IRELAND, 1847.

ONE OF THE LATE DENIS FLORENCE M'CARTHY'S PATRIOTIC POEMS.

God of justice! God of power!
Do we dream? Can it be,
In this land, in this hour,
With the blossom on the tree,
In the gladsome month of May,
When the young lambs play,
When the nature looks around
On her waking children now,
The seed within the ground,
The bud upon the bough?
Is it right, is it fair,
That we perish of despair
In this land, on this soil
Where our destiny is set,
Which we cultured with our toil
And watered with our sweat?

We have plowed, we have sown,
But the crop was not our own;
We have reaped, but harpy hands
Swept the harvest from our lands
We were perishing for food,
When lo! in pitying mood
Our kindly rulers gave
The fat fluid of the slave,
While our corn filled the manger
Of the war-horse of the stranger.

God of mercy! must this last?
Is this land preordained,
For the present, and the past,
And the future, to be chained—
To be ravaged, to be drained,
To be robbed, to be spoiled,
To be hushed, to be whipt,
Its soaring pinions clipt,
And its every effort foiled?

Do our numbers multiply
But to perish and to die?
Is this all our destiny below—
That our bodies as they rot
May fertilize the spot
Where the harvests of the strangers grow?

If this be indeed our fate,
Far, far better now, though late,
That we seek some other land and try some other zone;
The coldest, bleakest shore
Will surely yield us more
Than the storehouse of the stranger that we dare not call our own.

OUR MILLY.

Way down upon de Suwanee ribber,
Far, far away;
Dar's whar my heart am turnin' eber,
Dar's whar de ole folks stay.

Clear as a bird song the voice floated in through the open, vine-shaded window, where sat Edith Morgan and her aunt, Mrs. Hayward, who had just come from Massachusetts to visit at this comfortable Western home.

"Why, Edith!" exclaimed the elder of the two ladies, "have you a little negro here? I thought old Hannah was was all you took West."

Edith flushed slightly, but smiled, saying: "No, auntie; your critical ears deceived you this time. That was Our Milly."

"Indeed! A voice like that in a white child is worthy of cultivation. Does she sing any other songs with equal pathos?"

"I must confess, auntie," replied Edith, "that her music is mostly confined to negro melodies, which she has learned from Hannah, but she sings them all with great fervor. Really, auntie, I hardly know what to do with Milly. I have hoped your coming might help me out of the quandary. Since mamma's death she has been under no control at all. Papa thinks whatever she does is just right, and so, of course, permits her to follow her own inclinations."

Here the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Milly herself. She did not look at all like a "Tom boy," for she was a sweet-faced, demure little maiden.

"Milly," said her sister, "Aunt Hayward thought you were a little darky when she heard you sing." An irresistible smile broke over the pretty face, and the red lips parted, revealing two rows of pearly teeth. She held out two little sunburned hands, saying: "Not quite so bad as that, auntie, though I am tanned 'most black enough, Edith says, and my head is most woolly enough." And she shook back her tangled curls.

"How would you like to go back to Boston with me and take lessons in singing?" asked Mrs. Hayward. Milly opened her eyes with wide astonishment.

"Why, auntie, I don't need to learn to sing. I always knew how. I thought you heard me."

"You see how she is," said Edith. "When she makes up her mind to anything there is no changing her. She never storms or acts naughty, like other children, but she will say, with the air of a sage: 'No, Edith, I must! I ought to!' and there she will stay. Papa says she is made of the same metal as heroes and martyrs, and I don't know but he is right."

Mrs. Hayward remained in her brother's home from early June until August, and every day Milly grew more and more into her heart, till the childless woman felt that she must have the little Western flower to brighten her city home. But Milly was firm in her refusal.

"I cannot leave papa!" she would say. "He has the first claim on me."

One day in the summer she had gone some distance from home to pick berries, when there arose one of those terrible storms so common in some parts of the West; lightning and rain, accompanied by a furious wind. While the family were in great distress over Milly's absence, she came galloping home on a pet cow. When questioned, she answered:

"I heard Brindle's bell just before the storm came on, and I knew the cows were all going down to the fork to drink, and their path leads right through the berry path. So I waited a minute or two, till they came filing along, and then jumped right on Brindle's back. I knew by the clouds that we were going to have a blow, and I thought she was so big the wind couldn't carry her off, and I meant to hug her tight and lie low, so I wouldn't blow away. And you see I succeeded. My berries are all right, though," she added, gayly. "I hid them in an old hollow cottonwood tree, and I'll go and get them after the storm is over."

"Were you not frightened?" asked Edith, as she helped Milly change the drenched clothing.

"Yes, Edie, I was," she answered, soberly, "and I prayed a little prayer; but I didn't forget to cling tight."

At length the time came for the Boston aunt to go home. It was arranged that Edith should accompany her father, as he drove with his sister the thirty miles to the city, where she was to take the eastern-bound train. They were to remain a day in town for the purpose of shopping, returning on the third. As Mr. Morgan kissed his pet daughter goodby he said playfully: "Now, Pussy, you must take good care of things while papa is gone."

"I will, papa," was the earnest reply.

"I dislike to go away," continued her father. "Everything is very dry and there have been fires west of us; but Patrick and Hannah are faithful and you are worth a half dozen any day."

"Don't worry, papa, dear," said Milly, gyaly. "Just go and have a good time. We shall be all right."

The morning of the third day was clear and pleasant. A breeze from the opposite direction during the night had blown away the smoke, and with it went the fear from the heart of the poor old black woman. Pat, too, was in good spirits, though, in his way, he had been as lugubrious as Hannah. So they all went to work with a good will. Pat was reshingling a barn; Hannah was baking; for she declared she must do "heaps of cookin'" before "Mars' Morgan and Miss Edith" should come; and Milly was acting as little maid of all work to the sable cook. She washed dishes, buttered pie plates and cake-tins, occasionally leaving her work to dart into the sitting room, to assure herself that everything was in order for the home-coming of her loved ones.

Gwine to ride up in de chariot
Sooner in de mornin'

she sang. But hark! What was that? A cry of terror or distress. She flew to the door, followed by Hannah. They saw Patrick crawling toward the house on his hands and knees.

"The prairie is on fire he shouted, adding, immediately: "Howly mother, be merciful! for it's helpless I am intirely."

The prairie was indeed on fire, though at some distance. Pat, from his perch on the barn, had spied it, and, in his haste to get down and give the alarm, had slipped on the ladder and fallen to the ground, severely spraining his ankle.

"You must burn a sthreak, Miss Milly, and just as quick as ever ye can, for the fire is a-comin' like an express thrain."

Milly understood—she had often heard of it—and already the matches and some bits of paper were in her hand.

"Where, Pat?" she called.

"Out forninst yon wire fence. I'll dhraw water, and Hannah must carry it till ye, to shprinkle the ground this side yer fire." And Patrick dragged himself painfully to the well.

Milly did as she was told and everything succeeded bravely. The fright had a wonderful effect on Hannah's rheumatic limbs, and she carried water on the double quick.

On came the great fire, nearer and nearer. Milly could hear the roaring and hissing of the flame, the trampling and snorting of horses, and the bellowing of cattle, as they raced for life.

At the right and left of her fire they passed, but the child scarcely noticed them. She dimly saw, through the smoke, several gaunt prairie wolves dash by; but it seemed perfectly natural and she had no thought of fear. She was saving her home.

With wet blankets she whipped back the fire, when it threatened to come where it should not. At last she had the satisfaction of seeing so wide a belt of burnt land between her home and the great fire that she felt sure they were safe, and she started to seek a refuge from the blinding smoke in the house her efforts had saved; but, borne on the wind, far up in mid-air, came sailing a blazing mass of straw, and, to Milly's horror, it fell on the house roof. With almost superhuman swiftness she ran toward the new scene of danger. Up the stairs she darted, catching, as she ran, a broom. From a dormer window she climbed out on the roof, and with a broom shoved the flaming straw to the ground, where it was quenched by Pat.

Hannah was by this time at the open window with water for Milly to pour on the now-blazing roof. She caught a pail and dashed the contents on the flame, unheeding that her own clothing was on fire; but Hannah saw, and, seizing a bed quilt, she climbed out of the window, almost as quickly as Milly herself had done, and wrapped it about her pet to smother the flame. Hannah had done her best, but before she reached her the calico dress was burned literally off, as was nearly all her clothing. The blaze was easily extinguished, but it had done its work.

With hearts clouded with terror and forebodings, Mr. Morgan and Edith drove toward home that afternoon over the blackened desert that had been so beautiful but two days before. The shadow lifted as they came in sight of the cozy farm-house, standing safe in an oasis of green.

"Thank God!" said Mr. Morgan, and Edith responded "amen!"

But when they reached home they found Sorrow enthroned awaiting them. Milly—wise, gentle, brave Milly—burned almost past recognition, lay upon the bed, her charred curls blackening the pillow. The father and sister saw i twas too late for remedies. Milly was dying! She did not appear to suffer, but lay unconscious, though at intervals she murmured little snatches of the hymns she loved best. Suddenly she sang, and her voice was clear and strong as ever:

De chariot! de chariot! its wheels roll in fire.

A long silence followed, broken only by the labored breathings of the little martyr. Then she sang softly and slowly:

Swing low, sweet chariot, comin'—for to—carry—

The heart-broken watchers listened to catch the remaining words; but they never were sung, unless, it may be, the strain was finished in the upper home.

Unseen, the mystic chariot had swung low.—*Independent.*

SAVED BY A KISS.

"A kiss saved me!" Immediately every face bent foward. Richly, daintily-clad women and moneyed men filled the spacious room, but the silence that followed could be felt, so eager were they to catch every word.

Some one had spoken lightly of the trifles that so surely make up the sum of happiness or woe. Trifles count for nothing they thought; it is the great events that determine the destinies of men for good or ill. It was this that had drawn forth the statement and the explanation that followed.

"I know nothing," he continued, "of my parents or of the circumstances of my birth. Nothing in all the bitter past clings so close to memory as the certainty that I belong to nobody and nobody belongs to me.

"In one of our large cities, in a locality where there are many little homeless ones, where baseness is the ruling element, I may or may not have had my birth; at least, that was the first that I knew of myself.

"Poverty isn't so hard if we've some one to love us; but no one cared for me and all the days were alike, and the night seemed an eternity of time. There is a bitterness of sorrow in the lives of the homeless of which God only can know.

"The snow had fallen and the cold March winds were blowing, leaving no choice, except the sunniest side of the dismal street in which we found shelter.

"I, with others whose years are few, and whose homes are anywhere, had sought the sunniest side, when a lady paused beside us, smoothed back the tangled locks and kissed me. That was the first caress I had ever known, and it saved me.

"It was years before I grew out of that life to a better one; but whether I had where to lay my head, or not, I felt that presence of a light footfall, the soft touch of a hand.

"Out of the pure depths of her pitying womanhood she kissed me. It was a trifling thing, indeed, to kiss a homeless, friendless child; but because of that kiss, and with the Father's help, I stand to-day upon the firm basis of an honorable manhood."—*Christian at Work.*

WHALEBONE.

The best whalebone is obtained from the Greenland whale. From the mouth of one of these monsters from 2,000 to 3,000 pounds are often taken. The manufacture of whalebone into articles of use and ornament is not so extensive as one might imagine. It is principally confined to New York and Boston, four manufactories being in the former and three in the latter. When the raw whalebone is first received at the factory the hair is cut off the slabs. They are then soaked in water until they are soft, after which they are scraped of all the gum that adheres to them. They are put in a steam box, where a workman straightens them with a knife, they are finally polished, and are then ready to be made use of for any purpose that the dresser may see fit. Whalebone is principally used nowadays in the manufacture of whips and corsets. Umbrella frames used to be made altogether of whalebone, but since its scarcity and high price, steel is mostly used for this purpose. Whalebone hats and whalebone ribbon have just come into vogue. The former look very beautiful and are comfortable on the head.

Whales, like seals, do not get time to grow, for they are slaughtered mercilessly, young and old, in the pursuit of wealth. The old ones are often killed before the young are able to take care of themselves, and the result of this cruelty is a loss of thousands and thousands of whales and seals in a year. Mankind will have to be more thoughtful in the work of slaughter if it wishes to be better compensated by these animals, and the whale must be let alone for a few years if the ladies are to have fine corsets and the gentlemen fine walking-sticks and riding-whips.

AN APT RETORT.

W. W. O'Brien, a well-known Chicago attorney, while cross-examining a witness, who had testified that he was a cabinet-maker, asked: "Are you a physician?"

"No; and I never claimed to be," was the reply.

"Oh, well," said the attorney, "I have seen a great many fools who were physicians and a great many who were not."

"And I have seen a great many lawyers who were gentlemen and a great many who were not," retorted the witness.

BALTIMOREANS claim that the courteous behavior toward ladies by gentlemen in the street-cars of the city would cause my Lord Chesterfield to turn green with envy.

IN China adulterators of food are killed as public enemies.

GOOD OLD-FASHIONED NAMES BEST.

In looking over the roster of the Supreme bench there is not much encouragement to parents to give fancy prænomens to their children. Solid old Bible names, or staid family names, such as Morrison and Stanley, are the favorite names worn by the fortunate nine, as witness two Samuels, a John, a Joseph, a Stephen; while Horace and William represent the substantial Latin and Saxon elements of our civilization. I think the Lionels, the Vivians, the Clarences, are somewhat heavily hardicapped in the race of life.

By the way, the lady correspondents are beginning to write young Arthur's name "Alaine" Arthur. I devoutly hope this is not an "authorized" version. Six months ago it was "Allen," strong, fine and manly as any blonde young giant could wish, and euphonious withal, showing also the trace of a fond wife's preference for her husband's name above all others to bequeath to her baby boy. I noted with solicitude a few weeks since that the name appeared as "Alan" in local society chronicles. If now it has become "Alaine," I hope the paternal Presidential hand will gently but firmly lead that gilded youth into the back shed for discipline. He is too fine a fellow, with "the makings" of too good and wholesome a manhood in him, to be calmly permitted thus to dim his young renown; but I imagine it to be rather the work of some of our æsthetic dilettante in newspaper gossip, who do their best to spoil every new President's sons.

Congressman Jonathan Chase, of Rhode Island, a refined and elegant man of the Society of Friends, has told me how greatly in his boyhood he disliked his given name, but that in later years he had grown not only satisfied but quite well pleased with it, remembering the ideal loveableness of the Jonathan of scripture, and also the Jonathan who was the friend of Washington, and so fraternally allied to him that the name "Brother Jonathan," by which our country became personified, took its rise from him.—*Washington letter.*

AN IGNORANT OLD DUTCHMAN.

Demosthenes Blowhard was a candidate for Justice of the Peace down in Scrub Oak township, and, as the political parties are nearly evenly divided in that precinct, he was engaged in a vigorous canvass. While returning from the village postoffice, he met Hans Van Hooflinger, and accosted him with:

"Hello, Hans! How are you and how's the folks?"

"Vell, I vas vell, und mine frau vas vell, und leetle Hans and Yawcob, und Katrina und der paby vas vell—we vas all breddy vell, I tanks you."

"Ah! glad to hear it—glad to hear it," said Demosthenes, rubbing his hands delightedly. "Ahem! I suppose you know that I shall be a candidate for the office of Justice of the Peace at the ensuing election?"

"Ish dot so?"

"Yes, they would insist upon my accepting the nomination; did all I could to induce them to nominate somebody else, but it was no use; seems as though I was the only one they wanted, and they were bound to have me."

"And so you did not vants der office and dey will makes you took it? Dot vas too pad."

"Well, you know a good citizen is always willing to sacrifice his own interests to some extent, where he feels that the public good requires him to do so. And now, since I am in for it, I suppose I may depend upon your support?"

"Vhen a feller does not vant some dings, it vas not right to make him takes it. I does vat I can for you—I votes for de odder chap all der dimes, und I talks mit der poys und tells dem vhat you said, and I dinks mebbe I gets you peat. Good evening."

Demosthenes now alludes to Hans as a poor, ignorant old Dutchman, and says it is a thousand pities that such ignorant people should ever be permitted to exercise the right of suffrage.—*Toledo Blade.*

CANNIBALISM IN FIJI.

To was only people who had been killed that were considered good for food. Those who died a natural death were never eaten—invariably buried. But it certainly is a wonder that the isles were not altogether depopulated, owing to the number who were killed. Thus, in Namena, in the year 1851, fifty bodies were cooked for one feast. And when the men of Bau were at war with Verata they carried off 260 bodies, seventeen of which were piled on a canoe and sent to Rewa, where they were received with wild joy, dragged about the town and subjected to every species of indignity ere they finally reached the ovens. Then, too, just think of the number of lives sacrificed in a country where infanticide was a recognized institution, and where widows were strangled as a matter of course! Why, on one occasion, when there had been a horrible massacre of Namena people at Viwa, and upward of 100 fisherman had been murdered and their bodies carried as *bokola* to the ovens at Bau, no less than eighty women were strangled to do honor to the dead, and corpses lay in every direction of the mission station! It is just thirty years since the Rev. John Watsford, writing from here, described how twenty-eight victims had been seized one day while fishing. They were brought here alive, and only stunned when put into the ovens. Some of the miserable creatures attempted to escape from the scorching bed of red-hot stones, but only to be driven back and buried in that living tomb, whence they were taken a few hours later to feast their barbarous captors. He adds that more human beings were eaten on this little isle of Bau than anywhere else in Fiji. It is very hard, indeed, to realize that the peaceful village on which I am now looking has really been the scene of such horrors as these, and that many of the gentle, kindly people around me have actually taken part in them.—*At Home in Fiji—Cumming.*

MOTHER'S DARLINGS.

A farmer's wife living in Kirtland, Ohio, during the time when the Mormons were there, asked her oldest child to get her a pail of water; her language, given in a coaxing manner, was as follows:

"Come Enoch, you get mother a pail of water, you're a good boy."

"Shan't do it! Delile may. She ain't done nothing all day. Great lazy slouch!"

"Well, Delilah, you're mother's good girl; you get a pail of water for mother."

"Shan't do no such thing, you told Enoch first and he may."

"Well, Permelia, you're a girl after mother's own heart, you go."

"Why, I shan't do any such thing. You told Enoch and Delile first, and they may go."

"Well, Enos, you go, you're mother's best boy."

"Ain't going to do no such thing. Go yourself."

"Calista, you go, you're mother's precious one."

"You needn't think I am going to get a pail of water. So there now!"

So the mother took up the pail and trudged to the spring herself.

Moral: Train a child in the way he should go, and when you are old he will get you a pail of water.

SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

No doubt many will say, and many do say, that the electrical world has got excited, and is promising too much; that insuperable difficulties will come in the way; that when the temporary excitement is over electricity will not be found to be so much more advantageous than other forces after all; in short, there is plenty of pointing at cold water and a good deal of throwing of it. Even scientific men are found now poohpoohing in a grandiloquent manner the future of electricity, magnifying difficulties and minimizing advantages. But let the reader be patient in the reflection that it always was so and always will be so. The greatest men are sometimes behind their age in practical matters. It is not much more than sixty years since the most learned men of the day gave evidence on the subject of gas which to us now seems almost comic. The Royal Society reported, in 1814, that no gasometer larger than 6,000 feet capacity should be permitted. Such men as Sir Humphrey Davy and Sir William Congreve gave evidence before a select committee that gasometers 20,000 feet capacity were too large for safety; that they could not understand the "temerity" of the Parisians, who then were building one of 300,000 feet capacity, Sir Humphrey declaring that 12,000 was his limit, and that he would be uneasy if he lived near one of 20,000. Great fear was also expressed that if a street lamp went out the wind might blow down the burner and cause an explosion in the main. And other witnesses prophesied the most disastrous consequences from the jets flaring up and setting fire to everything near them. In the same way, when the first steamer was launched, it was averred that no steam vessel could ever cross the Atlantic; and later, when the screw was introduced, one of the largest and most successful Atlantic shipping companies was satisfied, on full investigation, that no screw steamer could ever make an Atlantic voyage. That same company but a few years ago possessed the only remaining paddle-ship on the American route, and has lately launched the largest screw steamer in the world for the Atlantic trade—the Great Eastern, though larger, being both paddle and screw.

BILL ARP'S VIEWS.

Bill Jenks lived on Col. Johnson's land and thought the world of him, and says I one day:

"Jinks, how are you going to vote in the election?"

"I don't know," said he, "for Col. Johnson ain't at home, and didn't tell me afore he left, and maybe he hain't seen Judge Underwood, and Judge Underwood hain't heard from Howell Cobb, but who in the dickens tells Howell Cobb I'll be dog'd if I know."

The fact is we all belong to somebody, and there is nothing wrong about it. I love to belong to a man whom I respect, and feel that he has got more sense and judgment than I have, but then, at the same time, I want somebody to belong to me. Life is a kind of a staircase with a heap of platforms, and there ain't room enough at the top for us all. Most of us are lower than somebody and higher than somebody else. Dominion is the pride of a man—dominion over something.

SOMEBODY names in the presence of a ferocious duelist the name of one of his rivals—the most formidable of them. "He!" cried the duelist; "I know him; I've been waiting for him; some of these days I'll have to go and pull his ears." "What for?" "What for? I don't know. If I did I'd go and pull them now."

AN eminent scientist says that when a lady cannot sit down without her nose becoming red it shows that there is imperfect circulation of the blood, caused by tight lacing. Same with gentlemen. A red nose is a sure sign of tightness somewhere.

A REBEL AND ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

About two years ago, just as I was dismissing a party of visitors from the door of the catacomb, a very plain, modest-looking man of middle age approached and said he had come to see and learn all he could about the monument and Lincoln. I proceeded in my usual way, when visitors are much interested, and completed my explanations on the terrace in front of the statue of the President. From the general bearing of the visitor, I should have taken him for a son of an original New England Abolitionist. When I left off speaking he remained and seemed reluctant to take his eyes from the statue. After several minutes spent in silent meditation he astonished me by saying, substantially: "I was a soldier in the Confederate army, and spent four years doing my utmost to defeat all that Abraham Lincoln was trying to accomplish. He succeeded, and I have no regrets on that account."

The visitor then assumed a tragic attitude, and, raising his right hand toward the statue, said, with deliberation and emphasis: "He was an infinitely-greater man than George Washington ever was." With his eyes still fixed on the statue, and as though his whole soul was in his words, he continued: "Washington had no difficulty in determining who were his friends and who were not. His enemies were principally on the water, on the other side of it, or officers and soldiers sent here to enforce the mandates of a tyrant. His friends were his neighbors, who, in addition to their struggles for existence in a new country, were oppressed by taxation without representation. The line was clearly drawn from the beginning. With Lincoln it was different. His enemies were in every department of the Government. They filled the civil offices, they commanded his skeleton of an army, they trod the decks of his ships, such as they were. Where they could with impunity be open, they were bold and outspoken. Where it was policy, they were wily, complaisant and cautious. It required two years, or half his first term, to learn who were friends and who were enemies; but he was equal to the emergency. And through it all a little child could approach him with perfect confidence, but the most wily statesman could not swerve him a hair's breadth from what he believed to be right!"

That is what I call eulogy, and if the author of it was not a thoroughly-reconstructed rebel, I never expect to see one.—*Custodian Power.*

LIVING THOUGHTS.

EXPERIENCE is the extract of suffering.

A MIND once cultivated will not lie fallow for half an hour.

PATIENCE, the second bravery of man, is, perhaps, greater than the first.

THE public mind is educated quickly by events—slowly by arguments.

SPANISH proverb: The man who stumbles twice on the same stone is a fool.

IF the end of one mercy were not the beginning of another we were undone.

LEARN to take life as it comes, but be sure to make the best of it before it goes.

THE wisdom of the wise, and the experience of ages, may be preserved by quotations.

THE flowers of rhetoric are only acceptable when backed by the evergreens of truth and sense.

WE do love beauty at first sight, and we do cease to love it if it is not accompanied by amiable qualities.

THE virtue of a man ought to be measured, not by his extraordinary exertions, but by his every-day conduct.

NOTHING is rich but the inexhaustible wealth of nature. She shows us only surfaces, but she is million fathoms deep.

THE whole universe of God will crumble to pieces before God will overlook or despise one single tear of genuine repentance.

GRIEF should be
Like joy—majestic, equable, sedate,
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free.
Strong to consume small troubles, to command
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end.

ANNOYING ILLUSIONS.

Illusions of sight often relate merely to the size of objects. Thus, a young lady who had overtasked herself at school saw everything of enormous size at which she looked. The head of a person seemed to be several feet in diameter and little children looked like giants. So far as her own person was concerned there were no illusions. Her own hands appeared of the natural size, but those of other people seemed to be of enormous proportions. Sauvages refers to a case in which a young woman, suffering from epilepsy, had the illusion of seeing objects greatly magnified. A fly to her seemed to be as large as a chicken. In the case which came under my observation the unreal character of the perception was fully recognized, and hence the intellect was not involved.

Morbid illusions of hearing unaccompanied by other evidences of mental derangement are not very common. One case only has come under my observation. It was that of a gentleman to whom the ticking of a clock was resolved into articulate words. Generally the expressions were in the form of commands. For instance, if at dinner, they would be, "Eat your soup!" "Drink no wine." and so on. One day he made the discovery that, if he closed the right ear firmly, the illusion disappeared; but, if the left ear was closed, the words were still distinctly heard, It was hence clear that the center for hearing on the right side was the one affected, and that that on the left side was normal. For a long time this gentleman resisted accepting any of these illusions as facts, but after a time he began to be influenced by them to the extent of regarding them as guides. Eventually he put clocks in every room in his house, and professed to be governed altogether by the directions they gave him.—*Dr. William A. Hammond, in Popular Science Monthly.*

THE 'DESPOT OF THE JUNGLE."

Instances are on record where a tiger, in the exercise of his vocation, has really—though accidentally, of course—performed an act of retribution. It is related that a poor shoemaker was once returning home with a small sum of money which he had, fortunately, succeeded in collecting from some of his customers. He overtook a man apparently traveling in the same direction as himself, and as the way was dreary and dangerous, and his acquaintance was armed, he was glad of his company. He shared his food with him, and in talking over their affairs he was unwise enough to mention the object of his journey and the money of which he was possessed. This aroused the cupidity of the fellow-traveler, who at a certain point in the road made a murderous attack on the poor cobbler.

While they were struggling together, a tiger leaped out of the jungle upon the cowardly assailant and tore him away, leaving the sword and shield on the ground, which the shoemaker at once secured, taking them home as tokens of the retributive justice which had been so signally manifested in his behalf.

A North American Indian on the trail is scarcely more pertinacious in pursuing a victim which he has marked for his own than the tiger when engaged in the same unpleasant business.

A recently married camel-driver was bringing home his bride when a tiger espied the party and followed it with great patience. At a turn in the road the bride was momentarily separated from the rest of her fellow-travelers, and the tiger instantly seized her.

WONDERS OF THE SUN.

Prof. F. McIntyre lectured in Boston on "The Wonders of the Sun, Moon and Stars." It was remarked, among other things, that 1,305,000 worlds, the size of our own, or the planets of 750 solar systems, might be packed within the circumference of the sun. Were it possible to locate the earth in the center of the sun, the orbit of the moon would fall 192,000 miles inside of the circumference. And the heat of this vast globe is so great that, as the lecturer affirmed, if the heat that exists in one square foot of the sun could be conveyed to this earth undiminished, it could run constantly a hundred steam engines of 100 horse-power each. The heat of the sun is sufficient to reduce the Pacific ocean to steam in twenty minutes. The sun's light is 147 times that of a calcium light. An English scientist tried an experiment of projecting a strong calcium light upon the disk of the sun, and the result was only an absolutely black spot. It is supposed that we have approximated to the light of the sun in the electric light, which is but 3.4 less than that of the sun.

A CONFUSED JUROR.

During the administration of Hon. John Schley, Judge of the Midland Circuit of Georgia, one day, in the trial of a case on the common-law docket before a petit jury, in which Hon. Charles J. Jenkins and Quintilian Skrine, Esq., were on opposing sides, a juror, after the conclusion of Mr. Jenkins' argument, and the introduction of Mr. Skrine's, suddenly rose, left the box, and rushed out of the court-house. Being brought back, to the court's indignant demand why he had taken such a liberty he answered: "Well, now, Jedge, I'll jes' tell you how it is. I heerd Mr. Jenkins's speech, and he made out the case so plain that I done made up my mind. And then Mr. Skrine he got up, and he went intirely on the back track, he did, and he were gittin' my mind all confused up like; and I jes' thought, as for me, I better leave ontwell he got through. Well, now, Jedge, jes' to tell you the plain truth, I didn't like the way the argument was a-gwine."—*Harper's Magazine.*

THE POET.

Who is this Creature with Long Hair and a Wild Eye? He is a Poet. He writes Poems on Spring and Women's Eyes and Strange, unreal Things of that Kind. He is always Wishing he was Dead, but he wouldn't Let anybody Kill him if he could Get away. A mighty good Sausage-Stuffer was Spoiled when the Man became a Poet. He would look well Standing under a Descending Pile-driver.—*Denver Tribune Primer.*

A WONDERFUL HORSE.

There is a perceptible coolness between young Seabury, one of the most fashionable young men in Austin, and Gilhooly. Seabury owns a horse which he thinks is the finest horse in the world. Young Seabury was bragging about his horse to a crowd of acquaintances, and he said, among other improbable things, that the horse went so fast on the previous day that he overtook a swallow, the horse's ear striking the bird.

"Are you sure the swallow was not coming from the opposite direction?" asked Gilhooly, with the air of a man who wanted to know.

"Of course not," was the indignant response.

"I reckon then the swallow wanted to build her nest in your horse's ear. The horse went so slow the swallow could not see he was moving. Wonderful hoss."—*Texas Siftings.*