4. All changes in adverments must reach us on Friday,

Hurrah for the soa, ere the chowders be, And the sculpin wis his horn! Where the star-fish he through the spumy

brine,
And the mammo pysters yawn!
For the barnicle bils and the conger crows
As we chase the ickled prawn.

Then roll out of uCaptain's gig, my lads, Let the bobstayarness be! With the breeze git, and fore, and aft We'll drive o'e he wind-whipped sea. Hear the bo's'n lout: "Let the port hatch

Haul the affid/its taut!
Like snowy crods spread the white, white shrouds
Where the ded night's gleam is caught! Belay the keelill the compass heel And the war-line runs short!"

The main shet fills with the mad monsoon,
We have fuled the fore-crosstree,
And so tighty laced the vessel's waist,
As we skin o'er the creamy sea.

The sea-gnis shrick from the for ard peak. As the sirimps go prancing by, And the mermaids kiss the whistling buoy, While the urchin pipes his eye; The dog-fish bark at the tipsy shark,

Then cheer, mates, cheer, as the good ship speeds,
Till we make the hawser gee!
For the wind in the sale blows a martingale,
And we plow the furrowed sea.

Ho, binnacle, fly from the capstain high!
Make the mizzen scupper fast!
By the lanyard's light through the nasty

night
We will scud before the mast;
For the breeze is a-lee and the rover is free,
And a schooner of beer has passed. Hurra for the ship! Hurra for the crew!

Merry, merry boys are we—

And our course is pressed for the glowing

HATTIE'S HATRED.

As we rise on the yeasty sea.

"I never look ridiculous," cried Hattie Hall, "but some one appears to whom I'm particularly anxious to look my best. There I was-sleeves rolled up to my elbows, hair in anything but graceful disorder, washing the parlor windows, and singing as loudly as my lungs would admit, when who should walk in, 'sans ceremonie,' but Frank Wright. I haven't seen him in four years, not since I was 14, and he was just disagreeable enough to compliment me on my improved looks, glance maliciously at my rumpled locks and wet gown, while I stood looking just about as large as your little finger.

"Undoubtedly you do," I replied, leisurely taking off my gloves." "Mr. Wright called at our house a short time ago-he mentioned being here."

"I have no idea of ministering to your vanity, my dear," I replied; "but I really regret that you are ashamed of having been surprised in useful employment. Why, I fancied you rather proud of your housekeeping qualities."
"Housekeeping qualities, indeed!" exclaimed Hattie in a vexed tone. "A good housekeeper never neglects her

"But, Hattie," I urged, "one cannot expect to find one's friends en grande tollette while engaged in washing win- proaching, for I did not want Bob's illiterate Hebrew who, commenting

"But my hair was in such shameful disorder. "You are looking your very best now,

Hattie," I remarked, "whatever your forenoon appearance may have been." target. "Oh, yes!" she replied. "As Uncle John says-after the horse was stolen I locked the barn!" "Well," said I, "play me something

by way of forgetting your unfortunate Hattie played exquisitively.

was just dashing off one of my favorites when Frank Wright came in. Hattie nodded, and demanded petulantly whether he was as charmed with her playing as he had been with her sing-"More so," Mr. Wright had the can-

dor to reply.
"Ah! then I dare say you do not consider me the sweetest singer in the world?" she questioned.

Mr. Wright was positive, on reflection, that he had listened to as good vocal efforts as he had heard that morning. After lingering as long as propriety would admit of, Frank with-

"What a conceited puppy!" Hattie exclaimed as soon as he had gone.

"How ungenerous you are," said I; "you know you are thinking now, away down in your heart, how much tact and cleverness he displayed in warding off the shafts of your ridicule without turning the points against yourself. Besides, he is considered by wiser heads than ours a young lawyer of great promise. I heard father say yesterday that he never listened to a more able and touching appeal than his plea in the Austin and Wilkins suit; and he gained the cause, too. So the widow and orphans are not shelter-

"That was nothing," Hattie maintained. "If he had been employed on the other side it would have been the same thing.'

"But he refused a retaining fee on the other side, and volunteered his services to the poor widow."

But Hattie would not believe it. Frank had been so unfortunate as to surprise her in questionable dishabille. and she could not forgive. "She never did like him when she was a little girl," she said. He was infinitely more disagreeable now."

anxious to appear your best before

"Oh! he mentioned me in his letters to Ellen, and Ellen had writen back all sorts of nonsense about what she callto be canvassed by a pair of malicious expression: This is not quite the

swinging by one ribbon over her shoul-der, "Frank Wright must be contem-plating matrimony. Husband says the

new house in progress at the other end of the street is his. I wonder who the bride-elect can be? Clara Perkins, do

you suppose?' "I am sure I do not know," she re-Frank Wright.

I had been telegraphing ever since not or would not understand my signs, nor did she manifest any embarrassment when on turning around she saw the object of her spleen standing in wreathing his features.

"You have learned nothing new, I droppers that I would recommend to your leisure. Besides when you enter cough, clear your throat, or give other indications of your august presence."

And she saucily tossed her head." ly strive to profit by your counsel; neither shall I regret having heard your expressed dislike of myself, since I trust it may teach me how I may render myself less repulsive, to you. For, believe me," he added, in tones intended for her ear only, "I cannot tell you how much I regret this singular abhorrence you have ever manifested. Can you not point out some method by which I may yet hope to stand better

in your regard?" I did not hear the reply as I was summoned to the kitchen at that moment. But I have just foundations for believing that she did point out a way by which her esteem might be won; for not long ago I saw her and Frank standing in close proximity, while a venerable looking man propounded certain momentous questions which Frank answered frankly and distinctly, and Hattie's replies, though low, were quite satisfactory.

The Mule and the Bull.

I rode once with some cattle-buyers through the stock ranges of Nevada. "Mentioned being here!" Hattie re- got along, in fact, about fifty Nevada cross, or bored. -He regarded the wastes of sage-brush disdainfully. while I threaded my whip upon him, and lunched off the sage-brush while I wore out my spurs on his shaggy sides. Then I led him a few miles, and he re-When I remounted, which I did only when my shoes were worn out, Bob appeared so broken up that I felt sorry. I determined to go no further that day than the rangh-house we were aplife charged to my cruelty. Just before we reached the house a herd of

> Considering Bob's condition, I was about to dismount, and take my chances afoot, when Bob started. I believe something more nearly akin to the he thought he was entered for the Der-novels of the old school. Yet there by. You never saw such a rate of speed attained by such a remarkable gait. Bob would alternately roll himself up in a ball, and stretch out to three times his normal length; his head would get out of sight into his shoulders, and then got out of sight in the distance. Suddenly Bob stopped very suddenly-so suddenly that it unseated my dignity and pose. Looking about I discovered the cause to be that the bull had stopped. Just as suddenly the bull began charging the other way, and Bob-that fool of a Bobbegan charging after the bull. If the bull had been a peck of oats Bob could not have displayed more carnestness in the chase.

Between my anxiety lest Bob should eatch the bull, and not knowing what Bob would chase the bull; it was all the same to him-just as much fun for one as another. I reckon we chased each other-Bob and the bull and Iabout fifty miles, when we happened upon a little oasis and Bob and the bull began browsing the unexpected grass together in the most friendly manner. I excused myself and walked back to the ranch. - San Francisno Call.

The Welbeck Tunnel, which the late Duke of Portland, the "Invisible Prince." created for his workman to pass through on coming to and returning from work, without disturbing the serene repose he longed for is one of the wonders of the world. During the day it is lighted by enormous plateglass bull's-eyes, superseded at night Then why were you so particularly by hundreds of gas jets. The floor is excellently asphalted, and the tunnel is high enough and wide enough for a carriage to pass along. Stepping into it during the hot days of summer, one

The Society Novel.

During the last few years the line, 'A new society novel, by ---," coupled with eulogistic adjectives of various degrees of intensity, has appeared with plied. "Of one thing I am positive, remarkable frequency in the advertise-however; I shall not envy his wife ments of book publishers, until, at last, neither her new house nor her hus- the conclusion is forced upon one that many things, too. A man don't make band. You know that I can't bear this style of fiction almost monopolizes the talents of our story-writers. Perhaps, however, "story-writers" does camps as fast as they get it, so't when she commenced, but she either could not accurately describe those who load a region's petered out there probably the shelves of circulating libraries with | ain't three men outside the bunko men this sort of reading matter. For, as a and saloon-keepers as have got a dollar general rule, the books which the in their pockets. American school of novelists produces the open door, a very perceptible smile cannot be classed as stories. They man, when you've struck it pretty presume, Mr. Wright," she said. "But little or none. The writer does not half hour o' the day, with a nugget now there is a certain adage about eaves- exert himself in the least to create an and again as big as a bullet to cheer a room where people are talking about incidents as much as possible. His what you ought not to hear, please characters seldom do anything that earth that day—well, there ain't noth-"My dear Miss Hall," said Frank, unless the author, impelled by a hearin' other men tell in the evenin advancing toward her, "I shall certain- desire to appear "original," discards what they pulled out as it is countin' young men and maidens safely out of

irritating.

The plea that is urged in defense of the society novel and the social study is that the age is one of introspection. that the critical spirit is abroad and that the analysis of character is the true reflection of that spirit, that men are more concerned with motives than been brought about! Instead of listen-My pony-it was called Bob-drifted his suit. Is he not refined, as befits claim. As the clod broke in his hand My pony—it was called Bob—drifted his suit. Is he not refined, as bents it laid bare a small nugget, maybe as the temper of the times? And is not large as a pea—he showed it to me buffalo hunter. Bob was as mean Jacob Harvard, playing tennis or lead-large as a pea—he showed it to me afterward—an' he said it startled him which gave the picture a diameter of proportion of the increased duration of all correspondents, when in doubt looking as a sheared sheep, and as bul- ing a german, a much more agreeable afterward—an' he said it startled him which gave the picture a diameter of proportion of the increased duration of all correspondents, when is let-headed as a political opponent. However, Bob and I got along very well the first day of our acquaintance; whether the postage of a letter is a political opponent. So he very nigh called out an' gave book-companion than Pendennis, mak-so he very nigh called out an' gave book-companion than Pendennis, mak-so he very nigh called out an' gave book-companion than Pendennis, mak-so he very nigh called out an' gave book-companion than Pendennis, mak-so he very nigh called out an' gave book-companion than Pendennis, mak-so he very nigh called out an' gave him gave the pletter a quameter of human life in England is lived between startling. It perfectly overturned all hitherto entertained ideas of the moon's hitherto entertained idea "Mentioned being here!" Hattle repeated. "Did he give you a graphic description of my appearance? What did he save?"

Those level plains which for miles, remement, over-elaboration and cynicism take the proved to be verdant fields, and what did he save?"

Those level plains which for miles, which I have carefully estimated over-elaboration and cynicism take the proved to be verdant fields, and what did he save?"

Those level plains which for merly were held to be oceans of water place of the strong, simple, direct, and an Oberlin senior: Y. 8. "Do you did he save?"

Out. Those level plains which for merly were held to be oceans of water place of the strong, simple, direct, and an Oberlin senior: Y. 8. "Do you did he save?"

Out. Those level plains which for merly were held to be oceans of water place of the strong, simple, direct, and an Oberlin senior: Y. 8. "Do you did he save?"

Out. I know, but you bet I never felt formerly was considered mountains most favorable conditions. Another play with tops at Oberlin?"

Out. Those level plains which for merly were held to be oceans of water time of a man is a century. That is over-elaboration and cynicism take the proved to be verdant fields, and what the time the body will live under the formerly was considered mountains are considered mountains. The next day Bob was tired, or play with tops at Oberlin?"

Out. Those level plains which for merly were held to be oceans of water time of a man is a century. That is over-elaboration and cynicism take the merly were held to be oceans of water time of a man is a century. That is over-elaboration and cynicism take the merly were held to be oceans of water time of a man is a century. That is over-elaboration and cynicism take the merly were held to be oceans of water time of a man is a century. That is over-elaboration and cynicism take the merly were held to be oceans of water time of a man is a century. That is over-elaboration and cynicism take the merly were held to be oceans of water time of a man is a century. The com

> The allurements that this field of fiction offer to the clever writer of a threwit, but-! metaphysical or descriptive turn of mind are many and well nigh irresistimay echo the cry of the shrewd but the other day of the depression in the dry goods trade, summarized the situacattle reached us. A big bull, the big- tion with the words: "The producgest and wildest I remember ever to tionists produce too much, the conhave seen, selected Bob and me for a sumptionists don't take it, and financial of this style of fiction will inevitably bring about a reaction in favor of something more nearly akin to the novels of the old school. Yet there working along the bottom of the bottom of the or beast imaginable. As winter storms beat down the recess in the wall has been secure in its protection. The working along the could be all along the bottom of the or beast imaginable. As winter storms beat down the recess in the wall has been secure in its protection. The will always exist a demand for the well-written society novel that shall be a faithful reflex of life in circles from which the great bulk of the people are excluded. For the country girl who longs every Summer to go to Newport to see for her self the polo matches, the lawn parties, the drags and what not—the things, in a word, that engage the attention of "society," as she understands it-a novel describing these affairs of moment has to serve as a substitute. And the prevalence of are 'in society' look, talk, dress and and earth onto it and beat it down behave is recognized by our younger hard. Then we lit the fuse and iron rods of the society writers, the more accounts they are this curiosity to know how those who writers, the more accurate they are in detail the more valuble they are sup-

But what is their real worth? How to do with it, and my uncertainty as to are they to stand the test of time? my seat, I was verry unhappy. Bob, Will they be found side by side with howeverer, appeared to be having a Pepys' Diary two hundred years hence, up for miles, and until the bull sudden- highest value of their pictures of men ly stopped short and swung his big and manners as they existed just after horned head around at Bob and me as the Civil War? We can see the we came along. Both dodged beauti- historian, antiquary or critic of the fully, and then the bull chased us future as he stumbles upon a dozen or awhile. That thing was kept up for so of these American society novels around the camp. hours. If the bull wouldn't chase us and pores eagerly over the mildewed.

Samuel Shin Removed from Office

spends de \$10 he airns each week.

Hattie that I expected to see? Not
I. A gentleman visited the house of
Time passed. Ellen Wright and
Hattie Hall were friends.

Frank's equanimity was never disFrank's equanimity was never dis
Time passed. Ellen Wright and
Henry Ward Beecher and was surprised at the smell of tobacco smoke in the library. Turning to Mr. Beecher he library. Turning to Mr. Beecher he janitor, an' de tranquil Cadaver Blos
The reply passes.

Mortgage on his cook stove. If he has any wages due him we must serve a garnishee. Dar' must be no let up, no unworthy feelins of mercy. Samuel Shin am deposed from his position as janitor, an' de tranquil Cadaver Blos
The reply passes.

A gentleman visited the house of Henry Ward Beecher and was surprised at the smell of tobacco smoke in the library. Turning to Mr. Beecher he janitor, an' de tranquil Cadaver Blos
The reply passes.

A Brooklyn man who hit wheat for a few thousand dollars last week, rushed at the smell of tobacco smoke in the library. Turning to Mr. Beecher he janitor, an' de tranquil Cadaver Blos
The reply passes.

A gentleman visited the house of Henry Ward Beecher and was surprised at the smell of tobacco smoke in the library. Turning to Mr. Beecher he janitor, an' de tranquil Cadaver Blos
The reply passes.

The reply passes are the first and the services of a fur
"You did?"

"Yes, my dear was a street car conmortgage on his cook stove. If he has done."-N. Y. Tribune.

Story By a Forty-Niner.

"I tell you what, sir"-it was an old forty-niner who spoke, as he sat with his feet on the top of the hotel stove— there ain't no life on God's earth as. comes up to minin'; leastwise no life that I've struck, and I've tried a good money at it, not one in 500; rather they get plenty, but they gamble it away in

"But it's the fascination of it. Lor' are rather photographs of different rich and can see yer gold right in front phases of social life. Of plot there is of you; when you're piling it up every element of suspense as to the probable you, and then when the evenin' comes fate of his hero or heroine. He ignores and you count it up and find a hunhas any bearing on the development of in' like it. Then when you don't strike the sketch. The catastrophe, such as it rich you always think you're goin' to it is, excites only languid interest, next day, and it's just as exciting the good old method of bringing his vour own. Why, I've been three young men and maidens safely out of and four months at a time without their troubles, and, instead, gives us a making a dollar and without a cent in conclusion that is odd, disappointing, my pocket; but, Geewhittaker! the excitement of it don't give a man twice to think how hard up he is.

"But there are times when a man don't know how to kick himself hard enough; you bet he don't. It was down on the Stanislaus once, I was with deeds, and that the world has clod to throw at him, just a lump of outgrown the novel of incident, adven- earth that was lyin' handy. Well, it ture, action. And what a change has just went to one side o' Long Gus, and he sorter reached out his hand to catch ing (with how much pleasure!) to the it, an' it all broke in pieces leavin' songs and jokes that, with pipes and some in his hand. I expected he'd brandy-and-water make the night throw it back at me; but he didn't. He merry in the Cave of Harmony, we sip just tossed it over in his hand careless our champagne and talk philosophy or like, and then said we'd had enough stocks at Delmonico's. Dora's tribula- foolin'. So we walked on again. Next the object-glass of the refractor less tions are old-fashioned; we are interest- mornin' Gus didn't say a word to me. ed now in Miss Rosebud's flirtation at but he just went off with his outfit to that purpose he darkened it with the ed now in Miss Rosebud's flirtation at but he just went off with his outfit to that purpose he darkened it with the ing the slight increase of mortality at 'So you say your husband loves you, Newport. Who cares whether or not the place where I'd thrown that clod at smoke of camphor. It took months of 35 and upward, a large portion of the Mary?' 'Oh, he dotes wildly upon Bois-Guilbert's advances are rejected him, an' took \$250 out the first day. by Rebecca? Our hero of to-day is An' I don't know how many thousands not a brute. Listen to him as he urges he took out before he'd done with that his suit. Is he not refined, as befits claim. As the clod broke in his hand evil days when cleverness, refinement, all thought to be worked out, but the surface. Those level plains which fordramatic qualities that will keep the novels of Scott, Thackeray and Dickens more like kicking myself into the alive scores of years after the social studies of the present day are buried to be a significant tool and the cussed thing over, or broken tools of all kinds were plainly discerntial to be a significant tool area to be a significant tool area. The significant tool area to be a significant tool area to be a signifi

"But there was another time when I we were all fools. It was one Fourth politics. of July, down to Mokelumne, an' we wanted to do su'thin' to celebrate, an' Hard Glove Fight Between Sparrows. we were pretty badly fixed for what to do. Well, after rakin' round a bit we settled on an old tree-one o' these sugar pines. The gold, ye know, used working along the gulches. An this rains trouble not its quiet, and the sun feet up the hillside, right away from there. A progeny of English sparrows where the gold was. It was a fine tree, as straight as whisky for 100 feet or more without a bough or a leaf on it, and then the boughs began all of a sudden. It stood out there all by itself sudden. It stood out there all by itself like, an' we settled we'd blow it up. So we gets a twenty-five pound keg e' blastin' powder and hauled it up the hill, an' set to work to dig a hole under the tree. We got as far under as we could for the tap-root and then stowed the keg array an' just heared week. A sparrow or two were loafthe keg away, an' just heaved rocks

scrambled away as fast as we could. Well, you just believe it we scattered those rocks some. Gee! but we had to look out for our heads, and the earth went all around the place. But it didn't blow the old tree up; not worth real good time. The chase was kept and will they be referred to as of the a cent. It just stood there as if nothing had happened, 'cept that the trunk was split open some twenty feet or so. However, we all cheered and hollered, an' felt we'd done suthin' to celebrate, and then we went back and 'rahed

"That, as I've said, was on the 4th of July. Along to the end of September, it might be, it rained-rained quite a sight that year, too. Well, after it'd been rainin' a bit a man "De man who minds his own bizness called Harris-Jim Harris, as good for has got all de work dat should be cut nothin' a chap as you ever see, who out for one pusson. De man whose couldn't work or do anythin', an' had fingers itch to pick up articles he hasn't never washed out a dollar honestly in paid for will sooner or later make a his life—chanced to come over that hill mistake and burn his fingers. It am on his way to camp, an passed right nussin to me who gets drunk nor who by this 'ere pine as we tried to blow keeps sober, so long as neither one up. None of us had never been up to damages me. I doan' keer a straw to the durned tree again, but s'elp me know how de neighbor on my left libs Johnny Rogers! if that rain hadn't widout work or position, an' it am none gone an' washed all the earth as the of my bizness how de one on my right powder'd kicked up, an' this fellar Harris just picked up \$60 as he stood "Gem'len, Samuel Shin was 'pinted there! That proved one of the richest janitor of dis hall under de impreshun leads in the whole Mokelumne, an' dat he was strictly honest. It has bin here had we been washing away in conclusively proved dat he am an em- gulches an' sayin' as there warn't no bezzler. Had he taken all our money gold up the hillside. Warn't therei it would have bin in order to call him This feller Harris got rich out o' that, sharp an, keen an' be satisfied to git cos he never spent no money like the half of it back an' let nim go free. As rest of us; an' was about the only man house, and the whole length of its interior can be traversed without catching the slightest glimpse of the abbey, or the beautiful park under which it passes.

Institute of its interior can be traversed without catching the slightest glimpse of the abbey, or the beautiful park under which it passes.

Institute of its interior can be traversed without catching the slightest glimpse of the abbey, or the beautiful park under which it passes.

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Institute of its interior can be traversed without catching the interior can be traversed without catching the slightest glimpse of the abbey, or the beautiful park under which it passes.

Institute of its interior can be traversed without catching the interior can be traversed without catching the slightest glimpse of the abbey, or the beautiful park under which it passes.

Institute of its interior can be traversed without catching the is my husband!" (Oh, what a beautiful spotted deer, of us 200 as wouldn't have taken it said one. The other woman bowed her beautiful things, and the whole length of its interior can be traversed without catching the is my husband!" (Oh, what a beautiful spotted deer, of us 200 as wouldn't have taken it said one. The other woman bowed her beautiful things, and the whole length of its interior can be traversed without catching the its my husband!" (Oh, what a beautiful spotted deer, of us 200 as wouldn't have taken it will be an interior can be traversed without catching the its my husband!" (Oh, what a beautiful spotted deer, of us 200 as wouldn't have taken it will be an interior can be traversed without catching the its my husband!" (Oh, what a beautiful spotted deer, of us 200 as wouldn't have taken it will be an interior can be traversed without catching the its my husband!" (Oh, what a beautiful spotted deer, of us 200 as wouldn't have taken it will be an interior can be traversed without catching ed my beauty. Do you think I wished house, and the whole length of its into be can vassed by a pair of malicious terior can be traversed without catch—
owns a mule. Befo' lavin' dis place of us 200 as wouldn't have taken it
'Oh, what

Frank's equanimity was nover disturbed by Hattic's pretty sparring; indeed, he seemed rather to enjoy it.
This only incensed her the more. "It
was," she said, "as if she were not
worth minding."
"Hattie," said I, as she sauntered
into my sitting-room one day, with her
apron tull of flowers, and her har
ant then sought the services of a furniture mover. "I'll take it by the job
and do the fair tuling by you," replied
the mover. " ways job the two moves together in the

The Moon Inhabited.

PROBLE.

At the astronomical observatory of Berlin, says a translation from Nya Pressen Helsingfor, a discovery has years, and that the discouraging doc-lately been made, which, without trine of the influence of heredity in doubt, will cause the greatest sensation not only among the adepts in science, but even among the most learned. So, also, is the circumstance that we but even among the most learned. Professor Blendmann, in that city, has found, beyond a doubt, that our old to furnish proofs most convincing.

This question has agitated humanity from time immemorial, and has been million children, has given the follow-the object of the greatest interest. But ing results: Nearly 150,000 will die in from time immemorial, and has been the opinions have always differed very widely, and no two minds held one and the same. Already in ancient times the belief prevailed that the moon was inhabited with some higher organized, intelligent beings, somewhat of sixty years 370,000 will still be living; resembling man, and in order to com-municate with them the earthly enthu-siasts planted rows of trees several ty-five years, 2,100. At the beginning miles in length so as to form the figure of the Pythagorean theorem. The celebrated astronomer Schroder, in the be-ginning of the present century, fancied that he could detect places on the surface of the moon which periodically grew lighter and darker, and from this fact he derived the conclusion that the phenomenon was a proof of existing vegetation. During the last few decades, however, the idea of life on the moon has been held up to ridicule, and monkeying round with a pard—Long totally scorned by men of learning.
Gus we called him—an' I picked up a But, nevertheless, it has now been proved to be correct.

By accident Dr. Blendmann found that the observations of the moon gave but very unsatisfactory results, owing to the intensity of the light power of the moon's atmosphere, which is that strong that it affects the correctness of the observations in a very high degree. He then conceived the idea to make sensitive to the rays of light, and for experimenting before he succeeded in additional survivors live on to the high-finding his right degree of obscurity of er ages. Of 1,000 born, the additional that." "What makes you think so?" it in two-it was a sight too large to able, as well as signs of industry and throw at once, as I thought when I traffic. The learned professor's study and observations of old Luna will be to 85, and old age 85 and upward. repeated every full moon when the sky felt like hurting myself, too hurting is clear, and we venture to predict that ble. But if the society novelists in- myself right bad—and so did all the the time is not far off when we shall crease in numbers in the next ten years other boys, I can tell you. There were know more about the man in the moon as they have in the last decade, they some two hundred of us in it, sir. An' than as being an agent in English

Beneath a sign, over the door of one of the busiest establishments in Lewiston, a recess in the wall has formed to lie all along the bottom of the one of the snuggest retreats for a bird sugar pine was some three hundred can look in in springtime. A score or o'clock. A sparrow or two were loafand began to make trouble. They were running things when re-enforcements of the home birds began to arrive. The aggressive, thick-headed English sparrows plumed his feathers, and all the sickening details of war followed. The uproar called the spectators to the window. The home-birds fought off the intruders. They flew down in increased numbers, and the invaders fled. Two birds in the thickest of the fight flew up and down, and up and down again. A gentleman on the walk below held out his hands, and the birds settled in his outstretched palms and fought still. After the intruders had been routed there were expressions of joy in the nest. The English sparrow is nothing if not a fight-

er. - Lewistown Journal. A Chapter on Legs.

Cæsar had short legs. Napoleon was bow-legged. Lord Palmerston had caricature legs and so did Disraeli.

Alexander Pope was humpbacked and had a cripple's leg; so did Cowper. Plutarch tells that Alexander's left leg was badly out of plumb. Hannibal had notoriously big heels, and was knock-kneed.

Cicero was very spindle-shanked, and Demosthenes is said to have had a shuffling, stumbling gait, which meant that his legs were not wholly in gear. Her Spotted Dear.

Two young women were examining the animals in Central Park, N. Y.,

"Why, what's the matter?"

tour throughout the country.

Is Life Growing Longer?

To be told that under proper condi-

tions we ought to live one hundred are living longer than we used to live, and the assurance that much may be friend, the moon, is not a mere lantern | done yet to prolong our lives. These which kindly furnishs light for the loving youth and gas companies of our planet, but the abode of living, intelligent beings, for which he is prepared to furnish proofs most convincing.

done yet to protong our lives. These and analogous topics were given in a recent lecture by Dr. John Foster, of Bradford, England, read at the February meeting of the Medico-Chirugical society: "The late Dr. Farr in his description of the march through life of a the first year, 52,000 in the second year, 28,000 in the third year, and less than of 100 years there will be 228, and at 108 years 1. The mean lifetime of both sexes in England was calculated some years ago at 40.858, nearly or 41 years. Mr. H. Humphreys has shown, however, that in the five years, 1876 to 1880, the mean age at death was 43.56 (females 45.3), being a gain of nearly 21 years. This within twenty years, notwithstanding an increased birth rate, density of population, and the unsanitary condition of towns suddenly grown large, more than 24 years have been added to the life of every inhabitant of England.

"The Spectator asks: What is the kind of life which is increasing? Are we young longer, or mature longer, or old longer? Do we live longer, or are director.' 50 is a fraction less. But notwithstand- become, if any? istence. Dr. Farr says the natural lifemost interesting question is: "When divided life as follows; Boyhood, 10 to O. S.: "Copenhagen." 15 years; youth 15 to 25; manhood, 25 to 55; maturity, 55 to 75; ripeness, 75

In taking the period of 65 to 75, and still following the fortunes of the miliion children born, we find that 809,029 enter this age and 161,124 leave it alive. Diseases of the brain, lungs and heart are the most common; 31,400 died of old age. The number that enter the next decennial-75 to 85-are 161,124, and the number that leaves it alive is 88,565. About 122,500 die chiefly of lung, heart, brain and other local diseases. Nearly 50,000 die of atrophy, debility, and old age. Some writer says he has met few or no cases of death from old age, everybody dying of some recognized disease. It is true that symptoms of disease are obscured drawer locked, or else discharge the in old age, many cases of pneumonia hired girl and get another of a com-and other inflammations escaping rec-plexion different from yours. ognition. But it is also true that many deaths attributed to disease are mainly due to old age; slight injuries, cold, heat, want, or attacks which in early years would have been shaken off. Of the million with which we started, 2.135 live to the age of 95—228 to 100. Finally, at the age of 108, one solitary ognition. But it is also true that many Finally, at the age of 108, one solitary the way it fits.

Bergh's Sympathy for the Mule.

Mark Twain tells this story of Mr. Bergh: A lady was talking with Mr. Bergh one day and chanced to speak of a friend of hers who had lately been traveling out west. In crossing the frontier it became necessary that the father, mother, and three children should cross a somewhat swollen ford. Their only beast of burden was a mule. So the father placed two of the children on its back, then plunged in and led the beast with him. It swam obediated the exhortation more than he. ently behind him, and all reached the other shore in safety. At the man's bidding the intelligent mule returned her companion, a lad of six summers: to where the mother and child were "Were you ever affrighted at the conwaiting to cross. The mother, fearing tiguity of a rodent?" "Nay, forsooth," to put too heavy a burden on the already tired animal, put only the child upon its back, bade him hold fast, and, with a prayer, led the animal to the pinquity." water's edge. They plunged in, swam bravely for a time, and then were seen to struggle and go down.
"Oh, think, Mr. Bergh," said the ex-

cited and pitying lady, "just think what must have been the feelings of that mother as she saw her darling child lost in the depths of that black water?"

"True; oh, too true," sighed Mr. Bergh. "But did you ever think my, dear lady, what must have been the feelings of the mule?"-- Boston Letter.

Reclaimed Herself.

ing the guests at a fashionable reception. "Which one?" "That one with the red mustache and awful nose. "H. H." has a poem in Herper besaw vengeance in the eyes of the insulted lady. "Several nights ago a friend made a similar remark about my husband and I became very angry. I declared it would anger any woman; but my friend said that you, having the best husband in the world, would not core and I waggered a pair of closes."

We always did and do admire her positive, but we haven't read past the first line of this poem. It begins too much like an advertisement of a new blood-purifier. We've been fooled too many times on that sort of thing.—Burling-burling and I waggered a pair of closes.

WIT AND HUMOR Oh, what is the row in Wall stress should And why do men not as if there's a stipper? The simply because some fatness fools. Have tried to sooop water out of the soois with a sieve instead of a dispersion. With a sieve instead of a dispersion.

Always laugh at your own jokes. If you want anything done well, do it

All red-headed girls are not from the west, but they all have a color reddy

style about them.

Der reason vhy dhere vas so many big fools in der world, vas because eferybody dinks he vas a Solomon. A doctor writes, asking the renewal

ble crisis; there is not a sick man in the district." Lives of great men all remind us that we have got to watch out very carefully if we expect to leave any respect, able foot-prints.

of a bill and says, "We are in a horri-

Never trust with a secret a married man who loves his wife, for he will tell her, and she will tell her sister, and her sister will tell everybody.

"Did Mr. Yeast ever strike you as being a man of great force?" said a companion to young Crimsonbeak, the other day at the club.

A municipal candidate whose principal supporters are tavern-keepers and shoemakers, proudly alludes to them as members of the bar and bench. A suburban correspondent writes to inquire the best method of raising

calves. It evidently never occurred to

him to ask his mother. - Yonkers States-"Just go over that scheme again," said the bank cashier to a speculator, adding: "Never mind that old codger who has just come in. He's only a

we only a little slower in dying? I The following question is to be am bound to admit that some of the gain in early life is lost in middle life; that society at its next session: If the Morwhile the expectation of life at birth is mon who has eight wives buries one of 25 or more, the expectation from 85 to them, how much of a widower does be

play with tops at Oberlin?"
"No." Y. S.: "Marbles?" most interesting question is: "When "No." Y. S.: "Marbles?" O. S.: does old age commence?" Dr. Farr "No." Y. S.: "What do you play?"

Husband (airily, they had just returned from their wedding trip)—"If I'm not home from the club by—ah—10, love, you won't wait—" Wife (quietly)—"No, dear"—(but with appalling firmness—"I'll come for you!" He was back at 9:45 sharp.

If a man is getting shaved in a bar-ber-shop, and a fly alights on his nose, and he gives his head a twitch to re-move a fly, during which the barber re-moves a slice of the man's ear, who is to blame—the man, or the barber, or

A lady reader writes to say that she

The organ of the bachelors is wor-ried to find out why a woman will spend six weeks putting scallege on her dress that nobody but herself will ever get a glimpse of, and then run about the neighborhood in an old dirty wrapper without any belt and every other button burst off. Leaving home this morning for the

As they were trudging along to school a 5-year-old Boston miss said to

When a certain lady refused, soon

after her husband's death, to let the hounds go out, a sergeant-at-law asked Chief-Justice X. whether there would be any harm if they were allowed to do so with a piece of crape round their necks. "I can hardly think," said the Chief-Justice, "that a piece of crape is necessary; it will surely suffice if they are in full cry."

Little Florence C. was besieging her father to take her to visit her grand-mother, who lived some miles distant. To get rid of her importuning he said: Women are skillful. "Who is that horrid whisky bloat?" asked a lady of an acquaintance, while they stood viewing the quastrate at a feebloomble with the little wind the littl