☞ Any person who takes the paper regularly from the post-office, whether directed to his name 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.

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

I have a friend I knew at school,
A man whose taste is fine,
And Jim's opinions, as a rule,
Do not conflict with mine.
What he admires I praise with care;
He censures what I blame:
But of a certain damsel fair
We do not think the same.

I think her eyes are azure blue;
He says "dull gray" instead.
I call her hair an auburn hue,
While he declares 'tis red.
When her complexion I compare
To roses pink and white,
He smiles with a sarcastic air,
I do not think polite.

Whene er her attitudes I praise,
So graceful and erect,
He stares quite languidly and says:
"She poses for effect."
I say her figure is a dream,
A vision made to waltz,
He smiles: "Things are not what they seem."
And winks: "Perhaps 'tis false."

I always like to hear her play;
He can't admire her touch.
I like her bright, vivacious way;
He thinks she laughs too much.
To me she's fair as fair can be;
She is not so to Jim.
You see she is engaged to me,
And she has jilted him.

—*Rambler.*

A SILENT PREACHER.

Lesson Taught the Old Coast-Guard by His Spy-Glass.

"Then sometimes," said old Matthew Duncan, the coast-guard at Trambay, "I've thought I'd write a book. I've got so far as to think what color the cover should be, and that's half the battle; and I settled it was to be as like the Union Jack as the book folk can make it, but I never get any farther. I'll tell you some of the things I've seen through this glass, and what I've thought about them, too, and if they do any folk good I'll be all the better pleased.

"Now, first of all, you point this glass over at yonder old bit of ruin on the cliffs. You can't see a large black stone in it. Well, the focus a'n't right for your eye; every man must shift it for himself; but the stone is there—"

"Ay, I see it now. And I see a white cross, a rough dab of paint on it."

"Right; when a man sees that 'tis a sign he has the focus right and that he can see as I could, only I hope he'll never get the chance to see what I saw. When a man can see that white mark 'tis a sign that he could know one person from another if they were standing at the same place, and that he could see all they were doing and, so to speak, almost hear what they were saying. We a'n't quite come to that yet, but if what folk say who come and talk to me in the summer-time be true, we're on our way to it, and we a'n't far off either. But now you're sure that a man standing here can see what is going on over there?

"Well, fifteen years ago come midsummer-day I was on guard here at three o'clock in the morning. I generally gave a look all around with that glass, and there was nothing at all in view out to sea; I kept watching a rabbit that was skipping in and out among the stones of the old ruin. Presently I saw it was frightened and ran away, and I said to myself: 'Now, what's that?' for you know when a man is long hours in the same place, and there day after day, he's glad of any thing that makes a bit of a stir.

"I hadn't long to wait before I saw what made the rabbit jump away in such a hurry; a man and a woman came out of the ruins and sat down on some of the loose stones outside. The man was dark, with a sailor's dress, and as far as I could make out—and that, I think, was pretty near—was about thirty years of age. He warn't the looking man that I'd trust myself to if I were a young girl; but no living man can tell what any living woman will do or will not do and why she will do it or will not do it, and that's a knowledge I've come to by thinking and by watching my old woman and was one of the first things I was going to put down in my book. At first these two were friendly enough; even if the glass had been a trifle wrong in the focus I could have seen that they were sweethearts; but after they had been there half an hour or so I saw that the girl began to move away a little from him, and when he shifted his seat so as to get near her again she made another move.

"Said I: 'Here's the old story of all the world, of morning, noon and night, going on here on the top of this cliff at four o'clock in the morning.'

"But I hadn't time for much thinking; it took all my attention to be watching. There was a quarrel, that was plain; but, 'Pooh!' says I to myself, 'they'll kiss and be friends in ten minutes.' Well, I waited for the kissing, and then I thought I'd have another look round the ocean; but that poor girl never got a kiss again. There was a something in her hand that he wanted to get, that was plain, though I couldn't quite make out what it was; but whatever it was he snatched it from her, and she struck at him in her anger, and then there was a pushing about, but always with her getting nearer and nearer the edge of the cliff, until at last I saw the man's two arms thrust straight out and over she went! Once or twice she hung for a moment [illegible] the face of the rock; her dress [illegible] in the brambles then. But it [illegible] only for a moment; she was in the [illegible] time than it takes for me to [illegible] this.

[illegible] was full at the time, but [illegible] turn, and once it turns it [illegible] almost like the race of a [illegible] the man was soon lost to [illegible] the ruins, and though I [illegible] ocean all round for miles [illegible] sight of the body any

"'Now, sir,' says I to myself, 'what shall I do? Shall I report this? I thought and thought and thought, and at last I says: 'No, I won't report it even to my old woman, for if I do there's no knowing to whom she'll report it again.' And the reason I had for not doing it was this. Says I to myself: 'If there's no one missing, and if the body never turns up, as I don't believe it will, people will say I was dreaming; it may be they'll say I was drunk; for all I know they may say I'm mad. I'll just wait and see whether the body is ever found or not. Besides,' says I to myself, 'I can't tell that a murder has been committed. They fell out, there's no doubt of that, and there was a scuffling; but perhaps her going ever was an accident. I couldn't swear that, when he thrust out his two hands, he had given her a push that had sent her over.'

"Well, sir, the burden of this secret lay heavy on my mind, and as I walked up and down here on my lonely beat it began to eat into me. Says I to myself: 'Matthew Duncan, you know of a murder and you've never told of it,' and it ended in getting a fever, and I was as near dead as any man could be. When I came a bit to myself I had the parson sent for, and I told him I had a great load on my mind and wanted to ease it by telling it to him, and I told him the whole story from beginning to end, and our captain—I had him in and told it to him, too.

"But the gentlemen only smiled at what I said. 'Poor fellow,' says one, 'the fever's on him still.' 'Ay,' says the other, 'you see 'tis the same thing he's been raving on all along.'

"Well, I was very weak and couldn't talk much, and I was weary with my earnestness in trying to make them believe what I said, so I just laid back with my eyes closed and they thought I was asleep. But I heard them talking, and the captain said: ''Tis a pity, too, for he's one of the best and sharpest-eyed men in the service, and I'm afraid he'll never be fit for any thing again.' 'Oh, 'twill work off,'' said the minister; 'you may be sure when he strengthens up he'll forget all these fever fancies. You mustn't think of his leaving the service. He must get sick-leave for a while. I've seen many cases as strange as this and they came round all right at last.'

"Well, I made two or three more attempts and I tried the doctor; but he says: 'I'll send you some strengthening medicine, Duncan, and you'll soon be all right,' and he tapped his forehead and says: 'Fevers make sad work with our brains.'

"I saw it was no use to try and persuade any of the gentlemen; I did my best, and there now I must leave it. But I warn't quite easy in my mind. Looking at it now at this distance of time I think it was my duty to have reported it and taken the consequences, whatever they might have been, but this I did: I says to myself: 'There is no knowing what may turn up, by and by, if this is murder; murder will out, as the saying is, and I may not remember all that ought to be remembered by the only man whose eye saw the deed done;' so I took and wrote down on a paper what I had seen and hid it carefully away lest it should come to any one's hand. And if I died—well, I took care that the account, whatever it might be worth, should not be lost, for I marked it outside: 'When I am dead this paper is to be given to the minister of the parish, and no one but himself is to break one of the seals upon it.' And to make the matter as sure as I could I put six seals upon it—every one of them different; I borrowed them from far and near, wherever I could. I put down the day and the hour, and the color of the young woman's dress and the shape of her hat, and the cut of the man's beard and whiskers, and the red 'kerchief he had round his neck; of that I made special note, for seafaring men don't wear that color often. 'Now, said I, 'I've done all I can. Time will tell. But it is an awful thing for that man that there has been an eye upon him that he knew and knows nothing about, ready to give evidence against him if the question of a murder turns up. Folk often think they're not seen and that there'll be no witnesses against them; but often I think: 'Ah! there's one Eye at any rate that has been on you, and there's one Eye-witness against you; go where you will and do what you will, the testimony of an Eye-witness is there.' Of course, sir," said the coast-guard, reverently, "I mean the Great Eye above. I used to think myself particular before, but since this happened I have been ever so much more particular, for I says to myself: 'There's some One looking, ay, and there's some One listening; you don't see Him, but He's there,' and in a way it's made a different man of me ever since.

"Five years passed," said the old man, "and the doctor and the parson and the captain forgot all about this matter; they didn't trouble themselves much about the ravings of a man in a fever, as they thought, and 'twas midsummer morning again and it was my turn to be on guard. I don't know what it was that made me keep looking continually at the cliff and at that part of the ruin where you see the white cross painted on the stone. But every moment I felt the glass almost turning of itself to where I had seen that poor young thing go over the cliff. 'Twas a'most as though I expected to see something, and they say that if one expects to see something they'll do it—I suppose they think the fancy brings the thing. Well, sir, I did see something. 'Twas the very hour and the very day when that young woman was thrown over the cliff—for now we know all about it—and there, coming out of the ruin, I saw the man I'd seen five years before. I knew him in a moment; he had the same beard and the same dress and the same 'kerchief, [illegible] but this time he was by himself.

watched him well, for I was determined that there should be no mistake; and I kept the glass on him as a rifleman would keep his rifle aiming at a bull's-eye. I could see him as plainly as I see you now. He was the same man, but he looked, ay, twenty years older. But he was the same, and I says to myself: 'I know you, but I never saw a man age like you; you're the same man, but there's an awful change over you, too.'

"Well, sir, he looks about him here and there, and then he takes out of his pocket a little parcel and puts it under a stone, and puts three or four more over it, and walks on towards the edge of the cliff. Up and down he goes, and goes through all I saw him do five years before, and at last—and I never could make this out—struggling against it as though some one was pushing him from behind, still staggering nearer and nearer to the edge, over he leaped, and he was caught just as that girl was, here and there; and the tide did to him as it did to her—carried the body out to sea—and what with congers and other greedy fish there were plenty waiting for him out there. This time I determined not to hold my tongue, so I reported to the captain, who at first only tapped his forehead and said I must not go into fever again; but the rights of it was gone into and found out.

"I said: 'Captain, have the ruins searched, and I'll take any one you name to the spot.'

"'Well, Duncan,' said he, 'I'd be sorry for you to go off your head, for you're my sharpest-eyed man. I'll go with you myself, and I will ask the minister to go, too.'

"And there, sir, under the very stones which I pointed out we found the parcel, sure enough. It was an old leather purse wrapped up in a piece of tarred canvas what looked like a bit of an old sail, and in it was a ten-pound note and a piece of paper, and on it was written in a hand such almost as a school-boy would write: 'John Hinch threw his sweetheart over this cliff five years ago this very day and hour (you see, sir, he had it all got ready for the very time), because she would not give him the ten pounds in this purse. He wrenched the money from her, but he never spent a farthing of it. For five long years he's roamed the world, feeling that some eye saw him do the deed, and he's come here in the self-same clothes which he had on that day; he's always hearing voices saying that there's some one to meet him here.'

"It would look a'most as if there had been somebody there pushing him from behind, from the way he went over, but I saw nobody; the man was there alone. There was no one to make a row about the matter, for no girl had been missed, which is easy enough to understand, for we're within a walk of a large town, and no one knew any thing of the man. No inquests had to be held, for no bodies had been found. Folk don't trouble much about things which happened five years ago, and a very bad murder coming up quite fresh then, people didn't take much note of this.

"But, eh! sir, I've often thought what an awful thing it is that there's an Eye on us when we're not thinking of it, and how little good sin does us, and how, in some way or other, it is sure to meet us. There isn't any better preacher to me than my glass; and there ain't many better teachers than the things we handle and have to do with in our common life, if only we understood all they have to say."—*Quiver.*

PERSIAN BRIDES.

The Peculiar Wedding Toilet Worn by a Pretty Young Woman.

Although the bride was very young, having, at the most, seen sixteen summers, rouge, alas, was no stranger even to her pretty face! Her hair, which was jet black and very long, was plaited into a number of tiny tails, the ends of which peeped forth from under the *chagat* of folded white linen she wore on her head. Nothing can exceed the ugliness or unbecomingness of this head-gear. It is merely a square piece of muslin or cotton folded cornerwise, and tightly fastened with a pin or tiny brooch under the chin, with two ends hanging down the back, and the remaining two falling over the breast. Over this again is worn the house vail, which envelopes the whole figure; it is a large square or rounded piece of muslin or gay-patterned chintz, and is not fastened on, but simply kept in its place by the arms. Her voluminous skirt was of white and York striped satin, handsomely trimmed with gold lace, and reached only half way to the knees; the legs were bare. Often as many as twenty yards of silk or satin are employed for these skirts, which are gathered into a band at the waist, and are worn over four or five petticoats very much stiffened. The more a skirt stands out the more fashionable it is. The bodice is a loose sort of jacket of silk or velvet trimmed with gold lace, the sleeves are long, and terminate in a pointed cuff that turns back, reaching nearly to the elbow. This is worn over a calico or linen shirt. Although all dresses agree in their leading features, and the fashions never change in the East as they do in the West, yet they differ to a great extent in detail, and afford a scope for the peculiar taste of the wearer.—*London Society.*

—The proprietorship of love-letters has been forever set at rest in England, three of the Lord Justice deciding that the letters belong to the writer, who in case of estrangement may demand and receive them back, provided they have not been destroyed. Ladies may write in them whatever nonsense they may see fit, with the full assurance that they can not be published without th[illegible] [illegible]nt, nor can they be [illegible] contrary to the au-

TEMPERANCE.

A WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

Love, I pray you, stay with me,
Shun to-night the revelry.
Let your boon companions meet
In the bar-room if they will,
But oh! never let them greet
One for whom a woman's tears,
Like the mighty dews distill
Constant, through her love and fears.
By the early love you bore
For this heart now faint and sore,
By my love, oh! I implore,
Drink no more!

Can those hours in orgies spent
Give to you the pure content
That you felt in other years,
Ere the cup had touched your lips;
Ere my eyes were bathed in tears,
Ere your noble soul had lost
Self-respect and manliness?
Those have paid the fearful cost,
By the children that I bore,
By the altar where you swore
To protect me, I implore,
Drink no more!

In the great hereafter, love,
When the spirit rests above,
Where the beacon light divine
For earth's weary pilgrims shine;
Where the righteous feet have trod,
At the living tor of God,
That shall judge the world of men,
What the drunkard's password then?
By the blood of Christ who bore
Life from death; to Heaven's shore,
By His love, oh! I implore,
Drink no more!

—*L. V. Wilkins, in Union Signal.*

RUM.

A Word That Suggests the Picture of a Skull and Cross-Bones—An Appeal to Young Men.

There is no word of three letters in the English language or any other language that is so voluminously suggestive as this word rum. To one who has been sufficiently sympathetic to lament the misfortunes and sorrows of his kind and sufficiently observant to see the dreadful effects of intemperance, the very word seems like a picture of a skull and cross-bones, with power to hiss out the word death and to startle us with its seemingly intelligent mockery of human wretchedness. The triumphs of liquor have been so widespread and heartrending, so crushing to human hopes and blighting to human character, so awful in their effect upon innocence and imbruting to the noblest instincts of the human heart, that there is nothing that so fills the lover of his race with a burning hatred as the simple word which glares at us in the head of this article. Eating out the very manhood of the developing boy, tearing the fairest character to shreds, clouding the brightest intellects that have ever glowed in the world, poisoning the noblest natures that have ever mellowed the character of humanity with reflections of divinity, spreading a black shadow over hearthstones, filling almshouses and prisons and loading scaffolds, and stinging to their death honor and purity and innocence, rum has been and is the insatiable demon that gloats over the broadest, blackest swath of its own mowing that was ever cut through human hearts and human happiness. In the presence of such a remorseless destroyer it is not cowardice to confess ourselves afraid of the monster, or to run from its presence. It is foolhardiness to stand where so many thousands have been swept into ruin. It is little short of idiocy to tamper with that which has conquered the brightest minds and strongest wills, and made decent men repulsive in habit and appearance.

To the young men we earnestly appeal for their undying enmity to rum. As you value your happiness, and honor, and usefulness to yourselves and to the world, touch not, taste not, handle not the accursed stuff. Do not make the mistake of supposing that you will be safe in the clutch of a destroyer that has laid low so many thousands of our race; and do not make the greater mistake of thinking that you can drink and the world not know it. That is a vice that above all others leaves its footprint just where all may see it. The most moderate drinker can not hide the evidence of his indulgence. The eye, the breath and the manner tell the story even with the man who drinks moderately, which our young readers may prove to their satisfaction if they will observe the occasional drinker. If you drink, be willing that the world shall know it, for it will. One of the delusions of drinking men often is that nobody knows of their failing. With the marks of the vice on every feature of their faces, and conspicuous in their eyes and often in their tongue, and perhaps in their step, they persist in thinking that the world thinks them sober and pure. Be sure, young friend, that this sin above al. others will surely find you out.—*Western Rural.*

Upon Whom the Punishment Falls.

It is the women and children who suffer the evils of whisky-drinking; not the toper who spends his money for drink, and thinks he gets compensation in feeling good and becoming unconscious or extra ugly. The women and children have rights as well as the toper, yet the advocates of saloons overlook the fact. Only the drinker has rights; but there is coming a time when the women and children will be respected. The Chicago *Tribune*, a paper which advocates license, puts in the following plea for women and children: "One of the mayor's daily duties is to hear about forty individual petitions from the wives and dependent relations of men who are confined in the bridewell. The cases presented for official clemency are almost uniform in their nature. A hard-working man with a large family of children, and receiving barely wages enough to sustain them, gets drunk. He abuses his wife and children, and for protection the wife appeals to the police. The next morning the wife is compelled to appear before a justice; she is forced to tell her story to the justice, and before she has finished the recital of her sufferings the court interferes with 'one hundred dollars and costs.' Then the husband is hustled off to the bridewell to serve a six-months' imprisonment, and the weeping and penniless woman returns to her children, who are crying with hunger. The husband is not suffering; he gets his food, a place to sleep, and nothing to do, while the woman is obliged to labor for the bread her children must have or starve. The punishment falls alone upon the woman, while the man is the real offender."—*N. W. Christian Advocate.*

SAFETY is commonly promoted by a sense of danger. Caution is an accompaniment of courage. Not he who is sure that he will never fall or fail stands firmest in the hour of peril; but he who realizes the necessity of watchfulness at every step and on every side, and who knows that he will surely be overthrown unless he is alert, and is persistently determined. He who feels that he is in no danger of being overcome by a love of drink, if he is not a total abstainer, is by his very confidence in peculiar peril.—*S. S. Times.*

THE DRAWBACKS.

Bascom on the "Troubles" Connected with the Liquor Traffic—Still He Thinks He Has "Dun Well Enuff" in Spite of Them.

"Petro'eum V. Nasby," of "Confederit X Roads," recently proposed to Bascom that he take him into partnership in his "grosery" at that place. To his surprise the proposition was rejected, on the ground that Bascom didn't think the trade would stand two such industrious drinkers. In the course of the conversation Bascom remarked as follows, as reported by "Nasby" to the Toledo *Blade:*

"Likker sellin looks like a mity profitable biznis, but it aint allus. It hez its drorbax. Yoo see yer customers don't live long enuff to make the biznis ez profitable ez it shood be. Jest ez yoo git a man fairly fixed so that he hez to hev his likker regler, he gits so that he won't work, and consekently don't hev money to satisfy his appetite. That's the trubble. Wut good to me is a man with a healthy longin for stimulant, and no money to pay for it? Ef I cood find a likker wich wood make a man drink without destroyin his capassity for labor, it wood do, for then he wood earn money every day, and spend it every nite in my bar, and it wood be pleasant. But it don't work that way. Ef a man gits drunk Saturday nite and stays drunk all day Sunday he isn't wuth a straw for labor Monday, and ef he gits down to biznis by Thursday he is doing perty well. So you see half his time is lost, and his capassity fur payin fur likker is curtaled by the very likker he drinks. This bustin a man's sistem by stimulants cuts me out a good fifty per cent. uv wat there shood be in the biznis.

"And then another trouble is that every now and then a regler customer gits a foolish spasm, and goes and squanders a part of his earnings on his wife and children. I see only yesterday the little girl uv one uv my best customers go by in a noo calico dress and a noo pair uv shoes, wich I know he hed paid for, for he hasn't bin in my place for four days. And the money wich he paid for them shoes and that caliker dress wood hev bin in my till by this time ef he hedn't squandered it in thet onjestifiable way. Wat rite hed he to do it? Ef his little gal wanted noo shoes and a dress why didn't his wife git the money, by washin and sich? I hate to see noo shoes and noo caliker dresses on the little gals uv my customers. It is jest so much robbed from me.

"And then the trouble we hev with likker don't end with this sort uv thing. When a man hez drunk too much he won't work. The appetite for likker ought to end with a man's capassity for payin fur it, but it don't. He must hev it whether he works or not. And so he cums in and demands credit, and wat are you going to do? Ef you refuse him likker the poor devil mite git his stumick heeled, and mite, possibly, come to a pint wher he wooden't want it at all, wich wood be roinous. So yoo hev to give it to him on tick, to keep his stumick properly inflamed, so that when he does git to work he will continner to contribbit. Inezmuch es wat he earns when he is at work comes to me anyhow, he never hez any surplus to pay off old scores, and the result is loss uv wat yoo hev advanced. A skore wunst run up allus stays run up.

"Another trouble with us is the fites wich is inseperable from likker. The breakin uv chares, and glasses, and sich, don't count, but when one uv yoor best customers gits his hed broken so he hez to stay in bed a week and can't git to yoor bar at all, that is hart rendin'. And when they git to shootin'! I shel never forgit how I felt when I saw 'Lish Pogram, the Deekin's oldest son, curled up on this floor, with a hole thro his forehead, with Pete Gavitt, Issacker's oldest brother, a standin over him with his pistol smokin. 'Lish Pogram wuz ded ez a door nale, and he wuz wuth to me at leest three hundred dollars a yeer. And to finish up the disaster, they sent Pete to the penitenshary for life, for a killin uv him, and ther went another three hundred dollars a yeer. Pete committed sooiside before he hed bin ther a yeer, for he and 'Lish hed allus bin good frends and killin uv him when he wuz drunk kinder preyed onto his mind.

"However, I hev dun well enuff and don't kick. I hev a mortgage onto most uv the farms hereabouts, which, while they don't pay any interest on their notes, it amounts to the same thing, as they spend all the money they make at my bar anyhow. I hev a mortgage on their labor, that is the labor uv their wives and children.

"The reglers die too soon, but ther is the children comin up, and that is a shoor resource. They claim the rite to go wher ther dads go, and they cum. They come shoor. And ez their stomicks is fresh, for a few yeers they kin stand a great deel uv likker, and still do a tollable day's work. It is a sad fact that yer old customers die off mity fast; but the young 'uns cum in to take ther place, and they sort o' keep the thing runnin.

"But yo'd never do fur the biznis, Parson, never. It requires, to keep a bar at the Corners, a cool head, and absloot abstinence, till after the bar is closed. Yoo want to know who to trust and who not, you want to know when to interfere in a fite, and when not, and you want, above all, not to drink up your cappytie yooself. Yood never do fur the biznss, never."

One Reason for Hard Times.

The only benefit that labor can derive from the consumption of any article is the value of the labor in producing it. Whisky is sold to-day at an average of six dollars per gallon, and out of that sum labor gets the value of the labor expended in producing the gallon of whisky. The market value of the whisky, less the tax which represents no labor, is seventeen cents. So that every time a gallon of whisky is purchased labor can get in return but seventeen cents if it gets the full value of the whisky, which it does not, for capital claims its share.

A bolt of cotton cloth valued at six dollars contributed to labor in producing it four dollars, so that whenever six dollars is diverted from the purchase of whisky labor loses the difference between seventeen cents and four dollars.

This loss to labor amounts annually to the wages of more than 1,250,000 men at the present wages.—*XVIth Amendment.*

THE liquor traffic, like the man without the wedding-garment on, is speechless. No one will step forward and defend it on the ground of the good that it is capable of doing, and it has nothing to say in its own defense.—*XVIth Amendment.*

AN AMERICAN DIPLOMAT.

The Late William Hunter's Remarkable Knowledge of Foreign Affairs.

I suppose the late Assistant Secretary of State Hunter was better known among the diplomatists of Europe than any man in this country and there was no one in the United States so thoroughly posted as to political affairs in Europe as he. Being a close student, and having an unusually retentive memory, which did not seem to be impaired by age, he was familiar with the details of all the intrigues of continental politics for fifty years, so that every movement upon the international chess board was perfectly understood by him in its full significance. He knew much more about European politics than he did about our own, and used to affect an indifference to local affairs, saying that they did not concern him. It was the great game of nations that interested his mind and not Congressional or State campaigns.

I remember going to him once to ask some information about the Turko-Russian complications. He commenced by telling us what occurred in 1801, and after talking half an hour he had brought the subject down to 1820. I was in haste, and interrupting, tried to bring him to the point on which I wished to be informed, when, with a manifestation of impatience, he said that the great fault with newspapers and journalists was that they were too superficial; that they looked at the surface of affairs, and thought they could learn in a few moments what required the study of a life-time to understand. Frankly admitting the justice of the rebuke I listened for an hour longer as he related the diplomatic history of Turkey and Russia, and with the greatest patience and evident pleasure.

Mr. Hunter outlived his wife, and all his children except one, who still lives in Georgetown. Mrs. Hunter's death, a few years ago, seemed to knock out the principal prop to his life, and he has aged more rapidly since than before. He was a domestic man, and next to the pride he felt in his long connection with the State Department he enjoyed his home. His cronies were James Eveleth and Mr. Forrest of the Engineers' Department, and once a week, with a few other friends, they always met for a dinner party at his house, with a bowl of punch and a game of whist afterwards. He gave dinners to the diplomatic corps at regular intervals, and made it a point to invite all the heads of legations to his table at least once a year. He was regarded with a respect that amounted to reverence by the diplomatists in this city, particularly the older ones, who looked upon him as an oracle, and esteemed him highly, as he was one of the few of our officials whom they had known by reputation before coming here.

Mr. Hunter was a very accomplished musician, and had perhaps the most extensive and valuable musical library in Washington. There are few finer collections in the United States. Next to his duties at the department he loved his music, and was a skillful performer upon the violin, the 'cello, the flute and the piano. His wife was also a fine musician, and up to the time of her last illness scarcely a day passed without their spending an hour or two in practice, although he was nearly eighty and she past three score and ten. Only a few days ago an attache of the State Department visiting his sick room found him propped up by pillows in his bed, with a sheet of music before him and his flute in his hand, playing an old air.—*W. E. Curtis, in N. Y. Graphic.*

SOME BIG SALMON.

Monsters Captured in Various Countries During the Past Hundred Years.

In weight the salmon of the Canadian rivers average between twenty and twenty-five pounds. A thirty-pound salmon is very large, and a forty-pound fish will be talked of throughout the season, although it is said that salmon weighing fifty pounds have been caught in the Restigouche—one, indeed, was said to weigh fifty-four pounds. The Princess Louise, the daughter of the Queen of England, and the wife of the Marquis of Lorne, the former Governor-General of Canada, caught a forty-pound salmon in the Cascapedia river, in the Province of Quebec, a few years ago. Last summer I employed one of the two canoemen who were with the Princess at the time, and he had a great deal to say about her skill in handling that salmon. I don't think he cared much about other members of the royal family, but "The Princess, sir, she was a good an with the rod." Salmon weighing sixty pounds are taken now and then in Scotch rivers, and a few rivers in England still yield large fish. Sir John Hawkins speaks of a salmon caught in an English river in April, 1789, which was four feet long, three feet around the body, and weighed seventy pounds. There is a story told of a Highlander who hooked a salmon in the river Awe, and played the fish for hours, until night came on without his being able to tire it out. Then, as the fish was sulking quietly at the bottom, he lay down, took the line in his teeth, that any motion might wake him, and went to sleep. The Highlander slept and the salmon sulked until three o'clock in the morning, when some friends of the former came to look for him. With their help he managed to land the fish about daybreak, and it weighed seventy-three pounds. That was certainly a giant, but a salmon weighing eighty-three pounds is reported once to have been sent to the London market.—*Ripley Hitchcock, in St. Nicholas.*

—In a mail-bag recently opened at Kingston, N. Y., was found a large copperhead snake, which had been put into the bag by some foolish young man as a joke. Fortunately the snake was killed before it could do any harm.—*Troy Times.*

MASCOTS AND OMENS.

Popular Superstitions Prevailing Among Professional Ball-Players.

"Yes, sir," "it's a fact," said John Morrill, the captain of the Boston club, "that professional ball-players are as a rule very superstitious. It is nothing more than natural, though," he continued, "and is not so much due to the ignorance of the men as is sometimes supposed. You see so much chance enters into every game of ball that the boys who play game after game, gradually become impressed with the belief that they can read in advance certain signs or omens which will have more or less effect upon their individual play, if not upon the result of the game. On the whole I think it's a very good thing, if the bad signs do not outnumber the good ones. A superstitious player who has seen his favorite omen on the way to the grounds, will play with more confidence, and will, therefore, play a better game of ball than if he started in heavy hearted and sure of defeat. The boys are always on the lookout for something to bring them good luck, but won't see a bad sign if they can help it, and that is the proper way. A good many players are more superstitious than they will acknowledge, although in reality they don't believe in any such ideas. They begin by being in fun in claiming that this or that will bring them good luck, and the first thing they know they are placing more dependence than they imagine on these signs, particularly if they happen to prophesy right once or twice.

"The mascot business seems to be the most popular luck-bringing idea," continued Morrill. "We haven't had a mascot, but we saw the Kansas City when we were out there. For the first game they picked up a kid with two or three rows of teeth, and dressed him up. He didn't work very well, for they lost the game and nothing more was heard of him. The next day they had a great big colored man in uniform, and, bless your soul, they won the game. They were sure their new mascot did the business. The papers published his picture, and he was the lion of the day. They will have to get a little stronger team, though, for the mascot can't do it all. The Chicagos have this year a little fellow named Willie Hahn, who appears in uniform at every game. He is Williamson's special protege. The Chicago's boomed the mascot idea this year, but it was not a new one by any means. In '77 George Wright picked up a little coon in Boston, and dressed him up and kept him with the team for two years, and we won the championship both seasons. Another year we had a dwarf for a mascot, but he didn't prove a very successful one, and we failed to win the pennant. Mascots are good things to encourage the boys, but you have got to have a pretty strong team to encourage the mascot."

"What are some of the superstitious ideas beside the mascot?" asked the reporter.

"They have all kinds of good luck signs," he replied. "I remember in '83, when we were way behind in the race, one of our boys saw a horse cast a shoe in front of the hotel in Detroit. He stepped out into the street and picked it up. On it was the mark 'O'Win,' only the name of the Detroit blacksmith who made the shoe, but the finder took it as a good omen. He didn't say any thing about it, but quietly hid it in his gripsack and carried it with him. The boys soon got on to it and regarded it as a good luck sign, and the first thing we knew we were winning games right along, and ended the season in the lead. The boys laid our success to the horseshoe, and so did old man O'Win. He never fails to come and see us when we are in Detroit.

"Burdock is the superstitious member of our team now," continued the veteran ball-tosser. "He is full of it. If he can see a watering cart on the way from the hotel to the ball grounds he is just as well satisfied that the game is ours as if it had been played and recorded in our favor. He has to see the cart though after leaving the hotel and before reaching the grounds, or it is no good. You may be sure he gets a seat in the carriage from which he can see every thing and keeps his neck craned in every direction. All of a sudden he yells out: 'There she is, boys,' and then settles back in his seat perfectly contented. Sutton got a four-leaf clover in a letter the other day from his wife, marked 'Good luck.' 'Sut' keeps it with him. Wife sent it, you know. Doesn't matter if he doesn't believe in it. I begin to think, though, that the people interested in base-ball are about as superstitious as the players. We are all the time receiving something anonymously, which will be sure to give us good luck. Since I've been here I received a tin-type of a colored boy, which the sender assured me would beat all the mascots, big or little. The other day I received a pea-pod containing just nine peas. The letter which accompanied it said that good luck is bound to follow the ball-tosser who possesses such a pod. What did I do with it? I've got it yet. There is no use wantonly breaking your luck if you have any. It can't do any harm. I'm not superstitious, you know, but then what's the use throwing away what may be a good thing."—*Washington Star.*

Unexpected Cold Wave.

"Say!" he called, as he put his head into a plumber's shop yesterday, "our water pipe has frozen up and busted."

"What! In the summer? That can't be," replied the plumber.

"Well, it's just the same. The kitchen is full of water, the hired girl's quit and ma told dad before I left home that if it wasn't for the children she wouldn't live with him another day. You'd think it was cold enough up there if you belonged to the family."—*Detroit Free Press.*