

LOOK ONWARD.

Every day is a fresh beginning. Every morning is the world made new. You who are weary of sorrow and sinning, Here is a beautiful hope for you: A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over. The tasks are done and the tears are shed. Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover; Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and bled, Are healed with the healing which might has shed.

—Susan Coolidge.

A LONGSHORE EPISODE.

We never could settle why it was that Sue and I spent our vacation at Connor's Landing. I almost thought it was kismet, as those picturesque orientals say, only I do not approve of fatalism.

I was a country school-ma'am, Sue and I, from a region of mountain farms, where, according to report, the farmers stood on ladders to harvest their crops, so steep and rugged were the fields, and we had decided for months that our holiday should be spent within reach of the innumerable tongues of the many-voiced sea.

At least, that is what I said, for I am an æsthetic young woman with a yearning for Culture—with a big C—but Sue said she wanted to study up the personal habits of clams and fiddler crabs, and all sorts of dreadful slimy creatures. Sue was not very poetic in her tendencies, and she used to pore over Darwin and Lubbock, though I often thought she might have more improving instructors than men who were so familiar with worms and ants.

I wouldn't say so much about ants, since our good Dr. Watts found them worthy of notice, but I think a man of genius should draw the line at earth-worms. Well, you may think it easy to find a seaside resort good enough for two school-ma'ams, considering our length of coast, but the more we thought of the matter the more puzzled we became as to what a few marine sponges, and ballads, and other poems, by a Mountain Singer—and Sue said she didn't want to be interrupted by any of those children or idiotic young men when she was endeavoring to gain the confidence of a cephalopod.

You may think from her biological yearnings that Sue was an emancipated female of the most virulent type, but she was a tall and graceful girl of twenty-three, her small head crowned with bronzy-brown hair, and her oval face lighted by dark gray eyes that were incisive, tender, and appealing by turns.

We never arrived at a decision about our destination until we had started on our journey. We were waiting in the railway station—one of those gruesome barn-like structures our country delights in, where gaudy lithographs confuse the brain of the traveler, until he is uncertain whether to change cars at Kalamazoo for Capadocia, or take the air-line route from Nova Scotia to Neaurgleine. We had decided to try Squid's Neck—at least Sue had, as she thought the name rather promising, but, woman-like, we missed our train, and found there was no way of reaching that place until evening.

A æsthetic gentleman suggested our going to Connor's Landing, there to hire a carriage and drive to Squid's Neck, a distance of six or eight miles. Before reaching Connor's Landing we asked a few judicial questions of a mild-mannered man. Finding that it was on a large estuary opening into the sea, possessed of a good beach, and secluded in the extreme, we resolved to make it our camping-ground, instead of the zoologically-named Squid's neck.

I shall never forget the brakeman's look of pitying surprise when I asked him if the beach was sandy. "Mum!" he said, impressively. "The folks down there what plants anything besides oysters would thank you considerable if you could point out a square foot of land anywhere what ain't sandy, and the meanest kind o' sand at that."

With this discouraging statement, which we soon verified, he left us. On arriving at the Landing, we soon made arrangements for our temporary home, and evening found us domiciled with Aunt Jane Applegate. Connor's Landing does not appear on any map, nor is it the subject of guide-book eulogy—it is shy, shrinking from publicity, like Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain.

Apart from its shrinking modesty, however, it differs widely from the poet's village. It is on the bank of a broad estuary, where the flat beach, not silvery sand or shingle, but melancholy and uncompromising black mud, is bordered by a weedy length of flat salt meadow, this dimly relieved by a background of rugged and careworn pines.

And the natives, we found, are singularly in harmony with their surroundings. They are Aborigines: as Aphrodite sprang from the sea-foam they developed from the river mud, equipped for their calling with a boat-hook and a pair of oyster tongs. Their lank forms suggest a mossbunker diet—the mossbunker is a silvery but deceptive little wretch of the herring tribe, containing no more real nourishment than a newspaper on toast.

The Connor's Landingite does not feel himself in full dress without a knitted jersey, overlapping in folds like a rhinoceros hide, and a tarpaulin hat, possessing a rear extension like a sugar-scoop, this headgear being technically known as a sou'wester. It is an interesting question to the thoughtful student, whether the native has been gradually evolved from the oyster, primal lord of the soil, or whether the oyster has been developed by the retrogression of the native.

for this briefly-described order of humanity. "He'll spend a hull for renoun under the pines out on the bluff, for he'll wander off around the clay banks, an' bring home a pocket full of rocks and pirates." "Pirates!" I ejaculated, in astonishment.

"Yes, them iron pirates, clay balls we call 'em." "She means iron pyrites," explained Sue, in an aside. "Anyway, he don't give us no trouble, an' is as pleasant-spoken a young man as ever I see," concluded our host, as she left us.

"Precisely, as mild a mannered man as ever scuttled ship, or cut a throat," muttered the incorrigible Sue. "Oh, Sue!" I said. "I'm sure he must be something." "Isolated Sue."

"Probably he'll interfere with your scientific or literary character," I suggested, by fiddleticks, "scientific or literary," Dulcinea, put on your hat, and our exploration shall begin.

I didn't really care about exploring, as I had an idea for a sonnet I was going to write; besides, I felt sure the sun glaring on so much sand must be bad for the complexion. Aunt Jane and Cordy had a complexion like a tiger-lily, but I felt it was no use objecting, so off I went.

I should have enjoyed that walk more if I had been in a carriage, for apart from sand and chuckle-burns an' prickly pears everything seemed alive with insects, and dreadfully familiar and confounding creatures they were.

We went up on the bluff, to a little grove of pines, where Sue cast herself down on the fragrant pine needles in the reckless manner she is so addicted to. Looming attitudes always seem to suit her, and she never had that regard for her clothes possessed by most well-regulated young women.

For a few moments there was a restful silence. Only the lazy rustle of the pines and the subdued hissing of the water and the crackling of the twigs under a heavy, hesitating foot-step, and turning round, with that feeling of horror we women reserve for tramps, mice, and the like desperate characters, we beheld an aborigine. He was not by any means prepossessing, but even a timid school-ma'am could not gaze on Jonty Bloodgood with dread.

Jonty—the local diminutive for Jonathan—stood about six feet four in his rawhide boots; in build he strongly recalled the mossbunker which formed his staple diet. He had a small head, rudely thatched with lank hay-colored hair, and he possessed washed-out blue eyes which were not a pair. One of these orbs was fixed on us, while the other gazed impressively at the zenith. Over his shoulder he carried a decrepit-looking shotgun, while following and preceding him were several gaunt hounds of an undetermined species.

This apparition gazed at us for a few minutes in evident amazement, then, taking courage, remarked conversationally, as we might comment on the weather: "Hain't seen no fleckers this way, hev ye?" "Fleekers" being unknown game to us both, we answered, with an emphatic negative, and our interlocutor slouched away, with the air of a man who has done his duty to society.

"Sue said she would like to study him, she has such a cold-blooded way if looking at people, as if she would like to impale them on a piece of cork, like the unfortunate insects she collects. I thought he might be worked up into a poem, beginning: Lone dweller 'neath the balmy pines. Only I should have to ignore his inaccurate eyes. And he could hardly be called a 'lone dweller' either, as Sue, who does not see poetic license, pointed out; we found seven of the dirtiest children I ever saw, all of them cross-eyed, and a lank wife who dipped sand."

For an entire week we wandered about all day, by woodland and shore, and we never had a glimpse of the other boarder, whom Sue flippantly designated as O. B. in familiar converse. He was always off before we were up, either boating or tramping the country with Jonty Bloodgood, who appeared to be a kindred spirit. Sue said probably he was cross-eyed too, or knock-kneed, or something of the kind, but Cordy said he was the likeliest young man that ever stepped, so we judged him to be some big, hulking, stupid wretch who wasn't really fit for ladies' society, anyway.

I don't really care for young men—unless they possess soul—and Sue cares a good deal more for polystichums and polypodiums, to say nothing of polygoons. But I must confess that, as time went on, we began to think a good deal about that mysterious Other Boarder. It wasn't curiosity, you know, but simply interest in humanity. We didn't even know his name. He never got any letters, and Mrs. Applegate called him Mr. Jim; he had told her it was not his name, but would do as well as any other. Just like one of Bulwer's heroes, only, as Sue pointed out, we never heard him give a cold laugh in two syllables, or impatiently stride his room at midnight, as the characters in question always do; nor, as nearly as we could learn, did not possess a raven brow and marble locks—I mean *the nose*.

Cordy said he was something like me, so he could never be a hero, for I am a little sandy, with pale eyes and a tendency to freckles. Our curiosity gradually settled down to a sort of dead level mystery, until one day Cordy told us that the Other Boarder expected a visitor to spend a few days with him. "A young man, Miss Denning," she explained. "Mr. Jim says how him an' this friend goes about together every vacation, being cousins, an' he's a lawyer, an' his name's Mr. Hort."

young men, and such conspirators, when we heard the crackling of the pine needles, and the sound of murmuring voices. We looked up, to behold at a short distance a disreputable blue flannel coat, which we had seen lying about Aunt Jane's hall. It was to us a veritable flag of battle, for it was the property of the Other Boarder.

For a moment we hesitated—and the woman who hesitates is lost—when we heard a laughing voice say: "School-ma'ams be hanged! If you've dodged them for three weeks I guess the pair of us can dodge them for three days."

At this juncture, to Sue's profound astonishment, I rushed forward, precipitated myself upon the blue flannel coat, and seized a sunburned earabout, turned toward us the face of a very surprised young man, while the disreputable individual who had alluded to the possibility of dodging us laid himself down on the fragrant pine needles, and indulged in convulsive mirth that threatened serious consequences.

"You good-for-nothing, horrid boy," I began, as I embraced the Other Boarder, while Sue, evidently under the impression that we were all suffering from an attack of emotional insanity, seated herself at the foot of a pine tree with an air of saintly resignation. "It's my brother Ned!" I explained. "And here for three weeks I've been dodging my own sister! Why didn't you tell a fellow where you were going?"

"Because Sue and I wanted to be quiet," I said, with much dignity. "This is Sue Farrell, whom I've always wanted you to know; she is just as fond of hateful beasts and things as you are. And as soon as Cousin Horace can stop laughing and look like a rational being, we will go back to the house."

Well, as we strolled along the beach, Ned explained how he had come to Connor's Landing to rest—he is a civil engineer—and kept out of our way because he was rather afraid of school-ma'ams; they were not always as beautiful as they were intellectual. He looked appreciatively at Sue as he said this. And we explained that we were devoting our time to intellectual culture, and didn't want to be bothered by young men. Of course we did not say how we had been scurrying around to get a sight of him.

Well, for the remainder of our stay we four had a jolly time together. Somehow, wherever Sue was, Ned always seemed in the same vicinity, discussing fiddler crabs or something equally slimy, and they seem likely to zoologize through life together. Horace and I have amused one another ever since I wore brown Holland pin-froes, but I am little and sandy, with a tendency to freckles, as I said before, so sentiment is not in my line, in spite of my poetic yearnings. It is utterly useless for a girl to be sentimental if she is not at least passably nice-looking.

So I have gone back to my school again, and am cultivating as much divine afflatus as a very erabbed board of trustees will allow. Perhaps, after all, the "Ballads of a Mountain Singer" will never see the light, so I am fortunate if allowed to approach the plory of print in this episode of Connor's Landing. —Emily L. Taplin, in Current.

Angoras Up High. I was on the summit of Talcot, nearly 10,000 feet in elevation, at sunset, and found the night very cold. Angoras were thirty feet east and below the summit. They were in full sight of Tahoe and the best views from the summit. There was fine, green mountain pasture, soft soil bedding and shelter down below them a mile or two, but they preferred the rocks of the summit and the keener air and magnificent mountain pictures. Their bed was nearer the stars and they would have the very earliest sight of the morning sun. Four hundred of this breed of goats were, five years ago, every one killed by lightning near the same spot. They were the property of the same owner, Mr. Gilmore, of Glen Alpine Springs. Many of them were pure or half-pure breeds. The herd was worth at least \$6,000. They were dead before they were discovered, so that not even their pelts were saved. These goats are not herded; they take care of themselves altogether, and except for being salted that is, supplied with salt to lick twice a week—they get no care or watching. They are shorn once a year and yield three or four pounds of mohair. Mohair is used very largely for railroad car cushions. —San Francisco Bulletin.

A Peculiarity of City Life. "Howard" says in a New York letter to the Detroit Free Press: My next door neighbor has lived in the house he now occupies three years and until this morning I never heard his name. I have never seen any member of his family except a baby which is trundled up and down the sidewalk in a carriage. My house is on a corner, but who lives on two of the other corners I haven't the faintest idea, nor care, and I chance to know the residents on the third corner simply because they are an old Brooklyn family whom I knew many years ago. This is not an exceptional instance. On the contrary, it is the average experience. I couldn't for the life of me give you the names of ten of the thirty men who live on the blocks adjacent, and I doubt if any of them know me. My parents occupy a house in Brooklyn in which they have lived forty-eight years, and although they are exceptionally hospitable people and have lived in Brooklyn since their childhood, with probably as large a social acquaintance as anybody in the town, they know neither their neighbor upon the right nor upon the left.

Homely Truths. The man who promptly pays his bills. The merchant's heart with pleasure fills. The butcher does a rushing trade, Who trims his meat before its weighed. The coalman has a conquest won O'er self, who gives an honest ton. For other's comfort naught she cares Who at the play a tall hat wears. They're on the high road to success Who spend no time in idleness. The man who safe his secrets keeps, Upon an easy pillow sleeps. Men's good opinions are his Who grateful for a favor is. No fault 'er find with those who sing, For song is prayer upon the wing. —Boston Courier.

A HORSE RANCH.

A GRAPHIC ACCOUNT OF HORSE BREEDING IN MONTANA.

Ranch Life During Cold Weather—What a Horse Camp is Like—Looking After the Animals—Hardy Horses.

Writing from a ranch near Powderville, in Custer County, Montana, a correspondent of the New York Times says: The lay of the land here is peculiar and could at once attract the attention of a man from the Eastern States. Generally it is hilly, but there are many perfectly level tracts, with an area of two or three miles, small steppes, as it were, and then there are curious cone shaped mounds entirely devoid of vegetation. These mounds have a certain precise regularity of form, and are from ten to twenty feet high, and some ten feet wide at the base. Within sight of the ranch are bad lands. When these ridges are seen stretching across the horizon they give an idea of sterility, but on some of these apparently barren lands the richest grasses grow, on which our cattle feed and take on fat and substance.

The greater part of Custer County rises to an elevation of 2,500 feet above the level of the sea. The air is wonderfully dry and pure, and so excellent is it that lung troubles are quite unknown, and coughs and colds almost unheard of. What is good for a man is good for a beast, and strange to say, wild-broken horses are never met with. Cold weather comes on gradually, and stays about three or four weeks. In the middle of the night and at daybreak the thermometer will fall to 40 degrees below zero. At mid-day, with the sun, the temperature rises rapidly, so that by 12 o'clock the thermometer will stand at from zero to 10 degrees above. You do not feel the cold as much in Montana as in the New England or Middle States. It is a steady, dry cold. Dressed warmly, you do not care for it. With the least exercise you entirely forget how low down is the mercury. This year has been exceptional for the continuance and depth of the snow-fall. The severity of the winter has made game very abundant, and moose-deer and antelope have been killed than for many year previous. A herd of 200 antelope passed within two miles of the ranch early this month, and I often see from the house what we call here white tail deer.

This section of Montana, I think, must become the great horse-raising centre of this country. English thoroughbreds, Kentucky trotting stock, and good blooded Clydes, Normans, and Percherons can all live here through the winter on the open ranges. A horse camp, as it is called in Montana, is generally inactive during winter. Pimp of stables does not exist. A small log house or "shack," built of cottonwood logs, a storehouse, and barn, all constructed of logs, with a strong corral, make up a horse camp. In winter a man who is called a "horse wrangler" remains alone in charge of the animals. The horse wrangler only "keeps up" one or two horses, because horses thus kept have to be fed on hay and grain, both of which have to be hauled a long distance to the camp, and a horse wrangler cannot afford to feed any more horses than is strictly necessary. In winter the work may be regarded as profitable from a commercial standpoint. —Science.

handled than cattle. During bad weather, they seem to be more active, for weattle will do what is called "hump" themselves, hunching their backs camel fashion, and so stand motionless and take the storm, while horses will move about seeking shelter. The horse uses his feet and paws up the snow to feed on the herbage, while the cattle push aside the snow with their noses. When there is a stiff crust of snow cattle will soon have sore noses, and be forced to stop feeding, whereas the horse will find something to eat all day long. Range horses and even cattle are often fatter and in better condition after a winter of an ordinary kind than animals which have been "kept up" during the same time. A good deal has been said about the poor cattle of the plains, but I have seen far sturdier stock turned out in the Spring when kept during the winter on a New England farm. Montana horses are rarely broken before they are four or six years old, and consequently last longer than Eastern horses. Our animals are exceptionally hardy, and we often ride a horse 300 miles on a stretch, and all he has to eat is the grass he gets while grazing at night, while his rider is preparing his own food. About thirty miles day in and day out these horses will stand without any trouble. A horse is always broken in the saddle, and then he goes naturally into harness. It takes about two weeks to break him thoroughly. Mares are seldom ridden, all of them being kept for breeding purposes. The style of the cowboy may not be replete with grace, but no other rider in the world has a more certain seat or greater command of his horse. He uses the left hand, and the horses are trained to turn by the pressure of the reins on the neck. The slightest movement is at once understood by the horse. Montana is too far distant yet from Chicago or New York to supply the horse markets in those places now, because the cost of transportation is too high; but the time will come when Montana horses will be sent to the Atlantic coast. Today there is a big demand for horses in Dakota for farming purposes, and many of our animals are sold there. There is a marked tendency among Montana breeders to improve their stock. Every year better imported stock is coming. Great attention is being paid to the production of a larger form of horses. The demand for a cross between the native stock and a good foreign one is on the increase. A cross between the Indian and Cayuse and a well-bred stallion makes the best horse for the "cattle outfit." In the "round up" hard riding and heavy saddles use up a great many horses, and new and fresh horses are always wanted to replace old and broken down ones. These small horses are cheaper, and even quicker than the larger breeds, and answer every purpose.

The Percheron and Norman seem to be the favorite strains, and crossing them with native stock has for product an excellent all-round horse. Last year some very fine Kentucky blood was brought into the Territory. A good many horses

found their way here from Oregon and some few from Washington Territory. When a man buys "a bunch of horses" it is hard to say where they come from. By a bunch is meant any number from 50 to 300 head. A buyer has to take them as they come. Some few may be old and worn out, with some scrubs, but generally there are many good horses in the bunch and some in fine condition. Horses brought into the Territory, and sold in a bunch bring from \$20 to \$100 a head. A Cayuse is worth \$20; a good cross, with fair blood and some size, \$70; and a really prime animal, \$100. Horses sold in a "bunch" are usually unbroken.

Curiosities of the Bible. The books of the Old Testament, 39. The chapters in the Old Testament, 929. Verses in the Old Testament, 23,241. Words in the Old Testament, 592,430. Letters in the Old Testament, 2,728,100. The books in the New Testament, 27. The chapters in the New Testament, 260. Verses in the New Testament, 7,959. Words in the New Testament, 181,253. Letters in the New Testament, 834,280. The Apocrypha has chapters, 183. The Apocrypha has verses, 7,081. The Apocrypha has words, 152,185. The middle verse is the 8th of Psalm cxvii. The word "and" occurs in the Old Testament 35,543 times. The word "Jehovah" occurs 6,865 times. The word "and" occurs in the New Testament 10,004 times. The middle book of the Old Testament is Proverbs. The middle chapter of the Old Testament is 2 Chronicles, 23d chapter, 17th verse. The shortest verse in the Old Testament is I. Chronicles, 1st chapter, 25th verse. The longest verse in the Old Testament is Esther, 8th chapter, 9th verse. The middle book of the New Testament is 2 Thessalonians. The middle chapters of the New Testament are Romans, 13th and 14th. The middle verse of the New Testament is Acts, 15th chapter and 17th verse. The shortest verse in the New Testament is John, 11th chapter, 35th verse.

The Distribution of Shad. A recent bulletin of the United States fish commission states that the total distribution of shad fry for the season of 1888 amounted to 90,000,000. As the entire number of shad taken for the market is less than 6,000,000, it will be seen, there have been artificially hatched and returned to the waters fifteen young shad. Assuming that the entire cost of production and distribution has been \$20,000, the young fish have been produced and distributed over the entire United States at a rate of about \$215 a million, or about 46 fry for one cent. Another interesting fact to note is, that, for the entire time up to and including 1882, there were produced 200,000,000 young shad; while for 1883 alone the total was over 90,000,000. This indicates that we are certainly approaching an era of abundance in the stock may be regarded as profitable from a commercial standpoint. —Science.

A Sagacious Hound. A citizen of Worth, Ga., has a hound that would go deer hunting alone. So he chained the dog to a block of wood just large enough to keep him from running. One day the dog could not be found. While searching for him his master heard him bay some distance in the woods. He went to the spot, but the dog was not to be seen, yet his bay was heard several hundred yards further on. The dog barked only two or three times. When the owner arrived at where he supposed the dog to be, he heard him still further on. This was kept up for some time, till finally the owner caught up with him, saw the dog lay the block on the ground, bark three times, take the block up in its mouth again and move along on the trail. The dog was trailing a deer and carried the block in its mouth, except when it paused to let its master know where it was.

How They Do It. The families of the officials all pretend that they are packing up to spend the summer at some fashionable watering place, when they probably will be somewhere in the immediate vicinity. Mrs. General Pontoon and daughters will pass a month at the little suburban village of Rockville, and swear that they have been at Cape May. Those who call at Mrs. Grandstyle's will be told that the family have gone to Saratoga, when, in all probability, they will be economizing in some farmhouse across the river; and Mrs. Admiral Fortop, who proposes to go to Europe, will be at some resort where the rates are reasonable, in the mountain region traversed by the Baltimore & Ohio railroad. —Washington Letter.

Made a Mistake. "I've got 'em at last!" he chuckled, in the corridor of the postoffice. "What—who?" "The coal men! I ordered half a ton the other day and they sent up 1,600 pounds." "No." "Sure? you live?" He was unlocking his box as he spoke, and he took out a letter which he opened and glanced at and turned pale. "It's the bill for the half ton, eh?" "Alas! no! I take it all back! He says he made a mistake and sent me a ton!" —Detroit Free Press.

LOVE AND COMFORT.

In days gone by, we danced, we sung, The sunny days of life among. There was no joy like being young! Now, we have supper with toll and care, And 'mid the glint of shining hair, Time, as he long ago did pass, Shook from his never failing glass Ploughed furrows with regretful tears— Along the cheek whose roses paled Before the cold breath he exhaled.

In days gone by, with righteous shame We scorned pursuit of gold and fame. Give us, with love, herbs and a crust! Riches had wings, gold was but dust, With love divine and four bare walls, Who cared for lands, for gilded halls? But now, the bloom of life is past! There blows a strong and chilling blast That snakes the poor, thin cottage doors And penetrates its creaking floors. The toothless gums reject life's crust— Love's herbs are dry as storm-blown dust.

The days gone by will come no more, When heaven was roof and earth was floor, And star and flower and leaf and tree Exceeded all man's tapestry. The sweet, the foolish love of youth That brooked no shade of doubt—near truth, But bravely faced that cloudless sun— Is all disproved—its lesson done! Now spread thick carpets on the floor, Curtain the windows, drape the door— And let the glittering chandelier, Throw mellow light upon good cheer, Now, wiser grown, let truth be told— We love—our ease, our lands, our gold. —Margaret H. Loewess, in the Occident.

PITH AND POINT. A shoplifter—An earthquake. Never abuse a male behind his back. The crab is always trying to catch on. A swell gathering—A carbuncle. —Breeze. The man who has just bought a dog is a bore to his friends. The farmer who raises the glass too often isn't likely to raise much else—Siftings. A Yonkers dentist has recently failed because another man had a better pull than he.—Life.

Legal.—Can a blind man be held liable for a bill which he accepted payable at sight?—Boston Post. Love in a cottage means simply a life-long course of plates for two, and daily bread for one.—Puck. All men try to get the earth, but the earth gets them.—Washington Critic. There are people who think so much of themselves that others are shut out and think nothing of them.—New Orleans Picayune. The best way to "get rich by poultry keeping" is to sell all your hens early every spring. Then you won't have to plant your garden but once.—Journal of Education. Pastor.—Well, what did your young people realize at your entertainment? Member of the Committee.—We have just had five Bobs.

When you are counting a girl twenty-seven years old, don't get nervous for fear the old man will come down-stairs, and invite you to breakfast. He won't bother you.—Puck. If we were called upon to name three of the most prolific sources of quarrels between neighbors, we should mention first "hears," second, "hears," third, "hears." —Dunstable Breeze. A Sheer Impossibility.—Kind hearted Old Gentleman: "There, there, don't cry. He is a little man." Injured Child: "How can I be a little man when I's a little 'g-girl! Boo-hoo!" —Harper's Young People.

Old Mr. Bently (reading)—I see it costs \$900 to fire off one of these new fangled siege guns. "Old Mrs. Bently (quietly)—Well, I s'pose they kill enough people to make up for the expense." —New York Sun. A lady who had her photograph taken was showing it to her husband. "Do you think it looks like me?" she asked. "Yes," he said after a critical examination. "It looks like you, only it seems very quiet." —Harper's Bazar. A scientist informs the world that the sun will last for ten million years. We have no doubt of the truth of the statement. About the next Fourth of July we will be of opinion that it has heat enough to last for ten billions of years, instead of ten millions. —Pith and Point.

REMARKABLE UNANIMITY. The bridge had broken, and the crowd of flocks of near and far the wreck to see. They came in swarms, in droves, in clouds, And grew in numbers momentally. And then, in loud accented notes, There rose a shout from hill and lake, And burst from fifty thousand throats: "I always said that bridge would break!" —T. J. Bots.

An Open Question. It has been asserted that there is no authenticated case of a shark eating a human being. And now a Florida correspondent raises the same question with reference to alligators and crocodiles. "I have never been able to find a verified instance of an alligator injuring a man or child. Nor in Egypt, where I saw crocodiles in plenty in 1855-56, and less plenty in 1870, was I able, with most diligent inquiry, to verify an instance of that reptile injuring any human being. Stories of their fondness for children, especially for black children, were common in Egypt as they are in Florida. It used to be said that a crocodile would watch the Nile shore, and when a woman came down to dip water, or wash clothes, would sweep her off with a blow of his tail and turn and seize her. But no native that I questioned could speak of any such occurrence within his knowledge. Doubtless an alligator would take a child or a dog, if lying in the water, but even then he would not approach without lifting his head and carefully assuring himself that no enemy was in sight above the water. However, it is an open subject, and I do not propose to express an opinion on the alligator question, as between extermination and protection."

Queer Beasts. Ordinary people, says Galligoni's Messenger, will marvel at the additions made the last few days to the Zoological Gardens. They include a three-striped paradoxure from India; a Snop's owl, captured at sea near Aden; a white-fronted heron, from Australia; a Burmeister's cariana, from Southeast Brazil; a black sternothere, from West Africa, received in exchange, and two snows. The snows slightly trouble us, but the paradoxure, the Snop's owl, the black sternothere and the Burmeister's cariana puzzle us entirely.