Connubialities.

A pretty little maiden Had a pretty little dream, A pretty little wedding Was the pretty little theme. A pretty little bachelor To win her favor tried,

And ask her how she'd like to be

His pretty little bride. With some pretty little blushes And a pretty little sigh, And some pretty little glances From a pretty little eye; With a pretty little face, Behind a pretty little fan, She smiled on the proposal Of this pretty little man.

Some pretty little "loves," And some pretty little "dears," And some pretty little smiles. And some pretty little tears; Some pretty little presents, And a pretty little kiss, Were some pretty little preludes To some pretty little bliss.

This pretty little lady And her pretty little spark Met the pretty little parson And his pretty little clerk, A pretty little wedding-ring United them for life, A pretty little husband And a pretty little wife.

THE RED LIGHT.

"Maggie, is the light there?" "Yes, father."

"Is it a red light ?"

"Yes, father, but don't go out tonight, please don't-stop at home for your own Maggie's sake.'

They were father and daughterthese two speakers, and the only occupants of the little cottage that stood by the cliff, near the booming sea. In a pleasant little cottage, where everything was kept bright and cheerful by Maggie; her mother had been dead many a year. They ought to have been happy, and would have been but for circumstances which will be made

known as we progress in our story.

Quite a number of people lived in
the neighborhood of the cliff—one of of whom was named Joe Clay. If there ever was a singular character dwelt on the face of the earth, this same Joe was one. He sold liquor and when the red light shone from his window you could have had liquor for each or for credit. Once in a while Joe would have what his neighbors termed "moral fits" come over him and would wake up to seeing how much misery he was causing by his traffic and how wrong it was for him to deal out the

liquid poison. At such times the red light was withdrawn from the window and a white one | brought her out such a wild and unwas placed in its stead. If this light off with the State House as to induce him to let you have a drop of liquor, for he wouldn't do it-neither love nor money would tempt him to depart from his resolutions.

the white light always was shining there. On the railway a red light signifles danger, as much as did the one in Joe Clay's cottage to the heart of Mag-

gie. "Now what's the use of your wanting to deprive me of having a pleasant evening once in a while, Maggie?" said the child's father.

"Because it is going to be a wild and Clay. dark night, father, and you always appear so dazed like when you come home from the Clay cottage that I fear you will lose your way and make a misstep and fall over the cliff. Oh, it is so lonely here for me when you are gone, and I get so nervous and fearful sometimes, that I don't hardly dare to look over my shoulder-the very stillness often makes me cry aloud for fear,' answered Maggie.

There's nothing can harm ye, child: to bed when I am gone and get to sleep, and I'll wake ye up bright and early in the morning with a father's "I could not go to bed, much less

go to sleep, knowing you were out. Do stay home, and I'll sing to you all the songs I know, and you shall tell me all about dear mother. There was a tear in the old man's

eye, but he wiped it away, saying as he did so, "Now Birdie, don't feel so badly; I'll not be gone long anyway, and maybe I'll bring you back something nice.

"I'd rather have you stay at home with me than all the nice things you

could bring."
"Well, I can't stay for all that, and all your whimpering and whining can't prevent me from going."

"Won't you let me go with you?" "No, I won't. A pretty thing it would seem to have a girl in Joe Clay's bar-room. Why 'twould look just as if I didn't know how to take care of my-

Maggie pleaded no more, she knew from experience-poor child-that it would not be of the slightest use, so she was obliged to let her father have his own way and saw him leave the house going in the direction of the red

An hour passed and Maggie had never felt so lonely before. It grew darker and darker outside, the wind had risen and the rain commenced to come down conjunction of those animals on an in torrents. Fitful flashes of lightning would for a moment light up the scene, and then die away only to make the religious symbolism rather than to anv darkness denser than it was before. heraldic arrangement; the lion typify The windows rattled in the casements ing fortitude and strength, while the and the door shook as though some one unicorn is typical of fortitude and was striving to gain an entrance. The chastity. As such the former may have child crept close to the fire as though reference to the Lord, "the Lion of for protection. The old clock struck Judah," and the latter may be an emthe hour, but Maggie was so nervous blem of the blessed Virgin Mary. The she did not catch the number tolled and tradition with regard to the unicorn, so she raised her eyes to see. As she that it never would be caught, except did so she caught sight of a lantern by a virgin, and that if its skin was dehanging from a beam.

"How ever will he find his way home before met with these animals as a powwithout it such a pitch dark night? ering for a vestment, I think, among Supposing he should have started be- the inventories in Sir William Dugfore this-he would certainly lose his dale's "History of St. Paul's,"-Notes way. The liquor he gets at Joe Clay's and Queries.

would get into his head and he might fall over the rocks way down into the dreary moaning waves. Perhaps I shall never see him again. I know what I'll do. I'll just take the lantern and go

She did not seem to think of the wild storm outside or the perilous and dark road she had to traverse—all she appeared to remember was that her father was in danger and that it was her duty to rescue him from his peril if it were

in her power to do so.

She covered over the fire with ashes and, having taken all due precautions against a conflagration she wrapped herself in her cloak, tied her hood closely over her head and with the lighted lantern in her hand started forth on her merciful errand. Her progress was slow, for even with lantern alight and the red light shining in the distance but dimly, the road she trav-eled was full of deceptive holes, into any one of which she might stumble unless she took heed where she placed her little feet.

The wind was high and would often strive to whisk her cloak from her shoulders and snatch the lantern from her hand, but bravely and nobly did this child keep on, praying all the while to God to give her strength to get to the hut of Joe Clay's—praying God to keep him there until she had placed the lantern safely in his hands.

Ever and anon would her light be thrown on the surrounding objects, fearing if her father had fallen on the way she might miss him. The red light never seemed so far off to Maggie as it did that night—it seemed to keep going farther away the more she advanced towards it. What if it should not pro-ceed from Joe Clay's house at all but merely be some "will o' the wisp" attracting her towards the sea and then

At last it shone brighter and brighter and Maggieknew she was nearher journey's end. Then she could hear loud voices above the storm -then she approached the window and peered inshe could see Joe Clay and four other men seated around the table, smoking and drinking, but her father was not one of them-her father was not in the

Maggie's heart sank within her-a blinding flash of lightning shot through the sky. Maggie gave one wild, piercing scream and fell prostrate below the window. The scream called the men from the

room and as they gazed out into the darksome, boisterous night, this was the scene presented to their view. A little figure drenched through with the rain, lying on the ground clasping in her cold hands the lantern. They thought she had been struck by the lightning, but she had only fainted from exhaustion and excitement. "Why, bless my soul!" exclaimed

Joe Clay, "If it haint Mark Gordon's little gal, Maggie! What could have canny night?"

They soon knew well enough child opened her eyes and, looking vacantly about, exclaimed: if the memory of not seeing her parent How often and often Maggie wished not here. He is dead, and Maggie will never see him more.

"Don't take on so, little one-your father's not dead—he's sound asleep in my chamber; he was drowsy like, and o I thought I'd best put him to bed. He wanted to go home, but I was de-termined he shouldn't; as he was persistent, I jest put him in my room and turned the key upon him," said Joe

Maggie told her story to the men assembled there—it struck deep down into their hearts and the roughest of them felt a twinge of conscience.

"See here, my men," Joe Clay says— and Joe was himself the speaker—"if this wee slip o' a gal had died out in this storm, I should always have felt that I murdered her-yes, jest as much murdered her as if I'd shot her down. Now, from this time forth and forevermore as long as I live on these premises, the light that shines from that window shall never be the danger signal red, but the purer one of white, and you very well know what that means, eh?" "It means that you'll sell no more liquor?" said one of the men.
"Precisely so, and you know when I

put the white light in the window you might as well try to make mountains walk as for me to sell liquor.' It was a wise resolve of Clay's-better and wiser still that he kept his resolution. It made the cliff better, and the dwellers on it happier.

Maggie's father-when he learned how much his child had imperiled her life to save his-forswore the use of the wine cup, and did all in his power to make Maggie's life far pleasanter than it had been before. He never strayed listened, and, at their close, would heaven. Such is their present lifemay their future be as calm and peaceful as it has been since the banishment of that ill-omen in Joe Clay's windowthe red light.

The Lion and the Unicorn.

James I. was the first who united the lion and the unicorn heraldically, ecclesiastical vestment of the period of the Reformation must be attributed to filed it pined away and died, is well "There, if father hasn't forgotten his known. Its capture was a favorite submattern," exclaimed Maggie to herself. ject with the mediæval artist. I have

Having a Picture Taken.

The operator is just about to withdraw the cloth. His back is toward you. The index finger of his unoccupied hand marks the place for the eye. Every nerve in your body is braced for the ordeal. The cloth is drawn, and the noiseless and unseen fingers of the prepared plate are picking up your features one by one and transferring them to its mysterious surface. What an influence is this you are under and which you cannot explain, which weakens every nerve and unloosens every cord and muscle, and sets free upon and over you a myriad of sensations you never knew before. The eye of power. Prickling sensations are felt in under your scalp, and a heat evolved within with amazing rapidity flushes to the surface of your body and leaves it threatens to obliterate your sight. Heavens ! how slowly the time drags. Your eyes grow weaker and weaker, filling with water as they die out. You know they are closing, but you cannot nelp yourself. Will he never put back cloth? A thousand reflections that upon your appearance, on the sounds in the street, on things irreverent and disastrous to your composure, flood your mind, and take such hold upon you that you cannot shake them off. And yet no move to restore that cloth. He stands like a statue cut from flint. And you-quivering from the sole of the foot to the crown of the head, with eyes blinded by tears, with perspiration oozing from every pore, and every muscle strained until it seems ready to snap and let you down upon the floor a mass of disfigured and palpitating flesh. He need not put up the cloth The opportunity which he controlled to reproduce you in perfection is gone. It matters not now how it looks, only that you may get away and he at rest. You grow hysteric in your despair. It settles down upon you like a cloud compressing your throat within its grasp until your breath surges back on your lungs as if it would rend them. A weight is pressing upon you. You struggle to wrench yourself free from the dreadful oppression, and yet not a muscle of your body is in motion What dreadful thing is this? You must shrick; you — The cloth is up—the thirty seconds have expired, and you are photographed .- Danbury News.

Catching the Sea Lion.

So far as I can learn, says a correspondent writing from the California coast, the Farallon sea lions are seldom disturbed by men seeking profit from them. In the egging season one or two are shot to supply oil to the lamps of he gave the old machine a little more the eggers; and occasionally one is latitude, and the faithful assistant caught for exhibition on the main land. How do they catch a sea lion? Well, brought the lantern, father;" then, as they lasso him; and odd as it sounds, came to her mind, she added, "He is it is the best and probably the only way to capture this beast. An adroit Spaniard, to whom the lasso or reata is like a fifth hand, or like the trunk to the elephant, steals up to a sleeping congregation, fastens his eye on the biggest one of the lot, and, biding his time, with the first motion of the ani-mal, with unerring skill, flings his loose rawhide noose, and then holds on for dear life. It is the weight of an ox and the vigor of half a dozen that he has tugging at the other end of his rope, and if a score of men did not stand ready to help, and if it were not possible to take a turn of the reata around a solid rock, the seal would surely get away. Moreover, they must handle the beast tenderly, for it is easily injured. Its skin, softened by its life in the water, is quickly cut by the rope; its bones are easily broken; and its huge frame, too rudely treated, may be so hurt that the life dies out of it. As quickly as possible the captured sea lion is stuffed into a strong box or cage, and here, in a cell too narrow to permit movement, it roars and yelps in helpless fury, until it is transported to its tank. Wild and fierce as it is, it prowess, quite as much as if they had seems to reconcile itself to the tank life very rapidly. If the narrow space of its big bath-tub frets it, you do not perceive this, for hunger is its chief passion, and with a moderately full stomach the animal does well in captivity, of course with sufficient water.

Thomas Hood and His Wife,

I never was anything, dearest, till I knew you-and I have been better, happier, and a more prosperous man ever from his hut at night—he told her since. Lay by that truth in lavender, fairly, and whether they did not have tales of the dead mother while she dearest, and remind me of it when I fail. I am writing fondly and warmly; sing him sweet songs of home and but not without good cause. First your own affectionate letter, lately received ; next the remembrance of our dear children, pledges-what darling ones !- of our old familiar love; then a delicious impulse to pour out the overflowings of hope for any amount of fun of the my heart into yours; and last, not least, the knowledge that your dear eyes will read what my hands are now writing. Perhaps there is an after-thought that, whatever may befall me, adopting the latter beast from the sup- | the wife of my bosom will have this acporters of the Scottish sovereigns. The knowledgment of her tendernessworth-and excellence-all that is wifely or womanly, from my pen.

An Office Holder. We are quite serious, says an exrespondent sends a paragraph from the shingles, one-half less hard lumber, says: "When the Hon. L. G. Dennis large lumber, 340 bushels of wheat, 360 left us for his Northern trip, to be ab- of corn, 680 of oats, 400 of barley, 360 sent several months, we lost in him our of flax seed, 360 of apples, 480 of Irish sheriff, deputy county clerk, treasurer may not be exactly correct, for the rea-of school funds, custodian of county son that railroads do not exactly agree treasurer's books, senior councilman, and acting mayor. Nearly all public business was suspended until his re- average that shippers will find it a great

RACING LOCOMOTIVES.

An Exciting Twilight Match Between Two Iron Horses.

Few persons who have traveled over either of the two great routes, to wit, the Lake Shore or Fort Wayne, from Chicago eastward, have escaped noticing the fact that the two roads run side by side for a distance of twenty miles before they diverge so much that the passengers on one train cannot distinguish the features of friends upon the other train, providing two trains are running alongside. A rivalry has existed between the operatives of the two routes ever since the completion of the Fort Wayne road. By the time the camera glares upon you like the the trains reach South Chicago, the paseye of an offended and threatening sengers are all alive to the excitement of the race. On a recent occasion the Times representative was invited to "get up" at Grand Crossing, and see it pierced with a thousand pains. You down just once, so he jumped off as the stare at the mark with an intensity that train slacked at the crossing, and running quickly forward, did get up, and perched upon the narrow seat of the fireman at the left of the cab, he took a few notes "onto" as pretty a race as was ever run over this course. rival train had a little the start, but our engineer thought he could get out of South Chicago even with them, and 'then was when the fun would come.' It had grown dark enough to have the sparks gleam brightly as the two en-gines vomited forth, with nervous, spiteful coughs, great volumes of coal smoke mingled with steam, which streaked off away over the trains and lay like sullen storm clouds over the low landscape. We left South Chicago well together, and each engine was soon put to lively work. As the fireman opened the furnace doors bright streaks of glaring angry, red light would shoot backward through the mass of smoke and steam, for a moment lighting it up with a lurid glare that smacked of the internal regions. Faster and faster flew the driving wheels, and the lightning like motion of the parallel bars bewildered the eye. The head-light of our engine seemed to throw its luminous rays ahead by jerks, lighting up a weird scene of low, sedgy marsh, sandy wastes, stunted pines and slug-gish lagoon, through which lay the iron-bound course over which our ponderous engine glided at a fearfully rapid pace, seeming to give every energy to the struggle, as much as if it were a thing of life and reason. Side by side the two trains sped for many miles, ours leading by half a car length.

Our engineer was one of the most careful on this road, and one who very seldom indulged in a race, but he concluded that it would never do to suffer a "scoop," as that is something the paper never allows; so to show what his pride of an engine could do, just heaved in an extra dose of coal, when, with an intensified growl, away he sped at a rate of speed rarely accomplished by a locomotive, and with a parting screech of the steam-whistle we left the vainly struggling rival far in the rear. As the roads diverged we could see the engine of the opposition line plunging madly through the low oaks and pines, seemingly running twice as fast as we were. We had jumped by switches, sidings, and stations, but now a coterie of red and green lights appear. The reverse bar is thrown over, the throttle valve closed, the bell set to ringing by steam, and, with hand on the valve which governs the air-brake, the engineer, with great drops of perspiration standing on his brow, gently reins his glowing steed, and stops the pondrous monster right where he can water it easily, and then remarks, with great inward satisfaction, "Well, they got it that time." Then, as he gets down with torch and oil can to make the grand rounds, the representative bids him a hearty good-night, and slips back to full-sized seats and lazy-backs, and

is greeted with the remark, "You were out there, were you? I wondered what had got into the old man.' The passengers are all elated over the victory, each one regarding it in run the engine, or in fact owned the road. No other topic entered into the general conversation, and, as the train drew up to the supper station, sixty miles out of Chicago, every person on the train seemed to have a keen appetite, which the excitement of the grand race had begotten. Of course all the passengers of that train will ever after swear by that road, unless, perhaps, they should some time suffer defeat. and that would leave them in a quandary as to whether they had been beaten more and heavier cars than the rival kind. train. In a year or two more, when the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, the Canada Southern, and the Air Line Railroads are completed, there will be many a lively race in that neck of woods ficient excuse for ceasing to observe a which skirts the lower lake shore, so that the representative American may

rapid kind. What Constitutes a Car Load.

Some one who has been investigating the subject says that in general 20,000 pounds is a car load, which might consist of 70 barrels of salt, 70 of lime, 90 of flour, 60 of whisky, 200 sacks of flour, 6 cords of hard wood, 7 of soft, convenience as a matter of reference.

Adventure with a Panther.

Nearly half a century ago, when that beautiful section of the country, now thickly dotted with villages and improved farms, along the Nolachucky river, in upper Tennessee, was comparatively a wilderness, the hero of my story had an adventure with a panther, which I have often heard him relate,

and which I shall never forget. Immediately after nightfall he found that he was lost in an extensive forest, without even a path by which to find his way out. His first impulse was to dismount, lie down and try to rest until morning: but with the hope that he might be heard, he resolved to halloo, which, to his horror, was immediately answered by a loud, shrill cry, which was soon repeated much nearer him. and again in close proximity to him. He was riding a young, but spirited herse, and at once knew that his only

safety was to remain upon him if possi The panther was now crouching before him-the noble horse leaped furiously over him—the panther in turn leapng over both horse and rider. He gave the horse the rein and bade him go through the trackless forest. The flight was rapid and inexpressibly terrific; and great drops of perspiration fell from the rider's brow, as he felt the keen breeze, made by the panther in leaping over him. Hatless, lacerated and bleeding, the rider was carried over fallen trees and young saplings, until the bridle caught over one, as it sprang back to its place. Having no knife to cut the rein, various attempts were made to bend down the sapling, or unbridle the horse; with a last des-perate effort the bridle was loosed, and the horse, maddened almost to desperation, again bounded forward until he reached a cleared field, and having been trained in a regiment of light horse, (of which our hero was Colonel) he leaped the fence and the pather gave up the

A light was seen in the distance which, when reached, proved to be the abode of a friend, who took the horse and bade our hero 'go in;' and upon going into the house and seeing the scratched and bleeding condition of his guest, declared that he would not have put up his horse for all he possessed, if he had known of his hair-breadth

The next day, after hearing of the adventure, Maj. James Britton and others started from Greenville with a pack of hounds in pursuit, and reaching the locality, soon 'struck trail,' and on reaching the river beheld a large panther emerging from the water on the opposite side, which finally made its

The adventurer, bending under the weight of nearly four score years and ten, now lives within 18 miles of Athens, Ga., having survived all of ten children but three. He worked on the children but three. He worked on the leads of the crew visible to the spec-The adventurer, bending under the Arsenal near Richmond, Va., and has built forty public buildings in Tennes-see and North Carolina, and was a member of the Georgia Legislature during the war.

A New Pledge.

One feature of the temperance revival is both commendable. In certain places a pledge is now circulating oil as possible under the circumstances, among young men by which the signers bind themselves to refrain from ployed, the different groups of workasking other men to drink. There is nothing that is more absurd, in itself considered, than the theory that a man by songs, often by fighting, owing to is under obligations to pay for the the great facility with which rum may drinks consumed by his friends. No man thinks of asking a friend out to the station man thinks of asking a friend out to the station must keep a sharp take a social pair of boots or a friendly look-out at this stage of the barrel of flour, and yet he is regarded proceedings on the fleet of small canoes as committing a breach of etiquette if he ventures to drink without asking a friend to drink with him. No man would feel otherwise than insulted if an acquaintance asked him to accept a friendly fifteen cent stamp, and yet he feels himself insulted if he is not asked to drink fifteen cents' worth of ardent spirits. The exceeding folly of the custom is equaled only by the evil influence which it exerts. Many a man is forced to drink by one of a group of acquaintances when he is not in the least thirsty, and he is thus in turn compelled to invite them to drink a second time with him to the detriment not only of his purse but of his health. It is not too much to say that at least one-half of the ardent spirits consumed in New York City is drunk by men who do not want it, but who are compelled by a stupid and senseless custom both to drink when invited to do so and to invite others to drink with them who had much rather not do anything of the The pledge against "treating" ought

to produce good results. It commends itself to all sensible men, and the fact of having signed it gives them a sufpreposterous custom. The new pledge ought to be vigorously circulated, and the more signers that can be obtained for it the more hope there will be of putting an end to the folly of social tippling.

The Great Wall of China.

Seen from the Chinese side, the Great Wall resembled a huge earthen of brick. Everywhere it had an old and dilapidated appearance. In some hogs, 80 to 100 head of sheep, 6,000 places it had been altogether destroyed. change, in recommending office-seekers feet of solid boards, 17,000 feet of On the Mantchoorian side, on the other to go to Gainesville, Florida. A cor- siding, 13,000 feet of flooring, 40,000 hand, the Great Wall seemed constructed of bricks, resting upon a pavement respondent sends a paragraph from the paper published in that place, which less of joists, scantling, and all other ors throughout its whole length. These are placed at the distance of about two bowshots, in order that the enemy may be everywhere within range. It de-Senator, ecunty commissioner, board of instruction, deputy marshal, deputy bushels of bran. The foregoing figures or jetties, which slope so gently that or jetties, which slope so gently that one can ascend to the top from the water flowing between them. The largest in their rules and estimates, but it ap-proximates so closely to the general of the wall, and, indeed, it is the very place at which visitors should in future

Fishing in the Tropics.

The Chase and Capture of the Whale-An Exciting Scene.

Whaling stations were established early forty years ago at Trinidad, and eight or ten boats leave the shore early every morning during the months of February, March, and April, in search of these monsters of the deep. Each poat is manned with five or six pullers, a harpooner and steersman, the harpooner being captain of the boat. The crews, mostly Africans or of African descent, are, as a rule, remarkable for their great physical development of chest and arm.

The moment a whale is seen, either blowing or stretched on the water, the greatest excitement prevails of board. The fisherman is at all times easily excited, and may be excused in a case of this kind, when he sees a fish worth from five hundred to seven hundred and fifty dollars not far off; perhaps in a short time to be moored a lifeless pass alongside his boat. Off goes the shirts of the pullers, the boat's head is turned in the directson of the whale, and with their muscular back and arms shining in the sun, the boat, impelled by the regular stroke of six oars, dashes in pursuit. When within fifteen or twenty feet of the whale, the harpooner drives his harpoon into the huge fish as near the breast as possible, and throwng over ten or fifteen fathoms of loose rope coiled in the bow, draws his long knife, and stands prepared to cut away, in case of accidents from entanglement of the rope with the clothes or limbs of any on board. The oarsmen have meanwhile, laid in their oars, and sit ready to check the rope on one of the thwarts, as soon as this may be done without risk to the boat, or injury to the palms of their hands.

If the whale goes straight down, or sounds," as they term it, rope must be allowed to run out till it takes it into its head to rise again towards the surface. When partially exhausted after its first burst, the rope is hauled in hand over hand, and the harpooner prepares his lance. A good harpooner, if he gets sufficiently near to strike the whale in some vital part, may cause it to blow blood with the first lance-thurst, and so end its struggles at once. This, is, however, the exception, not the rule.

When the chase takes place within sight of those on shore, the excitement among the relations or friends of the crews knows no bounds.

The yells of delight that hail each lance-thrust, and the "pæan" that rises when the monster blows blood, echo and re-echo from the hillsides behind. Even a stranger feels the blood course more quickly through the veins as he sees the harpooner strike, and the boat almost instantly bound over the water, heads of

The whale is now dead; the other boats coming up, assist in towing it to the station, where, as soon as daylight permits, all hands are employed, some cutting off the blubber, while others attend to the caldrons, set in a row on brickwork. The blubber, when it has passed through these caldrons, and been made to part with as much of the is then used for fuel. While thus emmen present a fine study for any rambling photographer who may chance to come that way. The scene is enlivened be obtained in exchange for fat or "whale-beef;" and the proprietor of that crowd around, ready to carry off any blubber they can lay their hands

In the case of a female whale, the sea is often whitened by the milk that flows while she is being cut up. Steaks cut from a young whale are not bad eating when fresh, and possess this advantage over other kinds of fish, that they may be eaten by Roman Catholics through Lent, the whale, though in-

habiting the sea, being a mammal.

Great numbers of vulture-like crows blacken the trees round the station, and regard the proceedings below with much interest, descending now and again to steal any flesh or fat they can lay their beaks on. It is often amusing to see a couple of them fighting over a long strip of beef. Having begun to swallow it at the same time at opposite. ends, then perhaps having got down some five or six inches of it, each crow becomes aware of a sudden jerking sensation imparted to the meat from the other end. One or other must disgorge, and then a regular fight ensues. The fishermen of the neighborhood

cut the meat into slices, and hang it to dry for future use. After exposure to the sun it becomes quite black in appearance, and very rank both in smell and taste; but for all that they seem to like it, and what is more to the purpose, get fat on it. Pigs, dogs, and cats improve the occasion, and all become quite round and sleek during the whaling season. For some days after a whale has been taken, every bush and tree near the fisherman's house is hung with this jerked meat, rather tempting morsels for the crows that hover mound, crowned with battlements built | round ready to take advantage of every chance that may offer of filching.

The Stars.

Here is a beautiful thought of Thomas Carlyle: "When I gaze into the stars, they look down upon me with pity from their serene and silent space, like eyes glistening with tears, over the little lot of men. Thousands of generations all as noisy as our own, have been swallowed up by time, and there remains no record of them any more, yet Arcturus and Orion, Sirius and

the Pleiades, are still shining in their courses, clear and young as when the shepherd first noted them from the plain of Shinar! What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!"

Items of Interest. Cure for a felon-Take it to the peni-

An Iowa man who was called a fraud has recovered 13 cents damages.

The Auburn flying machine is de-clared a failure, and its inventor a hum-

The sharpest torments are said to be those caused by trouble which never comes.

Dry weather, high winds and sparks. Young ladies will please be careful of sparks. Three millions of cocoanuts are ex-

ported in a single year from the island

Marriage is described by a French evnic as a tiresome book with a very fine preface.

of Ceylon.

A remarkable spear-head and a silver plate have been discovered in an Indian grave in South Florida. It is a common thing, in the voyage of life, to mistake, like Sinbad, a

whale's back for an island. A nervous editor, whenever he gets excited, goes into the composing-room -and becomes "composed.

A doctor writes to the Baltimore Sun that hydrophobia can be produced by the bite of a perfectly healthy dog. "The one thing," says Jean Paul, which a maiden most easily forgets is

how she looks-hence mirrors were invented. Three tons of base ball bats have

been shipped by a single Vermont manufacturner to the Boston market his winter. Eight young ladies took the final yows of the sisterhood and four received

the initiatory veil at St. Joseph's Convent, Troy, lately. A Western paper is dead. In its last gasp it gently whispered: "Two hun-dred subscribers, and only thirty-one

of them paid up.' Few take care to live well, but many to live long: though it is in a man's power to do the former, but in noman's

power to do the latter. "I say," said a rough fellow to a fop with conspicuous bow-legs—"I say, don't you have to have your pantaloons

out with a circular saw ?" In a murder case in Kentucky 300 men were summoned as jurors before they could get 12 who didn't know anything and were therefore eligible as

jurors. telegraph message boys of . The Albany formed a ring recently, and charged and received pey for over 2,000 messages that had never been received.

If a New York Alderman attends strictly to business he can in the course of two years accumulate two race horses, eight coach dogs and a comforta-A Cincinnati editor accusses another

of stealing three lead pencils and a sheet of paper. The progress of editorial courtesy in Cincinnati be "stationery." A Portland school teacher, to punish

a little boy for chewing gum, compelled him to chew all taken from the other scholars, and for one day that boy got tired of gum. The St. Cloud (Minnesota) Journal

says that several Chippewa Indians were in that place a few days since, studying civilization and picking up eigar stubs in front of the saloons. It is related of Poussin that being shown a picture by a person of rank,

he remarked, "You only want a little

poverty, sir, to make you a good paint-I clasped her tiny hand in mine, I vowed to shield her from the wind and from the world's cold storms. She set her beauteous eyes on me, and with her lips said she, "An umbrella will do as

Dr. Brown-Sequard successfully in-grafted a cat's tail in a cock's comb, but there are some coxcombs so firm on the head that not even a tale of sorrow like that could be made to penetrate or take hold on them.

Silver was first coined by Phidon, King of Argas, about 860 B. C., the epoch of the building of Carthage, and about 140 years after the building of Solomon's Temple.

Parson.-This term, now vulgarly used for a minister of any kind, has a classical origin, and is derived from the Latin term "persona ecclesiae," the rector being a corporation sole. A young lady in Gloucester is charged with keeping her light burning in the

parlor until very late on Sunday night, in order to harrow the sensitive feelings of an envious neighbor into the belief that she had really got a beau. A lady asked a pupil at a public examination of a Sunday school, "What was the sin of the Pharisees?" "Eat-

ing camels, ma'am," was the quick reply. She had read that the Pharisees strained at gnats and swallowed camels." A young man recently wrote to the Mayor of Pittsburgh : "I desire to get some information in regard to razor

grinding. Will your Honor please visit the place where they grind them, and write to me whether they grind on one side or both sides at the same time, what size stones or wheels they use and f dry, and oblige." You may step out of your Pullman

car to get a breath, in journeying through Nevada, at some little way station, and stumble over a pile of silver bricks breast high, and worth fifty or a hundred thousand dollars. You will generally perceive, on very close inspection of the phenomenon, a loaded revolver which has a singular trick of following your movements like a mag-

lady of tinted wax, who, when wound up and given a high chair at the table, up and given a night chair at the table, reaches out her arms, seizes a bit of bread, and slowly puts it in her mouth. When she has done this a certain number of times, it is necessary to open her back, remove the food, and wind her up again. Would that human beings could be relieved of indigestion in this manner!

The latest thing in dolls is a young