FOR SLUMBERLAND

is wares of evening play in the western shores of day, in the western shores of day, is batter sail, so safe and free, the mystic Slumber Sea. mile boats are cradles light;

she are curtains pure and white; where are sweet initables; school suft and sleepy sighs. nere octward bound for Slumberland her shining dreams lie on the sand, a whip ring shells that murmur low e pesty fancies balses know.

others, among the dream shells bright, and there, among the treatment tright the nide ones will play all tright, that the skeepy tide turns—then they all come satting home again; —Caroline it was in St. Nicholas.

ALICE'S FORTUNE.

er Theodosia," said a feeble voice Sister of Charity, a mild faced n of middle age, answered the sumthe dying man, and approached

dying man was Hector Moritz, a s, who had fallen from a house he was building, a few days beand so injured himself that he could rer. He lived just outside the of St. Barbe, with his little girl, 7 years old. His wife had ree years before, but Alice, child was could make coffee and cook et as skillfully as if she were mold, and had acted as her fanie housekeeper. So it happened ing alone, an unusual affection prong up between Alice and her

Sister of Charity approached the The sick man's face expressed and his eye turned from the his little girl, who was pale and icken, yet had self-control enough betray her emotion lest it should her father in his last moments. at can I do for you, M. Moritz?" ister Theodosia, in a gentle voice. lance wandered to his little girl

ice," he gasped, "provided for." you mean that you wish Alice d for?" asked the sister, striving spet his broken words, sady provided for—money there,

pointed vaguely downwards. orman! He is wandering in mind." the sister-for he was pointing for; but she thought it best to to have understood him. she said gently, "have no anxi-

oked at her wistfully, and then ig to think he was understood, he ek upon the pillow from which he had his head, and a moment after

Alice realized that her father sally dead she gave way to excess-ref-so excessive that it soon wore out, leaving her pale and sorrowlister Theodosia took her into her pressed her head against her in and compassion, for little Alice w without father or mother. me time Hector Moritz was buried. next thing to be considered was,

ould Alice be disposed of? tor Moritz left two near relatives, ins. One of these was a thrivman in the next town, a man had prospered, partly through his ss, which was excessive. The also residing in the next town, poor shoemaker with a large famfound it hard enough to make et, but was, withal, kind heerful, beloved by his children, am he could do so little, and popis the village.

ctor Moritz. pose Hector died poor," said M. and, the tradesman, a little uneas-

w two cousins met at the funeral

shouse is all he owned, so far as "," said the notary, "and it is aged for nearly its value." h! that is bad for the child," M. Ponchard.

suppose you will take her home ard?' said the notary, bluntly. all know that you are a prosperous

desman drew back. am prosperous," he said, "I have work for my money. It is all I to provide for my own family. I pport other people's children." you won't do anything for the

da't say that. I'll give her twen may, fifty-francs. That's all I

how long will fifty france sup er said the notary, disdainfully, stested the meanness of the rich at is not my affair. She need not

She can go to the almshouse." peaks of the almshouse?" spoke orbet, the poor shoemaker. techard suggests that Alice go to se," said the notary.

while I have a home to offer her, por cousin warmly. M. Corbet," said the notary are poor. Can you afford, with by children, to undertake an

ever look on them as burdensmy joy and comfort," said M. "I can't give Alice a luxurious such as I have she is welcome an sure the good God will not let eif I undertake the care of my an cousin."

a fool!" thought M. Ponchard Housiy. "He will always be notary grasped his hand, and

orbet, I respect you. If you are in money, you are rich in a good and that is the best kind of riches." o opposition being made, the little home with the poor shoe-As for the cottage, that was left ands of the notary to sell. As atlanted, there was a mortgage bearly its full value, so that it likely to bring much over. the there should be would, of

months passed without any ity to sell the cottage. During

Alice remained at the house of et, treated, I was about to say, and the family. This, however, of he strictly correct. She was ed like one of the family, but one of the family; in short, red guest, for whom nothing

lick, and having always been to live to the limit of his small ad nothing saved up for the which had come upon him, to family were soon in a md

The notary heard of it and was stirred with compas

"If only Alice had something," he said to Sister Theodosia, whom he met one day at a sick bed; for the good Sister of Charity spent her time in tending the sick without compensation. "If only Alice had some small property she might come to the relief of her poor relation." "And has she not?" asked Sister Theo-

"Nothing that I know of beyond the house, and upon that there is a mortgage to nearly its full value." "But her father upon his deathbed told

me that she was provided for." "Did he, indeed?" asked the notary,

surprised. "Did he say anything more?" "No, he was unable to; but he pointed to the floor. I am afraid he was out of his head and meant nothing." "Stop! I have an idea," said the

tary suddenly. "Can you leave for a few minutes and go with me to the cot-"Yes, I can be spared for half an hour," said Sister Theodosia.

Together they went to the cottage. which chanced to be close by. "Now," said the notary, when they were once inside, "to what part of the floor did M. Moritz point? Can you remember?"

"There," said the sister. "Very well; we will soon see whether

there is anything in my idea." The notary procured a hatchet, and succeeded after a time in raising a plank of the floor, Sister Theodosia looking on meanwhile, with surprise.

But her surprise was increased when, on the plank being raised, a box was discovered underneath.

"Help me lift it," said the notary. With the aid of the hatchet he removed the cover of the box, and the two uttered an exclamation of surprise when underneath they found a large collection of gold coins. On the top was placed a sheet of note paper, on which were written these words, in the handwriting of the deceased:

The gold in this box represents the savings of many years. It is for my daughter, Alice. For The gold in this box rep-many years. It is for my daughter, Alics. For her sake I have lived frugally, and I hope it may save her from want when I am gone.

HECTOR MORITZ.

"How much is there?" asked Sister Theodosia. "There are two hundred and fifty

napoleons. These make five thousand francs. Truly, M. Moritz must have been frugal to save so much." "Then little Alice is an heiress," said

Sister Theodosia. "It is as you say." "I am very glad. Now she can pay her board to that poor M. Corbet, and he

will lose nothing by his kindness." "I will go to-night and tell him," The poor shoemaker was still sick, and his money had wholly given out, so that the family had had no supper.

"I am sorry you are sick, my friend." said the notary. "Yes," said the poor shoemaker, sighing: "it is unfortunate."

"I think you were not wise in taking an additional burden when you had so many children already."

"I am not sorry. Alice is always welcome to all that we can give her." "Then you are not sorry you have

taken her?" "No; but I am sorry I fell sick. The poor child has had no supper." "Nor any of you, I suppose?"

"Nor any of us." "M. Corbet, you are a good man and Queen's signature. truly charitable. But I have good news for you." "Good news? Well,

come at a better time." "Von thought Alice was poor.

"And is she not?" "On the contrary, she is an heiress." "What do you mean?"

"Her father left 5,000 francs for her

"Is that true?" asked the shoemaker and his wife, bewildered. "Yes; and therefore it is only fitting that she should pay her board. How

long has she been here?" "Four months." "Seventeen weeks. Now, as her father's executor, I am going to allow you eight francs a week and you shall undertake to provide her with a home and clothing. For seventeen weeks, then, that she has been here I owe you 126

francs. I pay it to you at once.' "But it is too much," said M. Corbet, surveying the gold with stupefaction, for he had never seen as much before.

"It is right." "We are saved!" said his wife thank-"I will go out and buy some Children, you shall have some

At this there was a shout of joy from the children, and tears of gratitude flowed down the cheeks of the poor shoemaker who pointed to Alice, and said:

"She has brought me good fortune." Before the money was half expended the shoemaker had recovered, and went to work again. The eight francs a week he received for Alice proved a great help to him, small as it may seem to my readers, and enabled him to afford more comforts than before.

From that time M. Corbet prospered, and was even able to save up money, and all through his unselfish kindness to the little Alice, through whom he believes good fortune has come to him and his .-

Horatio Alger, Jr., in Yankee Blade.

The Great African Forest. In Stanley's report to the British Government in regard to his expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha, he speaks as follows of the discovery of an immense forest: "We can prove that east and north and northeast of the Congo there exists an immense area of about 250,000 square miles which is covered by one unbroken, compact and veritable forest. . Through the core of this forest we traveled for thirteen months, and in its gloomy shades many scores of our dark followers perished. Our progress through the dense undergrowth of bush and ambitious young trees which grew beneath the impervious shades of the forest giants, and which was matted by arums, phrynia and amoma, meshed by endless lines of calamus, and complicated by great cable-like convolvuli, was often only at the rate of 400 yards an hour. Through such obstructions as these we had to tunnel a way for the column to pass. The Amazon vailey can not boast a more impervious or a more umbrageous forest, nor one which has more truly a tropical character than this vast Upper Congo forest, nourished as it is by eleven months of tropical

showers. One Opinion of the Crailer. The health journals and the doctors all agree that the best and most wholeson part of the ordinary New England country doughnut is the hole. The larger the hole, they say, the better the doughnut. -Our Dumb Animala

LANCASHIRE PIT WOMEN.

Ther Are the Strongest Set of Femal-Workers in All Europe. The Lancashire women, at least, are

the rosiest, strongest set of womer

imaginable—that is, on Sundays and bolidays, when repeated washings and scrubbings have removed several layers of coal dust; and it is notorious, locally, that at a pinch most of them are fully equal in physical power to their musculine colleagues. At home they are not inferior to almost any class of women, working or otherwise. Being engaged in the open air all day, they can naturally turn in the evenings with more than ordinary zest to household duties. In a word, they are thoroughly domestipicturesque, but as a means to an end, portunity of changing it for ordinary now that while proceeding to or from work, they have, some of them, been made the subject of attack by somebody with an undue proportion of tongue to brain, but-this way be said with safety-never more than once by the same individual. In addition to possessing a highly vigorous vocabulary, they are so hardened with exposure to the of their work, that they can give a good account of themselves, even though a fight should ensue, and the opponent may have reason to admit, with benefiting humility, the wisdom of Providence in endowing women generally

the power.-Cassell's Saturday Journal. THE QUEEN'S SIGNATURE.

with the will and keeping from them

Despite Her Age It Is Still a Model of

Firmness and Legibility. James Burbank, an ex-member of the Canadian Parliament, is at the Hoffman House in company with a party of wealthy Canadians who are going South on a pleasure trip. According to Mr. Burbank, the Canadians are a happy, prosperous people, so well satisfied with English rule and with such great love for Queen Victoria that they will never think seriously of annexation. He told many interesting facts abo the

"The Queen's signature to state documents," said he, "is still a model of firmness and legibility, no sign of Her Majesty's advanced age being discernible in the boldly-written 'Victoria R.' which she attaches to such papers as have to bear the royal autograph. The question of the signing of state documents in England by the sovereign became one of great importance in the last months of George IV.'s reign. During this period His Majesty was in such a debilitated state that the writing of numerous autographs was an impossibility, and under these circumstances a short bill was hurriedly passed through Parliament authorizing the King to affix a fac-simile of his autograph by means of an inked stamp. It was also provided that George should, before stamping each document, give his verbal assent to it in a specified form. The Duke of Wellington was in office at the time, and it was his duty to lay certain documents before the King for his approval. One day the 'Iron Duke, noticing that His Majesty was stamping the papers before him without repeating the prescribed verbal formality, ventured to enter a respectful but 1rm protest.

"Your Majesty forgets to repeat the verbal formality?"

"Hang it, what can it signify?" replied the King, in an irritated voice. "Only this, sir,' replied the Duke, 'that the law requires it.'

"George IV. said no more, but at once began to repeat the requisite formality as he stamped each of the documents.

AMBITIOUS YOUNGSTERS. Many Boys Employed in Stores Make Their

Way to the Front. The other day I visited one of the wholesale houses on Adams street where

a number of boys are employed. What percentage of these boys become merchants?" I asked of the gentleman who had them in charge. He replied: "More than you would

Now and then some are forced in here by a father or mother who confess that they only want to keep their boys off the streets. If such boys have any natural commercial instinct they puil out all right. If they haven't they are discharged. The majority, however, have an ambit on to become commercial drummers. They see the drummer come in from the road. They see that he is generally well clothed, and they hear him relating his experiences on the road. That sort of thing catches the average boy. There is a good deal of the Arab in a boy after all. They are naturally wanderers. It is as natural for a boy to run away from school and go on a hunt for birds' nests or hens' nests as it is for him to have freckles in the spring. The life of a drummer has in it a dash of adventure they like. The drummer is the boy's hero. Do you see that red-headed boy over there at the telephone? I heard him talking to some of h.s associates the other day at the noon hour. He said he would never die happy until he got to be a drummer, so that he could get caught in railroad smashups. Of course he is an exception. But I'll gamble he gets there."-Chicago

It is remarked of the late General Crook that, notwithstanding the success he had in subjugating them, the Indiana with very few exceptions, had not only admiration but affection for him, and welcomed few visitors so cordially.

SPANISH MERINOS.

The Pate of the First Flock Smuggled Into the Un ted States. The story of the development in Spain of the cultivated "merino" sheep is an ens, are you not?" interesting one, but can not be told here. America did not obtain these

fine sheep until this century. Our socalled "native" sheep were brought over by the early colonists, the first to Jamestown in 1609, in small flocks of unknown but coarse breeds. In Massachusetts they throve particularly well, and in 1645 that colony passed laws to encourage sheep-raising. In 1785 the Society for the Promotion of Agriculture in South Carolina offered a medal for the first flock of "merinos" kept in the cated. Lastly-and this, after all, is State. It was not till 1793, however, the great point-their demeanor and that Hon, William Foster, of Massageneral conduct are absolutely unim- chusetts, a nuggled three fine "merinos," peachable. As to the working dress of valued at \$1,500, from Spain to the pit women, that is certainly pe a friend in Boston-only to be culiar, looked at from a conventional thanked for the delicious mut-standpoint. Up to a few years ago, ton he had sent home! About they were attired like men up to the 1801 the ram "Dom Pedro" was importwaist, with buckled clogs on their feet; ed to a farm on the Hudson river, and a above the knees came the end of a pe- pair of Spanish merinos were obtained culiarly-fashioned tunic, a composite also by Mr. Seth Adams, of Dorchester, sort of a garment, half jacket, half Mass., afterward of Dresden, O. In 1803 dress, with some sacking material tied Colonel Humphrey, United States Minround the waist as an apron. A limp ister to Spain, sent to his farm in Derbonnet, tied under the chin, or by Conn., a considerable flock, and from a sort of turban, so arranged the wool of this stock President Madias just to show the neatly-plaited son's inauguration coat was made in hair and the bright ear-rings, com- 1809. The "full-blood" wool brought as pleted the costume, and very odd it much as 83 a pound, and pairs of these looked, especially at a distance, which merinos were sold at \$3,000. A merino in this case did not lend enchantment craze was the consequence; in 1810-II a to the view. Now, out of deference to hundred and six cargoes, aggregating the feelings of certain peculiarly sen- 15,767 sheep, mostly Spanish, arrived in sitive people, the tunic is worn a little the United States, largely the purchases longer, so as nearly to hide the mascu- of William Jarvis, of Vermont, Consul line garment, the head-dress is a little at Lisbon, from the fine flocks confiscatneater, and, in addition, a short jacket ed and sold by the Spanish Junta. is worn. This dress is certainly not During the embargo of the war of 1812 "full-blood" wool reached \$2.50 a pound; as allowing the utmost freedom of mo- but, in the collapse which followed, tion and obviating accidents, it is be- pure merino sheep sold as low as a dollar yond all praise. Nevertheless, the a head, and many of the best flocks women themselves are conscious of its were dispersed. One Stephen Atwood, incongruity, and take the earliest op- of Ohio, buying from the Humphrey flock in 1813, bred carefully for half a female attire as soon as they get home bentury, with such success that in 1858 from work. It has happened before one of his rams yielded a fleece of thirtytwo pounds. In 1849 Edwin Hammond, of Vermont, who, like Whitney with his cotton-gin, has added untold millions to the wealth of his country, bought an Atwood ram, the famous "Old Black," and from the Hammond flock the socalled "American merino" was developed, a foot shorter in the neck and six inches in the foreleg, yet weighing twenweather, and developed by the nature ty-five pounds more than its Spanish progenitors of a half-century back. In 1828-26 a mania for Saxony merines swept over the country, but our stock is still chiefly of Spanish descent, there being probably a million pure American merinos of that blood. One "American merino" fleece on record showed 36.6 per cent of the weight of the animal; and the ram "Buckeye," shorn at the "State shearing" in Michigan, in 1884, produced a fleece of forty-four pounds. These enormous fleeces, however, are apt to be so tull of "yolk," or natural all, that some have been known to leave less than a quarter of their weight in scoured wool; whereas it is commonly reckoned that unwashed fleeces should yield one-third, and washed fleeces about one-half, of their weight in scoured wool .- R. R. Bowker, in Har-

per's Magazine. A PAWNBROKER'S TALE.

Some of the Curiosities of a Peculiar Line of Business.
Not one-half of the articles that are deposited in a pawnshop are ever re-deemed. It seems that really only sporting men or gay young men use their collateral to make a raise from their "uncle" with the idea of redeeming the articles again. In nearly all of the other cases the pawnshop is visited as a last resort, and the owners realize that

in parting with their goods they see the last of them. The principal collection of the pawnbroker consists of watches, rings, revolvers, jewelry, musical instruments and clothing, although they have requests, many of which are granted, for oans upon every conceivable article

that man is possessed of. One of the sights of the pawnshop, back of which there is many a sad tale is the children's clothing. Some of the garments are brought by intemperate parents, who have become so utterly degraded that they will resort to any means to gratify their insatiable appetite for liquor. Said a pawnshop proprietor to the writer: "I recall the case of a man who at one time brought me at frequent intervals children's clothing, on which I advanced him reasonable sums, thinking that he had either sickness among his little ones or perhaps had lost them in death. The supply, however, appeared to be inexhaustible and I finally made an investigation, the result of which rather shocked my faith in human nature. It appeared that the man had a pretty little child, whom he sent out begging for clothing. Her appearance was well calculated to enlist sympathy and she was generously remembered. The dissolute father would appropriate the garments and bring them to me, and you can bet that when I found it out I gave him a piece of my

mind and shut down on him at once. "Some of the goods brought here would make you smile, while others would start a train of thought in your mind if you are given to soliloquizing on the ways of this world," said the broker. "For instance, there's that bundle," pointing to something wrapped up in a newspaper. "You couldn't guess what it is if you tried a week, so I will tell you. It is an artificial leg. The man who left that here obtained a loan on it saying that he wanted money enough to get home with. I gave it to him and he hobbled away on crutches, promising to redeem the limb as soon as he reached home. I presume he hasn't reached there yet, for I have beard nothing of him since. If you know of anybody wanting one good leg send him

posting quite a sum of money when new. They were left with me, a few at a time, by a carpenter who was out of work. He plaimed to be looking for a job, and supporting his family on what I gave him. was very liberal on that account, as the fellow would naturally redeem the articles on obtaining work. Instead of hunting work, however, the fellow loafed around bar-rooms and spent all his money for liquor, while his wife worked hard to support the family. I didn't discover it until I had got about the whole kit, and then I had to acknowledge myself fooled for once.

"Liquor, my boy," concluded the speaker, "leads many a family's goods to the pawnshop. It is the cause of breaking up many a home, and there's no place that affords better proof of it than the pawnshop." Especially after what he had just seen and been told, the reporter could not doubt the truth of the assertion.—Cincionati Times Star. DICKENS' "MOTHERS."

Not One of Them Can He Either Admired

"You are a student of Charles Dick-"Certainly; I think you could scarcely mention a character of his with which I

am unfamiliar." "Very well, then. If you can point me out one mother in the whole of Dickens' novels, with any claim to education, who can be either admired or respected I will own that I have wronged him. I am ready to admit that on the lower order he is less severe.'

Eager to prove that she misjudged my avorite, I began to search my memory. At the end of ten minutes I was still searching, but I had not spoken. The fact was I was terribly perturbed in spirit. I was most anxious not to be worsted in the argument, for it seemed to me that a grave slur had been cast upon Charles Dickens' character; thereore, to feel that I could only bring forward, as being worthy of respect, David opperfield's childish mother, was exceedingly mortifying. George's mother in "Bleak House" I could not mention. as, although she is undoubtedly a fine old dame, she certainly has no claim to gentle breeding; while in support of my friend's grievance there marshaled such a ghastly troupe of knaves and fools-if so masculine a term as knave is admissible in these circumstances—that I was

"My memory is at fault," I muttered to myself. "I will go home and consult my Dickens."

Pleading a headache, I made my exsuses, but as I was leaving the room my old friend called after me:

"If you have a headache don't pursue this subject to-night. I warn you you are going to search for a needle in a bottle of hay, only"-somewhat grimly -"the needle is not there!"

I locked myself in my study and set to work. At the end of two hours, wiser and much sadder, I paused, and gazed blankly around at a formidable heap of volumes. I had selected the books haphazard, and had made a pencil note on each, with this result:

"Great Expectations." No parents of any importance. Slight character sketch of Herbert's mother, (a decidedly blamable fool.)

"Old Curiosity Shop." Old Mrs. Garland, (weak.) Kit's mother, (lower orders.) Mrs. Jiniwin, (detestable.) "Hard Times." Mrs. Gradgrind (idiotic:) Bounderby's mother (lower orders !

"Little Dorrit." Mrs. Clennam, (crim inal,) Mrs. Merdle and Mrs. Gowan, (worldly, heartless wretches.) Mrs. Meagles, (nice, but very homely.) "Our Mutual Friend." Mrs. Wilfer.

(outrageous.) "Nicholas Nickleby." Mrs. Nickleby and Mrs. Kenwigs, (lunatics.) Mrs. Squeers, (a horror.)

"Dombey & Son." Mrs. Skewton, (a disgrace to her sex.) Alice's mother, "Good Mrs. Brown," (an ogress.) Pollic Toodles, (lower orders.)

"Martin Chuzzlewit." Mothers not in t, with the exception of character sketch: "The Mother of the Gracchi,

"Barnaby Rudge." Mrs. Varden, (intensely objectionable.) Mrs. Rudge.

"David Copperfield." David's mother. (amiable but weak-minded.) Mrs. Mirid.) Mrs. Heep, (nateful.). "The old

"Rleak House." Lady Dedlock, (well. gle, (an insupportable creature.) Mrs. Guppy, (abominable.) George's mother. N. Y. Ledger. (lower orders.)

In "Oliver Twist," "Tale of Two Cities" and "Pickwick," the mothers are very much in the back-ground, and taking Mrs. Bardell as a specimen of those who do appear, perhaps it is just Harper's Bazar. as well they should be. -Temple Bar.

ST. PETER'S DOME.

Iron Bands Encircle It to Keep It fro Cracking. Thursday morning, when the public is he'll kick you all over town." "Col-allowed to ascend to the roof and dome. lector, confidently)—"I just guess not. or, if we have a written permission, any day will do, we will make the ascent. footed one in his life if he could help A long series of very easy steps takes it."-Washington Star. us to the roof, which is of great extent, and has on it small domes and also houses in which workmen and other persons employed in the church have their homes. About this roof the great dome rises to the immense height of 808 feet. Around the outside of it we see your hat."-Lowell Mail. strong iron bands that were put there 100 years ago, when it was feared that the dome might crack by its own enornous weight. There is an inner and an outer dome, and between these winding galleries and staircases, very hard on the legs, lead to the top, which is called the lantern where we can go out on the gallery and have a fine view of the country all around. Those who choose can go up some narrow steps and enter the hollow copper ball at the very top of every thing. When we look at this ball from the ground it seems about the size of a football, but it is large enough to hold sixteen persons at once. On our way down, before we reach the roof, we will step upon an inside gallery and look down into the church, and as we see the little mites of people walking about on the marble floor so far beneath us we may begin to wonder that is, some of us-if these iron bands around the outside of the dome are really very strong, for if they should give way while we are up there -but no matter; we will go down soon. -Rome Cor. Catholic Youth.

Tennyson's School Days. More Tennysoniana, referring this ime to the laureate's school days. 'My uncle," writes a correspondent of the Pall Mall Gasette, "the years the poet's senior, was in the same class with him at Louth, and he used to threaten Alfred Tennyson with a thrashing when he did his Latin verse for him; thus early did be begin to be a poet! To this day he and my father often talk of the tremendous thrashings that 'Old Waite,' the head master, used to give them, for even such a small quantity. I believe both my uncle and Tennyson were laid up for some time with one thrashing. 'Old Waite's' por trait hange in my father's study new, and only a few year's ago, shortly be fore Mr. Waite's death, my uncle wen-to see him, then a very old man, and h expressed his regret at having been a cruelly free with the stick; and, if , mistake not, he alluded with pride

-The burgiar enters a house for

OCEAN DISASTERS.

The Loss of Life at Sea Attributable to : Variety of Causes.
Spurred forward by Mr. Plimsoll, we have made great efforts in recent years to insure more security for life at sea The result is shown in the carefully corrected tables prepared by Mr. Gray. In 1881, 1 in 59.96 of the men employed in our merchant service met with a vio lent death. In 1887-8 the deaths of seamen by wreck, and accidents other than

wreck, were I in 10d. The deaths by wreck and casualty were 1 in 157 as against 1 in 79.39 in 1881. The loss of life in ships belonging to the United King dom was 1,543 in 1887-8, or 883 less that In the preceding year, and 489 less that see?" Pupil-"Seed." the average for the previous ten years authority for that form?" "A sign in We have another evidence of increased the grocery store." "What does it sag?" "Timothy seed."—Binghamton Repubinsurance. There is still large room lican. for improvement. Mr. Gray points out that of the 1,543 lives lost in 1887-8, no entered the office in search of the mansels. The list includes a steamer of 1, 573 tons, bound from Bombay to Palerme; a steamer of 1,339 tons, bound from Odessa to Rotterdam, and five steamers, ranging from 1,134 to 1,788 did he come from from Pan Selvice—"Pan Sel tons bound from British ports to the did he come from?" Mediterranean in coal. In these and brung him home this afternoon " Paulsimil r cases it is difficult to res't the "You shouldn't say 'brung,' Sylvie, you conclusion that the disasters were due showd say 'brang.'"—Jury.

to preventable causes.

-Wife (affectionately)—"How is your to preventable causes.

and the means for its prevention my joints."

The rule of the road; the light —Old Mr. Stout (in an effort to pro ing of life and proper from shipwreek
by lifeboats and rafts, by the use oil

Ardent swain (to object of his affecand other means available at sea, and national d stribution of the labor of -Fliegende Blaetter. the many subjects included within the sutee that they will look natural? wide scope of the deliberations. We Stumps-"Certainly I will. My false may look forward to good practical reteeth are so natural that they actually sults from the inquiry which has been ache."-Light.

analyzed no less than \$26 belonged to the category of preventable casualties, such as undermanning, overloading, bad equipment and undue pressure on masters to make passages or to cut down Century.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

-Briggs-"I did not see you at church last Sunday." Braggs—"No; I didn't get in until you had gone to sleep."— Terre Haute Express.

(amiable but weak-minded.) Mrs. Mi—He wrote: "I luv you. You have cawber, (a carteature.) Mrs. Creakle, throne a spell around me." And she re-(a poor thing.) Mrs. Steerforth, (hor plied: "Why don't you use it?"-Boston Transcript.

-"Yes." sighed the young wife, married a professional humorist, and I wish I hadn't." "Why?" asked her friend. "Because he reads all his work to me before he puts it in the paper."--"Well, young man, so you want to

marry my daughter, eh? What do you expect to live on?" "Why, my brains." "But don't you think that your wife will tire of a diet of calf's brains?" ---He-"Man, you know, was created only a little lower than the angela."

She-"I wouldn't say that. It sounds so much like a reflection on the angels, you know."-Boston Transcript. -Irate wife (to collector)-"Don't be If we happen to be at church on insolent, sir. I'll tell my husband and My name's Bill, mum, and he never

> une to witness. -Mrs. Angelies-"Won't it be just too lovely for any thing to have wings and harps forever?" Mr. Angelica (a dyspeptic)-"I don't want any of it in mine. We wouldn't be there a week before you'd want my wings to put on

your hat."—Lowell Mail.

—After the proposal—"Before I go," he said, in broken tones, "I have one last request to make of you." "Yes, Mr. Sampson?" said she. "When you have not please prepay the return my present please prepay the express charges. I can not afford to pay any more on your account."-Harper's

-"Did you ever see any of these mind ome of the exhibitions." "I don't believe there is any thing in it." I allowed one of them to try and read my mind, and do you know he couldn't at all." "Which is in no way surprising," was all the young lady said.—Washington Capital.

-A passenger on the Springtonic sprang up from his deck chair, where be had been sitting next to a voluble Cincinnati drummer, with a shout that sounded like "Man overboard!" "Where? Who's overboard?" yelled a score of excited passengers. "I'm overbored," he Even the stolid sailors working at the replied. "This fellow has nearly talked ropes paused a moment in their work to me to death, and I want to have him look at the magnificent picture, which shut up."-Light.

-Miss Summit-"I presume, Mr. Dashaway, that you will welcome the minarets lost their bright coloring—the flannel shirt again this season. It must candles went out behind the window be such a comfort to you gentlemen during the hot weather." Dashaway-"True; but as a matter of fact, Miss which darkness was gathering so fast, Summit, I can't say that I like the Stamboul, Galata and Scutari were less innovation. It is too leveling. When I have on a flannel shirt, how are you going to tell me from-er-well, for instance, from a common brakeman?" Miss Summit (artlessly)-"Do you know, I have often thought of the same thing." -Clothier and Furnisher.

said Mrs. Watt to her neighbor, the fishing fever strikes my husband. If he can get out on the bands of some greek and catch two r three little mudsats in the course of an afternoon, he is perfectly happy." "Indeed, so he is very fond of fishing, then?" "Fond of "Indeed, so he is fishing? Why, that man is a regular anglomaniac."—Terre Haute Express.

-It may not be invariably true the Ine feathers make fi e birds, but in the mass of the parrot they certainly do make a brilliant conversationalist.-Puck

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

-George-"Laura, will you be my better half?" Laura-"Oh, George, how an I, and you so good?"-Binghamton

-Mr. O'Rafferty-"Here, Teddy, 1 make ye a prisint of an illigint little blackthorn, but ef ye lose it l'il break very bone in yer body wid it."-Texas Siftings.

-Chromo Agent-"Do any of your family take interest in current art, madam?" Farmer's Wife-"My darter does, str. She puts up jelly every season."-Chicago Times. -Teacher-"What's the past tense of

less than 789 were lost in missing ves ager. "You should say, 'Are Ills Nibs

It is satisfactory to know that an in cheumatism this morning, John, dear?" ternational conference has been lately Husband-"Pretty bad, my dear; pretty bad." "Why don't you try the mind taken into consideration the whole cure?" "There ain't any thing the matsubject of the loss of life at ses ter with my mind. It's my joints, dear;

to be carried by vessels; the sound sig pose)-"Do you think, Miss Hanks, that nals in fog; the regulations to deter you could learn to care for me more than mine the seaworthiness of vessels in you do now?" His Housekeeper-"I'm respect to construction, equipment man sorry you ain't satisfied, sir, but I'm ning, discipline; the load line; the say loin' the best I can on twelve dollars a

also by operations from shore; the neces been trying to speak to you, Fraulein sary qualifications of officers and sea. Rosa, but you never gave me the chance men; the question of lines for steamers of putting in a word. I therefore gladly on frequented routes; night signals, dis avail myself of your temporary hoursetress signa a storm warnings; the inter ness to make you an offer of marriage."

searching for doubtful dangers; the systematic arrangement of light houses, teeth, Dr. Stumps." Dr. Stumps (the buoys and beacons, and the establish dentist)—"Well, sir, this is the place to ment of a permanent international mari- get them. I'm making the best teeth time commission-all these were among in the city." Tangle-"Will you guar-

undertaken. Our country has done her part toward securing an effective investigation believe in the idea that men are called tigation. We were represented at Wash. to preach. "Wall, sah, de Lawd mout ington by Mr. Charles Hall, with whom sall some niggers ter preach, but it are associated nautical men of the high- sorter 'pears to me dat whar de Lawd For the losses which take place at sea lozen. Nine nigger preachers outen with the ship-owner. In his report to "How do you know, Uncle Jake?"

Mr. Chamberlain Mr. Ro'hery stated that of 402 cases of loss which he had Arkansas Traveler.

A BRILLIANT SIGHT.

An American Lady's Description of Sunset on the Bosphorus. Far up the Nile, where the stars which look down upon the empty tombs of the expenses -- Lord Brassey, in Nineteenth Pharachs shine with so great a brillianey that one can almost read by their light, I have seen sunsets so pergeous that even the yellow sands of the great lesert seemed all aglow with the colors of crimson and gold shooting up from the western sky to the zenith like the suroras near the North Cape. But never have I seen a sunset like the one on the Bosphorus, which comes back to me now more vividly than any thing else which I saw in the strange Oriental city of Constantinople, half Asistic and half European. We were standing on the deck of the Behera, which was to take ns to Athens. The city was still shrouded in the gloom of a wintry sky, for it was February, and the wind blew sharp and chill from the Black Sea to the Marmora, through the Bosphorus on which we were sailing. But it was our last look at a place we might never see again, and we staid outside in the c.ld, watching as far as we could see it, the muddy Golden Horn and the long bridge across it. Then, with a thought of the coming night and the tossing sea which we were entering, glancing at the clouds above us, where rifts of light began to show mselves, followed by patches of blue and salmon, which increased in size and intensity until at last there was spread out around us the grandest panorama of sunset coloring it has ever been our fort-

In front, to the west, the sun was gong down-dying, as the old Egyptians ed to think, and, in dying, unvailing te face for a farewell look at the world it was leaving. But it was behind us, on the city, that the glory lay—the gor-geous, golden light fa ling on the grand palaces of the Sultan and the gilded dome of St. Sophia, which, from its height of one hundred and eighty feet, ooked like a great ball of fire, and shed its brilliancy upon windows below until they, too, blazed in the reflection, as if all the many lamps and candles inside the huge building had been lighted for a gala night. Beyond St. Sophia the readers?" said young Smithkins to a minarets of the mosque of Sultan Ach-young lady. "Yes, I have attended meid and of Suleiman, the Magnificent, out the sky, bathed in the crimson sunshine which shone through the tall cypress trees and upon the old Seraglio and tinged the water below its walls with a hue like blood.

And now the heavens were all aglow and as the rainbow colors deepened and the windows of Scutari came into view. the whole city looked as if watch-fires had been kindled on all its hills in honsoon began to fade, for the sun had gone down, and with its going the domes and panes, and the tall cypress trees looked black against the old Seraglio over Stamboul, traints and Scutari were lost in the iwilight; the fires went out upon the hills; the night winds blew cold across the deck; the blue Bosphorus was behind us; we were on the sea of Marmora, and that glorieus sunset was gone forever.—Mary J. Holmes, in Ladies' Home Journal

A Paradise For Old Hats.

This is found in the Nicobar Islands, which are situated northwest of Sumatra. It is the only place, the Talker be-lieves, where second-hand hats are pro-ferred to new ones. In these Islands, it is said, that all of the inhabitants vie with each other in the effort to obtain the greatest number of old hats. There s such a demand for them that merhants from Calcutt ship thither wh targoes of this cast-off material and exchange them for cocounuts. White hats with blacks bands seem to bring the highest prices, and fetch from fifty to sixty-five good unta-Christian At