Beyond.

Autumn is dying, winter is come, Dead leaves are flying, the rivers are dumb; The wind's like a knife, one's fingers grow numb:

There is snow on the mountains, ice in the pond.

Winter is with us, but spring is beyond The old year is dying, its glory is dead;

The days are all flying, their brightness has fled:

The bushes grow bare as the berries grow red There is snow on the mountains, ice in the

pond. The old year is dying, the new is beyond. We are all growing old, and life slips away;

There is bare time for work, and still less fo play. Though we think we grow wiser the longer w

stay : | But there's spond.

This world waxes old, but there's heaven beyond

A MIDNIGHT MEETING.

I always did think my brother Solo mon a little hard upon me, though I confess that there was reason for it. Mine were not exactly his ways, you

But could I help it that I was not born a parson, like Solomon? Everybody isn't born a parson. A long while ago, when we were boys together in tight blue jackets, with gilt buttons and deep frilled collars, I used te try with all my might and main to imitate Solomon, and when we were exhibited in society, I always echoed verbatim every remark I heard him make, so that I might share his fame. But that was, as I said, long ago, and gradually such close following in Solomon's steps grew tedious, so I chose a wider way. I was warned a great deal against this wider way, but somehow I lounged easily into it when I found how difficult it was to be always as good as Solomon.

As I said, to begin with, I always did think Solomon a little hard upon me. If I used language a little stronger than a Quaker's, he would maintain a marked and impressive silence himself; if I took anything stronger than lemonade, he would ask meaningly for water, to my intense discomfiture; and ifafter we had grown up, and were living each of us alone in his own house-I took part in the harmless recreations of the age, I would for the next few days | idea that his head was bare. I hurried live in mortal terror of Solomon's appearance at the gate, with his book of sermons under his arm, and the odor of outraged sanctity pervading him. His figure, coming through the gate, even without that brown book under his arm, would have been impressive enough, but it never did appear so. He was curious in appearance, was Solomon, being emphatically long in every His legs and feet were long; his arms and hands were long; his hair was long; his nose was long; and his though his bed was narrow think the only things that were not long

about him were his sleeves. After any particular jovial evening at the Squire's or at Jo Fleming's at Blagly Squire bred the best fighting cocks in the country except Jo's, and Jo's whisky was the primest that ever escaped duty), you may guess that my heart didn't bound with joy at the sight of Solomon's long figure and long face : still, on ordinary occasions, Solomon and I were good friends, and I looked forward to the day when he should convert me to his own ways, and we should read the book of sermons aloud by turns through our old age. But then I knew there was plenty of time for that.

Well, we had marked the fight of the season, and I had backed Jo's bird The affair was to come off on the Sunday afternoon, and for all the week before we were so excited (Jo and I and our chums, and the Squire and his chums) that we spent every evening together, discussing our birds and our bets : not to mention the dispatching of a good deal of the Squire's home brewed, and of my old port, and of Jo's Scotch. You see we didn't read so much in those days as you do now, and so spent more time over these lighter duties. We didn't talk very much either -one of Solomon's sermons divided among us would have lasted us all for a week; but we smoked-well, pretty

steadily.

The Sunday came at last, and in the morning I sat in the corner of Solomon's pew, paying the greatest attention to for I wouldn't for the world he the afternoon, or that I had the slightest interest in either Jo's bird or the Squire's. What was my horror, then, when Solomon, in the very middle of his discourse (I always knew it was the middle whem he began to say "lastly") alluded darkly to a "besetting sin of the age," as a sport at which only Satin could laugh. "And he," concluded Solomon—and I felt his eyes upon me -"chuckles with glee to see men so degrade themselves." I broke out into a damp heat. Could any one have turned traitor and told Solomon? I kept my eyes down upon the carpet, and tried to make a resolution that this should be my last cock-fight; but somehow the resolution jumbled itself up with speculations as to how the

pocketed my £100 winnings.
"I shall certainly buy that colt of Jo's; and now I think of it, I may as it?" cried I, for she was shying back in cock-fighting after all. He always had as she had not felt since she was broken

he had doffed his long gown and joined and galloped back towards Blagly withme in the churchyard, and I only said, out me. amiably, "You were rather hard upon us all to-day, as usual, Sol." "Was I?" be questioned, in his slow

"Hard or soft, it does but little way. "Hard good, Jacob.

I turned the conversation gingerly. I could not easily prove his words to be along

relief, when we reached the parsonage

"Shall I see you at service this even ing?" was Solomon's most unfortunate inquiry, as he slowly removed his umbrella to bis left hand, preparatory to giving me his right.

"I hope so, but I cannot say I am quite sure." I answered in that way for the purpose of breaking it to him as gently as I could. I knew Solomon felt this sort of thing as sharply as I felt a razor scratch in shaving, so I put it in that way, that I hoped so, but could not say that I was quite sure.

"I am sorry you are not sure, Jacob," said he; "I should have liked to see you at church to-night. I don't feel very well to-day, so will you come in "I wish I could, Sol," said I, as jauntily as possible, "but the fact is I have promised an old friend at Luck-

heaton" (Luckheaton lay in the direc-tion exactly opposite to Blagly) "to go over and have a quiet chat with him. He is not able to go about much him-

I suppose Solomon was shaking hands in his ordinary manner, but his long fingers seemed to me to have tied themselves about mine to hold me

"You want a new umbrella, Sol, remarked I, neatly preparing the way for the gift I had in store; and, as I thought, turning the conversation with consummate tact.

"Do I?" asked Solomon, looking down upon the machine as if he had never seen it before in his life. "We both of us wanta good many new things,

Jacob; new habits, new aims, new—"
"Ah! yes, indeed we do," sighed I,
cheerfully, as I felt the grip of his fingers relaxing. "You're looking all gers relaxing. "You're looking all right, I'm glad to see. Don't go and fancy yourself ailing, Sol; it's a womtrick, and not at all like von.' anish

"No, I am not fanciful," he said, tucking his book tenderly under his long arm. "Good-bye, then, Jacob; I shall see you again some time to-night, shall I?

Awkward, that query at the end, but I nodded yes to him just as if I had known—let me see—where was I? Well, Solomon and I parted very good smile as I waited; and afterwards I looked back at him-with a smile too. for at the moment I turned, a branch of his old pear tree caught his hat, (which he always wore on the back of his head) and kept it : and he walked on to the parsonage door without an on cheerfully, then, feeling pretty sure I was safe. Solomon would be in his study all the afternoon; and in his pulpit most of the evening. Then he would drink his cup of strong tea, and sleep the sleep of a parson till morning, with his lattice window wide open, and a square of the night sky exactly be-

fore his eyes.
"My sleep is calm," he used to say, 'if my last look has been on heaven. And calm I believe it always was, sermons were long. His coat-tails were and he-though narrow too-was long. uncommonly long, too; and, indeed, I Sol never could be induced to spend on himself any money which he could spare to give away, and so he persisted in using still the bed he had had as a boy. As for mine, I had been glad enough to discard it for a better.

Well, we had rare sport on that Sunday afternoon, and our bird came off the winner, though the Squire's was as plucky a little cock as ever got beaten. There he lay when the tussle was over, with his comb up and his mouth a little open, as if he was only taking in breath for a fresh attack; yet as dead as if he were roasted with stuffing.

Jo gave us a supper after the fight then we dispatched a bottle of port apiece over settling our bets; then we gave our minds to pleasure, and enjoyed a good brew of Jo's punch; and the Squire, though he had been beaten, was

one of the cheerfulest of us all As it was Sunday, we determined to separate in good time; so when it got towards eleven, we set out, while Jo stood in his lighted doorway shouting hearty good-nights after us. I had waited to make an appointment with him for the next day, that we might conclude the bargain for the colt, so I was a little behind the others in start-

"Take care of yourself," called Jo; you have the most money and the furthest to go. Mind the notes. Five twenties, and I've copied the numbers that we may be safe. Tell the Squire so, if he waylays you in the dark.

This was Jo's parting joke, and when answered it I gave a kindly touch to the pocketbook in my breast-pocket; should suspect where I was going in and the Squire, who heard us, called the only definite idea that possessed

there was a moon behind the clouds. I was riding a favorite little mare who knew every step of the way be-tween my own stables and Jo's, so I just rode peaceably on in the dark, recalling the flavor of Jo's whisky, and singing over one of the verses of a song the Squire had given us:

"With five pounds your standing wages You shall daintily be fed : Bacon, beans, salt beef, cabb-ages. Buttermilk, and barley-bread."

Suddenly the mare made a deliberate stop, and roused me from my melodious dreaminess. Certainly at the end of this lane a gate opened on the heath, but then she understood quite well that she had only to lift and push this gate, Squire would feel to-night when he was beaten, and how I should feel when I here when I had been riding sleepily home from Blagly.

well get Solomon a new umbrella. I the lane, and behaving in every way dare say he didn't mean anything about like a lunatic. I gave her such a cut and it may be true and it may not. At whims for attacking our sports, and of in; and then, without a word of warncourse that innocent diversion must ing, she reared entirely upright; took | mon had been ailing for some time-so take its turn, like bowls and billiards." me at a disadvantage, and sent me the words went—and had felt worse I had forgiven Solomon by the time sprawling into the ditch; then turned than usual that day, and lonely and

I was none the worse for my fall, only shaken a little, and astonished a great deal; so I picked up first myself and then my hat, and stumbled on to find the heath gate. I had my hand step, while he sent again and again to upon it, when the moon came smiling see if I had returned. Just once he had from under a cloud, and the untrue, and it wouldn't be polite if I whole level waste of heath was made had failed; and those who were listenvisible in a moment. But the sight of ing heard him bid his brother good-

was not what struck me with such a chill, and made my eyes prick and my throat grow apoplectic. I never gave a second glance in that direction, for there, close to me, only on the opposite side of the closed gate, stood my brother Solomon. I could not have mistaken him if there had been only the very faintest flickler of light. There he was, in his long coat and his high hat, with his arms folded on the top bar of the gate, the brown book under one of

them, as usual, and his eyes fixed

steadily on me.
"Solomon," I said, growing very
cold and uncomfortable under his gaze, it's getting chilly for you to be out." He did not answer that, and so presently I went cheerfully on: "I've been -you remember where I said I was going—" I stopped again here. I did not want to confess where I had been if he did not know, and I did not want to tell another falsehood if he did know.

Liso reward for those five £20 notes. So I put it to him that way, intending to be guided by his answer. It was so long in coming that I took heart of "Where grace to try another tack.

have you been, Sol?" Another pause, and then he answered just in his old slow way: "I've been at home expecting you, Jacob; waiting for you until I could wait no longer." I'm sorry for that," I said, feeling

a little cheerier to hear him speak. would not have been so late only I had to go round by Blagly on business. I daresay you notice that I'm coming from there now. I only went on business, Sol.

He made another pause before he answered, and though it was a trick of Solomon's, and always had been, I felt myself growing uncomfortably cold. Why could he not have stayed at home, as parsons should on Sunday nights?

But the icy chill turned all at once to

a clammy heat when Solomon asked me quietly, and without turning his steady gaze from my face: "How much of that filthy lucre have you won, Jacob?" "Wh-what?" I stammered-and then you might have knocked me down with the very smallest of the feathers in Jo's winning bird-" Wh-what,

He repeated the question, slowly and steadily. "How much of that filthy lucre have

ou won, Jacob?" "You-you have been dreaming, Solomon.

Unlinking his long fingers, which had been clasped together on the gate, he stretched one hand towards me. Five notes," he said, still with the unmoved gaze. "Five worthless, illwon notes I clasped my breast-pocket anxiously.

"I have a little money here, Sol," I said, as airily as I could, "a few pounds more or less; and I want to buy you a new umbrella, yours is getting shabby. I'll go into town to-morrow and choose

I tried to get up a little cheerfulne over it, but Solomon's gaze damped it all out of me; and, besides, he had not taken back his long, hungry, outstretched hand.

"Five notes," he said, again; "five worthless, ill-won notes, Jacob!" "Even if I had the notes, Sol," I began, trembling like a leaf in a storm, even if I had them-ha, ha! what an absurd idea!—what should you want with them? And—and," I added,

clutching desperately at a straw of courage, "what right have you to courage, "There is no right in the question," said Solomon, and his face grew longer

and longer. "It is all wrong."
"You don't often joke, Sol," said I, pretty bravely, though I was trembling like any number of aspens, "but, of course, you're joking now, and i'ts rather late for a joke, isn't it? Come

along home with me. "I am not going your way now," he answered. "Shall you be home to-night?" I

asked, trying to finish up the scene in my natural tones. To-night? It is midnight now.' "God bless my soul, is it really?" I exclaimed, not so much suprised as ridiculously flurried and nervous under

my brother's intent gaze. Solomon had shivered as the words passed my lips, and for the first time he looked away. Good-night," he said, in his slow

absent way, and then I think he added three other words, which he often did add to his good-byes; but he spoke so low that I scarcely heard, and I felt so angry with him, too, that I didn't even

I walked on moodily across the heath, All the benign pleasures of the sport had been swept away in one chill blast; out that he daren't try to-night, as me was the determination not to buy my brother Solomon a new umbrella. I always carried my own key, and for-

bade the servants to sit up for me, as you may guess I was surprised to find my groom watching for me at the gate. Walking, sir ?" he exclaimed, meeting me with a hurried step and worried face. "I hoped you'd ride home that you might be the quicker at the parsonage. They've sent for you twenty times

at least, sir. Mr. Solomon -"I know," I interrupted; "Mr. Solomon is missing; I've just met him. I'll go and tell them so, for I'll be

bound the parish is all up in arms." All the parish was up in arms, and had all gathered at the parsonage, as it seemed to me-but strangest of all-Solomon was there too, lying on his narrow bed opposite the open window, with the square of moonlit sky before

his closed eyes.

They tell me something about swoon or some such womanish trick; any rate, I remember nothing after the first few sentences they uttered. Solothan usual that day, and lonely and restless. Still, he had insisted on preaching in the evening, and afterwards had toiled up to my house to see if I was at home, and then toiled back again. All night he had been expecting me, and had kept listening for my risen excitedly in bed, then his strength "Good-bye, Sol," I said, with great the heath, in all its barren ugliness, night, with the whispered prayer- loose it."

"God bless you." Then he had Iain Paul Du Chaillu, the noted traveler,

quietly back, with his fading eyes upon that glimpse of heaven beyond the lattice window, and had died quietly at midnight. What? The money? Don't ask me what became of the meney. Over those five notes I worried myself at last into the most serious brain fever that ever man came back from into life again. They were gone. No trace could I ever find of my old pocket-book, though I made it well known that the numbers of the notes had been taken. When I had offered £50 reward, and that did not bring them, I doubled it and offered £100. Who would care to keep them then? Who would keep five notes which were stopped, when they could receive five available ones of equal value by Of course, I tried to make out that it was the old pocket-book I set the value on, but, after all, I didn't much care who had the laugh against me if I could only set this matter straight, and give it an air of daylight reality. But nothat never brought them.

Another cock-fight? No, I never saw

another cock-fight. Don't ask me any nore. It's five-and-thirty years ago let it rest.

The Loss of the Virginius.

All that remains of the steamer Virzinius, of which so much has recently been said and written, now rests quietly at the bottom of the ocean. The ship foundered in eight fathoms of water, just off Cape Fear. Soon after the Virginius was delivered to the United States steamer Ossipee it was discovered that she was in a leaky condition, and immediately after her head had been turned northward the pumps were set to work, but, notwithstanding the best efforts of the seamen, who worked manfully night and day, the water gained slowly in the hold. The ship was in this condition when Lieut. Commander David C. Woodrow was ordered to take command of her. Shortly after that officer came on board he concluded that it would be impossible for the ship to reach New York. He afterward communicated this conviction to his superior officer on board the Ossipee, and dvised that the Virginius be run into Charleston, which port he was sure could be made. This advice was not heeded, and the two vessels proceeded on their course to New York. On the evening of the 25 ult. the Virginius became unmanageable. The water was up to within a few inches of her boiler fires, and gaining slowly. Her ex-hausted crew then determined to abandon her. For three days previously they had been working with the water up to their knees, and many of them were so worn out as to be hardly able to stand. Early on the morning of the 26th a boat's crew put off from the Ossipee, and, at the risk of their lives, gallantly rowed through the mountainous waves to the rescue of their shir mates. The boat first took off the landsmen, then the sailors, and after all the others were in safety the officers left the Virginius. The last boat left the sinking ship at 3:30 A. M. The Ossipee hove to after the entire crew of the Virginius was safely on board, and remained in the neighborhood to see what became of the vessel. At a little after 4 o'clock P. M. she began to settle down in the water. At first she went down by the head, her forward compartments being stove and open. After the water had reached to above the paddle-boxes, it rushed backward into the cabin, and, tearing out the compartment partitions, carried the ship down on an almost even keel. She sunk in latitude 33 deg. 44 min. 10 sec. north, and longitude 77 deg. 59 min. west. The Smithville Light bore north three-quarter west by the compass, with the end of Nagg's Head north northeast. When the ship had disappeared the Ossipee steamed up, and after at taching a buoy to the tow-rope by which

the two vessels had been connected, steamed for New York. Origin of Gipsies.

Charles Leland, in his work on English Gipsies, speaks of the race of which they are a part as "the descendants of a vast number of Hindoos, of the primitive tribes of Hindoostan who were expelled or migrated from that country early in the fourteenth century." The migration probably began earlier, for there are intimations of them as far west as Germany in 1416, and in 1427 a troop of them, numbering a hundred, appeared in Paris, where they gave themselves out as Christian Gipsies expelled from Egypt by the Mohammedans. No settled account of their origin is given by the Gipsies of any wo lands in the Old World, but their tradition tends on the whole towards the Egyptian origin, which the popular notions of European nations had in general till of late assigned to them. Yet hat the Rom or Romni are to be identified with the Dom or Domni castes of Hindoos, allied to the Nats, the real Gipsies of India at the present daythe letters D and R being hardly distinguishable in Gipsy mouths—is not only attested by the name they give themselves, but borne out by proofs without limit from the study of their speech and of their characteristic customs or habits.

The Difference.

George Eliot, the lady novelist, one of the keenest observers of men and things, makes note of one essential difference between men who take pride in their trade and those who are indifferent, and expresses her thoughts his ankles and cut the tendons behind through one of the characters in Adam so that the feet bend beneath the legs, Bede : away their tools i' that way the minute and rendering it impossible for their the clock begins to strike, as if they owner to stand upright. The inference the clock begins to strike, as if they took no pleasure i' their work, and was afraid o' doin' a stroke too much. I slashed and hewed into a rude imitation step, while he sent again and again to hate to see a man's arms drop down as see if I had returned. Just once he had if he was shot before the clock's fairly struck, as if he'd never a bit o' pride renders him valuable as a show. The and delight in 's work. The very grindstone 'll go on turning a bit after you through the efforts of a humanitarian, loose it."

Land of the Midnight Sun.

country in their hurried flights from the heights above to the valleys below, tumble down as if from heaven in gigantic waterfalls and cascades, so beautiful, so lovely, so white and chaste, so matchless in their beauty, that the be-holder never tires of looking upon them. I have told you of the leading features of the country, topographically considered; let me now say a few words about the people, their mode of living, their code of morality. I have been an extensive traveler, but never in all my experience have I met with such an honest and simple class of people as the inhabitants of Norway, Sweden and Lapland. Their faith in human nature is something incredible, and their honesty exceeds all bounds. Often have I left my money behind me in a farmhouse, and as often have I been followed on the road by my late host with the treasure I forgot in his domicile. They scorn to take any reward for doing what they consider their duty, and as often as I have offered them rewards they have been rejected. They are a very religious people and a very demo-cratic people. Of their religious sim-plicity, volumes could be written. They are for the most part, in fact all, Protestants or Lutherans. They bury their dead in graveyards around the churches, and if a man dies 200 miles away, his body must be brought to the graveyard and interred. A stranger can tell the condition of almost any lady he meets. Those that are engaged to be married have one plain gold ring; those who are married wear two, and those who have a family wear three. When a man's wife dies in this northern clime, the husband and his friends have a three days' jollification. About their lemocratic ideas I cannot give you a better notion than by mentioning the fact that I sought an interview with the King, and was accorded the same. Before I was five minutes in the royal presence, I was asked to smoke a cigar, and at separating was asked to call again, which I did. When I returned, I had to look for the King myself, there being no guards or servants around the house. I found him putting on his coat upstairs, having just put the finishing touch on one of his pictures. A few words about the midnight sun. I witnessed this grand phenomenon while standing on Cape North, the most northern extremity of Europe. The sun, instead of setting as it does here, and running a course from east to west, keeps going around in a circle, the lower periphery of which is just on | rene either by the abse the horizon. When it makes the lower curves it is partially ebscured, but it rises again and describes circles in the air for nearly two and a half months. It then goes away, but total darkness does not ensue, for the moon, the stars and the northern lights illumine the

The Desperation of Despair.

Many of our readers, says the New York Evening Post, may remember the little piece of verse in which a company of British officers in the Indian service are represented as getting together, during an unusually violent epidemic of cholera, and singing a song, the chorus of which, as we remember it, ran thus:

" Here's a health to the dead already, And a health to the next to die."

An incident is reported to have oc curred in Memphis, which indicates the existence in that city of a similar disposition to make a jest of death. A man, some days ill with the yellow fever, perceived one day that the disease had taken a fatal turn. Remarking that he was going to die, and that he was determined to die happy, he thereupon drank a large quantity of brandy, and died in the middle of the fit of drunk-

enness which was thus produced. However horrible such a scene may be, it must be confessed that it is not unnatural. Few men are able to maintain an indifferent bearing when they are forced to keep still and watch the constant and irresistible approach of death. One may face the danger of a desperate charge on a battle-field with comparative calmness, because there is something to do. But to lie still and wait for death to make an end of one requires a philosophical courage such as few men possess. The poor man who got drunk in order "to die happy" was probably too frightened to be fully responsible for what he did; but his conduct shows under what a tremendous strain human life is maintained in those districts of country where the yellow fever has been raging for the last few

A "Bear-Boy."

An Indian bear-boy has been on exhibition in San Francisco, and the papers have discovered that the monstrosity is a case of cruelty. The bearboy is a born idiot, and that is about all there is unnatural about him. His points of resemblance to a bear have been stimulated by barbarous cruelty. His keeper's story is that his mother was frightened by a bear before his birth. This could scarcely have broken "I can't abide to see men throw their upper portion touching the shins is that the Indian boy has been cut and of an animal going on all-fours. His idiocy aided the transformation, and matter was brought before the courts

Bright Side People.

The propensity to make the best of says: There is a beautiful country far things is generally found in combinaaway towards the icy north. It is a tion with those smaller virtues which glorious land, with snowy, bold and are more annoying to one's neighbors magnificent mountains; deep, narrow than most vices. The man who rises at and delightful valleys; bleak plateaux five every morning, who always ties up and slopes; wild ravines; clear and his letters with red tape, and who is picturésque lakes; immense forests of convinced of the great truth that it is white birch and fir trees; gigantic and better to be half an hour too early than superb glaciers, unrivaled in size by half a minute too late, is frequently any in Europe. It is of this country I given to making the best of things. come to tell you. The rivers of this The duty of doing so is a moral maxim just big enough for him to understand. He probably reflects upon it in the early morning at the time when the cold bath is bringing out that glow, physical and moral, which makes him an offence to all weaker vessels during the rest of has decided to hold in reserve for future

the day.

The ruddy, jovial person who gets himself up after the country-gentleman type, or the more unctious variety of popular preacher, is apt to be perspiring this doctrine at every pore. It is a pleasure to him to meet somebody in distress upon whom he may discharge beisterous comport through his favorite aphorism, as a fire-engine sends cold water through a hose. If he acquires some dim consciousness of the fact that his kind exhortations sound like a bitter mockery to his victims, it only increases his sense of virtue. They cannot comfort themselves under the loss of a wife by the reflection that they still have several first cousins and money enough to pay for a handsome monument. That only proves that they have not studied so well as he the great art of properly directing their sentiments. For of course he will deny in the most pathetic manner that he would ever advise anything like self-deceit. He does not avowedly ask a sufferer to profess that a toothache is rather a pleasant distrac-tion than otherwise; he only recom-mends him to fix his attention upon his great toe or some other remote part of his body which may appear to be enjoying good health. And, in fact, there are some people

so enviably constituted that a small pleasant object elevates them more than a great unpleasant object depresses melancholy. The person who makes the best of things professes to be of this temperament. It is not, he would have you believe, that he does not sympathize with grief, but that his constitutional buoyancy makes sympathy with him compatible with exhibaration he does not deny the existence of evils, but the smallest grain of good makes him happy, just as half a glass of wine makes some men drunk. There are, we say, such people as these-men, if we may coin a word, easily intoxicable. But we are inclined, as a rule, to a vehement suspicion in both cases. The man who is upset by the first glass has generally had a number of glasses before, and the man who makes the best of things is generally helped to be sefeeling or by the want of courage to look at the worst.

The Famine in Bengal.

The latest reports from Bengal are anything but encouraging. The famine seems inevitable. The recent failure of crops involves the subsistence of some thirty millions of people. "In ing of Captain William P. King and some villages of Dinagepore," says a correspondent of the London Times, "the people are eating jungle produce and the pith of the plantain tree, while they give a sort of tamarind stew to their children."

The Bishop of Calcutta has prepared a form of prayer to be used in the Christian churches, and the "Santana Dharma Rakshani Sabha," or Society for the Defence of Eternal Religion that is, orthodox idolatry-has issued the following formula:

"I. O Almighty Supreme Vishnu Thou art the Preserver in this world save, therefore, Bengal and other places from the impending dearth.
"II. O God! we, thy devoted people.

humbly pray that thou wouldst rescue us always from future grain scarcity.
"III. O Asylum of Mercy! pour down thy bounteous showers of kindness, and cause the world to be supplied with a plentiful harvest.

"IV. In this kali-yuga (age of vice), we human beings live upon grain; so save our lives by that food, and spread abroad thy Divine glory over the uni-

"V. O Lord! Governor! Thou art the sole protector of the helpless kindly pardon our sins, and, hearing our solicitations, bestow upon us thy universal benediction.

"VI. And also prolong the life of the sovereign, who is our ruler, for the prosperity of the subjects entirely depends upon the monarch's weal."

Death from Hydrophobia. A famous Western trotting horse

Ripon Boy, lately died from hydrophobia. The first suspicion that anything was the matter with the horse was when the groom took him to water. He drank sparingly, and at each attempt to drink thereafter would tremble in every limb. The horse allowed his keeper to approach, but exhibited great vice when he attempted to touch him. He supposed that the horse might have been poisoned by eating sumac with the hay. After watching the symptoms of the animal for a few moments, his owner pronounced them those of hydrophobia. Water was several times offered the horse, but when he undertook to drink he was seized with spasms followed by extreme viciousness. doctor says the actions of the horse were terrible to behold. He would rub his head against the stall so forcibly as to knock out his upper teeth, and finally fracture his jaw. Finding that the life hands of man, and there is something of the horse could not be asyed Mr. were terrible to benom.

his head against the stall so forcibly as to knock out his upper teeth, and finally fracture his jaw. Finding that the life of the horse could not be saved, Mr. Van Brunt ordered the stall to be boarded up so as to prevent him from horse. The practice of letting a horse stand in a snow-storm, without a blanket, is cruel in the extreme.

Facts and Fancies.

Brahminism is professed by 110,000,-

000 of human souls Hens won't work in Nevada without sufficient inducement, and hence travelers have to pay a dollar and a half for two eggs out there.

Mrs. Lucy Tenney was murdered in her bed, in Grafton, Maine, by her hus-band, Moses Tenney, a blind pauper. eighty years of age, who is now under arrest.

There is a young man in Saginaw, Mich., who was stolen and taken among the Indians when an infant, and lately escaped after twenty-six years of sav-

The Howard Association of Memphis

mergencies. If you want to make a good boy bad

or a bad boy worse, nag, snub, and rough him. Don't speak gently to the erring child if you would have him keep on erring. A British railway company has decided to give its signal men \$5 each for every three months that they work

without having any charge of negli-gence proved against them. A correspondent from Shelburne, N. S., writes that Captain Clarence Kelly, of that place, recently shot a large gray eagle that had steel traps at-tached to each foot, one of which had

three feet of chain attached. California has about 8,000,000 head of sheep. The wool crop in two shearings, at an average of ten pounds per head, would amount to 80,000,000 pounds, or 15,060,000 more than the total product of the United btates in

"I would rather," said a prominent New York merchant in our hearing, give a five-figure credit to a you house having fifty thousand dollars' worth of cash and fifty thousand dollars' worth of brains, than to an old established concern with a hundred

thousand cash and no brains for busi-A lad in Worcester, Mass., has been fined \$5 and costs, amounting to \$14.50, them. They are people, so to speak, of small specific gravity, who cannot be submerged without a heavy burden of passing sentence, the Judge said it was not the mere market value of the goods stolen that called for severe punishment, but the great annoyance

ing such petty pilfering. Carbonite is a new article of fuel found only in the James River, Va. It is a substitute for cannel coal, and costs two-thirds as much, burns freely, but without smoke, sulphur or bituminous odor, and so nearly consumes itself that but 21 per cent. of ashes is left. It burns longer than anthracite or cannel,

and affords a beautiful and pure flame.

"I found it very inconvenient, and a great loss of time," says Chateaubriand, to dine before seven o'clock. My wife wanted to dine at five o'clock, and insisted upon that hour. After many arguments and many heated discustions, we finally compromised up o'clock-an hour very inconvenient to us both. This is what they call do mestic concessions.

Innocently Executed.

One of the most notable executions that ever occurred in Kentucky, says the Louisville Journal, was the hang-Abraham Owens, at Franklin, in June. 1867. King was the leader of a gang of thieves who stopped several trains on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad and robbed the passengers, and Owens was a member of King's gang. The two were convicted of murdering Harvey King, a half-witted brother of Captain King, and it was asserted that the murder was committed through fear that the half-witted brother would expose the robbers.

The day on which the hanging took place was intensely hot, and the crowd in front of the gallows, suffering under the blazing sun, grew impatient at the seemingly interminable speeches of the doomed men, who again and again re-iterated their innocence, and called upon God to witness the truth of what they said. The Sheriff was at length forced to admonish them, and they stopped and made ready to die. The oody of King twitched horribly after being swung off, and he appeared to die hard. Owens struggled some, but did not suffer so much as his companion. Everybody familiar with the trial seemed to feel almost certain that the men were guilty, but their almost frantic assertions of innocence did not fail

to make an impression. Some time ago a man by the name of Evans was lynched in Kansas, and a report of the lynching in one of the Kansas papers alleged that before his death he made a confession, in which he said he had once committed a murder in Kentucky, for which two men had been hanged. It is now said that the Evans who was lynched in Kansas was one of the principal witnesses against King and Owens, and that they are the persons referred to by him in his confession. Should these statements turn out to be true, they will be likely to cause unpleasant feelings in Simpson county. It is to be hoped that this publication may lead to an investiga-tion that will give us trustworthy infor-

Shoe Your Horses.

mation.

At this season of the year every horse should be shod. A great many horses are ruined every winter by the carelessness of owners. Slipping around on the ice will soon render a horse totally worthless. It is the meanest kind of cruelty as well as a criminal extravagance to work a smooth horse in winter. There is no excuse for this neglect, and a man who will not see that his