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NO. 52.

King Winter.
Ho! ho! ho! I toss the snow,
Knee deep, over the land,
And stop the mouths of the talking brook
Close with my iron hand;
All the trees I dress
Up in shining white,
And my lips I press—
Oh, so very tight!
To the maiden's cheek as she trips along
And in the chimney tops I sing my song—
Sing and whistle ho! ho!
Sing and whistle ha! ha!
For a right jolly king am I!
All round, when I do sound
My trumpet through the wood,
To see how the tall trees humbly bow,
And cringe, it does me good,
And when on the beach
I riot and play,
And my minions screech
In their roundelay,
While I roll and laugh in my hearty glee,
You may hear my voice over land and sea
Loud and hearty ho! ho!
Sing and whistle ha! ha!
For a right jolly king am I!
In a trick I spread the ice,
Over each window glass,
And rattling rise over every roof
As with my train I pass.
Oh, woe to the night
That we catch abroad
On this stormy night,
But we'll pinch him hard!
For short I live and must have my sport,
Take lesson from all mankind ought,
Gay and merry ho! ho!
Gay and merry ha! ha!
For a right jolly king am I!
—George Cooper.

A WILL-GOOSE CHASE.

"Now, yer honor, just lie quiet and aisy, keep the gun on full cock and all ready, but never stir a limb till I give the curlew's cry, and then look out, for the birds'll be just within shot of ye."

So spoke Shawn, my herculean henchman, as he laid the last bunch of lead in my quivering body, and, having satisfied myself that I was perfectly well-clothed from human sight, he prepared to creep off to the spot where he had seen the wild geese alight, in order to drive the unconscious victims directly over my head. I nodded as he gave his instructions, and, ere he crept away, promised implicitly to obey his commands. But I felt anything but comfortable in my novel position. My bed was the bare bog-lane oozy and soft with the soaking of the heavy winter rains, my covering the half-withered heather which Shawn had uprooted from the hillside. And the month of March! There had been no snow in Storport for many weeks; the hills all around me were black and desolate as the sky which loomed above; but the bitter March winds came creeping over the hills and smote me with chilly hands. I lay patiently for some time, the sportman-like ardor in my heart preventing the wind from utterly freezing my limbs; but at length my patience got exhausted, and I began to stir. Suddenly I heard the faint whistle of the curlew; two minutes after I saw a flock of wild geese pass almost directly over my head. I fired aimlessly, and missed.

Then I found that my garments were completely soaked with bog water, and that my limbs had sunk several inches deep in the oozy ground—nay, more, that they were only prevented from sinking further by some obstruction which was so hard and cold that it made my bones ache. My first care was to ex-hume my half-buried limbs, my next to unearth the substance which had prevented me from sinking utterly. The latter proved to be no easy matter, but with the help of the spade which Shawn had brought with him to prepare my boggy bed, I at length succeeded in clearing away a good deal of earth, and discovering that my life preserver was a dead bog some five feet long, stained almost black with bog water, and fastened down with half a dozen rusty nails.

I had heard during my childhood's days of fortunate people being enriched by the discovery of buried treasures, but I need hardly to add, all such romantic ideas had long since vanished from my mind; and yet as I gazed at that peculiar-looking bog, I felt as if a cold hand had passed over me, and a succession of the wildest thoughts surged through my brain. Exhume and open it must; and the wish became stronger within me when Shawn, who soon returned from his goose-driving, did his best to dissuade me from such proceeding.

"Sure 'tis no affair of ours, yer honor," said Shawn, looking at the same time so uncomfortable as to cause my curiosity to increase. "Maybe it's a little potheen that the boys have buried."

But I cut him short, and insisted that he should assist to exhume and open the bog. Seeing that I was determined, he at length set to work, but he was so slow, and evidently so unwilling, that at length my patience got exhausted. I took the spade from his hand, inserted it in the crevice upon which Shawn had

been working, and with one powerful wrench forced off the lid. We both recoiled in horror—the bog contained a corpse!

After the first shock of the discovery was over, I looked again, and my dismay increased tenfold.

"Why, Shawn," I exclaimed, "if it isn't—"

"Yes, in troth," broke in Shawn, sure enough it is, and we both stared into the bog again.

In order to explain the strange circumstance which enabled me to recognize this corpse, I must chronicle events which took place several weeks before I exhumed it.

II.

On the fifteenth day of February the annual winter fair was held at Portaclear. The anticipation of this day always created a good deal of excitement in the minds of the peasants in and around Storport, for it always constituted a sort of gala day; but the announcement of the fair of 1877 brought with it whisperings of woe to many a home. The crops had been bad that year, and the miserable half-starved tenants had been unable to scrape together enough money to pay the rent, so the proprietor had summoned them to attend the sessions at Portaclear in order that they might show cause why they should not deliver up the whole of their worldly goods.

On the eventful day, which was ushered in with hurricanes of blinding sleet, I ordered Shawn to bring out the horse and car, that we might drive into Portaclear together. By the time we started the hail had ceased to fall, but still the wind blew bitterly, freezing with its icy breath the little pools on the wayside, and when we drove into Portaclear I felt almost as if my blood was frozen.

It was midday by that time, and, save for one or two decrepit old men whom we had passed on the road, we were the last to arrive. What a gathering there was! The streets of the little town were so crowded that it was almost impossible to make one's way along. In the market-place, bevy of robed clerical servant girls stood waiting to be hired; pigs grunted and squealed as the drovers whipped them along; the shop-keepers stood at their doors shrieking to the passengers to buy; the agent sat in the cozy parlor of the inn comfortably enjoying his glass of wine, gazing with a smile into the wild, woe-begone faces of the creatures whom he had summoned thither, and determinedly shaking his head at every heart-broken appeal.

"Don't come to me," he said; "I'm done with ye—a lot of lazy spendthrifts as ye are. Ye'll go before them to-day as'll make ye pay."

I sat in a remote corner of the room, and quietly watched the wretched creatures who crowded around the man; their wild eyes, their famished faces, their trembling bodies clad in dirty rags which were their sole protection from the cold. And as I glanced from them to the frozen window-panes, and the sleet which fell, covering with a thin crystal sheet the curbstone of the street, my heart turned sick.

"Poor, miserable, half-starved wretches!" I thought, "most of you will have more hearts to-night, for you will lose your little all, God help you! and there will be nothing but starvation left!"

Heart-sick at the sight of so much woe which I was utterly powerless to relieve, I arose and was about to leave the room, when my eye was suddenly arrested by a figure, ragged, wild, and woe-begone, which crouched close up by the window. Five minutes before, I had seen this man crouched like a stricken beast before the agent, his skeleton hands outstretched, his parched lips suing for mercy.

"For the love of God, Tony Monnaghan, never be hard on a poor boy," he had said; "all my potatoes had the black disease this year, and they rotted in the ground. My pig took the sickness and died. I have two little children down wid the fever, and if ye take away my cow, I'll have no dhrap of milk to give them, and they'll die!"

This appeal, heart-breaking as it was, had met with the usual reply: "Ye'll go before them as'll make ye pay."

So the man had crept back into the shadow, and as I saw him crouched beside the window, I noticed that the piteous look of appeal had left his face; his features were strangely convulsed, his wild eyes gleamed, and his hand clinched and unclenched in nervous dread.

"That man means mischief," I said as I passed out into the street.

At two o'clock the tenant's cases were to be called on, and as the hands of the clock approached that hour I made my way through the crowded streets in the direction of the court. The wind blew bitterly, thin flakes of snow were falling, and as I walked I felt the ice crackling and breaking beneath my feet. I noticed to my wonder that the streets through which I passed were almost deserted. Presently a succession of moans and cries struck upon my ear; then I noticed that people were running

excitedly, and, following the direction which they took, I at length found myself on the outskirts of a great crowd which was collected in the principal street before the opening door of the court. Seeing my own servant amongst the throng, I questioned him as to the cause of the excitement, for I noticed many of the people were wringing their hands, others moaned feebly, while others glared around them with wild eyes, and then seemed to utter sighs of relief. Instead of replying to my question, Shawn took me by the shoulders and gently propelled me into the middle of the throng.

There I saw the cause of the disturbance.

Lying on the curbstone, his head supported in the arms of a policeman, his face open to the wondering gaze of hundreds of eyes, was the agent, stone dead. His body was surrounded by the policemen-warders of the court—nay, at the cry of murder the very judge upon the bench had stopped the course of justice and come forth.

"Good God!" I exclaimed, recoiling upon Shawn; "how did this happen?"

"He was just walkin' along the street, yer honor," said Shawn, quietly, "when he fell and laid his head down and died."

"Murdered?"

"Oh, God forbid! yer honor; what for should he be kilt at all, at all?"

Nevertheless I felt convinced that my disposition was right; nay more, I believed that I could point out the very man who had done the deed.

That a murder had actually been committed could not be proved on the spot, but the manner of the man's death was so peculiar as to call for a coroner's inquiry and a post-mortem examination. The body, therefore, was at once removed to the inn, and several hours after its removal the two principal doctors of the town were on their way, armed with the implements necessary for their work. On their arrival at the inn a novel scene awaited them. The people at length having solved the meaning of the awful words "post-mortem examination," had risen up in arms and declared that no such desecration of the dead should be allowed. Before Tony Monnaghan became a land agent he had been one of themselves, and though he had been a little hard upon them of late, there wasn't one man among them but would raise his voice against having the poor boy's body cut up like a beast's. The consequence was a riot. The police were overpowered, the doctors sent packing, the inn taken by storm. For two nights the body lay in state, being waked by wild comrades. At the end of that time the authorities, only too eager to bring matters to a peaceful issue, allowed it to be quietly buried. As the grave closed above it, popular excitement seemed to die away.

But if the people were satisfied the authorities were not. Everybody believed that a murder had been committed, and that the subsequent riot was only an effort to prevent the discovery of the murderer. No sooner, therefore, was the unfortunate man buried than the doctors received an order authorizing them to exhume the body and make a post-mortem examination in secret. One night, two nights after the funeral, they set out on their mission with hopeful hearts. It was bitter winter weather. The night was black dark, the ground was frozen hard and thickly covered with snow. Making straight for the graveyard, the doctors employed themselves in opening up the grave. For several hours they worked with pickaxe and spade; at last they came upon the coffin, raised it up and opened the lid.

It was empty!

At this piece of audacity on the part of some persons unknown, everybody was more amazed than ever, and again came the conviction, stronger than before, that murder had been done. But try as they would, they could discover nothing. The whole county was thrown into a tumult, and popular excitement was at its height when I unwittingly solved the terrible secret by finding the body in the bog.

Having sworn Shawn to secrecy, I assisted him to re-enter the bog, and forthwith sent word of the discovery to the magistrate. The bog was at once removed, and the post-mortem examination concluded and the discovery made that the unfortunate man had died of heart disease. Again everybody was amazed, and this time the wonder was mixed with shame. After the examination was made the coroner's inquiry was hurried over, and more over, in solemn pomp and with all the rites of the church, the agent was laid in his grave.

Amidst the solemn discourse which attended this second funeral, I noticed the wild man face which had haunted me ever since that day when I had seen it by the frozen window of the inn—the face of the very man whom, in my own mind, I had accused of murder! For a moment I hung back, ashamed, then I boldly walked forward and pressed a bank note into the poor creature's hand. He looked from it to me in dazed amazement, then the sight of one of his ragged

children seemed to make him realize what the money would do. He clutched it closer, and with one last look down the open grave, he crept across the bogs toward his home.

By whose hand the corpse was conveyed from the church-yard to the bog was never discovered. It was generally believed, however, that news of the intended examination had been whispered abroad, and that the agent was exhumed and hidden solely with a view to preventing his body from being "cut up."—*Harper's Weekly.*

Words of Wisdom.
He who refuses justice to the defenseless will make every concession to the powerful.

There is only one thing that is more terrible than to say a mean thing, and that is to do one.

It is all very well to be a promising youth, but the hard part is to keep your promise in after life.

Don't confide your secrets to a person of noble lineage, because the old adage says that "Blood will tell."

A bad habit is like a cat in that it has nine lives. And like a cat also you must kill it nine times before you can be sure that it is dead.

The more a man accomplishes the more he may. An active tool never gets rusty. You always find those men the most forward to do good, or to improve the times and manners, always busy.

Don't flatter yourself that friendship authorizes you to say disagreeable things to your intimates. On the contrary, the nearer you come into relation with a person, the more necessary do tact and courtesy become.

When you speak evil of another, you must be prepared to have others speak evil of you. There is an old Buddhist proverb which says: "He who indulges in enmity is like one who throws ashes to windward, which comes back to the same place and cover him all over."

None of us wish to change our identity for that of another; yet we are never satisfied with ourselves. The unknown has always a charm, and unless blinded by miserable vanity, we know ourselves too well to appreciate our special characteristics at a very high rate.

"I Acknowledge the Corn."
This is the origin of the phrase "I acknowledge the corn." In 1828 Andrew Stewart, a member of Congress, said in a speech that Ohio, Kentucky and Indiana sent their haystacks, cornfields and fodder to New York and Philadelphia for sale. Wickliffe, of Kentucky, called him to order, declaring that those States did not send haystacks or cornfields to New York for sale. "Well, what do you send?" asked Stewart. "Why, horses, mules, cattle and hogs." "Well, what makes your horses, mules, cattle and hogs? You feed \$100 worth of hay to a horse. You just amaze and get upon the top of your haystack and ride off to market. How is it with your cattle? You make one of them carry \$50 worth of hay and grass to the Eastern market. How much corn does it take, at thirty-three cents a bushel, to fatten a hog?" "Why, thirty bushels."

"Then you put that thirty bushels into the shape of a hog and make it walk off to the Eastern market." Then Mr. Wickliffe jumped up and said: "Mr. Speaker, I acknowledge the corn."

A Beautiful Thought.
When the summer of youth is slowly wasting away on the nightfall of age, and the shadow of the path becomes deeper and life wears to its close, it is pleasant to look through the vista of time upon the sorrows and felicities of our early years. If we have had a home to shelter, and hearts to rejoice with us, and friends have gathered round our bedside, the rough places of wayfaring will have been worn and smoothed away in the twilight of life, and many dark spots we have passed through will grow brighter and more beautiful. Happy, indeed, are those whose whose intercourse with the world hasn't changed the tone of their holier feelings, or broken those musical chords of the heart whose vibrations are so melodious, so tender and so touching in the evening of their lives.

There died recently in Kansas Nicholas Wykert, who used to be a clergyman in Berks county, Pa. He made it a rule to carry \$1,000 in cash around with him in an old carpet satchel, keeping up the habit until his death. He had read the Bible through from beginning to end just one hundred times, and knew much of it by heart.

Alfonso was obliged to borrow two million dollars for his wedding expenses. As a fellow in this country could borrow a couple of millions on such an occasion, the Boston Transcript thinks there would not be a neglected spinster from Maine to Texas.

The season's entertainments have been notably free from annoyance by coughing. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup does this. Price 25 cents a bottle.

TIMELY TOPICS.

The calamities which have fallen upon the town of Gloucester, Mass., it would seem, would be enough to spread gloom over a much larger community. Every year many of its heads of families and its stalwart young men perish at sea. It is stated that during the last twelve months two hundred and thirty-six fishermen have been lost, and it is feared that the list will be increased, as several vessels are now missing, the crews of which are not included in the list.

A Vermont man writes to the New York Evening Post on the obelisk question. He is disgusted with New York for going to Egypt for a monolith less than one hundred feet high. He wants an American stone erected that will show posterity what we could do in that line. He says "the largest block of granite ever quarried in New England has been taken out at Woodbury, Vt. It was 230 feet long, thirteen to eighteen feet deep, fifteen feet wide, weighed 4,000 tons, and required 672 wedges with fifty pounds of powder to start it."

The telephone is coming into use in all the leading commercial cities of the globe. It is spreading faster than the telegraph did in its incipency. At present, with the appliances in use, the operations of the telephone are limited by distance, but this may be overcome by other contrivances, or by a system of stations, which is even now under consideration, one station taking up the message and transmitting it to the next. Abroad there is even more telephonic activity than here. Its use in London has spread rapidly. In Paris there has been a union of interests of Gower and Edison, and a company formed with a capital of \$2,000,000 and the shares are at a premium. The estimated capacity of the room at the central office is 2,000 lines, and some 600 of these are already secured. The subscriptions include the leading journals, bankers, physicians, theaters, hotels, etc.

A curious affair happened at Reno, Nev., recently. Mr. Oates went to Dr. Snow's residence to call the latter to visit a sick child, and the doctor being absent and the family alone, Mrs. Snow answered the rap at the door by asking: "Who's there?" Oates is very deaf, and it is presumed he did not hear the lady's summons. He tried the front door again, then went to the rear door of the house, and then shook the windows; but to all of Mrs. Snow's cries she could get no answer. Finally she warned the person to leave or she would shoot. The rattling continued at the door, when Mrs. Snow, almost crazed with fright, raised a pistol and fired, the ball passed through the door. She heard the party go off the porch and out of the gate, and supposed she had frightened him away. A night watchman found him outside the gate shortly after, dead, and it is supposed he died almost immediately. Mrs. Snow did not know that the shot she fired had been fatal until her husband's return in the morning. No blame is attached to the lady.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has just celebrated his seventieth birthday by a breakfast given in his honor at Boston, albeit the anniversary really occurred in August last. Longfellow, Whittier and Emerson have already passed the Psalmist's age, Bryant had left it far behind when he died, and James Russell Lowell, the youngest of this generation of New England poets, has crossed the line of sixty. The New York Herald asks with some anxiety who is to replace this line of American poets when the last shall have passed away; and after noting that there is no sign of a literary succession in New England, intimates that hereafter we must look to New York for our poetry. The Baltimore American demurs to the Herald's opinion and says: "This is a pardonable vanity, considering that the center of literary activity has within the last few years undoubtedly gravitated from Boston to the metropolis; but it does not follow that the new race of poets will spring up in the neighborhood of Printing House square because the hunger of the presses is most ravenous there. Rather should we look to the West, where life is at its newest and the virgin soil is producing not only great harvests of grain, but crops of strong men and fair women, untainted with the pedantry of cities, and gifted with fresh ideas and pure sources of inspiration. It is the country which breeds poets and the cities which pamper them."

Freddie was four years old when four little kittens were placed before him. He was told to select the one he liked best to keep, and that the rest must be drowned. Freddie looked them over and over again, and then chose little "Spot." A week or so after twin babies—his sisters—appeared in the cradle, and Freddie went to see them, led by his father. He looked at them for a long time, then touching one of the twins on the forehead with his finger, he said, "Pa, save this one."

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The a-teen-at almanac multiple.
A headlong man isn't always headed.

A sole-stirring incident—Tr on the point of a tack.

The latest estimate of Mr. T wealth puts it at \$20,000,000.

There remain unsurveyed 1,061,000,000 acres of public lands United States.

The small boy is generally taken at the moment a ton of coal is deposited on the sidewalk.

A competing hotel out West generously of another "that it without arrival."

Husbands never meet their wives with "smiles" on their lips; they them off before they get home.

When the deacons of a church around the silver contribution they do not expect it to come nickel-plated.

As evidence of an increasing poan demand for American prod a land firm in New York city orders for 300,000 tierces for Eur 1879, against 50,000 in 1878.

Nine entries of "new varied wheat" have been made for the offered by the Royal Agricultural England, the prizes to be awarded trial under the society's auspices 1880.

The New York legislature, forty-three lawyers—twelve in Senate and thirty-one in the Assembly—Next after the lawyers come the ers, of whom there are five in the and twenty-one in the Assembly.

Not among the sheep is another case lately announced as having upon the English farmer. This in consequence of the deluge of there for the past year, keeping ground so wet as to be unwholesome sheep pasturage.

The doctors say that sealskin healthy. Bless them! Now if he be induced to say the same of six-kids, point lake and a few such coming generations of married men rise up and called them blessed.—*Transcript.*

These are the days when a man up from a dream wherein he swam hammock "neath the spreading bough of an orange tree, eating ice-cream strawberries, with a fan in his hand, a chuck of ice under his head, the bed-clothes off and hear a voice yelling to him to get up, start kitchen fire and thaw out the pumpkin Lockport Union.

We notice that Professor Ba to establish a station at B Me., for studying habits of fish is high time this was done. And reckless, not to say indiscreet, duct of the dolphin, perch, brook and other members of the piscifamily, has long been a source of to the whale, and the government only doing its duty by looking in matter.—*Chicago Tribune.*

SEASONABLE.
The laden clouds o'er cast the sky
The winds begin to blow,
The time is come to mourn and sigh
About the beautiful snow:
In fleecy flakes it falls amine,
But ere you've time to gush,
From sidewalk curb to window pane
It turns into horrible slush.—*Haw.*

All About Almanacs.

Almanacs for 1880 are now being received by every mail. They do not differ much from the almanacs of 1879, except perhaps that they contain more day for leap year, and consequently possess a trifle more weather square inch. There is the same arrangement of months and weeks heretofore, February still coming March, and October closely following September, while the usual order of spring, autumn and winter is faithfully adhered to, the authors of the work deeming it expedient to make any change at present, owing to the unsettled condition of European affairs. We do, however, think that some one has been perping with the moons, and that the sortment presented to patrons is means of the high order of their predecessors. This base attempt to pass off a set of old and shop worn moon confiding customers by the public cannot be too severely condemned. When a man pays for his moon wants the best the market affords not a set of weak-kneed and rum luminaries that wouldn't do for lights. We warn the makers of publications that if they desire to the hitherto unshaken confidence public, they must exercise the care in the selection of their materials. One disreputable moon among an assortment of good ones will be a calculable mischief. Customers see that the name of the proprietor shown in every moon. With the exceptions the almanacs for 1880 are interesting romances, and should every family.—*Rockland Courier.*

Supplement.

In Dreams.

There are meetings of happy lovers
All over the great earth to-night,
Red lips that are blushed with kisses,
Eyes dimmed in tears of delight.
But where are the lips, warm and tender,
That my lips are yearning to kiss?
And where are the dark eyes whose glances
Would thrill me with trembling bliss?

Alas, my beloved! why is it
Fate crosses and bothers us thus—
So kind and so gentle to others,
So harsh and so cruel to us?
Why is it that we, of all lovers,
Must long for each other in vain—
Must vain for Love's bliss, and forever
Be fed with the emptiest pain?

Are the angels afraid that our loving
Will bring down their heaven to our feet,
That they cross their white pinions between us,
Forbidden us ever to meet?
To night, while we dream (are you dreaming?)
Oh, come to me, dearest, and see
How in sleep we will meet and elude them
Who are keeping you parted from me?

Come close and kneel down where I slumber—
In dreams none can wrest us apart;
Let the fire and dew of your kisses
Melt down through my lips to my heart,
Till I swoon with the joy of your presence,
Dumb rapture my soul overpowers,
And the angels discover
How tame is their heaven beside ours?

PRUDENCE GRAY.

That's my name, for father said there
wasn't a better barge on the river than
the Prudence, and if I was called the
same he was sure there would never be
a better girl.

Poor father! He was always very fond
of me, and my earliest remembrances
are of sitting on the tiller and having a ride,
when he stood there of an evening steer-
ing the barge, with the great cinnamon-
red sail filled out by the wind, and the
water foaming and bubbling by us as we
ran up the river toward the big city,
where the ships lay close together in
dock and against the wharves, emptying
their loads or waiting for others before
going away across the seas.

I used to think our barge, which was
a very small billy-boy, if you know
what that is—if you don't I must tell
you that it's a barge built with rounded
ends and low bulwarks, meant for carry-
ing loads up rivers, but built also to be
able to go out to sea a little while,
running along the coast—I used to think
our barge, I say, a very, very large ship,
till I grew old enough to compare it with
those that passed us going up or down
the river, and then it used to seem to me
that it would be wonderfully fine to go
on board one of those great ships and
go sailing away—far away—across the
ocean, instead of just coasting along to
Sheerness and up the Medway, as we
used to go year after year, loaded deep
down in the water with pottery or hops,
or even bricks.

I can't tell you how my child-life slipped
away, living with mother and father
on board that barge, in a little bit of a
cabin with a tiny stove; all I know is that
I was very happy, and that I never hard-
ly went ashore, and when I did I was
frightened and wanted to get back, and
at last I seemed to have grown all at
once into a great girl, and father and I
were alone.

Yes, quite alone; for mother had left
us very suddenly, and we had been
ashore at Sheerness, father and I, and
came back from the funeral and were
sitting on the cabin hatch, before I could
believe it was anything but a terrible
dream, and that I should not wake and
find that she was alive once more, as
blithe and cheery as ever, ready to take
the tiller or pull at a rope, the same as
I did when father wanted any help.

Father was a changed man after that,
and as a couple of years slipped by the
work on the barge fell more and more
into my hands, and I used to smile to
myself as I saw how big and red and
strong they had grown. For father grew
quiet and dull day by day, and used to
have a stone bottle filled whenever he
went ashore, and then sit with it in the
cabin all alone till I called him to come
and help with the sail.

Our barge was well known all about
the mouth of the river and far up beyond
the bridge; and somehow, I don't know
how it was, the men on the different
boats we passed, had always a kind hail
or a wave of the hand for us, as we
glided by, if we were too far off for the
friendly shout to reach us.

Sometimes I'd run the barge pretty
close to the great ships and steamers,
inward or outward bound, as it was, and
at the ladies I saw on board, but that I
cared to do very often, because it seemed
to make me sad; for the faces I looked
on seemed to be so different to mine that
I felt as if I was another kind of being,
and it used to set me wondering and
make me think; and at such times I've
leaned against the tiller and dreamed and
dreamed in a waking fashion of how I
would like to read and write and work,

as I had seen ladies sitting and reading
and working on the decks of the big ships,
under the awning; and then I had to set
my dreams aside and have a pull at the
sheet or take a reef in the sail because
the wind freshened, and all my dreams
passed away.

I don't think poor father meant it un-
kindly, but he seemed to grow more and
more broken and helpless every day; and
that I knew wouldn't break his heart. So
I worked on, and in a dull heavy way
father used to thank me; and the time
glided on, till one day, as we were lying
off Southend, with sea glassy and not
wind enough to fill the sails, I felt my
cheeks begin to burn as I leaned back
against the tiller, and would not turn
my head, because I could hear a boat
being sculled along toward us, and I
knew that was coming from the great lee-
board barge lying astern.

'He's coming to see father,' I said to
myself at last in a choking voice; and as
a hall came I was obliged to turn, and
there stood up in the little boat he was
sculling with an oar over the stern John
Grove, in his dark trousers, blue jersey
and scarlet cap; and as I saw his sun-
burnt face and brown arms and hands I
felt my heart beating fast; and knew he
was not coming to see father, but to see
me.

We had hardly ever spoken, but I had
known John Grove for years now, and
we had nodded and waved hands to one
another often and often as we had passed
up and down the river.

'Heave us a rope, my lass,' he said as
he came close in; and I did it dreamily,
and as soon as I had done so I began to
pull it back, but it was too late; he had
kicked it around the thwart of his boat
and was up and over the side before I
could stir; and then he stood looking
down upon me, while I felt sometimes
hot and sometimes cold, and as if I
could not speak.

'Do you want to see father?' I said at
last.

'No my lass,' he said, quietly 'I want
to see you.'

'Me?' I faltered, with my face burn-
ing. 'Yes, you, my lass,' he said; and
his handsome brown face lit up, and he
looked so manly as he laid his hand on
my arm.

'Prudence, my gal,' he said, 'we're
both young yet, for I'm not six and
twenty, but I thought it was time I spoke
to you.'

'Spoke to me?' I said, with my face
burning still.

'Yes my lass, spoke to you, for we've
been courting now a matter of four
years.'

'Oh, John! I cried, bursting out
laughing and feeling more at my ease
than I had for years; for, why, we've
hardly spoken to one another
since.'

'That's nice,' he said, drawing a long
breath. 'Over again?'

'Over again? What?' I said.

'Call me John,' he replied.

'Well then, John,' I cried hastily
going to say, not spoken to one another!
Well, how could we always taking our
turns at the tiller as we were? But all
the same, my lass, I've been always
courting of you, night and day, these
four years, and looking out and longing
for the time when the Prudence would
come in sight and I could give you a
hail and get a wave of the hand back.'

I could feel the color coming into my
cheeks again as I heard him speak,
and knew how anxiously I had looked
out for his barge coming up or down
the river; and then I began wondering
what it all meant, and soon knew.

'Prudence, my lass,' he said, 'I've saved
ten dollars, all my own, and our
owner has just given me the command
of a new barge, with as pretty a cabin
in as you'd wish to see; and so, my lass,
I thought I'd ask you if be as now we've
been courting four years you wouldn't
come to me and be my wife?'

'No!' I said, 'no,' and shook my head.
'I belong to my father, and I could
never leave him—never.'

'But you'll have to some day, Pru-
dence,' he said, looking dreadfully down-
hearted and miserable.

'No,' I said, 'I shall never leave him;
he wants me more and more every day,
and I must stay.'

'Prudence,' he said sharply, 'you
ain't playing with me, are you?'

'Playing with you?'

'Yes; I mean you ain't going to take
up with any one else, and go aboard any
other barge—no, no,' he cried, 'I won't
be so mean as to ask you that. But, Pru-
dence, dear, some day you may have to
leave him, and when you do, will you
please recollect as John Grove loves you
better than aught else in the wide world,
and is waiting for you to come?'

'Yes, John,' I said simply.

'Yes, John,' Prudence' he cried in
delight, as he caught my hand.

'Yes, John; I don't know anybody
else, and there's no one as cares for me.'

'Hundreds on the river,' he said sharp-
ly.

'Then I don't care for them, John,' I
said simply; 'and if you like me, and I
ever do—leave—oh, dear! what am I say-
ing?'

I sat down on a fender and covered
my face with my coarse red hands, and
began to cry; but he took my hands
down, and looked long and lovingly in
my face, with his great, honest brown
eyes; and then he couldn't speak, but
seemed to choke. At last he gasped out:

'Thanky, Prudence, thanky. I'm go-
ing away now to wait, for you'll come to
me some day, I know.'

'For the time may come, my lass when-
you'll be all alone in the world; and when
it does come, there's the cabin of the
Betsey Ann, clean and painted up, and
waiting for you just as her master's wait-
ing too.'

He went quietly over the side and cast
off the rope, and was gone before I knew
it; and I sat there in the calm afternoon
and evening, sometimes crying, some-
times feeling hopeful, and with a sense
of joy at my heart such as I never had
felt before.

And so that evening deepened into
night, with the barge a quarter of a mile
astern of us, and no wind coming; only
the tide to help us on our way.

It must have been about ten o'clock at
night, when I was forward seeing to the
light hoisted up to keep anything from
running into us, when I heard father
come stumbling up from the cabin, and
make as if to come forward to me.

'Prue,' he cried, 'Prue!'

'Yes, father, coming,' I said; and then
I uttered a wild shriek, and rushed to-
ward where the boat hung astern by a
painter, hauled her up and climbed in
for no sooner had I answered than I
heard a cry and a heavy splash, and I
knew father had gone overboard.

I was in the boat in a moment, and
had the scull over the stern, paddling
away in the direction that the cry had
come from; but, though I fancied in
those horrible minutes that I saw a
hand stretched out of the water, asking
as it were for help, I paddled and sculled
about till I was far from our barge, and
then sank down worn-out to utter a
moan of horror, and sob, 'Oh, father!
what shall I do?'

'Is that you, Prudence?' said a voice.

'Yes, John, yes,' I cried, looking out
through the darkness, out was a conspi-
cuous light, and I saw a hand, when
John stretched out his hand and took
mine.

'Quick!' I gasped, 'save him, John—
father—gone overboard!'

'Then you shrieked out, Prue?'

'Yes, yes,' I wailed; 'oh, save him!
save him!'

'My poor lass,' he said, 'that's a good
quarter of an hour ago, and the tide's
running strong. I've been paddling
about ever since, trying to find you, for I
went up to the barge and you were gone.
'But father,' I wailed; 'father—save
him!'

'My poor little lass,' he said tenderly,
'I'd jump into the water now if you
bid me, but what can I do, you know,
Prudence? What can I do?'

I did not answer, for I did know that
he must have been swept far away be-
fore then; and I was beginning to feel
that I was alone—quite alone in the world.

It was quite six months after that John
came ashore from his barge to the cot-
tage, where I was staying with his moth-
er, and had been ever since, but had
brought me there, without seeing him to
speak to, only to wave my hand to him
as he sailed by. That evening he came
and looked wistfully at me and said but
little, and at last his time was up and he
proceeded to sail.

I walked down to the boat with him,
and on the way he told me that he had
got leave to alter the name of his barge,
and it was called the Prudence, too;
and then without a word about the past,
he was saying good-bye, when I put my
hands in his and said quietly:

'John, dear, I haven't forgot my promise.'

'And you are alone now, Prudence,
my lass,' he cried, eagerly.

'No, John, no,' I said softly, as the
tears ran down my cheeks; 'I never
shall be while you live.'

'Never, my lass, never,' he cried.
'And you'll be my little wife?'

'Yes, John, yes; I promised you.'

'When I come back from this voyage?'

'Yes, John, when you will,' I said,
and with one long hard pressure he
parted, and I went back to wait another
month, and then I was his happy little
wife.

And there seemed no change, for I
was once more on the river or out at
sea, leaning upon the tiller and gazing
straight before me, with the gulls wait-
ing as they wheeled and dipped and
skipped or settled upon the water;
while the soft wind gently stirred the
print hood that was lightly tied over my
wind-ruffled hair. Only a bargeman's
young wife living on the tide, but very
happy; for John often points to the
great ships that pass us, with their cap-
tains in gold-laced caps, and as he does
so he whispers—

'Not with the best among them, Prue;

not with the best; I wouldn't even
change places with a king.'

And if he is as happy as I, dear John
is right.

Russia's Penal System.

It was in the reign of Alexis Mikhail-
ovich, father of Peter the Great, about
the middle of the seventeenth century,
that Siberia received its first caravan of
criminals, and there has been a regular
annual succession of them since. The
yearly contingent increased largely un-
der the late Emperor Nicholas, and from
about 8,000 in the middle of his reign
the total number of transported persons
has risen to 18,000 or 19,000 under Alex-
ander II, or (comprising other countries
than Siberia) 20,000. While a portion
of these convicts in Siberia are condem-
ned to hard labor, another and much
larger portion simply hold the position
of forced colonists forbidden to leave a
certain place. The government of To-
bolak alone receives nearly half of the
convicts—about 8,000 annually in recent
years; Tomsk, about 2,500; Jeniseisk,
3,500; Irkutsk, a little under 4,000, and
the territories of Transbaikalia and Ja-
kutsk, about 500. From 1870 to 1875
there were transported to Western Sibe-
ria 40,000 persons, and a little under
36,000 to Eastern Siberia.

In such a multitude, dispersed over
immense spaces, and the majority on
such free terms, it is not easy always to
maintain discipline and prevent deser-
tions. Hence there is often consid-
erable discrepancy between the official fig-
ure of transportation and the actual
body of forced colonists present. On the
1st of January, 1875, e. g. the respec-
tive numbers for Tobolok were 51,-
000 and 34,000. In some cases a third
or even a half of the registered convicts
have disappeared. Of those who remain
the great majority have neither regular
profession nor constant occupation, and
it is not surprising that criminality as-
sumes frightful proportions. In the gov-
ernment of Tobolok there is on an aver-
age one crime committed annually per
seventy-two convicts; in the government
of Tomsk, one per sixty-seven; for the
two provinces there is nearly one crime
per 1,000 inhabitants annually. In Si-
beria, taken as a whole, there is one rob-
bery by an armed person for every 31,-
000 inhabitants, and one homicide for
less than 9,000, making security of per-
son in Russia Asia only about a tenth of
that in Western Europe.

The slight barrier of the Ural is easily
passed by the fugitive convicts, and dis-
tance is not of much account to a Rus-
sian. The police arrest annually a large
number of the deserters; more than ten
per cent. of the persons sent every sum-
mer from Moscow to Siberia are fugitives
being sent back. Many, however, es-
cape altogether, and recruit the large
army of vagabonds. It is not wonderful
that the system of transportation at
present so largely practiced finds but
little favor among jurists and others
occupied with the repression of crime
or among politicians concerned with col-
onization. Siberia itself, like the Brit-
ish Australian colonies, begins to resent
the sending to her of so much human
refuse, as it might be called, which, far
from enriching and fertilizing the coun-
try, poisons the air with its fetid emina-
tions, and drives away the inhabitants.

To Make Flowers Bloom.

No plant can continue in bloom if nat-
ure is required to do its work com-
pletely, for the going to seed ex-
hausts the energies of any subject, and
stops everything else. By constantly
removing decaying flowers before a seed
pod can swell, the growth of the plant
and the continued development of new
buds and flowers from the new growth
are matters of course. Try the experi-
ment upon the rose. Two cottages,
having fine plants covering their fronts,
being in the hands of two different per-
sons, frequently exhibit the most strik-
ing contrast—one a mass of flowers,
while the other is bare, and those who
pay no attention to the cause are, never-
theless, often surprised at the fact. If
they looked a little farther into the mat-
ter they would observe that one is loaded
with hips or seed vessels, which are swell-
ing in great numbers, while in the other,
being in the hands of a law preceptor, the
late George H. Pugh, to want to be United
States Senator, and he asked me to run
for the legislature, so as to be a vote
there in his favor. I ran and was elected,
and Mr. Pugh reached the Senate. I
attribute my political career to nothing
beyond the desire to gratify Mr. Pugh.

The tax levy of New York city for the
year 1879 will be \$28,226,989—and the
rates will be 2.58, against 2.55 for 1878.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

Assault cell—The policeman.
To tie to a child is to plant a weed in
a garden of flowers.

Man wants but little here below, and
he can get that quickest by advertising.
One touch of nature: When you get
your nose frost-bitten.

It is no sign because a farmer is grow-
ing sage that he is becoming wise.
It is easy to find out what a worm can
do. The whole thing is in a nut shell.

A woman's attempt to throw a stone
is always a trifling affair.
'Who breaks, pays,' excepting, always,
the savings banks.

Speaking of nautical terms, was Noah's
wife his first mate?

Cats have nine lives, and being bound
to live every one of them they stay up
nights to do it.

People frequently say An apple is
Maryland, but they grow almost every-
where.

A New York nickname the gadding
wife 'Miser,' because she loves com-
pany.

It was the condemned murderer, just
reprieved, who was the author of the
remark, 'No noose is good news.'

As a fashion item it is not worth not-
ing that the Quakers are wearing hats
with broad brims this season.

It is easier to tie a knot in a cow's
horn than to make your wife believe
that every other night is lodge night.

'Whom can we trust?' is the black type
inquiry of an exchange. It is of no
consequence. 'Whom can we induce to
trust us?' is the soul agonizer.

'Bedad! Look at the baste, wid his
tee-tee-tee-tee stickin' out er his mouth!'
was how the first sign of the elephant
affected Biddy Muldoon.

The time is coming when a buffalo
robe will cover two hearts that beat as
one. And four soles with but a single
thought, to wit: How cold!

A man may be too near-sighted to re-
cognize a friend on the street, but at the
same time it is impossible to palm off
a twenty-cent silver piece on him for a
quarter.

It is so in politics, business and every-
where else in life. The man whom you
boost up the tree not only forgets to toss
you down some of the fruit, but is as
likely as not to pelt you with the char-
ing.

General Bull, Robert Bucknell and
George Nichols were gored to death by
an elk at Bull's City, Kansas. The elk
was the property of General Bull, and
was ranging in his beautiful park, where
the visitors were accustomed to stroll.

Arabella (on her toes in a chair clut-
ching convulsively at her skirts)—'Oh,
Bridget! a mouse! a mouse! Come
and catch it, quick.' Bridget—'Sure,
mum, there's no hurry. If this one gets
away, I can catch plenty more for yer,
mum.'

Young people should marry late in the
fall. Cold weather approaches and the
momentous question, 'Who shall get
up first and build the fire?' presents
itself before the honeymoon has waned
long enough to settle which of the firm
is to be the boss.

About this season the housewife makes
a batch of bread and leaves it over night
on the hearth to rise, and when she finds
in the morning that it hasn't risen, it
isn't to be wondered at that she doesn't
know that the cat slept on it, and so
goes and tells the flour dealer that his
flour was poor.

A young mother was giving to her son,
aged five years, a fascinating description
of the misery into which the prodigal
son had fallen. 'Far away from home
and his kind father, obliged to take care
of swine, with nothing to eat but the
hunks of corn left by them,' etc. 'Then,
why didn't he eat the pig?' was the prac-
tical reply.

The Staunton, Va., *Vindicator*, says:
In the last few days a young lady and
gentleman in this county, both in good
circumstances, were married at 9.30 A.
M., went straight to their new residence,
to which the groom had already ordered
new furniture and an outfit for house-
keeping, and at 12 o'clock they had din-
ner, which the bride had attended to. In
the afternoon the bridesmaids had a
good deal of fun putting down the car-
pets for the happy pair.

A separation by mutual consent has
been decreed between Mrs. Scott-Sid-
dons and her husband during her sum-
mer sojourn in England. It has been
a very painful trial to Mrs. Scott-Sid-
dons, but the sympathy with which the
has been followed will be sure to recog-
nize the inevitable character of this step,
the result of the debasement through his
own social impulses of a once bright and
kindly nature. Mrs. Siddons begins life
over again with a largely reduced for-
tune, but with a brave heart and talents
ripened by growth and culture.

ian journal gives an e

A Yarn from Louisiana.

A Solemn Warning.

[Faint, illegible text]

To one accustomed to our quick busi-

A New Feature in Fish Culture

How the Chinese Thrive.

Reversible ribbons come in all the new shades.

Reversible ribbons come in all the new shades.

The Indianapolis *Journal* gives a

Major Andre in a New Light.

leaving the city. He found the major
the library, heavily overgrown in work

Bewitching brunettes with eyes that

The Deaf Made to Hear.

Testing Machine for Fabrics.

It is now fifteen years since the war closed, but it is very remarkable how hand-organ can keep maimed soldiers looking so young.

It is now fifteen years since the war closed, but it is very remarkable how hand-organ can keep maimed soldiers looking so young.

The New York Herald Tribune carries

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