The Good Old Times.

Farmer Blewitt was a little, dried irascible man, and he used to war a red comforter around his seck and red flannel ear lappers on hat when he went to meeting in the winter. He was always sendy to argue that these modern ley was badly in debt, but he was a times were awfully bad, and that the good old times of a hundred years were just right. He would decry invention and improvement and say the world would be better with-He took a newspaper on purpose to count the murders reand tell how bad the world had grown. He would stand The Lours on a corner in the village and retail his deductions on the presand his regrets for the past.

One day he had whipped the minis for m 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 win his chair, drew a red silk handkerchief over his head to keep off the Ties and went to sleep. He had not steet over five minutes before his son Sahn came in and said:

"Come, father, we must get at that wiece of wheat and cut it."

Blewitt got up and yawned and folassed his son to the barnyard, where this two sons sat on a log filing a couple of sickles.

"What in the nation are you doing with those old sickles?" said Blewitt. One of the boys looked astonished and said. "Doin'? Why, we are getting ready to cut the wheat."

Blewitt stared a moment and then waid "Why in thunder don't you thirch on to that reaper and stop foolin with them sickles?"

The boys looked at each other in surprise, but said nothing. Blewitt ran to the shed, but there was no reaper there. He came back. The boys had got over the fence and were on their kness reaping the wheat and carrying it in gavels

"Boys," said Blewitt, "what do you mean by this foolishness? Where is

Charley, the second boy, looked at his father pityingly, and then tapped enough of this foolishness. You his forhead and looked over to John, stare at everyting I talk about, and when modeled and looked sad

never run them bundles through a threshin' machine. "Threshin' machine," said Charley;

why, you know as well as I do that I shall have to flail this wheat out mornings and nights while going to * bool this winter, What ails you,

Blewitt, as we said, got mad easily, and now he just hopped up and down and said.

"Frail it out! It must be threshed ready to ship on the cars next

"Cars, cars," said John, "don't know what ails you, father, or what you mean. I know I shall have to team this wheat down to Albany and sell

Crazy, so now. Mewitt pinched himself to see if he was awake and strode angrily to the As he approached it he heard a zumbling and roaring like wind, and he looked into the kitchen and there was his wife spinning. Who-o-o went the big wheel and Blewitt sank into a chair and yelled.

"Now, Maria, what under the canopy are you doin'?"

"Doin'?" said his wife; "why, spingin, of course. I must get out forty gards of tull cloth for you and the boys, and twenty yards of pressed flannel for me and the gals.'

Blewitt looked down at his legs and saw them incased in full cloth of coarse texture, and the seat of his trousers he felt reached clear up to his shoulder blades, and the legs were as wide as two bushel sacks. "Well, I'll bedarned," was all he

Dreamily he sauntered out again the wheat field, and John hailed

"Father, if you ain't goin' to help cut the wheat, suppose you yoke the exen and go up to the woods and draw a draft or two of logs for

Blewitt was composed, but he said: I had intended to burn coal in the trembling voice that his queer talk east branch of the Delaware got tositting room and parlor, and not had made the minister think him gut much wood." "Cost, edal!" said John, angrily;

"now see here, father, I don't want any more of this foolish talk. I am goin' to git a doctor."

Blewitt began to think he needed one himself. Here his boys had never beard of a reaper or a threshing machine or cars. He felt of his full cloth pants and groaned. On the lounge the house he laid himself down and tried to calmly think things When the doctor came he called for a pail and bared Blewitt's over stumps and logs and stones, 377. He took out his lance, and and there was a rattle and roar bethen Blewitt groaned again.

"I must take a gallon of blood," said the doctor, "and then he will calm down and be all right."

and plunged in his lancet. Ble- in a pan of apples and his feet in Mrs. witt fainted. When he came to him- Blewitt's work basket. He heard the self be heard one of the girls talking rattling yet, and he looked out of about an artist down in the village the window to discover its source, tive should bite deep into the neck of say about one of these ranches in the plunged hither and thither he snapwho took profile pictures with a and saw that the boys had started a live rattlesnake at certain times spindle as natural as life.

preserves as that?" said Blewitt from | yard with the top carriage, and was | consumption the live rattlesnake lounge. "Why don't you go just taking out his daily mail, and treatment was tried on him. From manager drawing a salary of \$6,250. lay, beaten to death on the shore.

Takem's at Albany and get had offered him a telegraph dispatch all accounts he must have bitten the In addition to this they had spent Great was the rejoicing over the

"Photographs," said the whole ting in a tenor to the racket with a snakes, but consumption's hand was gathered

Blewitt was to weak to argue, and are seemed to be somehow out of sympathy or knowledge with all manand so he just lay still and watched the girls get supper. He noticed the fireboard was down and is good enough for me." Ment a fire was built in the fireplace. severed with live coals. Soon he saw real, honest, reliable, good old fash- should swallow a few drops of the pleasant pastime."

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 wanders. 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 Baygood 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 shillingtwelve cents-to send a letter to Albany.'

will you? I don't belong to this century. Stage coaches, twelve cents postage! Telegraph him, then! "There goes another new word," said his wife in a solemn voice, and

forehead, as she repeated to herself, ""Telegraph;' what a funny word!" Blewitt was in despair. Could it were to him a dream? Had he ever ridden on the cars? Did he ever own a mowing machine? Was there ever a telegraph pole in the front of his house? He turned his eye and looked out. He only saw the tall post and long pole of the well sweep. Along the other side of the road ran a dense

against the log fence was an ox cart and buttons for that purpose for with a heap as large as a young lib- three summers. I know one summer erty pole. Down cellar he could hear | boarding house keeper who buys the banging of an old fashioned these things on speculation to sell to churn. Helooked up the road to the his boarders. I furnished him more east and saw the road was full of than fifty big skins and as many sets great hemlock and pine stumps, and over it the doctor was coming on horseback, with saddle bags before season. I have known as much as

Blewitt was a man of determination, and he arose from the lounge and went to the door to consult with

"Maria," said he, "there has been I can't locate myself, or seem to tay "Why, darn it," said Blewitt, "you in with my surroundings. Now will you answer me just one question?"

> "Certainly I willif I understand it," "Well, then, who is president of these 'ere United States?'

> "Why, John Adams, of course," she Blewitt sank down and whispered: "Then you never heard of Cleveland swingin' round the circle?"

"No, never," she answered. "Then all right. Shoot me or put me in a bag and lay me away up garret. I have got through." said Blewitt, and he went back to the

lounge and fell asleep. When he awoke it was Sunday morning, and the whole family were the what it will bring. Here you stirring around, getting ready for some out talkin' about reapers and meeting. His wife of whom he was cass and threshin' machines, and somewhat proud, had put on a dress figure 1 don't believe you are with waist about nine inches long and a skirt so tight she could hardly walk, and on her head such a bonnet! It made Blewitt hold his breath, but he had got through talking. The boys had on suits of full cloth and shirt collars seven inches wide. Blewitt time and time again, but that he smiled, and said nothing. At last Mrs. Blewitt came to him and asked him if he was going to church.

"Certainly, certainly," said he, "anything to accommodate. Tell one of the boys to hitch a horse on the carriage.' "Top carriage! There you go

"Well, then," roared Blewttt, "hitch on to the stone boat, hitch on the ox cart, hitch on to anything. Have it your own way."

"Why, we will go on horsebackyou on the saddle, I on the pillion behind," said the wife. "All right," said Blewitt, and away

they went. Blewitt made some adverse remarks about the singing at the church, which was led by a deacon with a fiddle. The sermon was too long too. It lasted two hours, On his way home from church his wife appeared to be in fear of something and urged him to hurry up. Heasked her what record that many years ago, over in ailed her, and she told him in a Sullivan county, the settlers on the bewitched, and she feared he would

be burned or drowned. "What kind of a country is this, anyhow?" asked Blewitt.

Then Mrs. Blewitt reminded him that in New England several had thus died, and that everybody be present neighbors suffered some years lieves in it and the church was death on witcheraft.

out from here," said Blewitt, as he

clapped spurs to his horse. Away they went, rattle-te-bang, hind and he knew they were after him. They came to a log bridge over a brook, and they struck it so hard that down it went, Blewitt and horse "Don't you know bleedin' was and wife, and with a yell of despair but it is certain that the man's ulcer cages. played out fifty years ago?" said he awoke-yes, awoke; for the chair disappeared, and he got well and "How he wanders." said the doc- in a heap on the floor, with his head | whether the snake died or not, but the reaper in the field of wheat. One | the disease would be cured. When it "Bhat do you want of such blamed of the girls had just driven into the was found that Sam Helms had the about his hops. His wife was put- necks of a whole den of live rattle-

> with a pleased smile Blewitt saun- among the old residenters, and one cooking range.

ioned 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 wantin', 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 cut 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.

About Rattlesnakes.

The splitting of a live chicken and applying the warm flesh to a rattle snake bite," said a backwoods resident, who lives almost within gunshot of a rattlesnake den on the Upper Shohola creek, "is believed by nine out of ten of the old time dwellers among the mountains of northeastern Pennsylvania to be a never failing extractor of the venom of that "Say," said Blewitt, "just bury me, reptile. I have never known personally of a case of fatal poisoning by rattlesnake bites in human beings. In fact, I cannot remember of a single person ever having been bitten withshe wetted a cloth and laid it on his in my knowledge, and I live within ten minutes' walk of a place where over 200 rattlesnakes were captured be that all the common things of life by one man in the spring of 1886, and where I can go any day and gather as many rattlers as a customer may desire. Within the past five years there has arisen a craze among city people who spend the summer in the Pike county and othet North Pennsylvania mountains for forest. He was willing to swear that specimens of rattlesnake skins and he had once owned a nice meadow rattles, and I have myself driven a where that wood was. Backed up profitable business in supplying hides of rattles last summer and have now a contract for 100 of the same this \$2.50 to be paid for one rattlesnake skin. Some fanciers have the skins stuffed and mounted, and others have belts, pocketbooks, card cases, eigar cases and even slippers made from the skins, after a careful process of tanning, by which the colors and luster of the skin are preserved as they are when the snake is alive and ready to sink his fangs in his æsthetic

utilizer. "The person who caught the 200 rattlesnakes two years ago was Elijah Pelton, a big, double fisted woodman. He kept them all alive without removing a fang, and was the only person I ever really knew to handle live, fang whole rattlesnakes with impunity. He did this daily nearly all summer at Shohola Glen before hundreds of New York people who visited that place, and I always thought the performance a singular one to be made an attraction of a summer sojourning place, especially as Pelton did not conceal the fact that the snakes were captured within an hour's journey of the resort. He had the snekes in a large cage, which he entered and handled there at will, to the accompaniment of an almost deafening chorus of rattling from his vicious looking pets, as they darted here and there about the cage, or coiled themselves in the position they always assume when about to strike. Pelton asserts that he was bitten simply sucked out the poison, and

did not stint himself as to whisky. "There was another rattlesnake king in Pike county named Sam Helms. He supplied . himself with snakes from the same den that Pelton got his from, and was never known to be without his bosom and pockets filled with them. He died some years ago of consumption, and his death from that disease shook the faith of the old mountaineers in the efficacy

of the rattlesnake as a curative "The high value that is set on rattlesnake oil wherever that snake is found is widely known. I have known as much as \$5 to be paid for an ounce of rattlesnake oil, so great was the purchaser's faith in it as a cure for rheumatism, and many believe that the oil is infallible as an internal remedy in all kinds of fever, and in some places it is regarded as a never failing cure for fits. It is on gether one fall and killed over 1,200 rattlesnakes at their dens for the purpose of trying out the oil for

bottling. "But the uses of the live rattlesnake as a medicinal agent are not so well known. The father of one of my ago from an ulcer on his leg. He did not seem to receive any benefit from "Then I guess we had better light | rattlesnake oil, so he took the advice of an old resident, now dead, and him and kept it there three days. The old gentleman always insisted that he was bitten by the snake, and had tipped too far back, and he was | lived for several years. I don't know

very likely it die. "Then there was, and to some ex-

poison itself the former would have no effect. Not a few woodsmen 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 pints

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 while we were directed to be ready to 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 by the copperhead or pilot.—Hawley (Pa.) Cor. New York Sun.

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 neigh-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 in 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.

ly Hurricane. They both set type, nd Henry's patience is sorely tried by Master Rail. If Henry tells him tribe and as he moved along the el when ed is added, he will have forgotten to-morrow; and Henry has to tell him whether the semi-colon comes before or after viz. every time he 'sets it up." The truth is the Rail boy doesn't try to remember these things; he has taken Henry for a post

and expects to be held up by him. I met two pretty young ladies traveling together last summer. One was always appealing to the other to know if they were to change cars at Dunstable, or if they should not change at all. She asked her companion the time, though her own watch was in order; she "couldn't bother to remember" names of routes and hotels and people, but she found it very convenient for somebody to do all this for her; and she never concealed her surprise if her friend forgot or neglected anything.

Being a post is often unpleasant! but how much worse it is to be a rail! The post can stand by itself—but take it away and where is the rail? Boys and girls have this advantage over a wooden fence—if they fear that they are rails they can set about turning themselves into posts at once, and they will find the post business a far more delightful one.

A Cargo of Monkeys. A French paper relates a good story about a merchant in Marseilles who wrote to a correspondent on the cost 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 ou (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 menageric; 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 carried alive rattlesnake to bed with | but promised to forward the remain- | but this the Kahuna forbade. der as soon as possible. Imagine the feelings of the merchant on going down to the port to convince himself

Expensive Ranching.

An Englishman who has been retent is yet, a belief that if a consump- owned by Englishmen, has this to yellow sands. As his huge body

ATIGER OF THE SEA.

How the Sandwich Islanders Take the Man-eat-

ing 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 readinss, 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, 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, bites is effectual in case of poisoning and it was by the light of torches made of the baked kernels of candlenut, strung upon cocoa-leaf fiber, 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."

Just then the old fisherman stationed near us suddenly crouched down, and, touching the doctor with one lean, brown hand, pointed to the water near the stern of the canoe next to us. We there saw, gleaming in the opalescent depths, two bright spots that shone with a malignant. greenish light. They were set in a Miss Rail's brother works beside monstrous, shadowy head, beyond Henry Brown in the office of the Dai- which we could dimly see a huge brown body.

It was the night, the fiercest of his

to-day whether the lis double in mod- crowd of fish darted away in terror. Even the great white shark sullenly gave way to this tiger of the sea. who swam slowly about, swallowing the food the fishermen kept throwing to him. As he thus moved from place to place his whole body seemed to exhale a peculiar light that streamed the tips of his from and long, unevenly-lobed tail. By the gleam of this peculiar phosphorescence his motion could be closely watched, and finally the Osanto, or not until they reached experienced fishermen saw that he was becoming gorged. So intent had we been watching his movements that we had not noticed that while he was being fed the fleet of canoes had been silently moved in nearer the shore. Our progress had been very slow, and now for awhile the canoes halted, while hovering beneath them was the man-eater, evidently some what stunefied by the awa he had swallowed with the food so freel given him.

And then commenced a curious exhibition of skill and daring. A noose had been made in the end of a long, strong rope, and this was taken by an experienced old fisherman, who quietly slid overboard from his canoe and allowed himself to sink where the man-eater was resting, his body enveloped in that strange, weird light. This was the moment when, if the shark had been shaming sleep, he with one vigorous would, sweep of his tail and a snap of his jaws, have earned his name of "man-

But no; he was, for the time being, powerless, and with infinite dexterity and skill the native succeeded in pass ing the noose over the brute's head and about his middle. He then quickly rose to the surface and clambered into his canoe, and the fleet was again set in motion. The cance to which the line about the shark's body was attached moved very slowly and carefully, just enough strain being kept on the line to raise the captive's body clear of the bottom. Sometimes the shark would be a little restive, and then we all waited "until" as the doctor said, "he rolled over and went to sleep again."

At length we were close to the becabh, and all but two canoes were drawn up on the sands to wait for daylight. The two remaining ones friend in Africa, a person of the most lay over the sleeping ninhi, the end scrupulous exactness, in which he of the line to which he was gravely apologized for his having secured being taken on the beach. been unable, notwithstanding all his and then all hands took turns in efforts, to procure more than 160 watching and sleeping. The job monkeys instead of 203 as ordered, might have been completed then, By daylight a crowd of people had

assembled on the beach, and the signal was given from the canoes that the poison simply counteracted | with his own eyes of the existence of | that the niuhi was awake and getting the poison of the disease that was in his 160 monkeys, which were all com- restive. So the long line was seized his blood and drove it out. How fortably housed and which grinned by a hundred hands; it straightened true that may be I do not know, at him through the bars of their out, and then, amid the triumphant song of the Kahuna, and the yells and the laughter of the crowd trampng away with the rope, enraged man-eater, thrashing and plunging about, was drawn cently visiting American ranches out of the water and over the London Economist: "I found on that ped savagely at everything, but in ranch a manager drawing a salary of always about him, raining a shower on my coffin. vain. A crowd of the fishermen were \$25,000 a year and an assistant of blows on his ugly head, until he

thousands of pounds sterling in worth success of this hunt for the niuhi. snakes, but consumption's hand was less improvements, so far at least as sewing machine in the front room, and the hired girl was blacking the sound on that Western residue. I was over eighteen feet in length) was to his nonsnake biting fathers. located many, many miles from a are supposed to endow the eater with railroad, servants dressed in red liv- high courage and great strength. As tered out to the wheat field, and, as | that some of their descendants believe | ery, and many other things fully as | for the one who slipped the noose the reaper stopped, he said: "Darn in yet, was to carry a set of rattles ridiculous: The men who should have over the head of the man-eater, he the good old times! These 'ere times in their hats to prevent or cure head-devoted the greater part of their was given an extra portion of the ache and render sunstroke impossi- time to the management of the com- liver, was extravagantly praised for "What's that father?" said John. ble. It was also once believed that if pany's business spent most of their his skill, and would, the Kanuha A kettle was on the hearth and was "I thought you was in favor of the a person bitten by a rattlesnake time hunting and fishing, a very said, be fortunate in everything he undertook thereafter.

ALMOST BURIED ALIVE.

"It was a cold January afternoon that I was taken sick, but hoping I would recover, no medical aid was summoned. The following night I grew very despondent, and I seemed to feel that something unusual was about to happen.

"The next morning, shortly after sunrise, I felt a curious sensation in my feet, which became heavy, as if my life's journey would soon be end-

fears I entertained. As they lay by unable to move even a finger or to open my eyes, and to every one but myself I was dead."

It was a silver-headed sage of my map. acquaintance who during the greater part of his life had lived in southern ing at 1503. But there are evidences

be buried while apparently dead.

than if I had been placed in chains.

liver my funeral sermon.

and a neighbor.

from his eyes and continued: "I fell asleep and remained uncon- east the Portuguese.

awoke I was being placed in my cof- pearance of being to that of Alexanin which it was intended I should of a legal document would be to the

so plentiful on such occasions.

tions were pronounced. with people when the service began. In the four corners winds are repre-The pine board of my coffin quivered sented blowing their cheeks, and the as the deep tones of the organ and quadrants, coats of arms, &c., are the voices of the choir echoed through richly illuminated. England figures the corridor of the sacred edifices. as divided from Scotland either by a The dreadful music ceased and all river or branch of the sea, and Edinwas hushed save the heartrending burgh is called Edim. The principal sobs of my wife.

sacred duty of his office. For fully an hour, which to me seemed an age, my heart like a pisoned arrow, shook | this unique document. the windows of the ancient church.

All the members of my family had passed me by. They were asked to take final view of the mortal refather. Grant heaven that I never may survive another moment like

"As my beloved ones, who vainly tried to suppress their griefladen doubtless takes a good bit of self sobs, stood by my head, I felt a tear control, frequently, to remain indifdrop upon my cheek. Had it been ferent to everything but his subject. liquid fire it would not have caused me such frightful pains.

open my eyes I made and more hope in this manner, I was preaching at a lessly than ever my spirit sank into certain place one Sunday, and, during a deeper anguish of mortal grief. the sermon, I caught sight of a young Once more I lay in the slowly moving | dandy, who had a head of fiery red hearse which was to convey me to the hair. Immediately behind him sata cemetery two miles distant, where an little urchin. This young scapegrace open grave was yawning to swallow was amusing himself: He held one of

against the panes of glass in my time, he drew it in, and placing it lonely couch. It is a wonder that I on his knee, commenced pounding was not frozen to death. Mingled with it with his other fist, imitating a the raging wind, the bells in yonder blacksmith hammering a red-hot nail. church tower tolled my funeral knell, The whole thing was so ludicrous sending shocks of indescribable grief | that I burst out laughing; the only into my wretched soul. Only the time that I disgraced the pulpit by tortures of Prometheus, on whose anything approaching to ribaldry. vitals a raven continuously fed, can

be compared with my suffering. "Once at the cemetery I was soon hoisted into my grave, that dismal den of earth, and one, two, three shovels full of earth were thrown up-

At this late moment I resumed my physical strength and voice. I told before a mirror at the time and was them to open the coffin, and I was

"A hundred times would I rather die upon the rack or above a slow fire than once more experience such a terrible living death.

J. P. Johnson Howard, a negro, whose reputed wealth gained for him the title of "the black prince, and who has for many years past been active in Brooklyn polities, was sentenced by Recorder Smyth, to imprisonment for seven years and six months. The man was convicted of perjury when examined in the supreme court as to his qualification as a bondsman.

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 his torical 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 histhey were 'sleeping.' This sensation tory on account of the line traced came further upward, and I began to across it by Pope Alexander VI, It think that if it were to reach my heart must have been commenced about 1494 and finished 1529, possibly for Charles V, in order to settle some "Having called my family and difficulties with the Portuguese in friends about me I told them of the relation to the frequently-vexed question of possession of the newly-dismy bedside praying-oh! Inevershall | covered lands. The late Mr. Shakeforget those prayers-I bade them all speare Wood, a great authority on farewell, and I fell back paralyzed, 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

This would fix the date of the draw-

Pennsylvania, that was relating to of its being of even earlier date, for me his experience of being about to in all that concerns Europe, Africa and Asia, this map is identical with "The agony and torture I suffered | the first, which was certainly drawn for the next three days would fill vol- in 1494, It bears an inscription in umes, yet the horor of my situation | Spanish which commences along the could not be expressed," he continued. upper margin of the parchment, and "I heard the weeping and wailing of runs as follows: "Universal map, in my dear wife and children, who were which is contained all that has nearly frantic with grief. I felt the been hitherto discovered kisses of my darling little daughter the world. Made by Diego Ribero, as she clung to my bosom-implored | geographer to his Majesty in Seville me to speak and asked if I loved her. 1529," and continues along the lower I heard my prattling child pray that margin as follows: "Which is divided life would return to papa for mamma's into two parts according to the agreement made by their Catholic Majes-"The strength of every fibre in my | ties of Spain and King John of Portusystem I summoned, but my mouth gal in Fontesilla, A. D. 1494." At would not open, my tongue would | mthe foot of the map are richly-illunot move. I was imprisoned in my inated coats of arms. The continents own body-tied down even more and islands are covered with quaint representations of animals supposed "Then came the fears of being to be native to them; the seas are buried alive. I heard how the ar- crowded with Spanish ships sailing rangements for my funeral were to in all directions. At one corner is a be made, who should be my pall- drawing of a quadrant, with an exbearers and what minister should de- planation how to use it, and on the space followed by the Pacific Ocean "The style of my coffin I heard an astrolabe with a silk chord atdiscussed at length between my wife tached to the center. The line of division made by Alexander VI is "This was the most terrible con- drawn exactely as on his map, with ference to which I ever listened," said the addition that on each side of it the old man as he wiped the tears is a flagstaff, that on the west carrying the Spanish flag, and that on th

scious until the next day. When I Altogether this map has the apfin, that awe-inspiring, ghastly box | der VI what a fairly engrossed copy forever rest, and yet I was unable to original draft to which additions and intimate that life still lingered in my interlineations had been made. It suggests, however, some interesting "Many friends came to look at me, subjects for inquiry which can only and as they passed by the coffin I be solved by reference to papers in listened to such exclamations as: the vatican archives of the regesta of 'Isn't he natural?' 'Oh, doesn't he Alexander VI, and his immediate suclook life-like?' and the like, that are cessors to Clement VII, in whose time this map dated. It is curious that "On the third day I was yet in a while Diego Ribero's map bears the trance. About 9 o'clock in the fore- date of 1529, when Clement VII ocnoon, so I am told, all was ready for cupied the papal throne, as already the funeral. Into my house filed six intimated, the pentifical arms and of my friends, who transported my tiara which adorn it in the middle of coffin into the hearse by the door. others at the foot should be those of After a short time I was again taken | Julius II, who was elected in 1503 to out from the fatal carriage. This succeed Pius III, in the same year in was at the church, where the benedic- which Alexander VI died. Julius II died in 1513. The drawing through-"The church had been crowded out is exquisitely careful and clear. towns in England are called Bristol. "A low voice from the pulpit, which York, and Londres. The Irish towns increased in volume as it proceeded are written in Celtic. The chief Euroto review the good phases of my life pean towns are named, but Russia is and to advise the congregation to in a state of great confusion. Jerube prepared for death, intimated salem, which is represented about that the pastor had assumed the 1,500 miles distant from where it really exists, has three crosses to indicate Cavalry. The Nile, strange to he continued to paint in vivid colors relate, is traced to its source to three the instability of fortunes and the lakes. America is a rather shadowy shortness of life on earth. He closed | continent, much mixed up with ocean. with prayer, after which, as those Yucatan and New Spain are given, who were present were passing to and Brazil is also indicated. The take a last look at me, a mournful northern continent ends at Labrador. march, every note of which pierced | Hours can easily be spent studying

Laughing in the Pulpit.

A minister must see a good many mains of their beloved husband and curions things in his congregation as he stands before it Sanday after Sunday. Of course it does not do for him to notice them, however, but it

"I only laughed in the pulpit once," "A vain yet desperate attempt to said a young parson. "It happened his fingers out near the dandy's hair. "The fierce wind beat the snow After keeping it there for a short

If That Scotch Boy Had Known.

A man at Montgomery, Ala., has ust coughed up a pin that he swallowed in Glasgow, Scotland, fortyseven years ago, when he was seven years old. His sister was dressing much annoyed, because pins were scarcer and more valuable than they are now. The circumstance 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.