God pity us all as we jostle each other;
God pardon us all for the triumphs we feel
When a fellow goes down neath his load on
the heather,
Pierced to the heart; words are keener than

And mightier far for woe than weal,

Were it not well in this brief life's journey, On over the isthmus, down into the tide, We gave him a fish instead of a serpent, 'Ere folding the hands to be and abide Forever, and aye, in dust at his side?

Look at the roses saluting each other;
Look at the herds all in peace on the plain,
Man, and man only, makes war on his
brother,
And laughs in his heart at his peril and pain, Shamed by the beasts that go down on the

Is it worth while that we battle to humble Some poor fellow down into the dust!
God pity us all! Time too soon will tumble
All of us together, like leaves in a gust,
Humbled, indeed, down into the dust.

AN EPISODE OF LIFE.

How Longings for the Infinite Are Evolved Out of the Chaos of the

Yesterday forenoon a man doing business on Michigan avenue put a quart of Bench!" kerosene in a jug. walked out to the "Wha crossing of First street, and deliberately let the jug fall to the pavement. It was, of course, broken into many pieces, and, of course, the oil splashed over the stone sidewalk. When this had been accomplished the man waited. In two or three minutes along came a citizen who halted all of a sudden, stared

hard at the spot and called out:

"Ah! somebody broke a jug!"

"Yes."

"Oil in it, wr sn't there?"

"Guess so."
"Probably let the jug fall?" "Probably."

"And the oil was wasted?" "It was."

"Well, I declare!" he gasped, as h passed on. He had been gone only a minute when a lawyer came along. He, too, brought up with a sudden jerk, and asked:

'Something happened?" "Yes."

"Somebody broke a jug?"

"Had something in it, eh?" Yes.

"Might have been turpentine, but it smells like kerosene.'

"Ah! then I was correct." He lingered until the third man came The new arrival picked up the handle of the broken jug and remarked:

Bless me! but this must have been a jug?"
"It was."

"And it had kerosene in it," he continued, as he rubbed his finger on the walk and sniffed at it.

"Well, by George, but that's queer?" He also waited, and a fourth man came up and went through about the same performance. Then a fifth, sixth, and seventh came, and by and by there were thirty men in the group and more coming every moment. Each one picked ee of the jug, looked it all over, snuffed at it, and put on an expression of interest, and one man had asked if the coroner had been notified, when the Roman city of Minovia." diceman pushed his way in and

"What's this all about?" "Why," answered the man who had started the affair, "I put some kerosene into a jug and let the jug fall on to the

Some of the crowd tried to laugh as it suddenly broke up, and some said they would pound him if they had to wait a whole year, while the officer

went away muttering: "This will bear looking into. Where was he going with that jug? How came it to break? What was he doing with kerosene? Why didn't the jug contain molasses? I'll have an eye on him."

Mistaken Charity.

Decharity of Detroit has bred a race of beggars who will nebber leave us. It has added to de loaferism an' encouraged de idleness an gineral shiftless-ness. It has said to de heads of families: 'Idle de summer away an' you shall be supported durin' de winter! Go ask de poo' superintendent if de same person doan' return y'ar after y'ar? Ask him if men an' women have come to look upon a poo' fund as deir right, an' if dey doan' demand deir allowance, instead of asking for it? Charity filled do kentry wid tramps. When charity tried to ungo its work de tramps began to burn barns an murder women an' chill'en. Charity has encouraged a drove of 500 beggar chill'en to march up an' down ebery resident street. It has wasted its tears upon brutes of men an' its prayers upon hardened women, an' its money has gone to feed people so vile an' wicked dat do state's prison ached to receive 'em.'

Family Funeral Time.

The Lampton family is in one respect one of the most unfortunate in Austin. They have lost by death five or six children, but the births are pretty much in the ratio of the deaths, so that the family is far from being childless. A few weeks ago there was another death In the family, and the undertaker's assistant called at the house. A small boy mot him at the door. Is your pa in?"

"What do you want to see him about?"

I want to ask him when the funeral

will take place."
"You needn't see him then at all, if that is all you want. I can tell you that. Pa always buries as at 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

Sir W. Temple: To make others' wit appear more than one's own, is a good role in conversation; a necessary one, to let others take notice of your wit, and never do it yourself.

HE HAD SEEN IT ALL.

The Lofty, Traveled Youth, and the Lad, Who Took Him Down.

There is a youth on board who makes himself a bore with his lofty atrs. He wears a rose-colo ed suit, and carries a smooth alpenstock with a chamots horn mounted atop; and over his fraxen hair, which is beautifully parted be aind, he wears a red Turkish fez. He fearlessly made everbody's acquainfance the first day out, and then at oucs began to badger them about their travels. "Hm! So you went up the K:g:-and over to the Scheideck, of course," he said to some ladies.

"Yes, up the Rigi, but only to the Kulm," they answered.

"Oh! You should have gone over to the Scheideck! I wouldn't give a cent to go up the Rigi and not go to the Schei-Why, it's a great deal finer than the Kulm-ten times better viewdidn't ye know that?"

To a clergyman who was speaking of Heidelberg he said: "I suppose you went around to the Bench, didn't ye?"

"Bench?-What bench?" "The Bench-the Bench-the rocky shelf some 200 feet beyond the castle. No? You didn't? You came away without going to the Bench? Why, without going to the Bench? Why, the Bench gives you the best view of the castle there is—all the view there is, about; I wouldn't give a cent to go to Heidelberg at all unless I went to the

"What? Didn't go to Valmaar?" he said, with an incredulous inflection, to a young professor from a western col-"Is it possible? That lovely church-that unique campo santo-that wonderful history—that stupendous palace! If I had missed Valmaar I shouldn't feel as if I had been to Europe at all."

And the professor was actually too much ashamed of himself, and too deeply grieved at his loss, to tell the youth that he never before heard of Valmaar. But this young man, who was having such fun letting the sawdust out of the tourist's cherished dolls, was laying up for himself wrath against a day of wrath.

"Of course you went out to the Faggiola, when you were in Venice?" in-quired one of the ladies of him. "O yes-yes-the Faggiola-yes, of

course; I had almost forgotten it. "Forgotten such a strange island as that?" she pursued, "were the old Roman city of Minovia sunk hundreds of years ago, and they can still see down through the water the marble palaces? Did you go down in the dumb-bell?"

"No, I didn't; I wasn't feeling very well that day; but I saw the roofs and spires down through the water-they are mostly tumbled down now."

"How far are they below the surface of the water? I should think-wellfifty or sixty feet, or maybe more," he

said vivaciously.
"How did the old castle look?" she inquired, with earnest interest; "did it seem utterly forsaken down there, or as if it were still inhabited?"

"Still inhabited!" he exclaimed, "after all these-why, it looked just like -you know yourself what it looked like; you was out there, wasn't you?" "Me? O, no; I didn't go out to the Faggiola when I was in Venice. It was was awfully hot; and then I didn't know where the Faggiola was, and nobody else seemed to know, either." She laughed a merry peal. "And nobody said anything about the castle of

And she laughed again and clapped her hands; and her hearers laughed, too—all but one, who looked very thoughtful and walked away. He was seen laboring over one of the volumes of the cyclopadia down in the saloon an hour later, and since that has been very quiet, indeed.

The "Leader" Editor's Future.

The flag has dropped on ponderous public will put up with much, but it here." will not have a daily magazine at the breakfast table. It will read a para- and the careless drayman mounted graph between its ham and eggs, but it upon it and started for the station. hasn't time for a review-the eggs would get cold. When this old hat was new, some hundred years ago, the deep agony came up from the box public hankered and hungered for long editorial articles. It doesn't do it now. It has more sense, and, besides, the world has moved a peg or two. When the public reads a long article nowadays it must be larded with news, not some man's opinion warmed over a creeping horror at the sound. dozen times. This being the case, the thought as to the future of the powerful "leader" writer is a saddening one. he spoke. What ever will become of the man with the brow like Mercury new-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill and the throbbing intellect? There is a grave chance that there will not be enough wood piles to go around.

The Moonshiner's Hogs.

The thoughtful provision of this ing as he ran: moonshiner for his hogs reminds one "Oh, Lordy! that the hog sometimes is himself a guide for the revenue officers. Your toper is not more fond of the product | in glory! save your sufferin' child! of the still than is this useful animal of its residuam of slops and refuse. Not an hour to get the thing explained, long ago a drove of fine porkers were driven to market in a southern city. Their route led past a registered distillery, and with a celerity which rivaled sent to being released. that of their relatives in bible story who "ran down a steep place into the sea," they broke column for the succulent slops. A revenue officer standing by asked the driver. "Where did you friend plants a sprig of cypress, one on buy them hogs?" On investigation it the right and another on the left of the a tranquil spot, which would no doubt followers of Mohammed. If those on have escaped the vigilance of the "reve-the left, he would forever be excluded grateful conduct of his pigs.

A Cool Crowned Head.

little fellow, who loves eigarettes, gar-lie, girls, fast horses and brandy," but it takes something more than a French mob to "rattle" him. Alfonso's conduct ladies should not forget that Goliath in Paris showed that he has a cool head, died from the effect of a bang on his even if he is a king.

Chinese Medical Treatment.

The most absurd superstitions are held in regard to sickness and disease. It is always at ributed to the evil spirits floating in the air, and when a member of a family is attacked with illness they send for the priests. These sacred in-dividuals come attended by a full band of masic, that is to say, a huge gong, several drums, and an instrument like a Scotch bagpipe. No more hideous or unearthly noise can be imagined. The priest kneels before a square table holding lighted candles and burning incense, and reads innumerable prayers placed on a sort of easel, in large red charac-At the end of each one he prostrates himself to the earth, and the struments break out into a most discordant clamor while he remains there.

A woman in a village just outside the gates of our compound has never been well since her removal into a new house. Of course, the only reason they can think of is that the evil spirits took possession before they did. Last week the priests were sent for, and they have been keeping it up ever since, night and day. The wonder to us is when they eat or sleep, for there has been not the slightest cessation of hostilities. When ill they pinch themselves around the neck till it has the appearance of being burned or scalded at regular intervals. Another babit is to take a copper cash, a rough coin about the this. value of 1-10 of a cent, and scratch a cross on the back till the blood flows. Even the most learned have not the slightest idea of the mechanism of the human body, for it is against the law and punishable by death to dissect a corpse. It is amusing to see their cuts representing the internal system, for they resemble that of a sheep or goat quite as much as our own beautifully formed and regulated bodies. No wonder that the marvelous cures effected by the foreign physician seem little less than miracles.

A Strange Interruption.

The Primitive Baptist camp-meeting at Silver Creek, Ga., had a strange interruption. A matronly woman began thought it was a case of spiritual anxiety, and put on more religious fervor, which had a magnetic effect on the prayerful worshipers and caused them to do likewise. This stimulated the matronly woman to renewed exertions and increased noise. Presently she declared that she was not praying, but that she was mad about her daughter. A young man had been paying attention to her daughter, and the mother had told the girl to have nothing to do silently and slyly the young man came and knelt by the girl. The old lady, who was devoutly praying, did not see him, nor did she see the other man that knelt with him. Nor did she at first know that the whispered words which fell from the lips of the three, constituted the marriage service. It was when she found out that her daughter had thus been married on the sly that she inary ever known in camp-meeting his-

A Wicked Joke.

Charley Willard was a practical joker; he was what the many victimized darkies called "a ba-ad man." One day Charley hired a darkey to let him nail him up in a packing case, and he instructed the thus imprisoned African that at a certain time he should groan dismally. Then the joker called a dray and said to the driver:

"Here, Jack, take this box to the depot. I don't like the looks of that box journalism. The great, good-natured around here, I wonder who left it

He had driven about half the length of Bay street when a hollow groun of quite certain that he rightly caught the direction of the noise, but he lightened up on the box, the perspiration oozed out upon his forehead, and the furze upon his hands rose up in

"What dat?" he softly asked himself, and his voice squeaked and wabbled as "Umrh-h-ah-oh-ee-umrh-h-ah!" came

from the box, and the captive flourdered in his cage.

There was a yell of awful terror-a big negro man leaped high in the air from the dray and landed full fifteen feet away, and with a huge, white, distorted eve out over each shoulder he fled down the street praying and snort-

"Oh, Lordy! O, my Hesvenly Father! Be with me, I pray! Oo, wah-ah-ah! De debill like to cotch me! My Lord

He stopped at last, but it took half and the coon in the box inquired very particularly as to whether the drayman was near at hand before he would con-

Mussulman Funerals.

As soon as the grave is filled up each was found that the mountaineer in deceased. If those on the right grow charge of their early education had the deceased will live forever, enjoy the maintained an unregistered distillery in delights and bliss promised to all true but for the inconsiderate and un- from enjoying bliss in the arms of the ravishing Houris, whose eyes are big as the ten saucers, and forms as of Parian marble. If both grew he would be Alfonso is described as "an insipid neither, he would be haunted by black

SUN-BURN IN ARCTIC REGIONS. One of the Scourges of Arctic Travel

-An Old Whaler's Experience. The worst trouble that I had in my first voyage north was from sun-burn Yes, sir-sun-burn. I could stand the cold when she was forty degrees below zero; I could stand frozen noses and years; but bust my top-rails if I didn't suffer the torments of hell the first time I got sunburnt in the Arctic regions. You see it is this way: We was laid up a few days before the close of summer making repairs, in about seventy-four degrees north latitude, and right early one morning a party of us went ashore to look around. It was pretty cold and the consequence was we were bundled up in half a dozen thicknesses of under-clothes, with fur hoods over our heads, and looked like fleas in a buffalo robe.

"Well, sir, along about noon time, what with the heat of the sun, and the hard exercise that we was taking in getting over the snow and ice-hummocks, I was hot as tarnation, and just slipped the hood off my head and went along for awhile with nothing on it.

"Put on that hood, you fool, hol-lered one of the men. 'Do you want to get sunburnt?' 'A few freckles won't hurt me,' says I. 'I never was much of a beauty. But you're the fool to talk about sun-burn in such a country as

"I thought that settled the whole business; so I kept right along with a bare head, while the other boys, who were old hands at travel in the north, kept covered up. The side of my face that was next the sun was hot as fire, while the side that was in the shade was froze pretty stiff, but as we kept tacking around in going from place to place, I showed first one side and then the other to the sun, and the freezing and

the cooking was pretty evenly divided.
"You take and stick your head clear down to the chin in a bucket of scalding water, and keep it there for five minutes, and you'll know what I felt like when I got back to the ship that night. My face was swelled up so that I couldn't see out of my eyes, and one of the boys had to lead me around for to scream and cry in a violent manner three days. My head under the hair during prayer time. The preacher was so tender that I couldn't touch it to a piller, and I tool; my sleep like I took my whisky, standing. The boys used to come around me and laugh and holler, because they said my head looked like a hog fattened up for Christmas; but it wasn't no joke for me, and I couldn't understand the laughing until I got well enough to see out of my eyes into a looking-glass, and then I laughed, too, at the picture.

"You don't believe me, eh? Don't lie about it; I can see in your eyes that with him. In order to make sure of this the old lady had held the girl by the arm while engaged in prayer. Very north in summer will tell you the same. The cap'n he told me the cause of it was that the sun shines so straight up and down there that his rays burn like fire. I don't know nothing about that, but I do know that sunburn is the painfullest danger in northern travel.

"Freezing ain't a patching to it. Many and many a time have I had my nose and years froze without suffering. The time I got these years froze off I didn't tend to them in time, or they'd began to scream. For awhile she was didn't tend to them in time, or they'd uncontrollable. But at last she yielded a-been all right. In fact, I was by myto wise counsel, and decided to make self for twenty-four hours at the time the best of what she considered a bad it happened, and I did not know they bargain. The brethren present thought were froze until some of the boys told the wedding one of the most extraord- me when I got back to the ship; but it was too late to save them.

Old Virginia's Solid Notious,

And with all this material progress let us put it upon record that the Virginian is still the old Virginian. And let us be thankful for that. He, with his solid notions of honor, truth, piety. hospitality, is a good anchor to the nation. This old Virginian, under whose solid mahogany I have had my legs, is building a barn. Every timber of this barn I have had to approve and praise for its solidity and permanence. His head is blossoming near the seventies, but he stumps about and thumps everything with his big oak stick to see that it is 'solid! solid! sah!" He is building a stone wall about his thousands of mountain acres, and, although he well knows he will never live to see it completed, he lays the foundation deep in the earth; solid! solid! And his beneath him. The driver was not character, as well as those of his neighbors, seems to be quite as substantial. At breakfast one morning, a bottle of honey, so-called, was brought upon the table to be spread on the crisp and smoking corn cakes. Well, this "honey" proved to be glucose. This glucose dad been poured in upon a "honeycomb" which some Yankee had made by machinery. The good and gray old man had just finished saying grace. But he got up. He struck his fist in the air, and I tell you he fairly be shut up, contiscated, in ten minutes, sah! He would be tried for adultery, sah! Yes, sah; the law of Moses means just that, sah. It means that you shall not adulterate sugar, or coffee, or tea, or honey, or any of God's gifts to man, sah! Honey?honey? That's not the work of honest bees, sah. It's glucose, glu-cose—sticky, stinking glucose, sah!"

Economy of Coquetry.

The life of a belle is one of continuous hard labor, with little or no compensation, and still, unlike the telegraphers, they do not strike. After a late breakfast, she begins her series of engagements, divided by the hours, and in the press of business into the half At 11 a. m. she give A an hour hours. At 11 a. m. she give A an hour on the lawn; at 12 she has B for half the morning german and C for the other half; at 1 p. m. D has his hour for a promenade in the great parlor; E takes her to dinner, F has dessert with her; after dinner G has his chance at tenpins; If then takes her to ride. Following the ride she takes tea, then comes the german again; then a supper and then to bed at 2 a. m. So, from 10 she is on a continual strain, and a girl time in this way for two weeks ahead. Of course only a few reach this pinnacle of success, but some do. During a day a girl who is a success will dance ten miles and talk ten hours.

WHEN WINDS WERE LOW.

When winds were low and bright the summer hours, Some minstrel, wandering through my garden fair, Forsook his harp, and left it standing there With silent strings among the wondering

flowers.
With gentle touch to wake its murmurings,
In vain the lily and the rose essayed:
But once the summer wind across it
strayed,

An I with sweet music throbbed the golden

strings; Whilom my heart had learned no melody, But in life's garden hung with silent chord;
And all the days sang no sweet song to me,
Or answered every touch with care's discord;
Until on dancing feet love strolled along—
And all my heart was musical with song.

Blonde and Brunette Beauties.

In New York, for the past two seasons, there has been great rivalry existing between the lovely blonde and darling brunette beauties. The war still rages furiously, and it is hard to tell at the present moment which is to come out victorious, and whether the blonde beauties or their darker sisters will lead fashions this winter, and which will be the more popular. We do not often see in one metropolis as many real blondes and as many true brunettes as we have in New York. A real blonde has light hair with streaks of gold through it, eyes that look like wild violets, complexion rare and white, with a delicate flush on the cheek, and light eyebrows the color of the hair. True blondes never have dark eye-

If a woman has all the above requirements that go to make up a blonde, and dark or black eyebrows, her beauty comes under another type known as the "Van Dyke blonde," of which Lady Mandeville is one of the most stunning examples we have ever seen. Her hair is a wonderful yellow, her complexion fair as a lily, and her eyes black as sloes, with eyebrows to match. The "Van Dyke blonde" is a type of beauty not often seen. It is considered by far

the more distingue type. Although almost everybody knows what is requisite to be a true brunette, there are still a few who are not even educated up to it, and who call a woman who has a dark clear skin, "cheeks like roses and lips like the cherry," hair purplish black, and dark gray eyes, a brunette. No woman is a true brunette grow pale. who has not very brown or very black

What is known as the "Irish type" of beauty in one of the loveliest. No eye is so blue, so large, so expressive, or so heavily fringed as that of the possessor of this type; no hair is so glossy and dark and heavy; no complexion so rosy and healthful, and to people in general this type is the most bewitching and

A type of beauty that has had its day, but of which we see representatives occasionally, is what is known as the "strawberry blondes." Brick red hair, blue eyes and fair, pink complexions, are the accompaniments of this type. The "yellow blonde" is another type which is rapidly going out of fashion, and "yellow blondes" are seldom seen now except on the stage. Fanny Davenport is an example of this type.

The daughters of Spain and Italy are the best examples of the brunette type of beauty; those of England and Germany of the blonde type, and those of Greece of the Van Dyke type.

Here in America we have a mixture of all kinds of types, as we have a mixture of all nations. The true American of most ex type of beauty, however, is neither of these for the merican market, English the blonde nor brunette. Van Dyke nor Irish, Daniel Gabriel Rossetti, strawberry or yellow blonde types. The true American beauty has hair soft and brown, eyes of gray or blue, complexion, eyes of gray or blue, eyes of gray ion rather white, clear and devoid of rich color, and features not by any means as regular as those of the other types of beauty, but possessing far more expression.

Ladies Who Shave.

"I'm in about as big a hurry as yourself to-day," said a Trenton, N. J., barber to a reporter; "this is my Chambersburg day." "What do you mean by your Chambersburg day?" asked the reporter. "That's the day I go out to the borough to shave a certain lady who lives there. Oh, you needn't be surprised. I shave her every two weeks. If she let her mustache grow it would beat yours. I have one other Indy customer, who would, but for me, have a growth of fine, soft hair on both sides of her face. I shave her every three weeks. The first lady is married. The other is not. No one outside of their own families knows that they shave. There are other ladies, I suppose, who could cultivate a beard, but I don't know them. Once when I worked in Philadelphia, I had half a dozen to shave every fortnight." "Doesn't the shaving make the turned the atmosphere blue. "In hight." "Doesn't the shaving make the France, sah, that grocer's store would hair on their faces grow worse than ever?" "I think not. I use water in-stend of lather, by their request, and while shaving makes the hair stiffer, I don't think it causes it to grow any heavier. One reason that they shave is that they can not properly powder their faces when growing a beard." How much do you charge them?"
"Twenty cents a shave."

An Editor's Incapacity.

Besides, in our editorial offices there is too often an absolute incapacity to deal with the people and the physical facts of the day. The man engaged in writing his daily yard-stick of editorial on beneath no becomes a closet character. He loses the hardihood to drink through his eyes the true influences of the time. He squares his world by some Utopia in erally at the head his library. The greatest revolution of modern times, that which arrested true tain side with a gydory motion. It liberty and the true happiness of man, looks like a hige fence drawing imwas fomented by Rousseau from his mense quartifies o rater from the closet, where he apparently depicted clouds and pogring in a cascade upon the world as he saw it in some beauti-ful camera above the roof; and when he came out into the world, because it was not all as noiseless and exquisite as that reflection, he indicated all the regin the morning until 2 next morning, ular influences of his time as tyrants of the globe. Nervous, so constituted will have engagements filling her whole that he could not mix with men, he wanted human government adapted to his delicate tympanum and retina. The madman's vision inflamed France, and self-government became a hideous in-

A STREET SCENE

The Wan Who Scared Su'llivan Teets With Unexpected Reverses.

At the intersection of two matown-ousiness streets, year-day afternoon, a large number of vehicles seemed to col-lect from all directions. One coal cart had for a driver an ecentric individual. who by his shouts tions made himself quiring eyes. He same tenthusi-astic character, and irectly opposed to his horse in this respect, for the animal's ears hung down like the private pockets ears hung down like he private pockets of a bank cashier, and he exhibited no more activity or dese to progress than the politician who his friends are "forcing into nominion, you know."

This peculiar turbut was remarkable from the fact that the driver, like

ble from the fact the the driver, like the colored race, was incessantly clam-oring for recognition and his well di-rected efforts in the respect stopped the street cars and entangled the wheels of his cartwith those of a heavy express wage. It she met that the cart man was ding for just such a scene. He cried out to his horse, to the driver of the coress wagon, and finally dropped is reins and exfinally dropped claimed:

"Gimmie road! gamie road, there!"
A low tigerish grwl from the expressman was the oly response.
"Don't make me at down out o' here,
I tell you," contined the irate coal-

man. "Well, get your enfounded cart out of the way," replied he other. This was almost so much.

"Get out of the wy, did you say?" he almost yelled, wale the veins began to stand out on the young coal mine on his forehead. Young man, don't you provoke me-lim a daugerous charac-

"I don't car what you are," sulkily

replied the excessman.

"Great of headed lightning!"
roared the of driver as he jumped over the tailbard of his wagon. down here und I show you why John L. Sullivan going to California. Come slong al give me a little exercise," he conned, spitting on his hands and happing them together with a forceast made the lookers-on

scended, and for a few The enemy moments the was a terrifying scene of kicking all biting and striking. When the extement had somewhat subsided the expressman was coolly subsided thexpressman was coolly climbing in his wagon, while the man who seared allivan out of the eastern states was i delightful trim to grace an Italian g bag. One eye was closed, two port teeth were missing, and his left had called for a division of the hous. To the policeman who endeavored reach the scene in time to take somedy's ante-mortem state-

ment he extened: "Well, M see, I was the roaring cart, but if I can get a a yard of sticking plasraw oyster ter I'll resi my position or go on a seems that there was vacation. officer, but it was over so some troub ave but a faint recollecquick that tion of it."

Knives & Scissors at Sheffeld.

First, we we taken into the show-rooms, when the glass cases are an endless numberal variety of razors, carv-ing knives of forks, and case knives of ite finish, a few plated: tailors; of se are some most beautifully finishe with polished and semi-polished conscated faces, produced by skillful grinay. Pen-knives are in end-less variety ac under a bell glass has less variety is under a ben gua-less variety is under a ben gua-1,883 blad, a new one being 1,883 blad, a new Year's day. ers, "et hoc genus" of Stilettoes, d pretty weste some were "tooth-

des foot long. Carved picks" with ters in profusion. The ivory papervorybeing necessary to art of carvin aboute case and pen-is crried still further, produce the knife handle and many iv aments are made. e shell cases with bunished tools for the beautiful hi ladies' aid in ering and sewing. Pearl work, cappled to knives, is in To glitter and gleam profusion als from these eacs remed one of fairy or ork Little do the refantastic from sults show ho man lirty fingers have had the doing nor to ough how many seething fire, or tightful saws the pieces have sch used before the stamp of finite and perfection is put upon them, all the are allowed to go forth into the orld "joys forever."

The Phenomena Cloud-Bursts, Hon, W. B Harrin, in the Smith-sonian report descript these phenomena graphically an accurately. He says: "Clore-burst are of frequent occurrence if these muntains Humbeldt mountains, in hynda. Star City, in the Humbuilt mins was nearly de-stroyed by one. In 862 several per-sons lost their live in the Washoe mountains, being outwhelmed by flood coming adden from the mountains. I witnessed veral of them, have been in the edg one, and once stood on the top of mountain and of an immense saw the terrifit scenvolume of water rolls down the can-

gathering of assuall ense black cloud the top, and gena ennon. Soon open the mounthe cloud dashes itac These waters e known rocks weighing tons carrie an eighth of a mile by the torrent. one case the water in the ranon cloud-burst was thirty set deep. These phenomena are differen from anything et deep. These I ever heard occurring other parts of the world. They correwhen the sky is elsewhere clear and oudless. From the first gathering of the cloud to a cloudless sky agair forty minutes. ldom exceeds

The first sign of the is the sudden