#### THE POOR MAN'S SABBATH DAY.

The merry birds are singing. And fr m the fragrant sod The spirits of a thousand flowers Go sweetly up to God : While in his holy temple We meet to praise and pray With cheerful voice and grateful lay, This Summer Sabbath Day!

We thank thee, Lord, for one day To look heaven in the face ! The poor have only Sunday ; The sweeter is the grace. 'Tis then they make the music

That sings their week away. Oh, there's a sweetness infinite In the poor man's Sabi ath Day ! 'Tis as a burst of sunshing A tender fall of ra n,

That set the tarest life a-bloom Makes old hearts young ag in. The dry and dusty roadside With smiling flowers is gay : 'I'm open heavon one day in seven. The poor man's Sabbath Day!

'Tis here the weary pitgrim, Doth reach his house of case ; That blessed house, called " eautiful And that soft chumber, "peace" The River of L fe runs through his dr. am, And the leaves of heaven are at play ! He sees the golden city gleam, This shining Sabbath Day!

Take heart, ye faint and fearful, Your cross with courage bear So many a face now tearful Shall shine in glory there ; Where all the sorrow is banished, The tears are wiped away ; And all eternity shall be Au cudless Sabbath Lay !

Ah! there are empty places, Since last we mingled here; There will be missing faces When we meet another year ! But heart to heart, before we part, Now a together pray

That we may meet in heaven to spend The eternal Sabbath Day !

## A Family Jar.

Philemon Hayes and Fanny Ray had been just three weeks married.

They sat at breakfast in their cozy dining room one fine morning in summer, totally infatuated with each other. Never such happiness as theirs before! The felicity of Adam and his lady before they made the acquaintance of the serpent was not to be mentioned in the same breath.

They kissed each other between every cup of coffee, and embraced twice-sometimes thrice-during every meal. Just now they were speaking of disagreements. Some friends of theirs had fallen out, and refused to fall in again.

"We never will disagree, will we, Phil, dear?" asked Mrs. Fanny.
"Disagree! Will the heavens fall?" re-

"I sincerely hope not. It would be decidedly disagreeable," laughed Fanny; which but, if I thought we should ever quarrel spot. and have harsh thoughts toward each other, I should be tempted to terminate my exist-

"My precious Fanny!" cried Phil, springing up and upsetting the toast plate on the carpet, of which he was perfectly oblivious in his eagerness to get his arms around Fanny-"my foolish littl · darling! as if we should ever be so absurd (a kiss)! May I be drawn and quartered (enother kiss) if I ever speak one word that shall cause a tear to fill the divine eyes of my dearest (a third explosion) Fanny!"

"O, how happy you make me, Phil. I shall try so hard to be just the fuithful, loving wife you deserve. Now finish your wife to her husband is to get a third person breakfast, deary. The toast will be growing cold. And O, Phil, did you notice Mrs. Smith's horrid new bonnet last night? 1 declare it destroyed all my pleasure in the music. I do wish people who wear such distasteful bonnets would stay at home from these delightful concerts!"

"So do I, Fanny. I noticed the ugly thing the moment we entered the hall. Blue flowers and pink ribbons, and she as dark as a Creole!'

"No, my love; the flowers were green, Green and blue look so much alike by gas-I know they do, but I noticed it so par-

ticularly that I could not be deceived. Blue—especially light blue-looks fearfully on a dark-complexioned woman,"
"So it does Phil; I quite agree with you

dear. But the flowers were not blue, they were green. I saw them at Mrs. Gray's shop before they were purchased,'

"My dearest—Fanny, of course you think yourself right, love, but I have a very good eye for color, and noticed these flowers with great attention. Blue anemones with yellow centers." "Green hibuseus with white centers, my

dear Phil. Very pretty for a light-skinned woman, but horrid for a brunette.' "Why, Fanny, how absurd! As if I could not determine a color when I studied

it half the evening!" "But it was by gas light, my love. It would look altogether different by daylight,

It was such a pale green.' "It was such a pale blue. I remember I thought of the sky before a storm.' "And I thought of the sea. It was near

ly sea-green. "Why, Fanny-ridiculous! It was sky-

"How you do contradict me, my Phile-It was a very light green.' "And I insist it was blue.

"Do you mean to tell me I lie?" "I mean to tell you you are mistaken." "Which amounts to the same thing. "You make the application, Mrs Fanny

Hayes." Mr. Philemon Hayes!"

"Fanny!"
"I say it was green, sir!"
"I say it was blue—so there!"

"You are a wretch, Phil-a real mean, heartless wretch, Phil-a real mean, heartless wretch!" and Fanny pushed back her plate angrily.

"And you are an opinionated, self-willed woman!" and Phil, in his agitation, upset the coffee, scalding the cat's back and him-

"The deucel" oried he, rubbing his red fingers with his handkerchief, . "I wish I had never seen a woman!

'What's that, sir?" "Confound the women! They're a curse

to the world!" "You brutel" cried Mrs. Hayes, now thoroughly insensed; "take that!" and, and. seizing the plate of muffins, she took aim at

Phil's head; but, being a woman, her aim was not so accurate as it might have been, and the plate went through the window, smashing in the tile of Fitz James Jones, who was passing, and the muffins were scattered in wild confusion about the room. Phil was indignant. He laid his hand on

"Oh, strike!" exclaimed Fanny. "It will only be in place with your other conduct. Don't let any notions of honor re strain you, because you never had any."

"Fanny, beware; you try me too far." "I'll go home to pa, that I will. You inhuman monster you -- I'll be divorced from you this very day. So there!" and the platter of ham made a journey after the

Just at that moment Phil's Uncle John, a shrewd old fellow, appeared on the scene. He surveyed the group with an anxious

twinkle of the eye. "What's the matter, Fanny? Anything gone wrong?" he inquired.
"Gone wrong! Matter enough! Oh Un cle John, he's a wretch, and set out to strike

me with a poker. And she threw a plate of muffins and ham

"He's a monster, Uncle John. I'll be divorced from him this very day. He is worse than a savage," "So he is," cried Uncle John entering

warmly into the spirit of the thing. "So he is"-stripping off his coat-"and I'll settle the matter at once. You stand back, Fanny; I'll give him such a thrashing as he'll be likely to remember. Striking his wife with a poker, indeed! I'll rectify matters;" and Uncle John grasped the longhandled feather-duster, and flourished i threateningly around the head of his nephew. 'There, sir, take that, and that, and that!' exclaimed he, bringing down the feathers on the shoulders of the amazed Phil. "Panny, my dear, I'll not leave a bone of him

Fanny's round blue eyes had been grow ing larger and larger—and now her indig-

"John Hayes!" she cried, "you're a heathen, and an old meddling vagabond! Let Phil alone! He's my dear, dear hus-band, and you've no right to touch him. He's an angel. He never intended to strike me. Stop striking him, or you'll be sorry!' and Fanny seized the broom from behind the door, and prepared to do battle.

"Stand back!" cried Uncle John; "he's a monster, and deserves death. The man who has threatened to strike a woman ought to be hung.

Fanny's eyes blazed. She flew at Uncle John with the spite of a tigress, and the way the trio went round the room was worth witnessing. Uncle John after Phil with the duster, and Fanny after Uncle John with the broom.

Phil made a spring for the window, but there was a whatnot in the way, and getting his leg entangled in that he brought the whole concern to the floor. Ambrotypes, books, vases, rare china and a hundred cherished curiosities, all were involved in a direct ruin.

Phil went down with the other things, Uncle John stumbled over him, and Fanny only saved h. rself by seizing the bell-rope, which brought her two servants to the

Of course they took Phil and Uncle Joh tions had not been enforced by sundry touches of her broom-stick the consequen-

ces might have been serious. The first moment of calm was seized up on by the young couple to embrace each

"My angel Fanny!" "My precious Phil!"

And then followed an explosion like the oursting of beer bottles. Uncle John left the house during this in-

teresting performance, still firmly of the opinion that the surest way of reconciling a to help abuse him.

A Strange Monster. Not long ago Captain Chadwick, of the tug boat Alpha, shot a strange marine monster near Western Bar, on the coast of North Carolina, What is it? Some say turtle, some devil-figh, and the captain himself is of the opinion that it was 'Old Nick in person, and hereafter sinners may have no fear of punishment in the infernal regions. In fact, everyboby who hears about it has a different theory, and no two persons can agree on what it is and where it belongs. The Smithville pllots say that his Satanic Majesty has been seen off the coast for the last twenty years, and he has never met any one who was bold enough to attack him until the gallant tar of the Alpha hove down on him and put an end to his career. Captain Chadwick sighted the "thing," about eight miles off Western Bar and im mediately steered toward it. When withiu a short distance of it he fired at it with his rifle, the ball passing through its neck and killing it. It required six men with their utmost strength, to pull it over the rail, and it is estimated that it weighed six or seven hundred pounds. The animal was seven feet long by three and a half feet wide, On the back was a hard black shell, like a turtle's, with three ridges running lengthwise. The head was as large as a water bucket, and in the mouth, extending down into the throat, were rows of soft teeth. The tall was not more than eighteen inches long, and projected in three The fins and feet were like a turle, with the exception that there were no

The Best Korse and the Best Soldier.

Said Philippovich, Commander-in-Chief of the Austrian army of occupation in Bosnia, to a smart Sergeant of hussars, "Wha is the best horse in the squadron, oh?" 130. 9 Coneral; bay, with four white feet and a blaze.

"Why do you consider him the best?" "Because he trots and gallops well, carries his head well up, is still young, and has the best of tempers." "Well, who is the best soldier in the

squadron ?" "Nazy d'Anos, General." LI lenge "Why is he?"

"Hennuse he takes pare of his horse, i honest and serviceable, keeps his could-ments in perfect shape, and does his duty up to the handle." "Where is the horse you have eracked

"It's my horse, General," "And who is the paragon of soldlers you have lauded thus?" "You rascal!" said pleasantly the com-

mander, as he passed his purse over to the

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A Yankee Joker.

On the bank of the Hudson river, in one of the villages that dot its shores, a lot of idlers were standing, seeing which could throw stones the farthest into the stream. A tall, raw-boned, slab-sided Yunkee, and no mistake, came up and looked on. For awhile he said nothing, till a fellow in a green jacket, the leader of the party, a conceited broth of a boy, began to try his wit on Jonathan.

"You can't come that," said he, as he hurled a stone away out into the river "Maybe not," said Jonathan; "but up in our country we've a purty big river considerin', and t'other day I hove a man clear across it, and he came down fair and square on the other side of the river;"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled his auditors. "Wal, naow, yeou may laff; but I can den it again.'

"Do what?" said the green jacket; quickly. "I can take and heave yeon across that river yonder, just like open and shut.

"Bet you ten dollars of it." "Done," said the Yankee, and, drawing forth an X (upon a broken down-East bank), he covered the bragger's shinplaster.

"Kin you swim, feller?" "Like a duck," said green jacket; and without farther parley, the Vermonter seized the knowing Yorker stoutly by the nape of the neck and the basement of his pants, jerked him from his foothold, and, with an almost superhuman effort, dashed the bully head over heels from the bank some ten yards into the Hudson.

A terrible shout ran through the crowd as he floundered in the water, and, amid the jeers and screams of his companions the ducked bully put back to the shore and scrambled up the bank, half frozen by this sudden and involuntary cold bath.

"I'll take that ten spot, if you please, said the shivering loafer, advancing rapidly to the stakeholders. "You took us for greenhorns, ch? We'll show you how to lo things down here in New York;" and the fellow claimed the twenty dollars. "Wal, I reck'n you wunt take no ten spots jis' yit, captin."

"Why, you've lost the bet." "Not edzactly. I didn't calkilate on denin it the first time; but I tell yeou I km deu it;" and, in spite of the loafer's utmost efforts to escape him, he seized him by the scruff and the seat of his overalls, and "It isn't customary, but I'll make a de pitched him three yards farther into the river than upon the first trial.

Again the bully returned amid the shouts "Third time never fails," said the Yan-kee, stripping off his coat; "I kin deu it, I

"Hold on," said the almost petrified vic-

"And I will den it, if I try till to-morrow mornin'. "I give it up!" shouted the sufferer be-

ween his teeth, which now chattered like mad badger's; "take the money." The Vermonter very coolly pocketed he ten spot, and as he turned away, re-

"We ain't much acquainted with you smart folks daoun here in York, but we sometimes take the starch aout of 'em up' our way; and p'raps yeou won't try it ontu strangers agin. I reck'n yeou won't," he continued; and putting on a broad grin of pect to get along successfully." good-humor, he left the company to their reflections.

## Camaron Fishing.

"Camaron" fishing is a pursuit highly thought of in the Island of Mauritius. "Camarons" are a species of cray-fish or fresh-water prawn which are plentiful in every river and stream in the colony. They are of a beautiful blue-black, with claws set at the end of feelers quite out of proportions in length to their bodies, and a number of black legs, which, when spread out at the bottom of a stream, give something the appearance of great spiders. They measure as much as six inches in length, and a large one will turn the scale at a quarter of a pound. When boiled they turn a dark red, and are almost a universal dish at every Mauritian dinner-party. They are in season during the summer, when the rivers are low, and the chasse aux camarons is made an excuse for many a pleasant party in the woods. Ladies are indefatigaole fishers, and add a charm to parties by their presence. The mode of proceedng is very curious. Arrived at the riverside, generally a pretty English mannered brook, twisting and turning in the usual vagrant fashion of brooks between high banks, the party are handed over to a score ed him the bill, one item of which was as of old piqueurs, poachers, and guardiens, who have already got ready the fishingtackle. This consists of rods of thin bamboo six feet long, one end supplied with a slip noose made from the root of the wild ndigo, which is stiff enough to remain open in the water, while it is sufficiently pliant o run together with the least pressure. Provided with one of these apiece, the Ishermen are taken to the water's edge and planted in all sorts of queer positions over he likely pools, sonte astride of trees which have partially fallen, others on the shelving bank, supporting themselves by sticking their heels well in the soil here and there, wherever the water gives promise of camarons. The bait is manioc made into a paste and spread at the bottom of the stream. The paste is of the consistence of thin dough, and a portion of it is wrapped in a caladium leaf, fightly folded and dropped dexterously into the water, when it falls to are first laid to soak for three days and the bottom, carrying the paste with it, which gradually floats out and lies along the gravel. Now comes the period of exnectancy. The glare of the sun on the water reflects the shadows on its surface like a looking-glass, and the eyes weary of about twelve poods of this, each pood being piercing the clear water, now ruffled by a puff of wind, fill with tears, and see strange poods of line for one hundred skins. By things, as if in a dream, under the water. Every stone is magnified into a camaron. the bits of fallen sticks blackened by lying in the stream, assume the shape of the creature's claws, and the moving water adds life to the fancy. At last a camaron n akes his appearance, crawling lazily, and begins to pull in the manion with his claw. The excited, and points and whispers. At the most you can see some black lines zigzag-ging along the bottom, and to catch the animal you must push the noose gently un-der his tall till it is over his middle, and

length be rewarded, and with a final jerk the camaron is pulled out struggling violently, and transferred to a pot carried for his reception. So the sport goes on: camaron after camaron is persuaded to lift his tail, and pays the penalty in the pot, till old dead tree, which lay diagonally with the sun gets too hot and the camaron refuse the bank. to leave their cool holes under the bank, Then the chasseurs retire to the "hangar' for breakfast, and spend the rest of the day as best they can till the piqueurs come to announce that the game is feeding, when the party turn out and catch as many more

#### as they can before night sets in. A Connoisseur.

He was rather a well-dressed man, with long mustache, and he wore eye-glasses. As he approached the cigar-case the proprietor stepped up with a bland smile, to

see what was wanted. "I have always been a great smoker! fact I have only used the choicest brands, and as it is pretty difficult to get them it this part of the country I thought I would just step in and make an examination of your stock. I suppose you keep the best

The dealer gave him the following stereotyped answer:

"I keep the very best eigar in the city." "That's the ticket, "said the other; "I'm glad to have met you; I think I'll be a regular customer. I smoke on an average about a dollar's worth of cigars per diem. Just let me take a look at some.

"The dealer laid a handful on the counter at the same time remarking:

"These are the best three-for-a-quarter in the universe." "They may be," responded the other,

"but they are too cheap for me. I never smoke anything less than a twenty-five center. Now, if you have some of them

"I have, sir," broke in the man behind the counter; and he immediately produced

"I hate to buy anything I am not thoroughly acquainfed with. This may be the best eigar in the land. I am very much infatuated with its contour and general appearance, but, you know, you should never judge a cigar by its wrapper. Now, if you will just let me try one for a sample, I shall fill my case here every day if it comes up to

viation in your case, it.

The man then lighted the eigar, tipped back in a chair, and puffed like a Turk. He

of his mates, who enjoyed the sport im- seemed as though dwelling in a realm of sunshine and flowers. After a while the dealer smiled very pleasantly, and said : "Now then, my dear sir, how many shall I put in your case (" "Not any, thank you."

"Wasn't that a good one?"

"Not more than—but I never like to disturb a man's equibrium. I am a very sensitive person myself. Now, if you will kindly furnish me with your address and a three cent stamp, I shall take great pleasure in dropping you a line or two, in which I shall give you my impartial opinion of your cigars; may I have the stamp?"

"Not much! I think you are a fraud; roared the man behind the case.
"Then I'll get right out; I don't wish to

"The cigar man was enwreathed in a frown which seemed to have in its temperament all the furies of the elements. sampler stepped lightly out, and, when he got around the corner, he lighted a fresh cigar which he had surreptitiously appropriated while talking to the proprietor of the establishment.

## "I'll Pay It, sheriff!"

North Carolina rejoices in a judge who is described as being an eccentric character, "rude of speech, but of storling honesty and most unquestionable integrity," with a remarkable aversion to whistling or any other noise calculated to disturb the decorum of his court. When holding court at Bakersville. Judge Cloud, the worthy Rhadamanthus in question, became restive under the incessant gabble of a flock of geese that were feeding on the grass plat behind the court house.

"Sheriff, drive them geese off from "May it please your honor, everybody in

town owns geese, and if I drive them off I can't keep them off." "Then kill them," exclaimed the angry judge, "and charge them to the court." The judge was stopping with the sheriff, and at the end of the term the officer hand

follows : "Twelve geese at fifty cents each, "Look here, McKinny," said the judge, "I haven't tasted a piece of goose since I've

been on the circuit.' "True, your honor,, but you ordered me to kill the geese about the court-house, and

charge them to the court." "Look here, sheriff," said the judge, at the same time expectorating his tobacco juice with unusual rapidity, "You certainly wasn't darn fool enough to kill them geese? Look thar now; twelve geese at fifty cents apiece, \$6. I'll pay it, sheriff I'll pay it; but you ought to be removed from office for being a darn fool-darn fool!"

## Tanning Russin Leat. or.

In preparing the famous Russian leather for book-binding, the hides to be tanned nights in a solution of potash to which some quicklime has been added. The potush used is made of the tree called in Russia illim, the olm; it is purified, so that it is of a brown color and carthly appearance—about twelve poods of this, each pood being means of their tongues, when the causticity of the alkali is found weak, a longer solution is allowed. When the skins are taken out, they are taken to the river and left. The under water for a day and night. Next a derly. vedro of dog's dung is boiled in as much "Go water as will soak fifty skins, the latter be- but Got hears me when I promise to keep ing put into tilia solution when it is at the your secret."

heat which the skins can bear, and in this they remain one day and night. The skins her going, but went at once. Fairly clear are then sewed up water-tight; about one-of the premises, the solemn little face flung. Gollash mit Nickerl is stewed meat in the filled up with leaves and small twigs, chop- smiles. ped together, of the plant called toloknanka,

#### A Woman Under Water.

"Don't go out on that log!" screamed the masculine attendant as one of the damsels walked out on the careening limb of an

"Why?" But she kept on going. "It will turn with you!" shouted the gentleman, warningly.

"How can it?" and the line with a long

sweep of the pole descended into the water. Just then there was a slight oscillation of the log, two dainty feet sweep from under a cloud of skirts, a sylph-like form, bent gracefully to the treacherous flood, and, with a stifled scream, body and feet disappeared from view. But for a moment only. The next instant, like the twin extremities of a pair of scissors, two symmetrically modeled female continuations appeared above the surface, bobbed about for a second, and then sank again. By this time a man's hand, which flapped his wings and the gentleman was in the water, and by cried out "Heaven save the Emperor, vic good fortune contrived to get hold of one of the gaiter-clad feet, and was tugging away manfully in the direction of the bank. But the unfortunate lady appeared to be turned wrong side out, and dragged heavily like an inverted umbrella. But a landing was jackdaw. This men, in order to be remade at last, and the young lady, like a capsized sailing vessel, was put right side up with care. As soon, however, as she had regained her usual balance, she turned and which cried out, "Heaven save the v c furiously upon her rescuer.

"You wretch! Why did you pull me out by the feet?" "Because I couldn't get hold of any other part of you. You seemed to me to be all

'Sir! How dare you?" "I beg pardon; but really I did the best

could The subject was too delicate to continue, but it was evident the lady and her friends were excessively indignant. No apologies the midst of his lessons, often ejaculated, could conciliate them, and it was in a tone of inexpressible sorrow that he said in turn-

ing away:
"If you ladies will persist in turning up side down when you get into the water 1 tus, and repeated the words: "Heaven can't help it.'

### A Widow Outwitted.

Out in that beautiful land where the classic waters of Cherry creek take their amused with its answer, that he bought rise and ripple through a country as lonely the feathered wit for double the expected as that which the returning Israelites looked apon as a home of delight, lives a wayward widower, who has been smitten with the charms of a neighboring widow. Both are well advanced in life, and are respectively the head of a numerous family. Fair sons and daughters grow around them. Time has frosted the locks of both with a silver bue, and much of the freshness and vigor of life has passed beyond their reach. But their staid lives and rugged natures have still left some tender sympathies, which Cupid seeing, has let fly an arrow, which rankles in their hearts. Being neighbors, they knew, or thought they knew, each other well. Frequent meetings stirred in their memories some recollections of days of dalliance and youth. Before care and compel me to write you this note. I find the busy bustling world had seared their hearts, they had known what it was to love. and perhaps sometimes each reverted with moistened eyes and tender sighs to two little hillocks that nestled in the graveyard beyond the hill. Perhaps this feeling drew them closer together. Be that as it may, the widow began to watch eagerly for the old man's coming, and the bloom in the matronly check became fresher and the eyes of the lady had a tenderer light when he was near. Of course, there are always persons who note these signs and report them; and gossip soon grew busy their names. It was told far and wide, that this venerable couple were to be married. With what feelings the grown up sons and daughters heard the announcement, it would be difficult to tell. The youngest daughter of the ancient suitor, however, was not pleased with the arrangement, and determined to break it. She was a shrewd lass, and went about it in a business-fike way. Putting on her bonnet, one afternoon, she called upon the widow. She

fairly gushed with affection, "And so I am to have you for a mother?"

The widow blushed. "Oh, how happy we all are, and I do hope father will treat you well; but-!' and the girl's face grew solemn and her

eyes filled with tears. "Treat me well!" exclaimed the astonshed widow, "why, of course he will. What in the world can you mean ?" and the widow's tones assumed an anxious inquiry. "Oh, I can never tell you," wailed the

"But you must tell me, my dear. You nust tell me!" importuned the widow. "You knew my mother?"

"Yes.

"She died suddenly, you know." "Yes, yes, I know."

ly for an explanation.

"From asthma!" "Yes, yes. "Oh, I can never tell the rest," and the girl gave herself up to uncontrollable weep-

come ungovernable, and she presse I eager-

"Go on, go on, for pity's sake tell me the "Well-but you'll never tell; you promise me never to tell."

But the widow's interest he' now be-

"I swear it," solemnly protested the widow. "We-but oh, it may have been a misake-we thought we saw a mark about her neck—oh, what have I told, what have I told!" and the young lady sprang to her feet and rushed across the floor wringing

her hands in agony. The widow sat in speechless amazement. Her lips were pale and her eyes dilated horror. Her trembling voice twice essayed the sentence before she gave it utterance Her trembling voice twice essayed "Choked to death!"
"Oh, madam, it may have been all a mis-

cried the sobbing girl. take," The widow stooped and kissed her ten "Go home, my child, I wish to be alone,

third of what the skin will contain is then off its sadness and began to ripple with "I think I've stopped that wedding," she

murderer; but she restrained herself and simply said she had changed her mind ' The old gentleman took a discouraging view of life for several days-railed at women in general, and widows in particular-and then settled down to his ordinary life

## Speaking Jackdaws.

back on him.

He never knew why the widow went

In modern times parrots are almost the only birds that have the gift of speech though connoisseurs are not ignorant that the starling and jackdaw, when properly educated, have good abilities in that way. The ancients could—at times—make them speak to some purpose. Marcrobins tells us that when Augustus Casar was returning in triumph to Rome from his victory over Mark Anthony, there appeared among the crowd which welcomed him a bird borne on torious Caesar!". hear himself saluted by this winged spokes man, gave the owner a handsome sum of money, refusing to share any of it with a associate who had aided him in training his venged, and to show the loyality which had animated his friend, brought to the emperor another bird which they had in training torious Mark Anthony!" Augustus, whose good nature is well known, only laughed at the joke, and ordered the confederates to divide the money. After this liberality in this instance, he had a number of speaking jackdaws and parrots brought to him. One poor fellow, a shoemaker, took great pains to teach a bird which he had procured for that purpose, hoping to make his fortune by

The bird, who had no such prospects, but was a slow scholar, and his master, in in despair, "Well, I have lost my labor! Having, at last, however, and with much pains completed his education, the jack daw was brought one day to salute Augussave the Emperor," with great distinctness. "Tut!" said the Emperor, "I have too many courtiers of your kind." "Well," cried the jackdaw, who had at that moment remembered his master, "vell, I have lost my labor!" The Emperor was so much

A Disgusted Bride's Advice. A San Francisco lady, who was recently mited in the bonds of matrimony to a dis tinguished looking but exceedingly myste-.ious stranger, has discovered that instead of being a Mexican grandee her lord and master loods after a physician's horse and buggy for \$20 a month. After deciding that it would be wiser to go home and get her meals regularly than to stay with the coachmen and starve, she sent him the fol-

lowing pointed epistle: "I am deeply sorry that hunger and other circumstances over which I have no control that you are utterly unable to provide for me, and as I am at present unable to pro-, and once more fill it with the

"Had I known that you expected me to live on the morning breezes for breakfast, the trade winds for dinner, and the evening fogs for supper, I would have honestly told you that my constitution would pol be count to it, even where the atmosphere is so odorous and substantial as in this hotel in Tar Flat, and would have declined to become

your wife. "If you shall ever marry another lady I trust you will remember the advice of your first wife, and that the demestic menu will consist of pudding made of plums rather than the north wind, and pies of pumpkins rather than of zephers; in short, that you will provide her with a bill of fare rather than with a bill of air. If you meet me on the street-hereafter pass me by as a perfect stranger, for if you do not I will be compelled to give you the cut direct,

# Your wife, Mary."

The Sinking of a Mountain On the 20th of April, about two o'clock A. M., there was some very heavy thunder and lightning, and a terrible shaking was plainly felt near Tallulah, Georgia. the next day it was found that the northeast side of Chattooga Mountain, four miles northeast of Tallulah, Habersham County, Ga., sloping down to the Chattooga River, at an angle of 45 degrees, the top of the mountain being about 1,200 feet above the river, was gradually sinking. A party of men visited the mountain last Sabbath, found that it was not sliding but sinking. There was a break near the top, and at one place over the top of a sloping ridge was a perpendicular rock, the depth of which was about sixteen feet and the extent thirty or forty acres. The bank was in the shape of a horseshoe, the toe being at the top of the mountain. Trees were standing with their tops downward, and the roots and large stones were seen on the mountain. About three years ago we felt a severe quaking at night. The night was clear, and it was reported that "Devil's Pulpit" was shaken down. An old gentleman living near\_this mountain informs us that a large crack was discovered about the time of the quaking, but little notice was taken of it until recently. Some fear is manifested by those living near the mountain. It is not uncommon in Florida for large bodies of island to sink, but I don't think it common in a mountain country, as our mountains are nearly all composed of rock,

## A Berlin Bill of Fare.

Some of the dishes of a Berlin restaurant Beef tea; with balls of marrow, eggs, and bread crumbs and small pieces. Pike and spinach, covered with moist sugar. Veal. cooked in oil and sprinkled with bread crumbs, surmounted by a sardine fon one side of the dish a pickle, with moist sugar; same gravy—the only one Berlinese cooks produce—flanked by two small sausage-shaped dumplings. Goose, stuffed with pounded chestnuts, prunes, apples, call's the difficulty of seeing him, the camaron is cunning, and has a dislike to his tall being interfered with, and so plants it firmly on the ground and deflea you to get the noise under it. Au impatient movement and he is off with a rapidity quite astonishing, and each following attempt fluids him and are ready for the dycing, and each following attempt fluids him and yellow leather.

It flink I've stopped that wedding,"she murmured softly and I didn't tell a story current of the murmured softly and I did pounded chestnuts, prunes, apples, call's liver, onlons, eggs and spice. Eels and carp are served with beer sauce; beer soup is much in request, and beef stewed in beer and strongly flavored is a tovorite dish. There are white and red wines, and the waiter carries adhesive labels in his pocket,

## Strength of Insects.

The following are striking, illustra-

ions of the superhuman strength with which the commonest insects are endowed. The common flea, as every one knows will, without much apparent effort, jump two hundred times its own length, and several grasshoppers and locusts are said to perform leaps quite as wonderful. In the case of the insect they scarcely excite our notice; but if a man were coolly to take a standing leap of three hundred and eighty odd yards, which would be an equivalent exertion of muscular power perhaps our admirers of athletle sports might be rather startled at such a performance. Again, for a man to run ten miles within the hour would be admitted to be a tolerably good display of pedestrianism; but what are we to say Augustus, delighted to to the little ay observed by Mr. Delise so minute as almost to be invisible. which ran nearly six inches in a second and in that space was calculated to have made one thousand and eighty steps! This according to calculation, is as It a man whose steps measured only two feet, should run at the incredible rate of twenty miles in a minute. Equally surprising are the instances of insect strength given by Mr. Newport. The great stag-beetle, which tears off the bark from the roots and branches of trees, has been known to gnaw a hole, an inch in diameter, through the side of an iron canister in which he was confined, and on which the marks

#### of his jaws were distinctly visible. Cumulative Prosperity.

"Whoa!" and as he dropped the lines ver the old mare's back, he sung out, Hulloa, Spriggins, what ye up to a building'a chicken coop, ch?"

"Yes, kinder, sorter puttin' one together. Two hens come off yesterday and I was s' infernal busy that I haven't but just got around to fixin' 'em up a place. I started to build a coop, but I had to leave it off and dispose of a couple of kittens. Don't like to have too many cats 'round to once. "Chickens and kittens the same day?

You must be growing prosperous." "Well, kinder, sorter prosperous," said Spriggins in an off-hand sort of way. Want to buy a nice Shepherd pup? Got three lively ones, good blood; mother's full sister took second prize at the beach

"No, can't say as'I do," was the reply. "Oh ! what's ever become of that line back alderney I sold you last year."

"She's all right, I should like to sell ye her calf. He's a rouser, now I tell ye. I'll let him go reasonable; I've got to much young stock on my hands just now. "Well, I should think you was accumulating a little, according to your own story," and his friend run over the list of poulfelines, canines, and bovines in his

"Perhaps you take to horses more than to cattle. I'd trade off Nan and the colt if had a chance

"I guess not, I must be getting home. I'm not on the trade to-day. Get up !-Whoa! By the way, how's your folks?" "Well, as well as could be expected, you

see it was twins again, and "Spriggins! You don't mean it? you can't be enjoying such cumulative prosperity? It's too much!"

"It is considerable," remarked Spriggins, and he lowered his voice, "another day like yesterday would be more good luck than I could stand."

#### His friend chirruped up his team and slowly drave off in a most meditative mood. The Wife of Garibaldi.

The wife of Garibaldi was a heroine in her day, and the event may well be chronicled with the deeds of daring which mark the career of her distinguished partner. In all the biographies of the Italian soldier and patriot she is alone mentioned by her Christian name of Amita. She was a brunette, with black, piercing eyes; of a beautiful figure and a queenly majesty in her deportment; active, daring, high-spirited and in every respect worthy of her husband. Her courage was remarkable. A short time after her marriage, she participated in an engagement at sea with her husband, refusing to go ashore; and during the flight insisted on remaining; on deck, where she armed herself and cheered the men. In the heat of the battle she maintained a position near the gunners, flourishing a saber, and inspiring the men to deeds of valor, when she was, at last, hurled to the deck by the wind of a passing shot which killed two men near by. Garibaldi sp ang to her, believing that he would find her a corpse, when she arose to her feet, covered with the blood of the men who had fallen at her side, but quito unhurt. Garibaldi begged her to go below and remain until the action was over. "I will go," was her reply, "but only to drive out the sneaking cowards who are skulking there!" for a moment before she had seen two or three men desert their posts for a place of safety. And, going below, she immediately reappeared, driving before her the men filled with shame at being thus forced to duty by a resolute woman. She remained in the heat of the battle to the end ; and after the struggle accompanied her husband in all his undertakings, and died while flying with him

## from the Austrians. why had distalle Agreed, theman

A lady who wanted a dozen of eggs fresh from the country was among the farmers' wagons at the market, and the sight of a small bundle of grass in one of the vehicle, at once aroused all the sentiment in her antures. Shuffling at a handful of 'It she said to the farmer:

"The country must be beautiful these spring mornings." "Yes, so she is," he slowly replied,
"coming in this morning f saw two wagons

stuck in a mud-hole, a dead horse and

mor'n fifty crows, "stoop res

"These sunrises must be beautiful out there," she continued.
"Yes, they are. At sunrise this morn-ing me an Jim were gettin," a hog from un-der the hen-house. Puritiest sunrise I ever

saw, but that how won't never do no more good in this world."

'I suppose the grass looks very beauti-ful," she said as the last egg was counted.

'Oh, I s'pose so, but I've bin so rushed getting that big illuch finished that I haven't hardly noticed. Do your folks want to buy any dried pumpkin?