A CHILD'S FANCY.

BRENDA AUBERT.

After the shower on- day in June, s, busining a sunny tune

Stood at the window watching the sky, And the florry clouds as they hurried by? Faster and faster, a snowy heap, They followed each other like milk-white sheep

The sun looked out, and with finger of light Turned a few late drops to a rainbow bright.

This Gracie saw with a sudden crv, "God's dropping a ribbon out of the sky!" A gast of wind shook the locust trees Till the raindrops fell like a swarm of bees

Then she turned with a smile that was half a As the glittering drops went flying down,

And looking at me with wondering eyes, "O auntie, see how each green leaf criest"

## THE RED MITTEN.

It was the afternoon of a clear, sharp January day of 1861, and the company numbered fully 200; there were men and women, boys and girls, flying and circling about, in masses, singly, by doz-ens, and by twos and threes, over the frozen surface of the beautiful Silver Lake in Rockdale, a suberb of the flourishing city of B. New England is dotted with these small bodies of water, and it is astonishing to recount what a surprising number bear the name of Silver. And so on Silver Lake this goodly company was disporting itself with all the gayety and zest the keen, bracing air and exhilerating sport combined to produce.

Among the crowd were many lads and lassies who imagined they were fond of skating and came to Silver Lake for no other reason. It was singular, too, to note how much more gracefully the "outward roll," backward or forward, could be accomplished by joining hands, or by being linked together with a walking-stick. These sticks proved in many instances no non-conductors to the sympathetic thrill that pervaded the magnet at either end.

The positive and negative conditions were fully realized in the case of brawny John Harton and rosy-cheeked Abbie Latham, the daughter of the Squire. She, with her comely figure and tresh, handsome face, lit up by a pair of laughing blue eyes, could have led awkward John, on or off skates, anywhere, with an apron-string or a thread for the conductor. Not so with John. He could lead her nowhere; and the more the girl could balk and tantalize him, the more she seemed to enjoy the skating and his company. Many a ludicrous figure he out and many an awkward fall he en-dured, for her sudden and unaccountable turns and shiftings, and her mirth and glee were at the highest at John's repeated failures to follow her difficult and tortuous windings. John was overgrown and massive, his twenty years of existence not having yet served to properly knit together and round out the propor-tions of his frame. She was lithe and quick and as graceful as she was skillful in the use of skates.

Apart from the throng this afternoon. John espied a little red mitten lying on where it had been dropped by unbalanced, was sent sprawling a rod or two beyond. A peal of silvery laughter was her sympathetic comment, as with a graceful curve she turned and caught the iny thing in her hand.

John blushed at his awkwardness, and held out his hand to receive the mitten. But the captor only held it before him, and gently moved away.
"Won't you give it to me?" he asked.
"I will find the owner."

"I can find the owner more easily than you. I can't trust you; you would fall and crush the poor thing in trying to deliver it." And she saucily laughed

"You made me fall," said John, in a grieved tone. "You are always doing these things. If I skated more and studied less, I'd soon be as much of an adept as your friend Joe Staples, whom

you are always praising."
"You? Ha, ha, ha! As graceful as
Joe Staples?" And the hibrity of the young maiden made John Horton's sluggish blood course through his veins till his face was as red as the scarlet kerchief that encircied his neck.

All the rest of that afternoon John was gloomy and silent. He moved around mically, or, rather, automatically, and his companion concluded to serve no more tricks upon him.

The sport finished, the two wended their way home to the house of Mr. Latham, John's fair companion failing to rally him into anything like conver-He answered her only in monosyllables, and seemed morose and preoccupied.

As he was about to take his leave, John said, seriously, and a little sareastically:
"Abbie, I'm going back to college to

morrow, and I hope you will enjoy the rest of the skating season in companionship more graceful than mine."
"I hope I shall," replied she, in the

same tone. "You must feel bad about something; perhaps it's the mitten; you had better take it; no, not now—I won't give it up. If ever I think enough of you to surrender it, I'll send it to you by

And then she amiled on John with rare sweetness, but John had seen that smile before, and felt she was only mocking him. So, with a solemn "good-night," he buttoned his coat close to his chin, and with hands resolutely thrust in his pockets turned homeward, and resolved to waste no more time with skating girls who judged young men by the dexterity they exhibited in handling

Among the earliest volunteer regiments that left for the seat of war in the summer of 1861 was the -th Massachusetts, with Lieutenant John Horton as an officer of Company B. Like hundreds of others, he shandoned his books for his sword, and had passed days and nights in study and drill to fit himself for his new position. Horton enjoyed the repu-tation among his fellows of being rather an anchorite; he was reticent, sometimes

gloomy, and, although he performed his duties acceptably, he had thus far failed and unflinching bravery. It needed just took it to the office."

a military career. He joined in few of what was in the man, but Jack was modof the camp pleasures, and when he was not on duty, reeding or studying, was sure to be seen in abstract thought, walking among the streets of the camp or in the region of country immediately around. Christmas and New Year in camp formed one of the brightest seasons to the hard-worked soldier in all the years of the Rebellion. Though the quantity of useful and useless articles dispstched from home was at all times great, the bulk of contributions arriving in camp at this festive season sorely tried the carrying capacity of all engaged in supplying the army at the front. And the occasions of opening the boxes and bundles among both officers and privates were most interesting and exciting. The officers of the -th had arranged to bave an "opening" in the Colonel's quarters, and thither all who were not on duty repaired.

The evening was of course most enjoy able, for nearly every one had received from home some token to remind him of of all three. Horton was present, cool, gloomy and indifferent. He did not expect any present. His family was scattered, and many of those nearest to him, to whose loving sympathy he would naturally turn at this time, had passed away. He did not feel in a sentimental or sympathetic mood, and yet no particle of envy entered his mind in witnessing the enjoyment of others. - As the major held up a small paper box, however, and called out, "Lieutenant John W. Hor-ton," the latter started and felt his face aglow in an instant. He took the parcel, and, in spite of entreaties, in which not a few jokes were cracked at his expense, placed it in his pocket till the conclusion of the festivities, when he retired to the comfortable quarters he shared with Lieut. Carter.

Lieutenant Horton was puzzled and curious. After divesting himself of his overcoat, he sat down, placed the box on the table, and, in company with his companion, lighted the solacing dudeen, determined to approach and unravel the mystery as became a philosopher. Carter got decidedly impatient before even the outer wrappings were removed, as Horton conducted the proceedings with weighty deliberation. At last Horton shook from the box a little red mitten, snugly wrapped in a piece of white tissue paper. No note of explana-tion appeared, and Horton met his companion's gaze with a look in which were pictured at least half a dozen of the emotions that affect the human mind, the principal one being surprise.

For the next three evenings our hero

was engaged in writing letters-or rather a letter-for no sooner was each one completed than it was torn in pieces and burned. Horton felt himself in a tight fix, and hoped the enemy would make a demonstration on the camp, that he might get out of it. He had rather face a hundred cannon than undertake to acknowledge the reception of that mitten. He knew he had loved Miss Latham, but his big, sensible soul had been ter ribly lacerated by her apparent heartless behavior, and he had concluded to become indifferent, not only to her, but to all womankind. This might be another of her heartless tricks; but when one of the numerous children. Miss other of her heartless tricks; but when Abbie saw it, too, and as John, by one of John recalled her words, "If I ever think ward she gave a wicked pull, and John, as she had vouchsafed no kind of a message with the surrender of the mitten, he was at a loss how to act. Write he could not. "If I asked Carter's advice," Write he he reasoned, "he would only laugh at "Keep perfectly quiet and all will be me. Why can't these plaguy women let a fellow alone?" he muttered to himself. motion, withdrew. "I was trying to forget her-and now she has opened all my wounds afresh. She did it to tantalize me, but I'll show the flirt and the whole sex that I can't be tantalized." And then John took from his inner pocket an envelope, out of which he fished a little red object, on which he gazed for a few moments as a naturalist might gaze upon a newly-discovered insect, with mingled curiosity and tenderness. The soldier sighed as he replaced the trifle, and going to the

door of his tent, gazed out into the darkness. The evening was mild and calm, and the darkness was almost impenetrable. Scarcely a sound disturbed the sleeping camps, and, as the enemy across the Potomac were believed to intend no hostile demonstration, the utmost precaution had not been taken to guard against surprise. As Jack stood gazing into the the conversation darkness a succession of flashes lit up the romantic sketch. gloom, and the sharp report of small gloom, and the sharp report of small arms broke the stillness. "Hello! here's side of his cot, arranging a bouter to be a stillness, as he rushed quet. The wounded man had begun to moments the regiment was prepared to receive the enemy. Being one of the officers at hand, Lieutenant Horton was ordered by the Colonel to go forward with a detail of men and ascertain the true state of affairs. Our pickets were retreating, the firing being answered by stray shots from the enemy; no judgment of their numbers could be formed but our panie-stricken pickets reported them to be ten thousand strong, at least. Horton determined to keep cool, and ascertain for himself the number of the enemy. He had had little experience of fighting as yet, and his position was by no means a pleasant one. In this man-ouver his excellent judgment was proved, for, after studying the situation as long as it was prudent, he hastened to the Colonel and informed him that the force consisted of not more than a regiment of

infantry, moving directly for the camp.

A hot skirmish ensued, the fight lasting for an hour or two. The demonstration closed with the retreat of the enemy on whose heels Lieutenant Horton, whose fighting blood was up, hung with a tenacity that astonished his brother officers. Jack braved danger with an amazing coolness, and directed the fire of his men where it would do the most good. It was his ambition to capture somebody or something, and he did—a Confederate Captain and two privates, who were "surrounded" by himself and one of his soldiers. But Jack, fired by his success, rashly proceeded ahead for more human plunder, when he was laid low by a bullet through the shoulder.

IV.

Jack Horton was the hero of that night

est, and he didn't presume he had done more than he ought. His wound was a painful one, and in a few days he was on his way to Rockdale, where the reports of his achievements had preceded him. Jack could not help feeling a little cur-ious about how Miss Abbie would greet him if he chanced to meet her. He hadn't the remotest idea of calling on her, however. His time was the country's, and all his leisure moments were passed, even in those invalid days, in the study of military tactics. He did not want to be made a lion of; did not pretend to resemble that noble animal in the least. So he stayed at home and studied his books.

Just before his return to the army he attended a fair at Rockdale in aid of the soldiers. The young ladies were the principal attractions at this, as at all fairs; and among the young ladies none were more attractive than Miss Abbie Latham. She drove a remarkably saccessful business at the flower-stand, one a mother, sister, or sweetheart, sometimes of her principal patrons being Joseph Staples, who purchased at least half her stock, and distributed it with a lavish hand. He had not gone to war, but had at least, and without compulsion, hired a substitute. His patriotism was ardent as he assured Miss Abbie, but there were to him other glorious attractions nearer

> Certainly, Lieutenant Horton could but pay his respects to Miss Abbie. His face was paler, and his form had become more trim and manly than when she last saw him. His features, Abbie noticed, bore an expression of sadness and suffering, he moved without ackwardness, and all the young ladies declared him to be the handsomest soldier in the hall. He won the sword that was voted for on this occasion, as he deserved to. Jack's heart throbbed a little as he met the gaze of the young lady; but if he felt any emotion, it must have been slight; she was very busy with her custo vers, and especially with her wholesale patron, Mr. Staples; yet, as the lieutenant bade her good evening and turned away, he saw her eyes drop and a faint blush steal over her cheeks. For two old friends, so long separated, the meeting was de-cidedly cold and formal, and Jack felt chilled to the marrow.

> In the stirring events of the next two years Horton bore his full shareat Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Autietam, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, down to Cold Harbor, where, at the head of his regiment, he fell desperately wounded in the terrible and unsuccess-

ful assault on that stronghold.

He was conveyed to the hospital at Washington in a seemingly hopeless condition, with several wounds, each of which was dangerous. The nurses moved among the wounded men like angels of mercy. Some of the soldiers lay in a stupor, some raving in delirium, and others were dying in agony. For days Horton's life hung on a thread, his fevered brain mercifully rendering him unconscious of suffering. As he awoke one morning, a soft and gentle hand was soothing his brow, where the dampness indicated that the fever was broken. He tried to open his eyes, but was too weak; speak he could not; and many hours passed before he could discern what was around him. Since the night of the Cold Abbie saw it, too, and as John, by one of his graceful movements, essayed to stoop and capture the article, she refused to release his hand; but just as he bent for did entertain some regard for him. Still, saw before him the physician, and the saw before him the physician, and the saw before him the physician, and the nurse with a sweet pale face that looked familiar, but he could not recall the name of its owner. Again trying to speak, the surgeon kindly whispered,

The next morning his dim vision discerned the same pale and anxious face, and a gleam of wondering inquiry passed over his countenance as he gazed upon her. At last he feebly whispered: "Where am I?"

"In the hospital, and with friends," she gently answered. He would have spoken more, but she

withdrew. The next day he was stronger, and asked: "Where have I seen you?" At a sign from the physician, the nurse answered:

"At your old home. Don't you know me? I'm Abbie Latham. You are get-ting better now, and will soon be well." Jack was strong enough to begin to collect his thoughts, which were, of course, at once concentrated on his nurse. He improved wonderfully under her care, and one bright morning occurred the conversation we shall record in this

arms broke the stillness. "Hello! here's side of his cot, arranging a bou-for fun!" exclaimed Jack, as he rushed for his accounterments. The long-roll feel like his old self, and permission was called the men into line, and in a few given him to converse all he desired. "How long have you been in the hos-

pital. Abbie? "More than a year," she replied in a

sweet, womanly voice. Jack thought he had never beheld a fairer creature. If she was beautiful as a girl, the scenes she had witnessed had touched and chastened all that was lovable and womanly in her nature. She was no longer a girl-she was a tender, thoughtful woman.

"You have saved my life," said Jack, his eyes filling with tears.
"Me! no. Your strength has triumphed.

I have done what little I could. O, you were so terribly hurt!" And her eyes filled and her bosom heaved as she took his hand and gently pushed the brown, curling locks away from his forehead. Jack never felt so happy before in his life, despite the solemn character of the

conversation. "I can never repay you, Abbie. I'm only sorry for that. But if I dared to

"Perhaps you can, Jack," she replied, with the sweetest and most confiding smile. "I found something in your inner vest pocket which has paid me al-And she took from the bloodstained envelope the little red mitten.
"Then you knew by that token that I

had loved—at least, had not forgotten you," said Jack, a little confused. "Yes; and if my woman's sense had not told me, your talk in delirium would have proved it."

Jack mentally thanked heaven that he had been crasy.
"But, Jack, why didn't you answer
my letter? It was cruel of you."
"Your letter!"

"Yes; the one I sent you by post to

"No. dear Jack; don't get excited. Let us suppose nothing. All's well that ends well.

The little red mitten is a treasured relic in the Horton family, and it has been a wondering question to several little cherubs that gladden the household why mamma has never knit a mate

Edison's Electric Railway.

"By the way, Mr. Edison, how is your electric railway doing?"

"It is doing very well. I have it running from a point on the Pennsylvania Railway to Metuchen, a distance of two and a half miles. The locomotive runs at the rate of twenty-nine miles an hour, with one passenger car, containing forty passengers. It is a three feet six inches gauge, with a sixteen-pound rail. The weight of the locomotive is three tons." "Will a locomotive of that weight have sufficient traction to carry any

weight of train?"
"It has sufficient for light trains, and runs often. I put it up as an experi-ment. I have also a freight train which carries thirty tons of freight and makes eight miles an hour. I have only eighthorse power on the locomotive. I am now building a large one of 45-horse power, with which I expect to be able to pull about eighteen coal cars. The track of my road has been down several months, and still holds its insulation. I

half horse-power on the whole line of the road. "Can power be produced in this way to run a locomotive at as small a cost for coal as used in ordinary locomc-

made a run the other day at the rate of twelve miles an hour in the snow, and

there was only a leakage of two and a

"Yes. The reason is that in the boilers of our locomotives their heating and grate surface is small. A locomotive in this way is very uneconomical. You have got to force it at a great waste of energy, while a stationary boiler and engine at a station can utilize more power from coal, and by using a cheaper coal can produce power at a greater economy, and although to turn this power into electricity and get it on the track there is another loss, it never reaches that due to the want of economy in the locomotive."- | Boston Herald.

## Supreme Court Ettquette.

A Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Press contributes the fol-

I happened to drop into the United States supreme court the other day, and there I met a distinguished Philadelphia lawyer. He was in the blackest and shiniest of broadcloth, from his head to his heels. He had in his hand a tall hat, a small black necktie encircled the whitest of collars, and his general appearance suggested a funeral. As this gentleman (I dare not name him) is somewhat noted for his rather flashy attire, I could not exactly understand what was the matter, especially as he had no crape on his hat. He noticed me eyeing him, and asked me what was the matter. I told him he looked more like a Baptist preacher than a Philadelphia lawyer. "Oh," he answered quickly, "it's this d-d court. I bate these "Oh," he answered quickly, clothes, and at home I never wear any-

thing but grays or stripes or plaids, with bright neckties, but the la t time I had a case in this court I was not allowed to make any argument because I wore a short, speckled coat and trousers, with a blue necktie. I was told that I was not properly dressed to appear before this court, and that I must wear black clothes. I have another case here now, and so you see I am dressed in this outlandish style. But I shall charge this suit to my client, and when I get home I'll have my wife put these things away in camphor and mark them 'Supreme Court.'

Upon enquiry I found, what I never knew before, that the Supreme Court forbids lawyers to wear within its bar anything but black. The weather may be as hot as the region toward which all of us sinners are tending, but no grateful seer sucker, or linen duster, or white duck is permissible. The nine old duffers in easy chairs may nod and snooze and have their ease, but you must dress in black. It is probably right, for certain forms and ceremonies are necessary and the dignity of the court must be maintained.

Rise of the Polar Bear.

A keeper named James Murray had a thrilling escape from a terrible death at the Zoological Garden yesterday, while cleating the cage of the Polar bear. This cage, which stands by itself near the southeast entrance, is built of strong iron bars, and is about twenty feet in diameter, with a stone den at the back and a tank in the center large enough for the bear to roll in. The iron bars slope inward toward the top and form a roof eight feet above the floor, with a circular opening about three feet in diameter over the tank. As is usual when the cage is to be cleaned, Murray drove the bear into his den and closed the iron grating between that and the cage. He then en-tered, closed and fastened the door and was playing water from a hose into the den, when, with a ferocious growl, the bear threw itself against the grating, which gave way, and the animal rushed upon the keeper. Murray saw at a glance that there was only one hope of escape, for he was securely fastened in with a beast that was determined to eat him and was quite capable of doing it. There was nobody within sight or hearing. Dropping his hose Murray sprang across the tank and climbed the smooth bars on the opposite side of the cage. He reached the top before the bear had time to follow him, but the keeper realized that it afforded no place of refuge, for the animal could easily catch him there by rearing on its hannehes. He then made a perilous overhead journey along the top by clinging to the other side of the slop-ing bars until he reached the opening in the centre. Murray succeeded in gaining the aperture and hauling himself up to safety without a scratch. He was a badly scared man, however, and his face was ghastly the rest of the day.

A mortgage on a house is like a wormhole in an apple. Before you know if there is more worm-hole than fruit. A Noted Danish Dairy Woman.

Perhaps not many Danish farmers can hope to emulate Mr. Nielson's success, because few can be blessed with such a wife as he has. It is, in fact, mainly to Mrs. Nielson's exertions that the results accomplished are to be traced. This lady, first of all took a tour in Sweden and Germany, and in these countries learned to make butter on the Swartz system, and skim milk and whey cheese as practiced by Swedes and Germans. Then she resolved upon extending her travels. She knew only her native language and a smattering of German, but with this slender linguistic equipment she had the courage to make tour in England, France, Switzerland and Holland, picking up knowledge everywhere. She contrived to get such the following: "Charley Noble and two of John Post's boys, of Junction City, an insight into the dairy systems of these different countries, as to be able to make had quite an adventure last week with a butter on the Norman system, Camemhuge brown bear. They were out in the bert and Brie cheeses as they are made in Holland, Cheddar and Cheshire ass mountains for a hunt when they discovthey are made in England, and Gruyere according to the most approved Swiss process. Mrs. Nielson has a shop in Copenhagen, where she sells her dairy produce, the king being one of her regular customers. Her work in the dairy begins at five in the morning, and is finished at one in the afternoon. Mrs. Nielson is then off by train, to the city, where she is always to be found from

two o'clock until eight, returning to her country home by the nine o'clock train, ready to begin the same round of work the next day.

It would be interesting only to practical dairy maids to describe Mrs. Nielson's methods in detail. Her dairy (which is also her kitchen, where cooking and cheese making go on simultaneously) is but 16 feet square, and yet three kinds of checse-Derby, Edam and Camembert-have been seen in process of concoction together. The mistress devotes her personal supervision to the most critical parts of the work, but is assisted by her pupils, of whom she has generally about a dozen boarding in the house. For it will not excite surprise that her fame has spread far and near, and that farmers are only too glad to send their daughters to study under such an instructor. The girls stay for various periods, from six weeks to two years, usually about six months, and those who stay but a short time are charged proportionately high fees. All have to work as hard as any ordinary dairy maid, while at the farm. Most of the pupils are daughters of small farmers. One was pointed out to Mr. Jenkins, however, whose father owned 40 cows. This young lady was about to be married, and her parents thought themselves fortunate in securing for her, under Mrs. Nielson, the knowledge by which she would be enabled to turn the dairy, that was soon to be her own, to the best account. It is, perhaps, worth mentioning that Mr. Nielson takes no part of the dairy business himself, and had at first but small faith in the succes of his wife's enterprise. So she began by buying her milk of her husband at what he considered a remunerative selling price, and has continued to do so to the present time. She now has to buy of many other farmers as well, but Mr. Nielson is still paid for every quart at the market value, just as his neighbors

are. As Mrs. Nielson's 'pupils do most of the work, her outlay for labor must be very small, and she makes, according to her own statement, between two and three times as much for her butter and cheese as she pays for her mifk. She must, evidently therefore, be doing a prosperous business. Her profits are, of course, all the greater, from the fact that by keeping her own shop she has to make no allowance for those of the factor and retailer.—[London Globe.

A Strange Coincidence.

The oft-told story of the painter who painted an ideal picture of "Innocence" from the face of a pretty child, who sat as his model, and in his old age had a villainous-looking criminal sit to him for the model of a picture of "Guilt" as a companion piece to the other, and dis-covered that the child and the criminal were the same person, has received some startling illustrations in real life. A convict discharged from old Charlestown State prison told the following remarkable story of himself to the warden of that prison:

Some years ago a gentleman, his wife and their only child, visited a prison. They were shown through the workshops and prison by an officer, who pointed out the different objects of interest as they passed along. The gentleman was inquiring about a man who had recently been sent to prison for life for murder.

"By the way, this is his room," said the officer, stopping before one of the cells, the door of which stood open. The little boy, with a child's curiosity stepped up and looked in. His father

came up behind the child, and playfully pushed him in and closed the door. The little fellow shrieked to be let out. The door was immediately opened, and the child ran sobbing into his mother's

arms. She, brushing back the light curls from his forehead and kissing him, said soothingly: "No, no; they shan't shut up my little boy in prison.' The little boy was terribly frightened.

He turned his eyes once more toward the dreaded cell, and for the first time noted on the door the "No. -The incident made a deep impression

upon his mind. Time passed. He grew to manhood His father and mother were both dead. He became a sailor, and a good one, rising step by step until he be-came second in command of one of the California steamers sailing from New

York.

But, like many others, in consequence of that vice which has dragged down so many even from high positions, he lost his situation, came back to Boston, sank lower and lower, and was finally arrested for breaking into a store. He was sentenced to State prison for four years. When received at the prison he was

taken to the bath-room—the usual custom-bathed-shaved and clipped; clothed in the prison dress and conducted to the room he was to occupy. Judge of his horror and consternation

when he found himself standing before. and the officer unlocking the door of the same cell, "No.—," into which he, when a lad, had been thrust by his father.

Warden Haynes) he said no one could imagine his feelings when he found him-self an inmate of that cell. Every incident and scene from childhood rushed upon his mind; the exclamation of his mother, "No,no; they shan't shut up my little son in prison," rang in his ears, and he threw himself upon a stool, weeping, in utter despair and wretchedness.

It is pleasant to see shining through this strange story of circumstantial retribution the truth of the famous line, 'There is a divinity that shapes our The convict became a religious man while in prison, and years after his discharge, rose to be an officer in the navy.

A True Story of a Trinity County Bear Fight. The Trinity Journal of last week tells

ered a bear's den in the mountain side. The brush around the entrance to the cave was worn and bent down quite close to the ground, which assured them that there was a bear in the cave. They came to the conclusion that they would capture bruin, the only practical way being to smoke the animal out. Accordingly wood was collected and piled up in the mouth of the cave and set on fire. It had hardly got under a good headway before it was pushed away. The hunt-ers were surprised. Again the wood was collected and another fire built, and again it was pushed away. The truth of the whole matter was that bruin was doing the work himself with his paws, retreating to a safe distance within the cave after destroying the fire. And so the struggle continued for two days and two nights, the hunters building fires, and the bear destroying them. hunters were bound to capture their game, and finally changed the order of fuel. They gathered a large quantity of dry brush, and piled that up in the en-trance. This last mode was a success. For no sooner had the fire began to send out volumes of smoke and to crack, than a terrible growl was heard inside, and immediately after came the bear, with a bound through the fire, like a dog jumping through a fiery banner at a circus growling savagely, and bounding toward the hunters. They were courageous and stood their ground, for they were not to be foiled after waiting impatiently and working vigorously for the 'varmint.' Charley Noble blazed away at him, which felled the bear to the ground and precipitated him down the steep mountain side. Charley started in pursuit, but had not gone a great distance when he slipped and was going after bruin at a speed and in a manner which was not at all agreeable, for his bearship was not fatally wounded, as supposed, and was savagely waiting the coming of the foe at the foot of the hill where Charley landed, gun in hand, within ten feet of the bear, who was coming for him with all the savageness that it could muster. He waited until the bear got within a few more feet of him and then sent a bullet through his brain. The bear weighed 450 pounds, which is considered a little above the average weight of that species. The boys procured some torches and entered the cave, where they found the bed of the bear, upon a shelf, which was made of sticks about the

Beath of a Remarkable Man.

thickness of a man's wrist."

Captain John Longworth, late of Goderich, Ontario, died on the 16th day of January, 1883, at the house of Mrs. Windsor, Sr., in Port Austin,

Michigan. The deceased was born on the 7th day of April, 1790, in the county of West-meath, Ireland. He entered the British service when quite a young man, and served under the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsular war, and held from the government of Great Britain medals, with numerous clasps, each clasp having thereon the name of one of the great battles of that war in which he fought.

After the final surrender of Bonaparte the great, he returned to Ireland, where, he remained in the military service as civil engineer, until the spring of the year 1830, when he left the service and emigrated to Canada, reaching Quebec in May; entered into the service of the Canada company in the capacity of civil engineer, and soon after moved to Goderich, Ontario. He built the first barbor at that place-in fact the first ever built on Lake Huron-and had charge of many

other public works for that company.

He continued to live in Goderich for nearly fifty-three years, and until Oct. 20th last, when his grandson, Richard Windsor, brought him to Port Austin on account of his failing health, that in his last days he might have his loving care and attention which he needed from his many children, grand children, and greatgrand-children here.

Mr. Longworth is the father of Mrs. Windsor, Sr., Miss Jane Longworth and Mrs. Neill, of Port Austin, and Mrs. Lizers, wife of Judge Lizers, of Stratford, Ontario, and Mrs. John Robson, of British Columbia.

He leaves a widow, 73 years old, the mother of Mrs. Neill and Mrs. Robson, who mourns with sorrow 'that none but she can know .- [Port Austin (Mich.)

NOTHING FIT TO EAT .- In Lounsbury's life of James Fenimore Cooper, just published, a good story is told of the novelist while traveling in the wilderness bordering upon the St. Lawrence. The party to which he belonged came upon an inn where they were not expected. The landlord was totally unprepared, and met them with a sorrowful countenance. There was, he assured them, nothing in the house that was fit to eat. asked what he had that was fit to eat, he could only say in reply that he could furnish them with venison, pheasant, wild duck and some fresh fish. astonished question of what better he supposed they could wish, the landlord meekly replied that they might have wanted some salt pork!

A Georgia woman is losing the power of speech through indulgence in canned fruits. Now you know what to think of a man who is going home with a lot of canned fruit under his arm.

"Yes," said the father. "I like to have my daughter have a beau on the score of economy. If she didn't, some of the In relating this story to me (says cupy the parlor and burn gas."