

The Good Old Times.

Farmer Blewitt was a little, dried up, insignificant man, and he used to wear a red flannel cap over his neck and red flannel ear lappers on his ears when he went to meetings in the winter. He was always ready to argue that these modern times were awfully bad, and that the good old times of a hundred years ago were just right. He would cry invention and improvement and say that the world would be better without them. He took a newspaper on purpose to count the murders reported in it and tell how bad the world had grown. He would stand for hours on a corner in the village and retail his deductions on the present and his regrets for the past. One day he had whipped the minister in argument, and as he had had his dinner and the minister had gone away mad and the women were at work in the kitchen, he tipped back in his chair, drew a red silk handkerchief over his head to keep off the flies and went to sleep. He had not slept over five minutes before his son John came in and said: "Come, father, we must get at that piece of wheat and cut it."

the girls take out of the kettle some nice biscuits, and he weakly said: "Why don't you use the cook stove?" "Poor pa," said Angelina, "how he wonders! Cook stove. Wonder what he means?" Blewitt closed his eyes and thought. Bayley, his new neighbor, was a man he could trust—that is, in anything but money matters. He knew Bayley was badly in debt, but he was a good fellow. He would send for him; so he called his wife and told her to send over for him. "Why, you know," said Mrs. Blewitt, "Bayley has been in jail for debt for the last ten years." "In jail—for debt," said Blewitt, "here we are again. I have been transplanted. I give up; but, say, here is two cents. You send a letter down to brother John and he will be up here in a day or two." "Why, husband, the mail only goes once a week, and then he will be three days coming up on the stage, and furthermore, it will cost a shilling—twelve cents—to send a letter to Albany."

lived times of a hundred years ago?" "Never you mind, John," said the smiling father. "You can go down and buy that Thompson colt you've been wanting, and let Charley have your sidebar buggy; and—say, if the wheat ain't takin' no hurt you may go down to Barnum's circus tomorrow and out the wheat next day." He looked down at his diagonal pants and white Marseilles vest, and muttered as he went to the house: "Darn the good old times! These 'ere times will dew fur me!"—Prof. Gouge in Albany Journal.

poison itself the former would have no effect. Not a few woodsmen I have known always had a little vial of the poison, which they extracted from the sacs at the base of the fangs of rattlesnakes they killed for their oil, to be used internally in case they should have the misfortune to be inoculated by a snake bite in their tramps through the woods. But I never knew of any of them having occasion to use the alleged antidote, although if some of them are to be believed they have taken plenty of the venom during their lives. The antidote they took, I guess, was carried in much larger bottles, and was purchased at the nearest tavern. "There used to be a man named Geer who lived near Long Eddy, Sullivan county, and who claimed to have an infallible cure for rattlesnake bites that his grandfather obtained from the Indians. The composition of the cure was a secret, but Geer would go any distance to doctor persons who were snake bitten. He claimed to have saved the lives of many people suffering from rattlesnake poison. Geer died a year or two ago, but the secret of the rattlesnake cure is still in his family. It is a singular fact that none of the alleged antidotes for rattlesnake bites is effectual in case of poisoning by the copperhead or pilot.—Hawley (Pa.) Cor. New York Sun.

A TIGER OF THE SEA. How the Sandwich Islanders Take the Man-eater Shark. The doctor and I were enjoying a much needed rest in a little cottage at Waikiki, Honolulu's ideal watering place, says a writer in the San Francisco Chronicle. Strolling along the beach one day we came across a group of native fishermen repairing a safron-colored net, 100 feet long, perhaps, and ten feet wide. After asking a few questions of the natives the doctor told me that they were going off to try to capture one of the huge sharks known as "niuhi," or man-eaters, and that they had offered to take us if we promised to sit still in the canoe. Everything being in readiness, two or three of the lighter canoes were launched, and their occupants paddled out to sea to discover some signs of the wished-for man-eater, while we were directed to be ready to embark at any time. It came—it took us but a few moments to reach our canoe and jump in. Though it did not take us long to reach the spot where the man-eater was known to be, yet night had fallen, and it was by the light of torches made of the baked kernels of candlenut, strung upon cocoa-leaf fibers, that we drew near the fleet. By the smoky, red light of the torches we could see men busily scattering about the baked meat they had brought, and also half chewed morsels of the awa root. As they did so there was the gleam of the fins and tails of hundreds of fish darting to and fro for food. Now and then a larger one than the rest, with sides glowing with phosphorescent light, would dart among the smaller fry, scattering them right and left. "They are the 'manoa kanaka,'" whispered the doctor, "the shark god of the old Hawaiians. And, there! there! he added quickly, as a massive bulk rose from the depths below, 'there is the 'mano keokeo,' the great white shark."

ALMOST BURIED ALIVE. From the Montreal Gazette. On the wall of Mr. S. C. Stevenson's office, in this city, is hung a fac simile of what is known as the second Borgian map, which is of great historical value. The original, by Diego Ribero, is in the museum of the propaganda in Rome. This relic of the early ages of American discovery is a contemporary copy of the first Borgian map, so celebrated in history on account of the line traced across it by Pope Alexander VI. It must have been commenced about 1494 and finished 1529, possibly for Charles V, in order to settle some difficulties with the Portuguese in relation to the frequently vexed question of possession of the newly-discovered lands. The late Mr. Shakespeare Wood, a great authority on all questions of this nature, was of the opinion that it was commenced under Julius II (deila rovere), whose tiara and arms, the oak, or rovere, are displayed at the bottom of the map. This would fix the date of the drawing at 1503. But there are evidences of its being even earlier date, for in all that concerns Europe, Africa and Asia, this map is identical with the first, which was certainly drawn in 1494. It bears an inscription in Spanish which commences along the upper margin of the parchment, and runs as follows: "Unos mapas, in which is contained all that has been hitherto discovered of the world. Made by Diego Ribero, geographer to his Majesty in Seville 1529," and continues along the lower margin as follows: "Which is divided into two parts according to the agreement made by their Catholic Majesties of Spain and King John of Portugal in Fontesilla, A. D. 1494." At the foot of the map are richly-illustrated coats of arms. The continents and islands are covered with quaint representations of animals supposed to be native to them; the seas are crowded with Spanish ships, sailing in all directions. At one corner is a drawing of a quadrant, with an explanation how to use it, and on the space followed by the Pacific Ocean an astrolabe with a silk chord attached to the center. The line of division made by Alexander VI is drawn exactly as on his map, with the addition that on each side of it is a flagstaff, that on the west carrying the Spanish flag, and that on the east the Portuguese.

An Interesting Old Map. From the Montreal Gazette. On the wall of Mr. S. C. Stevenson's office, in this city, is hung a fac simile of what is known as the second Borgian map, which is of great historical value. The original, by Diego Ribero, is in the museum of the propaganda in Rome. This relic of the early ages of American discovery is a contemporary copy of the first Borgian map, so celebrated in history on account of the line traced across it by Pope Alexander VI. It must have been commenced about 1494 and finished 1529, possibly for Charles V, in order to settle some difficulties with the Portuguese in relation to the frequently vexed question of possession of the newly-discovered lands. The late Mr. Shakespeare Wood, a great authority on all questions of this nature, was of the opinion that it was commenced under Julius II (deila rovere), whose tiara and arms, the oak, or rovere, are displayed at the bottom of the map. This would fix the date of the drawing at 1503. But there are evidences of its being even earlier date, for in all that concerns Europe, Africa and Asia, this map is identical with the first, which was certainly drawn in 1494. It bears an inscription in Spanish which commences along the upper margin of the parchment, and runs as follows: "Unos mapas, in which is contained all that has been hitherto discovered of the world. Made by Diego Ribero, geographer to his Majesty in Seville 1529," and continues along the lower margin as follows: "Which is divided into two parts according to the agreement made by their Catholic Majesties of Spain and King John of Portugal in Fontesilla, A. D. 1494." At the foot of the map are richly-illustrated coats of arms. The continents and islands are covered with quaint representations of animals supposed to be native to them; the seas are crowded with Spanish ships, sailing in all directions. At one corner is a drawing of a quadrant, with an explanation how to use it, and on the space followed by the Pacific Ocean an astrolabe with a silk chord attached to the center. The line of division made by Alexander VI is drawn exactly as on his map, with the addition that on each side of it is a flagstaff, that on the west carrying the Spanish flag, and that on the east the Portuguese.

Post and Rail People.

Annie M. Libby, Wide Awake.

A friend of mine says there are two sorts of people in the world—"posts" and "rails," and a good many more rails than posts. The meaning of this is that most people depend on somebody else—a father, a sister, a husband, wife or perhaps on a neighbor.

Whether it is right to divide the whole population of the earth quite so strictly, it is true that we know a good many rail-like people. Blanche Evans tells me one of the Rail-girls sits by her school. Miss Rail never had a knife of her own, though she used a sort of pencil that continually needs sharpening; so Blanche's pretty penknife was borrowed until one day the Rail girl snapped the blade. Blanche was so tired of lending the knife that she was not very sorry.

A Cargo of Monkeys.

A French paper relates a good story about a merchant in Marseilles who wrote to a correspondent on the coast of Africa asking him to send him at his convenience two or three monkeys of the rarest and most valuable species. As chance would have it the merchant, in stating the number, wrote (or) between the figures two and three with a very small o and a diminutive u. How great events may issue from small causes will appear from the sequel. A few months passed over, when at last a messenger was sent from the harbor to inform the merchant that his menagerie had arrived. My "menagerie!" was the astonished reply. "Yes, a menagerie; in fact, a whole cargo of monkeys have come for you." The merchant could not believe the man until a letter was delivered to him from his friend in Africa, a person of the most scrupulous exactness, in which he gravely apologized for his having been unable, notwithstanding all his efforts, to procure more than 160 monkeys instead of 203 as ordered, but promised to forward the remainder as soon as possible. Imagine the feelings of the merchant on going down to the port to convince himself with his own eyes of the existence of his 160 monkeys, which were all comfortably housed and which grinned at him through the bars of their cages.

Expensive Ranching.

An Englishman who has been recently visiting American ranches owned by Englishmen, has this to say about one of these ranches in the London Economist: "I found on that ranch a manager drawing a salary of \$25,000 a year and an assistant manager drawing a salary of \$6,250. In addition to this they had spent thousands of pounds sterling in worthless improvements, so far at least as the cattle business is concerned. I found on that Western prairie ranch located many, many miles from a railroad, servants dressed in red livery, and—many other things fully as ridiculous. The men who should have devoted the greater part of their time to the management of the company's business spent most of their leisure hunting and fishing, a very pleasant pastime."

Laughing in the Pulpit.

A minister must see a good many curious things in his congregation as he stands before it Sunday after Sunday. Of course it does not do for him to notice them, however, but it doubtless takes a good bit of self-control, frequently, to remain indifferent to everything but his subject.

If That Scotch Boy Had Known.

A man at Montgomery, Ala., has just coughed up a pin that he swallowed in Glasgow, Scotland, forty-seven years ago, when he was seven years old. His sister was dressing before a mirror at the time and was much annoyed, because than they are now. The circumstances should serve as a caution against wasting pins in that way. If, instead of swallowing the pin, that Scotch boy had traded it for a slate pencil and then swapped the pencil for an orange and sold the orange for a penny and put the penny in the savings bank he might have had quite a smart account to his name, by this time, provided the cashier remained at home.