

### COMPENSATION.

For every leaf of grass,  
A golden shaft,  
For every fading flower,  
A ripened sheaf,  
For every parched team,  
A drop of rain;  
For every sunny day,  
The stars again.

For every warring way,  
A pretty shell;  
For every sound of war,  
A joyous bell;  
For every passing care,  
A mother's kiss;  
And what could better be,  
Dear child, than this?  
—[George Cooper.]

### TAKING BOARDERS.

"It was a scandal," the neighbors said, "that Miss Delia should be obliged to take boarders, after all she'd been through; and heaven knows boarders did help a body work out her salvation. And so much money in the family, too, taking it by small and large. Wasn't her Uncle Eben, over at Dover, well-to-do, and not a chick of his own to care for except the boy he had adopted, who was no credit to him? It was odd, now, that a man with poor relations should take a stranger when his own flesh and blood was needy; but sometimes it does seem as if folks had more feeling for others than for their own kith and kin. Then there were cousins in the city, forehanded and fashionable, who were never worth a row of pins to Delia, and there was her great-uncle John's widow-a-larkin on the continent, a-gambling at Baden Baden, and trying the waters of every mineral spring in the three kingdoms, and no disease under the sun but old age. She had been known to say that her folks were too rich already, and probably she would endow some hospital with her property." Plainly, wealthy relatives were of no value to Miss Delia. To be sure, she had never seen her great-aunt niece since she was a child, when her uncle John had brought her into their life for a month's visit, with her French maid and dresses, her jewels and fallals, which won the heart of her namesake. Since then Uncle John's widow had become a sort of gilded creation, always young and beautiful; for, though Delia had received little gifts occasionally from across the seas for the last fifteen years, she had neither heard nor seen anything of the being who had inspired her youthful imagination, and was quite uncertain if such a person as Mrs. John Rogerson was in the land of the living. Dead or alive, she seemed to have no difference in Delia's humdrum life. After having nursed her father through a long sickness, Delia found that he had left a heavy mortgage on the homestead, and her mother and herself on the high road to the poor house, unless they should better themselves. As her mother was already bedridden, and she advertised for sundry boarders:

DELIA ROGERSON,  
Croftsborough, Maine.

"Cheap enough!" commented an elderly lady who happened upon it. "Delia Rogerson. An old maid, I suppose, obliged to look out for herself. I've a good mind to try her broad piazzas and new milk. If I don't like it, there'll be no harm done."

And so Delia's first boarder arrived—an old lady with false front hair, brown, wrinkled skin, faded eyes, a black alpaca gown and a hair trunk. Delia made her as welcome as if she had been a duchess; lighted a fire in Mrs. Clement's room, as the night was damp, and brought out her daintiest cup and saucer, with the fadeless old roses wreathing them. "Wonderfully kind," reflected Mrs. Clement, as she combed out her wisps of gray hair and confided the false front to a box. "Wonderful kindness for seven dollars a week! She's new to the trade. She'll learn better. Human nature doesn't change with latitudes. She'll find it doesn't pay to consider the comfort of a poverty-stricken old creature." But in spite of her worldly wisdom, Mrs. Clement was forced to confess that Delia had begun as she meant to hold out, though other boarders came to demand her attention, to multiply her cares. The fret and jar of conflicting temperaments under her roof was a new experience to Delia. When Mrs. Griscoms complained of the mosquitoes, with an air as if Miss Rogerson were responsible for their creation; of the flies, as if they were new acquaintances; of want of appetite, as though Delia had agreed to supply it along with berries and new milk; of the weather, as if she had pledged herself there would be no sudden changes to annoy her boarders; of the shabby house and antiquated furniture, "too old for comfort and not old enough for fashion"—then Delia doubted if taking boarders was her mission. "What makes you keep us, my dear?" asked Mrs. Clement, after a day when everything and everybody had seemed to go wrong. "Why didn't you ever marry? You had a lover, I dare say."

"Yes, a long, long time ago."  
"Tell me about him—?"  
"There isn't much to tell. He asked me to marry him. He was going to Australia. I couldn't leave father and mother who knew it was both feeble, and he couldn't stay here. That's all."  
"And you—?"  
"Now all men beside are to me like shadows."  
"And have you never heard of him since?"  
"Yes. He wrote; but where was the use? It could never come to anything. It was better for him to forget me and marry. I was a mill stone about his neck. I didn't answer his letter."  
"And supposing he should return some day, would you marry him?"  
"I dare say," laughed Delia, gently, as if the idea were familiar, "let the neighbors laugh ever so wisely, I've thought of it sometimes, sitting alone, when the world was barren and commonplace. One must have recreation of some kind, you know. Everybody requires a little romance, a little poetry, to flavor every day thinking and doing. I'm afraid you think me a silly old maid, Mrs. Clement."  
"No. The heart never grows old. The skin shrivels, the color departs, the eyes fade, the features grow pinched; but the soul is heir of eternal youth—it is as

beautiful at fourscore as at 'sweet 20.' Time makes amends for the ravages of the body by developing the spirit. You didn't tell me your lover's name. Perhaps you would rather not."  
"His name was Stephen Langdon. Sometimes Captain Seymour runs against him in Melbourne, and brings me word how he looks and what he is doing; though I never ask, and Stephen never asks for me that I can hear."  
"Delia's summer boarders were not a success, to be sure. If they took no money out of her pocket, they put none in. She was obliged to eke out her support by copying for Lawyer Danmore and embroidering for Mrs. Judge Dorr. One by one her boarders dropped away like autumn leaves; all but old Mrs. Clement.

"I believe I'll stay on," she said. "I'm getting too old to move often. Perhaps you take winter boarders at reduced rates. Eh?"  
"Do you think my terms high?"  
"By no means. But when one's purse is low—"

"Yes; I know. Do stay at your own price. I can't spare you."

She had grown such a fondness for the old lady that to refuse her would have seemed like turning her own mother out of doors; besides one month more would not signify. But she found it hard to make both ends meet, and often went to bed hungry that her mother and Mrs. Clement might enjoy enough, without there appearing to be "just a pattern." At Christmas, however, came a ray of sunshine for Delia, in the shape of a hundred-dollar bill from an unknown friend.

"It can't be meant for me," she cried. "It's directed to Delia Rogerson," said her mother; "and there's nobody else of that name, now that your Aunt Delia's dead."

"We are not sure she's dead," objected Delia.

"Horrors! Don't you know whether your own aunt is dead or alive?" asked Mrs. Clement.

"It isn't our fault. She is rich and lives abroad. I was named for her. I used to look in the glass and try to believe I'd inherit her beauty with the name, though she was only our great-uncle's wife."

"She ought to be doing something for you."

"How can she, if she is dead? I don't blame her, anyway. Her money is her own to use according to her pleasure. Uncle John made it himself and gave it to her."

"But if she should come back to you, having run through with it, you'd divide your last crust with her, I'll be bound."

"I suppose I should," replied Delia. "The winter wore away as winters will, and the miracles of spring began in fields and vayside; and Delia's boarders returned with the June roses, and dropped away again with the falling leaves, and still Mrs. Clement stayed on and on. Just now she had been some weeks in arrears with her reduced board. No money had been forthcoming for some time, and she was growing more feeble daily, needed the luxuries of an invalid and the attention of a nurse, both of which Delia bestowed upon her, without taking thought of the morrow.

"I must hear from my man-of-business to-morrow, Delia; I am knee-deep in debt to you," she began one night.

"Don't mention it!" cried Delia. "I'd rather never see a cent of it than have you take it to heart. You are welcome to stay and share pot-luck with us; you are such company for mother and me."

"Thank you, my dear. I've grown as fond of you as if you were my own flesh and blood. There, turn down the light, please. Draw the curtain, dear, and put another stick on the fire, please. It grows chilly, doesn't it. You might kiss me just once, if you wouldn't mind. It's a hundred years or so since anyone kissed me."

And next morning when Delia carried up Mrs. Clement's breakfast, her boarder lay cold and still upon the pillows.

The first shock over, Delia wrote to the lawyer of whom she had heard Mrs. Clement speak as having charge of her affairs, begging him to notify that lady's relatives, if she had any. In reply Mr. Willis wrote: "The late Mrs. Clements appears to have no near relatives. Some distant cousins, who have an abundance of this world's goods, yet served her shabbily when she tested their generosity as she has tried yours. In all that remain of her family. In the meantime I enclose you a copy of her last will and testament, to peruse at your leisure."

"What interest does he think I take in Mrs. Clement's will," thought Delia; but she read, nevertheless.

Being of sound mind this 16th day of June, 18—, I, Delia Rogerson Clement, do hereby leave one hundred dollars to each of my cousins; and I bequeath the residue of my property, viz., thirty thousand dollars invested in the Ingot Mining Company, fifty thousand dollars in United States bonds, twenty thousand in the Fortune Flannel mills, and my jewels, to the beloved niece of my first husband, John Rogerson, Delia Rogerson, of Croftsborough, Maine.

"For I was a stranger and ye took me in; hungry, and ye fed me; sick, and ye ministered unto me."  
"Goodness alive!" cried the neighbors, when the facts reached their ears. "What a profitable thing it is to take boarders. Everybody in town will be trying it. Of course Steve Langdon will come and marry her, if she were forty old maids. You may stick a pin in there!"

Delia did not open her house to boarders the next season. She found enough to do in looking after her money and spending it; in replying to letters from indigent people, who seemed to increase alarmingly; in receiving old friends, who suddenly found time to remember her existence. And sure enough, among the rest appeared Steve Langdon, and all the village said: "I told you so."

"It's not my fault that you and I are single yet, Delia," he said.

"And we are too old to think of it now, Steve."  
"Nonsense! It's never too late to mend. I'm not rich, Delia, but I've enough for two and to spare."

"I wouldn't be contented not to drive in my carriage and have servants under me now," laughed Delia.

"Indeed! Then perhaps you have a better match in view. Captain Seymour asked me, by the way, if I had come to interfere with Squire Jones' interest."

"Yes. Squire Jones proposed to me last week."  
"Now, see here, Delia. Have I come all the way from Melbourne on a fool's errand? There I was growing used to my misery and loneliness, when the mail brings in a letter in a strange hand, which tells me that my dear love, Delia Rogerson, loves and dreams of me still, is poor and alone, and needs me—me! And the letter is signed by her aunt, Mrs. Clement, who ought to know. I packed my household goods and came."

"I'm glad that you did."  
"In order that I may congratulate Squire Jones?"  
"But I haven't accepted him. In fact, I've refused him—because—"

"Because you will marry your old love, like the lass in the song, Delia?"  
"In Croftsborough people are not yet tired of telling how a woman made money by taking boarders.—[Independent.]

### Rat Charming.

There is no perfection in this world, and so it happened that once upon a time Holiday House—for so I called it in my fancy now—was troubled by strange visitants. Singular noises were heard at the watching hour of eight, and bells were rung unaccountably, when all visible hands were in bed. Nora, Granny's favorite maid, began to grow pale, and to go about after dusk uneasily, and with soiled looks. Nor was she much comforted when certain deprecations on Granny's store, accompanied by other sufficient evidence, had convinced the household that rats were the cause of the disturbance. To Nora's mind, rats were scarcely less terrible than ghosts; indeed, I am sure her fancy invested them with some of the terrors of the supernatural.

One night, coming into our room with a candle when we were fast asleep, she spied a black spot on my sister Bessie's pillow, a spot which fled precipitately when the light appeared. With a scream that rang through the house, Nora fell on her knees, and was praying and crossing herself frantically when Granny hurried in. She turned her entreaties to her mistress then, and clinging to dear Granny, she wept before her and implored that she might—that very hour—be allowed to go in search of a man (she had heard her mother speak of him) who was possessed of a charm fatal to rats. The lives of the innocent children, she said, might be sacrificed if the mistress persisted in her refusal; for if Bessie's guardian angel had not sent her—Nora—into the room at that moment, the rat would surely have sucked the sweet child's blood! Granny did not like the rat, certainly; yet she was very unwilling to lend her countenance to the practice of occult arts; but it was not in her long to resist tears and entreaties. Beside, the girl was half wild with terror; so there was nothing for it but to consent. Early the next day Granny promised her she should be permitted to go in search of the man, whose name even she did not know, and who she acknowledged might have died long since without having imparted his secret to another. Nora spent the rest of the night open-eyed in our room, sewing to keep herself awake, and did not thereby improve her mental condition.

Next morning, when we knew that business was in hand, all of us who were old enough to feel interested in it were for escorting Nora on her way; and what could that best of Grannies do but pack us off in the green dooskey car that had done duty before on many a summer's day ramble. To all but Nora the whole thing was a summer day's frolic; and I am afraid it required her ready sympathy with all our childish fears and troubles, by making her anxiety on this occasion the subject of our thoughtless mockery. It was a day's journey to find out that old man and to bring him back with us. Persistent inquiries of various individuals at length brought us upon the right track, and late in the afternoon we came in sight of the man we wanted. He was a small old man, somewhat past the years of labor—sitting at his cabin door smoking a pipe, his little grandchild at his feet stringing daisies. He had long white hair, and a cast of countenance that even gave me the idea of a covetous and unscrupulous character. To our disappointment, he drew Nora apart, in order to learn why we had come in search of him, and the few words we heard them exchange were in Irish. They were not long, however, in coming to an understanding, for Nora soon came back to us, looking more contented than she had done for some days; and she told us that if we would let the old man have her place in the car, she would take a short way across the fields, and meet us near home.

It was growing dark when we arrived at Holiday House, and Granny was on the steps looking out for us. I remember she kissed us all as we came in, but was not quite gracious to Nora, whose action she still regarded with disfavor. We were all very tired—Bessie indeed was carried in fast asleep—so that we could give Granny no account of our doings until we had been refreshed with supper.

Meanwhile in another part of the premises the "charmer" was at work. When Nora came to prepare the children for bed, she told us that before he would partake of any refreshments, he had called for a pen, ink and paper; and having torn the last into slips, he proceeded to write on each piece some mystic words, that no one should on any account presume to read or try to read. This done, the papers were rolled up into pellets, and placed, with ceremonies that none were allowed to witness, in every rat's hole that had been discovered. If they were removed or touched, not only would the charm be broken, but probably worse things than rats would visit the house. The charmer was then rewarded in money by contributions raised among the servants; for they would not ask the mistress to pay for proceedings to which she had consented only under protest. They scrupled not, however, to feast him liberally upon her good things; and after enjoying this repast he left the house.

We were too sleepy that night to think much about the mysterious inscriptions; but next day they were the subject of many surmises; and by the afternoon curiosity so far overcame the slight awe with which we had at first regarded the prohibition, that we resolved on the bold step of examining the papers—inquisi-

tive and irreverent little people that we were, encouraged somewhat, I am afraid, by Granny. Having first made sure that Nora was well out of the way, we shut ourselves up in the playroom, where the rats had a favorite hole. With the help of a knitting-needle, George succeeded in extracting one or two papers. On each there was written a rude couplet, containing some exhortation to the rats to depart from the house. This is the only one I fully remember:

Black rats and white! blue rats and gray!  
Go down to Mr. —'s house, and never come back this way.

More merciful than his forefathers, our charmer had not sought to compass the death of the vermin, but only to pass them on to the neighbors!

I suppose the rats had already accepted this rhythmical notice to quit; for notwithstanding our interference with the proper working of the charm, my recollection is that the house was troubled with them no more.—[Chamber's Journal.]

### An American View of Brazil.

Mr. John Beidler, a young Pittsburg man, who went to Brazil to seek a fortune almost seven years ago, has returned to his home in this city. He does not give a very glowing account of the country, and states that the opportunities presented there for the encouragement of American enterprise are not very extensive without large financial resources. It is hardly the place for young men of even more than ordinary pluck and energy to visit and grow up with the country, unless they have money and are prepared to grow slowly. The country is flooded with American inventions and knock-knocks, and the listless Brazilians, who in former times looked upon such novelties from the States great discoveries, have lapsed into a state of more or less indifference. The telephone has been in use for many months, the roller-skating as one of the sports in the large cities and other contrivances have lost their novelty. Mr. Beidler says that the native Brazilians are gradually becoming more "civilized" since the number of Englishmen, Americans and comers from all quarters of the globe are introducing customs as new to the natives as they are frequent. Rio Janeiro, with its 400,000 inhabitants, is gradually assuming metropolitan airs, and you can ride all through its paved streets in a Pennsylvania street car. Mr. Beidler reports that the country is traversed by a number of railroads, all narrow gauge, however, save the Dom Pedro road, and one which was built by Englishmen, and operated by Englishmen. The former road owns 200 Baldwin locomotives. One of the best engineers on the road is a young man named Lewis, formerly of Allegheny City. Most of the other engineers are natives, and most of them know as much about the locomotive as the hind brake-man. So says Mr. Beidler. The chief industry of Brazil, the cultivation of coffee, is gradually diminishing, according to the same authority. Many of the planters are leaving for Central America and Mexico, which Mr. Beidler thinks is destined to become a great country for that industry.—[Pittsburgh Telegraph.]

### Reason in Birds.

Several years ago a pair of my canaries built; while the hen was setting the weather became intensely hot. She drooped, and I began to fear that she would not be strong enough to hatch the eggs. I watched the birds closely and soon found that the cock was a devoted nurse. He bathed in the fresh cold water I supplied every morning, then went to the edge of the nest, and the hen buried her head in his breast and was refreshed. Without hands and without a sponge what more could we have done?

The following spring the same bird was hanging in a window with three other canaries; each in a separate cage. I was sitting in the room and heard my little favorite give a peculiar cry. I looked up and saw all the birds crouching on their perches, paralyzed with fright. On going to the window to ascertain the cause of their terror I saw a large balloon passing over the end of the street. The birds did not move till it was out of sight, when all gave a chirp of relief. The balloon was only in sight of the bird who gave the alarm, and I have no doubt he mistook it for a bird of prey. I have a green and a yellow canary hanging side by side. They are treated exactly alike and are warm friends. One has often refused to partake of some delicacy till the other was supplied with it. One day I had five blossoms of dandelion; I gave three to the green bird, two to the yellow one. The latter flew about his cage singing in a shrill voice, and showing unmistakable signs of anger. Guessing the cause, I took away one of the three flowers, when both birds settled down quietly to enjoy their feast.—[Spectator.]

### Slang Phrases.

Perhaps no other slang phrase ever became so popular as "What, never?"—at all events among those who speak English, says a writer in the Traveler. "Who struck Billy Patterson?" "Do you bruise your cats?" "Don't give it away," and others attained considerable notoriety, but the Pinafore "rag" disconcerted them all put together. Perhaps the funniest rendering of it was that attributed to a friend of John Stetson, the manager, upon whom every new joke of a theatrical character immediately saddled. Somebody asked him whether Stetson ever spelled an English word correctly in his life. The usual "What, never?" followed, and this sincere friend wound up by saying, "No, by—, not even hardly ever." It was the same gentleman who was in Stetson's company one morning when they waited three hours for a metropolitan Elevated railroad train, not knowing that no trains ran on that line on Sunday. Noticing the initials "M. E. R." on the station, the friend asked Stetson what they meant. "Methodists Episcopal railroad," replied John. It was Stetson who first approached Sarah Bernhardt with a view of bringing her to America. He armed himself with a blank check and an interpreter and sent up his name. His interpreter gave him the message in reply: "Mademoiselle can not be disturbed. She is in her room with a sicca." "Just my luck," said Stetson, testily. "Some Italian loafer always gets ahead of me."

Evening toilets are to be trimmed with deep Chantilly lace flounces.

### The Dutch Captain's Device.

"Sail on starboard bow!"  
"What is she?" asked Captain Martin Pieterston, looking anxiously in that direction; for in the Eastern seas, two hundred years ago, every strange sail was a terror to the captain of a well-laden Dutch merchantman.

"Can't quite make her out yet," answered the lookout at the mast-head. "Looks like a brigantine—she has a very rakish cut, altogether."

The captain's face darkened and his lips tightened. They tightened still more a few minutes later, when the lookout hailed again:

"She's a brigantine, bearing right down upon us."

Every face among the crew seemed to harden suddenly, but no one spoke. Indeed, what need was there of words? All on board understood in a moment what was before them—they were about to be attacked by pirates, and there was not a single cannon, no not even an old musket aboard the vessel.

It was a terrible moment for them all, more terrible still for the poor captain. For years he had been toiling and saving, bearing every kind of hardship and facing every kind of danger, until he had almost made money enough to become part owner of the ship that he commanded. He had made three successful trips in her, and was now going home for good, to settle himself in a snug little house, on the great canal, at Amsterdam, with rosy-cheeked Gredel Voort, his old neighbor's only daughter, for his wife. And now, all in a moment, he found himself face to face with a hideous peril, which threatened him the loss of all he had in the world, and his life.

The crew stood looking moodily at the approaching vessel, which came sweeping over the bright, blue sea, with its huge sails spread out like the wings of a swan, a perfect picture of beauty, though it brought death along with it. Some of the bolder spirits were beginning to mutter to each other that it would be better to set fire to their own ship, and die like men, than to be hung into the sea, like dogs, when the captain's gloomy face suddenly lighted up as nobody had ever seen it light up yet, and he burst into such a loud, hearty laugh that the doomed were struck with the greatest surprise.

"Cheer up, lads," he cried, still laughing. "All is not over with us yet. Come, now, knock the head out of that cask of butter, and thoroughly smear the deck with it. Be sharp!"

The men only stared blankly at him, as they thought he had gone mad; and even the stolid mate opened his heavy mouth in amazement.

"Do you hear?" shouted the captain. "Lock sharp, will you? there's no time to lose. Grease the whole deck, fore and aft, and the rigging, too, as high as you can reach. We'll give the rascals a slippery job of it, anyhow."

Then the sailors began to understand; and the shout of laughter that broke forth would have astonished the pirates had they been within hearing. In a twinkling the deck was greased until it fairly shone, bulwarks and all.

"Now, boys," said the captain, "on with your sea-boots, and put sand on the soles of them, to keep you from slipping, and then each one of you take a hand-spike and be ready."

The pirate was now so near that they could see plainly the rattle of gaunt, sinewy Malays, woolly-headed negroes, and sallow, black-haired Portuguese that crowded her decks. A few minutes more, and she ran alongside; and almost before the two vessels had touched, three wild figures leaped from the pirate's rigging upon the merchantman's deck. But it was a very unlucky jump for all three. The first man spun across the slippery deck as if it had been a skating rink, and went right off on the other side. The second tumbled head foremost down the hatchway into the cook's galley, where the black cook considerably piled a heap of his iron pans upon him in order to keep him quiet.

"Aha, Massa Pirate," said he, grinning, "dis ship no de 'Flying Dutchman,' him de Slip'ry Dutchman!"

The third pirate had leaped on board as fiercely as if he meant to kill the whole crew at one blow; but the only man he hurt was himself, for he hit his head such a whack that he almost knocked his brains out, and fell down, roaring with pain. All this so frightened the other pirates that they thought the ship must be bewitched, and rushing back to their own vessel with a howl of dismay, made off as fast as possible.

For many years after, one of the familiar sights of Amsterdam was a portly old gentleman with a jolly red face, at the sight of which the boys were used to singing:

"Captain Martin Pieterston  
Made his ship a butter-pan."  
And his wife was never tired of showing the huge silver butter dish presented to him in honor of his repulse of the pirate with a cask of butter.—[David Ker, in Harper's Young People.]

### About Two Crows.

There is nothing like making sure of results. During the war between Augustus Caesar and Marc Antony, when all the world stood wondering and uncertain which way Fortune would incline herself, a poor man at Rome, in order to be prepared for making, in either event, a bold hit for his own advancement, had recourse to the following ingenious expedient: "He applied himself to the training of two crows with such diligence that he brought them to the length of pronouncing, with great distinctness, the one a salutation to Caesar, and the other a salutation to Antony." When Augustus returned conqueror, the man went out to meet him with a crow suited to the occasion perched on his fist, and every now and then it kept exclaiming, "Salve, Caesar, Victor, Imperator!"

Hail, Caesar, Conqueror and Emperor! Augustus, greatly struck and delighted with so novel a circumstance, purchased the bird of the man for a sum which immediately raised him into opulence.

The youth who parts his hair at the equator, sucks the head of a ratten cane, squints with dreamy eyes through airy glasses, wears number five boots on number six feet, sports a double-breasted watch, wears a horse's hoof scarf-pin, and sporting-dog studs and says: "dued," "aw, yes, damme," and "don't you fail to remember it," has a soft thing in his hard world. He wears it in his hat just beneath his usually thick skull.

### A Dozen Waterspouts.

A reliable traveler tells the following about waterspouts:

We left Aspinwall on the 11th of May for New York. The weather was good until the 17th. At or about half-past two o'clock in the afternoon of that day Captain Williams and a number of the officers, crew and passengers were astonished by the appearance of a large waterspout. I have seen this remarkable phenomena before, but never on such a gigantic scale. The first one was seen about six miles away. A stream of water seemed to rise from the level of the ocean, and at the same time another stream descended from the heavens and depended from a dark rain cloud like a great icicle. The two streams met about midway between sky and water, and then began to move rapidly to the eastward. The base of the waterspout appeared to be nearly a quarter of a mile wide, and then it tapered toward the middle into an almost imperceptible line. Suddenly it broke, and there was a mighty heaving and tumbling about of the waters in the vicinity. We saw twelve spouts that afternoon during some heavy rain squalls. At one time I saw four of them at once. They looked like lofty spires of a cathedral. Through our glasses we could see that the tops of the spouts were lost in the clouds. It is a scientific fact that the discharge of a cannon in the neighborhood will always cause these water-columns to break. The passengers insisted that the discharge of a pistol would create sufficient vibration in the air to destroy a spout which was a mile away. I loaded my revolver and fired at the spout. At the second shot it broke. I don't know whether it was the result of the firing or not, but the thing happened just as I tell you, and at least it was a remarkable coincidence. Every time a spout burst, the top part of it seemed to vanish into vapor, but the under part would rock the sea for miles, and our vessel experienced the violent effects. In fact, all that afternoon the water was disturbed. Several times it was thought we would have to change our course, but the spouts did not approach too near for safety.

### Why He Ate Beans for Dinner.

They tell a good story about one Wymane, a diminutive drummer well known here and on the Comstock. He stopped one night at Deming, New Mexico, a favorite resort of the cow-boys.

"Madame," said Abe to the landlady, "give me some dinner, and be quick about it. I have not dined since yesterday."

The landlady brought him some bean soup. "Madame, take that soup away. I never eat soup. Bring on the roasts right away."

The landlady brought him a large plate of pork and beans. "Madame, take that away. I never eat those things."

In vain the lady explained that pork and beans was the best the house afforded. He was obstinate, and wanted roast beef, rare. A mild-mannered, blue-eyed cow-boy at the table then chipped in:

"Beggin' pardon, stranger, but you must excuse the lady. We—"

"Who are you, sir?" retorted the drummer. "I know my business."

"You don't tell me?" said the festive cow-boy, drawing his navy. "Now, you eat them beans. I'm goin' to eat here an' see you fed. Light into 'em quick, or I'll open you, sure, and put 'em in. This is bizness with me, an' I'm shontin' in yer ear."

The unfortunate drummer saw blood in the air, and was forced to choke four plates of the unwelcome food down before the cow-boy was satisfied with his apology to the landlady.—[Reno Gazette.]

### Consumption.

Physicians used to hold that a fatal issue must follow the formation of tubercles on the lungs. So long as tubercular formations could be arrested, there was hope of a patient's recovery; but when these had planted themselves in the lungs, their growth was inevitable and fatal. But nature is wiser than physicians, and teaches those who study her ways valuable lessons. Careful dissection in recent years has brought to light many curious facts. Foremost among these is the certainty that consumption, in its tubercular form, is often cured. A series of post-mortem examinations in an Edinburgh hospital, disclosed the fact that the lungs of one-third of the persons who died after 30 years of age bore marks of tubercles whose growth had been checked, and in many cases the disease wholly cured. Part of the lungs have even been destroyed, and the cavities filled by the contraction and adhesion of the walls. In some cases bronchial tissue had completely inclosed the parts disintegrated by the disease. If consumption is curable, as these facts seem to indicate, scientific physicians will never rest till they have ascertained the most effective methods of treatment.

TRAP FOR SHEEP-KILLING DOGS.—The Lynchburg Virginian describes an ingenious trap devised by a Virginia farmer to capture sheep-killing dogs. Having suffered severely from the depredations of dogs upon his sheep-fold, he built around a number of sheep that dogs had killed an inclosure of rails twelve feet high and about ten feet square at the ground, the sides of the trap sloping inward until an opening was left about five feet square. Any dog could easily climb such a sloping fence and enter the pen, but not even a grey-hound could jump out of it. In three nights the farmer captured 46 dogs, including fifteen or twenty that had never been seen in that neighborhood—this, after there had been a public slaughter of all the dogs suspected of sheep-killing, save one, whose owner could not be convinced of his guilt. The trap was built for his special benefit, and it caught him the first night.

"One author tells us that he wrote 'In My Study,' another 'In a Garden,' a third 'At My Window,' while a fourth wrote 'In an Old Attic.' Black wrote 'In Silk Attire'—an effeminate taste in a man. George Sala, who was of solitary habits, wrote 'Quite Alone,' Marian Harland also wrote 'Alone.'

Those who are disposed to be uneasy will never want something to be uneasy about.