

UNDER THE GUNS.

Under the guns of the fort on the hill.
Daisies are blossoming, buttercups fill;
Up the gray ramparts, still the green flags
Rise in green banners and fallers and flags
Under the guns.

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claimed, "the moment the whale sounds one of the kinks I have prepared will become entangled about the mate's leg, or his neck, and drag him overboard. There goes the lance!" he continued aloud, as Warren hurried the weapon, with unerring aim, into the monster's body.

Up went the flukes of the whale, and the next moment he disappeared a second time beneath the green chambers of the sea.

Then, as the line ran whipping through the chocks of the boat, the kinks which had been arranged by Thompson to ensnare the life of the mate, flew upward like wreathing serpents, forming a "bight," which, glancing past the first of the mate, as he dodged to avoid it, caught tightly around the neck of the villain who had prepared the infernal trap, and pulled him overboard with the velocity of a cannon ball. The mate instantly severed the line with a blow of his hatchet, but Thompson was never seen again by the crew of the Roberts.

A few days afterwards the whale was recaptured, killed and towed to the ship.

The German Emperor.

The Emperor William completed his eighty-second year last March, and is still strong enough to enjoy a good dinner, though he has an interview every morning with his physician, who decides whether His Majesty is fit to go out, or whether he must keep to his rooms. Apropos of the dinner, the first "officer of the mouth" to the Kaiser was once a Frenchman, and probably still is. Only after the war of 1870-71, the Emperor, in a fit of patriotism, dismissed him, and advanced a Prussian to the post.

His Majesty, with the best intentions, once succeeded in giving his "most-all-gracious" liege lord a series of violent attacks of indigestion. So the Frenchman was reinstated.

The Emperor, indeed, an epicurean in every sense of the word—a fact which to a certain Exeter Hall meeting seemed to be scarcely aware of. His relations toward his august consort are evidence of how sincerely he admires and has studied the life of his famous predecessor, Frederick the Great.

He was renowned for an assiduous and honorable devotion toward the worthier sex.

One tenet of the Epicurean philosophy he has not embraced, for the Kaiser is extremely religious. He begins every day by reading the Bible, and smiles as one may when he thinks of other facts in his life, it would be the greatest of mistakes to regard him as a crowned Pecksniff. The dispatches which we all read during the Franco-German war, which praised the Almighty for the Prussian victories, were written in a perfectly honest and believing spirit, and were, in truth, edifying instances of humility. "Non nobis, non uto us, but unto Thy name give the praise," Humility is nothing but not inconsistent.

"The Prince of Prussia," as he was once styled, was the reverse of a reputation for hospitality. The truth is that he had a very small allowance, and Prussian traditions have always been frugal. The Emperor's father, Frederick III., lived in the plainest manner; much more plainly than most comfortably-off Berliners. Indeed, the old King was rather amused to see how his own subjects "cut him out." One day there was a very good dinner at the Palace, and the King, with a smile, said, "It's almost good enough for a Privy Councillor." Prince William's invitations were dreaded like the cholera, and, of course, they could not be declined. A cup of tea and a wisp of white bread (with a little butter) by reading the Bible, and the thinnest possible layer of marmalade on it, was the utmost possibility of refreshment in the halls of the heir presumptive. It ended by gentlemen, and even ladies, slipping out of the Prince's house, and going to a neighborly restaurant for a snack, after which they would return to the princely abode. One day William "spotted this little manoeuvre," and, in intercepting a lady who was making her temporary exit, gravely reminded her that she could not go yet, for the Prince's (the hapless Augusta) was still in the rooms.

Emperor William has improved on Prince William, which shows that he simply wanted money to "do the thing" handsomely. Now he gives champagne as well as tea and bread, and the butlers and sandwiches plus the bread and marmalade.—London Truth.

RENTS IN IRELAND.—Our Dublin correspondent writes under date of August 14th: The agitation for a reduction of rent, which has been going on since some districts of the south and west, has now penetrated to the north, and the first demonstration in support of it was held yesterday at Tootonbridge, County Antrim. It was composed of persons representing the farming classes from the adjoining districts of Antrim, Londonderry and Tyrone, and was held in a large hall called the Temple of Liberty, and was crowded to excess, the meeting numbering, it is stated, over 2000 persons. Mr. Brown, a farmer, presided, and the meeting was addressed by several tenant farmers and seven resolutions on the subject of rent and the land question were adopted. They declared the necessity for the reduction of rents to be "mandatory" in the present "alarming and critical state of agriculture," and appealed to the landlords "to consider the propriety, the wisdom and humanity of sympathizing with their tenants in their distress, and of showing practically their appreciation of the circumstances of the case by voluntarily conceding an adequate reduction of rent." They further declared that under the Ulster custom, the landlords and tenants were partners in the land, the law should make provision for determining, in case of dispute, what is a fair rent, "without the necessity and barbarity of ejecting the tenant" before the court can interfere; also that the restriction of a free sale of the land, which was caused by the laws of primogeniture and entail, should be abolished, but as a temporary expedient, until a general distribution of the land should be made, they were in favor of extending the Ulster tenant-right custom to all parts of Ireland, and they declared that the cause of the poor, and the cause of the nation, required that the law should be made to give effect to these principles, and that the formation of a peasant proprietary. These resolutions contain a definition of the tenant custom, which it sought to have affirmed by the Legislature, but which is inconsistent with the terms of the Land Act.—London Times.

There is a married gentleman who complains that his better half gives him no quarter.

Uncle Andrew's Romance.

Uncle Andrew sat leaning his elbows on the table, supporting his head on his hand. Traces of fresh tears were upon his cheeks, and his eyes were fixed on the ivory miniature which lay before him, depicting, as I saw by the glass, which I caught of it, a bright, glowing face of surpassing beauty.

I had no thought of intruding upon Uncle Andrew's private griefs when I entered his room without warning. Indeed, I never suspected that he had any griefs, he was so cheerful and pleasant, and so free from the crustiness commonly set down as the distinguishing traits of old bachelors.

I was about to beat a hasty retreat, when Uncle Andrew stopped me.

"Don't go, Charlie," he said, "I feel as though it would do me good to talk a bit just now."

"Is that the likeness of a relative?" I asked, pointing to the miniature, which seemed to be the subject of his thought.

"No," he answered; "but I will tell you the story if you care to hear it. I think it would be a relief to tell some one this evening."

I drew up a chair in front of Uncle Andrew, who thus proceeded:

"You may form some conception of how beautiful Alice Bond was from the picture you see there, though the reality was far beyond the power of any artist to reproduce."

"She was a delicate and tender flower. A hereditary tendency to heart disease—her mother had died suddenly from that cause—gave her friends much anxiety in her earlier years, but the doctors gave encouragement that she would outgrow it in time, and Mr. Bond went on his money as usual, with an eye to leaving his daughter, some day, the richest heiress in the land."

"I was a happy youth that day when I told Alice that I loved her and had done so ever since I knew the meaning of the word, and she looked at me with a head on my shoulder and whispered her precious answer that satisfied my heart's longings."

"We both knew Alice's father too well to hope for his present sanction to our union. This was one plain: I would go to the land of gold, then newly discovered, win a fortune, and then return and claim the hand of the rich man's daughter when he would have no right to scorn my suit as that of a mercenary adventurer."

"For two long years I toiled in that wild, far-off country, as a man only can, for he has some cherished end in view. I was among the fortunate ones, and at the end of the period named had amassed a sum beyond my most sanguine hopes. The time had come when I need wait no longer. The days of servitude were over, and I might now claim the prize."

"With what impatience I made the weary journey homeward. Not a line had passed between Alice and myself. It was a condition of our compact that we should hold no communication till the time came that we might ask Alice's father for his approval. The self-imposed restriction had been faithfully observed. I did not even write to tell Alice of my good success. I wished to be a bearer of the good news in person."

"At last I set foot in my native town. My first greeting I resolved should come from Alice. I rather ran than walked to her house."

"I told Miss Bond a gentleman wishes to see her, I said, excitedly, to a servant who answered my hasty ring."

"I fear you cannot see her to-day," was the response.

"Why not?" I asked impatiently.

"You may know she is to be married this morning," returned the servant.

"Married?" I said, gasping for breath.

"To Mr. Ellis Wythe."

"To Mr. Ellis Wythe?" I said. He had pretended to be my friend, and he was the only confidante of my love for Alice.

"Not well knowing what I did, I staggered past the servant and was soon in the midst of the gay company, to whom Mr. Bond, stately and usual, was doing the honors with an air of great satisfaction."

"The bridegroom and his attendants stood in a little group by themselves. A clergyman was in waiting to do his office. They seemed to be only waiting for the bride."

I advanced and confronted Ellis Wythe. Heaven knows what I would have said or done, for I was in no reasonable mood. But at that instant a piercing shriek from an upper chamber broke through the stifling air, and I felt the countenance of the groom turn pale. There was a general rush for the stairway, and I was borne along with the others. Through the open door of an apartment we saw the bridesmaid, who had gone to summon the bride, kneeling beside a prostrate form, while to tell that of Alice in her wedding robes. The strain upon the worn, troubled heart had been too great. She was dead.

"It was not till afterwards that I learned the full peridy of Ellis Wythe. He had pretended to receive my money, through a correspondent, of my marriage, and permanent settlement in California. Stung by my apparent faithlessness, Alice had yielded to her father's command and consented to marry a man she did not love. But the bride, crushed heart rebelled at last—and broke."

Poor Uncle Andrew!—and that was the reason he had always remained a bachelor.

But I cured her.—A young lady, well known in fashionable circles of Edinburgh, was accustomed to use her bower in the street in a way that often bordered on impertinence. One day she received a stinging rebuke, which made her drop the impudent habit. While walking in the street with several other fashionable ladies she met a country clergyman, a man of eminence and keen wit, but ungainly in appearance and rough in attire. Putting her glass to her eye, she watched him very intently. The clergyman was quite equal to the occasion. Walking directly to her he took her hand and said: "My dear Marie, how do you do? How are your worthy father and venerable mother? And when you come to town?" Overwhelmed with surprise, she said, with some alarm, "You are mistaken, sir." "What is possible," he replied, "that you do not know me?" "Indeed, I do not, sir." "Neither do I you," said the minister. "Good morning, madam." Making a ceremonious bow, he walked away, while her companions laughed at the bold girl for the rebuff she had received. Her eye-glass was never used again to quiz strangers.

It is a singular fact that a man who is second in command at home always wants to rule the whole of creation when he gets outside his gate.

Sick Room Rules.

1. Whenever you go to see a sick person never take a brass band; brass bands are more or less expensive. If, however, you take a brass band with you, let each man play a different air, finishing up by "Tom O'Shanter" on the bass drum. It is best to have this last executed in the room directly underneath the sick chamber.

2. Always ring the bell as though you were trying to pull the back out of the room. Continue this until you get seven or eight fire engines playing on the house.

3. If you can't get in by the front way either knock out a window, or go up on to the roof by the lightning rod. This latter plan will enable you, if the house is a frame one, to kick all the boards loose and provide a mattress for those inside the house. After you have reached the roof, if you haven't strangled yourself with profanity, cough up your face teeth and yell down the scuttle for a step ladder.

4. Always bear a cheerful countenance. If you go into the sick chamber looking like a 35 cent chronicle of a Pawnee cemetery, it will be apt to throw a damper on the festivities.

5. Talk cheerfully. Commence by saying that the Asiatic cholera has started on a pleasure trip at reduced rates; or, say that seventy-five tons of nitro glycerine began a business engagement near a circus in some place in New York, and that the authorities in all the principal cities of the country have been telegraphed to wait on the remains as they arrive.

6. Talk as loud as you can, so that people in the neighborhood will think a theological student, home on a vacation, is keeping his lungs in training.

A few such rules as these kept in mind during a visit to a sick friend will be apt to prove beneficial, as it will inspire the patient with will and a stronger determination to live, and create a sort of vacuum in your family.—Kookuk Constitution.

A CENTENARIAN SMOKER.—We lately chronicled the death of a stout centenarian in the Isle of Skye, an old woman, but the really "oldest inhabitant" is only now dead, and she, too, was Scotch, Mrs. Margaret Robertson, or Duncan, died two days since at Coupar Angus, in her 104th year. She was born in Glenelg, we are told, in 1775, and had lived under the reign of three British Kings and one Queen. Until about six or eight years ago she retained possession of her faculties, but then she became blind, and, what was even sadder, she became very intelligent, it is stated, and talked in terms of becoming scorn of the poor, feeble creatures who could not manage to live longer than a paltry eighty or ninety years, which she declared, "use age as" (Anglican). As a Scotch widow, she was a devoted old dame, it may be said, manage to "top" the century in longevity? For one thing she was a devoted smoker. The clay pipe was constantly in her mouth, and she repudiated the notion that it could do any harm. When spoken to about the injurious effects of the tobacco, her invariable answer was, "I've smoked a my days. It's been plenty time to do me ill, and it's never sooth" (sought). Mrs. Duncan's deduction from her long experience will be admitted to be perfectly sound, and every smoker will refer with pleasure to the tough old lady, of Coupar Angus as a conclusive proof of the antiseptic properties of his favorite weed.—[London Telegraph.]

PERFECTLY PLAIN.—In the Police Court of Chicago a wife thus ingeniously explained away serious charges of harsh treatment of her husband: One day when spoken to about the injurious effects of the tobacco, her invariable answer was, "I've smoked a my days. It's been plenty time to do me ill, and it's never sooth" (sought). Mrs. Duncan's deduction from her long experience will be admitted to be perfectly sound, and every smoker will refer with pleasure to the tough old lady, of Coupar Angus as a conclusive proof of the antiseptic properties of his favorite weed.—[London Telegraph.]

At the east end of the City Hall market recently a boy suddenly seized a bare-headed slave and began pouncing a dog which was tied to a wagon wheel. The animal's yells and yells at once attracted the attention of a man, who called out: "Hold on, there! What's that dog doing?" "Snatched a big piece of bologna out my hand and swallowed it!" replied the boy, as he gave another whack. "See here," continued the man, as he came nearer, "don't you know that that dog feels those blows?" "Don't I? Of course I know it! Do you think I'm doing all this hard work and raising all this row just for the sake of a rotten piece of rheumatism out my elbows?"—[Detroit Free Press.]

CUSTARD FUDGING.—Into half a pint of milk put the peel of half a lemon very finely shred; when it boils put in an ounce of lump sugar, take out the peel, and pour the milk on two eggs well beaten. Put the custard into a basin or tart-dish, and set it in a saucepan with boiling water over it, only half way up the basin. Do not let the water boil, but keep it just bubbling. In about twenty minutes the custard should be set. It may be eaten either hot or cold, and any flavor may be substituted for that of lemon-pearl.

In a family residing not a great distance from South Boston is a certain smart little boy of three years of age, who thinks a great deal, as all good little boys do, of his little baby sister. The other day the nurse slapped his sister's fingers for something she had done. He did not like this, so stepping up to her, with his eyes blazing with anger, he said: "Don't you do that again! If you do I'll put you in a balloon and send you up to God; He loves you but I don't."

Fanny Kennedy, or "Old Aunt Fanny," as she was called, lived in a small cottage in the village of Killybeg