WHICH SHOULD HE MARRY?

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

Said the youthful Fred to his Uncle Harry:
"I've really made up my mind to marry,
But cannot decide if it is better
That Love or Lucre shall forge the fetter."
"Ah! wedlock bringeth us joy and sorrow;
We smile to-day and we weep to-morrow;
And, Fred, there'll always be stormy weather
Where two are unequally yoked together!"

"Well, here's the case," said Fred, with emotion;
"I've given to Clara my heart's devotion;
But she has no money, and, Uncle Harry,
You know 'twould be folly for us to marry!"
"Well—I—don't—know," said the other, turning
His gaze toward the youth, "since the fire is burning,
I've a word of counsel to give you, which is,
Marry for love and work for riches."

"But Grace, you see," said the anxious Freddy,
"Has a nice little housekeeping fund already,
And will help along with a contribution
To steer from the straits of destitution.
When money is scarce, and the wife is ailing,
I tell you, uncle, it's not plain sailing;
And to bear up under Time's changes and chances
Is easy, if easy our circumstances."

"Stop! stop!" with a frown, said Uncle Harry,
"The girl that you love is the girl to marry!
And if she's true, she'll not think it cruel
To live for awhile on water-gruel.
She'll comfort you in the time of trial;
She'll whisper naught of her self-denial;
And cheerfully take the needed stitches—
Who marries for love, and not for riches!

"Don't think for a moment, Fred, 'tis better
To bind the heart with a golden fetter;
Though many do it, yet many rue it,
And Love is a tearful witness to it!
There isn't a chance for pleasant weather
Where two are unequally yoked together;
So turn your back when money bewitches;
Marry for love, and not for riches!"
—*Baldwin's Monthly.*

KING WINTER'S WIFE.

There was no mistake about one thing—Charlie had the measles. He had been feeling a little out of sorts all the morning, and came home at noon from school with a headache, which he didn't like to own to, for wasn't to-morrow Washington's birthday, and weren't the boys all going to "celebrate?" Under such circumstances he was not the boy to complain, however he felt, not he! but it seemed impossible to eat anything. Mamma, who sat beside him, was just about to remark on her little boy's loss of appetite, when Claude, Charlie's eldest brother, who was rather late to dinner, and had just taken his seat at table, exclaimed:

"Well, youngster, who's been painting your face? I guess somebody has, for you have blue under your eyes, gray on your cheeks—and I declare your nose is as red as a cherry, and your cheeks as speckled as old Chloe's guinea-hen! Mamma, isn't something the matter with him?"

Mamma was already leaning over and studying her little boy's face, while his sisters, Fan and Debbie, began declaring both at once:

"Charlie's got the measles; some of the other boys have taken it. O, Charlie!"

Nine-year-old Charlie didn't feel very heroic then; there was a lump in his throat, which almost made his head spin; but mamma's gentle hand was drawing away his chair from the table, and unfastening his napkin.

"Come, my boy, we'll go up to the nursery," she said, "and see if we can't feel more comfortable there."

Kind Brother Claude picked him off his feet, and in a twinkling carried him up to the nursery far ahead of mamma.

"There, young gentleman," said he, laying him on the lounge, "circumstances alter cases, you know, and you'll have to celebrate the birthday of the father of your country in hot blankets, with sage or camomile tea, instead of taffy and pop guns. But remember, one can be a hero without a hatchet. Good-by, boy!" and away he went.

Mamma, full of sympathy, was a real comforter, and soon persuaded Charlie to go to bed. And once there, he had little desire to get up and eat taffy or shoot his toy cannon.

According to nurse's account next morning, "the measles had come out finely;" on hearing which, Claude sent up a teasing message to know if Charlie "would have his portrait taken." But all bad things have an end some time, and a day came when Charlie was allowed to go down stairs again, though not out of doors, because of the damp, windy weather. Tea was just being served in the back parlor, and, as the room was very warm, Debbie opened the window of an adjoining room. Suddenly a shadow seemed to flit across the ceiling, then another, and yet another. Charlie, looking up, exclaimed:

"Oh, look! There's a bird in the room!"

"A bat! a bat!" cried several voices at once. And sure enough a bat it was. Round and round it flew, sometimes almost touching the tea things, then very near to papa's head, now near the grate, now near the ceiling.

"Debbie, quick! Shut the folding doors!"

And Debbie quickly shut off the front parlor, and papa put out the lights and swung the hall door wide open, while Fan hurriedly set wide the outer house doors, and soon the bat, attracted by the hall light, left the back parlor, and was shut out into the darkness.

That was a great episode, and the excitement kept Charlie awake long after he had been tucked into bed. Once asleep, however, he had the queerest dream. He fancied himself near the foot of the garden, the sun was shining, and he had just been sliding down one of the paths on his sled, plump up to the fence, but as he touched it a heavy sigh caused him to look about sharply. Not seeing any one, he was about to get off his sled when he heard another sigh. Then he saw, to his surprise, sitting on one of the stones of the low wall, the funniest little old woman one could imagine. She was no taller than your hand and her face was brown, like leather, and full of wrinkles and seams; her eyes were like two bright black beads, and if she had any hair it was invisible, for she wore a white fur hood, with deep cape, which covered her shoulders. She also wore funny little boots, with very high heels, all furry outside, heels and all, and fastened together by little brown thorns from the wild rose-bush. A string of tiny bells hung around each ankle, and bells just like them were fringed around the bottom of her scarlet petticoat. She had on beside an immense white apron which nearly covered her up, while a very big pair of shears dangled from her belt by a string of braided grass.

Charlie was too much astonished to say anything, but she spoke herself, in a minute more, in a shrill, cracked, piping voice, so that he felt almost like laughing. He didn't, however, but answered respectfully when she said:

"Who are you?"

"My name's Charlie Hall." He wanted to add, "And who are you?" but there wasn't a chance, for she spoke up very quick.

"You want to know who I am, I suppose? Well I'm King Winter's wife. Perhaps you don't believe it, but Kings and Queens aren't always tall, or large either. I like your face. Won't you come home with me this morning and make a little visit? I'm pretty busy just now, but if you'll use your eyes instead of your tongue, maybe you'll enjoy yourself as much as if you were out sliding." What happened next Charlie couldn't quite tell, but he suddenly found himself in the strangest place imaginable. It was like an underground street with walls of clay on either side, and other streets crossing it here and there.

"You see," said the talkative old lady, who seemed unable to walk like other people, but danced constantly, going a little way, then stopping, then dancing on again; "you see, from November to the first of April—sometimes as late as that—my husband, King Winter, with King Frost, his twin brother, have their factory in full blast, and all their time is occupied. They make millions and millions of snowflakes, and pounds and pounds of icicles, great quantities of sheet ice for ponds and lakes, and icebergs, and great blockades of ice for coves and sluggish streams, beside statuary for public gardens and old ruins, and delicate work for parks and private residences. It all requires personal supervision; the most skillful designers are employed and the most artistic sculptors earth and sky can furnish. Every fresh order requires a fresh set of designs, so the work goes on by night as well as by day; indeed the best of it is done at night. But, you see, I'm lonely, when my husband's away, so I've undertaken this work to divert my mind—don't you see, child?' said she, noticing Charlie's look of wonderment. "Why, I look after the little creatures who live above ground in summer, and would die if somebody didn't keep them from freezing to death. See here what I'll show you."

She danced aside a few steps to what seemed to be a knoll of earth, and pulled up some soft blanket cobwebs, and there lay more than a million grasshoppers, fast asleep. All their little legs were stiffly doubled up, and pillows of dry moss were under their heads. Charlie was going to speak, but the old lady put her finger to her lips and shook her head, while she tucked the cobweb blankets over them and hastened away.

The old dame suddenly assumed a comical expression, and touched a door in another clay bank which revealed about a thousand million black and brown beetles, who seemed to have finished their winter naps, and were at work on little anvils, sharpening their antennæ, and making hooks to their claws, while glow worms and fire flies furnished heat in the forges. Just beyond an archway was seen an equally interesting sight, crickets making little shrill pipes to wear under their waistcoats; and tooting now and then to test the sounds, while an old patriarch in wig and spectacles kept striking a tuning-fork across one of his long legs, holding it high in air, that all might get "the pitch." In another department beautiful green locusts were manufacturing buzzes, and katydids and didn'ts were having rehearsals, in view of a tour of summer concerts.

How strange it all seemed! Charlie thought this quite equal to Alice's Wonderland. The old lady was evidently satisfied with his interest, and hurried him out.

"I like you, my boy," said she, when the door was again shut, "you'd please my husband; he says nobody is successful in any great enterprise who has a glib tongue. Now look this way."

Charlie did look, and heard and saw—what?—a noise like the roar of Niagara, and a dense black cloud. What was it? He turned just a trifle pale for a minute, till the old lady suddenly caught hold of his hand, and, little as she was, pulled him in a twinkling outside and shut the door.

"What's that tremendous noise?" said Charlie, as soon as he could get his breath.

"Mosquitoes blowing their horns," said the old dame. "Don't be afraid, they can't follow us. They make an awful lot of trouble, though, they're so fierce and crafty. I don't see how Noah ever managed to have 'em in the ark; the dragon flies and darning-needles and June bugs and gnats aren't any trouble at all compared to mosquitoes. But would you like to see the millers and butterflies?"

Charlie looked his delight for an answer, but when they reached the archway the old lady swung back a thick velvet curtain and Charlie saw only a great heap of gold dust—something that looked like a quiver standing by itself full of gossamer-thread brushes, and an immense palette on the floor he aped with the most brilliant colors. He turned to see where the butterflies were when the old lady pointed to what looked very much like a stack of bayonets. A second glance revealed bushes, tree branches, old stumps and bits of fence rail, each one holding its brown cocoon containing the little light-winged insect, whose wings were being slowly painted in the splendid colors of the palette. It was so still there, it seemed like a place of death, and Charlie didn't care to stay long, so they went away to a new spot where he was shown through the icy walls of a mill-pond, and saw the frogs squatting on the mud and looking as stony and dead as Egyptian sphinxes. Charlie laughed over these, and then asked what her scissors were for; the little old woman began to laugh too, and asked if he was afraid of bears.

Stepping into a little elevator balloon which seemed to have been waiting on purpose, they had a three-minutes' ride and landed in the heart of an old Norway forest. The trees were immense, and Charlie looked up at them in wonder. Suddenly he heard a low growl, and there, close by him, was the old dame standing on a big snowball and clipping the claws of a big bear. Charlie was much frightened, but the creature never moved till she was done, when somehow the bear stepped backward to the hollow trunk of the nearest tree, and, with a couple of growls, curled herself up, put her paws into her mouth, and was asleep in a wink.

"Now you know what my scissors are for, don't you? I have my hands full, you see, looking after all the earth's creatures. Toward spring I haven't a minute of rest; every time there's a thaw or a warm day or two, the busy creatures think winter's over, and I have hard times to keep them from destruction. Only last night one of my bats got out and flew away somewhere, I'm afraid he'll die of cold if I can't find him."

"I know! I know!" cried Charlie. "He flew into our house after tea; but James thought he got into the barn. He won't die there, will he?"

"No, but I'll see after him to-morrow. Now won't you come home with me to dinner? Our dining-room is on Mount Hecla, in Iceland. You'll be quite cozy and warm there. Let me see, I have a bill of fare in my pocket."

Sure enough she produced a card, which she politely handed to Charlie. It was a square piece of brown whale skin, bordered with tiny white shells, and on it was written:

Auk's egg-shell soup.
Frozen whale, with icicle celery.
Seal, with stuffed walrus joints.
"Bonnie clabber," with cracked ice and snow powder.
Cream ice, flavored with cod-liver oil.
Ginger ice snaps. Iced jelly, with—

Before Charlie had time to read it all through, the old lady continued:

"If you come it will give us pleasure to show you over Aurora Borealis' picture gallery, the most famous in the world, and perhaps my husband, if he is not too busy, will take you through his ice capital, the very heart of the Arctic regions. But if he once sees you I know he will want to adopt you as his own son and keep you always in his metropolis, the heart of the frozen lands. How would you like that?"

"Oh, no, thank you—I mean—you're very kind, but I'd rather not leave papa, and—"

He was just going to say "mamma," but a great crash roused him from his strange dream. For a few minutes all was confusion; he couldn't tell whether he was in Norway with the bear or really on Mount Hecla, or in that ice palace of the Winter King. But he felt very cold. It was scarcely daybreak. Nurse, startled by the slamming blind, had opened the window to fasten it. One or two embers only glimmered from the grate. Charlie rubbed his eyes and looked round. No little lady in red petticoat with tinkling bells was to be seen. Nurse stirred the fire into a ruddy glow, came and tucked up her little invalid, and then lay down for one more nap on her own bed.

Charlie dreamed no more of King Winter's nice little wife, but he told mamma all about it next day, and so she wrote it down to entertain some other little invalid.

Nearly Kissed Themselves to Death.

At an evening party in Kelkheim the conversation happened to turn upon kissing, and the question arose how many salutations of this class could be exchanged between two ardent lovers within a certain space of time. As usual, opinions differed, and the discussion waxed warm. Presently a fiery youth offered to bet anybody present the German equivalent of a 10-pound note that he and his betrothed would kiss each other 10,000 times within ten hours, provided they were permitted to partake of some slight refreshment at intervals of half an hour during the performance. His wager having been accepted and the money posted the affianced couple addressed themselves to the achievement of their congenial task. At the expiration of the first hour their account stood credited with 2,000 kisses. During the second they added another thousand, and during the third 750 to that number. Then, pitiful to state, they both broke down. The youth's lips were stricken with cramp, and the maiden fainted away. Later on in the evening she was compelled to take to her bed with a sharp attack of neuralgia. An even more-distressing result ensued from this surfeit of tender endearment, for it led to the breaking off, by mutual consent, of a hopeful matrimonial engagement. Young lovers should keep this sad tale in mind and moderate their transports, for, strange as it may seem, Dan Cupid himself may be kissed to death.—*London Telegraph.*

Stories of a Cat and a Hen.

Mrs. A. W. Brooks, of East Eliot, Me., has a cat 13 years old, for which he has been vainly offered $50. This learned pussy will stand up at the word of command, bow slowly or quickly as directed, walk around the room on her hind legs only, dance, turn somersaults, go through the motion of holding a jewsharp in her mouth with one paw and playing on it with the other, mew when ordered to speak, kiss her paw to visitors, hold a saucer of milk on her forelegs and lap the milk, and stand on her hind feet and with her forepaws catch bits of bread or meat thrown to her like a base-ball player. Her kitten, a year old, will turn somersaults. The same lady has a hen which always wipes her feet on the mat on entering the house, and, if asked, "How do you get your living, biddy?" will scratch on the floor, look to see if she has scratched out anything, and then look at the questioner to see if the answer is correct. This hen despises the porcelain, wooden and chalk cheats which some people palm off on hens for nest-eggs, tumbling them out of her nest as often as they are put in.

The Spaniard Named Lorenzo.

About 1765, as Houdin told the story, a Spaniard named Lorenzo lost in a club at Bordeaux the greater part of an immense fortune in an evening. He went on, as gamblers will, throwing good money after bad, until it suddenly struck him that he was probably being "done." He felt a conviction that the cards on the table were biscaute—that is, beveled or clipped. "Lorenzo drew from his bosom a keen-edged stiletto, and, at the very moment when his adversary offered the pack to him to cut, he, by a sudden blow, pinned to the table both the cards and the hand which offered them." It turned out that his suspicion was well founded, and this cruel but well-deserved punishment was followed by a complete restitution of the swindler's ill-gotten gains.—*The Saturday Review.*

The Hungarians.

The Magyar population of Hungary, according to the latest census, is 6,165,-088. This gives an increase in ten years of only 8,867. It includes, moreover, over half the 500,000 Jewish population of the country, which is well known to increase numerically with rapidity. Nor has the loss by emigration been as large proportionately as in Germany, which nevertheless shows a large increase in population. It is evident that the Magyar race is losing ground.

The Button Dodge.

He drifted into Phil McGovern's saloon, wiped his forehead, felt around in his pocket, and said with a pleasant smile: "Well, as it seems, I have just one 10-cent piece left to-day, and I'll take a drink." When the four fingers of Antioch's nerve-tangler had been secreted in his remotest recesses the consumer fumbled among his keys, and laid something on the counter. As he did so he started and said, with a look of amazement: "Great Scott! just look at that!" "I see it," said the bar-keeper, scornfully regarding the alleged dime. "It's a suspender button. What of it?" "Well, I didn't look at it before. I just felt in my pocket, and I'm blamed if it didn't fool me. Ahem. I suppose you'll have to put this drink on ice until to-morrow. I'll drop in and fix it." "Oh, of course you will. Here, take this," and the cocktail retailer handed over a needle and thread. "What's that for?" "Why, for you to sew on the button right now; otherwise you might make a mistake again this evening somewhere else. Just sew it on strong." But the party with the button was very much insulted, and went out swearing that they didn't know how to treat one of the most prominent citizens.—*San Francisco Post.*

OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

The Snow-Filled Nest.

It swings upon the leafless tree,
By stormy winds blown to and fro;
Deserted, lonely, sad to see,
And full of cruel snow.

In summer's noon the leaves above
Made dewy shelter from the heat;
The nest was full of life and love;—
Ah, life and love are sweet!

The tender brooding of the day,
The silent, peaceful dreams of night,
The joys that patience overpay,
The cry of young delight,

The song that through the branches rings,
The nestling crowd with eager eyes,
The flutter soft of untried wings,
The flight of glad surprise.

All, all are gone! I know not where,
And still upon the cold gray tree,
Lonely, and tossed by every air,
That snow-filled nest I see.

I, too, had once a place of rest,
Where life, and love, and peace were mine—
Even as the wild birds build their nest,
When skies and summer shine.

But winter came, the leaves were dead;
The mother bird was first to go,
The nestlings from my sight have fled—
The nest is full of snow.
—*Rose Terry Cooke, in St. Nicholas.*

The Loss of the "Royal George."

In a letter which Miss Martineau once showed me, from a relative of hers, long dead, addressed to her great-niece from Southsea, near Portsmouth, and dated August 9, 1782, there occurred this singular pssage:

"The day is calm and pleasant, and as I sit at the open window, the great vessel in the offing, betwixt me and the Fair Island" (the Isle of Wight used to be so called) "seems to sway not a hand-breadth, nor to flutter a single pennant." Then, in a trembling hand, but still the same, was added: "A dreadful thing has happened. When I had written that beginning of my letter, Dorothy, I looked again southward; the sea was as waveless as before, and the Fair Island sparkled in the sun, but betwixt us and it I saw no trace of the great three-decker. I thought my brain had gone wrong, and rang the bell for Agnes; but when she too could see nothing of the ship, a terrible apprehension took hold of me; and when the alarm-guns from the fort began to thunder, I knew she had gone down. I hear near 1,000 men were aboard of her."

This was the famous "wreck of the Royal George," immortalized by the verse of Cowper. She was a ship of 100 guns, carrying brass 24-pounders on her main deck, brass 32-pounders on her middle deck and iron 32-pounders on her lower deck. Her lanterns were so large that the men used to enter them to clean them. She had six months' provisions on board, and many tons of shot. The blue flag of "brave Kempenfelt" was flying at her mizzen, and in two days she was to leave Spithead to join the fleet in the Mediterranean.

So sudden and unexpected a catastrophe was never before heard of in nautical annals; but the cause of it is common enough. It arose from the obstinacy and fool-hardiness of the Lieutenant of the watch. These caused the death of some 800 human beings. It is not necessary to mention his name; indeed, the sailor from whose personal narrative I compile the story, and who had probably just joined the ship, did not know his name, though of course it could be discovered easily enough. "He was, if I remember right," he says, "the third Lieutenant, a good-sized man between thirty and forty." Fortunately for himself, perhaps, he was drowned with the rest.

The accident arose through the heeling over of the ship. It was necessary to lay her on her side to get at the water cock, situated in that part of the hold called the well, in order to replace it by a new one. The operation was begun at 8 o'clock in the morning. The ship at that time was "full of Jews, women and people selling all sorts of things," as was usual on the eve of a long voyage. The last lighter, with rum on board, had just come alongside, and was lashed to the larboard side of the vessel, and the men were piped to clear her, and stow the rum in the hold. Though the water was almost level with the portholes through which the larboard guns were run out, no danger seemed at first to have been apprehended. The sea dashed in with every wave, and disturbed the mice in the lower deck, and the men amused themselves with hunting them in the water. "There was a rare game going on," are the words of the narrator.

By 9 o'clock the weight of the rum barrels and of the sea water brought the larboard port-holes still lower, and the carpenter applied to the Third Lieutenant to give orders to "right ship, as she could not bear it." But the Lieutenant gave him a very short answer. The Captain—Capt. Waghorn—was on board, and also the Admiral; but Admirals and Captains are not consulted in such matters. The lives of those at sea, as of those on land, are mainly in the hands of subordinates. In a very short time the carpenter repeated his warning, and the Lieutenant answered, "Sir, if you can manage the ship better than I can, you had better take command." In a minute or two afterward, it is true, this fool-hardy officer ordered the drummer to be called to beat to right ship, but it was then too late. There was no time to beat his drum, or even time to get it. "Let us try," said our sailor to the Lieutenant of his gun, "to bouse our gun without waiting for the drum, as it will help to right the ship." They pushed the gun, but it ran back on them, and they could not start it. "Then I cried, 'Ned, the ship is sinking, jump out at the port-hole!' He did so, but I believe was drowned, for I never saw him again. I followed him. I saw the port-holes as full of heads as they could cram, all trying to get out."

What a picture! Imagine all those poor fellows struggling to escape through a space not large enough for one-tenth of them, up an incline as steep as the peaked roof of a house, and with a hungry sea rushing in behind them! Above all, think of the poor women! Our sailor, holding on to the best-bower anchor, which hung above the port, seizes hold of one and drags her out, but at that moment the draught of air from between decks, caused by the sinking of the ship, blows him off his feet. Then the huge mass goes down, and draws him down with it. He tries to swim, but cannot, "though I plunged as hard as I could with both hands and feet; but when the ship touched bottom, the water boiled up a good deal, and I felt that I could swim, and began to raise." So, even if a vessel with a hundred guns goes down and takes one with her, there is some use, you see, in having learned to swim. When he comes to the surface he hears—what a sound at such a moment!—the cannons ashore firing their signals of distress, but he can see nothing. His face is covered with tar, a barrel of tar having been staved in as the ship went down, and its contents spread over the water. He strikes it away from his eyes as well as he can, and looks about him.

The fore, main and mizzen tops of the huge ship were all above water, and he climbs up into comparative safety. In the shroud of the mizzentop he finds the Admiral's baker, and sees the woman he has just pulled out of the port-hole rolling by. He seizes her once more, and hangs her head over one of the ratlines of the mizzen-shrouds, like clothes to dry, which is the best he can do for her; but a surf comes and knocks her backward, and "away she went, rolling over and over." Strangely enough, the poor creature is saved, after all, by the boat of a frigate lying at Spithead, whose Captain has just put off to the rescue. "I must look to those who are in more danger than you, my lad," he sings out to our sailor, as he goes by.

"Ay, ay, sir," is the reply; "I am safely moored enough."

The Captain of the Royal George, though, strange to say, he could not swim, was picked up alive. But out of nearly a thousand men, which was the ship's complement—although some were on leave, and sixty marines had gone that very morning—only a very few were saved. Government allowed five pounds to them for the loss of their things. "I saw the list, and there were but seventy-five."

For several days afterward bodies would suddenly come up to the surface at the spot where the ship had sunk, "forty and fifty at a time. The watermen made a good thing of it; they would take from the men their buckles, money and watches; then, making fast a rope to their heels, would tow them to land."

The poet who sings of the calamity tells us "no tempest gave the shock," and indeed there was scarcely any breeze at all. The ship was anchored and had not even a stitch of canvas on her to keep her steady.

Sixty years afterward the interest of this terrible event had by no means died away, and I well remember, as a boy, going on board the ship that was stationed above the scene of the calamity, to see the divers who were still employed upon the wreck. The aspiration of the poet,

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by her foes,

was never realized; but almost everything was taken out of her; and more fancy articles—paper-knives, work-boxes, etc.—affirmed to have been made from her timbers, were sold, I am afraid, than the Royal George, big as she was, could ever have furnished. In country places and at the seaside in England you may purchase them even now at the bazars—old-fashioned articles, with this tomb-like inscription on them: "This desk" (or letter-weight or paper-knife) "was made out of the wood of the Royal George, sunk off Spithead in 1782, with 800 of her crew."—*James Payn.*

What a Menagerie Costs.

An untrained elephant at the age of 28 to 30 is worth $10,000, and a performing elephant $45,000.

The value of a male lion is about $2,-000, and of a female $1,000.

A fine specimen of the royal Bengal tiger is worth $2,500. The female is much less valuable.

The striped hyena is rated at $500, the spotted at $200.

A South American panther costs from $100 to $200. A male is worth about twice as much as a female.

The prices of sea-lions range from $100 to $200.

Seals cost from $300 to $400.

A polar bear is worth $1,000.

Black bears can be bought in any number for $100 each.

A poonah bear, from Hindoostan, is worth $500.

The South American tapir costs from $600 to $800.

The cost of a rhinoceros is from $6,000 to $10,000.

The value of the hippopotamus is from $3,000 to $5,000.

A giraffe eighteen feet high is worth $25,000.

Camels cost $300 to $400.

The sacred cow can be purchased for $700 or $800.

The zebra is worth $700 or $800.

A gazelle costs $1,000; a nylghau, $1,500; an eland, $3,000; and a hartbeest, $3,500.

The ordinary oryx costs $1,000.

The llama is valued at $500.

The yak, from Siberia and Tartary, ranges from $1,000 to $1,500.

The one biesbok in this country cost $3,000.

The oudode, a strange-looking beast from the North of Africa, costs from $600 to $800.

Kangaroos are rated at from $500 to $1,000.

The price fixed for ostriches is from $2,000 to $2,500.

The prices of the differents kinds of birds range from $5 to $100.

The big snakes are worth $200 to $500.

Monkeys are valued at $50 to $200.

Some of the large menageries are worth $1,000,000. A small one would cost at the lowest estimate $50,000.

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CITY NOTICE.

OFFICE OF THE CITY TREASURER,
ST. PAUL, Minn., Sept. 6, 1882.

All persons interested in the assessments for paving Third street from center of Sibley street to center of Wacouta street

WILL TAKE NOTICE,

that on the 5th day of September, 1882, I did receive a warrant from the City Comptroller of the City of St. Paul, for the collection of the above named assessments.

The nature of this warrant is, that if you fail to pay the assessment within

THIRTY DAYS

after the first publication of this notice, I shall report you and your real estate so assessed as delinquent, and apply to the District Court of the county of Ramsey, Minnesota, for judgment against your lands, lots, blocks, or parcels thereof so assessed, including interest, cost and expenses, and for an order of the Court to sell the same for the payment thereof.

249-259 GEORGE REIS, City Treasurer.

DR. JOSEPH LICK,
Eye Infirmary!

Treats successfully all kinds of sore eyes, particularly granulation of the eye lids.

Office at No. 59 West Tenth street, St. Paul, Minn. 218-sun-tue&fri-311

Confirmation of Assessment for Constructing Sidewalks Under Contract of Henry Starkey, Dated October 1, 1880.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS,
CITY OF ST. PAUL, MINN., Sept. 6, 1882.

The assessment of benefits, costs and expenses arising from the construction of sidewalks under contract of Henry Starkey, dated October 1, 1880, having been completed and entered of record by the Board of Public Works, in and for the City of St. Paul, Minn, said Board will meet at their office in said city, at 2 p. m., on the 15th day of September, A. D., 1882, to hear objections (if any) to said assessment, at which time and place, unless sufficient cause is shown to the contrary, said assessment will be confirmed by said Board.

The following is a list of the supposed owners' names, a description of the property, in front of which walks have been built, and the amount assessed against the same to-wit:

Third street, West side, from Fort street to Pleasant Avenue.

Rice & Irvine's addition to St. Paul.

Supposed Owner and Description.	Lot.	Block.	Benefits
Estate of Robert Watson, deceased, nw'ly 22½ ft of	15	53	$9 13

H. L. Carver's Subdivision of lots 1 and 2, block 53, Rice & Irvine's Addition to St. Paul.

Supposed Owner and Description.	Lot.	Block.	Benefits
George W Freeman	1		$7 84
Mary I Simpson	2		75
Wm Finn	8		7 35
Same	9		7 94

Irvine's Enlargement to Rice & Irvine's Addition to St. Paul.

Supposed owner and description.	Lot.	Block.	Benefits.
John L Chapman, nw'ly 22.2-12 ft, 3d street front, of ne'ly 70 ft of	1	63	$8 98
Same. Se'ly 16 ft of ne'ly 70 ft of	2	63	5 85
Estate of F J Metzger, nw'ly 44 ft of	2	63	2 76
Estate of W M Smith, 28½ ft nw'ly of se'ly 25 ft of	4	63	13 83
Geo S Nace, 25 ft nw'ly of se'ly 22 ft of	5	63	1 96
John A Stees and W M Stees, nw'ly 8 ft of	4	63	2 03
W M Stees and John A Stees, se'ly 22 ft of	5	63	1 36
Henry D Schmidt, nw'ly 13 ft of	5	63	1 04
Same, se'ly 20 ft of	6	63	17

Sixth street, North side.

St. Paul Proper.

Supposed owner and description.	Lot.	Block.	Benefits.
Julius Gewgii, s'ly 52 ft of	9	6	$25 90
Same, w'ly 25 ft of s'ly 100 ft of	10	6	12 95
N W Kittson, e'ly 25 ft of s'ly 100 ft of	10	6	12 58
Same, w'ly 20 ft of	11	6	9 84
St. Paul Manufacturing Company, e'ly 30 ft of	11	6	13 72

Seventh street, South side.

St. Paul Proper.

Supposed owner and description.	Lot.	Block.	Benefits.
Wm F Davidson	4	3	$20 11
N W Kittson	5	3	19 54
Same	6	3	24 88
Same	7	3	25 82

Fort street, East side, from Sixth street to Ninth street.

Rice & Irvine's Addition to St. Paul.

Supposed owner and description.	Lot.	Block.	Benefits.
Bridget O'Connor, s'ly ⅓ of	7	4	$24 67
Distell Libere, n'ly ⅓ of	7	4	24 67
Michael Fahey, s'ly ⅓ of n'ly ⅔ of	7	4	24 67

Exchange street, West side, from Fifth street to Ninth street.

Rice & Irvine's Addition to St. Paul.

Supposed Owner and Description.	Lot.	Block.	Benefits
Alex Ramsey	1	5	$53 84
The House of Hope	12	5	67 76
Estate of Harvey Davis, deceased, n'ly 37½ ft of	1	4	17 35
Estate of Henry Esoble, deceased, s'ly ½ of n'ly ½ of	1	4	17 53
Michael Reimeringer, s'ly ½ of	1	4	35 10
Mathias Koch, s'ly 28½ ft of	12	4	13 25
Michael Reimeringer, n½ of n½ of	12	4	17 53
Estate of Michael Esch, deceased, s½ of n½ of	12	4	17 53
Same, (except s'ly 28½ ft) s½ of	12	4	21 64

St. Peter street, East side, from Ninth street to Summit avenue.

Bazille & Guerin's Addition to St. Paul.

Supposed owner and Description.	Lot.	Block.	Benefits.
Bernard Michel, n 1-6 of	6	8	$10 96
Same, s½ of n⅙ of	6	8	9 92
S Hermes, s'ly 50 ft of n'ly 100 ft of	6	8	19 66
D Barthel, s'ly 1-6 of	7	5	9 93
Chas L Horst, n'ly ⅙ of s'ly ⅙ of	7	5	9 93
Peter Fehlen, n'ly 25 ft of s'ly 75 ft of	7	5	7 15
Same, n'ly 25 ft of s'ly 100 ft of	7	5	8 73
Henry Nachtsheim, s'ly ⅙ of n'ly ⅙ of	7	5	9 93
Same, n'ly 1-6 of	7	5	7 15
John Roehl, Jr., n'ly ⅙ of	6	5	19 85
Emily & Peter Wallerich, s'ly ⅙ of	6	5	15 68
K Roehl, middle ⅙ of	6	5	8 33

St. Peter street, West side, from Ninth street to Tenth street.

Bazille & Guerin's Addition to St. Paul.

Supposed owner and description.	Lot.	Block.	Benefits.
Albert Edgerton, n'ly 85 ft of	1	9	$39 40
John J Schiler, s'ly 65 ft of	1	9	30 21
E F Warner and I E Atherton, s'ly 115 ft of	9	9	19 67
Estate of Michael Burch, deceased, n'ly 35 ft of	9	9	17 75

Mackubin street, West side, from Jay street to Dayton avenue.

Marshall's Subdivision of block 27, Mackubin & Marshall's Addition to St. Paul.

Supposed owner and description.	Lot.	Benefits.
Thomas P Wilson	1	$12 10
Wilford L Wilson	2	15 14
John C McCarthy. Commencing on w line of Mackubin street 132¼ ft n of nw cor of Mackubin street and Marshall avenue, thence w 50 ft, thence n 132¼ ft to Iglehart street, thence e 50 ft to Mackubin street, thence s along Mackubin street 132½ ft to beginning, being part of lots 8, 13 and 14, Marshall's subdivision of block 27, Mackubin & Marshall's addition to St. Paul		10 64
Emma Classen. Commencing at nw corner of Mackubin and Carroll sts, thence n on w line of Mackubin st, 142 ft, thence w 427 ft, thence s 142 ft, thence e 427 ft to beginning, being part of lot 8, Marshall's subdivision of block 27, Mackubin & Marshall's addition to St. Paul		11 45
M. D. Miller. Commencing 66 ft w from sw cor of lot 16, block 20, Mackubin & Marshall's addition to St. Paul; thence n along w line of Mackubin street, 224½ ft to place of beg, of land to be described; thence w 120 ft, thence n 40 ft to Carroll st, thence e 120 ft to Mackubin st, thence s 40 ft to beg; being part of lot 8, Marshall's subdivision of block 27, Mackubin & Marshall's addition to St. Paul		3 28
Same. Commencing 66 ft w from sw cor of lot 16, block 20, Mackubin & Marshall's addition to St. Paul; thence n 120 ft to place of beg, of land to be described; thence w 120 ft, thence n parallel with Mackubin st 104½ ft, thence e'ly 120 ft to w line of Mackubin st, thence s'ly 104½ ft to beg, being part of lot 8, Marshall's subdivision of block 27, Mackubin & Marshall's addition to St. Paul		8 40

Marshall's Subdivision of block 27, Mackubin & Marshall's Addition to St. Paul.

Supposed owner and description.	Lot.	Benefits.
Edward S Norton, e 50 ft of s 132½ ft of	13	$10 65
Margaret C Irvine. Commencing 66 ft w from sw cor of lot 16, block 20, Mackubin & Marshall's addition to St. Paul; thence n on w line of Mackubin st 120 ft, thence w 120 feet, thence s 120 ft to Iglehart street, thence e 120 ft to beg, being part of lot 8, Marshall's subdivision of block 27, Mackubin & Marshall's addition to St. Paul		9 66

Marshall's Subdivision of Block 27, Mackubin & Marshall's Addition to St. Paul.

Supposed owner and description.	Lot.	Benefits.
W. L. Wilson, n 114 ft of e 327 ft of	8	9 18

Woodland Park Addition to St. Paul.

Supposed owner and description.	Lot.	Block.	Benefits.
Jno. Vidmer	1	1	$13 64
Trustees of Dayton avenue Presbyterian Church, St. Paul	22	1	13 64

Wabashaw street, East side.

St. Paul Proper.

Supposed owner and Description.	Lot.	Block.	Benefits.
David Day, n'ly ½ of	9	9	$28 78

Eighth street, North side.

Hoyt's Addition to St. Paul.

Supposed owner and Description.	Lot.	Block.	Benefits.
Martha L Griswold	3	11	$23 93
Same	4	11	23 93

All objections to said assessment must be made in writing and filed with the Clerk of said Board at least one day prior to said meeting.

JOHN FARRINGTON, President.
Official: R. L. GORMAN,
Clerk Board Public Works. 251

CONTRACT WORK.

Stone Gutter on Minnesota Street.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS,
CITY OF ST. PAUL, Minn., Sept. 2, 1882.

Sealed bids will be received by the Board of Public Works, in and for the corporation of the City of St. Paul, Minn., at their office in said city, until 12 m., on the 15th day of September, A. D. 1882, for the construction of a stone gutter on Minnesota street, from Fifth (5th) street to Seventh (7th) street in said city, according to plans and specifications on file in the office of said Board.

A bond with at least two sureties, in a sum of at least 20 per cent. of the gross amount bid, must accompany each bid.

The said Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

JOHN FARRINGTON, President.
Official: R. L. GORMAN,
Clerk Board of Public Works. 246-256

CONTRACT WORK

Constructing Ditches and Drains

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS,
CITY OF ST. PAUL, Minn., Sept. 2, 1882.

Sealed bids will be received by the Board of Public Works, in and for the corporation of the City of St. Paul, Minn., at their office in said city, until 12 m., on the 15th day of September, A. D. 1882, for the construction of the necessary ditches and drains to abate the nuisance of stagnant and impure water upon part of blocks 9, 10, 15 and 16, of Stinson's Division, in said city, according to plans and specifications on file in the office of said Board.

A bond with at least two sureties, in a sum of at least 20 per cent of the gross amount bid, must accompany each bid.

The said Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

JOHN FARRINGTON, President.
Official: R. L. GORMAN,
Clerk Board of Public Works. 246-256

CITY NOTICE.

OFFICE OF THE CITY TREASURER,
ST. PAUL, MINN., Sept. 7, 1882.

All persons interested in the assessments for grading Third street, from center of Wacouta street to center of Broadway

WILL TAKE NOTICE,

that on the 6th of September, 1882, I did receive a warrant from the City Comptroller of the City of St. Paul, for the collection of the above named assessments.

The nature of this warrant is, that if you fail to pay the assessment within

THIRTY DAYS

after the first publication of this notice, I shall report you and your real estate so assessed as delinquent, and apply to the District Court of the county of Ramsey, Minnesota, for judgment against your lands, lots, blocks, or parcels thereof, so assessed, including interest, costs and expenses, and for an order of the Court to sell the same for the payment thereof.

250-260 GEORGE REIS, City Treasurer.

BOOK BINDING.

MARTIN DREIS.

BOOK BINDERY.

Blank Book Manufacturer

AND

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Dr. E. C. West's nerve and brain treatment, a specific for hysteria, dizziness, convulsions, nervous headache, mental depression, loss of memory, Premature old age, caused by over-exertion, or over-indulgence, which leads to misery, decay and death. One box will cure recent cases. Each box contains one month's treatment. One dollar a box, or six boxes for five dollars; sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with five dollars, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to return the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by Lambie & Co., corner Third and Wabashaw streets, St. Paul, Minn. Orders by mail promptly attended to.