

Poetry and Miscellany.

THE RIVER.

Through winding valleys and by upland farms
The river sweeps with many a foamy crest
Until it falls into the meadow's arms.

PAINTED FEATHER.

A SOUTH SEA ADVENTURE.

HAT do you think of it?
Isn't it a beauty? queried
The old man in the arm-chair.

"When the Papuan was questioned about the bird from which the feather had been obtained, he began a private interview with the Captain."
The erection of the new government dam in the river near this city has hidden from sight the famous "pictured rock."

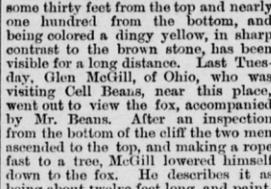


"As we advanced we plunged deeper and deeper into a south sea, terra incognita. More than once I wished myself out of the middle, and would have given everything I possessed to have been back in my bank on board the Pearl."
The old man—a sailor and adventurer from boyhood, who had lately quit the sea—smiled at my praise, and took the feather from my hand.

A VANISHED RACE.

Queer Sculpture and Painting on the Rocks in West Virginia.

The erection of the new government dam in the river near this city has hidden from sight the famous "pictured rock," one of the familiar landmarks of the Kanawha Valley and one which has occasioned much wonder and fruitless speculation, writes a Charleston (W. Va.) correspondent.



"At Moorefield, from the time of the first settlement, the cliff known as the Gap Rocks, in the Petersburg Gap, has borne the gigantic representation of a common fox. The picture is upon the sheer and inaccessible face of the rock, some thirty feet above the water, and nearly one hundred from the bottom, and being colored a dingy yellow, in sharp contrast to the brown stone, has been visible for a long distance."
A writer in a London journal calls attention to the unappreciated and unappreciated qualities of soapstone, a material, he says, which possesses what may be regarded as extraordinary qualities in withstanding atmospheric influences, those especially which have so much to do with the corrosion of iron and steel.

THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Occupation for a Clumsy Boy—Good Stuff in Blank—Mother and Daughter.
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NOT FAITH, BUT WORKS.

Two well known clergymen lately missed their train, upon which one of them took out his watch, and finding it to blame for the mishap, said he would no longer have any faith in it.
Mrs. Tiptop (hostess)—Count Macaroni is late to-night.
Mr. Manab outtown (cautious guest)—Perhaps his monkey is sick.—[New York Weekly.]

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

Queer Facts and Thrilling Adventures Which Show That Truth is Stranger Than Fiction.
A YS a dispatch from Grizzly Canyon, Cal.: An exciting adventure in which a big rattlesnake and Jesse Grigsby, occupied the chief roles, occurred a few days ago near the home of the latter. Jesse was strolling around the hills, when he stumbled upon a huge rattler that at once assumed hostile attitude, striking at the intruder, his fangs became entangled in a knot of his trousers, and there he hung, so that time Jesse thought of some business he had at the house, and being in something of a hurry, he started home on the double-quick without taking time to release his snakeship. It was a close race between Jesse and the rattler. For once in advance the snake was in the lead, and the other half Jesse would pull ahead, and thus they had it until the house and assistance were reached, and there the serpent was killed. It is quite safe to say that neither Jesse nor the snake ever made any better time over the same distance.

telope, but, in spite of their diminutive size, are as pugnacious as billy-goats, and in captivity often cause the native hunters by their persistent combs.
The Newark (N. J.) News says Edwin Gorsuch, of Bank street, one of its contributors, had a strange experience with a ham. It had been nicely boiled and lifted from the pot to a dish, a steel carving fork had been inserted, and Mr. Gorsuch was sharpening a knife to carve when a strong odor of sulphur became apparent, and he turned to see the fork making a circular excursion toward the floor, where it stood upright, while the ham, nearly skinned, started at a railroad speed for the end of the table. The labor-saving streak of lightning confined its operations to the ham and the fork.
The official statistics read at the last Mormon Conference in Salt Lake City show that "the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints" has 3,919,000 apostles, seventy patriachs, 3,919,000 priests, 11,610 deacons, 2,069,393 families, 119,915 officers and members, and 49,303 children under 8 years of age, a total Mormon population of 153,911. The number of marriages for the six months ended April 6, 1884, was 330, number of births, 2,754; new members baptised, 488; excommunicated, 113.
Mr. John Mays, of Dooly county, Ga., is a splendid shot. He is an invalid, and sits in the door of his house and shoots lizards from his knees with a rifle. He shoots crows on the wing with a pistol. When he has hogs killed a negro man jumps astride of a hog, catches hold of both ears of the animal and turns its head toward Mr. Mays, who will shoot it in the head with his rifle.
For several years there was a standing offer of \$10 for a partridge's nest containing more than twelve eggs, the records at the Smithsonian Institute giving that as the greatest number of eggs of that species to a nest. A party of Worcester girls recently won the money by finding a nest with fifteen eggs.
News comes from Taungu, Burma, that Koh Pal Sal, a timber merchant there, has founded a new religion which is described as a sort of mixture of Buddhism and Christianity. The disciples, who number several thousands, keep the Christian Sunday and abstain from strong drink.
A recent discussion about the height of trees in the forests of Victoria brings from the Government botanist the statement that he has seen one 525 feet high. The Chief Inspector of Forests measured a fallen one that was 485 feet long.
After being totally blind for fifteen years Mrs. Todd Lattie, of Bronson, Mich., was suddenly cured. The first person she saw was her daughter, and her first remark was, "My! how you've grown."
Two of the largest individual owners of sheep and cattle live in Texas, and are women. One of them, the Widow Cullahan, owns about 50,000 sheep. The other, Mrs. Rogers, is worth \$1,000,000.
There are five girls in one of the Humphries families of Fleming county, Ky., and their names are Arkansas, Louisiana, Tennessee, Florida and Virginia.
KING OF BULL FIGHTERS.
Story of Mazzantini, the Famous Spanish Matador.
Don Luis Mazzantini, who has been sent to the Spanish Government to show Parisians how to fight bulls, is the king of matadors. Several years ago he was a Government officer in the Spanish telegraphic service. He received a good salary, as salaries in Spain go, and was altogether as prosperous and influential as an untried Spanish politician could be. He had a morbid desire for notoriety, however, and gave up his job under the Government to join an opera company. He sang in light opera with fair success for a year. Then he quit the stage, because musicians told him he could never become a great artist, and took lessons in bull fighting. He had only considered him disgraced, and all but abandoned him, for from official life to a bull pit is a tremendous distance down hill, in Spanish opinion. The bull fighters are usually men of the same education and social standing in Spain as the horse jockeys in America. The son of a bull fighter generally follows his father's vocation, because in any other calling his father's reputation would be something of a reproach to him and an obstacle to success. The bull fighters in the big Spanish towns are known mostly by their nicknames only. The death of a skillful bull fighter is lamented principally because his skill in the bull pit is well known.
Mazzantini thought he could rise above most of these disadvantages of his new business, and he did it with unprecedented rapidity. A young Spaniard, who wishes to become a bull fighter, serves an apprenticeship in the ranks of the professional banderilleros, who prepare the bull for the fight by pricking him with darts and waving flags before him, before appearing as a full-fledged matador or killer of the bull. Mazzantini served no such apprenticeship. After taking a few private lessons he made his debut as matador. Every one laughed at him at first. He was ridiculed as the clown of the bull pit, and got nicknames enough for a dozen bull fighters. Once he was so severely gored by a bull that it was thought he was dying. As soon as he recovered he was again in the ring, as plucky and persistent as ever. His grit won him favor. His popularity increased with his increasing practice and skill, until he got all the applause and fame and money which he had desired of getting as a government official or light tenor. He became the greatest bull fighter in the world. The people of Madrid even ceased to call him names. He is now mentioned in the Spanish capital only as Don Luis.
The management of the bull fights, in which Mazzantini will appear in Paris, has been intrusted by the Spanish Government to Count de la Patilla and the Duke of Veragua. The Count raises the finest bulls in Spain. His animals are exported to the cities of South America and Mexico, where bull fighting takes place. The Madrid officials are urging the two noblemen to charge a fragment of a rubber band with \$88 stamped on it, but the message attached to that band had been lost. No land and no other vessel were in sight at the time, and as there had been no gale for several days, it is supposed that during the night the winged messenger had completely lost his way.
CAPTAIN HARRIS MACKENZIE, who has just returned from an exploring trip through the highlands of Northern Tibet, describes a species of deer only two feet in height, but having, in other respects, all the characteristics of the Scotch roe, including a pair of pronged horns and an ever-wagging stump-tail. The little creatures inhabit mountain pastures at the border-line of everlasting snow, and at the approach of a visitor race away with the speed of an an-