### THE MEETING WATERS.

Close beside the meeting waters Long I stood as in a dream, Watching how the little river Fell into the broader stream.

Calm and still the mingled current Glided to the waiting sea, On its breast screnely pictured Floating cloud and skirting tree.

And i thought, "Oh! human spirit Strong and deep, and pure and blest ! Let the stream of my existence Blend with thine, and find its rest."

would die as dies the river In that current deep and wide; I would live as lives its waters, Flashing from a stronger tide.

# AFLOAT ON A FURNACE.

"For nearly a week we were on a float ing furnace," said Capt. Charles Nichols yesterday. "For nearly a week with the storday. deck timbers scorching under our feet, and never a chance of popping below without suffocation."

He sat in the cabin of the steamship Neckar, just arrived from Bremen by way of Southampton, with one of the men who had suffered with him alongside. These two, with five other men, had been taken on board in mid-ocean from a burning vessel which was not expected to hold together for two hours after she was abandoned.

"My craft was the barkentine Mary Lizzie, of St. John's, N. F.," the captain continued. "She was owned by P. & L. Tessier of that port, and on the 3d of January we left it with a cargo of codfish for Bahia, in the Brazils. The weather was fair. We had a fresh breeze from the northwest and made good headway till we were out of sight of land. At eight o'clock next morning the wind hauled around to the southwest, and at four o'clock that afternoon west, and it four o'clock that alternoon it was blowing a gale. We took in double reefs and kept on till the follow-ing day. At 8 o'clock I called all hands on deck to shorten sail. We clewed up the foretopsail and hauled down the standing jib. The ship was brought to the wind. It was blowing a heavy gale from the northwest and the sea was running high. The men were busy balance-recting the mainsail, when I chanced to look forward. A whiff of smoke caught my eye up toward the bow, and I sent one of the men to see what was the matter. He came running back with his face white as a ghost. 'The ship's afire!' he cried. 'The fore-castle's all in a blaze!' A lot of us went forward in a hurry, I can tell you. There was a sight for us there.

"The whole of the vessel below deck was in a blaze. The flames were rushing up through the forescuttle, and the moke was creeping up through the timbers. 1 tried to go below, but was met with a blast that seemed to come from a furnace, and saw the forecastle under me a mass of fire. We never found out how it occurred. I suppose the lamp must have fallen down and the oil caught in the bogy. The whole place had sprung into flames in a twinkling. I called all hands forward and we tried to get at the fire. It was no use. The fore-hatch was filled with flames, and no one could get down. We got sails and canvas together and covered the forehatch and ventilating holes to keep the draught off. The smoke was coming up still, and we could hear the roar of the fire underneath; but it seemed a bit stifled, and we out small holes in the deck and kept saving buckets of water on them. All hands worked with a will. The men knew their lives were in peril and they worked in downright earnest. "The wind was still blowing, and it would go hard with us if it crept through any loop-hole. We used the canvas to cover everything and made every effort to prevent the fire going aft. We battened down the after companion and skylight, and closed up all the vents we could find. It was of no avail. The smoke still kept coming up, and we heard the crackling of the flames as they worked deeper and deeper into the heart of the vessel. There was no escaping the truth. We were aboard a burning vessel-an actual floating furnace-in mid ocean, and we could do nothing to help ourselves. Our lives depended on the speedy appearance of a passing ship. We got out the boats and kept them ready for an emergency, but made up our minds not to take to them till the last moment, when every hope was gone. Our spirits were low enough, I can tell But there was little time for reyou. But there was little time for re-flection. Every man was busy. We were safe while the flames could be kept below, but we knew that at any moment they might burn up through the deck timbers, making a vest, and then all was over. It was this we had to fight against, and we had to be at work incessantly to do it. The deck had to be kept saltwatered, and day and night through all that dreadful time the men were never spared a moment, but went rushing about with buckets, plashing the water over the canvas and emptying it on the timbers. At the start we got some provisions up on the deck from the cabin, and it was lucky we did, for before long would have been beyond our reach. The mate and I got what clothes we had out of the cabin, and they had to serve us all, for the crew had their kits in the forecastle, and none of them were able to save a stitch. Poor fellows! they had to suffer a great deal. The weather was bitter cold, and sometimes the sea would splash over them, wetting them through he was shutting up shop, he discovered and through. Some of them were cov- a half frozen owl on the doorstep, he ered with ice as they bandled the buckets, and it was hard work for them to When he retired for the night he left the keep their feet. No one dared to go be- owl perched upon the safe, to which one low, and there was no place to snatch a of its legs was fastened by a stout cord. thought of anyway, for there were only devotion. As soon as he had gone the sight men all told on board, and not a owl bit the cord in two, devoured every soul could be spared while the fire was liable to break out under us. For three days that unceasing struggle was kept up without a change; no sail in sight, no hope of assistance! Nothing but the swashing of water about the deck, with the amoke steaming up and choking us, business.-[Worcester Gazette. the smoke steaming up and choking us, the wind and rain beating down a good part of the time. "On Saturday, the 6th of the month, I The ship was getting very weak there. 1 the big dog jumped upon him and anprosed she was fairly gutted and all knocked him down. The lap dog, going the ceiling and timbers were burned to the boy's assistance, was killed. There was no telling whether she would eak or not. To guard against it we had to cut the two anohors adrift from the bow and let them go. This eased her for the time and we went on with our work. We did not hear the flames be go much of it going down.

crackling any more, but the smoke still kept rising, sometimes in a dense vol-ume. It filled our throats, but we were too much occupied to mind it, and toiled on without rest and with yery little food. On Monday, the 8th, a strong gale blew from the southwest. The rain came down in torrents and a heavy sea tossed us about and seemed likely to smash the vessel to pieces. To lighten her we cut away the foretopgallant masts, the royal mast and jib boom. The Mary Lizzie was now little more than a hulk without anchor, with little timber standing, at the mercy of the winds and with a blazing fire shut up in her. It was no wonder some of us began to sink under the excitement and suffering and came nea, losing our senses. The smoke, too, always coming up about us, always frightening us with a scare of fire here or there, wherever it was thickest, seemed to have gone to our brains and crazed us. I was the first to feel it. I had

made shift to creep into the cabin on Sunday morning. It was thick with smoke and I could not endure it long. I tried to go on deck, and was going up the hatch when the place got dark and fell down senseless. They carried me up on deck, but it was a quarter of an hour before I recovered. From that the men were more or less prostrated in the same way. I remember four who had severe attacks. They were William Liscomb, the cook; the mate, Daniel Kane, and two seamen, John Thompson and John Adams. They were working on deck when it came upon them. Their faces would get as white as a sheet, and in a jiffy they would be down on the deck working in a fit. It was dreadful to see them rolling about there, raving like madmen, and looking the picture of death. It was the smoke and the work and exhaustion did it. All we could do for them was to hold them down and keep putting cold water in their mouths and rabbing their foreheads with it. I suppose that the thick smoke was the chief causs of the trouble, and we battened down the companion and secured all the hatches for good, and from that time no one was allowed to leave the deck.

"Our little provisions were going out now. We had been able to bring up only what we could readily look after in the first instance, and it would not hold out long. The men looked like ghosts, and were barely able to trudge about and keep the decks wet. Two of them-Liscomb and Thompson-were frostbitten, and all were suffering severely from exposure. On the morning of Wednesday last the smoke was coming through the timbers from stern to stern. The water began to steam where it fell upon the decks. It was hot under foot, and we could feel that the fire had traversed the vessel, burned up all the inside and would soon break out. We looked at the boats and dreaded the moment we would have to take to them on the open sea in such bitter weather. We were all exhausted. Some of the men, after their hard fight, were for giving up. It was two hours after midday, and we all believed the vessel could not stand two hours longer. The fire eveu then was rushing to the cabin, and it would soon be all over. It was just then, in our worst extremity, that help came. The Neckar hove in sight. We hoisted the ensign upside down, and ran up underneath it the pennant and square flag, C and E, to show we were in distress and wanted assistance. The steamer saw us and lay on our weather bow we lanne to her. We were taken on the greatest treated by the Captain with the greatest probe was rolling up from the Mary Lizzie, and the fire was beginning to break out. Our rescue had been timely. In ten minutes we lost sight of her in the thick weather."-N. Y. Herald, January 15th.

## Thoughts on Names.

Mary is too universal to be distinctive. Her name is as wide as nature and as fertile as spring. All sorts of conditions of women are Maries, from the best and noblest to the basest and most degraded. Laura was once the sign-name of a lady, emphatically una bella donna, whom a turn of the wrist made into a Madonna. The aroma of Petrarch's unfading laurel hung round that name for centuries, and poetry powdered the image with gold-dust that shone and sparkled in the sunlight of i-agination and harmonious association.

Lucy is always lovely. It would seem impossible for Lucy to be unworthy. She must of necessity be innocent and pure, gentle and serene; and we should give her golden hair naturally breaking into curls about her pretty head, soft blue eyes and a wild rose face. We have never seen a Lucy who was a brunette. Some must exist, of course, but we ourselves know them not, nor have we ever known a Lucy who made us regret her name, enshrined as it is in one of the loveliest niches of memory and associa tion. Lucilla is another creature alto gether; so is Lucinda. These are doubtful persons in point of wisdom; certainly they lack simplicity; but Lucy may be wise as well as innocent, and she has no affinity with finery or folly.

Sophia was once in the outer circles of romance, She and Matilda, she and Clarissa and Theresa, together with Julia and Arabella, Georgins, Wilhelmina, Augusta, Thomasina and the like were of the same class as are now Hilda and Helen, Edith, Eva, Ella and Nina, Ada and Maud-that is names of distinction falling short of startling originalityhillocks of individuality, not mountains of notoriety. She was a personage in ber time-our graceful Sophia; but Sophy was a dwarf when compared to her. Sophy did not challenge respectful admiration as did her elder sister. Sophy was a plaything, but Sophia might have been something belonging to a court; and she had a sweeping action with her skirts which always suggested trains of feathers. She has lost a little of her prestige of late; but she is still distinguished, and not to be confounded with Tilly, a Polly or a Clary.

It is strange how diminutives change the character of a name. Constance suggests a grandeur of womanhood which might easily rise into sublimity; but Connie is a light-minded little puss, whose brains are no better than feathers, and whose heart retains an impression no more than does the sea-sand below high water mark. Hester, like Esther, is beautiful; she may be a little grave, almost Puritanical, indeed, in her sweet severity; or she may be simply gentle and womanly and charming all the way through. Be that as it may, she can never be aught than savors of meanness or smallness. Hetty, on the contrary, may fling her cherry-ribboned cap over the mill at her pleasure, and no one will think her conduct out of harmony with her name. Flossie and Florrie go hand in hand in frivolity with Cissy and Lottie and all are of a kind of whom we would not predict the wearing of a crown won by merit. But Flora may be a noble, broad-shouldered queenly creature of the nature of a modern Ceres-plentiful, womanly, superb; Cecilia has potentialities of nobleness within the circle of her fair existence; and Charlotte still justifies Werther. For Carrie no man would commit suicide; but she is an eminently correct and lady-like person, and one of

### stupidly drunk, and this time she finally and fully discarded him, requesting him

not to visit the house in future. Then Matthews left Belleville and went to New Orleans, returning, however, in the spring. From there he wrote her letters telling her he was coming back to kill or marry her. Agreeable to his promise, he returned and sought out his sweetheart, whom he found in the woods. As soon as ho saw her, he said to Miss Row. one of her girl companions: "She will never leave this place alive. I loved her once, but I hate her now." Matthews then drew his pistol and discharged it into the breast of the helpless girl. She sank to the ground with a bullet through her heart, and died in a few minutes. There was the greatest excitement on the picnic grounds, and only the firm attitude of the officers after the arrest of Matthews saved him from the populace. The murdered girl was universally loved, and the crime of her taking-off was so brutal and unprovoked, that it was resolved to lynch her slayer, but better counsel prevailed, and punishment was left to the law.

#### A Woman and Her Accounts.

A student of human nature who writes for the Atlanta Constitution, says-It is a touching sight to see a woman make up her expenses, having firmly resolved to put down every cent she spends, so as to find out where to economize, and were all the money goes. Procuring a small book, she makes a due entry, and on Monday after the first Saturday in which her' husband brings home his pay she carefully tears the margin off an newspaper, and with blunt pencil strikes a trial balance something in this way:

John brought me home \$48 40, and \$1 34 cents I had is \$49 83, and \$1 09 cents I lent to Mrs. Dixon is \$50 98but hold on, I ought not to enter that, because when she returns it, it'll go down. That was \$49 93, and what have I done with that?

Then she puts down the figures, leaving out the items to save time-a process which enables her to leave out most of the items to where a round sum is involved, on the supposition that they have already been put down. As thus:

Six dollars and fourteen cents for meat and ten cents for celery, and ten cents on the street cars, and a bad five cent piece I got in exchange, and \$2 81 cents I paid the milkman-who owes me 19 cents-that's \$3, and fifteen cents at church, and the groceries-they were either \$15 60 or \$16 50, and I don't remember which they were, but I guess it must have been \$15 60, for the grocer said that if I would give him a dime he would give me half a dollar, which would make even change, and I couldn't, be-cause the smallest I had was a quarterand \$2 75 for mending Katie's shoes, which is the last money that shoemaken ever gets from me, and 10 cents for cel-ery-no, I put that down.

Finally she sums up the trial balance sheet, and finds that it foots up \$64.28, which is about \$15 more than she originally had. She goes over the list sev-eral times and checks it carefully, but all the items are correct, and she is just about in despair when her good angel hints that there may be a possible mistake in the addition. Acting upon the suggestion, she foots up the column and finds that the total is \$44.18, and that, according to the principles of arithmatic, she ought to have \$5.65. Then she counts her cash several times, the result

# The Rush of an Engine to a Fire,

You are sitting at tea when the alarm rings. You don't know the box, but you rush out on the street and stare around you. In a moment the ominous rush comes on the ear. The horses canter out out of their stables, the firemen, niable as cats, leap to their stations, the wide doors are thrown open, three policemen dash out of No. 1 to see the start, and bang! ding! whish ! rush ! G'lang ! erack! look out! ding, dong, ding! away they go like a tornado. Crash! a baby may be burning. Bang!

sleeping children may be smothering. Ding, dong, ding! An old man, feeble and rheumatic, may be staggering in smoke. Look out! the strong man, blistered with flames, is yelling for his babies! Look out, then! look out! stand aside and let them pass. Here they come, like a storm. The driver stooping down with slacked rein, speaking to the intent steeds that, big-eyed, wide-nos-trilled and strained, go thundering on. The foreman sitting by his side, erect and defiant with arms folded, looks lion-

faced at the sky, searching for the ominous glare. The firemen behind him elinging like cats to a ladder, dressing themselves as the machine thunders on.

The ubiquitous reporter taking notes on the boomplate of the lofty ladder. Bang, boom, bang! look out! They pass a crossing like an earthquake on wheels. The horses alive and stung with the same enthusiasm which fills the firemen, spurn the rough street aud dash along as if a prairie on fire was chasing them. They need no whip, they need no lash; their big arteries are churning with hot blood; their big muscles are strung to the task they love. The wild horse, followed fast by red fire, nover sped like they. With ears laid back, with eyes standing out from the bony face, with nostrils red as if with blood, they gallop on untiring.

The branchman gets out his key, the foreman is all ready. Ding, dong, swush? The firemen gather themselves for the final jump. Bang! "We're near the fire, lads"-look out. Crash! All right. Bang! Here's the box. Jump for your lives! Bang! bang! bang! They jump.

The horses' sides heave like big bellows. Their noble heads fall between trembling knees; the sunk tails quiver; the pointed ears droop like limp leather, and the firemen, eloquent with enthusiasm, dash into the street, and an old woman, wiping her hands in her apron, comes out on the steps and says-"the Lord bless you, gentlemen, but it was only our chimney; and the Lord bless you, I—" and the gang go home and play dominoes. The horses stand waiting for the next, and just as willing to jump as the man who has been waiting an hour for a shave .- [Toronto World.

#### The Washington Slave Mart.

Washington was, in 1843, the greatest slave mart in the United States. Within sight of the Capitol, not far from the lower gate, and near, if not upon the land where the public garden now is, was a building with a large yard around it, inclosed with a high fence. Thither slaves were brought from all the slaveholding region like cattle to the Chicago stock-yards, and locked up until sold. There were regular auction days for those not disposed of at private sale. The Chicago fire destroyed a hard cracker which I had preserved as a specimen by which purchasers tested the age of slaves. And to this day, if there is anything that the average Southern negro does not know is his own age. The slaves were placed apon a block, and when a question rose as to age, the auctioneer requested them to bite from a cracker, which all slave auctioneers kept for such occasions. The theory was that while a slave could masticate well, he could work. Nearly all the labor of Washington was performed by slaves, many of whom were hired from neighboring States. The slaves were expected to collect their wages monthly, and take them home on some Saturday night. One morning I missed my boots, and when I went for the bootblack he was missing also. After a few days I saw a procession of captared slaves, who had sought their liberty in a Potomac schooner, chained two and two, conducted toward the slave-pen, and there I noticed my boot-black trudging along in my boots. I had made a successful canthey failed the slave in his canvass for freedom. He was sold for the Southern market, as was customary with all cantured fugitives, and my boots went with him. But whether they were worn out by him upon some sugar, rice or cotton plantation, or by his new master, it was useless far me to inquire. I was a Democrat in those days. An anti-slavery

A Bloody Superstition.

was as different from the Arabian as

'sanbenito,

most edifying "auto da fe"-"an act of The same faith had filled the faith Netherlands with blood and horror, had raged like the Black Death among the helpless aborigines of the New World, and had orthodoxed Spain by the systematic suppression of freedom, common sense, manhood, industry and science.

And yet that monstrous superstition had undoubtedly supporters who honestly mistook it for the purest and most benificent of all possible creeds. But we may be equally sure that mere ignorance would never have produced such delusions. The worst delusions are not the primative ones, not the crude superstitions of a primative people. The dogmas of an Ashantee rain-maker are harmless compared with those of a Spanish Inquisitor. We find priests and ignorance both in Ashantee and in Spain but with this difference, that in Ashantee ignorance produces the priests, while in Spain the priests produce ignorance .--Felix L. Oswald, in Popular Science Monthly.

### Washington Hustier's Method of Getting a "Free Brink."

A few evenings ago, while half a dozen gentlemen were standing at the bar of one of the most fashionable up town saloons in Washington, a well-dressed, goodlooking stranger entered the room and walked straight to the bar, and addressed the barkeeper in language like the following:

"Stranger, I am in a very, very bad condition. I want a drink; I must have a drink, but I am compelled to make the humiliating statement that I am unable at present to pay for it. If you you will be kind enough to favor me in my extremity, you shall be paid, sir."

"We don't keep whisky to give away here," was the blunt reply of the barkeeper. The stranger begged, but the barkeeper was mexorable and even rude. The mild-mannered stranger turned to the gentlemen who had been witnesses of the conversation and said:

"Gentlemen, you are all strangers to me, but would one of you be kind enough to loan me the price of a drink? I will pay it back."

One of the party addressed handed the stranger 15 cents.

He stepped up to the bar and said: "Now can I have a drink?" "Yes," said the barkeeper, "anybody

can get a drink for the money here." "I thought so," said the stranger. The bottle of "red licker" was placed on the bar; the stranger filled his glass

liberally. "A little bitters in here, if you please,

said the stranger. Then when the bit-ters were furnished he asked for a larger glass of water, which was also set up. The stranger drank his beverage and then turned to the man who had loaned

him the money and said: "Stranger, I make it a point of honor to pay borrowed money before I pay whisky bills; here is your fifteen cents; I am greatly obliged for the loan;" and so saving, he walked out. The dazed barkeeper, seeing that he was sold, and that the laugh was on him, ran to the door and called to the stranger to come back.

The stranger promptly returned and inquired, "What do you want?"

The barkeeper replied, "That was a cute trick you played, and I own up that you caught me. The drinks are on me. What will you take?"

"Excuse me,sir," replied the stranger, "I drink only with gentlemen; I cannot

### A Broll Trial of Memory.

Memory was a favorite subject with Macklin. He asserted that, by his system he could learn anything he wrote at once hearing it. This was enough for Foote, who, at the close of the lecture Macklin was lecturing at the Great Piazza rooms, now the Tavistock hotel), handed up the following sentences to Macklin, desiring that he would be good enough to read them, and afterward repeat them from memory. Here is the wondrous nonsense.

"So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage-leaf to make an apple-pie, and, at the same time, a great she bear comcoming up the street pops his head into the shop. 'What! no scap?' So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber; and there were present the Picninnies and the Joblillies, and the Garyulies and the Grand Panjandrum himself, with the little round button at top; and they all fell to playing the game of catch as catch cap, till the gunpowder ran out of the heels of their boots.

The laugh turned strong against old Macklin, and the laugh has been echoed from the Great Piazza Room by thousands during the century that has elapsed since Foote's drollery put out Macklin's monstrous memory with these straws of ridicule .- [ London Society for January.

AN UNGRATEFUL OWL .- A well-known place of physical refreshment in Con-eord, N. H., is presided over by John Adams, a man of such tender sensibilities that when, the other night, just as took the bird in and made it comfortable. ment's rest. Indeed, that could not be and blinking with extreme gratitude and fragment of food on a well-stocked lunch counter, sampled every kind of liquor in the saloon, broke all the bottles and decanters within reach, and in the morning

Jealousy recently induced a large Berlin dog to attack a five-year-old boy. sticed signs of great danger forward. The boy was petting a new lap dog when

> Good breeding consists in having no particular mark of any profession, but a general elegance of manners.

If the price of beer goes up there won

those who guide the social team straight as a die, and keep the domestic reins taut and firm.

Maggie is of a nobler type, and Lizzie does not lend herself to levity. Maggie may be quite as grand a creature as Margaret, who is queen by the royal right of nature. Maggie may also be a winsome lassie of the butteroup type-in any case she ought to be sweet and dear and trustworthy, a girl to love, a woman to admire, a human being to respect and honor. Neither does Ellzabeth mate herself well with ignobility. Eliza is a

shade more flashy, more approaching fastness and perhaps, frivolity; but Eliza-beth should remember the traditions of her name.

The high flown days when reigned Aramints and Amanda, Theodosia, Arethusa and Dolabella have gone, together with sacques and farthingales, patches and high heads. Clorinda no longer suggests an acrostic beginning with "Come heavenly muse!" and ending with "Adieu, sweet maid!" Chloe in a Watteau costume, leaning on a crook adorned with ribbons, has ceased to posturize be fore a couple of lambs washed in milk and fed on flowers. Sophonisba forgets all things that it should permit the free to let down her back hair, while she inks her unwashed fingers over epics empty of heroics, and elegies void of pathos Jacinta is afraid of damp dews and cold winds, and therefore remains comfortably indoors working "crash" by the fireside, instead, as of old, sponting sentiment under the moonlight. And the whole, large-eyed, languid troop who once hung on the skirts of Rosa Matilda have faded into nothingness, which is the inevitable end of folly and exaggeration. -| Home Journal.

### A Boy Murderer Hanged.

January 12th, in the presence of a small said: "I wish you good-by all," and then through the extremities.- [Lon. Lancet. when the black cap was adjusted he said to the jailor, "Good-by." In falling he struck against the side of the pit dug under the seaffold and rebounded, but died game. Matthews murdered his sweetheart, Annie Gier, in May last, when she Louis, where he secured occupation for six months. He seems then to have gone to the bad. Returning to Belle-ville, he called again upon Mins Gier no doubt he will be fitted for it.

varying from \$1.40 to \$1.47, but then she happily discovers that she has been mistaking a \$2.50 gold piece for a cent, and that she gave the baby a trade dollar to cut its gums with. On the whole she came within 86 cents of a balance, and that, she says, is close enough, and she enters in one line of the account book: 'Dr .- By household expenses," so much: and is very happy untill she remembers, just before going to bed, that she has omitted \$2.75 for her husband's hat.

### Cold Feet.

It is, as we have often labored to show, a mistake to suppose there is any warmth in clothes. Animal heat is the direct result of changes going on within the body itself. Nutrition by food and the discharge of energy by exercise are the efficient causes of heat.

Clothes "seem" good and warm because they prevent the cold air and objects with a capacity for heat which surround the body from attracting the heat gener ated within its organism. The clothing is simply an insulator. It follows that it should be light in weight, and above and full circulation of blood through every part of the system-to the end of every finger and toe-and that the muscular apparatus of the extremities should be in perfect working order.

If we will wear foot-coverings, whether boots or stocking, which compress the feet and render the separate action of each toe impossible, it is simply absurd to expect to be warm-footed. Heat is landed him safely in Canada. the complement of work and nutrition. and if a part of the organism is so bound that it cannot work, and its supply of The food is limited, it must be cold. resort to stouter and heavier clothing under such circumstances is simply Philip Matthews, a German boy of eighteen, was hanged at Belleville on that compress the feet. The garter acts and surrounded by a population of re-cently converted Moors, they found a as a ligature, and diminishes the blood gathering, He ascended the scaffold supply, while the stocking itself acts as a bandage, and impedes the circulation tribe of mountaineers whose vernacular a bandage, and impedes the circulation

#### The New Reporter.

The new reporter said he was parti-Ghabirs, as the Moors called them, were cularly strong on reporting lectures. He a most primitive and harmless race; never took any notes, he said, but trusted their food consisted of the vegetable products of their peaceful valley, their was at work arranging tables in the woods to his memory, which never failed him. for a Sunday school pionic that was to Here is a specimen brick of his first esonly religious function in sacrificing take place the following day. He claimed | say: "There is no telling," said the lecturmilk and fruits to the spirit of the to have held conjugal relations with the |er, "where we might have been to-day, but mountains. A few weeks after the disgirl for a year before he murdered her. for the persistent study of Newton in coverer had made his report to the holy Just before the killing, stories of evil astronomical science, resulting in the office, a detachment of troopers and monks invaded the Alpujarras, conduct on the part of her lover came to discovery of the secrets of the solar systhe ears of Miss Gier, occasioning her tem; the inventive brain of a Fulton, Ghabirs were dragged to Velez Malaga great distress. He visited the house on which gave us our knowledge of the law and burned by order of the Grand Inone occasion while drunk, but the poor girl whose pride was thus outraged still allowed him to visit her after he had the printing press; the mental activity quisitor. Their crime could not be condoned; they had disregarded the pro-clamation of 1552, and evaded tithes and made a solemu pledge that he would of a Franklin, who produced the first change his course for the better. He steamboat, and the clear sighted intellibaptism for seven years. In vain they pleaded their poverty, their ancient customs and their ignorance of the Spanish violated his pledge, and again called on gence of Columbus, who robbed the language; "They were all invested with Miss Gier while intoxicated, and on this clouds of their electricity." Although occasion a quarrel ensued between them. the editor admitted that the reporter had the "and broiled to death with the proper Matthews left Belleville, coming to St. evidently got it all in, the report, for ceremonies." The shricks of the victims

drink with you," and the mysterious stranger walked away, leaving the barkeeper to wonder whether it would not have been better to give a stranger one drink than to be caught by a trick and have to "set them up" to a whole crowd.

### Mystery of Missing Men Solved.

One of the best men I ever knew here -a man of sixty-five years, who loved his home and family, and had no reason for eccentricity-slipped away one afternoon, went to Boston and then to Washington, and for two years drove a cart there, remaining away because he thought his wife would manage his affairs better without him. He never intended to return, but was seen by chance, arrested as a lunatic, and given his choice to be confined in an asylum or to do his duty as a man. He came back, and, after two happy years at home, died in his wife's arms. In another case that I remember, vass for Congress in those boots, but a gentleman was supposed to have committed suicide by jumping from a steamboat. His wife made no fuss, but kept the matter quiet, because she alone never gave up the idea that his suicide was a sham, and for three years she hunted him down, and finally restored him to his home and his business. A third case of which I had personal knowledge was that of a dry goods friend, who stood by me at the time, obmerchant who was absent for twenty years, and who returned wealthy, made served that the slave ought to have known that if ever got into Demohimself known to the wife, who had married meantime, sought out his son and gave him \$10,000, and then went his cratic boots he would have to go South, whereas, if he had only stolen his way as he had come. He said he had boots instead of mine, they would have left home because he wanted to; had not married or cared for another home, and liked the life of a wanderer much better

than any domestic ties. These instances During the reign of Philip II of Spain go to show that the cases of alleged mysthe government spies in the province of terious disappearances may sometimes Malaga made a curious discovery. In be accounted for without any necessity the highest valleys of the Alpujarras, of presupposing robbery and murder .-Correspondence Philadelphia Record.

### Choosing His Wife.

from the Spanish language, and whose A young man was courting two young neighbors believed them to be descendladies at one time, and loved them both ants of the ancient Iberians. The so well that he was in a considerable quandry which one to marry. He was certain that he could get either one, for they both encouraged his attentions. He finally concluded to try a little stratagem. So one day he mounted his horse, rode out to see his fair friends and hitched his horse at the gate of the first one. Going into the house in pretended haste, he told the girl his horse was sick, the and asked if she could give him any bread scrapings out of the tray, as that was a good remedy. "Oh, la yes, lots of 'em," was the answer, and going to the kitchen she soon returned with a panful of dry dough. He took them and disposed of them in some way, concluding that a girl raised to such waste in the kitchen would be neither a neat nor economical wife. The next girl had the same trial, but this was his answer: "No, sir, I always wash out my tray says the chronicler, ceremonies." The shricks of the victims when I finish making up the dough." were heard at Lojs, and for three days He very wisely chose the latter girl for the harbor of Velez was filled with the his wife. A straw shows which way the stench of burned human flesh. It was a wind blows.