

WHAT THE CHIMNEY SANG.

Over the chimney the night wind sang,
And chanted a melody no one knew;

Sheridan and Gordon.

General Gordon, now governor of Georgia, tells this story of Sheridan at Appomattox:
'A cavalry officer came to me from Sheridan with a flag of truce.

Three Brave Women.

There were eight persons in the mountain wagon. They were at the steepest pitch in the descent from Mount Washington, and both springs had already been broken on the trip and were bandaged with wooden splints, when the horses tumbled.

Cistern Filters.

A cheap filter and one easily constructed may be made by walling off one-third of the cistern with a wall the thickness of a brick.

Attacked by a Monster Owl.

Dan M. Banks, of Elizabethtown, Ill., had a singular experience with a large owl. He was awakened by his chickens squalling, and going to the house to investigate matters, he was attacked by an owl, which ran across his arms.

A Dog Attempts Murder.

A valuable bird dog and the pet of a family owned by a Wallingford man, was recently compelled to divide his attentions with a little spaniel added to the household.

THE HEATED TERM.

I sat upon an ice machine
One sultry day of August,
Fearing that I would desiccate,
Like heathen god or sadist.

I took my pen to write a sketch
Of what I saw about,
And lit my pipe with point of it,
While underneath a spout.

I saw a star just tip our air,
And leave with fiery trail,
Upon a piece of toasted bread
There came and sat a quail.

A dog picked up a marrow bone,
But snuffed it with a howl,
My fingers boiled like parsnips,
As I lanced his blistered jawl.

A cat let off its midnight best,
And climbed a charred post,
Which saved a little red-hot mouse,
It's little red-hot ghost.

The milkmaid lost her plumpness,
As she melted on her stool,
And said she could not milk again
Until the cows got cool.

I laid my scorched paper down,
For gone the power of writing,
When fingers dry burst into flame
And matters grew exciting.

—TONE HOBBS.

The Lieutenant's Story.

It is a somewhat rare thing to come across a good story teller in this world—one who knows how to embellish his yarn just enough and not yet to delay the point too long.

He Stuck to his own Name.

The whole house roared and roared again. There was no let-up on this merriment, and amidst calls and shrill whistling the curtain had to go down.

Dart Bowden.

Written for the Constitution.
'If my time sights ain't out of kilter,' remarked old Jack West, thoughtfully, 'I dug a grave in the ice this day was thirty-two years ago.'

Then he emptied the ashes from his clay pipe in a little heap on the deck. The breeze scattered the ashes bit by bit as the old man watched.

'Let's have the yarn, Jack.'
'It's a true story, lads.'
'Whose grave was it, Jack?'

'Whose grave was it,' he repeated slowly. It was Dart Bowden's grave, Jes thirty-two years ago this day in November, an' a truer shipmate than Dart Bowden I never sailed with.

'The whaler St. Mary left Bedford town in '43. Dart was young an' venturesome in them days an' he took the ice fever when that ship come. Nothin' would do but Dart must go.'

'Now Dart an' me was brothers-like an' our daddies was brothers-like before us. Many a cruise them old chap took together, an' many's the day me an' Dart has watched the ship come in a lookin' for 'em home.

'The town folks come down, the flags a flyin' an' a ban' a playin'. I kissed Mary Bowden good bye, an' then we was off. I was up aloft with the captain's classes, an' I watched the wharf till the fog come up.

'That night on mid-watch I saw a phantom ship. I saw a twelve-mast ship, all big and clumsy, like in olden times. I saw her torn sails flap an' beat, an' her ice-covered poles bend like a hurricane had her.

'I'll bet came from the very start. Five days out we buried Mike Stroker. Then the squall took our foremast an' the life boat. We watched her up at St. James an' beaded north again.

'It was a question of minutes. We got off through, eight men and ten days provisions, alone in the ice current. Ten days, an' they might search for ten thousand years an' not find us.

'I thought of the phantom ship. 'Four long hours an' we reached a island. Rescue island we called it, an' there we stopped. Nothin' but snow an' ice, an' north sea water.

'First on half, then quarter, until that fearful time come when there was no rations. 'Nothin' was said, but we all knew it was a comin'. Twenty-four hours we sat in that tent. The raft had been burned, an' the chill was a creepin' over us.

'Another twenty-four hours. Two an' two we had been out huntin; but we come back empty handed always an' had jes give it up. That day though—it was all day, but I went out by the twenty-four hours—I went alone. I knew it was comin' an' I dreaded it.

'I never shall forget that walk. Nothin' but snow an' ice, an' a thinkin' of the lads in the tent. And lads let me tell you right here. Hunger is a fearful thing. When I thought of it first it seemed horrible an' inhuman, but I was close to death an' that feelin' was wearin' off.

'When I got back it was all settled, an' nothin' to be done but draw the lots. 'Eight pieces of paper with a name on each. On one of them a cross mark was made by the captain

blindfolded, an' the cross mark meant death. 'Then Dart Bowden began drawin' the slips. 'It was awful.

'The first slip was 'Engene Wright.' There was no mark on the front of the slip, an' as Dart turned it over to see if the cross mark was on the back, I fairly quit breathin'.

'I looked at Gene. He was fixed like he was cut in marble. 'Dart shook his head, dropped the ticket, and reached for another. 'Gene Wright lay back an' threw his sleeve across his eyes—saved.

'The nex' ticket was the same way, an' the nex' was mine. 'I saw Dart's face turn pale as a corpse—just a flash-like look, an' I felt the blood surge in great tides through my body.

'He shook his head an' smiled, turned over the paper, an' shook his head again. 'Before I could get my wits together again the nex' name had been called, an' he too was saved.

'Then Dart called his own name. 'He looked aroun' with a smile on his face and then said quiet like: 'Well, boys, it's me.' 'I was up before I knew it with my arms aroun' his neck, an' a cryin' like a baby.

'They had to tear me loose, an' 'boun' and gagged me. 'Dart sat down an' wrote a letter. He was as cool as I ever saw him. He folded the letter an' kneeled down beside me.

'I listened again, an' presently it come again, but nearer an' clearer. Then another one come, an' another. 'We were saved!

'There was no cross mark on the front. I turned it over. 'There was no cross mark there. 'I rubbed my eyes and looked again, but there was no cross mark. 'Then I looked at the other one. It read:

'The death mark was there. Dart Bowden had died for me—an' Mary. 'So all alone I cut his grave in the ice just thirty-two years ago.'

Jersey Hawks and Owls. Newark Journal. The United States ornithologist has prepared for submission to congress an interesting report on the food material found in the stomachs of hawks and owls.

Points About Hydrophobia. St. Louis Post. The custom of killing dogs that have bitten people is a great error. The idea that the death of the dog, if he be rabid, protects against the development of hydrophobia is one of the most absurd superstitions that remain in this enlightened nineteenth century.

A Pale-Faced Mrs. Lo. From the Newark Journal. Justice Snyder, of Gloucester City, exhibited a new \$5 greenback, the fee he had received for marrying Wah-ki-kaw (Capt. Stubbs), the Kaw chief performer at the Wild West show.

An Italian Prodigy. Another musical prodigy has appeared. This one is a girl 10 years old, who plays the violin and interprets works of the greatest musicians in a way that arouses the wildest enthusiasm in Italy, if we to believe those who are about to bring her before the public. Giulietta Dionesi, the girl in question, comes of a musical family of Leghorn. Her father, who is a violinist, was her first teacher, but although he is an accomplished musician she has already far outstripped him. As the season is over in London this infant phenomenon will probably be taken to America.—London Letter.

American Exclusiveness.

From the Literary World. There is a young Englishman in that amusing novelette, 'The Romance of a Quiet Watering Place,' whose views of American society are interesting. Said he: 'A few months ago I was at a reception given by the American embassy in London. Now, as a rule, an ambassadorial reception in London is a meeting of friends of the nationality represented by the embassy—just as one knows that in Paris, Berlin, Rome, and so on, one is certain to meet at the receptions of one's minister exclusive people of one's own 'set'—that is to say who know the same people and move in the same society as one does one's self. But at your minister's reception it was different. I was seated with a reigning American beauty in the recess of a window, and we listened to the sounds of revelry by night, whilst we compared notes upon the ceaseless panorama which passed us continually. I observed that whenever I pointed out anyone whom I had reason to suppose came from New York—her own city—and ask, 'Do you know the So-and-So's?' she would turn her shapely head, look at me for a moment in mild astonishment, and say, 'Oh, no, they are not at all in our set.' 'Will you excuse me, said I, at last, if I say that it appears to me that none of you know anybody else or one another, in America?' and she said, 'I don't think that is the case; but you see my father was a Van Mattan and my mother was a Van Huyderhauer, so naturally we know only people of that set. For instance,' said she, pointing out a handsome woman who was at that moment entering the room, 'like Mrs. Van Rensselaer Kosterman, who is over there. Will you excuse me? And with that she rose and tripped across the room to greet with effusion this representative of the hunt. Knickerbocker regime, who, alone, among the 1,280 people in the saloon of legation, was worthy to be recognized by the inherited concentration of the Van Huyderhauer and Van Mattan pedigrees. 'I tried a similar experience with one or two other ladies who were there, and I found that, in the rare instance in which I got for an answer, 'The Van So-and-So's? Of course; dear Mrs. Van So-and-So is one of my dearest friends. The truth was to be arrived at by reversing the process with Mrs. Van So-and-So, who would raise her lorgnon, and after inspecting her 'dearest friend' for a moment, would say, 'Oh, that little Mrs. Thingummy? Yes, I believe that she was brought up to me by somebody at the Van Chose's one day and had herself presented.' Finally, I came to the conclusion that in America none knows anybody else; and at the same time, that if, in Europe, one abuses one of your countrymen as an American, all the other Americans in the company will stand up for him vehemently, whilst if you remotely suggest to any of them that he is one of their 'set,' at once there descends upon your devoted head a gentle breeze of mild expostulation.'

A Monument to Adam.

General Spinola's bill, providing for the erection of a monument in Brooklyn to perpetuate the memory of certain revolutionary soldiers, has excited the violent opposition of Congressman Kilgore, of Texas. Mr. Kilgore even goes so far as to threaten the introduction of a bill to erect a monument to Adam in his Texas district. Congressman Kilgore is not so far wrong, after all. The truth is, Adam has been shamefully neglected. We have raised monuments in honor of a host of smaller men, but the father of the human race has been ignored. Yet, in his day, Adam was a big man. He was an original man, especially in his ideas about clothes and such matters. He was the monarch of a life surveyed, although his surveying was conducted in a very primitive fashion, because the state of his finances made it possible for him to supply himself with the proper instruments for the business. Still it should be recollected that Adam was one of the old pioneers. Whenever he saw anything that he wanted, he simply reached out and helped himself to it, a method of business which has been utilized by many of our most successful men down to the present time.