

SPECIAL. OUR NEW SONG BOOK, containing 100 of the latest Songs. Price 12 cents to help pay postage and packing.

M. WEGMANN,
118 East 87th Street,
NEW YORK CITY.

Agents Wanted for the LALLA ROOKH DRESS CUTTING SYSTEM, \$3.00 to \$5.00 per day, easily made complete system, mailed on receipt of \$1.25. Liberal terms to Agents.
LALLA ROOKH PATTERN CO.,
73 PARK PLACE,
NEW YORK CITY.

LADIES. Send your address to C. GAYLORD, M. D., 7 East 46th St., New York, and receive free of charge a Treatise on the HOME CURE of all diseases peculiar to Women. Nor Method of cure. It cannot fail to interest you.

THE MISSING TIMBER RAFT.

The United States Government steamer Enterprise reached New London on Sunday afternoon and reported finding the big raft, broken to pieces, 350 miles south-south-west of Sandy Hook, and 135 miles from the spot where it was abandoned. About ten o'clock the lookout aloft reported logs floating some distance ahead. The speed of the steamer was slackened, and in a few moments afterward she was in the midst of a great mass of logs that stretched towards the west as far as the eye could reach. The logs first sighted were small pine timbers, evidently from outside the raft. It was at first concluded that only a few had broken adrift, and that the body of the raft would be discovered later; but the further the steamer went the greater the number of logs, and about noon the vessel was surrounded by timbers, varying from 40 ft. to 60 ft. in length. The sea was comparatively quiet the raft having evidently been broken up during the recent gale. For six hours the Enterprise picked her way through the seemingly interminable field of floating timber, but at four o'clock the logs began to grow scarcer, and shortly afterwards none were visible from the steamer's deck. The Enterprise steamed to New London, where the captain despatched reports to the Navy Department informing the Secretary of the discovery, and saying that the raft was no longer a danger to commerce. Many shipping authorities disagree with him about the danger, and maintain that a collision with a big log is capable of doing serious damage to a vessel. The floating logs are south and east of all the routes followed by the Transatlantic and coastwise steamships. Even ships from Baltimore pass to the north and west of that place, and only sailing ships blown out of their courses are likely to meet the logs until the latter get into the Gulf Stream. Then they will be carried north again to the routes of the steamships, unless in the meantime they become waterlogged and sink, which would not take long to do. The owner of the raft says, "The ocean is a big place, and ships are not likely to hit the logs. The largest does not weigh above a ton and a quarter, and a ship striking one would not be damaged. A hundred thousand logs bigger and heavier than those lost are thrown over from timber-carrying schooners every year; but no one ever hears of them again. I lost 1,200 not long ago. They were seen once and then disappeared."

A FATEFUL YEAR.—If there be any particular magic in the figures which compose dates, the year beginning on Sunday should be an eventful one. The fact that the three final figures of 1888 are alike is itself portentous. Fortunately for England this does not occur very often—as a rule, only once in 111 years—but even that is too often. The year 1555 (to go no further back) witnessed the Marian persecution in its full fury, when Ridley, Latimer, and about 100 others perished at the stake. The Great Fire of London makes 1666 for ever memorable in our domestic history. The surrender of General Burgoyne and his army at Saratoga in 1777 was the turning point in the struggle in which we lost a big slice of our American colonies. In this view the outlook for the new year is dark, but still there are gleams of hope. The year 1888 is the centenary, the bicentenary, and the tercentenary of events closely associated with the progress of British liberty. In 1588 the Spanish Armada was destroyed, and England was saved from Papal domination. In 1688 the evil Stuart dynasty came, not too soon, to an end. In 1788 the Common Council of London petitioned in favor of the abolition of the slave trade, and in that year commenced the trial of Warren Hastings, which demonstrated to all Englishmen having charge of subject races that any abuse of the power entrusted to them would not escape punishment.



In the Sleeper.

(From Judge.)

Obliging stranger (from upper berth)—I reckon this is your section, sir.

Uncle Eben (sizing him up)—You kin have it all ter yerself, friend. I ain't sleepin' with no giants this year.

FROM TIP-BITS.

A large number of Chicago girls met one evening last week for the purpose of forming a "ladies' anti-slang society." The meeting was called to order and Miss Sadie De Pork elected President. Before taking her seat she said in a clear, calm, well modulated voice:

"Really, girls, I'm too badly rattled by the honor conferred upon me to give you much of my guff. It's the first time I ever tumbled to anything of this sort, and I hardly know just how to catch on. However, I'll try to be sufficiently up to snuff not to let any flies light on me while doing the President-of-this-society act. I'm with you in this move, and don't any of you forget it. All over our land slang words and phrases are multiplying like flies in sorghum time, and it is our duty to help knock this crying evil as silly as possible. Let our motto be: 'Shoot the Slangist.'"

HOW THE FRENCH AERONAUTS DIED.

(Paris Despatch to London Telegraph.)

M. Wilfrid de Fonvielle has received particulars from Mr. MacDonald, the master of the steamship Prince Leopold, respecting the fate of the Paris aeronauts, Messieurs Lhoste and Mangot, who were lately lost in the Atlantic. On Nov. 13 last the Arago balloon, in which were the two men, was seen from Cape Antifer and from the decks of the steamer commanded by Mr. MacDonald. The aeronauts were making westward, and were evidently trying to get into the upper currents of air, as they had lost the wind which had accompanied them on their departure from France. Later in the day they descended either because they lacked ballast, or because they deemed it safe to get into the wake of the steamer. About 4 o'clock they touched the waves, and Mr. MacDonald once changed the course of his ship and made preparations to launch a boat in order to rescue them. The weather at the time was, however, too rough. A tempestuous gale was blowing, the rain was falling in torrents, and the waves were very high. The aeronauts seemed dazed by the elemental war which was raging around them and had no longer the mastery of their balloon, which made frequent bounds in the air and then fell helplessly on the water. Suddenly a terrific gust from the northeast struck the car and capsized it. The Prince Leopold was steered to the spot, but before even a rope could be thrown out the ill-fated Frenchmen were engulfed in the warring waters. The vessel had to steam away from the spot as quickly as possible, as the night was falling fast and the place was dangerous. It was about thirty-nine miles southwest of the Isle of Wight.

A venerable New Yorker recently advertised asking any one who wished to go to Europe under pleasant auspices to apply to him, and giving his address. This advertisement was seen late one night by a young man who had been dining freely. He cogitated awhile and then told the club porter to call a cab, into which porter and caddy hoisted him. He told the man to drive to the address given in the advertisement. Arrived there he was assisted to the sidewalk, and with much dignity ordered the caddy to practice on the knocker of the old-fashioned residence. The advertiser stuck his venerable head out of the window, and howled "What do you mean by waking me up at this hour?"

"Come t'ansher 'vertishment.'"

"Well, sir, what have you to say?"

"That's orrl. I've come to shay: Verry shorry, but can't go with you. Goo' ni."—*Boston Globe.*

IN BERMUDA.

Wife (on board a small yacht, tacking against a head-wind)—Ah, how delightfully exciting this is! Every time the boat tacks I feel a thrill of superb pleasure all through my veins.

Husband (gloomily)—Yes, my dear; very nice. You are not paying for this boat by the hour, I think.

IN CONCORD.

Native—Kerridge, sir?

Pilgrim—Is the home of Emerson far from the station?

Native—That depends on whether y' wan'ter see Hank Em'son, 'r Jed Em'son th' boss doctor. Hank lives pretty handy, but Jed, he's more 'n a mile down th' Lexin'ton road.