

WHAT CAN IT BE?

He never speaks of love, but oft his eyes
With quiet earnest meanings rest on me,
While a chance meeting seems a glad surprise—
Oh! if it be not love, what can it be?
Sometimes he silent sits, when, if I speak,
The quick response comes low and thrilling;
He reads my thought instinctive on my cheek—
Oh! if it be not love, what can it be?
Searching my soul, he claims it joy to find
Tastes, feelings, hopes, all with his own agree,
And asks what more heart unto heart can bind—
Oh! if it be not love, what can it be?
Last eve when Mand swept by with queenly air,
The jewels flashing on her forehead free,
"Sweetest," he said, "the wild rose in your hair"
Oh! if it be not love, what can it be?
As by a shining gate, at twilight dim,
I sit and wait until he turns the key,
When will he open? If 'tis not love with him,
Oh! my sick heart, 'tis life or death with me!

FLOATING FANCIES.

The man who gets out soon in the morning
fora tod is an early rye, sir.
It is much easier to be lovely and accom-
plished when one is rich.
The owner of a toy-watch called it faith,
because it was without works, and therefore
dead.
Cincinnati boasts that it is a Paris. It is
not exactly a Paris, but it is very near Paris
—Paris, Ky.
It is generally known, but it is an indisput-
able fact, that the cannibal is a man who
chews his society.
A Chicago editor advertises for a wife who
knows less than he does. Some men are
mighty hard to suit.
At a recent dinner an eminent grocer was
urged to contribute something to the occasion,
if "it was but a little faded flour."
"Don't you think," said a husband, mildly
rebuking his wife, "that women are possess-
ed by the devil?" "Yes," was the quick re-
ply, "as soon as they are married."
The New Haven Register informs us that
"some men are like dried apples." In the
name of humanity, we protest against any
such being sent as missionaries to the South
Sea Islands.
The Portland Evening Post has had a tussle
with the possessive case, and got licked.
It says "Lady Eastlake emphasizes the pres-
ence of one fine trait in the character of the
late historian of Greece's wife!"
Mr. Longfellow can take a worthless sheet
of paper, and by writing a poem on it make
it worth \$50. That's genius. Mr. Vander-
bilt can write fewer words on a similar sheet
and make it worth \$50,000,000. That's cap-
ital.
When Hermann was in Kentucky, he did
his card tricks, and after the show tried in
vain to find somebody to play poker with
him: "Is I knew as much about cards as
you, I wouldn't waste time in the show bus-
iness."
The female plaintiff in a Western divorce
suit was asked upon taking the stand and
prior to being sworn, if she believed in a fu-
ture life. "I used to," she answered, "but
since I was married I've had all the nonsense
taken out of me."
The internal arrangement of a newspaper
office is not considered complete unless it is
ornamented with a deceased spring poet—
Albany Argus. Nearly all the editors and re-
porters are deceased spring poets, but they
keep it dark.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.
A countryman in New Hampshire, who
had never heard of a bicycle, came to Boston,
and when he beheld a youth whirling along
upon one of those airy vehicles, he broke out
into soliloquy thus: "Golly; ain't that queer.
Who'd ever 'spect to see a man ridin' a hoop
skirt."
"Your little birdie has been very, very
sick," she wrote to the young man. "It was
some sort of nervous trouble, and the doctors
said I should have perfect rest and quiet, and
that I must think of nothing,—absolutely
nothing. And all the time, dear George, I
thought constantly of you." The young
man read it over, and then read it through
again very slowly, and put it in his pocket
and went out under the silent stars, and kept
thinking. But he didn't say anything. He
only kept thinking.

A Great Storage Lake.

Lake Mackenzie is one of those possibilities
of North America recently suggested the lake
would result from proposed closing of the
northerly outlet of the valley of the Macken-
zie River at the line 68 degrees north and
storing up the waters of 1,260,000 square
miles, and to these could be added the waters
of other large areas. It would be a lake about
two thousand miles in length by about two
hundred of average width. Its surface would
have an altitude of about six hundred and
fifty feet above sea level. It would cover
with one continuous surface the labyrinth of
streams and lakes which now occupy the
Mackenzie Valley, and be a never failing
feeder for the Mississippi. It would connect
with Hudson's Bay and with the great lakes,
and also with the interior of Alaska by
connecting with the Yukon and its affluents.
By concurrent results and other possibilities
it would become, during some months of the
year, a navigable water adding not less than
twelve thousand miles of communication to
the Mississippi; would complete the interior
lines of river courses by connecting them.
Cutting the "divide" which now exists between
the Mississippi and Mackenzie would do this.
This work is small when measured by its
results, and it becomes easy of accomplish-

ment under the methods proposed. The con-
necting of the Upper Mississippi with the
proposed Lake Mackenzie would be easily
made if that lake had a surface at the pro-
posed altitude of 650 feet above the sea. The
outflow from such a lake having a length of
more than two thousand miles from south to
north and draining a very wide range of
altitudes and latitudes would be a timely and
enduring one. This lake would make possible
an easy straightening of the lower Mis-
sissippi. It would also contribute to the pro-
posed ship canal from Cairo, Ill., to the
gulf of St. Lawrence, by the almost straight
line which cuts the Wabash Valley, the Lakes
Erie and Ontario and the Lower St. Lawrence.
This commercial channel, receiving all the
waters converging at Cairo, would complete
the demand for a constantly open ship
canal from the St. Lawrence to the sea
by the way of the straits of Belle Isle. That
demand can be complied with, and the
shortest and best line of communications can
be thus opened between the interior and the
seaboard.

A STEAM ELEPHANT.

Jules Verne's Latest Journey into the
Realms of the Impossible.

First, and apparently drawing the caravan,
came a gigantic elephant. The monstrous
animal, twenty feet in height, and thirty in
length, advanced deliberately, steadily, and
with a certain mystery of movement which
struck the gazer with a thrill of awe. His
trunk, curved like a cornucopia, was up-
lifted high in the air. His glided tusks, pro-
jecting from behind the massive jaws, re-
sembled a pair of huge scythes. On his back
was a highly ornamented howdah, which
looked like a tower surmounted, in Indian
style, by a dome-shaped roof and furnished
with lens-shaped glasses to serve for win-
dows. This elephant drew after him a train
consisting of two enormous cars, or actual
houses, moving bungalows in fact, each
mounted on four wheels. The wheels, which
were prodigiously strong, were carved, or
rather sculptured, in every part. Their low-
est portion only could be seen, as they moved
inside a sort of case, like a paddle-box,
which concealed the enormous locomotive
apparatus. A flexible gangway connected the
two carriages.

How could a single elephant, however
strong, manage to drag these two enormous
constructions, without any apparent effort?
Yet this astonishing animal did so! His
huge feet were raised and set down with me-
chanical regularity, and he changed his pace
from a walk to a trot, without even the voice
or a hand of a mahout being apparent.
The spectators were at first so astonished
by all this that they kept at a respectable
distance; but when they ventured nearer,
their surprise gave way to admiration.
They could hear a roar, very similar to the
cry uttered by those giants of the Indian for-
ests. Moreover, at intervals there issued
from the trunk a jet of vapor.
And yet it was an elephant!
The rugged, greeny-black skin evidently
covered the bony framework of one that
must be called the king of the pachyderms.
His eyes were life-like; all his members were
endowed with movement!

Ay! But if some inquisitive person had
chanced to lay his hand on the animal all
would have been explained. It was but a
marvelous deception, a gigantic imitation,
having as nearly as possible every appearance
of life.

In fact this elephant was really encased in
steel, and an actual steam engine was con-
cealed within its sides.

The train, or steam house to give it its
most suitable name, was the traveling dwell-
ing promised by the engineer.

The first carriage, or rather house, was
the habitation of Col. Munro, Capt. Hood,
Banks and myself.

In the second lodged Sergt. McNeil and
the servants of the expedition.

Banks had kept his promise, Col. Munro
had kept his; and that was the reason why,
on this May morning, we were sitting out in
this extraordinary vehicle, with the intention
of visiting the northern regions of the Indian
peninsula.

But what was the good of this artificial
elephant? Why have this fanciful appar-
atus, so unlike the usual practical inventions
of the English? Till then, no one had ever
thought of giving to a locomotive destined to
travel either over macadam highways or iron
rails, the shape and form of a quadruped.

I must say, the first time we were admitted
to view the machine we were all lost in
amazement. Questions about the why and
wherefore fell thick and fast upon our friend
Banks. We knew that this traction-engine
had been constructed from his plans and un-
der his directions.

The Angler.

A hideous fish called the angler, or fish-
er-frog, is happily rare on our coasts. His
stomach holds a bucket of saw-dust. The
creature fishes for other and more natural
members of the flock of Amphitrite with two
short night-lines, which he wears in the top
of his head. He opens his mouth, and hangs
out his bait; other fish make a rush at it, and
he sucks them down into the stomach that
holds a bucket of sawdust. It must have
taken the angler-fish some time to evolve this
"aisy stratagem," as captain Costigan might
have called it. Mr. Buckland examined the
"creel" of one fisher-frog, and found that
animal had made a very mixed basket. It
had taken two mary-soles, one common sole,

one piked dog-fish, (1 foot 6 inches long.)
three moderate-size crabs, fourteen five fing-
ers, and one whiting.

Thad Stevens in Congress.

Thaddeus Stevens, of the Lancaster dis-
trict of Pennsylvania, was the recognized
leader of the small band of anti-slavery men
in the House, and as the Republican strength
there increased he continued his despotism.
No Republican was permitted by "Old Thad"
to oppose his imperious will without receiv-
ing a tongue-lashing that terrified others, if
it did not bring the refractory representative
back into party harness. Rising by degrees,
as a telescope is pulled out, until he stood in
a most ungraceful attitude, his heavy black
hair falling down over his cavernous brows,
and his cold little eyes twinkling with anger,
he would make some ludicrous remark, and
then, reaching to his full height, he would
lecture the offender against party discipline,
sweeping at him with his large, bony right
hand, in uncouth gestures, as if he would
clutch him and then shake him. He would
often use invectives, which he took care
should never appear printed in the official re-
ports, and John Randolph, in his braggart
prime, was never so imperiously insulting as
was Mr. Stevens towards those whose politi-
cal action he controlled.

Mr. Stevens was a firm believer in the old
maxim ascribed to the Jesuites. "The end
justifies the means," and, while he set moral-
ity at defiance, he was an early and a zealous
champion of the equality of the black and the
white races. He was a good debater, and
there was an undercurrent of dry humor
about him that often disarmed his political
opponents. When, on one occasion, a South
Carolina representative undertook to lecture
him for his anti-slavery views, and talked
about a slave on his own rice plantation who
was a pious deacon, Mr. Stevens gruffly asked
what the price of deacons was in that vicinity
and whether a negro would command a
higher price because he was a deacon.

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