

BARNACLES.

My soul is sailing through the sea. But the past is heavy and hindering me. The past is in a crowded compass of a That hold the form of cold sea-combs.

A MODERN SAMARITAN.

Hen Hawk was in great spirits. He had been fairly bubbling over with good humor for two weeks and every day added to his cheerfulness.

We of the 'L. bar' who had known him for two years almost, were at a loss to account for this sudden rise in Hen's mental temperature.

I don't kinder holdin' off, yo see, 'cause a feller ain't no ways ort'n 'bout sayin' 'is milk 'll he gits the pall out o' m' under the caow; but well, bein' 's I've t' O. K. I may 's well toll ye, on'y I don't want th' boys t' know.

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wondered if some-one he had not been rather unamiable and rather poor company for his companions and concluded he had.

And just to think! Only a few days more and—Hullo! Wa-a! I'll be 'most'ly dig-gone!

Not a living creature was in sight on all the broad plain. Hen and his horse were as much alone as if they had been on the open sea.

Yes, of boy 't's comin' all right 'nough," said Hen, as he rose from the ground 'an' me'n yous got t' hustle a hull lot, Mister Pokey.

How cold it was! Hen's hands and toes were like lumps of ice—worse, they had hardly any feeling left in them.

For Pokey had given a sudden high leap and stood still panting. Almost under his feet lay a snow covered object, with a strange look about it.

Stag-driver, leader'n Tom Jefferson. Drunk likely an' fell off; poor cuss!" But there was no time to stop and investigate.

A dark object loomed up suddenly as they shot past, and a sudden thrill sent the sluggish blood coursing through Hen's veins.

Sure enough, it was the stage, but there were no horses attached. Hen felt around and reached the door-handle.

It was a woman, a pale, thin woman, almost faint with cold. She was in such a terrible predicament.

Oh, sir have you come to take us away? The driver fell off, I think, and the horses broke loose, somehow.

Can you ride, missis?" "Yes, indeed." "Wal, come, then, quick!"

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It was a beautiful morning almost like spring and Hen couldn't have wished for a better day to start on.

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A SOLEMN WARNING.

Why an Old Cripple Becomes Deaf and Blind the While.

They were just two alone in the old homestead—two dear, lonesome old people and one dead to the other as if speaking his thoughts aloud.

"There's something 'gits' wrong 's the house," "I've felt it in my bones," answered his wife, "what is it, Ekanah?"

"You tell, Nancy. It's a bin an' it's a-comin' nearer a kind o' death in the air—sort o' lonesome like as if somebody had been gone."

"Where's Mehitable?" asked his wife suddenly. "I ain't seen her since noon."

In answer to the name Mehitable came forward—a big, striped gray and black cat.

"There's a sort o' gloomin' in the air," said the old man, "mobby if I read a chapter now it'd help us out."

"Mortal sakes alive! I know what it is now, Ekanah. The clock 's stopp'd."

"and of Goshen!" "Taint true!" "Look for yourself. The hands hev stopp'd plumb level at 12."

"It never stopp'd afore, Nancy. It's struck for life an' it's struck for death, but not to strike at all—no wonder we felt lonesome."

"It's a solemn warnin'," said his wife, shaking her head in a mysterious way; "that clock 's stopp'd for nothin'."

Then the two simple-minded old souls looked at each other with an air of vague commiseration, and shook their troubled heads sadly.

The next morning the old couple had breakfast at the usual hour—horology had nothing to do with the sunlike regularity of their lives—and when that was over Ekanah went out to find a man to doctor the clock.

"What ails it?" asked the clock-mender as he opened the tall door and peered into the sanct machinery.

"Some 'gits' wrong with it, in-wardly," said the old man, hesitatingly. "I take mebbe 's a solemn warnin'."

"I'm all right. Naow hang on an' keep hold o' th' kid. Go on, Pokey! Good-by, missis!"

It was alone on the prairie in a deserted stage coach with the storm howling about him and his thoughts were of other things for a long time before he remembered that all his money was in his saddle-bags.

"Wal, chances is purty nigh again my ever seedin' it," he muttered, in his quaint way.

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UNDER THE FIR TREES.

BULLY BEN WAS THE TOUGHEST MAN IN CAMP.

How the Miners Found Out That He Had a Heart After All—When He Died They Gave Him Present Burial—A Bit of Life.

On the hill above our camp just across the trail from Red Dog Mine, some winding down to cross the creek, stood three fir trees. They were close together with the largest one in the center.

"An' that every miner looked rough," said the New York Sun, and no doubt he was right.

The toughest man in the lot was a caddy called Bully Ben. He would go about seeking quarrels, and he was not afraid of any living man.

I looked down into his face and there was such a change that I could hardly credit it. It had grown soft and gentle and the eyes might have belonged to a woman.

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GRAPPLING FOR STURGEON.

A Curious Sight Witnessed in Ontario by a Traveler.

One day in March 1851, writes a Youth's Companion contributor, I was walking the road built on top of the great dam which spans the Grand river at Dunville, Ontario.

The race or weir was literally filled with the fish, which in attempting to run up the stream to spawn, found themselves stopped by the dam.

Each of the farmers was armed with a common ten-foot rafting pole, in the lower end of which were a spike and hook.

The fish averaged from forty to eighty pounds in weight, but now and then a monster of perhaps 100 or 110 pounds was hooked.

Notwithstanding many laughable accidents the wagons, eight in all, were fully loaded in the course of two hours and as each contained at least a ton the total catch for that bout must have been some 16,000 pounds.

At that time the sturgeon was not the important article of commerce which it has since become.

Now, such a catch as above described would net the fisherman quite a respectable sum of money—perhaps three cents a pound, or \$180 in all.

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ANIMAL CURIOS.

Curious Findings of the Bones Which Live About New Haven and York.

A pet cat owned by a New York family is fond of excessive plaything. The wife of its owner missed a four-hundred-dollar diamond, and after notifying the police and advertising largely for it, offering a suitable reward for its return, the cat was found playing with it on the floor.

A horse, while drinking from a mill pond swallowed an eel and ever since that time has shied at everything. The animal's owner does not know whether to attribute the curious wriggling of the horse to a sudden growth of timidity or to the eel, which is presumably still alive.

There is a dog in Yankers, belonging to a friend of the writer, that is over 25 years old. It has never barked, never moves from a sitting posture, and for the last eighteen years it has eaten nothing. It is a cast-iron dog, and has just had a new coat of paint.

It is said that a German family living out West have in their possession a tame fox with a beautiful bushy tail with which the animal has been trained to dust the parlor furniture every morning.

A great many years ago, when our grandfathers were very young and before the flood, there used to be a strange-looking animal called the glyptodon. He was called a glyptodon because he had fluted teeth, and perhaps because the people who named him hadn't heard of tarts.

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