SILENT SONGS.

When the song's gone out of your life, That you thought would last to the end That first sweet song of the heart, That no after-days can lend-The song of the birds to the trees-The song of the wind to the flowers-The song that the heart sings low to itself, When it wakes in life's morning hours.

You can start no other song, ot even a tremulous note Will falter forth on the empty air-It dies in your aching throat. It is all in vain that you try. For the spirit of song has fled The nightingale sings no more to the rose, When the beautiful flower is dead.

So let silence softly fall On the bruised heart's quivering strings; Perhaps from the lo s of all, you may learn The song that the scraph sings : A grand and glorious psalm That will tremble and rise and thrill And fill your breast with its grateful rest And its lonely yearnings still.

A Faithful Maid.

The blood-red ribbons of the storm threatening sunset were fluttering in the west; the huge oak-trees and pines of the forest were nurmuring ominously, and the one chimney of the small farmhouse on the edge of the woods sent up its blue column of smoke, like a cherry hand beckoning to the way-worn traveler over the hill. And how bright and cosy the interior of the kitchen looked, as Dora Klein stood on the threshold, cold, hungry and inexpressibly weary. A little girl, blue-eyed and blonde haired, scarcely yet sixteen, with a shy as-pect and a shrinking mien, she had walked from the city, seekingly vainly for work at various places she had passed, and now at nightfall she was nearly discouraged. "A girl?" said Mrs. Myers, dubiously, as Dorah Klein proffered her meek re-

"I don't know anything about Mrs. Myers turned to her husband, who sat by the fire, trotting a two year-old on his foot, "What shall I do, James?"

"She's a total stranger," he replied. "But she looks so weary and worn out, said the wife.
"Well, let her come in and stay al

night; a bowl of bread and milk and one night's lodging won't break us.''
So Dora Klein was admitted into th

farmer's small family, and so neat and handy was she about the place, so light and agile in her movements, so quick to learn and steadfast to remember, that good-natured little Mrs. Myers had engaged her be fore she had been in the house a week. "You women are so impulsive," said the

honest farmer, shaking his head. "Suppose she should turn out bad?" "How can she, James?" said Mrs.

Myers, indignantly. "She has a face as innocent as a baby's."
"My dear, I don't believe in physiog-"She has a face as

nomy."
"Nor I, altogether. but I do believe in And as the days and weeks went by; Mr. Myers was obliged to confess to himself

hat so far, at least, his wife'

instinct had been correct. The last November leaves were fluttering down one clear, cold afternoon, when Mrs. Myers stood at the door, ready to join her husband and baby in the wagon, to attend

a merry making at the nearest village, some distance below, while Dora Klein was to remain at home to keep house. "Mind Dora you feed the chickens a five o'clock, Dora, and don't forget the little calf in the pen; and if you have any

extra time, you can just chop the men and the apples for the Saturday mince pies, "Come wife, come!" called out her hus

band from the wagon.

"And if the house should catch fire or anything," added this prudent little edition of Martha, troubled with many cares, "remember, that the money is in an old stocking under the board by the south window, and the silver in the japanned box near it. "Yes, m'm," said Dora, kissing her hand to the laughing baby, "I'll remember."

'Some people would say, my dear, that that wasn't a very sharp proceeding of yours," said Mr. Myers, as they drove away.
"What do you mean?" asked his wife.

"To tell that girl just where our valua-

."James, what an idea! Why, I can trust Dora as implicitly as I would trust Mr. Myers whisteled and drove on, and his wife was vexed with him for ever

thinking such a doubt of Dora Klein. But as they were jogging slowly home-ward in the November starlight, a neighbor

hailed them, joyously, from the top of a load of barrels "I say, it's time 'you were home," said Nehemiah Hardbroks, 'your gal's got com-

What do you mean? demanded Myers.

"Why the doors and windows were all open as I came by the crossroads, jest where ve can see across the medder to your back door, and there was two or three men in the kitchen. I thought it was some of your folks, till I see your wagon just now.
James Myers looked at his wife.

Mrs. Myers white, anxious face returned the gaze. 'Dora is there, assented Mr. Myers

"that's the very reason I'm worried. Hold the baby firm, and I'll see what's in old

How they rattled over the frosty road, Dobbin galloping as if trying the turf, and the old wood rushing past them like the scenic spendors of a panorama, while to the anxious hearts of wife and husband, every moment seemed an age. The house was dark when they reached it, Mr. Myers flung the reins over the dashboard and sprang

"Dorah! Dorah Klein!" he called, but there was no answer save the faint ccho of his own voice.

And when the lamp was lighted, it shone n a scene of dismay and confussion; but the first corner at which the farmer glanced revealed to him that the loose boards beneath the south window had been torn away and the treasure nook which had held the silver spoons and the stockings full of

his first anger, and Mrs. Myers burst into tears, not so much, at all, at the loss of the I thought I was sure of a living anyhow." money, although that was a serious enough | Who says there is no immigration to Mismatter, as to think that little Dorah Klein,

of whom she had unconsciously grown so

fond, was unworthy of a tender thought. That was one side of the little, every day life story at the cottage: and now let us take a peep at the other. Her master and mistress had been gone an hour, and Dora was chopping away at the meat, singing some roundelay as she worked, when cracking on the floor, and turning her head, she started to behold two very tall, and gruff looking men in the room.

"Who are you?" demanded Dorah, with frightened valor, "and what do you want?" "Don't worry yourself, my lass," said the taller of the twain, gruffly, "and don't make any noise, if you don't want your neck twisted around like a chicken's.'

While the other, busying himself in reconnoitering the cupboards and the shelves, turned suddenly around with a valley of

"Nothing but tin and pewter," snarled. "Tell us, where is the silver, "We have no silver," said Dora, falter-

"What should poor people like us do with silver?" "The money, then? I know there is money, for I saw him come out of the bank

resterday with a wallet full.-Quick, we haven't any time to lose.' "It's—it's up stairs, sewed in the bottom of the feather bed, in the spare room," he-sitated Dorah—but you won't hurt me?"

"What should we hurt you for?" scornfully demanded the rufflan. "Go up stairs" Jack, and see, while I stay here to keep this girl from raising the neighborhood."
"I shall not scream," said Dora, elevat-

ing her head contemptuously. Who is there to hear me, if I did? We are far from any house."

"That true enough," said the man called Jack. Give us your knife, Casey, and we'll stir up the life goose feathers to some purpose. The gal won't trouble us."

But the heavy footsteps of the men had

hardly sounded at the head of the stairs when Dorah's languid assumption of indifference vanished. Like a winged spirit she flew across the room, and noiselessly prying up the loose boards with a knife, caught up the Japanned box and the stocking, and hiding them in her apron, jumped from the low window to avoid the noise of the rusty door hings, and struck into the woods at the back of the house.

No hare ever darted more swiftly through the tangled forest than did Dorah Klein, until at last safe in the deepest recesses, where no one who was not nimble as a deer and slender as herself, could follow, and then, crouching down among the undergrowth, she watched and waited. As night approached, and a friendly dusk crept over hill and dale, she ventured by degrees to approach the side of the woods, where the north star beamed overhead, reassuring her of her whereabouts. And when at last the noarse voices of the two men, hurrying down a secluded by road struck momentary terror to her heart, the afterthought followed with blessed relief—the certainty that

hey were gone and she was safe. Mr. Myers and Jane were seated by the fire that they had just rekindled, neither of them with any heart about the preparations f the frugal evening meal, when the door

stocking lay in Mrs. Myers' lap, and Dora Klein was sobbing on her shoulder.

"Why Dora," exclaimed the farmer, want does this mean?" And Dora told her story, incoherently

and full of sobbing pauses, and when it was concluded Mrs. Myers threw her arms around the girl's neck and kissing her again and again. "James, James," she cried, almost hys-

terically, "you will never mistrust Dora Kleinagain." And James Myers, wiping, a stray dew

drop or so from his eyes, confessed that lit-tle Dora Klein had been as true heroine as onn of Arc herself.

German Tree Frogs

Returning from the University of Glessen brought with me about a dozen green tree frogs, which I had caught in the woods near the town. They are most difficult things to find, on account of their color so much resembling the leaves on which they live. I have frequently heard one singing in a small bush, and, though I have scarched carefully, have not been able to find him. The only way is to remain quite quiet till he again begins his song. After much ambush work, at length I collected a dozen frogs and put them in a bottle. I started at night on my homeward journey by the diligence, and put the bottle containing the frogs into the diligence. My fellow passengers were sleepy, old, smoke-dried Germans; very little conversation took place, and after the first mile every one settled himself to sleep, but soon all the sleepers had been roused at the same moment. On their sleepy faces were depicted fear and What had woke us all up so suddenly? The morning was just breaking, and my frogs though in the dark pocket of the coach, had found it out; and with one accord all twelve of them began their mornng song. As if at a given signal, they, one and all of them, began to croak as loud as they could. The noise their united concert made, seemed, in the close compartment of the coach, quite deafening. Well might the Germans look angry; they wanted to throw the frogs, bottle and all, out of the window, but I gave the buttle a good shaking, and made the frogs keep quiet. The Germans all went to sleep again, but I was obliged to remain awake to shake the frogs when they began to croak.

A Loyal Missourian. A man with a one eyed horse, rigged in straw collar and dilapidated, old-fashioned trace chains, rope lines, and wagon to match, was seen in camp on the banks of Sand Creek last week. He wore a coonskin cap, breeches of many colors, the groundwork of which was yellow butternut. le sported a long, old-style rifle, and a 'yaller" dog guarded the property. The family was all in character, but beyond our knowledge of millinery to describe. When asked if he was on his way to Leadville, he said he had never "hearn of the place, and when asked where he was bound for, he said : "Back home to old Missourt. left there just after the war, when the rebs had everything their way, and went to Texas. But tother day I liearn a feller bank notes—their little all—was empty.

"So much for your girl and her friends again, and that the old bounty on wolf again, and the thing was all right again, and that the old bounty on wolf again, and the thing was again to \$5, and again, and that the old bounty on wolf skelps had been but back again to \$5, and sourl?

Adventure With a Panther, The animal had already been wounded by a rific ball. Having warned the village shikaree to keep close behind me with the heavy spear he had in his hand, I began to follow the wounded panther; but had scarcely gone twenty-five yards, when one of the beaters, who was on high ground, beckoned to me, and pointed a little below him, and in front of me. There was the large panther sitting out, unconcealed, between two bushes, a dozen yards before me. I could not, however, see his head; and whilst I was thus delayed he came out with a roar, straight at me. I fired at his chest with a ball; and, as he sprang upon me, the shot barrel was aimed at his head. In the next moment he seized my left arm and the gun. Thus, not being able to use the gun as a club, I forced it cross-wise into his mouth. He bit the stock through in one place, and whilst his upper fangs lacerated my arm and hand, the lower fangs went into the gun. His hind claws pierced my left thigh. He tried very hand to throw me over. In the meanwhile the shikaree, who, had he kept the spear before him, might have stopped the charge of the panther, had retreated some paces to the left. He had instead of spearing the panther, shouted out and struck him, using the spear as a club. In a moment the animal was upon him, stripping him of my shikar bar, his turban, my revolving rifle, and the spear. The man passed by me, holding his wounded arm. The panther then quietly crouched five paces in front of me. I knew my only chance was to keep my cye upon him. He sat with all my despoiled property stripped from the shikarce, around and under him. The first step I moved backwards; keeping my eyes on the panther, I fell upon my back into a thick bush, having slipped upon the rock. Here I was still within one spring of the animal, who appeared, as far as I could see, to be not at all disabled by the fight. Nothing could have saved me had he again attacked. I retreated step by step, my face still towards the foe, till I got to my horse, and to the other beaters, who were all collected together some forty yards from the fight. I of shot and a bullet that I by chance found and taking my revolver out of the holster, and sticking it into my belt, determined to carry on the affair to its issue, knowing how mine. I was bleeding profusely from large tooth-wounds in the arm; the tendons of my left hand were torn open, and I had five claw-wounds in the thigh. The poor Shikaree's arm was somewhat clawed up, and if the panther was not killed, the superstition of the natives would go far to kill this Terribly frightened as he was, his wounds were not so bad as mine. I persuaded my horsekeeper to come with me; and, taking the hog spear he had in his hand, we went to the spot where lay the weapons stripped from the shikaree. A few yards beyond them was crowched the huge panther. Again, I could not see his head very distinctly, but fired deliberately behind his shoulder. In one moment he was again upon me. I gave him the charge of shot, as I supposed, in his face, but had cracked on its hinges, and something glided stead of spearing, fell upon his back. no time to take aim. The horsekeeper, ingun, and he seized the barrels in his mouth. This was his last effort. I sprang up, and seizing the spear from the horsekeeper, drove it with both hands through his side, and thus killed him. I immediately had my boot pulled off. My foot bled profuse-Fortunately, the wound was in the thin part of the foot, and not in the instep

or ankle; but the teeth had met. The Newfoundland Dog.

The extinction which has latterly threat ened the pure breed of Newfoundland dogs has been fortunately arrested by the importance of several splendid specimens of the Leonberg breed, which is the result of skilfui crossing between the St. Bernard, the Newfoundland, and the wolf dog of the Pyrenees. The dogs were recently brought to this country in charge of the famous conchologist, Herr I. A. Verkruzen. This is notable news for the outside world, because everybody has a feeling for that sagacious, brave, and handsome brute that bears the name of this island, though few persons would be inclined to credit the fact that there are not half a dozen dogs in the whole United States of absolutely pure Newfoundland breed. More markedly than any other canine species, this dog perpetuates all the traits of his breed, even to the progeny of animals that are very distantly removed from his species through miscegenation. lence the mistake that many labor under who believe they posess Newfoundland dog of a pure breed, while their big pets are only such in tenaciously preserving a strong resemblance to their grandsires. The average height of the true Newfoundland dog s thirty inches. He is entirely black, his claws are webbed to the points, his paws are massive, his gait majestic, and his countenance strikingly and deeply trustful. But the renewed qualities of this famous dog are to be superseded by the splended breed known as the Leonberg. The specimens now here are soon expected to propagate, but they will not be full grown till their third year. Baron Essig of Leonberg, Wurtemberg, Germany, was the gontleman who undertook the production of the new species, and the specimens brought here were carefully selected from his kennels Good specimens sell for \$2.50, and superior dogs command as high a price as \$500, At all the great dog shows of Baden, Lima, Vienna, Paris and London they received the highest premiums. They attain the height of thirty-six inches and are frequently over hundred pounds in weight, Their heads are large, and handsome shaped, and their bodies are strikingly noble in their symestry. They inherit with large interest all the gentleness of the Newfoundland, their intelligence surpasses that of any other species of dog, and they are capable of being trained to do almost any thing within the possibilities of dogkind It will be a rare sight to behold four of these handsome brutes, this winter, brilliantly caparisonod, and perfectly tractable hitched to a commodious dog sleigh, and flying over the frozen roads in the environs of St. John's, or over the surface of Quidi

Kating a Live Apache.

In the winter of 1888 Colonel Blank with ffteen associates, were in the south-western part of Arizona, when, as he said, "A pape ty of Mexicans fixed up a plan to have us all scalped. They got Young Grizzly, the young war chief of the Apaches, to come after us with about seventy-five braves. On

Christmas afternoon, about four o'clock, as we were coming through a canon on our way to camp, a perfect cloud of arrows came down on us from the rocks above. One of the Commanches was killed and sevcral of us were wounded. I got three arrows in my left arm and one in my left hand. You can see the mark there, and the Colonel showed a whitish zigzag scar on the back of his hand. "We got out of that place pretty quick don't you know, for it was not a good place to stay. On New Year's morning about sunrise two of our scouts came in and said the Apaches were coming down the river and intended to at-The boys had a consultation and they concluded to ambush the red devils as they came down in their canoes. The boys went down and hid in the rocks and watched. They said that as I had only one arm that was good, I had better stay up at the cache, so I lay down on my stomach to watch the fight. Presently I saw a lot of black things that looked like logs come whirling down the river, and then came a lot of sharp reports, and I saw the little white clouds of smoke rise up from the rocks. The Apaches were taken completely by surprise, and although some of them got in the rocks, the most of them were shot or drowned. When the fight was about over, all of a sudden I felt queer. I felt just like when a man is shut up in a dark room and can't see, and somebody comes in. He may not be able to see or hear the person, but something tells him there is somebody near him. I never felt safer in my life than I did up there, but still I turned around to where the pat'i was, and saw the face of an Apache just coming above the rock. I jumped up and so did he, I did not have time to get out a weapon, for I could see the flash of his tomahawk. I went at him and then he threw his hatchet. The dull edge hit me on the forehead, and it split my skull open. See-feel that," and the Colonel took the

sort of canal or open space on his forehead. "Well, I didn't like that very much. I fell down on my knees, and I saw all my other beaters, who were all collected together some forty yards from the fight. I immediately loaded the gun with a charge of shot and a buller that I by chance found behind me, so I stayed where I was. I was confused, but I did not lose my senses. I was a good boxer, and although I could rarely men recover from such wounds as still I kept my hands going, and I expectnot see very well on account of the blood, ed to feel that fellows' scalping knife on myhead every second. He cut at me two or three times, and cut my nose and check and eyebrow, but I shoved him away. made a big effort to see, and I got my right ye open and jumped at the Apache and luckily knocked him down. Then I got on top of him as quick as a flash and grabbed at his knife. He was too sharp for me, and he cut my thumb open, but I did not seem to feel it at all. Then he threw his knife away and put both arms around my neck and bulled my head down on his broad and tried to smother me. I ducked my head so that I could breathe. Both of his self." hands were in use holding my head and that gave me my right hand free and I used a V all the while, and continues to be a V.

writer's fingers and guided them along a

that gave me my right hand free and I used to then, gentlemen, if ever I did. I punched him in the ribs in a way a New York prize fighter had shown me and I hit him in the same place every time. Presently I The next moment the japanned box and tree next instant the pantiler got hold of my left foot with his teeth, and threw me on my back. I struck at him with the empty left next instant the pantiler got hold of my left something give way. And broken one of his ribs. Then every sime I hit him going to?"—"I deeply regret the necessity of these little formalities," said the cashier, I felt him bite me in the shoulder and try from his drawer and laid them by the side to get me by the throat. I was getting awful weak, but this reminded me that I also had teeth. I fastened them on his wind-

pipe. I don't remember any more. When the boys came up and found me, the Apache was stone dead and my teeth had met through his windpipe. The boys rigged up a blanket between two mules and took me down to a Sonora ranche one hundred and sixty miles off, and there I was laid up for four months. On New Year's morning my hair was long and of deep brown, but five days after, when I got to the ranche it was as white as it is now.

came to my senses on the 16th of February, but the funny part of it was that my brain was so muddled that I forgot English and Spanish and could only speak German. When the people spoke to me in Spanish or English, I could understand it and thought t was German, but all my answers were in German. Gentlemen, you can eat what you please, but for me, I don't want any more live Apache in mine. Good night, and the Colonel went to bed.

How Old He Was.

Smith H. is a notorious joker-one of those queer fellows who joke everywhere, in all company, and from force of habit. He was attending court in answer to a subpoena, and was dining at the public table. He began to chat with an acquaintance, who presently asked:

"Smith! how old are you?" "If I live," replied Smith, solemnly, till the 30th of next month, I shall be

seventy one." A lawyer, who sat opposite, here ooked at him with an expression of surprise, but said nothing. The next day Smith was called as a witness, and after giving his name and residence,

was asked his age. "Fifty-three was the prompt re-

"What!" exclaimed the lawyer. 'Didn't I hear you say at the hotel, yesterday, that you would be seventyone if you lived until the 30th of this

"Next month, sir! With that correction, I did say so." "And now you swear that you are out flfty-three?"

"Yes, sir!" "Well, sir! tell us what kind of a witness you are, any way. What do you mean?"

"Why, I think if you live until the 30th of next month you may be a hundred-because sir, next mouth is Febuary, and hasn't but twenty-eight days ; and when I see the 30th of Feb. ruary I expect to be seventy-one!"

The Court, the bar, and the audience all joined in the laugh, and Smith's examina ion was proceeded with,

There has recently returned to Baltimore from Europe a lady of high social standing, whose married life has been an unusual mixture of romance and unhappiness. Not many years ago she was a belle in Baltimore society, and many a wooer paid homage to her beauty. Among her admirers were two n particular—one a Baltimorean and a sollier, the other a Philadelphian, rich and prominent. Both courted her assiduously, and at length she decided between them and chose the Baltimorean for her husband. The marriage was celebrated with great splendor, and was one of the fashionable events of the time. The gay belle became a devoted wife and mother. Less than two years ago the husband died, leaving his wife with four children. Her grief was intense, and when, a short time afterward, one of the children died, she thought her loss greater than she could bear. Now the disti carded lover appears in the midst of her grief and renews his suit, but she refuses to listen to him. At the opening of another year she is found watching by the sick bed of her youngest child, when the rejected suitor again appears and offers his comfort, his aid and his heart. She was driven by necessity to accept his aid, and after the funerat of her youngest child she married him. Together they sailed at once for Europ but hardly had the ship left the wharf wh she found that the man she had married was a jealous tyrant. Her every act was misconstrued by him into an impropriety. His treatment of her was shameful, and the emembrance of that voyage will always remain horrible in her mind. When they reached the Continent his tyranny continued -and as a last resort, she confided her troubles to a party of Baltimore friends that she met. With them she found a place of refuge. Soon after she returned to Baltimore with her new found friends, leaving her jealous husband on the other side of the water. She is now living in retirement among those who will see that she never suffers again at the hands of the man who was so kind when a wooer, but so tyrannical when a husband.

Timely Precautions.

"Change a five?"

The question was asked by an eager, redhaired man who had rushed in from the street without a hat, and seemed somewhat out of breath. "Is it a five?" inquired the cashier lan-

guidly, arousing from a doze. -- "Certainly

'exclaimed he with the sandy locks; look at it yourself," and he laid the bill on the counter. "John!" shouted the cashier to a man employed at the other end of the room, who

drew nigh, "what sort of a bill is that?—don't touch it!"—"That," said John, sliding furtively toward it, "that's a V. "Sure it's a V?" asked the cashier, while

the man of hyacinthme thatch nervously wriggled his fingers and hetrayed impatience,
—"Course it's a V—you can see it your-

"Well," said the cashier, "if it is really driving that broken rib in on his lungs. In with a deprecating bow, "deeply;" and he few seconds his arms dropped down and took a \$2, two \$1's and two half dollars of the V. "Don't touch 'em, if you please, he added, as the man of illuminated tresse was about to appropriate them. a man waiting for me next door," said the latter with a nervous twitch of his eyebrow, "and he wants to catch the train." deeply regret the necessity for these little formalities," repeated the cashier in a pathetic but melodious tone of voice. And he took from a side drawer a legal blank, calmly filled it up, after asking the stranger's name and entering a brief personal description of him on the outside. He then read:

"Know all men by these presents-" "See here! are you crazy?" said the per son of capillary fervor. "That Richard Jenks, cashier of Blank's

estaurant, No. 11,447 Broadway, party of first part," continued that gentleman, Henry W. Swazer, hatter and furrier, No. 1,542—is that right?" "Yes! That's right! But what in thunder re you about?"

"Why, you see, I want to just exchange documents, duly attested, showing that that bill of yours is a five and that I gave you the right change. To keep me from getting you arrested for burglary, you un-

derstand, I might swear I gave you a fifty, don't you see. I deeply regret --- No 11,542 Broadway, party of the second part lid, on or about-"Look here!" exclaimed in wrath the person of scarlet hirsuite decoration, "you're

a fool! You s'pose I'm going to stand here all night? I could have gone to the oity hall by this time. Git out with your infernal nonsense!" And he grabbed his bill and fled as

cashier said: "Why, don't hurry, the notary will be here shortly. I deeply regret"
but the apology was obstructed by the door whose angry slam sounded like a

Harrible Sights in a Chinese City.

Lying in an open space in a street some what larger than the rest, we saw four human beings in such a pitiful state of disase it made me shudder; one female with three males, almost nude, incapable of moving, covered with sores, insects and filth, they were dying slowly, in fact were placed there to die, no one with them to say a kind word; even the passers by only gave them a glance and passed on. Asking the guide who these unfortunates were, and why such inhumanity was allowed, he re-plied that they were afflicted with an incurable disease, and belonged to the "Joss, and it was of no use, nor was it right to care for them, as they would soon die and be buried by the public. Emaciated to a frightful degree, they lay there all unconscious and indifferent, their eyes fixed in a vacant stare, the stamp of death upon their features; a day or less would end their ex-We were now about fifteen minutes in the

place, and my friend said he felt as if he wanted to go out. I felt much the same; but, having been informed that to-day was one of the few when a visit to the jail was allowed, I braced up, and conquering the feeling of nausea, went with the guide through a number of these wretched streets by the gift of a franc. Filth and stench, household pet,

"Such Is Lite."

as everywhere else, prevailed. The sight of a criminal chained to an upright stanchion that supported the beams overhead at the entrance to the corridor, along which are several cells with strong wooden doors and curious Chinese locks, was pitiful. He was a recaptured fugitive; and was to be taken three times a week to this stanchion, the ground under his feet being strewn with jagged stones, and broken glass bottles, and on this compelled to walk, probably with no food save what relatives or friends brought him. The glass and bottles, broken fine, did not cut much, but to judge from the painful expression on his squallid features he must ave suffered considerable. In an adjoining cell four human beings were confined carrying around their necks boards about two feet square, which were clasped on them when first brought up for punishment, and are not removed until their terms expire. Brass nails were driven through and protruded at least an inch at the bottom, serving to keep the shoulders of the poor men raw with the pricking caused by the slightest move. Holding out their thin, trembling hands they beg for food. A female was in the room, a sister of one of the criminals bringing him food and bathing his head and shoulders. I gave her a few silver pieces, and gave her to understand through the guide that it was to be used to procure food for her brother and companions. These five being all the inmates at the time, we started for the purer air outside the walls. As a general thing, long terms of confine

ment are customary in China; grave offenses are punished by decapitation, theft in many being thus punished, lesser offenses by punishment like those justwitnessed and flogging.

On our way out we passed that group of dying wretches in the open square, and noticed that one of their number had disappeared; he expired a few minutes after we passed, and was by this time under ground. Breathing the pure air again, and away from so much filth and misery, I could not help being struck by the contrast of the fine buildings, the handsome equipages of the wealthy, and the scenes of human misery and wretchedness just witnessed. I found my friend, who had chosen to examine the more agreeable curiosities, in the restaurant of the hotel de Colonies, in conversation with its genial manager, Mr. Brown, a Baltimorean of fifteen years ago. It is truly said that of the horrible stenches the stench of a dirty Chinese city, with its narrow streets, its inhabitants, numbering many

thousands, is the most disagreeable. Readers will please notice that the few facts and incidents given are from the dark side of Chinese life; they are not all of this one type and class. Although the majority of them may be rightly tormed a miserable, superstitious class of people, the minority show to a decidedly better advantage. They comprise merchants, mechanics, servants, and followers of all vocations, They dress more tastefully. In fact, a Chinaman in good circumstances wears apparer consisting chiefly of silken and other rare materials, his head and cue are always kept in apple-pie order, and his features are of a more refined and agreeable cast Educated in the different branches of their

native language, a great number of them have mastered the English, and read and write to perfection. They are shrewd in

business, and accumulate with rapidity.

At a recent meeting of the Maryland academy of science, Otto Lugger read a paper on birds, based upon his own personal observations. Most birds, he says, take but two meals a day-early in the morning and about dark; birds of proy rarely more than one a day. Three hours out of the twenty-four seem sufficient rest in sleep for singing birds. They are sensibly affected by atmospheric conditions, singing less, and less jubilantly during cloudy, wet one female and remain faithful to her, guarding her while she builds the nest for the coming brood, and feeding her while she is incubating the eggs, or taking her place while she flies off in search of food Birds have little discr mination as to what kind of eggs are placed under them in the nest to incubate, and will try to hatch acorns or nuts if placed in the nest instead of eggs. A temperature of 86 deg. Fahrenheit for twenty-one days is required to hatch most birds' eggs. The young are not assisted by their parents to leave the egg, but when each one has broken its way out the parent carefully removes the pieces of broken egg from the nest. The young generally emerge from the open their mouthes for food as soon as born, and are great eaters. Their eyes open in from five to ten days. When ed nothing else, but I didn't want a mob to the young bird is old enough to forage for itself it is cruelly driven away by the parent birds. Many birds are troubled by skin and feather parasites on their heads and wings. Peculiar People.

A lady who feels natural in rubber boots. Boy who don't like to throw snow balls. People who go out in the rain with their ımbrella closed.

People who turn paper collars, for econo-Young men who can call for a five cent

cigar before a crowd. People who raise their bat to a lady after she has passed by. Young man with red hair cringe when reminded of it.

Young lady who does not look in a plate glass window, as she is passing by. A selfool girl over fourteen who doesn't like gum, and talk slang. There are a few exceptions to this latter assertion.

Man who can face a hald headed deacon when he thrusts the contribution box at him-without contributing something.

One of the strange things in India is the number of little lizards running about the ceiling of the houses. where you will, you will see them; and at night they come out and hunt for flies and other insects (and there is no searcity in either). They make a kind until arriving at a somewhat larger structure of clucking noise, resembling somethan those in the immediate vicinity, we entered, gaining the good will of an official are perfectly harmless, and make a for a hint, was not lost. It was followed

He Walked.

At an early hour a man who had an eye brimful of considence in himself entered a Detroit restaurant kept by a man who takes interest in manly sports

and thus began: "My name is Shaw. I have just arived. In case I can raise sufficient nterest in this city I propose to walk

one thousand miles in-"Call again-very busy-see you later-got to go right over the river!" said the restaurant man as he got away

out of sight. The man named Shaw didn't seem greatly surprised at his reception, and his chin was still high as he walked into a bill-poster's and asked:

"Can you do some posting for me?" "Oh, yes. There's scarcely a month in the whole year that we don't post up at least one dodger for some one or other," was the reply.

"I may want to put out 10,000 threesheet bills next week," observed Mr Shaw; "I propose to begin here an at tempt to walk 1,000 miles in-"

"All our boards are secured for two months ahead," interrupted the poster with terrible carnestness, and he at once began to sweep the dusty floor with a dry broom.

Mr. Shaw coughed and went out. The store of confidence in his eye had been reduced about one half, but he had a good card left. Making his way to a tobacconist's store whose shop is the headquarters of lovers of horses, dogs, dumb-bells and athletic sports, he purchased a cheap eigar and casually observed to the crowd:

"Gentiemen, my name is Shaw. was thinking if a hall could be secured on favorable terms I would make the attempt to walk---'

"Wait!" shouted every man in the room in chorus, and in less than fifty seconds all had filed out and gone their ways. Then the tobacconist reached lown for his slung-shot, crying out that Mr. Shaw had driven away sevencen of his best customers, but before ie could use it Mr. Shaw made the attempt to walk past one street corner in one York minute, and he achieved a

grand success. The Love Story of a Murderer.

Richards Isaacs was recently executed n Harrisonville, Mo., for murder. A few lays before the execution took place, he made the following answers to questions nt to him

"Where did you meet Clark?"
"I met him in Bates County, and we ravelled together two days."

"Did you have any trouble with him?" "Did you talk to him about buying the attle?

"Yes; and he agreed to drive them to awrence, Kan., from which place they were to be shipped. Did he have any arms about him?

"He had a revolver in his belt, and at

about 4 o'clock the second day I let my horse fall back a few feet behind his and drew my pistol. "What then?"

"I rode up to within four feet of him and fired."

"Where did the ball hit him?" "Right in the back of his head, and he slid off his horse on the prairie. I then rifled his pockets and secured \$12 and a

silver watch, but did not touch his pistol. "You left him where he fell?" "After driving the cattle about a mile I went back and locked at the body. It was weather. Male birds usually mate with cold and I covered it up with a blanket, and put the dead man's hat over his face. I was a fool for leaving it on the prairie. and had no business to kill Clark, and must

suffer for it." After the murder Isaacs drove the cattle to West Line, and shipped them to St. Louis, where they were sold by Hunter and Evans, and netted \$825. He then went direct to his brother-in-law's in southwestern Kansas, and began to work for Mr. Chilson, a neighboring farmer. When speaking of working for Mr. Chilson the prisoner suddenly turned his head aside, and his whole frame shook with a thrill of emotion. Tears fell fast, and it was some minutes before Isaacs could say a word.

At length he said: "I was going to marry Allie Chilson." "You were arrested near Mr. Chil-

son's?" "Yes; a dozen men rushed upon me with larger end of the egg, and, before com- drawn revolvers, and I begged hard to see ing out, can be heard at work, breaking Allie once more; but they pulled me away, their way. They are born hungry, and and I thought they were going to lynch

"You were willing to come?" "Certainly I ought to hang, and expect-

hang me. Isancs said that his first trouble was in Paola, where a grain merchant accused him of raising a check and procuring money upon it. This accusation, which Isaacs pronounced false, was the beginning of his troubles. Allie Chilson, to whom he was ngaged, would have nothing more to do with him. The girl afterward, however, partially relented, and said if Isaacs could aise \$1000 she would be married to him. To win the girl, he says, he committed the

A Gentleman's Rebuke.

General Washington was dignified in manner and speech. He exacted appropriate consideration for himself and his position; but he exhibited a trait among men of high station—he was always considerate towards his associates this high-bred courtesy, and also his tender sympathy.

Stopping one day during the war at a kouse in New Jersey, he found there a officer wounded. The man was confined to bed, and was so feeble that the least noise agitated him. Washington spoke in such a low tone, and while at dinner was so quiet, as to influence his officers to a simi-

ar consideration for the wounded man. When he had dined he left the room, and the officers, unrestrained by his presence, forgot in their hilarity the poor sufferer. Suddenly the door opened quietly, and Washington entered on tip-toe, walked to the mantle, took a book, and without utter-

by a considerate quietness.