### Is the 29th of February a Day?

court so decided it had not examined ing leap year, passed in the twenty the case to which we refer, the judge | newspaper there forthwith. determined to consider the question de novo, and he came to the conclusion that the 29th of February must be regarded as as day in the contemplation of the law, at least, as much as any other, and must be reckoned in the legal computation of time where days are considered.

"Is the man who works on Feb. 28 and 29 to have pay for one day only?" he asks. "Has a judgment rendered on Feb. 28 no priority as a lien over one rendered on Feb. 29? Could a man sentenced to be hung on Feb. 29 be legally executed on Feb. 28?" Of course not. The confusion on the subject has evidently arisen from statutes treating of the entire | mud. year as a whole. Thus, there is a provision in the Revised Statutes of New York that whenever the term "year" or "years" shall be used in any law sentence, contract or instrument of writing the year intended shall be taken to consist of 365 days, a half year 182 days, a quarter of a year 91, and the added day of a leap year and the day immediately preceding, if they shall occur in any period so computed, shall be reckoned together as one day."-St. Louis Republic.

### Two Women and a Bear.

Roderick McDonald, who lives in one of the remote parts of a settlement at Molus River, a provincial town, was absent from home a few nights ago, having left his wife and sister as the sole defenders of his household, says a Vanceboro 'Me.) dispatch to the New York Herald. Just at dusk the two women, who were busy about their household duties, were suddenly attracted by a bellowing among the cattle in the barnyard. Without the slightest hesitation the women armed themselves with the only weapons on hand -an ax and a pitchfork-and sallied forth. Only a few steps had been traversed before they saw an enormous black bear, that stood aggressively awaiting them. At either side of him lay an ox, which had fallen under his heavy blows, while the rest of the cattle were huddled closely in one corner of the yard bellowing piteously in their fright.

Mrs. McDonald, excited at the sight of the dead animals, rushed at the bear with a pitchfork, thrusting it deep into his neck. A roar of mingled rage and pain followed and with a sweep of his paw he struck the weapon from her hands. The other woman struck at the bear wit the ax, disabling one of the forward legs. Mrs. McDonald ran for her pitchfork, recovered it, and the two plucky women then went for bruin hammer and tongs. Mrs. McDonald wounded him with the pitchfork in front while her companion did deadly execution with the ax. The battle was short and sharp, and the bear was dead in a few moments. He was very large and old. The women had their clothes badly torn, but beyond a few scratches and the fright suffered no injury.

### Their First Glimpse of the Ocean.

From the Detroit Free Press.

There is hardly a day but that some man comes down to take his first view of the ocean, and it is always interesting to watch him. Most of them manage to conceal a great deal of their surprise on first beholding the boundless expanse and the white-crested breakers, but your real old farmer is no dissembler. One came down the other day who was 74 years old, and who was accompanied by his wife, almost as old, and three sons. The five stood in a row on the hotel veranda and gazed at the rolling deep for fully five minutes before a word was spoken. Then the old man turned to his wife and said; Well, Sarah, what do you think of

"I believe it's bigger'n our whole

farm," she replied. "Bigger! I guess it is! Hain't she purty? I've allus heard and read of the ocean, and here it is at last. It's a sight worth seein'-eh, boys?" 'Yes, father, answered one, "but I

don't see a whale or a shark." "No, nor I, either, but don't be in a hurry, Henry. Give her time. She's a big body of water and has got to move slow. There's sharks and whales in there as sure as you are alive, but give 'em a show-let 'em have a little rope. We've got four hours to stay, and we won't jump on her for a swindle until we've given her a fair trial.

One Kind of Knot. A correspondent from up the country writes that he has often observed the expression, "a knot of people," and he is anxious to know how many peoplego to makea knot. The term is by no means arbitrary. A dozen persons may be regarded as a knot, and then again two well disposed people and a minister can make the most delightful of knots. -Binghamton Leader.

### Rivals.

The question whether the 29th of | A newspaper proprietor, who is February is legally a day or not has now a wealthy man tells an amusing lately been presented to the courts o story of one of his early ventures. Indiana. There is authority in that He went to the west when but 23 state to the effect that the Asth and | years old with a capital of only two 29th of February are to be counted or three hundred dollars. He had as one day; but when the supreme done some reporting for a local paper at home and had a smatteran ancient English statute concern- ing of the printer's art. Hearing of a new town in the mountains, a third year of Henry III, which bears town of which great things were exupon the subject. Accordingly, in pected, he decided to establish a

> He borrowed some money to add to his meager capital, and started alone for the field with his little handpress and type and paper in a wagon.

The journey was about fifty miles in length and mostly up hill. The muddy road made the traveling slow and difficult, so that it was almost The landscape tades away at evenfall. dark when, on the second day, he came within sight of the new town still five miles distant.

Just then, as he pulled through a slough at a curve in the road, he overtook a fellow traveler whose old is the glad, pathetic song of long ago! wagon, to which was hitched a bony horse, was hopelessly fast in the

young newspaper man promptly unhitched his horse and and went to the other man's assistance. For nearly an hour the two men pushed and the two horses pulled. Finally the horses gave a mighty tug at the right moment and

Reaching out his hand with true on the last new subaltern from home, western heartiness the driver of the with his buttons hardly out of their extricated cart, also a young man of 23 or 24, said:

"Thank you sir! I'm ever so mighty precious to me, and I don't For the sake of brevity we will call know what I'd have done if you Henry Augustus Ramsay Faizanne hadn't come along. I want to get "The Worm," although he really was to the next town just as quick as 1 can. I've got a newspaper outfit in an exceedingly pretty boy, without a my wagon, and I hear there's an hair on his face and with a waist like other fellow trying to get in ahead a girl's, when he came out to the of me. Like as not you've been the Second "Shikarris and was made unmeans of helping me to get the start

of him." was wicked enough to wish his rival play a banjo, or ride more than litback in the mud, but speedily overmanly feelings he said with a laugh "Well, I happen to be that other

"You-vou are?" "Yes, sir, I am."

over."

They encamped together for the night and after a full conference agreed to go into partnership, and lished their paper, which was the begining of great prosperity for both of them.—Youth's Companion.

### Two Clever Paupers Caught. Paris Dispatch.

Sympathetic spectators gathered this afternoon around a young man who fell down in front of the Louvre in what appeared to be an epileptic seizure. One of the by. standers stepped forward and proposed to carry the invalid to a chemsomething to relieve his sufferings." 10 shillings was collected. Great love, which made him worse. was their astonishment when two constables walked up and seized Worm's trap for a lady who never sufferer. The latter, as soon as he Worm, purporting to come from the opened his eyes and saw the police lady, and was telling the mess all man, forgot that he was an invalid about it, The Worm rose in his place both taken to the lock-up, and were identified as two well-known lazy lay you a month's pay to a month's horror on the senior subaltern's face. equator, within the next five years. mendicants, named Carnet and Despay when you get your step at the seeing a man hangmarets. They had enacted the same that I work a sell on you that ed, but much more interesting. Fidodge successfully in the Rue Saint | you'll remember the rest of your | nally the woman wound up by saying Honore during the forenoon, the days, and the regiment after you epileptic and his colleague on that when you're dead or broke." The occasion fleecing the charitable to

### Carried it to Extremes. Jones and his wife had just returned from the theater.

ist's assistant, who relieved the pre-

Honore, happened to pass the

Louvre, while his second perform-

fraud, he told the police, hence their

Stumbling around the room, he had lighted three matches in the apparently vain effort to find some

"What have you lost, my dear?" asked his better half.

"A match: I thought I dropped one as we went out. Ah! here it is; there's nothing like being saving in small things."-Judge.

# A Michigan Story.

Nineteen years ago a Gratiot county, Mich., farmer refused to let his daughter go to a candy pull. She went though, and remained away. Recently she drove up to her father's door, litted out her eleven children, coolly took off her wraps and astonished her father by declaring that she had concluded to return and stay home, and hereafter be an obedient daughter.-Philadelphia Ledger.

### A SONG OF LONG AGO.

A song of long ago. Sing it so tly -like the lisping of the lips used to know. When our baby laughter spilled

With a music sweet as robin ever thrilled.

Let the fragrant summer breeze, And the leaves of locust trees. And the apple buds and blossoms, and th wings of honey bees, All palpitate with glee,

Till the happy harmony Brings back each childish joy to you and me. Let the eyes of lancy turn Where the tumbled pippins burn Like embers in the orchard's lap of tousled

grass and fern: And let the wayward wind, Still singing, piod behind The cider press - the good old fashioned kind!

Blend in the song the moan Of the dove that grieves alone, And the wild whirr o the locust and the hum ble's drowsy drone; And the low of cows that call Through the pasture bars when all

Then, far away and clear, Through the dusky atmosphere. Let the wailing of the kildee be the only sound you hear. Oh, sweet and sad and low

As the memory may know -James Whitcomb Riley.

# HIS WEDDED WIFE.

Shakespeare says something about worms, or it may be giants or beetles, turning if you tread on them too severely. The safest plan is the cart, was pulled out of the mud. never to tread on a worm-not even tissue paper and the red of sappy happy in several ways. The Shikar-The surprised and chagrined "other ris" are a high caste regiment, and

The Worm did nothing except fall off his pony and knock chips out of gate posts with his trap. Even that at billiards, sang out of tune, kept very much to himself and wrote to as soon as it was light they hastened Four of these five things were vices on to the town. There they estab- which the "Shikarris" objected to and set themselves to radicate-Every one knows how subalterns are, by brother subalterns, softened and good and wholesome and does no one any harm unless tempers are jost; and then there is trouble. There was a man once-but that is another story.

The "Shikarris" shikarred The Worm very much, and he bore every thing without winking. He was so good and so anxious to learn, and ist's shop not far off and another of | flushed so pink that his education fered to assist. The one who spoke was cut short and he was left to his first took up the epiletic's hat and, own devices by every one except the throwing six pense into it, said to senior subaltern, who continued to Nor will he. It was so sudden, rush- see the Mohammedan kingdoms from the crowd: "I am a poor man my- make life a burden to The Worm. self, but if each one of you did as I, The senior subaltern meant no harm, this unfortunate creature would have but his chaff was coarse, and he didn't quite understand where to and you could see that they had al- the Egyptian Soudan the Mahdist Impelled by this generous example, stop. He had been waiting too ready convicted and sentenced the dominion is dropping to pieces. On the crowd showered coppers and long for his company, and that alsmall silver into the hat until over ways sours a man. Also, he was in

One day, after he had borrowed The both the benevolent originator of existed, had used himself all the aftthe alms collection and the epileptic ernoon, had sent a note to. The worm wasn't angry in the least, and the extent of 8 shillings. The chem- the rest of the mess shouted. Then the senior subaltern looked at The tended sufferer in the Rue Saint | Worm from the boots upward and down again and said: "Done, Raby." The Worm took the rest of the mess ance was going on. Suspecting a to witness that the bet had been taken and retired into a book with a sweet smile.

Two months passed and the senior subaltern still educated The Worm, who began to move about a little more as the hot weather came on. I have said that the senior subaltern was in love. The curious thing is that a girl was in love with the senior subaltern. Though the colonel said awful things, and the majors snorted, and the married captains looked unutterable wisdom, and the juniors scoffed, those two were en-

The senior subaltern was so pleased time that he ey of her own. She does not come guard!"

into this story at all. weather all the mess except The unlimited. The senior subaltern l:ad empire."

been holding forth on the merits of! Then a deputation set off for The the girl he was engaged to, and the Worm's quarters and found him, beladies were purring approval, while twixt and between, unlacing his the men yawned, when there was a stays, with the hat, wig, serge dress, tired, faint voice litted itself:

"Where is my husband?" I do not wish in the least to reflect on the morality of the "Shikarris," had acted on the impulse of the mo- a nasty tragedy as anything this sanction for expenses incidental to ment. He explained this afterward. Then the voice cried: "Oh, Lionel!"

Lionel was the senior subaltern's all is entirely his own concern, that | fun. one is not surprised when a crash

for any one. Perhaps the senior sub- up his debt, which he did at once, altern had been trapped in his youth. The Worm sank the money in sce-Men are cripbled that way occasion- nery and dresses. He was a good ally. We didn't know: we wanted to Worm, and the "Shikarris" are hear, and the captains' wives were as proud of him. The only drawback anxious as we. It he had been trapped is that he has been christened. "Mrs. he was to be excused, for the woman | Senior Subaltern," and as there are from nowhere, in the dusty shoes and now two Mrs. Senior Subalterns in gray traveling dress, was very lovely, the station this is sometimes confuswith black hair and great eyes full of | ing to strangers.-Rudyard Kipling. tears, She was tall, with a fine figure, and her voice had a running sob in it pitiful to hear. As soon as the senior subaltern stood up she threw English beef in his cheeks. This is her arms round his neck and called much obliged to you, Time's the story of the worm that turned. him "my darling," and said she could trades in this age of the world," said not bear waiting alone in England, and his letters were so short and cold and she was his to the end of the world, and would he forgive her? way they used to learn. In the This did not sound quite like a lady's old times when a man went to trade way of speaking. It was to demon- he began and mastered it a piece at

the captains' wives peered under entire. I know a man who works their eyebrows at the senior subaltern in a watch factory. He has been and the colonel's face set like the day | there eleven years, and all he knows fellow" says that for a moment he you must be able to do things well- of judgment framed in gray bristles, and no one spoke for awhile.

"Well, sir?" and the woman sobbed than a man who never saw one. afresh. The senior subaltern was

in his "Shikarris," did the colonel. his mamma and sisters at home. saw how beautiful she was. She affects the whole. Labor has made stood up in the middle of us all, sometimes choking with crying, then not permitted to be ferocious. It is subaltern had married her when he the situation."-Chicago Tribune was home on leave eighteen months before, and she seemed to know all that we knew, and more too, of his people and his past life. He was white and ashy gray, trying now he looked, esteemed him a beast of the worst kind. We felt sorry for him, though.

> that the senior subaltern carried a double F, M. in tattoo on his left clinch the matter. But one of the bachelor majors said very politely:

stared, whether there was anything lights of warm nights. against any one of us that might turn up later on. The senior subalwith getting his company and his ac- tern's throat was dry; but, as he ran his eve over the paper, he broke out

But the woman had fled through a One night at beginning of the hot door, and on the paper was written: "This is to certify that I, The Worm ting on the platform outside the the senior subaltern is my debtor,

rustle of skirts in the dark and a etc., on the bed. He came over as he was, and the 'Shikarris', shouted

till the gunnes' mess sent over to know if they might have a share of the fun. I think we were all, except but it is on record that four men the colonel and the senior subjumped up as if they had been shot: altern, a little disappointed that the Three of them were married men. scandal had come to nothing. But Perhaps they were afraid that their that this is buman nature. There wives had come from home unbe- could be no two words about The knownst. The fourth said that he Worm's acting. It leaned as near to

side of a joke can. When most of the subalterns sat upon him with sofa cushions to find name. A woman came into the lit- out why he had not said that acting tle circle of light by the candles on | was his strong point he answered the peg tables, stretching out her | very quietly. "I don't think you evhands to the dark where the senior er asked me. I used to act home subaltern was and sobbing. We with my sisters." But no acting rose to our feet feeling that things | with girls could account for The were going to happen and ready to | Worm's display that night. Personbelieve the worst. In this bad, small ally I think it was in bad taste, beworld of ours one knows so little of | side being dangerous. There is no the life of the next man, which after | sort of use playing with fire even for

The "Shikarris" made him president of the regimental dramatic club, Anything might turn up any day and when the senior subaltern paid

### How Mechanies Are Made Now.

"The way in which men learn a man who has made a study of the subject, , "is at variance with the a time. And by and by he could bungalow. Things seemed black indeed, and make whatever he was working up is how to make a balance wheel. Aside from that he knows no more Next the colonel said very shortly: about the mechanism of a watch

"Another man I know works in half choked but he grunted out: "It's wagon factory. He works on hubs. a d-d lie! I never had a wife in my Nothing else. Another man works life!" "Don't swear," said the col- on spokes, another on the tongue, onel. "Come into the mess. We and so on, but not one of them "Well, I-I-say, s'posing we sit became monotonous after a time. must sift this clear somehow," and knows how to put up a wagon as right down here and talk this thing He objected to whist, cut the cloth he sighed to himself, for he believed a whole. The result is if one section of the labor in a large factory goes We trooped into the anti-room, on a strike it throws the whole shop under the full lights, and there we out of balance. What affects a part great strides in the last twenty years. This thing of teaching one mechanic hard and proud, and then holding one thing and another something out her arms to the senior subaltern. else was wisely schemed by some-It was like the fourth act of a trag- body. By it, if the plan continues, edy. She told us how the senior the mechanic will soon be master of

# Must Get Out of Africa.

From the New York Sun.

Only two or three years ago it and again to break into the torrent looked as though the Mohammedans of her words; and we, noting how were sweeping everything before them lovely she was and what a criminal in Africa, and there seemed no reason why they should not acquire a controlling influence over the natives I shall never forget the indictment as far south as the Zambesi. All this of the senior subaltern by his wife. is now changed. In West Africa we ing out of the dark unannounced in- the Sabara to the lower Niger and to our dull lives. The captains' wives the Benue falling, one after another, stood back, but their eyes were alight, into the hands of the Europeans. In senior subaltern. Colonel seemed five | Victoria Nyanza most of the Arabs years older. One major was shading have been slaughtered by Mwanhis eyes with his hand and watching ga, their dhows have been destroyed, the woman from underneath it. An- and the survivors have fled into Unother was chewing his mustache and yoro, where they cannot replenish smiling quietly as if he were witness- their ammunition stores, and nearing a play. Full in the open space in ly 2,000 soldiers of the British East the center by the whist tables the Africa Company are fast upon their senior subaltern's terrier was hunting heels. Mr. Stanley seems to have for fleas. I remember all this as clear- very good grounds for his assertion and attempted to escape. They were and said, in his quiet, lady like voice: ly as though a photograph were in that there will not be a Mahamme-"That was a very pretty sell; but I'll my hand. I remember the look of dan in all central Africa, south of the

# Electric Light Bugs.

From the Cincinnati Commercial. When the first Atlantic cable was shoulder. We all knew that, and to laid scientists asserted that an insect our innocent minds it seemed to would appear which would attempt to destroy it; and, sure enough, in a I presume that your marriage certi- short time an insect not classified by ficate would be more to the purpose?" entomologists began its work on the That roused the woman. She insulation material that protected stood up and sneered at the senior the cable from the water. The elecsubaltern for a cur and abused the tric lighting systems of large cities major and the colonel and all the seem also to have developed a similar rest. Then she wept and then she condition of things in the form of pulled a paper from her breast, say- what are called electric light bugs; ing imperially: "Take that! And let | and, singularly, each system of lightmy husband-my lawfully wedded ing seems to have its own peculiar husband-read it aloud if he dare!" ephemera. The insects do not dam-There was a hush and the men age the insulation material of arc looked into each other's eyes as the lamps, but they do bother the learnsenior subaltern came forward in a ed entomologists who are kept busy dazed and dizzy way and took the trying to classify the thousands of paper. We were wondering, as we winged things that flutter about the

# Objected to the Licker.

Apropos of the present necessity forgot to bother The Worm. The into a hoarse cackle of relief and said for the separation of families by the girl was a pretty girl and had mon- to the woman: "You young black- often continued absence of the husband on the road, I know a little anecdote of a youngster who had seen so little of his father that he did not Worm, who had gone to his own have paid in full my debts to the know him, and when, one Sunday room to write home letters, were sit- senior subaltern, and further, that morning, this same little fellow, being obstreperous, was severely reprimess house. The band had finished by agreement on the 23d of Februa- manded by his impatient father, he playing, but no one wanted to go in. ry, as by the mess attested, to the when howling to his mother with the And the captain's wives were there extent of one month's captain's pay, wall, "I ain't goin' to git licked by also. The folly of a man in love is in the lawful currency of the India that old duffer who spends Sunday here."-Toledo Journal.

### A Dead Flephant.

From the London Times.

The recent Indian papers describe the difficulty attending the disposal of the body of an elephant at Nowaree, in Baroda, which illustrates the Indian saving that an elephant must be buried where it dies. It appears that a tame elephant, which had been kept at Nowsaree for many years past, died. The news was at once telegraphed to Baroda, and the burial of the animal was obtained. The local authorities then held a council as to how the remains should be removed to a distant part of the town, where they could be interred without endangering the health of the inhabitants. It was suggested that the dead body should be cut up into pieces, which might then be removed and disposed of, but this idea was rejected. It was then resolved to drag the remains out of the town, and with that object to pull down one of the walls within which the animal had been confined. Hundredsof coolies were pressed into the service, and a number of carpenters, ironsmiths and other artisans were engaged to construct a huge car on wheels to convey the dead animal. But the body, which weighed several tons, could not be lifted, much less removed, from the place where it was. Various attempts were made for three days, but they failed one after the other. When the authorities saw that they were baffled in all their endeavors to move the body, they resolved to adopt the suggestion made at the outset, and eventually caused it to be cut into pieces, which were then buried at a short distance from the place. When the body was submitted to the operation it emitted such repulsive odors that Ranee Jumnabai, the adoptive mother or the Gaekwar, who lived in the neighborhood, had to move into another

### A Shocking Sahara Story. From the Pall Mail Gazette,

The part of the sandy and sultry Sahara near Biskra has been the scene of a tragedy which was caused by the want of water. Some days ago a young soldier named Frossard was sent from a topographical station in Algeria to Biskra for victuals. He was accompanied by a mounted Spahi, and had two mules. By a strange inadventure the little caravan ran short of water after it had been in the desert a short time. Frossard accordingly directed the Spahi to leave him his horse and to take the mules with him to the nearest oasis for a supply of the necessary fluid. The Spahi journeyed on through the scorching sands for a day and a night before he came to the oasis of Gartha, but when returning to where he left Frossard he lost his bearings and had to go back to the oasis. There a small expedition was fitted out by the local shiek, and, after a long search, the dead body of the young soldier was found half devoured by hyenas and jackals. The carcass of the Spahi's horse was also discovered not far away. It appears that the soldier had killed the horse with his sword and then drank its blood. He had likewise cut out the animal's lungs and put them aside, but before he could use them as food he was either surprised by the beasts of the desert or succumbed to the intense heat, coupled with a return of thirst.

# Women Poisoners.

Modern historians distrust the stories of the Roman poisoner Locusta, and of the women who in Italy sold aqua tofana as the best means of satisfying jealousy or hate or greed, but the Hungarian tribunals are trying a case which makes all these legends possible, says the Spectator. No less than ten women in the town of Mitrovitz are charged with poisoning their husbands with arsenic obtained from fly papers, and they are only a section of the women originally arrested or suspected. They were all apparently taught by a single woman. Esther Sarac, a local witch or herbalist, who deliberately instructed one disciple and probably many more. The poisonings, some sixty in number, was done with little precaution and cover a space of more than ten years, during all which time a vague suspicion has been floating about. The evidence against the women under trial is said to be overwhelming, and most of them have saved trouble by pleading guilty. They are all peasants and probably of a low order of intelligence; but the revelations throw a strange light on the true value of much modern "progress." In Hungary, at all events, it does not prevent epidemics of crime, though no doubt the improvement of chemical analysis helps the authorities in detecting and punishing the guilty.

# An Ingenious Beggar.

From the Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette. "For the love of heaven, gende men," pleaded a trembling old woman, one night, to a group of men on Vine Street, "give me 10 cents so that I can buy a piece of ice. My son is sick, and we haven't had a piece of ice in the house for him for a week." The rather novel plea produced a number of dimes, and the old woman walked away, leaving a bunch of blessings on the donors of the dimes. She was followed to see whether she would buy ice or not. She did not. She went into a house and returned with an empty growler, which she filled at a corner saloon.