Worful Tale. "O, it's you, eh?" queried Sergeant Bendell yesterday as he looked up from his work at the desk and saw Mr. Dunder before him.

"I believe she whas me, Sergeant, und I like to have some remarks nilt you.

"Some fresh trouble, I suppose,"

"Vhell, I haf some experiences, perhaps. Last winter, when I had pones ache, der doctor says I vhas to get some medical flannel."

"Medicated, you mean." "Mabbe she vhas. Vhas it all right?" "Certainly. Medicated flannel is sup-

posed to be a good thing." "Vhell, dis week a man comes in my place und likes to sell me some medicated fly-screens." "What?"

"Vhas she all right?"

"Who ever heard of such a thing!" "Vhell, dot whas it. If you medicate some flannels thy doan' you medica's some fly-screens? He says it whas to be an awful bad year for shills and fever, und if I have some medicated flyscreens nothing can come in. As soo: as dose shills und fevers strike dot screen it whas all oop mit her."

"And you bought some?"

"I buys ten." "Mr. Dander, you don't know enough to pound sand!"

"I doan'! Show me some sand und I pound his head off! Do you belief I like to be seek?"

"Well, go on-what else?" "I haf a fire-escape put on my saloon Mebbe you find some fault mit dot." "On your saloon! At what point?"

"On der back door. He what mad of wire, und holds half a bushel." "On the back door! holds half

bushel! Explain!" "Ican explain in two seconds. I ha a man put oop a fire-escape so dot shall escape a fire dot burns me oudt.

"How will you escape?" "Doan' I tell you dot I haf no fire i he vhas oop dere. He doan' let a firpreak oudt--he makes me escape

"And you paid for !!?" "I pay four dollar, of course, People doan' work for nothing."

"Well, I declare! It's a wonder some one don't offer to buy you for a cucum

"Dere you whas again. Eafeybod yells for fire-escape, and shust as soon as I get one you make fun of mel Mebbe you like my place to burn oop. und I vbas ruined?"

"Well, well! But go on. Two swindlers a week are nothing for you. What else?"

"Vhas Sheneral Shackson dead?" "Was he! Well, I should remark General Jacks in has been as dead as door-nail these lifty years past."

"Has he? Dot does me good. D vash one time I vash all right, und doan get shwin fled."

"What do you mean?" "Vhell, a nice man comes in my pla s two days ago. Vash I Carl Dunder? I vash. All right. Say, Mr. Dunder, I vash on to a scheme dot make us rich. I like you to work her among der Shermans und I take der Yankees. It whas called Sheneral Shackson's Discovery, but he died before he do much aboudt him. It that how to get der sand out of sand stone."

"Great Scots!" "Hen whas he great Scots! Don't you like to get the sand oudt if he whas

"What for; can't you get sand almost anywhere? Isn't it as cheap as dirt?' "I doan" think of dat. Vhell, py

"And you bought the secret?" "Vhell, ve go into partnership, you

see. I give him twenty-five dollarund he goes by Chleago to get some machinery. He whas to do all te work, and I what to sell der sand and Y. Sun. be the treasurer." "Well, you'll never treasurer any on

that twenty-five dollars. It's a wonder he didn't strike you for fifty." "He did."

"And why didn't he get it?" "I doan' happen to haf him. See how sharp I vhas! I safe twenty-five dollar in one lump. I like to see you do pet

"You'd better hire a small boy to stay in your place and keep sharpers off. You don't know grass.'

"I doan'! You pring me some straw und I will show you! Sergeant!" "Wellp"

"Look at my eye! I safe twenty-five dollar und vou call me a fool! Now look oudt! Keep your ear py dot telephone. I vhas going home. Pooty soon some feller comes along und wants to know if dot vhas Gratiot avenue. He whas a shwindler. I take him by ter neck and preak him in two fife times, und if dot telephone rings it vhas me and I like dot corpse carried avhay. Good day, sir!"-Detroit Free Press.

A Booming Psalm of Life.

Tell me not in mouraful numbers that the town is full of gloom-that the man's a crank who slumbers in these bursting days of boom. Life is real. life is earnest, and the grave is not its goal, every dollar that thou turnest helps to make the old town roll. But enjoyment, and not sorrow, is our destined end or way; if you have no money, borrow-buy a corner lot each day! Lives of great men all remind us we can win immortal fame; let us leave the chumps behind us, and we'll get there just the same. In this world's broad field of battle, in the bivouse of life, let us make the dry bones rattlebuy a corner lot for wife! Let us, then, be up and doing, with a heart for any fate; still achieving, still pursuing, booming early, booming late. - Atchicon (Kan.) Globe.

SCOTCH OIL MINES.

The Curious Petroleum Field at West Calder, Scotland.

William Findley, of West Calder, Scotland, which is the ancient oil shale region of that country, has been making a tour of the Pennsylvania petroleum fields during the last few weeks, and was in New York this week.

"I am more than amazed," said he, "at what I have seen. The petroleum of Scotland is mined like coal, and although I had read of the oil-wells of America. I was not prepared for such a vast difference in the methods of oil production. The Scotch petroleum is not in the fluid state, but in a shale formation. The extracting of the products of this shale was for many years a most important industry, and is quite an extensive one yet; but the American oil, both illuminating and lubricating, is now set down in our markets cheaper than the Scotch oil can be produced, and how long our oil production will last is only a question of how long national pride will resist considerations of economy.

The Scotch oil shale is black, and lies at a depth of about four hundred feet beneath the surface. The shaleproducing regions are all between Edinburgh and Glasgow, and are known as the oil fields of West Calder. They are very extensive and literally inexhaustable. That is one hope we have. The fluid oil of this country will undoubtedly become exhausted or greatly curtailed in production some time is the future. It would not be kind in me to say that I hope so, but, well, I am interested in West Calder. When your fields cease to pour out a quantity of oil that enables you to refine it, export it, and sell it in Scotland at a less figure than it costs us to extract the oil from the shales at the will come to the front with our oil mines again, and know whatever hap-

pens they can't be exhausted. When the oil fields of West Calder were being operated to a full capacity the shale refinery there known as the Addiswell oil works, and which cover seventy-five acres of ground, gave employment to over two thousand men. In various parts of the field there were shale crushing works, not unlike your coal breakers where the shale is run on being taken from the mines. It is broken up into small pieces, and the crude oil extracted at the crushers. What we call crude oil, you would call far over here. The refiners take it in that condition, and from it extract Illuminating and lubricating oil, ammonia and wax. The latter is called parafine in the oil trade of this counry. The tar from a ton of shale will yield fourteen gallons of illuminating oil. This is subjected to four difmuch heavier than any the American fluid petroleum requires. The result is a clear, white high-flash illuminant as good as American kerosene, but four times as expensive. If him, a hundred yards in advance of ing. I noticed, quite a little library of the American product simply came in the herd, he fired. The white doe sim- books, and among other things a scent competition with our illuminating oil, ply increased her pace, and when the bottle, but whether containing cau-dethe effect on our trads would not be rest of the hunting party reached the Cologne or vodka I was not sure. branch of the Scotch oil business is was compelled to acknowledge his prisoners to criminals just ment oned not where the profit lies. The lubri- failure. He returned to his home, but will not coincide with the popular cant, the ammonia, and the wax are the products which make the shale mines valuable. The American lubricating oil is cheaper, and those who took his station, while the other hunting the number of Russian use it say better than any. The latter altogether I can't agree with. Of course the American oil does not interfere with our ammonia products, nor with our wax trade, but we can't afford to produce kerosene and lubrieating oil to throw away in order that we may get at the ammonia and wax that the shale contains. I am forced to say, therefore, to use an Americanism, that the Scotch oil business is not booming at the present time. - N.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

How Girls Are Taught Gymnastics in

The Pittsburgh (Pa.) night school is a pioneer in the matter of physical culture for women. S veral times a week the girls of that institution are put through a course of Indian clubs, dumb-bells and other appliances for gymnastics. So far the boys have been excluded.

As a result of this, other institutions have taken this idea up.

The Washington (Pa.) school has recently received a donation of a complete ou fit for a gymnasium for girls from a wealthy resident of that place.

The costume is the regular gymnastio dress. It resembles a bathing suit, and consists of what is called the "Flower" waist, short skirt and bloomers. The more variety in color and material, the prettier the effect when donned by a lot of pretty girls. Tennis shoes are worn. The object is to secure freedom of motion and unimpeded circulation.

The appliances are ladders and dian clubs, wands, etc. In some of

There is nothing prettier in the ladders, or swinging dumb-bells and spiring music. It is the cutest little

circus imaginable. glow, their health and muscles develop, and their tempers evaporate into pellucid pleasantness, and all the blessings of a healthful mind in a perfeet body. -St. Louis Chronicle.

-There are now eighteen Avons in the United States, the last town to be so named being in Massachusetts.

VIRGINIA DARE.

The Legendary Story of the First White

Roanoke Island was in sight as justice had been done to the baked shad and other delicacies, and the captain was reminded that he still had to tell the story of Virginia Dare.

"That's where the first white child was born in America," said Captain Southgate, pointing to the crescentshaped, low-lying island the Manteo was approaching.

"What was her name, captain?" inquired the curious passenger, who had recovered from the shock administered to him earlier in the day.

"Virginia Dare," was the captain's reply. There were loud calls for the story, and, as there was time, the captain spun it. Regarding the exact date of Virginia Dare's birth the captain admitted he was in doubt, but it happened so long ago that it was a matter of minor importance. She was born on Roanoke Island, and she grew into a very lovely and blooming maiden. White men and red men from far and near heard of the beauty of Virginia Dare and came to lay themselves and their possessions at her feet. To all of them she turned a deaf ear. Suddenly she disappeared. Search was made all over Roanoke Island and the adjoining mainland, but to no purpose; not a trace of Virginia Dare could be discovered. There were many deer on Roanoke Island, and hunters noticed about the time that Virginia Dare disappeared that one of the largest herds was always led by a beautiful, snow-white doe. Many attempts were made to shoot this white doe, but with so little success that its wonderful sagacity and its fleetness of foot were soon heralded for miles around. Noted hunters visited the very threshold of Scotch markets we island for the sole purpose of killing the white doe, but went away disappointed.

One day an old Indian wandered into the white man's settlement. He had lived all his life on the island and knew every foot of it. Had he ever seen the snow-white doe? A single grunt denoted that he had. Under the affuence of frequent and heavy potations the ancient red man became in his silent way loquacious. The white doe could only be killed in one way, and as he did not want to see it killed he refused further to explain himself. More firewater brought his secret to the surface. The white doe could only be killed by a most skillful shot and with a silver bullet. This information was dispatched to Jamestown, and the most noted hunter in Virginia came to Roanoke Island in response. A grand hunting party was formed. The great hunter loaded his smooth-bore with a silver bullet and took his station at a point which the herd of deer would cow cells are intended for "politicals" pass in its flight from the rest of the ready, and as the white doe shot past They were in separate cells, one havof much consequence, as in that spot where the great hunter stood he The small proportion of political hunter waited for his companions. He was possessed of a strange foreboding. In a body the hunting party approached the spot where the owner of pelitical offenders, whereas the deporthe silver bullet had seen the white doe tation of political offenders, until refall. In its place they found the body

of Virginia Dare. - Cor. N. Y. Times. RAILROAD ENGINEERS.

An Old Knight of the Throttle Talks About His Colleagues.

There is a a general belief among the uninitiated that all good enginees are practical machinists. This belief is entirely erroneous, for the rule has always been that the best engineers come up from the ranks of the firemen and not from the machine shops. While an engineer of experience can repair a break in the machinery of his charge official I know, high in the prison adhe could not build a locomotive or any ministration, who told me in Novempart of it at all intricate in construction. Instances can be cited where machinists have totally lacked the nerve, gained by long experience, to run an express train at the high rate had been condemned to the mines in of speed necessary to make schedule time, and in the majority of cases where a man is taken from the shops and placed on a locomotive he makes rings, parallel bars, dumb-bells, In- a better freight engine driver than when put in charge of a passenger. I the classes boxing and fencing is once knew a popular engineer who added to the list. Then there is run- had worked in the machine shops until ning, jumping, wrestling, etc. The into middle-life, and had then been class movements are timed by music. given a desirable run on the limited express. His train was always behind world than a bevy of pretty girls time, and in a few months he looked swinging on cross-bars, shinning up terribly aged. One day he threw up his job, and none too soon, for he Indian clubs in rythmic motion to in- would inevitably have lost the place anyway, and he afterward told me that he lacked the necve to pull the Their eyes sparkle, their cheeks throttle out and give her the full headway needed to make the time on his run. He said that when running at a rapid rate he felt like a man gazing downward from a dizzy height, and nothing could induce him to step within the cab again. He went back to the shops. There are exceptions, of

tween. - St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A MOSCUW PRISON

Dr. Lansdell Draws a Rather Pleasing

When in Moscow in 1885 I drove out with my traveling companion and an American, a former Governor of Virginia, to see the new Central prison, recently built in the suburbs, We arrived, however, "after the fair," for it was at the end of August, and most of the companies of exiles had started, five hundred only remaining. of various categories, including, I think, wives and children. We went over the building, which was a great improvement on the old one. The wards were very large and lofty, reminding one of extensive city warehouses, and detached from the main building were towers with small rooms for political prisoners. The rooms certainly were not large,

but they appeared reasonably comfortable, or at all events had nothing sbout them to recall the sensational "damp," "fugus-colered" ce!ls into which certain writers on Russian prisons are fond of thrusting their political prisoners, especially in the Alexelefsky ravelin of the fortress of Peter and Paul in St. Petersburg. I did not secure a photograph of the Central prison at Moscow, but had unexpectedly become possessed of a in made by a political prisoner who ecupied it. This prisoner, on my second visit to Siberia, heard me narrating to a friend that I had been permitted to visit the Peter and Paul fortress, whereupon he drew me aside and told me that he had been prisoner therein, and would tell me his experience if I would call upon him privately. I did so, but was rather beaind the time appointed, and whilst he was waiting he made for me a pen and ink sketch of his cell or room, which measured eighteen feet eight inches ong by sixteen feet four inches broad and nine feet four inches high. It was furnished with table, chair, commode and a bed with two feather pillows, a pair of sheets, blanket and woolen coverlet. Mezentseff, chief of the seret police, who was assassinated by the Nihilists in 1879, asked him on one occasion whether he would like to smoke, in which case he should be supplied with a quarter of a pound of tosacco for eigarettes every other day. He was also asked if he would like to paint or write, and drawing materials were brought to him, as also books from the library. It was in this fortrees prison, he said, that he read Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman

Empire." How far this state of things prevails in the new prison at Moscow I am unable to say, but I should imagine not to a great extent, because the Moson their journeys. At the time of my party. In good time the hunter heard visit there were but two political pristhe flying deer approaching. He got oners among the five hundred others.

promised to return and try again. He idea as to their number, but in was as good as his word. Again he fact much nonsense has been writloaded his gun with a silver bullet and ten and more believed respecters scattered to discover and drive the litical offenders sent into exile. One game in the proper direction. For the writer talks about a calculation that second time the great hunter took care- in Eastern Siberia alone there were ful aim as the white doe appeared lead- from 30,000 to 40,000 Polish political ing the herd. As the sound of the shot exiles, whereas, in 1879, for instance, rang through the woods the white doe 898 was the total number of Polish took a tremendous bound and then criminals exiled, and criminals outpillowed its head on the moss-covered number the politicals by more than ten coots of a giant pine. The silver bullet to one. Others, when they heard had struck it in the heart. The great prison statistics quoted that from 17,000 to 20,000 Russians were exiled yearly, jumped to the conclusion that

these, or a large portion of them, were cent years, did not come under the ordinary prison administration at all, but was separately managed. The "political" traveled alone, and was usually kept in prison alone, specially guarded; and under these circumstances from time to time I saw them in the prisons of Russia and Siberia, but it was always in ones and twos, and as rare birds among a whole flock of others. I do not think I met with fifty in going through nearly all the principal prisons of Siberia; and this impression receives support from such information as I could obtain from an ber, 1881, that the total number of political offenders of all kinds sent to Siberia that year was seventy-two, of which number, however, about half four previous years, but detained in Russia. -Dr. Lansdell, in Harper's Magazine.

No Wonder They Were Fresh.

"These fish, my dear Mrs. Hendricks," remarked the minister, who was discussing a Sunday dinner with the family, "are deliciously fresh. I am enjoying them very much."

"They ought to be fresh," volunteered Bobby, who was also enjoying them. "Pa caught 'em only this morning."-N. Y. Sun.

-It is related of the ex-president of fast day recently he went into the club vineyards that had been very productrestaurant and called for bolled sal- ive and profitable have been destroyed mon. "We have no salmon to-day- by the "black rot" within four years. only steak, roast beef and some game," It threatens to be as destructive as meckly, "you may bring me a steak, vineyards. The question among grapebut God knows I asked for fish "-N. growers is, What is the remedy for the course, but they are few and far be-Y. Sun.

MONSTERS OF THE DEEP.

Some Mighty Queer Pishes at the Island

"I never saw a sea-serpent," said Colonel Nicholas Pike, formerly Consul at Mauritius, "but a fish was seen | tieman called Timoleon Pericles Blaswhile I was stationed at Port Louis to. He came to London highly recwhich answered very nearly to what ommended by more than one foreigner the first boat, but, unfortunately, roughness of the sea, and were obliged to stand on and off until it calmed. When we finally landed the huge fish fif y persons who were entirely trustworthy who had seen it. They all it was a sea-serpent, and that it came in shore to spawn.

'The island of Mauritius is thirty miles long and twenty wide and consists of one huge volcanic deposit. It tiful and others hideous. A strange serpent was said to inhabit one of the caverns, for which I made a diligo near its supposed haunts. A gentleman owning a sugar estate near by declared that he had seen it and another that he had fed it with cuttle fish and that it was the most hideous brute he had ever seen. I searched for him in a whaleboat with a bomb lance and other tackle, but never came across him. Af er I left the island my friend, Hon. William Ward, who was a great shark hunter, took my rig and went in search of the monster. He states that he saw his head and it was as big as a wine pipe and was covered with barnacles; that he put a harpoon into it, which was twisted off as if it had been a pipestem. He intended to blow it up, but could not get the charge in the right spot and finally abandoned the search.

"There were so many beautiful and interesting things in nature at my station, however," said the Colonel, "that it was not worth while to waste any time searching after monstrosities. There was a fish seventy feet long, which seemed to be composed entirely of cartilage. When it was landed it would all go to pieces, having no bones at all. Then there was what was called the angel-fish, which, when hung up, seemed to have broad, white wings like an angel. Then there was the wonderful eels which measured nine feet. Once I caught a specimen of this fish, and getting him on the bank, he fought so desperately that I didn't know what to do with him. The native who was in attendance called out, 'Massa, I fix him,' and leaning down grasped the squirming fish with both hands, bit through his vertebræ, and the fish succumbed immediately. This specimen is also in the museum at Cambridge. The devilfish, also found in the Indian ocean, is not very pleasant to meet some times. I saw a man who had his arm so badly lacerated by one that it had to be amputated. It has a body as large as an ordinary dining-room table, with tentacles extending over a space equal to an ordinary room and and so strong that they can seize a man and drag him out of a boat. Victor Hugo speaks of this fish in his Toilers of the Sea. Barnum also had

one on exhibition here at one time. "Theo, again, there is the tazzard, which has been called the tiger of the ocean. He is not longer than a walking-stick, but terribly fierce. In walking over the reefs I have frequently encountered him. If he sees you approach he will wait and then dart at you like a flash. If there is any portion of your body exposed he will tear a piece out of it as it it had been cut with a razor. Fishing one day off the mouth of the harbor, I hooked two of these fish at the same trying to get them into my boat they fought me with such desperation that I was obliged to call two fishermen to help me, and they declared that they were two of the worst fish they ever killed, being worse than bulldogs. A fish called the laff exudes a deadly poison. A row of spines are concealed in his back which, when excited, he erects. These spines are filled with a milky-looking substance which, when injected into the human flesh, causes the most intense agony, and if remedies are not applied promptly, results fatally. This fish generally conceals itself in the seaweed where it is apt to be stepped on by the bather. I saw a soldier once who had been unfortunate enough to step on one of these fish, and his cries could be heard for half a mile, his foot swelled greatly, but the surgeon was successful in counteracting the effects of the poison and the man recovered. Or shore at Mauritius there were no dangers, but the moment you put your foot into the water you were surrounded by dangerous fishes and reptiles."-Brooklyn Eagle.

-A disease called "black rot" is the Press Club, John C. Hennessey, attacking the vineyards in the United who is a devout Catholic, that on a S ates with descructive effect. Some said the waiter, "Well," said John, the phylloxera was to the French "black rot?"

GREEK NUMISMATISTS.

Exploits of Timoleon Pericles Blasto and Another Athenian Gunt. Some forty-four years ago there ap-

peared in London a young Greek gen-

is generally known as a sea-serpent. of distinction, and thus got the per-The keeper of the lighthouse several mission to study the collection of miles below the port and on a ledge Greek coins in the British Museum. some distance out at sea sent me word He very soon proved to the officers in that a huge fish, some ninety feet long, charge of the medal room that he was had appeared there, and wanted me an accomplished numismatist. His to come down immediately. I took knowledge of coins was great, his devotion to the subject greater; for a when we reached the desired spot we whole month he came every day to were unable to land on account of the study the magnificent collection accumulated ever since the time of Payne Knight. His manners were ingenu ous, and ladies thought him quite fashad disappeared. I talked with at least cinating. At the end of the month. j st before he left England an accidental discovery revealed that a rare agreed as to its enormous size and un- Greek coin was missing. Further usual appearance. My opinion is that search disclosed the fact that a large number of the rarest coins had vanished, and had in many cases been replaced by inferior specimens. The authorities of the museum were appalled, but fortunately they lost no contains many caverns which open time in putting their case in the hands into the sea. In these I have found of the ablest detective then known at fish and animals which were marvels Scotland Yard, the celebrated Mr. sketch of a cell in the Alexeiefsky ravel- for form and color, some being beau- Field. Br a dex erous coup de main Mr. Field captured in a few hours Timoleon Pericles and all his booty, THe was tried at the O.1 Bailey, pleaded gent search. Old fishermen would not guilty, and convicted. His sentence was seven years transportation, which, of course, was commuted on account of his exemplary conduct. He was consigned to the model prison at Pentonville, where he was seen by sympathetic lady "sitors reading Sophocles and Eurip les in his cell. Before his trial he 'ried to avert the operation of the law against felons, as it then stood, by conveying all his goods and chattels to a friend on the morning of the day of his conviction. But British law was equal to the ocasion. The conveyance of his propery was pronounced null and void, because the court said that there was no such thing as a half or fraction of a tay. He was convicted on a given lay, therefore the conveyance executed on the morning of the same day was void. Thereupon his coins, as the property of a felon, were forfeit to the Crown, and were handed over to the treasury; which, after restoring to the British Museum all they claimed, proceeded to invite other claimants to prove their ownership. In due course the residue, consisting of some rare coins, remained in the hands of the treasury unclaimed, and were ultimately handed over to the British Museum. I will not pursue the career of Timoleon Pericles further, except to say that his memory was honored in the Levant with that of other victims of British law, and that one of his old friends at Smyrna said of him: 'Cependant c'etait un charmant garcon. The other distinguished numisma-

tist, who has this year rivaled the exploits of Timolean Pericles, is a Greek whose name I withhold because he will probably be the subject of In criminal prosecution at Paris before long, and also, perhaps, in Greece. Some time ago it was announced that all the rarest coins in the National collection at Athens had been stolen; and this was followed shortly afterward by the news that MM. Rollin and Fenardent, the well-known antiquaires of Paris, had been robbed of a collection of Greek and Roman gold coins valued £20,000. The police of Paris soon got on the track, and, swooping down on the culprit, found in his lodgings nearly all the coins stolen from MM. Rollin and Fenardent. These on examination proved to be identical with the coins previously stolen from the museum at Athens. It seems that the thief escaped from Athens with his booty, sold it to MM. Rollin and Feuardent, and then, getting into their premises, recaptured it, with a view, probably, of reselling the coins in America. The saddest part of the whole story is that the two keepers of the Athenian Museum, who have always up to this date had a high character for integrity, have, in consetime with two different lines, and in | quenes of this mishap, "got the sack." - St. James' Gazette

IMPORTANCE OF TRIFLES.

Little Things That H ave Changed History and Personal Careers.

A Cunarder put out from England for New York. It was well equiped, but, in putting up a stove in the pilotbox, a nail was driven too near the compass. You know how that nail would affect the compast. The ship's officers, deceived by that distracted compass, put the ship two hundred miles off her course, and suddenly the man on the lookout cried: "Land, ho!" and the ship was halted within a few yards of her demolition on Nantucket shoals. A sixpenny nail came near wrecking a great Cunarder. Small ropes hold mighty destinies.

A minister, seated in Boston at his table, lacking a word, puts his bands before his head and tilts back his chair to think, and the ceiling falls and crushes the table, and would have crushed him. A minister in Jamaica. at night, by the sight of an insect called the candle-fly, is kept from sweeping over a precipice of a hundred feet. F. W. Robertson, the celebrated Englishman, said that he entered the ministry from a train of circ imstances started by the backing of a dog. Had the wind blown one way on a certain day the Spanish inquisition would have been established in England; but it blew the other way, and that dropped the institution, with 75,000 tons of shipping, to the bottom of the sea, or flung the broken and splintered logs on the rocks -N. W. Christian Adoocate.