

GOLDFLOCKS.

Goldlocks sat on the grass,
Tying up of posies fair,
Hardly could a sunbeam pass
Through the cloud that was her hair.

Purple orchids lasteth long,
Primrose flowers are fair and clear,
Oh, the maiden sang a song,
It would do you good to hear.

Sad before her leaved the boy,
"Goldlocks, that I love well;
Happy creature, fair and coy,
Think o' me, sweet Annabel."

Goldlocks she shook apart,
Looked with doubtful, doubtful eyes,
Like a blossom in her heart,
Opened out her first surprise.

The boy may clear his brow,
Though she thinks to say him nay,
When she sighs, "I cannot now;
Come again some other day."

—Jean Ingelow

THE ENGINE DRIVER.

"Yes, sir. That old shuntin' engine that's puffin' an' snortin' like a broken-winded old horse, could tell a tale, if it wasn't so short o' breath. That's the very engine old John Wright used to drive when I was his stoker. Let me see—I've been drivin' three year—aye, it'll be ten year come next September. He was a fine figure of a man, was John. He stood six feet one an' a half in his stockin's, an' was broad in the shoulders, too. In his greasy peaked cap, an' o'ly blue jacket, he looked a giant.

"Was he an old man?"
"Oh, no; he'd be forty odd, I suppose, but I was a young man of twenty-three, an' he seemed old, like, to me. As I've said, he was a bachelor an', as far as I knew, likely to remain one. There wasn't much of the ladies' man about John. But still waters run deep, they say, an' John Wright had his little secret.

"About three mile out o' town, I used to notice that he whistled three times and always looked across a couple o' fields, a bit farther on, as if he were lookin' for somethin'. I asked him once or twice what it was, but he edged me off, an' changed the subject, so I didn't press it. But I kept my eyes open.

"It was early winter when I first went on to stoke for John, an', of course, bein' a goods train, it was generally gettin' on for eight o'clock at night when we passed this particular spot, bound for Barnham, fifty mile away. It's 'up bank,' as I dresay you know, from here to Longbridge, eight mile up the line, an' we never got any great speed on until we'd passed that length, especially when we'd a heavy freight. But all I could make out for some months was the dim outline of a cottage, that had an 'upstairs' window with a red blind. The cottage lay a couple o' fields away. What made me notice the red blind was that as we passed, the window was always suddenly lighted up.

"Aye, an' so was John Wright's face as soon as ever he saw it. Such a smile—an' he had a kind face, and old John—an' then he'd seem lost a bit, as if he were thinkin' o' somethin' as was good to think about.

"I chaffed John rarely about it, the first time I saw it, an' he blushed—he did indeed sir! Though his face was grimy on the top, and copper color under that, I'll swear he blushed. But he looked pleased an' proud, for, by that time, we'd grown such thick friends, that I'm sure he didn't mind me knowin'.

"Then, bit by bit, it all came out. John and her father, who used to be pointman at Chubb Junction, half a mile farther up the line than the cottage, had been lads together. John had gone up for a 'camp' every Sunday for many a year. He'd known Mary Mathers since she was born, an' when she was a little lass he'd nursed her on his knee, an' told her he'd wait for her. I dare say he meant it in fun at the time, but, as she grew up, he knew he liked to be where she was better than anywhere else in the world. That's how he put it, sir. Then Tom Mathers, her father, fell ill, an' I learnt afterwards, an' I guessed even then, that John Wright made his wages keep four instead of one. Mary's father never worked again. He was on his back for eighteen months, an' then he died.

"An' then, you may be sure, John was a father to the fatherless, an' a husband to the widow—as far as lookin' in' after 'em went, at any rate—only he wanted to be a husband to the daughter, Mary.

"Mary seemed to make no objection. Why should she? She'd never met anybody she liked better, an' a finer fellow than John Wright never walked!

"One Saturday night he says: 'Harry, you'd better walk o'er wi' me to-morrow.'

"Walk o'er wi' you, I says; where?"

"Why, to Mrs. Mathers', to be sure. I'd like you to know my Mary. An' then you can tell me what you think of my sweetheart'. An' as he said it that sweet, far-off look came in his face, an' I knew he loved that lass as few lasses are loved.

"Well, I went, an' I wished at the time I'd stayed away. It was love at first sight wi' me, an' I felt I should never, never be the same again. God forgit me! but after that Sunday I felt at times I hated John Wright. When she stood at the stile, at the crossing midway between the cottage an' the signal-box—as she did every evenin' from the very day I went wi' John—an' waved her hand to him, bashful-like, an' he threw her a clumsy kiss I felt I could ha' knocked him off the engine.

"I fought again! It—an', you must understand, I didn't feel that way all

the time, for we were good friends, an' no one would have seen a difference; but when he talked of her, in his quiet way—of bein' wed, an' such-like—it was like knives in me.

"Then he pressed me to go again an' spend Sunday at the cottage. I put him off, but he wouldn't take 'no' for an answer. So, whether for fear of hurtin' his feelings, or because I couldn't keep away, I can't say, but I yielded, an' went. After that I went several times, an' each time I got deeper an' deeper in love with John's sweetheart, aye, an' what seemed worse, I couldn't help knowin' that Mary was troubled the same way. But I will say this, I never tried to make Mary love me, an' never a word of love passed between us, but, sometimes, I thought I saw trouble in John's eyes, an' then I vow to myself to go no more.

"One evenin', in the early autumn of that year, we were goin' at as good a speed as the incline would let us, an' just gettin' towards the cottage. John had sent me around to th' front o' the engine with my oil-can, an' I couldn't help lookin' ahead to see if Mary was standin' waitin' at the stile. Yes, she was there as usual, right in front of us, for the line curved to the right just at the stile, an' was hidin' from view behind a little wood. I could see her print dress, an' the same white linen bonnet she wore when I first saw her in the garden on that spring evenin'. Oh, how my heart went out to her, an' how that old wicked feelin' towards John rushed through me, an' made my nerves tingle from head to foot.

"Mary had her back towards us—a very unusual thing—an' I remember wonderin' why. Then the usual three whistles sounded, short an' sharp. She turned instantly, an' threw up her hands like one demented. We went thunderin' down to the crossin' where she stood, an' I saw her eyes starin' at me, like coals of fire set in a face as white as chalk. She fascinated me.

"Just then old John shut off steam, an' I heard him doin' a thing he'd never done afore—reversin' the engine! All of a sudden Mary seemed to wake up, an' find a horrible dream true, for I heard above the roar of the train, the grindin' of the rails, an' the shriek of the brakes, that had been jammed hard down—I heard one piercing scream. It was a word—my name—'Harry!'

"Of course, all this happened in a breathless second or two. Half a lifetime is sometimes squeezed into half a minute, sir. I took my eyes from Mary's face as we passed her, standin' as if turned to stone, an' I looked ahead. Heavens! what a sight! Bearin' down on us at a great speed was an engine an' tender—a runaway! It was comin' down the bank tender first, an' we were timed to meet at the junction. I saw it all in a flash. The train was jumpin' like a buckin' horse, an', with my body all of a tremble, I'd as much as I could do to get back to the foot-plate.

"There stood John Wright, of course. I seemed to see him, an' naught else. He'd done all man could do, an' was standin' stock-still, with one hand on the lever. But it wasn't his stillness that made the tears start to my eyes. It was the look on his face. It made me nearly forget the doom to which we were rushing. I can't describe it. It was the look of a man who has nothing left to live for—whose hope had been suddenly wiped clean out for ever.

"The instant he saw me his face changed. He sprang towards me, an' seized me by the arm with a grip of steel, spoke in a horse whisper that could be heard above everything: 'Jump off, my lad—you've time—you can do it. Jump off!—for her sake—she loves thee, lad—she loves thee—for her sake. Harry—for Heaven's sake!'

"I said, 'Nay, John.'

"Quick, he says. 'Harry! Harry! Jump for your Mary's sake!'

"I swung one leg off the engine—life was dear—an' prepared to spring into the grass. Then a great surgin' love for this man came over me, an' I turned sudden-like, an' took him by the hand, an' I says, 'John, we'll stick together, an' die together—if it's God's will—for her sake.' An' he just gave me that sweet look, an' stepped in front of me, as if to put his great frame betwixt me an' death, an' there came a crash as if heaven an' earth had met, an' I seemed to roll over an' over, an' then it felt as if the whole earth had risen up an' smitten me—an' I knew no more.

"I woke from a troubled dream, that seemed to have lasted a lifetime, an' opened my eyes, half conscious, an' not sure but I was still dreamin'. Then I slipped off again, an' I remember thinkin' that the sweet eyes, that mine had seemed to meet, were the eyes of my guardian angel. An' they were, sir—for, when I opened my eyes again, all the past came back to me with the tearful face of Mary Mathers. 'I put my hand out on the counterpane, an' she put hers gently on the top of it. An', believe me, sir, that's the only way I ever 'popped the question.' We'd been through too much together to need much fuss.

"Where is he?' I framed my lips to say. I don't know whether she heard, but she understood, for she put her hand into her bosom, an' drew out a black-edged card, an' held it before my eyes, whilst her own filled again with tears. I read: 'In loving memory of John Wright, who was killed at the post of duty.'

"And you've been happy in your married life?"

"Happy! Happy isn't the word for it, sir. O, it is one of the matches made in Heaven."

HE SOUGHT HIS LIBERTY.

STORY OF THE LAST SURVIVOR

His Family Was Free and He too Longed for Freedom—After a Vain Effort to Run Away He was at Last Allowed to Buy Himself.

There is living in Lexington an old negro, Harry Slaughter, who is the last survivor of the negro insurrection of 1849. He was born on March 18, 1818, and grew to be a man of remarkable physique.

In 1849 he was owned by Miss Sidney Edmiston, who had at that time one of the most costly residences in Lexington. She had a fondness for male servants of gigantic proportions, and on account of his size he was made a dining-room man. Although well treated, he longed for freedom. This is the story he told one day of his attempt to obtain it. He is now in his eightieth year.

"I was in my prime, going on 22 years old," he said, "when a man named Doyle came to me and told me that he would pilot me across the Ohio River for \$100 and guarantee me safe conduct. All my family were free, the girl to whom I was engaged to be married was freeborn, and I wanted to marry my sweetheart as a free man and not as a slave. On a Saturday night in the first week in August, 1849, Doyle and forty-five of us negroes left Lexington by way of the Russell Cave Pike. We were armed with pistols and bowie knives. I carried an old fashioned pepperbox revolver and a large bowie knife. The movement was afterward referred to as an 'insurrection,' but it was misnamed. We did not intend to fight unless attempts were made to capture us, but we pledged ourselves that if we were overtaken by white men and they made an effort to capture us we would fight as long as possible.

"We travelled all night that first night and remained hidden during the day in the bushes. We ate roasted ears of corn which we gathered from the cornfields through which we passed. Sunday night we continued our travels, and we reached a point by daylight on Monday morning near Reddell's mill.

On Tuesday night we were within five miles of the Ohio River.

"The news of our escape from Lexington had reached the people of that section, and a posse of twenty-five men, including county officials, was in close pursuit of us. The men scattered in all directions, and only one remained with me, a negro known as 'Shad.' When we reached the Licking River we plunged in and swam and waded across. Then ten or a dozen white men surrounded us. They quickly captured Shad and tied him but I was determined they should not take me. I cried out in a loud voice: 'I will not be taken! The man that kills me is my friend! I had rather die here and now than go back to slavery!'

"Miss Sidney's nephew, Maury Pindell, had, unknown to me, offered \$500 reward for my safe return to Lexington. The men who had surrounded me were working for this reward, I afterward learned, and that is the reason they did not try to kill me. The men tried to take me, and as fast as they would come within striking distance I would knock them down. I fought them for five minutes with my fists. I had thrown my bowie knife away for fear I might kill one of them. When the ten men found they could not capture me they called to the other members of their posse, fifteen in number, who were on the mountain. They came down. They were led by a great big man with a coarse voice. He wanted to know why they didn't take me. One of the men told him that they couldn't. The big man got very mad and declared that he had never seen a negro that he couldn't take. He made at me, and when he came within striking distance I knocked him down. Several of his followers tried to help him out, but I knocked them down as fast as they came to me. Finally an old gentleman with gray hair, who was called Major by the men, began talking to me. He said they didn't want to hurt me, and if I would go with him he would take me to Brooksville and would not allow me to be harmed. I respected his age and his gray hairs and told him that I would go with him.

"The next day they reached Brooksville with us and I was kept in jail for seven weeks. I was charged with being one of the ringleaders of the 'insurrection,' but Madison C. Johnson, Maury Pindell and Judge Graves came down to Brooksville and interceded in my behalf. They proved that we were not insurrectionists, but were simply trying to obtain our freedom. Well, I was taken back to Lexington and put into Pulliam's negro jail. I was kept there for a month or more. Miss Sidney had a long talk with me and consented to let me buy myself. I immediately borrowed the money and married my sweetheart, and in just five years and six months from that day I had paid every dollar of the borrowed money, with interest, the total amount being \$987. All the other boys who were with me during that struggle for liberty are dead. I don't suppose I will last much longer, but I think God that I have lived for forty-six years a free man."—New York Sun.

"Why do you insist upon taking your wife out for such long walks in this rough weather?"

"The doctor has told her that she must be very careful not to talk when she is out in the cold air."

"Say, who's your doctor?"—Cleveland Leader.

NEW TARGETS FOR THE ARMY.

Old Bull's-Eyes to Give Way to Figures of Men.

When the trained marksmen of the Transvaal routed the regular troops of Great Britain at Majuba Hill by shooting with such marvelous skill as to pick off the redcoats like so many deer on a hill, a great outcry was heard in British army circles against the folly of teaching a soldier to shoot by placing him opposite a target and telling him to place a bullet as near to the bull's-eye as possible.

The United States Army officers have just come to the same conclusion as did the British after the disaster of Majuba Hill. As a consequence of this awakening there will shortly be issued a set of targets to be used at the various rifle ranges that will revolutionize the old system of training soldiers to become marksmen. Instead of the bull's-eye in the center of a square target, the object to be aimed at will be a black mark representing, as nearly as possible, the figure of a man as it appears when he lies prone on the ground, rifle presented, in the act of taking aim.

A second target will show the figure of a man taking aim while in a kneeling position. The figure is mounted on a square background of white, and is carefully drawn to measurements so as to present a mark as nearly as possible like that at which the soldier would have to shoot were he fighting for his life in actual conflict. This figure will be used as a target at medium distances, from five to six hundred yards.

Still another target represents the full figure of a man standing and firing. This is for long distance practice and will enable a marksman to see exactly the effect produced by his skill in firing. Every shot that hits the figure would kill or maim were the target a living mark.

The largest target of all, and the one therefore, that will be used at extreme range, is intended to represent the figure of a mounted man. This is more particularly designed for carbine practice by cavalrymen. The troopers will be taught to shoot at the target from horseback as well as dismounted, and, as in the case of the standing man target, will be instructed to aim at the centre of the mass, the idea being that killing the horse of a cavalrman does no less damage to the fighting effectiveness of an enemy's force than shooting the rider.

A project of introducing moving targets based on the same system as that described above is being considered by the military authorities.—New York Herald.

JUSTICE IN ALASKA.

Takes a Witness a Whole Year to Attend Court.

A cry for justice comes to Congress from Alaska, says the New York Sun. Away up in the Yukon Valley is a place called Circle City, where there is a population of 5,000 loyal citizens of the United States. Sitka, the capital of Alaska, where the federal court is held, is so remote that the people in and about Circle City can not go so far to obtain judicial assistance or protection; and they want Congress to give them a court in their own region. In a letter addressed to the Governor of Alaska, by Mr. George W. Morgan, who describes himself as the chairman of the grand jury at Circle City, the writer says that "it would take one year for a witness to leave here and attend court in Sitka, thereby causing not only a great loss of time, but great expense to himself, as he would not be able to return here until the next year." It appears from a petition accompanying this letter that the grand jury of which Mr. Morgan was chairman was a select body of citizens appointed at a meeting of the residents of the mining district "to inquire into the causes which led to a recent homicide in our midst," and that in fact there is no justice whatever there except wholly outside the law through the agency of miners' meetings. This is an evil which ought promptly to be remedied by congressional action.

A Costly Saddle.

The finest and most costly saddle in America is owned in California, where it was manufactured. It is owned and was designed by Dixie W. Thompson, a wealthy rancher of Ventura county, whose home is in Santa Barbara. The saddle is of typical Mexican pattern, with a high pommel, well hollowed seat, and the most elaborate trappings. The work was done in Santa Barbara under Mr. Thompson's supervision, and is such as only the Spanish could produce. The saddle is of fine embossed leather, set thick with silver buttons and rosettes, the pommel inlaid with silver, the corners of the apron tipped with it, the stirrups faced and edged with silver half an inch thick, elaborately chased and carved. The saddle-tree is hung with silver rings to answer the vaquero's requirements. The girth is woven from horses' manes by native artisans, and is full eight inches broad. The reins, martingales, and whips, are composed of solid silver in woven strands. The bridle, reins, and accessories, weighing about twelve pounds, are worth about \$250 in the value of coin silver used. Each year Mr. Thompson adds something to the beauty and value of the saddle, and it has already cost about \$3,000.

The X rays are now used in the Queen's kitchen. They are an instant and infallible detective of stray fish bones, plum stones and what not that may accidentally get into the royal food. The ray lifts a great weight of responsibility from the cook's mind.

HOWLING MACDONALDITES.

A New Sect Which Does Amazing Things While Worshipping.

There is a new religious sect in the University City, the members of which style themselves Macdonaldites. They settled in Cambridge about a year ago, but it is only recently that they have had a settled place of worship. One peculiar feature of the worship of the Macdonaldites is the immense amount of noise they always make in conducting services. The people in the vicinity of the chapel say the representatives of the new sect are so enthusiastic in their demonstrations during the meetings that they make life a burden to any one within hearing.

The regular meetings are held on Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday evenings, and the congregation as a whole at each meeting works itself up to a state of frenzy similar to the wild excitement of an old-fashioned Methodist camp meeting, but far more intense. There are perhaps 150 men, women and children in the congregation, entirely from the working class of people. There is apparently no pastor or other spiritual leader. After a few words of prayer or exhortation the audience sings from a hymn book. Soon the books are laid aside and by a rapid process of evolution the musical notes become howls, shrieks and groans, as if from souls in mortal distress. The movements of the bodies are unnatural and physically distressing. The face is distorted, the lower limbs drawn up, and the head thrown back. Men and women rise from their seats and sway their bodies to and fro as they emit ear-piercing yells. Gradually the muscles stiffen and the eyes become set until the enthusiast seems to be in a trance. After this condition has continued for an hour or so the worshippers suddenly seem to recover their normal selves and the meeting comes to an abrupt close.

The members of this strange sect are good citizens. They are not disposed to be talkative about their religion.—New York Sun.

HIS MEMORY BLOTTED OUT.

Pastor Hanna Learning Again to Read and Write.

A correspondent of the New York Sun writes:

The queerest case of amnesia ever known in Connecticut exists in Plantsville, a village of 500 inhabitants, about twenty miles from Hartford on the Northampton branch of the Consolidated Road. The Rev. T. C. Hanna, pastor of the Plantsville Baptist Church, is the sufferer. On April 17 Mr. Hanna stopped his horse to adjust a strap of his harness. This act cost him his education. As he attempted to jump from his carriage his feet caught in the carriage robe; he was thrown headlong to the ground and knocked unconscious. He was found and taken home by friends, but his mind was gone, and when consciousness returned his memory was a blank. His parents stood by his bed when, an hour after the accident, he moved again and mumbled something inarticulate, but he did not know them; he did not even know the meaning of the words "father" and "mother." He could not speak a word of any language, and the task of teaching him to talk, walk, and act was begun all over again.

The relations of his family were explained to him, and he was taught to read, write, and even eat. His loss of vocabulary was easily overcome, as he remembered, with wonderful mental tenacity, the meanings of the longest words as soon as they were explained to him. As the child, before he begins to go to school, picks out familiar words on household subjects, Mr. Hanna began to learn language and words from a Scripture roll that his father hung up over his bed. Every bit of the Bible that he had learned had slipped from his memory, but he has memorized much since the accident, although he cannot yet read the Bible understandingly. He does a little light reading, mostly of simple story books.

Mr. Hanna was a vigorous athlete, but he has forgotten how to play base ball and also how to ride the bicycle. His friends taught him how to mount his wheel, how to dismount and how to control it as they would a youngster three or four years old. He was an adept typewriter, and copied all his sermons, but he has forgotten all knowledge of the machine and is now learning the keys again. He has, however, found this hard work, and is devoting most of his time to making scrip letters with the pen.

His second childhood has a romantic side. Mr. Hanna has shown for several years a marked preference for a young woman of the village, but when he met her after his accident he did not know her. He was introduced to her, and friendship between the two has again developed. All his friends are being introduced to him again. He greets them warmly, learns of their former association with him with interest, and invariably remembers the right names, although a dozen friends come at a time to meet him. His memory in this respect has been remarkable since his accident.

Mr. Hanna has just been in New York to consult a specialist. It was feared that he would be frightened by the locomotives, but he regarded them merely with interest. The excitement of his trip to New York did not act upon him favorably, and he will probably be treated at his home till his recovery is more complete. There is no fracture, and the prevailing opinion is that he struck on his head, pressing the cerebral cellular tissues together. He has never felt any pain. All the physicians believe that Mr. Hanna will regain his mental strength as years go by, but they doubt that he will ever have memory of incidents that occurred before his injury.

ONYX IN KENTUCKY.

Valuable Beds of this Stone Discovered.

It has been discovered that there are in the State of Kentucky the richest and most extensive beds of onyx ever known to exist. Their value is billions of dollars. As soon as the working thereof is begun thousands of persons will be given employment.

An idea of the richness of these beds may be gained from the fact that in one tract alone 300,000 cubic feet of onyx that is unsurpassed in texture is visible. The color of the stone varies greatly and in shades hitherto unknown. The average value of onyx ranges from \$3 to \$15 a cubic foot, and as this onyx is of the superlative degree a child can see its immense value.

Up to the present time onyx beds have been known to exist in Arizona, Arkansas and Virginia. In Arizona, where the richest beds are located, they were a considerable distance from the railroad, making the securing of the onyx an expensive matter. The Kentucky beds are easily accessible, and it is an actual fact that it will be possible to land the onyx in New York City for a sum less per cubic foot than the duty on onyx is to-day. Wondrous tales of what the onyx beds in Old Mexico formerly yielded have been told.

It was calculated that from the Pedrara quarry, in Mexico, which covered three or four acres of ground, more than fifty million dollars' worth of onyx had been taken previous to 1892, when the beds were exhausted. The onyx exported from Mexico is comparatively small in amount and the duty is so great that it makes it exceedingly high priced. It may easily be seen that the prospects of the Kentucky beds are marvellous.

The onyx fields of Kentucky lie about eighty miles south of Louisville. It is from twenty to twenty-five miles in length, and from twelve to fifteen miles in width.

This great field, practically unknown as yet, is certainly a most important one. It covers a most extended area and contains a large number of most promising deposits. That the stone is in vast quantities is without question. It may be quarried in blocks as large as can possibly be handled, and from those slabs, blocks or columns may be made as large as may be desired for any purpose.

The colors of the stone are varied, intense and unique. In texture it is fine, firm and compact. No clay concretions occur in it, and it is remarkably fine from the small interstices incident to imperfect crystallization called "sand-holes," so common in fine marbles and other crystalline rocks.—St. Louis Star.

Afraid of an Explosion.

A well-known United Presbyterian minister of this city is telling a story on himself which is creating laughter among his friends. He is of large and generous proportions, and his rotundity is only equalled by his cheery countenance and genial disposition, so he tells the story with a good grace. Some time ago he was asked to make a Sunday trip down to the Dixmont Insane Asylum, and preach a sermon to some of the milder patients of the institution. He agreed to do so and some weeks later found him fulfilling his contract. He was expounding one of his best discourses and was trying to make it as impressive to his hearers as possible. The closest attention was being paid, and two men in the front seat, he noticed, were especially engaged in observing his every word and action. The reverend doctor was working up to one of the effective climaxes for which he is famous. Both his arms were being used for frequent gestures, his naturally florid face was reddening from a strong flow of words, and his whole form seemed to swell with the force of his argument. The men on the front seat began to get nervous. Suddenly one of them arose and tapped his companion on the shoulder. His eyes seemed starting from the sockets, and as he made for the door he yelled: "Run, Jimmy, run! He's going to bust!"—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

One of the greatest mysteries to scientists, one for which there seems to be no reasonable explanation, is that concerning the migration of the lemming, or Norway rat. Instead of taking place once a year, these migrations occur only once in every eleven years. When the time comes for the exodus, the little animals journey westward from Scandinavia, allowing nothing to stop their movements, which virtually amount to a headlong flight. They swim the lakes and rivers and climb the highest mountains in incalculable numbers, devastating the whole country through which they pass.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A large audience once gathered in Fallmore to hear the late Professor Sylvester read a unique original poem of 400 lines, all rhyming with one name Rosalind. He had appended to the poem a large number of explanatory footnotes, which he said he would read first. When at last he had done so he looked up at the clock, and was horrified to find that he had kept the audience an hour and a half before beginning to read the poem they had come to hear. The astonishment on his face was answered by a burst of good-humored laughter from the audience, and then, after begging all his hearers to feel at perfect liberty to leave if they had engagements, he read the Rosalind poem.—New York Tribune.

Riley—Shame on you Terence Duffy, an' your wife only buried yesterday.

Duffy—Differ'n't people have differ'n't ways of showin' their grief (hic) thish ish my way!—Truth.