PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—The last surviving child of John C. Calhoun died in South Carolina not long ago.

—Young Fitch, the husband of the daughter of Gen. Sherman, has tendered his resignation and will leave the naval service at the end of the year. He is engaged in the banking business at St. Louis.

—Gov. Ingersoll, of Connecticut, has appointed a commission consisting of eminent philologists "to examine into the propriety of adopting an amended orthography of the public documents hereafter to be printed in the State."

—Capt. John Norris, of Petersburg, Ky., is the sole survivor of the American participants in Perry's victory on Lake Erie in 1813. He is now eighty-four years old and hale, hearty and active. In 1860 the Kentucky Legislature voted him a gold medal.

—When Prof. Watson, of Michigan University, was in Egypt recently, the Khedive asked him to ascertain the height of the great pyramid of Ghizeh, and so well satisfied was he with the result that he sent the professor up the Nile in one of his special steamboats and conferred on him a lofty Egyptian title.

—William Cullen Bryant denies the current gossip that his "Thanatopsis" was written as a college exercise at Williamstown, Mass., or that he was expelled for not submitting it to the President for revision. The poem was written at Cannington and the poet received an honorable dismissal from the institution when he left.

—A Cumberland (Md.) paper says that Miss Nancy Valentine, who lives near that city, attained her one-hundredth year last August, and through all her long life has never had occasion to use spectacles; can thread a needle as easily as when she was sixteen years old; does her own cooking and occupies her spare time by knitting stockings for sale, first spinning the wool herself.

INCIDENTS AND ACCIDENTS.

—Recently a little daughter of Reuben Steckel, living near Ironton, Pa., was swinging in her father's dooryard, when another child opened a parasol before her as she swung forward, the point of one of the ribs striking her in the corner of one eye, near the nose, and penetrated the bone into the brain. She died after two weeks' intense suffering.

—A few days since an unknown man threw himself, or fell, from the top of the Washington Monument, in Baltimore, to the granite base, a distance of 180 feet, and was crushed to a shapeless mass. Nothing was found about his person to identify him. A note containing a verse of sentimental poetry addressed to a Miss Cobb was the only article found.

—Some rogue recently cut the straps by which two large elephants attached to a circus then exhibiting in Bennington, Vt., were confined, and the beasts started out on a voyage of discovery. They ate up half an acre of potatoes and nearly frightened a woman to death by rattling her window-blinds in the attempt to get some apples on the window-sill. It was so dark that she could not see a foot from the window, and when she opened the window a huge trunk was whirling about after the apples. The poor woman fell over backward, screaming: "Oh, what a snake!"

—One day, says the Providence *Journal*, Policeman Sheldon A. Knight watched with interest a turtle dig a hole and deposit her eggs therein, at Roger Williams Park, and when he went to his home that night disinterred the eggs, thirty-five in number, and took them with him. Digging a hole in his yard, similar to the one made by the turtle and as near to it in shape and size as possible, he again buried the eggs, and lo and behold! after 112 days they commenced to hatch out, and in a short time thirty-four little bits of turtles, no larger than an old-fashioned copper cent, came to the surface, only one of the eggs failing to hatch.

—The wild-woman story in the town of Watervliet, N. Y., has been revived with additional interest in consequence of recent developements made by a correspondent of an Albany paper. The female has been identified as the daughter of Louis Bourbaki, who in consequence of some love entanglements turned her out of his house in 1873. The wild woman was found in her lair, a deep cavern in the dense woods. When discovered she acted like a maniac, but on her father uttering the magic word, "Emma," the floodgates of memory were opened, the rays of reason stole again to her brain, and, throwing herself into the arms of her father, she wept. The reunited father and daughter are now at their home on the green hills of Vermont.

The Natives of Alaska.

A San Francisco correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, who has been to Alaska, writes concerning the natives of that territory: If they were suddenly transported to Kentucky and given their own sweet will they would drink all the whisky in the State. Can they eat? Why, that which would disgust an ostrich is their best suit. A sea-gull, with a hide tougher than a sole-leather trunk, is a delicacy. They have pictures of deer and of bears that once lived on the islands, but at this time one would waste the price of either in shoe-leather looking for them. The great reliance of the inhabitants of Kodiack is in the silver-gray foxes, and the salmon fisheries. The first are not in great numbers, but by diligent hunting the natives manage to secure enough skins to procure for them, by barter with the traders, almost all such commodities of life as are necessary for their existence. The great salmon fishery is at Carlook, on the west side of Kodiack.

During the time of the Russian possession all the natives dressed in the skins of the seal and sea-lion. From the date of American possession many of the natives have advanced in civilization very perceptibly. This advancement has been purely imitative, and it should be a matter of record. The people are a fun-loving race, and they have a remarkable resemblance to the Japanese. The guitar, accordion, violin and banjo are all familiar to them, and fine violinists are not by any means rare. They like coasting; they have a sort of "blind-man's buff," and they play scientifically a game of cards, very similar to "poker" as described by Minister Schenck. They play a Russianized chess, and they are always ready, shortly after pay-day, to pitch fifty-cent pieces at a hob or taw, the condition being that he who pitches his piece nearest to the designated object shall have all the money that is pitched. The women generally are models of virtue. The young people mature at about the same age that our young people do, and, as a rule, they are permitted to select their own life-partners.

A law of the Greek Catholic Church, of which they are all communicants, prohibits marriage between relations the tie between whom is nearer than the seventh degree. The men are naturally jealous; they watch their wives closely. Their parental affection is very strong. The children are invariably taught the Russian language. The Alaska Commercial Company first taught them the convenience and furnished them the means of modern wearing apparel. This company has established numerous schools, and the young Aleuts now receive instruction from graduates of best colleges. I confess I cannot see what tempted the graduates to thus bury themselves alive, and, without a single exception, they are all as blind in this respect as I am, and there I will leave them. The first English schools were established on the Seal Islands—*i. e.*, St. George and St. Paul Islands—by the Alaska Commercial Company. About the same time the company introduced modern dress, and the inhabitance of the territory. The innovation spread rapidly, and now, in point of dress, the Aleuts are as fashionable as the ordinary white laborer in this country. At every settlement large enough to be notable there are schools. In Sitka a well-organized German school is supported by Bishop Johannes, of the Greek Church. Sitka is the port of entry of the Territory, and three deputies do the revenue business of the Territory. The superior officer is stationed at Sitka, where he is assisted by one deputy. Kodisck and Oonalaska have each a deputy collector. Upon each of the Seal Islands (St. George and St. Paul) there is an English school, and there is also one upon the island of Oonalaska. All these institutions are maintained by the Alaska Commercial Company. There are four agents of the United States Treasury upon the Seal Islands—two on each island—and on an average two Congressional committees sail up there every year to investigate the work of the Federal representatives. The settled population of Kodiack, Oonalaska, Sitka and the Islands of St. George and St. Paul will not exceed 2,500. The natives are nomadic; sometimes there are 5,000 people in Sitka, and at other times there are not 500 people there.

There are churches in all the settlements, and in the larger towns priests are located. The villages that have no priests are ministered to by the priests from the more populous settlements. A comprehensive system of itineracy protects the Aleuts from any want of spiritual comfort. Of all the people of the Territory, save those of the Seal Islands, the people of Sitka and Kodiack are the furthest advanced in civilization. They live in log huts, with thatched roofs, and in their domestic habits are very cleanly. On the Seal Islands the Aleuts have one and one-and-a-half story cottages, built after the American pattern by the Alaska Company, whose agents compel their owners or occupants to keep them perfectly clean. In other places in the Territory the Aleuts live in mound-shaped houses of turf. They prefer to locate on the side of a hill, and when a house of this kind is burrowed out it is one of the most uncomfortable places to pass a night imaginable. You enter through a hole in the bank extending from the surface three or four feet up into the face of the outer wall. Until a fellow has been into one of these tombs he has no idea of what darkness is. I did not try it, but I believe the atmosphere could be lifted out in chunks, and I will be responsible for the assertion that a hot sun would have to put in its best licks to get any light through it. Yet the owners of the graves live in them contentedly. They get light from oil taken from seals. A wick made from cotton, when they can get it, or grass, when they can do no better, is saturated in a pan of oil; one end of the wick is protruded over the side, and when lit it gives out a flame in which there is very little illumination and a great deal of smoke and offensive flavor. Lamps are rare. Usually these huts have but a single room, varying in size from ten to sixteen feet square. For fuel the hutmen are dependent upon drift-wood. Their beds are made of seal-skins. A few have blankets. Considered generally the Aleuts are little better than our native Indians, and in some respects their customs are similar. For example, in each village there is a chief elected by a popular vote. There are instances where this office has been continued in one family for centuries, but it is nevertheless not an hereditary office, because the Aleuts reserve to themselves the right to, at any time, elect a superior officer to preside over them. That these people can ever be made useful citizens of the general commonwealth is extremely doubtful. While legitimate commercial enterprise is fostered and protected in the islands the natives will be self-supporting; otherwise they will become a burden upon the country.

Work of the German Postoffice.

The annual report of the German Postofficefor 1874, the third year completed since the establishment of the Empire, is worth notice, not only for the growth of business shown since the whole duty passed under one administration, but the amount of accommodation afforded to the public by certain branches not represented with us. If an increase of the number of postoffice missives be, as is often asserted in our own case, a genuine test of national prosperity, then we may dismiss as idle all tales of the decay of German trade and commerce, for in 1874 there were more than 962,000,000 letters and parcels sent through the post, as against 878,000,000 in 1873. In other words, the growth of correspondence in a single year, despite alleged depression, was over 9 per cent. Simple letters account for more than 900,000,000, the other 60,000,000 being of course parcels, of which two-thirds were sent merely as such at a very low tariff, and about another third, being those of more valuable contents, passing at the higher rate which makes the postoffice responsible for their registered value. One purpose which the post specially serves in Germany is the transmission in this way of packages of notes, bullion and coin; and in 1874 the amount paid on these was £787,000,000 sterling, representing no doubt the greater part of the circulation of money through the Empire beyond that passed from hand to hand. The carriage of persons and baggage on ordinary roads is, as all travelers in Germany are aware, though not wholly a Government monopoly, largely conducted by the Postoffice. And in 1874 370,000,000 pounds of personal luggage was so transported, with very nearly 5,000,000 passengers. Railroads are steadily reducing these two items of the postoffice accounts; and that they are still so large can only be accounted for by the well-known fact that well-to-do burgher families spend in driving about favorite parts of the Fatherland much of the spare time and cash which with us are devoted to the annual seaside holiday.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

In accordance with the provisions of the Connecticut Factory law an officer took eight children from a Danielsonville (Conn.) mill recently, and ordered their parents to send them to school.

In a Barber-Shop.

My friend the barber welcomes me as the rightful captive of his razor and his shears. I have it in mind to cast myself into the clutch of his art—to submit my flowing locks to the scissors, my scalp to the fiery shampoo, and my chin to the harvesting steel. He, therefore, congratulates his secret soul and proceeds to do with me after the manner of his kind. To all of which I solemnly assent.

He first cuts my hair. That is to say, he combs it over my eyes and leaves it in that position. Then, with a slow rake of his toothed instrument he fetches it over either ear, careless that the aforesaid ear projects some sufficient distance from the skull. It cheers me in this moment of awful uncertainty, when the comb is deliberately descending, to reflect that if I were indeed an ass he would give the matter more attention. The back of my head he also furrows in order, I presume, to sow "Tonic" in it by and by.

Then he clips and chatters and gracefully waves his particular customers to his especial friends among his fellow-artists; and clips and snips my ear, and begs a mechanical pardon or two; and jerks his head on one side, and clips and pushes me forward and pushes me back; and responds affirmatively when I tell him only to take the ends off of it; and clips and says that will be all right; and drives the cold steel on its triumphant way over my forehead and around the outer boundaries of that wig which is the serene result of his cuts, cross-cuts, shinglings and shearings. Nay, he would even shave the back of my neck did I permit him so to do.

And now he pours upon my devoted head an anointing which is like that of Aaron. It runs down to my beard and it would go to the skirts of my calico bib if it had anything like the proper success. As it is, I open the corner of an eye in order to expostulate and a lava-stream of borax and ammonia plunges into the *crevasse*. How that eye smarts and stings!

Meanwhile the ten fingers of Monsignor are busy with my occiput and sinciput. He traverses every bump and is especially severe with firmness, benevolence and self-esteem. He plows back and forth upon the moral faculties with an occasional excursion across philoprogenitiveness. I notice with pain that he does not rouse the dormant energies of combativeness or destructiveness; neither does he meddle with form, color, order, number or size.

Like unto all my fellow-men, I suffer these indignities, nodding back and forth, my head one mass of whip-lather, utterly defenseless and solaced only by an accidental touch or two which is softer than the rest. As I have mentioned dand ruff to him, he considers that suggestion the cue for renewed energy and more desperate exertion.

At length he "raises my hair," literally. A cloud-capped tower of royal Egyptian shampoo ascends upon my skull, twirled to a peak by those dexterous fingers. And I, with closed eyes, follow stumbling across the room. No one laughs at me; for they all know how it is themselves. But to the inhabitant of another world it would be awfully funny.

Now, the water is either too hot or too cold. It is never just right. It rains upon me and runs down the back of my neck; to prevent which I am jammed lower and lower into the basin. Half-strangled and with a lurking sense that every particular hair is now sore at the root, I rise up, and, beholding men as trees walking, I go back to my station.

My friend presses both forefingers into the balls of my eyes, he works the towel with which he is armed into the remotest recesses of the drums of my ears, and by an indescribable circular motion he follows this last process with a wipe across my face. Mechanically he conveys each possible unclean particle from the nape of my neck and the back of my ear around to my nose, and then regularly adjourns the movement.

It has now become time for the razor. This, being duly selected from a well-worn and dirty heap, is rushed with a whish and a hish back and forth upon some extremely suspicious canvas and across some equally doubtful leather. My friend the barber is by no means a neophyte, as it were. He tips me back until my nose is like the petal of a flower, and then he lathers me to his liking. During this procedure he frequently finds it necessary to talk to some familiar or to hold counsel with the "boss," while the lather dries in to the required consistency.

It happens on the present occasion that the razor is villainously dull. After two or three efforts, in the course of which I dare not call my soul my own, he graciously inquires "if it pulls." I remark that perhaps it does. He selects another instrument of torture, less obdurate of edge, and we progress with more satisfaction to all concerned.

I make no account of all the sharp corners, crooked defiles, capes, promontories, timber-land, or open country around or over which he travels. He is a fairly-experienced person and I have no great fault to find. True, he nicks a place under my chin and he scoops out certain hairs from two days beneath the surface; but in this he is not exceptional.

The finishing touches command profound admiration. I make no suggestions, and simply and severely commit him to his own devices. Hence, as to my hair, he applies "Tonic," which strikes like liquid fire upon all capillaries and abraded surfaces. To this he adds "Pomatum" (of which I stand in reverent awe, as an unknown substance), and, should I stay his lavish hand, he spreads the residue thereof upon his own ambrosial ringlets.

I take no heed of his remark, made in the interest of the "Universal Hair Restorer," that the top of my head is but sparsely provided with what ought to grow there. I awake from a reverie in which I behold myself with a high part to my front hair and a waved lock plastered low down upon my marble brow, in time to catch his inquiry if he shall "put cosmetique on 'em." With him it is a word and a dab. Some eccentric mass of lard and perfume is smeared upon my mustache; an extra allowance is appropriated to either extremity. A couple of twirls *a la* Louis Napoleon—and the trick is performed.

When or how my face was submitted to a powder-puff, which fills up all my pores and hides the rents the razor made, I am unable now to testify. I realize it in a vague and misty fashion as a portion of it is being rubbed off at my release.

My friend eyes me with admiration. I am a hero after his own heart. I have exhausted the resources of the establishment. He hands me out a copious check and cries "Brush!" with undoubted sincerity and begs me to call again.

I wander forth scarce knowing what manner of man I am. My mustache sticks stiffly out like the wing of a chicken-hawk nailed against a farm-door. My hair clings to my forehead like a wet and comfortless wife to her consort after a seabath. I am sad and unnatural in spirit. The top of my head smarts as if it had been trying conclusions with a bramble-bush. I am a barber's image—a walking emblem—a sort of wonder and dismay!—*Rev. S. W. Duffield, in N. Y. Independent.*

The Geological Importance of Our Western Explorations.

In no period of the world's history has there been a greater activity displayed in enterprises to increase the knowledge of our globe and its history than at the present day; as instances of which may be cited the explorations in Central Africa, those of the ruins of the cities of antiquity, such as Nineveh, the expeditions to the north pole, intended for settling the mystery of an open polar sea, the deep-sea soundings in the Pacific Ocean, proving the existence of a sunken continent, and, last but not least, American explorations in the great West, now in progress, which have already contributed to our knowledge of geology facts of greater importance than any obtained during the previous half century. It is especially in the region of the Yellowstone River, abounding as it does with hot springs and geysers, and in the valley of the Colorado that the most instructive features have been discovered. While in the last few decades the importance and universality of slow upheavals have been demonstrated, the explorations have shown that a second agent, namely, erosion, is of the utmost importance and results in a variety of features, varying with the nature of the soil, the climate (wet, dry or rainless), presence or absence of winter frosts, etc.

In Colorado the erosion by the rivers produces canons in the comparatively easily worn-out rock of thousands of feet in depth; while the aridity of the climate prevents the rain from destroying the results of the erosion, as is the case in countries where rainfall is of ordinary occurrence. It is evident, therefore, that the arid regions around the Colorado River give specially favorable opportunities for studying the effects of erosion, and the resent researches in that country have resulted in classification of these effects, as, 1, the erosion of water gaps; 2, the cliff erosion of canons; 3, hogback erosion, and 4, hill and mountain erosion. The second and third classes are due to the undermining action of water in arid climates; while in the first and last this action is modified by surface washings in rainy or moist climates.

When another topographical feature is added, namely, the eruption and outpouring of molten matter from below, its overflow covering the eroded lands, and its subsequent erosion in its turn, a new field of investigation is opened, especially instructive in arid climates, where surface washings do not destroy the prominent points of interest. This makes the region of the Colorado particularly rich in peculiar features, such as canons and canon valleys, volcanic caves and volcanic mountains, cliffs and hogbacks, buttes and plateaux, naked rocks and drifting sand, bluffs, valleys, etc. All the mountain forms of this region are due to erosion, being carved out by the running waters; but, notwithstanding the aridity of the climate in many localities, beds hundreds of feet in thickness and hundreds of thousands of square miles in extent, beds of schist, granite, limestone, sandstone, scale and lava have slowly yielded to the unseen powers of the air, crumbled away into dust, and been washed away by the rivers. It is an illustration on a gigantic scale of the return of the lands to the ocean depths from which they once arose.

It appears, however, that the climate there has not always been so arid as it is now; so the basin of the Great Salt Lake which is now so depressed that its waters have no outlet to the sea and are entirely disposed of by evaporation, leaving all dissolved matter behind, had once a moist climate and so much rain that the valley was filled with water to its brim, forming a large and deep fresh-water lake which had its outlet into the Columbia River. Mr. G. K. Gilbert, who studied the features of this outlet, considers its epoch identical with the glacial period; and from a further study of the deposited soils he has proved that before the glacial epoch an arid climate prevailed there of many times longer duration than the present epoch of 100,000 years which followed it.

The period of time required to form successive deposits of thousands of feet in thickness, which the erosion of the Colorado River has brought to light, in its deep canons, is enormous, and we cannot suppose that here the erosion was less than that of other rivers, although in moist climates the evidences of this erosion have been destroyed; while in the arid climates of our West they were preserved.

The evidences are that that region was lifted up from the ocean's bosom three times; that three times the rocks were fractured; that three times the lava poured out of the crevasses, and that three times the waters carved out valleys in their course seaward. The first of these periods was after the formation of the granite rocks; the second succeeded the red sandstone formation; the third period is the present. The remnants of the first and second periods are buried; but we know that, unnumbered centuries ago in the past, the granites and schists, now on the bottom of the grand canon, were formed as a sedimentary bed beneath the sea; that then an upheaval took place, after which thousands of feet of beds were washed away in the sea by rains; then a depression took place, sinking the whole region some 20,000 feet beneath the ocean's surface, and allowing the formation of sandstone, at least 10,000 feet in thickness, as a sediment; then a second upheaval came, changing it again into dry land; then the rains washed away channels in the sandstone 10,000 feet deep, requiring countless years of gentle but unrelenting energy. Again the sea rolled over the land, which became its bottom, and received a new deposit of more than 10,000 feet of rocky bed; and lastly, this ocean bed was again upheaved, and for 100,000 years the atmospheric influences and the running streams, gathered from the clouds in the highest mountain tops, have been making gorges, canons and valleys, and carrying the *debris* back to the sea, from whose bottom the material all came.

We ask: Will the sea, at some future period, invade that land, by the sinking down of the latter, and will coral reefs be formed, and serve perhaps for the burial of the bones of the beings which shall then exist? Will the surrounding continents or islands be washed into that sea and form new beds of rock, which, when again upheaved, will form a new land, and canons again be formed, and reveal in their walls, to another race of intelligent beings, some of the features of the time in which we live at present?—*Scientific American.*

Stumbling into his room he sat down on the edge of the bed and soliloquized thus: "Feet wet, tight boots, a sore on one hand an' a felon on t'other, and no bootjack in z' house. Sings got to be dif'rent. E'ther I mus' get married, else get a bootjack; which shall I do?"

The Crops and Prices.

Except the corn and meat crops the year's harvest has generally been gathered and we have an approximately-correct idea of the result, and the corn crop can now be estimated with a good degree of accuracy. Taken as a whole, the result of the year's work in the West and Northwest must be regarded as very fairly satisfactory. Taking into full account the losses by rains, by grasshoppers and untimely frosts, losses which bear heavily on certain localities, it still remains true that the aggregate yields of the great staples will be large, and, what is equally important, at least fair prices are promised.

The hog crop is light. Prices are high. While we believe it good policy to send the hogs to market so soon as they are in the best condition, it seems a mistake to forward so large numbers of inferior and half-fatted hogs. Thus far choice hogs have been in good demand. Corn is worth a good price but it will pay to feed it until the hogs are in really good condition for the market.

The cattle market seems in a singular condition. The receipts at Chicago are very large, which is not surprising, but much the larger part of the cattle sent forward are of poor quality. These sell at low prices—so low that it would seem no profit can be afforded. With good grass in many localities, abundant corn-fodder and, in many places, a prospect of considerable soft corn which must be fed this fall, it would seem advisable for farmers to purchase some of these stock cattle which are selling at low prices. We expect good, although probably not high, prices for all good beeves, after this glut of poor stock is worked off.

Prices for grain still fluctuate somewhat. It is impossible to predict with certainty their future, but by those who do not expect to hold their crops until next spring the probable effect of the closing of water transportation and the usual advance in freight rates is worth thinking about. One year with another, we believe the farmer who sells his crops comparatively early realizes fully as much as he who practices the holding policy, and we see no reason for advising a general holding back of any crop now.

We have no wish to paint rose-colored pictures of a prosperity which does not exist, but, while misfortunes and failures have come to individuals and to some localities, it certainly is true that the West, as a whole, has reason to be thankful for general fair crops and fair prices.—*Western Rural, Oct. 16.*

A Terrible Joke.

"How was it, Major, that you never were married? I have known you for a long time and yet you've never told me that," were the words which George Felton addressed to his bachelor friend, Maj. Lee, a retired army officer, as the conversation turned on matters matrimonial.

"Ah, George! it isn't wonderful that I should never mention it. The circumstances which prevented me getting married are of such a melancholy character that it pains me to have them referred to at all," was his answer.

"Now, Major, I'm very curious to know, and as we are old friends, if I promise to keep it a secret, will you tell me? But if it would pain you too much to tell I don't want to know," said George.

"Well, then," the Major answered with a sigh, "I will tell you, but—" here he shuddered, "it is so horrible; oh, so dreadful! Let me think. Yes.

"It was in the year 1847 when it happened, and I had just entered the twenty-seventh year of my age, with prospects as bright and promising as any young man could wish for. My way was clear to fame in military circles. I had just come from a hasty trip around the world, and my mind was full of strange and new ideas. People flattered me on my success, and the doors of society were opened wide to me, that I might pass in. Oh, that they had only been kept shut! I received an invitation to attend a very fashionable ball given by a rich family in the west end of London. I went there, and while talking to a friend in one of the parlors I noticed a particularly handsome young lady. I took a fancy to her immediately, and managed to obtain an introduction to her, which I afterward found out she was just as anxious to have as I was. You know yourself what feelings possess a man when he first falls in love, and such feelings I had then. However, I danced with her, escorted her to supper, and parted with her at the door of her carriage, receiving an invitation to call at her house. It's scarcely necessary to tell you that I visited her again and again. The following summer I was invited to spend a few months at her father's country residence. I was only too willing to go, and while down there in Devonshire one beautiful calm evening, seated on a rustic bench, I offered her my hand and heart, and was accepted.

"Now, she was very fond of practical jokes, and never let pass an opportunity to play one, regardless of who might be unfortunate enough to be her victim.

"One morning Lena (I can't help calling her by the old familiar name) did not come down to breakfast as usual. A servant was sent to her room to see what was the matter and found her lying in bed, complaining of a sick headache, an illness which we afterward found out to be only assumed. She said that during the night she was awakened by a scratching noise, and looking in the direction whence it came she saw a horrible face looking at her. She fainted and remembered nothing more about it. Of course we pronounced this nothing but a nightmare, but at her request one of her sisters was allowed to sleep with her. The next morning they reported seeing the same horrible apparition, and declared their intention of never sleeping in the room again, as it was haunted.

"I volunteered to occupy the apartment for one night, as much to investigate the cause of the appearance of the 'ghost' as because no one else was willing to take possession of the room. About ten o'clock I went to bed, and don't know how long I slept when I was awakened by a scratching noise, and looking in that direction saw a terribly malicious-looking face directly over the mantel-piece, and looking straight at me. It had large eyes, a horrible pair of fangs in its mouth, and seemed as if the inside of the head were all on fire. I jumped from the bed, but the moment I touched the floor the face disappeared. I went to bed again, but did not sleep much. I kept watching over the mantel-piece and was rewarded by the face again appearing. I had taken a revolver with me and placed it under the pillow. I quietly took it out, aimed at the face and pulled the trigger."

Here the Major began to cry, and grief for a time interrupted his narrative. At last he resumed, and said:

"When I fired we heard a piercing shriek, accompanied by a fall as of some heavy body. We lighted the gas, and rushed to the mantel-piece. I found the place where my bullet had entered. It had made a clean hole. I knew it must be hollow behind, and found that I could push down the wall paper, which I did, and found a large hole, about three feet square. Hearing groans inside I jumped through the opening, and groping around I felt a female form which I lifted up, and found, to my horror, that it was she who was soon to be my bride. She was shot through the breast, and by the hand of the man who had pledged himself again and again to protect her from all harm. We carried her to the room where I had formerly slept, and which was hers at the time. Here she lingered for a few days, never recovering consciousness, and then died. Now, George, you have the reason why I never was married."

"But you did not explain the face, and how did she come to be at that hole behind your mantel-piece?"

"There was a passage which led from the room where she slept as far as this mantel-piece, and over the hole there was nothing but the plain white wall-paper, upon the back of which she had painted the horrible face, which, by holding a light behind it, could be shown distinctly. That explains it."—*W. M., in N. Y. World.*

Juvenile Ethics—Our Duty to Poor, Dumb Animals.

Children, be kind to animals. There was once a boy in Burlington who lived on Division street and took great delight in teasing animals. He would string curtain rings on the cat's tail and turn turtles over on their backs and burn matches under the chicken's nose and fasten clothes-pins to the dog's ears or tie tin cans to their tails just to see them run and howl in terror. Well, yesterday he enticed a noble dog into the yard, and after petting him until he secured the confidence of the noble brute he tied a strong string to his unsuspecting tail and began to tie an empty oyster can to the other end of the string. He was down on his knees, and had made a slip-knot in the cord when a butcher's wagon rattled by, and galloping along behind it was a dog that once called this other dog, whose tail was being doctored, a bow-legged, jimber-jawed, wall-eyed son of a sea cow, and this dog had been waiting to catch him out alone ever since. So the minute he saw him running by he was up and after him like a house afire. The first jump he made jerked that slip-knot so tight on that bad boy's thumb that the bad boy wasn't just exactly certain whether he had any thumb left or not, but before he had time to look down and see whether it wasn't pulled out by the roots the dog had made another bulge for the gate, and the boy thought he might as well go along a little ways and see what was up. The dog felt the string jerk on his tail, but, merely remarking to the boy that he was as mad as a wet hen already and he didn't need to have his tail pulled to make him fighting mad, lit out in wild pursuit of his foe. The boy stretched his arm out as far as it would reach and lit out also, howling louder at every jump. The dog thought he was encouraging him and remarked that he was all right, and if he'd come along he'd show him a little the wickedest fight he ever saw since hair grew on a dog's back. Down Division street they went, a thousand miles a minute, boy and dog, the dog a little ahead, but the boy a good second, and coming along at a 2:14 gait, and the faster they ran the louder that boy yelled, and the more faces he made and the straighter he stretched out his arm. And the dog under the butcher's wagon heard the fuss after awhile, and when he turned and recognized the dog he informed the butcher that he knew that dog, and was going back to slap his chops, and he trotted back accordingly. "Who ye follerin'?" he said, and he raised his back hair into a fine-tooth comb and turned his cropped ears into exclamation points, and you should have heard that bad boy howl for the police, and the fireman, and his mother, and Tom Raper, and Mons. Tell. The dog the boy was with just stuck his tail up till it looked like a crow-bar with hair on, and he said to the other dog: "What did you call me names for that day?" and oh! children, if you had seen that bad boy tug at that slip-knot and heard him long for the good old days when there were only two dogs in the world and they were shut up in the ark, you would have laid your sticky little fingers on your innocent little hearts and promised never to be cruel to animals again. And the butcher's dog, regarding the boy as an ally of this other dog, said: "Sh'up yer jaw, r'ile smack yer snoot," and then he lifted himself right up on his toes and walked around in a circle and put on style. And the other dog couldn't stand that, and just then the boy made an extraordinary tug at the knot and jerked this other dog's tail, and this other he thought the boy was hunching him to go in, and he says "that's business," and the way he reached for half a pound of sausage-meat out of the butcher's dog's neck was a caution. And then they had it, up and down, and round and round, with that boy in the middle; sometimes one dog bit him and sometimes the other, and sometimes both. They got him down in the dust and stood upon him to fight. They tramped all over him and tore his clothes and bit more holes in his legs than Mr. Grupe could putty up in a week. They pulled his thumb out of joint, and raised such a dust that nobody could see the boy, and didn't know there was one there until the crowd of people that gathered around was horrified and amazed to hear one of the dogs yell: "Take him off! take him off! He's got his foot in my eye!" in good but profane English. Then they investigated and rescued this bad Division-street boy, who promised his mother that he would never fool around a strange dog again.

Be kind to animals, children. If you want to have a little fun the best way is to drop a couple of rats into the cistern and see them fight for the block of wood you can drop in after them, or you can shut the pantry on the cat's tail and hear him sing psalms and talk Italian. But don't be cruel to a healthy dog that looks as if he would rather fight than bark at night. It isn't right; and what is much worse, it isn't at all safe.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

—The Liverpool *Post* is authority for the statement that Carlyle declines with scorn the degree recently conferred on him by Harvard University. He says that to be asked to "join in heading your long line of D.D.'s and LL.D.'s—a line of pompous little fellows hobbling down to posterity on the crutches of two or three letters of the alphabet, passing on into the oblivion of all universities and small potatoes"—is more than he can bear.

It is difficult to say what good results may not come from the successful experiment made in shipping peaches from this country. If we can ship peaches, why not other perishable fruits? This fact established, our fruit-growers find a vast market opening up to them. To supply London alone must require the product of thousands of acres and furnish employment to thousands of people.—*Buffalo Express.*