MY LIFE AND I.

From The New-Orleans Times-Democrat.

My life and I sat side by side,
The yellow lamplight's roaming fell
Upon her form—my soul she plied
With all the pangs of hell.

Thy hope I cried—they promised good,
Where are the Joys that should be mine
Where is Ambition's mount that stood
Cloud-reaching and divine?

Why did'st thou ever come at all
To fret me with thy silent care;
To taunt me with my prison's wall
And goad me with despair?

My life vouchsafed me ne'er a word,
Her veil my longing looks denied;
Alone my beating heart I heard
Against my aching side.

Come share with me the sun-baked crust
Of poverty, and mount my throne,
Ambition's mole-hill made of dust,
I would not rule alone.

Wilt thou nor speak nor taste the cup
Which thy deceiving hand hath filled
Nor with the spirit deign to sup
Which thy sweet lie hath killed?

Methought her cheeks began to pale,
Her lips to lose their wonted dyes,
And yet I dared not lift the veil
That hid them from mine eyes

Unmoved and silent as the grave,
Nor word, nor sign, nor look gives she,
No part of all my soul may crave,
Will ever come to me.

Oh, she might be some sullen fate,
Some Sibyl in her mountain cell;
Like one who weaves the web of hate,
Beside the glare of hell.

Still on the tangled blood-red skein,
Her nimble hand the needle plies,
I watch the flying thread in vain
With tear-beclouded eyes.

Swift as my thought her needle glides,
Strange figures on the fabric glow;
She with her shadow darkly hides
All that I seek to know.

But well I know the crimson thread
On which she plies her cruel art
With ceaseless fingers, is made red
With color from my heart.

She came to me I know not whence,
She still keeps closely by my side,
I know not when she will go hence,
Nor where she will abide.

I have no power to bid her stay
I dare not love her if I would
I may not bid her go away,
Nor lose her if I could.

ROBERT BURNS WILSON.

THANKS TO THE FOG.

"Come over to England to settle down, old man?" inquired Val Forrester, as he lit another cigarette, and lounging back in his comfortable arm-chair, looked contemplatively up at the ceiling.

A conscious smile hovered round the yellow tips of Captain Vivian's moustaches. "Well, I don't know," he said slowly. "Mean to take a look round, and see what is going on."

"Whatever you do, eschew good looks. Pleasant enough, I'll allow, if you could keep them for your own consumption; but an intolerable nuisance, as you can't blind your friends."

"Humph! A plain face opposite to you day after day would be deuced unpleasant."

"Yes, but a beauty is the devil. Poor Cornwall never got over it, when his wife had once become the fashion. She took all the individuality out of him, and, as Mrs. Cornwall's husband, he provided a carpet for other men to tread on. Have you got any one in your eye?"

Vivian blushed like a girl. "I—I—don't know just yet. It's five years since I saw her."

"Time for a woman to be married over and over again; or, worse than that, she might have had the smallpox or lost an eye. What's her name, and where does she hang out?"

The other leaned forward, and lowered his voice. "Mind—strict confidence—Mabel Loraine."

"By Jove!" and Val Forrester sat bolt upright, an expression of dismay passing over his pleasant face. "What are you looking like that for? You are not hard hit. It's not a case of 'I'll have her—or die?'"

"No, no, nothing of the sort," the whiteness of his cheeks belying his words. "I was at her wedding last month."

Frank Vivian stooped to pick up the cigar he had dropped. "Her name?" His voice was calm but hoarse.

"Lady Waverley. Her husband's Sir Guy. He ran a horse for the Derby, but it fell dead lame before it reached the Corner. Have a B. and S.?" as Vivian rose in a hurry.

"Thanks. Can't stop. Forgotten an appointment. Ta, ta." With his hat drawn over his eyes, he hurried down the steps of the Army and Navy, up St. James's Street into Piccadilly, not caring in the least where he went, only anxious to get away from the continual greetings of his friends.

Knowing that romance was a thing to be sneered at, that true love was a butt for chaff and contempt, he had buried his dream in the depths of his heart, and flirted with the Calcutta belles as gayly as the rest of his brother officers.

Now it was all over—the dream as well as the hope of realization. He had thought that even in this prosaic age he had found one verse of poetry; but the page was a blank, and the verse, if ever written by any other pen than his own conceit, had been most carefully erased. Unless to pull a wry face for other men to laugh at; better to grin and bear it, telling himself that matrimony was ever a lottery and the greatest prizes had a knack of turning out far worse than blanks.

. . . .

It was the first night of the pearl of opera-singers after a lengthy absence, and Covent Garden was crammed from the stalls to the ceiling. The second act was over, and Vivian stood up in the third row of stalls to let his glasses wander round the house on a voyage of discovery. A friend tapped him on the shoulder. "Look at Waverley. He doesn't look much amiss, although he's just passed through that grave of the affections, a honeymoon. His wife's a stunner, and not a bit stand-offish, so they say. Couldn't see her on her wedding day, her veil had such a beastly pattern; but to-night, by George! she repays you!" A pause. "She's smiling at one of us," excitedly. "You don't know her, so it must be me. Let us go up; I'll introduce you."

A bitter smile hovered around Vivian's mouth, but he said nothing. She chose to smile at him with the prettiest lips in the world, with just the same blush as when they parted so miserably under the trees, but his face was grave and impassive. Looking over his shoulder, before he disappeared through the doorway, he saw that an old man with gray hair had taken Sir Guy's place in the front of the box. With Dorrington on one side, this stranger on the other, there would be no opportunity for private conversation; but he felt it was worth the journey from India only to stand within sound of her voice, within reach of the glance of her eye—worth a large sum in pounds, shillings, and pence, although to hear her was torture, to see her, madness. Love must be very bad for us when it turns the wisest among us into fools.

On their way they met the baronet himself, slipping into his overcoat as he came toward them.

"How do, Dorrington—pretty fit?"

"As fit as yourself. I was just going to pay my respects to Lady Waverley. My friend, Captain Vivian" (Sir Guy raised his hat), "is dying to be introduced."

"So sorry you can't see her; but she's laid up with a headache. Come and have a smoke."

With blank faces they turned round, thinking a cigarette a poor consolation for their disappointment.

"The fellow can't be jealous of me already," ruminated Frank, "unless she told him what she is sure to make a point of forgetting. I thought she seemed to want me; but women are queer creatures—prone to beckon one minute, and turn the cold shoulder if you venture to come. I won't have anything to do with them; I'll be hanged if I bother myself about them again," he added energetically, as he threw the end of his cigar on the steps.

Nevertheless he was conscious of every movement in the Waverleys' box, and his indignation rose sky high as he saw man after man admitted during the course of the evening. Patti sang her sweetest, but he scarcely heard her. A pretty girl, a great ally of his before he started for India, looked over her shoulder with a smile which would have induced any other man to take up only too gladly the broken thread of a past flirtation, but he remained as unresponsive as a block of stone.

On leaving the theatre he refused all invitations to enticing little suppers, such as used to have a special charm for him when he was in the vein for amusement, and early the next morning started for his house in Cornwall in a pronounced fit of the sulks.

. . . .

"So Captain Vivian, the faithful and fascinating Lancer, has returned to the field of his former conquests, and poor Charlie's last chance has gone," said Lady Waverley, looking up into her cousin's serious face, with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes.

"Captain Vivian, to judge from the way his coat sets, is faithful to his tailor, but there his fidelity ends. Poor Mary Armstrong, who sat just in front of him, nearly dislocated her stumpy little neck in her efforts to look at him, and he didn't know she was there."

"Flattering to you my dear, at any rate."

"I don't see why," drawing up her own neck, which was anything but stumpy. "I was too much occupied with the dear old general to notice him."

"Then perhaps he was not so cruel to Mary as you fancied?" a small smile hovering round her pretty lips.

"He bowed to her once, but that was all."

"How could you tell if you didn't look at him?"

"I couldn't help looking at him to a certain extent, when he was just under my nose."

"It must have been a disagreeable necessity."

"It was. I used to think he wasn't bad-looking. Last night he looked hideous."

"But you are short-sighted, and he kept at a distance."

"I am thankful he did—old friends are such a bore," her cheeks, which were as soft as velvet, coloring like a Jacqueminot rose.

"Then I won't ask him to dinner."

"Pray, do, if you feel inclined."

"Not if you don't wish it."

"Oh, I can talk to somebody else."

"I suppose I must wait until I have made his acquaintance."

"That can be easily managed. Charlie, as you call him, would introduce him."

"Rather hard on Charlie—asking a man to sign his own death warrant."

"Major Wentworth wouldn't care if he had to."

"My dear, is he so far gone at that?"

"I mean that he would regard it as waste paper, and live contentedly ever afterward."

"You'll have to decide between the two before long."

"I have decided—long ago."

"And which is it to be?" lifting her head in sudden eagerness.

"Neither," and she hurried out of the room, saying that she must go and put on her habit.

In spite of her protestations, Mabel Loraine kept her lovely eyes wide open, in case an old friend might be inclined to make himself a nuisance—and found the Row empty, because he wasn't there.

. . . .

The season was over, and one of its undoubted belles had been through the whole campaign, and reached the end desired of many—and given to none. She shrugged her shoulders in answer to Lady Waverley's expostulations. "Even in the marriage vow you have to own you take a man 'for better or worse,' and with the 'worse' alternative before my eyes I cannot turn my back on single blessedness. Let me be, my silly old May; I might be happy as an old maid, but miserable with an unsatisfactory husband."

"I wish that tiresome Captain Vivian had kept out of the way."

"Just what he has done." An involuntary sigh escaped her. "Six months in England, and we have never met! I wanted to see him to ask after the Rowlandsons."

"Why didn't you write him a note, and tell him so?"

"Ask him to come up from Cornwall, or down from Scotland, to tell me if Mrs. Rowlandson's last baby had cut its teeth!"

"At least it would have broken the ice."

"If there is any ice, I should be the last woman on earth to break it. You ought to know that by this time."

"Don't freeze me, in order that I mayn't forget it," laughing softly. "Put on your prettiest gown to-night."

"Why?" covert eagerness in her tawny eyes.

"Because Guy doesn't care to go out with dowdy women."

"Pshaw! I really thought——" She paused, her level brows drawn together, as she felt an inconvenient blush in the act of convicting her.

"That Captain Vivian would be there?" with a mischievous smile.

"It would make no difference to me if he were," with great decision.

"Of course not; so I shouldn't have thought of mentioning it."

In order to please Sir Guy, Mabel Loraine seemed to have taken immense care with her toilette that evening; and when she entered Mrs. Forrester's crowded rooms more than one pair of eyes followed her movements with fervent admiration. Her eager glance had told her that her old friend was there, and her heart beat tumultuously, when, for the first time after many years, she found her hand in his. In her struggle for outward composure she fell into the extreme of apparent coldness. Her long lashes drooped nervously on the velvet of her cheeks, and her lips parted in a chilly smile. Unable to judge by anything but outward sight, Vivian drew back, disgusted and disappointed.

"Let me introduce you to my cousin," she said hurriedly, and before she had mentioned her name Mrs. Forrester bustled up, and asked her to take a place in the second row, which Major Wentworth had been keeping for her all the evening. Wishing the amateur theatricals at the bottom of the sea, Mabel obediently followed her hostess, and found herself, to all intents and purposes, a prisoner, with the faithful Charlie by her side, and bent on making all the running now that he had distanced his rivals by the craftiness of his manœuvres.

Frank Vivian, savage as the typical bear with a wound in his ear, dropped down into the seat beside Lady Waverley, determined to show his faithless love that, although she had chosen to go off with another, he was by no means "left lamenting." When she smiled on him he fled to the Land's End; now that she didn't smile on him, with the true perversity of man, he felt aggrieved, and resolved to call in Chesterfield Gardens on the first opportunity. With no less than three objects in view—to stab Mabel to the heart, to allay Sir Guy's fancied jealousy, to gain an invitation to the baronet's house—he entered into a desperate flirtation with the pretty girl who was, as he supposed, Lady Waverley's cousin.

He was so good to look at, that she could not help raising her eyes to his face with a bewitching smile. He was Mabel's particular friend, so of course it was only kind of her to be civil. She wanted to get him on her visiting list, for Mabel's sake, so it would not do to begin with a snub. All these reasons combined to make Lady Waverley as charming as possible.

An arrant but harmless coquette, she was accustomed to flattery as the natural sauce to conversation, but Captain Vivian, with the fair, frank face that seemed to mean no harm, went further than any other man on so brief an acquaintance, except Sir Guy, and he had meant to carry off the prize from the beginning. A thrill of pleasurable excitement darted through her heart as she listened to his musical voice gradually sinking till little above a whisper; as she looked into the earnest eyes which seemed to express in their fervent glance all that the audacious tongue left unsaid; as she felt that she was flirting, really flirting, but only for Mabel's sake.

"You have never been to Chesterfield Gardens to see your old friends?" and she threw a laughing glance toward that ill-used maiden, who knew very well what was passing behind her back.

"An old friendship after the interval of years is apt to grow musty. I prefer going in for the new."

"Very rude to my cousin," with a shrug of her white shoulders.

"Is not the fault yours if you make any other answer impossible?"

"Mabel is the dearest woman under the sun," she replied, with sudden irrelevancy.

"I agree with you," was the quiet answer: "a capricious woman is dear at any price."

"You do her gross injustice. If you don't believe me, ask Sir Guy."

A look of amusement shone from his eyes. "Hardly; you are told not to trust your dearest friend about a horse."

"How does that apply?" raising her eyebrows.

"Perfectly. A man is bound to tell any amount of lies about his wife——. They are moving toward the supper-room—before any one else claims you, let me," standing up and offering his arm in the most *empressé* manner, because Mabel's eyes chanced to be turned in his direction.

Right under Sir Guy's nose he led his wife out of the room, bending over her and asking for a flower from her bonnet before they were quite out of sight. His last chance of being asked to Chesterfield Gardens was ruined before he reached the bottom of the staircase, even while he was priding himself on his diplomacy and attempting to throw his handful of foolish dust into the baronet's eyes.

"I thought of asking Captain Vivian to dine with us on Friday," said Lady Waverley, sweetly, toward the end of the evening. "I want to be civil to him for Mabel's sake."

"Mabel be hanged!" growled Sir Guy, in a pet. "If he puts his foot inside my doorway, by gad! I'll stop at home to kick him out."

After this the subject was dropped.

. . . .

The two lovers were as hopelessly separated by an unfortunate mistake as the palm-tree and the pine of Heine's verse. Finding that his presence was not desired in Chesterfield Gardens, Vivian made up his mind to leave London. Although he had been foolish enough to angle for an invitation, in his calmer movements he was forced to acknowledge that it was better refused than given. The mere sight of Mabel's loveliness was enough to incite him to any madness, and one word of kindness might have tempted him to try if the fire in his own breath could not have melted the icy barrier between them. And then the end must have been sorrow, and might have been dishonor.

Before starting for Paris it was necessary for him to pay a visit to the family solicitor, Mr. Prendergast, in Lincoln's Inn. Val Forrester, who happened to be with him at the club, when he announced his intention, with a dreary yawn, said: "Take the brougham. I only came out in it to-day because of this horrid fog, and it will be a charity to give the horse some exercise, instead of keeping it at the door."

Seeing the wisdom of this suggestion, Frank accepted, and, feeling rather like an eminent physician on his way to a patient, was driven at a cautious pace to Lincoln's Inn. By a curious coincidence, Sir Guy Waverley happened to have paid a visit this very afternoon to his own lawyer, who lived in the same house, though on a different floor, as Mr. Prendergast. His wife had agreed to come and call for him, but when she saw a nasty pea-soup fog obscuring the view of her neighbor's window her courage failed her, and she willingly consented to let Mabel go instead.

The fog was denser than ever as she sat patiently in the carriage at the door of No. 33; but she was in no hurry. Every object in life seemed to be taken from her, and there was no use in hurrying when there was nothing to be lost by delay. A letter from Charlie Wentworth was in her pocket. The poor fellow pleaded his suit in an honest, manly manner; but his words brought no flutter to her heart, no tears to her eyes. Lost in thought, she did not look up, as somebody came rapidly down the steps, jumped into the brougham, and shut the door after him. As he dropped on to the seat, he almost bounded out of it, in his dismay.

"Ten thousand pardons! Mabel! O God! it's not my fault! What are you crying for?" He caught hold of her hands and held them tight. "You don't care—you can't care"—his chest heaved, his eyes fastened upon her, as if he would devour her. "You hate me; you hate me, you know you do, or you never would have married him!"

"Married! What do you mean?" her heart beating fast, her cheeks white as death.

"Of course, I mean Sir Guy."

"My cousin's husband! What has that to do with me?"

"Your cousin's! For God's sake, don't trifle with me. He married you, Mabel Loraine: they told me so at once."

"He married Mary Annabella Loraine, who sometimes goes by that name. But you know her," drawing back. "You are laughing at me."

"What a fool I have been!" as the scales dropped from his eyes. "I thought you were Lady Waverley all the while. Oh, my darling!" as he caught her in his arms and pressed a shower of kisses on her lips, "it seems almost too good to be true."

. . . .

The coachman meanwhile, imagining his master was in the carriage, pursued his way westward till he drew up at the door of No. — Chesterfield Gardens.

"Very glad to see you, Captain Vivian," said Lady Waverley, with a mischievous twinkle in her eye. "But where is Sir Guy?" The two lovers looked at each other in dismay. They had quite forgotten him.—[The Whitehall Review.

SEEING AND HEARING UNDER THE SEA.

From The London Telegraph.

"Can you see under water?"

"Very seldom; I remember years ago going down to have a look at the wreck of the Forfarshire—the vessel Grace Darling and her father pulled to, not far from the windward of the island, as the story says, but from the lee side, where the cobble lay ready, and where the water was smooth. I dived just out of curiosity, and saw the old hooker plain enough. Off that same coast I have been down in water so bright that I've stood among weeds as tall as this room, a beautiful garden of them, and watched 'em with delight, almost forgetting the job I was down there for, and I saw all kinds of fish a-swimming about and appearing quite close through the glass in my helmet, though if I put out my hand to them I found them to be fathoms away."

"But as a rule you can't see?"

"No more than if I was looking through a London fog. And then take a ship. Suppose you were to come into this room at night without a light—you couldn't see. So it is with a ship's hold and cabin under water. It's pitch dark. A man can only grope."

"It must be dangerous work moving about among cargo under such circumstances."

"Why, not when you're used to it. A bit of sea above is often inconvenient by making the vessel on the surface roll and tauten the tackle for heaving up the cargo and so running up a mass of dead weight on a sudden before you're ready, and then letting it come down crash again. A ground swell—I mean the swell at bottom—is also troublesome, for it'll swing a man to and fro to a distance of seven feet and more. But this is only on deck. It's quiet enough in the hold."

"Suppose such a swell should dash a diver against any thing?"

"It wouldn't hurt him, sir. The dress makes him so light. I have fallen through many a yawn in a ship's decks, fit to break a man's neck and back, you might think for the depth of it, and have gone very softly, and have come up again just as quietly."

"Can you converse under water?"

"Yes; but very few know how it's done. If you were to stand up face to face with another man each might burst himself with yelling without producing the faintest sound. Now, how do you think you can hear?"

"I cannot imagine."

"By lying down. You and your mate must lie down on your breasts—it must be on your breasts—head to head or side by side, close, and in that position you'll hear one another as easily as you and I can hear each other in this room."

"I suppose the sound is conveyed by the deck or sand, or whatever you lie upon?"

"Possibly, I only know it's true. When I found this out I spoke to another diver about it, and he would not believe me. Well, one day we happened to go down to a wreck together. I told him beforehand what position to put himself in; and after we had been to work some time, we came together and laid down, as agreed; and I said, 'Jim, are there many more casks left in the forehold?' 'Heaps,' he answered right off. 'And so you can hear me?' said I. 'Aye,' he answered, 'wonderfully plain'; and with that he laughed, and so did I, and we both heard each other's laugh just as we heard each other's words."

"How deep down were you at the time?"

"In about eleven fathoms."

CLEAR THE WAY!

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

Clear the way, my lords and lackeys! you have had your day.
Here you have your answer—England's yea against your nay:
Long enough your House has held you: up, and clear the way!

Lust and falsehood, craft and traffic, precedent and gold,
Tongue of courtier, kiss of harlot, promise bought and sold,
Gave you heritage of empire over thralls of old.

Now that all these things are rotten, all their gold is rust,
Quench'd the pride they lived by, dead the faith and cold the lust,
Shall their heritage not also turn again to dust?

By the grace of these they reigned, who left their sons their sway:
By the grace of these, what England says her lords unsay:
Till at last her cry go forth against them—Clear the way!

By the grace of trust in treason knaves have lived and lied:
By the force of fear and folly fools have fed their pride:
By the strength of sloth and custom reason stands defied.

Lest perchance your reckoning on some later day be worse,
Halt and hearken, lords of land and princes of the purse,
Ere the tide be full that comes with blessing and with curse.

Where we stand, as where you sit, scarce falls a sprinkling spray;
But the wind that swells, the wave that follows, none shall stay:
Spread no maze of sail for shipwreck: out, and clear the way!

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

SONG.

Some find Love late, some find him soon,
Some with the rose in May,
Some with the nightingale in June,
And some when skies are gray;
Love comes to some with smiling eyes,
And comes with tears to some.
For some Love sings, for some Love sighs,
For some Love's lips are dumb.
How will you come to me, fair Love?
Will you come late or soon?
With sad or smiling skies above,
By light of sun or moon?
Will you be sad, will you be sweet,
Sing, sigh, Love, or be dumb.
Will it be summer when we meet,
Or autumn ere you come?

PAKENHAM BEATTY.

IN WOODS ARCADIAN.

From Literary Life.

Come and follow hoofed Pan
Through the woods Arcadian!
For he has not left the dingle
As the mourning poets say,
But he hides from men away:
Hear his noisy laughter mingle
With the torrents' foamy play.
Come and follow him, and follow
Fleetly through the ferny hollow!

Come and sport with happy Pan
In the woods Arcadian!
Come and join the merry dancers!
Ah! you need not cross the sea
Searching for your Arcady
In the land of old romancers
Dead this many a century.
Now that hours are meet for pleasure,
Tread a nimble-footed measure!

Come and listen to piping Pan
In the woods Arcadian!
On the mountains you may hear him
In the circumambient breeze;
And the nymphs that he a-chase
By the fountains do not fear him,
Thinking him beyond the seas.
Then while sapphire skies are o'er us,
Swell the echo-answering chorus!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

SOME OLD EPITAPHS.

From The London Spectator.

Under this sod,
And under these trees,
Lieth the body
Of Solomon Pease.

He is not here,
But only his pod.
He's shelled out his soul
And gone up to his God.

Here lies old Jones,
Who all his life collected bones,
Till death, that grim and bony spectre,
That all-amassing bone collector,
Boned old Jones, so neat and tidy,
That here he lies, all bona fide.

This corpse
Is Phœbe Thorp's.

THE DUKE OF ALVA'S GARDEN.

From Every Other Saturday.

It was once a Moorish palace;—
With its walls and pillars white
Fair it stood till for one's malice
For its turbaned lords took flight.
There, at midnight's charmed hour,
Stealing past her dusky warden,
Would Zorayda pluck a flower,
Or an orange from her garden.

Wide its staircase still and stately,
Lofty springs its cedar roof,
Through its halls, deserted lately,
Once did knights, in arms of proof,
Led by him whose forsaken lowers,
And whose sternness cannot pardon,
Pass, and trample on the flowers
In the Duke of Alva's garden.

Now 'tis an abandoned palace,—
Round its tiled fountain falls
Many a fragrant orange chalice,
With its fruit in golden balls.
Still the lovely spot discloses
Hints of crime, of hearts that harden,
Whispered by the blood-red roses
In the Duke of Alva's garden.

M. G. M.

SHE COULDN'T "CATCH ON."

From The Atlanta Constitution.

"I wonder why Miss Lapover did not speak to me," muttered Mike to Plunkett, as a young lady dashed by. "She hasn't seen me in some time, though, and I guess she failed to recognize me."

"Yes, and then there's your new mustache, too," answered Plunkett, gazing contemptuously at a black streak that was just appearing under the youngster's nose.

"That's it," smiled Mike delightedly; "she couldn't catch on to this mustache."

"And no one else can," blandly replied Plunkett, "unless they went carefully to work with a pair of pincers."

SPRING-HEELED JACK.

STORIES OF A GHASTLY PRACTICAL JOKER.

From All The Year Round.

It is now nearly half a century since the inhabitants of London and its suburbs were kept in a constant state of terror by a man, who, under various disguises, would suddenly appear before the unsuspecting pedestrian, and, after having nearly frightened the traveller out of his or her senses, would as suddenly disappear with terrible bounds, leaving the impression upon his affrighted victim that his Satanic Majesty had condescended to pay him a visit in person. Evening was the time generally chosen by this eccentric character for his exploits, and, doubtless, there are many living who can recollect the pang of fear which shot through their hearts when, leaping from some dark corner, out of a doorway, or over a hedge, he stood before them.

Who this singular being was, or what the true object of his escapades, can only be left to conjecture, as he was never captured; certain it is, that robbery was not the motive, for he was never known to take a single coin from his victims, even when fright had rendered them an easy prey, nor did he often practise any other degree of cruelty beyond scaring them, which, however, was quite sufficient, as in some instances the sufferers never thoroughly recovered the shock to their nerves.

The only surmise as to his identity that was ever hazarded, was that he was the Marquis of Waterford—then famous as a ringleader in all that savored of fun and frolic, but not a shadow of proof could be ever adduced in support of this theory. The more general belief appears to have been that there were several persons concerned in the affair; that they were members of high families, and that the cause of their pranks was a bet of three thousand pounds that they would procure the death of not less than thirty human beings, apportioning them with nice discrimination as follows: eight old bachelors, ten old maids, and six lady's-maids, and as many servant-girls as they could, trusting that by depriving them of their reason they would accelerate their deaths. This is, of course, incredible, but the chief clerk of the Mansion House police-court, in a letter to the newspapers, said it was so reported to a committee that was formed by the Lord Mayor for the purpose of tracking and prosecuting the scoundrels.

It is difficult to assign the exact locality which gave birth to this extraordinary freak, either side of the Thames claiming the distinction; some averring that it was at Hammersmith, others again that it was Barnes. The most trustworthy accounts give the palm to the latter village.

It was the latter end of 1837, at Barnes, that the ghost made its first appearance in the shape of a large white bull, attacking several persons, more particularly women, many of whom suffered most severely from the fright. At East Sheen, in the form of a white bear, the alleged spirit carried on similar gambols. His ghostship then extended his operations to the town renowned for "maids of honor," and in the course of a few days all Richmond was aghast at the tales of women being frightened to death and of children being torn to pieces by him. The search after the unearthly visitant was here becoming too warm for him, and he shifted the scene of his labors to Ham, Kingston and Hampton, at which latter place he was seen, clad in armor of brass, with spring shoes, and large claw-like gloves, but being hotly pursued he scaled the walls of Bushey Park and vanished. Teddington, Twickenham and Hounslow, all had stories to tell of his appearance, and in Sion Park, the seat of the Duke of Northumberland many and fearful were the injuries said to have been inflicted by him. At Isleworth a carpenter was seized at 11 o'clock at night, and most unmercifully beaten by the ghost, who was attired in polished steel armor, with red shoes, etc. It must be noted what an exceedingly varied wardrobe this sprite must have had, rendering it very difficult, one would think, for him to move, with such extensive properties, with alacrity from place to place.

The neighborhood of Uxbridge was the next scene of his pranks, and he approached the metropolis through Hanwell, Brentford and Ealing, in which last place he was seen in steel armor, striking terror into the inmates of the various schools located there, and frightening the blacksmith of the village so completely as to force him to keep his bed in consequence of the shock he sustained. At Hammersmith he found a determined opponent in the shape of a valorous laundress, to whom he appeared in the form of an immense baboon, six feet high, with enormous eyes, and arms of an extensive length; and in strict keeping with his animal appearance, he grunted like an hyena. This courageous woman, after an ineffectual attempt to avoid her uncanny visitor, determined to give him battle, and flew at him with such fury that he was glad to give up the contest. Even the royal precincts of Kensington Palace did not escape from his visits, children having seen the unearthly being dancing by moonlight on the Palace Green, and ever and anon scaling the walls of the royal forcing-houses.

In consequence of the panic attending these exaggerated stories, the police had strict orders to investigate their truth, but were unable, in the majority of cases, to trace any person who had really seen the apparition. That there was mischief afoot, however, was clearly shown by the applications at the Mansion House and other police courts for protection.

At Peckham he caused the greatest alarm (judging by a letter to the Lord Mayor, from a resident there), appearing in a new character, as a spectre, and scaring out of her senses, amongst others, an unfortunate servant-girl who opened a door to him; and the writer also said that seven ladies had been reduced to the same unhappy state through fright at the awful apparition. Letters poured into the Mansion House from all parts of London, showing how universal was the terror which had been inspired by this masquerading miscreant. Several persons, more especially women, were injured bodily in many instances by the claws with which he appears to have armed his hands, and if one writer may be believed, several deaths on the south side of London had been caused by the shock his appearance had given. A letter from St. John's Wood stated that for a whole fortnight that neighborhood had been favored with Spring-heeled Jack's attentions; he sometimes appearing as a bear, and sometimes clad in mail. This correspondent asserted that the bet, which was supposed to be the cause of these pranks, was that the monster should kill six women in some given time.

That his appearance was calculated to upset even the stoutest-hearted must be admitted, for the Lord Mayor himself, though much inclined to be sceptical, acknowledged that he had been given to understand on undoubted authority, that in the vicinity of Forest Hill, where he resided, one of the female servants of a gentleman who lived near his house had been terrified into fits by the sudden appearance of a figure clad in a bear's skin, which, upon being drawn aside, exhibited the human body, with long horns—emblematical of Satan himself—clad in a suit of mail.

The "ghost" did not disdain to avail himself of material means of conveyance occasionally, as is shown by a letter to *The Morning Herald*, January 16, 1838, from "A Resident on Paddington Green," who stated that he had seen, close to his house, a figure clad in white, closely pursued by two men, and, after a smart chase, this matter-of-fact apparition jumped into a cabriolet, and was driven out of the reach of his would-be captors.

A committee was formed at the Madison House in January, 1838, for the purpose of receiving subscriptions, and to decide upon the best means of capturing this uneasy spirit, and of visiting it with the punishment which it so richly deserved.

In sending a donation of five pounds to the fund, a gentleman residing at Dulwich wrote that his daughter was lying in a very dangerous state, having been nearly deprived of her senses by the sudden appearance of a figure enveloped in a white sheet and blue fire, which had met her on her return home from a friend's house; others equally testified to injuries received at the hands of the hobgoblin. A reward of ten pounds was offered for the apprehension of the heartless scoundrel, but unhappily it completely failed in its object, and the perpetrator of this ghastly "joke" continued to be at large.

Thinking, perhaps, that he had done as much harm as he desired in the other parts of London, for a whole month Spring-heeled Jack devoted himself to disturbing the peace of mind of the dwellers in the East End of the metropolis, the neighborhood of Bow being particularly patronized by him. One gross outrage came before the police-magistrate at Lambeth-st., and caused considerable attention.

A young lady, named Alsop, living with her parents in the vicinity of Bow, stated that at about a quarter to 9 o'clock on the evening of February 21, 1838, she heard a violent ringing at the front gate of the house, and on going to the door to see what was the cause, she saw a man standing outside, of whom she inquired what was the matter. The person instantly replied that he was a policeman, and said: "For God's sake bring me a light, for we have caught Spring-heeled Jack here in the lane." She returned into the house, and brought a candle and handed it to the man, who was enveloped in a large cloak. The instant she had done so, however, he threw off his outer garment, and applying the lighted candle to his breast, presented a most hideous and frightful appearance, and vomited forth a quantity of blue and white flame from his mouth, his eyes resembling red balls of fire. From the hasty glance which her fright enabled her to get at his person, she observed that he wore a large helmet, and his dress, which appeared to fit him very tight, seemed to her to resemble white oil-skin. Without uttering a sentence he darted at her, and catching her partly by her dress and the back part of her neck, placed her head under one of his arms, and commenced tearing her clothes with his claws, which she was certain were made of some metallic substance. She screamed out as loud as she could for assistance, and by considerable exertion got away from him, and ran toward the house to get in. Her assailant, however, followed, and caught her on the doorstep, when he again used considerable violence, tore her neck and arms with his claws, as well as a quantity of hair from her head; but she was at length rescued from him by one of her sisters. Her story was fully corroborated by her parents and sisters, and her injuries, which were very considerable, bore unmistakable testimony to the truth of the assault.

Subsequently in Bow Fair Fields Jack narrowly escaped capture by some workmen, and it was only by his extreme agility, and intimate knowledge of the locality, that he got clear off. Two men were arrested as being concerned in this affair—one a master-bricklayer, and the other a carpenter; but after a very long and searching investigation at Lambeth Street police-court, they were discharged as they were not fully identified as being the actual perpetrators, though it was certain they knew something more about the matter than they chose to acknowledge.

Another sample of the ghost's playful ways in the East End of London, was shown by a statement made before the magistrate at Lambeth Street police-court, March 8, 1838, by a Miss Scales, who deposed that as she and her sister were walking in Limehouse about half-past 8 in the evening, on coming to Green Dragon Alley they observed some person standing in an angle in the passage. She was in advance of her sister at the time, and just as she came up to the person, who was enveloped in a large cloak, he spirted a quantity of blue flame right in her face, which deprived her of her sight, and so alarmed her, that she instantly dropped to the ground and was seized with violent fits, which continued for several hours. This individual was described as tall, thin, and of gentlemanly appearance, and carried in front of him a small lamp, similar to those used by the police; he did not utter a word, nor did he attempt to lay hands on the young woman, but walked away in an instant.

Not confining himself to the crowded parts of the metropolis, he made the suburbs his hunting-ground, and terrorized both sides of the Thames to such an extent that but few females would venture out after dark without sufficient escort. He visited Blackheath in a truly novel and marvellous manner. Three ladies were crossing the heath at about 6 o'clock, when they suddenly came upon a monstrous figure before them, and as the lamps had been lit some time, they had a good view of it. The monster, they said, had a phosphoric lustre, showed tremendous long ears, horns and tail like those of a bullock. One of the ladies fell down in a fit, and the other two had resort of that potent weapon in the female armory, a good scream, which promptly brought a policeman to their assistance, and on his bold advance the apparition threw itself over his head and disappeared on the heath, during which gymnastic performance, it was said, the hooks, or springs, on his heels were distinctly visible.

In a pamphlet, published at the time, we have preserved to us a portrait of the "ghost," as he appeared in this instance, and the representation even, much less the reality, is quite enough to upset the nerves of any ordinary-minded person. He is depicted as clad in all the orthodox details of a satanic outfit, horns, tail, etc., with fearful claws on both hands and feet, the latter additionally armed with large hooks, attached to the heels, whilst his countenance puts any mediæval conception of the Evil One quite to the blush. No wonder, then, the ladies are shown as suffering an extremity of terror, with their mouths extended to their utmost capacity, presumably screaming.

In another tract there is a similar portrait of this man-fiend, its horrors being heightened by being highly-colored, and there he is represented as appearing in a churchyard to two women.

In a third booklet he appears as in half-armor, with helmets, etc., his nether limbs being clad in a species of fox-hunting costume, a huge cloak adorning his back.

Having alarmed the dwellers on the south side of the Thames, so as nearly to deprive them of their senses, he again crossed the water, and appeared to a party of people near Holloway in the guise of a bear. Here, however, he met with a reception he hardly contemplated, for there being a brickfield handy, the men of the party treated him to a shower of bricks, a mode of treatment which he by no means relished, and which induced him to beat a speedy retreat.

One evening, near Lord Holland's gate at Kensington, a gaunt figure, accoutred like Don Quixote, and covered with spikes, was seen striding along the road, and, after staring in the faces of some laboring men, disappeared in an instant. These men, it is said, went into a beer shop in the vicinity, and then relating what they had seen, they again went to the place where the figure had appeared, in expectation of its return. However, they did not meet it, but they saw an uncouth monster, having the shape of an enormous baboon, playing its antics beneath some trees which overhung the road. As they approached the creature sprang up on the branches and disappeared. Spring-heeled Jack, of course, being credited with this mysterious occurrence.

Hackney was favored with an extraordinary vision of this many-shaped intruder on the public peace, for he appeared, so the story runs, in the shape of a lamp-lighter walking on his head and hands, and carrying his ladder between his feet, to which was suspended a lantern of large dimensions, amply lighted. And this curious creature, on being approached, somersaulted so high, that those who saw it were utterly astonished. But this, surely, is rather more than even the most credulous ought to be expected to swallow, and the story must have been manufactured to feed the public taste for the marvellous.

Another glimpse of him was had on the road to Woolwich, when a blue flame issued from his mouth, and a girl who witnessed it fell into fits. His dress on this occasion is described as that of a gentleman, with the somewhat startling addition of a wide strip of scarlet down the back of his coat. Being pursued, he sprung over the fences as usual, and was out of sight in an instant. Still lingering in Kent, he was found the following night at Dartford, where he was clad in a bearskin, and amused himself with the mischievous trick of putting out the town gas and leaving the streets in darkness. The ubiquity of the fellow was something wonderful, and tended, of course, very much to enhance his fame; no sooner was he heard of in Kent than he turned up at Hampstead Heath, springing over the furze-bushes and somersaulting over the gravel-pits.

So numerous were the tales told of Spring-heeled Jack that a good many must be supposed to be true; whilst, on the other hand, great allowance must be made for credulity, some people not being content with the marvellous as they find it, but being only too happy to add thereto. As a final specimen of the nonsense circulated about his appearance, perhaps the following is the best. A wonderful sight, it was said, was witnessed on Primrose Hill one evening. On the summit appeared a huge figure of a man, in a flame of pale blue; it then assumed the bulk of a massive elephant, then of a windmill in full operation, and lastly, in lessening its dimensions, it became a large ball of snow, which rolled down the hill, and escaped further notice. What Spring-heeled Jack had to do with this dreadful appearance is not at all clear, but it was attributed to him, nevertheless, such was the hold that he had obtained over the public mind.

Whether too much attention was beginning to be paid to him with a view to his capture, or whether his love of mischief had died out, cannot be told, but certain it was that nothing was known publicly of this singular being after April, 1838, having kept London in a ferment of excitement and terror for about six months. The foregoing are only a few of the stories, veracious or otherwise, that were related of him, space not permitting any more detailed account to be given.

BARBECUE SCENES IN GEORGIA.

Decatur Correspondence of The Philadelphia Item.

Late on Friday night the woods on the outskirts of Clarkston presented a weird appearance. The night was intensely dark, and here and there were blazing fires in the background. The attendant cooks for the feast of the morrow could be seen placing carcasses upon spits, and all night long using long poles, having at the ends swabs of mustard, with which the meats were kept thoroughly saturated.

Ten o'clock Saturday found perhaps 5,000 country folks assembled. The smell of the fresh woods, the aroma from the spits, the jocular salutations, so much recalling Longstreet's Georgia scenes, all conspired to give an exhilarating effect to the scene. The orators were also there, at the head of whom was ex-Congressman Milton Chandler. The Government was redeemed in flights of eloquence, and hearty cheers showed the approbation of the people. A little distance off were arranged long tables, capable of accommodating 100 persons each. The fragrant meats were temptingly arranged, and when the word was given that the feast was ready a rush was made for the best places. One table was specially reserved for distinguished guests. The master of ceremonies, in calling the guests to order, drew their attention to one beautifully browned carcase. He narrated that it was none other than a famous billy goat so familiar to all who have ever visited Stone Mountain. Twelve years ago, as a goat of mature judgment, the animal had appeared on the mountain. For eight years he jumped from crag to crag and won a State reputation. Growing older he took up his residence in Clarkston, where for four years he butted his way. A citizen shot at a mad dog on Friday. He missed the dog, but fatally struck the renowned goat; hence the goat's appearance on the table as the chief dish. It was not long before the whole party were discussing the delicacy of the old goat's flesh.

THE FRENCH DIVORCE ROLL.

From Life (London).

What endless food for gossip the new Divorce Laws in France will give the free lances of Parisian journalism! The first list has been published, and the names are, many of them, well known in the *chronique scandaleuse* of the French capital.

As one might expect, the first in the list is a well-known novelist, known to fame as Mario Uchard. Next, *cela va dans dire*, comes another representative of art and letters in the person of Camille Saint-Saëns. It is not known what the former complains of, but the latter has been separated for years from his wife on the score of bad cooking, which is in accordance with the old Rabbinical law, which allowed a man a divorce from his wife if she spoilt his dinners. Thirdly, we come to the famous Baroness Kaula, the friend of General Cissey, the original of Victorien Sardou's "Drawing-room Spy" in "Dora." Then we come to the Duc de Beauffremont, who seeks to untie the matrimonial knot and liberate himself from a spouse who bears the character of being the most expensive wife in the whole world. The Duke has already placed her under control, and his lawsuits with Parisian tradespeople have long been the talk of Paris. She ran into debt for lace alone to the tune of 25,000 francs, and her jewels have cost a reluctant husband fabulous sums. Her whole indebtedness amounts to the startling sum of 3,000,000 francs.

The last but not the least of the dissatisfied couples includes the name of the famous Madame de Santerre, who was the heroine of Alphonse Daudet's "Les Rois en Exile," a book which gave the Parisians intense relish at the time, and which is even now immensely popular. The stories about Madame de Santerre would fill pages. She was dining one evening with one of Les Rois in one of the rooms of the Café d'Orsay, when her husband was informed by a friend of the fact, and straightway determined to catch Madame. He repaired to the Quai d'Orsay and stationing himself outside the only entrance to the well-known cafe, waited till his erring and volatile wife should have finished her dinner. But he had reckoned without his host. Madame had seen her better half from the upper windows, and was not to be caught. She and her lover waited, but the inexorable husband was not to be moved; there he stood until the matter grew beyond a joke. How were they to get out? Madame was equal to the occasion, and going downstairs into the kitchen, she made friends with a kitchen boy, whom she persuaded to lend her his clothes; attired in these, and with a tray of pastry on her head, she boldly marched past her unsuspecting husband and escaped.

CURRENT ANECDOTES.

HER LETTER.

From The San Francisco Call.

There is a young man in Oakland who has a young sister by the name of Jessie, who was sent to a fashionable school for young ladies.

He said when she left home he wondered if she would acquire the airs and affectations that certain young ladies that he knew had by attending the fashionable seminary.

After being there a year he began to flatter himself that his sister was proof against such nonsense, when he received a letter signed "Jessica," instead of Jessie, as heretofore. In answering he wrote something like this:

"DEAR SISTER JESSICA: Your welcome letter received. Mammaica and papaica are well. Aunt Maryica and Uncle Georgica started for the Santa Cruz Mountains yesterday. Have bought a new horse; it is a beauty; it is named Maudica, etc. Your affectionate brother,

SAMICA."

The next letter was signed Jessie.

THE FATTED CALF.

From The Youth's Companion.

The danger of going too much into detail in talking about subjects with which one is not very familiar is exemplified in the story of an English town-bred curate, who had consented to do duty one Sunday for his friend, the rector of a country parish in the Midlands.

The subject of the morning sermon was the parable of the prodigal son; and, in the hope of impressing upon his hearers the joy which the patriarch felt on the return of his son, as instanced by his ordering the fatted calf to be killed, the young curate fell a-pardonable pride in dwelling upon a subject which could not fail to be comprehensible to the dullest cowboy in the congregation.

"Remember," he said, "this was no ordinary calf which was to be killed; it was no common calf or beast suffering from murrain, no half-starved calf slowly awaiting death. No; it was not merely a fatted calf, but" (becoming more impressive) "it was the fatted calf which had been prized and loved by the family for many years."

A sea of white eyes and gaping mouths arrested for a moment the eloquence of the fledgling parson, and in the next moment there was such a chuckling and grins and flattering of old heads below as had not been witnessed, even in the memory of the sexton, for more than "many years."

THE STORY OF AN UMBRELLA.

From The Denver Times.

General H. F. Sickles, the Colorado Commissioner to the New-Orleans Exposition, was telling some friends a few days ago about his first glimpse of a mountain lion. He said: "We were living up in the mountains and had quite a herd of cows, among them one, an old cow, who wore a bell. The cows had been missing for several days, and the boys were out searching, and one afternoon I thought I would try what I could do. So I mounted a pony and rode quite a distance, when I thought I heard the old cow's bell. I dismounted and started to prowl around among the rocks and bushes.

"It had been raining during the early part of the afternoon, and I had an umbrella. I tied the pony to a tree and started. After I had gone a short distance I caught a glimpse of the cows. As I started toward them, suddenly they lifted their heads, crooked their tails, and started away on a dead run. I was just wondering what frightened them, when I heard a rustling in the bushes behind me.

"I turned around, and there, not ten feet away, was a big mountain lion standing on a rock staring at me. I assure you, I never felt so bashful in all my life. I hadn't a gun or even a jack-knife, and there was that beast staring and getting ready for a spring. All at once I thought of my umbrella, and as quick as thought I raised that much-borrowed article, and spread it right in Mr. Lion's face! He didn't stop to examine, but made one great jump clear across a gorge, and when he lighted, gave a yell that shook the hills.

"I saw no more of him. When I got home, the cows were there."

A DOG'S VANITY.

From The Youth's Companion.

An old setter once displayed such vanity that it was immediately seized upon to compel him to obedience. He would follow the members of the family, whenever they went out, no matter how troublesome his presence might be.

One day the children tied a ribbon-bow on the tip of the dog's tail. Everybody laughed at his comical appearance, which so mortified the poor setter that he retired under the sofa and sulked for an hour. The next day the family were going to a croquet party and the dog seemed bent on accompanying them.

It occurred to one of the young ladies of the party to try the effect of a ribbon-bow. It was tied on his tail, and immediately he rushed into the house, and hid under the sofa. When they returned he was on the doorstep, sitting on his haunches as if concealing something, and refrained even from wagging his tail, lest the hated bow should be seen.

UNCLE TANTIA.

From The St. James's Gazette.

In these prosaic times when robbery has lost most of its romance it is refreshing to read that our fellow-subjects in the Central Provinces of India have in their midst a real live highwayman of the fine old chivalrous type. It appears from the report of the Inspector-General of Police of those Provinces that the daring freebooter Tantia, for whose capture an enormous reward has long been on offer, continued his interesting avocation during last year in comfort, unimpeded by any irritating officiousness on the part of the authorities of law and order. Owing to the connivance of the villagers he has lived in security and luxury, "not in hidden ravines or dense jungles, but almost in the open plain, in sight of villages, and only a few miles from our police forts." His reading of the part he plays differs in no essential particular from that with which our younger generation is familiar from the histories of Dick Turpin, Jack Sheppard, and others of note. He robs the rich and gives lavishly to the poor; and on one occasion, when a plague of locusts came upon the neighboring district, his generosity gave rise to a common saying amongst the people that "What the locusts ate Uncle Tantia gave back." Once coming upon a wedding party wearing all their jewels, he chivalrously disdained taking advantage of this excellent opportunity and even contributed a wedding present of his own. Altogether, it is a matter for congratulation that this interesting bandit appears to be in no danger from any misplaced zeal on the part of the police.

THE MULE'S SUPERIOR INTELLIGENCE.

From the New-Orleans Times-Democrat.

During a chat with the foreman of the street-car stables, James E. Barry, the subject turned to a discussion of the characteristics of horses and mules. He has been a close student of both, and the result of his experience is that the mule is entitled to the higher rank in sagacity.

Mr. Barry went on to say that the superiority of the mule is shown in his absolute refusal to put his foot in a hole in a bridge or crossing. Horses endeavor to find a hole, if there is any lying around, and break their legs. This a mule will not do, nor can he be forced to advance if he thinks there is danger. "The horse," said Mr. Barry, "has more courage, the mule more sense."

It has been an amusing study at one of the stables to watch a sly, mischievous little mule that is rather too fond of liberty. It seems that the mules are fastened to their stalls by a chain, on the end of which is a cross-piece of iron, which is slipped lengthwise through a hole in the stall, and when extended crosswise over the hole prevents the chain being withdrawn. This mule, when standing in his manger, with his teeth and tongue manages to slip the crosspiece attached to the chain out of the hole, and then cautiously backs out the full length of the chain and surveys the field. If there be a stableman in sight, he re-enters the stall and waits demurely till the coast is clear, when he comes out quickly and makes a dash for liberty and the street. Sometimes it requires all hands to catch him and bring him back.

In the yard of one of the down-town stables there is a post to which four mules are generally tied after being curried. There was recently one mule there that was fond of slipping his chain through the ring in the post, and then, to allow its mates to share in his liberty he loosened the others. This he did so often he had to be closely watched.

A QUEER BOSTON MERCHANT.

From Every Other Saturday.

A Boston merchant who lived and died on Summer-st., was a curious instance of one who had been an invalid from childhood, always extremely hypochondriac, who never imagined himself ill when he was not, nor exaggerated his actual illness, nor feared, unduly, sickness or pain, or death itself. But it was the business of his life to take care of his health; and he devoted himself to this work with wonderful assiduity. He rode just so far each day, when the weather was fair, and at such an hour. He had a great variety of clothing, which he regulated with precision by the thermometer, sometimes changing his dress many times in a day; and selected for his over-clothes, when he rode out, the very garments which the mercury indicated.

He had a weather-clock put upon his stable, within fair view from his bedroom and sitting-room; and that and his thermometer, and all possible signs of [illegible] weather he was watching constantly, and found in these occupations a very agreeable way of employing all his day and all his days. How far his long life is to be attributed to this excessive care it is hard to tell; but he outlived every brother and sister, every brother's wife and every sister's husband, and his own wife, and died in 1837 at the age of eighty-one.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A HUGE BUFFALO.

Idaho correspondence of The Cincinnati Enquirer.

I had singled out as my meat an old bull with long, highly polished horns and the most magnificent mane that has ever come under my notice. I determined to have that head, and to carry it East with me as a trophy. To single the brute from the herd and to put a bullet from my revolver in his shoulder was an easy task, when aided by such a horse as mine. The remainder of the herd thundered off to the west with commotions in full chase, and away toward the east went my wounded buffalo, with me a good second, sending a pill into his side whenever he swerved enough to give me a chance at his heart. Suddenly the idea seemed to enter his cranium that he was flying in a direct line from his friends, and he wheeled about and charged me, his magnificent head cocked sidewise ready to toss my mustang, his nostrils and eyes blood-red, and the foam flying from his mouth. When the buffalo swerved my nag made a noble leap out of his course and landed with his off foreleg in a marmot's hole, bringing him to his knees, snapping the bone of his leg off like a stalk of straw and sending me headlong to the ground, right in the path of the wounded bull. I was somewhat shaken up and could not think clearly, but my eyes were wide open, and the approaching danger seemed like a weight on all my faculties, benumbing me so that I could not move so much as an eyelid, and thus increasing the horror of the situation. The bull came on, his hoofs rattling on the hard prairie like the bones of the end man in a minstrel show. His hot breath came full in my mouth and nostrils, leaving a bad taste on my tongue for the remainder of the day. One of his horns caught in the collar of my hunting shirt, tearing it away, and then his hind hoof grazed my temple.

He was as glad to escape as I was myself, and careered over the prairie after the herd at a three-minute gait, while I arose and planted a merciful bullet from my revolver in the brain of my doomed mustang.

One day of this sort of thing is worth a year's dawdling about at the seashore in a seersucker coat to a man who is not practically unsexed.

A Michigan editor, on discovering a fire, rushed out into the street shouting: "Conflagration! Conflagration!! Conflagration!!! Approximate hither with the implements of deluge and extinguish this combustion." The office devil now fills the editorial chair.—[Scranton Republican.

They tell a story of a Pennsylvania farmer who cut, threshed, cleaned and made into flour three sheaves of wheat and baked some cakes for the harvest hands, all in ten minutes from the time the grain was standing in the field. When a Pennsylvania man tells a lie he tells a truly noble one.—[Boston Post.