



HEW-W, by Jove what a stiff gale it is to pull against!

sheet lightning. But I guess I'll find my way across the Broad to Barton Staith right enough. And here I am I do believe at the end of this blessed, long, dark river at last! Yes, that white thing ashore must be the ice-house. Alf, my dear fellow, this is hard work, and no mistake."

You might certainly have thought the self-addressed words came from mustached lips, the more if you noted the long, powerful stroke of the sculls and perfect form of the rower, but it was a "she" fellow—not a "he" at all, and a very pretty one, too, dressed in white and red boating "togs"—as she would have said. A tall, slight girl of nineteen or twenty; muscular, lissome, bubbling over with healthy vigor and high spirits.

The wind shrieked and poured over the great drearily dark expanse in almost a hurricane, so wild were its gusts, as the rower got fairly out into the Broad by slow degrees, the water quite roughened into "white ponies," if not "white horses," as she mentally put it, when the sea-built boat shot and danced over the foam-capped waves.

"Boat-a-hoy!" Suddenly on the roar of the gale came that call—a man's voice, full and mellow, from somewhere away on her port bow.

"A-hoy, there!" she called back at once, and altered her course immediately for the direction of the voice—some one in distress, of course, she thought. She knew that she was not far from one of the great beds of rushes that abound, and the next moment a shimmer of sheet lightning that illumined the whole scene vividly for a second showed her that she was right. She caught a glimpse, too, of what seemed to be a boat with something white in it by the rushes.

"Some fellow's lost his oar, perhaps, and got stranded in the reeds helplessly," muttered Alf, pulling away with the wind now on the starboard quarter. "Easy to reach him; but to get off the lee-shore again won't be a joke—there he is."

For she could just discern a tall figure in a white dress standing up—of course, in a boat, for land there was none. Alf heaved straight for that white-flanneled figure, and in three minutes had shipped her sculls and let the wind send her boat alongside the stranger's; and now at close quarters she could distinguish that he was a young man, perhaps some seven years her senior—handsome, and a gentleman.

"If I had dreamed it was a girl whose oar's plash I heard," he said, baring his curly head as he bowed, evidently utterly vexed with himself, "I would never have called for the world. I am so sorry—so vexed."

"On my account, you mean," said Alf, laughing, as frank and fearless as a boy, not an atom of feminine self-consciousness; "don't bother yourself at all, then; we're all brethren in sports. You'd help me out of a fix, and I do you, so what's the matter?"

He began to laugh; he couldn't help it, and did not try to, either. She was such a delicious "cure," and so pretty; he saw at once the sort of girl she was, and took her on her own free and easy, boy-like ground.

"It's too good of you to come to the rescue, and such a gale, too; but the truth is that I am hors de combat. My left wrist has had an ugly wrench this evening that has strained, if not sprained it."

"Poor fellow—so that you can't row. How did you do it?" "Well, I was pulling about here (I only arrived at Barton-to-day) when somehow I disturbed a big, fierce, black swan."

"That brute?" exclaimed Alf, "it ought to be shot; it's so savage and has attacked several people." "Has it? It's an old enemy, then?" said the young man in surprise.

the young lady, coolly, her bare elbows on her knees, her chin in one shapely, brown hand; she was brown as a berry altogether. "You'll hear reason and obey orders, as man always should from woman—see? I'll wait perforce till there is a short lull in the hurricane, because to get the boat off in it is impossible."

"But," he began eagerly, "Barton may not be—" "Oh, all right, Mr. Inconnu, Barton Staith is also my port. I am lodging with my married sister and her husband; they do nothing but stupid fishing at a farm close by—Rose Tree Farm."

"Why, that is where I came to lodge to-day!" exclaimed the other, in joyful surprise. "Some friends of mine recommended it, and I came on the chance of finding a vacancy. My name is Dare, if I may introduce myself."

"Thanks, and mine is Alf Hesseldeine. I was baptized Alfreda, but I've always been called Alf." "No wonder," said Dare, laughing. "It is peculiar, but the very name for you, I should say."

"Hal hal that's what they all say. Now I'll try to get off, but I'm afraid your boat must be left to its fate till to-morrow. Towing it—" "Left!—of course, Miss Hesseldeine! Its loss or not is a mere question of paying its value," said Dare, agitated at the very idea of her having to tow it.

"It makes me wild enough to tax a girl at all for me!" "Mr. Dare, are we to be friends or foes, please?" demanded Alf, severely—at which he laughed and humbly begged forgiveness. Well, he would steer.

"You'll pain your wrist, which I'll doctor for you at home." "You are too kind. No, I'll use my right hand. Stay—I can give a shove against my boat in lieu of shore so that your scull can get a dip."

Between them, with much difficulty, they got the boat clear of the lee shore of rushes on which the wind strove to drive her back. Alf got her nose round and then in good earnest began the hard-fought and even perilous voyage across the Broad, in the very teeth of the strong gale that simply poured over the expanse of flat land and water.

"A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together," said Alf, bending to her oars with all her strength; but the man, forced to sit inactive, set his teeth hard, as he saw that the boat "inched along," simply moving whilst the oars were dragged through the water; dead still while they were carried back for the next pull.

The work would have taxed his man's powers—he had done such work often—much more, therefore, a girl's, however strong and skilled. Alf had, too, to increase the actual distance in reaching the channel up to Barton Staith, so as to avoid the submerged reeds which abound, and also to avoid getting full broadside to the gale.

"You are getting fagged," Dare said at last. "No, it's all right; we're in the channel now." She pulled on doggedly. All the way across she had scarcely spoken, for such hard rowing needs one's breath husbanded all the time—a solid forty minutes from start to finish. The roll of distant thunder and gleams of sheet lightning had increased, but the latter served them well in the dark night, especially in reaching the staith.

"Thank goodness!—here we are," Alf said, as with one last long pull that ran the boat up alongside the rude landing place, she shipped her sculls and sat still, whilst Dare sprang ashore and lashed the painter to an iron ring in the ground, then held out his right hand to her.

"You are dead fagged, I'm afraid," he said, anxiously, as she stepped out, boat-hook in hand. "Only a bit tired," said she, pluckily, "though it was tough, I'll allow, and I've been a good way to-day. Don't you worry about me. I'm all right, thanks." For, of course, he took her boat-hook and offered his arm, which she took in tactful courtesy, and so feeling quite like old comrades already.

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they walked on to the farm, where her relatives and the landlady received both with acclamation. They had been so anxious, alike for Alf and the new lodger who had arrived and gone out in their absence. How odd that Alf should have come to the rescue—how fortunate! Of course, he must be their guest to supper. And Alf, after examining his wrist, said it was only a strain, and deftly bound it with linen soaked in arnica, and promised that in two or three days he should "pull to kingdom come if he liked."

He didn't do that exactly, but it is needless to say that the fraternization begun in such a gale went on in glorious sunshine—metaphorically, at any rate—and the happiest three weeks went by, the married couple—Alf's sister and brother-in-law—fishing, the unwedded couple in their boat, "all over the Broads like regular water-birds," declared the landlady of the farm.

One evening when after dark they landed at the staith, after a long stiff pull, both rowing, Alf, as she stepped ashore to his side, said, laughing: "Well, Rex, this time it was really a long pull, a strong pull and a pull all together."

"For life, Alf?" finished Dare, and stole his arm round her waist, bending down. "Oh, Rex!—yes, for life, then," whispered Alf.

"No, you won't, sree," interrupted

SNOWBALLING A MOOSE.

An Odd Honor's Sport in the Snow-clad Forests of New Brunswick.

A party of government surveyors in the province of New Brunswick had a curious hour's fun not long ago at the expense of a bull moose. They were on their way into the northeastern forest for their winter's work upon the crown lands. A deep snow had fallen and the men were plodding along on snow-shoes in single file. The line of surveyors, chainmen, axmen and carriers stretched out over a distance of an eighth of a mile in the treeless gully through which their course lay. Suddenly those in the lead discovered the fresh tracks of a moose heading in the same direction as the party. They showed that the animal was having a hard time of it, floundering belly deep in the soft snow, and was evidently feeling in alarm at the noise of the advancing column. Several times the tracks deviated from the path of the party, disappearing in the thick underbrush of the wooded hills at either side. But they always returned to the less obstructed ground in the gully.

Word was passed back along the line that there was a moose ahead, and the pace was quickened. There was no particular object in overtaking the moose, as every man in the party had as heavy a load strapped to his back as he cared to carry, and fresh meat was plenty. Besides, the chief engineer was noted throughout the province as a stickler for the game laws. But the moose was going their way, and there was a dash of the excitement of the chase in the effort to get a glimpse of him.

They kept up the rapid pace for over an hour, every minute showing that the moose was struggling with increasing difficulty. At intervals the trail indicated that he had fallen from exhaustion, and had lain for a moment to rest in the snow. These snow casts of his big body became more frequent, and it became evident at last that their quarry was almost spent, and that unless he sought shelter in the hills they must soon overtake him. A moment later a shout from the head of the column told that the moose was in sight. The stragglers came up quickly, and there, about five rods to one side of the snowshoe trail, was the moose, a splendid bull, three or four years old. He was imbedded in the snow almost up to the back, and was puffing like a steam engine, completely exhausted.

Now that they had overtaken the moose, the men, under the watchful eye of the chief, looked rather sheepish until one of them, idly picking up a piece of snow, tossed it at the animal. Then everyone seemed taken with the novelty of snowballing a moose, and a perfect fusillade of missiles was directed at the terrified beast. He was too tired to make further attempt to escape, but rolling his great eyes, he stretched out his head on the snow, the steaming breath from his nostrils blowing the flakes aside in small clouds. The white balls flew in showers about his broad-branched horns and whistled past his ears, but the only sign of the terror he felt at the unusual attack was the rapid, spasmodic twitching of his short tail, a movement that was strangely discordant with the dignity of the monarch of the Acadian forests.

After a five minutes' fusillade the weary tired of the fun and resumed their warty tramp, leaving the moose to recover from his exhaustion and fright, and to wonder what manner of creatures they were who, after chasing him for miles, had contented themselves with pelting him with harmless balls of snow.—N. Y. Sun

Good for Silence and Secrecy. At a competitive trial of skill between telegraph operators, absurdly called a tournament, which took place last month, one of the most interesting features was a test of the capacity of a receiving machine known as the "audison"—a small instrument fitted to the head of the operator, giving a sound which, although perfectly distinct to him, is wholly inaudible to anyone else. It is high time that the use of a receiving instrument of this character became general in the telegraphic service. Under the present condition of affairs it is almost literally true that he who runs may read. Hundreds of telegraphic stations in hotels, railroad depots and other equally public places are equipped with noisy sounders, enabling every message that goes over the wire, to or from that or any other station, to be read by any person within hearing who is able to do so. It is a state of affairs which calls loudly for immediate reform.—Engineering Magazine.

Mahogany Streets in Paris. The laying down of mahogany roadways sounds almost like a dream of oriental magnificence, but it is what the Paris municipal council are engaged in at the present moment. A portion of that almost interminable thoroughfare, the Rue Lafayette—that portion nearest to the eastern of France railway terminus—has been pulled up, and workmen are laying down blocks of real Brazilian mahogany of a peculiarly fine texture and color. It is confessedly an experiment, as the mahogany is dearer than the woods ordinarily used for the same purpose. Mahogany, however, is not as dear as it used to be. The actual cost of the new roadway will be fifty francs a square meter, which is considerably less than two pounds a square yard. It is hoped that the extra outlay incurred will be more than compensated for by greater durability.—London News

Somewhat Similar. Mr. Simmick had just been reading of the marriage of a young woman with money to a man with a foreign ancestry.

"Modern matrimony," he remarked, "makes me think of the modern novel." "In what respect?" "It's a combination of striking title, gilt-edged binding and mighty poor piece of work after all"—Washington Star.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Louise Chandler Moulton said to a late interviewer: "How many books have I written altogether? I hardly know. The work nearest to my heart, however, is my verse. It is the inevitable part—that which expresses the real me."

—Mr. Ruskin does not like bicycles. "I not only object," he says, "but I am prepared to spend all my best bad language in reprobation of bi, tri, and four, five, six or seven cycles, and every other contrivance and invention for superseding human feet on God's ground."

—It was Henry W. Paine, the eminent Boston lawyer who died the other day, that made to a chief justice who interrupted his argument with the remark, "Mr. Paine you know that this is not law," the quiet reply, "it was law until your honor spoke," and proceeded complacently with his argument.

—Gen. Lovel Wallace is at work on a fourth novel, the material for which he has been quietly collecting for several years. He has been taking life easy since he completed "The Prince of India" last summer. Gen. Wallace refuses to say with what age or people he will deal in his new work, nor will he even say when he expects to have it finished.

—Queen Victoria has reigned longer than any other ruler in the world, having ascended the throne in 1837. Next to her in point of time are Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria and Frederick, the grand duke of Baden. The youngest crowned heads are the little queen of the Netherlands, who is thirteen, and the king of Spain, who is seven and a half years old.

—Dr. Ludwig Behrendt, for many years editor-in-chief of the "Berliner Tageblatt," died in the German capital recently. He was born in Magdeburg, and after graduation from the university began his life-work as one of the editors of the "Magdeburger Zeitung." He was a writer of force and a poet whose verse is full of feeling. His translation of Horace is considered one of the best in the German language.

—Matthew Henry's commentary on the Bible was written for the common people, and in the slang of the day. In commenting on Judges ix., he says: "We are here told by what acts Abimelech got into the saddle. He hired for his service all the seam and scoundrels of the country. Jotham was really a fine gentleman. The Sechemites were the first to kick him off. They said all the ill they could of him in their table talk. They drank health to his confusion."

—In 1751 Thomas Gray published, at the modest price of sixpence per copy, "An Elegy Wrote in a Country Church Yard." One of these original sixpenny pamphlets, uncut, was recently sold for seventy-four pounds. A first edition of "The Vicar of Wakefield" fetched fifty-four pounds, and Grimm's German Stories thirty-three pounds ten shillings. A copy of Tennyson's poems, issued as the joint production of the laureate and Hallam, which it seems probable belonged to the latter, realized sixteen pounds ten shillings; Cowardale's Bible, thirty-one pounds, and another more imperfect copy twenty pounds ten shillings; Report of the Challenger Expedition, forty-eight pounds; first edition of Wordsworth's Descriptive Sketches in Verse, twenty-six pounds; two proof sheets of "St. Roman's Well," with corrections and additions by the author, twenty-one pounds, and the original autograph of Burns' "Queen Mary's Lament," thirty-five pounds ten shillings.

HUMOROUS.

—Don't let the grass grow under your feet. The cows can't get at it there.—Atlanta Constitution.

—Buddy-Boy—"Mamma, Bridget called me 'the broth of a boy.' Does she mean I've been in the soup?"—Harper's Young People.

—Edith—"Have you noticed how mannish Nell is growing?" "No. What does she do?" "Never chews up her pencils."—Inter-Ocean.

—Why did you novel fail, Penman?" "Can't say, exactly; publisher thinks it was owing to its having a plot and satisfactory ending."—Vogue.

—Collingwood—"Say, Tillinghast, didn't you tell me that Miss Elderkin was an artist?" Tillinghast—"No; I said she was a work of art."—Detroit Free Press.

—Artist—"Your portrait will be finished in a few days." "Throw it away and begin a new one. I have just been raised to the rank of a baron."—Fliegende Blätter.

—The poet has left his wife and flown with the grass widow. "So I hear." "How do you account for that?" "There is no accounting for the flights of genius."—N. Y. Press.

—Retail and Wholesale.—Young Lady—"How much does it cost to have a tooth taken out?" Dentist—"One florin, miss; but by the dozen, it comes cheaper."—De Amsterdammer.

—"Oh," she cried, "if I could only see myself as others see me!" "It wouldn't do," said he. "It would make you too conceited." And then she smiled upon him all the rest of the evening.

—Female Friendship.—Maud—"The photographer has not done you justice, dear." Marie—"How nice of you to say so, dearest?" Maud—"No, he has shown more mercy than justice."—Puck.

—"Oh, I say, Smithers, why are gas meters like the Arabs?" "Don't know, Jonesy. Because every man's hand is against them." "No. Because they evidently silently steal away."—N. Y. Recorder.

—Dayton—"I thought you gave up swearing at New Year's." Peterson—"So I did." Dayton—"What caused you to start again?" Peterson—"Writing '93 instead of '94 on my letters."—N. Y. Herald.

—Footman—"Say, Jeems, what would we do if we found a pocketbook with \$20,000 that the boss had left in the carriage?" Coachman—"Do? We wouldn't do nothing at all. We'd live on our incomes."—Texas Siftings

THE RECEPTION ROOM.

Effective and Inexpensive Draperies for the Windows.

"No, I am not going to get any new window curtains," said a lady who was noted for the daintiness of her house decorations. "I have been looking over my treasures, and made a most delightful discovery. I found a very large counterpane of darned net that I am going to cut up to drape the bow-windows in my reception room. It is a beautiful piece of work, and by dividing it in half and adding a small piece to it, I shall have an abundance of material. It is long enough to drape over the pole and make a sort of top finish. The drapery is edged with lace of the same round mesh as the material, and the curtains will require no further trimming. Inside of these I shall put sash curtains of fine plain net run on brass rods. These, with the exception of the Holland shades, will be all of the decoration I want. I intend, during my leisure moments, to make an exceptionally pretty and elaborate set of sash-curtains of fine net darned in pattern to match the draperies, but as this will be a work of time I shall put up the plain net for the present. Custom may decree what it pleases, but I, for one, very much prefer a simple, conservative style that I can always keep and that is not affected by the changes or caprices of fashion. There are few things that more plainly indicate the character of the inmates of the dwelling than the arrangement and care of the windows, and few portions of the house are susceptible of more tasteful handling.

"To secure the best results, it is by no means necessary to have expensive or elaborate window-dressing. For many years, such a thing as home-made window-curtains were scarcely thought of, but since the decorative spirit has become general, and women are learning how to make all sorts of really useful and elegant draperies, much more individuality can be assured than when one must rely entirely upon the professional furnisher or take whatever the stores happen to offer. Raw materials are not expensive these days, and there are always odd hours and moments where one can put a few stitches into a handsome piece of work, and by and by have something very creditable to show for it.

"Among the most interesting undertakings in this line is that of a lady who is making a portelle in embroidery on a foundation of silk home-spun. Among the heirlooms in her cedar chest were some old-time crewel embroideries in grape leaf and vine pattern. The material on which these were wrought had become almost worn out and were put away because it was not safe to handle them in their dilapidated state. The home-spun was put on a stretcher and the embroideries were carefully basted on, applied down and the old material cut away. New veining and an occasional stitch through the leaves and stalks made the attachment sufficiently close, and then the entire pattern was satin stitched upon the new backing.

"As draperies for a reception-room, they are among the most artistic of amateur productions, and my lady has more than once been implored to tell where she got such lovely curtains. There is great pleasure in making something with a distinctive character, and only those who have wrought with patience and skill some of those art-embroideries out of ancestral possessions, who know the delight there is in having them."—N. Y. Ledger.

FORMER DRAGONS.

Resemblance of Modern Reptiles to Extinct Creatures.

It must be admitted that the pterodactyls were somewhat dragon-like, especially the larger species; for, though most were of moderate size, not exceeding that of a crow or flying fox, and some even no larger than sparrows, yet the largest attained a spread of wing of more than four fathoms. These wings, though like those of the bats in being expansions of the skin extending to the limbs, differed from them somewhat in detail.

In the bat we have a free thumb and four immensely-lengthened fingers; in the pterodactyl the fingers were free from the wing membrane, except that corresponding to our little finger. This in the volant reptile was the largest of all—a long, tapering, jointed rod of bone—and the main support of the wing, which was a long and narrow one, something like that of a swallow in outline. As the pterodactyl's hind limbs, like those of the bat, are weak and more or less involved in the wing membrane, it is extremely unlikely that it could sit up and perch or walk like a bird, as some have suggested; its terrestrial or arboreal promenades, therefore, more probably took the form of a batlike crawl on all fours. Its head, however, was more like a bird's than a bat's, having a long snout, armed with teeth, or a beak, or both, and large eyes.

Feeding on insects, and probably also on fish, the pterodactyls must have borne some resemblance, when on the wing, to the terns, or sea swallows, of our own day, with their large heads and long, narrow wings. Whether, as they wheeled and swooped over a shoal of fish driven to the surface of the sea by the rush of the great reptilian whales of the period, they indulged in the vocal performances of the modern sea bird, is, of course, only a matter for speculation. Probably they were more gifted with voice than our modern reptiles.—Chambers' Journal

—The uninformed would often mistake the cheapest amber when made up into commercial forms for the most expensive. Many long and beautifully clear pipe stems are made from amber chips, the waste product of amber carving. These are melted and molded into shapes that are seldom or never seen in the costly-carved amber. These molded amber articles are extremely durable, and it is difficult to see why they should not be esteemed by practical persons as valuable as carved amber.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The Chicago Christian Endeavor society supports a day school in India.

—About 60,000 crowns were realized by the Salvation Army in Sweden as the result of dental work.

—Japan has 11,190 Presbyterians, 10,760 Congregationalists, 7,089 Methodists, 4,366 Episcopalians, 1,765 Baptists and 368 in other churches—a total of 86,000 adult Christians.

—The four most prominent non-conformist churches in all London are Mr. Spurgeon's among the Baptists, Westminster chapel and Dr. Parker's among the Congregationalists, and Regent Square among the Presbyterians.

—In this time of breaking records a prominent place should be given to the rectorship of Berlin university. The present rector has at last been compelled to order a new official mantle, the one he has worn until now having lasted one hundred and ninety-two years. The cost will be six hundred dollars, but in view of the long service of its predecessor there will scarcely be opposition.

—The city council at Atlanta, Ga., has elected ex-Gov. Joseph E. Brown a member of the city board of education, with the idea that his name shall appear on the roll as long as he lives. He is in ill-health and unable to take active part in the management of the schools, but it was due to his efforts mainly that the public school system was established in the city, and his election is in grateful acknowledgment of that fact.

—Col. Albert A. Pope will soon issue a volume containing a list of all the errors in school books. They number thousands, and it is said that some of the publishers whose books are hardest hit are fighting hard to prevent any further publication of the facts, fearing that their business will be injured. The list of errors which has been transmitted to one school-book publishing house aggregates over eleven hundred.

—It is reported that the general council of the university of Edinburgh has under consideration the question of abolishing theological faculties in Scottish universities and confining their function to examinations and the granting of degrees to such outside colleges as may, by special act of parliament, be affiliated with the universities. This plan has already been approved by the sub-committee of the general council, and if adopted it will place the dissenting colleges on the same basis of those of the established church.

—Probably the only copy extant of the act of parliament of 1649, during Cromwell's reign, incorporating and characterizing the Society for Instituting the Propagation of the Gospel Among the Indians of New England, is in the possession of the Presbyterian board of missions, and is on exhibition in New York. None of the persons named in the act are known in history, but the society did much good work in New England, not only among the Indians, but also among the whites. It is reported to have been the first missionary society to send agents to America.

PERSIAN CLIFF DWELLERS.

The Primitive Abodes of a Race of Barbarians.

The approach to Shiraz is a succession of surprises. The town, a compact and yellow mass of crowded dwellings, appears to rise abruptly and close at hand above the level plain which we are crossing. All at once a profound ravine opens in front of us, and perched high up on the summit of the yellow cliffs on the other side are the houses which we saw from the plain. Descending steeply to the pebbly floor of this ravine, which is an ancient river-bed, we turn to the left and ride along under the perpendicular ledge. There are filthy pools along the bottom of it, and black slimy stains descend the rocky wall from the rickety wooden balconies and projecting windows of the town above us. If the people overhead are dying of cholera they are surely very quiet about it, and there is no sign of life at any of the windows. We come to the chapar khaneh (inn) on the other side of the ravine. It is locked up, and a little further on the ravine opens on to a broad river, which we cross by a bridge, and enter an imposing caravansary of the time of Shah Abbas.

In this way we avoid entering the town. The river is bordered on both sides by vertical cliffs, and from the gate of the caravansary, looking back across the bridge, we get the most striking view of Yazdikhast. The long ledge on which it stands is pierced by many caves and openings along the top, and from a distance it is difficult to make out just where the town begins, where the caves become windows and doors. They are accentuated in many places, by jutting windows and crazy-looking balconies propped by sticks, at a great height above the stream below. This long rock ends in a thin wedge where the ravine on the other side enters the river-bed. Separated at the other end from the main range of cliffs by a species of drawbridge, it can easily be made as inaccessible as a vulture's nest perched on a crag, and the dark streaks which stain the cliffs below heighten the resemblance to a roosting-place of those scavengers of the desert.—Edwin Lord Weeks, in Harper's Magazine.

Avarice Rebuked.

It is not safe to tip any of the waiters in one of the most frequented restaurants with anything less than a quarter, as a well-dressed guest found out one day last week. "Here is a dime for you," he said, holding out a coin. Waiter (examining the coin critically)—"Thank you, sir, but I hope you will excuse me." Guest—"Excuse me for what?" "Excuse me for mistaking you for a gentleman up to the very moment, sir, that you gave me the beggary ten cents."—Texas Siftings.