A little crowd had gathered around the corner. The blind old fiddler, in his tattered velveteen coat and pictur esque white beard, passed his hat around and the singer, with her face half veiled by the folds of the black shawl, which was passed over her head and fell in long nun-like folds about her slight person, stood holding the violin. As her large, liquid eyes fell on Mayell, he advanced, and holding out a silver coin, spoke some laughing sentence in the musical modulations of the Italian language. She took the money with a murmured word of thanks; but the shy, surprised glance denoted that she had not understood him.

So they are not Italians, after all. said Mayell to himself, as he sprang on board the car. "I was sure that that olive-skin, and those deep, melting eyes, could only have got their glow under the skies of Italy. Well, it only shows how easy it is to be mistaken. At all events, it was a fair, dimpled little face, and I hope her grizzly-bearded old friend will reap an ample harvest of

pennies." And in searching for the abiding-place of his old friend, Mr. Castleton, the decayed artist, he completely forgot the little incident of the evening.
"No. 44 Sea court," he said to him-

"Yes, this must be the place. And yet," glancing up at the mildewed brick walls and indscribable shabbiness of the old tenement house, "who would have expected to find Warde Castleton here? Warde Castleton, the descendant of a long line of ancestry-Warde Castleton, whom I can remember as the master of Castle Hall! Bad management, extravagant living, mad investments— is what they have brought him to. Poor fellow! one can scarcely offer charity to him; and yet, what is to be done?" And groping his way into the hall, where a sort of Cimmerum darkness reigned, he managed to inquire his way to the floor where Mr. Castleton lived.

The majestic old artist came forward to receive him, in a tattered dressinggown which had been once ruby velvet, a cap of the same material on his head, and a mahl-stick in his hand.

"Ah, Mayell, my old friend!" cried, grasping the hand of the unexpected guest-"or rather the young friend of my old days-you are welcome You find me rather differently situated; but, we all know that genius is, at times, under a cloud. Walk in-walk in! Here is Mrs. Castleton, and Beatrix, my eldest daughter. But where is Miram? little Miram, the beauty and runaway of the flock. Call her, Trix. Tell her to get us some supper. She will be here di-

Mrs. Castleton, a little old lady in a lace cap, who had lost the use of her by the sadly insufficient fire. Her poor

as an icicle.

hide the cot bed in the corner.

with a grand flourish of the hand. the room, "is hardly the place to attract a girl's capricious fancy. Trixy here is true to her old parents.

"Papa," soid Beatrix, coloring, "do not blame Miriam. She -"Have I blamed her?" The old artist shrugged his shoulders. "She is young -she is very young-that is all. As I was saying, Mayell, I sell a picture now and then, and so we manage to keep alive. Just let me show you some of the ideas I have sketched on canvas,"

While Captain Mayell turned over the old man's portfolio, and cogitated within himself how he might best offer to purchase a picture without hurting the sensitive pride of the artist, the silent Beatrix put more coal on the dying fire, spread a clean cloth on the table, and set forth a meal which had evidently been purchased in haste from the shelves of the nearest cheap restaurant-half of a skinny, cold duck, a little dab of muddy current jelly, a pile of bread and potato

When the unappetizing meal was over, and they sat shivering by the fire, the door opened and in glided a slight, small figure, like a shadow.

"It's Miriam," said Mr. Castleton; "my youngest girl. Come in, pet, and speak to Captain Mayell."

Miriam stopped abruptly in the doorway, and first turned red, and then pale before she advanced and held out an unwilling hand. Mayell rose and bowed over it; but as

their eves met he smiled a little. "Miss Castleton," said he, "I am very

happy to meet you!"
Miriam hid herself away behind her succeed in drawing her into the conver- the late war, the roll of the relicts of the "I will make her look up," he said to

fastness with which the dark eyes were bent toward the fire.

Turning to the artist he said care-"Does your daughter sing?"

"A little, in a mild way, like a lark or had a guitar once, but it is lost or broken, or something. Can't you sing for sions in 1950 will have a couple of hun-us, daughter?"

The ruse was successful. Miriam ooked up in a frightened way, her eyes glittering, her cheeks glowing in red

But when Captain Mayell had taken leave for the night, and way groping his way down the stairs, he was suddenly and unexpectedly confronted by Miriam herself, wrapped in the black shawl,

with Beatrix at her side.
"Captain Mayell," exclaimed Beafrix.
in a low voice, "what must you think? For our own sakes, we owe you an explanation.'

"Hush, Trix!" cried Miriam, excitediy. "All this preamble is quite un-necessary. I will tell him all about it. Papa doesn't know that I sing with Bartimeo in the streets, but mamma does, and Trix. They know that Bartimeo takes excellent care of me; and I wear his daughter's dress, and-and we can-

not let poor papa starve."
"And," soberly added Trix, "we give papa the money, and he thinks old Bartimeo has sold a picture for him to some of the Italian dealers down town. Poor papa! and it makes him so happy! And, indeed, indeed, no one papa, as he would never, never forgive

"Pray," cried Mayell, genuinely touched, "do not imagine that I could be guilty of such a dishonorable thing. Believe me, Miss Castleton-"

Miriam, very white and cold, was looking at him with eyes that flashed scorn-

ful lightning. "Here is the wretched coin you gave me," said she. "Take it back!"

"Why?" he asked, confounded and hurt. "Because I hate you!" she answered, abruptly seizing her sister's arm. "Come, Trix, let us go!

But he posted himself directly across her path, determined not thus to part. "But why do you hate me?" said he. "Because I respect your courage and good sense, and honor your filial

duty?' "Because you despise me!" she retorted.

"Never!" he cried, taking her hand in spite of herself, and then and there they became fast friends. "I am coming tomorrow," he said, "to order a picture of your father. Will you also bid me welcome, Miss Miriam?"

And she answered, shyly, "Yes." But she went out singing no more. Blind Bartimeo and his violin were unaccompanied now. Warde Castleton died the next summer, entirely unaware of the deception that had been practiced upon him. Shortly after Captain Mayell asked pretty Miriam to be his

"Do you know, darling," he said, "I have loved you ever since I saw you singing on the pavement in that picturesque Italian costume?"

And among her wedding gifts was a diamond-studded gold locket, in which was set the tiny silver coin which he had given her on that bleak November afternoon when the twilight was verging into dusk.

The Origin of Fencing.

From the first invention of the sword down to the period when the fifteenth limbs, sat knitting, in a wheeled chair, century was drawing to a close, this weapon had always been used as an arm of nose was blue, and the hand which she offense. The person wielding it thrust held out to Clarence Mayell was as cold it or hewed it into the body of his antagonist whenever he had a chance, and Beataix, a pale young woman of the only defense against it was stout artwenty, drew an old screen before the mor or an interposed shield. It is not table, upon which was a plate of cold to be supposed that an ancient warrior, mush, and a pitcher of thin tea, and or one belonging to the earlier Middle made haste to adjust the easel so as to Ages, never thrust aside or parried with his own blade a stroke of his enemy's Mr. Castleton pointed to the casel sword; but this method of defense was not depended upon in those days; the "You see, Mayell," he said, "that I breast plate, the helmet, or the buckler still cling to the old habit. My hand was expected to shield the solder while breast plate, the helmet, or the buckler is scarcely as steady now as I could he was endeavoring to get his own sword wish, but it seems necessary to sell a into some unprotected portion of the picture now and then. Trix, where is body of his antagonist. But about your sister? Why does not Miriam the time of Ferdinand and Isabella come in? We have some wealthy acquaintances, Mayell," the old man conwas invented. This new system of tinued, "who decline to buy my pic- fighting gave an entirely new use to the tures, and who contrive systematically sword; it now became a weapon of deto ignore us. But I am told that Miriam fense as well as offense. Long, slender frequently goes to them. Well, well, 1 rapiers, sharpened only at the point, cannot wonder—the child is young, and were the swords used in fencing. Armed this," glancing contemptuously around with one of these, a gallant knight, or hight toned courtier, who chose the new method of single combat, disdained the use of armor; the strokes of his oppo- anything nent was warded off by his own light weapon, and whichever of the two contestants was enabled to disarm the other, or to deliver a thrust which could not be parried, could drive the sharp point of his rapier into the body of his opponent if he felt so inclined. The rapier; which was adapted to combat between two persons, and not for general warfare, soon became the weapon of the duellist; and, as duels used to be as common as law suits are now, it was thought necessary that a gentleman should know how to fence, and thus protect the life and honor of himself, his family and his streak of fire thirty miles high! just friends .- St. Nicholas.

Wonderful Longevity of Our Widows.

The widows of the soldiers and sailors of the war of 1812 are, fortunately for themselves and unfortunately for the public treasury, blessed with marvelous health and strength. According to the latest official reports from Washington, perpendicular," exclaimed the Montana twenty-six thousand of these interesting ladies present themselves every three months before the accredited agents of the government and draw their pensions with a precision that shows a high condition of financial discipline. Their ages, individually or collectively, no one of course will be so ungallant as even to hint at, but the date of the late war with Great Britain is pretty well back in the century, and is a more trustworthy record than even Judge Speir's family Bible. In the darkness and uncertainty that develop the pension office at Washmother's chair, close to Beatrix, and, do ington, regarding the possible claims what Captain Mayell would be could not against the government arising out of heroes of that patriotic epoch in our history may afford some light and justrue himself, a little chagrined at the stead- tion. The total number of killed and wounded in the 1812 fifteen campaigns was a little more than five thousand. At the end of seventy years the pension list of the widows alone outnumbers that of the casualties by five to one. If the widows of the veterans of the rebellion a nightingale, said Mr. Castleton. "She stand by the treasury as patriotically as those of 1812, the commissioner of pen-

England's Troubles.

The troubles of England continue to increase. The Irish question is in as bad condition as can be, and when the bill for the repression of crime is finally passed, we may look for a fresh crop of outrages which will tax the patience as well as the intelligence of the government to treat judiciously. If we may trust the news of the day, she is on the verge of a war with Egypt, with but one ally and that ally so lukewarm and suspicious that she can look for no help from her, for the old distrust and jealcusy between England and France were never more apparent than now, And now upon the heels of these two embarrassments comes a third, which, if not so grave as the other two, will demand prompt treatment at a time when she cannot well afford to spare the men and money necessary to deal successfully with it. South Africa is again in commotion

and every day's news shows that it will soon be ablaze with war which will be dangerous to British subjects, and may require greater efforts to put down than speaks to Miriam except in the greatest did the revolt of Cetywayo. The courtesy and kindness. And we hope wietched condition of Zululand only you will not betray our secret to poor shows that a national injustice cannot be perpetrated without entailing its punishment. However much the conquest of Zululand may have been in the interests of civilization, the manner of its conquest was not creditable to the English Government. Might made right in its capture, and Cetywayo was despoiled of his Kingdom by force, upon no other plea than that he had defended his right to rule over his own people. The result is civil war all over the country. When hostilities concluded, in 1879, Zululand was divided up into thirteen little Kingdoms by Sir Garnet Wolseley, and a large share of these are now at war with each other. The prominent chiefs among those who have risen are Oham, a brother of Cetywayo, who was always opposed to him, Dabuko, auother brother of Cetywayo, and John Dunn. Dabuko has taken the field in Cetywayo's interests, and has already defeated and routed his brother Cham, and is now massing his forces for an onslaught upon John Dunn. If he overcomes him the eight little kings will soon be disposed of, as they have no followers or forces worth mention. this event the English must interfere not only to restore their supremacy over Zululand, but to protect Natal. Meanwhile, after having compelled the miserable natives to submit a settlement, the Government left them to the mercy of those who could break it, and the result is massacre and pillage, which will probably continue until it permanently

> Besides these intestine fends, the Boers of the Transvaal, who have always hated their neighbors and regarded them as their rightful slaves, are encouraging the war and improving their opportuni ties to secure captives and pillage the territory, although it is bardly a short year ago that the English Government ettled the Transyaal difficulties and defined the exact relations which were to exist between the Boers and the neighboring tribes. The entire situation shows the rank folly of such injustice as was perpetrated by England in its halfway measures. One of two courses seems to be imperative, either to let the Transvaal and Zululand alone altogether and allow them to take care of themselves, or to go in and occupy the girl. entire Caffre territory and administer it under British rule. Meanwhile, however, injustice to the Egyptian people on the one hand, and to the Irish people on the other, has placed England in a position so full of embarrassments that she may well hesitate, as she is now doing, what course to pursue in South Africa. If an occupation of it is to have the effect that English occupation in India, Egypt and Ireland has had, namely, to reduce the people to a condition of beggary, the South Africans may well beg to be let alone, and settle their difficulties at once .- [Chi-

occupies the country.

Facts About Blizzards.

"Tell me about those dear, delightful, beautiful blizzards you have in your country," said the Brooklyn girl, folding her hands, and looking up to him with a bewitchingly pleading glance. "I know they must be just too sweet for

"Oh, they're sweeteners!" ejaculated the Montana man, throwing one leg over the other, and warming to his subject. You once get a blizzard after you, and you'll wish you hadn't any skirts on to

bother you."
"And did you ever see one?" she

asked with profound interest. "Well, I should fire a grin!" responded he politely. "I've been around when our neck of the woods was toiling hard to save its county representation! miss, I seen a blizzard tip a prairie fire right up on end, and it blazed away, a

tipped it right up !'. Gracious!" squealed the girl, "I should have thought it would have blown

it clear over !" "That's where you catch my heel You see, the fire struck agin a railroad locomotive that was passing some eigh man. "You can't fool a prairie fire, much! When it came down it kept right on blazing, and the melted engine dropped on the track and run right to the round house in a liquid stream. They had to pack it in ice so as to freeze it into the dimpled hand that lay in his. shape again! Oh, we have ice in our

school district !" "I had no idea that a blizzard was so powerful!" murmured the girl.

"Powerful! Well, you just shout, ister! Only two months ago a blizzard lifted the Powder River straight up in the air and carried it seven miles back in the wood :! You just deal your last no ice cream in Chicago giblet on the power! That river's up in the trees yet, and we're building sawmills upside down so as to get the water privilege! You read about these torna does ! they're only gusts!"
"My!" exclaimed the girl. "A bliz-

zard must be something terrible."

"Well, I should gobble distinctly!" returned the Montana man with a quiet smile. "Just before I left an old he blizzard struck my town, and whooped us up about eighty feet ! Town and all ! We didn't come down for four weeks, and wouldn't have been down yet, only a Yankee threw a larmt over that streak reply.

o' wind and started an elevator. Why. miss, you don't know no more about i than an old rock! Why, just south of us one of 'em happened to hit a patch of country some fellows were surveying, and blew the whole line of the road right through the surveyor's transit! bet! And the company lost its fran-chise, because the land granted to it was just rolled right over, and they had to build the road straight up and down, or give it up !" "I don't see how you manage to live in such a country," said the astonished "Oh, we peg along," was the coura

geous response. "It's the greatest country outdoors! I remember one blizzard, though, that bothered us some. It happened to pop the Crow reservation plumb center, and blew the whole business right over on our settlement, Indians, ground, crops, everything !" "On top of you!" ejaculated the girl.
"The same," replied the Montana man.

There we was right under em! The redskins didn't dare go off their reservations for fear of war, and we didn't dare climb up through for fear of violating the treaty.

"But how did you get out?" queried

the girl. "Oh, you can't hold us fellows down long! We're wild, woolly and hard to curry, miss. Then we've got the best soil in the world. We just planted a grain crop under that reservation, and in fourteen days the wheat had hoisted it up a hundred feet and there it stood! When the winter froze it into that position we gathered the crops and moved out from under it. Then the thaw came in the spring, and, miss, you'd have just busted your coltar band to have seen them Crow Indians when their reservation dropped!"

She sat and looked at him in amaze

"But it isn't all tragedy, miss," con tinued the Moutana man. "Blizzards has a funny side, sometimes. I remember when a buck blizzard slammed into Bud Kipple's funeral. We mourners just laid right down and hung on with our teeth, but the defunct hadn't our energy, and he was whirled up pretty near a mile! We never expected he was going that way, and it must have been something of an astonisher to Bud! Miss, he hasn't come down yet!"

"And you didn't bury him!" ejaculated the horrified girl.

"Oh, we planted him! You don't find any lamenteds hunting around our parts for the benefit of religion! A funeral is too good a chance for a fight! We just set to and built a grave right up to him, and he's sleeping his eternal rest in the doggendest place you ever saw, right on top of that grave! He heedeth not the blizzard's howl, nor careth he a-a-a"and the Montana man pulled up suddealy in his pious reflections and rolled For transportation of all kinds the large

"What a curious idea!" muttered the

"You bet your sweet life!" conceded the Montana man. "By the way, the for the Army Medical Museum, \$5000, blizzard that struck Small Pox Run was and for the manufacture of arms at naa teaser. The air was so thick nobody could see what was going on for an hour, and when they got around again there ever stuck your foot in! Pretty! Yumm- m! I reckon not! Twenty ounces to the pound and all wool!! The biggest find ever known in them parts!'

"What was it?" asked the bewildered

"A mine! A bonanza! And them fellows worked it! Assayed two hundred dollars to the onnce and no limit to the game! But they lost it!" "How?"

"Some preachers from Minnesota came and claimed that it had blown from their State, and the Montana man had to it on a wagon and took it home.'

"It was a church debt! Them Minnesota fellows had been living off it for ed at all, or but few of them have been years, and hadn't had to sink a shaft. The placer was as soft as your cheek and they hadn't touched the main vein! It never been the same place since!" "I never heard a church debt called a

mine before," sighed the girl. Then the Montana man rose up and looked at her with mingled pity and contempt; for there are degrees of innocence that even a Montana man can't tolerate. -[Brooklyn Eagle.

The Matchiess Liar of Chicago.

"Do you doubt me, Myrtle?" "Never!" exclaimed the girl, putting she would be sure to see it in the morn-

day upon the parched earth, and now that night had come the heat was even more oppressive than ever, because the lake during the day had died away. It estine.

"You have great faith in me, have you not, little one?" Vivian McCarty said,

taking the girl's off hand in his. "Yes," replied Myrtle, t'I believe in you with a childlike faith akin to that link, tanager, Wilson a thrush and which enables a boy to bite a pie in the white-crowned sparrow, were recogdark, and I love you with a deep tender- nized; during a walk Sunday mornness and fair loyalty that can never die." told you?" Vivian murmured, kissing wish to observe the smaller land birds,

Looking at him with her starry light, the girl replied slowly and with infinite pathos:

"I would believe your every word, no matter what you told me.

"Then," said Vivian, while a baleful light shot from his near eye, "there is For an instant, dazed by the shock, Myrtle did not speak, but presently the their old Homes in the North. voice of her heart found echo in words:

"I can never leave you now, she whispered. "There cannot be another such ist in all the wide, wide world."-Chicago Tribune.

'My case is just here," said a citizen to a lawyer the other day; "the plaintiff will swear that I hit him. I will swear the consumption is about nine per head; that I did not. Now, what can you lawyers make out of that if we go to trial?" 'Pive dollars apiece," was the prompt

Our Nice Little Arms.

The army appropriation bill, which passed the House of Representatives on in all \$26,563,000. Of this sum \$12,200,-000 is for the pay of one general, one licutenant-general, three major generals, sixteen brigadior-generals, 39 aides-le-camp (in addition to their pay in the line), 66 colonels, 85 lieutenant-colonels, 244 majors, 314 mounted captains, 300 captains (not mounted), 34 chaplains, 21 storekeepers, 40 adjutants, 40 regimental quartermasters, an adjutant and quartermaster of the Engineer Battalion (in addition to the line pay), 202 first lieuten-ants (mounted), 361 first lieutenants (not mounted), 150 second lieutenants (mounted), 306 second lieutenants (not mounted.) 180 acting assistant commissaries of subsistence, pay to retired officers, and to enlisted men of all grades not exceeding 25,000 men; 500 enlisted men of the Signal Corps; mileage; hire of 125 contract surgeons and 200 hospital nurses; 54 paymasters' clerks, at the rate of \$1500 each; 14 veterinay surgeons; commutation of quarters, and other little trifles. Now, by all this it will be seen that it is no joke to keep up an army; and it will also be seen that to take care of 25,000 enlisted men no less than 2703 officers of all grades are required, which is at the rate of less than ten men to one officer. We are not complaining about it, but are simply stating the fact. Captious critics might easily question the utility of the thirty-four chaplains; and others might ask why a man who is tit to be a paymaster at all, and whose whole duty consists in paying off on an average about 500 officers and men once a month, should need a clerk at the cost of \$1500 a year to do his work for him. It may indeed be questioned whether the service would suffer at all if the office of paymaster were abolished and the duty of paying the army transferred to the colonels of the regiments, or to the regimental quartermasters.

For the Subsistence Department of the army \$2,2000,000 is appropriated, and this is to feed the 25,0000 enlisted men, the laundresses, 1865 civil employes, the contract surgeons, the hospital matrons, ninety-three convicts and 500 Indian prisoners. To do this will require 10,477,595 rations, which are to cost 20 cents each, besides sundry extra items for , hot coffee and cooked rations

for troops traveling on cars," and so on. For the Quartermaster's Department, which provides fuel, light, forage, horses stationery and so on \$3,500,000 is neces sary. For incidental expenses, which are very numerous, ranging from postage to horseshoes and from the hire of spies and interpreters to the apprehension of deserters, \$1,000,000 is given. sum of \$4,100,000 is required. For the hire of quarters and repairs, \$880,000; for clothing and camp equipage, \$1,-400,000; for medicine, &c., \$200,000; for the Army Medical Museum, \$5000, tional armories, \$400,000 is among the other items in this interesting bill. No one grudges the army anything it ought was the prettiest little old ledge you to have, and probably there is little, if anything, provided for in this bill that it ought not to have.

Birds F ying in the hight.

One of the phenomena which have usually make their appearance from the 1st to the 15th of May. Although in the milder weather of last month the early birds came thick and fast, passing on their way to the north, the tide of migragive it up. The Minnesota men packed tion has apparently been stayed by the as well the growth of vegetation in some "I didn't know they could carry a as well the growth of vegetation in some mine that way. What kind of a thing ways. Many of our birds which may be seen here regularly in numbers on certain dates every season have not appear-

It is well known that flights of birds occur quite regularly in autumn before was a bonanza, and Small Pox Run has the storms, and in spring after them. It is also well known that many birds in their migrations travel during the night, resting during the day. We were pre-pared on the rise of the mercury Saturday evening to note a flight of birds ing passed without much having been heard of the birds, except now and then have a balcony, sir—regret it if you the chirp of a warbler, or the noise of a don't.— Texas Siftings.

small flock passing overhead. At eleven o'clock, however, bird calls began to resound high in the air and on on her invisible net as she spoke and all sides, and from twelve to two in the placing her bandoline bottle where morning multitudes of birds were heard pasing overhead; some low, some so following notice, found it more efficient The sun had glared down fiercely all faint echo from the darkness. Occasionally a flock of warblers or sparrows would pass, flying so low that driums and Polypodiums are set here. the rustling of their wings could be cool wind that had been wafted from the beard. Now and then a flock of some small birds passed high overhead, makwas a dreamy, sensuous, one-gauze-un- ing their call notes a continuous musidershirt-and no vest evening, such as cal ripple through the night. From the one often noticed while traveling in Pal- regions of the upper air, high above all, came back the tones of the plover and other shore birds, all tending towards the north. This vast multitude of birds a board with the following generous offer continued to pass throughout the night.

The notes of many, such as the boboing these birds and many others you want my field?" The applicant did "And would you believe anything I were found in numbers. Those who not wait to reply. now on their way to the north, should be on the alert, for in a few days from in which there gleamed a holy love this time very few birds will be found here, except our summer residents. This flight of birds, which is probably not local, may extend over the entire portion of the northern United States, east of the Mississippi, or even further. Countless millions of birds are now spreading through these States, returning from their wanderings in Southern forests to

Statistics appear to show that Germany surpasses all other countries in the consumption of matches, the number used there daily being as great as from ten to fifteen per head of the population. This fact is attributed to the almost universal custom of smoking. In Belgium in England, eight; in France, siz.

Girls, like opportunities, are all the more to you after being embraced.

Ideal Indians.

The Osages are said to be the nearest to ideal Indians in appearance among the 5th of April, and is now in the Sen- the remaining tribes of Indian Territoate, fills seventeen folio pages and is an interesting document. It appropriates in all \$26,563,000. Of this sum \$12,200,- strongly characteristic. "They retain the savage dress," says a correspondent of the Providence Journal, "shave their heads except a cock's comb, streak their faces with red ochre, and their bodies and arms with dark lines. When the three youths presenting this appearance dashed up on their ponies, it looked as though we had got among the native aborigines at last. They extended their hands with a smiling greeting that dis-played their white teeth, and uttered their tallismanic 'Howgh,' to which we responded with an attempt at equally deep-lunged emphasis, and then they clattered on, sitting straight on their horses' back, and riding like centaurs. In the same letter, however, the writer describes something far less picturesque and more civilized—the spectacle of a native constable lugging a drunken Indian to jail, and clubbing him, police-man fashion, on the way. He also heard some squaws singing selections from Pinafore in a most dreadful manner, to the accompaniment of a painful accordion .- N. Y. Sun.

Norwegian Honesty.

Soon after starting we passed the sacter where Jens lives when he is not hunting in the mountains, and Esau. wishing to see what kind of snow-shoes they use in this part of the country, Jens ran up to the house and fetched his "skier." To give an idea of the absurd honesty which prevails here, we noticed that though Jens had been absent from home for the last two months, and the windows were shut up, yet the door was only latched, and after the inspection of the snow-shoes, Jens would not trouble to take them back, but simply left them by the side of the road to wait his return three or four days hence. Another instance illustrating the same simplicity occurred to us once when traveling in quite a different part of Norway. When changing carioles at a station our baggage was all heaped together on the roadside, and as we waited to stay there an hour or so for dinner, and this was a main road with a fair amount of traffic, we suggested to the landlord that our goods had better be brought inside the station. He merely looked up to the sky with a weather-wise eye and replied: "Oh, no; I'm sure it won't rain."-

The Miner's Prayer.

Joaquin Miller, has the following in

the Century Magazine for July: When they had finished the hymn for the second time, the man from Maine grasped the hands of Lazarus and Nut

Crackers and cried out: "Once more, boys! Once more! And, boys, the p'nt and main thing in the prayin' and the singin' is that the kid gits well, of course. But, boys, chip in a sort o' side prayer for the mine. Now, all together.

"From Greenland's ley meo-u-n t'ins--" Yes, boys, heave it in for the mine, on the sly, like. Keep her up, now!

'From Injy's coral str-a-n', Where Airic's sunny feo u-n-t'ns Roll down their golden s-a-n'.

Yes, boys, keep weather eye on the mine; been noticed in connection with the cold don't cost a cent more, you know, to weather of the past four weeks is the come right out flat-footed for the mine, so scarcity of some species of birds which that she can't miss in the mornin' under no possible durned circumstances."

Hipt to Candidates.

A citizen who lately built himself a residence was the other day showing a unfavorable weather, which has retarded friend through it, and when everything had been noticed and discussed, he asked:

> "Well, do you see anywhere you could improve it?"

> "Yes, I noticed a bad error right at the start," was the reply. "You have no balcony in front."

"But I didn't want one." "Well, perhaps not, but when you are running for office and the band comes up to serenade you and the populace calls for a speech, you will either have to go to the roof or come down to the ground to respond. A balcony is a sort of midduring the night, and were not disap-pointed. The early hours of the even-making pledges, and not too high to promise all sorts of reform. Ought to

Opp Notices.-A gentleman near Winchester made a rockery in front of his house in which he planted some beautiful fearns, and, having put up the high that their notes came back like a and less expensive than spring guns or man traps. The fear-inspiring inscription was: "Beggars beware, Scolopen-The wal of a gentleman's house near Edinburgh some years since exhibited a board on which was painted a threat quite as difficult for the trespasser to understand as the preceding: "Any p son entering these enclosures will "Any pershot and prosecuted." An eccentric old gentleman placed in a field on his estate painted thereon: "I will give this field to any man who is contented." It was not long before he had an applicant. Well, my man, are you a contented fellow?" "Yes, sir; very." "Then why do

J. S. Clarke, the eminent American comedian, may be seen every morning driving his pony phaeton in from his place at Haverstock Hill, near London, down Portland place usually to the Hay market theater, of which he was, for many years, lessee. Mr. Clarke has acquired a large fortune, chiefly in England, where his wife, a sister of Edwin Booth, and family have resided for many years, preferring living in England to this county.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe delivered an address before the Alumuse of Elmira Female college, a few days ago, giving reminiscences of Longfellow and Emerson. In her closing remarks she said: "As the two sex marvelously influence each other, the age of great men is easentially the age of great women. My dear young sisters, prove your-selves worthy to have lived in the age which produced Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and Ralph Waldo Emerson.