## VOLUME I.

FREDERICTON, N. B., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1879.

NUMBER 63.

Bayard Taylor.

To him its story-telling secret lent,

For as he wandered through strange lands and old : We saw the world through him. The Arab's

And, pleased, we listened to the takes he told. His task, beguiled with songs that shall en-In manly, honest thoroughness he wrought;

From humble home-lays to the heights of thought Slowly he climbed, but every step was sure.

How, with the generous pride that friendship We, who so loved him, saw at last the crown Of civic honor on his brows pressed down

Rejoiced, and knew not that the gift was And now for him, whose praise in deafened

tears! Oh vale of Chester! trod by him so oft, Green as thy June turf keep his memory

Let Nor wood, nor dell, nor storied stream for

Nor winds that blow round lonely Cedarcroft Let the home voices greet him in the far. Strange land that holds him; let the mes-

Of love pursue him o'er the chartless seas An i unmapped vastness of his unknown star Love's language, heard beyond the loud dis-

Of perishable fame, in every sphere Itself interprets; and its utterance here Somewhere in God's unfolding universe Shall reach our traveler, softening the sur

Of his rapt gaze on unfamiliar skies! -John Greenleaf Whittier, Atlantic Month'y

## CONTRARY-MINDED.

"I wonder he didn't take the parson." mused the deacon's housekeeper as the deacon drove off alone to the annual conference, "He's commonly master-thoughtful about lookin' out for folks.

What a husband he was!"
Yes, Asa Phœnix had been a gcod husband. All the neighbors agreed with Mrs. Dubbs in that particular. He had waited upon his fussy invalid wife by dying inches for thirty years, making her as happy as she would let him; and when her summons came, he had closed her dying eves tenderly, saying, ever with tears: "Poor sufferer, she is better

That he was better off he never hinted by word or look. He wore his widower's weeds with sad decorum; he reared in memory of the departed Lucinda a monument which the most fastidious deceased might have envied; he grieved faithfully for the full allotted year of mourning. If now, from the ashes of the funeral pyre, like his feathered namesake of fable, he was springing up with renewed youth and freshness, was it not all?

In truth, though he had not seen to confide this fact to Mrs. Dubbs, Dea-con Phonix had slighted the minister deliberately and with malice afore thought. Nor was it of the conference he was thinking that fragrant June morning as he whirled away, tucking the lap-robe well about his glossy new broadcloth. For once in his hithertoblameless li e he was essaying to hide secular underneath the spiritual. He did not mean to go straight to meeting; it was his wilv intention to make a wide circuit, and call on Miss Olive Wayne in the town of Chester. He had a ques-tion to ask her, and did not want the parson with him; he hoped he might want him later.

Pretty, cheerful Olive! How fond he had been of her, years ago, when she attended his school! If he had not then been in love with Lucinda, he was sure he should have fallen in love with her, mere child though she was. He never lost sight of her, and he thanked Providence that he had been enabled by money and influence to help her family over some hard places.
Please God, the dear girl should henceforth have a parter life. Girl! Why,
little Olive to be fifty! The good
deacon laughed at the amusing recollection. Well she would always some lection. Well, she would always seem young to him. And as for himself, at could jump a five-rail fence as well as ever he could—give him time. His thoughts continuously reverted to Olive, so patiently devoted to her invalid father. She should bring the old gentleman to his house if she wished, or he would provide for his maintenance at her brother Reuben's. He was inclined to consider that the better plan. The money would be an object to Reuben. these cogitations the morning passed, and noon found Deacon Phoenix

at the little hotel in Chester. Impatient of delay, after a hasty dinner he set out almost immediately for the Wayne homestead. Arrived at the gate, he spied Miss Olive at the window, and alighted with a youthful agility not altogether prudent in a man who had twinges of sciatics. And yet-strange inconsistency of human nature!—he dallied at the hitching-post, and afterward, with his hand on the very knocker, he paused to scan the distant horizon, as though he had come mainly for a view of the mountains. Miss Olive opened the door, her cheeks flushing like late October peaches. She would not have been a woman had she not divined the deacon's tender mission, proclaimed by every detail of his immaculate toilette, by the grasp of his hand, by his nervous, expectant air. And, moreover, Miss Olive was an attractive woman, not unversed in lovers' ways.

"Hapry to see you, Mr. Phoenix.
Walk in," said she, flurriedly, ushering
him into the sitting-room, where her
aged father dozed in his armchair. "Who is it, Olive?" said the old gentleman, waking with a bewildered stare.

"Mr. Phonix, father. You remember Phoenix. I'm sure. "I don't know as I do," said he

peppermint tea was ready—would he able, not drink it? As she hovered about the invalid, straightening his footstool, arranging his pillows, steadying the cup while he drank, Mr. Phgenix regarded her admiringly. How young she seemed still! Not a gray thread in her golden hair; scarcely a wrinkle in her face. That was because of her excellent disposition. He waited till she had soothject that lay next his heart.

Miss Olive interrupted him by an eloquent glance toward her father.

"He is very childish and dependent. He cannot do without me.'

"Let me help you care for him, Olive; my house is large, my means are ample.
"I couldn't, Mr. Phœnix—it is like your generosity to propose such a thing; but I couldn't have him a burden ward said she had never seen him so Two nations speak, we answer but with

"" Why, bless your soul, Olive, do you suppose I should consider a friend letters was one that caught his eye at

of yours a burden?"
"You don't know how trying poor father would be to anybody but his own daughter, and I think he is likely to live to a great age, as grandfather did."
"For that your ware, then" "For that very reason, then"—
"Besides, it would make him wretch-

ed to take him from the old homestead." 'But, Olive"-

"So you see I'm engaged, Mr. Phœ-nix," said Miss Olive, playfully, while she whisked away a tear. "I'm en-gaged. You must marry some lady who isn't. And I hope you'll be as happy as you deserve to be," she added, with a little tremor, springing up to adjust the curtain.

In vain he tried to bend her to his wishes; she remained outwardly as firm as the hearthstone at her feet, till at length he arrived at the unwelcome conviction that she had no liking for him, or she would have listened to his pleadings. She had interposed the old gendeman merely as a sort of cushion to soften the blow of her rejection.

If he took a smiling leave, it was because pride tugged at his facial muscles, for, to tell the truth, he had never been more disappointed and chagrined in his life. Of what avail the stylish equipage apon which he had once plumed himself! Was it not bearing him on to the tomb? And why should he wish to prolong this earthly pilgrimage? What further attractions had life for him, la onely old man nearing seventy?

Hardly conscious of the reins, he had

driven some miles at an unsanctified pace, when he almost ran over Mr. Tor rey, brother of the deceased Lucinda, who was walking behind his carriage up long ascent.

"Going to conference?" asked that gentleman, after an exchange of greetings. "Didn't you come a roundabout way?"
"I'm inclined to think I did," assent-

candor. "A roundabout way and a hard way. Is your wife with you?"

"Yes, and the widow Vance. I have "Yes; and the widow Vance. I have to foot it up hill, you see. Horse stepped on a rolling stone back a piece and

"Your load is too heavy; let Sister Torrey ride with me."

But Sister Torrey being nervous, like Lucinda before her, and mortally afraid of the deacon's spirited steed, it was in the end Mrs. Vance who nestled into the vacant seat. She was a gushing young widow whose mitigated grief manifest itself in certain coquettish bows of pale lavender. She protested that she felt already acquainted with Mr. Phoenix through her late husband, to whom he had been so kind. She would never cease to be grateful for the many favors he had conferred upon dear

Charles, etc. In the morning the worthy deacon would have smiled inwardly at this effusive panegyric. This afternoon he hugged it like a poultice to his aching heart. It soothed his wounded selflove, and inclined him toward his fair eulogist, to whom he recounted pleasant anecdotes of her husband's boyhood. Indeed, he made himself so agreeable that she was rather sorry to reach Churchville, where the whole party were cordially welcomed at the house of

Mr. Zenas Torrey. A proud man was Mr. Phœnix. He would not for the world have had his recent disappointment suspected by his wife's relatives, and during those three odd he was a hale man yet; he days of conference he carried himself jump a five-rail fence as well as with a resolute cheerfulness that somewith a resolute cheeriuness that sometimes—out of meeting, of course—verged upon friskiness. Mrs. Vance told Mrs, Zenas Torrey that he was "just splendid," which compliment Mrs. Torrey repeated to him with a significant smile, hinting that if he thought of marrying again, he need not search far for a wife. He looked confused, and hotly disclaimed any matrimonial intention. As to the young widow, was he not double her age? Would June join

hands with December?
Alas! what an insignificant trifle can turn the scale of human destiny! But for a horse's right forefoot Deacon Phoenix might have returned to his home on the morrow as he had left it— a free man. It was the lame horse that kicked the beam and decided his fate. On Friday morning that meddling quadruped having been found lamer than ever, the deacon could do no less than offer to escort Mrs. Vance home. She could do no less than to accept the offer gladly. By some mysterious law of sequences, this led to a second offer and a second acceptance, and almost before he knew it Deacon Phoenix had pledged himself to escort the widow for life. When, after gallantly depositing his promised bride at her own door, he was alone with his thoughts, he felt a little surprised at his own precipitancy; but he told himself over and over again what fortunate man he was—how happy he ought to be. Centrary to his usual custom, he had acted from impulse, and the result was highly satisfactory. "Highly satisfactory," he repeated to himself, as he passed the entrance to the cross-road which led to Miss Olive's. Somehow his reflections were less cheerful after that. Perhaps the chilly rain-storm jus querulously, fumbling with the guest's outstretched hand. "What's he come for, Olive?"

The descen looked as if he was suddenly feeling the hot weather; Miss Olive was positively feverish, but she deftly evaded the troublesome question

that. Perhaps the chilly rain-storm just setting in depressed him, or perhaps i was the empty hearse that he met face to face—for the best of us have our superstitions. Certain it is that, as he alighted from his buggy that with weariness of limb and limine, his countenance led I

by diverting her father's attention. His to fear the meetings had not been profit-

Next morning, thanks to the ungra-cious weather, he was aroused by sciatic tortures. To an elderly gentleman, newly-betrothed to a blooming lady greatly his junior, such an awakening was peculiarly trying. He thought rue-fully of the early visit he had promised Mrs. Vance. Should the pains increase, he must defer it indefinitely, or limp ed the old man into slumber, then in a direct, manly way introduced the subage. Flattered as he was by the widow's acceptance, he could not deny that it placed him in a position in some respects irksome. It admonished him that he had no further right to infirmities; that henceforth it was his bounden

> "DEAR FRIEND" (it ran)—" My poor tired father is at rest. He was seized tired father is at rest. He was seized with paralysis the morning after you left us, and passed away painlessly in a few hours. How little I anticipated this event when we talked together! My hands were full then; now they are very empty. My work here is done. If you still believe I could make happy the kind friend who has always been our benefactor, I should be glad to see OLIVE WAYNE."

> Mr. Phoenix read this missive, reread it, shut it into the book of Job safe from prying Mrs. Dubbs, and drummed uneasily on the closed Bible. What a predicament! Must he thrust back upon Olive this gift for which he had so lately sued? Must he thus humble her? He writhed at the thought. Must he thus humble himself? Bitterer than all, must he relinquish this tried friend of a lifetime? Having reached life's autumn, must he reject life's mature and appropriate fruits for the rhubarb and greens of spring-time? Alas! yes; he must fulfill his engagement, for was he not an "honorable man?" He would write a concert. would write at once to Olive a candid statement of the case

But while he idled at his desk on the morrow Mr. Torrey came to ask the loan of a horse till his own should be in running order, and the deacon laid down his pen with a sigh of relief.

Feeling that he ought to tell his brother-in-law of his contemplated mar-

riage, at dinner he led the conversation back to the conference and Mrs. Vance.

"By-the-way, I met the widow this morning riding with John Vance," remarked Mr. Torrey, casually. "You remember him—the brother next to Charles? He's insteam from California. Charles? He's just come from California, with his pockets full."

Of course the deacon knew bette than that, nevertheless he delayed his tender confession. And he did not write the letter. Time enough for that after he had paid Mrs. Vance the promised visit. The latter lady had certainly the first claim upon his attentions.

Unfortunately several days of tor-menting pain ensued, during which the leacon's patience was put to a pretty severe test; but he was at last able seek the object of his hasty choice. He found her in her dooryard, playing croquet with a tall, well-dressed gentle-

"" So happy to see you, Deacon Phoenix!" cried she, with voluble embarrassment, "and so glad to introduce Mr. Vance, dear Charlie's brother. Do come

"I hope my tardy coming does no seem discourteous, Mrs. Vance," said he, in affable formality, while the stranger hastened to a suddenly-recalled engage-"I have not "-"No-oh no," broke in the widow,

"I have not been well. Otherwise under our present interesting rela-

"Oh, Mr. Phoenix!" interrupted she, throwing herself upon a cricket at his feet. "Do you know, I am so afraid I am not the one to make you happy? And my friends say the discrepancy in our ages is too great. Ought I to marry against their wishes?"

"You must decide that question, dear

madam," responded the deacon, with suppressed eagerness. The finger of Providence was in this. He held his breath to make sure which way it pointed "Then if you don't mind very much,

Deacon Phonix, perhaps it would be better for us to part as friends. Oh, dear! I hope you'll forgive me if I've done anything wrong."

The deacon hardly heard the closing

sentence for the glad beating of his heart. "My dear child, you have done quite right; I do not reproach you," said he, with a smile of infinite benevo-lence. "It is natural that youth should choose to wed with youth.'

"And that age should wed with age," he added, mentally, as, with an adieu almost paternal, he drove away in the direction of Miss Olive's, He and Miss Wayne were married the following October, but Mr. and Mrs. Vance waited till Christmas. - Harper'

During the past year the New York society for the prevention of the cruel-ty to children, has prosecuted 351 cases, ecuring 304 convictions, and has placed 619 children in homes or institutions, while in addition to this relief has been extended to 286 children. The agents of the society have visited over 3,000 families. Says the report: "The ing, cruelty and abuse of children brought to the notice of the society, is intemperance." The records of the society seem to bear out this statement and one wonders when reading if it i possible that the reason and parenta affection of so many fathers and mothers in New York has really been drowned out in rem. In nearly every case cited the fre of evil passions was fed with the fuel whisky.

The Australian dog and the shepherd of Egypt-never bark.

AN APPALLING PESTILENCE.

forthern Brazil Devastated-Horrible Scenes of Disease and Death-Five Hundred Thousand Persons Succumb. The Zulu war, the yellow fever visita-tion, the Indian famine, the distress among English workingmen, are infini-tesimal compared with the horrible scenes of disease and death in Northern Brazil. They are as trivial skin eruptions to the gangrene which has eaten up Sertao, a region as large as France. The long account given to the New York *Herald* by a Rio Janeiro correspondent, tells an awful tale. Sertao is not a matted forest flat, but a rolling country, sprinkled with woods. The rainy season is from January to July, not a drop of water being attainable at other times except by digging; and when the whole year is dry the most terrible suffering ensues. The people are agricultural and pastoral. Not 100,000 out of the 2,500,000 inhabitants are otherwise than starvingly poor, and the majority are described as a degraded mass of mixed white, black and Indian blood. The Sertao

the beginning.

A cruel feature of this time was the unrelenting exaction by creditors, and nude girls begged on the pavements for food, their bones straining their skin to bursting. Lists of the dead could not be made fast enough to keep pace with the hecatombs of famished bodies. Women sold themselves for a meal. The Women sold themselves for a meal. The defaulting cabinet of the Brazilian government had left a debt of \$50,000,000, and private charity was soon exhausted. In the most favorable time a man's living in Northern Brazil costs twenty cents a day, and now, when provisions were exorbitantly dear, the utmost money subscriptions did not average one dollar per year for each man. Smallpox, yellow fever, beri-beri (a local paralytic lisease), and new sorts of wasting fevers became epidemic. Cries, groans, shrieks, curses, mingled with the sickening odor

not bury the dead fast enough.

One hundred and fifty thousand people fell dead in March, in Ceara, as they hurried over the stones with bleeding feet. A father killed, cooked and ate his own child, and cannibalism became common. Grain was locked in magadistribution of money and plenteous food bred new diseases. The wretches were shipped to other places like cattle, died like vermin and were thrown into the sea. The government neglected its grand opportunity to put the people of Ceara under military surveillance and to civilize them. A second dry season came, and although food was now plenty; disease was unchecked, and deaths continued to increase in number per diem.
Twenty thousand corpse, filthy masses of sores, lay emitting a horrible stench beneath a few feet of gravelly soil Those who dug the trenches were often asphyxiated. Whole families lay dying and dead together, and the terrible scene was like one which George Eliot describes in "Romola," At Pacatuba. with 3,500 population, the deathrate was 120 a day. The loss in population has been over 500,000—sixty per cent.—and a new plague, called the "black smallpox," threatens to renew these

It seems that the devastation might have been stayed by vaccination, by discreet feeding under military direction, by cleaning and burning contaminated huts and bedding, and by decent burial. But the government was criminally remiss in its duty. All the good done em anated from a few courageous and generous men. We have no reason to think that the narrative of these facts, the details of which are sickening, is at all exaggerated. A more horrible combination of all the miseries of famine and pestilence is not recorded in history, and the plagues of Athens and of London scarcely deserve mention beside this one. And yet the world was ignorant of all this, and the ignorant and willful negligence of the government of Brazil seems to have afforded every means for the spread and fatality of the pestilen-tial famine, while opening no way for its correction.

Values of Foreign Coin. Following is a list of foreign coins and their respective values, as compared with the standard dollar of the United States. It was prepared by the treasury department, and may be regarded as au thentic in all particulars:

		14 (2007) 3 10	U.S.M	one
Austria	Florin	Silver	8	.4
Belgium	.Franc	Gold and	sil	.19
Bolivia	.Dollar	Gold and	i sil	.96
Brazil	. Mil. of 1.	.000		
2	reis	Gold		.54
British Possesions				
North America.	.Dollar	Gold	1	10.1
Bogota	Peso:	Gold		.90
Central America.	Dollar	Silver		.91
Chili	Paso	Gold		.9
Denmark	Crown	Gold		.20
Ecuador	Doller	Silver		.9
Warmt	Ponnds of	100		
Dika be	niestres	Gold		1 0
France	Franc	Gold and	lail	.19
Great Britain	Ponnd Storl	ne Gold		96
Greece	Dechme	Gold en	d mil	.1
German Empire	Mark	Gold and	и ви	.2
German Empire	Mark	Gold		.9
Japan	Yeu	Gold		,07
India	Rupee or	10		.4
Italy	annas	Silver	******	D-1
Italy	Lire	Gold an	a sil	.19
Liberia	Dollar	Gold		1.0
Mexico	Dollar	Silver	******	.9
Netherlands	.Florin	Gold and	1 sil	.3
Norway	.,Orown	Gold		,2
Peru	Dollar	Silver		.9
Portugal	Mil. of	,000		
	reis	Gold		1 0
Russia	Ruble of	100		
	copecs	Silver		.7
Sandwich Islands	Dollar	Gold		1,0
Spain	Pesets of	100		
Sweden	cents	Gold an	d sil	.1
Sweden	Orown	Gold		.2
Switzerland	Franc	Gold and	d ail.	.1
Tripoli	Mahbub of	90		
21.poil	pias	Silver		.8
Tunis	Pia of	16	******	
A UMID	caronha	Rilver	1	I.
Turkey	Piestre	Gold		.0
U.S. Columbia	Poso	Silver		.9
U.B. Columbia	000	SHVer	*****	,0
m·	1.114			
Time may	obliterate	o the ho	Vels	ai

make them mansions; it may make poor men millionaries; but it can never take away the man by the grocery stove who has just been reminded of an adventure he had during the war, and which he would like to relate to the crowd. A REMARKABLE CRIMINAL.

The Extraordinary Career of Charles Peace, an English Murderer and Bur-A London correspondent gives the history of the extraordinary career of Charles Peace, arrested for committing

numerous burglaries and the murder of a Mr. Dyson, at Bannercross. Born in Sheffield, Peace was originally a workingman, fond of music, and evinc-ing a taste for art. He abandoned the shop for the music hall, where he made an appearance as "the Ethiopian Paga-nini." He played the fiddle with more or less skill, and managed to get a liv-ing. But he was ambitious in his desires and extravagant in his recreations. He became a thief, and suffered various terms of imprisonment, confining his operations as "a Sheffield blade" chiefly to his own district. Once he was entenced to as long a term as five years' penal servitude, during which time he probably elaborated his plans in regard inhabitants are otherwise than starvingly poor, and the majority are described as a degraded mass of mixed white, black and Indian blood. The Sertac averages 500 miles in width along the coast from the Parabypa river to the San Francisco, and turns southward to Minas Geraes. The black spot of the famine of 1877-8 was Dears, an area equal to the Middle States. Three wet winters were succeeded by the drought of 1878. The unthrity and starving population began to eat disease-breeding roots. Crushing penances, pillage and crime were inaugurated. Children were left to die, and filthy carcasses of a series of the most daring robberies, which, now that he is in his last fetters, he is not averse to talking about. When he was last restored to liberty, he did not confine his attentions to Sheffield. He lived in various places, though mostly in the midlands. He married, and took a great interest in his children, being careful that they should attend Sunday-school. He had changed his name, and people thought he was a man of independent means. He played the harmonium in his leisure hours, and always played religious tunes. He amused himself by carving in wood, and always carved images of saints.

He had stained his face with walnut-

juice. His hair was closely cut, and he wore no beard. Five feet four inches, and of slight but wiry build, he did not look as if burglary was his regular trade. John Ward was locked up as John Ward; but presently there came to the police the information that John Ward was no other than Charles Peace, for whose apprehension a reward of \$500 had been offered, in connection with the murder of one Dyson in 1876. While living near Sheffield in the character of a gentleman of leisure, Peace persecuted Mrs. Dyson with has tentions, following her about everywhere. Finally Mr. Dyson and his wife removed to Bannercross They were followed by Peace, and one night Mr. Dyson was shot by the fellow, falling dead at his wife's feet. Peace fled, and eluded capture for a long time. He continually changed his residence, as. sumed various disgnises, and had many narrow escapes, but always managed to get away by sheer audacity and an ap-pearance of innocence that he could assume to perfection. Once he walked into the very headquarters of the London police in order to escape the scrutiny of an acquaintance, who had recognized the burglar, but became satisfied it must be a case of mistaken identity. At the time of his arrest for burglary, Peace was living with a woman under the name of Thompson. When Mrs. Thompson heard of the capture of John Ward, at Blackheath, read the description of the man, and found that Peace tion of the man, and found that Peacs, alias Thompson, did not come home any more, she told the police who John Ward really was; and then began the search for Mrs. Dyson, late of Banner-cross. Meanwhile, Peace was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to penal servitude for the Blackheath burglary. After a long search Mrs. Dyson was found in America, and induced to re turn to England to testify against her husband's murderer. After a preliminary hearing Peace was remanded to Pentenville jail, near London, and thence taken by rail to Sheffield. When the train arriv-

lonely and wooded spot, which Peace knew well, he endeavored to escape, and there is no doubt he had planned the daring project from the first; his conduct and acting all through the journey eading up to this denoument. The train was running along a level bank, thick with snow, and beyond it woods and valleys and stone-pits, in which a hunted man might have given his pur-suers a good deal of trouble. Peace asked for the window to be let down, the sash being simply an opening in the door, through which an ordinary man would find it difficult to squeeze. The noment the window was opened, the train traveling at nearly fifty miles an

within thirteen miles of Sheffield, at

TIMELY TOPICS.

There was such a hydrophobia excitement in Clarke county, Ind., that in many localities every dog has been killed. In one township nearly two hun-

The latest dodge of the Western sharpers is to sell farmers a new kind of oats at \$10 a bushel, and contracting to take all the farmer raises next year at \$7.50 a bushel. They get a farmer's note, sell it, and skip out.

Two miners, of Humboldt Wells, Nev., being drunk and jovial, went to the cabin of a wood-chopper to have some fun with him. He was a silly fellow, and the common butt of the neighborhood, but on this occasion he refused to be fooled with. The drunkards resented his lack of complaisancy, and tried to scare him with their revolvers. Then he cut them down with an axe, killing

The forthcoming annual meeting of the English Royal Agricultural society, to be held in London in July next, is to take the form of an international agricultural exhibition. The prize list, so far as it has been made up at present, is on an exceedingly liberal scale. The Western dairymen have announced that they would take next in the exhibition they would take part in the exhibition, and other American agricultural interests will probably be represented.

On the numerous bookstands which On the numerous bookstands which line the narrow, crowded thoroughfares of Canton, China, the most conspicuous, even among old classical books, is a work wrapped in a bright yellow paper cover and entitled "The Vulgar Tongue of the Red-Haired Barbarians." It was printed in the beginning of this cen-tury, and every aspiring boy or future coolie makes it a rule to invest his half dozen "cash" in the purchase of the work, in order to learn the red-haired tongue, or the English language on a "pidgin" scale.

Mrs. McCloskey and Mrs. Brock, in-mates of the Home of the Aged, in New York city, died within a few hours of each other. The former was 110 years old, the latter 102. A few weeks previous to their deaths two other inmates died, one at 107 and the other at 102 years of age. These cases of longevity are significant as indicating that the people of to-day have as good a chance of becoming centenarians as those of former times, when the world was supthe "high-pressure" speed prevailing

nowadays.

To See Through a Hole in the Hand.

Roll up a piece of paper, a pamphlet, to make a tupe about nine to twelve inches long and an inch or so acress. Put this tube to your right eye, and look through at some object, attentively beening both eyes open. Now hold up country we call hop-poles.

There is peace in power: the men who speak With the loudest tongues do least; And the surest sign of a mind that is weak Is its want of power to rest. It is only the lighter water that flies From the sea on a windy day; And the deep, blue ocean never replies To the sibilant voice of the pray.

—John Boyle O'Reilly. through at some object, attentively keeping both eyes open. Now hold up you left hand with its back toward you, and bring it near the lower end of the tube, looking at your hand with the left while the right eye is fixed on somehing through the tube. If you hit the right position, which you can do, put-ting the edge of the hand against, not over, the lower end of the tube, you will be surprised to see very clearly the most surprising little experiment, and will please old as well as young people. You will, of course, wish to know why this is so; why there seems to be a hole where there is none. The scientific journals are talking about this, but their explanations would hardly suit youngsters. We usually look at the same thing with two eyes, and the two images make one in our mind. Here we separate the two eyes in an unusual manner, and the mind brings together the circle made by the tube for one eye and the hand seen by the other, and makes one of them. You can vary this in several ways. If when looking through the hole in the hand, you stretch out the left thumb, so that it will be seen by the right eye through the tube, the thumb will appear to be directly across the hole in your hand. Instead of looking at your hand, use a card; make a black spot on the card as big as a half-dime, and look at it as betion is to make a round hole in the card of the size of the half-dime; look at this hole with the left eye, so that the real hole will be within the imaginary hole; the hole will appear exceedingly bright, and surrounded by a ring of shadow.—

American Young Folks. hour, Peace took a flying harlequin-leap, head foremost, out of it. One of the warders caught hold of a foot as it was disappearing. The foot pulled and tugged, and another foot kicked and tugged, and another foot kicked and struggled. The other warder tried to that the Jay Cookes, Jay Goulds and communicate with the guard, but could not make the signal-cord act. People, however, in the next carriage pulled the

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The write man in the write place-The editor.

Muskrats now enjoy protection under the law of Chio.

Whatever good an umbrella performs, it is "put up" to it.

"I hope I see you well," as the bucket said when it touched the water. A Boston author can chase his hat on a windy day in thirteen different languages,

A married man sometimes finds himself to be an April fool soon after the wedding March.

Lawyers are never more earnest than when they work with a will—that is, if the estate is valuable.

A country editor who was elected town constable immediately began to arrest the attention of his readers,

In the State of New York there are 6,248 churches, with 2,587,470 sittings. The church members number 1,177,479. The eloquence of some orators inspires a Chicago paper to wish that mankind were endowed with earlids as well as

The Minnesota millers use horsesho magnets to get pieces of binding wire from wheat. They work "like a

charm. "You ought to husband your coal more," said the charity woman. "I always does. I makes him sift ashes and pick the cinders."

The duke of Sutherland, in England, owns 1,858,425 acres of land. The next largest landowner is the duke of Buccleugh and Queensburgh—458,860 acres. "What I want to get at is the animus

of the transaction," said the judge. "But, your honor," said the complainant, "there wasn't any muss at all. He came up quiet-like and grabbed the coat, and was off with it before I saw what he was at. No, sir; there wasn't any muss."

Andrews' Bazar says the crowning need of man is a pair of slippers over which he is fully convinced he has ex-clusive ownership, and not a nonde-script article that he knows as soon as he has left the house in the morning his wife will put on, and will go scuffling around in all day. A new preacher used the word "op-

tics" in his sermon, and, at the conclu-

sion of the service, a farmer who was present thanked him for his discourse, but intimated that he had made a misformer times, when the world was supposed to jog along easily and not go at take in one word. "What you call hop-the "high-pressure" speed prevailing ticks," he said, "in this part of the country we call hop-poles.

A Schoolmaster as a Ringmaster. In Edward Eggleston's paper on 'Some Western Schoolmasters," published in Scribner ocurs this anecdote of school discipline in Indiana in the old times: To a nervous child the old discipline was, indeed, very terrible. The long beech switches hanging on hooks. against the wall haunted me night and day, from the time I entered one of the old schools. And whenever there came an outburst between master and pupils, the thoughtless child often got the beating that should have fallen upon the malicious mischief-maker. As the masmaicious mischer-maker. As the master was always quick to fly into a passion, the fun-loving boys were always happy te stir him up. It was an exciting sport, like bull-baiting, or like poking sticks through aftence at a cross dog. Sometimes the ferocious master showed an ability on his own part to get some fun out of the conflict, as when on one occasion in a school in Ohio the boys were forbidden to attend a circus. Five or six of them went, in spite of the prohibition. The next morning the schoolmaster called them out in the floor and

addressed them: "So you went to the circus, did you?" "Well, the others did not get a chance to see the circus. I want you boys to show them what it looked like, and how the horses galloped around the ring.

You will join your hands in a circle

about the stove. Now start!"
With that he began whipping them as they trotted around and around the stove. This story is told, I believe, in a little volume of "Sketches," by Erwin House, now long forgotten, like many other good books of Western literature of a generation ago. I think the author was one of the boys who "played horse" in the master's circus.

Zulu Skill and Courage.

For courage and other warlike quali-ties the Zulus may be fairly called the and make the signal-cord act. People, however, in the next carriage pulled the string, and the steam was specially shut string, and the steam was specially shut off. Meanwhile Peace had struggled out of his boot, which had come off in the warder's hands, the convict falling upon his head on the footboard or step which runs alongside of each car, and rolling stunned and bleeding beside the up-track. Had his leap been unobstructed, he would have landed upon the soft snow on the bank, and possibly foot, which lagged too long behind, spoiled his plans. The warder says it was a fierce and wonderful struggle. Peace once curled fairly up, and strack the warder with his manacled hands, bruising him with the "bracelets." The train had run over a mile from the first slarm with this fight going on and heads out of every window. When it stopped the warders went back along the first slarm with this fight going on and heads out of every window. When it stopped the warders went back along the first slarm with this fight going on and heads and picked the convict up. He was conscious, for, conceiving the position where he had fallen dangerous in case of a train coming along, he had rawled to a place of safety; but he was weak and bleeding from a severe out on the head. From Sheffield Peace was taken to Leeds for trial.

The St. Petersburg paper having the largest circulation is called The Neeva, or "Cornfield." Of course it makes a specialty of cereal stories. Afghans of Africa, and many of their recorded exploits would do credit to any