

They say that the real ruler of Russia is the Czar's mother, who dictates to her son in everything.

They say that Canada's foreign trade will be \$14,000,000 less this year than last, and that was accounted a very hard one.

A degenerate Frenchman, M. Fure-tires, has attacked the National soup. He asserts that it causes a distention of the stomach that is fatal to the digestion of the solids that follow; that it has little or no nourishment in it, and that, as it is usually eaten hot, it injures the enamel of the teeth.

Our friends the Japanese have formed three new army corps, with an effective of 80,000 men in time of peace and 320,000 in time of war. The navy is to be doubled in strength within the next three years. It looks ominous to the New York Sun for European supremacy in the far East.

"Within the past ten years the cultivation of mushrooms has become quite an extensive industry in the United States," said a producer, who raises mushrooms on Staten Island for the New York markets. "I have been in the business for the past six years and during that time have made a good living.

The London Standard says that the funds used in the efforts to suppress the insurrection in Cuba have hitherto been drawn from the Bank of Spain, but that the Government has now made arrangements with Russian bankers to open a credit of \$20,000,000 for six months at five per cent. interest. In return for this credit the bankers are to get a prominent part in a Spanish-Cuban loan which the island shall have been pacified.

Edward Muybridge, whose electro-photographic investigations, made under the auspices of the University of Pennsylvania, have attracted worldwide attention, is now lecturing in Europe on the results of his labors. His instantaneous photographs, illustrating the motions of animals and human beings, have commanded the interest of artists and scientists, and the opportunities he has made possible for the study and analysis of these motions have been recognized as of the highest importance and value.

Miss Celina Gray is a young woman of Oklahoma who will probably soon have some unique experiences. She has recently been appointed United States Commissioner for the Third Judicial District of Oklahoma. This is the first appointment of the kind of a woman in the Union. The duties of the place call for close application to work and unrelenting activity. Miss Gray is a petite young woman of twenty-four years, who went to Oklahoma in "the early days." Up to this time she has been "just like other girls." In her new position Commissioner Gray will be compelled to come in contact with all manner of men, from the common Indian whisky-seller to the frontier killer, but since she is a bright, accomplished young woman of nerve and determination she will probably succeed.

The United States Board on Geographic Names, a body charged with the duty of prescribing the proper method of spelling the names of places throughout the globe, has just completed its second report. This comprises a list of 690 names, making the number of names passed upon by the Board since its creation in 1891 aggregate 5364. The orthography adopted in these lists is binding upon every department of the United States Government. By far the largest number of names in this second list are those of places in the United States, but there is a small number of foreign names included. Probably because of lack of time the Board has, unfortunately, not gone deeply into Chinese names, which are, perhaps, more tangled and subject to greater eccentricities of spelling than any other, but from the few names given it is noticeable that China's greatest river is to hereafter be spelled Yangtze and not Yangtse. Corea is to be spelled with a K, namely, Korea, and its capital is Chemulpo instead of Chemulpo, as of old. Russia's great penal station is Sakhalin, instead of Sakhalen. The old name of Blewfields, which still figures on many charts, is officially modernized into Bluefields, but perhaps the change which will be most interesting Americans is the adoption of the Spanish spelling of Cuba's capital, which will hereafter be Habana. The only official dicta touching the District of Columbia is the final abandonment of the name Penalytown in favor of Tenley and the fixing of the name of Twining.

#### EVER A SONG SOMEWHERE,

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,  
There is ever a something sings away;  
There's the song of the lark when the skies  
are clear,  
And the song of the thrush when the skies  
are gray.  
The sunshine showers across the grain,  
And the bluebird thrills in the orchard tree,  
And in and out, when the eaves drip rain,  
The swallows are twittering ceaselessly.  
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,  
Be the skies above or dark or fair;  
There is ever a song that our hearts may  
hear—  
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,  
There is ever a song somewhere!  
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,  
In the midnight black or the midday blue;  
The robin pipes when the sun is here,  
And the cricket chirrups the whole night  
through.  
The buds may blow and the fruit may grow,  
And the autumn leaves drop crisp and serene;  
But whether the sun, or the rain, or the snow,  
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear.  
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,  
Be the skies above or dark or fair;  
There is ever a song that our hearts may  
hear—  
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,  
There is ever a song somewhere!  
—James Whitecomb Riley.

#### AUNT MATILDA.

BY VERA LOCKWOOD.

"You can't expect me to support you in idleness any longer," said Mrs. Ubsdell. Mrs. Ubsdell was a tall, stout woman, with a level black brow, very red lips and a loud incisive voice. Her two young nieces sat by the window, shrinking back as if every word had been a blow. They had been with Mrs. Ubsdell for a month now—just long enough for the grass to become green on their father's grave, and the crane trimmings of their frocks to grow a little rusty and crumpled. "And now," went on the portly dame, "it is time for you to try to do something for yourselves. I'm not rich, you know. You must go to work."  
"But we don't know what to do, Aunt Matilda," said Kate.  
"We are very willing to work," murmured Ginevra, "if any one would show us how."  
"General Livingston wants a governess for his little granddaughters," said Mrs. Ubsdell. "They are six and seven years old. Music, French and Latin required. You shall take the position, Ginevra."  
The taller of the two girls changed color.  
"I don't know much music," said she. "Papa taught me Latin; but I am quite ignorant of French."  
"Say you know it," said Mrs. Ubsdell, sharply; "and do the best you can. General Livingston is at home very little. Twenty to one he'll never find it out. At all events, I've told Mrs. Jenks, the housekeeper, that you will be there to-morrow at 9 o'clock to take the situation."  
"But, Aunt Matilda," said Ginevra, her voice faltering, "wouldn't that be acting a lie?"  
"A lie, indeed!" almost screamed Mrs. Ubsdell, her portly form seeming to expand, her eyes blazing like fire. "How dare you say that word to me, Ginevra Hill? After all the pains I've taken to get you a respectable place! As for you, Kate, you are to go as a companion to Miss Ramona Ray. She's as deaf as a post, and you've got a good clear voice to read aloud to her. She's bad tempered and exacting; but it's the business of you young people to give way to your elders. And anyhow, you've got your living to earn."  
Kate and Ginevra looked aghast at each other when Mrs. Ubsdell had bustled out of the room.  
"What are we to do?" said Kate.  
"What can we do except to obey?" sighed Ginevra. "It is very evident that we are unwelcome here. Aunt Ubsdell grudges every bite of bread that we put into our mouths. Oh, Kate, Kate, if we could only have died and been buried with papa!"  
"We must do the best we can," said Kate, who was tall and dark, with soft, velvety eyes, long-fringed and languid, and a skin as white and fine-grained as the petals of a lily. "Perhaps this Miss Ray will not be so bad as it would seem. I shall try to be very patient and obedient."  
"And I—I am to enter the family under false pretences?" cried Ginevra. "But I will endeavor to earn my salary at least."  
Ginevra was as unlike as possible to her brunette sister—a rosy, dimpled, childish little thing, who scarcely looked her seventeen years.  
Kate looked at her with tender regret.  
"The idea of your being governess!" said she.  
"Or of your turning lady's companion!" retorted Ginevra. "But I do believe, Kate, we should go as gypsy fortune-tellers, or take situations as scullery maids, to get from under Aunt Matilda's eye."  
Miss Ramona Ray was rather deaf—they could be no doubt of that. But Kate had a clear, distinct enunciation, and found little trouble in making her heard.  
And really, her temper was not so very bad, after all.  
It was necessary to be very particular in the care of her parrot and the daily bath of her poodle-dog, the watering of her plants, and the preparation of the rose-creams and the silly-lotions that she used for her venerable complexion.

But she conceived a decided fancy for her new companion, took her out in the carriage for a daily drive, and told her the whole story of the Mexican officer who had once been engaged to her, and who went away to Chapultepec or some of those four-syllabled places, and married a Spanish senora even while Miss Ramona's wedding-cake was being baked.  
And when Miss Ramona told this story to any one it was a sign of very high favor, indeed.  
Miss Ramona had only one relative in the world—a nephew—and he was a naval officer. And, as it happened, he came home on a visit when Kate Hall had been a week with his aunt, bursting into the room at twilight, like a cheerful tornado.  
"Well, Aunt Mona," said he, "here I am. Got your letter at Norfolk. What sort of a companion have you got now? Regular old maid, eh? Or a widow in dyed bombazine and eyeglasses?"  
"Hush, Geoffrey," said Miss Ray. "Kate, my dear, bring candles. This young lady is my companion at present. Miss Hall, allow me to present my nephew, Lieutenant Rosmore."  
"You see," said Kate, laughing, "I am neither an old maid nor a widow."  
"I'm sure I bet ten thousand pardons," said the lieutenant, blushing mahogany color.  
Meanwhile Ginevra had gone to her situation at Livingston Larches, where two blooming little maidens were sitting up in the school room, with clean slates and spotlessly new school books, waiting for their governess.  
Miss Jenks was on hand to introduce the stranger to her new domains. "You're rather young miss," said she, "and insignificant-looking for the place. Mrs. Ubsdell told me—"  
"I shall do my best," said Ginevra, with gentle dignity; "and I do not doubt that I shall succeed."  
But Eva and Ella were both rebels. They had conquered governess after governess, and driven her forth defeated. They liked the excitement of it, and they did not like to study; and the natural sequence was that in less than an hour Ginevra Hall was in tears.  
Eva had imitated her French accent with scorn; Ella had mischievously rubbed out the figures on the slate as Miss Hall made them. And when the hour of noon recreation came, and the little nutcrackers rushed out to play on the lawn, poor Ginevra hid herself among the palms in the conservatory to weep without stint.  
"Is anything the matter?" asked a voice.  
"Oh, I beg your pardon!" said Ginevra, reddenning to the very roots of her hair. "I didn't mean to be in the way, if you are the gardener. I just broke off this one little orange blossom. May I keep it?"  
"You may keep it certainly," said a tall, fine looking man, who was trimming the superfluous branches from a magnificent white blossomed Daphne. "I thought perhaps you had picked your fingers on the great cactus and hurt yourself. You seemed to be crying."  
"It wasn't the cactus," fluttered Ginevra. "It was the children."  
"The children?"  
"They won't mind," explained Ginevra; "they only laugh at me, and I don't know what to do."  
The stranger opened the side door, which, garlanded over with passion flowers, looked on the lawn, and called out in stern, imperative tones:  
"Children!"  
Eva dropped her croquet mallet, Ella left off munching strawberries. Both obeyed the newcomer at once.  
"Have you been disobeying this young lady?" questioned Ginevra's champion.  
"No—no!" faltered Ella. "We didn't disobey her; we only didn't do as she told us."  
"Very well," said he. "Hereafter you will be a good little class, or there shall be no more boating on the river for you or the cream-colored ponies, and nothing but bread and water for dinner. Do you understand?"  
"Yes, sir!" murmured Ella, meekly.  
"Yes, grandpapa!" said Eva, obediently.  
Ginevra looked up in surprise.  
"You are not General Livingston?" said she.  
"How do you know that I am not?"  
"—I thought you were the gardener!"  
"Do garden sometimes."  
"But General Livingston is an old gentleman, isn't he?"  
"Five-and-forty—if you call that old. I see how it is," said the master of the house, laughing. "You are misled by those little sprites calling me grandpapa. My late wife was a widow considerably older than myself. Eva and Ella are her grandchildren, not mine. This may explain some of the inconsistencies that puzzle you, Miss Hall. And now, if you will resume the charge of the young Tarks, I think I can guarantee that they shall give you no more trouble."  
He was right. Eva was docile as any kitten. Ella sweeter than an angel. Evidently some miracle had been wrought.  
"You see," said Eva, "when grandpapa says a thing he means it!"  
"And you are so afraid he'll send you to boarding-school!" whispered Ella.  
General Livingston came in toward evening to see that the children kept faith, and then Ginevra made her confession to him.  
"I have deceived you, sir," said she. "I don't know French at all. But my aunt told me I must not let you know it."  
And then she told him the simple story of her bereavement and dependence.  
"And if French is essential," she added, "I must go back to Aunt Matilda. But I couldn't keep on deceiving you, when you have been so kind to me."  
General Livingston smiled.  
"You are a good little girl," said

he, "and we must try to dispense with French for the present."  
After this Ginevra had very little trouble. The children, wild and wayward though they had been at first, became attached to her, and were quick to learn. At the end of six months Mrs. Ubsdell came to Livingston Larches.  
"Ginevra," said she, "you must strike for a higher salary. Every one else is doing it."  
"Oh, Aunt Matilda," cried the girl, "I can't! The terms are too liberal already. I feel that I am not earning the money I receive."  
Mrs. Ubsdell, however, insisted. "I will go to General Livingston myself," said she. "These aristocrats can't expect to grind every one down into the earth!"  
Poor Ginevra burst into tears, but Mrs. Ubsdell was implacable. She scarcely dared look General Livingston in the face when she met him in the garden two hours later. His face wore an amused expression.  
"Miss Hall," said he, "your aunt has been kind enough to pay me a visit."  
"Please don't think that I had anything to do with it," said Ginevra, almost inaudibly. "I am too well aware that I am already overpaid."  
General Livingston looked calmly at her.  
"Miss Hall," said he, "I have been thinking matters over, and I have come to the conclusion to dispense with your services as governess hereafter."  
Ginevra involuntarily clasped her hands; she grew pale.  
"Oh!" she cried, "must I go back to Aunt Matilda? And I was so happy here?"  
"Ginevra," said General Livingston, "I am five-and-forty years old, and yet I have been sanguine enough to hope that I can win the love of a girl of seventeen. It is for you to decide whether I am right or wrong."  
"For me?"  
"I have fallen in love with you, Ginevra. Tell me—will you be my wife instead of the children's governess?"  
She stole one timid glance at him. It was as if some strong, serene archangel had stooped from a celestial clime to ask her to nestle under the shadow of his gleaming wings.  
Did he suspect how long she had secretly worshipped him? Had he penetrated into the mysteries of her heart?  
That glance, however, was a sufficient answer. He put out his hand and drew her to his heart.  
"My darling! My darling!" was all that he said.  
Ginevra Hall was standing in the shadow of the tree-ferns in the conservatory that evening, when the gardener showed in a young lady. It was Kate.  
"Ginevra," said she, "Aunt Matilda has been to see me. Surely she has not succeeded in making you discontented with your situation?"  
"Dearest Kate," said Ginevra, "I am going to tell you a secret. 'I am going to be General Livingston's wife next month. Oh, I am so glad, so thankful that I came here! I don't think there ever was a girl so happy before.'"  
"Except me," said Kate. "For I, too, am to be married—to Lieutenant Geoffrey Rosmore. And Miss Ray is so pleased and proud!"  
And Mrs. Ubsdell arrogates to herself all the credit of having "settled" her nieces so well in life.  
"They ought to be very much obliged to me," says she. "For if it hadn't been for me it never would have happened."

Advice About the Chase.  
Dr. S. C. Alexander, of Owingsville, Ky., an experienced follower of the hounds, gives the following advice about the chase: "My advice is do not run young foxes. They will soon learn that they can evade the hounds by going to earth and will not run a long chase. If not run until they have grown strong and learned to depend upon their heels for safety they will not be so apt to take a hole. When young their instinct teaches them to hide in a hole when frightened, but after they have learned to live out of doors and that their heels are sufficient they will depend upon them rather than go to earth, for they have not learned by experience that by taking to a hole they are safe. Never run young foxes if you want them to be long runners. If you go into a locality in which foxes have never been chased you will find that the majority of foxes will suffer themselves to be caught on the ground rather than take a hole, for the reason they have not learned that they could evade the dog by holing up."  
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Whipple's "Little White."  
In David Whipple's barn at Centre Groton, Conn., is a brisk little white horse, weighing not over 950 pounds, which David Whipple would not sell. That little white horse, worth, perhaps, not more than \$125 or \$150, lately took David Whipple, his wife and two daughters all the way from Selfville, Ala., to Centre Groton, in Connecticut. The journey occupied a little more than two months' time, counting in a visit in a Virginia town.  
The little white horse bravely endured the journey, which lay through Tennessee, Virginia, Pennsylvania and New York State, the party crossing the Hudson into Tarrytown. The little horse arrived at Centre Groton as sleek and glossy as when it trotted out of the Alabama town two months before. The horse covered, on an average, thirty miles a day.  
"The little white," said David Whipple, "is as kind as a kitten, the pet of the whole family. No, sir, I would not sell him."—New York Herald.

#### THE FIELD OF ADVENTURE.

##### THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

##### Most Unique Battle of the War—Fight With a Marine Monster—A Thwarted Crime.

In the winter of 1862-3 a part of the Confederate army was in winter quarters near the town of Dalton, in the northern part of Georgia. The famous Orphan Brigade of Kentucky, noted for its bravery and daring in battle, was encamped near a brigade of Tennessee troops. The Kentuckians were commanded by General Joseph H. Lewis, now on the bench of the Court of Appeals, and the gallant Pat Cleburne, who afterward fell fighting bravely at Franklin, Tenn.  
The two brigades mingled constantly, and the tedium of camp life was relieved by many gay pranks and harmless larks among the soldier boys.  
One day the troops were treated to a genuine snow storm—a sight very rare in that part of the country, but which recalled their far away homes very vividly to the soldiers from the Middle States. A party of Tennessee soldiers had been paying a visit to some of their Kentucky comrades, and as they took their departure their late hosts in a spirit of sport threw some snowballs after them; they responded promptly, and a lively contest ensued, each party pelting the other with the white missiles.  
The Tennesseans retreated at first, but, being re-enforced, returned to the attack. Some Georgians, who now learned to make snowballs for the first time, also joined their side. They assailed the Kentuckians so fiercely that the latter, outnumbered and blinded by the feathery balls, were driven from their position and their barracks and colors were seized by the enemy.

At this juncture General Lewis stepped out of his tent, and was also greeted with a volley of snowballs and a derisive cheer. Seeing how matters stood he sprang upon his horse, ordered out his officers and men and advanced with his entire brigade to regain their lost honors.  
The Tennesseans and Georgians called on their comrades for aid, and both sides responded with the same eagerness and promptness which would have been displayed at the sudden attack of a Federal army. In a few moments 8000 men and officers were drawn up in battle array, their arms full of snowballs, and amid shouts of laughter and loud cheers the fight waxed furiously.  
The officers rode among the men encouraging them and bravely exposing themselves to the shower of white balls, which soon made the soldiers look like snow men. If an officer was knocked off his horse, a private immediately took his place and rallied his comrades.  
The battle waxed fiercer and fiercer; each side made determined charges and were repulsed again and again. But slowly, inch by inch, the valiant Kentuckians drove their opponents back and recaptured their quarters and colors. They then formed in a compact body, with freshly gathered ammunition and charged upon the spot where General Cleburne was seated on his horse, gayly cheering his men and giving instructions to his aides. Time after time the Kentuckians dashed themselves against the wall of Tennesseans, but were driven back before the rain of balls and forced to retreat. The two bodies of men swayed back and forth all the afternoon without either side gaining a victory. Night finally came and the darkness ended the bloodless, but one of the most unusual and fiercest, battles ever fought. —Louisville Courier-Journal.

Fight With a Marine Monster.  
The Italian settlement at the foot of Franklin street, Oakland, Cal., was agitated the other morning by the capture of a monster of the deep. An Italian fisherman gave battle to the queer fish, and he says he will long remember the encounter. The capture was made near Goat Island in the morning. It took several hours to land the fish, and during the contest two boats were nearly wrecked.  
The Italians call the monster a "rat fish," because it has somewhat the appearance of a rat. The fish weighs 245 pounds and measures eleven feet from the tip of the nose to the end of the tail. The tail itself, which was used by the fish as a means of defense, measured six feet in length. The fishermen claim that this is the first "rat fish" ever captured in the bay of San Francisco.

The story of the battle was told by James Lagoria. He employs the fishermen to go out every morning and fish for him. "There is one old man in my employ," said Lagoria, "who seems to have particularly bad luck in catching freaks. Several days ago he caught a man-eater while fishing near Goat Island and had an exciting encounter. This morning the same old fisherman had his lines out near Goat Island when he captured the rat fish. He was alone at the time, and was somewhat excited when the monster came to the surface of the water and made straight for his little boat, lashing his tail in all directions. The fisherman had to devote his efforts to getting away from his catch. He shouted for assistance, and three companions, who were fishing in the vicinity, came to his rescue. After a long struggle they succeeded in drowning the monster and towed him shore. A fish that weighs 245 pounds and is even eleven feet long, with a tail almost like a rod of iron can do some fighting when it gets mad. That is what my fishermen found out when they tried to land the monster. The

man who made the capture has given up the sea for a few days. He is a little superstitious about his captures and does not want to do any more fishing for awhile.  
"The Italians call it a 'rat fish,' but that is not the proper name. We have been in the fish business for a great many years, but we have never had anything like this before. It is not a shark. The tail is very peculiar and has great strength when the monster is alive. That is its weapon of defense. The men who caught the fish tell me that the monster can work terrible havoc with its tail. They were thoroughly alarmed during the battle with the creature. After we have had it on exhibition a few days we shall send the head to the Oakland High School. We gave this school the head of the man-eating shark."  
A Thwarted Crime.  
An Indian paper tells a curious tale. A rich lady, with her two children, both infants, was going, it is said, in her own "ekka" from Bamnagar to a place in the centre of the Bar tract. The driver was a trustworthy servant of the family, and it was for this reason that the lady had not divested herself of the ornaments she usually wore. But the sight of the jewels was too much for him, and at that lonely country he suddenly asked his mistress to hand him her valuables. On her suspecting his real designs and hesitating, the miscreant showed himself in his real colors, and made her and her little ones, who could hardly toddle about, get down. The horrible thought that was working in his brain that of hiding his crime by means of murder, had given his face a sardonic look, which made the poor woman tremble.  
Then the fiend bound her hand and foot, and informed her that he would first kill her children and then do her to death. By her earnest entreaties she prevailed over him to begin with her first. He had an axe in his hand, with which he aimed a blow at her, but the head being loose, it flew away and fell a few paces off, the handle only remaining in his grasp. He stepped into the grass to look for it and disappeared behind a mound. She waited her certain doom with all her nerves on the strain. She gradually fell into a swoon, and when she came round the first thing she saw was her husband bending over her and her babies crying and tugging at her clothes.  
After she had left, a nameless unceasing seized her husband. He could not reason away his vague fears, try as he would, and at last he mounted his horse and followed the "ekka." He had proceeded but a few miles when the dreadful sight of his wife and children lying bound up with cords on the ground met his eyes. And the story that his wife told him congealed his blood with horror. They both then, drawn by an irresistible curiosity, went toward the "direction" that the miscreant went to pick up his ax, and think of their surprise when they saw his corpse already lying blue, putrid and bloated, the flies buzzing over it in clouds. Retribution had come in the shape of a "karunda," (of the deadly variety known as "khaki,") rare even in those snake infested parts, whose bite instantaneously paralyzes the victim and decomposes the body in an hour.

Just an Inch From Death.  
We were sitting on the veranda of our bungalow one evening in far-off Barmah, B. A., and I, enjoying our after-dinner cheroot. The waters of the bay lapped lazily at the sand at our feet, for our house was "built on the sands" of the shore. All the world seemed at peace, only the monotonous night bird in the jungle, and the occasional note of the jacked signalling in the distance to his comrades, was heard. The moon had come up from behind a rocky island just over in the bay, and spread a flood of golden yellow light over the silver topped breakers, rolling in over a neighboring coral reef. It was so calm and beautiful that it seemed that all that was wicked and bad had gone out of the world, and yet death lurked just at my friend's elbow, as he pulled unconsciously at his cheroot.  
We had been discussing in a leisurely manner something that had happened in America. To prove some point my friend arose, and stretching himself lazily, sauntered into his bedroom to get a paper bearing on the matter we had been discussing. Usually lights were placed in all the bedrooms, but this evening, for some unaccountable reason—probably the moonlight—the servant had not performed his duties. I could hear my friend fumbling about on his dressing table and then suddenly he gave a quick cry of horror and rushed out to the light.  
"I have been struck by a snake," he gasped, and his face was deadly pale.  
"Where is it? Quick! Show me!" I exclaimed, as I whipped out a knife. He held out his right arm. There was no mark on the hand, which I examined critically, but on the cuff of the shirt were two tiny scratch-like punctures, and two little globules of poison sinking into the starched linen and leaving a sickly, greenish-yellow mark.  
"You've had a close call, old man," I exclaimed, with a great sigh of relief, "and I think you need a peg to brace up your nerves, but first let us settle the snake."  
We found him coiled up on a small mirror, which lay on the table, and an ugly looking devil he was, too, ready to strike again.  
He was a very poisonous snake, known as the Debone Russell, but after my friend had finished with him it would have been difficult for any naturalist to have placed him in his proper genus. —Detroit Free Press.

THE MYSTERY OF LOVE.  
The million stars that throng the skies  
A score of moons would make;  
Yet now their twinklings just suffice  
The gloom of night to break.  
So friendship may the offering be  
Of scores of royal hearts,  
Yet fail to give the ecstasy  
That love alone imparts.  
—Joseph W. Quinn, in Womankind.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.  
As a rule, when a story is funny, it is not true. —Athenian Globe.  
If nobody considers you a crank, you must have attracted very little attention.  
The family tree would be all very fine if it were not all tree and no crop. —Life.  
A dog will always fight another dog quicker if it has a ribbon around its neck. —Athenian Globe.  
"I will snatch a kiss!" he exclaimed. "I verily believe," she faltered, shyly, "you have the face to try it on."  
The man who can compose a song without the word "Oh" at the beginning should be given a medal. —Peck's Sun.  
Friend—"Was the season satisfactory?" Actor—"Well, we escaped our lives and some of our trunks."  
It is hard to believe that a man is telling the truth when you know you would lie were you in his place. —Boston Transcript.  
Cave Gnome—"What's driving you ashore?" Sea Serpent (shudderingly)—"The mermaids are trying to wear bloomers." —Chicago Tribune.  
Here's a fact that's true to the eye  
As to the old gray-headed sage:  
The up-to-date woman is never  
Right square up to date in her age.  
—Pack.  
"Miss Passe indulged in somewhat withering sarcasm when she was talking of you." "It is her privilege, poor thing. She is somewhat withering herself." —Indianapolis Journal.  
"Anyhow," said Dismal Dawson, "they ain't no man can lay his hand on his heart and say truthfully that I took his job of work away from him, and that goes!" —Indianapolis Journal.  
"Better wait awhile," said the Cummingsville sage. "After you get to be a few years older you won't want anything to live for. Just living will be considerable satisfaction." —Cincinnati Enquirer.  
Hortense—"I suppose there is always something in life to spoil a man's happiness." Van Jay—"Yes; if a man is poor he can't be happy, and if he is rich the chances are he will get married." —Brooklyn Eagle.  
The Guest—"Here! What do you mean by waking me up three times this morning and telling me it is breakfast time? And here I catch you running away with the sheet." Boy—"Well, you see, sir, we've got to get the tablecloth whether you get up or not." —Tit-Bits.  
Old Mercator (to little Billy Ducks, just left school, who applies for situation as office boy, and produces testimonial from clergyman)—"We don't want you on Sundays, my good little boy. Have you a reference from any one who knows you on week days?" —Sydney Bulletin.  
"Why," asked Dismal Dawson, leaning over the fence, "why do you keep on diggin' when the boss ain't around?" "Because I really like the job," said the new farm hand. "Got a real likin' for work?" "Sure!" "You'd orter take treatment." —Indianapolis Journal.  
Judge B. fell down a flight of stairs, recording his passage in a bump on every stair until he reached the bottom. A servant ran to his assistance, and raising him up said: "I hope your Honor is not hurt?" "No," said the Judge, sternly. "My honor is not hurt, but my head is."  
The latest addition to Americana abroad is the smart saying of a New York girl to an Englishman who took her in to dinner. "Sometimes wonder what becomes of all the peaches in your country," he said. "Oh, we eat what we can, and can what we can't," answered the ready-tongued maid. —New York Sun.  
First Office Boy—"Do you like your job?" Second Office Boy—"Now! The typewriter is thirty-five, the book-keeper's sore 'cause he can't be a dudu on \$8 a week, the instalment company took the head clerk's bicycle away from him last week 'cause he hadn't paid up on it, and the boss won't let me whistle anywhere." —Somerville Journal.

A Whale Far Above Tidewater.  
Captain J. H. D. Gray, of Astoria, has the petrified vertebrae of a whale, which was found thirty feet under ground on one of the hills back of Astoria, at an elevation of 185 feet above the sea level. There was also a large deposit of clam shells around the whale's bone, but the rest of the bones of the whale were not visible. The fact that a whale was stranded 185 feet above the present water level in Astoria shows conclusively that there has been a flood at Astoria in days gone by, to which the flood in Portland a year ago last June was not a marker. Portland went through that flood, and is still here, but it is plain that the Astoria which existed when that whale was stranded was annihilated. —Portland Oregonian.

Ingenuous Swindling Device.  
The French customs authorities on the Swiss frontier have detected a novel and ingenious swindling device. Watches were sent across the border, sealed up in cans of condensed milk. It is estimated that 22,000 watches, valued at \$400,000, have entered France thus in the past six months.