

THE SEA.

SELECT TALE.
♦♦♦♦♦
THE SEALSKIN CAP.

We lived in London, and our lodging-house stood in a narrow street close by Lambeth Palace. The neighbors around us were chiefly poor and respectable, working hard for their daily bread, and knowing what it was to be sorely distressed when times were bad; but in the next street to ours there were folks of a more questionable class. My mother always held that loquacity was as poisonous as any other quality, and she was right, for I and my sister charged me never to stray far from our own home. In a general way I was obedient, and seldom transgressed her commands; but on a certain December afternoon I suffered myself to be led astray. It was three o'clock; already the shadows of dusk were gathering fast, the weather

"I have been looking very eagerly for your com-

No, replied he, softly, only the beginning. It is the end of the first page in his life—and a mangled and blotted page it was. But the other leaves of that volume are written in letters of gold; and I shall read them by and by in the light of heaven. He is there.

A Thrilling Little Story.

A WEALTHY Englishman wishing to be the author of a book, wrote to Dumas, the famous French novelist, to know if he would agree to write a book for a certain sum of money, which the Englishman was to pay him on condition that Dumas would let the book be printed at the work of the Englishman. Dumas replied—"The Scripture saith, Thou shalt not yoke the horse and the ass together." Whereupon the Englishman wrote to know what Dumas meant by calling him a horse? Dumas fairly owned himself beaten by the man who had not the brains to write a book, but still sufficient wit to be at the famous author.

Dr. LIVINGSTONE.—If the intelligence from the west coast of Africa is to be depended on, we may very shortly hear of the return of Dr. Livingstone to England. By letters received in the last mail steamer it was reported that he was about thirty miles from St Salvador, and, therefore, within two hundred miles of the coast. Assuming therefore, that

A Lively Encounter with Bears.

A hound named Christian Bolyard started in pursuit of a gang of bears which have been infesting the pine swamps for some time past; and on Friday his dog "winded" them, when, proceeding cautiously he espied three of them lying in one nest apparently asleep. Taking advantage of the darkness he crept close to the first one and wounding a second. The third rushing upon them drove the third up a tree and then attacked the wounded bear, which proved more than a match for him. Being very large female, she seemed inspired with the instinctive idea that the dog was not the chief cause of her trouble; so she gave him, first, a slap on out of her reach, and then a second, which he dodged. Then she began howling. Mr. B. had succeeded in reloading his gun, and as the bear appeared he fired hastily, lightly wounding her a second time. This second shot seemed only to enrage her more, but did not check her pursuit, which was now a race for life. Mr. Bolyard well knew that if he took refuge in a tree that his bearship would prove more than a match for him in the climbing business, so the dog took to his heels, and ran for an hour, and, although very fleet of foot his speed and bottom would not have saved him had he not wittily employed his dexterity, succeeded in reloading his rifle as he ran. By this time the bear was within a few feet of him. Wheeling around suddenly, he fired a third shot, which proved fatal. When the last shot was fired the bear was so near the muzzle of the gun that the dog could not get away. He turned and ran toward the returned and shot the bear, which the dog had killed, making in all three of these animals killed single handed in one day—and it was not a very good day for bears either.

—[Oakland Herald.]

The Empress of Russia travels in her private train, which is perhaps the most complete and luxurious in the world. It consists of eight saloon carriages and offices, connected by covered passages, and is divided into dining and drawing rooms, b-drooms, and kitchen. The dining room has large, oval windows which give un-interrupted views over the country through which the train passes; the drawing room is an apartment, prettily furnished; and the bedrooms might be those of a comfortable house. The beds are seemingly of the ordinary kind, but are in reality hammocks, which enable their occupants to sleep without sustaining any annoyance from the vibration of the train. Attached to the train are apartments for servants, of whom there are a great number, ranging from butlers to engine drivers and porters.

A GRATEFUL GRAVE-DIGGER.—Reverend Mr. Rick was "burgher" grave-digger at Falkirk for nearly fifty years. One day he was digging a grave for a man who was greatly respected. To a gentleman who passed at the time, he hummed up a eulogy on the departed by saying: "He was a fine chief, I'm ho skin his grave - I'll a new spade."

WHY do they call the people that live in the South Sea Islands cannibals?" asked an old man of a sailor—"Because they live on other people," answered the sailor. "Then," said the old man, pensively, "my son-in-law must be cannibals, for he lives on me."

The Irish auctioneer was a great brick. The put up a goat and he was for \$1. "H-e-y-er have him," said he, "a beautiful goat, who has for years been the sole support of a widow and six orphan—going, six quarts of milk p-e-i-e-m—going, going, going, goat," he shouted, just as a voice from the hind whispered, "Touch the goat off for a dollar, Larry."

—The Rural New Yorker mentions an individual who puts down his winter's milk the same as some people lay in vegetables, &c.—He bottles a lot of milk in the fall, heats them to the boiling point, then corks the bottles as cool as the milk will bear.

The Chicago "Times" thinks that the journalist who seeks political preferment belittles his office, and incurs a serious danger of sacrificing that independence which is the essential condition of his influence.

Now that the long winter evenings have come there is nothing better than a good entertaining work to read. We would recommend the *Siku Quanshu*—the national encyclopedia of China—which is in 160,000 volumes.

Nearly all the leading lumber operators on the Penobscot are, contrary to the general expectation, sending crews into the woods. Operations will, however, be less in extent than for the last three years.

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