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Poetry.

THE GHOST THAT JIM SAW.

(KANSAS PACIFIC RAILWAY.)
1873.

"Why, as to that," said the engineer,
"Ghosts ain't things we are apt to fear;
Spirits don't feed with lovers much,
And throttle-valves don't take to such;
And as for Jim—
What happened to him
Was one-half fact and the other half whim!

Running one night on the line, he saw
A horse—as plain as the moral law—
Just by the moonlit bank, and thence
Came a drunken man with no more sense
Than to drop on the rail,
Flat as a flail,
As Jim drove by with the midnight mail.

Down went the patents. Steam reversed,
Too late! for there came a "thud," Jim cursed.
As his firemen, there in the cab with him,
Kinder stared in the face of Jim,
And says, 'What now?'
Says Jim, 'What now?
I've just run over a man—that's how.'

The fireman stared at Jim. They ran
Back, but they never found horse nor man.
Nary a shadow within a mile.
Jim turned pale, but he tried to smile—
Then on he tore
Ten mile or more,
In quicker time than he'd made afore.

Would you believe it?—the very next night
Up rose that house in the moonlight white;
Out comes the chap and drops as before,
Down goes the brakes, and the rest encore—
And so, in fact,
Each night that act
Occurred, till folks swore Jim was cracked.

Humph! Let me see; it's a year now, most,
That I met Jim, East, and said, "How's your ghost?"
"Gone," says Jim; 'and more, it's plain
That ghost don't trouble me again;
I thought I shook
That ghost when I took
A place on an Eastern line—but look:

What should I meet the first trip out
But that very horse that we talked about,
And that self-same man! "Well," says I, "I guess
It's time to stop this yer foolishness."
So I crammed on steam,
When there came a scream
From my fireman, and it broke my dream.

"You've killed somebody!" Says I, "Not much;
I've been thar often, and thar ain't no such.
And now I'll prove it." Back we ran,
And darn my skin!—but thar *was a man*
On the rail, dead,
Smashed in the head—
Now I call that twantuess!" That's all Jim said."

—*Bret Harte, in the New York Times.*

Miscellany.

A HOMELY HEROINE.

"What can hae come owre Archie?" murmured Kirstie Brydone, as, for the twentieth time that day, she rose and went to the cottage door to look for her husband. It was between two and three on the afternoon of Hogmanay, the last day of the year. On every side undulating ranges of hills met her eye and seemed to close in the wide valley from the world beyond. The sun was low in the west, enveloped in a strange reddish haze; behind the hills to the north great masses of heavy clouds were rolling up, piled one above another; a bitter icy wind whistled down the valley, bearing on its wings an occasional snow flake; while to the south the great range of hills rose up, clear and distinct in their slight mantle of snow, against the purplish sky. Kirstie looked round in all directions, but could see nothing of her husband, who had been absent since the early morning, and saying to herself, "I wish I saw him safe hame; it's gaun to be a wild nict, I doubt," she closed the door, and returned to the fireside. She put on some more peats, made herself certain that the kettle was boiling, so that she might "mask" the tea as soon as Archie came in; then, drawing forward the little table which was all ready set for tea, she sat down on a low chair and resumed her occupation of rocking the cradle. As she bent over the fair little baby it contained the firelight lit up a very homely face; a mouth rivaling in width the famous Meg of Harden's; small gray eyes, and a low forehead; and yet the face was not without its redeeming points. The large mouth disclosed two rows of pearly teeth; the eyes were frank and sweet, with a confiding trustfulness in them; and the forehead was crowned with masses of thick, soft, brown hair. She was remarkably tall, nearly six feet, and splendidly proportioned, with the exception of her arms, which were rather long. And at the time of her marriage—just a year before this—there were many jokes passed upon the fact that she was two or three inches taller than her husband, who was little and slight, with a fair, boyish face, which made him look younger than Kirstie, though he was twenty-five, and she was only twenty-two. Archie Brydone let them laugh away, and could well afford to do so, for none knew so well as himself what a treasure he had got in this homely wife of his.

When Kirstie was a little lass of eight years old her father and mother died of fever within a few weeks of each other, and left her a friendless orphan. Strangely enough, her father, who was a shepherd also, had had this very herding of Dynefoot, and the cottage to which she returned as a bride was the same in which she had passed a happy childhood. Mr. Gray, the farmer of Auchensack, her father's master, took her to the farmhouse, and there she remained till she was married, first as a little herd-girl, then as nurse to the children, and finally as dairymaid. It was during the two or three summers which she spend herding the cows that she first knew Archie Brydone. He was a delicate, puny boy, who even then looked young for his years, and his parents feared at one time that he was going to be lame, though he grew out of it afterward. His father had taken a dairy on the neighboring farm of Barbreck, and Archie was set to the task of herding, a very necessary one in those great stretches of moorland and pasture, where there were few, if any, proper fences.

In their pastoral employment the two children became inseparable companions. Archie was a smart boy, and a good reader, and many a lesson he gave Kirstie, who was a diligent, though not very apt, pupil, for at all times her heart was infinitely greater than her intellect. At other times he would read aloud to her while she worked her stocking; and sheltered by an old plaid, which protected them alike from sun, wind and rain, they passed many happy hours. Finally Archie thought he must learn to "weave" stockings for himself, and under Kirstie's tuition soon became nearly as clever at it as she was herself, and so her dream of a companion knitter under the rowan-tree was realized, though very differently from what she anticipated, as dreams so often are.

Two happy summers passed in this way, and then Archie, having outgrown his lameness, was sent away to farm service; and when he became older went to the Highlands as a shepherd. For two or three years his father and mother remained at Barbreck dairy, and Kirstie heard of him occasionally from them; but eventually they went to a large dairy down in Galloway, and for several years she did not know whether he was dead or alive; but she did not forget him, and on fine Sunday afternoons in summer sometimes walked as far as the rowan-tree, with which he was inseparably associated.

A great surprise was in store for her, however, for he came back to Mr. Gray's as a young herd. Kirstie had not heard the name of the young man who was coming—indeed, had heard nothing about him, except that he was coming from the Highlands. She was in the kitchen alone when he came in; it was dusk, and she did not recognize his voice; but the firelight was shining full upon her as she stood making the porridge, in the cook's absence; and after a minute's quiet survey he was certain that this tall girl with the grand figure and plain face was no other than his old friend Kirstie.

"Do you ever herd the coos for onybody, nowadays?" he said at length, very quietly.

"Preserve us a'!" exclaimed Kirstie, nearly upsetting the porridge in her agitation; then, as the fire blazed up and disclosed the fair curly head and the merry blue eyes she remembered so well, she said with tearful eyes and trembling voice: "Can this be you, Archie Brydone? Glad am I to see ye back again. But what a start ye gied me, for mony's the time I've wondered if ye were alive."

"Alive and hearty," replied Archie, with rather a forced laugh, to hide the emotion he really felt when he saw how agitated she was. "But the truth is, I wearied o' the Highlands; it's a dull thing being one's lane in a house for months, and I thought I would try the Low Country again."

Archie was surprised to find as time passed on and he and Kirstie dropped into their old friendly terms how little changed she was in mind from what she used to be; the same simple, guileless creature, strong as a rock for truth and right, and thoroughly unselfish.

Mr. and Mrs. Gray were so much attached to her that they looked on her almost as a child of the house, and yet she was so unconscious of any special favor that she quite avoided all jealousy on the part of her fellow-servants. Archie stayed steadily on the Auchensack, and became almost as much a part of the household as Kirstie; the other servants went and came, but these two remained fixtures.

When Archie had been three years with Mr. Gray, the shepherd at Dynefoot left to take a small farm, and Mr. Gray offered it to Archie, adding, with a sly glance, that he would have to look out for a wife in that case. Archie thanked him, and asked for a few days to think of it, which Mr. Gray willingly granted. That was on a Saturday; and on the afternoon of the Sunday, which was a bright September day, Archie asked Kirstie if she would take a walk with him to the rowan-tree; and there, at the place where they first met, and where they had played and worked as children, he asked her if she would be his life-long companion. No one can doubt what Kirstie's answer was; he had been the one love of her childhood and of her later years, and the sun never shone upon a prouder, happier bride.

It was an additional source of happiness, too, the fact that they were to live in her old home, though many a one would have thought it a solitary place enough. It was three miles from Auchensack, and about as far from the nearest shepherd's house, and was away quite up among the hills, commanding a splendid view of one of the loveliest of the lovely Dumfriesshire valleys. It was a roomy, comfortable cottage, whitewashed, with a thatched roof, a nice garden in front, and two elm trees at one side. Inside it was the picture of comfort; the kitchen especially, with its sanded floor clean as hands could make it; the dresser gay with willow-pattern plates and many-colored bowls and "pigs;" the long settle by the fire; and the antique clock, which had belonged to Kirstie's grandfather. It stood about a hundred yards from the mouth of the deep, dark, precipitous glen which took its name from the Dyne, a little burn which brawled along at the foot.

Archie entered on his duties at Martinmas, and they were married at the Hogmanay following, at Auchensack, when there was a dance in the barn and general merry-making. And so time had slipped away, every season seeming happier than the last, Kirstie thought, and happiest of all the dark days of winter since a little blossom came upon a November day and filled their cup of happiness to overflowing. It was a lovely, fair little infant, with Archie's blue eyes and flaxen hair; and he was, if possible, more passionately fond of it than Kirstie herself.

Kirstie thought of her happy lot with a deep, unutterable thankfulness as she sat absently rocking the cradle. She was one of those women who have great difficulty of utterance; whose words are few but their thoughts many; and, above all, her religion was truly a part of herself and of her daily life. The sun had now set, and darkness was coming on, while the wind whistled more shrilly than ever, and with an eerie sound which made her shudder. She was becoming really anxious about Archie's long-continued absence. He had left home in the morning with the first peep of daylight to climb the hill, according to his custom, and intended to come home, as he usually did, about eleven.

She tried, meanwhile, to calm her anxiety by thinking that something might have happened to one of the sheep, or that he might have been detained gathering them into the folds in preparation for an approaching storm. At length she heard the dog scratching at the door; and joyfully said she to herself: "He canna be far off noo;" but on opening the door, the dog, instead of running joyfully to the fire or curling himself up beneath one of the beds as he usually did, began to jump fawningly upon her and to whine pitifully; she could not understand the reason of this at all, when suddenly an idea burst upon her mind which speedily became a certainty. Archie was ill, had hurt himself, perhaps, somewhere on the hills, and the dog had come for help. She shook off a deadly faintness which crept over her at the thought; and, rousing herself, she drew the fire together in case of sparks, placed the cradle on one of the beds for safety, and throwing a plaid about her followed the dog.

During these preparations "Laddie" had stood still and motionless as a statue; but when she moved toward the door he jumped with delight, fawned upon her, and licked her hands, and then bounded hastily forward in the direction of the glen. The ordinary route along Glen Dyne was to climb the steep hill which rose behind Dynefoot, and then to keed by a footpath which wound along the top of the glen for about a mile. There was no fence or protection whatever; and there were several sad stories told of people who had missed their footing, or, in the darkness, had wandered too near the edge, and so had come to a violent end. Just two winters before this an unfortunate man had perished not far from the mouth of the glen. He was a packman, with a donkey, who was well known at all the farm-houses; and was, in a way, a well-to-do man, with a well-assorted pack, the contents of which ranged from ribbons and jewelry to note-paper, hair-pins, and stay-laces. In fact, it was designed to supply all the little wants of a female population, who were seldom able to indulge in the luxury of going a-shopping. Tom Carson, the packman, was therefore a great favorite, and not only because of his wares, but because he was a cheery, pleasant fellow; and Kirstie remembered well what consternation was caused in the kitchen at Auchensack when a rumor arose that Tom Carson had disappeared; and it was thought that some one must have made away with him for the sake of his pack, which, as it was New Year's time, was unusually heavy. It was only conjecture, however, for nothing could be heard of him; but when at last the snow, which lay that winter for several weeks, had melted, the mystery was solved, and poor Tom Carson with his donkey and his pack were found at the bottom of Glen Dyne. It was supposed that he had been coming to Auchensack, where he was a great favorite—that he had been overtaken by the storm—that the donkey had lost its footing, and in his efforts to save the poor animal he had perished along with it. It was a sad story, and cast a deeper shadow of gloom over Glen Dyne, which indeed bore no good name already. As Kirstie toiled up the hill, it all came back appallingly afresh to her memory.

About half way up the steep, precipitous side of the glen there ran a very narrow, insecure footpath, called the "Tod's Path," owing to a fox-burrow up near the head of the glen. Few people ever ventured along it except the gamekeepers and the shepherds, and even they did not care to try it except in broad daylight. At the point where this path turned off from the face of the hill "Laddie" began again to jump upon his mistress, then, running a few steps along the path and coming back, he wagged his tail and looked up at her with beseeching eyes, saying as plainly as dog could say in his mute but expressive language: "Come this way." Kirstie did not hesitate to follow, bad though the way was, for it led, she was sure, to her husband; and, besides, as a little child she used often to come with her father before she knew what fear was, and therefore knew every turn and bend in the path. Toiling up the wild solitude her feelings overcame her, and unconsciously forced from her lips the cry: "Oh, Archie, Archie! my man, where are ye?"

Just at this point a little runlet of water which came down from the hill had spread itself across the path in a solid sheet of ice. Kirstie hesitated, but there was no other way; it was life or death, and she must hasten on; so she did cross, but her foot slipped, and she narrowly escaped falling. The snow now began to fall more quickly and in large flakes, and she had to trust more to memory for the path than actual sight. On and on she went, however, till she had gone nearly a mile up the glen, when suddenly Laddie gave a short, joyful bark, and she saw a dark object stretched across the path. It was indeed Archie; he was leaning against a large stone, which seemed to have broken his fall; his hair was powdered with snow, his face was white and rigid, and his lips were livid. Kirstie never doubted but that he was dead, and threw herself on the ground beside him with a cry of agony, when suddenly his eyes opened, a conscious look came into his face, and he said in faint, low tones: "Is that you, Kirstie? I thocht I was gaun to dee my lane, and never see ye mair."

"Oh, wheest, Archie, wheest," she wailed; "ye'll break my heart; dinna speak that way."

He continued, after a moment's pause: "I slipped at the tap o' the brae, and I maun hae dwamed, for I wakened as cauld as a stane wi' Laddie licking my face; so I sent him hame, puir beast. No help could do me guid now, Kirstie," he said, as it in answer to the thoughts which were passing through her mind at the moment. "My leg is broken, and I've hurt my side; and wi' the darkness and the storm there's nobody fit to help me, gin they were here, and it wad be hours before anybody could come. O Kirtsie, woman, I maun leave ye and the wee bairn," he added, with a choking sob.

Kirstie did not answer for a moment; and then her face was lighted up with a look of high resolve, and she said:

"Mony a time, Archie, have I wondered why the Lord gied me my great strength and my lang arms, but I see it now; and if it be His will I will save you this nicht."

"Ye're no fit to carry me," Archie remonstrated feebly; "and think what a road, Kirstie."

"Do I no ken the road better than ony herd in the country," she replied; "and we maun ask for help higher than man's."

As she knelt beside her husband, with the snow falling on her upturned face, and the wild wind whistling round, and in few and simple words, as if she was speaking of a near and loving friend, asked the aid of the Almighty arm to guide her on her perilous way, and to keep her feet from falling, Archie Brydone, even in the midst of all his pain and weakness, felt that he had never before truly known his wife. She then lifted Archie, as gently and tenderly as she could; but he gave a deep groan, and she found that he had fainted quite away. "Maybe it's better," she murmured; "he winna know till the danger's past." Then, with another upward glance for help, she set out on her dangerous way. It would by this time have been perfectly dark, but there was a little moonlight, just enough to show the mere outline of the path and glen. The path itself was by this time covered with snow; every step was taken in uncertainty; she hardly knew if she were keeping the path at all. Strong as she was, she staggered at times under her burden, while everything around looked wild and weird in the half darkness and the thick-falling snow. Laddie trotting in front of her, and guiding her on her way, was the only gleam of comfort she had. She went along more by instinct than sight, and after a weary while she began to think that she must be coming near the mouth of the glen, when suddenly she remembered the sheet of ice across the pathway. If she could hardly cross it then, what was to become of her now with a heavy burden, and the snow cover-ing the path, so that she could not tell where she was going? Her heart sank within her; she remembered that it was near that very spot that poor Tom Carson was killed, and she felt as if she could not move another step. Just at this moment a ray of moonlight pierced through the drift, and showed her young Archie's head resting on her shoulder; the face was more boyish than ever in its pallor, and the rings of fair hair lay damp on his forehead. New strength seemed to come to her arms with the sight, and new courage and faith to her heart, and she went bravely on a few more steps, and then, to her joy and surprise, found herself safe out on the hill-side, and far past the dangerous place. She had passed it safely and quietly, not knowing of the danger till it was gone. She had the wind to contend with now, and the snow-drift in her face; but in her thankfulness she felt as if she could overcome everything, and soon was within a few yards of their own door. Then her strength utterly failed; she struggled with beating heart and laboring breath against her weakness, as if it were some physical obstacle; and she did manage, though how she never knew, to reach the house, enter the door, place Archie on the long settle by the fireside, and then—fell on the floor perfectly unconscious. Poor Laddie ran from one to another, not knowing what was the matter, and howling pitifully, while the baby was wailing in the cradle. Help, however, was near at hand, and in a few minutes two men from Auchensack entered the cottage. They had been sent rather against their will, and felt as if they were on a wild-goose chase; but when they arrived at the house they were horrified with the state of matters, and thankful that a childish fancy—as they thought at first—should have been the means of bringing them to Dynefoot so opportunely.

The children at Auchensack were extremely fond of Kirstie, and it was a favorite amusement of theirs, every afternoon as the dusk came on, to watch for the light appearing in her window. When, long after the usual time, none appeared, they could not understand it at all; the anniversary of her wedding-day, too; what could be the matter? At last Mr. and Mrs. Gray became uneasy themselves, and sent off the two men, who arrived at the very time when their help was most needed.

Archie "came too" after a little; but nothing they could do had any effect in rousing Kirstie; so one of them went back to Auchensack, and from there was sent on for the doctor. Poor man, he was just sitting down to supper, at a cosy little party which had assembled to see the "old year out and the new year in," when he was told that the shepherd at Dynefoot had had a bad fall in the glen, and his wife was "near deid" with carrying him home.

"Carrying him home," said one of the company, incredulously; "why, it is impossible; the woman must be an Amazon."

"So she is, both in body and soul," replied the doctor, who had known her for years; "and as it is on her account and her husband's I don't mind the long ride over the snow one bit; so good night, and a happy new year to you all."

Kirstie was "near deid," but she got a great shake, and for some time was graver and quieter than her wont; as if the wings of the Angel of Death had really passed closely by her. One lasting trace she had of her exertions that night—her pretty brown hair was ever after thickly streaked with gray.

Archie, after being ill for a long time, became eventually quite strong and hearty again; but all his life after was influenced by that wild night in Glen Dyne, and the lesson in simple faith taught him by his wife.

When the "Laird" came to Auchensack next autumn, for the shooting, he was so pleased to hear of Kirstie's exploit, knowing the glen well, as he did, that he gave the cottage at Dynefoot to her and Archie for their lifetime, promising to build one, if required, for another shepherd. Kirstie was amazed beyond measure with this gift, and it was a mystery to her why people called her a heroine.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Brief Sayings by Josh Billings.

Enny man who will spred a slander iz a sekond-handed liar, mutch meaner, if possible, than the one who originated it.

Menny people are like an old hen with one chicken—a grate deal ov fuss and hurry, but very little dispatch.

All lies, before they bekum current, pass thru three hands; the fust iz sum very diskreet person, who looks wize, and only hopes that things ain't so and so; the sekund iz a lawless gossip, who haz no doubt but what things are so, or even wuss; the third iz a malishus vampyre, who fully endorses the foul blot, and spreds it broadcast thru the land.

Pride and anger are closely allied.

Diskreshun iz the smartest thing enny man possesses. If he haz got plenty ov branes with it, he iz a giant; and if he haint got much ov enny, he iz a respektable pigmy.

He who haz got nothing to do in this life but to amuze hisself haz got on hand the hardest kind ov a job i know ov.

Thare iz nothing we are more apt to parade before others than our cares and sorrows, and thare iz nothing the world kares so little about.

Take affability, good sense, honesty, and good breeding, mix them together, and shake them well and yu hav the ingredients for a gentleman.

The good things a man duz are hard to remember, the evil things are dredful easy.

Truth kan stand alone, but a lie haz to lean on sumthing, generally another lie.

A tru friend iz one who ain't afrade to tell us ov our faults.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

—It is said that there is a dog in Iowa which its owner, a farmer named Tremaine, values at $32,000. We have a dog ourselves which we value at somewhere in the immediate neighborhood of that sum, but to a warm personal friend, who wanted him badly and seemed to think he couldn't get along without him, it is not wholly impossible that in some moment of convivial joy, when the heart beats high and warm with dance and song and banquet wine, we might be induced to sell him for fifty cents.—*Courier-Journal.*

—About 10,000 barrels of shell oysters will be shipped this season to foreign cities from Norfolk, Va. Shipments to various dealers in the United States amount to nearly 400,000 gallons. The canning business is rapidly increasing, and now amounts to about 130,000 cans each season. The oyster beds of Virginia cover an area equal to 640,000 acres.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

What is a rebus? A kiss repeated.

Man is caught by his tongue; an ox by his horns.

If we seize too hastily we may have to drop as hastily.

When is a lover like a tailor? When he presses his suit.

Boston recently had fresh cucumbers at a dollar apiece.

Always tell the truth; you will find it easier than lying.

"Flesh for fuel" is the way they head kerosene fires now.

Experience is a torch lighted in the ashes of our delusions.

An Iowa engineer married a young lady while waiting for a late train.

The most original phase of society life in Washington is the card announcement of birth.

In Philadelphia it is now considered proper to speak of a dentist as an odontologists.

The Cincinnati *Volksblatt* styles the ladies engaged in the whisky war "corset dragoons."

Politeness is like an air cushion; there may be nothing in it, but it eases you wonderfully.

According to the experience of pawnbrokers, the past was the hardest winter known in many years.

"The insurrection of prayer" is what the *Graphic* calls the operations of temperance women in Ohio.

A suspicious wife, on being asked where her husband was, replied that she was very much afraid he was Miss-ing.

A jeweler labeled some diamonds in his window as being as sparkling as the tears of a young widow, and more lasting.

The Chinese have a saying that an unlucky word dropped from the tongue cannot be drawn back by a coach and six horses.

The New York papers now favor killing criminals by an electric shock, which is easily administered and produces instantaneous death.

Wheat seeds can bear for several hours a temperature as high as the boiling point of water without losing the power of germinating.

One cause of coal oil lamp explosions is said to be using too small wicks, by which a space is left at the edges for the communication of explosive elements.

Since the ladies of Ohio have begun their raids upon the bar-rooms some plagiarist has remarked that Solomon in all his glory was not a raid like one of these.

There is a man in Kentucky who has, for several years past, been drinking coal oil. He takes a teaspoonful at a dose, and he says it has cured him of consumption.

Somebody says, queerly enough, that Boston, having swallowed various other neighboring towns, "is now greasing the ears of Malden, preparatory to deglutition."

The sand blast is now used for cleansing the fronts of buildings. It is said to accomplish the removal of the dust and soot without injuring the ornamental carvings.

A philosopher says that "a true man never frets about his place in the world, but just slides into it by the gravitation of his nature, and swings there as easily as a star."

Because the Indianapolis Coffin Company propose manufacturing 30,000 coffins annually a New York lunatic wants to change the name of Indianapolis to Deathopolis.

A Delaware physician some time ago grafted a piece of his own skin (white) on the body of a negro. It grew, but at the end of three months was as black as the surrounding cuticle.

The Boston *Journal* tells of a gentleman in that city who has been brought from a condition of ill-health to robustness by simply drinking a half tumbler of warm bullock's blood twice a day.

At Nashville, Tenn., recently, a child of John Eats, ten weeks old, was found dead in a bucket of water at the head of the parents' bed. It is supposed the child fell from the bed into the bucket and was thus drowned.

The Supreme Court of Illinois, in a recent decision, has affirmed the principle that an express company cannot be held for the value of a package of money lost while in its possession as a common carrier, unless the value of the package be truly stated before the contract for carriage is entered into.

When the brave women of the Mississippi Valley sing hymns all of a cold winter's night before village bar-rooms in order to scotch the snake in the glass, and then throw calcium lights upon men who wander toward the proscribed places of drinking, it is safe to believe that men will attend lodges less frequently than usual.

Jonathan Talcott, the well-known potato-grower of Rome, N. Y., tells the Boston *Cultivator* that repeated experiments have taught him "that early sorts require richer land to give their best yield, as they grow in less time, and consequently must be better fed, or they are of course small, and the crop will not be remunerative."

Dean Swift's recipe for courtship:

Two or three dears, and two or three sweets,
Two or three balls, or two or three treats,
Two or three serenades, given as a lure,
Two or three oaths how much they endure,
Two or three messages sent in one day,
Two or three times led out from the play,
Two or three tickets for two or three times,
Two or three love letters writ all in rhymes,
Two or three months keeping strict to these rules
Can never fail making a couple of fools.

The Galveston (Tex.) *News* says: "Our interior exchanges report trichina prevailing in many towns of Texas. This strange disease has appeared in Northern, Central, and Western Texas simultaneously, and, although but few cases are reported in each locality, consternation has followed its appearance everywhere. As generally believed, the disease is caused by eating infected pork."

A rumor had been current for several weeks that upon the farm of I. Finch, near Janesville, Wis., were found unmistakable evidences of the presence of anthracite coal. This decidedly ungeological fact—if it were a fact—excited widespread remark, and a couple of Chicago coal-dealers paid a visit to the locality, and after a day's examination arrived at the conclusion that somebody had been "salting" that coal-mine.

Colorado papers continue to complain of the needless slaughter of buffaloes. The meat sells in Greeley as low as three cents a pound, and some has been sold for two cents. One paper says: "The whole valley is alive with hunters and teams. The Utes and Sioux are also mixing in, and they get boiling mad when they find a hunter killing for sport. One hunter had fifty robes packed for transportation, and while off hunting for more the Sioux came up and burnt most of them."

They have a novel way of enjoying the honeymoon in Detroit. A man named Schuyler Long was married on a recent Sunday evening to a widow named Updyke, and the next day both were after warrants for assault and battery. It seemed that she wanted some money, and he didn't have it to give, and she said he was a pretty fellow to be strapped on the first day after marriage. One word brought on another, and they had a fight which left both looking as if they had fallen through a sidewalk grating.

Miss Frank Pottle, a school teacher in Fryeburg, Me., was brought before a Justice of the Peace for whipping one of her scholars. Miss Pottle's weight seemed to be about ninety pounds, and her muscles, judging by her delicate hands and slim wrists, were not much developed. The whipped scholar was a strapping, ugly boy, and sixteen years old. Learning that the punishment had been well deserved the Justice expressed admiration for Miss Pottle's pluck and discharged her.

The Winnipeg *Manitoban* says: "A large covered sleigh some twenty feet in length, belonging to Mr. Davidson, of Moorhead, Minn., arrived in town this week, laden with apples, pears, grapes, eggs, butter and other luxuries. There was a stove in the sleigh which kept the fruit from freezing, and we are glad to learn that the enterprise will prove a remunerative one to the proprietor. He has already sold out all pears at 50 cents each; apples are going fast at three for ten cents, and eggs at 75 cents per doz."

It is reported that a new and alarming horse disease is affecting the stage and street car lines of New York. A large number of animals have been prostrated, but the mortality, except in the case of one of the stage lines, is small, and in most instances the disease yields rapidly to medical treatment. The symptoms are loss of appetite, swollen eyes, which discharge a yellowish matter copiously, and swollen legs. Stupor follows, with great weakness. Rapid recovery follows the return of appetite.

An Illinois youth is in trouble, and writes as follows to an editor for advice: "Lately becoming acquainted," he says, "with a young girl attending school, I was smitten with her, and she appeared to regard me favorably. She is very much of a lady, although but sixteen years of age. I sent her a present of a handsomely bound book of poems costing $8, which she returned with a note, stating her father would not let her keep it, for which she was very sorry. Don't you think it was an insult to return the book without more of an apology? Hadn't I better whip the old man if he don't apologize for the insult?"

Too Big a Price.

A few years ago it was my fortune to be traveling down the Mississippi on a small steamer. I had frequently noticed a tall and powerful man who was among the passengers. He seemed restless and melancholy. Even the presence of his really interesting family seemed to bring no relief. I cannot tell how this man and myself found ourselves seated together and in free conversation, nor how he came to tell me his history.

He was from one of the Eastern States, had been apprenticed to learn the blacksmith's trade, had been harshly dealt with, and had run away. With scarcely no money he had worked his way to the Ohio, and there, by a few months' work, had clothed himself and obtained some money to prosecute his journey. He took "deck passage" on a steamer for St. Louis, helping to wood the boat and doing some other hard labor. By the time he reached St. Louis he was out of money, and hired himself at low wages to a blacksmith. Receiving barely enough for his current expenses, and being forced by an exacting employer to work early and late, he determined to try his fortune at Chicago. The canal was about to be constructed, and he got a contract to do certain work as a blacksmith. He was able to buy a few boards with which he made a shop like an inverted V, in which he sheltered his few blacksmith tools and himself. Here he worked very hard and lived very cheap. In a short time business throve so well that he built a better shop and hired an additional hand. He soon became rich in the possession of vouchers to the amount of a few thousands, deemed good, when the canal failed, leaving him penniless. Not discouraged, he "up and at it again," and the second time gained a few thousands only to lose them by a similar misfortune.

Again the brave blacksmith took up the hammer, and this time seemed to succeed. He bought real estate for shops on which he organized a new business, which gradually became extensive. The profits were large, but the risks were so great that repeatedly all his property had been in peril. Fire, fraud and misfortune had kept him in perpetual anxiety for years, but at last he succeeded in securing a competence that was beyond the reach of all ordinary contingencies. In a word, he was rich and able to retire from business.

This narrative, of which only an abstract is given, was related in a quiet and unpretending manner. In the description even of some ludicrous incidents he showed no signs of mirth or even cheerfulness in the reminiscence. Throughout he displayed only unrest and sadness. Said he, "I am only forty, and yet look at these deep wrinkles and this grizzled hair. See how bowed I am. I have never used rum or tobacco, and have been temperate without meanness in my appetites. And yet I am a broken-down man. To get this fortune I have sacrificed most vigorous health, and am sure to die in middle life." He paused a moment and then added: "I have won my wealth by such self-denials, risks, reverses, hardships that if I were again a blacksmith's apprentice, as when I ran away, and I knew that by enduring what I have I could attain as great wealth as I now have, I would not dare to undertake it. It has cost me a great deal too much!"

This man is not a solitary case. There are thousands of our successful money-makers who are paying a big price for their fortunes. It is not charged that they are dishonest or in a wicked line of business, but simply that they sacrifice too much that is better than money in order to get money in quantities which make it a burden rather than a comfort, and which, so far from adding joy to life, in many cases brings life itself to a premature end. The price is surely too big.—*Pres. Tuttle, in Interior.*

The Czar's Winter Palace.

The Winter Palace at St. Petersburg is an enormous pile, constructed of a stone, reddish in hue, which, when fresh hewn from the quarry, can be carved almost as though it were wood, but which hardens considerably by exposure to the atmosphere. The Winter Palace communicates, by a bridge somewhat resembling the Ponte de Sospiri at Venice, with an older palace—the Hermitage, so much affected by the Empress Catherine. The old Winter Palace, burned down in 1837, was built by an Italian architect named Rastrelli, in the Empress Elizabeth's reign, and so vast were its dimensions that it was said to be inhabited by more than 6,000 persons. The Imperial High Chamberlain used frankly to confess that he had not the least idea of how many apartments there were, or who lived in them; and it is said that when, while the conflagration was at its height, the firemen ascended to the roof, they found the leads inhabited by whole families of squatters, who had built log cabins and kept poultry and pigs *and even cows* among the chimney-pots. The origin of this strange colony was ascribed to the circumstance that it was customary to detail for service on the roof of the palace a certain number of laborers, whose duty it was to keep the water-tanks from freezing in winter time by dropping red-hot cannon balls into them. Perhaps the oversetting of one of the stoves used for heating the bullets was the primary cause of the fire of '37. Naturally these poor fellows tried to make themselves as comfortable as they could in their aeries. A chimney-pot does not afford a very complete shelter from the asperity of a Russian January; and logs for fuel being plentiful, what was more reasonable than that the cistern-thawers should utilize a few billets to build themselves huts withal? And a calf, discreetly smuggled up to a house-top in its tenderest youth, will grow into a cow in time, will it not?

Eighty thousand workmen had been employed at the erection of the old palace, which was most splendidly decorated, and the loss of valuable furniture and works of art at the fire was, of course, immense. The catastrophe took place in the night, and it was with the very greatest difficulty tha. the guards and police could prevent the mob from rushing into the burning ruins, not for the purpose of plunder, but with the view of saving the goods and chattels of the "Little Father." The soldiers were imbued with the same feeling; and it is said that the Emperor Nicholas, who was watching the progress of the flames with the greatest composure was only enabled to put a stop to the self-sacrificing efforts of a party of grenadiers who were trying to wrench a magnificent mirror from the wall to which it was nailed by hurling his double-barreled *lorgnette* at it. Nicholas had the strength of a giant, and the well-aimed missile shattered the mighty sheet of plate-glass to fragments. His Majesty turned, laughing, to an aid-de-camp, as the grenadiers held up their hands in horror. "The fools," he said, "will begin to risk their lives in trying to pick up my opera-glass. Tell them that they shall be fired on if they do not desist." The story of the sentry who refused to leave his post and perished in the flames, because he had not been properly relieved, is probably apocryphal—at least it is told of half a dozen sentinels, at half a dozen fires.

The Winter Palace was rebuilt in a year The Emperor sent for an architect and told him that the new house must be finished within twelve months, or he would know the reason why. And Nicholas was not a Czar to be trifled with. At the end of the stipulated term the new Winter Palace *was* finished. A grand ball was given at court, and nobody was sent to Siberia. To be sure the enterprise had not been completed without a considerable expenditure of rubles, and even of human life. In the depth of winter more than six thousand workmen used to be shut up in rooms heated to thirty degrees Reaumur, in order that the walls might dry the more quickly, and when they left the palace they experienced a difference of fifty or sixty degrees in the temperature. These little atmospheric variations were occasionally fatal to the peasants; but what cared they? To die for the Czar (there is a popular Russian drama on that theme) is a sweet boon to the loyal Muscovite.

The actual palace is an enormous parallelogram, of which the principal facade is 450 feet long. It has often been compared architecturally with the (ex) royal palace at Madrid; but the Czar's residence is on the bank of the broad and beautiful Neva, whereas the abode of defunct Spanish royalty only overlooks the miserable little streamlet called the Mancanares.

During eight months out of the twelve the Winter Palace is inhabited by the imperial family. There is one apartment in it, however, which should not be passed by in utter silence. It is a little plain room, most modestly furnished, and containing a simple camp bed without curtains. It was here in the beginning of 1855 that "Gen. Fevrier turned traitor," and that the Emperor Nicholas died from a terribly brief illness, which, at the outset, had been deemed to be merely a slight attack of influenza. The room, as is customary in Russia (and in some parts of Germany likewise) has been left in precisely the same state in which it was when the spirit of its mighty master passed away. The Emperor's gloves and handkerchief lie on a chair; his military cloak hangs behind the door; a half-finished letter is on the blotting-pad on the bureau. There is the pen with which he wrote; there are the envelopes and sealing-wax he used. The shadow of the hand of Death seems to pervade the whole place. You creep away hushed and awe-stricken from the potency of that presence.—*Harper's Weekly.*

—A man went into a butcher shop, and finding the owner's wife in attendance, in the absence of her husband, thought he would have a joke at her expense, and said: "Madame, can you supply me with a yard of pork?" "Yes, sir," said she. And then, turning to a boy, she added: "James, give that gentleman three pig's feet!"

—A few days ago a very handsome lady entered a dry goods house and inquired for a "beau." The polite clerk threw himself back and remarked that he was at her service. "Yes, but I want a buff, not a green one," was the reply. The young man went on measuring goods immediately.

—A stuttering broker in New York lately asked another, who had a bald pate, why his head was like h-hash in a b-boarding-house. The disgusted friend, on admitting that he didn't know, was informed that 'twas because th-there's a h-hair h-h-here and th-there.