

voice. "What does it mean? Why do you receive me in this manner? Is that all you have to say to me?"

"I believe that is all," she coolly said, moving toward the door. "You are a gentleman, and I need not ask you to spare me any further annoyance."

"Your heart is quartz," I whispered, as she passed me in going out. "You are unworthy of him."

Flack's despairing cry brought Kaspar into the room. With the instinct acquired by long and faithful service, the old man went straight to the place where his master was. I saw him clutch at the air, as if struggling with and seeking to detain the invisible man. He was flung violently aside. He recovered himself and stood an instant listening, his neck distended, his face pale. Then he rushed out of the door and down the stairs. I followed him.

The street door of the house was open. On the sidewalk Kaspar hesitated a few seconds. It was toward the west that he finally turned, running down the street with such speed that I had the utmost difficulty to keep up his side.

It was near midnight. We crossed avenue after avenue. An inarticulate murmur of satisfaction escaped old Kaspar's lips. A little way ahead of us we saw a man, standing at one of the avenue corners, suddenly thrown to the ground. We sped on, never relaxing our pace. I now heard rapid footfalls a short distance in advance of us. I clutched Kaspar's arm. He nodded.

Almost breathless, I was conscious that we were no longer treading upon pavement, but on boards and amid a confusion of lumber. In front of us were no more lights—only blank vacancy.

Kaspar gave one mighty spring. He clutched, missed, and fell back with a cry of horror.

There was a dull splash in the black waters of the river at our feet.—*New York Sun.*

FATHER HUDSON AND THE SHARK.

The Santa Cruz Courier-Item gives the following account of the recent tussle in Santa Cruz Bay between Rev. Father Hudson, of Gilroy, and a shark, noticed in the dispatches:

Father Hudson swam from the beach out to a raft, and on his return felt a sharp pain in one of his heels. Turning his head he saw an enormous fish, which he supposed to be a shark, apparently intending to make a breakfast of him. He cried for help and swam vigorously, meanwhile fighting his enemy as best he could with legs and arms. On his way shoreward he was met by E. J. Henderson, who, hearing his cries, was going to his rescue, and by him was assisted to the shore. Father Hudson was conveyed as speedily as possible to the Catholic parsonage on the hill, and Drs. Clark and Fagen dressed his wounds. A severe gash, several inches long, was cut deep in his right thigh, the fleshy part of one heel cut loose, and a number of short gashes along the left leg. One hand was also badly cut across the back. A reward of one hundred dollars was offered for the capture of the shark, and all the fishermen joined nets and forces to capture the monster. Early Sunday morning they succeeded in entrapping the vicious fish, which proved to be what is commonly known as a thrasher, in ichthyology called a sea-fox, or a fox-shark, on account of its fox-like tail, which is its weapon of offense and defense. It is probable that Father Hudson hit the fish with his foot in swimming, when he felt the stinging sensation in his heel, and that this unintentional assault maddened the thrasher, when it applied its tail vigorously to the reverend gentleman, inflicting the series of gashes before mentioned. As it followed him to shallow water it then bit him. The thrasher when safely landed was found to measure eight feet three inches in length, equally divided between its body and tail. The tail is like a gigantic file, and with its immense power is capable of doing great execution, although it does not attack human beings unless molested. The curious fish was put on exhibition for a fee of twenty-five cents, to raise the amount of the reward, and the receipts for the first day were nearly sixty-five dollars. On Monday afternoon Dr. Vaux dissected and examined its stomach, which was found to contain a small piece of cloth and a few fish. The bit of cloth was fully identified as a portion of the bathing suit worn by Father Hudson, thus leaving no doubt that the fish caught was the right one.

An account was recently given to the British Royal Society of the transplanting of a bone, the first successful instance of the kind ever recorded. A piece of diseased bone had to be removed from the arm of a boy of three years in a Glasgow infirmary. Fifteen months after the operation no new bone formation had appeared, and the experiment of bone-grafting was undertaken. On three different occasions portions of human bone were transplanted, the grafts being taken from patients from whom wedges of bone had to be removed for the purpose of straightening their limbs. These wedges were divided into many small pieces and placed in the child's arm. The fragments grew together and adhered to the bone of the arm above and below, ultimately converting a useless arm into a thoroughly useful one by the formation of a complete bone.

In Carlyle's "Reminiscences" he tells us of his dyspepsia, and how he once rode sixty miles to Edinburgh "to consult a doctor, having at last reduced my complexities to the single question: Is this disease curable by medicine? or is it chronic, incurable except by regimen, if even so? This question I earnestly put; got the response: 'It is all tobacco, sir; give up tobacco.' Gave it instantly and strictly up. Found, after long months, that I might as well have ridden sixty miles in the opposite direction, and poured my sorrows into the long, hairy ear of the first jackass I came upon as into this select medical man's, whose name I will not mention."

Village postmaster to his wife: "Here is a postal card to Mr. Jones, saying that his brother and five children will be here on Saturday. Now, keep that card back till then and I will be at the depot, and when they find no one to meet them I will take them all over for \$3."—*New York Herald.*

Ben Franklin's mother-in-law hesitated about permitting her daughter to marry a printer, as there were already two printing offices in the United States, and she was uncertain whether the country would support a third.—*Indiana News.*

"John," said Deane Ramsay, "I'm sure ye ken that a roilin' stone gathers nae moss?" "Ay," rejoined John, "that's true; but can ye tell me what guid the moss does the stone?"

THE MIRTHFUL MUSE.

AN ATLANTIC TRIP.
But two events dispel ennui—
In our Atlantic trip;
Sometimes, alas! we ship a sea,
And sometimes see a ship.

A JOY OF SUMMER TIME.
There's a joy that can't be spoken
When the Summer time abides
And you walk the blooming garden
With its vegetable tides;
When the products to your stomach
Promise comfort very satis',
And your little Johnny plumps you
With an over-ripe "tomatus."
—*Yonkers Gazette.*

THE ARTIST'S DISGRACE.
Alas! I'm in such sad disgrace!
I tried to pencil off her face,
But couldn't.
She kindly sat an hour the while,
And archly faced me with a smile,
She shouldn't.
Love took the fallen pencil tip,
And gave a charm to cheek and lip,
He shouldn't.
I caught her roguish smile again;
To snatch a kiss could I refrain?
I couldn't.
—*London Society.*

A LITTLE RACKET.
There was a young fellow named J.,
Who grabbed and lit off with a jacket.
He was sent to the station
For 't,
And kicked up a terrible racket.

THE COMET.
The Comet. He is on his way,
And singing as he flies;
The whizzing planets shrink before
The specter of the skies.
Ah! well may regal orbs burn blue,
And satellites turn pale—
Ten million cubic miles of head,
Ten billion leagues of tail!

On, on, by whistling spheres of light,
He flashes and he flames;
He turns not to the left or right,
He asks them not their names;
One spur from his demonic heel—
Away, away, they fly,
Where darkness might be bottled up
And sold for "Tyrian dye."

And what would happen to the land,
And how would look the sea,
If in the bearded devil's path
Our earth should chance to be?
Full hot and high the sea would boil,
Full red the forests gleam;
Methought I saw and heard it all
In a dyspeptic dream.

I saw a tutor take his tube,
The comet's course to spy;
I heard a scream—the gathered rays
Had stewed the tutor's eye.
I saw a fort—the soldiers all
We armed with goggles green;
Pop cracked the guns! whizz flew the balls!
Bang went the magazine!

I saw a poet dip a scroll
Each moment in a tub;
I read upon the warping back,
"The Dream of Beelzebub;"
He could not see his verses burn,
Although his brain was fried,
And ever and anon he bent
To wet them as they dried.

I saw the scalding pitch roll down
The crackling, sweating pines,
And streams of smoke, like water-spouts,
Burst through the rumbling mines;
I asked the firemen why they made
Such noise about the town;
They answered not, but all the while
The brakes went up and down.

I saw a roasting pullet sit
Upon a baking egg;
I saw a cripple scorch his hand
Extinguishing his leg.
I saw nine geese upon the wing
Toward the frozen pole,
And every mother's gosling fell
Crisped to a crackling coal.

I saw the ox that browsed the grass
Write in the blistering rays
The herbage in his shrinking jaws
Was all a fiery blaze;
I saw huge fishes boiled to rags
Bob through the bubbling brine,
And thoughts of supper crossed my soul—
I had been rash at mine.

Strange sights! strange sounds!—Oh, fearful dream!
Its memory haunts me still—
The steaming sea, the crimson glare
That wreathed each wooded hill.
Stranger! if through thy reeling brain
Such midnight visions sweep,
Spare! spare! O spare thine evening meal,
And sweet shall be thy sleep!
—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

CONUNDRUM.
The roses in the garden are abloom
As fragrant as they were a year ago;
The lilies fill the air with sweet perfume;
The Summer time has come again, I know,
A thousand precious gems the earth discloses
To those who still its beauties rare may see;
But the flower that was fairer than the roses,
Our darling Dimple Chin—oh! where is she?
—*Sick Poet.*

MAN'S NECESSITY.
We may live without poetry, music or art,
We may live without friends, we may live without heart,
We may live without hope, we may live without books,
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.

We may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving?
We may live without books—what is learning but grieving?
We may live without love—what is passion but pining?
But where is the man who can live without dining?

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