... glances,

... e around me,
... lend and lover,
... of fancy,
... re to discover.

... friend and lover
... me together,
... ms and summer
And ... and wintry weather.

It seems as yet that dreams are cruel.
Ah, me! I am so young to waken,
And find on earth no truth is left me
But this: "I loved, and am forsaken."
—*Belle W. Cook, in the Independent.*

A CURIOUS CHINESE LEGEND.

Many years ago, when Hangchow was in its glory and prosperity reigned in the Empire, there dwelt in "the scented flower street" a young man named Shu, who had lately lost his father. By the death of this parent a considerable amount of wealth, in money, houses and land, reverted to him. Being of a literary turn of mind he seldom visited the places of public resort, his time being generally occupied with his studies or in attending to the wants of his mother. Although he was urged by his surviving parent to contract a matrimonial alliance, yet he persistently refused, saying that he had never yet seen or heard of any damsel upon whom he could center his affections. Enjoying as he did good looks in addition to his share of wealth, he was the envy of all the marriage brokers in the city, who vainly brought the charms of numerous fair ones before his mother's notice, but all in vain. Now, one night while poring over some ancient tomes treating upon magic and the occult sciences, he came across a chapter wherein was described the charms of a certain Princess, the daughter of a mighty King, who lived in a distant part of China. Her innumerable graces, her exquisite beauty and attainments were all set forth. Fired by the marvelous attributes of this fair damsel he determined to make further inquiries upon the subject. Not far from the young man's place of abode there lived an old Buddhist priest who had the reputation of being deeply versed in magic and in ancient history. Thither the youth repaired, and, having acquainted him with the subject, invoked his aid to inform him by what means it was possible to see this wonderful Princess. The priest endeavored to dissuade him from making the attempt, but in vain. "Well," said the priest, "I warn you that nothing but sorrow will be the result of your wishes, but if at any future time you should require my services, for the sake of your father, who was very kind to me, I will save you from misery." The rash youth was in no way daunted by the evil forebodings of the priest, nor would he be dissuaded from his resolve.

A DEMONIACAL DAMSEL.

Accordingly the old man gave him the following instructions: "This beautiful Princess is the daughter of King Wong, who, as you are aware by the records of your books, is possessed of considerable notoriety and skill in the magic art. This he has transmitted to his daughter, and by virtue of a supernatural power she has the means, whenever she wills it, of transforming herself or any one she may wish into the form of a serpent. Up to the present time she has been sought by many suitors, but owing to her wickedness and desire to wreak vengeance upon the inhabitants of the kingdom of Wu, with whom in former years her ancestors were at endless warfare, she makes a point of transforming young men into serpents, and conveys them by her magic art to that kingdom, thus venting her wrath against the people of the land. Now, my son, I alone have the means to prevent her using her magic upon you. It may be that she will be struck with your appearance, and should you, by effecting a marriage with her, dissolve the unholy spell that now dominates her, then you will, indeed, be privileged to enter into the blessed state of Nirvana. Go home, and I will command the Princess by virtue of my power over her to appear to you."

A PECULIAR INTERVIEW.

The young man retraced his steps, and having seated himself in his study was deeply immersed in thought, when suddenly a ray of bright light struck across the chamber and upon looking up he beheld the object of his wishes. Dazzled by the beauty of the lady he could scarcely speak, but the fair damsel approached, and thus began: "Master Shu, by command of the sage Chang I have come to you: in what manner can I serve you?" Shu, regaining his courage, replied: "Fair Lady Leen (Lily), I have long read of your wondrous charms. I gaze upon your form and features." The lady on her side was evidently smitten with the youth, and did not for the moment know what to reply to the compliment. Said she, "have you heard of my wickedness and proficiency in the magic art, and are you ready to undergo any test I may put you to?" Being answered in the affirmative, she said: "Well, to-night be at the foot of the 'Feng Shan' (Phœnix hill), and remain watching until I come to you." The youth promised to be there. As evening approached he felt somewhat alarmed and having visited his mother, telling her that she was not to be alarmed as he would not be home before morning, made a disposition of his property and having assumed his best garments repaired to the spot indicated by the Princess. To his astonishment, just at the foot of the hill, he was suddenly stopped by the Priest Chang, who drew him aside and endeavored, by all the persuasion in his power, to deter him from keeping his appointment.

A VISION OF SERPENTS.

The sage, seeing that all his speech was useless, determined to resort to his power of summoning unearthly beings to his aid, to combat the art of the Princess Leen. The moon which had hitherto shown brightly on the scene, now became clouded over. Suddenly the hissing of serpents became audible, the noise of the leaves rustling and the branches crackling caused our hero to look up. What a sight met his gaze! Numberless serpents were visible of all sizes and shapes, twisting and coiling themselves in and out of the branches. He started back in horror and half resolved to return, when from amidst the largest heap of the reptiles a white serpent, whose eyes glistened like diamonds, and whose head was the color of the purest jade, came forth and approached the young man. Nearer and nearer it drew, when, on an instant, the grove became illumined with a lurid glare, and the sage Chang was to be seen surrounded by a number of demons. Addressing the white serpent, who had paused on its path, he said; "Vile woman, I have long awaited a chance to put an end to your nefarious doings, and now is my opportunity." ... his hand he cried: "Assume ... ." The serpent

... casting
... nser, the hill
... ove, and a yawning
... me. "Jump into the
... t these hills cover you and
... ms."

DEATH OF THE LOVERS.

Turning to the young man Shu the Princess embraced him, and besought him to supplicate the priest to pardon her, but his entreaties were in vain. Kissing Shu and clinging to his neck, poor Leen prepared herself for the fatal leap. Shu, utterly prostrated by grief and the love he had for the damsel, resolved to share her fate. Without a moment's hesitation he entwined his arms around her, and, before anyone could prevent him, jumped into the abyss, which immediately closed upon the lovers. The priest was dismayed, and tried all the means in his power to invoke heaven to restore the lost ones, but in vain. Descending to Hangchow he told the story to the mother of Shu, who mourned for her son. A liberal sum was devoted to the erection of a temple to the honor of deceased Shu and the Lady Leen, and the priest Chang built himself a hut at the base of the hill, where he daily offered prayers to the manes of the dead until his demise. Since that time the hill bears the name of the "White Serpent Hill," and the most fearless of the inhabitants dread to wend their way round the base of the hill after nightfall, asserting that the spirits of the lovers nightly meet and renew their vows upon its summit. Such are the legends that the minds of the Chinese are imbued with, and their number is legion. This was the story told us by the old man at the lake, and when it was finished we sought our boat to be ready for sight-seeing next day.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—The Province of Ontario has a Superannuated Teachers' Fund.

—A leading ecclesiastical property agent in England estimates that about 200 livings are yearly offered for sale.

—The Rev. Phillips Brooks is said to be the first American who has preached in Westminster Abbey before the Queen.

—The average attendance in the aided schools of England and Wales now amounts to rather less than one in nine of the population.

—The Pope has given permission to unauthorized religious corporations in France who wish to do so to submit to the regulations required by law; but he does not enjoin it.

—Miss Anna C. Brackett, the famous New York teacher of young women, has been elected a member of the Executive Committee of the National Council of Education.

—Dr. Schaff says of the revised New Testament soon to be published: "The revision will so nearly resemble the present version that the mass of readers and hearers will scarcely perceive the difference, while a careful comparison will show slight improvements in every chapter and almost every verse."

—The Reformed Congregation of Friedrichstadt, in Schleswig-Holstein, Germany, owns so much property that the members do not need to pay anything for the pastor's salary, or to meet other expenses. Each member received last year the sum of $15 out of the annual surplus.

—There are in Minnesota seventy-five Baptist Churches which have no houses of worship. Instead of being troubled with mortgages and floating debts, these churches simply hire halls or rooms in which to meet, and conduct their affairs on a plan which combines economy with independence.

—"Indolence is the worst enemy," says Bishop Huntington, "that the Church has to encounter. Men sleep around her altar. Life has no significance, eternity no awfulness, enjoyment no obligations, bereavement no solemnity, holiness no enrapturing beauty, but they stretch on beds of ease, and sleep amid the most stirring revelations of Providence."

—The books, letters and manuscripts belonging to John and Charles Wesley, with about a thousand others illustrating the history of Methodism, have been presented to the Drew Theological Seminary. The collection was made by a clergyman living near London, and was lately purchased for the Drew Seminary by a New York merchant interested in the schools.

—The yearly incomes of the heads of the Anglican Church are as follows: The Archbishop of Canterbury, $75,000; the Bishop of York, $50,000; the Bishop of London, $50,000; the Bishop of Durham, $40,000; the Bishop of Winchester, $35,000; the Bishop of Ely, $27,500; the Bishop of St. Asaph, $26,000; and the rest not less than $20,000, and not more than $25,000 each. Each Bishop has, moreover, a "palace," or official residence.

Two Approaching Comets.

Two periodical comets are now approaching perihelion, but it is not likely that either of them will become visible for some weeks yet, unless in the largest telescopes. Faye's comet will be nearest the earth on the 3d of October (at the distance 1.09 that of the sun), but will not be in perihelion until the 22d of January next year. It was discovered on November 22, 1843, and observed at each of the subsequent returns, passing its perihelion on the last occasion on July 18, 1873. This comet was detected by Mr. Common at Ealing, with his large reflector, on August 2, in the position given by Dr. Axel Moller's ephemeris. The theoretical intensity of light at this date was 0.078, which rather exceeds that at the first and last observations at the appearance in 1850-'51. The comet was very small and extremely faint when the sky was not quite black. The faintness of the comet will prevent its being well observed at any time with ordinary telescopes. Since its last appearance in 1873, when only four observations were secured, the effect of perturbation has been to lengthen the period 56.5 days, and to retard the arrival at perihelion by 38 days, the main part of this perturbation having been produced by Jupiter in 1875.

The other, Winnecke's periodical comet, was discovered in 1819 by Pons, and not seen again until 1858, when Dr. Winnecke determined satisfactorily the circumstances of its orbit. The last passage through perihelion occurred on March 12, 1875; the next, according to Prof. von Oppolzer's calculations will fall on the 4th of next December. But the position of the comet at this return will be very unfavorable for visibility at places where there are sufficiently powerful telescopes to afford hope of seeing so faint an object. Dr. von Oppolzer believes that at the next return, in 1886, the circumstances will be far more likely to give astronomers an opportunity of observing the comet. Being also unfavorably placed in 1863, it was not seen at all that year, when it passed its perihelion in the autumn.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—More than 125,000 children die annually in France before reaching the end of their first year. One-fifth of the ... tire number are in Paris.

... West
... ored lady
... er door-step
... etty soon along
... g and he saw the
... went down into the
... the insect. But after he
... there the dog didn't find things just as he had expected. In the first place, it suddenly grew dark, and in the next place he didn't get the bee. He concluded to draw out, but found, that owing to the form of the pitcher, he couldn't so easily do it. He backed away with all his might, but the pitcher clung to him. And then the bee began to get in his work on the dog, and the circus began in earnest. The dog howled fearfully and began to plunge wildly about, and then started on a mad run down the street. Just as it started, the colored lady saw the animal and she set off in an anxious frame of mind to recover her pitcher. The dog being completely blindfolded by the pitcher could not guide itself, but got under the feet of a stout man, and both took a roll in the gutter, and the shouts of the man, who did not attempt to disguise his annoyance, were as loud as the yells of the dog. The pitcher didn't break, and the animal was on its feet and away again before the colored lady could come up, and soon tangled herself all up with a policeman's legs, and made a terrible fuss. By this time a crowd had collected, and as the dog took to turning summersaults and jumping instead of running, the colored lady was enabled to get to the scene. The policeman attempted to yank the pitcher from the dog's head, but it stuck, and the effort merely resulted in nearly yanking the dog's head off. Then he proposed to relieve the howling animal by breaking the pitcher, but the owner of the crockery, who was making a terrible fuss, strenuously objected, and then the policeman contrived to thrust his hand in beside the dog's head to try and push the animal's head out, and he must have got hold of the bee, for he suddenly yanked his hand out, waved it wildly in the air, and spoke blasphemy as he danced about. After he got calmed down a little, he cursed the owner of the pitcher, and drawing his locust, hit the crockery a blow that shattered it into a thousand fragments. The dog being then released, flew away like the wind; the colored lady, after an excited oration was induced to go home rather than be taken to the station house, the crowd dispersed and the officer was left on the corner sucking his thumb and muttering to himself something that may have been a prayer. —*Boston Post.*

Death of Ouray, Chief of the Utes.

In the death of Ouray one of the historical characters of Colorado passes away. He has figured for many years as the greatest Indian of his time, and during his life has figured quite as prominently before the country as has any white man in the Rocky Mountains. It is therefore meet and proper that on the occasion of his death his life should be remembered. The record of his deeds is one of simple parts, yet he has proved himself elevated so far above other men of his race and time that his acts stand out in bold relief. Ouray was in many respects—indeed, we may say in all respects—a remarkable Indian; a man of pure instincts, of keen perception and apparently possessed very proper ideas of justice and right—the friend of the white man and the protector of the Indian, ever standing up and boldly asserting the rights of his tribe, and as continually doing all in his power to create favor for the white man with the Indians.

Ouray, in telling the story of his life, says that he was born in Taos Valley, New Mexico, near the Pueblo village of that name. His tribe of Utes were in the habit of spending much of their time in the Taos Valley and San Louis Park, and along the Sangre de Christo Mountains. Down in this region they were accustomed to meet the Apaches, who came up from the north. It is a very common thing for the women of a tribe of Indians to marry out of their tribe. Ouray's father married an Apache women; hence the epithet which is so often sneeringly applied to Ouray by those of the Indians who disliked him of being an "Apache papoose." The Indians became so accustomed to associating with the Mexicans that some of them began to adopt the customs of this people, and when Ouray's father and mother came to the conclusion that they wanted to be married, they quietly marched up to the little adobe church which stands on the hill, in the village at Red River crossing, and had the priest perform the ceremony, just as any good Catholics would. And when Ouray was born, they took him to the same adobe building and had him baptized into the Catholic Church—the only instance on record of the kind.

Ouray had three brothers and two sisters, but he survived all of his brothers, while both of his sisters still live, one of them near the home of the chief, on the Uncompahgre, and the other is Susan, the wife of Chief Johnson, of the White River tribe, who so signally distinguished herself in her kindness to the Meeker women and Mrs. Price, while they were captives among the tribe.

Ouray had long been a chief among the Utes, but is more renowned for his wisdom than his bravery. During his young manhood, however, he was accustomed to lead the Ute braves to battle, and was a very brave as well as successful fighter. He generally planned well and fought bravely. During these times the Utes were engaged in a deadly encounter with the Arapahoes, Cheyennes and Sioux. It was a war between the plains Indians and the mountain tribes, between Highlanders and Lowlanders. Ouray entered into the spirit which characterized his race with a will, and soon became a renowned warrior. He soon was famed for wisdom, and his counsel was sought by the Utes far and near. When the white men first began to settle what is now Colorado, they found Ouray chief of the Tabequache and Uncompahgre tribe, the largest band of the tribe, and in great favor with the members of other bands, so that, while he was not head chief, he was a man of the greatest influence and power among his people. He was also disposed to be friendly toward the white settlers, and soon became known as a mediator between the two races. He continued increasing his authority and influence among his people until, as he expressed it, "the year after Lincoln's death," he was recognized as head Chief by the Indians. In 1873 he acted as interpreter between the Indians and Commissioner Brunot, in the conference looking to cession to the Government of the San Juan country, and in recognition of his services at that time and in the past, the Government settled an annuity of one thousand dollars upon him, which he has since continued to draw regularly. He made his first trip to Washington during the same year that he was made head chief.

Ouray has lived at his present home on the Uncompahgre and in that vicinity during the past twenty-three years, having resided, previous to establishing himself at that point, in New Mexico. Chopeta, his present wife, is his second, his first having been the mother of his boy and also of a girl child, now dead. Ouray lives in good style. He owns a farm, which is a real garden spot, of three hundred acres. Of this he cultivates about one hundred acres, raising all kinds of cereals and vegetables. He lives in a neatly-built and commodious adobe house, built for him by the Government and neatly furnished and carpeted. He owns great numbers of horses and a good many cattle and sheep, and when he goes out, rides in a carriage which was a present from ex-Governor McCook. He hires laborers from among the Mexicans and Indians, and also expects his wife to do her share of the farm work. Ouray's present wife, Chopeta, is kind-hearted and very much like Ouray in her nature, being kind and well disposed toward the whites. The Chief had become very much attached to his present manner of living, and it is said was disposed to remain on his farm and surrender the reins of government to some younger man. Speaking before the Commission, of which he was a member, recently in session at Los Pinos, on the 16th of November of the past year, he said:

"I do not want to be chief. I grow old and am tottering. Let some young man with the fire of youth in his veins take my place. I have my farm, which I would rather cultivate and watch the seed planted by me grow up to maturity than to be head chief. They all come to me with their troubles. I know everything and have all their burdens to bear. Washington no want me to give up my position; wants me to stay and govern Utes. I want only to be known as Ouray, the friend of the white man."

So far as the late difficulty, resulting in the White River massacre and the Milk Creek fight, was concerned, Ouray continued from first to last friendly to the whites and an advocate of peace. As soon as he learned of the Thornburg fight he sent runners to White River ordering that hostilities cease. He also did everything in his power to secure the surrender of the captive women, and when there was a prospect of the Southern Utes breaking out, he sent timely warning to the white settlers near. He pursued a straightforward and manly course and deserved the honor which the Government conferred upon him in making him a member of the Commission to settle the trouble.—*Denver Tribune.*

Our Oldest Inhabitants.

James Stone is a Louisville (Ky.) man, 103 years of age, who has had eleven wives.

Tucson, Arizona, has two centenarians, Mexicans, born in Sonora—Bascual Cruz, 110 years old, and Jesus Obledo, 100 years old.

Mrs. Margaret Dodson, of Houston County, Tex., glories in the fact that she has fifty-one great-grand-children living.

The Sixth Ward of Saginaw City, Mich., claims a French woman 110 years of age, who planted, cultivated, and dug two acres of potatoes last season.

Mrs. Sarah Moseley, of Madison, Ind., is enjoying a visit from her son, whom she has not seen in forty-seven years. Mrs. Moseley is 111 years old.

Sixteen soldiers met in Paris, Ky., recently, whose united ages were 1,390 years, or an average of 86¾ years. The oldest was 96, and the youngest 82.

"I'm not at all tired," said Mrs Alio, of Tylersburg, Pa., as she sat down in her son's house, after a walk of seven and a half miles—and she is in her 107th year.

Mrs. Hannah Cox, of Helderness, N. H., has just celebrated her 104th birthday. She goes all about the house without assistance, and reads without glasses.

Mrs. Rebecca Frost, of Hart County, Georgia, tells stories of the Revolutionary War. She is 107 years of age and still in splendid health, retaining all her faculties.

When the grandmother of N. B. Doak, of Stockton, Cal., was a century old she made him a pair of woollen socks. She died recently at Wythe County, Va., aged 103 years.

Mrs. Eaglin, a Kentucky lady of Carroll County, was always a great lover of the circus. She is 98 years of age, but recently walked two miles to attend one.

Mrs. Mary Walker, of Phillipsburg, N. J., claims to be 107 years of age, and says it is all owing to her remaining an old maid. Family cares, she says, are the ruin of the health of thousands.

Marsac, the old French trader, died in Bay City, Mich., recently, aged 100 years. He was an old stager, knew the trails of the Northwest when they ran through an almost unbroken wilderness, and fought on the staff of General Lewis Cass.

Half a century ago Elder William L. Benedict, of Warwick, N. Y., cradled and bound a field of grain. On the same farm he performed the same work during the present harvest. He afterward drove fifteen miles to fulfill an appointment to preach. He is over 80 years of age.

Kentucky has a number of honored citizens who have lived nearly a century. Louisville presents seven men who are over 90 years of age. They are: Dr. C. C. Graham, 96; H. H. Wilkes, 94; Asa Emerson, 94; Thomas L. Butler, 92; William Givens, 92; John P. Young, 91. It also has twenty-two that are 80 and over, and seventy-seven that are 70 and over.

A census enumerator of San Diego found an old blind man who claims to be one of the men who helped build the "Old Mission," 105 years ago. He believes he is 120 years of age. At the rancheria below the Court House was found an old Indian woman who claims to be also 120 years of age. Her flesh and skin are so withered that she resembles rather an animated Egyptian mummy than a human being.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Snake Story from India.

A herd of wild elephants was roaming through the country once, and after staying some while at a salt spring began to pass on. One, however, a very large animal, stayed a little behind, being, in fact, the last to leave the spring. As he was hastening to join the others, a snake (who had been watching in an adjacent tree), threw its body out as the elephant passed by, and keeping hold of the trunk of the tree with its extremity, caught hold of the elephant's hind leg. The monster stopped and turned round to see what was the matter; and by this the snake got a better hold, and wound itself round the elephant's body. Then commenced the tug of war. The elephant saw what was the matter and began to pull. But it could not disconnect the snake from the tree. Neither gave way, and the pulling continued with fearful vigor, until a creaking was heard. Suddenly the great tree around which the snake had fixed its hold was seen to sway, and gradually its lateral roots began to appear above the earth, the trunk to totter, and finally the topmost branches crashed to the ground. But the most marvelous part was that the trunk, having wide-spreading branches which rested on the ground, was raised a great distance from the earth. The snake, which still maintained its hold both on it and the elephant, was hoisted up with the trunk and took the elephant with it. Next day a party of villagers out for firewood, when a short distance from the tree, saw the novel sight of an elephant suspended (apparently) in mid air. Upon closer inspection they found a snake was the connection with the tree, and one man got through the branches on to the trunk, cut through the snake, which immediately fell to the ground with the elephant and was crushed in the fall.

—A flattened tube of iron, properly arranged, has been invented in Germany to take the place of the ordinary wooden railway sleepers and is attracting much attention.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

—It is said that the State of Oregon will furnish a surplus of 250,000 tons of wheat this year.

—An approximate estimate of the cotton crop of Texas this year places it at 1,300,000 bales.

—The English language is spoken in the civilized countries of the world by over 1,000,000,000 people.

—Newspaper and periodical publishers daily pay about $1,000 for postage at the New York Postoffice.

—The Delaware Peninsula, a part of the State most devoted to fruit-raising, shipped 1,000,000 baskets of peaches in a single week.

—Oshkosh, Wis., has the largest match factory in the world. It cut up 2,000,000 feet of logs into matches, and used $300,000 worth of revenue stamps during 1879. Besides, it manufactured one-fourth of all the merchant work, sash, blinds and doors made in the United States.

—Prof. Thurston, testing pieces of the wire cable of the Fairmount Suspension Bridge, recently taken down at Philadelphia, after being in use about forty years, found the iron to be fully equal in tenacity, elasticity and ductility to the best wire of the same size found in the market.

—In coining $20,000,000 in silver and $22,000,000 in gold at the San Francisco Mint in 1878 there was lost only $20. The carpet, which had been down five years was taken up last spring, cut into small pieces, and burned in pans. The debris was put through the same process as mining dust and yielded $2,500.

—The first steel rails made in this country were rolled at Chicago in 1865. In 1867 the manufacture of steel rails was begun in Pennsylvania at the Freedom Iron and Steel Works, which failed after being run two years. During the year 1870 three establishments of this character were put into operation—namely, one at Harrisburg, one at Troy, N. Y., and one at Newburg, Ohio. There are eleven mills in the United States at which steel rails are made, five of which are in Pennsylvania, three in Illinois, one in New York, one in Ohio and one in Missouri. In 1867 the entire product was 2,277 tons, and the price was $166 per ton. The product has more than trebled itself every three years, and in 1879 it reached 606,397 tons.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—We should suppose the best thing for a bathing dress would be a duck suit.—*Boston Post.*

—Life is full of bitter lessons, the simplest of which is that one man's fall makes forty men laugh.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Church choirs are put at the back end of churches to accommodate the timid worshippers who cannot face the music.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—"Take Back the Heart That Thou Gavest," is a popular ballad. As nothing is said about the liver, it is probable that she kept it.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—The bathing suit worn by the boys along the river front fits well and is very simple and inexpensive. It consists of a wad of cotton in each ear.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

—When an up-country conductor struck in the smoking-car a boy pulling a big cigar, and the lad tendered him a half-fare ticket, it rather took the railroad man's breath away.—*Boston Post.*

—There is no apple tree, however watched and tended
But the small boy is there.
—*Andrews' Bazar.*

—The fruit he eats, and soon his form is bended
In wild and keen despair.
—*Marathon Independent.*

—It always sounds pretty to say: "The sun had sunk beneath the western horizon," but a moment's reflection shows that that is about the only horizon he could sink beneath under the circumstances. When he feels like sinking he always selects the western horizon in this section.—*Rochester Democrat.*

—The pupils had got as far as the word "hypocrite." None of the children could explain what it meant. One guessed that it meant "big feeling," and another thought a "hypocrite" was a "big animal that wallers in the mud." So the teacher explained: "A hypocrite, children, is a person who pretends to be what he is not; such a one may be pleasant to your face, but speaks ill behind your back." "Please, marm," cried a little boy eagerly, raising his hand, "then my pa ain't a hypocrite, 'cause he said you was a confounded old maid, and he'd just's lives tell yer so to yer face!"—*Boston Transcript.*

The Earthquake at Manila.

Accounts in detail are at hand of the earthquake that took place at Manila on the 18th of July. Although the town was almost entirely destroyed, the loss of life happily was small. But ten persons are known to have been killed, and there were twenty-nine wounded. The shocks continued for about a minute and a quarter only; but in that time were wrought the most tremendous disasters. The Palace, Cathedral, Admiral's house and every building of note in the place were overwhelmed in the twinkling of an eye. Nearly all the inhabitants were made homeless and great suffering ensued. The next day the volcano called Tal burst into eruption, and this, although near Manila, reassured the people, who thought the outlet thus created would prevent a recurrence of the shocks of earthquake. Captain Talbot, of the British steamer Esmeralda, has given a remarkable description of the catastrophe, his ship having been near enough to Manila to render the crew eye-witnesses of its destruction. The Esmeralda had cleared and was on the point of leaving the roadstead when the calamity occurred. What was descried from the vessel's deck is thus in part set forth:

"The Cathedral spire and several other conspicuous buildings were seen to topple and fall in one inglorious pile with a terrific crash, clouds of dust covering the whole town in a few seconds afterward, and obscuring the view of everything. This shock was distinctly felt in the bay, where the Esmeralda was lying. The water bubbled and boiled up noisily all around her, the vessel tossed as if in a heavy gale, and was bumped heavily as if the bed of the river was also concerned in the general state of excited upheaval. The wreck of a ship which had been sunk near the beach was thrown right up out of the water bodily and one of her iron masts was seen to give way. She had been sunk for some time, and the raising of of the vessel had been given up as an impossibility. The condition of all the shipping in the river was something frightful, and all those who were in the midst of it will pray earnestly that they may never have to go through the like again. The sensation both on board ship and on shore was a fierce, tremendous strain on the nerves; the shocks came with remarkable unpleasantness, and the feeling they engendered, beside the movement of the ground, more particularly on shore, was that of being suddenly connected with a galvanic battery strongly charged. Their frequency was as great as their unpleasantness."

The shocks of this earthquake were far more severe as well as more protracted than those of the last similar visitation in 1863; and had they ended, as did the earthquake of 1863, with the dreaded "rotary motion," it is asserted that not one house would have been left standing in Manila after the shocks.

CURRENT ITEMS.

—A butcher's horse in Montreal trotted fifty miles on a race-course, in four hours and fifty minutes.

—The Sultan has so much fear of assassination that he has the locks of his doors changed once a week.

—John Bright says that for every heathen converted in Africa there is a chance to convert five in England.

—Nineteen leading Afghans are prisoners in India, four of them being sons and five grandsons of Dost Mohammed.

—Wool has been so cheap in England that the Duke of Richmond could get no buyers at Chichester for the fleeces of his famous flock of Southdowns, while at Lewes not a single sale was made.

—The New England Granite Company at Hartford, Conn., is making a statue in white Westerly granite of Alexander Hamilton, to be given by his son, John C. Hamilton, to New York City for Central Park. The statue is eight feet high.

—The brilliancy of the planet Jupiter will be greater in October than it has been for many years past. The large red spot on his disk which made its appearance in 1878, and which is a puzzle to astronomers, is still visible, and a host of telescopes throughout the country are directed to this object of interest.

—A bell in the chime in the tower of the Protestant Episcopal Church at Lowell, Mass., bears an inscription which shows that it was a gift of the late Ole Bull in 1857, when he appeared in a concert there to raise funds for its purchase. It was tolled half an hour when the news of his death was received.

—Says a writer in the *Parisian* "I do not know which is the more exasperating, an American woman tilting to and fro in a rocking-chair, or a German woman knitting, knitting, knitting, until the kneedles seem so many restless, shining imps. I fancy that it requires very high degrees of—of—breeding to enable a woman to sit still, quite still, not to rock, or do fancy work, or even sway a fan to and fro."

—The first coins of the United States were struck with the portrait of Martha Washington, Mr. Spencer, who cut the first die, copying her features in his medallion. When General Washington saw the coins he was very wroth, and before any more were struck off the features of his wife were altered somewhat and a cap placed on her head, this being the original of the present Goddess of Liberty.

—It is calculated by the advocates of a reformed system of spelling that, by the adoption of the phonetic rule, there would be a saving to a writer of one hour and twenty minutes in a day of eight hours, or 400 hours in a year of 300 days. A saving of twenty per cent. would be effected on the same amount of literary matter in the London *Times*, and an equal saving in the cost of new books. Over all departments of English literature it is calculated that there would be a saving of £10,000,000 annually.

—The New York *Tribune* takes up the old cry and says, "The best private houses would welcome an intelligent, modest, expert American girl as housekeeper, cook, or waitress, would give her a secluded home, high wages, a luxurious table, and, most valuable of all, protection. But they invariably prefer to enter mills, to run sewing machines, or take places as unskilled shop girls on wages that range from two to four dollars per week; to lodge in garrets and live on starvation fare."

—A number of the Chinese students now in the United States will soon be sent back to China on account of offenses which they have committed. Among them is T. C. Chung, an excellent young man, who was graduated in the class of 1879 at the Norwich (Conn.) Free Academy, and who is dishonored for having cut off his queue. Woo, the new Commissioner at Hartford, is very strict, and is conducting the Chinese schools under the rigid discipline of the Empire.

—"Go to the ant, thou sluggard, and be wise," bids fair before long to gain a new and extended meaning. Sir John Lubbock long since made known that the rival of the thriftless and frivolous grasshopper not only has a polity and laws, not only lives in a highly organized society, having slaves and milch cows (aphides); but that it boasts what men and grasshoppers alike seem to have learned to do without, namely, a religion, worshipping a certain blind beetle with great reverence and zeal. Now comes another observer and insists that ants have also a language, the signs of which are various motions of the antennæ. The new dialect, it is averred, can be interpreted and formulated with very little trouble.

Sixty Days Without Food.

A citizen of Cass Avenue was smoking his cigar over the gate the other evening when a "go-as-you-please," who looked unusually thin, came scuffing along and halted and asked:

"Do you keep posted on the news?"

"Yes, I think so," was the reply.

"Know all about the Tanner case, don't you?"

"Yes."

"I was down in Indiana during his first ten days, and since that I've lost track of him. Did he hold out for forty days?"

"Oh, yes."

"Stood it right through, did he?"

"Yes."

"Say," confidentially remarked the tramp, as he came closer, "do you know I began to fast same day as Tanner did?"

"Did you?"

"Yes, and it is now over sixty days since I touched food. That beats him by over twenty days, and I could put in another ten as well as not. Say?"

"Yes."

"Do you think such things are of any real scientific value?"

"No."

"That's just my opinion. I can't see where nor how science is to gain a cent's worth of practical information. Do you think Tanner will ever become President?"

"No."

"Nor I either, and I haven't any hopes of myself. Do you think it will upset any established theories concerning the treatment of the human system?"

"No."

"Nor I, either. Say?"

"Well."

"I've been thinking this thing all over, and I can't see how it pays me to go on with this fasting. It wouldn't prove anything in particular If I should put in one hundred successive days."

"No."

"Then I guess I'll come to the conclusion to stop it."

There was a long and uncomfortable silence. The tramp finally move off, but halted and returned and said:

"Say if a man had fasted for one hundred straight days in this town you wouldn't offer him as much as an old crust when his time was up, would you?"

"No, sir," was the decided reply.

"Nor you wouldn't give him any of your old clothes?"

"No, sir."

"Nor lend him ten cents to pay for a lodging?"

"No, sir."

"That's just the conclusion I had reached and I'll be darned If I don't fast my hundred days out just to show you that I can get along without any of your assistance!"

And the indignant faster walked off with his head up and his heel having a firm grip of the pine planks.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Youths' Department.

CROCODILE TEARS.

On the banks of the Nile an old crocodile
Lay sunning himself one day,
And he gently did croon an attempt at a tune,
As he watched some small children at play—
At play—
As he watched some small children at play.

He pondered awhile, and a hungering smile
Revealed the extent of his jaw;
He was twenty feet long, was uncommonly strong,
And his teeth were arranged like a saw—
Like a saw—
And his teeth were arranged like a saw.

He used every wile their hearts to beguile,
As toward them he stealthily stole;
He balanced each scale, and wagged his tail,
Then gobbled those children up whole—
Up whole—
Then gobbled those children up whole.

And such is the style of this old crocodile,
He sheds bitter tears o'er his prey;
He was filled with deep gloom when he thought of their doom,
And he wept all the rest of the day—
The day—
And he wept all the rest of the day.
—*Harper's Young People.*

A DAY AMONG THE WELSH CASTLES.

I believe of all stories written for boys none interest them more than those of old castles; and American boys long for the privilege granted to their English cousins of roaming over ivy-covered ruins, climbing lofty towers, and endangering their necks in all manner of dangerous places. And so my strong sympathy with this trait in boys leads me to tell the story of my explorings in two old castles, whose names ought to be familiar to all school-boys. But I must first give you a little early English and Welsh history, that you may know why these castles were built.

When England became a settled kingdom, with a number of divisions whose Princes were under the English King, and whose people paid dues to him, Wales was one of these divisions, and at times the Welsh were very troublesome, refusing to pay dues, or submit to the will of the King. Castles were built and given to English nobles, to whom was allowed all the land they could seize from the Welsh, and the people were oppressed in various ways, till Llewellyn became Prince of North Wales. When Henry III., a boy only nine years old, was crowned, Llewellyn acknowledged him as King, and for fifty-six years rendered obedience to him as superior sovereign; but when Edward I. became King, Llewellyn at last threw off the yoke, and resisted sturdily. He was finally forced to submit; but falling in an encounter with an English knight, his brother David, claiming to be legal sovereign of North Wales, summoned a council of Welsh chieftains at Denbigh, a little town in the north of Wales. They determined to commence hostilities against the English, but were not successful. David was imprisoned, and this was the end of Welsh independence.

Wales was united to England, and Edward I. determined to secure the submission and willing obedience of its people. It is said he promised them a Prince who could not speak a word of English. Now, he had a baby-boy who was afterward Edward II.; he presented him as the promised Prince, and, ever since, the oldest son of the English King is called the Prince of Wales.

This little Prince lived in Carnarvon, the largest of the one hundred and forty-three castles in North Wales, and it is of the beautiful ruin of this castle that I will first tell you.

It is on a high hill in the western part of Wales; climbing the hill you come upon a huge mass of gray stone, with immense towers; on two sides surrounded by a river, while a moat or ditch protects the other two. Originally there were thirteen towers; five have fallen, and the stones have been carried away by the inhabitants of the town to build their quaint little houses.

The castle has only narrow openings for windows on the outside; these are not more than four inches wide, but the walls are ten feet thick, and these windows are five or six feet wide on the inside, the sides slanting close together through the thickness of the wall as they get near the outside, thus forming a kind of room in each window.

In those days, battles were fought and castles defended principally with cross-bows and arrows, and these window-niches furnished standing room for six or eight men, who in turn discharged their arrows at the enemy.

It was very easy for them, close to the narrow openings, to aim carefully at the enemy, but almost impossible for the outsiders to send their arrows where they would take effect.

The towers are full of crooked passages and narrow, stone staircases, with rooms of all sizes and shapes. Entering the door at the end of the path and passing up the worn and broken stone steps, I almost lost my way in dark galleries, where the chattering of the birds which have appropriated the deep windows for their nests, and the sound of my own footsteps re-echoed till I had hardly courage to complete the ascent. At last it grew lighter, and I found myself in the open space between the two smaller towers.

In the center of the main tower, in the good old times, there were five rooms, one above another. The floors have fallen, and, looking over the inner wall, I could see only the holes where floor-beams had rested, and a heap of ruins at the bottom. Around these central halls, which must have been lighted by artificial means, were smaller rooms, and staircases only wide enough for one person to pass. At the end of each staircase is a door, so that, granting the enemy succeeded in forcing passage to the court—a large oblong square in the center of the castle—a single soldier could defend such a narrow staircase and yet be safe himself.

I suppose boys would climb to the top of the small tower where the flag-staff stands. I did not care to, so I went down and began a search for Prince Edward's room. The old histories say he was born in the tower, but there are always people who like to spoil a good story, and these say he was three years old when brought here. I like the old story, so I asked a guide to show me where the Prince was born. Entering the same door, we climbed the steps till we reached the room in the second story, lighted by the narrow window to the left of the door. The little square window just above it lighted the "confessional," a little niche in the wall still holding the receptacle for holy water. This room passed, we went clear around the tower, till we came through the narrowest of all passages to a room only ten feet by twelve. This was certainly the room of Queen Eleanor and the first Prince of Wales, whether he was born there, or brought when a very small boy. Back of the window is a narrow door which opens upon a walk upon the walls, called Queen Eleanor's walk. She could not go outside the castle walls, and it would not be pleasant for her in the court with soldiers passing to and fro, and her only exercise out-of-doors had to be taken on this narrow path. When the walls were in repair she could walk from this tower to the next, through that to another wall, and so on around the castle, entering back of the confessional. I followed the walk a little way, and was glad enough that I was not compelled, like the poor Queen, to take all my fresh air on a path two feet wide on castle walls. This tower, called Eagle Tower, was the strongest of the thirteen, and for this reason the Queen was placed in it: the next to the left, was the Regal Tower, and the enemy would naturally go there to look for the baby Prince. The banqueting hall occupied the space between the Eagle and Royal towers, indicated now only by a line of stones left for the purpose. The kitchens were directly opposite, and the places which years ago held the boilers are still to be seen, as is also the end of the leaden water pipe away back in the walls; trophy hunters have carried away as much of it as their arms could reach. The castle was entered by two gates; the King's gate, or general entrance, and one smaller, but more beautiful, through which Queen Eleanor first entered Carnarvon. This gate is the most picturesque part of the castle, being partially in ruins and covered with ivy and wall-flowers.

Around the whole were high walls with towers at intervals, a part of the town of Carnarvon being now built within them.

If Carnarvon is the grandest old castle ruin, Conway is certainly the most beautiful. At the former there is one large oblong court; the latter has two square ones, surrounded by lofty rooms with arched roofs; the entire castle is covered with a mass of ivy. The grand hall is 130 feet in length, the roof formerly being supported by eight arches. The roof and four of the arches have fallen, but ivy has covered the remaining ones so luxuriantly that, looking up from the floor, one can only see a leafy mass above, with here and there a speck of blue sky. It is built on a rock, and can be entered by steps cut into a rock, or by a drawbridge over the moat, and up a rambling path. Back of the castle is a pleasant yard, so that the lady of Conway was more fortunate than poor Queen Eleanor.

Conway was built by King Edward I. also, and he was at one time besieged in it, during a revolt of the Welsh; he was nearly reduced by famine to surrender, but at the last moment a fleet arrived with supplies and reinforcements.

Many of the castles were dismantled by the Parliamentarians in the time of Oliver Cromwell, but for some reason this was spared—it is claimed, on account of its peculiar beauty.

Denbigh has a ruined castle, but it is hardly safe to explore it, as it was not left for time to destroy, but was blown up by gunpowder in the time of Charles II.

But I think boys care less for the history of these old ruins than for the pleasure of climbing around them. It is possible that the account of Carnarvon at least may lead some of you to study enough of English history so that, when you cross the Atlantic and have the opportunity to see what now you read of, you will not have to depend upon poor guides, or spend half your time in hunting up why and by whom these grand old castles were built. —*Nettie B. Wilcox, in St. Nicholas.*

Uncle Esek's Wisdom.

Those men whose brains are few, but active, are the most successful in business.

Monuments do not prove very much after all; some of the wisest and best men who have ever lived are buried, no one knows where.

True merit is always a little suspicious of praise.

There is no suffering equal to fear, for it has no limit.

It is generally safe to converse freely with an unreserved talker, but when a man lets you carry on all the conversation it is well to be on your guard, for the probability is he is taking your measure.

There is no strength in exaggeration; even the truth is weakened by being expressed too strongly.

One reason why we all grow wise so slowly is because we nurse our mistakes too fondly.

Men owe their resolution, and most of their success, to the opposition they meet with.

Building air-castles is a harmless business as long as you don't attempt to live in them.

Unfortunately, the only pedigree worth having is one that can neither be transmitted nor inherited.

The more virtuous a man is the more virtue does he see in others.

A strong man is one whose passions stimulate his reason and whose reason controls his passions.

The divinity of charity consists in relieving a man's needs before they are forced upon us.

A man is great just in proportion to his superiority to the condition of life in which he is placed.

A weak man is worse than an insane one, for the latter may be cured or kept harmless.

He who loves to read and knows how to reflect has laid by a perpetual feast for his old age.

Opportunities are very sensitive things; if you slight them on their first visit you seldom see them again.

One of the kindest things Heaven has done for man is denying him the power of looking into the future.

Mankind all suffer alike, but some know how to conceal their troubles better than others.—*Scribner's Bric-a-Brac.*

A Man who Charmed Snakes.

A man having a small box set it down in the street and removed the wooden lid. It was about the size of a raisin box. The top of the latter was also covered with glass. The snake charmer was tall and wore a short beard and moustache. He wore a slouch hat and had on white gloves. A boy accompanied him. A crowd gathered. He removed the glass and took from the box four snakes. "Gentlemen," said the man, "I do this for a business. I was crippled in the army, and am compelled to support my family by means of showing these snakes. Here's one that I only caught five days ago and he is perfectly harmless," and he held up a rattlesnake about two feet long. The others consisted of a copperhead, black snake, and blowing viper. The black snake was about four feet long, the two others somewhat smaller. The man took all of them in his hands and they crawled up his arms. He held them against his face, and they put their heads against his cheeks, mouth, and nose. One of the snakes made an ominous noise with his rattles. "I've heard people tell me," continued the man, "that they could make a fortune if they possessed the power I did. My desire is not to make money, but simply support my family. My boy will take up a collection, after which I will show you a sight that you never saw before." A liberal supply of pennies was showered upon him, and he put three of the snakes back into the box again, and held up the rattlesnake so that all could see it. "Now I am going to show you this snake's fangs," said the man. He rubbed the head of the snake against his cheeks and mouth. He then thrust his fingers into the snake's mouth, and exhibited to the eager gaze of the crowd a number of ugly looking fangs. "They're most deadly, gentlemen, and a bite from one of these will lay any man low," explained the man. He put the rattlesnake back with the remainder, closed his box, slung it across his shoulder, and moved half a square further down, where he performed again.

"You see this viper," he said. "It contains its poison right there," pointing to a baggy portion under its throat. "It blows its poison, like a syringe, and it is most deadly. My wife caught this for me. In thirty minutes after seeing a snake I can show it without harm." To show that the snakes would not injure him, he took the rattler and held it in his mouth, catching it in his teeth below its neck, while its body dangled to the ground.—*Reading (Pa.) Eagle.*