A QUEER APARTMENT-HOUSE.

Down by the pond that fed the mill,
Where lily-pads grew thick,
There stood a house all by itself,
Not made of stone or brick.
It towered upward to the skies,
Some forty feet or more;
And only one small family
Kept house upon each floor.

It was an old and withered tree,
With not a leaf in sight,
And summer's sun and winter's storm
Had bleached its surface white;
And there it stood, when all around
In beauty seemed to thrive,
Quite dead to all appearances,
Yet very much alive.

For many, many little birds
The tenement possessed;
And oh! with what amazing skill
Each one had built its nest;
A house some fifty stories high—
Oh, what a sight was that!
I don't believe that anywhere
You'd find so tall a flat.

And as the birds flew in and out,
Like bees around a hive,
No other tree in all the place
Seemed quite so much alive.
And thus God gave it recompense
For loss of leaf and stem;
The birds remained—while in its heart
It made a home for them.
—Josephine Pollard, in N. Y. Independent.

GABE AND THE BEAR.

An Idaho Hunter's Encounter With the King of Grizzlies.

The Situation Was Highly Amusing For a Time—Gabe's Ingenious But Very Mean Subterfuge and Final Triumph.

In the early days of Utah and Idaho, Gabe Tucker was a noted Nimrod and his daring adventures and narrow escapes could be numbered by the hundreds. He scorned the smaller kinds of game, preferring the royal sport of hunting mountain lions and grizzlies. He was really a terror to the lions and slaughtered them wherever or under whatever circumstances they could be found. If a lion went into a thicket Gabe went there too, and if the animal dodged into a nook or cranny, or crawled into a hole for safety, Gabe followed suit. "I don't keer whar a lion goes," said Gabe, "if he'll only leave room for me to go there, too." Many was the tussle and close call Gabe had with the lions, but he was practically without fear; and when a lion fought hard for his life he seemed to enjoy the sport much better than when the animal appeared too cowardly to defend itself. "A cowardly whelp ought to die fur bein' born such a coward," was one of Gabe's trite sayings, "and nuthin' hes a rite to live thet won't have 'nough gumption to rustle for itself." For the grizzlies, however, Gabe had far greater respect, as on several occasions he had some very close calls.

One of Gabe's queer adventures with a bear is related by one of his companions. One day Gabe came riding into camp with a huge bear skin, and stated that while he was sauntering along near the headwaters of the Green river on his mouse-colored pony he descried an unusually large, dark-looking object, strangely meandering along the foot hills of the mountains, as if in quest of something to eat. Its peculiar actions and extraordinary size greatly aroused Gabe's curiosity, and he at once proceeded to ride nearer for more accurate observation. As soon as the animal perceived Gabe it at once began moving toward him. The old hunter soon recognized the character of the brute that was approaching, and prepared to give it battle. Rapidly riding to a cove, he sprang from his pony, and, taking deliberate aim, fired. The shot failed to check the bear, and on it came, furiously enraged. The pony became frightened and, with a sudden start, jerked the rein from the hunter's hand and went snorting and dashing over the prairie in great haste. At first the bear seemed inclined to follow the horse, but after following the cayuse a few steps gave up the pursuit. Gabe now fired a second shot, when the grizzly recognized the location of its enemy and rushed toward him. Gabe skipped for some rocks near by in great haste. When he reached them he was out of breath, with the bear close to his heels. To add to his terror, in climbing a ledge he fell headlong about twenty feet, with his gun and accouterment. He had reached the top of the rock, however, and the fall brought him on the opposite side from the bear. Instead of attempting to follow him the bear made a circuit, but before he could reach the hunter the latter had recovered his feet and, with his gun, had climbed as far as possible out of the reach of the animal. The bear, after making another circuit of the rock to find the best chance at its enemy, returned, rose upon its haunches, and opening its mouth sprang after Gabe. Gabe would have given the beast a shot with his rifle, but it was with difficulty he could save himself by clinging to the stone, and he could only meet the bear's attacks with savage kicks from his heavy boots. "That bar's mouth," said Gabe, when telling the story of the affair afterwards, "jist opened so wide it looked as zif it cud take in a whole big mountain and I thought every minit' I wuz goin' into the infernal regions." The bear pulled off Gabe's boots and socks and amused himself awhile chewing them to pieces. While the bear was partaking of this sport Gabe's eyes were busily employed exploring for a better chance of escape. At a few yards distance he recognized a still higher rocky pinnacle, and dropping down the other side of the stone to which he clung he dashed for the new hope of safety in a hurry. The bear seemed somewhat dazed at discovering Gabe's absence, for he failed to follow him for some minutes, running around and round, as if he was really suffering from an attack of vertigo. Finally he saw the hunter perched still higher aloft, and his anger became furious. Reaching the foot of the crag he made various efforts to spring to the top and seize the hunter, but as often fell back disappointed. "Yer ought to hev seed the varmint shootin' himself toward the top of that stone to git me and then drop back like an Ingia rubber ball," exclaimed Gabe. "I'll be hanged if it wasn't the prettiest sight of my hull life, and tho' I wuz freezin' my bare feet a top of that stone, I laughed outright. Up he'd come like a great fat pig, and then he'd drop and bound back again like lightnin'. Oh, t'was alfired amoozin', better nor any circus. A picnic wuth goin' a hundred miles to see," and Gabe stopped in the middle of his story and took more than a dozen hearty laughs over the gymnastic evolutions of that bear. In fact he felt so well pleased over that performance of the bear's that he ordered the barkeeper to set 'em up twice all around.

"But how'd you git out o' the scrape?" queried one of Gabe's attentive listeners.

"Wall, now, if you'll jist wait a bit I'll tell you all about the hull business," responded Gabe. "You see, arter the grizzly found he cudn't git me by any sich antics, he jist tuk another turn and tho't he'd grin me down, and he sot fur hours eyein' me and lafin' as zit were fun. And I laffed too until that b'ar seemed ashamed of himself. How to git away from the tarnal crittur was the next question, fur I knew he meant to keep me thar all night. As I had dropped my gun at the other stone by axsident, it was a mity ticklish situation. But I sot my mind to workin'. The only things that I had in my pockets was some 'backer and a little cayenne pepper that I always carry with me to put on meat after it's cooked. Wall, I loaded up with a good quid of that 'backer and put in a right smart lot of that cayenne pepper to give that b'ar a dose. In chewin' it I got my mouth full of the juice, and you'd better believe 'twas hotter than a bilin' furnace. I felt as zif I wuz afire clean to my toe nails. I know'd I cud hit a pin's pint fur a rod with the juice, so I jist waited till the old grizzly wuz standin' up close, lookin' me rite in the eye, and then I cut loose and giv' him the hull dose. Great smoke! Yer ought to hev seen that b'ar! Why, he rolled over and over, and put his paws to his peepers and scratched and tore and said more b'ar cussing than 'ud reach from here to Ingiany. Cudn't see a peg. So I calculated on my chances and skipped down from my perch, and got my fingers on my shootin' iron agin, and then you bet that b'ar hed to jump. Every time I shot he'd howl and rize up his head to try to see me, but no use. The 'backer and cayenne got away with him so t' he cudn't find me, and I soon pumped him so full of lead that he guv up. But, pards, I'll be everlastin'ly bemuddled if that b'ar wasn't the biggest critter that's ever been killed in these diggin's. Why, he was so large that I cud have made me a good tent by jist diggin' out his insides and leavin' the hide standin'." And Gabe picked up his bear skin and lugged it off in triumph, leaving his hearers totally dumbfounded at his wonderful adventure.—Eagle Rock (Idaho) Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

An Ailment from Erie.

A man stood on the post-office steps the other day looking across the street, and a newsboy stood in front of the man gazing at him very fixedly.

"What yer looking at?" growled the man, as he finally realized the lad's presence.

"Yer nose."

"Don't you know what ails it?"

"No."

"It's erysipelas. Have had it for ten years."

"Going back there?"

"Where?"

"To Erie. If that's the kind of 'sipelas they have there you'd better hunt some other climate."—Detroit Free Press.

—Besides acting as his secretary, Captain Zalinski's wife is of assistance to him in a great many ways. She does not share the traditional timidity of her sex in regard to guns and is quite capable of firing a cannon on an occasion.

—In polite circles out in Arizona they never speak of a gentleman as having run away to escape hanging. They simply say that "Mr. So-and-so has gone away in search of a climate for the benefit of his throat."—Boston Transcript.

SEA-COAST BATTERIES.

How the Cadets Manage the Big Guns at West Point.

At five o'clock the northern hillside was alive with spectators, including many ladies, young and less young, beautiful and less beautiful, as well as all the cadets off duty (that is, off military duty), to witness the sea-coast battery drill by the second class with section leaders taken from the first, under the direction of the instructor of artillery tactics, Lieutenant Colbraith. The battery consists of two 5-inch smooth-bore guns, throwing a solid shot of 450 pounds with a charge of forty pounds of powder, three 8-inch rifled guns (converted from 10-inch columbiads by the insertion of rifled steel tubes) carrying a solid shot of 180 pounds with a charge of twenty-five pounds of powder, and one 13-inch mortar, throwing a shell of 216 pounds, with a nine pound firing charge and a bursting charge just sufficient to blow out the fuse. The guns are mounted on iron sea-coast carriages, and the whole battery is arranged like an ordinary water battery, as, for instance, for the defense of West Point against a hostile fleet, no matter whose, coming down the river, no matter how. The heavy projectiles for the larger guns, it is hardly necessary to say, have to be handled by mechanical means. The popular interest in a drill like this seems to center in the noise of the big guns and the distant crash and dust of the big projectiles as they hit, or do not hit, the white target on the mountain side, just under and in front of Crow's Nest; yet there is nothing more instructive in the whole range of tactics. It is all hard work and "means business." The cadets handle the big guns with ease, as they do every thing, loading and firing them first by piece and then by section, wing, and finally by battery; the last a tremendous salvo, trying the ear-drums, but practically as well timed as a volley of musketry. The practice, too, was good, considering the range, which was 2,100 yards, many shots striking the target and all seeming to come somewhere near it. The five solid shot of the final volley appeared to hit the target simultaneously, though, of course, at that distance no one but the observer at the telescope could distinguish the effect with any accuracy. In revenge for so much perfection, perhaps, one shell from the mortar seemed to have gone over the mountain and exploded. But this is a way that mortars have.—N. Y. Tribune.

MOTHERS, SPEAK LOW.

Do Not Teach Your Children to Become Noisy Men and Women.

I know some houses, well built and handsomely furnished, where it is not pleasant to be even a visitor. Sharp, angry tones resound through them from morning till night, and the influence is as contagious as measles, and much more to be dreaded in a household. The children catch it, and it lasts for life—an incurable disease. A friend has such a neighbor within hearing of her house when doors and windows are open, and even Poll Parrot has caught the tune, and delights in screaming and scolding, until she has been sent into the country to improve her habits. Children catch cross tones quicker than parrots. Where mother sets the example you will scarcely hear a pleasant word among the children in their plays with each other. Yet the discipline of such a family is always weak and irregular. The children expect just so much scolding before they do any thing they are bid, while in many a home, where the low, firm tone of the mother or a decided look of her steady eye is law, they never think of disobedience, either in or out of her sight.

Oh, mothers, it is worth a great deal to cultivate that "excellent thing in a woman," a low, sweet voice. If you are ever so much tried by the mischievous or willful pranks of the little ones, speak low. It will be a great help to you to even try to be patient and cheerful, if you can not wholly succeed. Anger makes you wretched, and your children also. Impatient, angry tones never did the heart good, but plenty of evil. You can not have the excuse for them that they lighten your burdens; they make them only ten times heavier. For your own, as well as your children's sake, learn to speak low. They will remember that tone when your head is under the willows. So, too, would they remember a harsh and angry voice. Which legacy will you leave to your children?—Kindergarten.

The Law of Child Life.

Indulgence of the child is the ruin of the man. Restraint and control mark the path of safety and eminence. "The rod and reproof give wisdom; but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame," is the wisdom of Solomon, which, though somewhat discounted in our age, stands well the test of experience. Authority, with a firm spinal column, must shape the life of the child. The child is not yet competent to judge. Of the pitfalls about his path he sees not the danger, but is attracted by the glare of many false lights to his ruin. The judgment of another must be guide for him past the places of danger, and until his own faculties become competent to deal with the difficulty. Blessed are those children favored with kind and generous, but at the same time firm and straightforward, parents!—Zion's Herald.

PERNICIOUS READING.

Opinions of the Eloquent Spurgeon—The Colportage Business.

Presiding recently over the twenty-second annual meeting of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association, Rev. C. H. Spurgeon dwelt upon the statement in the report that the vendors of pernicious literature had been bold and aggressive of late, especially in the dissemination of foreign novels, and pointed out that the chief aim of that organization was to counteract the evil by the circulation of books of a religious and healthy tone among all classes. This colportage business, he declared, was a necessity of the Christian Church. Bad literature must be met. It could only be met by the production of good literature, and in certain directions good literature would never go unless it was carried. They had to create the demand as well as to supply it; and in country districts, where the population was too sparse to support a bookseller, good writing would never be read except it was carried by colporteurs. He had no personal knowledge of the fact, but he was constantly being informed that English literature, in the shape of stories and novels, was fearfully bad, and that even Christian households were being corrupted by the semi-obscenity of many novels that were being sold at present. He preferred history, natural history and travels himself; but since people would read fiction, he felt glad when he saw something that was thoroughly sweet and instructive. There were such books. There were others that were as fascinating as the azure of a serpent's scales, but as deadly as the poison of an adder's fang. It must be so, otherwise people who dabbled in novel reading would not feel compelled to write asking him to raise his voice against it. One way of raising his voice against it was by totally abstaining from the sin himself. It was no use for a man merely to stand in the church and protest against religious error. But novels should not be read, but should be let rot by themselves. He could not understand why a man should drag himself through filth for the sake of telling other people what it was like. Colportage, however, was a great deal more than a mere attempt to meet bad literature. A colporteur went from door to door, and his excuse was that he had a right to sell his Bibles and Testaments and sound magazines as well as any other tradesman. He preached as often as he could on the village green, and sometimes occupied the pulpit in a little chapel where, perhaps, the people could not support a Nonconformist minister. Beside that, a colporteur was always a temperance man, and was ever ready to call upon the sick or pray by the bedside of the dying. He thanked God that such an association as that existed in their midst to watch over the souls of men who otherwise might be altogether neglected, and he fervently prayed that pious Christians would do their utmost to extend its usefulness.—London Telegraph.

POORLY PAID ACTORS.

Fifty Dollars a Week Less Than Twenty-five in Other Professions.

The actor whose salary is fifty dollars or less per week is not, as a rule, as well off as the clerk or salesman who receives half the amount. The actor rarely gets his salary for more than eight months in the year, and when unpaid salaries and prematurely closed seasons are taken into account a still further reduction has to be made. Then, too, the actor, and particularly the actress, has much greater expense for dress than any other person earning a proportional income, while the cost of living while traveling in even second-class hotels, is double that necessary at home.

At all the agencies lists of actors, classed according to their special abilities are kept, and the agent generally knows pretty accurately what salaries will be accepted. He is also supplied with one or more photographs of his clients. A manager who wants either a single actor or an entire company states his wants to the agent, who looks over his list of unemployed people and then submits names and photographs to the manager. He selects two or three, who are requested to meet him at the office, and from these a final choice is made. Between three and four thousand names are on the books of some agencies. These names include not only every class of actor, but stage-carpenters, property men, baggagemen, business managers and advance agents.—N. Y. Tribune.

—They were discussing the plans for their wedding, which she wanted to announce for the month of roses, while he was earnestly arguing that it should not be postponed. "Oh, George!" she murmured, "think of it, what is so rare as a day in June?" "A day in February, Marguerite," he replied; "there are only twenty-eight of them to thirty in June." And so they were married in February.—Elmira Gazette.

Eight years ago a cancer came on my lower lip. It bit off my under lip from one side to the other, and down to my chin. I had it treated by burning, and got so weak that I did not think that I could stand it much longer. After much suffering I discarded all other treatment, and began taking Swift's Specific, and the cancer soon began to heal, and in a short time it was completely healed and I was entirely well. It is now over three years since I got well, and there has been no sign of any return of the disease. I know it was cancer, and I know it was cured alone by S. S. S. E. V. FERRAND, Ruston, La.

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