is he up to his old tricks again? Is that what has taken the color all out of your face?"

"He was away all night," said Daisy, in a low voice. "He never got home until noon to-day. He is asleep, and oh, Ralph! I am afraid to leave him wake. It is so much worse now than Miss Winter is here."

"Didn't I tell you how that would be?" rejoined Ralph, not very kindly. "But, in fact, it doesn't matter; you can get rid of her as soon as you please, and we will have the wedding—when? I won't be put off very long, my dear."

Daisy turned her face away to the gathering dusk, and her eyes were bright.

"Oh, Ralph!" she cried, pitifully. "Be contented to wait."

"To wait! What for? For Rick to drink himself to death? For you to grow old before your time with the bare work of tending care for your old father and Daisy, and all for all, you'll have to choose between your son of a brother and me. If you are bound to put him first now and for ever—tell upon other ears besides those of a sister—intended to reach. A dog's roar almost noiselessly past on the thick green turf of the lawn upon which the meadow bars gave, and Dr. Lloyd, lifting his hat to Daisy, shot a keen glance at the young fellow standing silently at her side. He was gone in a moment, but somehow Ralph Armstrong experienced a feeling of shame which kept him for the time from pressing what he had been about to urge. He turned and walked towards the house with Daisy.

It was a shabby, tumble-down cottage, with moss andlichen breaking out in patches over the decayed weatherboarding, and a creaking porch from which the rusted benches of long ago peered out. The picturesque aspect of the old place had faded since Miss Winter's fancy, and so little, fair-faced Daisy had found the weekly addition to the sum which she earned with her dressmaking that all that now went into her shabby purse.

There was a rattled cry of "Daisy! Daisy!" as those two approached together; then once, twice, the report of a pistol, together with the sound of shattered glass, was borne to their ears.

"It's Rick," cried Daisy, breathlessly. "I locked him in his room. Do go and talk to Miss Winter, Ralph, till I get him quiet again."

She was off as she spoke. Miss Winter had come to the door, but in alarm and looked inquiringly at Ralph as he approached.

"Do you think he is doing anything reckless?" she asked.

"Nothing worse than smashing a window or two; it is his favorite way of calling his sister. Ety he can't put his hands to better use."

"I wonder that you leave her to be the victim of his whims," said the lady with a straight look at him.

"If I said Ralph, with a shrug of his broad shoulders.

Perhaps he did not mean to disclaim such an intention on his part, but it looked like it. How could he tell Miss Winter that the only reason he had not taken Daisy away months before was because Rick had outweighed her liking for him? It was a sore subject with Ralph at the best, not one he would choose to parade to the world at large.

Two hours after that, Daisy stole out into the moonlight, utterly wearied with all her efforts had been fruitless to entice Rick back to his bed. He sat on a bench in the kitchen, limp and stupid after that fit of violence, and Daisy stole into his chamber, utterly wearied with the sweetness of dying roses, and brushed their dew leaves with her heated face. The shadows lay thickly upon the porch, but there was a star there, and Miss Winter's voice said, softly:

"Good-night!" returned Ralph. "I'll show you to-morrow where the main-door-hair grows."

He came whistling down the path to find Daisy standing by the gate.

"Well, little one, have you made up your mind which one of us you'll take?"

"Ralph, you know that I can't leave Rick."

"It's him or me," said Ralph, stubbornly.

"He has no one else," pleaded Daisy.

"Have I! There's no one arguing, it's got to be one thing or the other. I want a wife in my home, and if you won't have me maybe there are others that will.

Michigan Convict's Trick.

Not long ago the convicts in the third tier of cells in the east wing of the prison at Jackson Michigan, snuffed fire, and as they raised an alarm which was heard issuing from cell No. 69, occupied by a life man named Isaac Van Anken. The guard on duty ascended to the cell as quickly as possible, which he found filled with smoke, while flames enveloped the grated entrance. Owing to the expansion of the iron door by the heat, difficulty was experienced in opening it, but when it swung back the wretch who occupied the cell sprang naked through the scene to him. Meantime his cries of agony were terrible, for he was being literally cooked, and as he shot out upon the corridor he would have gone over the railing to the stone floor, many feet below, had the guard not caught him by the arm and stood his headling spring. He was shrilly burned about the face and all over his body, and as he was being taken to the hospital repeatedly cried: "I want to die! I have been a bad man; I deserve this!" He lingered about twenty-four hours, when death put an end to his sufferings.

Not Long since Wakefield Starkey.

Anstun, while crossing the track of the International & Great Northern railroad on a valuable haul, was struck by a locomotive and killed. The male was also hurled into eternity. Wakefield Starkey, although a perfect gentleman of the street, was a perfect tyrant of the deepest dye. Without any provocation whatever he used to beat his wife and look her up in the wardrobe; hence, when she heard of his death, it was not so much a case of heavy levitation as it was of mitigated affection. As the engineer of the locomotive was clearly to blame for the accident, it was suggested to the widow that she bring suit for damages. She refused to do so, and called at the office of the railway company. The proper official happened to be in. The widow had such a clear case against the company that it was deemed advisable to compromise the matter.

"Now, madam," said the official, after the widow had thrown her veil and stated her business, "we are willing to do what is fair in this matter. There is really no occasion to go to law. It is a delicate subject to discuss, so I think, without going into the merits of it, I will tender you a check for \$3,000, and you will sign a paper releasing the company from all further demands." "The widow started and asked, "How much?"

"I am authorized to pay you \$3,000."

"I accept it," she said, very much agitated.

The check was handed over, the papers signed, and the widow walked out into the street in a bewildered frame of mind. As she cashed the check she said to herself confidentially, "I didn't expect to get more than \$50. I reckon that railroad fellow didn't know how old that uncle was."

It never occurred to her that she had sustained any loss in the death of her husband. On the other hand, the railroad official said to one of the clerks: "The company was getting off dirt cheap. We usually have to pay \$5,000 for running over husbands."

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher should have gone on the stage instead of the pulpit. He makes of his pulpit a stage, he does commonplace things in such a dramatic way. Plymouth Church was crowded on Monday evening with one of his characteristic audiences, and Miss Frances E. Willard, of Chicago, delivered a lecture on the work of the Women's Gospel Temperance Union, which was received with great enthusiasm. As the prolonged applause at the close of her lecture died away Mr. Beecher ascended the platform, slowly thoughtfully, and stood for a moment regarding—almost staring at—the lecturer with an expression of mingled wonder and admiration. Then, turning to the audience, he remarked, slowly and meditatively, emphasizing the words with nods of his head: "And yet—she cannot vote!" It is hardly necessary to add that it was some time before the audience was quiet enough for him to add in ringing tones: "Are you not ashamed of it?"

Stage Instead of the Pulpit.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher should have gone on the stage instead of the pulpit. He makes of his pulpit a stage, he does commonplace things in such a dramatic way. Plymouth Church was crowded on Monday evening with one of his characteristic audiences, and Miss Frances E. Willard, of Chicago, delivered a lecture on the work of the Women's Gospel Temperance Union, which was received with great enthusiasm. As the prolonged applause at the close of her lecture died away Mr. Beecher ascended the platform, slowly thoughtfully, and stood for a moment regarding—almost staring at—the lecturer with an expression of mingled wonder and admiration. Then, turning to the audience, he remarked, slowly and meditatively, emphasizing the words with nods of his head: "And yet—she cannot vote!" It is hardly necessary to add that it was some time before the audience was quiet enough for him to add in ringing tones: "Are you not ashamed of it?"

At the Present time.

At the present time, when the inhabitants of the several Australian colonies are searching for some means of diminishing the vast numbers of the rabbits which are devouring the produce of the soil, the history of the acclimatization and utilization of the mongoose in the island of Jamaica, which was related in a paper read by Mr. W. Bancroft Esq., at the meeting of the Zoological Society lately may not be without interest. A few years since the growth of crops in the island was so seriously interfered with by the number of rats, that land was allowed to pass out of cultivation, an expenditure of from £200 to £300 annually on several of the estates failing to keep down numbers of the three species of these destructive rodents—the brown and black rat, and the cane pine rat (*Mus muscorivorus*).