

DISEASES
ABLE BY USING
TANG
MENT.

OF ANIMALS.
Scratches,
Sore and Galls,
Spavin, Cracks,
Screw Worm, Grub,
Foot Rot, Hoof Ail,
Lameness, etc.
Swine, Founders,
Sprains, Strains,
Sore Feet,
Itchiness,
and every other accident
to, stable and stock yard in
ST-OF-ALL

MENTS

MUSIC BOOKS.

L OF JOY! 35 cts.
it favorite.

VER! 35 cts.
it always good.

ENGLISH SONG! 35 cts.
it always good.

F GEMS! 35 cts.
it always good.

HE DANCE! 35 cts.
it always good.

SON & Co., Boston.
Broadway, New York.
at Street, Philadelphia.

SEWING MACHINE
THE WORLD
N. S. C. & Co.,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

INIFIER
the concentrated Lye
SOAP MAKING.

JOINT STRENGTH.
with (concentrated) Concentrated
Lye with salt and resin, and soap

AND BUY THE
INIFIER
OR BY THE
Salt Mfg. Co.,
ADELPHI.

20
by St.
York,
Maine, C.

THOMAS
CKS

FOR
TERS.
ICES,
TERS,
TERS.

H ORGAN CO
ed! Most Successful!
Have a Standard Value in a

arkets
Of the World!

at the FINEST IN TONE.
\$180,000.

New Designs constantly. See
For a Catalogue.

altham St. Boston, Mass.

Warranted for five years
time in any part of the world.
From here, for \$100,000,000,
guaranteed as a high priced watch,
made for \$100,000,000, and is being
sold in every part of the world.
It is accurate and reliable. We
will be glad to send you a
copy of our catalogue for \$100,000,000.
Boston, Mass.
tamps are enclosed.

WATCH!
\$100.

Original issues in Poor Condition
Best copy available

Original issues in Poor Condition
Best copy available

Original issues in Poor Condition
Best copy available

Original issues in Poor Condition
Best copy available

Original issues in Poor Condition
Best copy available

Original issues in Poor Condition
Best copy available

Original issues in Poor Condition
Best copy available

Original issues in Poor Condition
Best copy available

Original issues in Poor Condition
Best copy available

Original issues in Poor Condition
Best copy available

Original issues in Poor Condition
Best copy available

Original issues in Poor Condition
Best copy available

Original issues in Poor Condition
Best copy available

Original issues in Poor Condition
Best copy available

Original issues in Poor Condition
Best copy available

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

E. VARIIS SUMMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

\$2.50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XLVI.

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, JULY 30, 1879.

NO. 31.

Catching the Cat.

The mice had met in council;
They all looked haggard and worn,
For the state of affairs was too terrible
To be any longer borne.
Not a family out of mourning—
There was crying on every lot,
They were desperate—something must be
done,
And done at once, to the cat.

An elder member rose and said:
"It might prove a possible thing
To set the trap which they set for us—
The one with the awful spring!"
The suggestion was applauded
Loudly by one and all,
Till somebody squeaked: "That trap would be
'About ninety-five times too small!"

Then a medical mouse suggested—
A little under his breath—
They should confiscate the very first mouse
That died a natural death,
And he'd undertake to poison the cat
If they'd let him prepare that mouse.
"There's not been a natural death," they
shrieked,
"Since the cat came into the house!"

The smallest mouse in the council
Arose with a solemn air,
And, by way of increasing his stature,
Rubbed up his whiskers and hair.
He waited until there was silence
All about the pantry shelf,
And then he said with dignity,
"I will catch the cat myself!"

"When next I hear her coming,
Instead of running away,
I shall turn and face her boldly,
And pretend to be at play;
She will not see her danger,
Poor creature! I suppose;
But as she stoops to catch me,
I shall catch her, by the nose!"

The mice began to look hopeful,
Yes, even the old ones, when
A gray-haired sage said slowly,
"And what will you do with her then?"
The champion, disconcerted,
Replied with dignity, "Well, I think
If you'll all excuse me,
I would be wiser not to tell!"

"We all have our aspirations—"
This produced a general snarl—
"But we are not all at liberty
To explain just how they'll work.
I ask you then to trust me;
You need have no further fears—
Consider our enemy done for."
The council gave three cheers.

"I do believe she's coming!"
Said a small mouse, nervously,
"Run, if you like," said the champion,
"But I shall wait and see."
And sure enough she was coming—
The mice all snatched away—
Except the noble champion,
Who had made up his mind to stay.

The mice had faith, of course they had—
They were all of them noble souls—
But a sort of general feeling
Kept them steady in their holes,
Until some time in the evening;
Then the boldest ventured out,
And saw, happily in the distance,
The cat prance gayly about!

There was dreadful consternation,
Till some one at last said, "Oh,
He's not had time to do it,
Let us not prejudice him so!"
"I believe him, of course I do,"
Said the nervous mouse with a sigh,
"But the cat looks uncommonly happy,
And I wish I did know why!"

The cat, I regret to mention,
Still prances about that house,
And no message, letter or telegram
Has come from the champion mouse.
The mice are a little discouraged;
They feel they're the happier if they knew
Where the champion mouse has gone.

This story has a moral—
It is very short, you see;
So, no one, of course, will skip it,
For fear of offending me.
It is well to be courageous,
And valiant, and all that,
But if you are mice—you'd better think
twice
Before you catch the cat.

—Margaret Vandergift, in St. Nicholas.

MASTERED BY PASSION.

THE STORY AUNT ANNIE TOLD.

"I admit that Ruth is quick-tempered,
and that she often says things that she does
not mean."

It was Hannah Cleaves who spoke, and
she was defending her young and pretty
cousin, who had been not quite two years
the wife of Charles Gray.

"Still," said Susan Adams, another
cousin, "I must say that she is much to
blame. Her husband is one of the kindest
and best of men, and I know that she often
makes him unhappy. She might do differently
if she would."

"I am not sure of that," returned Hannah.
"She is not to blame for the disposition
which was born in her. She cannot help
her own nature. No two of us are exactly
alike in all our feelings, and we are all apt
to act about as we feel. It is unfortunate
that some people are diseased; but I cannot
say that those are to blame who have in-
herited their disease from their ancestors.
And so it is with our disposition."

"But," suggested Susan, "that person who
has inherited a disease which works mis-
chief not only to herself, but all around her,
is certainly to blame if she does not make
any exertion to get rid of it."

"Ay," cried Hannah, "but there are dis-
eases which cannot be got rid of; and I say
that cousin Ruth cannot be blamed for her
feelings, because they come in spite of her;
and when they have come she cannot hide

Aunt Annie Dinsmore laid her knitting-
work aside and gravely shook her head.
"Hannah," she said, with deep solemnity,
"you may at some time be a mother;
and when that time comes, let me urge you
not to teach your children the doctrine you
have been upholding here."

Aunt Annie was such a good, kind woman,
and she loved us all so well, and did so
much for our happiness, that even Hannah
Cleaves was respectfully silent beneath the
gentle reproof.

"A little while ago," our aunt went on,
"you were speaking of willful people. Now,
I admire strong self-will when it is bent in
the right direction. The noblest of God's
children are those who have strong wills.
The Christian martyrs were extremely self-
willed. Self-will is a beneficent force when
it is made to uphold virtue and goodness.
So cultivate self-will as much as you please,
but make it subservient to right. I fear the
trouble with Ruth Gray is, that she has no
self-will. What you call self-will in her is
only perverseness and inconsistency. She
exercises no will at all, but is the creature
of circumstance, suffering herself to be
swayed to and fro by every gust of passion
that sweeps across her path."

When Aunt Annie laid her knitting-work
upon the table, and folded her hands in her
lap, we knew she had something of interest
to say to us, for she was not a woman who
talked for the sake of talking.

"I tell you, girls," she said, "we can if
we will! If we do, we can do it, we can do
it right. She who practically denies this
casts aside the very foundation of virtuous
character, and erects her structure of life
upon a base of sand. I am going to tell
you a story of my own life. You call me
good; and I think I am good to you. At
all events, I try to be so. But my goodness
of temper came to me through a mighty
effort of will, as you shall see. When I
was young I was more perverse than your
cousin Ruth ever was. My temper was
quick and high; I was subject to fits of
perversity that made all around me mis-
erable; and I excused myself upon the plea
that such was my nature—I could not help
it. When I became the wife of Jacob
Dinsmore I was very happy, and I thought
myself very fortunate, for I knew that I
was for a husband one of the best young
men in the town. Your uncle Jacob was
then just what he is now—kind, generous,
loving, forbearing and faithful to a fault.
For the first six months of our married life
I did not allow my bad temper to show it-
self much; but at length my honeymoon
waned, and my old feelings began to mani-
fest themselves. I became, in short, just
what I was before I was married. People
called me self-willed; but I had no self-
will. I did not will to be cross and petu-
lant. I was cross and petulant because I
had no will to be otherwise. Sometimes I
had bad feelings, and I had no will to over-
come them. The slightest thing that crossed
me found me so entirely devoid of will that
it swayed me at its pleasure. At the end
of two years there was more of misery than
of happiness in my home, and I could not
hide from myself the fact that I was the
cause of it all; and yet I tried to convince
myself that I was not to blame. When my
mother talked with me, I declared that I
could not help it; and when my husband
ventured to allude to the subject, I flew into
a passion. I could not bear a chiding from
him. In fact, his very kindness and good-
ness sometimes fretted me; and when he
offered to point out to me my errors, it
seemed as though he were preaching to me,
and I would not listen."

"Girls, I tell you truly when I tell you
that I believe no one was ever more firmly
fixed in the habit of ill-feeling than I was
at that time; and I did certainly then be-
lieve that I could not help it."

"Some time before we were married there
had been a volunteer artillery company in
our town; and as Jacob was the only com-
missioned officer living in the town itself,
he took charge of the property which be-
longed to the corps, thus retaining con-
trol of the two handsome cannon. One royal
birthday the townspeople raised money for
a celebration of the occasion, and, among
other things, a royal salute was to be fired
in the morning, at noon, and at sunset,
of which my husband was to have charge."

"During the day I received an invita-
tion to join some friends in a sail upon the
river; and as I could not very well go to
the landing alone, I asked Jacob to go with
me. He said it would interfere with other
duties, and he could not go. I asked him
if he thought the firing of the salute was of
more importance than the making of hap-
piness for his wife; and when he had failed
me at that argument, I asked him why he
could not let some one else take charge of
the cannon. He answered me calmly and
candidly that he dared not trust the gun in
other hands. He was the only one who un-
derstood how to properly handle it, and he
felt obliged to attend to it. He told me
how many accidents had happened through

mistakes of inexperienced and careless per-
sons, and he could not feel right to neglect
the duty he had promised to perform."

"That was in the afternoon. At six
o'clock it was time for me to start for the
landing place, if I meant to go; but I would
not go unless my husband went. He had
sent for a carriage to take me down, but I
would not use it. I shrank away in a fit
of the sulks, and so remained until it came
time for Jacob to go away with his gun. As
he was putting on his hat my temper burst
forth into a wild flame, and his calm an-
swers only maddened me. At length I
pushed him beyond the bounds of human
endurance, and he turned upon me more
sternly than he had ever before done. He
did not speak angrily, but he spoke as an
offended parent might have spoken to an
offending child. This set my blood com-
pletely afire, and I cannot tell you all the
wicked things I said."

"Annie," he said to me, as he stood near
the door, "it might have been better for
both of us if we had never met."

"I answered him hotly and passionately
that I hoped we might never meet again.
'If you were dead,' said I, 'I should be
happier than I am now!'"

"No, no, Annie, you do not mean that,"
he replied to me.

"And I cried out that I did mean it, and
I declared that I hoped I might never see
him again alive. And he went away as I
said those words."

"My dear girls, do you think such words
could ever have come from my lips? Ah,
you do not know to what wild and wicked
results of language a course of unbridled
license will lead. If, when Ruth Gray is
angrily disputing with her husband, some
short-hand writer could take down her
words just as they fall from her lips, and
should afterward show them to her, she
would honestly declare that she never, never
spoke such things. And so, when many
mothers are fretfully disputing with their
children, could they hear themselves as
others hear them, they would be shocked
beyond measure. When passion becomes
our master we are blind as well as insane,
and the sin is not in what is then said, but
rather in allowing the adversary the first
word."

"My husband went away and left me
alone, and when he had gone, I sat down
and cried till I was tired. By-and-by I
heard the report of the cannon, and I
thought, suppose some accident should
happen to Jacob! Suppose he should be
killed! Suppose they should bring him home
dead! As these thoughts came to me,
I remembered what a good, kind hus-
band he had been, and I also remem-
bered how cruel and unjust I had been.
Again and again came the boom-
ing report of cannon, and at each re-
port the dread grew stronger and stronger
upon me. Oh, what would I have then
given could I have recalled the wicked
words I had spoken! But they had gone
forth, and I must abide the result. Heavier
and heavier grew the weight upon my
heart, until at length I thought I should go
crazy if Jacob did not soon return. My
crime loomed up before me darkly and
threateningly, and it seemed to me that my
husband's death was to be my punishment.
Oh, when would the firing cease, and when
would my husband come home, that I
might fall upon his neck and ask his par-
don for all the wickedness I had done!"

"The firing ceased at length, but instead
of hopefulness, the dread became heavier
and more heavy. I was hunting for my
bonnet, intending to go out and meet my
husband, when I heard heavy feet in the
garden. The cloud had settled down and
the thunder crash had come. Men came in
and told me not to be frightened—my hus-
band was hurt, but they hoped not seriously.
Perhaps they thought I was calm; they did
not know that my heart was frozen, that
the fount of emotion was shut up. Then
other men brought my husband in upon a
wide board, and I saw that his limbs were
limp and lifeless, that his face was like
marble, and that there was blood upon his
board—blood trickling down upon the
floor! And I heard them talk; they told
me that he had been run over by the heavy
gun-carriage that in coming down the hill
from where the salute had been fired men
and boys, in wild confusion, had seized the
rail-ropes, and that my husband, in attempt-
ing to prevent the rush, had been knocked
down and run over."

"Two doctors came. I heard them talk
of a broken leg, of broken ribs, and of other
injuries, and during all this time I was as
one in a horrid dream, unable to move or
to speak, and almost suffocating. By-and-
by I heard one of the doctors say that he
would live, and then I sank down senseless."

"When I came to myself it was night,
and one of the neighbors sat at my bedside.
I told them I wished to see my husband,
and I was informed that he was asleep, and
that I must not disturb him then. In the
morning I went to him, and he put up his
well arm and drew me down upon the pil-
low and kissed me. And he told me not to
worry myself; he was badly hurt, but if I
would nurse him and love him, he would
soon get well."

"Love him! Oh, my soul, how strong I
felt then!—how strong in my love, and in
my determination to be a true and faithful
wife!"

Aunt Annie took off her spectacles and
wiped her eyes, and presently she added:
"Girls, that was forty years ago, and
from that day to this I have not spoken

one cross word to my husband. My nature
is not changed at all; but I have gained
control of my will and bent it in the right
direction; and when once I found how
much pure joy there was in doing right
it came very easy to do it."

"Ah! here comes your uncle Jacob now.
See how good he looks. You can see his
gray hairs, and note the wrinkles upon his
brow; but to me he is as young as ever,
and I know that our love was never more
fresh and fervent than it is now."

Just then Uncle Jacob came in; and
when, an hour later, we saw him and Aunt
Annie in the garden together picking flow-
ers like two young lovers, we were forced to
the conclusion that they were really and
truly a happy couple; and Hannah Cleaves
had no more reason to defend cousin Ruth
against the charge of folly and wickedness
in allowing her own ill-temper to make
herself and her husband miserable.

Neglect of the Eye.

Whatever an ounce of prevention may
be to other members of the body, it cer-
tainly is worth many pounds of cure to
the eye. Like a chronometer watch, this
delicate organ will stand any amount
of use, not to say abuse, but when once
thrown off its balance, it very rarely can
be brought back to its original perfection
of action, or, if it is, it becomes ever after
liable to a return of disability of function
or the seat of actual disease. One would
have supposed from this fact, and from
the fact that modern civilization has im-
posed upon the eye an ever-increasing
amount of strain, both as to the actual
quantity of work done and the constant-
ly increasing brilliancy and duration of
the illumination under which it is per-
formed, that the greatest pains would have
been exercised in maintaining the organ
in a condition of health, and the greatest
care and solicitude used in its treat-
ment when diseased. And yet it is
safe to say that there is no organ in the
body the welfare of which is so persist-
ently neglected as the eye.

I have known fond and doting mothers
teach their children of four or five years
of age to have their first teeth filled, in-
stead of having them extracted, so that
the jaw might not suffer in its due de-
velopment, and become in later years
contracted, while the eye, the most intel-
lectual, the most apprehensive, and the
most discriminating of all our organs,
receives not even a passing thought,
much less an examination. It never
seems to occur to the parents that the
principal agent in a child's education is
the eye; that through it it gains not only
its sense of the methods and ways of ex-
istence of others, but even the means for
the maintenance of its own; nor does it
occur to the parents for an instant that
many of the mental as well as bodily at-
tributes of a growing child are fashioned,
even if they are not created, by the con-
dition of the eye alone.

A child is put to school without the
slightest inquiry on the part of the
parent, and much less on the part of the
teacher, whether it sees objects sharply
and well defined, or indistinctly and dis-
torted; whether it be near-sighted or
far-sighted; whether it sees with one or
two eyes; or, finally, if it does see clearly
and distinctly, whether it is not using
a quantity of nervous force sufficient
after a time not only to exhaust the
energy of the visual organ, but of the
nervous system at large.—Dr. Edward G.
Loring, in Harper's Magazine.

Dimes and Dollars.

Wm. S. O'Brien, the California mil-
lionaire, declared on his death-bed that
his only brother had passed from earth
in the city of Baltimore as long ago as
1861. Nevertheless, the will of the
bonanza king showed a bequest of \$900,-
000 to Pauline O'Brien, a beautiful girl,
whose undefined relations to the rich
man under whose roof she dwelt had
been a matter of much gossip in San
Francisco. Pauline had been accus-
tomed to speak to the millionaire as Uncle
William, and when it became known
that her share was the same as those re-
ceived by the recognized nieces, the
mystery deepened. After the death of
O'Brien, Pauline, in company with an
aged woman, who proved to be her
mother, took a flying trip to Raleigh,
North Carolina, returning thence to San
Francisco with an old decrepit man.

Arrived again at the Golden Gate,
Pauline locked the old couple in rooms
at the Palace Hotel and announcing to
the O'Brien heirs that she had found her
father, P. H. O'Brien, who had never
been worth a dime, claimed for him
\$1,000,000. Her lawyer furnished the
trustees of the estate with indisputable
proof that William S. and Patrick H.
were brothers. Months passed and the
matter had nearly reached the courts,
when a compromise was effected. Under
the compromise the trustees paid over to
Pauline and her mother \$600,000. This
payment was made on last Wednesday
week, but old Patrick never saw his
thousands, he having died on Tuesday,
the day before the payment.—San Fran-
cisco Post.

Eight young men have been con-
demned at Bazar, in France, to ten days'
imprisonment for seeking to evade the
conscription by applying drugs to their
eyes, the quack doctor who supplied
them incurring forty days' incarceration.

TIMELY TOPICS.

The following-named persons are
advised by a Western journal to study
the thermometer in hot weather and to
take their ease as much as possible:
"Persons past the prime of life; persons
addicted to the free use of liquor; dys-
peptics, especially dyspeptics with over-
worked heads, and the whole order of
men and women with shaken nervous
systems, whether from the presence of
chronic diseases, especially heart dis-
ease, or from any other cause."

A new patent secured in England in-
volves the mixing of paints and var-
nishes with phosphorescent salt or a
mixture of lime and sulphur. This
composition is to store up daylight and
give it out by night. Practically the
patentee applies it to clock faces, so that
at night the hands may be seen dis-
tinctly; but his patent claims its use for
all kinds of lighting purposes. Rooms
may be painted with it, and streets so
coated as to become self-luminous; also
ships, buoys and the other objects used
in the signal service.

The Arctic exploring ship Resolute,
which formed a part of Captain Austin's
expedition in search of Sir John Frank-
lin in 1850, is to be broken up at Chat-
ham dockyard. Ornaments and pieces
of furniture will be made from the best
timbers, which the admiralty intend to
present to the President of the United
States as a souvenir of the occasion when
the Resolute was found by American
whalers abandoned in Yoa, and the gov-
ernment of the United States had her re-
paired and refitted and presented her to
the British admiralty.

The Association of "Housekeepers"
in Vienna now numbers 1,543 members,
among whom are ladies of the best
houses of the city. Nineteen officials
(women) look after the storehouses, the
bookkeeping and the sales. The super-
vision of the whole is done voluntarily
by the ladies who form the association ap-
pointed. In the shops all is activity and
order; the work in the register office is
no less brisk; everywhere there is evi-
dence of women learning to live honestly
and independently by their own labor,
whether as servants, artists, workwomen or
teachers.

Robert G. Pillow, a son of the late
General Pillow, lives on an Arkansas
plantation. A short time ago he and
one of the colored men were out hunting
a wild hog. Pillow had a gun and the
negro had armed himself with a pint
bottle of whisky. The hog was shot,
and just as Pillow went up to the
writhing animal an immense "cotton-
mouth" snake, whose bite is as fatal as
that of a rattlesnake, fastened its fangs
on the calf of his leg. Pillow turned to
his companion and remarked: "I think
I'll try a little of that whisky now!"
whisky being considered a remedy. He
poured every drop down his throat.
Then he rapidly walked to the house,
half a mile distant, where he drank three
tumblers more of whisky. He was soon
in what he calls a "Niagara Fall of per-
spiration," which rapidly expelled the
poison and saved his life.

Speaking of the vast forests of Eastern
Texas and their conversion into lumber,
the Galveston News says: "The manu-
facture of doors, sash and blinds by
machinery is an American invention,
and two years ago the United States en-
tered on the business of shipping such
articles to England, although that coun-
try was largely supplied with rough
lumber from Canada and her other
American possessions. In 1867 19,000
doors and 6,384 pairs of sashes and blinds
were shipped from New York, via Eng-
land, to Australia and New Zealand.
California, finding that there was money
in the business, has entered upon it and
shipped 27,000 doors to Australia last
month, with a corresponding supply of
sash and blinds, while New York shipped
5,000 doors, with the usual complement
of the other articles. In 1878 45,000
doors were shipped from the United
States to England and Scotland, against
2,800 the year before. These figures
show the rapid growth of the trade, and
indicate to some extent the demand
abroad for the products of our forests
and lumber factories."

Corn Sugar.

Mr. F. L. Stewart intends to exhibit
at the Pennsylvania Agricultural Fair
this fall, to be held in the Permanent
Exhibition building on the Centennial
grounds, his process for making
corn sugar, at a cost of from two and a
half to three cents per pound. He pre-
fers corn to beets for the production of
sugar because corn only requires three
months to perfect the green stalks, and
as the culture is familiar to all farmers,
as it can be grown over such a width of
latitude and in every soil, and as there
can be more sugar produced from corn
than from beets, which take eight months
to perfect, and can only be raised in a
comparatively restricted area of soil.
The difficulties that frustrated previous
experiments in making sugar from sorgh-
um are obviated by this new process,
as he designs to practically demonstrate
at the coming exhibition.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

About 9,000,000 tons of coal are an-
nually consumed in the city of London.
Too much of a good thing, as the
kitten said when it fell into the milk-
pail.

Why is it the merchandise? Because
he doesn't advert-eyes?—Yonkers States-
man.

More than eighteen thousands persons
live by rag-picking in Paris and its
environs.

China merchants never have to invite
sea captains to die, as they always come
in after tea.

A young man who sows his wild
oats trusts to the grasshopper of forget-
fulness to destroy the crop.—Steubenville
Herald.

Nothing surprises a young man more
than the shape of his head as he sees it
for the first time after his hair has been
cropped close.

Two naked cherubs, over the portal of
a new court-house at Rockford, Ill., so
offended the moral sense of the city that
they were chiseled off.

When Patrick was told that the price
of bread had fallen, he exclaimed:
"That is the first time I ever rejoiced at
the fall of my best friend."

One of the latest western notions is
the substitution of bats for pigeons in
shooting matches. Would it not be
still more beneficial to substitute potato
bugs.

A physician at Salem, Ind., was ad-
dicted to opium-eating, and his neigh-
bors tried to cure him by tying him to a
tree, whipping him severely, and making
him take a vow of reformation.

The Rockland Courier has named its
candidate for 1880. He must be a man
who can design a railroad time-table that
a common traveler may understand with-
out wrenching his intellect entirely out
of running order.

Vanderbilt controls an aggregate
length of 3,620 miles of railroad, com-
prising 6,102 miles of track. On these
are employed 27,700 men, who receive,
in round numbers, \$1,178,000 a month,
or \$14,136,000 a year.

The sporting season has arrived when
the amateur hunter goes into the forest
and shoots the farmer's \$10 cow under
the impression that it is a deer, and after-
ward pays the farmer \$25 to settle the
matter and keep it quiet.—Boston Post.

About the Zulus.

The Zulus live in a beautiful and
fertile land in