

IN THE SOUTHERN ALPS.

Hunting Pigs and Goats in Far-Away New Zealand.

Hard Tramps Through Field and Forest—The Victorious of Wild Boar—A Breathless Moment—Tragedy in Hunting on Horseback.

[Special New Zealand Letter.]

It was a party of four sturdy young fellows who found themselves after a weary and dangerous journey of six days from Westport on the top of Mount William, of the southern Alps of New Zealand, in November, 1887. They had pitched their tent in a gully that seemed to have been the refuge of mosquitoes for centuries, but by lying close to the fire and smoking heavy tobacco they managed to get a little rest. They had brought four dogs with them for the purpose of hunting the pig, but whether it was advisable to take them



OUR PARTY STARTS.

after the goats was a matter of much discussion. Finally it was agreed upon to leave them tied up at the tent.

Early in the following morning they set out and soon found that a herd of goats had lately been near their last camp. They hastened on in pursuit through a wild, weird country. Some times they struggled through a dense forest with thick underwood that greatly impeded their advance and tore their stout buckskin clothing into shreds. Low-growing, beautiful ferns, rough, gigantic brakes and millions of parasitic plants with white and red flowers surrounded them on every side, while a hundred singing birds warbled and flitted merrily from tree to tree. Then again they would be forced to creep on hands and knees over and under immense boulders, or, with the greatest difficulty, to round a craggy precipice, where the slightest giddiness meant a horrible death in the chasm that waited silently below to destroy the men who had dared to tempt its cruelty.

Intensely dangers were forgotten, for beyond a sharp turn, and about half a mile away, a herd of goats was seen lazily picking up a little food or chewing their cud; several little kids gambled about in the heyday of youth and carelessness, while a noble specimen of a buck stood contemplating his kingdom. Approaching warily under shelter of trees or rocks, and against the wind, we could see that he was a magnificent creature, standing over four feet high, with colossal ringed horns of about twenty inches in length; his head was only a few inches from the ground, and a straggly black and white coat of long hair gave him a formidable appearance and made him look much larger than he really was. Our eyes watered with delight as we took stock of him, and each mentally determined to secure the prize. As we came slowly nearer and nearer the "billy" became more and more suspicious of some unseen enemy who was threatening the safety of himself or some of his subjects. He sniffed the wind, looked up and down and all around, walked majestically hither and thither, while his family rose and followed. Something had frightened him; what could it be? Look! they are scared and are scampering off.

An expletive escapes each man's lips as we find all our hopes so rudely shattered. But what was the cause? See, there it is. "Well, I'm blest," exclaimed Jack Pettit. "Look, Nero's



SHOOTING GOATS.

got loose and has followed us." Sure enough, there was the dog. Every gun was leveled at the poor panting beast to punish him for his faithfulness, but better impulse saved him. No more work for that day. We slept on the spot. In the morning we secured Nero more firmly and started out again. After two hours' perilous walking we again sighted the same herd. We came upon them unexpectedly in a patch of small scrub three hundred feet away on the side of a precipice that ran down to a sparkling cascade. The scrub prevented us from using our old-fashioned muzzle loaders, so we quietly and carefully cut pieces of the ti-ti tree, and forming them into a kind of bow that hid us from sight slowly and cautiously advanced. Each of us wished to get the buck for the sake of his horns, so we cast lots for the first shot. George Williams won. Inch by inch, and foot by foot, nearer we drew while the stones disturbed by the goats above rattled not over pleasantly down upon us and threatened an avalanche. The wind was blowing strongly against us. Everything was in our favor. Now we are only one hundred yards away.

A little nearer and we are all right. Keep cool, boys, and don't get excited. Now is the chance! There are seven

goats just ahead of us, and in their midst stands the lordly male. Now every gun is thrown to the shoulder. No mistaking this time. George has the first shot. He seems a little nervous. He fires, and down drops the she goat on the right of the buck. Ere our astonishment is over Kerrigan has fired and brought down the buck. Two more reports and two more goats fall, cleanly shot. The others have disappeared.

After three days' hunting we left this field of danger and sport to seek another.

Accompanied by our dogs we started across the ranges for Motueka valley, between which and us many wild pigs scour the forest and field. On our journey, which lasted a week, we dined daily on royal fare. A young kid would serve us better than the most dainty dish of venison, while pigeons, kakas and tuis formed a meal fit for a Lucullus.

Now for the pigs. A few years ago the descendants of Capt. Cook's gift to the Maoris became so numerous in this fertile land that they caused a serious annual loss to the farmers. For in their search for roots they destroyed the grass and hence the food of sheep and cattle. A bonus was offered of half a crown—a little more than half a dollar for every pig. This reward aroused the slumbering energies of natives and hunters and hundreds of pig killers made a handsome living. Their method was to hunt the pigs with dogs trained to fly at the grunts and hold them by the ear until the hunters could give the struggling beasts the coup de grace by sticking them to death with a long pole belted at the end with a short heavy piece of iron or steel.

Now, however, the pigs are not so numerous, although there are plenty for sport. We had provided ourselves with hunting spears and determined to have as much fun as possible. On the eighth day, as we were meandering through the brush with our dogs at our heels, we were startled by a porcupine grunt in our vicinity. The dogs broke away at once to a large clump of thorny bush and out rushed a big sow with a litter of squealing young. She dashed straight at the first dog, but not being the kind of game we sought we called off the dogs. The mother, by the love of offspring infuriated, bit, squealed and trampled maliciously around. Her cries brought help in the shape of two huge brown and black boars. What savage-looking brutes they are! How quickly they cover the intervening distance! Large flakes of foam fall from



GEORGE IS FORCED TO THE GROUND.

their jaws and bespatter legs, face and breast, and their eyes gleam with a wicked flash. Ha, that is the kind of game we want. The dogs recognize a higher and mightier foe and go for the boars. Each of the dogs springs at an ear, but both are thrown off as if they were rats.

Men and hounds feel that there is to be a warm struggle. We have cast our guns and other impediments from us and abide our time, spear in hand. The boars strive to slash the dogs with their long curled tusks, but the hounds nimbly evade them, at the same time biting at the flank and ear of the pigs. The latter see us and make desperate efforts to shake off the dogs and attack the men. The excitement increases, for the sow has come upon the scene, and in self-defense we are obliged to dispatch her. One of the boars, with a dog hanging to its legs, makes a rush towards George Williams. He stands coolly awaiting the onslaught with his feet firmly planted on the earth and holding the spear poised in both hands. He is a strong man, and we are all sure that he will be lucky this time in downing the first game. Ziah—goes the spear into the side of the boar, but instead of falling it rushes on, forcing poor George to the ground. Before we can come to his aid the maddened beast has gashed him twice in the thigh. With a cry of horror we see the ground wet with his blood. But before the brute has time to do further injury the three of us have sent home our spears. Even then the boar tries to rise and do us battle, but Kerrigan falls across him and sends his sheath knife deep into the heart. One of us attends to George, while the other two defend themselves against the second boar, which is killed only after a fierce struggle.

George Williams received two very severe flesh wounds, seven and nine inches long and about one and one-half inches deep respectively. They were sewed together, and George was carried to the camp, where we were obliged to remain a fortnight before the sufferer could proceed.

Sometimes wild boars are hunted on horseback with spears, and this fashion is doubly dangerous. I was once present at a hunt of this kind in which a wealthy young Nelsonian was literally gashed to death, after he had been thrown from his horse by a big black boar, who cut open his stomach with a stroke as clean and straight as that a knife could make.

Gave Himself Away.
The young man had been telling the old lady quite a lot about himself.
"You remind me," she said, "of a story I once read."
"What was it, may I ask?"
"Oh, I don't remember the story at all," she exclaimed, artlessly, "but I remember it didn't have any moral to it."
—Detroit Free Press.

FLIGHT OF THE BIRDS.

From Which Dr. Talmage Draws Some Instructive Lessons.

Birds Recognize the Appointed Time For Moving and Men Should Be Thus Wise in Making Their Start For God and Heaven.

In a late sermon at Brooklyn Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage contrasted the sagacity of the birds in moving south at the approach of winter with the lack of wisdom in men in starting for their heavenly home. He took his text from Jeremiah viii. 7: "The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle and the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord." Dr. Talmage said:

When God would set fast a beautiful thought He plants it in a tree. When He would put it about He fashions it into a fish. When He would have it glide the air He molds it into a bird. My text speaks of four birds of beautiful instinct—the stork, of such strong affection that it is allowed familiarly to come in Holland and Germany and build its nest over the doorway; the sweet dispositioned turtle-dove, mingling in color white and black and brown and ash and chestnut; the crane, with voice like the clang of a trumpet; the swallow, swift as a dart shot out of the bow of heaven, falling, mounting, skimming, sailing—four birds started by the prophet twenty-five centuries ago, yet flying on through the ages, with resolute truth under glossy wing and the clutch of stout claw. I suppose it may have been this very season of the year—autumn—and the prophet out of doors, thinking of the impotence of the people of his day, hears a great cry overhead.

Now you know it is no easy thing for one with ordinary delicacy of sight to look into the deep blue of the noonday heaven; but the prophet looks up, and there are flocks of storks, and turtle doves, and cranes, and swallows, drawn out in long lines for flight southward. As is their habit, the cranes had arranged themselves into two lines making an angle, a wedge splitting the air with wild velocity, the old crane with commanding call bidding them onward; while the towns and the cities and the continents slid under them. The prophet, almost blinded from looking into the dazzling heavens, stoops down and begins to think how much superior the birds are in sagacity about their safety than men about theirs; and he puts his hand upon the pen and begins to write: "The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle and the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."

If you are in the field to-day, in the clump of trees at the corner of the field, you would see a convention of birds, noisy as the American congress the last night before adjournment, or as the English parliament when some unfortunate member proposes more economy in the queen's household—a convention of birds all talking at once, moving and passing resolutions on the subject of migrations; some proposing to go tomorrow, some moving that they go today, some moving that they go to Brazil, some to Florida, some to the table lands of Mexico, but all unanimous in the fact that they must go soon, for they have marching orders from the Lord, written on the first white sheet of frost, and in the pictorial of the changing leaves. There is not a belted kingfisher, or a chaffinch, or a fire crested wren, or a plover, or a red legged partridge but expects to spend the winter at the south, for the apartments have already been ordered for them in South America, or in Africa; and after thousands of miles of flight, they will stop in the very tree where they spent last January. Farewell, bright plumage. Until spring weather, away! Fly on, great band of heavenly musicians! Strow the continents with music, and whether from northern fields, or Carolina swamps, or Brazilian groves, men see your wings, or hear your voice, may they bethink themselves of the solemn words of the text: "The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle and the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."

I propose, so far as God may help me, this morning, carrying out the idea of the text, to show that the birds of the air have more sagacity than men. And I begin by particularizing and saying that they mingle music with their work. The most serious undertaking of a bird's life is the annual travel from the Hudson to the Amazon, from the Thames to the Nile. Naturalists tell us that they arrive there thin and weary, and plumage ruffled, and yet they go singing all the way; the ground, the lower line of the music, the sky, the upper line of the music, themselves, the notes scattered up and down between. I suppose their song gives elasticity to their wing and helps on with the journey, dwindling 1,000 miles into 400. Would God that we were as wise as they in mingling Christian song with our every day work! I believe there is such a thing as taking the pitch of Christian devotion in the morning and keeping it all the day. I think we might take some of the dulcet, heavenly, most disagreeable work of our life and set it to the tune of "Antioch" or "Mount Pisgah."

It is a good sign when you hear a workman whistle. It is a better sign when you hear him hum a roundelay. It is still a better sign when you hear him sing the words of Isaac Watts or Charles Wesley. A violin chorde and strung, if something accidentally strikes it, makes music, and I suppose there is such a thing as having our hearts so attuned by divine grace that even the rough collisions of life will make a heavenly vibration. I do not believe that the power of Christian song has yet been fully tried. I believe that if you could roll the "Old Hundred" doxology through Wall street, it would put an end to any financial disturbance! I

believe that the discords, and the sorrows, and the sins of the world are to be swept out by heaven-born hal-lujahs. Some one asked Haydn, the celebrated musician, why he always composed such cheerful music. "Why," he said, "I can't do otherwise. When I think of God my soul is so full of joy that the notes leap and dance from my pen." I wish we might all exult melodiously before the Lord. With God for our Father and Christ for our Saviour and Heaven for our home, and angels for future companions, and eternity for a lifetime, we should strike all the notes of joy. Going through the wilderness of this world let us remember that we are on the way to the summery clime of Heaven, and from the migratory populations flying through this autumnal air learn always to keep singing:

Children of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing:
Sing your Saviour's worthy praises,
Glorious in His works and ways.
Ye are traveling home to God,
In the way your fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

The church of God never will be a triumphant church until it becomes a singing church.

I go further and remark that the birds of the air are wiser than we, in the fact that in their migration they fly very high. During the summer, when they are in the fields, they often come within reach of the gun, but when they start for the annual flight southward they take their places and go straight as an arrow to the mark. The longest rifle that was ever brought to shoulder cannot reach them. Would to God that we were as wise as the stork and crane in our flight heavenward! We fly so low that we are in easy range of the world, the flesh and devil. We are brought down by temptations that ought not to come within a mile of reaching us. O, for some of the faith of George Muller, of England, and Alfred Cookman, once of the church militant, now of the church triumphant! No poor is the type of piety in the church of God now that men actually caricature the idea that there is any such thing as a higher life. Moles never did believe in eagles. But, my brethren, because we have not reached these heights ourselves, shall we deride the fact that there are any such heights? A man was once talking to Brunel, the famous engineer, about the length of the railroad from London to Bristol. The engineer said: "It is not very great. We shall have, after awhile, a steamer running from England to New York." They laughed him to scorn; but we have gone so far now that we have ceased to laugh at anything as impossible for human achievement. Then, I ask, is anything impossible for the Lord? I do not believe that God exhausted all his grace in Paul, and Latimer, and Edward Payson. I believe there are higher points of Christian attainment to be reached in the future ages of the Christian world.

You tell me that Paul went up to the tip top of the Alps of Christian attainment. Then I tell you the stork and crane have found above the Alps plenty of room for free flying. We go out and we conquer our temptations by the grace of God, and lie down. On the morrow those temptations rally themselves and attack us, and by the grace of God we defeat them again; but staying all the time in the old encampment, we have the same old battles to fight over. Why not whip out our temptations, and then forward march, making one raid through the enemy's country, stopping not until we break ranks at the last victory? Do, my brethren, let us have some novelty of combat, at any rate, by changing, by going on, by making advancement, trading off our stale prayers about sins we ought to have quit long ago, going on toward a higher state of Christian character, and routing out sins that we have never thought of yet. The fact is, if the church of God—if we, as individuals, made rapid advancement in the Christian life—these stereotyped prayers we have been making for ten or fifteen years would be as inappropriate to us as the shoes and the hats and the coats we wore ten or fifteen years ago. O for a higher flight in the Christian life, the stork and the crane in their migration teaching us the lesson!

Dear Lord, and shall we ever live,
At this poor dying rate—
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great!

Again I remark that the birds of the air are wiser than we, because they know when to start. If you should go out now and shout: "Stop, storks and cranes, don't be in a hurry," they would say: "No, we cannot stop. Last night we heard the roaring in the woods bidding us away, and the shrill flute of the north wind has sounded the retreat. We must go. We must go." So they gather themselves into companies and, turning not aside for storm or mountain top or shock of musketry, over land and sea, straight as an arrow to the mark they go. And if you come out this morning with a sack of corn and throw it in the fields and try to get them to stop, they are so far up they would hardly see it. They are on their way south. You could not stop them. O, that we were as wise about the best time to start for God and Heaven! We say: "Wait until it is a little later in the season of mercy. Wait until some of these green leaves of hope are all dried up and have been scattered. Wait until next year." After a while we start, and it is too late, and we perish in the way when God's wrath is kindled but little. There are, you know, exceptional cases where birds have started too late, and in the morning you have found them dead on the snow. And there are those who have perished half way between the world and Christ. They waited until the last sickness, when the mind was gone, or they were on the express train going at forty miles an hour, and they came to the bridge and the "draw was up" and they went down. How long to repent and pray? Two seconds! Two seconds! To do the work of a lifetime and to prepare for the vast eternity in two seconds!

I was reading of an entertainment given in a king's court and there were musicians there with elaborate pieces

of music. After awhile Mozart came and began to play and he had a blank piece of paper before him and the king familiarly looked over his shoulder and said: "What are you playing? I see no music before you." And Mozart put his hand on his brow, as much as to say, "I am improvising." It was very well for him, but O my friends, we cannot extemporize Heaven. If we do not get prepared in this world we will never take part in the orchestral harmonies of the saved. O that we were as wise as the crane and the stork, flying away, flying away from the tempt.

Some of you have felt the pinching frost of sin. You feel it to-day. You are not happy. I look into your faces, and I know you are not happy. There are voices within your soul that will not be silenced, telling you that you are sinners, and that without the pardon of God you are undone forever. What are you to do, my friends, with the accumulated transgressions of this lifetime? Will you stand still and let the avalanche tumble over you? O that you would go away into the warm heart of God's mercy. The southern grove, redolent with magnolia and cactus, never waited for northern flocks as God has waited for you, saying: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love. Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Another frost is bidding you away—it is the frost of sorrow. Where do you live now? "O," you say, "I have moved." Why did you move? You say, "I don't want as large a house now as formerly." Why do you not want as large a house? You say, "my family is not so large." Where have they gone to? "Eternity." Your mind goes back through that last sickness and through the almost supernatural effort to save life, and through those prayers that seemed unavailing and through that kiss which received no response because the lips were lifeless, and I hear the bells tolling and I hear the hearts breaking—while I speak I hear them break. A heart! Another heart! Alone! alone! alone! This world, which in your girlhood and boyhood was sunshine, is cold now, and O weary dove, you fly around this world as though you would like to stay, when the wind and the frost and the blackening clouds would bid you away into the heart of an all comforting God. O, I have noticed again and again what a blotch this world makes of it when it tries to comfort a soul in trouble! It says: "Don't cry!" How can we help crying when the heart's treasures are scattered, and father is gone, and mother is gone, and companions are gone, and the child is gone, and everything seems gone. It is no comfort to tell a man not to cry. The world comes up and says: "O, it is only the body of your loved one that you have put in the ground! But there is no comfort in that. That body is precious. Shall we never put our hand in that hand again, and shall we never see that sweet face again? Away, with your heartlessness, O world! But come, Jesus! and tell us that when the tears fall they fall into God's bottle; that the dear bodies of our loved ones shall rise radiant in the resurrection; and all the breakings down here shall be lifted up there, and "they shall hunger no more, neither thirst no more, neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe all tears from their eyes."

You may have noticed that when the chaffinch or the stork or the crane starts on its migration, it calls all those of its kind to come too. The tree tops are full of chirp and whistle and carol and the long roll call. The bird does not start off alone. It gathers all of its kind. O, that you might be as wise in this migration to Heaven, and that you might gather all your families and your friends with you! I would that Hannah might take Samuel by the hand, and Abraham might take Isaac, and Hagar might take Ishmael.

Start for Heaven yourself and take your children with you. Come thou and all thy house into the ark. Tell your little ones that there are realms of balm and sweetness for all those who fly in the right direction. Swifter than eagle's stroke put out for Heaven. Like the crane or the stork, stop not night or day until you find the right place for stopping.

To-day the Saviour calls,
Ye wanderers come,
O, ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?
The Spirit calls to-day,
Yield to His power,
O, grieve Him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour.

THEIR WEAK POINTS.

Follies of some of the greatest men in the world's history.

All great people have had their follies, which is another way of saying that all have had their weak points. Tycho Brahe, the great astronomer, with a terrible fear of hares and foxes. The great Dr. Johnson, with all his philosophy, was not without a superstition. He was very careful not to enter a room with his left foot foremost; if by any chance he did so, he would immediately step back and re-enter with his right foot foremost. He was terribly afraid of death, too, and would not suffer it to be mentioned in his presence.

Julius Cæsar, to whom the shouts of thousands of the enemy were but sweet music, was mortally afraid of the sound of thunder, and always wanted to get underground to escape the dreadful noise.

Marshal Saxe, who loved to look upon the ranks of opposing armies, fled and screamed in terror at the sight of a cat.

Peter the Great could scarcely be persuaded to cross a bridge, and whenever he planted his foot on one he would scream in terror. Like the great man that he was, he tried to overcome his weakness, but he was never able to do so.

And Byron would never help anyone to salt at table, nor would he be helped himself; and if any salt were spilled he would immediately get up and leave—Yankee Blade.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—The more house a man builds on the sand the more he will have to lose when the storm comes.—Ram's Horn.

—A man who formerly acted as fireman to a locomotive refers to his recollections of that time as "tender reminiscences."

—"Fine weather for corn," remarked the passenger clinging to the strap. The car lurched and— "There goes my entire crop!" groaned the passenger who was sitting down.

—Mr. Bullion—"You are far too young to marry my daughter. You are only eighteen." Tom—"Yes, sir, but Miss Julia is thirty-four, so the two of us would average about right."—Jester.

—Not Good for Shaving.—Rastus (in need of a shave)—"Kin you lend me a razor, I'm going to a party to-night." Gawge—"Cert; here's one wid teef on it, it kin cut jess bully."—Brooklyn Eagle.

—Physics Class.—Professor—"Speaking of transparent objects, glass and water are transparent, because we can see through them. Now, Mr. De Kid, can you give me another example?" De Kid—"Yes, sir; a hole."

—"Likely He Had."—"Papa," asked little Ethel, after a season of deep thought, "did you have any idea that I would go right along living with you and being your daughter the first time we were introduced?"—Indianapolis Journal.

—The announcement of a forthcoming English wedding contains the request that the old custom of throwing rice and flowers should be dispensed with. Throwing a slipper after the bride is an old Saxon custom, but throwing rice is oriental, and in England dates only from the time of the Indian nabobs.

—The government tract of land at West Point contains about 2,100 acres; most of which was purchased in 1790, from the son of one of the original patentees; the rest was purchased in 1824. Jurisdiction was ceded by New York to the United States, over a part of the tract in 1836 and over the remainder in 1875.

—It isn't what you see but what you feel that will make your work interesting. You can look at a thing and see it, but that's nothing. You can look at something which may give you an emotion. That's feeling. Facts don't amount to anything. Cytoplastias are full of them. It's an individual's expression of them that is interesting.

—In 1622, James L., then king of England, made strenuous efforts to introduce silk culture to supersede tobacco growing into the colony of Virginia, but with no great success, though considerable silk was produced. In 1649 there were 15,000 white inhabitants and 800 negro slaves, and the colonists had a large amount of live stock. Tobacco at that time was the colonial currency.

—A European correspondent informs us that a Russian expedition is now in northeast Siberia for the purpose of bringing back a mammoth which has been discovered there frozen in a perfect condition. The writer adds that he has strong hopes the naturalist in charge of the expedition may discover the eggs of Ross' Gull (Rhodostethia rossii), as yet unknown to zoologists.—Science.

—Queen Victoria's Hindoostanee doesn't come to her with a hard digging. She actually has a Hindoostanee secretary, a fact unknown to her American admirers. His name is Munshi Hafiz Abdul Karim, and if his pupil were not a queen he would be called a tutor. Mr. Karim is a fat-faced, dark-kinned gentleman, who wears eastern raiment and has a soft fringe of black beard all round his cheeks and chin.

—John Johnson, a newly rich man, wishing to be considered a literary turn, bought books right and left to found a library. Among his purchases was an old dictionary. This he sent to be rebound. When it was returned it had printed on its back the words, "Johnson's Dictionary." This familiarity he could not endure, and he indignantly asked the binder why he did not put on his full name, "John Johnson's Dictionary."

—One hundred and nine thousand locomotives are at present running on the earth. Europe has 63,000, America 40,000, Asia 3,500, Australia 2,000 and Africa 700. In Europe, Great Britain and Ireland take premier position, with 17,000 engines, Germany has 15,000, France 11,000, Austria-Hungary, the second largest Continental country, has 5,000, Italy 4,000, Russia 3,500, Belgium 2,000, Holland and Spain 1,000 each, Switzerland 900 and the remaining European states 2,600.

—At a late fair in Brittany, France, a monk from the Frestine monastery exhibited a plain-looking table with an inlaid chess board on its surface. The inventor, or anyone so disposed, set the pieces for a game and then sits along at one side of the table. However cautiously he plays he is frequently checkmated by the pieces from the opposite side, which move automatically across the board. No matter how scientifically the player plays the ghost-moved pieces frequently come out ahead. No mechanism is apparent; to all intent the table is a solid board.

His Dog Retrieved the Bomb.

A rather reckless Blidder rd (Mr.) man, with no respect for law or gospel, is said to have devised a scheme for catching trout by the wholesale, which did not work as well as he thought. He thought that a bomb exploded in the brook would bring all the fish in it to the surface, so that he would only have to pick them up. He provided himself with a bomb powerful enough to blast a schooner out of water and went to a local brook in which there were said to be lots of trout. He fixed the fuse, ignited it, and threw the bomb into the brook. As he did so his dog jumped in after it, seized it in his mouth, got back to shore, and started after his master, who was legging it across the field as fast as he could in the realization of his danger. The man had the good luck to get over a fence, which bothered the dog, and a moment later, hearing an explosion, he looked around to see his dog going skyward.—Lewiston Journal.