## MY OWN.

The basks in the glorious sunshine, Haif hid in a favorite nook, Her eyes bent on fields in the distance With a dreamy and far away look. The wild flowers growing about her, Unbedded receive not a glance— thethe same on the meture. I stiently gaze on the picture.

She knows not that I am so near her, I'm standing outside of the gate. My entrance, I fear, might disturb her, ad hence I impatiently wait. And neare t information wait. Yor once when I burst on her musings The interview acded in p in-And now is my heart in a flutter With fear lest it happen again.

Ah! could I decipher the feelings That throb in the heart of my own. Oh! could I foresee a glad welcome If I should approach her alone. And, Oh, if she kindly would greet m And slip her head into this noose-She's the trickiest mule in the pasture And won't let me catch her wh -Charles L. Hill, in Jury.

UP THE MALINGA.

Explorer Casement Arrives in the Land of the Balolo.

A Great Esce Almost Exterminated by the Cannibal Lufembl-A Strangely Dafigured People-Slaves at Four Cents a Head.

[COPYRIGHT, 1890.] INDING nothing at Bukutila more interesting than o firewood and eggs 743 and the attention of the ladies, who giggled and nudged each other and then fied if we gave the slightest indication of approaching within

-which we had no desire to do-we bade farewell to the good-tempered crowd and continued our journey up

We passed some two hours later the large district of Lulungu-consisting of several villages on the mainland and on an island in mid-stream-whose inhabitants regarded us either in speechless astonishment, or greeted us with loud eries to land, as we steamed post the long line of their villages. Elenge Minto, our guide, informed us that we should find these keen ivory traders more inclined to sell to us on our return from the upper waters of the river than on our present journey, so we determined to push ahead as rapidly as possible, only stopping where it was necessary to obtain fire-wood, or to purchase food for ourselves and crew.

A heavy tornado of wind and rain forced us to halt early alongside the deep impenetrable forest of the left bank, on the edge of which we put our crew to sawing up dry trees and dead wood for next day's firing.

Next morning soon after starting we sgain came on canoes darting about mend of us, and speedily were steaming through a channel between an island entiroly covered with native houses and the north or right bank-on which were collections of huts among immense grove of plantains separated from one another by stretches of grassy plain in some places extending quite a mile inland before the ever-encircling belt of forest was reached.

This island-village and the north bank district was called Bonginda, but we passed it without stopping-pursued by a fleet of friendly canoes offering very bad-smelling small fish for sale. They continued the chase until we had entered another district, that of Wambala, Elenge Minto informed us, whose inhabitants set up a great cry at our approach, but did not attempt to come out to us in their canoes. Towards evening we arrived opposite two villages surrounded by high stockades on the land side, through two gates in which we could perceive women going and coming, on their way to or from the village plantation surrounding the fence. We halted for the night at the upper of these villages, fastening the steamer close alongside the bank. In the morning when I arose from my couch on deck I found, to my disgust,

left bank as far as the eye could see, crowning a bluff about fifty feet high and so steep that rope ladders, or wooden steps fixed into the hard, red clay of the bank, served to communicate between the village and the waters' edge.

Large canoes were lying hauled up partly out of the water at the foot of the bluff, or, manned by excited crowds, darted out from the shore and circled round us as we drew in to the beach. Voices from under the great trees that towered over the streets of houses lining the top of the bank called out to us to approach, and answered us that there were tons of ivory for sale here. Landing by firelight we made blood-brothers on the bank, amid s crowd of savages, with the old chief of this village, whose name we learned was Popono, and received from him two fine tusks of ivory as presents. All night

long our men were chatting with the natives round the fires on shore. The district of which Popono was only one village was called Masan Kuso, and extended about eight miles higher up to the junction of the Malinga and Loport rivers, which together form the Lulungu. the great tributary of the Congo we had

been traversing for the last four days. Next day we steamed higher up to the topmost village of the district, situated in face of the Lopori which, coming

from the north and flowing through countries destitute of ivory, and only supplying enormous numbers of slaves to the raiding canoes of this very Masar Kuso district, here joins the still broader Malinga by a mouth about four hundred to five hundred yards wide.

The natives here were very friendly. and we had to undergo the ceremonial of exchanging blood and becoming "kindred of one blood" with several chiefs of the community, who expressed their ap preciation of their new-found relations by offering us goats, fowls and two or three beautiful tusks of ivory, for all ten yards of them of which we gave suitable presents in return, consisting of several fathoms of red cloth, or American sheeting, or cheap Manchester cottons, a few spoon-

fuls of white and blue beads, a mirror or two, a tin plate, cup and spoon, and one or two odds and ends which cheer the heart of the African in his rude simplicity.

Learning at Masan Kuso that a great inland tribe of cannibals known as the Lufembi had been ravaging the banks of the Malinga and had destroyed every village up to the great Balolo town of Malinga (from which the river takes its name), we determined to lay in as large a stock of fowls, goats and other food as possible, since we could not hope to reach Malinga town before three days.

On the second morning after our ar rival we started from Masan Kuso up the Malinga and were soon far from any evidences of life. No canoes passed us and no signs of human habitation or human being greeted us. For two days we passed along between the tall, silent walls of the great forest on either side,

the silence scarcely broken by the cries of any bird, and the only moving thing upon the waters the head of a black or green water snake as it strove to avoid our bows in its passage across the river. One of these creatures jumped into our low-lying canoe attached to the side of the steamer which served us instead of a boat and scattered all the cooking arrangements of noor little Mochindu, our cook, who used to arrange his mid-day dishes along the bottom of the canoe. On the evening of November 10, after

we had been two days in the Malinga without seeing a sign of hut or human being, we were cheered to sight a few miles ahead of us up along a straight

fusion among the panic-stricken men. struggling up to their necks in the river. No one could tell the cause of the sud-

den flight. All were shouting at once, and expecting the next moment to be nearly overwhelmed by a shower of spears from the banks, where we doubted not the savage Lufembi must be gathering for an assault on the steamer. We endeavored to arrest the men in their scramble, and were just mounting the scaling ladder when volces from the darkness on top of the bluffs and a ringing peal of laughter caused us to pause. Then came the tones of Bionelo's voice relating the cause of the panic, and the shouts of laughter from the men who a moment before had been risking their lives in their wild leaps to the bottom of the river bank drowned all our attempts at inquiry or reproof.

It appeared from Bionelo, who with one or two more had not fied when the first shot was fired, that on searching for the cause of the disturbance, he had found our three goats tied up near one of the houses for the night after having grazed during the afternoon, and it was one of these which had coughed in its dreams, or while chewing the cud, that had startled Elenge Minto, that brave "young man," from his slumbers.

His first thought was of the Lufembl and the blood-curdling cough being repeated he had answered it with a yell of fear and pulled the trigger of his Snider. Then followed the panic, the hasty shots at an invisible foe and the indescribably swift descent over the face of the cliff.

We could not refrain from joining in the merriment and chaffing the unfortunate Elenge Minto. The racking cough of a consumptive goat became quite a popular complaint on board the Flor-ida for the remainder of the evening. Our next day's run was a short one.

and we camped at two in the afternoon alongside a small opening in the forest of the north bank, where we found dead wood for fuel, as well as numerous elephant and buffalo tracks, but none of them very recent ones. The river now was only on an average one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty yards broad, and its general direction was always the same, from the southeast.

Continuing our journey next morn-ing, we steamed on at a good speed without seeing a human habitation or a cance until the afternoon, when we arrived off a village situated on low-lying swamp land at the water's edge, and consisting of a few poor fishermen's hats. It was on the right bank of the

river and opposite the side on which the Lufembi carried on their ravages. The few fishermen about were astonished at our advent, but they speedily gathered in fresh recruits from the forest at the back and adjacent planta-

tions, and became sensible of the beauties of a few strings of white beads held up artlessly before their longing eyes. When to these were added a handful of cowries and a shining tin plate and spoon the leader of the assemblage of savages on shore could only find broken

tones in which to explain his appreciation of our kindness; and when, later on, we asked him as to the country lying ahead of us, he eagerly strove to impart every thing he knew.

He was of the Balolo, the great race of Iron-workers (Balolo signifying "Iron People"), who inhabit the country bordering on the three affluents of the Congo-the Ronki, Ikelemba and Lulungu-but whose true home is at the head waters of this system of kindred rivers. The facial and bodily adornment of the Balolo differs entirely from the modes of cleatrization of the

display, revelled in an extra batch or

two of lumps, scattered down the

thighs, which, if one may except a nar-

row strip of banana or planatain leaf,

fastened from a thong of fiber around

the waist, formed their sole indebt-

edness to art for any covering. The

men, on the contrary, wore a strangely-

It was our first glimpse of the myste-

through Elenge Minto, our interpret-

er. First, he gave us to understand

that they lived in mortal dread of the

savage Lufembi, and that the "big"

town of Malinga, to which he belonged

only a little further up river, had

lately suffered a great deal. Many had

been killed and others carried off into

slavery, but that now all the scattered

Malings villages on the other, or Lu-

fembi side of the river, had drawn to-

gether and constructed a strong barri-

cade around their united town, and so

had been able to beat off the renewed

In reply to my question whether these

savages had ivory, he facetiously re-

marked that as no Malinga man who

had ever visited the Lufembi returned

to tell his tale it was impossible to say

what they had, but he considered an

appetite for human flesh as their most

cherished possession; and on further in-

quiry the old gentleman admitted that

he himself was not at all averse to a

little boiled or roast Lufembi, when-

ever the fortunes of war delivered a few

prisoners into the hands of his country-

"Those who are not fit to sell as

Then he branched off into a descrip-

attacks of the Lufembi.

these huge creatures continually crossing and recrossing the infant river,



OUR LAST VIEW OF THE VILLAGE. bathing in its pools and wallowing in the shady recesses of its forest banks.

Slaves, he asserted, in that paradise of the man-catcher could be purchased for two mitakos each (two brass rods, worth about two cents each), so valuable was metal there and so plentiful the supply of human flesh.

Any exhibition of disgust on our part was out of place here; and we felt that to argue with a blood-thirsty old cannibal, and have our arguments met by a supercilious lifting of a pair of anthropophagous eyebrows was more than either we could stand, or Elenge Minto find suitable words to express; so by

way of inflicting as much torture as possible ere we shot out from the bank, we gave the steam-whistle string such a tug that the shrick which burst from the Florida nearly deafened ourselves as we enjoyed the spectacle of its humiliating effect on the line of grinning

Our last view of that village was somewhat obscured by the hopeless jumble of arms, legs, monkey's tails, cnotted thighs and bursting banana fiber waist thongs, which heaved and throbbed on the muddy beach-as old chief and young warrior, wife, hus-band and babe struggled and panted to escape from the piercing screams of the iron monster which was now gaily dash-

ing aside the current of the river on its way to renowned Malinga.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

-In Colorado in case of debt the law allows forty-five per cent. of a man's wages till the bill is paid.

-One orange grower of San Diego keeps trees from being plucked of ripe fruit by putting up placards: "These oranges have been poisoned." -The Ridgewater (Pa.) physician says

that olive oil is an antidote for rattlesnake poison. Half a dozen tablespoonfuls are sufficient, he declares, to cure any case of snake bite.

-It is said that nearly all the postal clerks and carriers who become thioves begin by stealing letters addressed to lottery agents, which they know are almost sure to contain money.

-A Dodge City (Kan.) dentist who had made a set of teeth for a lady who had failed to pay for them, took them out of her mouth in a crowded store in that place. In an hour or two the molars were paid for and returned to the woman. -It is a curious fact that lumber is transported in large quantities from New York to Para, Brazil, although the wast forests of that country contain no

fewer than sixty-seven varieties of the

most valuable building woods in the

world. It is a clear case of "carrying

BLOWN INTO ETERNITY.

Poor Abe Kills Himself by Trying to Maintain the Family Dignity. We were riding along a Kontucky

highway when we came to a mule and cart backed up to a farm-house gate, and one of the two men with it halted us and said: "Strangers, I reckon you'll be willing to stop and give us a lift on this thing

in the cart." We expressed our willingness, and wore shocked to discover that "this thing" was the dead body of a young

man. "It's my son Abe," explained the man,

who was a typical Kentuckian about nixty years old. "But is he really dead?" "Dead as a crowbar, gentlemen."

"Killed by some accident?" "No, sir; busted to death by his own

durned foolishness. Let's git the body into the house and then I'll explain." We carried it in and laid it on a bed off the sitting room. The wife and mother wasn't home, and as soon as the

body was decently cared for the man accompanied us to the door and said: "The undertaker will be along purty soon, and I've sent for the old woman. who is seven miles away. Now, then, as to how he died. It's market day in town, you know, and me an Abe went There was a feller there with one

up. of them blowing machines, and the minit Abe saw it he was dead gone." "Do you mean a lung tester?"

"Reckon it was. You blow into it and a pinter flies round a dial to tell how many pounds you blow."

"Yes " holding him back, when one of the

didn't hitch, you know. They was allers like two dogs, ready to fight, but waitin' for the hat to drop. Budd made that pinter hump for dear life, and the crowd yelled and applauded. Then Abe says crates of baggage, and sighs won't buy to me:

"'Dad, it won't never do to back down for a Stevens. I've got to beat do you?" asked the reporter. that blow or we'll lose our respectabil-

Ity. "'Abe, you let it alone,' says I. We've got mo' doggoned respectability in five minits than the Stevenses have

in a hull y'ar." " 'But I can beat it, dad.'"

""Sposing yo kin? What's blowin'

hain't jumpin', or shootin', or fightin', is it?

"But, gentlemen, that 'ere Abe felt sore to see that 'ere Budd struttin' around, and he took advantage of my goin' into a saloon after a drink. He

"And he died!"

"Died! Why, dog-gone him, he busted hisself all apart in five or six places, and he couldn't help but die! There was a ripping and a tearing, and Abo dead as a June bug in January. That's gripsack, two bundles and a bird cage, the story gentlemen, and I'm much and leading a very large dog at the end obliged for the lift. Good day to you." -N.Y. Sun.

## SOME BIG BRIDGES.

Engineering Feats That the Ancients Would Have Thought Impossible. The inventors of phrases have much exercised their ingenuity of late in coining a proper title for the present age, and to the list of labels already

## WOMEN AND LUGGAGE.

Two Experiences That Saddened a Fall River Baggage Master. "Queer creatures, these women," said

Henry Wheland, baggage master of the Fall River steamer, the other night. "What has struck you now?" was asked. "I've just been having a nice

time with one of them. She came to my office just after we left the dock at New York and said she'd like to get into her trunk.

"Now you may not have noticed it, but all our through baggage is packed in crates on the pler in New York, where the crates are locked, and rolled them aboard the steamer, to be transferred to cars at Fall River and so carried to Boston. At Boston these crates are supposed

to be unlocked for the first time. "This woman's trunk was bound for Boston. I told her about the crates, and that out of the 1,500 pieces of baggage in the eight crates on board to-night it would be hard to find her particular trunk. "'Oh, if you'll ask the men who pack-

ed the crates," she said. 'I know they'll remember my trunk and where they put it, for it was brand new and the very best make."

"It was no use to suggest to such a woman that there might be another brand new trunk on board. She seemed in such great distress I thought it was surely a case of sudden sickness, and so took my keys and began to hunt for the trunk. I unlocked and unloaded six crates before I found her trunk. Having placed it convenient for her to open I, of course, waited near by, so as to put "Well, Abe was gone on it, and I was it back again. She hastily took out the tray, plunged her hands into the bottom Stevenses stepped up and blew. Is and pulled out-what do you think? A was Budd Stevens, and Budd and Abe sunshade. Then she locked up the trunk, sighed gently with satisfaction, picked up the parasol, said "There!" and walked away with not even a thank you to me. It's no small job to unload six a cigar." "But you don't find many such women.

"Don't 1? I'm a good-natured sort o'

devil and hate to refuse a woman any thing; so I'm always getting into a mess. A few trips back a nice-looking young lady wanted to get into her trunk be fore it left the pier, so I said 'all right' and hunted it up for her. I stood close

alongside to assist her and keep the a ninter around amount to? That crowd away from her while she took out litical and religious, of the nations her duds. "When the trunk was open she turned

over a dress that was on top, and as I was turning my head away took out something, I did not see what, which she thrust into my hand to hold while stepped up, laid down his nickel, and he she re-arranged the things in the trunk. told the boys he'd beat Budd all holler The boys around began to snicker. It or bust. He sucked in enough wind to was a nursing bottle, and there I stood, blow a barn over, got a purchase in the an unmarried man, you know, holding a gravel with his feet, and then let her nursing bottle while the handsomest of the Medicis, and the relations of young woman on the pier was locking France and Italy at that time, not to

up a trunk alongside. Did the boys guy me? You bet. I'll never hear the last of it. I'm done helping women."

However, he wasn't quite done. The next morning at Fall River he was seen cried out: "Oh! Lord!" and fell back as going down the gangplank carrying a gripsack, two bundles and a bird cage. of a chain, while a woman who carried nothing walked along in front with an as things making or marring, telling for

# AGES OF ANIMALS.

The Years of Life Allotted to Wild and Domesticated Creatures. Sir John Lubbook, the great English

scientist, in one of his interesting lec-tures on ants, tells us that he kept a

THE USES OF HISTORY,

It is the Record of Facts Bearing on Organized Masses of Men.

In his eloquent address before the New York Historical Society on the occasion of its eighty-fifth anniversary, November 21, 1889, the Rev. John Hall, D. D., said: "When memory was given by the Creative hand as one of the wers of the mind, it was evidently meant that the past should have to do in the mental experiences of the present. To the Infinite One, past, present and future make one picture of perfect distinctness. The finite man falls immeasurably below this capacity, but there is still a lingering vestige of likeness to the image of the infinite in that we can learn and remember something of what is behind us, and in that we can not help wondering, inquiring, hoping, regarding the future. The exercise that strengthens this original facultywhich reproduces the past, and places it oside the living present-is good in itself provided we keep the power so enlarged at work on fruitful fields. In the careful analysis of the mental powers by Dr. Noah Porter we have ense-perception and consciousness, making a first presentation of objects to the mind. Then we have the representative faculty acting (in part without the will), making a second presentation of the objects. But will-power comes in, and is employed in keeping represented to the mind what is desired, and so at once employing and strengthening it. Good history furnishes the material on which this representative power can work, exercising in part other faculties, and so far giving vigor, direction, and versatility to that which constitutes the man. For what is history? There is a most valuable-one might say, invaluable-department of literature, in which the make-up, the career, and the in-fluences of individuals are portrayed, and single lives stand out in their distinctness before a community, so that we seem to live, and toil, and suffer with them. I am ready to own the pleasure and the profit I have drawn from the fruitful field of blography, which is the history of individuals. But you can not look at individuals without keeping under your eye the throngs between whom and them action and reaction are more or less distinctly visible. Constantine the Great can not be rightly estimated without a careful consideration of the condition, social, powith which he had to do. When Prof. Pasquale Villari would depict the man who moved Italy, from Florence as a center, in the end of the fifteenth century, he writes the Life and Times of

Savonarola. On the other hand, we can not explain the conditions of things throughout Christendom for centuries without taking Constantine into account; nor can you get a just view of the sway speak of great later movements, without some knowledge of Savonarola. An individual, however interesting personally, becomes 'historical' only when he

influences, directly or indirectly, the conditions of masses of his fellow-men, and affects their joint movements. "History, then, is the record of facts

not as things done and done with, but air of supreme indifference.-N. Y. Sun. good or evil, on organized masses of men, facts-not like pretty and interesting Koenig-Sees and Inter-Sees, but like the sources of the Rhine, or the Danube, which, though men may come and men may go, themselves go on forever, their direction indeed affected by circumstances outside, with which history has nothing to do."- Magazine of American History.

savages along the muddy shore.



EVERYWHERE WAS DESOLATION. that some enterprising native had profited by the shadows of night to steal my trousers, socks and coat from the tabl at the head of my bed where I had laid them on going to rest, so that I was spared the difficulty I usually experienced on getting up of endeavoring to get into my clothes unperceived by native eyes, until I had been able to arouse Glave in the cabin by my cries, who soon appeared on the scene with fresh articles of attire and enabled me to arise clothed and in my right mind, but breathing awful vengeance against the thief if I should discover him. The missing garments never turned up, and I was to quit Bolombo (the name of this dishonest village), hoping that on the return journey down river again the thief might be revealed, or that at least the clothes and the effort to put them on properly might work the physical tain of the wretch who had stolen

From Bolombo we continued our journey past long stretches of thick forest, occasionally relieved by open spaces and steep red-earthed bluffs topping

which extended vivid green patches of banana and plantain leaves, where some small village nestled amid the teep groves of those trees.

Although I judged we must now have been from eighty to one hundred miles from the mouth of the Lulungu the tiver continued of the same breadth, averaging a mile wherever we could see its entire surface from shore to shore, subroken by islands.

Late on the afternoon of the seco ay, after quitting Bolombo-at a point shout one hundred and ten miles from the Congo-we came upon the first of a ing line of villages, extending up the

reach of river, the ligther green patch in the dark surrounding line of forest which denoted the presence of the broad-leaved plantain groves that surround every village. However, on getting up to it we were saddened by the scene which met our eyes, after we had ascended by rope ladder and steps cut in the bank the cliff on which the plantains waved their long arms. Every as on the chin. where was desolation. The huts were al The shoulders and hollow of the back most all destroyed by fire and only were alike covered with these protubercharred poles and half burnt thatch ant knots of hard skin and flesh. The women, in addition to sporting all this

remained to show where once had extended the broad pleasant street of a comfortable African village. The beautiful stems of the bananas and plantains were blackened by fire-or cut down in enormous masses they blocked up the paths between the houses, or lay half suspended across the still hanging center pole of some

partially destroyed hut. made little grass or palm-fiber cloth, We wandered about for some time which terminated in a tail behind, to amid the ruins, wondering at the cause which was attached a niece of monkey of this destruction, and seeking if we skin, or the fur of some animal. They might find some poor savage lurking in carried spears and shields, the former the bushes near his but recently debeautifully made of iron, their hafts stroyed home. Presently from across covered with shining bands of copper the river a voice called out to us, timidor brass, and the latter procured from ly and faintly, and looking in the direcmelting down the brass-wire rods used as tion whence it came, we perceived a currency by Upper Congo tribes. The small canoo with two occupants creepyounger boys paraded about with bows ing close in to the opposite bank and stealing up stream in the shadows of many-pronged spears, with which they the trees. To our cries that we were speared fish in the shallows. friends and should do them no harm if they approached, the timid natives only rious Balolo, on the borders of whose answered that they had nothing to sell realm we now found ourselves, and we or even give us save the advice that we listened with interest to the speech of should sleep anywhere else rather than the old headman, who spoke to us

on the site of their destroyed village, for that the Lufembi at the back were only a short distance off and would probably come down on us in the night. However, as there was plenty of good wood to be had from the partially burnt framework of the houses, we determined to remain the night there, and put all hands to pulling down poles and charred timbers, sawing them on the top of the bank and throw ig them down the cliff. whence we had them carried on hoard the Florida. is work by firelight went on " mough well into the

night, the men shaffing each other and occasionally saying in half-play, halfearnest: "What will we do if the Lufembi come down upon us by and by?" Gradually, work being finished and the wood all carried on board, the men sank to rest round their fires up on top of the cliff, each man with his loaded Snider rifle beside him, and a guard having been posted we all went asleep with a feeling of security. I had not lain very long. I fancy, on my camp

hed out on the deck of the Florida when I was startled from sleep by an awful noise coming from the top of the bluffyells and shricks and hoarse cries, amid

slaves," he said, alluding to the weak or which continually sounded sharp and clear the bang! bang! of the rifles being wounded captives, "we eat." discharged. I jumped from bed, seized tion of the upper course of the river, my revolver from under my pillow, and which we soon judged would prove naviwith Gave and the engineer, whom I encountered running forward similarly gable yet for another ten days' steam-

ing of the Florida. clad and armed, I was just going to leap "High up," said he, "the river divides into tso branches, one coming from on shore and scale the steep path up to the plateau, when, tumbling helterswamps and trees, the other, and larger, skelter over one another, rolling down falling over stones where there are the entire distance from the top to the fisher villages."

water's edge, or even leaping from the Before reaching this point, however, summit, came the greater number of the he said we should come across the vericrew of the Florida. For a moment there was a scene of indescribable con- table home of the elephant, scores of

coals to Newcastle." dwelling lower down, or along the banks

-A Petaluma (Cal.) merchant found of the Congo. The men we now enin his papers recently a note of hand countered indulged their savage instinct given him in January, 1860. The face of improving upon nature's handiwork of it called for \$200, with three per cent. by chiseling their features into hard a month interest compounded monthly if lumps resembling Spanish nuts in size not paid. He got a number of sharp acand shape, which were impartially discountants to figure up the present value tributed down the forehead to the bridge of the note with interest. The result of the nose, and on each cheek as well was startling-\$\$,997,337.90.

-The application of a caveat to stop a narriage is something new. It is stated that a member of the Maryland Legislature had contracted a marriage with a lady, and journeyed to the county sent to procure a license, when he made the painful discovery that his rival had filed a caveat against the issue, and before he can get it the case will have to be argued. The wedding day has been postponed, but the man is a fighter and 

tions say very strange things once in a while," remarked a western Senator. "I received papers the other day urging the nomination of a constituent of mine as a chaplain in the army, and one of the documents, after saying a number of nice things about the candidate, and detailing his long service as a minister of the Gospel, wound up with the emphatic remark: 'He is a man of good moral character.' 'How's that."-Washington and arrows to shoot small birds, or thin, Star. --Among the transfers filed in the rec-

ord office at Washington, recently, was one of Agnes Holtz, transferring to George Wagner all her interest in her son Paul during his minority for a nominal consideration, the party of the second part agreeing to feed and clothe and give the boy a good common school education. There was some discussion as to the question under what head the paper should be filed, some claiming it was a lease, but it was finally concluded that as the boy was a movable property the chattel mortgage head was the proper one.

-Among the most oppressive monopolies of the present day are the express companies. English post-offices do the bulk of the express business. The average cost of sending parcels throughout Great Britain is eleven cents. It costs \$1.50 to send a suit of clothes across our continent. It is to be hoped the United States will encourage the adoption of the parcels post system in this country. Now American express companies do a great part of the business which properly belongs to our Postoffice Department, and charge outrage-

#### ously for it. The people demand cheaper service.-Boston Budget.

### A Valuable Manuscript.

David Whitmer, who died at Richmond, Ray County, Mo., January 25, 1988, had in his possession one of the most interesting and valuable manuscripts in the world-the original manuerfpt of the "Book of Mormon." Some time before his death the Salt Lake hierarchy, through Orson Pratt and others, offered Mr. Whitmer \$100,000 for his treasure, which he promptly refused. It is believed that \$500,000 would have been given by the parties interested, but the owner told them that "all the gold in the world would not tempt him to part with it." The table upon which it was written, an invaluable rollo of birds itself, is now the property of George Schweich, of Richmond. J. D., a son of David Whitmer, has custody of the man-uscript.-St. Louis Republic. much more advanced age.

nade there may surely be add the Age of Big Bridges. The Brooklyn "queen ant" for fourteen years. On the bridge led the way, then came that other hand, he speaks of some small in across the Firth of Forth, next the pro- sects that live but a day, which short ject to join the shores of the English period scours as long to them probably channel, and now congress has been as our three score and ten years. Gilasked to grant a company of engineers bert White records the tradition of a and capitalists the right to span the tortoise that lived for one hundred Hudson from New York to New Jorsey. years and of another which, to his per-It is claimed that this will be the biggest bridge in the world, the engineer-

ing standard being the length of span and not the length of the whole structure. Thus, while the English channel is twenty miles wide at the point to be bridged, the longest span of the contemplated great link between England and France is to be but 1,700 feet, while the span of the North river bridge is to be 2,850 feet. A better idea of the boldness of this enormous leap may be gathered from the fact, in comparison, that the river span of the Brooklyn bridge is 1,495 feet, while that at Niagara is but 1,268 feet. The height of this giant span from the river is to be 150 feet, or fifteen feet higher than the Brooklyn, years. Those who have caged birds This will leave the river practically unobstructed.

The dispatch does not say so in so many words, but there is very fair internal evidence that the bridge is to be of the suspension order of construction -the most graceful form of all bridges. It is to be built of steel and steel wire, materials now so much cheaper than they were at the time the Brooklyn bridge was built that the probability is that the air passage over the North river will be completed at no greater if not at a less cost (\$8,000,000) than was that over the East river. One important factor in this probability is the fact that the New York-New Jersey bridge is to be open for traffic in seven years from the date of franchise, while fifteen years elapsed before the New York-Brooklyn bridge

was completed. The enterprise is undoubtedly a good mmercial one, as the success of the Brooklyn bridge has proved; and perhaps by the time the Jersey bridge is in good running order the spirit of boldness may have made its way so far West that we may begin to seriously discuss the feasibility of a similar con nection between San Francisco and Oakland .- San Francisco Chroniele.

## The Longevity of Birds.

The swan is the longest-lived bird and it is asserted that it has reached the age of 100 years. Knauer, in his work entitled "Naturhistoriker," states that he has seen a falcon that was 163 years old. The following examples are cited as to the longevity of the cagle and vulture: A sea eagle captured in 1715 and already several years of age, be at least one hundred and six years lar topics. The success of the pioneer in died 104 years afterward, in 1819; a white-headed vulture, captured in 1706, died in 1826 in one of the aviaries of Schoenbrunn Castle, near Vienna, where it had passed 118 years in captivity. Paroquets and ravens reach an age of over 100 years. The life of sea and marsh birds sometimes equals that of several human generations. Like many other birds, magpies live to be very old in a state of freedom, but do not reach over 20 or 25 years in captivity. The nightingale lives but 10 years in captivity and the blackbird 15. Canary reach an age of from 12 to 15

sonal knowledge, died at the advanced age of thirty. In the Zoological Gardens of Philadelphia there is a cockatoo that is still bright woman who, at a dinner some lively and cross at the age of eighty-

five, the venerable bird being a universal pet with the keepers of the gardens. Parrots have been known to live to the age of one hundred years, while ravens have a still better record for clinging to life. I had a pet skylark, which lived for ten years in a since its death I have heard of another confinement, and of a ring-dove that died after being caged for twenty-six should note the ages, and at their death send a record of their life to some repu-

table scientific paper or magazine, such information often being of great importance to bird fanclers.

to get at, except when kept in globes. Carp are considered the patriarchs of fresh-water fish, while pike have been known to live to extreme old age. One was captured in Germany a short time ago wearing a ring through its lower jaw, on which the date 1618 was The terms were a dollar apiece from scratched; but evidently somebody put the wrong date on, either accidently or lecture per week was given during the intentionally, as very few scientists give following three months, the class in much credit to the story. The ages of our domesticated animals

of wild ones. It is very soldom that a

time ago in his thirty-eighth year, while soveral suburban communities. life a little more tenaciously than horses.

seventy. Lately a short paragraph appeared in library affords the information needed. the papers to the effect that a water Occasionally, though not often, a fashionspaniel died at the age of twenty-eight. able book is the subject of a talk; the gist In the same place a cat died in its of such, however, is usually so readily twenty-second year. But by far the obtained through any one of the innumtwenty-second year. But by far the best of all these is the history of the erable newspapers and periodical re-old Cromarty donkey, whose age could views that the value of comment is not be traced back to 1779. It was known to of age, still hale and hearty, when it was killed by a kick from a horse.

These are all extraordinary ages for domesticated animals, and they show merely how well they can cling to life if properly handled. The duty of kindness to animals is now being generally taught, and nothing is more instructive in this respect than to see some old horse, mule, or dog quietly living out its few remaining years in peace and rest on its old master's place. It should be pur duty to care for our four-footed friends in their declining years, remembering that they have worked for us so wars in the cage, but those flying at long and faithfally, that they deserve liberty in their native islands reach a some little reward in return .- Treasure Trove

A NOVEL INDUSTRY.

A Womau's Scheme for Spreading Useful Knowledge in Society.

A comparatively new avenue of employment for women, particularly for intelligent and educated women, is that of purveyor of information on topics of the day. The plan originated with a months ago, when the Samoan matter was first prominent, beheld the consternation into which the entire company was thrown by the innocent question of one of them: "Where is Samoa, by the way?" None of them, including hersolf, know for a certainty, although several more or less hazily correct surcage, and died finally from old age. But mises were given. The bright woman, whose resources needed eking out, saw one that lived for twenty-four years in her opportunity. Within a week she had sent out to various ladies of her acquaintance little written notices that on the following Tuesday afternoon an informal "talk" upon "Samoa and the Samoan matter" would be delivered at the residence of Mrs. ----, West Seventieth street, a somewhat prominent society woman who lent her this aid. It was The ages of fishes are more difficult further stated that the purpose of the talk was to present in a concise and portable way the salient features of a subject at the moment on the popular tongue. Fully a score of ladies were present from which number a class of ten for a course of talks was evolved. every member for a lecture, and one

creasing to twenty in a very short time. Before she had conducted the enterare more easily determined than those prise a month the fair lecturer had seoured classes in both Brooklyn and Jarhorse is good for much hard work after sey City, and this year her scheme has he is fifteen or twenty mars of age, and so enlarged upon her hands that four a few have reached forty to fifty years of days in the week she is at work mornage when carefully cared for. The ing and afternoon, for, in addition to oldest horse in New York died a short the three cities, she has classes in a famous barge-horse died at Warrington lecture, of course, serves for a week's sixty-two years old. Mules hang on to work, and as she will take no class of less than ten paying members, it may About a year ago one died in Philadel- be readily seen that the work is profitphia forty-six years of age, while one able. It is also pleasant and not has been known to live to nearly difficult. The newspapers furnish her with topics and an afternoon at a public

so obvious as in the case of other poputhe work has been of a nature to attract others to non-competitive fields. Two charming women in Sensca Falls have

taken to the parlor platform, joining forces in the undertaking, and have flourishing classes, not only in the village named, but in Waterloo and Syracuse, with designs upon adjacent neighborhoods. All of the talkers made a specialty of complete and accurate information upon the topic discussed, rather than volcing their individual opinion upon it. It is a gratifying com ment upon the growth of the standard of development in village communities that the disciples of the metropolitan lecturer so quickly secured their audi-ences.-N. Y. Sun.