MY ONLY ARREST.

A few years ago I had a great desire to enter the United States service. I didn't care in what capacity just so so long as I got my living from Uncle Sam. Mentioning my desire to the United States marshal for the northern district of Florida, it was gratified. I was at once ushered into the presence of the United States judge, held up my right hand and, with a heroism worthy of a better cause, swore to support the Constitution of the United States, though at the time I was hardly able to support my own constitution. Taking my formidable commission and a supply of stationary, I went back to the village of Dead Pine to await orders.

Dead Pine is a small town so named because there is a large live oak in lower portion of my throat. I cockfront of the principal saloon. Dead ed both the rifle and the shot gun, Pine is not an imposing place. At that time it had a little depot, some stores, some mortgaged farmers and three saloons. It also had a malarial back country, with plenty of "bad men" living in it, a couple of half starved churches, and some the most villainous looking men I had Christains loaning money at from 2 to any per cent, monthly to their struggling neighbors. It was also the center of a lumber and turpentine district, where prominent citizens steal state and government timber and call

In a few days my trouble began. I received a portentous document from four impressive and sinister looking official stamps on the envelope, and ordered me to at once seize the body of Thomas Perkins, supposed to be lurking somewhere in the country, and bring said body before the United States court, then in session at Jacksonville. By a careful reading of the somewhat diffusive warrant, I discoved that Thomas had been guilty of perjury in violation of the statutes in such cases made and provided.

An hour later the following dispatch was handed to me:

OFFICE OF THE UNITED STATES MARSHAL, JACKSONVILLE, Fla.
To United States Deputy Marshal, Dead

Understand Perkins desperate character; get help necessary; take him dead or

That dispatch made me very indignant. Get help indeed! Not I! I was 6 feet 1 inch in height, weighed 185 pounds. If I couldn't alone arrest one man I was unworthy to wear the bright red ribbon on the lapel of my vest labeled "United States marshal."

Besides, it I got help, there would not be enough glory to go around. I wanted it all for myself, and determined to bring in the prisoner-elect by my own unaided efforts, or occupy one of the missit coffins at the village undertaker's.

The first thing was to locate the gentleman, who, suffering from some affection of the intellectual liver, had resorted to perjury. I located him. Six miles from town, in a veritable wilderness, two miles from any other house, lived, moved and had his being, Mr. Thomas Perkins, in whom this great government of our was so

intensely interested. The next thing was to make necessary preparations. I made them. In the morning by the bright light, of a beautiful winter's day, a stout wagon, drawn by two sturdy and reflective mules, was drawn up in front of the village hotel, which was very inappropiately named "The Delmonico. On the front seat was my negro driver and pilot, Bill. On the rear seat sat the writer. Under a blanket at my teet was a Winchester rifle rifle was a and a double barrel shot gun loaded with buckshot, though I was oppressed with a harrowing doubt as to whether I hadn't put the buchshot in first. In the pocket of my overcoat was a Smith & Wesson double action sixtyeight, and in the breast pocket of my inner coat a bowle knife that had once belonged to a Texas evange-

A curious crowd had gathered to see me off. They knew my mission, though none of them knew who I was atter. They cheered me with novel suggestions and well meant advice. "I say, Cap." said one, "ye'd better take a bottle of whisky erlong wi' you. There ain't no barroom whar you're

My driver looked approvingly at this speaker. "He won't look very pretty comin'

back here with a furrer driv cl'ar through his cnist, will he?" said an-

" 'Twouldn't do fer him to go out bar huntin' at night with that red nose shinin', would hit?" That last remark hurt my vanity.

My nose was rather red, but it come from an undue partiality for stewed tomatoes, not from any other cause. "When you fire at him, Cap, watch that off mule's hind leg, fer he's goin' ter kick." said a long, lank feller on the outskirts of the crowd.

Even the negroes had something to say. Approaching me with deference, one of them whispered to me confidentially:

"Boss, ye'd best tie dat fool nigger what's drivin' ter the seat, fer soon's he hears a cap pop he's gwine ter jump out an' run like de debil."

Bill gave the mules a stimulating touch of the whip and away we went. For two miles out roads. After that, the roughest and worst that I had ever seen. Stumps, tangled roots, hills, gullies, swamp, coduroy, and the county commissioners know what else, made of dyspepsia and love, according to of the mules, the creaking of the wag-

started. It a pine wilderness, and the underbrush all gone, no song of bird, no scent of flower, no flutter of insect life, a strange, dreary desert of forest. Here was majestic trees aged with a century of growth. Gazing at their stately tops, one could well imagine that in days agone perhaps under the very trees we were passing, "Lo, the poor Indian," had once assembled to shake dice to see who should pay for

the beer. I was absorbed in these meditations when the wagon ran into a hugestump and away I went sailing out into space. The shot gun about this time decided that it was tired of riding and came along also. Neither of us were hurt, and we resumed our seats in the wagon, the gun rather unwillingly I

thought. We were now getting near the camp of the enemy and a rather curious sensation took possession of me. Of course it was not fear, but my heart evinced a curious disposition to desert its pericardium and homestead the placing them sideways in the wagon to satisfy the manifest uncasiness of the driver. The revolver I took out and placed on the seat by me, covering it with a superabundance of coat tail. The knife I loosened in its sheath. About half a mile further on I saw approaching one of ever seen. He was of negro blood, nearly white, of herculean frame, and if not a born criminal and assassin, should have had his face indicted for malicious libel. He carried a glittering ax on his shoulder and eyed me insolently.

The driver turned around with a whisper, "Dat's him, boss." My knees now partook of the general excitement, my hand trembled

headquarters at Jacksonville. It had as if my best girl was about to refuse me, and my blood seemed determined to go into the cold storage business. At the same time an overwhelming conviction reached me that this was not the man I was looking for, and that it would be impolite to risk a suit for false imprisonment.

As he came opposite the wagon, my driver drew up and assumed the initiative. "Is your name Perkins?"

"Naw", was the surly reply. My thermometer immediately resmued its normal condition of 72 in the shade.

"My good man," said I, carefully concealing all weapons, "I am looking for one Perkins; can you inform me where that most esteemed gentleman

"In that house over yonder," he said, pointing about a quarter of a mile distant, where a thin spire of smoke emphasized a tumble down log

When about 100 yards from the house I halted the team and gave a few brief directions to the driver.

With the rifle at full cock I cautiously approached the house. It was of rough logs very rickety, with the usual stick and mud chimney. Outside of the smoke from that there was no sign of lite about the place. Silently I came up to the back door, with a vigorous kick sent it off the leather hinges, and covered with the rifle a figure dimly seen in the semi-darkness of the room.

"Throw up your bands!" I com-manded. "If you stir I'll shoot." From the figure, in shrill, frightened accents, came.

"For de Law'd's sake, watcher mean white man. I ain't dun nuffin.' The gun dropped from my nervous hands.

Thomas Perkins, alleged desperado, was an old crippled negro, about 178 years old, half paralyzed and wholly stupid. Three hours afterward I drove into

Dead Pine with my prisoner, to be greeted with ironical comment and uproarious laughter. "Did he kick much, Cap?" said one

big fellow, while another, after eyeing Perkins a moment in silence, said, as "Yes the thing is alive, I saw its

tongue wiggle." Four hours later I was in Jacksonville, and delivered my prisoner to the United States marshal. As the major audited my accounts and drew a "What do you see so funny about

this?" I inquired, rather tartly. "I was wondering what the judge will say when he sees him," was the

Just then the judge strolled in. He gave a look at the prisoner, then at me, and inquired mildly, but with a merry twinkle in his handsome eyes:
"Did to u have much trouble in se-"Did on u have much trouble in se-urir dense desperado, Mr. Officer?" The dense or fairly roared.

I to omy check and left the room. States marshal, or Jacksonville since that eventful day, and Dead Pine shall know me no more forever.— Hamilton Jay in Detroit Free Pree.

In Petticoat and Sunbonnet.

There is now living in Pickens County, Ga., a man who, during the rebellion, donned his wife's dress, kept his tace closely shaved, and wore a big sunbonnet, in order to avoid being conscripted and sent to the front. The officers in search of recruits frequently visited the Louse and asked his wife where her husband was, and at the very moment he could be seen working in the field in female garb. By the time he had worm out seven of his wife's dresses he became tired of masquerading, enlisted and became a good soldier.

A Startling Innovation. Frank R. Stockton, that popular

novelist of infinite quaint humors, is held responsible for a most startling innovation in the way of wedding trips, recently introduced in Washing-After a certain a regular penacea for the twin evils ceremony, at which Mr. Stockton was present, instead of the young couple the jolting up theorists. Now we going on a wedding trip, the bride's were in the wilderness, a solenin, awful parents were showered with rice and silence, broken only by the tramping old slippers and banished on a two weeks' exile, while the bride and on and the hiccoughs of the driver, groom were left in possession of the who was about half drunk when we house .- Frank Leslie's.

Horrible Chinese Verdict.

Advices have been received by members of the Chinese colony in San Francisco to the effect that, unless executive clemency is manifested, Chang Sau-Yin-Tizu, who is well known among his fellow countrymen in the United States, will be put to death by the horrible process known as "slicing." The method employed in this execution is to fasten the miserable offendhis hands and feet, and stowly slice end to the victim's sufferings. At first the pieces sliced are small, a portion from the arm, another from the leg, then a finger or perhaps an ear. Then the breast is sliced unal the viof torture it is indescribable, the time elapsing before death intervenes running from three to six hours. Chang was a member of the Chinese colony in San Francisco some years ago, but returned to his native land in 1886. Ill luck seems to have come upon him, for he was glad to find employment as a day laborer in the de-partment of the K-o-hian, in Shansi. He was in great financial straits, and made several applications for a loan to Chang Wangia, a wealthy second cousin. His importunities finally began to border on blackmail, and Wanga secured his arrest and communcated with the authorities with the view of obtaining a public prosecution. Friends, however, came to the prisoner's assistance, and as a result of influental intercession he was released from custody. Smarting with a sense of injury, however, he determined to have revenge, and the day after his release he purchased four ounces of arsenic. That night, in disguise he managed to enter his cousin's house, and mixed the poison with a pot of flour. The next morning's breakfast was prepared from this floor, and two hours later six out of seven members of the family were dead. Suspicion at once fell upon Chang Ssu-Yin-Tizu, who at once decamped. His where-abouts were discovered after a long search, and he was arrested, and convicted. Strenuous efforts were made by his relatives to have the punish-ment fixed at imprisonment for life, but the court held that the law which makes the murder of three or more persons in the same family punishale by death by the slicing process should be rigidly upheld and enforced, and that there were no extenuating circumstances in the case.

France's Sinking Shore.

ondon Globe. Just lately, on the coast of Brittany one of those geological discoveries has been made which suggests to the mind periods of time making the longest human life appear but a span, and exhibiting processes quite dwarfing the most ambitious human achievements. This is the disclosure, by the displacement of a mass of sand, of a forest that must have been buried for ling call, and with more hair on his some twenty centuries at least. The hide than flesh under it. situation is just opposite Saint Malo, I happened to be a guest of the at the foot of the cliffs of Saint Enogat and St. Lunaire. The forest is supposed to have once extended from St. Malo to beyond Mont Saint Michel. This discovery is considered of great scientific interest, as it affords a remarkable illustration of the gradual sinking of the French shore. The progress of this sinking during the last 2,000 years is clearly shown in an old map found at the Abbey of the Mont Saint Michael, Withni no more than seven centuries back as many as seven parishes are said to have disappeared by the subsidence of this region. And in the Bay of Donarnenez there is known to have existed in the fifth century quite a flourishing town called Is, the scene of the famous tragical legend. Even now, at low water, may be seen the old walls of Is, which are called by the inhabitants Mogber Greghi (wall check for my expenses he was shaking of the Greeks). The people of the with ill suppressed laughter. times hear the old church bells of the submerged city ringing with the mo-

tion of the current. French geologists estimate that the gradual sinking of the soil of Brittany. Normandy, Artois, Belgium and Holland is not less than seven feet a century. At this rate it is calculated that in about ten centuries all the channel ports will be destroyed, and Paris itself will have become a maritime city. In another ten centuries it is predicted that the French capital itself will have become entirely submerged, excepting, perhaps, that the ops of the Pantheon, of the Arc de Triomphe and other such monuments may be discernible at low water by the people who will then be living.

A young woman in Brooklyn got a bad fright the other night. She had been out in the country and had brought home some seed-pods of the wistaria. These are something like enormous bean-pods; on the outside they are soft and veivety to the touch; within is a multitude of small seeds. She placed the pods on a table in her room. That night she went peacefully to sleep. "In the dead vast and middle of the night," she was suddenly awakened by an explosion which was followed instantly by the sound of something dropping upon the bed and floor. Almost immediately there was a second report, and the dropping of what seemed like small particles of plaster went on in an ominous way. The young woman sprang from her bed and rushed from the room. She refused to go back for that night at least, and new quarters had to ba provided. On entering her own room in the morning she found that half "gone off" and their contents been scattered around the room. There were wistaria seed severy where on the beb, dureau, table, chairs and floor.

A DOUBLE WEDDING.

Almost everybody knows old man Stringfellow. He is a tall, lank personage, with shoulders like a dromeof the same on his chin. Old man er to an upright stake, securely fasten to shave himself at least twice a week, undergoing some pain, and twisting large portions of flesh from different his long face into all manner of conparts of the body until death puts an tortions-which a circus clown would give \$1,000 to be able to im. itate-during the operation, owing to the stiff nature of the crop, he is reaping and the dullness of the instrument with which he works. He seltal parts are reached. As a method dom wears a coat, going in his snirt sleeves summer and winter, only chauging the gar ment of hickory for the garment of wool as the seasons vary-his jean pantaloons being hoisted up with suspenders-galluses he calls them-almost to his armpits, making him look at a little distance like some queer animal with very long He lives in a log cabin of one room, with a shed attachment, and has a wife and six children, equally divided as to sex. In the room, which is roomy enough, he and Mrs. Stringfellow occupy one bed, and the three girls-Nancy, Gm, for Jane, and Merier-another, and here all the cooking is done in the wide clay fireplace of the stick and mud chimney. The shed attachment accommodates

with primitive hospitality. These people are poor and uneducated, but there is a spirit of independ- ain't no pris'ners."

the boys, Bill, Ben and Jim.

ence about them that nothing can conquer, and so long as their potato banks hold out atd their razor backs come home, to pick up a lit-tle fat in the field after the crop is garnered, and then pay tribute to the larder, they care not for king nor kaiser. They never treat anybody, no matter who he may be, as anything more than an equal, and would show no difference to the czar of all the Russians should be chance to travel their way, with all his cortege. Should be stop be would be invited to "'light," and the boys would ask about the price of potatoes in town, the old woman inquires as to market value of eggs, while the girls stood by and giggled, and the old man put in a request for a chew of tobaccothat is, if they did not mistake the whole affair for a circus as, like as not, they would. They had walked fifteen miles once to see a circus-all except the old woman, who rode a

myself near their residence one night, when it was so dark that I could see nothing but the glimmer of a light in their cabin, I rode for it through brush and brier, and when I reached it halloed in the usual country style. Immediately the light, which came from the open door, was shut off by two human forms, and I was bid to 'light an' come in."

The family was just preparing to eat supper, and a savory mess of pork and potatoes were being dished ap. I was invited to join them in their meal, during which I was pumped pretty dry of all I knew about the affairs of the town, which was too far off to be visited by any of them very often. But to this I did not object, knowing that such information as I could impart was all I would have to pay for the entertainment of myself and beast-which had been led off by one of the boys to share the stable of the shaggy pony-so I let the ripple of my talk flow in a continuous current, turning on my inevitable valve plain facts indispensable to make

them enjoyable. During the evening I gathered from the whispering and gigzling going on among the young folk that there was which they all seemed more or less inbed (the old woman had retired im- to be twisted this way or that with a one of the beds without my knowing a most comice anything about it until I heard her be affability. snoring) old man Stringfellow enlight. ened me after a rather peculiar fashion of his own.

"Well, stranger," he said, "I disremember yer name. I reckon you'll stay."

I had already told him my name half a dozen times, and he had often disremembered it, so I did not repeat it, but told him I proposed to stay-n fact which I supposed he was already cognizant of.

"Yes," he saul, rubbing hislongjaw bone thoughtfully, "I lowed yer w'uld, an' I'm glad uv it; yes. I am; sich a 'cashin. Ye'rll be welcome, stranger, an' a honomed gues'.

I was a little puzzled, and began to think the old man was not exactly in his right mind, but I said nothing and he went on.

"You see," he said, looking at the fire, while he talked. "gals an' boys will git married sooner er later, an' thar ain't no use a throwin' obstickles in thar way, an' so when Merier, thet's the younges', and Naur', she's the eldes', come an' tole me that they 'lowed to take unto tharse'ves he'pmeats, which was Dick Dander an' Pete Pringle, why, says I, 'all right; jes' go ahead a dozen of the wistaria seed-pods had | an' fix it to suit yerse'ves;' fur though nyther one uv them boys comes uv es good stock as the Stringfellers, I reckin' they's 'bout es good es yer'll pick

said, an' ter-morrer's the time it's to

"Ah," I said, "so there's to be a wedding."
"Yes," he replied, still looking mus-

ingly at the fire; "the marrige giar-ments heve been prepared an" the dary's. His face is long, like that of gues's heve been bidden, an' though a horse, and he has black hair, streaked with gray, on his head, with a tuft you'll, be welcome an' a honored

As I was in no particular hurry I Stringfellow wears neither mustache concluded to accept an invitation so nor whiskers, being very particular cordially given, and laid down on the mattress that had been spread out on the floor for my accommodation, thinking of the happy go lucky way in which people in the country get mar-

About noon the next day the guests who had been bidden began to arrive-some on foot, some on long leg ged horses and some on short legged ponies, while others came in rickety wagons drawn by oxen that looked as though they might have been importfrom that time out there was fun and feasting-that is, if potatoes and pork served in various ways can be said to constitute a feast.

About sunset a man reeling drunk rode up and was helped off his borse. "How are yer jedge?" said mine

"H'llo, String"ler," said the jedge, looking round stupidly at the assembled guests, who were laughing and giggling, "which's th' 'cused?"

"Why, you ain't in co'rt, jedge," re-plied Stringfellow. "This here's a marriage leas' yer've come to-yer've come here to marry my to gals, Nanc an' Merier."

"That's so," said the jedge, rubbing his head. "I knowed th' wuz somp'n I'd come far. Le's b'gin." 'Well, come inter the house fust,' said the old man.

"All right, c'm'on," and with a lurch and a tack the speaker got inside the door, when he led sprawling on the floor. He was helped up and given Occasionally a belated traveler will the back of a chair to steady himself stop at the Stringfellow mansion and by. ask for a night's lodging. He will be

ask for a night's lodging. He will be "Th's 'ere's th' dogondes' oner'nes' invited to "' light an' come in," and flo' I 'ver seed, Stringl'ler," he said.

"Stan' 'p, pris'ner."
"I tells yer this here ain't no co'rt jedze," said old man Stringfellow, bewhen he has done so will be treated gining to get nettled, "an' my gals

"Oh, well, 't's all same," said the jedge. "Stan' 'p, gals, 'n hole 'p right "W'at's that fur?" asked Nancy, as

she and her sister and the two bridegrooms stood up in a row. "Guilty nr not"—began the jedge, and then recollecting himself: "Do you," pointing at Nancy, "everlast-in'ly sw'ar to take this here young fler," pointing to Merier's affianced. "No, I don't," said the girl; "thet's"

"To heve an' t' hole,', went on the jedge. "No, I don't." repeated Nancy stamping her foot.

"Yer don't?" "No, I don't."

"Then t's case not pros, an' this here co'rt 'journed." "Look a here, jedge," said the girl's father, "I done tole yer this here ain't no co'rt-this here's a weddin'-that's w'at it is, don't yer onnerstan'?"

"Yesh, that's all right, ole man," said the jedge. "Y'see I knowed I hed a case t' try an' got sorter confused. e's g', back an' b'gin over. W'at's weddin's name?-men w'at's gal's an' f'ler's name?"

"Thar's two gal's." said the old man. "Nanc' an Merier Stringfeller, an' they's a going to marry Dick Dander an' Pete Pringle. Thar they stan's right alore yer, now go ahead. "All right. D'you, Nanc', take this here Pete-"

"No, I shan't," said Nanc', "he ain't"

"Yer don't an'y' shan't; thet 'pears to be bout all yer're guilty 'v, pris'-ner," said the jedge, relapsing into court jargon, "an' don't see noth'n' t' do but scharge you. Give's a drink, Stringf'ler; co'rt's 'journed."

Stringfellow was at his wits' end, though his son, Bill, said it was as good as a circus, and the company in general seemed to be highly delighted with the general performance. There appeared to be no possibility of keeping the jedge on the right tack, and the court was about to be adjourned sine die sure enough, when I suggested the propriety of complying with his request, and giving the legal functionary at the same time, to give a sparkle to a dram, which might brighten him up long enough to enable him to go brough with the ceremony properly. Accordingly he was taken into the shed room, where the boys slept, and in a few minutes came out again with some mystery affoat-something in his face wreathed with smile. I may use the expression in the very truth terested-and when they had gone to in this case, for every feature seemed mediately after supper, getting into smile of its own, so that he presented a most comical appearance of would

He was hurried to the front while the steam was up, when he went through the usual formula in a disjointed way and immediately collapsed and was put to bed, where he lay snoring through all the noise made by the young people, only shouting out

occasionally, "Silence 'n co'rt."

The frolic lasted all night, the cabin, from which the beds had been removed, being transformed into a ball room, in one corner of which an old crippled negro sat scraping a rasping fiddle and calling out the figures of the dance with a stentorian voice fur the mo' comp'ny the better on that was somewhat cracked .- Rob ert Boggs in New Orleans Times Demo-

> "The coming newspaper," we are told, "will not print any advertisements." We were under the impression that it is the going newspaper that does not print any advertise ments, and that reason is that the why it is going. - Boston Transcript.

"Look here!" she exclaimed. "This is terrible. You charge me twenty-five cents for that card of buttons, and back east I could get them for ten cenus." "Yes, ma'am, but just think of the elegant climate you get throwed up hereabouts.' So they done like I in with every card of buttons,"-

Decline of Famous Families.

Among the descendants of Thomas Plantagenet, duke of Gloucester, fifth son af Edward III., was Stephen J. Penry, who was, not many years ago, sexton at St. George's, Hanover square, London.

Among the lineal descendants of Edmund of Woodstock, earl of Kent and sixth son of Edward I., occur a butcher and a toll-gatherer; the first a Joseph Smart of Halesowen, the latter a George Wilmont, a keeper of the turnpike gate at Cooper's bank, near

A story is told of a scion of the great house of Urquhart of Cromarty who was necessitated by his extravagance to sell his inheritance, and who, sink-ing step by step to the lowest depths of wretchedness, came at last a wan-dering beggar to the door which had once been his own.

No race in Europe surpassed the ed from the kingdom of Lilliput, and Plantagenets in royal position and personal achievements, and yet not to descend further than the year 1687, the great-great grandson of Margaret Plantagenet, daughter and heiress of George, duke of Clarence, followed the trade of a shoe-maker of Newport, Salop.

Fraser of Kirkhill relates that he saw the earl of Tarquair, cousin of James VI., begging in the streets of Edinburgh. "He was," says Fraser, "in an antique garb, and wore a broad old hat, short cloak and pan-nier breeches, and I contributed to-ward his relief. We gave him a noble. He was standing with his hat off, and received the piece of money from my hand as numbly and thankfully as the poorest applicant."

One of Cromwell's granddaughters, after seeing her husband die in the workhouse of a small Suffolk town, died hersell a pauper, leaving two daughters, the elder the wife of a shoemaker and the younger the wife of a butcher's son who had been her fellowservant. Another of Oliver Crom-well's daughters had two children, of whom the son became a small working eweler, and the daughter the mistress of a small school at Mildenhall.

Before the time of the protector the Cromwell family possessed estates equal to those of the wealthier peers of the present day, and the great Ohver himself inherited considerable property, which, augmented from private sources, made up a total suffiment to maintain his family perpetually in easy circumstances. But within a century after his death Thomas Cromwell, his great grandson, was a grocer on Snow I'll and his son Oliver, the last male heir, an attorney in London.

When the twelfth earl of Crawford was imprisoned in Edinburgh castle to restrain his recalessness and prodigality he left one child, a daughter, who, having no one whatever to look after her, received not a scrap of edu-cation and was allowed to run about like a gypsy. She eloped with a com-mon crier, and at one period of her life lived by mendicancy. Charles II. granted her a pension of \$500 a year, but owing to her utter degeneracy, it proved more hurtful than beneficial. The male head of this family died in the year 1744, in the capacity of hostler in an inn at Kirkwall in the Orkney islands. The estate had been dissipated by the "spendthrift earl," his lather, and with his patrimony he, Lindsay, earl of Crawford, bought a small property, on which he resided for some years, until through adverse fortune, this went too, and to save himself from starvation, he was fain to go as a hostler.

Tea and Temperance.

An interesting token of the growth of the temperance sentiment in Great Britam is furnished by a correspondent of the St. James Gazette. He shows that during the past 47 years the average annual consumption of tea per capita of the entire population has increased from less than a pound and a quarter to five pounds, and of cocoa, from about an ounce and a quarter to nearly half, while the use of coffee has fallen off from 17 ounces to 13 ounces. The total consumption of these three leading non-alcholic drinks has thus increased nearly three fold; the exact figures are from 38.08 ounces to 99.04 ounces per capita annually. This may not indicate a fully corresponding decrease, in the consumption of strong drink; but it must mean a considerable de crease, and it proves that the people are learning to appreciate the "cup that cheers but not inebriates."

Consistency, Thy Name Is Woman.

He was her third husband and it ooked as if he was drifting away. "Henry," said she, weeping, "have you any last request?" "Only one," he murmured. "Bury

me in the country under the willows "Henry," said she, "I hate to refuse your last request, but I've always buried my husbands in the city, and it wouldn't be fair to make an exception. Now, would it, deac?"

Afterward she was sarry for her consistency, as Henry got so mad that it broke the fe er and he recovered. - Drake's Magazine.

It is quite possible that we have not come to the end of illuminating projects, and that the use of electricity may not supersedeall other materials. Glasgow has recently witnessed the test of a new illuminant of extraordinary power. It is obtained by the evaportion of tar, creosote, or other hydro-carbon oils. The flame is pure white, very intense and can be carried up to 3,000 candle power. The expense is two cents per hour per 1,000 candle power. It is in the production of artificial light and heat that civilization has for the last twenty five years most notably marked progress. It is on the same line we shall move for some time to come. The end will be free fuel and free lights for the people as we now have free air.—Globs-Democrat.