NUMBER 5.

THE WANDERING JEW.

The Wandering flow once said to me, I passed through the city in the cool of the

I passed through the part of the passed through the part of the pa

No trace of a city there I found;
A shephord sat blowing his pipe alone,
His flock were quietry nibbling around.
Anated, "How long his tils city been gene?"
And he suswered me, and he piped away,
"The new enest bloom and the old decay,
This is "iy pastire ground for aye,"

Five hundred years rolled by, and then
I traveled the self-same road again.

And I came to sex, and the waves did yoar, and a fisherman threw his net out clear.
And, when heavy laden, he dragged it ashere.
\*\*Tasked, "Howlong has the sea been here?"
And he laughed and he said, and he laughed away;
"As long as yon billows have tossed their spray,
They've fished and they've fished in this self-same
bay,"

Five hundred years rolled by, and then I trayeled the self-same road again.

And Learney a forest, vast and free,:
And a woodnan stood in the thicket near:
Hisaxhelald at the foot of a tree.
Lisked, "How long have the woods been here?'
And he suppered, "These woods are a covert for

Apolly superfree, "These woods are a cover are:
My ancestors dwelt here alway,
And the trees have been since or estion's day."
Eye hundred years rolled by, and then
Ondraveled the self-same road again.

And I found there a city, and far and near
Resounded the hum of toit and glee.
And I asked, "How long has the city been here,
And where is the pipe, and the wood, and the
"sea?"
And they answered me, as they made their way,
"Things always have stoed as they stand te-day,
And so they will stand for ever and aye."
I'll wait five hundred years, and then
I'll travel the self-same road again.

### THE BABES IN THE CLOUDS.

Just ten years ago, there suddenly burst upon the western world a magnificent stranger from foreign parts, with all his traveling glories on." It was the great comet of 1858, on the grand tour of the universe.

It seemed strange that petty human life could go on as usual, with its eating and drinking, teiling, trafficking and pleasuring, while that "flaming minister," on his billion-leagued circuit, was preaching the wonders of in-

cuit, was preaching the wonders of infinite immensity and power, and the nothingness of earth. The comet no longer runs his kindling race, like Vich-Alpine's henchman, with his fiery cross, announcing war and disaster.

Herald of battle, fate and fear.

Herald of battle, fate and fear.

'He is on his own business, not ours.

Under the tail of this particular the doubtless many a tale of love was told—in the light of his swift splendors many a tender look exchanged. The astronomer coolly swept the starry field with his glass, unawed by the irregular night-guard patrolling the heavens, and the robber and murderer disdained the the robber and murderer disdained the awful witness. He left us as he found us-joined to our mortal idols, wise in our own conceit, weak, and worldly, and wicked, but no castaways of the universe after all.

We remember that comet summer. we remember that comet summer, not so much for its great astronomical event as for two singular incidents that more nearly touched our human sympathies, which will grovel in poor earthly affairs, even within sight of the most august celestial phenomena.

One pleasant Saturday afternoon during the comet's appearance on arms.

during the comet's appearance, an ieronaut, after a prosperous voyage, de-scended upon a farm in the neighborhood of a large market town in one of the western states. He was soon sur-rounded by a curious group of the farmer's family and laborers, all asking eager questions about the voyage and the management of the balloon. That secured by an anchor and a rope in the hand of the reronaut, its car being a foot or two above the ground, was swaying lazily backward and forward in the evening air. It was a good deal out of wind, and was a sleepy and inno-cent monster in the eyes of the farmer, who, with the owner's permission, led it up to his house, where, as he said, he could hitch it to his fence. But before he had thus secured it, the three children, aged respectively, ten, eight, and three, begged him to lift them "into that big basket," that they might "sit on those pretty red cushions."
While the attention of the geronaut

was diverted by more curious questioners from a neighboring farm, this rash father lifted his darlings one by one into the car. Chubby little Johnny proved the "ounce too much" for the proved the "ounce too much" for the merial camel, and brought him to the ground; and then, unluckily, not the baby, but the cldest hope of the family, was lifted out. The relief was too great for the monster. The volatile creature's spirit rose at once, he jerked his halter out of his father's hand, and, with a wild bound, mounted into the . Vain was the geronaut's anchor. It caught for a moment in a fence, but it tore away, and was off, dangling uselessly after the runaway balloon, which so swiftly and steadily rose that in a few minutes those two little white faces, peering over the edge of the car, grew indistinct, and those piteous cries of "Papa!" "Mamma!" grew faint and fainter, up in the air.

When distance and twilight mists had awallayed up voices and

swallowed up voices and faces, and nothing could be seen but the dark, cruel shape, sailing triumphantly away with its precious booty, like an recial privateer, the poor father sank cown nelpless and speechless; but the mother, frantic with grief, still stretched her yearning arms towards the inexorable heavens, and called wildly into the

unanswering void. The eronant strove to console the wretched parents with assurances that the balloon would descend within thirty miles of the town, and that all might be well with the chilren, provided that it did not come dewn in the water or in deep woods. In the event of its de-

The balloon passed directly over the market town, and the children seeing many people in the streets, stretched out their hands and called loudly for help. But the villagers, though they saw the bright little heads, heard no calls. calls.

Amazed at the strange apparition, they might have thought the translated little creatures small angel navigators, on some voyage of discovery, some little cherubic venture of their own, as heading foward the rosy cloudlands and purple islands of sunset splendor, they acided deaver and deaver into the west

sailed deeper and deeper into the west, and faded away.

Some company they had, poor little sky-waifs! Something comforted them and allayed their wild terrors—something whispered that below the night thing whispered that below the night and clouds was home; that above was God; that wherever they might drift or clash, living or dead, they would till be in His domain and under His care—that though, borns away among the stars they could not be lost for His stars, they could not be lost, for His love would follow them.

When the sunlight all went away, and the great comet came blazing out, little Johnny was apprehensive that the comet might come too near their airy craft, and set it on fire with a whisk of its dreadful tail. But when his sister assured him that the fiery dragon was "as much as twenty miles away," and that God wouldn't let him hurt them, he was tranquilized, but soon afterward said, "I wish he would come a little nearer; so I could warm myself, I'm so cold!" When the sunlight all went away, and cold !"

Then Jennie took off her apron, and wrapped it about the child, saying ten-derly, "This is all sister has to make you warm, darling, but she'll hug you

close in her arms, and we will say our prayers and you shall go to sleep."

"Why, how can I say my prayers be-fore I have my supper?" asked little Johnny.

"Sister hasn't any supper for you or for herself, but we must pray all the harder," solemnly responded Jennie. So the two baby wanderers, alone in the wide heavens, unawed by darkness, immehsity and the millions of unpitying stars, lifted their little clasped hands, and sobbed out their sorrowful, "Our father," and that quaint little

supplementary prayer :

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I - hould die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.
"There I God heard that, casy; for we are close to Him up here," said innocent little Johnny.

Doubtless Divine Love stooped to the little ones and folded them in perfeet peace-for soon the younger, scated on the bottom of the car, with his head leaning against his sister's knee, slept as soundly as though he were lying in his own little bed at home, while the elder watched through the long, long hours, and the car floated gently on in the still night air, till it begun to sway and rock on the fresh morning wind.

Who can divine that simple little many were abroad that night, scouts and heralds of the great comet-or, perhaps being cast away on some desolate star island, or more dreary still, floating and floating on, night and day, till they should both die of cold and hunger. Poor babes in the clouds!

At length, a happy chance, or Provi-ence—we will say Providence—guided dence—we will say Providence—guided the little girl's wandering hand to a cord connected with the valve; some-thing told her to pull it. At once the balloon began to sink, slowly and genty, as though some celestial pilot guided through the wild currents of air, not letting it drop into lake, or river, lofty wood, or impenetrable swamp, where this strange, unchild-like experience might have been closed by a death of unspeakable horror; but causing it to descend as softly as a bird alights, on a spot where human care and pity awaited it.

The sun had not yet risen, but the morning twilight had come, when the little girl, looking over the edge of the car, saw the derr old earth coming nearer-"rising towards them," she said. But when the car stopped, to her great disappointment it was not on the ground, but caught fast in the topmost branches of a tree. Yet she saw they were near a house whence help might soon come, so she awakened her brother and told him the good news, and to-gether they watched and watched and waited for deliverance, hugging cach other for joy and warmth, for they were cold.

Farmer Burton, who lived in a lonely house, on tac edge of his\_own private prairie, was a famous sleeper in general, but on this part cular morning he awoke before the dawn, and though he turned and turned again, he could sleep no more. So, at last, he said to his good wife, whom he had kindly awakened to inform her of his unaccountable wakefulness, "It's no use, I'li just get up and dress, and have a look at the

The next that worthy woman heard from her wakeful spouse was a harty summons to the outer door. It seems that no sooner did he step forth from his house than his eyes fell on a strange potentions shape, hanging on a large pear tree, about twenty yards distant. He could see no likeness in it to anydeep woods. In the event of its dething earthly, and he half fancied that scending in a favorable spot, the it might be the comet, who, having put

thought that the older child might step out leaving the younger in the balloon. Then it might again arise and continue its voyage.

"Ah, no," replied the mother, "Jennie would never stir from the car without Johnny in her arms."

The balloon passed directly over the market town, and the children seeing.

Suddenly there descended from the thing a plaintive, trembling little voice: "Please take us down. We are very

Then a second little voice said 'And hungry, too. Please take us

"Why, who are you? And where are von? The first little voice said: "It's us,

Pleuse take us down."

Dimly comprehending the situation, the farmer, getting hold of a dangling rope, succeeded in getting down the

He first lifted out little Johnny, who ran rapidly a few yards toward the house, then turned round, and stood for a few moments, curiously surveying the balloon. The faithful little sister was so chilled and exhausted that she had to be carried into the house, where, trembling, she told the wonderful

Before sunrise a mounted messenger was dispatched to the Harwood home, with glad tidings of great joy. He reached it in the afternoon, and a few nours later the childred arrived, in state, with banners and music, and covered hay-wagon and four.

Joy bells were rung in the neighbor-

ing town, and in the farmer's brown house, the happiest family on the con-tinent thanked God that night.

It would seem that this comet had some occult maddening influence on the balloons, for during its appearance there occurred in another western state an involun avy ascension, similar to the one I have related, but more tragical in its teamination.

An eronaut, while, if I remember rightly, repairing the network of his balloon, was scated on a slight wooden cross-piece suspended under it; the car having been removed a few feet above the ground by merely a rope in the hand of an assistant. From a too careless grasp this rope escaped, and in an instant the gigantic bubble shot upward, carrying the eronaut on his frail support; a rider more helpless than Mazeppa bound to his Ukraine steed, a voyager more helpless than a ship-wrecked sailor affoat on a spar in mid-

The balloon rose rapidly, but unsteadily, swaying and pitching in the evening wind. As long as it remained in sight the form of the eronaut could be distinguished, swinging beneath it. And as he was kno n to be a man of uncommon nerve and presence of mind. it was hoped that even from his dizzy perch he might manage to operate on the valve, or at least to puncture a small hole in the balloon, and thus effect a descent.

But such efforts, if he made any, were vain, as for many days and nights there was anxious inquiry and patient search over a wide extent of country with no result. We gave him up. Only wifely love hoped on, and looked and waited. At last, in a wild spot, the wreck of the child's thoughts, speculations, and wild imaginings, while watching through those hours? She may have feared coming in collision with a meteor—for true in a wood, many miles away from the coming in collision. where the balloon was found, discovered, half buried in the ground, a strange dark mass that looked like a heap of old clothes, but there was a something, shapeless and fearful, holding it together.

ing it together.

It was thought the eronaut parted company with his balloon by loosering his hold on the cords above him, in desperate efforts to open the valve; but he may, after whirling in swift vortices, or plunging and mounting, through cloudy abysses of air, have become unnerved by the awful silence of the up per night, by the comet's fearful com panionship, by whelming immensity and infinity, and wearily let go his hold, to drop earthward.

# Private rish Culture.

Mr. Seth Green, the well-known pis ciculturist, states that he has invented a new method for transporting and natching nearly all kinds of fish eggs, by which spawn can be carried for 130 days journey and can be hatched in any room in the house. One million eggs, it is also said, can be hatched by using a pail of water daily. It is believed that fish culture by private parties can be rendered a lucrative source of income, provided it is followed with the same care as is exercised in the raising of poultry or any other live stock Hundreds of farmers have streams and ponds on their lands now of no value save perhaps as watering places for cat tle in pasture, and yielding a few worth less perch and cattish, perhaps an occa-sional trout or pickerel. If Mr. Green has solved the most difficult part of the problem, n mely, the successful trans-portation of the eggs, the mode of stocking the waters and the rearing of the fish, are not difficult subjects of which to acquire an adequate knowl-One species of fish in particular. which is little known, would probably prove especially remunerative, The land-locked salmon is a distinct species of the fish, though so closely resembling the ocean salmon as to suggest the idea that, at some remote period, a quantity of the latter fish, being by a onvulsion of nature barred from returning to the sea, had propagated in their land locked quarters and eventually developed into a separate variety. The habits of the land-locked and ocean salmon are closely similar.

Ancedetes of Sir Walter Scott.

["Soms, Old Letters," in Scribner's for March, are accompanied by a hitherto unpublished life sketch of Sir Walter Scott, by the celebrate artist Gilbert Stuart Newton. In this instalment of "Old Letters" we find the following anecdotes of the author of "Waverley."

verley:"]

"At Ind-past six we went to dine with the Fergusaons. The doctor was quite ill with a celd. Sir Adam Fergusson, Sir Watter Scott's intimate and confidental friend, dined there; ourselves, Now. L., and one of her daughters.

confidental friend, dined there; ourselves, M.s. L., and one of her daughters.

"We had a very charming dinner, for Sir Adam has the most marvelous powers of description. He made us laugh heartily, and told us, too, a great many interesting anecdotes about Sir Walter Scott. He is a very remarkable person himself. We is the original of Dugald Dalgetty. This is all I find in the old letters about the dinner, but I must tell what I can recollect of the account Mrs. X. save me in later years, Sir Adam, she said, was a tall, gray-haired man, with a broad Scotch accent. He described how one early morning, in Sir Walter be to make the fire of peat burn, and, after many efforts, succeeded in some de ree. At this moment one of the dog, dripping from a plunge in the lake, a atched and whined at the window. A last Sir Walter let the "puir cresture" in, who, coming up before the title fire, shock his shaggy hide, sending a perfect shower-bath over the fire and over a great table of loose manuscripts. Sir Walter, eyeing the scane with his usual serenity, said, slowly: "Or I dear, you've done a great deal of minimist." It reminds us of the tale related of Newton. On this same occast not the dinner, Sir Adam Fergusson held of traveling with Sir Walter on the continent and going to see the troops on donkeys, and he performed both donkeys and riders with his fingers on the table until his audience was in an agony of laughter.

"Fergusson a passed the evening with

his fingers on the table until his audience was in an agony of langhter.

"Ferguss a passed the evening with us, and we had some music. I asked him, as he was of fond of listening, if he didn't sir a little himself. 'I'll tell you an anecdote or his Walter Scott,' said his, 'that will answer your question. One night, when I was staying at Abbesford, Annie Scott had been singing to the account. 'sent of her harp a Saich ball and walf for the charms. Sir Walter turned to me, saying in a strong Scotch accent:

saying in a strong Scotch accent:
"Noo, Fergueson, gie us a howl."
"'During one of my visits there,'
continued Dr. Fergueson, 'among other
guests was Hogg, "Ettrick Shepherd."
I heard a horrible noise in an adjoin ing room, and, after listening some moments to it, became alarmed, and said to my host: "What is that roise?"
"Oh" said he, "it's Hogg—just Hogg composing his verses. He always sings

them as he writes them."
"Though he liked some rude strains, Scott could well attune his ear to softer music, and was very fond of Moore song X. sings, that ends:

'Short as the Persian's prayer, his prayer at close of day,
Should be each yow of love's repeating.
Quick lot him wor-hip beauty's precious ray,
E'en while he kneels that ray is fleeting.

"He used to say, 'Come X., let me have that Persian's prayer;' and he would listen with great delight to the singing of it.

"They recalled an amusing story an old servant who had lived with Scott for nearly a lifetime, and became very much spoiled. Sir Walter at last, out of patience with his sins of omission, said:

" Donald, I think we must part. " Part! why? Where's your honor going?'
"Of course peace was made, and

Donald remained. "They told sadly of the dear old

man returning from Italy (where he went for his health), with his memory impaired. Mrs. Arkwright, who had set his 'Pirate's Farewell to Minna' to music, sang it to him. 'Those are very pretty verses, said Sir Walter. 'Who wrote them?'

"Charles Scott, Sir Walter's second son, is a very clever, agreeable man. I see a good deal of him at the Lockharts', here and elsewhere. Sir Walter was most proud of his eldest son Wal ter, who is rather a dult fellow, large and fine-looking. His father used to say that it was enough if a boy knew how to ride and speak the truth those were the most important things. "Charles Scott made me laugh about

he visitors at Sir Walter's house and Melrose Abbey. See the Abbey by moonlight they must, because of the "'If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright. Go visit it by the pale moonlight."

"'And many a time,' said Charles Scott, 'when the moon was not convenient, I took a lantern to produce the effect."

# A Lock of Hair.

Almost every one has at least one lock of hair cut from the head of one now dwelling in that silent land whence come no messages, no letters, no tokens of any kind to tell of love or of remembrance. Every one knows that strange emotion, half joy, half woe, with which the tiny relie of so much that was once dear can thrill the soul. Only now and then do we dare to take it from its hiding place, hold it in the palm, press it to the cheek, and use it as a talisman to recall all that we must perforce forget in the work-a-day world for the sake of

which you treasure may be; whether the flossy curl from a baby's head, the dark lock from the brow that once made your breast its pillow, a parent's well. The covering of the grapes as large and somewhat larger than gray tress, or a young lover's sunny should be chewed but not swallowed. Lake Superior.

curl. Nor does it maker, for all love in its essence, in that part of it that outlives death, is alike and equally pure, but we know that there is nothing pure, but we know that there is nothing like it to you anywhere. There are no words for the thoughts it brings. They mock language. As you touch it, and gaze at it, you have nothing to say. You feel the thorns of your dead rose, that is all, and the wounds they make bleed.

#### Suail Culture in France.

Frogs, horses, and snails—the first are an odd but toothsome dainty, which epicures, in this country as well as elsewhere, dearly prize; but horses, and especialy snails—these are articles of diet which the enlightened American republic has yet to be educated to relight diet which the enlightened American republic has yet to be educated to relish. Hippophagy, we have repeatedly explained, is as common in Paris, or nearly so, as the eating of beef; and the worn-out steed finds his way to the abattoir as readily as the milkless cow or stall-fed ox. Hence, as a mere bonne bouche he has palled on the Gallic taste, educated by swollen gesselivers or decayed salmon roes; a new Gallic taste, educated by swollen geese livers or decayed salmon roes; a new dainty has been sought for, found, and the basis of the industry which the production has developed is snalls. There is nothing peculiar about the mollouse. It is the every-day slimy little object of which one finds thou sands in gardens, vineyards, and the woods. Switzerland and the provinces of Burgundy and Provence are the of Burgundy and Provence are the places of its cultivation. Throngs of women and children scour the country, collecting the snails in immense numbers, and depositing them in little tracts of land, inclosed with simply a trail of sawdust. This last the snail despises; he cannot cross it, and avoids its vioinity as a matter of preference. Therefore, for his confinement it is as good as a stone wall. After incarceration for two or three days, he is permitted to starve, and then the plot is laid out in patches of the first incarced. good as a stone wall. After incarceration for two or three days, he is permitted to starve, and then the plot is laid out in patches of turf intersected by paths of sand. Above boards are hung to serve as shelter for the snails, which instinctively gather in large groups. The food provided consists in aromatic plants, such as mint, or lettuce and rigments of vegetables. This is fed to them three times a day in enormous quantities. At the eight days, the snails become good obese, and besides have attained a very succulent flavor. Then comes another period of starvation for several days, after which transmission to market follows.

Water rent.

SEVENTEEN years age a Louisville woman was told by a clairvoyant that she was destined to marry an auburn-haired young man with blue eyes and a heavy moustache; that he would soon be rich, and that they should have two children—a boy and a girl. She did marry the auburn-haired man. They have five children now, the auburn hair has disappeared from the husband's will be rich, and that they should have two children—a boy and a girl. She did marry the auburn-haired man. They have five children now, the auburn hair has disappeared from the husband's will be rich, and that they should have two children—a boy and a girl. She did marry the auburn-haired man. They have five children now, the auburn hair has disappeared from the husband's will be rich, and that they should have two children—a boy and a girl. She did marry the auburn-haired man. They have five children—a boy and a girl. She did marry the auburn-haired man. They have five children—a boy and a girl. She did marry the auburn-haired man. They have five children—a boy and a girl. She did marry the auburn-haired one with the has been a contracted to marry an auburn-haired young man with blue eyes and a heavy moustache; that he would soon be rich, and that they should have five children—a boy and a girl. She did marry the auburn-haired was disappeared from the husband's in the hard have five children—a boy and a girl she wa

Gourmands, it is said, prefer the snail when taken wild, so long as the capture is made at a particular period. After the eggs are laid in May, the molluses conceal themselves under stones to avoid the autumn frosts. There they become perfectly free from excretions, and, drawing themselves into their shells, close up for the win-ter. It is when they are collected in this state that their flavor is said to be

# Parisian Balls.

In Paris, when the sun goes down and honest people get to bed, queer things take place. When the gas is lighted, and the places of amusements open in full blast, curious sights are to iously, skirmishing around the dark that held in a blind alley, and opposite the shed where the guillotine is housed; the habitues are mostly the grave-diggers belonging to Pere St. Regnoul, Pere La Chaise cemetery, the tombstone men, and the undertakers' assistants. The proprietor of the place is a Spaniard, and his ability consists in imitating the weeping of mourners, and the orations delivered at civil interments. There is a ball that charges no admission fee, but all who participate in a 'contre danse' have to pay two sous each; the proprietor, on the conclusion of the dance, encircles the dancers with a cord, and who pay the fee to be liberated, and which also serves as a page to drag out recelei serves as a noose to drag out recalcitrants. Polkas, waltzes and mazurkas are gratis, and short. The 'Monsters also have their balls in the Rue des Flandres; it is here where infant prodigies and all human phenomena meet; dancing is as general as quarreling, and jealousy of each other's imperfection is the badge of all the tribe. The 'Skeleton Man' indulges in a can-can a man with a 'cupalo head' waltzes with a weman bearded like the pard; in a quadrille a dwarf has for vis-a-vis the woman with 'fish scales' instead of skin; a kind of Milly-Christine united mulatresses drowes or drown care in a polka, the 'Caoutchoue Man,' has the power of developing a dromedary hump, as he enjoys a mazurka with a Newfoundland dog. A Cyclop, with his diamond eye acts as master of the ceremonies."

GRAPES AND BILIOUSNESS. - Grapes are recommended as a care for bilious. ness. This fruit, by its agreeable acidity, so acts on the system as to relieve it of its bile, and thus removes the cause of the symptoms enumerated, and that is "oure." The immediate cause of all the discomfort is a "confined" condition of the system; the seeds of the grapes act as an irritant as they pass along the alimentary canal and cause it to "water," just as the eye "waters" if a hard substance touches it. This watering dissolves the more solia

### SAVINGS AND DOINGS.

"Good many children!" echoed Missouri farmer as a traveler counted up fourteen; "I just wish you'd come up to the graveyard with me!"

"My lecture," said a California or ator, "will be brief." A turnip hit him on the "divide" at that instant, and he announced: "The meeting stands adjourned!"

Consers have been the destruction of art. There are no good models now-a-days, says the sculptors. When Powers made his Greek Slave he worked it out of sixteen different models, and then he had to go back to the antique for his

Cartyle, Ruskin, Tennyson, Browning and some other distinguished Englishmen are reported to have signed a memorial protesting against the horrible cruelties too often perpetrated under the pretext of scientific vivisection.

Don't tell us any more about the good women of old. An observer who wrote hundreds of years ago said: "Woman is a necessary evil, a natural temptation, a desirable calamity, a domestic peril, a deadly fascination and a painted ill."

"I see very little of you," said an old gentleman at a Louisville ball to a young lady whom he had not met in a long time before, "I know it," was the artless reply, "but mother wouldn't allow me to wear a very low-neck dress to-night, the weather is so cold."

A good joke is told of a resident of Providence, R. I., who, failing to get his usual supply of water, concluded the pipe was frozen, and spent nearly a day in endeavors to thaw it out. His feelings may be better imagined than described when he found that the water had been shut off for non-payment of

inquired one colored man of another whom he met at the market yesterday. "No, 1'se still in de old place," was the answer. "But I war' teld dat you war' gwine to get out ob de neighbor-bood," continued the first. "Wall, I lid make up my mind to, but you see de family next door, and de family on de corner, and de family cross de street, have left dere wood piles out doors, and I doesn't desire to change."

A school teacher in Umatilla county, California, had a pretty girl of sixteen as a pupil. She entangled his heart, and then cruelly jilted him. Thereupon he sought revenge. Catching her in a slight infraction of the rules, he swung his birch branch aloft, and commanded her to stand up and be whipped. She ran out of the door and like a deer across the fields toward home; but her fleetness was of short duration, and the angry schoolmaster's hand soon grasped be seen. A correspondent, who has her arm. Her courage had gone with evidently been doing his duty conscient her wind, and she offered then and markable dancing-halls, where Terpsichore evidently delegates some of her distant relations to preside a control of the contro distant relations to preside over the festivities. "wne of the most extraordinary of these balls," he writes, "is \$50 for assault. \$50 for assault.

A FARMER called at the house of a lawyor to consult him professionally. "Is t' Squeer at home?" he inquired of the lawyer's wife. He was answered negatively. After a moment's hesita-tion a thought relieved him. "Mebby yourself can gi'me information as well as t' Squeer, as ye're his wife." The kind lady promised to do so if she found it in her power, and the other proceeded as follows: "Spoaze ye were an old white mare, an' I should bear ye to grant to mill with mare, and the should bear ye to grant to mill with mare. borry ye to gwang to mill with grist on borry ye to gwang to mill with grist on yer back, an' we should get no farder than Stair Hill, when all at once ye should back up, and rear up, and pitch up, and kneel down backward, and break yer darned old neck, who'd pay for ye? Not I—darn me if I would!" The lady smilingly told him, as she closed the door, that as he had himself settled the case, advice would be superettled the case, advice would be superfinos.

GREECE is about the size of Vermont. Palestine is one-fourth the size of New York. Hindoostan is more than a hundred times as large as Palestine. The Great Desert of Africa has nearly the present dimensions of the United The Red Sea would reach from Washington to Colorado, and it is three times as wide as Lake Ontario. The English Channel is nearly as large as Lake Superior. The Mediterranean if placed across North America, would make sea navigation from San Diego to Baltimore. The Caspian Sea would stretch from New York to St. Augustine, and as wide as from New York to Rochester. Great Britain is two thirds the size of Japan, one-twelfth the size of Hindostan, one-twentieth of China, and one-twentieth of the United States. the Gulf of Mexico is about ten times the size of Lake Superior, and about as large as the sea of Kamtchatka, Bay of Bengal, China Sea, Okhotsh, or Japan Sea; Lake Ontario would go in either of them more than fifty times. The following named bodies of water are nearly equal in size: German Ocean, Black Sea, Yellow Sea; Hudson matters contained in the intestines, Bay is rather larger; the Baltic, Adri-"washes" them out and the man is atic, Persian Gulf and Ægean Sea half