ref new the radiance of thy smile, tender waking out of sleep, how new it is schanging that is not yet changed,

e on my cheek for breath that Death ha ed, s my lips for lips that are no more, he fragrance of undying Spring eaven's far shore. if in sunless cities' haunts I stray, d lose thy birds and flowers, this grace str

iere I may know thou art on Earth -The Spectator.

HN HARLEY'S MARRIAGE.

CHAPTER I.

t was blowing a strong south-easter one vember morning in 185—, as I landed at ing Wharf, San Francisco, from the storea, lying out in the stream, of which I then charge. I had not proceeded many steps and Montogomery street, the principal incess thoroughfare of the city, when a sy hand was laid on my shoulder, and I ognized the cheery voice of John Harley, most intimate friend I had made since my wal in California some sixteen months be-

The very man, Ingram, that I wanted to I I only arrived from Stockton half an Ir ago, and was just coming off to your old to bring you on shore; for I want your vessel I wish you to come and look at her lit you think well of it I will bid up to a sonable figure, more particularly if you I take command of her, and take again to high seas instead of burying yourself in a reship."

You buy a ship, Harley! Surely, with or mining claims and city lots, you must ve quite enough on your hands," said I in

d out everything but the Caboose and lot Harpy Valley, which, in consideration of e sum of one dollar to me in hand paid, I all bargain, sell, and convey to Mrs. Sullivan, ed me so well some months ago. He sband, you know, was shot in a gau use; and she is left with three chile ough, by the way, I think she is better ithout him, the reckless drunken fellow! one. I want some breakfast; and then we ll go and look at the vessel, and I'll tell vo

in Harley was an Englishman of independent means. His father being a wealthy man, who had no other child, had on his coming of age settled a liberal income upon him. While making a tour in the United States, curiosity and a love of new scenes and adventures had drawn Harley to the Far West Eldorado, without any notion then of gain. Catching, however, the universal fever of en-terprise raging around him, he had pecuniarily interested himself in several undertakings. Harley had made the acquaintance of Herr Van Dusen, a Dutch merchant from Batavia

Van Dusen, a Dutch merchant from Batavia (the chief town of the island of Java), who had come thence in a vessel of his own. He was accompanied by his niece, the daughter of his deceased brother and partner, a seavoyage having been recommended for her by her medical advisers. Two months of their society had proved sufficient to settle the matet, so far as John Harley was concerned; and the young lady, on her departure for home, had taken John's dague recover, and a piece of his hair enclosed in a gold lockshoat, a souvenir of her English lover. The uncle would hear of no engagement without her mother's consent; but Harley had promised, as soon as he could wind up his Californian interests, to follow them to Batavia, and endeawour to obtam that consent.

eavour to obtain that consent.

All of this he related to me at breakfast and a great deal more which is not worth repeating lovers' rhapsodies being really interesting only to themselves. I learned, however, from him that Miss Van Dusen's mother was an Englishwoman, whose husband having retired from the command of one of the fa-mous Dutch East Indiaman line had become merchant in Batavia, and had there died aving a widow and this one daughter.

At the time of which I write, English ship in California were sold very frequently at ex-tremely low prices. Deserted by their crews, and not unfrequently by their captains also, the ships were sacrificed often for less than one-fourth of their value, when sold at sheriff's sale, to defray the indebtedness incur-red since their arrival. Availing himself of reumstances, Harley desired to make so as there was no other way of getting thither without tedious and trying delay. After our inspection, therefore, he purchased the ship at the auction for a sum equivalent to about one

thousand pounds.

Of our passage, as being without any noteworthy incident, it is enough to say that,
with remarkably fine weather, it was pleasant
till almost the last day; that it was rapid,
last the property of the pr from favourable winds and a fast vessel in ex from favourable winds and a fast vessel in ex-celleut sailing trim, and that on the thirty-ninth day we anchored in Singapore Roads. Within two days of our arrival at Singapore a tolerably good charter was obtained for the Albert Allen to proceed to Java, and return, which would probably take about two months. Our charterer, a shrewd Portuguese trader there, put a supercargo on board to look after his lutcrests; and as he was urgent for our departure, and as Harley was not less so, on the sixth day from our dropping our anchor e sixth day from our dropping our anchor again weighed and sailed for Batavia, here, after a somewhat prolonged passage,

hor had hardly reached the bottor ere Harley would have shoved off in a shore-boat for the landing, but that I had to check bin till the usual port regulations had been complied with, a breach of which would have avoived him in great trouble and expense. A full hour and a half was he fuming and fretting before, all the forms having been gone through, he left us, waving his hat, and urging the boatmen to renewed exertions, in his haste to get to Mr. Van Dusen's offices.

Everything seemed so far to favour Harley's hopes. Mr. Van Dusen took him home with him some miles from the town; and the same

evening he was made acquainted with Miss Susette Van Dusen's mother. This was on the Monday; and on the Thursday I was to sail for Surabaya in the Albert Allen, to get her cargo, and would touch at Batavia on my her cargo, and would touch at Batavia on my maturn voyage to Singapore. In view of my speedy departure the next morning I received an invitation to dine with Mr. Van Dusen on the following day, together with an apology for the consequent shortness of the invitation, which was of course sent out of compliment to Harley, who had mentioned me as a most intimate friend.

ess to transact before sailing. The newby married pair were to leave in the cool of the evening for another house of Mrs. Van Dusen's, on a plantation fourteen miles dis-tant, there to pass the first few days of the

tant, there to pass the first few days of the honeymoon.

It was nearly sunset before I had concluded all the ship's business and returned on board. Everything was in readiness for sailing, so that as soon as I got on board I gave orders to get under-weigh. Just as the windlass was manned a note from Harley was brought off in a shore-boat. I opened it, and was completely astounded at its contents:

"Don't trip your anchor till I come. I am going with you. Take my traps on board.
"J.S. HARLET."

The scrawl was hardly legible, but it was still unquestionably Harley's handwriting. For an instant the wild idea flashed across me that it was possibly a practical joke. But then I knew that he was not the man to play

Harley, I merely knew from him that he did not remember his mother, as she had died when he was an infant; and that he had been brought up by another lady till he went to school. On his family matters he had always been somewhat reticent. "I had a letter from my father," or, "I must write to my father by this mail," was generally all the reference he made to the subject of his home belongings; so that I was as totally unprepared for the information he gave me now of his antecedents as I had been for that connected with the unhappy, miserable events of the day. nappy, miserable events of the day.

CHAPTER II.

Immediately after I had left Mrs. Van Du-Immediately after I had left Mrs. Van Dusen's the rest of the company had also departed, with the exception of one or two bosomfriends of Susette's, who intended remaining with her till the newly married pair started in the evening. Harley was then in the room alone with Mrs. Van Dusen, and turning over the contents of a desk which he had forgotten in his hurry in leaving the ship, and which I sent on shore after him, he took out a miniature of his father, taken some twenty-five years before. This he handed to Mrs. Van Dusen, saying: "There is my father at the age of twenty."

"Why, this is a likeness of Charles Smith, not of your father! Where did you get it?"

why, this is a meness of charles Smith, not of your father! Where did you get it?" exclaimed Mrs. Van Dusen excitedly.
"I got it from my father himself. He was Charles Smith when it was painted; but some three or four years afterward he unexpectedly inherited a large estate, and with it took the name of Harley. But how strange all this is! Did you know him, that you re-

cognize the miniature?"
"Oh, do not ask me," cried Mrs. Van Du

"Oh, do not ask me," cried Mrs. Van Dusen with much agitation; "I can hardly bear the thought of it. But speak—speak truly. Have you always been calle I John Harley?"

"No. Till I was nearly ten years old I was called Johnny Harrison."

"Fasten the door! Call nobody. Water, water!" gasped Mrs. Van Dusen in a hoarse whisper, as she dropped on to the sofa close to which she was standing. In a few minutes she burst into sobs; and as he was pressing the tumbler of water to her lips, she clasped him round the neck, crying: "My boy, my boy! My son, my son!" My son, my son !"
"Yes, dear mother, your son now; and I

"Yes, dear mother, your son now; and I hope to be a loving one. But why does the fact of your having known my father excite you so terribly?" replied Harley gently, as he returned her caress.

"My son—my own son, I tell you! And I am indeed and truly your mother, Your father's father wrote to me that you had died when six months old; and some months before that your father—my husband—had died in India of sunstroke. O wicked, wicked, thus to deceive me. as he must also have

ingly, and often spoke to him of her own little boy, who was dead, and would appear vexed that he did not remember him, which is he could not say he did. 'At seven years of age he was sent to a day-school; and two years later a gentleman who had often come to see him took him away, and put him to another school at the same time telling him on past 11."

the pillow with the packet I had before observed grasped in his hand.

I took it from him, and was just commencing to examine it when he again stopped me. "Does not the government steamer sail today for Batavia."

"Yes; at 12 o'clock," said I; "and it is now past 11." ingly, and often spoke to him of her own little boy, who was dead, and would appear vexed that he did not remember him, which is he could not say he did. At seven years of age he was sent to a day-school; and two years later a gentleman who had often come to see him took him away, and put him to another school, at the same time telling him that he was his father, and that his proper name was John Smith Harley.

Further explanations between Mrs. Van Dusen and Harley only served to confirm the astounding intelligence that he was her son, whom she had hitherto believed to have died in infancy. Harley had also been informed that his mother had died while he was quite young.

again; and after knocking two or three times, Harley unbolted the door. He was pacing up and down just three steps each way. His face was deadly pale, with an occasional flushing over for a minute or so, as he elenched his hands and seemed almost in a convulsion. I did not speak. I knew not what to say. I took his hand for an instant and pressed it. He drew his away hastily, and continued his walk to and fro. Then he spoke. "They tell us there is a God. How could He in mercy allow this?" He struck his forehead, and sank on to the little sofa.

Again I took his hand. "Calm yourself, Harley. Whatever may have happened, bear it like a man—like the man I know you to be."

"Ingram," he said, "I came out of the house with you to see you off to-day, when you left Mrs. Van Dusen; and if you remember, after you bid Susette good-bye, she went up stairs. I have not seen her since. I shall never see her again. I never can see her again. I never which had at once made him determine to leave her. Possibly the expression of my tell-tale countenance indicated something of this, for he looked up at me suddenly.

"Poor, poor Susette! how can she bear this! She will think me a scoundrel; and oh! that is hard to bear. But better even that, that that she should know what I know; that which her mother dare not, cannot tell her. Ingram!" said he, starting up; "I have married my sister—my own mother's child!"

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"Poor, poo

After the young mother's recovery she obtained, through Mr. Smith's influence, indirectly applied, a situation as a governess in Amsterdam. She had received several letters from Charles, in which be told her that, as soon as he was of age, he would come home and make their variators public. and make their marriage public; and he had also written to his father to the same effect. Determined, however, to break off the connection, Mr. Smith, as soon as he obtained the situation for the poor young wife in Amsterdam, wrote to his son that she had died of typhoid fever; and at the same time he wrote to her that his son had died in Indi very suddenly. This she fully believed, but came to England once to see her child. Fearful that if this visit were frequently repeated she would find out the deception he had she would find out the deception he had practised as to his son's death, Mr. Smith further again deceived her by sending her intelligence of the death of the child itself a few months later. All connection between them was thus terminated: and some years later, in entire ignorance or suspicion of the deception that had been practised upon her, she married Captain Van Dusen, the commander of a Dutch East Indiaman.

When Charles Harley, in India, received the false intelligence of his wife's death he wrote to his father begging him to see that everything possible should be done for the child's health and welfare; and this Mr. Smith faithfully did.

child's health and welfare; and this Mr. Smith faithfully did.

On his father's death, two years after, Charles sold his commission, and came home from India, when, succeeding to large estates from his maternal grand-nucle, he assumed the name of Harley. Thereupon he formally acknowledged John as his son; and pensioned off Mrs. Jones, put the lad to school, and after he came of age settled on him a most liberal allowance. liberal allowance.

It was very fortunate that we had an un-

usually quick passage to Singapore, for the next morning after sailing from Batavia, on going into the cabin where Harley was, I found him him in a raging fever and quite delirious. I did the best I could to allay his sufferings that up to converge the sailing and the sail of the s sufferings; but up to our arrival at Singa pore he remained in the same state, and was carried on shore to the hotel, where the best carried on shore to the hotel, where the best medical assistance was procured. It was more than a fortnight before he was considered out of danger, though still terribly prostrated by weakness. Of course, he had been unable to write to Susette as he had proposed, and was still incapable of doing so; but he requested me to pen a few lines to Mrs. Van Dusen, intimating that he had been very ill, and though now recovering was too weak to write. This I did; and two days more passed, the symptoms continuing favourable.

now past 11."

"Go off and get some money, and take passage to Batavia. Take the letter—read it—and give it to Mrs. Van Dusen. Come back with the steamer, or I shall go mad with

between the content of the content o this she went with her own child and mine to Broadstairs for a week or two. There both children were taken ill with scarlet fever. My boy died—you lived. As she sat looking at him after he was laid out, she remembered that with him her income died too; for what little money she had at her husband's death was all gone. Then the idea of giving out that her own child had died occurred to her. She was a stranger there, where none knew her. At this moment the landlady looked in and asked her the full name of the child, saying kindly that her husband would get the certificate of death from the surgeon, and call with it at the registrar's office, which would save her trouble. On the impulse of the moment, she replied: 'John William Jones.' The landlady wrote it down; and when she had gone Mrs. Jones would have given worlds to recall her words. But she had committed herself to the false representation, and it was too late.

"The child was huried," and then the fear

"The child was buried; and then the fear "The child was buried; and then the fear of discovery preventing her from returning home, she was determined to go and settle in some place where she was entirely unknown. She had previously lived in Cheshire, and choosing a distant point, she removed to Hastings, writing to her friends that I had made her residence there a condition of her retaining charge of my child. There was a certain similarity both in feature and in complexion between my boy and you, which favoured the deception. I had never seen either of you; and after a year or two, if any of her acquaintances—whom in the meantime she would avoid—should see you, there would be but little chance of their discovering the difference.

Ingram!" said he, starting up; ited my sister—my own mother's child!"

"Good heavens! Harley; do not say that. It cannot be. Some misconception of some-ling you have heard."

"The post is no misconception. I made the starting you have heard."

"As Dissens. I m deep you quitted. Alra, be will be a concerned to the post of the pos

I read the letter with strange feelings, in which I scarcely knew whether surprise or pleasure was predominant. I could also now understand John's agitation; for if he had thus lost one who had been to him a father, he had been at the same time delivered from a sorrow which would have been lifelong in its effects both on him and the woman he loved

its effects both on him and the woman ne loved,
On my arrival at Batavia I hastened to Mrs. Van Dusen's and asked to see her alone. She was, as the reader may imagine, quite overcome at my unexpected intelligence. I found that she had confessed the whole circumstances to her daughter. "My conscience told me it was the right course to pursue though dear John meant kindly; but I sue, though dear John meant kindly; but could not be contented while deceiving my

In a day or two the steamer was to return to Singapore; and brief as the time for pre paration was, both Susette and Mrs. Van Dusen accompanied me in her. With their care and nursing Harley soon recovered health and strength; and then, after again going to Batavia to settle Mrs. Van Dusen's affairs, previous to her bidding a final farewell to Java, they all three sailed for England.

HUGGED TO DEATH. The Sad Fate of a Young Lady-A Warning

Keokuk, Ia., Special. About 9 o'clock the other night the family of John J. Rail, living two miles east of this city, was thrown into intense excitement and despair by the sudden death of an only daughter, Miss Minnie Rail, sixteen years of age. The young lady was in the parlour at the time in company with Charles Gray, her affianced. It seems from the statement of Mr. Gray, which was given with broken sobs and tears, that the two were seated on a lounge, and he which was given with broken sobs and tears, that the two were seated on a lounge, and he was urging her to name an early day for their wedding. The girl was coy and bashful, and hesitated about it. But the lover was importunate, and sought in every way to induce a compliance with his wishes. At last she consented, saying:

"I will marry you in April."

In the excitement and joy of the moment

The Score.

They're parted in the middle—His locks of auburn hue, a bland smile on his visage, And eyes of wat'ry blue.

Who'd think so mild a creatur Could over cause affright.
And that, like birds of evil, He'd be a plague by night?

Yet women brave will shudder
And strong, firm men will qual
When he is seen approaching,
In gloves and swallow-tail
With scores of mildest ballads
Wrapped in a dainty roll,
At sight of which an anguish
Sinks into every soul.

He sings the Maid of Athens,
And songs about the moon,
With improvised additions
Which are not in the tune,
He loves the sentimental,
Sings Abt and Claribel;
His high notes have a terror
Worse than an Indian's yell.

Would that pneumonia's clutches, Or diphtheritic cough, Would seize his vocal muscles, And kindly shut him off.

ENOCH ARDEN IN DETROIT

THE LETTER-BOX EDITOR.

Satisfactory Explanation to a Sorrowing Enquirer.

From the Brooklyn Eagle.

"Are you the gentleman who answers the questions sent to the Brooklyn Eagle?"

The voice was filled with music, and as the bent and grey philosopher who officiates as encyclopædia for the institution looked up from the question "Was the walking match between the wise men of the east and the star of Bethlehem a squareshake or a hippodrome?" his eyes were blinded. A flash of golden hair! A bewildering sea of blue eyes! A passionate struggle between the red and white roses.

"I am the man," he said, wondering what "May I—ask you—a—question?" enquired the voice, as the beautiful head bowed and the long lashes swept the flowers of her cheek and lay as lightly as dew across the moist lids. How the American Enoch Straightened Out His Domestic Complications—Fiction Stranger than Truth in the Case of the Tennysonian Hero.

Had Mr. Tennyson, P.L., ever been a reporter on a daily newspaper, "Enoch Arden" would never have been written in pathetic style of composition; plain prose would have told that common-place tale with its improbable finale. Mr. Arden undoubtedly walked straight into Mr. Philip Lee's house and gave him the "grand bounce." If he didn't, it was because he thought Lee had got the worst of the bargain. Enoch Ardens nowadays are nearly as plentiful as John Smiths, and are made of sterner stuff than the sentimental sailor.

moist lids.

"Certainly, anything. Can I do something for you?"

"It's about Frank," she faltered. "I want to ask you about Frank. Oh! why does he treat me so?" and the sweet face was turned upward toward the staggered philosopher, wet with tears, and imploring consolation.

"No, no! oh, no! I have plenty of those, But why does he let me pine?"
"Something about theatres? Concert business? Bouquets the matter? Candy? Bong bong?" asked the philosopher, ending his interrogations with some respectful French.
"Nothing, nothing of that kind," murmured the red, quivering lips. "Why am I so desolate!" and the sobs racked the glorious frame. made of sterner stuff than the sentimental sailor.

The last edition to the list of Enochs is also a sailor, but the poet laureate could never cover him with a poetic mantle. Jack Crocker isn't that kind of a man. A year ago he sailed away on the raging main from Sackett's Harbour, N.Y., as able sailer on a stone boat. After untold perils and privations he reached Detroit. Soon he wrote to Mrs. Crocker that he had obtained employment on the steamer Steinhoff, and that he yearned to be again in the bosom of his family. This could only be accomplished by the family coming to Detroit, and to this course he urged his wife. She assented, packed up her few household effects and three little Crockers, and in May last arrived in this city with just seventy-five

"How strangely you mistake him! How cruelly you wrong him!" and the sweet eyes looked tender reproach, "You don't know Frank, or you wouldn't say so. What I want to ask is—is—Oh! why am I so wretched?"

ment?"
"Oh! cruel, cruel!" said the maid, sinking

death and subsequent events, and when he went up those Larned street stairs there was no indecision in his motions. He rapped with the energy of a postman, and when his matrimonial successor opened the door the conversation was pithy and pointed:

"Are you Frank Bradford?"

"Yes, sir."
"Well, your wife is my wife, and you'd better just up and git."
Mrs. Crocker-Bradford confirmed the assertion, and the bridegroom sensibly withdrew. A triangular reconciliation has been effected. A triangular reconciliation has been effect however, and Bradford was yesterday assi ing Crocker to get work, the reunited famil city. - Detroit Free Press,

tidings of the missing husband and father. Her situation was pitiful, and she was obliged to seek assistance.

Fate and Fortune play curious pranks with us sometimes, and Fate willed that Mrs. Crocker should tell her story to Frank Bradford, a labouring man then employed at the feed mills at the foot of Second street. Bradford had a kindly heart, and it bled at the story of her troubles. He devoted his services to her cause, and commenced a tireless search for the missing man, supplying the necessities of the destitute family in the meantime. Finally his search was rewarded with partial success. He heard of Crocker in Windsor, and succeeded in tracing him to the shipyards at Walkertown. Here he learned that Crocker had gone to Stony Point to work on a wood scow. Thither Bradford and his charges followed, but alas! only to learn that a man answering the description of Crocker, and who had been known among his shipmates as "Jack," had fallen off the soow and been drowned a week previous, the body not being recovered.

The widowed mother returned to Detroit, and Bradford sought in vain, for two long, bitter months, to dry the widew's tears.

AN UNCONVENTIONAL BARY.

The Strange Creature to Which an Indiana Woman Has Given Birth. VINCENNES, Ind., March 30 .- An account of the flying squirrel monstrosity was published in the Enquirer of last Friday. Since then I have interviewed the father of the child, and am able to give an accurate des-

then I have interviewed the father of the child, and am able to give an accurate description of the lusus nature.

The parents of the child are Mr. and Mrs. George Kleinklaus, who live in the southern part of the city. The father is employed at a foundry in this city, and is as jolly a fellow as one would care to meet. They have two children, a boy and girl, as fat as ever two youngsters could get. On the 24th of February last Mrs. K. gave birth to the object which forms the basis of this article. It was almost lifeless, and the midwife had her hands full in the effort to resuscitate the kid. It rallied, however, and was treated as other babies usually are. The matter of its deformity was kept silent, but leaked out, as such things always will. In my interview with the father he told me all that the public cares to know about the wonder. The child is now over a month old. While it is not very healthy, it is not in an alarming condition. It weighs twelve pounds, and has not increased one iota, either in weight or stature, since it was born. The forehead is shaped like a squirrel, with a human nose, but a decidedly inhuman upper lip. I asked the father if it had teeth. With a shake of the head he replied: "If you'd put your finger in his mouth once, you'd cover find out." Conclusion drawn from this contraction. you'd put your finger in his mouth once, you'd soon find out." Conclusion drawn from this

just as fond of it as if it had taken the blue ribbon at a baby show. One other peculiarity is the voice, which is unlike that of the conventional baby. It resembles the peculiar sound made by a squirrel when it is seized hold of by a strange hand.

tion.
"Is it—is it a matter of ice cream or

oysters, or something of that sort?"
"No, no! oh, no! I have plenty of those.

glorious frame.

"Something about presents? Makes you walk to the park? Won't hire a hack? Another girl? Won't go to church? Plays pool for drinks? Something of that sort?"

"How strangely you mistake him! How

and three little Crockers, and in may last arrived in this city with just seventy-five cents in her pocket. No Crocker met her at the depôt, and homeless and hungry she commenced searching for him, but could gain no tidings of the missing husband and father. Her situation was pitiful, and she was obliged to seek assistance. and the tears rained down her face.

"Maybe he's growing a beard," said the encyclopædia, tenderly. "Perhaps he parts his hair in the middle. Possibly he belongs to a baseball club, or maybe he stands in front of the theatre on matinee afternoons. Is that it?"

Is that it?"

"No he don't! none of them," flashed the angel: "If he did I wouldn't care. You shan't abuse him. I came here to ask why—why—oh, why am I so utterly hopeless?".

"Possibly he gets drunk," suggested the philosopher. "Or his pants may bag at the knees. Does he brush his plug hat the wrong way? Is his moustache too long on one side? Don't he believe in the doctrine of the atonement?"

"Oh! cruel, cruel!" said the maid, sinking into a chair. "You are unjust to him. You don't know how grand, how manly he is."
"What is the matter with him, then?" jerked out the philosopher? "How has he made you miserable? What has he done? What do you want of me?"
"I want to know—why—he gets up—between every—act and come out of the

rare beauty, and the philosopher turned to the question, "What was Eve's maiden name?"

Operating on His Better Information There has been a great deal of bad feeling between two Galveston families; hence there was much surprise when they intermarried. A friend, in speaking to the father of the bride, asked if the families had made "Not a bit of it. I hate every bone in my

son-in-law's body."
"Why did you let him marry your daughter, then?" "To get even with him. I guess you don't know that girl's mother as well as I do Galveston News.

A Venomous Bee.

A few days ago a Mr. Kane, of Wilson, Texas, found some wild honey in the woods, and began to eat a piece of the toothsome comb. A bee concealed in the comb stung him in the roof of the mouth. In a few moments he felt a rush of blood to the head, and ments he felt a rush of blood to the head, and stooped to bathe his face in cold water. While thus engaged he fell over, and when found shortly afterwards he was blind, speechless, and black in the face. He was restored finally by Dr. Stroud, who says that a bee sting in the mouth is nearly as bad as a rattlesnake bite.

A Blazing Cow. The strange sight sight of a cow on fire was seen in Auburn recently. Jeremiah Finn had tried various lotions to kill the vermin on his tried various lotions to kill the vermin on his cow, and was recommended to apply kerosene. This he did, and while he was applying it along the neck and back of the animal the oil took fire from the lamp, and of course the cow became wild, throwing Jeremiah down, breaking through the side of the shanty, and running at full speed through the streets. Men and boys chased the blazing cow and finally extinguished the fire with blankets.—Albany Argus.

A Growth Like Jack's Beanstalk. The fancies of the Arabian Nights are facts of to-day. Last Monday week a number of labourers laid the last rails of a railroad which terminated in a broad and wild prairie. The terminated in a broad and wild prairie. The next Saturday night the prairie was dotted with houses, half a dozen dry goods stores, as many groceries, a livery stable and stockyard, three blacksmith shops, fourteen or fifteen eating houses, and lifteen or twenty saloons, those great forerunners of American civilization. Three hundred people had become citizens, and the prairie had become the town of Abeline. Next morning the church bells rung out and the worshippers knelt where seven days before was a wilderness. Last Tuesday, or two weeks later, the population aggregated 1,500 persons, and 3,500 visitors came to attend a sale of town lots; 139 lots were sold for \$24,505. This is the modern realization of the fanciful story of

Jam indeed and treily your modars, You into invitation to the winds with Mr. Van the winds was decomes ont out of complete the best winds and connected means of the part of the

CURRENT HUMOUR.

McStiven says the crowned heads of Europe are all trembling in their boots,—New Orleans Picayune.

Accuracy of expression necessary: When you say that a girl's hair is as black as coal it is just as well to specify that you do not mean a red-hot coal. The editor of the Jamestown Journal dis-

plays the characteristic of candour, to say the least. He soberly remarks:—"April fool's day is the next day we celebrate." "Oh dear!" exclaimed Edith to her doll,
"I do wish you would sit still. I never saw such an uneasy thing in all my life. Why don't you act like grown folks and be still and stupid for awhile?" Ohio is said to be excited because the son

of a Baptist minister has married the daughter of a Jewish rabbi. Anything that tends to retard the consumption of pork is certain to create an excitement in Ohio. The steamer extinguished the flames, thus preventing, as a local reporter beautifully writes, "a fearful holocaust, in which that devouring element, the fire fiend, would have revelled with tongues of forky joy."

High art below stairs.—The modern Jeames of Bukley square is going in for aestheticism and culchaw. In his pantry he sits gazing on a lily in an old cracked blacking bottle. He calls it the "Lily of the Valet,"—Punch.

A woman returning from market got into a South Hill street car the other day with a basketful of dressed poultry. To her the driver, speaking sharply, said, "Fare!" "No," said the woman, "fowl." And everybody cackled.—Burlington Hawkeye.

He was an entire stranger to the girls present, and the boys were mean and would not introduce him. He finally plucked up courage, and stepping up to a lady, requested the pleasure of her company for the next dance. She looked at him in surprise, and informed him that she had not the pleasure of his acquaintance. "Wall," remarked he, "you don't take any more chances than I do."

A good parson, who had the happy faculty of saying a kind wordfor everybody in whose behalf one could possibly be said, recently officiated at the funeral of a farmer who was known as the meanest and most miserly man in the neighbourhood. Instead of execrating the deceased for his extortionate and niggard ly habits, this kindly disposed clergyman simply spoke of him as "the best arithmetician in the country."—Catskill Recorder.

A man in Guilford, Conn., who was too poor to indulge in luxuries other than children, was presented by a loving but unreckoning wife with triplets—three boys—and he sought for some family to adopt them. Mr. Clark was rather inclined to take them, but his good wife thought one would perhaps be enough. They were talking it over before their little eight year-old-daughter, who said: "Why don't you take one of them, ma' or don't they want to break the set?"—

said: "Why don't you take one of them, ma? or don't they want to break the set?"—

Harper's Drawer.

Did you ever notice how things get in your way when you're in a hurry? A Boston woman told her husband that a runaway horse was going by. He jumped so quick he sprained his knee, and in his frantic haste fell over two chairs and skinned his shins, stepped on the dog, upset the table with books and a drop light on it, ran against his wife and hurt her, and got to the window just as they were stopping the horse two blocks away, round the corner.—Boston Post.

"James," said the grocer, as he looked over his spectacles at the boy who was measuring out half a bushel of potatoes, "I find that I have spelt 'sugar' with an 'h' in it. Is that right?" 'No sir," replied the clerk, after spelling the word over several times. "No, I guess it isn't, but I hate to scratch it out. What shall I do?" "If it was me, sir, and I had put an 'h' in sugar, I should order hams and leave the 'h' of there." "Of course—of course. Really, James, but I begin to feel my age, and I only wonder that I don't some time spell egg: with two g's."—Detroit Free Press.

While discussing philanthropy the other "I want to know—why—he gets up—between every—act and goes—out of the—theatre. I know—he's got—another girl—and he goes—to see—her."

"My dear," said the philosopher, solemnly, raising her up and putting his arm around her waist. "My dear, you are mistaken. I have known Frank for years, and he has no love for anyone but you. Let me tell you something. Frank has got the itch, and he goes out to scratch. Trust me, that is all."

"If I could only believe that," murmured she ddubtingly."

"On my honour."

"Then I am happy. If that is all, I am content, but I am happy. If that is all, I am content, but I thought some nasty girl had attracted him."

The red roses had come back, and the sapphire flash to the eyes, and she went out a grand crush of lovely colour, fragrance, and rare beauty, and the philosopher turned to

when I meet a deformed or blind crea upon my way (with great emotion)—some truly pitiable case—to give succour to himon the spot." "A pretty pass, this," remarked a fellow reading a newspaper in the corner; "here's still another midnight attack. Ii this continues we shall soon be robbed in open daylight!" "I'm quite indifferent to that," remarked Gilliput, with a shrug, "I never go out with a cent on my person." "Ah!" says the reader, "that accounts for your views on charity!"

A coyage in a Snowboat.

A gentleman who has recently returned from the western end of the Winona and St. Peter road states that he met a couple of men upon a snowboat, just this side of Watertown, and they gave him a ride. A distance of thirty-two miles was traversed in three hours, they taking a direct course for a station and paying no heed to fences, all of which were under the snow. The boat was constructed similarly to an iceboat, had a rudder, and was easily managed.—Winona Republican.

A DOUBLE EXPERIENCE.—"Shall I read you a pretty story, Effie?" "Has it got a moral in it?" "Yes, darling." "Then, Mumsey, I'd rather not. A story with a moral is like jam with a powder in it!"

REFINEMENTS OF MODERN SPEECH.—Fair Intense One—"Have you seen the Old Masters at Burlington House?" Bashful Youth (fresh from Marlborough, and better at cricket and football than esthetic conversation)—

and football than sesthetic conversation)—
"No—that is—I mean, yes!" Fair Intense
One—" Are they not really too Too —!"
ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK.—John Thomas—
"Did you ring, sir?" Surgeon (just arrived
at country house)—"Yes. Why have you
laid out my surgical instruments on the dressing table?" John Thomas—"Surgical instruments, sir? I thought them things was what
you dressed for dinner with!"

ATIME FOR EVERYPHING.—Cockney sportsman (eagerly to huntsman busy with his man (eagerly, to huntsman, busy with his hounds, about to draw a covert)—"Hi! I say, Mister—Hi! Give us th' tip, when's th' proper time to say 'Yoicks !"

The other day they had an assault and bat-tery case on trial in Justice Alley, and one of the witnesses for the plaintiff was a coloured woman. After the usual questions had been asked she was told to tell the jury what she knew about the case. She settled back and

gan: "Well, I was a-washin' out my clothes Never mind the washing, "said the lawyer

AGRICULTUR

EDITORIAL NOT

Commercially the situation in pears to have considerably in agriculturally it is as bad, if no ever. Complaints are heard in that farming has entirely ceased when a tenant moves out it is when a tenant moves out it is impossible to replace him, except reduction in rent. Farmers will land they till are anxious to sell, no purchasers. As a result of things many farms are reported and much valuable land is lying variations.

The Brockville Recorder has viewing Mr. J. J. Bennett, of N.Y., who is a very successful and who throws out some ideas of use to Canadians engaged in th or use to Canadians engaged in the ness. His success in selling is me the facilities he has for drying and also to his knowledge of what for the growth of the plants. uses is mainly composed of loam bottom. Last year he raised from field 100,000 pounds of cured ho them for 20½ cents per pound, r handsome figure of something li The price varies from year to year falling to six and eight cents and rising as high as 65 cents per states that the average cost of h about six cents per pound.

The trichinosis scare has not by died out in England, although li heard of it for the last week or festoes have been posted all over Kingdom, setting forth the gr arising from the use of hog pr giving directions for cooking used. The natural effect has diminish the demand for Amer The largest retailers in England during the past three weeks th cut more than half their usual qu owing to these facts, it is consider that "American pork-packers "American pork-packers sh at present shipping meats of a character to the United Kingdom. be well if shippers would forego meats of a "secondary character for the present but for all time, inferior stuff which has caused scare and is materially damaging Nebraska is not quite the paras

is represented to be upon the issued by the railway and land but lovers of adventure may without any apprehension of bein to vegetate away their lives in dull When the winter sets in the blast across the treeless plains go to t Next comes the snow to the der feet, accompanied by a frost suitense to cool the fervour of a turn blue the lips of the most a Fuel fails, and the settlers, have everything inflammable that is out of doors, are obliged to the flames. Tens of thousands sheep perish upon the plains a distant hills, and even human life at times to the stress of weather At this time of year the Platte wide but shallow streams over banks, spreading destruction valleys, and driving the people to their houses and barns for safety. this flood subsides the sun will or pump malaria from the swamps holes which left behind the sallow settlers will go the summer on a quinine diet. the grasshoppers come along ab time and devour whatever frost have spared, and then another w it makes a Canadian chilly to thin brasks has some advantages as cround, but it has disadvantages little short of annalling. Another little short of appalling. Another through would discourage the

FARM NOTES. Dr. Glenn, the largest wheat-gro ifornia, pronounces the wheat prof that he must seek diversity of cult

The Farmers' club of Oshawa solved to grow amber sugar-can hundred acres have already been and a factory will be erected in

The East Middlesex Agricultus refuse to spend their promised \$5, ting up the present London grounds till it is known if the permanently located. There is a the fair eventually going to the Qu Messrs. James McLaren, E. O. C.

Messrs. James McLaren, E. O. S. J. Dawson had an interview of with Col. Dennis, Deputy Minis Interior, in relation to the leasing acres of land in the North-West purposes. They secured the lease not yet selected the district. Th not yet selected the district. The is that the Government can cance at any time on giving two years' no applicants have the privilege of choland in any unsettled part of the district after three other claims is satisfied. These are Mr. Wiser, M tor Cochrane, and a son-in-law of Allan's, each of whom have secur for similar purposes. Messrs. Mc Pew have also purchased five thou for settlement, and the latter gent for settlement, and the latter gentaken an additional township in Mountain district, which he inte

TRICHINOSIS. How the Pest May be Avoided-lence in Europe and the Unite

N. Y. Times. In the matter of trichinosis th

and wide-spread ignorance to be and the task is one of no small diff it concerns one of the common affi in respect to which the mass are tenacious of habit and hard There is hardly a newspaper in thi or in Germany which has not at s or in Germany which has not a or a dozen times, established the trichine are killed by cooking, and which has been fried, boiled, broiled way subjected to heat above 176° armless; yet the Germans of the and those who have come over here eating raw ham, and their folly and have occasionally fatal consequence have been alarming epidemics in owing to this revolting habit, as, f at Hedersleben, a town of 2,000 i where there were 327 cases of tri 1866, of which 82 were fatal. T is common in Sweden, too, from cause. In France, where, as mig posed, the food of even the poores generally well cooked, it is said generally well cooked, it is said single instance of trichinosis has known. At Crépy-en-Valois, in Is teen persons were taken violently eating of fresh pork. One, a girl, an autopsy revealed the presence of able encysted trichinæ. It is won mark that it was a French and not can pig which caused this outbreak one which has ever been reported By excluding American pork to Government inflicts a hardship up ple but does not prevent trichinosis ple themselves do that by cooking eat. The imperfect statistics we to show, however, that trichinæ common in American swine than any other country, except, perhap Out of 1,400 animals examined at C—1 in 50—were found infected; chams sent in one cargo to Sweden,—were infected. A German pro hams sent in one cargo to Sweden,
—were infected. A German prolishes the following results of a
inspection in various cities:—I
wick triching were found. were found