PEN.

"What an odd little name for a young lady-Pen!" said Roy Delbert, to Miss Dane, who had been speaking of her cousin.

"A diminutive," replied Dahlia Dane, suppressing a yawn behind her fan, as if tired of the subject. She was named Penelope for an aunt of ours who left her little income-enough to buy ribbons and gloves with Heigho! what a very hot day it is!"

And Miss Dane looked down the road, as if she would like to behold a chariot and six horses coming to bear her from

the sufferings of that sultry afternoon. But Roy continued to gaze down the garden, where a young girl was busily

cutting heliotrope and carnations. She had not a pretty face, but it was a singularly interesting one, with dark eyes, gentle, tender, and framed by natural waves and curls of dark brown hair.

The profusion of hair was knotted back by # cherry ribbon, the only bit of color about Pen, while Dahlia wore a rich, silken robe of mingled purple and searlet

Such rich tints suited the stately, handsome girl. Roy often told her so, and wished to put her in a picture as Cleopatra, but Miss Dane declined. If it had been for another kind of character! But Roy Dalbert was not that sort of man to care three straws for a Cleopatra.

And here he was looking his eyes out after a girl who might have sat for a Miranda or an Ophelia, while the blue Dane blood was coursing through that stately body with a tumult and rapidity which seemed impossible to one who only knew Dahlia Dane as she appeared.

She seldom seemed moved by any emotion. She was stately, graceful, correct in deportment, and striking for her superb health and habit of wearing rich colors.

Roy had known her for a year, and had never asked himself the question if he could love her. It was a pity, perhaps, for Dahlia Dane loved him with all the force of a strong and repressed nature.

Imperious and resolute, a certain indolence and voluptpousness of temperament made her seem far gentler than she was. Roy had often referred to her beauty, to his artist friends in the city so freely as to make it impossible that he should be in love with her-such are the subtleties of love!

Miss Dane rose, picked a book and crimson scarf from a piazza chair. "Come into the dining-room, and

will order an ice for you," she said. 'Excuse me for one moment," Roy re

plied, and ran down the piazza steps In an instant he had come quickly be hind the little white-robed figure.

'Miss Fay, you are losing your sweet est flowers!

Over Pen's simple dress of anowy cambrie was tied an apron of white linen, one corner of which having slipped from her hand 'as she reached among the vines, cutting here and there a blossom, her fragrant treasures were falling fast upon the gravel path.

She turned hurriedly, and stood a picture of momentary dismay, while Roy bent at her feet and promptly repaired

sumson and that of Dahin's dressher.elf undiscovered. 'Miss Dane-Dahlia," he said-"I

want to tell you something which I have long kept secret, because it is very precious to me. Will you hear it?" He did not observe the quick blood

mantle her smooth cheek; he only saw that she consented, readily to sit on the mossy rock to which he handed her, and listen.

This earnestness and tender courtesywhat did it mean but that he was hers. after all?

"I want you to be kind to me." he said, slowly. "I am going to confess to you that I love your cousin Pen, and ask her to give you this letter." He held the letter before her, but she

could not see it for the red cloud of passion that swept before her eyes.

"I have tried to say-awkwardly enough probably-what is in my heart. But if she is what I believe her to be, she will be tender of such shortcomings. Say, Dahlia, you have known her longis she not as gentle, sweet and truthful as a little girl can be?"

Though you do not love Dahlia Dane, reader, you might have pitied her then, the enthusiasm of those handsome, upraised eyes sent such a stab to her

"She has a very nice disposition, and will appreciate this, no doubt," taking the letter.

"It will be safe in your hands, and you will give it to her soon?" were Roy's words as he assisted her to rise; and they walked on.

When Dablia Dane was alone that night, she locked her door, tore open the letter and read its every word.

It was a noble and manly letter-one she would have given her great fortune to have had addressed to herself by Roy Dalbert. I do not know what prevented her destroying it, for she meant that it should never reach her cousin's hand. But this she did not do. She slipped the sheet again into the envelope, and placed the letter in a Japanese writing-desk, where it lay undisturbed a whole year.

The next morning Pen was sent up into New Hampshire to nurse an invalid aunt.

When, on the evening of the second lay, Koy rode over to Thrushlands, Dahlia said:

"Of course, I delivered your letter at write to you soon.'

Roy was not suspicious. If he had Pen at all.

wistfully from every window, and trying, with the worst success possible, to

forget Roy Dalbert. She had been so many years alono, was so utterly unloved, that it was cruel -that one little taste of sweetness, so quickly withdrawn.

"But Dablia shall never say with truth that I sought him," she murmured, even with the tears dashing down her the moon set, and still it was light face.

ERUPTION OF MAUNA LOA.

From indications strange things are happening within the bosom of old bedlam earth which may result in our being

shaken up at a lively rate. On the 3d day of November last old Mount Hood mense bed of rock slowly moving forastonished the natives by puffing immense volumes of smoke and steam into

the air, denoting activity far down her flery throat. But a short time after that the "pack-saddle" disappeared from Mount Ranier, it having in all probability fallen into the crater, which choked it up so effectually as to produce the recent

SHOCK OF EARTHOURKE

At Tacoma. Two days after Mount Hood indulged in her quiet smoke Mauna Loa on the Sandwich Islands, and the question arises whether or not there exists a sympathy between these mighty mountains, similar to that between Mount Hecla in Iceland and Mount Etna in Sicily. Surely these events indicate such sympathy and suggests the idea that we are treading on dangerous ground, in fact a crust of earth over eternal consuming fires. Let's emigrate. While speaking of volcanoes, the hidden fires, and the earthquakes which shake old

bedlam earth, leveling tall spires and MOSS-GROWN PYRAMIDS.

It will be of interest to read a description of the grand sights being witnessed around Mauna Loa, of Hawaii, on the Sandwich islands, which is in active operation at the present time. A writer gives the following graphic account written at Waimea, November 11th: We pitched our tent under the lee of the hill and alongside of some fine Mamani trees, where we could see the whole slope of Mauna Loa, but not the whole plain. Clouds and fog had now enveloped the whole plain and mountain, and not a light could we see. We climbed the hill-side, however, and sat down under the lee of some bushes and awaited the clearing up of the fog and clouds. It was not long before old Mauna Loa lifted its bald head above the tops of the snowy clouds and

A BRILLIANT LIGHT

Burst on our view from the summit. In few minutes we could see the whole line of fire along the summit, down to once, and with pleasure; but my cousin the terminal crater, where an intense has been called from home by the illness | bright light showed us that old Pele was of one of the family. She promised to true to herself and was preparing a sight for all, seldom to be seen. As the fog gradually cleared from off the sides been, he might have made some in- of the mountain, we saw a tremendous quiries of others, and learned that the river of fire pouring down the steep illness referred to was but the chronic sides. We could see it distinctly down complaints of old age, and that Miss the slope, till it ran into the fog bank, Charity Dane had a retinue of servants which had settled like a huge snow bed at her beck and call, and did not heed all over the lowlands. The fire was an intense white light and was running In truth, all unemployed, she was furiously downward. After waiting till wandering about the rich house, looking eleven o'clock, and the fog not clearing off the plain we went back down to the camp and watched the magnificent show. About half past twelve the fog lifting, two of us went up the side of the hill towards Puna to see the sight, and what a sight it was. Almost under our feet lay the end of the flow slowly pushing its way along through the scrub mamani.

The whole stream lay before us. Soon enough to see to read. Away above us in the heavens shone

Kipuka above Halealoha at the foot of the descent (not far from where we find the ohelos so thick.) We crossed the

old flow for about 1000 feet and then stood on the very edge of that flowing river of rock. Oh, what a sight that was! Not twenty feet from us was this im" ward with irresistable force, bearing on its surface huge rocks and immense bowlders of tons weight, as water would carry a toy boat. The whole front edge was one bright red mass of solid rock incessantly breaking off from the towering mass and rolling down to the foot of it, to be again covered up by another ava-lanche of white-hot rocks and sand. The whole mass was at its front edge from 12 to 30 feet in height. Along the whole line of its advance it was one crash of rolling, sliding, tumbling red-hot rock. We could see no fire or liquid lava at all, but the whole advance line of red-hot stones and scorize. The latter would frequently run down the slope like

water, only all separate in red-hot grains. There were no explosions while we were near the flow, only A TREMENDOUS ROARING

Like ten thousand blast furnaces all at work at once. The flow here was only "an," and was so as far as we could see it. What a tremendous heat arose from its surface. The whole mass way, on top where no red-hot rock could be seen, a dull brick color. Its advance was very slow, but sure. I do not think it will get over on to the flat where that koa grove is, near where we turn to go to Kipukaahina, for at least four days. After that it will run much faster down the Kipuka above Halealoha. Well after we got through looking at it for a while and setting our sticks on fire, we started back for Kalaeeha and Waimea. where we arrived the next Wednesday morning, in time for breakfast, having seen a sight which is seldom seen. There will not be much danger of the flow ever reaching Hilo if it should keep on running the way it is now, as it will have that immense valley to fill up below Pun Oio and Wailuku Swamp. But I am afraid that the Pahoehoe flow will start out on the south side of the "aa" and then it will of course follow the 1855-6 flow to Hilo and go quick too. So there is

STILL GREAT DANGER

For our beautiful town. The two aa flows, this one, and the one of '55-6 run side by side for miles and if the 1856 one prevents the pahohoe flow from running out on that side and press it out on the north side of the new aa flow Hilo willbe safe, I think. There is no diminution of the fire, and the smoke is getting thicker, showing that the flow has got into the large Koa forest at the end of the "middle ground." If the flow had not been hemmed in on the "middle ground," but had followed the old flow of 1856 down, it would probably have been now within 15 miles of Hilo. It is now about 21 miles from there. I expect it will gobble up Halealoha if it keeps on, but it is not probable that it will run down the Kipukaahina flat. I will run down the Kipukaahina flat. I at this end for a square grip. When will feel anxious for Hilo and shall watch the old vampire be in? I'll wait for further developements very anxiously.

NEW STORY OF HENRY CLAY .-- In the chapter devoted to his life in college, Dr. Bobert Tomes relates the following the boy. ancedote of Henry Clay, which, we be-

Unqualified Retraction.

"I want to see the boss liars who runs this libelous sheet," roared a muscular looking young man of the base ball speies, walking into the office of the Post

last Monday morning. "The managing editor is out," said the office boy, hastily getting behind the high counter.

"Blast the editor!" growled the stranger rapping on the counter with the big end of his four-foot club. "I want to see the head pirate-the proprietor-the fellow that your paper says wants to be held responsible for those infernal lies about the Carnival people in Saturday's Post." Through the open door of the inner office came a subdued, rustling sound, as though a terrier was classing a rat into a hole, followed by a silence that might have been cut with knife.

"He's out, teo," replied the boy. "Gel dern the luck!" said the muscular party, much annoyed. "I came around on purpose to batter him with this here club.

"He will be sorry to have missed you," said the boy, soothingly. "Isn't your paper left regularly?"

"Paper be everlasting blanked to blanknation!" thundered the visitor, 'My sister is the Queen of Sheba." 'Queen of what-ba?'

"Of Sheba, idiot; don't you understand."

"Once more for the beer!" said the office boy, leaning forward.

"Why, the Queen of Sheba; up at the Carnival, I mean. She was brought home from the matinee day before yes-terday in a hack and fits. This is what did it;" and the aggrieved brother drew out a copy of our superior family journal (only fifteen cents a week by carrier) and pointed to the following paragraph: "We would rather find a thousand dol-

lar bill, lost by a poor washerwoman, than say anything unkindly personal in this article; but, all the same, we mean to overhaul sacred history the first chance we get and ascertain whether there is any definite Scripture for supposing that the Queen of Sheba had access to unlimited quantities of Lim-burger cheese. Unless we find that fact fully substantiated we shall be reluctantly forced to conclude the counterfeit presentation- of that potentate up at

Mission and Eighth to be an atmospheric fraud and miasmatic mockery. "Must be some mistake," softly sug-

gested the boy. "Mistake be blowed," said the Queen's brother, brandishing his club to the extreme discomfort of the cashier's nose. "It's an infernal, miserable lie. My sister never eats cheese; and, besides, she chews cardamon seeds and things. Never ate Limburger in her life.'

"I do," said the office boy, in a consoling way.

"So I see," said the outraged party, pushing the boy's nose around with the end of his club. "The minute I read that cowardly slander I just went out to the woodpile and picked out the knottiest stick I could find. I whittled it down

A couple of gentle taps came from within.

"He'll be gone two months," answered

The knocks were repeated more vigor-

Duration of Arctic Winter.

Lieutenant Schwatka also read a short paper on the duration of the Arctic winter. The generally received opinion, said he, that the Arctic winter, especially in the higher latitudes, is a long, dreary one of perfect opaque darkness, is not strictly correct. In latitude 83 degrees 20 minutes 20 seconds N., the highest point ever reached by man, there are four hours and forty-two minutes of twilight on December 22d, the shortest day in the year in the Northern Hemis-phere. In latitude 82 degrees 27 min-utes N., the highest point where white men have wintered, there are six hours and two minutes in the shortest day, and latitude 84 degrees 32 minutes N., 172 geographical miles nearer the North Pole than Markham reached, and 328 geographical miles from that point, must yet be attained before the true Plutonic zone, or that one in which there is no twilight whatsoever, even upon the shortest day of the year, can be said to have been entered by man. Of course about the beginning and ending of this twilight, it is very feeble and easily extinguished by even the slightest mists, but never-theless it exists, and is quite apprecia-ble on clear, cold days-or nights, properly speaking. The North Pole itself is only shrouded in perfect blackness from November 18th to January 29th, a period of seventy-seven days. Supposing that the sun has set (supposing circumpolar sea or body of water unlimited to vision) on September 14th,not to rise until March 18th, for that particular point, giving a period of about fifty days of uniformly varying twilight, the Pole has about 188 days of continuous daylight, 100 days of varying twilight, and 77 of perfect inky darkness (save when the moon has a northern declination) in the period of a typical year. During the period of a little over four days, the sun shines continuously on both the North and South Poles at the same time, owing to refraction parallax, semi-diameter and dip of the horizon .- [Proceedings National Academy of Sciences

Dobson as a Roof Climber.

A few days ago Dobson's wife determined that as winter was coming on, it would be necessary to cover the roof with a coating of fire-proof paint. Dobson agreed that the protection of the family against the fire fiend was the first law of nature. Would Dobson be so kind as to go up and measure the superficial area of the roof? Certainly, the head of the house was of the opinion that nothing would be easier than to climb up to the roof and measure it, that the amount of paint needed might be determined. He put a two-foot rule in his pocket and clambered up on the rear of the house by way of the trellis-work. He measured the end of the gable, and then crawled along on the ridge-pole on his hands and knees, measuring as he went and tearing his pants on the nails. Then a gust of wind took him off the ridge-pole, but by falling into a space between two extensions of the house he saved his neck. His profanity and antics brought a crowd of boys to the spot, who began to evince great interest in the proceedings. When he gathered himself up he had forgotten how many feet the ridgepole measured and so he was obliged to

the accident.

spray of pale heliotrope was restored to white apron. "How very stupid I them

He did not speak; but the sparkling glance resting on her face did not seem to imply the fault of stupidity. But Miss Dane was waiting, and he went back to the piazza. When he had taken orange sherbert in

the dining room, he asked Dahlia to show him the swans. But the young lady declined, having for the time a deeided aversion to the garden.

"It is far too hot to walk on the terraces this afternoon. This evening when the air is cool, or any other day, with pleasure.

Roy, disappointed, shortly put on his hat and went to his hotel. He had meant to stop at the arbor, where he saw join them on the terraces where the swans came to be fed.

But it was always so; his innocent plots of this kind always fell through; he could not tell why, but it made him decidedly out of humor. He vowed he would not go to Thrushlands again for a month-and was there the next day.

This time he was more fortunate. Instead of asking for Miss Dane, he asked for the ladies, and the new servant showed him into the music room, where Pen was practicing.

She rose.

"If you will take a seat in the parlor, I will call Dahlia," she said. "I had rather stay here, if you will al-

lcw me," he replied, coolly seating him-self; and was rewarded for this bit of audacity by Pen's readily consenting to play and sing for him.

It was only a brief half-honr he had before Dahlia discovered the situation, and came down, but as, with that sweet face smiling upon him, he could not do otherwise than make the best possible use of his time, Pen's young heart, throbbing with a starfled sweetness-which showed itself in parted lips and flushed cheeks-Dahlia discovered that her cause was a lost one. But for the proud beauty to surrender was an utter mpossibility.

"My father wants you to do some copying for him, I believe Pen," she said coldly.

Pen disappeared from the scene

But a rose she had dropped and the memory of her sweet eyes stayed with Roy Dalbert for days and weeks.

He did not see her again in that time It was not strange, for Pen was proud, too, in her way.

"I did not know you were so fond of gentlemen's society as to intercept my visitors," Dahlia had said, sneeringly, that day, after Roy had gone.

Pen, stung to the quick by all the insult implied, after one silent, indignant glance, afterward absented herself from the very house whenever Roy entered it.

Dahlia had calculated rightly that "Thank you!" she said, when the last Dalbert pride would not permit Roy to write again. He waited first with hope, then with anxiety, at last in the cruelest suspense for an answer to his letter. Bemust have looked to you and Dahlia, ing certain that she had received it, he losing my flowers as fast as I gathered could finally come to no decision but bush took fire and burnt up alongside. sweet light of those eyes was but a willo'-the-wisp, with no substance. His own delusion had made her tender and true impossible to be unkind to the meanest thing that loved her. He had offered

her an honest man's best affection-at least she need not have scorned it, he said, bitterly. He would not talk of the matter even

with Dahlia, but, still pursuing the downward path, she sought, in every way possible, to strengthen his resentment against Pen, and destroy his faith in her.

One day, when she was riding with her groom, she was thrown from her horse. She did not seem much injured I suppose by the heating of air under the Pen making bouquets, and ask her to at first; a slight wound only had been new lava in the made upon her breast. But it did not heal. Weeks and months went by. The

> shook his head. "It could not be he said, to Dahlia's parents; "Miss Dane was too young for such a developement, which is almost in- if it was spouting forth its fiery flood. variably confined to persons of mature years

Dahlia was but twenty-five years old, but the time had come for her to die. There was no denying that the hopeless gap in that white flesh was a cancer of kind.

When too weak to walk about the house; she lay in her chamber thinking about it. Roy Dalbert she had not seen for months, but when she heard one day that he was on the eve of starting for Europe, she bade them call Pen home.

Pen had never loved Dehlia, but when she saw how she had changed, she sobbed. "Hush, child! Don't ery for me-ery for your own wrongs. Can I not see that you have already almost wept yourself blind up there among the hills? Take that letter from the desk. See, it is directed to you. Roy Dalbert loves

you !" It was the last conscious hour Dahlia Dane ever knew, though she lived many weeks. Pen, alone with the clue to his tangle in her hands, was brave. She wron to Roy Dalbert.

ould not permit myself to write to ions at that you believe I have done if and sleat wrong, and as I beg you to

was in New York city on the eve of his departure; but he let the steamer de-part without him, and came as fast as possible to Thrushlands.

"I could not write it," said Pen, drooping in his arms; "but I love you dearly!"

An American once captured Carlyle, who had refused to see him, by writing some flattering verses on a card, and the The very house whenever Koy entered it. It was only a little way from her re-treat in the woods, back of Thrushlands' bright grounds, that Roy walked with Dahlia and gave her his confidence, but it was so far among the oaks and chest-nuts that she heard never a word, though ahe could plainly see his figure and the THE BRILLIANT FOUNTAIN READ.

And thence to the end was a continuous stream of liquid lava, brighter by far than fire, as we could see how pale a fire looked in comparison whenever a that he had been deceived in her. The There lay a river of fire before us at least thirty miles long every inch of fire. There was not a single break in the whole length. It divided about a mile from the top and ran down, forming a parallelogram, joined again and ran five miles below. The whole front edge being about three fourths of a mile wide

was a most intensely brilliant light, and as it slowly advanced and rolled over the small trees and scrub, bright flames would flash up and die out along its whole edge. As we sat there in the cool still night watching it, every now and then a report as if a cannon broke on the stillness, all along the line of fire, caused

OLD LAVA CAVERNS

And bursting up through the crust? physician came, and came again, and Then too occasionally a deep, but loud rumbling noise would almost start us from our seats, evidently coming from the deep recesses of the old mountain, as The cannonade was very frequent, now right close to us, and again coming from a distance away up the side of the mountain. 1 could compare the whole view with nothing, but like a streak of chain lightning frozen in its tracks, as the most malignant and unyielding the fire seemed to come out of the heavens, it was so far above us. As we sat there watching it, all at once a huge dome of molten lava was thrown up about half way up the mountain side, and continued to flow over like an immense fountain as long as we watched it. We also saw another stream of lava start from the fountain head and run right along the top ridge of the mountain for about two miles, and then apparently stop. There was no fountain throwing up lava on the top of the mountain, only a STEADY RUSHING STREAM.

> About half-past two we descended to camp and turned in for a few hours sleep. The next day after breakfast we made a futile attempt to reach the flow directly opposite Kalaeeha, but as the fog and mist was very thick, gave it up. On my return I again made the ascent to where we viewed the fire the night before to determine the position of the whole flow. Before I reached the place he mists cleared off and I had a splendidview. I found that the fire had originally broken out away up the mountain side, had flowed along the mountain to where the flow of 1855-6 had broked out, and at the same place again startea down and running over the old flow a half mile or so had turned off on the north side of it until it reached what is called the middle ground, and flowing over the old "aa" flow on the north side of the middle ground. I then returned to the others and reported what I had seen. We again mounted our horses and in one and one-half hours reached

THE NEW FLOW.

We took the track from Kalaeeha to Kipukaahina and then followed down the Hilo road from the old Bullock's Head to where it turns down into the big her word by committing suicide.

lieve, has never before been told in ously. print: "We had occasional visits at the college from the Presidents and other great men in their periodical tours over the country. Henry Clay was received by the whole body of the students, headed by the college President and Professors, and, being addressed by one of them, responded in a speech. I cannot recall what he said on that occasion; but during the same visit, when I heard him address the citizens of Hartford, I can remember the conclusion of his speech, which was singularly inappro-priate, I thought, to his sober-sided New England audience: 'I did not,' he said, come here to be treated with any form or ceremony, but to see you as friends; in a word, to take a drink and a chew of tobacco with you!' This might have been a welcome peroration to a throng of his jolly constituents assembled about a Western tavern, where the deed would, no doubt, have quickly followed upon the word; but it was like a sudden dash of cold water into the faces of his Puritanical friends of the East, after the soulstirring orator had first warmed them into sympathy with his genial eloquence.

The Persistence of an Impression.

A remarkable instance of the persistence of an impression, unquickened by repetition through more than forty years, is that of a gentleman, living in New York. On December 16, 1835, occurred the great fire which swept the First ward east of Broadway and below Wall street. and destroyed property worth \$18,000,-000. At that time the guardians of the city's peace were not policemen clad in uniform, but constables dressed like common citizens and distinguished from them only by carrying long staves with which to admonish the disorderly characters. The subject of the story, then a boy ten years of age, was present at the fire, and there saw a young, black-haired constable strike with his staff a man who was raising a disturbance. A few days ago, while crossing the river in a ferryboat the gentleman saw a gray haired old policeman, and it instantly occurred to him that this was the officer whom he had seen strike the man forty five years ago. He spoke to him on the subject, and found that his recollection was entirely correct, the officer having been at the fire and remembering the occurrence perfectly; he gave, moreover, details which showed there was no mistake of identity in the matter. The case is remarkable enough to find its way into the text-books, as the account is perfectly

Sweetly sings a nineteenth century poet: "What will heal my bleeding heart ?" Lint, man, lint; put on a plen-ty of lint. Or hold a cold door-key to the back of your neck, press a small roll of paper under the end of your lip, and hold up your left arm. This last remedy is to be used only in case your heart bleeds at the nose.

After the death of Conrad Seitz, at Monroe, Ala., this telegram was received from Ella Dorsey, his affianced wife: from Ella Dorsey, his allanced when and handbald have been training the own in Surrey. She will now take up her residen at Chelses, London.

"I mean two years," continued the youth, hastily. "He's away off up on a ranch somewhere-building a new stable-one for mules. Ten to one he never gets back at all.'

"Just my infernal hard luck," muttered the athelete. "Is there anybody here who would like to step out and represent him a few minutes?'

But there was nobody who could spare the time." "All right," said the representative of

the Scriptural ruler. "I will now go and have a lot of base ball spikes screwed into this club, and if there isn't an unconditional retraction in next Saturday's paper I'll drop in again. Unconditional, mind," and after savagely kicking a news boy off the door step he shouldered his

redwood and triumphantly marched off. As he disappeared in the mazes of Montgomery the proprietor emerged from beneath the table and, clasping the intelligent office boy to his breast

raised his salary two dollars a year.

SCOTALND BURNING.—A Scottish pro-fessor, Mr. McGregor, observed at the recent Social Science Congress in Edinburgh, that "there were 30,000 Englishmen who had been in graves at Bannockburn for the last 500 years because they could not stay at home and mind their affairs. The Scottish nation would not allow the English to dictate to them, and he hoped the English would not try it." The remark created some excitement, but things went on well until the professor, having risen again, he was ordered to "resume his seat." The President of the Congress then ventured, incidentally, to point out how absurd it was "that the Bishop of the Church of England should be able to go in the forenoon to his club, and have his glass of sherry and enjoy himself over his paper," when it was sought to shut the poor man out of the public house. "Does the Bishop of the Church of England do that on the Lord's

day?" demanded the astonished philoso-pher. "Yes," said the philosophical President, "I have seen him myself." As the philosophers rose to go, the Pres-ident said they might congratulate themselves that they had not had blows.

An English bachelor saw a handsomely dressed young lady on a Boston street and was told that she was the daughter of a wealthy merchant. He became acquained, and the girl knowing the woman who watched the interests of an elegant house whose owners were at the seashore, was permitted by her to receive him there. She also gave him dinners there, hiring waiters. She told him that her parents were in Europe. He proposed to her, was accepted, and found that the wife he had won was a shop girl.

George Elliot thinks that her best novel is "The Mill on the Floss," from which and from "Adam Bede" her publishers have made more money than they have made from her other works. Prince Leopold called on George Elliot and said he had read "Middlemarch" nine times. George Elliot (now Mrs. Gosse) appears to be in excellent health. She and her husband have been visiting Eng-

go over it again. He measured all t separate conformations of the roof and figured up the square feet on a shingle. Then he started down over the trellis work. He got down bringing with him \$20 worth of trellis work, spoiling a suit of clothes, and dislocating his leg.

"What are the figures ?" asked his wife as she brushed her lord off.

"They are up on the east end of the roof," roared Dobson, "and if you have any more curiosity than I, climb up and get 'em. When I struck the last time they seemed 'to get jolted out of my head.

An intelligent carpenter was immediately given the contract. He in five minutes got at the proposition by measuring the ground floor.

It is well known that a commission embracing some of the first scholars in England and America, have been engaged for a long time in revising the bible. Already it is announced that the work of revising the new testament is about completed, and it is announced that the corrected edition will appear in February next. The old testament will not be ready for two or three years yet. It is said that a large number of errors have been corrected, and many changes made in the translations of the original texts. We doubt very much whether the religious world will take kindly to this revision. It is a virtual admission of fallibility in what they have been taught to regard as the infallible word of God, which can hardly fail to add to the growing skepticism of the world. Many will insist that the true word should never need revising.

A very slight declivity suffices to give the running motion to water. Three inches per mile in a smooth, straight channel gives a velocity of about three miles an hour. The Ganges, which gathers the waters of the Himalaya Mountains, the loftiest in the world, is, at 100 miles from its mouth, only 300 feet above the level of the sea, and to fall 300 feet in its long course the water requires more than a month. The great river Magdalena, in South America, running for 1000 miles between two ridges of the Andes, falls only 500 feet in all that distance; above the distance of 1000 miles it is seen descending in rapids and cataracts from the mountains. The gigantic Rio de la Plata has so gentle a descent to the ocean that in Paraguay, 1500 miles from its mouth, large ships are seen which have sailed against the current all the way by the force of the wind alone—that is to say, which, on the beautiful inclined plane of the stream, have been gradually lifted by the soft wind, and even against the current, to an elevation greater than our loftiest spires. It was a Vassar girl just grduated who inquired: "Is the crack of the rifle the

place they put the powder in ?" An-other watching the operation of a steam fire engine, remarked in wonder to her companion: "Who would have thought that such a diminutive looking apparatus could hold so much water !"

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