A Simplified Time-Table.

THE Chillicothe (O.) *Gazette* presents to the railway managers of the country the following suggestions for a simplified form of time-table:

The railway managers of the country are the live, active men of the day, and are not as a rule those who carry a dead weight because their fathers did. Yet, in their time-cards, they all carry an incumbrance that positively confuses the uninitiated. Not one man in fifty can take an ordinary time-card and, in the multiplicity of a. m.'s and p. m.'s ditting as they do from the top and the bottom of the card, figure out the time from New York to St. Louis or Chicago without becoming confused and uncertain, and from New York to San Francisco it becomes a positive impossibility with many more. Not only this, but the railroad companies pay thousands of dollars every year for the setting up of these letters by the printers, and for the cardboard and paper on which they are printed, besides making their time-cards large and cumbersome.

It is within the power of the companies to get rid of these letters. They now furnish the standard time to the whole country. There is no more reason why there should be two twelve o'clocks in one day than there is why there should be two twelve mile posts on a twenty-four mile railroad. Practically the day commences at midnight, consists of twenty-four hours, and ends the next night at midnight. By acknowledging that fact and dividing the day into hours and minutes, numbering consecutively up to twenty-four hours, the record of time would be greatly simplified. Thus, instead, of saying 12:15 a. m., we would give the time as fifteen minutes, written .15, showing that it was the fifteenth minute of the day. Instead of saying 12:30 a. m., .30, or in the same manner for any number of minutes up to 1 o'clock, which hour would be written 1 instead of 1 a. m. The same rule would be followed up, omitting the a. m. and p. m. up to 12:59. What we call 1 o'clock p. m., under the new system we would call thirteen o'clock or thirteenth hour; 1:30 p. m. would be 13:30; 2 o'clock p. m., 14, and so on up to twenty-four.

The system might sound a little odd at first, but the ear would soon become accustomed to it, and it has the positive convenience that any figures which may be written can designate but one time of day, and that is certain as soon as you see or hear them, without searching or inquiring whether it means a. m. or p. m. The only disadvantage it has is that all the watches and clocks are adjusted and figured for the twelve-hour system, but with a person not absolutely stupid at figures it would be no trouble to make the calculations mentally, or watch and clock dials could have the additional figures marked in an inner circle to those already on the dial. But it would be but a little while until all the numbers would be definitely fixed in the mind, and to say eighteen o'clock would convey a certain meaning to the mind just as much as when we now say six o'clock p. m.

As we said before, the railroad managers of the country have the matter of time in their own hands. They fix it for the country, can introduce this system, and greatly simplify their time-tables, besides reducing the cost of printing them, and give them in more compact form. We have suggested such a change to a number of our railroad friends, and while they all appear to wonder that time-cards can not be readily understood by the public, they quickly concede that the system above described would be simpler and not liable to be misunderstood, and that the adoption of it by one of the great through lines of the country would bring it into general use at once. The companies, too, could count upon the active co-operation of all the printers in making the public familiar with the change, for these a. m.'s and p. m.'s cause no end of swearing every time a time-card is set up in every office in the land.

A Famous Mexican Revolutionist and Bandit.

MENTION has already been made of the arrest, on a warrant issued by Gov. Perkins, upon a requisition from the Government of Lower California, of Clodimero Cota, and his incarceration upon the Mexican man-of-war Democrata, now awaiting departure for Mexico Cota was once an ambitious man, of great influence in Lower California, and has had an adventurous career. He is a nephew of Gen. Emanuel Markes, of the Mexican army, is about fifty years old, tall and well built, and of handsome and intelligent appearance. His career as a bandit is perhaps due mainly to circumstances which defeated his ambitious projects in affairs of State. He aspired to be Governor of California, which he proposed to govern as a province of his own. With this scheme in view, he was a faithful follower of Lerdo and an uncompromising enemy of Diaz. Upon the accession of the latter to the Presidency of the Republic he lost most of his followers and all hopes of success as a revolutionist. He refused to surrender, however, and became an outlaw. From this it was but a step to the life of a bandit, and he became a terror to the merchants and peaceable and wealthy people all over Lower California. He frequently kidnaped wealthy persons and held them for ransom, after the manner of Italian brigands, and pillaged a great many small towns along the coast, retreating to the mountains when the opposition became too strong for him. His band, which six years ago numbered about 200 men, by losses in his various predatory incursions and desertions became reduced, until about a month and a half ago he disbanded the remnant, and with two of his more trusty lieutenants fled to San Francisco. A published sensational story, which charges him with stealing and carrying away a wealthy Spanish lady to the mountains, is said by well informed Spaniards to be untrue. His operations have been directed principally against the wealthy, and he has many friends among the poor people. Although he made a great deal of money in his raids, he always scattered it with a lavish hand, and among the criminal classes was the beau ideal of a bandit chief. However, the reigning powers in Mexico and the business portion of the State are very bitter against him. People who are familiar with his standing in Lower California express the opinion that if he reaches there he will be speedily tried, convicted, and shot.

Upon being transferred to the Mexican man-of-war Cota was recognized by the officers as the leader of what is known as the Marquez Revolution in Lower California. In his bandit career, at the head of about 250 filibusters and guerrilas, flourishing towns, villages, and haciendas were burned and destroyed. The gang was finally broken up, what was left of it, by a strong force of Government troops, and some of the survivors are said to have fled into Arizona prior to the departure of their leader for San Francisco.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

The Apparel of Grief.

DEATH knocks at the door of the East Side tenement and pulls the bell of the Fifth Avenue palace with impartial hand; but when his work has been accomplished, very different results follow. There are reformers who believe that not only funerals should be very plain and inexpensive, but that the wearing of mourning costumes should be discouraged or abolished altogether. Those who deal in the habiliments of woe, however, say that such sentiments do not appear to be taking root. Women, rich and poor, follow the fashion of, and the fashions in, mourning with as much persistency as they do any others. When a member of a wealthy family dies, it is not uncommon to send an order for a complete outfit of mourning for each member of the family, as well as for each of the servants. Sometimes the order merely describes the age and sex of each person, and his or her relationship to the deceased, leaving all matters of taste to the dealer in mourning goods. At other times each article required is specified with particularity, and often some lady member of the family, an aunt or sister of the dead person, visits the store and attends personally to the selection of the goods.

"I have often noticed," said a dealer in mourning goods yesterday, "that no matter how deep and genuine the grief of such a customer may be, she soon loses a sense of it when she begins to examine goods, and displays as much interest in the various styles as if she were selecting an outfit for a foreign tour."

An order such as has been referred to can be filled in ten hours. There are extensive mourning goods departments in all of the large retail dry goods houses, but it is said that there is not and never has been but one store in New York that deals exclusively in mourning goods. The filling of orders with promptness is rendered possible by the keeping in stock of ready-made suits capable of being altered to suit the measurements that may be received. Often families at a distance from New York send for goods, and though their faces are unknown to the dealers their names are as familiar as the faces of their New York customers. This is particularly the case where the family has a large kinship. Ready-made suits in stock cost from $12.50 to $100 apiece. The cost of an entire mourning outfit is frequently as high as $350. Outfits for four ladies in one family, recently filled, were paid for with a check for $1,400. A complete outfit consists of the following articles: A suit, veil, cloak, bonnet, handkerchiefs and gloves. Cloaks cost from $5 up to $100, and bonnets from $5 up to $25.

Dresses are trimmed with crape for deep mourning, and sometimes the dress itself is made of crape. Even outside garments such as sacques and dolmans are made of crape. They are usually made of the same material as the dress is made of. There has been no decided change in styles since last year. The shapes of mourning bonnets have followed the shapes of bonnets in colors. The trimmings are the same in style as they were last year. Long crape veils are worn a great deal. They vary in length according to the depth of the mourning. Though some ladies begin to lighten their mourning after the lapse of one year, it is considered the proper thing, dealers say, to wear deep mourning two years before the lightening process is begun.

The family must be poor indeed whose female members do not go into some degree of mourning after death has entered. The ordinary recourse is to borrow mourning clothes for the funeral. In a large number of cases the family has some branch that is better to do than itself. On such relatives, no matter what quarrels have kept them away before, the duty is paramount to lend mourning goods for the funeral. If the dresses can not be obtained in this way there is a good chance that some of the neighbors will accommodate them. A death, like a birth, affords an occasion when women put aside neighborly quarrels, and a proffer of mourning garments is often made by a personal enemy. The styles of these garments are such as they may happen to be. After the funeral the clothes are returned, but they are in many cases borrowed again for special occasions, as, for example, when the mourners attend church for a Sunday or two after the funeral. As time goes by and new clothing is to be purchased black is chosen instead of colors. Black is durable, and therefore cheap. Poor women of middle age, or past it, often continue to wear black beyond the time of mourning for economical reasons.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Husband Secreted for Nearly Ten Years.

AMONG the Communistic rebels of 1871 in Paris was a "Commissaire Central" named Parmentier. This man, after the collapse of the revolt, was supposed to have fled, and he was condemned to death by one of the courts-martial. But Parmentier had not left Paris. His wife, who was a workwoman in a match factory, sheltered her husband in a garret on the sixth floor of a house, and this garret, during a period of nearly ten years, the proscribed Communist never left. The concierge and the neighbors were wholly ignorant that Mme. Parmentier had any one living with her. A few weeks ago both husband and wife were found dead in their apartment, having committed suicide by suffocation with the fumes of charcoal. It is presumed that they were driven to this step by the wife's declining strength and inability to provide for their wants.

TENNYSON will winter in Italy.

Squire McClellan's Wood-Sled.

PROBABLY the largest wood-sled ever built in —— country was one devised by Squire John McClellan—a great-uncle of Gen. George B. McClellan. For a number of years it was one of the local curiosities of the town of Woodstock, Conn., the early home of the McClellan family. The narrator's father, who saw it frequently when a boy, says it was nigh thirty-two feet in length by three in breadth. The beams were of squared eight-inch timber, with studs to match; and the "shoes," or runners, were over a foot in width. For drawing it, there were two "tongues," or poles, in the forward end. It was never used save on one special occasion, when the team consisted of fifteen yokes of oxen. The story of its origin is as follows: In the parish where Squire McClellan resided, it was the custom, every winter, for such of the men as had wood-lots to give the parson a cord of hickory wood each, and thus make up to him a winter's supply of fuel. The Squire, in particular, was always punctual in December with his cord of nicely-prepared hickory. In that parish there was a man who had the reputation of being "snug," niggardly, and apt to shirk his due share of the burden of paying the minister. Indeed, his remissness in this matter had been a standing grievance in the place for many years.

One autumn there was a revival of religious interest in the place, and many members of the church were stimulated to earnest labor, and to live more strictly. Among these was the penurious man above alluded to, whom we may conveniently designate as Brother Z——. Not a little to the astonishment of his neighbors, who had had ample experience of his miserly dealing, he arose in prayer-meeting one night, and exhorted to *liberal giving*, not only to the parson, but to all benevolent objects. Waxing exceedingly earnest in language and tone, he declared, among other things, that he would that winter give the minister *a load of wood*. "Yea, brethren," he exclaimed, "the Lord has opened my heart! I will give him a load of wood, and a big one. I will give him the biggest load you can draw from my woods to his yard!"

This unexpected outburst from so droughty a source was the parish wonder for a week. Many thought that Brother Z—— must be near his end. "Truly," said Squire McClellan—at the deacons' meeting—"the Lord must have opened Brother Z——'s heart; but," he added, with characteristic Scotch shrewdness, "it may close soon, and it may never open again. It behooves us, in the parson's interest, to avail ourselves of it. Let us build a sled that will carry ten cords—and do it at once."

So thought the others. The monster sled was privately but expeditiously framed in a back yard, and early one snowy morning in December Brother Z—— was amazed to see drive to his door apparently all the ex-teams in town, drawing the gigantic sled, accompanied by a shouting throng of teamsters and all the small boys in the parish.

The Squire was riding on the sled. "We've come for the parson's load of wood, Brother Z——!" he cried out. "You bade us haul the biggest load we could, and I'm glad to hear that you have lately had a fine lot of hickory chopped."

Brother Z——, however, seeing the magnitude of the sled, tried to explain and to demur; but in vain. The crowd roared him into acquiescence, and with a wry face, he finally led the way across the snowy fields to his freshly-corded tiers of hickory in the lot.

It is said that fully ten cords of wood were loaded upon the big sled under the Squire's supervision, and then, to the tune of a most vociferous gee-hawing, the enormous load was successfully sledded to the parson's door-yard.

The worthy minister, equally amazed, but more agreeably so, issued forth to learn the cause of the uproar.

"Good people, good people," he cried, rubbing his hands, "what meaneth this? Have the windows of heaven opened?"

"Nay, nay, parson!" exclaimed the 'Squire; "but the Lord has opened Brother Z——'s heart—and that so great a gift could have issued from so small a receptacle is one of the wonders of saving grace. Question it not, but take it and keep ye warm."

The minister had roaring fires that winter, but it was long before Brother Z—— recovered his equanimity.—*Youth's Companion.*

Telegraph Wires Underground.

PHILADELPHIA newspapers report that the American Union Telegraph Company are about to try in that city the experiment of putting their wires underground. The plan works well enough in European cities, and there would seem to be no reason why it should not succeed here, save the indisposition of the companies to bear the first cost of making the change. For some months the Western Union Telegraph Company has had the matter under consideration, but will probably wait until pressed by a rival company before it undertakes the more serious task of taking down its forest of poles and sinking the wires which contribute so much to the prevailing ugliness of our streets. Sooner or later the poles and wires must come down; and it is altogether probable that the change will be beneficial to the companies in the long run, owing to the smaller cost of maintaining a subterranean saystem. It will certainly be an advantage to the community.—*Scientific American.*

Dangerous Sport With a Lasso.

THE tomfoolery often indulged by vaqueros on horseback came near causing a tragedy at the Mormon Ranch last week. A party of vaqueros were lassoing each other, sticking brush under their horses' tails and otherwise amusing themselves, when one of their number, named Hawkins, himself on horseback, threw a brush under a horse ridden by a Mexican. As soon as he did it he put his horse to a run to get out of the way, but the Mexican's lariat was to quick for him, and he was snatched out of his saddles senseless. Restoratives were applied, but it was three hours before he regained consciousness. He carries yet a big red stripe around the neck, where the rope marked him. That kind of sport will have no charm in the future.—*Homer (Arizona) Index.*

The Late Frank Buckland.

THE death of Francis Trevelyan Buckland—better known as Frank Buckland—announced from London, has been expected, as he has been in wretched health for some time past. His father, the geologist, Dean of Westminster, a most accomplished man, lost his reason some time before his death. Frank Buckland, who was born in 1826, was a student of Winchester College, and afterward at Christ Church, Oxford. The larger part of his life was given up to the study of the natural sciences, and he was a recognized authority upon the habits and culture of the food fishes. Few men of science were so popular in England. He was a public benefactor through his introduction of the new varieties of fish for food, and especially through his successful cultivation of salmon and trout. In social life he was one of the most charming of men, despite the fact that his house was really a kind of combination of the aquarium with the zoological gardens, so full was it of birds and beasts and fishes. Whoever loved him loved perforce not his dogs only, but his cassowarys and his crocodiles. The story might have been told of him which was true of Agassiz, that when his wife one morning found in one of her slippers a cold, little, slimy snake, one of six sent the day before to her scientific spouse, and carefully set aside for safety by him under the bed, and, upon the startling discovery, started back, crying out in terror: "Agassiz! Agassiz! there is a snake in my slipper!"—the response of the savant was, as he rose suddenly up from his couch: "A snake! Good heavens, *where are the other five?*" At home Frank Buckland sat in a cumbrous old chair, which he valued highly because it had once belonged to the famous John Hunter. Its uncomfortable angles were disregarded by him—they were convenient for the monkeys. These small men sat aloft, and were free to pounce down on his proof-sheets at will. A retired organ monkey was a great favorite, and shared with his afflicted, but always cheerful, savant the frugal meals to which physicians limited him, tasting everything in turn, even to the claret and water.—*New York World.*

A Gigantic Sea-Worm.

THE Duke of Sutherland has wisely instituted at Dunrobin Castle, Golspie, N. B., a museum, to which his tenants send anything rare or remarkable discovered on the property. During the past week his secretary, Mr. Wright, has kindly informed me of a most marvelously interesting addition to the aquaria of the museum, namely, a very rare specimen of a gigantic sea-worm caught among some sea wrack by some of the Duke's deep sea-line men, off Golspie. This remarkable worm, when full-sized, is said to attain the length of from eighty to ninety feet; he is capable of shrinking himself up to a very much smaller length. He is as flat as a ribbon, and only five or six lines in width, of a brown violet color and smooth and shining like varnished leather. Very little if anything is known of the habits of this monster worm, except that it lurks under stones and the hollow of rocks, where he coils himself up into a heap of knots, which he is incessantly loosening and tightening. He has, however, the power of undoing his knots and extending himself in a straight line. In this way he swims, or rather glides, through the water, propelling himself by means of fine ciliœ. When he has found a new domicile suited to his purpose he coils himself up again into knots. His long, dark-colored, ribbon-like body is terminated by a head which is of a somewhat snake-like appearance, only there is no forked tongue nor teeth, poisonous or otherwise. The Duke's specimen is apparently a small one, between four and five feet long, but perhaps the creature has not uncoiled himself his whole length. His scientific name is the "Lineus Marinus." There is a beautiful figure of him in the proceedings of the Ray Society, 1873. The discovery of this gigantic sea-worm makes us all feel more than ever how little we really know of the inhabitants of the mysterious depths of the vast ocean.—*Frank Buckland, in Land and Water.*

Lost on the Lava Beds.

THE Salt Lake *Tribune*, of a recent date, has the following in regard to the chances for safety of a missing stage:

The stage from Wood River is now five days behind time and men have been sent out in search of it from Junction Station on Lost River. The snow is three feet deep along Lost River and the lava beds from Snake River to the Salmon Range is one sheet of snow. Out on this wilderness in a blinding storm is worse than being in mid-ocean. The only land-mark is the old South Butte, which in fine weather can be seen for hundreds of miles. The storm clouds, sweeping along from Camas Prairie, soon hide this, and the unfortunate traveler is left like a ship without a rudder. There is no shelter, and to camp were certain death, as there is not timber enough on this rocky desert to afford shelter for a rabbit. To leave the road, which soon fills up with snow, is death to the animals, as the lava, thrown up in all shapes, has deep ravines into which the horses would surely stumble. Had there been even a telegraph line across the dreary waste, the traveler might have some means of finding out his course; but there is not a stick the size of a tooth-pick to be seen on this immense desert. It is to be hoped that the driver of the Wood River stage made a camp on some of the foot-hills. But even in that case there must be suffering, as he would have no food for himself, and the snow is too deep to turn the horses out to feed. Of the lava beds it might be truthfully said that a jack-rabbit could not safely cross without a compass.

IN measuring for mile posts recently on the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio Railroad, a velocipede hand-car, with a four-foot wheel, was fitted with a revolution counter, and, after determining carefully the number of revolutions per mile, the distances were rolled off by running it over the track. Thirty-five to forty miles per day were made without much difficulty.

RUSSIA is this year importing grain allow and wool, the very things with which she has been accustomed to supply half the world.

Our Young Folks.

WILLY'S SECRET.

"MAMMA, I've a secret," Willy said;
"Tell it, then, before you go to bed."

"Take me in your arms first, mamma dear."
"Well, sir, now the secret let me hear."

"Will you promise, mamma, not to tell?"
"Ay, sir, and I'll keep my promise well."

"In a whisper I must tell it low."
"Well, you rogue, your secret let me know."

"Are you sure you'll keep it safe and sound?"
"Ay, so safe that it shall not be found."

"Then, bring nearer to my mouth your ear."
"Now, then?"—"Hush! I love you, mamma dear!"

"Oh, you rogue, I'll shake you now—I will!"
"Shake away—but I shall love you still."
—*Ida Fay, in Nursery.*

A BOY'S ADVENTURE WITH BUFFALOES.

A True Story.

WILL CROCKER, whose adventure among a drove of buffaloes I am about to relate, was a young herdsman of the Lone Star State, and was, I regret to say, as wild and uneducated a boy as could be found in that far from classical region.

But, though Will was uneducated, he was clever-witted. He was not the kind of boy who, as the French say, "would tie a hungry dog to a tree with a string of sausages;" and, if he was ignorant of mathematics and geography, he was well informed on all matters relating to his father's calling. He could manage a horse as well as the best man on the ranch, and was a fair rifle-shot and a good drover.

But Will had one great defect. He was extremely obstinate, and his father had not enough force of character to check the fault. So, at seventeen years of age, Will was of such a self-willed disposition that to advise him in one direction was almost sure to make him take the opposite course.

On one occasion this obstinacy brought Will into trouble which nearly proved fatal.

The drovers had got back from San Antonio, whither they had driven their herds, and were going on a grand buffalo hunt. There were six of them—"Old man Crocker," as Will's father was called, to distinguish him from his son, a Frenchman named Henry Leclerc, a Dutchman, nicknamed "Dutch," two Mexican *vaqueros*, and last, but by no means least, our friend Will.

It is impossible to hunt buffaloes on a horse unused to the business. But the following morning, as the hunters were about to start, Will appeared among them, mounted on a powerful black horse called Bonanza, which reared and plunged in a manner that would have unseated a less practiced horseman.

"Hello!" said Crocker. "What 're you doin' on that horse?"

"Going buffalo-hunting, of course," replied his son, as the animal he bestrode stood up on its hind legs, threatening to fall over backward, and vigorously gesticulated with his fore feet.

"You can't hunt buffalo on that horse!" said his father. "Go back and get another; and be quick. We're going to start right away."

"Start as soon as you please," replied Young Obstinacy. "But I'll be the first man past——"

His remarks were cut short by Bonanza suddenly reversing himself and standing on his front feet, causing his enterprising rider to slide forward upon his neck. Dutch, seeing this, spoke up.

"You can't go to a buffalo up mit dat horse!"

"You fellows attend to your own affairs," remarked Will, disrespectfully, "and I'll attend to the horse. He's the fastest beast here, and I'm just about smart enough to put him alongside a buffalo, whether he wants to go or not."

"It makes me noding odds if you go hunt on a steam-engine," observed Dutch.

"Remember what we're telling you," said Crocker, "when we strike buffalo and that critter runs away."

"The horse doesn't live that can run away with me," replied Will, confidently, and the little cavalcade cantered off briskly toward the buffalo-pastures of the southwest.

It was a beautiful morning, peculiar to the Texan climate. The rising sun gilded the flower-decked plain, and from the tall grasses rose flocks of gay-feathered birds; while the balmy air of early fall blew, fresh and invigorating, into the faces of the horsemen. With spirits raised by that sense of exhilaration which comes of rapid motion, the riders shouted and sang, as their powerful horses, with equal animation, bore them swiftly onward.

The second afternoon out a buffalo-herd was discovered feeding far to the south, resembling a flock of black sheep in the distance.

A halt was at once called and preparation made for a descent upon the game in the morning. The horses were tethered by long raw-hides, and the men proceeded to put their guns and ammunition in order. The next morning dawned fresh and clear. The buffaloes were still in sight, though farther away; and, as the wind blew from the hunters toward the herd, a long detour was made, in order to approach them from the opposite side.

At length, the hunters dashed among them and commenced the work of destruction. Will's horse, the unreliable Bonanza, behaved well while among his companions; but no sooner did they scatter than he became unmanageable, and his rider heartily wished he had taken his father's advice in relation to the animal, as he found he was going to be left out of the sport.

There were no breech-loading guns in the party, and it would astonish a crack sportsman—with his repeating Winchester and ready-loaded shells in a convenient belt—to see a horseman charge a muzzle-loader from the saddle.

The report of the hunters' rifles gradually diffused uneasiness among the buffaloes, which numbered two thousand or more, and they began to move, followed by the relentless horsemen.

In their course they again approached the horse of our disappointed friend. Will tried desperately to get close enough for a shot. He succeeded, but a scared bull, with shaggy front and furious, twinkling eyes, charged toward Bonanza, and that animal turned and fled ignominiously.

The now terrified buffaloes closed in upon the panic-stricken horse, and soon Will was surrounded by the shaggy herd. He tugged vainly at the bit; and the loud laughter of his companions, who remembered his boast on starting out, grew fainter as he was borne swiftly away.

He was not at all alarmed till he looked back and saw that he was fast leaving the men out of sight. Then flashed upon him the thought of how powerless he was in the midst of the unwieldy herd. He was completely surrounded, and the frightened buffaloes were running at their swiftest speed, which they would probably continue for hours.

He thought of stopping his horse by taking off his coat and putting it over the animal's eyes. But then, should the horse stop, he would be knocked down by the buffaloes, and both of them be pounded to death beneath the feet of the herd.

So powerful are these clumsy beasts that in a large herd they are almost invincible. They leave a track behind them which much resembles a plowed field. Should one of the number lose its footing, it is almost sure to be killed by its companions, as those in the rear, crowding upon the forward ranks, make a pause impossible.

Crocker observed his son's peril first. He was heard to cry out suddenly, and then, applying his spurs, he galloped in the rear of the fast-retreating herd. Leclerc and Dutch followed hard upon his heels, but the colder-blooded Mexicans remained to skin the buffaloes the little party had slain.

Meanwhile, Will had given himself up for lost. But he looked his peril in the face, with a courage begotten of a life among dangers.

Suddenly, a desperate thought occurred to him. He had heard drovers and trappers tell of Indian hunters whose mode of killing buffaloes was by running on their backs, jumping from one to another, and spearing them as they ran. Why could not he escape that way? The animals were close together, and, though a misstep would be fatal, to remain in his present position was certain death.

A dense cloud of black dust hung over the herd, through which naught was visible but the tossing sea of beasts near him. He, therefore, had no idea how many of the animals intervened between himself and safety. His chances of escape seemed not one in ten, but the stumbling of his horse decided him to make the attempt.

More thoughtful than most boys would have been in the face of a danger like his, he unbuckled his horse's bridle and tied it around his gun (which he carried strapped to his back), and then, getting off his saddle onto the horse's withers, he loosed the girth and let it fall to the ground, intending, should he succeed in making his escape, to go back and pick it up. He now rose to his feet on the horse's back, holding to the animal's mane, and in an instant leaped to the nearest buffalo, holding his gun, like a balancing-pole, in both hands.

The animal plunged, but he jumped to the next and the next, like Eliza crossing the Ohio on the ice in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." He had accomplished half the distance, when one of the buffaloes, seeing him coming, jumped to one side. The boy fell between, but dropped his gun in time to grasp the animal by its long hair, and with difficulty he climbed upon the terrified and plunging creature and jumped desperately on till he reached the outside of the herd, when he fell to the ground and rolled over and over, with his head swimming and a heart leaping for joy.

He was yet in danger from the stragglers on the edge of the herd, but the cloud of dust and the animals it obscured passed by and faded into a smoke-like billow, leaving him uninjured.

Ten minutes after, Crocker and his two followers galloped up and, to their great joy, found the boy unhurt beyond a few bruises.

Will rode home behind his father's saddle, but whether or not the adventure had any effect for good on his stubborn nature the chronicle saith not. Let us hope it had.—*F. Marshall White, in St. Nicholas.*

Queer Doings in Prussia.

STRANGE revelations concerning the dismal superstition still prevalent in the rural districts of West Prussia were disclosed in the course of Dr. Kotlevski's recent trial at Stuhm for "unlawful practices." This person had acquired a widely-spread reputation among the peasantry as a sorcerer. Some time ago a woman afflicted by epilepsy applied to him for a cure. Having diagnosed her case, he declared that she was possessed by four devils, conjured into her body by a female neighbor. He then proceeded to exorcise these demons, three of whom promptly quitted their human tenement in obedience to his spells. The fourth, however, laughed his incantations to scorn. This fiendish recalcitrance led him to the discovery that, in order to expel the obstinate demon, it would be necessary that the epileptic woman should swallow a draught of the witch's blood. In order to obtain this nostrum he betook himself to the dwelling of the woman, by him accused of witchcraft, and beat her until she lay senseless on the floor. But for the interference of a resolute neighbor he would have murdered his victim. Arraigned for this crime before a Prussian tribunal, he declared in open court that he had done nothing more than his duty to his patient, and that he had not only frequently ridded possessed persons of their fiendish inmates by similar means, but had often seen and spoken to devils with whom he had thus dealt. He was sentenced to four month's imprisonment by the tribunal of Stuhm.

THE atmosphere of the Mosque of St. Sophia, Constantinople, is filled with the odor of the musk with which Justinian charged the mortar when he rebuilt the church in 538, A. D.

ONE advantage we who live in this country have over the Britishers is in the matter of news. We get the news of an English boat race nearly half a day before it takes place.

KINDNESS brings out all the better qualities of an animal's nature—good temper, gentleness, obedience. Sir John Lubbock can make a wasp gentle and mild.