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PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
AT
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MILLIONAIRE AND BAREFOOT BOY.

'Tis evening, and the round red sun sinks slowly in the west,
The flowers fold their petals up, the birds fly to the nest,
The crickets chirrup in the grass, the bats flit to and fro,
And tinkle-tankle up the lane the lowing cattle go;
And the rich man from his carriage looks out on them as they come—
On them and on the Barefoot Boy that drives the cattle home.

"I wish," the boy says to himself—"I wish that I were he.
And yet, upon maturer thought, I do not—no sir-ree!
Not for all the gold his coffers hold would I be that duffer there,
With a liver-pad and a gouty toe, and scarce a single hair;
To have a wife with a Roman nose, and fear lest a panic come—
Far better to be the Barefoot Boy that drives the cattle home."

And the rich man murmurs to himself: "Would I give all my pelf
To change my lot with yonder boy? Not if I know myself.
Over the grass that's full of ants and chill with dew to go,
With a stone bruise upon either heel and a splinter in my toe!
Oh, I'd rather sail my yacht a year across the ocean's foam
Than be one day the Barefoot Boy that drives the cattle home."

—G. T. L., in Harper's.

ETHEL MERLINE.

We were seated, seven of us, and all medical students, near a hot stove in the office of the genial Doctor Planchæ one snowy afternoon in January chatting and smoking.

The subject that for a time occupied our minds and tongues was an unusual surgical operation which had been performed in the earlier hours of the day at a clinic held in the theater of the college.

Doctor Planchæ had been the leading operator, and this may account for the unusual number of students gathered in his bureau.

The case was the replacement of a part of the intestinal canal, a few inches above the colon, which presumably, by straining, the patient being normally costive, had become partially twisted, thus preventing the fecal waste from passing to its final discharge.

The experiment, for such, with entire propriety, I may call it, was most dangerous—one rarely attempted and which usually ends in the collapse of the exhausted subject, and although the operation in itself was entirely satisfactory, it yet remained to be seen whether inflammation would supervine and dissolution follow.

Dr. Planchæ was sanguine of good results.

"The patient, although a woman, was in excellent health otherwise," he remarked, "and her constitution was as sound as a dollar. But while I was handling the knife, gentlemen," he continued, upon lighting a fresh cigar and placing his person comfortably in his cushioned arm-chair, "it was with the utmost difficulty I could keep my eyes on the work. They would wander to the face of the afflicted creature and that recalled to my mind a painful experience in which, however, I was rather a looker-on than actor, when, like you, I was reading up therapeutics and surgery. But," here the doctor paused, and on knocking the ashes from the burned end of his cigar forgot to put it between his lips.

He was evidently in a "brown study"—pondering some recollection that was far from agreeable.

At length he murmured, but in a tone that was sufficiently distinct for all to hear:

"Of course it could not be her. She was dead, and even if she had revived she would be years older. The knife did not touch her body. I took care of that for Johnson's sake. Yes, it was taken out of the grave by the resurrectionists. This patient could not have been her daughter, for Ethel Merline was not married. She was betrothed; that was all. And yet how like—how very like! Pshaw, away with such phantasms! And yet—and yet—roll the years back—back to that horrible night, and I would be sworn this woman of to-day's clinic was the fair Ethel Merline—if alive—that lay in the unconscious repose of death on the dissecting table."

Then the good doctor, with a sudden start, looked half vacantly around him, like one rudely awakened from sleep. Again putting the cigar in his mouth, he resumed smoking it in silence.

"Ethel Merline," repeated one of his listeners—a rough, good-hearted Tennesseean, known to us as Jack Burt—"what a pretty name. It smacks of coral caves and of fairy grottoes—of their inhabitants, I mean—pray, doctor, who was this Ethel Merline, and what of Student Johnson?'

"I was thinking of them," answered the doctor. "Did I mention their names? I have contracted an unfortunate habit of giving voice to my meditations of late. Well, I will say that Ethel Merline was a young, beautiful and betrothed girl—one whom I had never seen until I looked on her fair form, rigid in death, lying on the marble slab, ready to be cut and carved, that those who assisted as students, of which I at the time was one, might add new and important facts to the sum of our physiological knowledge. Johnson was my friend and fellow student. He was a handsome lad—bright, quick-witted, honest, strong mentally and a gentleman.

"Is he dead?" demanded Burt.

"Would to God he were," answered the doctor fervently. "Poor Dick!"

The doctor looked in a particular direction at the wall opposite him, and nodding his head, said:

"That is Dick's face—or rather the counterfeit presentment of it—hanging up there. A fine intellectual face, is it not?"

All looked at the portrait, and all admired the features. He must certainly have been exceptionally handsome. Our interest in his story increased.

"Was there any trouble about this young fellow, doctor," remarked Edward Turnbull, "that you care to conceal? Is his history interesting?"

"More sad, shocking, terrible than interesting," answered the surgeon. "To me it is a reminiscence I can never forget."

"And a secret?" asked Burt.

"Well, no," replied the doctor. "It is only painful to tell, that is all. I do not know that I have ever spoken of it before, and would not now, if the young woman I operated on to-day had features cast in any other mould than Ethel Merline's. That is accidental, of course, but, really, I saw in the patient what seemed more than a family likeness to the long-dead girl."

The doctor here consulted his watch, and then glanced through the window at the thick falling snow.

"I have two hours left for leisure," he remarked. "I have been summoned to a consultation at 6 o'clock, and between this and that hour I shall have to attend on one or two callers, dress, dine, and drive to the residence of the gentleman whose condition we will, in all probability, definitely pronounce upon. For the reminiscence, and to gratify our curiosity I will devote say, fifteen minutes."

We gather about the surgeon, first lighting fresh cigars, and prepare to give all attention to his words.

"I will not begin my narrative at the commencement," remarked the doctor, as he leaned back in his chair and looked intently at the portrait to which he had called our attention. "It is not necessary. I will, however, say that Richard Johnson was one of those light-hearted, level-headed young fellows noted for doing an immense amount of mental work without much apparent study. He was what might be called, metaphysically speaking, intuitively minded. He had the faculty of grasping a thought ere it was well out of the mouth of the lecturer, and of comprehending and analyzing it before ninety-nine out of a hundred of his classmates could get at the particular point the professor was endeavoring to elucidate.

"We were chums," pursued the doctor. "I liked him from the first hour I was thrown into his society. After awhile we succeeded in engaging a suite of rooms, which fact brought us into more confidential relations tha never, if that were possible. Dick was a persevering letter-writer. I found after a little time that he had an idol, and that it was not one of wood, brass or stone, or 'born of the imagination,' but a veritable flesh and blood idol in the shape of a woman, who was not only young, but of more than average loveliness in both form and feature; that is if one may be permitted to determine a woman's beauty by her portrait. To this idol, named Ethel Merline, my friend never tired sending long and loving missives daily, to which in return he daily, by post, received answers. What the two could find to write so much about was a puzzle to me; but then, you know, I was never in love, have had no one on whom to lavish my affections, and of course, not possessed of the necessary experience, have no right to critisize lovers. I dare say they traveled over the same ground and used the same expressions many times, but that didn't trouble them. To lovers, stereotyped phrases are new—are original every time they are uttered. But I will not further comment; it is unnecessary. Richard Johnson was, I saw, profoundly in love. It was a deep, earnest passion with him. I often thought what effect would it have on him if this young girl—this Ethel Merline, should prove to be an arrant coquette, who, tiring of her student lover, should encourage some other aspirant for her hand. I say I thought this. For the world I would not have made the suggestion. To do so would be to forfeit his confidence, his esteem, and place him on a rack of mental torture, possibly culminating in moroseness, jealousy or suspicion. He was very happy in his love and I sincerely prayed he would never have cause to experience a change in his sentiments.

We had lived and studied together two sessions, and were about entering our third term, when one morning Richard, with a bright, cheerful face, came to my place in the hall of the medical school and whispered:

"'Jervis, I am about to take a recreation. I have an invitation to run in the yacht of a friend to the Florida coast, and we may perhaps extend our trip to the Gulf and the Carribean Sea, visiting St. Thomas, St. Domingo, Cuba and the Lesser Antilles. We start this afternoon. I have written to Ethel informing her of my acceptance of the invitation. I know my darling will second my resolution. When I receive an answer to my missive she will insist on my prolonging my journey, as it may prove beneficial to my health. Just as if I were an invalid who needed coddling,' and Riched laughed in his low but usual hearty manner.

"'This is sudden, your determination?' I said.

"'Made up on the instant,' he answered.

"'How long will you be absent?' I continued. 'You will lose ground in your studies.'

"'No, my dear mentor,' he playfully answered. 'In a month I will be alongside of the cleverest of you. I will cram to make up for wasted time.'

"Then the question of absence?" I again asked.

"'Three, four, five, six weeks. I cannot tell you. Suppose 'like a painted ship on a painted sea,' we should be anchored for many days? Yachts, for the most part, are wind-propelled craft, and in making southings and northings, going and returning, we shall have to court Boreas and the gentle zephyrs.'"

"'I did not think you could keep from communicating with Miss Merline so many weeks,' I remarked, playfully."

"'Ah!" he sighed, 'that is the hardest part of it. I would she were here, as my dear wife, my companion thither and back. It would then be a voyage to Paradise. She would make it paradisaical anywhere—in the breezy north or in the calm south.'"

"'When do you sail?' I asked.

"'To-morrow,' was the quick answer. 'I have already packed my wardrobe. Such things as those dusty and distraught treatises on medicine, as I do not require, I leave, my dear Jervis, in your friendly keeping. And I want you to act in another matter as my agent. The duty will be light. It will consist in enclosing whatever letters Miss Merline may address to me in envelopes, and superscribing them, until you hear further from me, Jacksonville, Florida.'"

"'With pleasure'" I replied.

The following morning I rode with Richard Johnson from our quarters to the dock, where a boat lay waiting his embarkation. We pressed each other's hands, and the next moment he was out in the stream on his way to the yacht—a clean, trim-looking boat that was hovering the offing. It was a pleasant, sunny, out-inviting morning, and I remained near the water until the tiny vessel had sunk hull and masts far below the horizon.

On the day succeeding Johnson's departure a letter directed to my friend, in the well known chirography of the lady I have so often referred to, was left at our rooms by the postman. This I at once placed in a second envelope and remailed it, superscriping it "Jacksonville, Fla." A week latter a second letter was put in my hands from the same source. This I also treated as I had the first, and forwarded it to its destination.

I received no more from Ethel Merline. I wondered at this, but it occurring to me that it was possible Richard Johnson had written his lady correspondent to mail direct to Jacksonville, I gave myself no further thought upon the subject.

The fourth week of Richard's absence brought a letter from him. It was directed to myself. It surprised me when I opened and perused it. In it he broadly intimated that I had neglected him; wondered why I should do so, but winding up his reproaches by begging me to not longer neglect forwarding him all the letters Miss Merline had mailed to the New York address. He acknowledged the reception of the two mailed by me.

"You may rest assured that I was puzzled. I instantly answered his reproaches by writing that all the packages sent to or received by me were those duly forwarded, and were those which he had given the post dates of in his note.

"I heard nothing further by mail from my friend.

"At the close of the sixth week Richard entered our apartments. He looked, physically speaking, well; but I could not help noticing that he was mentally anxious—in fact, nervously disturbed.

"When our brief greetings were over, he said:

"'Jervis, I cannot understand why it is I've received but two letters from Miss Merline. She is betrothed to me, and we are to be married on my receiving my doctorate degree. I wrote several times to and begged her, if she declines putting you to the trouble of remailing her letters to forward direct to Jacksonville. Her conduct is strange. You know how faithful she was as a correspondent before I left on the sea trip."

"I suggested indisposition as a possible reason for her seeming negligence.

"Johnson thought the suggestion over a moment and replied:

"No; that cannot be. Ethel is in splendid health. There is no reason for indisposition, for her surroundings are the best—those in which she has been brought up from her infancy. She lives in a mountainous region, where the atmosphere is charged with invigorating ozone and the natural drainage of the country such that malaria or fevers of every character are all but unknown.

"My friend chafed all the forenoon at the seeming negligence of Miss Merline, and he finally came to the determination that on the morrow he would take cars northward and by seeing his betrothed end his surmises and apprehensions."

"It happened on the night of Johnson's return from the south that the class to which we both belonged would have an opportunity of assisting at the dissection of two cadavers which were lying covered on the dissecting tables in the theater. These bodies our resurrectionists, it was rumored, had succeeded in bringing from a distance in the interior, but from what particular locality I am fully persuaded every student and professor was ignorant."

"I mentioned the fact of the presence of cadavers to Richard and suggested his being present, as it was just possible we should not have another such treat at least for weeks to come.

"Johnson at once assented, and when the hour arrived for our departure for the college and the scene of operations, he became as joyous as of old. He was himself again.

"By a great mental effort he had put away his depressed feeling, and, mercurial-like, his spirits became quite exuberant.

"We entered the theater together. Upon the marble slabs we saw covered with large sheets the outlines of two human forms—one much shorter in stature than the other.

"The professors, surrounded by the class, but so placed that all could see the operation of cutting as it progressed, first approached the smaller form. It was that of a light or mulatto boy child. An hour was spent over the cadaver, operations being confined, leadingly, to the muscles and nerves of the face.

"When the anatomists had here closed their present inquiries the body of the boy was again concealed from view, and preparations were made to operate on the yet concealed form of the second subject.

"Johnson had momentarily left the hall, intending to return in a minute at furthest, but something detained him much longer."

"In his absence the covering was removed. Before our eyes lay the body of a girl of apparently not more than 18 years. Even in death her features were beautiful. They were classical, and there was an expression of sweetness about the lips which gave proof that when animated by the soul that had inhabited the body they were of a most winning nature. I am not qualified, gentlemen," the doctor continued, "to depict by words of mine the exceeding loveliness of the subject that was before us. As a corpse there was nothing repulsive about it.

"While we stood grouped about the table, admiring and commenting upon the youth and physical perfectness of the cadaver the door opened and Johnson entered the hall.

"I saw him as he approached us.

"He looked for a moment wonderingly over the shoulders of a stalwart member of the class who stood near the table, then with a low exclamation that sent a thrill of surprise through my entire being, he pushed quite rudely the man aside and placed himself near the corpse.

"My God! what a look of horror filled his eyes!

"He had recognized the features.

"'Ethel! my Ethel!' he shrieked.

"Throwing his arms about the inanimate form, he sought to lift it from his table.

"Some one grabbed his hands. He fought desperately with a half-dozen athletic gentlemen to free himself and seize the body.

"His struggles made him wild, furious, uncontrollable. His eyes had an unsteady look in them, and his shrieks were so harrowing, at times so mournful, that more than one face blanched, and more than one eye filled with tears.

"Poor Johnson! his reason was unseated, dethroned forever. He was a raving maniac. Efforts were made to calm him. It was love's labor lost. To-day he is as violent as when first attacked on that fatal evening with madness. On this side of the grave he will die as he now lives, a mere animal in an asylum for the insane. On the other side—well, who knows, who can declare that in the unknown world he will be united to his idol of this.

"Ethel Merline's body was respected. No ruthless knife made incision in it. It was returned to the earth, where undisturbed it will repose until the last atom of it is disintegrated by the sure process of nature.

"Gentlemen, my fifteen minutes are up. What I have told you is a reminiscence awakened in me by operating on a patient to-day at the clinic who resembles the beautiful cadaver of —— nearly a quarter of a century ago."

His listeners drew a long breath when he brought to a close his story.

Without a word of comment they went their several ways; but I question if to this day any of them has forgotten the sad romance of Ethel Merline.—James Reynolds.

About the Coreans.

Seoul, the capital of Corea, is in the northwestern part of the peninsula and near the Salu, or Hau River, being about sixty miles from its mouth. The old maps put it directly on the river, but recent visits have proved that a town which is near it, and which is on the river, was probably mistaken, for Seoul when foreigners were not permitted to approach near enough to determine its position. It is about an hour and a half's walking distance away from the river. The capital is a walled city, built at the foot of a range of hills, and the site was evidently selected as affording an easy and natural means of defense, the hills being in the rear and the river in front. It is said to contain about six hundred thousand inhabitants, but the walls enclose several times the area occupied by the houses, and after surrounding the town ascends the hills and form a barrier along the foremost ridges. The city is divided into four nearly equal parts by two immense streets which traverse it at right angles through the center. Upon these two streets is carried on the principal business of the place.

The king is a young man of 32, and it is only since the summer of 1882 that he has actually been at the head of the state. Unlike most eastern potentates, he has but one wife, but at the same time he may have as many as he chooses. It is stated that there is no limit to the royal concubines, but as the queen keeps a sharp lookout upon her royal master, they do not lead a life of leisure and idleness. As all the court dresses, embroideries and other fancy articles are made in the palace, it is but fair to presume that these women find something with which to occupy themselves.

One of the most curious circumstances in regard to the king is that he has no name. He is simply known as "the king," and not until he dies is a name given him. He has the power to name his successor to the throne, and that successor need not of necessity be the next of blood. He is never seen by his people, and only leaves the palace precincts twice a year, and then for the purpose of performing religious services at a temple some half mile away. In stature he is below the medium hight; has a handsome, pleasant face, jet black hair, a light mustache and imperial of the same color, a white complexion, beautiful teeth, and, the most noticeable of all, dancing black eyes that seem to be overflowing with merriment. His state dress is of crimson satin, heavily embroidered with golden dragons, and the dress of the nobles at court is of a dark green with a square piece of embroidery on the breast and on the back representing flying storks. He is always accompanied by two immense eunuchs, who are also nobles. Up to the time of the presentation of General Foote, the American envoy, in May last, the king had seen but one other foreigner, Mr. Von Mollendorff, minister of customs. It is the latter's intention, as the gradual introduction of new ideas will permit, to have the king appear in public among the people. He is already prepared for it, but it is questionable whether the people are quite ready for such an innovation upon their old-established customs.

The queen's household is entirely separate from that of the king, as owing to the customs of the country, she is surrounded by women and can only be seen by women. She has never been seen by a foreigner, but is described as being very beautiful. Before the arrival of the wife of the American minister in Seoul the queen had expressed an ardent desire to see her, but as yet she has not done so, although she sent eight of her ladies in waiting to make a formal call soon after Mrs. Foote reached there. So closely were they guarded and concealed that no one at the legation save Mrs. Foote saw them. It is said that Corean ladies are averse to calling, owing to the fact that they do not wish their calls returned, because in that case foreigners might see the low position they occupy in the social scale and the degraded condition of their lives. In a word, the Corean wife, whether of high or low degree, merely occupies the position of housekeeper and maid of all work, having no social position whatever.

Although the Corean women exhibit a great curiosity to see foreigners, and can be continually seen peering from behind doors and stockades, the soldiers keep an ever watchful eye on them and drive them back to a safe distance. On the ride to Seoul one is often reminded that bright eyes are watching him from behind the trees or bushes as he passes along the road, but woe betide them if they are discovered by the soldiers, for they have no hesitation in pursuing them with the bamboo.

The costume of the men is particularly adapted to the life of idleness. The head-dress consists of three parts—first, the band which goes about the head, being stretched as tightly as possible across the forehead and secured to buttons or rings just behind the ears; then the inner hat of horse hair, which is merely a receptacle for the hair and topknot, and, finally, the outer hat of bamboo, which resembles somewhat, in width of brim, the old-fashioned Quaker hat, though not so large in the crown as that was. It may be mentioned that some of these hats are very expensive, and can be made to cost as high as $60. The outer garments consist of a pair of baggy trousers stuck into padded stockings, the latter so large that they give the wearer the appearance of one suffering from gout in the feet; above these a cotton jacket, and over all a robe or gown, which resembles a lady's morning wrapper as much as anything else, although it might easily be mistaken for a nightshirt. This outside wrap is tied about the waist, and the Corean is dressed, except as to the articles that he carries with him. First of all comes the pipe, and this is an article that no true Corean is ever without. Next, he has attached to his girdle his chow knife and chop sticks and two bags. In one of these he carries his tobacco, and the other contains his pocketbook, if he has one, and several articles for the toilet. He may also carry an oil paper cover for his hat, in case it should rain. If he owns a watch that is also carried at his girdle as a fob. Nearly all of the better class wear glasses of some sort, and these being very large and set in turtoise shell frames of corresponding dimensions, they add another distinguished mark when in their box and attached to the belt.—Corr. N. Y. Times.

Smoking Cigarettes.

In one of the schools of Brooklyn a boy thirteen years old, naturally very quick and bright, was found to be growing dull and fitful. His face was pale and he had nervous twitchings. He was obliged to quit school. Inquiry showed that he had become a confirmed smoker of cigarettes. When asked why he lid not give it up, he shed tears and said he had often tried, but could not. The growth of this habit is insidious and its effects ruinous. The eyes, the brain, the nervous system, the memory, the power of application, all are impaired by it. "It's nothing but a cigarette," is really "It is nothing but poison." German and French physicians have recently protested against it; and a convention of Sunday and secular teachers was recently held in England to check it. It was presided over by an eminent surgeon of a royal eye infirmary, who stated that many diseases of the eye were directly caused by it. Parents, save your children from this vice if possible. Do not allow them to deceive you. In future years they will rise up and bless for restraining them. It is now known that old cast-away cigar stumps are used in the manufacture of cigarettes. Boys are employed to gather them from hotels, bar-rooms, sidewalks—from wherever they are thrown. Collectors buy them of the boys and send them to the manufactories by the barrel. No matter how disgusting the spot whence they are picked—whether from the spittoons with its filth—the foul refuse finds its way into the mouth and nostrils of the cigarette smoker. Many a smoker throws away the stump of his cigar because he does not like the flavor of it. He does not know why the flavor is unpleasant to him, but it is caused by nicotine—the active principle of tobacco, and a violent poison. This accumulates in the base of the cigar with every draft of the smoke, and the man, noticing the unpleasant flavor, throws the stump away. This reservoir of nicotine finds its way into the cigarette, and the person who smokes it gets in a condensed form the poison which so often works mischief on the brain of habitual smokers. Again, these cigar stubs—or any tobacco, for that matter, that is made into cigarettes—is wrapped with paper which contains a very large per cent. of arsenic or other deadly poisons, the powers of which exert a deleterious effect upon the tonsils—in fact, the whole throat—of all those who use them; indeed, it has been found impossible to cure catarrh in inveterate cigar smokers But even this is not the worst of it. These cigar stumps have been in the mouths of all sorts of men—drunkards, fast young men, rotten old roues, whose very kiss, or touch, or even the pencil they hold in their mouths, might communicate the foulest and most fearful disease that comes to a human being.

The Oldest Steamship Afloat.

While strolling along the city front and gazing upon the many objects of interest that cluster in and about the beautiful harbor of Victoria, our attention was directed to a staunch old craft moored at Spratt's wharf, whose quaint style of architecture and well worn prow proclaimed "a life on the ocean wave" at once long and eventful. Desiring to learn more of the venerable steamer, her very name a synonym of industry, we determined to search for facts, and to the courtesy of one of our most prominent citizens and business men, Henry Sanders, we are indebted for the leading features of this article.

Nearly half a century ago, when the great problem of steam navigation was yet only in the experimental stages of solution, when the telephone and electric light were not dreamed of, a vast concourse of people gathered on the banks of the Thames to witness the launching of a brave little steamship that was destined soon to traverse the waters of the two oceans, one of which was known to many only as being somewhere in the region of the sunset, on the far western shores of the western world. The then ruling sovereign, William IV., and 160,000 of his subjects, including titled men and women, were present, watchful observers of the novel and interesting event. One of England's fairest daughters, wearing a coronet on her noble brow, broke the traditional bottle of sparkling champagne, and like the priestess of Juno invoking the smiles of "old ocean," baptized this fair child of the crested wave by the name of Beaver.

She was built for the Hudson Bay company in 1838, and was destined to ply between their several fur-trading stations on the Pacific coast. The two engines, of seventy-five horse power, and the boilers were constructed by the firm of Bolton & Watt, the latter being a son of the renowned inventor, and the excellent condition of her engines to-day bears convincing testimony to the great mechanical skill of her builders. As it was not considered safe to use steam on the passage out she was rigged as a brig and furnished with six nine pound guns. Thus equipped, accompanied by a bark in case of accident, and commanded by Captain Home, she sailed down the Thames, greeted by encouraging cheers from the thousands who watched the progress from either shore, and which were heartily acknowledged by booming salvos from the brazen throats of our guns. Crossing the Atlantic and being the first steamer that ever doubled Cape Horn, she sailed up the broad Pacific, and, leaving her companion far behind, arrived at the Columbia river twenty-two days ahead. After calling at Astoria, then the chief town of the Pacific coast, and so called in compliment to John Jacob Astor, the New York millionaire, who was also most extensively engaged in the fur trade, she got up steam and sailed for Nesqually, the principal station of the Hudson Bay company on the Pacific, and for years was employing furs and collecting furs and carrying goods to and from the company's various trading posts on the coast. She next passed into the hands of the imperial hydrographers, and a few years since was purchased by the British Towing and Transportation company of this city, and having been refitted for that service, is to this day regarded as a most seaworthy and powerful tug steamer. In conjunction with another tug-boat this historical vessel had the ill-fated Thrasher in tow at the time of the accident, which gave rise to the very protracted litigation known in legal circles as "the Thrasher case," the merits of which have been submitted for final adjudication to the supreme court of Canada.

Doubtless few are living to-day who looked on in admiring wonder when the gallant Beaver took her first plunge in the water. The ruby lips that opened to utter her name in baptism are forever closed, and the gallant captain who proudly commanded on her first voyage has long since walked the rounds of his last watch, and sleeps the sleep that knows no waking. Still, with the tireless industry characteristic of his prototype, the Beaver works and works.—Resources of British Columbia.

A Surprised Englishman.

A good many years ago an English clergyman traveling through this country was struck by the beauty of a church which was nearly completed in one of our larger cities. Entering an open door, he observed a group of workmen in the chancel, and addressed the one who seemed to be directing the others:

"Bishop Blank resides here, I believe?"

"Yes."

"Where is the palace?"

"There," pointing to a plain brick dwelling across the street.

The Englishman was perplexed, being used to the pomp and luxury of the lord bishops at home, who, in their aprons and lawn sleeves, held an imposing place in the house of peers.

"Ah—h! Now this church? Very good, indeed. Pure style. Better than I expected to see in America. Who designed this stone work?"

"I did," modestly replied the man.

"The master mason, eh? Who was your architect?"

"I was the architect, too," smiling.

"Indeed! Why you are a jack of all trades. You will tell me you designed the windows next."

"I did."

The Englishman was amused. He chatted with the workman awhile, finding him to be singularly modest and quiet in manner, but he said at last, "I am going to pay my respects to the bishop. At what hour will I probably be admitted?"

"You will find him at home now; I am the bishop."

Afterward the Englishman, in telling the story said: "I learned to know and reverence him well after that, and I never knew a man so lacking in self-esteem. Whenever in the canticle I thank God for the 'holy and humble men of heart,' I think of the American bishop."

Charles Dickens, when in this country, was called on to make an address to a large school. He simply said: "Do all you can boys, and make no fuss about it," which is the sum of it all.—Youth's Companion.

The Polite Hotel Clerk.

It has been quite a busy week for local hotels. More than the usual notable and distinguished transients have been here, to say nothing of Ching Ling, Ding-a-Ling-a-Ling and Hard Pan Shan and the rest of the Chinese Embassy at the Grand hotel.

"Intendee stoppee here longee?" said young Mr. Smith to a celestial swell who making a puzzle out of the wooden toothpicks on the counter.

"Sir," said the Peking man.

"Stopee long in New Yorkee?" repeated Mr. Smith with a smile broad in its hospitality and conveying his desire to be pleasant.

"We shall remain in the city but a brief period," replied the celestial, "prior to resuming our journey to Washington."

Then he walked away, not until he had left with the junior proprietor of the Grand one of his choicest diplomatic grins and rarest Hongkong bows.

When Mr. Smith ascertained that he had been talking to a Harvard graduate and one who was "up" in six languages besides broken China, he was dumbfounded, and went on the Broadway side, walked and looked up and down as if in search of one of those boys who kicks a Gordon press.—Hotel Mail.

The Boston high school girl condemns the phrase "tumble to the racket" as vile slang. She says "precipitate in the direction of the clamor," is a more elegant expression.

ALL SORTS.

What can equal the regularity of the Brooklyn man who shoved the hands of his clock twenty-four hours ahead, because it ran down the day before.

A little girl at Newport, seeing the willow phaetons for the first time, exclaimed, "Why, mamma, everybody rides out in their clothes baskets here!"

Extract from a letter from Angelica: "Dear Henry—You ask if I return your love. Yes, Henry, I have no use for it, and return it with many thanks. By, by, Henry."

The published report of a benevolent society says: "Notwithstanding the large amount paid for medicine and medical attendance, very few deaths occurred during the year."

An exchange has an article entitled "A Half Hour with the fathers." That's what the rising generation needs, and it should be out in the back shed and thirty-one minutes long.

A country girl wrote to her lover: "Now, George, don't you fale to be at the singing school to-night." George wrote back that in the bright lexicon of youth there's no such word as "fale."

A celebrated organist slipped off his bench recently while playing a Bach fugue as a postlude. He was immediately expelled from the church as a Bach-slider, and is now a fugue-tive.

"William," said a teacher to one of his pupils, "Can you tell me why the sun rises in the east?" "Don't know sir," replied William, "'cept if be that the 'east makes everything rise."

A boarder at Kennebunk Port writes us that she went to the circulating library and asked if they had the "Letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle," and received the reply, "You will get 'em at the post-office."

"I tell you," said Poots, "there's an indescribable sense of luxury in lying in bed and ringing one's bell for his valet." "You got a valet?" exclaimed Poots's friend. "No," replied Poots, "but I've got a bell."

The Biblical Recorder says that a young colored preacher in a recent sermon, wishing to display his learning, would occasionally use the word "curriculum," and as often as he used it, some one of the sisters said "Glory!"

"Woman's rights!" exclaimed a man when the subject was broached, "what more rights do they want? My wife bosses me, my daughter bosses us both, and the servant girl bosses the whole family. It's time the men were allowed some rights."

He had turned and twisted in his seat for nearly an hour, vainly trying to make an impression on the young lady who sat behind him. At last he asked: "Does this train stop at Cicero?" "I don't know, sir," she quickly replied, adding: "I hope so, if you think of getting off there."

"No, George, can never return your love; I never dreamed you loved me so—you should have spoken of it before. But I cannot return your love. "No," moaned the brokenhearted lover as he grasped his hat, "nor the oysters and ice-cream neither," and George went out into the wet.

"Yes," said Mrs. Snaggs, "I left my husband at home to take care of the baby while I went to the theater. He did not say anything much when I came home except that I never before looked so handsome to him, but I found out the next day that our parrot had learned same horrible words."

Too old: "I understand that you referred to me as a pig, sir," remarked a pompously elderly gentleman to a young man who had spoken disparagingly of him to a third person. "You have been misinformed," replied the young man; "I hope that I know better than to refer to a person of your advanced age as a pig."

A campmeeting convert, rather a rough specimen of humanity, recently delivered himself of the following speech: "Brethern and sisters! I have been a very bad man; have led a bad life; indeed, I have been the chief among sinners, and the one altogether lovely!" His confession was received with some grains of allowance.

He had at last screwed his courage up to the sticking point and had come determined to pop the question. "Is Miss Blank in?" he asked of the new girl. "Indade she is that." "Is she engaged?" "Bless yer sowl, but you'd think so if yer could see her and a young man on the parlor sofa just now. Do you want to see her?" But he had fled.

A traveling man, noticing a pretty girl alone in a car, went over in her direction and smillingly asked: "Is this seat engaged, miss?" "No, sir; but I am, and he is going to get on at the the next station." "Oh—ah—indeed—thanks—beg pardon—" and he picked up his feet after stumbling over them, and went into the smoking car to be alone for a while.

Something usual: "I feel so worried about Charles!" sighed Mrs. Wildhusband. "Its getting late, sure enough," said sister Kate, looking at the clock; "but I guess nothing unusual has happened." "That is what frets me," replied Mrs. Wildhusband: "I am afraid something usual has happened to Charles."

Regrets: Miss Gushington (to young widow whose husband had left a large fortune)—"That is the 14th mourning costume I have seen you wear in three days and each lovelier than the other." Young widow—"Oh, my dear, I have 40—but such a bother as they were to have made! At one time I almost wished poor dear George hadn't died!"

"Is this train to stop at Neponset?" a passenger asked a conductor of the Old Colony road the other forenoon. "No, sir," was the reply, "no stops between South Braintree and Boston." "Why, how's that?" said the surprised inquirer; "you used to stop there; you did the last time I came up." The conductor was puzzled. "Guess you are wrong," he said, "but when was that time?" "Well," replied the passenger, "I can't say exactly. And after a moment's thought he continued, "It was when I built my barn sometime during the war.'