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JOB WORK executed with neatness, dispatch and at low prices.

Three in a Bed.

Gay little velvet coats,
One, two, three;
Any home happier
Could there be?
Topsey and Johnny
And sleepy Ned,
Purring so coslly,
Three in a bed.

Woe to the stupid mouse,
Prowling about!
Old mother Pussy
Is on the lookout.
Little cats, big cats,
All must be fed,
In the sky parlor,
Three in a bed.

Mother's a gypsy puss,—
Often she moves,
Thinking much travel
Her children improves.
Highminded family,
Very well bred;
No falling out, you see!
Three in a bed.

An Adventure with an Hippopotamus.

We had been some nine months from home, and were nearly out of wood. Sailing lazily down the Mozambique Channel, but seeing no signs of sperm whales, we arrived at the Bazasetta Islands, whither the captain had determined to go in search of a stock of wood. These isles are situated in the Mozambique, at but short distances from the mainland of Africa. They are thickly wooded, and but sparsely inhabited, both which circumstances contributed, in the present instance, to make them a favorite place of resort for our captain.

We sailed into the little bay formed by the islands and the neighboring mainland, about seven o'clock one morning; and after coming to anchor, furling sails, and clearing a space in the hold for the reception of the wood, took axes to the mate's boat, and proceeded to an inspection of the facilities for cutting and boating off firewood afforded by the different little islets.

It must be premised here that our ship lay at the distance of about two and a half miles from the mainland, the different isles being from half a mile to three miles distant.

To cut a supply of wood for a whaling cruise is a work requiring some days, and often weeks; and it had been determined that the first, and, if need be, the next day likewise, should be devoted to a thorough inspection of the facilities of the place, in order that we might work at as little disadvantage as possible. Consequently we—the mate's boat's crew—had been ordered to prepare for a general cruise. We provided ourselves with a store of bread and beef, filled the beaker with water, spread our sail to the light breeze, and pointed our boat to the nearest island.

Landing her, we found nought but a wilderness of low jungle, which was scarcely penetrable, together with a poor landing. We examined three or four of the islets, and having at last fixed upon a suitable place where to commence operations, were about to return on board, when the mate said, "Trim aft, Tom—there's a good breeze, fair coming and going, and we'll take a look at the mainland."

Accordingly the boat's head was laid shoreward, and we spread ourselves at full length upon the thwarts, enjoying an unusual treat of some cigars, which our chief officer had good-naturedly brought with him.

When within about a mile and a half of the mainland, we found the water shoaling, being then not more than three fathoms—eighteen feet—deep.

"I saw a black skin glisten in the sun just then," said the boat-steerer, who was aft, the mate having stretched himself upon the bow thwart to take a nap.

"It was nothing but a puffing pig," said he, drowsily.

"There it is again, and no puffing pig, either, nor porpoise, nor—no," said he, with some degree of animation, "nor any thing else that wears black skin, that I ever saw before."

This had the effect of rousing us up, every one casting his eyes ahead to catch a sight of the questionable "black skin."

"There he blows!—and there again—and over here, too," said several voices in succession.

"It ain't a spout at all, boys; let's pull and see what it is."

We took to our oars and the boat was soon darting forward at good speed toward the place where we had last seen the object of our curiosity.

"Stern all!" suddenly shouted the mate, as the boat brought up "all standing" against some object we had not been able to see on account of the murkiness of the water, the collision nearly throwing us down into the bottom of the boat.

As we backed off, an enormous beast slowly raised his head above the water, gave a loud snort, and incontinently sank down again, almost before we could get a fair look at it.

"What is it?" was now the question which no one could answer.

"Whatever it is," said the mate, whose whaling blood was up, "if it comes within reach of my iron, I'll make fast to it; so pull ahead."

We were again under headway, keeping a bright lookout for the appearance of the stranger.

"There they are, a whole shoal!" said the mate, eagerly, pointing in shore, where the glistening of the white water showed that a number of the nondescripts were evidently enjoying themselves. "Now, boys, pull hard, and we'll soon try their mettle."

"There's something broke water just ahead," said the boat steerer.

"Pull easy, lads. I see him. There—way enough—there's his back."

"Stern all!" shouted he, as he darted his iron into a back as broad as a sperm whale's.

"Stern all! Back water—back water, every man!" And the infuriated beast made desperate lunges in every direction, making the white water fly almost equal to a whale.

We could now see the whole shape of the creature, as in his agony and surprise he raised himself high above the surface. We all recognized at once the hippopotamus, as he is represented in the books of natural history.

Our subject soon got a little cooler, and giving a savage roar, bent his head round as he seized the shank of the iron between his teeth. With one jerk he drew it out of his bleeding quarter, and shaking it savagely, sank down to the bottom. The water was here but about two fathoms deep, and we could see the direction in which he was traveling along by a line of blood, as well as by the air bubbles which rose to the surface as he breathed.

"Give me another iron, Charley; and we'll not give him a chance to pull it out next time."

The iron was handed up, and we slowly sailed in the direction which our prize was following along the bottom.

"Here's two or three of them astern of us," said the boat-steerer.

Just then two more rose, one on either side of the boat, and in rather unpleasant proximity, and before we had begun to realize our situation, the wounded beast, unable any longer to stay beneath the surface, came up to breathe just ahead of us.

"Pull ahead a little—let us get out of this snarl. Lay the boat around,so—now, stern all," and the iron was planted deep in the neck of our victim.

With a roar louder than a dozen of the wild bulls of Madagascar, the now maddened beast made for the boat.

"Back water!—back water, I say! Take down this boat-sail, and stern all—stern all, for your lives!" as two more appeared by the bows, evidently prepared to assist their comrade. He was making the water fly in all directions, and having failed to reach the boat, was now vainly essaying to grasp the iron, which the mate had purposely put into his short neck, so close to his head that he could not get it into his mouth.

"Stick out line till we get clear of the shoal, and then we'll pull up on the other side of this fellow, and I'll settle him with a lance!"

This was done; and as we again hauled upon the still furious beast, the mate poised his bright lance for a moment, then sent it deep into his heart.

With a tremendous roar and a desperate final struggle of scarcely a minute's duration, our prize gave up the ghost, and after sinking most summarily, rose again to the surface, lying upon his side, just as the whale does when he dies.

His companions had left us, and we now, giving three cheers for victory, towed the carcass to the not far-distant shore. It was luckily high tide, and we got the body up to high-water mark, where the speedily receding tide left it ashore.

On measuring, we found our prize to be a few inches less than fifteen feet long, from his head to the commencement of his short, hairless tail. We could not measure his girth, but his bulk was enormous. His legs were disproportionately short, giving him, conjointly with his short neck and very large head, an awkward, stolid appearance, which the agility he displayed in the water by no means justified.

We had not been long on shore, when several natives made their appearance. They testified much joy at the sight of this prize, and went through a most lively pantomime, from which we gathered that the beasts were a great plague to them, that the meat was good to eat, and that they would like a portion. The hint was not lost upon us, who had not tasted fresh beef for six months.

"What say you, boys—will you try a piece of hippopotamus steak?" proposed the mate; and as no one dissented, we got the axes, and,after considerable chopping and hacking, got off the head, when we were enabled to cut ourselves about twenty-five pounds of what appeared to be tolerably tender meat, off the forequarter of the animal. Our steaks were cooked for supper,and whether it was that we were blessed with an unusually good appetite, or that the meat was actually well-flavored, certain it is that they tasted delicious, and that we ate heartily of them.

Queen Isabella's Dwarf.

In one of the broad avenues of Paris, near the Arc de Trompbe, lives a little man who is Tom Thumb's inferior in height—and, therefore, his superior in dwarfish merit—by the full thickness of a pocket volume. He has a ready wit, an intelligent face, dresses carefully, and has plenty of money, and his turn-out is, if not one of the most splendid, at least one of the neatest in Paris. He drives a pony not much larger than a Newfoundland dog, in a trap that reminds you of the vehicles to which the goats are harnessed in the Champs Elysees. Everything is in keeping about him, with the exception of his cigar, and that being of the ordinary size is big enough to serve him for a walking-stick. He has an establishment, and his servants (who, it must be confessed, are as much out of keeping as the weed, being of the common stature) seem to treat him with the most profound respect. It is not to be wondered at, for, to say nothing of the fact that he is their master, the gentleman in question is no less a person in dignity than the ex-dwarf of Her ex-Majesty the Queen of Spain.

Before her downfall Isabella always kept a dwarf, if only to show her regard for the ways of her predecessors on the Spanish throne. To judge by what one sees in the picture gallery at Madrid a Spanish court would have been only more incomplete without a monarch than without a monster. There is the King and there is the pygmy—the latter often in the same picture and always close at hand. Sometimes he shows a sad face, as of one forever murmuring at fortune for having made him greater than other men only because nature had made him immeasurably less; sometimes he seems pleasantly puffed up with a sense of self-importance, as though he understood the royal "we" to include himself and his master. Many a Minister of State is missing from the gallery, but there seems to be no break in the pictorial succession of dwarfs. When these pictures were painted nearly every court in Europe had a curiosity of this description, and the little men were so highly prized that they were among the few objects of interest which princes could present to one another. But the demand for them gradually ceased as common sense spread upwards from the people to their rulers; the French Revolution brought it almost to a standstill, and the diminutive courtiers went into limbo with the last remnants of feudalism. One court, however, continued to give them an asylum; and the small gentleman who now lives here so pleasantly shared the confidence of Isabella with Marjori and the Bleeding Nun, and accompanied her in her hasty flight from the capital.

He left one palace only to find shelter in another. The Queen had laid by for a rainy day, and her Parisian exile was only less splendid than her state at Madrid. He had a suite of apartments given him in the regal mansion in the Avenue du Roi de Rome, and at a fixed hour every morning he was admitted to the room of his benefactress with the lapdog and the parrot, both brought, like himself, with no little difficulty, across the frontier in those trying moments when the Queen had to surrender everything but what was absolutely indispensable to her comfort. He was of use to Her Majesty in a thousand ways; his wit entertained her, and her favorite morning's amusement was to see him make sport of the old Ministers who had contributed to her downfall, or of the new ones who were serving the Provisional Government at Madrid. His speeches a la Castelar were highly relished; and he somehow used to contrive to look tall for the purpose of caricaturing the gait and bearing of Figueras: When the latter undertook his desperate journey to Barcelona to quiet the Catalonian intransigentes, with Roque Barcia in his train, the dwarf made a great hit by appearing before his mistress one day all in red and carrying a puppet (made up in rude imitation of the Republican Minister), of which he pulled the strings to symbolize the relations between Figueras and his unwelcome associate. This representation was much applauded, and the news of it went the round of Paris in all circles in which the royal family was known. Poor King Amadeus, who had previously left the country, was, of course, not spared; and the dwarf was peculiarly happy in satirical touches on the solitude in which the King lived, through the refusal of the native nobility to attend his court.

But he was a good deal more than a buffoon—he was a trusted counsellor; and he was really one of the few wire-pullers who shuffled puppet after puppet off the scene at Madrid until the stage was left clear for the entry of Alfonso. He had a sound head, and the smallness of his shoulders gave him exceptional opportunities of using it to advantage. He was employed in confidential missions, and in this capacity was invaluable, for he was about the only person known to have been formerly about the person of the Queen who was allowed to enter Spain. No one thought of suspecting him—it was only the dwarf, and besides, he had a capital excuse for his presence in the country: He had come to look after his "property," a patch of ground in the neighborhood of Aranjuez bestowed on him one day in a kind freak of good nature by the Queen. He talked much about his property and of the penniless condition in which he had been left by the fall of the dynasty; and a pretended anxiety to secure his estate from confiscation gave him an opportunity of seeing many of the men in power and of quietly sounding them as to their disposition towards the exiled house. But his chief business lay among the leaders of the Alfonsist party; and he was the most faithful and most intelligent of go-betweens for them and for the cabal in Paris. He was as free from molestation by all parties as the parrot could have been, and he had that bird's gift of accurately repeating whatever was said in his hearing, joined to an intelligence that was all his own. His memory was wonderful: he took no notes, carried no papers, but conveyed the substance of communications from one side to the other without losing a single item of importance on the way. When all was ready, and Alfonso was about to start from Paris, the little man was in high glee with the expectation of being promoted to the King's suite. But the young monarch was sufficiently well advised to leave as much as possible of his mother's property behind him, in ideas as in personal belongings, and the dwarf was given to understand that as small as he was there would not be room for him in the baggage. There was another reason for his exclusion: Alfonso simply detested him for the contempt which his influence in the Queen's household tended to bring upon the royal name. He was a part of a peculiarly hateful past, and a part out of all proportion in importance to his physical size. He was left in Paris, in fact, as the Queen was left, because both would have been highly dangerous companions for a momentous journey. Isabella was nothing loath to have him with her; she loaded him with favors; and with these and her subsequent gifts, he became what he is at this moment, a rich man. Alfonso would perhaps have been content to have seen both of them for the last time, but, as we know, he found it impossible, in the long run, to resist his mother's entreaties for permission to return to Spain. He coupled his assent, however, with one almost intolerable condition: she was to leave the dwarf in Paris; and there was more negotiation on this article of the family pact which preceded the Queen's journey than on all the rest put together—so much, at least, is now openly stated by persons likely to be pretty well informed. The Queen cried like an infant when she bade her abridgment of a courtier good-bye, and she left him for a consolation the well-filled purse on which he now leads the life of a gentleman in the most luxurious capital of the world.—*Richard Whiteing, in N. Y. World.*

THE person who was struck with an idea was not seriously injured, nor is he to bring an action for assault.

The Austrian Empire.

Few nations have undergone more rapid and complete changes in a brief space of time than Austria within the past eleven years. During that period, that proud empire, once known for its despotic power and military vigor, has been transformed from an absolute into a free and constitutional monarchy. It is especially interesting to note this fact just now, because Austria is deeply interested in the result of the Turkish trouble, and next to Russia, England and Turkey, has the most at stake in its settlement.

Nations, as well as men and women, are often chastened by affliction. It sometimes does a country a great deal of good to be humiliated, defeated in war, and reduced to weakness and poverty.

This has clearly been the case with the empire which, up to within a quarter of a century, claimed to be unsurpassed in power and dignity, and whose rulers have always claimed a "divine right" to govern. The war of 1866, in which Austria was so unmercifully beaten by the helmeted hosts of Von Moltke and the Prussian Crown Prince, has proved to be a blessing in disguise. A bitter but very useful lesson was then learned by the Austrians.

It was seen at last by her statesmen that the days of despotism were over, and that the empire must at once become free and constitutional, or fall into inevitable decay and ruin.

To effect this great reform, the Emperor called a celebrated Saxon statesman, Count Von Beust, to his aid; and this enlightened man succeeded in achieving the task committed to him.

It must be remembered that the Austrian empire is composed, not of a single race, holding the same religious faith, but of at least four very different races, who are divided into Catholics and Protestants.

There are the German subjects of the Emperor, who live in the Austrian duchies, bordering on Bavaria and Saxony, the Tyrol and Styria. There are his Magyar subjects, who dwell in Hungary. There are his Slavic subjects, who occupy Silecia (Austrian Poland), Bohemia and Moravia, and the southern provinces of Alsatia and Dalmatia, and the Latin or Roman race, which is to be found in large numbers in the province of Transylvania.

It has always been very hard to reconcile the interests and allay the jealousies of these various races. The German element, which had always controlled the empire before the war of 1866, was opposed by all the others; and Von Beust found it necessary, at the very beginning, to conciliate the great kingdom of Hungary by granting it a ministry and Legislature of its own.

Austria, therefore, is now divided into two kingdoms, the Austrian proper and the Hungarian; the Emperor rules over both, but each has its local government, and is in local affairs independent of the other. There is a cabinet and a Parliament in each; and, besides, there is a general Parliament for both, which deals, however, only with foreign, military and financial matters affecting the whole empire.

Following these changes came many great and real reforms. The Emperor was deprived of his right to decree laws without the sanction of the Legislature; free education was established; the people were allowed to meet and discuss political matters, which they could not do in former days; marriages were permitted to be performed by civil magistrate, whereas no marriage used to be valid in law unless it was performed by a priest; the right of suffrage was given to all who paid taxes, and freedom of the press and of religion was fully established.

Thus the proud old empire of Charles V. and Maria Theresa has become almost as free as England or the United States. The jealousies of the different races still give a great deal of trouble to its rulers; and it is these jealousies, especially of the Hungarians against the Sclaves, which render the position of Austria so difficult in dealing with the Turkish question.

It is to be hoped that, if a war should arise between Russia and Turkey, Austria will be able to keep out of it; for if she should be involved in a great conflict now, at a time when she greatly needs peace and time to become strongly founded on her new basis of constitutional freedom, it will be a misfortune that may be fatal to her.—*Youth's Companion.*

An Indian Duel.

A citizen of Sioux City, who has spent much time among the agencies of the up-river Indians, says it is amusing as well as touching to hear an Indian sing his death song. Our informant was at Standing Rock a few months since, and one day he observed an unusual stir among the Indians. Soon two bucks came forth from different lodges, each with a gun in his hand. They walked out some little distance from the rest of the Indians and took posts, distant from each other about fifty yards. At a given signal they turned, raised their rifles to their faces and fired. Both fell, wounded, one fatally. They were immediately surrounded by friends, who made no particular effort to bind their wounds, but simply stood around talking among themselves and gesticulating, while the wounded Indians, as soon as they fell, began the death song. There was little music in it. It was a sort of deep-down, unnatural tone of voice, kept up for half a minute or so at a time, when it would cease, and the sufferers would in the interim make a confession of all the evil deeds they had ever done. They would tell of the massacres in which they had been engaged; how many scalps they had lifted from the heads of white people; the number of ponies they had stolen, together with all sorts of important and unimportant evil doings in their lifetime. This accomplished, they were ready to give up the ghost.—*Omaha Herald.*

ABOUT the sickest typographical error we have seen for some time is the recent announcement that a certain gentleman would deliver a lecture "on the small-pox, for the benefit of the poor." The editor wrote "on the sixth prox."—and the intelligent compositor will accompany a colony to Texas next month.—*Norr. Herald.*

Trying His Men.

The battle of San Jacinto, by which Texas gained her independence, was fought on April 21, 1836. Gen. Houston commanded the Texans and Santa Anna the Mexicans.

On the morning of the battle, Deaf Smith, the commander of a spy company, suggested to Gen. Houston that it was expellient to burn a bridge over a bayou, some eight or nine miles distant, to prevent the advance of reinforcements to the Mexicans.

"Can you do it?" asked Gen. Houston, without being cut to pieces by the Mexican cavalry?"

"Give me six men," replied Smith, "and I will try."

"Take them."

Returning to his company, Smith said, "I want six men. I am going to burn the bridge. I want six men who are willing to follow me through, or perish in the attempt."

Six horsemen rode forward as volunteers. They passed within gun-shot of the rear of the Mexican cavalry, reached the bridge, burnt it, and set out on their return to camp. Reaching a deep, dry hollow, about three-quarters of a mile from the main army, Smith ordered a halt.

"I will ride up the high ground," he said to his men, "far enough to see whether any of the Mexican horsemen are near, so that we may avoid them."

The men saw their captain ride forward a hundred yards or so, and then, dropping suddenly down on his horse's neck, gallop towards them.

"What news?" they asked, as he came up.

"The prairie is filled with Mexican cavalry." Eyeing each man as if he would look him through, the captain asked, "What shall we do?"

"You are our leader!" cried the men.

"We will follow where you lead."

"I shall not go back. My orders are to return to camp, and I will do it or die in the attempt. If any man wishes to make his escape, I now give him permission."

"Lead on. We follow."

"Are your arms all right? We will go down the dry hollow to where it joins the bayou, and then, in Indian file, run to the level ground above. Then we shall be not a hundred yards from the enemy. When discovered, we'll raise the Texan yell, and charge at full speed through their line. They will, no doubt, kill me, my boys! But I will make an opening for the rest of you to pass."

The men rode in Indian file after their leader, each one determined to cut his way through the Mexicans or die in the effort. Through the dry hollow they passed up on the high level ground, and saw—not a Mexican horseman, but their own camp near by.

The hearty laugh of Deaf Smith revealed to the brave men that their leader had been putting their courage to the test,—though not in an honorable way.

Jackals in India.

An animal which forces itself on the attention of every visitor to India is the jackal. On his arrival in Calcutta or Bombay, if he does not see the creature, he is almost sure to hear it the first night, its cries being a series of distressing shrieks, like those of somebody who is being murdered by inches.

Offal of all kinds, carcasses of dead animals, bones, etc., are soon devoured by the troops of jackals, five or six together, which roam through the streets at night. But jackals sometimes venture to seize a living goat, or sheep, or poultry, and the young of these animals are often carried off in broad daylight.

The jackal is usually smaller in size and less sleek than the wolf, but when of uncommon stature, is easily mistaken for it.

An officer of the Indian army, writing in *Chambers' Journal*, tells us that, when stationed at Jhansi, a mistake of this kind was committed by his *dhobi*, or washerman.

This person was engaged in his usual occupation of banging his master's shirts against a flat stone in the water, when he heard piteous cries of distress from a herd of goats. Looking over his shoulder, he beheld what he took for a wolf, grappling with one of the flock, and dragging it down the bank of the stream.

He ran forward shouting, and the brute relinquished his prey, and ran for shelter under the low archway of a bridge near by.

The officer found that the goat was not much hurt, and hastened at once after the marauder. The narrow tunnel under the bridge was dark, and half-choked up with weeds and sand. A bamboo was therefore brought wherewith to induce the hider to show himself.

The pole was forced up one entrance of the arch, and out bolted, not a wolf, but a large jackal from the other. The officer fired his rifle, and missed with the right barrel, but made a good shot with the left, and the animal fell dead.

COMB FOUNDATIONS.—The *American Bee Journal* thus answers the question, "What are comb foundations?" "Take a piece of empty honeycomb and cut off the cells, until nothing is left but the division wall of wax between the two opposite sets of cells, and you have a comb foundation. The latest production, however, consists not merely of the dividing wall but also a slight depth of the cell walls themselves, on each side, and these cell walls, although slight in depth, may be of such thickness as to contain enough wax, so that the bees may work out or prolong the cells to their full depth without any additional material. These comb foundations are given to the bees in their broad chamber, enough being put in a frame to fill it, in whole or in part, perhaps only a narrow strip being used for surplus honey, enough being given to fill the boxes, or merely enough to give the bees a start. The object is to save the time of the bees in secreting the wax and the honey used in its production."

CALIFORNIA pears are now sent to the London market, and are pronounced superior to the fruit grown in southern France.

England's Colonies.

The great orator and statesman of the last century, Edmund Burke, once boasted that England rules over an empire "on which the sun never sets." He meant that, throughout the twenty-four hours, the sun in his course was shining upon some part of the British dominions, and that in every part of the globe were to be found countries and colonies which acknowledged allegiance to the British Crown.

This is even more true to-day than it was when Burke made the famous vaunt. Since his time, England has gone on sending out and establishing colonies here and there, until now that "right little, tight little island," holds sway over no less than one-third of the surface of our earth, and Queen Victoria's subjects comprise nearly a fourth of its entire population.

England, indeed, has been the greatest and most successful mother of colonies among modern nations. She has rivalled Rome in the creation of colonial communities, and has spread her power, as Rome did, by planting little nations of her own people wherever she could get a foothold.

Other modern nations have attempted to create colonies, but this has usually been without success. Holland, Spain and Portugal, have to some extent succeeded; for the Dutch still have flourishing colonies in Java and Sumatra; the Spanish colonized Mexico, Central America, and many parts of South America; and the Portuguese once had powerful colonies in the East.

France, Germany and Italy, on the other hand, have never been successful in making colonies; and the United States have never as yet tried the experiment.

The possessions of England over the globe comprise an area of four and a half million of square miles, thirty times the area of the Island of Great Britain itself. The territory contained in British America is much larger than that included in the United States. England rules over a million square miles in Asia, and two and a half million in Australasia.

On every continent, her flag floats over some colony or province; and in all, she has no less than thirty-nine colonial provinces and groups. In Europe, she holds Gibraltar, and the Islands of Malta and Heligoland; in Africa, the Island of Ascension, the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope, the gold coast of Guinea, Mauritius, Natal, and other places; in Asia, the Islands of Hong Kong, Ceylen, Labuan and Parim, besides the mighty Empire of India, and a number of settlements in China and the archipelago; in Australasia, Australia, New Zealand, New South Wales and Feejee; in America, all the territory north of the United States except Alaska; the Bermudas and Bahamas, Falkland Islands, Jamaica, Guiana, Honduras, and many islands.

For over two hundred and seventy years this system of colonizing has been carried on by the English. As long ago as 1605, she took possession of the Windward Islands; and she is even now adding to her list of colonies on the African coast.

The English colonies are divided into three classes, according to the way in which they are governed. The "crown colonies," among which are Jamaica, most of the African settlements, and India, are governed entirely by the home government at London, which makes and executes their laws.

The "representative colonies," among which are the Bermudas, Natal, and Western Australia, have their own Parliaments, while the home power appoints all the officials. Finally, the colonies with "responsible governments," which include Canada, the Cape of Good Hope, and the Australian colonies, not only make their own laws, but appoint their own officers, the Crown being represented by a Governor, or Governor-General.

There has been a great deal of discussion in England during the past few years, whether it is not best to give such colonies as desire it their independence. Nearly all the English colonies, indeed, have now free institutions, and are practically independent; they yield little pecuniary profit to the home power, while that power has the burden of defending them from attack.

The general conclusion seems to have been reached that when the colonies themselves desire to dissolve the bond between them and the mother-country, and become nations, the latter will not object; but the colonies are slow to give up the advantage of British protection from assault, and as yet, none of them have shown a very earnest disposition to be independent.—*Youth's Companion.*

BEATING FAT JACK.—"I was set upon last night and struck by a rowdy on Sixth avenue," said a seeker after justice in the Washington Place Police Court yesterday.

"How did it happen?" asked the court.

"Well, sir, as I was a passin' up the avnie, these two fellers"——

"Two fellows?"

"Yes, sir, the two in front of me. The one behind struck me."

"Well, go on."

"And, sir, I had a struggle with six ov them."

"Six?"

"Yes, sir; three jined in from the grocery store."

"I see."

"I knocked down three out of the eight, and before I knew what was goin' on, the whole sidewalk was full ov 'em. There couldn't have been less than thirty, sir."

"You were perfectly sober, of course?"

"Never soberer, yer Honor."

"Then, this is a case of Falstaff *redivivus*," said the court, solemnly.

"It's nothin' less, yer Honor, an' I hope ye'll send the entire fifty ov 'em to State Prison." No warrant was issued.—*New York World.*

AN exasperated politician, who had been called upon to define his position once more than patience could endure, exclaimed: "Define my position! Never! If I define it, the next thing I'll be called upon to do will be to spell it."

DRINK no intoxicating liquors.

Fight Between a Lion and a Leopard.

The Zoological Gardens at Pesth have just been the scene of a combat worthy of Nero or Heliogabalus. The cage tenanted by a lion and lioness happened to be next to that in which dwelt a female leopard, for whom the captive queen of the desert entertained a special hatred. Probably she was jealous of the bright eyes and beautiful skin of her neighbor, and may possibly have suspected her lord and master of casting a tender regard or two across the barrier which separated the two dens.

The suspicion, brooded over in silence, became a devouring passion, and it ripened into a certainty at the precise moment when vengeance happened to become possible. The keeper of the gardens had inadvertently one day left hanging within the lion's cage the chain which served to draw up the partition, and the lion was not long in seizing it and beginning to pull. Whether he was animated with a spirit of fickleness or by curiosity alone must remain forever a secret. But the result was that the partition flew up and the road remained open from one cage to the other. Through it instantly rushed the lioness, breathing hatred and malice, but the lion had no sooner dropped the chain and prepared to follow in chase than the portcullis fell and the passage was barred again.

In the meantime, however, a struggle commenced between the two lady warriors such as has not been seen in Europe since the palmy days of the amphitheater. The leopard, worsted at the first onset, attempted to take refuge from the foe by jumping and hanging to the top rails of the cage. It was all in vain, however. She was brought to bay again, and compelled to fight face to face with the terrible invader. For twenty long minutes the battle raged in royal style. The neck and shoulders of the lioness were deeply furrowed with red gashes. But her victim was overmatched, and at length thrown on her back, when the *coup de grace* was given by the savage fangs of the victor.

The lion, who had been looking on—probably with mingled feelings—at the scene, will now, no doubt, be restored to the affectionate confidence of his spouse. Nothing remained, at the end of the encounter, of the pretty spotted skin which had so captivated him but a few torn and mangled shreds, and the romance of the cages, if romance there was, came to a tragic end.

Dr. Holland.

A correspondent of the Boston *Herald* classes Dr. Holland among the fortunate authors, and adds this graphic sketch:

"Beginning as a physician in Western Massachusetts (he was born at Belchertown) he surrendered the practice of medicine to edit a literary journal; went to Mississippi; was superintendent of the public schools at Vicksburg for a year; returned North; connected himself with the Springfield *Republican*; sold out; travelled in Europe; conceived the plan of *Scribner's Monthly* at Geneva (the plan was consummated on the Bridge of Mont Blanc;) returned here, and in 1870 the magazine was issued. He is its editor and owns one-third; the other two-thirds being held by Roswell Smith and Scribner, Armstrong & Co. Holland is as much liked as a lecturer as a litterateur. In the dullest seasons he has more invitation than he can accept, and these come from every section of the country.

"From all literary sources he must have an income of from $20,000 to $25,000. Now in his fifty-eighth year, he is much younger in appearance. He has scarcely any gray hair; he is straight as an arrow; not more than thirty in feeling, and possessed of limitless health. He has a strong, handsome, very noticeable face. His eyes are gray or hazel; his hair black; his complexion dark; his nose aquiline; his mouth firm, and he looks as if he might have aboriginal blood. He is very pleasant and affable; loves company, and has every season very agreeable literary receptions at his comfortable and elegant home in Park avenue. While he holds his own opinions tenaciously, he is altogether tolerant of the opinions of others, and reckons among some of his best friends men and women of the art tribe who are radicals and rationalists in matters of belief. He has an interesting family, consisting of two mature daughters, and a son some years younger, and is in his tastes and feelings strictly domestic."

THE poor Spitz is meeting with his St. Bartholomew in Williamsburgh. That quiet suburb, it appears, has been heretofore quite an Elysium for the Spitz, it being estimated that before the massacre began there were 4,000 within the limits of the Burgh. Last week a great many of them were killed, and this week the destruction will continue. Even the owners of the obnoxious animals are bringing them to the police for execution. Such are the vicissitudes of canine life. Only a little while ago these shaggy and snowy creatures were the admiration of all, and brought the biggest prices in the fanciers' shops. They were petted and washed as if they had been babies, and, in point of fact, much more than many babies are; they were led by silken ribbons through the streets; and they quite supplanted in feminine estimation the lively terrier, and the pug with curvilinear proboscis. We suspect that they did not appreciate the advantages of the situation. It gradually appeared that they were not overburdened by intelligence. It became certain that they were not amiable. They bit the hands that fed them, and they also bit babies. For all these crimes they are now brought into judgment, and not to put too fine a point upon it, are being knocked on the head, with one heartless, universal judgment—"Served 'em right!"—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A LADY writer desires to be informed "why there are no female tramps." She refers to an accepted fact, that there are more women than men in the country, and cannot understand how it is all of them manage to make a living without devastating the country. If any gentleman feels like vindicating his sex, here's a chance.