"This rose that's fallen from you cluster white. This will I treasure though its day be dead."

I stooped to lift the rose—alas, the night!

The rest were white, but this was scarlet red; The face was guileless still in all that light And yet this perfect rose had blushed and fied.

-W. J. Henderson in Once a Week.

OLD SIEGEL AND HIS SON.

Many years ago, while making a tour through that beautiful tract of mountain scenery in the south of Bavaria known as the Saltzkammergut. I sayed for a fortnight Berchtesgaden. I spent much of my time there in fishing for grayling and in talking to the chamois hunters, with many of whom I had made acquaintance during a previous visit. I used often to sit for hours listening to their hunting stories, and on one occasion I hunted with them.

The mountains immediately around Berchtesgaden are kept as a royal chamois preserve, and as the king was expected to arrive shortly, none but his majesty's own jaegers were allowed, during the time I was there, to disturb the chamois.

I was, however, very anxious to have at least one day's sport, and arranged with old Siegel and his son Franz, chamois hunters whom I had known for some time, and on whom I could depend, to have a "jagd" on the morrow. Siegel persuaded Gotting, a friend of his, to come with us.

We started early in the morning, and after toiling for several hours up through the dark pine woods, which became more scant and scrubby the higher we went, emerged at last on the open snow fields.

We now separated: Franz and Gotting made a long detour to the left, while Siegel and I hastened on to reach some commanding position above in case any chamois were driven up. After an hour's more climbing we halted on the top of a precipice, which, shaped in the form of a crescent, made a complete culde sac for any chamois driven up by our friends below.

We had hardly been watching ten minutes when two chamois appeared in sight, bounding up the mountain side and coming directly toward us. When the foremost had come within range I fired and missed, as most men would have done, firing as I did at so small an object from height almost perpendicularly above it.

The beasts turned, and, springing with wonderful speed over the sharp rocks, were soon out of sight. I fired a second shot just as they were disappearing, and think I struck one of them, but it contrived to get away and we never saw it

Siegel and I, somewhat crestfallen, sharp tookout on all sides and halting now and then to give the others time to overtake us.

Suddenly we heard, far down below us, a shot, and then all was again silent. We were much surprised, as it is one of even to raise the voice, much less, of course, to fire a rifle, which scares the made me once more spring to my feet. chamois completely.

We knew that Gotting and Franz, directly below us as they were, could not hidden by bushes of the knieholz. possibly have seen a chamois, as our shots must have driven them quite out of fearing we knew not what, called loudly Franz's name.

We then beard-and this time quite distinctly-the voice of Gotting saying, "Come down! come down! It is all over! Franz has shot himself!"

Siegel and I were standing together ankle deep in the snow. I glanced into his face, and think I shall never forget the look of misery I saw there. Before I knew what he was about, he had seized his rifle, had presented the muzzle to his head, and was feeling with his foot in a frenzied manner for the trigger.

I snatched the piece away just in time. he did not try to recover it, but throwing himself on the snow, burst into a most passionate, most eloquent torrent of praise of his son's many virtues. He told me what a good son he had always been to him, anxious to fulfill his slight-

I at length succeeded in partially soothing him, and in rousing him to action We scrambled down as fast as we could. guided by Gotting's shouts.

It was a long time before we reached them; to me it seemed an age. I accused myself of being the author of all this misery, and my anxiety was heightened by the reflection that we were in reality poaching, and we should very likely, in consequence of this misfortune, get into trouble on our return.

We found poor Franz lying shot through the back and in great pain among stunted "knieholz"-a plant something like our whinbush. It appeared that he had, contrary to all jaeger rules, carried his rifle capped, and that in walking through the knieholz he had stumbled and fallen, and his rifle had somehow or other exploded. causing a severe wound.

We stanched the blood as well as we could with our handkerchiefs, and then held a consultation. Gotting said he knew of a chalet some way off to which he thought we might manage to carry

I lifted him up as carefully as possible. and walked for some way over the abominable knieholz, which threatened to trip one up every moment. I managed, I think, to go about two hundred yards with my burden, and then exausted, had to lay him down. His father tried to carry him next, but unterved and half blinded by his tears, had

also soon to give it up. Gotting was the only one of the party who could carry Franz for any great ength of time over the rough ground we were new compelled to traverse; he

was a small man, but seemed to be all

ire and muscle. It was, however, evident that at the ow pace we were obliged to go we ould never, even if we knew the exact irection-which, by the way, none of s did-get to the chalet before nightfall. me other arrangement must be made Getting proposed that he should stay ith the wounded man, while Siegel and should go forward and attempt to ich the chalet. Gotting was the only ne of the party who had ever been ere, and that was years before. He rave us directions how to find it.

We were to pass to the right or left of certain peaks he pointed out to us, and then he said we should see a large field of snow. We were to cross this, and the chateau was in a hollow about half a mile above and to the left.

Well, we started-Siegel and 1-leaving all the provisions except a few sandwiches with Franz and Gotting. A weary walk brought us to the peak where, according to Gotting, we were to see the snow field. But there was nothing of the sort there, peak rose upon peak, but there was no great, level snow field stretching away at our feet, such as pany, said in answer to the question of he had described.

We looked at each other in dismay To add to our distress the weather, which had hitherto been beautiful, began to get overcast. Light wreaths of mist were for home," said Mr. Fowler, "I have had settling on the higher summit of the my headquarters at Kodiac, which is the mountain, sure signs of a coming storm. most northern station occupied by agents

back. We should perhaps not be able to quarters in San Francisco, and trading find Franz and Gotting again if, bewil- stations all over Secretary Seward's purdered as we now were, we attempted to chase. As yet Alaska is almost a terra get back to them. Our only chance was incognita. The country immediately surforward.

Tired and dispirited we walked on. turning round only to look at the gathering clouds which were now piling themselves dark and threatening behind 118. The wind, too, began to rise. We determined to go downward, indeed we were too much exhausted to go any question.

higher or waste any more time in looking for the chalet. The ground seemed to get more rough the lower we went, and the tremendous gusts of wind which whistled round us ished if I told you that I grew in my made the descent most dangerous. Great, spattering raindrops now began to fall and we halted on a ledge of rock.

utterly worn out. The storm increased and in a short time was at its height. The rain came est glaciers in Alaska, and between the

us. The lightning with blinding flashes along the entire sea boundary a continplayed all round, hissing and illumining uous mountain of perpetual ice and for an instant the awful grandeur of the snow. scene, while the thunder pealed and crashed overhead, each crag and wall of in Alaska what was the most wonderful rock echoing the sound and increasing thing you ever saw or heard there?" it an hundred fold

We had thrown our rifles away, afraid that the lightning would strike them and stood waiting for the storm to abate. faces with blinding force.

I went first, and for a long time neither left!" as the case might be.

Siegel led the way when I was tired, and thus we proceeded with the greatest caution, as a false step would have been almost certain death, till we got to more level ground.

Here we again encountered thickets of knieholz. We were already congratulating ourselves on having got the worst over, when we were suddenly stopped by a precipice or "Wand," down which i trudged on up the mountain, keeping a would have been impossible for a goat to go. It was a sheer descent of at least eighty feet.

This was a dreadful disappointment. We walked along the edge for some way. but as far as we could see the Wand extended for miles. I had already thrown the first rules in this kind of hunting myself on the ground and had given up never, except when absolutely necessary, all hopes of life, when a shout from Siegel, who had gone on a little way I hastened to him. He was standing

over a narrow hole in the rock almost "We are saved! we are saved!" he cried. He explained to me how, when found a considerable quantity. reach. After a minute's anxiety listen- I had given up in despair, he suddenly the bucks, who was in advance, rushed ing, we fancied we heard shouts, and thought that he remembered the place in upon the main body one morning we were in, and had remembered, too, mountain he supposed it to be, there was

a circular hole in the rock forming the Wand by which the chamois hunters scaled the otherwise inaccessible place He had gone on, had found the opening and fearful of losing the spot had stood over it and called till I came We slid safely down this chimney like

hole, which is not much more than twenty feet in depth, and easily descending the lower part of the Wand, which is here much broken, arrived, famished and half frozen, at 10 o'clock at night, at a woodman's but Siegel knew of in the valley below. Here we obtained warmth and shelter

Three of the woodmen immediately started up the mountain and returned in a few hours with poor Franz, who was very much exhausted, not so much from cold—as Gotting had contrived to light a fire, and they had provisions-as from loss of blood.

I once asked Siegel what he would have done if he had not found that opening. "We should," he said, "have struck our alpenstocks into the ground, and have walked round them all the night to keep off sleep, which if it conquered us would of course, have been fatal. If we lived till day broke we should have tried to find our way back to the others."

Whether we were likely to succeed in so doing, cold, hungry and exhausted as we were, the reader may judge.

As for Franz, he completely recovered from his wound and I have hunted many a time with him since that memorable day .- The Marquis of Lorne in Youth's Companion.

Artificial Honey.

Artificial honey, which is more common in the market than consumers of vitriol. Some rash optimists think ine product of bees and flowers by purthat pleases them is often made of paraffin wax. - Herald of Health.

Two Queer Addresses. Not long ago a letter came through

this postoffice addressed to "Lard Mills, N. H.," which found its proper destination at Oil Mills, N. H. A letter addressed to "Reast Pig, Mass.," was deciphered by the Boston mail clerks to be intended for Dedham, and there it was delivered to the person for whom it was intended.-Concord Monitor.

A Perverse Woman "What! you love another! But you said you'd marry me if your father dis-

owned you." "I know. But he didn't disown me you see!"-American Grocer. The Florida Congregational associa-

tion, which in 1884 had three or four churches, had in 1889 thirty-eight churches, with a membership of nearly

MAMMOTHS IN ALASKA.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY MADE BY THE ALASKA FUR COMPANY."

Monster Creatures Twenty Feet High and Thirty Feet in Length-Tasks Weighing 250 Pounds-Garden "Sase" and Gla-

"Alaska is a country of paradoxes!" That is what Mr. Cola F. Fowler, of the Alaska Fur and Commercial coma reporter respecting his late field of

operations. "During all that time, up to two months ago, when I resigned and started However, there was no use in going of our company. We have our headrounding some of the principal rivers like the Yukon, Snake and Stickeer has been explored, and a few miles inland from the coast line, but the great in-terior is almost unknown. What we have learned of it is a surprise, and was the foundation of my answer to your Turned to put me on the back and say, "Look from the coast line, but the great inthe foundation of my answer to your

"Alaska is certainly a country of paradoxes. You who live here in the states Long afore look upon it as a land of perpetual ice and snow, and yet you would be astongarden at Kodiae abundant crops of radishes, lettuce, carrots, onions, cauliflowers, cabbage, peas, turnips, potatoes, beets, parnips and celery. Within five miles of this garden was one of the largdown in torrents, completely drenching fertile coast slip and the interior is reared

"During your twelve years' residence

Mr. Fowler smiled at this question, and, after a moment's hesitation, said: "Two years ago last summer I left Kodiac for a trip to the headwaters of the When we resumed our descent we were Snake river, where our traveling agents trembling with cold in every limb. The had established a trading station at an air, which was warm enough before, Indian village. The chief of this family was now piercingly cold and the wind of Innuits was named To-lee-ti-ma, and drove snow and bits of ice against our to him I was well recommended. He received me hospitably, and I at once began negotiations for the purchase of a of us spoke. Only when a particularly big lot of fossil ivory which his tribe dangerous place was crossed I gave the had cached near the village. The lot warning, "Look to the right!" or "To the weighed several thousand pounds, and was composed of the principal and inferior tusks of the mammoth, the remains of thousands of which gigantic animals are to be found in the beds of interior Alaskan water courses. I subjected the ivory to a rigid inspection, and upon two of the largest tusks I discovered fresh blood traces and the remains of partly decomposed flesh,

"I questioned To-lee-ti-ma, and he as ared me that less than three months before a party of his young men had encountered a drove of monsters about fifty miles above where he was then on camped, and had succeeded in killing two, an old bull and a cow. At my request he sent for the leader & the hunting party, a young and intelligent Indian, and I questioned him closely about his adventure among a race of animals that the scientific people claim are extinct. He told a straightforward story, and I have no reason to doubt its truth.

KILLING A MONSTER. "He and his band were searching along a dry water course for ivory, and had with the startling intelligence that at a that if it were indeed the part of the spring of water about a mile above where they then were he had discovered the 'sign' of several of the 'big teeth,' They had come down to the spring to drink from a lofty plateau farther inland, and had evidently fed in the vicinity of the water for some time. The chief imme diately called about him his warriors and the party, under the leadership of

the scout, approached the stream. "They had nearly reached it when their ears were suddenly saluted by a chorus of loud, shrill, trumpet like calls, and an enormous creature came crashing toward them through the thicket, the ground fairly trembling beneath its ponderous footfalls. With wild cries of terror and dismay the Indians fled, all but the chief and the scout who had first discovered the trail of the monsters. They were armed with large caliber muskets and stood their ground, opening fire on the mammoth. A bullet must have pene trated the creature's brain, for it staggered forward and fell dead, and subse quently, on their way back to their camp ground, they overhauled and keed a cow big teeth,' which was evidently the mate

of the first one killed. "I asked the hunter to describe the monster, and, taking a sharp stick, he drew me a picture of the male animal in the soft clay. According to his description it was at least twenty feet in height and thirty feet in length. In general shape it was not unlike an elephant, but its ears were smaller, its eyes bigger and its trunk longer and more slender. Its tusks were yellowish white in color and six in number. Four of these tusks were placed like those of a boar, one on either side in each jaw; they were about four feet long and came to a sharp point. The other two tusks he brought away.

"I measured them and they were over know, is made of potato starch and oil fifteen feet in length and weighed upwards of 250 pounds each. They graduthat they are sure of getting the genu- ally tapered to a sharp point and curved inward. The monster's body was covchasing honey in the comb. They do ered with long, coarse hair of a reddish not know that the exquisite white comb | dun color. I took a copy of the rude

sketch made by the Indian. "By the way, our late governor, the Hon. Alfred P. Swineford, has pretty carefully investigated the matter, and he is certain from a thorough sifting of native testimony that large herds of these monsters are to be found on the high plateaus in interior Alaska about the headwaters of the Snake river."-Phila-

Pronunciation of "Idaho." George Riebold, an Idaho pioneer and mine

wner, says that Josquin Miller named the territory "Idaho," being a pure Bannock word, meaning "Gem of the Mountains." Miller himself says the word should be prononnest with the accent on the second syllabie, I-da-ho, the "a" having a broad sound.

Cochran-I suppose your name on this umbrella indicates that it belongs to

LONG AFORE HE KNOWED.

Jos' a little bit o' feller—I remember still— Ust to almost cry for Christmas, like a youngster

Fourth o' July's nothin' to it !- New Year's ain't a Easter Sunday-Circus day-jos' all dead in the Lordy, though at night, you know, to set around

The old folks work the story off about the sledge And "Santy" skeetin' round the roof, all wrapped in fur and fuzzand deer; Long afore

I knowed who

"Santy Claus" wur Ust to wait, and set up late, a week er two ahead; Couldn't hardly keep awake, ner wouldn't go to

Kittle stemin' on the fire, and Mother settin here Darmin' speks, and rockin' in the skreeky rockin Pap gap', and wunder where it was the money

And quar'l with his frosted beels, and spill his And me a dreamin' sleigh bells when the clock 'ud ir and burz. Louiz afore

I knowed who

'Santy Claus" wuz. Size the fireplace up, and figger how "Old Santy" Manage to come down the chimbly, like they said

Wisht that I could hide and see him-wundered

here, my lad, Here's my pack -jes' he'p yourse'f, like all good boys does!

"Santy Claus" wur! Wisht that yarn was true about him, as it 'peared Truth made out o' lies like that un's good enough

Wisht I still was so confiden' I could jes' go wild Over hangin' up my stockin's, like the little child Climbin' in my lap to-night, and beggin' me to tell Bout them reindeers, and "Old Sauty" that she in half sorry for this little girl sweetheart of his-

Long afore She knows who "Santy Claus" is

-James Whitcomb Riley. The English Language.

English men of letters are perpetually scolding and nagging at one another for speaking and writing bad English, or for pronouncing it erroneously, and the fault finders make, as a rule, as many mistakes as do the writers and speakers whom they profess to correct. And then step in, forsooth, the Americans, clad from top to toe in the shining armor of self confidence, and they airily tell us that we know not how to speak or pronounce our own language, and that to mend our ways we should take lessons of Bostonites or the Dutch-Irish-English and altogether cosmopolitan people of New York. We may needs wince a little under these strictures, for our withers are not by any means unwrung, and to the ear of a foreigner who has made only a literary study of English it

of pronunciation, must appear very illogical and very ludicrous. It is not alone clergymen who drawl the church service and mumble their sermons; it is not alone school children who are taught to read in monotonous sing-song; it is not alone young ladies who, through affectation, lisp or mince their words, but it is the great body of English people-aye, of educated English people-who habitually stammer be fore they can find the right word, who rarely pronounce their final consonants, who slur and shuffle their syllables into one another, who almost invariably put the wrong emphasis on the chief members of a phrase, and who, if they do not absolutely chew and swallow the ends of their vocables, as the modern Greeks de, utter them in such a disjointed and slipshod fashion as to make them more than half unintelligible to the foreign ear. This is why it may be quite feasible for a Frenchman to live seventeen years in England without being able to under-

stand English.-London Telegraph. A Marine Hero.

Among the inmates of the National Soldiers' home at Togus, Me., is Richard Rowley, who was captain of the guns on the Kearsarge when she sunk the Alabama off the harbor of Cherbourg. France, and performed an act of bravery which probably saved his ship and her crew. The battle had raged for over an hour and a half, when a 100 pound rifle shell from the Alabama struck the gun which Rowley was sighting and fell on the deck, with the fuse still burning. In an instant Rowley picked it up and threw it into the sea, where it exploded just as it touched the water. The sailor's beard and mustache were burned off by the fuse, but he stepped back to his gun and

sent a shot into the sinking Alabama. Capt. Winslow at once gave the order to man the rigging and give three cheers for Quartermaster Rowley. The latter was greatly lionized after his return to this country. Congress voted him a gold medal; he received other valuable gifts and President Lincoln personally thanked him. For several days before his interview with the president, Rowley had accepted frequent invitations to drink champagne, and probably showed the effects. As he arose to go Mr. Lincoln gave him a hundred dollars, saying: 'Now don't drink too much liquor; drink just a little, but not too much. I know you old sailors all like a little grog, but be careful and not drink too much,

There Is a Difference.

There was a jolly little group about a table in a down town cafe last night shaking dice for the lemonade. man who threw the lowest number had to pay for the lemonade and tell a story. All at the table had been "stuck" but one gentleman who is noted for his keenness of repartee. The gentlemen who had been "stuck" told nothing but anecdotes and antique tales. Not a new story had been recited; and they were all chestnuts. When the gentleman noted for repartee had been "stuck" there was applause, a call for drinks and a demand for a new story. "I can tell a story, said the gentleman, as he ordered the proper thing, "but I'll ask you a conundrum, "Go ahead," he was told "Well," he went on, "what is the differ

ence between a turkey and a man?" This odd conundrum floored the crowd. The questioner was appealed to for an answer. "The difference between a turkey and a man," he explained, as he rose to leave, "is that a turkey isn't stuffed with chestnuts until it's dead." The crowd comprehended.—Cincinnati Commercial.

Wages of a Japanese Farm Hand. An unskilled Japanese farm hand, according to a correspondent who writes from Hiogo, rereives only from five to ten cents a lay for his labor, and out of this small sum he is expected to board himself. Skilled farm labor commands from ten to fifteen cents a day.—New York Evening World.

LOSSES OF FREIGHT.

SLAIMS THAT ARE MADE AGAINST A RAILROAD COMPANY.

A Chat in the Odds and Ends Departs ment-Ways of the Professional Swindier-Various Fraudulent Methods-Lost Freight Sold at Auction.

"We have, all the time, a large amount of stuff which accumulates on our hands," said the "lost baggage" agent of one of the railroads to a reporter; "but most of the property left on our cars by accident is sure to be quickly called for if it has any particular "Any trouble in identifying applicants as

proper owners of the baggage claimed?" "Not particularly, Our most frequent trouble is the adjustment of false claims, We can tell by a person's manner whether the claim is a just one or not. Take the professional swindler, for instance, Besides having a brusque manner, his claim is made in an indefinite way as to number of check, style of package and the contents thereof. The true claimant—the person who has really lost something-has a respectful and anxious invariably gives an accurate description of the lost parcel, and is very slow with threats of suit to recover dam-

"I suppose that overshoes and umbrellas are the articles most frequently left in cars!" "No more frequent than small parcels of clothing, shawls and small values, but, as I say, these are always quickly claimed. It is with fraudulent claims for lost baggage that we have the most experience."

PRAUDULEST CLAIMS. "What are the fraudulent methods?" "Most numerous, and some of them, most ridiculous. Now here's an old claim which, while not fraudulent, is worthless and most bull headed. Several weeks since a barrel of whisky and a case of canned goods were shipped to a grocer in the interior of the state. About the time of the shipment the grocer died. Immediately, his entire stock was taken by a wholesale grocer who had a chattel mortgage thereon, and so without leaving a family or any property, he was buried. There was no estate and accordingly no executor. Meanwhile the goods shipped over our road lay in the freight house, there being no one to deliver them to. I notified the shipper of our company must keep the goods and that

he will hold us responsible therefor. "I had a traveling man try to get \$85 out of us for damage done to a pair of very rare and fine window curtains. Damage do he claimed, by snow melting through his sample case, which had been carelessly dumped in a snow bank by one of our bag-

gagemen, and so staining the curtains."
"Had the sample case been so dumped?" "Possibly. At least we didn't dispute that feature of the claim. All we asked was that he present a receipt from his employers showing that he had paid them, as claimed, the \$85 for damage done, and which he had to make good to his firm. He failed to produce the receipt, and so, of his own volition, the case was dropped.

"Another case came from a man who put in a claim for \$5 for new castings and freight lines indicate the absorbed man and the of today respecting an after life. They sing thereon, and \$2.50 for labor in putting them reticent. He was an extremely thoughtis certain that our pronunciation, or rather our many and discordant methods into a stove shipped over our road and broken while in transit. I investigated the case and found that a leg had been broken out of the stove and that the man had, instead of getting new castings, paid a village blacksmith \$1.50 for riveting the old leg back in its place. No new casting had been bought, no freight had been paid, and the entire cost to is the sympathetic man who talks, and him had been less than \$2. Yet he claimed

pense bill calling for eleven cases of goods. But ten cases 'showed up,' and the parties to whom the goods were delivered, while they seemed surprised at the deficiency, at once explained that the missing case contained books, a silk dress and more books. That the people at last confessed that they hadn't lost so much as a tin spoon of their household goods shipped."

SOLD AT AUCTION. "What becomes of 'lost freight' never

value except to the rag and junk dealers. Of are those who do not attempt more than course we sell packages according to the way they can look after personally. From in which they are billed. We cannot tell as ten to eighty acres are the sized tracts to their value. Once in a while a purchaser | which pay the highest per cent. of profit, gets nicely taken in. I recollect at one of if they are properly conducted. The 'crockery.' A well known physician was the purchaser, and when the crate was opened it was found to contain a lot of plaster of paris images, such as Italians peddle about the

"Worth \$5, perhaps, to one of those ped-

"Possibly, but not worth five cents to the deal may be made. I recollect we sold a consignment billed 'two boxes and one barrel of dust.' It brought \$1.50, and when opened the barrel contained Paris green and the boxes held two dozen packages of a patent insect powder. I understood that the purdries' sold for \$2, and when opened by an expressman who bought them the 'sundries' were found to consist of a very complete outfit of cutlery samples-fifteen or twenty pocket knives, a dozen razors, several pairs of shears and scissors, two or three carving on the goods and the expressman, by correcondence, returned the goods to the manu-

"Does the income from the sale of un pluck."-Notes and Queries. claimed property come near meeting the cost of tracing up lost freight?" "No, but in the avoidance of well based claims by the exercise of greater care in handling freight and in the exposure of

frandulent claims, the system likelf in than pays. Now look here." Just then a brakeman from a train which office bearing in his arms an old umbrella. worth perhaps fifty cents, and a good willow

basket, in which was a badly mussed lunch, a button hook and a pair of soiled cuffs. "That's the way it goes," said the agent.
"Now it is probable that somebody will call for this baket to-morrow or next day, but the umbrella is a fixture until sold at anction."-Detroit Free Press, An Odd Will.

John Newgate, of Boston, a merchant.

selectman and constable of the town

who was admitted a freeman in 1635. and elected representative at the March and September sessions of the general court, in 1638, and who died in 1665. left a will dated Nov. 25, 1664, in which he gives to his wife Ann, his "farme at Rumly Marsh, with all my lands belonging there vuto . . . she the said Ann continuing in the state of widdow hoode, paying vnto the Colledge in Cambridge the sum of five pounds pr ann during the said time of her widdow hoode, for the security of which payment my said farme is already bound and ingaged. But if my said wife should happen to marry againe, then my will and wind is. That she shall have only the thirds of all my said houses and lands in Boston and of my said farms at Rumly Marsh, but not the thirds of my said house and land in Charles Towne,

for that the said annuall pay for the

Colledge is after such marriage of her,

the said Ann. to bee paid by others."

HOW SIR RICHARD DIED.

Stately as bridegroom to a feast Sir Richard tred the scaffold stair, And, bowing to the crowd, untied The love locks from his sable hair; Took off his watch. "Give that to Ned; I've done with time," he proudly said.

Twas bitter cold-it makes him shake. Said one, "Ahl see the villain's look!" Sir Richard, with a scornful frown, Cried, "Frest, not fear, my body shook!" Giving a gold piece to the slave, He laughed, "Now praise me, master knave."

They pointed, with a sneering smile, Unto a black box, long and grim; But no white shroud nor badge of death Had power to draw a tear from him. "It needs no lock," he said in jest, This chamber where to-night I rest."

Then crying out, "God save the king!" He stripped his doublet, dropped his cloak, And gave the headsman's man a crown; hen "On for heaven!" he proudly cried. And howed his head—and so he died. Walter Thornbury.

A Cataract in Labrador

The interior of Labrador undoubtedly is the largest unexplored area on this continent. Up the Grand river, which empties into the Atlantic ocean at Hamilton inlet, are the Grand falls, which, if everything is true about them that is reported, are the most stupendous falls in the world. They are only about 160 miles up the river, but only two white men have ever seen them. Mr. R. F. Holme three years ago went from England to visit the Grand falls.

He organized a little party to accompany him inland, and arrived within about fifty miles of the falls, when he was compelled to return on account of the failure of his provisions. The Labrador Indians say these falls are haunted, and they carefully avoid them, believing that they will die if they look upon them. The two white men who have in the deceased's best clothes, decked out with seen them are Mr. Maclean, who, as he was ascending the river in 1839, was reminding us of the ancient custom of placing stopped by the falls, and Mr. Kennedy. who over thirty years ago had charge of Hudson Bay post, in Labrador. Mr. Holme says the height of the falls is not certainly known, but in some respects the situation and he replies by saying that there is little doubt they are the greatest a scene of heart rending grief, such as took in the world, -Goldthwaite's Geographi- place in Priam's palace over the dead body cal Magazine.

Rousseau the Landscape Painter.

As we stand before a great landscape by Rousseau like the "Ravines of Apre-mont," lately in the collection of M. wide, high forehead, which his friends neither belonging to the living nor declared Olympian; a shapely, straight nose; hair worn rather long, after the fashion of forty years ago; direct limpid gaze from eyes of unusual largeness and the furthest remove from stupid; he was one of those who are hard to win for a friend, but once a friend, eminently the person with whom to pass weeks in the pursuit of a worthy study. There the sympathetic man who is silent. "We had another case where one of our talk, and talk well, on nature, art and him by ropes, and carrying with him on his agents delivered some freight with an ex--Charles De Kay in Century.

One of the mistakes of the times is the popular belief that everything in a busiwas their very indefinite inventory, and they stuck to it quite firmly. Investigation showed grown out of our haste to grow wealthy that but ten cases had been shipped, that our and from superficial calculation, such as, pay \$10,000. Men seldom make such money out of vary large orchards, and while a source of envy to small holders they are often, in fact, just holding on

or are running ahead on borrowed capiour sales we got \$13 for a large crate billed idea that a living cannot be made out of small place has retarded many from going into a business in which they might now be making an independent living .-California Fruit Grower.

When Pluck Was Slang.

This word affords an instance of the dector. Once in a while, however, a good way in which slang words in the course of time became adopted into current English We now meet with pluck and plucky as the recognized equivalents of 'courage" and "courageous." An entry in Sir Walter Scott's "Journal" shows chaser sold the lot to a wholesale druggist for that in 1827 the word had not yet lost its \$6. Another box billed as 'one box of sun- low character. He says (vol. II, p. 30), Want of that article blackguardly called pluck." Its origin is obvious From early times the heart has been popularly regarded as the seat of courage. Now, when a butcher lays open a of the manufacturers was, of course, found heart, cuts through the windpipe and carcass he divides the great vessels of the then plucks out together the united heart and lungs-lights he calls themfacturers and received therefor a \$25 check." and he terms the united mass "the

Michael Angelo, at a time when Italy paid so much attention to ancient art that modern had no chance of being judged fairly, had, it is said, resort to a stratagem to teach the critics the fallacy had just arrived entered the "lost freight" of shaping their judgments by fashion or reputation. He sculptured a statue representing a sleeping beauty, and breaking off an arm buried it in a place where excavations were being made. It was soon found and lauded by critics and the public as a valuable relic of antiquity, far superior to anything done for centuries. When Angelo thought it had gone far enough he produced the broken arm, and, to the great mortification of the critics, revealed himself as the sculptor.-New York Ledger.

Popular feeling against anything like spurious article is always remarkable, though it is not always rational. A few years ago, when glucose began to be used in the manufacture of candies and sweet stuffs, firms which made no secret of the fact that they were using it, lost quite a large quantity of trade in consequence The wiser ones had their cans 'Italian sirups," and no one was any the wiser. Ask any physician today children suffer less from excessive indulgence in candies than formerly, and he will tell you that the substitution of glucose for what might be called more orthodox commodities is the cause. So much for the common sense of prejudica. - Interview in Globe-Democrat.

The sales of diamonds in New York are fimated to foot up \$50,000,000 a year.

CROSSING THE STYX.

HOW GREEK MEETS GREEK IN THE OTHER WORLD.

Old Charon Still in the Ferryboat Business-Connection Between the Hillenism of the Past and of the Present-A Painful Sight.

When a death is expected, the attendant mourners in the Greek islands have many little customs peculiar to themselves. The moribund is handed a bowl of water, into which he puts a pinch of salt for each person with whom he is at enmity, saying as he does so; "May my wrath perish as this salt;" for it is considered dreadful for a man to die leaving an enemy behind him. His spirit, it is believed, will not rest, but will wander about as a poor ghost, sucking the blood of his friends, like the shades in ancient hades, to gain strength for his earthly wanderings If the complaint is consumption, they suppose that three Erinnyes stand ready pounce on children at the corners of the room; hence the young are kept out of the way when the dying is in extremis, and a hope is opened over his head to allow the Erinnyes to escape. Fevers are best cured by priestly incantations; the name of the ease is written on a slip of peper, and with prayer and much incensing this is bound to a tree, hoping thereby to transfer the malady. Incense is much used by the priest in his visitations to the sick; the whole room is thick with it, and perhaps contagion is thus often avoided,

Where the death has occurred the women rush on to the flat roof or someother conspicuous place, where they rend the air with their cries, tear their hair and give way to unbridled grief. The town crier is sent round to announce the fact to the neighbors and to summon friends to the death wail, which takes place an hour or two after the spirit has left the body. After the body has been washed in wine it is laid out on a bier in the center of the one roomed house, arrayed flowers and with lamps burning at the side. the corpse thus in the midst of the hall, dressed in as handsome a robe as the family could afford, in order, according to Lucian, that the dead may not be cold on the passage to hades and may not be seen naked by Cerberus! Then begins the death wail ceremony, of Hector.

These death wails are, in fact, one of the

most striking bonds of connection between the Hellenism of the past and the Hellenism of the present, and in the Greek islands, despite the strictness of the more civilized mont," lately in the collection of M. members of the orthodox church, they cling Marmontel, or of the "Hoar Frost," in to them with surprising tenacity. A body that of Mr. Walters at Baltimore, one which dies unlamented cannot enter hades, must call up a powerfully built man of and wanders about like that of Patrocius middle size with a full brown beard; a and Elpenor in misery in the upper air, dead. Consequently, the death wails and the burials take place as soon as possible after death that the gates of hades may be opened to them as soon as may be,

From these death wails we learn how much grayish blue in color, and a mouth whose that is heathen is incorporated in the belief lines indicate the absorbed man and the of today respecting an after life. They sing ful man, not by any means smileless and the dead wander forever, anxious to return to the upper air, and endeavoring to steal from Charon, the lord of the lower earth, his keys, but ineffectually. Charon plants the bones of the departed in his garden, and they come up as weird plants. His tent pegs are heroes' bones, and the ropes are made of maidens' tresses. He rides on a horse to coilect his victims, driving the young and Ronsseau was the latter. Yet he could strong before him, dragging the aged after

saddle the little children.

Sometimes, when a man dies who has been conspicuous for his good fortune during life, they will cut off his nails before the corpse is removed and tie them up in a bag to be preserved among the other sacred which are bung up in the sanctuary belonging to every house.

Before the corpse leaves the home a vase of water is broken on the threshold. When any agent had made a mistake on his way bill if one acre pays \$10.00 acres would one starts on a journey, it is customary to and so on the expense bill, and finally that pay \$10.000. Men seldom make anch spill water as an earnest of his success and safe return, and when the body goes on its last long journey the vase is broken. bier is carried by four male bearers, and about a bier the Greek islanders have this most grewsome riddle: What is that which tal. The men who make money and are he who makes does so to sell, he who buys "We sell it at auction. It seldom has any getting rich out of horticultural pursuits does not use himself, and he who uses does not see! As the funeral procession passes through the village street the priests chant the offices of the dead, and from time to time the mourners, who go in front, break forth into their hideous wails, and women come forth from their houses to groan in concert

Of a truth a Greek island funeral is a painful sight to witness. On reaching the church the corpse is left in the porch, and while the liturgy is proceeding the mourners cease to wail. Then comes the very impressive stichera of the last kiss, which is chanted by all the congregation, and begins, "Blessed is the way then shalt go to-day," whereat each mourner advances and gives the last kiss to the cold face of the purpse, and once more the extravagant demonstrations of grief break forth. Finally the corpse is lowered without a coffin into its shallow grave, and each bystander casts on to it a

soil, -Scottish Review. Neal Dow Obeys Orders Literally.

The Federal and Confederate forces were preparing for a battle. The Federal commander and his staff, seated upon their horses, were consulting near the right of the line drawn up in the edge of the woods. Gen. Neal Dow was standing in front of his command, a very small man with a tremendously big hat on his head and a monstrous sword dangling to the ground at his side, a picture such as one seldom sees outside the comic collections. An aid told Gen. Dow (perhaps he was only Col. Dow then) that the commande wished to see him. Gen. Dow strode down the line, the soldiers laughing at the sight.

"Gen. Dow," said the commander, "you will march out into that opening yonder, take a position on that knol and hold it until further orders"-some thing to that effect.

In sight of the entire right wing of the army, Gen. Dow went marching into the opening, his long, heavy sword clanking on the ground behind him, his big hat making him look like a grasshopper under a toadstool. The commander heard the army laughing and

looking for the cause. "Who is that walking across the opening?" he asked.

'That is Gen. Dow," said everybody. An aid was sent to bring him back. "Gen. Dow," said the commande why did you go out there alone? Why did you not take your command with

"Dear me, general," said Dow, "I beg a thousand pardons. I didn't know you meant for me to take anybody with me. You didn't say so, you know."-Wash ington Post.

Miss Minute Apolis' Opinion "The subject of a national flower is eing discussed a great deal now, Miss Minnie," remarked a visitor at Minneapolis to a maiden of that city. "What

do you think about it?" "Well," replied Miss Minnie, "I think papa's Fancy Winter Wheat Flour rather takes the biscuit,"-New York Sun,

A group of the