

TWO CITIES.

I mark two cities, side by side, And daily both are growing;

In both they break the prairie's sod, With spade, and pick, and shovel;

The sunshine on their marble streams Alike in both these cities;

Twin cities they, and side by side, With equal thrift they burgeon;

For one, the city is of Life— Astrid with noise and bustle;

In one the tide of traffic rolls In flows and ebbs of passion;

Spread, living men, your city wide, Build cottage, hall and mansion;

For every house with roof and floor, That makes Life's city broader—

And, in the end, my faith discerns Their modes of being vary;

The city of the silent host Shall wake from dust's dejection,

MR. GRUBBY'S OLD POCKET-BOOK.

One warm day in June, when the sky was all covered with flying black clouds, and the distant hills hid by a thick veil of gray mist, Hope Hunter scamped along a wide country road that ran between the school-house in the village of Burbank and her home, which was about a mile distant.

Hope was in a desperate hurry to reach home before the rain fell, for she wore her new blue dress, and her mother had said, as she fastened the last button:

"Now, Hope, this dress looks very nicely, and it took me a long while to make it. So try not to spoil it in one day, as you did your last."

Hope looked anxiously at the frowning sky as she flew along, her school-bag swinging on her arm and her hat pushed far back on her head. She had almost reached the garden gate, when her foot caught in a projecting root of an oak tree in the road, and she fell full length upon the ground, strewn the contents of her bag in all directions.

The tears stood in Hope's eyes as she collected the scattered articles and crammed them hastily back in the bag. They were all safe, but the beautiful penknife her father had given her as a birthday gift, and that she could find nowhere. A steep bank covered with long grass and weeds sloped away from the road near the tree over whose roots Hope had just now fallen. As the knife was not upon the road, it must have slipped over this bank. So Hope scrambled upon the gnarled roots and peeped down.

Yes, there it was, shining brightly among the grass and leaves. She jumped down, snatched it up, and was about to spring back to the road, when her eye fell upon an old leather pocket-book lying close to where she had found her knife, and half hidden under a large stone. Hope picked it up, and, climbing back to the road, unbuckled the broad strap with which it was fastened, and looked in. It was filled with papers neatly folded and crowded together so closely that the pocket-book bulged in all directions.

"I thought it couldn't have any money in it," said Hope; "it looked too old and greasy. Some one must have thrown it away. Oh, how nice and thick!" she exclaimed, as the paper rustled between her fingers. "Just the thing to make pin-wheels of."

At this moment a large drop of rain fell from a cloud and splashed down upon Hope's nose. She flung the pocket-book hastily on the ground, thrust the papers into her bag, and ran hurriedly down the path to the house. The rain fell briskly as she flung open the hall door and ran panting into the front room, where her mother sat reading a letter.

"Did the rain catch my little girl?" said mamma, as Hope lifted up her mouth for a kiss.

"Oh, no, I ran too fast," answered Hope, laughing. "I ran so fast that I tripped over the scrubby roots of that old tree on the road."

"Did you hurt yourself?" inquired her mother, anxiously.

"Not much."

"Those roots must be cut off," said mamma, going to the window and looking out. "Only yesterday I saw old Mr. Grubby stumble headlong across the road. He might have killed himself."

"Mamma, there's that nice sailor man who gave me the little ship," said Hope, suddenly, pointing out of the window to a young man who was just then crossing the road—"Mrs. Barns' son, you know."

"Dear! dear! the root has tripped him up, too," cried Mrs. Hunter.

"He is not hurt, mamma. See! he jumped up as lightly as a bird. I wonder what he is looking at in his hand? Oh, I see now—it's the old pocket-book."

"What pocket-book, Hope?" inquired her mother.

"I found an old pocket-book on the bank, but it was so greasy that I threw it away."

"Hope, the postman brought a letter for you this morning from your cousin Amy," said Mrs. Hunter, turning away from the window, and forgetting all about the pocket-book.

"Did Amy write all herself?" inquired Hope, wonderingly.

"I think so," answered her mother, with a smile.

"Please read it to me mamma; I can't read writing very well."

"This is what Amy writes," said Mrs. Hunter, holding the letter so that Hope could see it distinctly, and pointing to each word with a needle:

Don't forget to make the pin-wheels you promised. Your ever-loving-cousin, AMY. "I think that's a very nice letter," said Hope, as her mother finished reading. "I'll go right away and make the pin-wheels if you will let me have your sharp scissors, mamma."

"Yes, dear, you may have them. And I will go and tell Sam to cut those roots in the road before they do any serious damage."

As her mother left the room Hope took the scissors from the work-basket, and the paper she had found in the old pocket-book from her bag, and skipped upstairs to her little play-room in the garret.

The rain was pattering over the roof and dashing against the window-panes as Hope seated herself upon the floor and began her work. The paper she had found was of a light blue color, with a narrow dark blue line close to the edge. Hope spread these strips of paper out upon her knee and counted them over. There were twelve in all, and just twice as long as they were broad; and as a pin-wheel must be square, Hope cut them in two, and had soon made twenty-four pale blue pin-wheels. The few words written on each side did not mar the beauty at all, for Hope had hidden these so carefully that no one, unless by looking very closely, would have discovered that the paper was not perfectly clean.

When they were finished and pinned to their handles Hope stacked them in one corner of the room, and looked proudly at her handiwork.

"There!" said she, aloud. "Amy can write a letter, but she can't make pin-wheels like those. I'll leave them up here until next Saturday, so that they will not be spoiled. This is Tuesday, and Wednesday, Thursday and Friday are three more," said Hope, counting on her fingers. "That's a long time."

Then she closed the door and went down stairs.

The next day as Hope came home from school she saw a large crowd collected around William Barns' house, and heard loud voices within. She hurried home with the news to her mother.

"I am afraid they are going to arrest William Barns for stealing," said her mamma, sadly.

"What has William Barns stolen?" cried Hope, in astonishment.

"Old Mr. Grubby accuses him of stealing a great many hundred dollars."

"Oh, mamma! I don't believe he ever stole anything, he has such a nice brown face and always smiles at me."

"I am afraid that is no proof of his innocence," said her mother, patting her on the head. "But I am very sorry for poor Mrs. Barns."

Hope thought frequently of William Barns during the week, and missed his kind face in the village. It made her feel quite sorrowful to see the door of his house closed, and the shades drawn down over the windows. But when the day for Amy's return came, Hope forgot everything else in the delightful expectation of seeing her cousin and presenting her the wonderful pin-wheels.

It was no easy task to carry twenty-four paper pin-wheels safely through the village streets. So Hope thought, as she moved slowly along, with her eyes fixed upon them in anxiety for their safety. She was so intent upon this that she ran plump against a boy standing in the road. Hope looked up to see who it was, and warm him not to break her pin-wheels, when she found that she was close by the Court-house, and that there were five or six people standing around the door talking excitedly.

The boy Hope stumbled against was one of her school-mates, so she said:

"What's the matter in the Court-house, Tom?"

"William Barns stole old Grubby's pocket-book crammed full of money," answered Tom, "and they're trying him now."

"Did Mr. Grubby see him do it?" cried Hope, wonderingly.

"No, he didn't see him steal it, but it's all the same. He saw the pocket-book in his hand, and so did I and a heap of other fellows, too. We were all on the dock fishing, when old Grubby comes along grumbling, and stands behind us. Just then a big fish pulled off my hook, and I asked Will Barns for another. He took an old leather bag out of his pocket and began fishing in it for one. Then I heard Grubby scream something, and I looked. He was standing close by Will with his hands hooked just like the claws of a bird and his teeth all showing. The next moment he made a spring at Will and screeched,

"You thief! you rogue! you highwayman! give me my money!"

"Your money!" said Will. "You must be crazy, Mr. Grubby. I have no money of yours." Then he shook Grubby off, and putting the pocket-book back in his pocket, walked off as cool as you please. Next day Grubby had him arrested, and they found the pocket-book with a lot of fish-hooks in it on a shelf in Will's bedroom. But he says he found the greasy old thing empty near the roots of that big oak-tree by your house."

"So he did," cried Hope, who had been listening with her mouth open and eyes open to this long story—"he did for I saw him, and there was not one cent of money in it when I picked it up myself—nothing but little pieces of paper, and I took them out and threw the old thing away. And I'll just go and tell Mr. Grubby so, and Hope made a movement toward the door.

"I wouldn't," said Tom; "they'll all laugh at you. Who ever saw a girl walking through a court-room with an armful of pin-wheels?"

"I don't care if they do laugh at me," answered Hope, angrily. "I shall not let Mr. Grubby say that William Barns stole his money, when I know better."

"Well, I suppose you're right," said Tom. "But let me hold those things until you come back."

"No," replied Hope, decidedly. "You might break them."

So she walked in at the open door and half across the room, but could see nothing of Mr. Grubby. Although there were a number of persons in the room, it was so silent that the whirring noise made by Hope's pin-wheels sounded so loudly that those sitting near turned and looked at her. She tiptoed along quietly until she came to the end of a long row of benches. Then she saw an open space with three or four tables in it and a raised desk. Men sat at the table writing, and a very large red-faced

gentleman, with his eyes closed, as if listening intently, was behind the desk.

Old Mr. Grubby was speaking when Hope first saw him.

"Yes," he said, "that is my pocket-book; the same that I missed Monday afternoon. It then contained twelve hundred dollars in certified checks of one hundred dollars each."

"Oh, Mr. Grubby!" cried Hope, stretching her head forward, and speaking in a very high voice, "it did not have one cent in it when I picked it up."

As her voice rang through the silent hall every one stood up and looked at poor Hope. She had not meant to speak so loud, and was very much mortified at the attention she attracted, and tried to hide behind the nearest bench. But a gentleman came forward and whispered.

"Come, little girl, and tell these gentlemen what you know about Mr. Grubby's pocket-book."

As he lifted her up on one of the tables in the open space a gust of wind came through the open window and set the twenty-four pin-wheels whirling around all at once with a loud noise.

At this every one laughed, and Hope, remembering Tom's words, held her head down, and turned very red indeed.

"Never mind," said the gentleman who had lifted her up on the table. "They are not laughing at you. Now speak loudly, and tell us where you found the pocket-book."

She was quite alarmed now, and almost ready to cry for she saw that the man behind the desk had his eyes open, and was looking intently at her, and that those who had been writing held their pens suspended in the air while they turned their heads her way.

"Tell them where you found it," said the gentleman again.

Then Hope did as she was requested. "But," said she, turning to Mr. Grubby "there was no money in it, only pieces of blue paper, and I threw the pocket-book down on the ground after I had taken the paper out, because it was so old and dirty."

Again every one laughed, and Hope, feeling very much distressed, whispered to the gentleman near.

"Please take me down and let me go home."

"In a moment," he answered; but first let Mr. Grubby what you did with the papers."

"Here they are," said Hope, pointing to her pin-wheels.

Mr. Grubby sprang across the room, and, snatching one from her hand, tore it from its handle and spread it open upon the table.

"Yes," he cried, "it is part of one of the checks. You wicked little girl, how dare you destroy my property, and frighten me half to death?"

Hope opened her eyes very wide at these words, and the tears streamed down her cheeks as she cried:

"Oh, Mr. Grubby, I did not mean to be wicked. Here, take them all, I won't keep one." And she thrust the beautiful pin-wheels into the old man's hands, and sobbed aloud. Every one crowded about old Mr. Grubby as he pulled off the papers and spread them open one after one. They were so much amused that they quite forgot Hope, who stood alone upon the table with her face buried in her two small hands.

But presently she felt some one touch her, and looked up to find William Barns' kind face close to hers.

"Don't cry, little Hope," said he, softly. "I'll take you home."

"What made Mr. Grubby call me wicked?" said Hope, wiping her eyes.

"I did not mean to do any harm."

"I don't believe he quite knew what he was saying," answered William. "He has been very much worried about those papers, for they were worth a large sum of money."

"I did not know that," sobbed Hope; "and I am so sorry about my pin-wheels. I made them all myself to give to Cousin Amy."

"Never mind," said William Barns, coaxingly. "Don't cry, but jump on my shoulder, and I'll find you some of the prettiest paper in the world. It came from China, and it's all covered with pink and blue and gold and silver butterflies, and I will help you make ever so many new pin-wheels."

He lifted the little girl upon his broad shoulder, and in this manner they left the Court-house.

William Barns not only kept his promise, but carried Hope and her brilliant paper pin-wheels on his shoulder all the way to Cousin Amy's.

And now whenever Hope passes William Barns' house she is greeted with loving words and kisses from his mother. And many a beautiful shell, bright piece of coral, and curious toy has found its way from William's seachest to Hope's play-room, for the sailor never forgot that she had saved him from being thought a thief.—Harper's Young People.

A Connecticut Man's Way.

That was a sorry-looking procession which marched into Plainville from the direction of Forestville on Wednesday. The procession consisted of two men, one white man, Charles Green, of Forestville, and the other a black man streaked with red, who had the appearance of having been recently run through a corn-sheller. The explanation of this thing was that Mrs. Green, while walking from Plainville to Forestville, along the railroad, was overtaken by a strange negro, who grossly insulted her, and at last attempted to seize her. She escaped and ran until she reached the shop where her husband was at work. Green did not wait to summon a constable and justice but proceeded at once in search of the villain, and soon overtook him on the railroad track, and at once proceeded to execute the law upon him in due and ancient form. No knight of olden times ever performed the work of protecting injured innocence better than he; in fact, the parakeet, whose name is J. Milford, was dummeled until the light of day became a shadow to him. Mr. Green then marched him to Plainville, as aforesaid, and delivered him up to Constable Beldon, who lodged him in the White Pine jug. He was removed from thence and taken to Forestville, where he was tried and sentenced to thirty days in the county jail, the darkey owning up and laying his offense to bad liquor.—Bristol (Conn.) Press.

—In France women live an average of thirteen years longer than men.

Hooven or Clover Bloat.

This is one of the seasons of the year for this disease among cattle. The other season is when corn is in the milk and cattle break into corn fields. The cause in either case is easily understood, but the remedy is difficult and dangerous. Prevention is the best and safest plan. Clover is very luxuriant, and cattle eat it with greediness. If turned into rich clover pasture, or if they break in, they load their stomachs beyond their capacity to hold or digest. It is forced forward unmastered or not sufficiently saturated with saliva into the paunch or third receptacle. In that department, not being preserved by saliva or aided in rapid digestion, it remains there too long. The heat of the body soon causes fermentation, which throws out a large quantity of gas. This distends the third stomach or paunch almost to bursting, pressing against the diaphragm, diminishing the cavity of the chest, and rendering it impossible for the lungs to contract or expand. This swelling and pressure also prevent the natural action of the digestive organs from propelling forward the food, so that the action of the stomach and bowels are clogged, deranged, and vitality will cease unless relief soon comes.

Within the last week there have been received at least a half-dozen applications for advice, for remedies, and for directions for the use of the knife in cases of hooven. Be patient, friends. This hooven or clover bloat, thus far, has baffled the wisest veterinarians. Relief consists alone in relieving the stomach of the gas which is causing distension. How this is to be accomplished is the trouble. Medicine is almost the same as thrown away, as the entrance to the paunch, where the trouble exists, is firmly closed by the pressure of the gas. The gas must be removed either by the knife or by violent exercise of the animal. Both of these are dangerous experiments, but as they are the only probable remedies they have to be resorted to. When the animal is badly swollen and scarcely able to move, it is cruel and dangerous to compel them to the active and violent motion of running. And yet in some cases this has so shaken and disturbed the stomach as to permit the gas to escape, and allowed the food to pass forward in its natural course. But there are frequent cases where by violent action of the animal the distended stomach or diaphragm has been ruptured and sudden death ensued.

But as to the use of the dangerous knife. This is generally too recklessly used by those unskilled as well as pretended veterinary surgeons. Midway between the last rib and the hip bone is the proper place, where the greatly distended paunch can be felt pressing against the upper part of the flank. Our directions are for the unskilled. A small pocket-knife is large enough. If the knife be recklessly plunged through the skin, wall of the belly and the paunch, making a large orifice, there is danger that the contents of the stomach will be forced up with the gas, and enter the belly between the paunch and the flank, and falling down among the intestines, causing inflammation and death. So soon as the knife is used and the gas begins to escape by a hissing noise, a quill should be inserted in the orifice made by the knife, which hole should be no larger than a quill will tightly fill. Let the quill remain until the gas escapes, when it should be withdrawn and the hole pressed together and covered with an adhesive plaster, or by a stitch or two with needle and thread. But the most careful operations of this kind often fail. Inflammation has ensued and carried off the animal. But in desperate cases it is claimed this is the only relief and should not be avoided as the last resort.

But it is claimed that there are medical remedies and as our readers in their efforts to save valuable animals may desire to resort to all and every means of help, we would add which others recommend. One drachm of ground mustard and one ounce of whisky, with a little water, given slowly, so that if possible it may trickle down and reach the third stomach, where the trouble is. This can be repeated in a short time. Or another remedy is mild spirits of ammonia and sulphuric ether each one ounce, and powered aloes one ounce, mixed in one pint of tepid water and given at one dose.

We do not pretend to be a veterinary surgeon. All our knowledge is from practical life and limited reading of books. But in case of Hooven or clover bloat, what is done must be done quickly and heroically. Relief or death comes quickly. And a person would rather kill by vigorous treatment than to allow an animal to perish by inattention, hesitation or carelessness.—Iowa State Register.

Rats in the Hog-Pen.

There is nothing more detestable than a pig-pen infested with rats, for the vermin not only annoy the animals, but commit depredations on every other portion of the farm. The pig-pen fosters them principally, as it is there they get plenty to eat and can hide under the floors. The best precaution is no floors, but rats will keep within convenient distance of the pig-pen, be as careful as we may. A swarm of rats will consume as much as the same number of fowls, and the damage from burrowing, gnawing and theft is very considerable.

Rats are very careful, and cannot be trapped or poisoned easily. The best plan to get rid of them is to leave some of the hog feed outside of the pen every evening. The rats will not touch it, perhaps, at first; but after awhile, if it is left there continually, they will venture to taste it. The next evening, if they find that no harm has occurred to any one of their number from it, they will eat a little more, until, finally, they will look for it. By this time every rat on the premises will be at the nightly banquets; and, as they have gained confidence, all the farmer has to do is to procure a reliable rat poison, and every rat is doomed. The wholesale slaughter will prevent other rats from coming, as they avoid dangerous places.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

—Love at first sight in Los Angeles led to marriage in five hours and a complaint of bettery in seven days.

The Dublin Detective.

Mr. Mallen, the Superintendent of the Dublin detective force, to whom is chiefly due the credit of the detection and punishment of the Invincibles, has been awarded £1,000, and will receive promotion. One incident which is up to the present known to but few, will carry a good idea of the danger he underwent from the Invincibles, who perfectly well knew his ability and determination, and the necessity of sending him to the grave. While a Coercion act known as the Protection of Person and Property act, was in operation, under which any suspected person might without trial be kept in jail for two years, James Mullett, one of the four chiefs of the Invincibles, was arrested as a "suspect" and confined in Dundalk jail. After he had been kept there for some time he received news that one of his children was dying of scarlet fever. He petitioned to be allowed to see his child before it died, and on the earnest recommendation of Supt. Mallen, to whom he had appealed, was permitted to come to Dublin and visit his child. He expressed the warmest gratitude to the Superintendent, and declared that he would never forget the kindness that had been done him. He, however, had no personal interview with Mr. Mallen, who from that time heard nothing from him until some time after the Phoenix park murders, when Mullett, who was then at liberty and at home, wrote to him, asking him to meet him at a certain place at Glasnevin, a suburb of Dublin, and again referring in terms of warm gratitude to the very great kindness he had previously received from the Superintendent. Mallen, well knowing that Mullett was foremost among the Fenians and in that other secret society of which the police had some clew, and believing that possibly the man wished to make some disclosures to him, and considering that, in consequence of what he had done for Mullett, no harm, at all events was meant for him, replied by letter that he would keep the appointment. On the day arranged he set out for the trysting spot, which he had reached within about a quarter of a mile when on the road he chanced to meet his brother, who is also in the police. In casual conversation his brother observed: "I have just seen James Mullett and a half dozen of the boys down the road, and they can not be about any good." (The brothers then parted, but the Superintendent, becoming suspicious from what had been said, turned into the next public-house and there awaited events. After some time Mullett entered and reproached Mallen for not having kept his appointment, and endeavored to persuade him to go on to the rendezvous, where, he said, they could talk freely. Mallen, however, refused to leave the public-house, his suspicion of harm being strengthened by Mullett's manner, and finally the conspirator took his departure, declaring that it would not be safe for him to speak there on the matter on which he had intended. Mallen then returned homeward. Had he in the first place kept the appointment or had he afterward yielded to the solicitations of Mullett, he would never have returned home alive that day, for it had been arranged to assassinate him at the appointed meeting place—a lonely portion of the road.—Cor. Philadelphia Press.

Turkish Wives.

A Mussulman is allowed by the Koran to have four wives, though many have as many as they can keep in comfort. The first wife is called the hanun, and takes precedence over the others all her life. She has a right to the best rooms and to a fixed share of her husband's income, which he must not reduce to minister to the caprice of his younger spouses. As these points have generally been settled through the mans before the wedding, a hanun's jointure is safe as that of a French woman who has had a contract drawn up by a notary. She visits and entertains the hanuns of other gentlemen, but keeps aloof from the wives of the second and other degrees. These are not equal in her sight, being generally ladies of a lower social status, who have not brought any dowry to their husbands. Time was when a pasha would take four wives of equal degree, all being daughters of other pashas or of the Sultan, and all richly portioned; but manners have altered in this respect—at all events in the European part of Turkey. The Turkish wife is not a slave. The chief fault to find with her is that she has too lofty a sense of her own dignity. An advocate of female rights would have some difficulty in persuading her that her lot was pitiable; she has never envied them, whose few ways shock her, while she has noticed that they got much less respect from the men of their faith than that which is invariably vouchsafed to herself. She veils her face with no more regret than a Western lady unveils her shoulders. Turkish women are not shut up. They go out when they please. If a husband meets his wife in the street he makes no sign of recognition. If he perceives her halting before a draper's stall and gazing at silks dearer than he can afford, he must possess his soul in resignation, muttering "Mash Allah!" This respect for women prevails also in the home circle, and it comes naturally to the Mussulman, who has been taught from boyhood to behave courteously to the softer sex. Turkish girls are unaffectedly modest. Those of the lower class who are engaged as servants in the houses of Frank residents are much preferred to Greeks or Armenians for their excellent behavior, cleanliness and regard for truth. Looking upon marriage as their natural destiny, they are careful of their reputations, and when doubted make first-rate housewives. No married tourist who compares Turkey to-day with that twenty-five years ago would find some departures from the strict womanly reserve which used to be the universal rule.—Cor. Brooklyn Eagle.

—A simple and inexpensive jail is that belonging to Naples County, Idaho. It is a hole in the ground ten feet deep, into which the prisoner is dropped, and out of which he cannot climb as the hole is larger at the bottom than the top. When the prisoner is wanted the guard drops a line and pull him up on it.—Denver Tribune.

She Let Him Go.

On Wednesday afternoon, about one o'clock, a most remarkable attempt at highway robbery created a sensation on Twenty-second near Olive and Locust streets. A young lady was walking north along Twenty-second when about midway of the block she met a quite well-dressed middle-aged man, who looked at her rather close and passed by her. She had gone but a few steps thereafter when a hand from behind caught hold of her portmanteau, which was carried by a strap over the shoulder. At first so little force was used that she thought it was some relative or acquaintance. She turned, however, and saw it was a stranger, who immediately made a vigorous pull to capture the article. With a deal of courage she grasped the portmanteau with one hand, reached out with the other and hooked her open parasol over his head and then shrieked like a locomotive. He evidently realized that serious danger was at hand, and releasing the portmanteau made a clutch at her watch-chain, pulling the watch out and in his excitement dropping it on the sidewalk. A number of gentlemen not far off heard the screams and started toward the source of them. The scoundrel saw them coming and made a violent dash for freedom, breaking the parasol, which was doing duty as a seine, into fragments. He turned into an alley and the men gave chase, one of them fortunately happening to have a gun on his shoulder. After a run of nearly a block he checked up, evidently afraid of the gun, and his pursuers captured him. In a German brogue he began to whine and beg in a disgusting manner, but was brought back to where the young lady stood, regaining breath and contemplating her shattered watch, which she had picked up from the sidewalk. Arriving in her presence, he pleaded in the most abject way for mercy, telling her he had a wife and five children and maybe she had the same, in which case she would know how to sympathize with him. He declared that he had only stumbled and fallen against her, and that the wreck was purely a result of accident. The crowd, which was by this time quite large, wanted to know how about the broken watch and parasol. He said he simply happened to clutch them in trying to save himself. They asked him why he ran so hard if he was innocent. He wanted to know what a man could do but run when a lady screamed like that at him. Then begged again that the young lady would not prosecute him, saying that if she proceeded against him it would disgrace his family forever. Hating publicity and being too tender-hearted to play the role of prosecutor for the good of the public, she said that if the nasty man would just go where she would never see him again she would be glad of it. The captors were very indignant at her leniency toward a fellow so richly deserving of punishment, but of course they could do nothing but release him.—St. Louis Republican.

Acres of Eggs.

Captain A. Larco, a California fisherman, recently made an extensive cruise along the coast. His voyage was something out of the ordinary way and his route was one seldom taken by him, or, in fact, any other coaster. He had undertaken the contract to provision four seal-fishing stations on Santa Cruz and Miguel Islands, and in order to reach them was compelled to make his way through strange waters and unexplored channels. He reports that he saw countless numbers of seals and sea lions on the rocks about San Miguel and Santa Cruz Islands, and that the seal hunters are having a prosperous season this spring. They are killing the sea lions for their skins and fat. The latter they are "trying out" for oil on the rocks. At one place Captain Larco found a colony of Chinamen engaged in gathering abalones and catching and drying rock cod and bluefish for shipment to China. They have accumulated several tons of dried fish and will soon have a load for a schooner. The most interesting portion of Captain Larco's story was his description of an island covered with eggs. He says that a short distance from San Miguel Island, standing out lone and solitary in the Pacific Ocean, there is a rock with a surface of about three acres. The sides are precipitous and almost inaccessible except during calm weather. While becalmed near the rock he visited it and was amazed at the scene presented to his vision. The island is covered with a layer of guano, in which sea fowls of all descriptions were found laying or incubating their eggs. The surface appeared to be almost entirely covered with eggs, principally those of sea gulls, shaggs and a small bird known as the salt water duck. He says it was difficult to walk without treading upon the eggs. He brought away several bushels of these eggs. The shaggs' eggs are of a light blue color and somewhat smaller than a domestic hen's egg. The gull eggs are somewhat larger in size, light brown, spotted with black dots. Larco says he could easily load a ship with these eggs from this island, but as there is no market for them here they are not worth gathering.—Boston Journal.

Perilous Adventure of a Baby.

The one and one-half year-old son of Mr. Pierce, of this city, narrowly escaped a terrible death yesterday. The Pierce family occupy rooms on the third floor of No. 506 Market street, and yesterday morning about eight o'clock, the child was lying on a sofa in night clothes opposite a window facing the police station. Mrs. Pierce had her back to the window, and turned around just in time to see the child's body disappear. Half wild with fright, she tore down-stairs, expecting to find the mangled remains of her boy on the pavement below, but upon reaching the ground she was attracted by screams, and, looking up, saw her child suspended in the air by his night-gown, which had fortunately caught in a nail projecting from the window-sill. The mother shrieked and started up stairs, fearing the boy would fall before she could reach him. The cloth was strong, however, and the boy was rescued from his perilous position uninjured. After the excitement was over Mrs. Pierce fell in a dead faint across the window-sill, but she was soon revived with the assistance of the neighbors.—Wilmington (Del.) Evening.