THE BETTER CHANGE.

The road that hath no turning
Makes travelers sick with yearning;
To hearts where sorrows enter
  Come joys that sweetest sing;
A world without a winter
  Can never know a spring.

Man's hope no fear can fetter
Where best may yet grow better;
Faith builds no walls of granite
  Where time is but begun.
And life, a changing planet,
  Runs round a changeless sun.

Oh bliss of expectation!
Oh sweeter revelation
Beyond these fading pleasures,
  Beyond these falling tears,
Where love's new-given treasures
  Grow never old with years!

Above all harm and hating,
Through pain of want and waiting,
Comes holy comfort's wooing,
  In words of heavenly breath,
"This grief is not undoing,
  This dying is not death."

Faith's martyrs, love's annointed,
Hope's toilers disappointed,
Shorn lambs to shelter slumber
  From earth's oppression passed—
All, with God's star-crowned number,
  Shall find their meed at last.

To hold that future firmer
Is wise to do, nor murmur
Because its entrance only
  Lies through the mortal gate.
The soul cannot be lonely
  Where friends so many wait.

Death's deluge boundless swelling,
May drift this transient dwelling,
When fear's foreboding raven
  Hath flown across the sea,
The dove of peace my haven
  Will find, and come to me.

And I shall rest securely
At anchor there, and surely
God's hand will break my prison,
  And I my heaven shall view
When, for His children risen,
  He maketh all things new.

—*Theron Brown, in Youth's Companion.*

A TERRIBLE RIDE.

BY WILLIAM M. GRAYDON.

"Now then, Dave, I reckon that's about all. Don't fergit the terbacker, an' don't fail ter inquire if thar's any letters fur Abram Bartlett," and glaring at Dave over his great horn spectacles, Mr. Bartlett leaned over the counter and slowly repeated the last clause.

"Yes, sir," answered Dave, struggling hard to keep back a smile, for Mr. Bartlett's anxiety about letters was a standing joke at Dagon's Cross Roads, as he was never known to have received one yet.

"And where are you expectin' a letter from, Mr. Bartlett?" Dave asked.

The storekeeper's brow wrinkled and he hesitated between anger and amazement at such audacity. Before he could reply the door opened and Squire Dagon came in.

"Going to Wysanking, Dave?" he asked abruptly.

"Yes, sir."

"Now see here, my boy," went on the squire, pulling out a bulky-looking pocket-book. "I think I can trust you, and I want you to attend to a little bussiness for me. I ought to go to Wysanking myself to-day, but I find it impossible. In this pocket-book is the money to pay the loggers over in Powell's Valley. There are three hundred dollars in currency there, and I want you to give it to Ned Harkins, the boss. He must have it to-day so he can go up to Towanda and get it changed to pay the men off on Saturday. You will find him at the postoffice. You have an inside pocket there. Put it in that, and button your jacket tightly. I guess there is no risk," and the squire looked uneasy for a minute. "Of course not," he added with a laugh. "Nobody knows you have it. Better go now. No time to waste if you want to get back to-night," and with his own hands the squire put the money in Dave's pocket and buttoned up the ragged jacket.

"I'll deliver the money all right, Mr. Dagon," he said resolutely, as he started toward the door.

"Now, Dave," called out Mr. Bartlett, "don't fergit ter ax the postmaster if there's any—" but Dave was already out of hearing.

"Dave Hunter is an honest lad," observed the squire, lighting a cigar. "The money will be safe enough with him, I guess."

Mr. Bartlett took a pinch of snuff, and drawled out slowly: "Waal, yes I reckon he is. But he's gettin' impudent, squire, I declar' he's gettin' impudent."

The squire only laughed, and with a cheery "good morning," mounted his horse and rode off to visit his lumber camps.

Dave felt as happy as a lark as he trudged off down the valley, pulling an empty sled behind him. His father had been killed by an accident several years before at one of Squire Dagon's lumber camps, and ever since Dave had been working hard to support his mother. He did odd bits of work for Mr. Bartlett, who kept the rude store at Dagon's Cross Roads, a backwoods settlement five miles from the river. Nearly every week he went to Wysanking across the Susquehanna, and brought back such supplies as the loggers purchased of Mr. Bartlett.

But Dave was only sixteen, and without Squire Dagon's kindly help he would have struggled in vain.

"My gracious!" he said half aloud as he slapped his hands to his breast, "what a heap of money! If that was mine I'd buy mother a new dress an' a shawl, an' lots to eat, an' I'd go to school at Towanda, an' have an overcoat, an' a breech loader gun an'—" but Dave's air castles suddenly vanished as he looked up and saw where he was.

For beyond him ran the valley, the beaten footpath through the snow growing dimmer and dimmer till lost in the hazy distance. But above him, up the steep mountain side crept a zigzag road. This led up to the summit, and thence along the crest to a lumber slide overlooking the river.

Both the slide and the road had been in disuse for several years, but an icy crust was on the snow, and Dave knew that by taking this course he could save a good mile at least. He remembered also that near the slide a gradual footpath led down to the river. He hesitated only an instant, and then started up the mountain.

He rested a while at the top, and then went on along the ridge. On both sides was the unbroken forest, and here and there great masses of stone piled up in fantastic shapes. It was a wild, lonely place, but Dave had not a thought of fear. He could hear the mountain torrent brawling over its rocky bed away down in the ravine, and some birds were chattering in the woods.

It was toward noon when he crossed a small clearing that lay half a mile back from the river. The ridge at this point widened and formed quite a vast plateau. Dave walked fast, and before long he could see the end of the wood less than a quarter of a mile away, and the great pines that rose on either side of the slide. He was still thinking of all the delightful possibilities that lay snugly next to his breast, and wondering if ever he would be the owner of so much money, when a gruff voice broke in on his reflections.

"Hullo, Dave, me boy!"

Leaning against a great rock on one side of the path was Black Mike, a worthless fellow, who had been discharged from one of the camps nearly a week before, and whom every one supposed to be far away by this time. A broad grin distorted his ugly face, and his hands were thrust carelessly into his pockets.

Dave's heart sank within him, but he repressed all signs of fear, and with a cheerful "How dy do, Mike?" he walked past.

"See here a minit, me lad," and Mike stepped out in front of him. "I'll trouble ye to hand over that money, me boy. You're too young intirely to be trusted wid such valuables."

He leered at Dave with a chuckle, evidently anticipating an easy victory.

Dave trembled as he realized how completely he was in the ruffian's power.

"Be quick, now," added Mike. "I'll not harm ye. Pass it over, an' go back an' tell ould Dagon him an' me's quits now. Hurry up, Oi say," and Mike's smile gave way to a heavy frown.

At this critical moment, like a flash an inspiration came into Dave's mind, a plan so reckless, so daring, that it nearly took his breath.

The money must be saved at any cost. How could he face the squire and confess that he had calmly handed it over at the robber's bidding?

Quick as conceived, his determination was formed. He must take the only chance, but it was a desperate one.

"See here, Mike," said he, "what'll the squire say if I go back this way? Can't you tie my hands behind me so he'll know I made a fight for it?"

Mike laughed loudly.

"Oi'll be hanged if you ain't a cute one. I'll see if Oi have any cord," and he dove into his pockets with both hands.

Dave took one long breath, and like a streak shot off down the road, with his sled carcering madly from side to side behind him.

The very daring of the act nearly deprived Mike of his senses for an instant, and with open mouth and staring eyes he saw the space between them grow bigger and bigger. Then, with a terrible imprecation, he dashed in pursuit, shouting loudly: "Stop, ye thafe, stop, or Oi'll break every bone in yure body!"

Dave was making a desperate effort, straining every nerve, and holding his breath hard, but the infuriated Irishman was coming on behind with great plunging strides that were rapidly bringing him close.

The bluff of the mountain was very near now, and beyond the cliff line Dave could see, far across the river, snow-clad fields and scattered farms, and even a tiny church spire, shining clear in the bright moonlight. But before him, only a few yards now, was that awful abyss, ten times longer and steeper than any tobaggan slide ever built, a great gully, gliding almost perpendicularly down the rugged face of the mountain.

Dave remembered with a shudder how the great logs used to plunge madly down the slide, turning somersaults at the bottom, and churning the turbid tide of the river into a seething caldron of tawny yellow foam. Now the river was ice bound from shore to shore.

The robber's crunching footsteps were close behind him. An instant's delay and he was lost.

He stooped, grasped the sled with both hands and threw himself with a forward motion heavily down the path.

As the runners struck the frozen snow, Black Mike, with a wild cry, hurled himself on Dave's back. The sled, freighted with its heavy burden, shot rapidly down the path, and darting between two great pines, plunged sullenly over the brink.

Not a cry escaped its occupants, and what followed Dave could never afterward speak of intelligently. When the sled made the plunge he jerked his cap partly over his eyes and held his head down. He remembered the Irishman's heavy weight on his back, the long arms that reached beyond his own and gripped the sides of the sled. Then came a blind, dizzy sensation, a roaring in his ears, burning pains as of a thousand needles piercing his hands and face, a feeling of suffocation. Next, just as his cap was wrenched violently from his head, the sled appeared to leave the ground, leap madly into the air, and with a stunning shock that seemed to have shattered every bone in his body he lost consciousness.

It was only momentarily. He opened his eyes, and with one hand drops of blood from his face. They were gliding with fearful velocity over the frozen river straight toward Wysanking. He remembered only dimly what had happened. That heavy weight was still pressing on his back.

Instinctively he reached for his breast pocket. The money was there. He was just beginning to realize the situation when the sled plunged blindly into a half-frozen air-hole surrounding a great brown rock in the center of the river.

He heard the ice crack and break, he felt the icy water splashing full in his face, and then in some mysterious manner, he never knew how, the crushing weight had parted from him, and the noble sled was bounding over the solid ice again at a beautiful speed.

A moment more and its iron runners scraped the sands on the Wysanking shore.

Dizzy and bleeding, Dave staggered up the bank and looked back across the river.

Sitting disconsolate and forlorn on the rounded apex of the rock was Black Mike, and around him was a circle of deep, open water, which completely isolated his position. His dripping garments were beginning to freeze, and he was uttering pitiful shouts of distress.

Dave watched him an instant, and then he turned away and ran off at full speed toward Wysanking, half a mile distant.

The loungers who stood about the huge old-fashioned stove in the combined grocery store and postoffice were greatly startled when Dave rushed wildly in the door with his bleeding face and hands.

"Where's Ned Harkins?" he gasped. "The money—here it is—Black Mike is out—on the rock—in the——" And then, for the second time that day, Dave fainted.

Black Mike was rescued by the aid of boards, rather more dead than alive, and was speedily consigned to a stone cell in Towanda.

That same evening Dave was escorted back to Dagon's Cross Roads by an admiring crowd, and in front of Bartlett's store was received by the squire himself, who publicly called him a hero, and ended up by presenting him with a pocket-book that felt as heavy as lead.

As the squire stepped aside, Mr. Bartlett came out of his store.

"Dave Hunter," he called out shrilly, "did you fergit ter ax if there was any mail fer Abram Bartlett at the postoffice?"

The wild shout of laughter that arose made the storekeeper's eyes flash under his spectacles, and in the confusion Dave slipped off home. His heroism had received due recognition from the squire, and he is now on a sure road to prosperity.

As for Black Mike, he spent two years in close confinement for his share in the adventure. No one ever knew how he discovered that Dave had the money that day.

One summer afternoon long afterwards, Dave visited the old lumber slide, and, as he looked into the dizzy gulf, he saw what had caused that last great crash. Half a dozen yards from the bottom was a huge log, stretched directly across the passage. The snow had backed up above this, and the fearful momentum had sent the sled far into the air, landing, strange to say, fair and square on its runners.—*The Argosy.*

Derelicts.

The long journey made by derelicts—vessels abandoned by their crews to drift whithersoever the winds and currents carry them—have lately become a matter of great interest. The American schooner, W. L. White, which was abandoned not far from the Delaware coast, drifted clear across the Atlantic, crossed and recrossed her own track many times, and finally went upon the rocks on the Hebrides islands, off the coast of Scotland. She had occupied more than ten months in the strange voyage. Throughout that time she was a continual danger to navigation.

It is the duty of a master of a vessel who encounters a derelict on the high seas, at a distance from shore too great to make it practicable to tow her to port, to blow up or otherwise sink the derelict; but lately an abandoned steamer floated about off the coast of South America which no ship-master dared approach. She had a great iron hull, her cargo had taken fire, and the fire, after consuming her woodwork, still smouldered in the hull for a long time. The heat kept other vessels at their distance.

In order to study more closely the movements and directions of the ocean currents, upon which so much of the safety and celerity of navigation depends, the United States Hydrographic Bureau has had printed a large number of blanks, which it will cause to be distributed among ship-masters sailing in all parts of the world. The blanks are to be filled out with statements of the exact location where vessels may be at a given time, and then placed in bottles, which are to be so sealed and weighted that only a part of the necks will appear above the water, in order that they may not be blown by the wind. The bottles will then be thrown into the sea.

Upon the bottom of each of the blanks is printed a notice requesting the finder to forward it to the nearest consul of the United States, or to the Hydrographic Bureau at Washington, after affixing the exact date and place where the bottle containing the blank was found.

It is hoped that, in the course of time, enough of these blanks, which are printed in six different languages, will find their way back to Washington, to establish many new facts with regard to the direction and force of ocean currents.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Dearest Book in the World.

The Paris *Bulletin de l'Imprimerie* contains the following query, which I think likely to interest your readers: "What was the highest price ever given for any book? We leave this question to be decided by competent authorities among book lovers. We may, however, venture to say that we know of one for which a sum of 250,000 francs ($50,000) was paid by its present owner, the German Government. That book is a missal, formerly given by Pope Leo X. to King Henry VIII. of England, along with a parchment conferring on that sovereign the right of assuming the title of 'Defender of the Faith,' borne ever since by English Kings. Charles II. made a present of the missal to the ancestor of the famous Duke of Hamilton, whose extensive and valuable library was sold some years ago by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge of London. The book which secured the highest offer was a Hebrew Bible, in the possession of the Vatican. In 1512 the Jews of Venice proposed to Pope Julius II. to buy the Bible, and to pay for it its weight in gold. It was so heavy that it required two men to carry it. Indeed, it weighed 325 pounds, thus representing the value of half a million of francs, ($100,000.) Though being much pressed for money, in order to keep up the 'Holy League' against King Louis XII. of France, Julius II. declined to part with the volume."—*London Bookseller.*

The Prince of Monte Carlo.

The Prince of the little principality of Monaco, the notorious European gambling resort, reigns over his 5000 subjects from the height of a throne, gilded by the tripot, with the solemnity of Louis XIV. at Versailles. His guard of honor (is it the correct term?) is composed of seventy men; his army, of thirty-six carabiniers and eighteen sergents de ville. What people say about the etiquette of this court it is difficult to realize. Taciturn and blind, the Prince of Monaco is seldom seen. His son, the hereditary Prince, spends a week every year in the principality, and gives a dinner to the principal functionaries, the clergy, the navy, the army, the judges, the other principal personages in the principality, and the lords of roulette and barons of trente-et-quarante. As the hereditary Prince represents his father, all must remain standing during the reception. Although without a diocese, the principality possesses a mitred abbe—a Bishop in partibus, who must have at least three parishes under his jurisdiction before he can obtain a bishopric, and at Monaco there are only two. But, as the most cordial understanding exists between the church and the tripot, both having the same clientele, the mitred abbe obtained frome Mme. Blanc, who was excessively pious, a third parish, appropriately christened "Notre-Dame de la Roulette!"—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

A Successful Bard—A Clear Conscience—Very Practical Mr. Shoddy—A Righteous Protest, Etc., Etc.

Miss Minerva—"If is is a proper question, please tell me, Mr. Longlocks, if the magazines ever return any of your poems? I have such ill-luck myself,"

"No, never."

Grumps (inaudibly)—"He never sends stamps."—*Chicago Herald.*

A CLEAR CONSCIENCE.

"Ma," said Bobby, "is it wrong for little boys to tie tin kettles to dogs' tails?"

"Decidedly wrong, Bobby; I hope you'll never do such a thing as that."

"No, indeed, ma," replied Bobby, emphatically; "all I do is to hold the dog."—*Bazar.*

VERY PRACTICAL MR. SHODDY.

Mrs. Shoddy (before serving the soup, and wishing to say what is proper)—"I always say, 'Will you drink soup?' What do you say, Mrs. Newstar?"

Mrs. Newstar (in Mrs. Shoddy's set)—"I generally say, 'Will you eat soup?' What do you say, Mr. Shoddy?"

Mr. Shoddy (hungry and wrathfully)—"I'll take soup."—*Bazar.*

A RIGHTEOUS PROTEST.

Street-car Conductor (to passenger)—"You'll have to pay fare for that child, sir; he is over six."

Passenger—"Well, that's the first time I've been asked to pay fare for that baby, and he's ridden with me on street cars for nine years and more."—*Harper's Weekly.*

THE ROAD TO FAME.

"Johnny," said the father, severely, "are you still reading that history?"

"Yes, father."

"Well, you drop it pretty quick and hustle out with your baseball bat and go to practising. If you ain't careful you never will get famous."

ANOTHER VIEW.

"Fencing," says an authority, "is one of the most enjoyable of athletic sports." Maybe it is, maybe it is. Still there are liable to be exceptions one would imagine. For instance, if it were a ten-acre lot that was to be fenced, and one had to split the rails.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A FEAT WORTHY OF DE LESSEPS.

Husband (just from Europe, traveling)—"Wife, I have sad news. Coming across on the Servia I lost your pet dog overboard."

Wife—"Heavens! Fido lost!"

Husband—"Yes, third day out from Queenstown."

Wife—"Dredge for him at once."—*Epoch.*

ANXIOUS FOR A PROPOSAL.

Elderly Spinster (at Navy Department)—"I understand that you are going to open a lot of sealed proposals here to-day."

Officials—"Yes, madam, we are."

Elderly Spinster—"Well, I guess I'll sit down and wait. I'm not going to throw away any such chance as this."—*Puck.*

CORRECT IN HIS GRAMMAR.

"Did everything go off pleasantly at school to-day, John?"

"Yes, mother, but some bad boys persuaded me to play truant."

"You mean they tried to persuade you, John; if they had persuaded you you would have gone off with them."

"That's what I did."—*Boston Transcript.*

A SCENE IN CANNIBAL LAND.

Artist—"Here is a very suitable picture, Mr. Gibbs. It represents Rev. Mr. Goss, the missionary, in the center of a group of cannibals."

Deacon Gibbs—"I see the cannibals, Mr. Turps, but where is the missionary?"

Artist—"Didn't I just tell you that he was in the center of the cannibals!"—*Terre Haute Express.*

SHE DIDN'T GO.

Mother—"Johnnie, why are you crying? I'm only going to be away a week, and your papa will be home with you."

"No, he won't; he's going to Rome."

"Going to Rome? Why, child, what do you mean?"

"I heard him say that he would make Rome howl when you left."

"Oh, indeed? Well, I won't leave you, Johnnie."—*Lincoln (Neb.) Journal.*

AN ACCIDENT.

Mr. De Prig (of Boston in a Dakota hotel)—"Waiter, what caused the explosion just now at the other end of the dining-room? Was somebody shot?"

Waiter—"Oh, no sir. We don't allow shooting in the dining-room. The cook was a little careless and let a cartridge from his revolver fall in the soup, and the gent who was just carried out happened to crush it between his teeth."—*Time.*

HE FRIGHTENED HER.

Young Wife—"Oh, George, see this lovely little statuette I brought to-day. It's gold."

George (examining it)—"Did the dealer say it was gold?"

Young Wife—"Y-e-e-s; isn't it?"

George—"A part of it is of base metal."

Young Wife—"Is that so? What part?"

George—"The pedestal, dear."—*Drake's Magazine.*

A PATHETIC INCIDENT.

"How much can I get on this?"

The childish face looked up appealingly to the hard visage that gazed down contemptuously upon the little outstretched hand.

(Ah, the old, pitiful story—childhood too soon pressed into the service of grinding poverty—the last fond relic of happier days pledged for bread and fire—)

"Not morn 'n a pint," said the ice-cream vender, as he took the saucer, "if your ma wants a quart, she'd oughter 've give yer a bigger plate, sonny."—*Puck.*

LINCOLN'S ESTIMATE OF VARIOLOID.

Will Cumback was at the Ebbitt. "Speaking about the President," said he, "and the office seekers, of course, where there are three applicants for every position two are going to be disappointed. He can't give them all places. That reminds me. When Lincoln was President he was taken ill, and the doctor told him he had varioloid.

"'What is it?' he asked.

"'Varioloid,' said the doctor.

"'Good enough,' said Lincoln; 'I've got something now I can give everybody.'"—*Washington Post.*

BIDDIE'S BREAK.

A Boston lady told her newly acquired Irish maid, the other day, to say she was not at home in case any one called. One visitor did come, and she is responsible for the story.

"Is Mrs. Blank in?" she asked, when the door was opened in response to her ring.

"No, ma'am," replied Bridget stonily. "She's not at home; and may I get forgiveness for the awful lie I'm telling ye."

Whereupon she slammed the door in the visitor's face and that was the end of it.—*Picayune.*

A GOOD TIME TO FULFILL HIS PROMISE.

"Dear John," wrote the wife, "I am sorry to say Willie fell out of a swing yesterday and disabled himself. He will not be able to use his arms for a month—so the doctor says. He is getting along all right, but it makes him restless to stay in-doors. When you return from the city please bring him something he can amuse himself with."

"Willie," said the father, kindly, as he patted the little boy consolingly on the head the next day, "I have brought you that drum I promised you a year or two ago you should have sometime."—*Chicago Tribune.*

ON THE HOME STRETCH.

"Have you done anything for me?" asked the condemned man in pitiful tones, as his lawyer entered the cell.

"Yes, indeed," said the legal gentleman, gleefully.

"Oh, what is it?" demanded the murderer, "a pardon?"

"No."

"A commutation of sentence?"

"No."

"Then, in mercy's name, what?"

"I have succeeded," said the lawyer, "in having the day of your execution changed from Friday to Monday. Friday is an unlucky day, you know."—*Yankee Blade.*

A COLLEGE TRAINING.

Young Wife—"Why, dear, you were the stroke oar at college, weren't you?"

Young Husband—"Yes, love."

"And a very prominent member of the gymnastic class?"

"I was the leader."

"And quite a hand at all athletic exercises?"

"Quite a hand? My gracious! I was the champion walker, the best runner, the head man at lifting heavy weights, and as for carrying—why, I could shoulder a barrel of flour and—"

"Well, love, just please carry the baby a couple of hours. I'm tired."—*Philadelphia Press.*

KILLING THEM OFF.

When a stranger makes his appearance in the backwoods of Maine he is naturally presumed to be on the lookout for game. Last summer a distinguished prelate of the Episcopal church found himself stranded in a small village in that region, and was compelled to put up at a farmhouse.

"Do you have many Episcopalians down here?" he inquired of the very hospitable hostess.

"Well, really now, I don't know," she answered. "Our hired man shot some sort of a queer critter down back of the barn the other day, but he claimed it was a woodchuck."—*Boston Herald.*

THE TRAMPS WERE CUNNING.

Some eight or ten tramps were recently beating a passage from Pittsburg east on a freight line. The conductor ordered them off, and approaching two of the fraternity, who for tattered garments and uncleanliness could be better imagined than described, the following ensued:

Conductor (slightly kicking the one)—"Well, where are you going?"

First Tramp (tearfully)—"I'm going to New York. My mother's dead."

Conductor (benignly stirred)—"If that is the case you may remain."

Then turning to tramp No. 2, he inquired: "And where are you going?"

Second Tramp (ostensibly weeping)—"I'm going to the funeral."

They did not reach their destination on that train.—*Philadelphia Press.*

NOTHING HAPPENED.

She had just returned from Europe, and was telling about the trip of a party when an old bald-head inquired:

"See any whales going or coming?"

"No."

"See any sharks?"

"No."

"See any icebergs?"

"No."

"Pass any wrecks?"

"No."

"Rescue any castaways?"

"No."

"Very stormy?"

"No."

"Fire or fever break out aboard—run short of fuel or provisions—meet with any accident to create alarm?"

"No—nothing."

"Humph!" Why didn't you go by ox-cart, madam?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE HARE SHOT BACK.

The Paris *Figaro* published not long since an account of a practical joke, which, unlike most practical jokes, has the merit of being amusing:

An enthusiastic sportsman went to a breakfast given at the commencement of the shooting season. The conversation naturally was of game, when suddenly in rushed a servant, exclaiming to the host that a hare had been seen moving about the lawn. Out ran the enthusiastic sportsman, gun in hand, fired at the hare, and missed it.

The hare scratched its nose, then stood on its hindlegs, presented a horse pisto at the sportsman, and fired in return.

No one was hurt, but the sportsman was naturally astounded to have the tables turned in this unexpected and surprising manner. It was explained to him, and then his laugh was as hearty as any one's. This remarkable hare was a performing animal, which had been hired from a neighboring show. The sportsman's charge had of course been tampered with by the confidential servant.

A silo for fifteen cows can be made at an expense of $150. In a general way it may be said a silo (wooden) will cost $1 for each ton it is intended to hold.

A GREAT FOREST.

STANLEY'S PASSAGE THROUGH AN AFRICAN JUNGLE.

The Explorer's Vivid Description of the 160 Days Spent in Its Gloomy Shade Amid Many Dangers.

The Edinburgh *Scotsman* prints an interesting letter from Henry M. Stanley, dated in Central Africa, and addressed to Mr. A. L. Bruce, a son-in-law of Dr. Livingston, who lives in Edinburgh. The following account of the journey through the forest region to the Grass Land is very interesting:

"While in England considering the best routes open to the Nyanza (Albert) I thought I was very liberal in allowing myself two weeks' march to cross the forrest region lying between the Congo and the Grass Land, but you may imagine our feelings when month after month saw us marching, tearing, plowing, cutting through that same continuous forest. It took up 160 days before we could say: 'Thank God, we are out of the darkness at last.' At one time we were all—whites and blacks—almost 'done up.' Our officers are heartily sick of the forest, but the loyal blacks, a band of 130, followed me once again into the wild, trackless forest, with its hundreds of inconveniences, to assist their comrades of the rear column. Try and imagine some of these inconveniences. Take a thick Scottish copse, dripping with rain; imagine this copse to be a mere undergrowth, nourished under the impenetrable shade of ancient trees ranging from 100 to 180 feet high; briers and thorns abundant; lazy creeks, meandering through the depths of the jungle, and sometimes a deep affluent of a great river. Imagine this forest and jungle in all stages of decay and growth—old trees falling, leaning perilously over, fallen prostrate; ants and insects of all kinds, sizes and colors, murmuring around; monkeys and chimpanzees above, queer noises of birds and animals, crashes in the jungle as troops of elephants rush away; dwarfs with poisoned arrows securely hidden behind some buttress or in some dark recess; strong, brown-bodied aborigines with terribly sharp spears, standing poised, still as dead stumps; rain pattering down on you every other day in the year; an impure atmosphere, with its dread consequences, fever and dysentery; gloom throughout the day, and darkness almost palpable throughout the night; and then, if you will imagine such a forest extending the entire distance from Plymouth to Peterhead, you will have a fair idea of some of the inconveniences endured by us. Now that we have gone through and through this forest region I only feel a surprise that I did not give a greater latitude to my ideas respecting its extent; for had we thought of it, it is only what might have been deduced from our knowledge of the great sources of moisture necessary to supply the forest with the requisite sap and vitality. Think of the large extent of South Atlantic Ocean, whose vapors are blown during nine months of the year in this direction. Think of the broad Congo, varying from one to sixteen miles wide, which has a stretch of 1400 miles, supplying another immeasurable quantity of moisture to be distilled into rain, and mist and dew over this insatiable forest, and then another 600 miles of the Aruwimi or Ituri itself, and then you will cease to wonder that there are about one hundred and fifty days of rain every year in this region, and that the Congo forest covers such a wide area.

"Until we set foot on the grassland, something like fifty miles west of the Albert Nyanza, we saw nothing that looked a smile or a kind thought or a moral sensation. The aborigines are wild, utterly savage, and incorrigibly vindictive. The dwarfs—called Wambutti — are worse still, far worse. Animal life is likewise so wild and shy that no sport is to be enjoyed. The gloom of the forest is perpetual. The face of the river, reflecting its black walls of vegetation, is dark and sombre. The sky one-half the time every day resembles a wintry sky in England; the face of nature and life is fixed and joyless. If the sun charges through the black clouds enveloping it and a kindly wind brushes the masses of vapor below the horizon and the bright light reveals our surroundings, it is only to tantalize us with a short-lived vision of brilliancy and beauty of verdure.

"Emerging from the forest finally, we all became enrapted. Like a captive unfettered and set free, we rejoiced at sight of the blue cope of heaven, and freely bathed in the warm sunshine, and aches and gloomy thoughts and unwholesome ideas were banished.

"Had you seen us you would have thought we had lost our senses, or that 'Legion' had entered and taken possession of us. We raced with our loads over a wide, unfenced field (like an English park for the softness of its grass), and herds of buffalo, eland, roan antelope, stood on either hand with pointed ears and wide eyes, wandering at the sudden wave of human beings yelling with joy as they issued out of the dark depths of the forest.

"We poured out on the plain a frantic multitude, but after an hour or two we became an orderly column. Into the empty villages of the open country we proceeded to regale ourselves on melon, rich-flavored bananas, and plaintains, and great pots full of wine. The fowls, unaware of the presence of a hungry mob, were knocked down, plucked, roasted or broiled; the goats, meditatively browsing or chewing the cud, were suddenly seized and decapitated, and the graceful aroma of roast meat gratified our senses. An abundance, a prodigal abundance, of the good things had awaited our eruption into the grassland. Every village was well stocked with provisions, and even luxuries long denied to us. Under such fare the men became most robust, diseases healed as if by magic, the weak became strong, and there was not a goee-goee or chicken heart left. Only the Babusesse, near the main Ituri, were tempted to resist the invasion."

Antiquity of the Louvre.

An exhibition of revolutionary relics has been opened in the palace of the Louvre in Paris. The greatest relic of them all is the palace in which the collection is housed. When mobs and insurgent armies have wrecked everything else worth wrecking in Paris, the Louvre has held its ground. The measure of its antiquity is past calculation, but the primitive building is known to have been in existence as far back as in the seventh century, when King Dagobert reigned. It was used then as a stable and kennel for the King's horses and hounds.—*Washington Star.*

CURIOUS FACTS.

The ancients slept on skins.

W[illegible]ding rings were used by [illegible] ancients.

King Alfred compiled the Saxon co[illegible] mon law.

London was first lighted in 1414 w[illegible] private lanterns.

Copper money first made its appearan[illegible] in England in 1609.

The largest and most important city [illegible] South America is Rio Janeiro.

The first coach in England was built[illegible] 1565, for the Earl of Rutland.

Rude carriages were known in Fran[illegible] A. D. 1547, in England in 1555.

A new candle has been brought o[illegible] which extinguishes itself in an hour.

The granting of licenses as a mode [illegible] levying money was introduced into En[illegible] land by Richard I., about 1190.

The plant from which licorice is ma[illegible] is found on the shores of Lake Erie a[illegible] farther west. It is called glycyrrhiza.

The fleece of ten goats and the wo[illegible] of several men for half a year are requir[illegible] to make a cashmere shawl a yard and[illegible] half square.

The University of Edinburg, which h[illegible] risen to great fame, is among the earlie[illegible] institutions of its kind in the world, bei[illegible] founded in 1581.

The idea that fish food was brain fo[illegible] had a run of ten years before any o[illegible] asked why Esquimaux, who eat the m[illegible] fish, had no mental smartness.

It is said that the word canopy com[illegible] from konop, a gnat or mosquito, and th[illegible] the first canopies were neither more n[illegible] less than curtains to shut out tho[illegible] troublesome insects.

Isaac Keim, of Reading, Penn., has t[illegible] fur of the largest fox ever killed on t[illegible] Blue Mountains. The length, with ta[illegible] is over four feet. The fur shows that t[illegible] animal was a cross between the red a[illegible] gray foxes.

A remarkable story of canine intel[illegible] gence comes from Orrville, Ga. A d[illegible] in that village has been trained to pl[illegible] the piano, and can, on direction, dra[illegible] out any one of a half a dozen tunes w[illegible] his right paw.

It has been discovered that the gra[illegible] of William Penn is in a sadly neglect[illegible] condition. There is not even a mou[illegible] above it, and only a flimsy slab of sto[illegible] stuck in the ground at the head or fo[illegible] no one can tell which.

An Arab rule for selecting a good ho[illegible] is to measure him from the tip of t[illegible] nose to the top of the withers, and fr[illegible] the latter point to the root of the ta[illegible] The longer the first measurement is [illegible] proportion to the latter the better t[illegible] horse.

A North German custom and supe[illegible] stition is, that if the master of the hou[illegible] dies, a person must go to the bee-hiv[illegible] knock and repeat these words: "T[illegible] master is dead, the master is dead," el[illegible] the bees will fly away. This superst[illegible] tion also prevails in England, Lithuan[illegible] and in France.

The Raleigh tavern at Williamsbur[illegible] Va., was the cradle of liberty in Virgin[illegible] as Faneuil Hall was in Massachuset[illegible] It was there the patriots of the Virgin[illegible] House of Burgesses met when Govern[illegible] Dunmore, dissolved that house in 177[illegible] and there they appointed delegates to t[illegible] first Continental Congress.

Suspenders were first known as gallo[illegible] ses, and right here the first light is throw[illegible] on the subject. Hanging criminals w[illegible] probably known before suspenders we[illegible] invented, but when they were brought [illegible] public notice it was doubtless considere[illegible] a rare joke to call the articles on whi[illegible] trousers were hung by the same name [illegible] that on which sheep-steelers were hange[illegible] The similarity in the uses of the gallo[illegible] and the gallowses suggested the na[illegible] but the likeness ends there.

Steel Shields for Soldiers.

The Austrian, French, English a[illegible] Italian Governments have ordered [illegible] trial specimens of the steel shields i[illegible] vented by Captain Holstein of the Da[illegible] ish army for the protection of soldiers [illegible] the trenches and on the ramparts fro[illegible] rifle fire, shrapnels, etc. They are easi[illegible] carried out; each shield is capable of pr[illegible] tecting two men, and they are claimed [illegible] be bullet-proof at a distance of 190 yard[illegible] The *Spectateur Militaire* suggests that [illegible] metal of greater tenacity than steel, s[illegible] aluminium bronze, be adopted for the i[illegible] fantry. It says that to cover the head [illegible] of columns advancing to the attack on[illegible] 400 to 500 shields would be sufficien[illegible] Armor for soldiers was neglected becaus[illegible] the increase in the offensive power [illegible] weapons made it useless, and the presen[illegible] tendency in naval warfare is in the sam[illegible] direction. Admiral Farragut predicte[illegible] that iron-clad war vessels would follo[illegible] the cuirass.

The value of a weapon does not con[illegible] sist merely in its material power. I[illegible] value increases or diminishes according a[illegible] it inspires more or less confidence i[illegible] those who use it and more or less fear i[illegible] those who are menaced with it. It is th[illegible] moral valve of the weapon. In day[illegible] gone by, when firearms were in their in[illegible] fancy, or at most in their childhood, i[illegible] the days of the flint-lock or muzzle[illegible] loader, a musket ball was seldom know[illegible] to pierce the breast-plate and kill it[illegible] wearer, who thus considering himsel[illegible] almost invulnerable rushed to the charg[illegible] and bore down his opponents wit[illegible] the audacity inspired by confidence. Th[illegible] foot soldier armed with the musket fel[illegible] himself at a disadvantage against a cuiras[illegible] a foe on whose shining plate-scales hi[illegible] bullet would flatten and his bayonet tur[illegible] aside. But those days are gone by.

Smoke as an Instrument of Warfare.

The claim is made that smoke wil[illegible] play an important part in the warfare o[illegible] the future. The London *St. James's Ga[illegible] zette* says that at Langford harbor it wa[illegible] artificially created in large quantities i[illegible] order to form screens behind which a[illegible] attacking party might unobserved ap[illegible] proach within short range or forts and[illegible] batteries. On the occasion referred t[illegible] rafts laden with combustibles were set o[illegible] fire and floated into positions from whic[illegible] the wind carried away the smoke in a[illegible] dense cloud in the direction of the de[illegible] fense.

On the other hand since the introduc[illegible] tion of modern ordnance and rapid ri[illegible] fire it has been felt that the huge vol[illegible] umes of smoke which would be belched[illegible] forth during the battle of the present day[illegible] would probably prevent the use of th[illegible] big guns to the best advantage. Smoke[illegible] in fact, may according to circumstance[illegible] be either a great assistance or a grave im[illegible] pediment in warfare.

Four new furnaces just finished nea[illegible] Birmingham, Ala, cost $1,250,000.