# After the Fall of Troy.

Troy has fallen; and never will be War like the war that was waged for me. Could I but hav those ten years back again, With the love and the glory, the pleasure like ham.

The close and the din of the light,
The close of arms and the din of the light,
The feasting and music, the color and light!
Yet, mixed with it all, there sounded to me
Ever a mean from the far off sea.

There still remains this for all time to be: The war of the world was fought for me. Give them no pity who died for me there; Men can nevermore die for a face so fair. And what does it matter that now they lie, Quiet and silent, beneath the sky? Remember that none evermore can be Back for those years in Troy with me.

-Florence Peacock, in Academy.

#### Under the Snow.

June, with its roses, went long ago; To-night the earth's lying deep under the snow; Hope's richest treasures, like roses of yore, Are scattered and vanished, to come never-

The breath of thy blossoms, O, love-haunted

The breath of thy discossing days!

The soft-sighing zephyrs, thy birds' tender lays.

Thy far-away skylands, so blue and so fair.

The mists of thy mornings, rose-tinted and rose.

One voice made thy music, its silence is pain; One face made thy beauty, 'twill come ne'er nguin. While chill winds are blowing I weep in my O'er the love that lies buried deep under the -Boston Transcript.

#### STORY OF A RECLUSE.

In one of the mountainous counties of Wales there lived for many years a hermit, of whom no one had any knowl-

His abode was a cave, in a wild region: and he never appeared among his fellow-beings except to obtain such necessaries as his hermit life required. He would never, while living, reveal

his name, nor place of birth, nor the cause which had led him to seelude himself from the world. One day a couple of travelers, passing

through that region, visited the cave, and found the hermit not only dead, but in a state of decomposition.

The body, after an inquest, was

buried, and some garments and a few trifles, which belonged to the deceased, were deposited at the nearest magistrate's office, with a full statement of the facts.

In a pocket of one of these garments was found a manuscript, supposed to have been written by the deceased, and which, as it tells its own story, we here transcribe without a word of comment: I was born in a year I shall not record, in a place I shall not reveal, and

under a name I shall not disclose. For many long years I have been dead to the world, and my desire now is that the waves of oblivion shall roll over me and leave me as if I had never

And yet there are some facts in my life which I wish to set forth.

Well, I doubt if I could tell anyone why.
I only know that the impulse is on me to write them down, perhaps to de-

stroy the record when done. My youth passed pleasantly.

ents, who sought to make my life a hap-I was sent to school at an early age.

and kept there till I had acquired a good English education.

Then, at my own request. I became an underelerk in the large dry-goods establishment of a prosperous merchant.

By strict integrity and diligence I gradually rose to a first position. At two-and-twenty I had the confi-

dence of my employer, and was often invited to his dwelling. At first this made me very happy. and as I looked forward then, the ture seemed very bright. But, alas, and alas! this was the beginning of a sorrow which will never end while I remain on earth.

My employer had a daughter-a kind, gentle, lovely being—who, to my en-raptured vision, seemed an angel just "Hav come down from Paradise.

From the moment I first beheld her my whole soul went out to her, and from that time forth I could conceive of

no enjoyment in which she had no part. As I am confessing this to myself, or to a world that will never know me, I will say that I loved her to a degree of worship which made her a something above and beyond my reach; and though naturally easy and fluent in con-

versation, I could not speak to her without changing color and choking, and appearing more like an idiot than a man of sense. This made me avoid meeting her when alone, or pressing forward to take | viable frame of mind, he called out: my chance with those who were seeking

her at every opportunity, perhaps because of a liking for herself, perhaps because of a liking for the money she would inherit.

I do not think she ever suspected me that of her being the daughter of my employer, whom I was in duty bound to treat with respectful deference, and certain I am that she had no conception of the holy love and worship I secretly

As I have said, I avoided as much as possible coming in contact with herwould have gone a mile out of my way rather than speak to her, and yet her presence, in my company of which I stances so calculated to excite suspicion stances with the stances of the stances o formed a part, was a glowing joy, and of his being there for an evil purpose.

her absence a depressing void. Among her numerous suitors was a fellow-clerk, who held a position of conmy own, and who, when we were alone together, was always praising her sweetness and beauty, and proclaiming his

own undying love. "Oh, fancy the golden moment when I shall be able to clasp her dear little hand in mine, and call her by the endearing name of wife!" he would some- injure his reputation merely because he times exclaim, or use words of similar had been chosen from all the world by import; and when I would as often turn aside, to conceal the feelings that would almost overpower me, he would mistake my action for a dislike on the sub-

"Ah," he one day said to me, "I perceive my darling finds no favor in your sight; and she knows you do not like her; but for my sake, I trust you will not let her see that you absolutely hate the sight of her person, and the mention

of her name." This to me, whose excess of love for the object in question was consuming me like an inward fire!

"Man!" cried 1, turning upon him with the glaring fury of n wild beast, "if you loved that being with one tenth of the passion that is destroying me, you would cut your wagging tongue from your gaping mouth ere you would permit so flippant a mention of so sacred

a name. He started, and stared at me, while I

walked indignantly away.

Did he understand my words? Did he comprehend them in their breadth and depth?

Only so far, perhaps, as a shallow brain and a superficial feeling could reach, for he was one entity, and I an-

From that moment, however, he ceased to speak of her in my presence, and I, feeling that she was lost to me for ever, only secretly worshipped her from afar.

So matters drifted on for a time, and I became miserable over my solitary brooding; and while I wished myself far enough from the scene of a rival's triumph, I shrank from the thought of going where I should never look upon

my idol again. One night, having forgotten something at the store, I procured the key from the porter and entered the build-

To my surprise, I soon perceived the glimmer of a light in the countingroom; and on approaching it cautiously, thinking there might be a burglar at work, I was still more surprised to see the safe-door open, and my rival scated on the floor, apparently counting a

large roll of bank-notes.
"Well, this looks like singular nightwork!" said I. With a startled cry, he fairly leaned

to his feet, letting the money fill around

him, and turned towards me one of the most gnastly faces I ever beheld. After looking straight in my face for a few moments, during which he shook and trembled, and his very lips quiver-

ed, he stammered out: "Wh-wh-why, is it you? Wha-whawhat do you want?" "Suppose in turn I ask you what you

are doing with that open safe and money at this untimely hour?" "Oh, that?" he answered, glancing

down at the scattered bank-notes, and evidently recovering himself with an effort. "Ha, ha!" he affected to laugh. "Do you know, my dear fellow, I took you for a burglar!" "Instead of yourself. eh?"

"The fact is, you see, my dear friend

"Suppose you leave the 'dear friend' out?" I interrupted.

the governor, you know (meaning our employer), is very particular about triffes, and might discover it before I should get a chance to make a correction, I thought I had better attend to it

"And doubtless you found an error. which you were about to set right!" 1 said, with a sneer which he seemed not

but I am not quite sure, because of your charge. I had kind, indulgent, and pious par- interruption. I shall have to go all over the money again. And now that I night's north-bound train. He was just have accounted for my presence here, out of jail and on his way home. suppose you do the same," he added,

occurred to me that I, an honest man, Scott." was being interrogated by one who was perhaps a thief, and I suddenly broke turned close against the corner on the off and added: "That is my business." "Oho!" he exclaimed with a peculiar

look and leer. "And I came in by the porter's key," I sharply continued.

"Aha! yes, yes. Just so!" "And by what key did you come in?" the fact that there is a private key?" he

answered. "Which belongs to the governor."

"Having every confidence in your in-

tegrity."
"At least she ought to have in her future husband, you know."

This allusion to his coming marriage with my worshipped angel nearly drove

me wild. I controlled myself as well as I could,

and merely said:
"I hope you will find your money af-

fair all correct, and not have to take away or add anything!"
"Thank you! I hope I shall!" he

blandly answered. I turned away abruptly to seek what I came for and leave the building.

As I was about to depart, in no en-"I suppose you will report what you

have discovered, and as much to my injury as possible?" "Probably you are now judging me by yourself," I angrily replied: "but I "Guess, then, you mea more mountain dew."

of having any regard for her beyond too much of a gentleman to be a tale-

"All right, then, and good-night!" he said.

Being too angry to respond I hurried out and locked the door without saying another word. I returned the key to the porter; but I

did not mention to him, nor to anyone engaged him in conversation. else, the fact of my having met my fel- Said he: "Mr. Sanders, did you buy a else, the fact of my having met my fel-

In this I am now certain I did wrong; but I was young then, without experience in the evil ways of mankind, strict- White Sulphur and the conductor start- the affirmative summoned the landlady. fidence under our employer similar to ly honest and honorable myself, and possessed too much pride to demean myself to the low condition of a tale- fare. The old fellow chuckling to himbearer.

> originally designed to rob his employer, the fair being who was all the world to

> It was something like a month after from my employer. Notwithstanding that I knew myself

that I should be suspected of such a nethat I should be suspected of such a ne-farious transaction nearly crushed unce with shame.

heartily and frequently of half-cooked buckwheat. The little boy was given all the buckwheat cakes he would cat

and horror, then, on being assured that marked money had been found in my

trunk, that the impant of a thousand pounds had been abstracted within the last few weeks, that my fellow-clerk and rival had suspected me ever since the night (so he swore) he had seen me my having borrowed his hey to enter

the building at an unseasonable hour. dishonesty, for he alone had robbed his employer, and profited by it.

What could I do? My statement of the fact that I had entered the premises for another purpose was not believed; and when I added the whole truth of what I had seen there, I was simply regarded as a coldvolve an innocent young man in my

own ruin. All my previous life of probity went more dark and danning.

Well, to be brief, I was tried, and convicted, and sent to penal servitude closed in a quivering jelly. Come along for a term of years.

She, who was my idol, was present never forget the mournful look of pity time, as she passed by in the felon's dock, leaning on the arm of my wicked rival and destroyer.

Well, I was, as I have said, convict-

ed, and I served out my time; but be- swered: fore I left that place of misery and degradation, I had the satisfaction of seeing my hated rival there, in the convict

After my release I learned that his angel wife, my worshipped love, had died of a broken heart.

That was the end of life for me. All since then has been only the dull, dreary round of a mechanical existence, with no hopes no fears, no passions. nothing but the tired waiting here till

the Master shall call me hence. I am as one dead—I am as one buried and the world and all that live in the world are dead to me.

Why do I still exist? Because it would be very sinful to lift my hand against the life the Master

Let Him work His will, how and when He will, and let me humbly bow before the awful mystery that I cannot understand.

He, who has a purpose in all things,

myself to say: "God's will be done on earth as in heaven.'

# Pea Sanders.

Old man Pea Sanders is probably the most notorious "moonshiner" in north Georgia. He has been in Fulton "Oh, yes, I think there was an error; County jail eight times on the same

> We saw old man Pea on Saturday The Toccoa people will appreciate the

old man's appearance when we say that giving me a searching look.
"Well, I came in to get..." Here it he would remind you forcibly of "Grip

left side and a keen, searching eye that was never dazed during his 76 years of life, old man Pea is the perfect image of some civilized independence. Nothing shashes him.

He is afraid of neither man, woman, or beast. He is an incessant talker and "I suppose you are not ignorant of loves to tell of his tricks on the revenue

oflicers. His latest dodge. Just before his last arrest an officer got off the train at Bel-"And which his daughter could get ton, near which town he lives, and started over to old Pea's house. He met an

old man in the road. "Old man, do you know Pea San-

ders?" "O, yes; bought many er gallon er

licker from him." "Where does he live?"

"Right down thar.

"Is he at home?" "Guess so; if he ain't the old 'oman

day, mister." We said to the old man, "Mr. Sanders, do you intend to keep on moonshining?" Said he: "Them fellers in Atlanta axed In a few moments she came back

"Let 'em prove it if I do." fied with his imprisonment and among other things said he had been "boarding at the United States hotel in Autlanter. They treated me very well, but I like er

froze up in that cold spell." A young flour merchant from Atlanta

"Oh! when I want another one, I thought I would come around and get

you to make it for me."

The old man's ticket gave out at ed to put him off. Col. E. Schafer, of self said: "Good friends is better than I reasoned, too, that if my rival had money."-Toccoa (Ga.) News.

Sugar Grove, N. Y., swallowed a toy knife while using it as the dart of a blow-gun formed of a hollow metal penholder. The knife, which was open, measured an inch and tive-eighths in this event, that I was one day fearfully startled and shocked at suddenly finding myself under arrest for stealing money from my employer.

In a annual of modern depointed definition of the accident father, Emri Davis, heard of the accident from the prescribed a diet of buckwheat, from my employer.

In a annual of modern depointed definition of the accident father, Emri Davis, heard of the accident father, and a second father father father, and a second father having read just the night before how a young Californian had got rid of a knife to be entirely innocent, the very fact which he had swallowed by eating Judge of my unbounded amazement and no doctor was called in. He recev-

DELICIOUS EELS.

The Japanese Mode of Making the Ser-

pentine Fish a Delightful Morsel. A Japan correspondent of the San coming out of the store, and that the Francisco Chroniele writes: One afterporter had already given evidence of noon in April I was strolling about the streets engaged in watching the interesting occupations of thepeople, when I comprehended at once that this was a most fiendish plot of my rival to get educated at Harvard, and who appreciated a slice off the breast of a candidate of the way and shield his own preciated a slice off the breast of a candidate of the breast vas-back duck and a tenderloin steak as perfectly as "one of the manner born." Having politely saluted me, he re-

"I am on my way to Manoki's. Would you like to join me in a feast of broiled ecis? It is said that this month the unagi is a fit morsel for the gods." blooded rascal, who was trying to in-l replied, with a somewhat dubious volve an innocent young man in my shake of the head, "I never was very fond of those marine snakes.

"Probably you have never tasted them for nothing, or only stood out, white-robed, to make my later acts appear returned. "I remember once eating some at Delmonico's (shuddering.) They were soft, thavorless morsels, in-

with me. "Are the eels good to-day?" patronwhen the awful verdict "Guilty" was izingly inquired my friend of the propronounced by the jury; and I shall prictor. "I have heard that their flavor is not quite what it used to be. Do you with which she regarded me for the last procure them from the city canals, or are they from the Sumida river?" The proprietor bowed, then twitched the left corner of his mouth, after the fashion of a Japanese uttering a joke, and an-

"Honorable sir, do you for a moment imagine I should offer canal-bred cels to garb, justly brought there by his evil You know that I have a nigh reputation deeds. eels that come from the Sumida. Remembering that the time was near for you to pay us a visit. I have saved some of the finest fish you ever saw. Would you like to come into the kitchen and inspect them?"

eels fit for a daimio,"

"What do you say?" inquired my companion. "Would you like to visit the culinary department?" "Not until I have dined." I answered sniffing suspiciously at the faint odor of pickled radish that issued from a rear department. The waitress quickly ap- for business he rose rapidly in wealth peared with some trays containing

square, black, lacquered boxes, bearing the signs of the house and a number. Placing one before each of us, she replaced me here for a purpose, afflicted moved the tightly-fitting lids and reme for a purpose, and will work out a vealed the contents, which were sector us by Mr. Edward Jenkins, Hu Tao-"Well, then," he coolly went on, "the fact is that, after going home, the idea came into my head that I had made a what that purpose was, or is, or is to be, and will work out a purpose through my sufferings; but came into my head that I had made a what that purpose was, or is, or is to be, what that purpose was, or is, or is to be, what that purpose was, or is, or is to be, what that purpose was, or is, or is to be, what that purpose was, or is, or is to be, what that purpose was, or is, or is to be, what that purpose was, or is, or is to be, and when he died had already been honored by the em-I only wait for the end, and resign as she watched my looks, and replenishing my sancer, placed it near me,

"I think you will find the unagi very

pleasing to your taste." I took my chopstieks in my right hand, inserted the points in the flesh, broke off a morsel and ate. Ye gods! was delicious! rich, tender, delicately toward me, nodded approvingly at the is a phenomenon less common in China attendant, and enjoyed the delectable than in Europe and America. There food. The smiling girl brought in box after box, the contents of each being nicer than the last. I have partaken of fried oysters at home, broiled fish in all | P. Beck does not stand alone in the anclime, but have never more thoroughly enjoyed any dish than I did those cels. At last I laid down my chopsticks, and,

glancing at my friend, exclaimed: "You were right in saying that this is a dish for the gods. We ought to intro-

duce it at home." The waitress bowed in acknowledgment of my praise, and inquired if we would like to eat some rice.

"Yes," nodded my companion, "I think I could empty a bowl or two." Away went the girl, who, after a brief lelay, returned, bearing a large tray on [ which was a covered wooden tub, containing hot rice, two lacquered bowls, a

teapot, and some tiny cups. I contrived to eat one portion of the delicious, well-cooked cereal, then lighted my pipe and watched my friend, who had his bowl refilled a dozen times, and moistened his food by satur-

ating it with tea. "How do you contrive to render the skins of the fish so tender!" I asked the

"Good day, sir," said the officer.
"Good luck to ye," said the old man.
The officer marched on to old man Pea's cooks never permit us to learn their "I do not know," she answered, house. Old man Sanders turned around secrets. If you like to visit the kitchen as the officer went on and muttered to they will no doubt explain everything to

himself: "Guess you won't find him to-day, mister." "Now for the bill," said my companion, retilling his pipe. "Altogether, you have given us a very tolerable meal. me there and I told em I never made carrying a small secondlike tray, in any rash promises." "Guess, then, you mean to make some taining a reckoning. This she pushed along the mat toward him; she then bowed and remained with her face close The old man seemed very well satis- to the floor, while he minutely scrutinized the document. Taking his purse

from his sleeve he dropped some money into the tray, and remarked in a low tone: "You may keep the change" (10 cents). His munificence almost overpowered the waltress, who bowed re pentedly, and gratefully marnured:
"Your generosity resembles that of a
foreigner. Anyone can see that you
have traveled." After we had smoked
awhile he asked whether I would like to visit the kitchen, and on my replying in who said: "You honor us too greatly. Toccoa, stepped forward and paid the My husband shall show you how we fare. The old fellow chuckling to himroom and descending the ladder-like stairway, the steps of which were polished smooth as glass, slipped on our A six-year-old son of C. M. Shortt, of foot-coverings and entered the kitchen. On the hard earthen floor were rows of little charcoal furnaces, provided with iron rods that served as rests for the skewered cels. Maroki, whose only failing was a weakness for bowing and

> of fish, he remarked:
> "These were caught this morning; they are the most expensive fish in the spective views on establishing the autothey are the most expensive list in the spectral property from This occur-worth looking at?" nomy of raspberry jam. This occur-worth looking at?" worth looking at?"

clad servant to approach him, he said: "Some customers have just come in. Prepare an cel in the presence of these gentlemen." The man, who evidently took great pride in his work, selected a vigorously squirming fish, struck its head smartly upon a wooden block upon the floor, and kneeling by it the editor, water-carrier, wood-chopper grasped the creature's neck, inserted a land rest-dodger. Warner was publish-knife in the left side of the vertebra, er. book-keeper, fire-maker, pressman off at the Elysiau Fields, Hoboken, and dexterously ran it down to the tail; and refit-dodger. We did the most of on Monday afternoon. The German then rapidly applied his instrument to our work separately, but in dodging the steamship Eider last week brought the other side of the backbone and re- rent collector we worked with perfect over from Germany two wild boars,

and said: "There is not a splinter left in the

was attached the vertebrae and lateral

"That is so," proudly remarked the proprietor. "I only employ the most skillful men and cooks." The operator washed down the block, chopped the flattened ell into three-inch lengths, and shouted to a cook, who advanced to remove it on a dish. The next process was a mysterious one and was performed behind a screen, from whence the platter of eels was presently handed out

tender. We advanced to a range and saw a cook skewering the pieces of eel on long bamboo splinters. Then he placed them on the rods over the glowing coals, and when one side was browned, dexterously picked them up with a pair of iron chopsticks and turned them. After they were thoroughly cooked he seized the fish with the same instrument and plunged it into a vessel containing old shoyu, which was thick and dark as no good." molasses. The steaming unagi was then drained placed in a lacquer box, and sent up-stairs to the customer.

### A Chinese Millionaire.

Hu Hsuch-yen, the great Chinese "Hal." gently added his wife, who had listened to his speech with downist eyes, "that is so. We have some Shanghai News he was one of the most eyes." remarkable men in his country. His father was a merchant, and he himself began life from a pretty low rung on the ladder, having been originally a simple clerk or "purser," as the Chinese sometimes say, in a commercial hong. But by dint of his extraordinary talents and fame, and for some years past has been recognized as the leading merchant of China-the representative of China's financial and commercial interperor with a button of the first grade (tou p'in ting-t'ai), a yellow riding-jacket, and the rank of provincial judge. His beautiful palace at Hangehow was one of the show places of China. The Chinese say that his career was scarcely like one of real life-it was a "spring of the bank men." dream." Advancement from so low a degree to the high honors and unboun flavored, and boneless! I drew my box ed wealth which he afterward attained have been many miners and gulch laborers in the United States who have risen to be bonanza kings. Mr. Gilead countries, and the delicacies of every nals of the far west. But in China such freaks of fortune are rare, and Hu Taot'ai may fairly claim a place as a successful merchant beside Tzu Kung, the disciple of Confucius, who, when engaged in business, always made a profit. In this, however, the sage was more fortunate than the millionaire, though he never amassed much wealth, for the losses sustained by Hu in his celebrated silk speculation were simply fabulous, and there were probably few merchants in the whole of China who ever owned as much as was then sacrificed. Hu died at midnight a few days ago at Hangehow, age something over 30 years. He was not a particularly cultured man, but his influence was great, and he was renowned for the extensiveness and liberality of his charities. The Hu Pao, in its obituary notice, says: "He has saluted the world; and, now that he has gone, having died in impoverished circumstances, who is there who will not look back upon his

## career and accord him a sigh of regret?"

A Novel Enterprise.

A Halifax, Nova Scotia, correspondent of the New York Evening Post writes: B. B. Barnhill, of Joggin's Mines, Cumberland county, has under construction an immense raft for the purpose of carrying to New York about 3,000,000 superficial feet of piles, logs, spars, hardwood timber, and boards. Its dimensions are, length 410 feet, width 55 feet, depth 35 feet, and it will ing built upon a well-constructed cradle, which will be launched with the raft and removed from it in the water, leaving the raft with its chains and binders to support heif. The structure is torand at the bow and stern, and a cross-section amidship will be of the form of an ellipse. When completed it will weigh 8,000 tons. The weight is so distributed over the four set of launchways as to exert a pressure of 80 pounds to the square inch, which is about twothirds of the pressure allowable on ordinary launchways. About one-sixth of pleted the cost will be about \$20,000. The raft is to be towed to New York by an "ocean tramp," or by two tugs, as soon as launched, which will be about midsummer. Should Mr. Barnhill's engineering skill prove equal to his enterprise and courage in planning and undertaking so novel an operation he will have provided a cheap method of water carriage for the products of the forest. Many persons view the scheme with ineredulity, and predict that it will be a failure.

The annals of modern diplomacy dedrinking tea and comparing their re- uries of the Athenian table. "How do you contrive to so com- not fail to draw the two great Englishpletely extract their bones?" I de- speaking nations closer together in the manded. "Our cooks can not accom-plish that feat." Motioning a lightly-

#### A BANK'S INGRATITUDE.

In 1875, H. C. Warner and I published the Scottville Argus. Scottville is a Kentucky town and is principally noted peated the process, leaving the eel split open. Holding up the head, to which months old when it died. Under differmountains by agents of Charles Reiche ent conditions it might have lived a few the collector of wild animals. When bone inclosing the intestines, he bowed moments longer. Warner did not write the boars arrived they were presented anything for the Argus, yet he largely contributed to its collapse. This is the way it occurred: One day a prominent ken. For several days he was at a loss business man presented Warner with a pair of brogan shoes: Immediately after my friend put on the shoes I detected | wild boar hunt be given at the Elysian a foppish air about him. He took de- Fields. lation and to cultivate an exclusiveness which greatly depressed me. I knew to one of the boilers. My opinion is that the fish had simply been plunged that those capitalists would be our ruin, into boiling water to make the skins and, alack, how well my suspicions

were founded. "Good scheme on hand," said Warand presswork was done. "What is it?"

"Well, several parties here want to establish a bank, and they want us to advocate the idea. What do you say?" "I am opposed to banks," I replied. "If a bank be started here it will de us

"That's where you're wrong. failure thus far can be attributed to the fact that we've had no bank. Why, sir, just think of it. All successful newspapers, all great journals are published in towns where there are banks. If banks were not conducive to the health of the newspapers, why the newspapers would move away. Now, what I want you to do, is to write an article in favor of the bank, urging the fact that our people take stock in it.

of the bank, and the bank was established. Shortly afterwards, Warner, wearing a thick crust of melancholy, came into the office, sat down on our pine bed, and, with a sigh, remarked: 'It was a mean trick "What was a mean trick?" I asked.

have nothing to do with the business department of this office, we are ruined! "Ruined!" I exclaimed. "That's what I said. I know that you do not understand business, but I think that closer relations should be established between the editorial depart-

busted." "Explain," I pleaded. "Well, it was caused by the treachery

"Have they run away with any of our He looked reproachfully at me and continued: "This morning a fellow drew on us through the bank. He lives about fifty miles from here, and we were all right until that infernal bank was started. Those officials have treated us shamefully. To think of their ingratiour material. I am determined that he

shall not have the type." "How can you help it?" "I'm going to put it into my pockets and stroll away with it." He did so, and is now running a paper in Argenta, Ark. I met him the other day. "How

are you getting along?" I asked. "First rate," he replied. "Only the cattle pied my type. You see, during the recent-cold weather, I had to move my office into the stock yards. I didn't get out a paper this week. A Texas steer hooked my press and broke it. Ah, how fondly I remember those good old days we spent in Kentucky. See that man going along yonder? Well, he's See that working against me. He's going to start a bank in my town." - Opie P Read,

#### in New York Mercury. Common Sense at Home.

joy. The rules of fashion or custom are not so severe. It is only young, inex-perienced people who feel that they must have the latest style and tint of falling, toppled over against Chief paper, and remake their side trimming Donovan. In an instant all was coninto box pleatings, when that is the last mode. In fact, a little change from the prevailing custom is considered original and rather admired, unless too outre. For instance, the other day, a friend of ances and repay many social calls. She broke a foreleg. The dog kept snapdraw 21 feet of water. The raft is being built upon a well-constructed cradle,
with "Old-Fashioned Tea" written under the engraved name, and in the corner opposite the address, added "From Four to Seven." In the back parlor the table was simply set with tongue, sandwiches, the most delicious crullers, made by her mother, who is famous for that particular cake, cookies, equally delicious, also home-made sponge cake, chipped beef and cheese. Two young relatives poured tea and chocolate, and served the refreshments on old family china, beautiful enough to form the nucleus of a museum. It is needless to the eargo has been stowed. When com- say that everybody came and was delighted. There was neither bake-shop confectionery nor dishes for show, but all tasted and tasted, again and again, exclaiming "Oh, how good it is!" —an exclamation which your correspondent heartily echoed .- Mrs. H. M. Poole, in

> The ancient Egyptians were simple in ples. their diet, as were the early Greeks. We know from Homer that his heroes ate like barbarians. In a later age professional cooks arose, some of whom could serve up a rosted pig on one side, boiled on another, and so delightfully stuffed

Good Housekeeping.

The life of the British army in Egypt

A WILD BOAR HUNT.

Two Animals from the Hartz Mountains Let Loose on the Baseball Grounds as

Targets for Sharpshooters.

(From the New York World.) Never did a more amusing or exciting affair take place in New Jersey than the great boar hunt which came

light in greasing the shoes with a tine . The suggestion met with favor, and article of tallow and prancing in my the hunt was fixed for Monday afterpresence. Having thus gained recognition at the hands of the capitalists, he number of persons, but many more began to withdraw himself from circu-people came than had been asked. They swarmed over the fences of the baseball grounds, where the hunt took place, and crowded through the gates despite the precaution of the keepers. Among those who came were nearly all the city officials of Hoboken, many ner one evening as he came into the of those of Jersey City, besides hum bedroom where our type setting, editing dreds of prominent citizens and hood-

luins and street gamins.

The sharpshooters who had been selected to kill the brutes were Henry A. Golde, R. Welfelman, W. Hollister Ward and George Brown. Only the two latter appeared. W. Hollister Wall is the editor of a Hoboken weeky paper, and his father is a clergyman. He learned to handle the rifle early in life, and is an expert shot. George Brown is a colored man, and is in the employ of Mr. Reiche. He, too, is a crack shot.

At 3 o'clock the inclosed grounds were crowded with spectators and the tops of the fences were lined with people, while out of neighboring windows peered hundreds of faces. Half an hour later the door of the pen was thrown open, and as the smaller of the Well, we advocated the establishment boars shot through those of the spectaors who had not already secured a" place beyond the reach of the terrible ooking tushes of the wild beast sought safety in undignified flight. A dozen valiant policemen scampered with the rest of the crowd out of the way, while Chief Donovan and Mayor "Well, I'll tell you, even though you Timken vied with each other to reach the fence top. The obesity of the mayor prevented a successful execution of the manœuvre. The boar, an undersized, yellowish brute, ran half way across the field, then he stopped to root with his long snout in the

spongy earth. Sharpshooters Wall and Brown ment and the counting-room. We are edged carefully up, while the crowd kept cautiously back. While the boar had his head half buried to the eyes in the dirt, Brown drew a bead on him and fired. With a squeal of agony the animal turned and jaws widely extended towards Editor Wall. That valiant huntsman nervously pulled up his parlor rifle and pulled the trigger. The cap snapped but the gun failed to go off. The

boar, however, fell dead at his feet. Then the other boar was released. tude makes me mad. The sheriff will He was a big fellow and was inclined be around pretty soon to take charge of to be lazy until Kaegebahn's big wolf nound was let out. The dog walked up to him, smelled of him, and then quickly proceeded to seize him by the left ear. The boar squeated, and the dog set go and gazed at the strange quadruped in apparent astonishment. He was much more astonished when the boar opened wide his tremendous jaws and made a side lunge at him. Had that blow hit the dog, that dog would have worried no more boars. Luckily, however, for the sport, the dog escaped, and then began the fun. First the dcg chased the boar, and then the boar chased the dog. two sportsmen got as close as they

dared, but could not get a good shot. Suddenly the boar started towards a group of spectators and sent them flying in every direction. Mayor Timken got against the fence, and when the brute was close to him One of the advantages of a great city is a certain independence which we enjoy. The rules of fashion or custom are Gus Seide, who tumbled over Bill Wright, who in turn knocked down Water Commissioner Winjes, who, in fusion, and Charley Kaegebahn ran up with a baseball bat and beat the boar over the head until he ran towards Brown, the colored sharpshooter, who blazed away at him. His ball nearly ping at the boar until Mr. McAnerny told Mr. Kaegebahn to call him off or

the sport must stop. The dog was immediately called off. The infuriated animal had meantime lunged towards Editor Wall, who fired a big rifle ball into his breast and killed him. Carl Echert, Hertler's expert butcher, ran out and with a big knife cut the boar's throat. The two boars were at once hung up and cleaned, after which they were hooked to the side of a big truck and paraded through the streets.

-The Loyal Orange Institution of England has issued a manifesto denonncing Mr. Gladstone's proposed Irish measures. It summons Orange brethren everywhere to remember their special and solemn obligations to defend the Protestant succession, and to make all necesary preparations to prove their loyalty to Orange princi-

-- The intended journey of the Czar to Nova Tscherkask, to present his son to the Cossacks as their chief, has been prevented by the discovery of a dynamite plot to assassinate the imperial party. A Cossack officer and his brother, the latter being a student in St. Petersburg, have been arrested in connection with the crime. They are believed to be Nihilist agents.

-The Senate very graciously passed Mr. Edmunds's resolution for him and is described as "all beer and skittles."

Two years ago," says the Boston firm Mr. Cleveland's appointments for him. The United States Senate is a very obliging assembly.