Any person who takes the paper regularly from the post office, whether directed to his name or another, or whether he is a subscriber or not, is responsible for the pay. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers from the post office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of INTENTIONAL FRAUD.

REST AWHILE.

I will be still to-day and rest,
I will be still and let life drift;
I am so tired that it is best
Neither my hands nor eyes to lift.
My cares are many, my griefs, too;
My will can not do what I would.
O Care, I ask a few hours' truce,
I pray thee now to let me be.

And so, shut up in restful gloom,
I let my hands drop listlessly;
Within my dim and silent room
I would not move, or hear, or see.
Oblivion dropped on me her balm,
I felt no pain nor sorrow's smart,
I fell on slumber deep and sweet,
And when I woke was strong and calm,
And ready to start from head to feet.

So, toiler in life's weary ways,
Pity thyself, for thou must tire;
Both body, mind and heart have days
They can not answer their desire.
Birds in all seasons do not sing,
Flowers husband their time to bloom and fall;
There is not any living thing
Can answer to a ceaseless call.

Sometimes, tired head, seek slumber deep;
Tired hands, no burden try to lift;
Tired heart, thy watch let others keep,
Pity thyself and let life drift.
A few hours' rest perchance may bring
Relief from weariness and pain;
And thou from listless languors spring,
And gladly lift thy care again.

—*Harper's Weekly.*

A BLOODY CONFLICT.

A Three-Cornered Fight Between a Man, Indians and Bears.

You will see by the map that the Salmon River, of Idaho, has its rise in the Salmon River Mountains. Two small creeks, meeting at the north end of the mountains, form the Salmon, but it is not much of a stream until it receives Wild Cat, Bitter Sweet and other creeks down toward the Bitter Root Mountains.

I had journeyed to the forks of the Upper Salmon with a band of hunters and trappers, and, while they had spent the winter in trapping for furs and pelts, I had developed the fact that coal, mica, slate, marble, copper and other minerals were to be had for the asking in the mountains. Owing to the depth of snow and severity of the weather, I had not finished my work of prospecting when spring came, while the trappers were ready to abandon the exhausted field and move east into the foothills of the Bitter Root.

On the first day of May I was left alone. I had a horse, two pack mules, a rifle, two revolvers and plenty of food and ammunition. As soon as the men left me I pulled up stakes and moved around to the east side of the mountain where there was less wind and more sunshine. Between the foothills and the mountain was a long, narrow, winding valley, varying in width from ten to fifty feet. The snow was just leaving this valley, and the grass of last season had been preserved in palatable shape for the horses.

Nothing of special interest occurred until the second of June. On that morning, while cooking breakfast, a monster grizzly, the first one seen during the winter, suddenly appeared within two hundred feet of my camp-fire, coming up the winding valley from the south. I was between him and the horses, but the latter were so firmly staked out that they would have made their escape.

The bear halted, as I said, and as he displayed no intention to come nearer I did not wish to provoke him by any act of hostility. He was in lean condition, with his shaggy coat in anything but presentable shape. He stared at me with curious eyes, sniffed the air, growled after a few minutes and finally lumbered off down the valley and out of sight. I was thoroughly glad to be rid of Bruin, but before I had finished my breakfast he returned and brought two other grizzlies with him, all full grown.

Well armed as I was, I realized that I stood no show against the three. The horse was wild with terror, and the mules were so overcome that they lay down with weakness. I piled on the brush, and as the fire blazed and crackled the bears took alarm and galloped off, looking back as if to see if they were pursued.

The presence of the monsters annoyed me more than I can explain. I was more uneasy than as if I had discovered three Indians prowling about. A grizzly bear is the natural foe of everything that lives. He is without fear. His strength is something astounding. He will fight twenty men as soon as one. Fire all the bullets from the chamber of a Winchester into him and not one may strike a vital spot. The sight of flame and smoke had kept them from attacking me, but I was by no means satisfied that they would abandon the field.

The only plan to save the horses was to build another fire above them. In one spot the valley narrowed until it was not more than eight feet wide, and here I built a solid fire of heavy limbs or one which would last for a whole day. A quarter of a mile below the camp I found another good spot, and built another fire, and then felt comparatively safe. The only fear was that I would keep the bears away to bring Indians down upon me. The heavy smoke could be seen for twenty miles, and if seen by red men they would certainly investigate.

I did not leave camp that day, being busy with specimens and in making repairs to my clothing, and the day and night passed without an alarm of any sort. This put me in good spirits, and I permitted the fire to die down to great beds of coals, which would retain their heat all day, and soon after breakfast shouldered my rifle and started off down the valley to prospect and investigate. You may believe that I kept my eyes open for sign of grizzlies, but they seemed to have left the neighborhood for good.

At the end of about five miles the valley suddenly broadened or debouched into another. This larger valley opened in from the broad plains, and was a mile long. I had no sooner rounded a mass of rock and earth and brought the larger valley into view than my ears were greeted with a terrible yell. Right before me, and not over a quarter of a mile away, were seven or eight Indians surrounding a small camp fire, with their ponies grazing near by.

When I had such a time as that men think and act quickly. If I ran back up the valley such action would uncover my camp and lose my animals. There was no place at hand to make a successful defence, with the odds so much against me. As the Indians sprang to their feet I turned to the right and dashed into a ravine opening into the mountain itself. There was a stream running down it from the melting snow, but presently I found a fairly beaten path running along the ravine and winding through the trees and around rocks. Knowing that my life was at stake, I put forth every effort to reach a defensive spot.

When I had gone up the ravine three hundred feet I found further progress impossible. Right before me was an opening into which a man on horseback could have entered, while the width was all of twenty feet. I dashed into the place to find myself in a large chamber. The light was very dim, but I saw two drifts leading off from this into the mountain. I was after a secure hiding place, and dashed into the right-hand drift without a moment's hesitation.

The Indians were so close on my heels as I entered the dark drift that the foremost one opened fire with his revolver, and the whole pack yelled like fiends. The reader who has seen the entrance to a coal mine, slanting into the darkness from the start, can form an idea of the drift I had plunged into. The grade was very steep, and the bottom so rough that I fell down twice in going twenty-five feet. That was as far as I went. The drift was not over three feet wide, and only one Indian could come in at a time.

They did not exactly understand the situation and were eager to overhaul me. As I turned at bay, the foremost Indian was entering the drift. While he was looking into the darkness I was looking toward the light, and the first shot from my revolver pierced his brain and killed him as dead as a stone. As he fell I fired again, and wounded the warrior behind him. I knew this from the way the fellow yelled out. It was wonderful how quick their enthusiasm cooled down. They had holed me up, but at the same time discovered that I was not defenseless. Their safety obliged them to get out of range, and in doing this they could not shoot into the drift and hit me with a chance bullet.

All now became as silent as death, and not a move was made for a quarter of an hour. I had made a temporary escape, but by no means congratulated myself that they would abandon their efforts. How far back the drift extended I had no means of knowing, and instead of seeking to ascertain, I crept to within ten feet of the mouth. I had a Winchester and two revolvers, and could have killed Indians all day long had they been simple enough to enter the drift. But one warning was enough. They knew of a safer way to get at me.

By and by I heard the crackling of flames and smelled smoke, and directly after that a heap of burning brush was pushed to the entrance of the drift with a long pole. They were going to smoke me out! I confess to making up my mind that my hours were numbered, but I had given way to despair too soon. The draught of the drift was outward into the chamber, as might have been expected, and not a whiff of smoke could be driven in at me. The game was soon abandoned for another. A rock large enough to furnish cover for an Indian was rolled to the mouth of the drift, and a redskin got behind it and began firing into my cover. By retreating a few feet and lying flat down I was safe from his bullets. He fired the sixty-eight times before he hauled off. They couldn't say that I had been killed, and the proper way to prove that I hadn't been was to send a warrior in with a lighted torch to ask me. He had scarcely entered the drift when I banged into him, and dropped him. He fell so near the mouth that his companions sought to draw him out, and I wounded one of them in the arm.

I had killed two and wounded two, and knew that not over four sound ones remained. I was wondering if it wouldn't be the best plan to dash out at them with my revolvers, when a series of yells, shouts, screams and growls filled the chamber beyond me. Then followed five or six shots, more growls and yells, and as I kept my eye on the opening I caught a glimpse of a grizzly bear and a warrior struggling. In five minutes from the first sound there was no other noise than that of low growling and the click of claws on the rocky floor.

What had happened? I had run into the den of the bears seen in the morning, and the Indians had followed. The bears had come home from their morning walk, and the result must have been disastrous to the Indians. Although fully realizing the ferocious nature of the animal, I was not as fearful of him as I had been of the Indians. A full-grown grizzly could hardly squeeze his way into the drift, and I was certain to kill him if he tried it.

After a bit I crept carefully forward until I could see into the chamber. It was a sight to make one sick. Two bears lay dead on the floor, and a third was lying on his belly and licking the blood which flowed from several wounds. But others had suffered more. I had two dead Indians in the drift and five others lay in the chamber—bitten, clawed and torn until the spectacle was a hideous one to gaze upon. There was blood everywhere and upon everything, and pieces of bloody flesh were mingled and mixed with patches of Indian dress and firearms.

While I stood looking at the horrors the wounded bear rose up with a fierce growl and attacked the corpses. His hurts drove him mad, and he wanted revenge on the dead. I saw him put a paw on the breast of an Indian, seize the throat in his teeth, and at one single wrench he tore the head from the body. He seized another by the leg just above the knee, and I heard the bones crush like glass as his teeth shut. He jerked and twisted two or three times, and the leg was torn off.

It was the frenzy of death. As the bear bit and tore at one of the corpses he suddenly tottered, braced his legs and then sank down and rolled over, and soon breathed his last. I was so spellbound that it was two or three minutes before I could move. The spectacle was even more horrible when I stepped out and secured a stronger light, and directly my nerves were so unstrung of what had occurred that I rushed out of the cave in the open air. As I gained the outside it struck me that the Indians had doubtless left one of their number to watch the horses. As I went down the ravine I determined, if this was the case, to attack him, with the hope of wiping out the whole party.

When I crept out of the ravine another bloody spectacle awaited me. The Indian ponies had been hobbled to prevent them from wandering away, and none of the party had been left in charge. The grizzlies had come upon the horses first, and every one of them was dead on the grass and horribly mutilated. They had not been killed to satisfy hunger, but to gratify a ferocious whim.

After a few hours, during which time I returned to my own camp, to find everything safe, I re-entered the cave and secured the fire-arms of the dead redskins. The stuff at their camp-fire consisted of blankets, robes, ammunition and powder. While none of the party were in war-paint, there was nothing to prove that they were out on a hunt. They had, perhaps, deflected from some march to discover what had caused the smoke.

Four weeks later, when a party of hunters from Boise City, headed by Captain Hall, stumbled in on me, I turned over to them, as relics of the singular three-cornered fight, the firearms, bows and arrows, the claws of the grizzlies, two full suits of buckskin, three scalps of white men, and enough pipes, beads, knives, charms and feathers to start a museum. These relics are still on exhibition in the Sheriff's office at Boise, and bear witness that I have given you a truthful narrative.—*N. Y. Sun.*

HORSE-STEALING.

The Extent to Which It Prevailed Near Sacramento in 1851.

Horse and cattle stealing is the principal crime of this country. The extreme facility with which animals roaming in large, unfenced, natural pastures may be caught and carried to places far distant, which continually demand large supplies, and the readiness with which, after disposing of them, the felon may escape, and leave no clue by which to trace him to his lurking place, or fasten suspicion upon him, encourages hundreds to engage in the pursuit of a livelihood by this illicit means. Law is daily seizing and punishing numbers, but this operates so feebly in many portions of the country, remote from the seats of justice, that lynch law has been summoned to repress the offense, and proven as it should, valuable in putting an end to crime. The best and surest and the very readiest method of checking it would be to give justices of the peace, with a jury, jurisdiction of the offense.

Animals are now stolen in this neighborhood, sent to Stockton or some other distant point and there sold. Procuring fresh supplies in that vicinity, the thief hurries to this market, of which, and where males are now urgently wanted for companies starting to Scott's river and the Klamath, sells the drove he has brought with him and departs like a shadow. His companions and compeers in this trade fill every avenue and inform him of every whisper that is in circulation concerning the animals he has last disposed of, enabling him, if so many be reclaimed so as to create suspicion, to escape and secrete himself until inquiry blows over and the charge becomes stale and forgotten—that is, for a month or two—dispatching his animals through the hand of some trusty friend of well whitewashed reputation, into town for sale. But the owner and purchaser both departed, his feats are lost sight of, in new thefts. He may roam along, jingling Spanish spurs and leather leggings, and flourish about the horse markets as boldly and honorably as he pleases. The establishment of the telegraph between our principal towns, by starting lightning against horse speed, and preparing the police everywhere to salute and arrest the offender as he entered the town, would effectually stop the wholesale cattle lifting which now distinguishes California above all other regions for cattle stealing.—*Overland.*

Musical Accomplishment.

Miss Birdie McGinnis is considered an amateur singer in her own estimation. It is a fact that she has a very good voice, but she is obliged to rather short-winded.

"What do you think about her singing?" asked her brother of a stranger, who did not know that Hostetter was related to the fair singer.

"I like her singing very well," was the reply. "She has undoubtedly the finest asthma I ever heard on the stage."—*Siftings.*

—A high-school boy at Lawrence, Mass., went home delighted with the idea of a military drill about to be introduced into the school. "I tell you," said he pityingly to his sister, "it's fun to be a boy."—*Boston Transcript.*

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE ALLEY CAT.

I'm a poor little ally cat;
I know what is meant by "scat;"
I know when a stone comes whirling, flying,
Who it is aimed at.

I know my paws are black
And leave a dirty track;
That dingy streaks of soot and ashes
Are on my breast and back.

But I hate the grime and wet,
Like cozy places, yet
No little girl in the world is willing
To keep me for a pet.

I suppose it is because
They don't like broken paws,
And think because I'm fierce and hungry
There's danger from my claws.

But small as I am and young,
A sweeter purr-song, or could polish
Cleaner with her red tongue.

Oh! if some little lady who
Loves kittens only knew,
She might be glad, perhaps, to find me,
And glad to keep me, too.

—*Clara Doty Bates, in Wide Awake.*

WANTED TO BE A COWBOY.

Tommy Tries It for One Day in the Country—He Doesn't Like to Be Called "Texas Bill" Any More.

"What would you like to be, Tommy, when you grow up," asked Mr. Miggs, turning to his son.

Tommy opened one eye, looked smilingly up into his father's face, and replied: "A cowboy."

"You shall be a cowboy," said Mr. Miggs, rubbing his hands; "but you are not large enough and old enough to be one yet. It would be too sudden a change to lift you out of the nurse's lap on to the back of a mustang. I am going to send you out to Benlow's dairy-farm, where we spent a month last summer."

"When can I go?" asked Tommy, eagerly.

"Just as soon as we can get you ready."

"I haven't a bowie-knife," pleaded Tommy.

"Never mind that," replied Mr. Miggs; "wait until you have reached that stage of your education that justifies the carrying of a knife. Besides, there are no dangerous characters about Benlow's dairy-farm; but if you want a knife just for the sake of appearances, Mr. Benlow will be happy to lend you his sickle to carry around. He has no use for it when the ground is covered with snow."

That night Tommy Miggs dreamed himself a cattle king, walking haughtily around in a red shirt, top boots, sombrero, long hair and a portable nickle-plated armory madly shining under his coat tail. He dreamed of flying across the prairie like the wind on a mad, impassioned steed, and being looked upon as dangerous, and avoided by the stranger.

On the following day he was proud-spirited, and would have little or nothing to say to his companions, and it is, only fair to say that they envied him, and regarded him as one born under a lucky star. A day or two later he started for the dairy farm with a light heart. It was not a great distance from the city, and Mr. Benlow was on the lookout for him, as he had received a letter from Mr. Miggs instructing him to create in Tommy's breast such a hatred of cows that he would never after care for roast beef.

So when Tommy Miggs arrived, Mr. Benlow was at the station with a sleigh to meet him and drive him out to the farm, which was several miles distant. After they had gone a little way Tommy said: "I've come out here to learn to be a cowboy."

"We'll make a cowboy of you before long," replied Mr. Benlow. "Do you know anything about cows?"

"Nothing," replied Tommy, humbly.

"Well, we'll open your eyes on that point," said Mr. Benlow.

In a short time the sleigh drew up before the Benlow mansion, an old-fashioned farm-house, and Tommy was ushered into the parlor, dining-room and kitchen at once, for these rooms were all in one at Mr. Benlow's.

That night Tommy Miggs supper consisted of salt pork, a glass of milk, some potatoes and a piece of pie. Although he was not exactly satisfied with it, he had the good sense to appreciate the fact that it would harden his frame for the rigors of a cowboy life if he could only outlive it.

At eight o'clock he went to bed in a large unplastered attic room, with no carpet on the floor, and lumps like cobble-stones in the mattress, and the windows rattling a perfect tattoo in the fierce winter wind that shrieked without. For a moment he thought of his little sister at home, asleep under a handsome crazy quilt and a roof that didn't leak, with her doll on the pillow beside her, and the nice nursery fire in the grate. But he banished this thought instantly, and fell asleep with a thought of gratitude for his rare good fortune.

He was awakened at four in the morning by Mr. Benlow's big boots, as that gentleman came in with a candle, and told him it was time to get up to do the milking and get the cans ready for the train. "We'll make a cowboy of you soon," remarked the farmer, cheerfully, as Tommy rubbed his eyes.

Tommy arose rather reluctantly, for the bed was as warm as the room was cold, dressed for the day, and used the paper curtain for a towel. He had to blow on his fingers to keep them warm, and when he got out to the barn he was shivering.

"Just give each of the cows some hay," said Mr. Benlow.

Tommy did as he was told, being under the impression that he would next be asked to go out and lasso a bull. But he was made sick at heart when he learned that lassoes were not used, for the simple reason that every animal on the place would come when called, like a dog.

As soon as the milk was canned and sent to the train, the Benlows sat down to breakfast, which consisted of buckwheat cakes and coffee that seemed no stronger than ordinary hot water. The Graham rolls and mutton chops of his breakfast at home would have been much more palatable, but he didn't grumble. While he was eating on in silence, Mr. Benlow said: "How is Carlo to-day?"

"Very sick," replied Mrs. Benlow; "and I don't see how we are going to work the tread-mill for the churning."

"Why, said Mr. Benlow, "we'll let Tommy run eight or ten miles on it. Tommy will go good and improve his wind."

So after breakfast Tommy walked on the treadmill until he thought he would drop.

"We'll make a cowboy of you before long," said Mr. Benlow, as he entered with a smile to see how the butter was progressing; "so cheer up, and don't feel homesick, for I have something for you to do that you may enjoy."

"What is it?" asked Tommy.

"It is to break a pair of yearlings to the yoke. We will yoke them and hitch them to a sled, and you can drive as fast as you like."

"That will be fine," said Tommy.

So after dinner the steers were brought forth, and yoked and hitched to the sled, upon which Tommy stood as a circus-rider stands on a horse, and started them.

"We'll make a cowboy of you yet," rang out on his ears as the yearlings started off at full speed. First they darted in one direction, then in another. First Tommy was in the snow, then back on the sled, for the yearlings jerked it in every direction, and pranced on their hind-legs, and whisked his hat off with their tails, and tried to jump fences and drag the sled after them. Tommy thought there was more snow inside of his clothing than there was on the ground, and when he was completely upset—in more ways than one—by the yearlings, he sat down in the snow and cried, while the yearlings seem to melt out of sight over the rim of the horizon.

The Benlow boys, who followed, caught the runaways and drove them home.

At four the next morning Tommy Miggs was altogether too sore to arise at milking-time. He was also too sore to go down to his breakfast. That night, he took a long story short, he was back home, and has not been away since. It makes him very angry when called Texas Bill, and he has given up his dreams of cowboy life. Tommy is now studying book-keeping, with a view to entering his father's store. He wouldn't be a cowboy if he could; and now the wax doll goes unscalped, the toy babies unmurdered, and the cats and dogs in his vicinity unlassoed.—*R. K. Munkittrick, in Harper's Young People.*

EARLY TEENS.

Youthful Years the Most Important Time of One's Life.

What do you think is the most important time of life? Boys will probably answer: When we go to business, or to college. Girls will say: When we go out into society, or get married. But I think it is when you are going into your teens.

After the melted iron is poured into the mold, it is left for a while that it may take shape. But the first few moments are the most important; for then the surface of the great iron globule, which comes into contact with the damp sand of the mold, begins to "set," or take form, and so decides what the shape is to be. The time after that serves to harden the metal, not to change its form. Life in this world is the mold in which our souls are shaped for eternity; and the first years after we have begun to think for ourselves, to feel the pressure of right and wrong, to determine duty or indulgence—these first years have more to do with the making of us than all the rest.

Have you been in the Adirondack woods hunting and fishing? If so, you remember that your guide, when he came to the rapids in the stream, did not dash carelessly down it. He stopped the cranky little craft, balanced the boat, got a sure grip on his paddle, then got her drift slowly toward the center of the narrow sluice until the skiff's nose was in the smooth water which shows that there it is deepest. Then, with his eyes and muscle all working together, he kept her head on, just so, and you shot down the rock-strewn stream as swiftly and as safely as a water-snake. Ask your guide, and he will tell you that if he starts the boat right he can keep her right; but the twisting waters would be too much for him if he did not have her safely in hand at the word "Go!"

Boys and girls starting out in life, you are at the head of life's rapids. Your craft is already catching the drift of strong desires, ambitions, passions. You feel them. They almost straight you sometimes. Have no anxiety except to aim at the very center of what is right, and the purposes which are deepest and purest. Knit the nerves of your strong resolution. Vow to yourself, and to God, who will help you. Then away down life's stream! It will be exhilarating, grand, all true life is. But take care! For your soul's sake, don't drift in among the rocks and whirlpools which are on either side the current of your life.—*J. M. Ludlow, D. D., in S. S. Times.*

—A Vassalborough Quaker sold a man a pair of cattle, and told him they never troubled him by breaking down fences or walls. The next day after buying them the purchaser found them in a neighbor's garden. They had broken over the wall, and were tramping down the vegetables and eating the corn. "Look here," said he to the Quaker, "I thought you said those cattle never troubled you by being so breachy." "Friend," said the Quaker "I never allow such things to trouble me."

—John Stewart, of Braddock, Pa., while walking in a grove recently, found a solid silver cup, with a diamond set in the bottom of it. It bears the date 1555.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

—*La Nature* claims that a machine of one-horse power would keep 27,000,000 watches going.

LECTURE ON WALKING.

A Postman's Rules for Getting Along in Slippery Weather.

All but doctors and men who sell liniment will be glad to read the advice that follows about the proper way to walk in these slippery times. The advice came from a very old postman, jogging along his daily rounds.

"You've seen postmen climbing up front stoops, diving into basements and scooting across the streets in the slipperiest kind of weather," the old man said, "but I'm sure you never saw a postman fall down, unless he was very young and inexperienced. Walking, you see, is the most important part of a postman's duty, next to ringing the door bells so as to bring the girl on the first ring. I can tell you in two minutes how to walk, and if you remember what I say you will never fall any more.

"In the first place, you must go along with your feet pretty far apart. That is one important thing. Most persons walk with their feet close together—very close. That's all right in summer, but in winter it's all wrong. Your foot is likely to land on a round piece of ice or snow and slip sidewise toward the other foot, which is going by all right. If your feet are close together, nine times out of ten the one that slips will knock the other one out from under you, and down you go. If it doesn't it will get so thoroughly mixed up with it that your legs will curl all together, just like grape vines, and before you can get them straightened out down you go anyhow. If your feet are well apart, as they should be, you have time to think, reflect and get ready before the crash comes, and, perhaps, save a bone. Another important thing is to land well on the ball of the foot when you walk. If you land on the heel you'll fall over backward. If you land on the ball of your foot first, bring it down just as soon as you do the heel, anyhow. Come down flat-footed. That isn't fancy heel-and-toe walking, but it's business, and it's safer. And this is why. You may slip and fall a million times, and every time, if you notice anything, you will notice that it was your heel that slipped, and not the ball of your foot. It is always the heel that slips. I don't know why, unless it is that the sole of the shoe, being broader, gets a firmer hold.

"These two rules, if you follow them out carefully, will save you the price of a good many bottles of arnica. There are some others, but they're not so important. One is always to keep the body limber as you go along; keep the legs limber at the knees, too. It is always a stiff, dignified sort of a man that goes down, because he holds himself so that he is not prepared to lean quickly one way or the other and save himself. But it don't do to make the man get round-shouldered, for to lean the shoulders too far back in slippery weather is not very good either, it fixes one already to fall. The best way to hold oneself is in imitation of those Indians that you see pictures of going along at a sort of jog trot, with their bodies stooping a little forward. Keep your eyes on the ground in front of you, as though you were following a trail, and look for the very slippery spots, and observe the other rules, and if you are a lady you can dispense with the humiliation of holding your muff behind your back, trying to make folks believe you prefer to carry it that way."—*N. Y. Sun.*

POLAR CLIMATES.

Only a Slight Change Would Cover Greenland with Verdure.

The theory has long been advanced that the poles of greatest cold are not coincident with the terrestrial poles, and that the lowest mean temperature is to be found in the region of the Lena river in Siberia. This idea was encouraged by the fact, among others, that the Polaris party reported a milder climate at Thank God Harbor than Kane experienced about two hundred miles further south. The part of the argument, however, which relates to the Lena river valley is directly contradicted by the results of the observations of Lieutenant Greely's observations for two years at Lady Franklin Bay, where he found the lowest mean temperature yet observed,—about four degrees Fahrenheit. Grinnell Land, therefore, as far as we yet know, is the coldest part of the Northern hemisphere.

Danish Greenland, whose mean temperature hovers around the freezing point, is buried under hundreds of feet of ice; so that, if only two inches of ice forms in winter more than is thawed out in summer. The authorities in terrestrial physics agree that, it would require only a slight change in climate conditions to remove Greenland's ice blanket and cover the land with verdure. Were it not for the presence of these immense ice masses constantly refrigerating the air, the climate of Danish Greenland would be as warm as those of England. Mr. Wallace is of the opinion that if the two Arctic currents that flow south along both sides of Greenland were diverted from that country, the great ice mantle would rapidly disappear, and the country might even become forest clad and habitable. Mr. Croll agrees with him in this opinion, and both Mr. Croll and Sir William Thomson believe that it would not take a very large influx of warmer water to effect a rise in the temperature and the volume of the Arctic branch of the Gulf stream to produce the same result.

The powerful modifying influence that the ocean exerts upon climates is nowhere so strongly manifested as along the north coast of Norway, which has a milder temperature than any other part of the world in the same latitude. At this moment the little town of Bossekop, lying at the foot of a fiord which opens into the icy waters of the Arctic Ocean, wrapped in the twilight of its winter night, is subsisting largely on the grain that was raised last summer on the valley farms in a latitude about as many hundred miles north of the end of Greenland. This fertile spot is the most northern place in the world where wheat and rye ripen.

It is the opinion of Sir William Thomson and other physicists that the prolific animal and vegetable life which covered Greenland and the neighboring lands in a former geological age, whose fossil remains have been found in abundance, was due to warm ocean currents flowing north at a time when our continent had not yet risen above the surface to impede or divert their course. There seems, after all, to be no inherent improbability in the theory, to elucidate which two books have recently been written, that human life existed, and perhaps originated, in these polar lands before the present populous part of the earth were habitable.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A REMARKABLE TRIAL.

One Which Absorbed the Attention of the Yorkshire People Long Ago.

About the middle of the last century the county of York was deeply interested in the trial of the father of a large family who, when living in the greatest respectability, was accused of highway robbery. The trial was in York Castle. The prosecutor was a man of good position, about fifty years of age, the son of a banker, and the prisoner a stout, athletic man of fifty. The prosecutor had transacted his business as usual at the market town, he had received several sums of money in the presence of the prisoner; he had dined, and about five o'clock had set out on his return home. It was a fine summer evening, and he rode gently on. In a solitary lane he was overtaken by the prisoner, who seized him and struck him on the head. In the first agony of surprise and fear the prosecutor struck him a violent blow with his whip; but the prisoner, who was a very powerful man, dragged him from his horse, knelt down upon him, and took from him his money and account books. In this situation the prosecutor begged very earnestly for his life. As he lay under the prisoner he watched his countenance, and saw that he was much agitated. The robber desisted, arose, mounted his horse and rode away. It was about seven o'clock in the evening; but the young man was so much exhausted that he did not reach home till late at night. He immediately stated these circumstances, that the improbability of his having been robbed in open daylight, on a public road, and of his having lost various memoranda which a robber would scarcely have taken, excited some suspicion respecting the truth of his statement. As the jury were about to retire, the prosecutor, who had been robbed begged to be heard. He was so much agitated that he could scarcely speak. When he recovered himself, he said:

"I stand here to plead for your mercy towards a man who listened to my voice when I begged for mercy from him! If I should now have been in my grave, and he in the bosom of a respectable family, which has, I am assured, loved him virtuous and the children who loved him. He has been proved that his connections, his character, his religious persuasion, would all have united to bring him from suspicion; it has also been proved that I was lame from my birth; that I was a fellow; that I had exasperated him by a blow; that had I been able to identify him, and the kindness of his nature could have saved him; if he had not been a thief. The influence of the means of disgrace, and he suffered me to depart, although I might have been the cause of his death! If you do not pity his momentary lapse, if you do not respect his return to virtue, it is a man of whom you will condemn! I shall be the victim of the law, and the mercy I have sought will be in vain!"

He was frequently interrupted during this affecting appeal by the tears of the jury and the general distress of the court. The prisoner was, however, found guilty, and was executed in due course.—*Leeds Mercury.*

SEA-ICE.

The Loss of Its Saline Qualities and Consequent Value to Mariners.

I know from personal experience that sea-water ice, built does, under certain circumstances, perennially, acquire a perfectly fresh document, converting sea-ice, previously saline, into a sufficiently fresh state to afford good drinking-water when thawed. This discovery, like a great many others of more importance, was made by accident. In passing a piece of old ice—that is, of a former year's formation which I had ever previously supposed, was some feet high, and rugged outline, as it lay above the leveled ice-floe—I knocked a small piece off, and putting it into my mouth, found it quite fresh. From that time, during sledge journeys one thousand, two hundred miles in the spring of 1847, I looked out for some old rough ice, and before building our snow hut for the night's shelter, so as to get water quickly. Experience had taught us that a kettleful of old ice was worth two of snow, which required much more fuel to thaw, and produced less water, because the latter, however closely packed, contained much air, which at a temperature of zero or lower, requires to 32 degrees Fahrenheit; a kettleful of snow will give little of water, while the kettle with water.—*John Rae, in Nature.*

—Emperor William, of Germany, never disposes of his time without consulting the Empress. They take lunch together, and the Kaiser gives a faithful account of his whereabouts during the day.

—One of Uncle Sam's mail-bags at Grass Valley, Cal., was destroyed by the gnawing of some rats which got at it while on a box of wedding cake.

—A tame cougar followed like a dog at the heels of a wild cowboy in the streets of Portland, Ore., the other day.