## ELECTRICITY.

Spirit of the morning ray, Peering over Eastern hills, Where the hirk's blithe roundelay Thrills the roses' scented spray;---Spirit of the morning ray; Light, thine easence fills.

Demon of the whiriing cloud, When red lightnings by, When the starty only is bewed. And the wild night mourns about, In thy whirting ensrict-cloud Death and hight drive by.

And thy presence lightly springs Where blue kee penks loom, Where the woird Autora flings Gainst the sky her flaming wings, Through long twilight's gloom.

In the languid southern moon's Sliver beam, thou still dost hide, Where the love-lorn night bird croons To the lotus, on the tide Of slow tropical ingoons.

With the gnomes thou liest sleeping With the grounds from test stor In Earth's sparry caveros old, (Veined thick with virgin gold). And thy fingers swift unfold Violet buds, when over the mold April's clouded sky is weeping

Through the blue, bright mass of alr Pitying oreads watch thee flying suage some heart's despai With Love's message from the dying,

Or, through shell strown colounades Far beneath old Ocean's lides. Where the startled, shy mermaids Wreathe with pearls their shining braids, Swift thy subtle presence glides

There bath Nature shown all moods; Thou dost know her star-strown places, Sun-worlds, and bleak solitoics Where eternal darkness broods O'er illimitable spaces.

Thou has seen life upward climb, From the first faint spark clernal To the prophet's chant sublime: Chaos knew thy force supernal Acons are the birth of Time. -Loa Katharine Clapp, in the Current.

# THE COMING HOME.

"There's the cottage at Harlem," Nell said, in a timid tone, as if she half expected to be annihilated for the suggestion.

"Good gracions, Nell!" Fannie cried.

"There's the coal cellar," said Aunt Sue, imitating Nell's voice to perfection. But the touch of sarcasm roused the exceedingly small pugilistle spirit Nell possessed.

"I don't consider the suggestions parallel at all," she said, blushing a little. "I know the cottage is very small, but it is inbitable."

"Habitable!" eried Fannie. "You couldn't swing a cat in the whole house!"

"We will let the cats exist without swinging, then," said Neil, stoutly, "See here! We can't live here any longer?"

"No." Aunt Sue answered ruefully, "not for the present, at any rate."

"Our worthy guardian having absconded with all the property he held in trust from our father, including | the bank for a rainy day, when Aunt Suc your \$20,000, Aunt Sue, we must look for some means of existence more and the girls undertook embroidery for humble than this big house and \$2,000 a year income."

"Oh, Neil!" and here Fannie's blue

She was a tall, slender blonde, very pretty, and of a gentle, loving disposition, never possessing the energy of lingered day after day, as if both to brown-eyed Nell, whose beauty was not nearly so great but who made up day, when he had been in the city for a snub nose and a big mouth in the sunny disposition and a quick vivacity that was very altractive.

Fred. Norris, the son of the guardian who had so foully betrayed the trust taken when Mr. Harris enter d the of the girls' dead father, had brought ting near the window, and the old his handsome face and winning manners often to the house over which M sa man took a sent very near as he said: Susan Dorrimer presided, and had left day no power of persuasion natried in his endeavor to win pretty Fannie's heart. He was partner in his father's law office, winn ng his own way to fortune. and no thought of the blonde's patrimony tempted him. It was pure, true love that softened his voice for Fan nie's car, shone in his e.cs when they rested upon her and brought him often | But when he did find him he ascertainto her side

And the love he coveted was given him, though no words had yet been spoken, when Herbert Norvis suddenly fled, and twenty-four hours later his son was also missing.

It was a blessing. Noll said, that they chose the spring weather for their journey, as the cottage in Harlem was certainly not tempt ug, as it stood, for a winter residence. It made a large hole in the money realized from the sales of the furniture to put the old house in repair, it having been empty for a long time. And even when it was newly painted and papered and brightened by the prettiest of furniture it looked very narrow and noor, contrasted with the home where the girls had lived from childhood. The piano had to stand all askew to fit it at all in the little parlor. and the casy chairs and lounges looked all out of proportion. But Nell work-ed busily, and gradually the "flitting" became a frolic; and even Fannie was interested in wedging bareaus into impossible recesses and finding accommodation for the contents of the great vans at the door.

"Just imagine, we have a spare room," cried Nell gleefully; "here is Aunt Sue's, here ours, here one for a servant, if we ever again indulge in such a luxury, and here a magnificent apartment, handsomely furnished, to let ! All the rubbish and trunks can go to the attie or loft, or whatever you choose to call the sky parlor, dining room, pantry and kitchen! Fan, seriously, I like it. It is ours, that is one good thing, and we can have lots of fun cooking and cleaning." "Fuu !" said Fan, dolefully.

"Yes, fun! Come, I'm going to give Jane her wages, now we are all fixed nicely, and we will get dinner. Ain't you glad now we learned to cook at Uncle Rodney's? How we hated it?"

Fan sighed over the memory of two years spent with their mother's brother on a cozy New England farm, while their father was in Europe trying to bring health back to his wife, who died under Italian skies. But Nell would not let her mope, and the summer days were coming to make the cottage garden a new interest, and a long walk to the boat or cars only a pleasant country stroll.

There was a little money to put in obtained employment at her old trade a large dry goods establishment. June had come, when one morning Aunt Sue received a letter asking her to take a

boarder.

tion of returning to the city; but he One blustering leave the cottage. since early morning, he came home after dusk. Nell thought there were two pars of feet on the stairway, but concluded she must have been missitting room alone. Fannie was sit-

Everybody looked interested.

"Herbert Norris ded n England two months ago. Dr. Garner was telling me about it. He has a son, a noble fellow, who left the city after he did to try to find him and persuade him to restore the money he had taken. ed that he had taken-nothing! The money, his own, trust funds, everything, was invested in unfortunate speculations, and it was to avoid ruin and disgrace the man fled. It's son stayed by him, working for him, striving to make him return and face the consequences of his imprudence, but his heart was broken, and he died. Died in poverty and grief! But his son came home to face the 'm sery and disgrace from which his father fled. He brought his clear brain and legal knowledge to bear upon the compl cations, and he has succeeded in getting affairs into training. It may be months before there is any result, but Fred. Norris faces the world to-day as an ionest man, free from any complicity in his father's disgrace. But he is very sad, very lonely. I think if he had a few loving words to cheer him on, the thought that he had not altogether forfeited a love he strove hard to win, the hope that success in the future might mean a wife's love, a happy home, he-why Fan!"

For Fan had risen from her seat, her cheeks glowing, her eyes radiant, "Where is he?" she said softly.

"In my room. I will call him down.

But Fred. lingered in the hall till Fan. went out, softly closing the door. They came in presently together, and Aunt Sue and Nell gave the young man a cordial welcome.

When they were all seated again John Harris said suddenly: "Miss Dorrimer, had you ever a

brother John, who went to California many years ago a scapegrace boy. who deserted home and friends in a spell of gold fever, and never came tome again: "I had a brother John," Susan an-

swered softly, "who was very dear to me. He went to California, but he wrote now and then." "You know nothing of him now?"

"I wrote to him last spring, but I think he never got the letter." ·Why?"

"Because-1-(the girls did not know)-I told him of our trouble (it was so hard for the girls to loose everything, you see), and I am sure he would have answered if he had received the letter.

"Is he rich?" "I don't know."

But I do, and I will tell you. For years and years ill-luck crossed him everywhere. He made money by digging and was robbed. He grew rich in business and was burned out. Whenver prosperity came misfortune follow-

#### PERPETUAL MOTION.

Dream of sciolism and Not of A Science-A Hobby of Harmless Cranks.

Science has made progress chiefly because the majority of men are so constituted as to be capable of realizing the force of d-monstration, remarks The New York Tribune. Were no: this perceptive faculty general the world migth still be disputing as to what two "I heard some news in town toand two make when added together,

> and there would have been no consensus of opinion upon any of these gencralizations from experience which we call natural laws. But while most men are able to realize demonstrations there are some always who do not possess this power, and these peculiar people furnish the paradoxes, as Prof. Do Morgan used to style them: the "eranks," as they are commonly termed. There are many who become convinced that the circle can be squared, and who are fascinated by the alurements of perpetual motion, or seek with childlike faith the philosopher's stone. To-day the quest of the last-named illasion has nearly ceased, but the circlesquarer still flourish and make life weary for mathematicians and the secretaries of learned societies, while the enthusiasts who are sure they have solved the problem of perpetual motion continue to be numerous and confident, and say and write bitter things about the hide-bound men of science who refuse to hear of the d scovery of new

laws of nature and mechanics, The last paradoxer to discover perpetual motion has just been revealed in Springfield O., by The Globe-Republic of that town. He is a Frenchman of venerable years, but full of fire and of course, quite certain that he has done the trick. Unfortunately an accident has happened to some part of the machinery, so that a conclusive demonstration can not yet be given. The Globe-Republic amply sets forth the inventor's belief in the genuineness of the liscovery, and therewith prints the opinion of scientific authorities upon he problem. It is hardly correct, however, to speak, as our esteemed contemporary does, of perpetual motion as a "dream of science." It is in truth a dream of sciolism, not of science. Science knows and has long known, that the problem is insoluble in practice, and the reasons for this conclusion are at once so simple and so conclusive that a remarkable degree of crankiness is needed for the creation and maintenance of a belief in the possibility of success. If a man should appear who declared that he had solved the problem of carrying himself in a bask-4, it is doubtful whether the most confirmed perpetual-niotion erank would give in his adhesion to the statement. But perpetual motion is the effect idenical with carrying one's self in a asket.

No doubt seeking perpetual motion is an innocent way of wasting time, comparatively speaking. It is decidedly a effer way than making dynamite ombs, for instance. The Springfield Frenchman certainly has not discovered erpetual motion, for perpetual motion an impossibility. To intimate that he

may have done so is to assert that action. and reaction may possibly not be equal; and so on, indefinitely; and this is nonsense. No doubt the poor Frenchman has derived a great deal of pleasure and satisfaction from his hobby, and no doubt he will go on tinkering with it to the end of the chapter, for paradoxers of his kind are utterly incapade of being set right, as is obvious when one considers that their neculiar mental condition disables them from thaking in straight lines. Probably a time will never come when there will be no cranks of this harmless character, and they are interesting studies so long as they are presented for what they really are.

## CASTLE GARDEN'S SAGE.

A Man Who Has Received Immigrants for Forty Years Casts an Eye Over the Past of the

Eurcan.

Persons who visit Castle Garden are ikely to have their attention attracted by the appearance and demeanor of a venerable man whose history is coeval ward. with that of the board of emigration itself. The other clerks in the bureau for information look chipper and nattyin their blue uniforms, but the old man iresses in sombre broadcloth and wears met's time and suggests strongly the 7th of March.

James O Callaghan has advanced far into the last quarter of a century of existence, and he has been in the ser-1847. He claims to have held office the voices of such men as Lafayette. any clerk now in the public service, and Lind, Catharine Hayes, Boslo, Grisi, has never had a vacation, he has never has never been called upon to substantiate his allegations by affidavit. He is dean shaven, has bright, clear-cut features, and looks as young as a man twenty years his junier. His memory s clear, although he is a little uncertain as to dates.

"You have seen a good deal of the lark side of life in your time?" suggested the reporter as the betogenarian ook a seat in a pensive mood

right and cheerful, too," he respond-"Wonders have been done for the mmigrant since the state took the mater in hand.'

"You are conversant with the business of the board since it was organized?

board that has held office since the organ zation, on May 5, 1847. All the orginal commissioners, with their clerks and attendants, have passed member distinctly the enthusiasm with which Mayor Havemeyer, who was the 'irst president, entered on the duties of his office. The immigrants in those days were looked upon as the lawful prey of shipping agents, boarding-house unners, and miscreants who grew rich on the dishonor of unprotected females, The board had to fight an organized horde of land-sharks, well skilled in their trade, amply provided with noney. The breaking up of the powerful r ng that existed forty years ago s due mainly to the labors of such men as Havemeyer, Gulian C. Verplanck, harles H. Marshall, Gregory Dillon, Robert B. Minturn, Carus Curtiss, George W. Blunt, Ambrose C. Kingsland, Capt. McArdle, John A. Kennedy, Andrew Carrigan, and El jah F. Purdy, who was known as the 'Old War Horse. The board was established not a day too soon, for just at that time several causes combined to swell the tide of immigration to these shores to enormous proportions.

"What were these causes?"

Germany about the same time; the stir out. Now, what do you think was the made in the cast by the Mexican war, matter with that giraffe? I discovered it

took quarters in Franklyn street, below Church; its third abiding place was in the basement of the city hall, and after the fire in that building during the cable celebration, in 1858, it took temporary possession of an old church at No. 81 Anthony street (now Worth), which was fitted up for its use pending negotiations to obtain possession of Castle Garden, where it moved shortly after-

"Was there not some opposition to the leasing of Castle Garden to the emigration commissioners?"

"There was opposition of the most bitter kind which nearly culminated in bloodshed. For many years the gara tile that was popular in Robert Em- den had been the favorite place of amusement for the wealthier class of citizens and some people of over-nice sensibilities thought it looked like desceration to give it over to the immigrants. The potentates and grandees of Europe had been accorded the freeice of the commissioners of emigras | dom of the city within the gorgeous ion since the board was organized in amphitheater, and its roof had eshoed continuously for a longer period than Kossuth, Thackeray, Rachel, Jenny he says that during these forty years he | and Scantag. When the commiss oners took possession an angry seen a witness in acourt of justice, and throng of 5,000 men patroled the river and the most in boats, and there were 10,000 ashore. They threatened to burn down the building, and a force of 250 armed policemen were kept on duty two weeks to protect it. Police Superintendent Kennedy narrowly escaped assassination.

An officer attached to the department informed the reporter that the old veteran was recently rewarded for his long term of service by having his sal-"Yes, and a good deal that was ary cut down from \$50 to \$40 a month. -New York Mail and Express.

#### A Giraffe's Memory.

The funniest thing I ever saw or heard of in connection with the memory of animals happened one year when "I have served steadily under every I was out west with a traveling menagcrie. You've heard, of course, how elephants will remember an insult twenty years, some say longer. Well, this litaway, and I am now the last rose of the incident concerned a giraffe-and gisummer left blooming alone. I can re- raffes, are not generally credited with much sense, anyway, to say nothing of memory. But this one showed a great deal of the latter quality, anyway. We had got as far as Rock Island, Ill., where we had to cross the Mississippi on an old ferry, that being before the big government bridge was built there. Everything went all right until we came to this giraffe. He wouldn't go on the ferry. Coaxing, scaring, pushing, beating did no good. He simply lay down on the river bank and would not budge. While I was working over him the ferry made another trip. When she came back up gets Mr. Giraffo as spry as you please the first time I urged him and marched straight on to the ferry. Several people who had been on the boat the trip before and seen the giraffe's queer capers on the other side of the river were waiting to see what kind of luck I had. Well, the boat was fifty feet or so from the down shore when that giraffe happened to turn his head toward the landing and see those people. He gave a giraffe trumpet, and, before I knew what he was do ng, jump-"The first Irish fam ne of 1846; the ed over the rail into the water. It took d scontent and signs of revolution in three-quarters of an hour to pull him

eves overflowed, "how could he?"

"I can't tell, my dear sister; but he did. That's the important question. Now, as we can't pay the rent of this house any longer, I propose we take possession of the little cottage at Hariem that we own, furnish it out of this house, sell the tables and chairs remaining over, and look out for some work. I suppose we can do something," she added, doubtfully.

Something of Nell's courage inspired Aunt Sue, for she suddenly straightened up and said:

"Refore Brother James, your father, my dears, made money and took me to work for my bread. 1 made caps, and I could teach you girls now."

"Millinery ?" said Fannie. No; caps for the army and navy,

and boys wore them then, too; more than they do now."

"We'il decide about that later," said Nell, seeing Fannie's face fall again, but now we must go over and see about the house. How much money have you got. Aunt Sue?"

"Ninety-seven dollars."

"And you, Fannie?

"Two dollars and sixty-five cents," said Fannie, after deliberately counting the contents of her portemonnaie.

"And I have over \$20. Quite enough to move, you see, independent of the sale of the furn ture. We don't owe a cent; that's a blessing, 1 will take Jane over this morning and set her to cleaning, if you will see about the carpets and furniture; decide what is best to take, I mean.'

"You and Aunt Sue arrange it," Fannie said, wearily, leaving the room.

tone of voice changing, as she looked after her sister. "It is harder for her than anybody."

"I don't see why." said Aunt Sue, rather sharply; "she has gone about looking like a ghost ever since that old scamp Norris ran off, but I am sure he took your money and mine as well as hers.

"Oh, Aunt Sue, are you blind? Don't von see that Mr. Norris is Fred's father, and Fred, has also mysteriously vanished; and, oh, didn't you see long ago that Fred was in love with poor Fan, and her great blue oyes brightened for him as they did for no one else?"

"I never thought of that. Fan never snid a word.

"How could she? Fred, never autually proposed to her, but he surely, surely wanted to, and so intended,"

"I'd like to hang his father.

And after this energetic declaration Aunt Sue joined Nell in a ramble over the house, deciding upon the best disposition of the handsome appointments. Many a heart-wrench went with the decisions to sell objects endeared by years of associations but too large or handsome for the tiny home they proposed to occupy. Fannie helped by fits sweeping round the little cottage and and starts, but; as Nell surmised, the girl had a heartache to carry that far cheery and homelike. The Dorrisurpassed the pain of pecunity loss or mers were expecting every day to change of fortune.

"A boarder!" cried Fannic, aghast: "the man is erazy!"

For the letter was signed "John Harris." So it was a man.

"He is an invalid, and wants per fect quiet in a private family. He of fers \$10 a week. Fau.

"And he'll be \$20 worth of bother. Just imagine a sick man to fuss over." "Ten dollars a week," said practical Neil "It would nearly keep the table

for all of us. Discussed in all its hearing, the pro-

posal was finally admitted to have its advantages. The old family physician was given by the writer for reference, his home, God bless him! I had to and there was the spare room "farly yawning with emptiness," Nell said.

So John Harris was graciously permitted to take up his summer residence in the little cottage. He was a whitehaired old gentleman, who stooped badly, and had large, soft eyes, as blue as Fannie's own. From the day of his arrival his devotion to Anut Sue was so marked as to excite the mischievous raillery of the girls, in spite of the litthe old maid's blushes and protestations.

Was Aunt Sue in the summer house stitching upon her caps, John Harris was sure to be found, reading aloud the interesting portions of the daily newspaper. Was she in the kitchen stirring cake or rolling pie-crust, John Harris was certainly leaning against the window-sill, making sage remarks upon the beans or tomatoes in the wee vegetable garden. Did Annt Sue remack her love for a flower, behold the next day a wagon from town with a whole garden ready to be transferred to the soil of Harlem, under John Harris' "Poor Fan"' Nell said, her whole directions. He was very kind to the girls, but their youthful charms evidently faded before Aunt Suc's mature ones.

It was a pleasant summer, in spite of Fan's heart-sickness and the many prirations that were now a duty. Poverty had not bitten deeply into the nest-egg at the bank, thanks to the supply of work and the board of John Harris. Upon the plea of poor appetite this invalid was constantly sending orders to the city for supplies of dainties for the table that aided materially in lessening the culinary expenses, and he set the girls to embroidering such a pile of handkerehiefs with initial letters that Nell declared he could never want another if he spent the remainder of his

existence blowing his nose. He liked carriage exercise and

hated to be alone, "so he kept an open barouche at the livery stable, and the whole four rode every pleasant day along the country roads. He insisted that a servant was needed for his multitudinous wants, and Jane was reinstated, to her own profound satisfaction.

But the crowning act of kindness came when the October winds were a fire in the sitting room grate looked hear Mr. Harris announce his inten-

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ed close at its heels. So he was asbamed to write home and record his failures, hoping at some time to have a different tale to tell. He was right. The tale turned and he made a fortune, a good round sum, safely invested. Then he heard of trouble at home and he thought how pleasant it would be to have a home. Bachelor as he was, he craved home-love and life. He thought tenderly of the blue-eved sister he had left a slip of a girl, of the nieces he had never seen. So he arranged his business and came to New York. He took one man into his confidence-his brother's old physicianhe came out to the humble cottage-

Here the speaker was interrupted, Sue was in his arms, sobbing: "To think I never knew you!"

Nell was executing a species of war dance around the arm chair in which John Dorr mer sat, and Fau was bendng over the white head, her hand softcaressing the snowy locks.

Before the winter came they were ill in the old home again, the cottage being by unanimous vote reta ned for a summer residence. Fan was married when the new year dawned - thicago

News,

### Had to Nominate Himself.

"If a man is in politics in Chicago," said a veteran worker on Friday, Pand wants a thing done he had better do it himself. When we were down at Springfield at the State convention, 1 had an agreement with a man on the West Side that I would nominate him. for a member-al-large of the State committee and he was to nominate me. After I had nominated him according to the programme and my ward was

called in its order he went back on me. and I had to nominate myself. It's rather awkward for a fellow to nominate himself for an office, or to vote for himself, but there are times when the best of us have to do it."-Chiongo Inter-Ocean.

#### She Was Reliable.

A female of an uncertain ago was asked by a census taker-"How old are you, madam?"

"Thirty years," she replied. "That's what you told me last ceusus, ten years ago."

"Well, I'm not one of those kind of women who tell one story one time and another story another.  $^{10}$  — Texas Sift-1117.8.

#### ----A Puzzled Widower.

Young Man: "I want to ask you a

question." "Widower: "All right, ask away." Y. M.: "You have been married three times, tell me which wife did you love most?

W.: "You bite three sour apples, one after another, and then tell me which is the sweetest."-Texas Sift-

#### Four Great Realists.

Four realistic novelists of genius, two of our greatest painters of lower life, and several of our best writers in middle-class comedy, flourished almost contemporaneously. The co-neidence is sufficiently striking to suggest an in-

teresting topic of discussion. But, sofar as the modern novel is concerned, a remarkable combination of circumstances favored its growth. Civilization was descending, and, as facilities of communication increased, spread from town to the country; the middle classes, who since the Revolution had become social factors, were eager to hear about themselves; in a peaceful country, where wealth rapidly accumulated, there grew up a miscellaneous reading public; a new mode of expression was required for a changed form of society; prose was most congenial to the taste of the age, and a good prose style had been lately perfeeted. Ill success in other directions turned the attention of two men of ge nins to the novel; Fielding and Smo left, Like Corvantes and Lo Sage, failed as dramatists before they extored the resh field which was opened for the lisplay of their powers. As the new weapon was perfected, its width of range became more and more apparent. Life everywhere at every period, human nature in its most varied aspects, well within its sphere. With extraordinary rapidity novelists annexed field after

field; to DeFoe's realism of fact was laid Richardson's realism of character to the rich and varied pictures of real life which Fielding and Smollett painted, were added Sterne's subtle analysis of lighter shades of feeling and Goldsmith's domestic idyls; by her sketches of society Miss Burney opened out a sphere in which women writers have peculiarly excelled; lately, the romantic school spread out before the eyes of their readers an ever-widening range of historical fiction and novels of incident or

of passion. As painters of the manners, satirists of follies, or censors of the morals of mankind, novelists usurped the functions of the Add sonian essay ists and the Johnsonian moralist. Except during the br lliant reign of Foote. they encreached upon the domain of the drama. More technical skill is required for the stage, while dramatists are ex-

which novelists may employ .- The Quarterly Review.

and finally the gold fever, which broke comparatively small, but during the venrs from 1845 to 1854 Ireland sent here over 1,503,000 of people, and Germany nearly 1,250,000. For the first existence Ireland sent more imm grants than any other country. Then Gertained it up to the breaking out of the war, when Ireland came to the front mans have been coming more numerously than ever before, and official figures and cate that the total immigra-Ireland considerably over half a m ln round numbers, 6.000,000,1 "How does ocean emigrant travel

view with what it formerly was?

"Since the great steamship lines have been established travel across the scean has lost nearly all its terrors. It was different when the unfortunate emigrant engaged a bunk in the hold made in eight or ten days -then it took six or eight weeks. The steamship lines feed their passengers, while the packets supplied only water, and wretches who happened to be unproatensils were committed to a watery grave after perishing from starvation. Ship fever, cholera, and small pox were o be found aboard almost every ship. During the first year of the existence sland and Ward's island from diseases ontracted at sea. For some years early two thousand. It was coolly calculated when a ship weighed anchor in the Mersey that 8 per cent, of the passengers would never live to see

"More than half the traffic was conland took the next place. The princiish interests. The cost of passage st rling, and the unfortunate people i slave-ship.

"How do the immigrants of the present day compare with those of forty ears ago?

"Those now arriving are far more intelligent, more soler, and more cleanly, and nearly all of them have definite plans and are provided with more or das means."

"Your board has moved its headmarters from time to time?

"Well, yes, at periodical intervals; but I think its moving days are now stairs studying their lessons. Boys if ended. Its first office was in the old you want to see Paul and Bob, just rack almshouse in City Hall park. It next around .- Atlanta Constitution.

while the crowd was gathering around out in California immediately after- the rescued animal below the dock. ward. Prior to 1815 immigrat on was Among the people was one tall, slim young fellow the giraffe seemed to have a part cular aversion to. When he saw the young man near him he began to tremble violently, and made desperate efeven or eight years after the board's forts to break away. I questioned the young man, and found that a year betore he had crossed on the ferry-boat many took the ascendant and main- with this menagerie. There was a giraffe among the animals on the lower deck, and his head had stretched away once more. Since the war the Ger- | up to the passenger deck of the ferry, where the young man was sitting with some friends. As the giraffe's long neck had come twisting around in his t on from Germany exceeds that from | direction he had been cruel enough to take a quid of tobacco and throw it on, the arrivals from the two countries | down the giraffe's open month. No since the board was organized being, doubt it was the same giraffe I had with me then, and no doubt, too, he recognized his tormentor the instant h seves compare now from a sanitary point of fell on him. - New York Commercial Advertiser.

#### Sam Jones' Daughters,

In speaking of parental dutly Mr. Jones says: "I have got girls in the bud of a packet ship. Now the voyage is now; in two or three years more they will be full blooming young ladies ou the carpet. I don't know how you parrents feel about it, but I am less concerned about getting my daughters off vided with sufficient foot or cooking than any fellow you ever saw. I will board them and take care of them as long as they are good girls, and if they never marry it's all right; but I tell you what it is, I don't care how badly of the board twenty thousand persons I wanted my daughters to marry, I porished in the hospitals on Staten would not push them out in certain cireles of society. If you have a boy that wants a wife, and kew a girl just ifterward the deaths at sea numbered like your daughter in every way. would you want your son to marry her -a dancing, giddy, godless, Christless girl, would you? Now, honor bright, would you? You say: No. Jones. 1 "Under what flag did the packet-ships sail?" is better girl than my wife

If you had a sweet, nice daughter, ducted in American bottoms, and Eng- and a fellow had a fac simile of your boy, would you like to see her marry pal American lines were Tapscot's, him? Let me say this : If I want to Collins & Co., Charles H. Marshall & marry my daughters well I would try Co., and the Black Ball line. Williams to have them taught how to bake bread, & Guion represented the heaviest Eng- Iry chicken, and do all manner of domestic duties so well that when persons without food or hedding was usually £5 | came in our house they would say my wife was the best house-keeper they were huddled together like negroes in ever saw, when in fact it was our daughters' work. Then there will be some tirst-class boy come here, 500 miles from home, and marry her. I went 500 miles to get a first-class wife from Kentucky, and I got her, too.

"1 put young men on notice. I told my wife that when any boys came te our house to ask them in the parlor and treat them like gentlemen, and then go out and hunt up little Paul and Bob to come in and see them, but to tell the visitors that my daughters were up

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# cluded from many sources of interest