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THE OLD CHURCH BELL.

Born of the metal and the fire,
They bore me from my raging sire,
And made me of the city's choir
  Which sings in free air only;
And here since then I've patient hung,
Silent, untouched; but, being swung,
Giving my voice with iron tongue—
  Alone, but never lonely.

The hermit of the belfry here,
Celled in the upper atmosphere,
I speak in accents stern and clear
  To all the listening people;
With none my speech to check or mar,
Sending my utterances near and far,
With sonorous clang and sudden jar,
  I shake the slender steeple.

I ring the chimes for the bridal day;
I toll when the dead are borne away;
I clang when the red flames rise and play
  On crackling roof and rafter;
I tell the hours for the steady clock;
I call to prayers the pastor's flock;
And back and forth in my work I rock,
  And sink to silence after.

Here by myself in belfry high,
Peeping through bars at earth and sky,
And mocking the breezes sweeping by,
  And back their kisses flinging;
I chime for smiles, I toll for tears,
I herald news and hopes and fears,
As I have done for many years,
  And never tire of ringing.

From place of vantage, looking down
On yellow lights and shadows brown
Which glint and tint the busy town
  With hues that gleam and quiver,
I see within the streets below
The human currents crosswise flow,
Eddying, surging to and fro,
  An ever-living river.

And when the twilight slowly crawls
O'er slated roofs and bricken walls,
And darkness on the city falls,
  And dews the flags besprinkle,
I watch the gloom around me creep,
So dense the silence, dense and deep,
The very highways seem to sleep,
  But for the gaslights' twinkle.

Or day or night there meet my gaze
The sloping roofs, the crowded ways,
The meshes of a dreary maze
  Where men are ever wending;
One day a rest for them may see—
One day in seven; but as for me,
No time from call of duty free,
  My toil is never-ending.

I chime for birth or bridal train;
I toll when souls have burst their chain;
I clang when fire its ruddy rain
  From clouds of smoke is flinging;
I chime for smiles, I toll for tears,
I herald news and hopes and fears,
And so shall do for many years,
  And never tire of ringing.

—Thomas Dunn English, in N. Y. Ledger.

◆

STICK TO THE FARM.

An Open Letter to a Farmer's Boy.

MY DEAR JAMES:—You ask me for some advice as to your future work in life. You say that you are dissatisfied with the prospect of being a hard-working farmer all your days, but at the same time you do not consider yourself a genius, and do not expect to become a Stewart or a Vanderbilt, or to acquire a vast fortune by speculation. You expect to work for your living; but you think there may be some pursuit which would be equally remunerative and not so laborious and monotonous as the farmer's. You ask if it would not be better for you to become a "first-class mechanic" than to be a farmer.

This is an important question, not alone to you, but to many other boys who take a serious view of life; whose common sense gives them a fairly correct estimate of their own powers and capabilities, and who wish to learn a business for which they are adapted, which will give them fair wages, a reasonable amount of leisure, and a respectable position in life.

Now, it is a curious fact that workers in almost every branch of industry take a gloomy view of their own business, think almost everybody else is better off than they are, and generally try to discourage others from entering their vocation. The farmer and mechanic are about equally ready to say: "Our business is going to the dogs. If I were a young man I should learn something else." Sometimes they do this from the selfish desire to keep down the supply of workers in their own line, in order that the demand for them may be greater; sometimes from the habit of judging other occupations by the standard of their most successful men.

But the fact remains, in spite of this almost universal disparagement of their own pursuits among workingmen, that some occupations are more, some less, desirable than others; and I shall try to give a few reasons for thinking that a farmer's boy, unless he has a decided bent for mechanical pursuits, such as will quickly take him into that "upper story" where there is always plenty of room and recompense, had better "stick to the farm."

First, the farmer has the priceless boon of independence. He is his own employer. He comes and goes when he pleases, not when another man pleases. He is responsible to no one but himself. He is captain on his own ship. No matter if he only has a potato patch from which to get his living, he is master of that potato patch; his rule there is none to dispute in his workshop. His prosperity depends on his own thrift and enterprise, not upon the prosperity and liberality of an employer. He asks no man what he shall do or how he shall do it, except as a matter of advice. He "cares no more for Lord James Douglas than Lord James Douglas cares for him." He is a man among men, a sovereign in his own domain. The man who owns and cultivates his little piece of ground can snap his fingers at Mr. Lofty, and sit on his fence with his hands in his pockets when the Great Mogul goes by; for he is getting his living at first hand, and need ask no favors of anyone. The average mechanic, on the other hand, is little more than a hired serf while he remains a mechanic; he surrenders his individual liberty to his employer for his wages, and works through another man's brains; he is an automaton manipulated by the golden wires of capital. He learns to gauge his work by what is required of him, not by the standard of intelligent and conscientious service. Unless he is an exceptional case, his self-respect is undermined by the temptation to "loaf" while the "boss" is not looking, and to work industriously under his eye. He becomes a school-boy instead of a man; learns to look furtively and fearfully at his employer, and bridles his manhood through the necessity of pleasing him or losing his work. The mechanic is a subordinate in his department; the farmer is chief officer in his; and it is better to be captain of a canal-boat and preserve your independence, than to be second-mate on the Great Eastern and have no mind of your own.

Secondly, the farmer has health; or the means of getting it free of cost if he does not possess it. His business assures him, in larger measure than almost any other, nature's grand conservers of health—air and exercise. These are better tonics than any which go into people's stomachs. City patients get them after paying for a doctor's prescription, but to the farmer they come "as free as air." Better than any one else the farmer can combine business and the hygienist's golden rule:

"Take the open air—the more you take the better;
Follow nature's laws to the very letter;
Let the doctors go to the Bay of Biscay,
Let alone the gin, the brandy and the whisky.
Freely exercise, keep your spirits cheerful,
Let no dread of sickness ever make you fearful;
Eat the simplest food, drink the pure cold water,
Then you will be well—or at least you ought to."

The farmer is free from many of the temptations which beset workingmen whose occupations bring many men into close association. The seductions of the dram-shop and of fast society do not appeal to him as they do to the townsman. He can choose his associates instead of having them forced upon him. He is not compelled to listen to the idle story or the profitless gossip if he does not choose to hear it. Statistics show that farmers live longer than men in any other pursuit—except Washington's body-servants. The farmer can look forward to an earthly existence longer by several years than that of the blacksmith, the carpenter, the machinist, the mason, the printer, or any other artisan, and as long as that of the average professional man.

Third, the farmer has the means of obtaining mental culture if he has the will. The dissatisfaction with which many farmers and farmers' boys look upon their lot in life comes from their having too much hard work and too little spare time. They have not yet learned to adapt themselves to the modern ten-hour law of labor. They toil fourteen or sixteen hours a day, and come home from their work utterly exhausted and fit for nothing but supper and bed. They feel discouraged and disheartened at such a prospect through life Overwork is the thief that steals the farmers' happiness. But it ought not to be so. A farm can be made to pay on the ten-hour plan. I have in mind a farmer who makes his farm pay a good dividend, takes an active interest in the world's work, has a fair library, keeps abreast of the thought of the age, spends his evenings in reading and writing, is teaching his sons the value of study and work combined, and does all this on ten hours' daily work. It is not the amount of labor that we put into a thing that determines the result, it is the intelligence. The King of Spain, you have no doubt read, spent a day in trying to stand an egg on end; Columbus did it for him in a second. An hour spent in thinking out a new way will often accomplish more than fifteen spent in working in the old way. Farming requires enterprise and thought quite as much as any other business; and fresh plans cannot come from a weary brain. Ten hours spent in work and two hours spent in study, with a mind quickened by moderate physical exercise instead of exhausted by over-exertion, will achieve vastly more than twelve hours of unceasing manual labor. Make no mistake. When a farm is managed in this way the farmer can devote his evenings to study and to rational enjoyment far more effectively than the mechanic, for he is isolated from the distractions which usually surround the latter. Much of the farmer's work, too, does not require the constant straining of the attention which many mechanical pursuits demand, and he has opportunity for reflection while promoting his business interests.

So, my boy, if you wish to be manly, self-reliant and independent; if you wish to be your own employer and your own master; if you wish to make a fair living independently of another's caprice; if you wish to lay a solid foundation of health on which to build your career; if you wish to avoid the temptations into which so many artisans sink year after year; if you wish to elevate your mind, broaden your sympathies, and deepen your understanding by study, reflection and association with those who will help, not hinder, you in these things; in a word, if you wish to be

"Healthy, wealthy and wise,"

my advice to you is, Stick to the farm.
—H. H. M., in Christian Union.

◆

How Sponges are Gathered.

The negro sponge-fishers who ply their trade here in the Bahamas are a race of seamen not too regular in habits or morals, and living a sadly monotonous life of exposure and privation. Their voyages to the sponge fisheries last each for six weeks, during which they live crowded on board their craft under conditions of hardship which, in a clime less salubrious, would be fatal to health and life. The sponge firms "find" for them the boats, supplies and equipment which they use on their six weeks trip. The sponge bottoms most sought at this time are on the coral beds at the south side of Eleuthera Island, fifty miles east of Nassau. With a good wind the fisheries are reached in eight or ten hours from this port. Then the real toil begins. Lying on his chest along the boat's deck, the fisher with his water-glass—a pane set in a box fitted with handles—looks down forty feet into the clear depths. With one hand he grasps and sinks a slender pole, sometimes fifty feet in length, fitted at the end with a double hook. The sponge, once discovered, the hook is deftly inserted at the rocky base, and by a sudden jerk the sponge is detached to be brought up on deck. This curt description of what seems the simple work of sponge-fishing gives no idea of the real skill and exertion needed. The eye of the fisher has to be trained by long experience to peer into the sea and tell the commercially valuable sponges from those that are worthless. He must have a deft hand to manage the swaying hook forty feet down so as to detach the sponge without a tear. Above all, while doing this with one hand, he must manipulate with the other the water glass as the waves sway it sideways and up or down. The strain on eye and body is most intense, to say nothing of the cramped position and exposure to wind and wet which first and last make almost every sponge-fisher a victim of acute rheumatism. Yet with all his arduous toil, a faithful sponge-fisher earns no more than $15 a month besides his "keep" on the boat, which barely deserves the name of existence.

All the Bahama waters abound in sponges of great variety, but many of them worthless for the market. Those that are good for nothing else are often most beautiful curiosities. They take most wonderful and striking shapes—now a cup, now an old-fashioned drinking-horn, anon a great bunch of mossy, cup-shaped growths, and frequently foliated, like the tree-coral. A cup-shaped sponge found some years ago in Bahama waters, and said to be the second largest in the world, measured seven feet in circumference, and its walls from four to six inches in thickness. Up to two or three years ago the Bahama fisheries showed signs of exhaustion; but the discovery of the Eleuthera bottoms has proved a godsend to the fishermen and are likely to supply the markets for some years to come at least.—*Cor. N. Y. Evening Post.*

◆

—A California Board of Supervisors appropriated a sum to purchase a wooden leg for a citizen and charged the amount to "permanent repairs and improvements."

Mines and Counter-Mines at Sebastopol.

The information gained by the Russian Commander-in-Chief on the subject of the mines dug by the allied armies had been sent to him by a Prussian officer living at Paris, where a lithographic plan of them had appeared in a shop window. This was at first supposed to be a mere *ruse de guerre* of the allies for the purpose of misleading the defenders of Sebastopol and inducing them to dig counter-mines where there were no mines. A few days later an Italian deserter from the Legion Etrangere of the French Army arrived at a Russian outpost and was taken to headquarters for examination. He stated that he had been working in a mine close to one of the bastions, and he described the place as being exactly where it was represented in the lithographic plan that mines had been dug by the allies. Still, the cautious Russian General would not believe in the possibility of a secret military operation being made known by the publication of a plan of it. He supposed that the so-called deserter had been designedly sent to convince him of the accuracy of that plan, in order to divert his attention from the real position of the mines which were being dug. The man was therefore taken in the night to one of the trenches, where he was left in the dark and blindfolded. He was soon made prisoner by a French sentry; a reliable Russian scout followed him, and brought back intelligence of his having been shot as soon as he had been recognized as a real deserter. Russian counter-mines were then at once commenced, according to the lithographic plan of the mines of the allies. One night a distant rumbling noise was indistinctly heard at the end of a Russian gallery. On comparing the position with the plan by the assistance of a mariner's compass, it became evident that the sap was approaching one of the enemy's mines, laid down in it as being near the salient angle of one of the Russian bastions. It was then certain that passages were in process of formation through the same stratum of clay as the Russians had cut theirs in. The advance of the latter was therefore stopped, and a large chamber was constructed. In it 400 pounds of gunpowder were placed in barrels touching each other and without lids. The end of a long fuse communicated with one of them. Clay was then filled into the passage, strengthened by transverse scaffoldings of thick wood and well beaten down, to act as wadding, through which the fuse was made to pass. Men were placed on the rampart to watch the third French parallel, and the fuse was set fire to. After a little time something like an earthquake was felt, a smothered roar was heard, and a cloud of smoke rose from the parallel. When it had cleared away men were seen carrying dead bodies from the breach where the smoke had escaped. Eighteen of those mangled victims were counted. On going into the gallery from the fort it was found by the Russian officer of engineers that the wadding of clay had not been in the least disturbed, and that an aperture had burst into the enemy's sap. Sentries were placed in it to report any sound which they might hear. Three days afterward they announced that digging had again been commenced. The Russians then proceeded to remove the wadding of clay, with the view of getting near enough to the enemy to spring other mines against him. The French fired a mine, but it did no harm to the Russians, who met every advance by an opposing passage. Mines and counter-mines were frequently sprung on both sides, with more or less success, and this fighting in the bowels of the earth resulted finally in the establishment of the fourth French parallel.—*Temple Bar.*

What Island?

The smallest State in the Union has the most trouble with its name. It has never been ascertained where, when, or how Rhode Island received its name. Some people think it was given to indicate a resemblance between the island in Narragansett Bay on which Newport is situated and the Island of Rhodes in the Mediterranean Sea. Others are sure that the name must have first been applied by Dutch traders to an island in the bay as "Roode Eylandt" (Red Island), so called from the color of its soil.

But whatever may have been its origin, we know for a certainty—and that is all we do know—that in 1644 the General Court of the Colony ordered the name Rhode Island to be substituted for the Indian name of Aquidneck. Since that time "Little Rhody" has heard the question asked a good many times, "What island?"

Its name has given foreigners strange ideas about "the smallest State in the Union." Even in Canada, which is not far off, Rhode Island is but little known. A young man, who lives in Providence, R. I., was once mortified while traveling near Toronto at the ignorance shown of his native State. A Scotch lady, to whom he had mentioned his home, startled him by exclaiming:

"Eh, lad, an island is't? Ye donna look like an islander!"

Another lady, eager to learn all she could about it, asked:

"An' how far from the main land, is it, think?"

"It is not an island," was the youth's reply. "It is the main land itself. It is a State."

"Young man," said the woman, sternly, "you said Rhode *Island*, didn't you? Well, if it is an island, it *is* an island; an' if it isn't an island, it *isn't*; an' that's all there is about it! 'Call a spade a spade,' young man, an' don't stoop to falsehoods."

The young man, somewhat discomfited, hastened to explain to his severe critic. After a while he succeeded in convincing her of his truthfulness, but not until he had called to his aid several persons acquainted with the geography of "the States."

On another occasion, a gentleman asked:

"What is the chief employment there, fishing?"

Rhode Island, sir?" was the polite reply, "is one of the New England States."

"Ah, indeed! near Boston, then, is it not?"

"Yes, sir; only forty miles distant."

And this served to identify the little State. Some people go so far as to call Rhode Island "a suburb of Boston;" and yet Providence alone has a population of one hundred and sixteen thousand inhabitants.—*Youth's Companion.*

◆

—Miss Lillie Wall, of Irwin County, was dangerously ill for several days, and the doctors quietly informed her father, Mr. Jasper Wall, that his daughter could not possibly live. Going to her bedside, and viewing her sadly, the father said: "My darling child, you are obliged to die, but I only hope that I may die first." Shortly after he went into convulsions, and was soon dead, followed three hours later by the death of his daughter.—*Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.*

The Boy Who Whistles.

> "He trudged along, unknowing what he sought,
> And whistled as he went, for want of thought."

It was probably a memory of his boyhood time which prompted Dryden when he linked the jingling lines together which head this article, for certainly no man can read them without at once catching the whole sentiment of the couplet.

Because John Dryden, the poet and dramatist, was buried in Westminister Abbey and lives in history, it is not improbable that Johnny Dryden, the boy, often whistled his way through the lanes of Aldwinckle to confess, on reaching his home, that he had forgotten one of the many most important articles his mother had sent him after.

Boys whistled in the seventeenth century just as they whistle now. In fact whistling has always been and always will be one of the prerogatives of boyhood, and he whose ability to whistle lives with him to maturity or old age has always a reserve force with which to blow aside many of the aches and ills of a lifetime.

Where is the boy who has not had a dear companion whose face was no more promptly recognized than his whistle? Every boy has a memory of the signal which so often reached his ears, and his alone, from the chum who, knowing that it was against rules and regulations to be out of doors at night, persistently puckered his lips and blew temptations terrible to resist and not always overcome.

How many a boy has lived, who, perhaps able to whistle in but one fashion, has envied his more accomplished friend who could give the calls in two or three different ways? What a paragon was the boy who could perform the act of whistling in all known styles!

How we boys used to stare wonderingly and with admiration as the champion whistled with four fingers filling his mouth, with two fingers, with any one finger and even with the thumb and in each instance causing a shrill shriek loud enough to be heard half a mile away. Then with what a patronizing air the champion would sink his skill to indulgence in the ordinary lip-whistle or the almost as common and very sonorous doubled-fist-whistle, to again jump with bewildering brilliancy to that chef d'œuvre of sifflement—the tongue-and-teeth whistle.

It is surprising how many are the moods indicated unmistakably by a boy's whistle. There is the whistle in which the head is held erect, the eyes look straight ahead, but at nothing in particular, the lips show the utmost muscular contraction, the distended cheeks prove total indifference to appearances and the noise, a strain most monotonous, because it ends in the wrong place, only to again take up the first note and give a repetition to the erratic finale over and over again, totally oblivious to all surroundings. Then there is the disconnected whistle, doubtful, often false, and generally accompanied by a slow pace, a hanging head and a general indication of regret and unwillingness to do anything but whistle. Again there is the boy, often grown to manhood, who does not know one note from another, yet who insists on whistling constantly, in a hopeless effort to catch a tune which he heard the band play at the county fair. Sharps and flats are alike to him, while measure is wholly unknown and unthought of. Perhaps the man and his whistle are a bore to a majority of people, but it is bread and meat to him. It is an unconscious sanitary measure, doing much to keep lungs and stomach on good terms with each other.

Where is the boy who has not often "whistled aloud to keep his courage up," while busy in the attic at some mischief or slyly in the pantry searching out the cake box. How many wives and mothers now live and love their boy's whistling because it reminds them of the time when they used to listen for the whistle of the boy of long ago who now sits over there in the great arm-chair with spectacles on his nose, legs crossed and the heel and toe of the free boot rocking in time to the whistling of the young man who, having mastered a new operatic aria, is putting on his hat and gloves in the hallway preparatory to going over to let his sweetheart know of his latest accomplishment.

It is only among boys that whistling becomes a fine art, and it is often astonishing to observe the perfection which some of the artists attain. A hundred boys will attend the production of a new opera, and the next day fifty of those boys will be heard whistling selections from that opera, each one having chosen the air which most pleased him. In this way have the reputations of song-writers been made. Fritz Emmett's "Lullaby," Willian Scanlan's "Peek-a-Boo," and many of the old-time Foster melodies are notable examples of popular songs, and the first herald of that popularity were the boys who whistled the airs all over the streets of America. Much of the success of "Pinafore," "The Mascotte," of that oddity "The Turkish Patrol," and of numerous other compositions, is directly attributable to the boy who whistles.—*Detroit Free Press.*

An Honest Boy.

There were a dozen of us waiting around the depot at Chattanooga to take the train for Atlanta, and pretty soon a stout, red-faced and high-tempered man from Columbus, O., began jawing about the way he had been bled by the waiters at the hotel, and added that there wasn't a single honest nigger south of Mason and Dixon's line.

"I beg your pardon, but I must differ with you," remarked a man from South Carolina.

"Differ be hanged!" shouted the fat man. "I wouldn't trust one of 'em out of sight with a ten-cent piece."

"Oh, you certainly misunderstand them. I'll bet you the cigars that if I give one of 'em a ten dollar bill to get changed he'll return as straight as a string."

"I'll do it. Give your money to that chap by the window!"

The gentleman walked over, took a bill from his pocket, and quietly said:

"Boy, run up town and get change for this."

"Yes, sah," was the reply, as the youth hurried out.

In about fifteen minutes he returned, walked up to the Carolinian and returned the bill, and said:

"Went all ober, sah, but couldn't git it busted."

He was rewarded with a dime, and the Buckeye, after a great deal of puffing and blowing and wondering over it, paid the cigars. As we boarded the train I asked the winner:

"Did you know the boy?"

For answer he took the bill from his pocket and unfolded it. It was a ten dollar Confederate note!—*Cor. Detroit Free Press.*

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OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—The most universal favorite among English statesmen is the blind Postmaster General.

—A girl baby, whose hair at birth, reached below her waist, is the latest Mormon freak of nature.

—It is proposed to so change the Massachusetts State Constitution that women who are lawyers may be made Justices of the Peace.

—Jackfish are very numerous in the streams in the Riding Mountains, where hundreds are being speared with pitchforks by the men in the lumber shanties.

—Chinese historians have been at work for 200 years past, and yet have only brought their books down to the fourteenth century. They don't believe in skipping anything.

—The Philadelphia *Bulletin* thinks there ought to be a grand crop of good living coming up about this time, as the result of the grand sowing of good resolutions during the last six weeks.

—Two Ohio men played checkers for thirty-eight hours without eating or sleeping, and the game would not have been broken then had not the wife of one of the players made clubs the trump.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Mr. Josiah Quincy writes that in 1820, during one of his visits to Philadelphia, he was struck by a singular ecclesiastical privilege which then existed in that city—the right to obstruct the streets by chains during the hours of divine service.

—There is less snow on the Sierra Nevada Mountains this year than there has been for many years past. Along the line of the Central Pacific Railroad fire trains are employed in wetting down the snow-sheds to prevent their catching fire from sparks.

—A rooster owned by a Virginia farmer has gone off to live with a flock of wild turkeys. Every morning at day-break he crows, and the farmer, who knows where his rooster is, is thus enabled to go out and kill a wild turkey every day. Such an abuse of hospitality is worse than human bunko-steering.

—Prof. J. P. Stelle, of Alabama, is down on what he calls the "carp farce." He thinks the carp is no better than the buffalo fish. He calls it the "aquatic buzzard," and says it is the "meanest fish of any waters; a nasty, grisly-fleshed kind of mud-sucker, which digs in the muck and feeds on decaying substances."

—Connecticut demands a law to protect railroad brakemen. The Hartford *Courant* says: "Nobody doubts the story now going through the newspapers that a railroad Superintendent told an applicant for the place of brakeman that he had no vacancy then, but somebody would be killed off in a few days. It is too true to be questioned."

—The Lyons (N. Y.) *Press* states that a dealer in that village recently shipped two car loads of straw to a firm in Penn Yan, who informed him that every particle of that straw would be made into a certain kind of paper, which after being soaked in tobacco juice, would greatly resemble Havana leaf, and be used as such in the manufacture of cigars.

—Burglars broke into a Cincinnati newspaper-man's bed room, a night or two since. It was unlucky for the inmates of neighboring rooms that the intruders found nothing worth stealing but a perfume bottle in the newspaper-man's apartment, for from the others were taken money, jewelry, handkerchiefs, hosiery and other property of varied value.

—A report comes from Montreal, Canada, that the right of a nun to take off the veil and re-enter society will soon be tried in the law courts there, as the opulent friends of a young French-Canadian lady are about to apply for a writ of habeas corpus to compel the mother superior of one of the local convents to open the doors and allow her to leave.

—The statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World" will weigh eighty tons and is to be placed on a pedestal 150 feet high. The fear is that the statue will not be able to resist the pressure of the wind. As only $80,000 of the $250,000 necessary for the pedestal is collected, there seems to be no prospect of their raising either the statue or the wind high enough to do any harm to it.—*Detroit Post and Tribune.*

—Two young men from the rural districts visited a King street, Hamilton, Ont., photograph gallery, for the purpose of securing the "shadow ere the substance fade," and they performed their ablutions in a bowl of water while the operator's back was turned. It was a nitrate of silver bath, and they have concluded that, though the Ethiop may not change his skin, it is not difficult for a white man to do so.

—The injudicious use of metaphors has occasionally created great amusement both in the old Irish and English Houses of Commons. The other night Mr. Callon, M. P. for Louth, a staunch opponent of the Sunday Closing and Permissive bill, and personally a great benefactor to the revenue, replying to the Irish Attorney-General said: "The facts relied on by the learned gentleman are very strange. Now, Mr. Speaker, I swallow a good deal. ["Hear, hear," "Quite true," "Begorra you can," and roars of laughter.] I repeat, I can swallow a great deal ["Hear, hear," and fresh volleys of laughter], but I can't swallow that." A few nights before, in a debate which had to do with the Jews, Baron de Worms had just remarked, "We owe much to the Jews," when there came a feeling groan from a well-known member in his back corner, "We do."

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Some Arabian Yarns.

In the way of serpents, a skipper named Abou Mohammed, son of El Hassan, son of Amr, had a strange experience, the authenticity of which was vouched for by Ismail, son of Ibrahim, already cited. Running into a creek for shelter during a violent gale, he observed on the following morning, a gigantic serpent, fearful to behold, plunge into the water, traverse the creek, climb the opposite bank, and glide away with startling rapidity. Toward night-fall it returned, but its movements were then slow and heavy. The same thing happened for five consecutive days. On the sixth the skipper bade some of his men follow the reptile and mark whither it went. On their return they reported that the snake repaired to a marshy ground completely covered with ivory tusks voided by that devourer of elephants. For several successive days the crew were employed in filling up the ship with ivory, throwing overboard their less valuable cargo. Almost incredible was the value of the tusks they collected during their twenty days' detention. Another celebrated mariner named Djafar, son of Rashid, spoke of a serpent that entered a bay on the Malabar coast and swallowed a crocadile. The Governor of the place forthwith dispatched a body of troops to seize the monster. It took 3,000 men to master and fasten a rope around its neck. It was sixty feet in length and weighed some thousands of pounds.—*All the Year Round.*