

BEFORE DAWN.

(Maurice Thomson.) A keen, insistent hint of dawn fell from the mountain height; A wan, uncertain gleam betrayed the faltering of the night.

The emphasis of silence made the fog above the brook intensely pale; the trees took on a haunted, haggard look.

Such quiet came, expectancy filled all the earth and sky; Time seemed to pause a little space; I heard a dream go by!

MEN AND OTHER ANIMALS.

The Tastes, Vices and Peculiarities Which They Have in Common. (Cincinnati Enquirer.)

Men and animals have much that is common between them. In many points some animals exhibit the passions, tastes, vices and peculiarities that stamp man.

A jealous rival resembles a green maw. If its master cares for a dog or cat, nothing can exceed its violence and fury.

Some men are like the great bat of Java; when wounded and unable to leave the injury, he winks vengeance on his wounded limb.

When he is going to bite you he exhibits a disposition to caress. Lazy men living on the exertions of others find their parallel in the laurus Arvensis.

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UNCLE RUFUS HATCH

And His Foreign Guests Find a Dakota Editor at Home.

"A Jolly Plawnt" of Poetry...The "Finest Library in Dakota" --The Editorial Eagle Aloft.

(Dakota Letter in N. Y. Tribune.) Some of the foreigners have had queer experiences. Not only have they had an opportunity of witnessing a performance at the Livingston (Montana) opera house in the company of cowboys, gamblers and other desperadoes.

"A JOLLY PLAWNT." The English opened their eyes wide as soon as they cast a glance at its first page. They had never seen anything like it.

"Cassidy's ghost, so it is," D. chimed in. And these are the startling head-lines which caused all the commotion:

THE GATEWAY CITY OF THE BLOOMING EVER-GREAT NORTHWEST, WHOSE FIELDS NOW GLISTEN WITH THE RIPENING GRAIN, WELCOMES, WITH RIGHT GOOD WILL, EACH ROYAL GUEST WHO COMES TO-DAY IN UNCLE RUFUS' TRAIN.

THEY COME TO SEE THE HARVEST GATHERED HOME; TO SEE A HUNDRED REAPERS IN A SINGLE FIELD; TO VIEW THE RICHEST LANDS THE HEAVENS DOME, AND WITNESS BEAR TO ITS MOST SPLENDID YIELD.

LAST YEAR THE LADIES SANG FOR US THEIR SONGS OF JOY--THIS YEAR FOR THEM THE HARVESTERS WILL SING, WHILE SHINING SKIES ALL DOUBTS AND FEARS DESTROY OF WHAT THE GLORIOUS HARVEST HOME WILL BRING.

THE --, ECHOING THE PEOPLE'S VOICE, A THOUSAND WELCOMES HHS TO EACH AND ALL THE FRIENDS OF UNCLE RUFUS' CHOICE WHO HONOR FARBO IN THEIR FRIENDLY CALL.

A flattering reference to the newspaper men in the head-lines (in rhyme, too.) I leave out with becoming modesty; but the description of a visit in company with some other newspaper men, including the English correspondent, to the establishment of The Fargo--I should not fail to give.

We had not long to wait before the editor, publisher and proprietor made his appearance. A mountain of flesh, weighing in the neighborhood of four hundred pounds, from the top of which a sonorous bass voice bade us welcome and invited us to enter the "sanctum."

"This, gentlemen, is my library," the voice proceeded to say as we passed through a dingy apartment where shelves were ranged along the wall and covered with reports and public documents which didn't seem to have been used since the town was laid out in lots.

"The finest library in Dakota; this--step this way, gentlemen--is my sanctum. Pray be seated." Cigars having been handed around, conversation naturally turned to the paper which had been handed to us.

"Remarkable enterprise that!" one of us exclaimed. "We couldn't do it better in the east," remarked another. "You are pleased to say so," benignantly acknowledged the mountain.

AN ACTOR'S MISTAKE.

How Charlie Thorne and Dr. Joyce Were Thrashed by a Plucky English Officer.

(Boston Letter.) The departure of Dr. Joyce, author of "Destre," "Blamit," and other novels, for Europe, calls up various anecdotes of his jolly days.

He is now terribly broken in health, the wreck of what he was, and it is probable that his ruined health is largely due to domestic troubles. Dr. Joyce had a wide acquaintance of lively people, and among his numerous friends was the late Charlie Thorne, the actor.

Thorne opened his mouth to swear it was a burning shame, when with a patness suggestive of old comedy, the door swung open and in walked two strangers.

The man with the child then started back to get a drink of water and soon returned the child to its mother, from whom the "nice gentleman" had borrowed it to show his wife in the next car.

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THE LAND OF TONQUIN.

A Perfect System of Water Carriage --Beautiful Landscapes, Strikingly Like Egypt.

(Cor. London Standard.) There is probably no other country in the world that possesses so perfect a system of water carriage as Tonquin.

There is probably no other country in the world that possesses so perfect a system of water carriage as Tonquin. The Red river, some fifty miles above Hanoi, branches out into about twenty different streams, and thenceforward to the sea these are connected and sub-connected by a network of subsidiary channels.

Up one of these streams the Rurimaru steamed in the early morning. She had on board stores for the army at the front, and we carried a couple of hundred infanterie de marine. Fine young men they were, and well behaved, but not set up in discipline and soldier-like appearance, according at least to English ideas.

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THE QUAKER POET.

His Early Work and Poor Pay--His No-Method Way of Turning Out Work.

(New York Tribune Interview.) "I was unlike any of the rest, I think, for I never had any methods. When I felt like it I wrote, and I neither had the health nor the patience to work over it afterward.

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