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STORM AND SUNSHINE.

Low hang the heavy clouds; the wind
  Grows cold and makes the flowers shiver;
Driv'n by the storm, the frightened brook
  Hastes madly onward to the river,
The birds, in terror, seek their nests,
  Each to his loved ones loudly calling;
The grass bends, trembling, to the earth,
  And fast the dreary rain is falling.
This is a weary life at best;
  What is the use, my heart, of living?
'Tis vain to seek for peace and rest—
  The world is cold and unforgiving!

The sun is shining once again,
  With it a glorious rainbow bringing;
Sweet buds are op'ning into flowers,
  From ev'ry tree the birds are singing.
The brook is dancing in the light,
  The bees from rose to rose are straying;
The grass uplifts its many blades,
  With merry leaves the breeze is playing.
This world is cheery, after all;
  There is some use, my heart, in living;
Though friends forsake, and shadows fall,
  The sun still shines, and God's forgiving!

— *Margaret Eytinge.*

BILL HEDDEN'S GAL.

BY WILLIAM A. HAMMOND, M. D.

"Thar aint no use talkin', fur it's jist as plain as the nose on your face that Nance Joyce is the best-lookin' gal in Riley county. I aint much of a fightin' man, and I don't want to make no onpleasantness now, but I'm willin' to back Nance fur all she's worth agin the whole female popylation."

The speaker, a tall, rawboned and rather handsome young man, dressed in a blue flannel shirt, and in trousers that looked as though they might at one time have been of any color of the rainbow, but that now were of whatever neutral tint the observer might choose to call them, leaned against the counter of the "saloon," and with a glass of whisky in his hand glanced defiantly around the room. Finally, as he was finishing his speech, his eyes rested on a man, apparently a teamster, for he had a whip in his hand such as was used at the time—twenty-five years ago—by the drivers of the government wagons. Evidently he was in no cheerful mood, for while all the others in the room were laughing and talking over their liquor, he sat, not drinking as they were, but looking down at the floor as though intently engaged in studying the cracks and stains and knot-holes with which it abounded, while his fingers were nervously twisting and untwisting the lash of his whip. Seemingly he paid no attention to the challenge in behalf of the claims of Nance Joyce to be the handsomest girl in Riley county, though a close observer might have noticed that as the last words were spoken he put additional energy into his twisting and untwisting processes, as though to get rid in that way of a superabundance of nervous energy.

"Youd'd better mind how you talk, Dave Milligan," said a man a good deal older, to judge by his gray beard and stooping figure, than any one else present; "thar's them present, or leastwise one," glancing toward the quiet teamster as he spoke, who ain't goin' to allow as Nance Joyce is purtier nor Bill Hedden's gal. Not as it's any o' my business, but they do say, leastwise the women do down on the 'Blue,' that Bill's gal's bespoke, and the man as is got her ain't fur from this saloon neither."

But even this rather pointed reference failed to arouse the alleged lover of "Bill Hedden's gal," though, as before, he played more energetically—almost spasmodically—with his whip lash. He did not, however, raise his eyes from the floor, though he must certainly have heard the remarks of the two speakers. With a wink that was intended to be significant to all present of a determination to push matters still further, the first speaker—Dave Milligan, as the old man had called him—made another attempt to arouse the silent teamster.

"It's all well enough," he said, "fur old man Stryker to talk jist for the sake o' talkin'; fur that's about what he's doin' when he kinder allows as Bill Hedden's gal has notions higher nor any kite as ever sailed above this airth. Didn't Bill send her to the States for her schoolin' and didn't she come back speakin' half a dozen furrin lingoes and playin' the pianny like that Taliani as was up at Leavenworth last Christmas? Didn't she skip over the perairy as if she war an antelope, flirting the real silk dress as Bill give her, jist as if it war the star-spangled banner, fluttering in a hurricane? Sich likes as her aint goin' in fur mule drivers if they knows theirselves, and they ginerray does. Bill's gal's layin' her lines for an officer up at the Fort and Bill hisself is a-backin' her, tooth and nail. That's the sort of a game as is up, and mule drivers is goin' to be nowhar."

A loud laugh greeted this speech, and Dave Milligan evidently thinking that he had said enough to provoke a fight, and that he had a right to look for the result straightened himself up, and, giving his trousers a hitch, awaited any assault that might be made.

But still the teamster made no response, either by word or deed. Dave walked up and down the floor, winking and chuckling over his easy victory till, finally encouraged by the jeers that his remarks called forth from his companions, he strutted across to where the teamster sat fumbling with his whip, and, standing in front of him, with his hands rammed far down into his trousers' pockets and his legs wide apart, looked at the object of his attack with a half pitying, half contemptuous look on his face.

"Let him alone, Dave," cried a man from the far end of the room. "Thar ain't no spunk in him. The idee o' Bill Hedden's gal takin' on with a milksop like him is enough to make a coyote laugh. She's as spirited as a buffalo calf when it had its first meal o' grass and she don't want any flabbergaft, about her."

These words had more effect in rousing the teamster than any that either of the other speakers had spoken, for he raised his head and looked around the room till his eyes rested on the man who had uttered them. He looked at him steadily for a moment, and then slowly, almost sluggishly, got up from the barrel on which he was sitting, and without noticing Dave Milligan took a step toward the door.

Then the jeers and hoots were redoubled as the crowd saw its victim making an attempt to escape, and two or three of the noisiest of the men supplemented their taunts with such missiles of a material character—onions, ears of corn, etc.,—as happened to be near at hand. One of them struck the retreating teamster in the middle of the back and another knocked his hat off. He stooped to pick it up, and as he rose faced his persecutors.

There was nothing particularly striking in his appearance. For all the world he looked like any other teamster save for the expression of utter despair that was on his face. As he stood up and looked around the room as though in search of a friendly countenance tears started to his eyes and ran down his cheeks. He brushed them away with his hand, and then something seemed to prompt him to speak, for he raised his arms as if to implore silence, and when, in compliance with this gesture and repeated requests to a like effect from several of the leaders of the crowd the jeers and laughter ceased he spoke as follows:

"I didn't think as Jack Davis would be agin me, the man as jerked him out of the Smoky Hill fork when the flood was on us last April and comin' near on to losin' his own life a-doin' it. I don't mind Dave Milligan. Every man here knows as I ain't afraid o' him, and I guess he aint forgot the lickin' I give him a couple of months ago. And as to the rest o' you, I guess if I war myself thar aint any two of all you howlin' cusses as I couldn't handle.

"But you see, gentlemen," looking down at the floor as he spoke and shifting his fect uneasily, "The spirit's clean out o' me. When I'm myself I aint no coward, and fur half the words as has been spoke this day to me in this room I'd a' knocked blue blazes out o' the men as spoke 'em, no later ago nor yesterday. My name's William T. Bush. My family is all for fightin', from old Sandy Bush, who died more'n a hundred years ago, down to my youngest brother, Timothy, who war a eatin' spoon vittles when I left Pike. Yesterday I'd a fought the whole crowd o' you, let alone Dave Milligan and Jack Davis, as I could sling into kingdom come with one hand tied behind my back, but to-day, gentlemen, as I said afore, the spirit's knocked clean out me, and, gentlemen, afore God, Bill Hedden's gal's done the work."

While he was speaking the utmost attention was given to him, and even now as he stopped the rough men appeared to be spellbound in expectation of the revelation that was evidently about to be made in regard to the surprising change that had ensued in the personal characteristics of one of their companions.

As for the teamster, he appeared for a few moments to be overcome by the force of the announcement he had just made, but he soon recovered enough composure to go on with his explanation, though his voice had lost most of the little strength that it had had in the beginning.

"Yes, gentlemen," he resumed, "Bill Hedden's gal's done fur me. You see, I never knowed what war in me or I guess I'd a kept clar o' her and all the rest o' the gals. I jist thought as how I'd have a good time courtin' her nights when I'd put up my team an' she war a-roamin' over the perarie, lookin' like some pink rose-bush as had got loose from its roots and war lookin' fur a new place to plant itself. Maybe I did think now an' then that I'd ask her to be my wife, but, Lord love you, gentlemen, I no more knowed what a racket she'd kick up in my heart than I knowed who stole my off leader last winter. Well, I up and spoke civil to her one evenin' jist as the sun war a-goin' down behind the limestone bluffs, and she answered kindly—oh, gentlemen, so kindly—that I felt my heart jump up in my throat like as if thar war a bullfrog a climbin' out o' my chist. We walked along the road down to the Fork, and I went home with her, and I didn't need no persuasion to go in and stay till Bill Hedden come home, and then I thought it war time to go. Gentlemen, I loved that gal from that night in a way as was strange to me. It kinder seemed as ef the whole world war full o' me and Bill's gal—not another livin' creature but jist us two. I aint no scholar, as you all knows. I aint had but six months' schoolin' in all my life, but I knowed enough to write her a letter when I couldn't git away to see her onst a week or oftener, and I didn't have no more trouble a-writin' them letters than if I war the editor o' the *Kansas Register*. The words jist seemed to come out o' the end o' my pen like the water out o' Sand Hill Gulch after a week's rain. And she liked 'em, gentlemen! She told me so with her own lips and I knowed from the look in her eyes that she war a-speakin' the truth.

"It aint fur me to tell how I made love to her and how she made back. Them's things, gentlemen, that I don't care to talk about. Not as I'm ashamed, but you see thar's a sort o' feelin' in me as tells me it wouldn't be a white man's work to tell what war said and done between us. But, gentlemen, I will say than no man ever loved a gal as I loved her. She jist walked into my heart and sot herself down thar, and then she crawled down into its deep places—lower down than any one had ever bin afore, and thar I held her so tight that I thought the world would have come to an end afore she could git out.

"She war very good to me, gentlemen. Her eyes war always full o' the looks that I knowed were looks o' joy whenever I come to Bill's house to see her, and she always had lots of the sweetest kind of words fur me. Further than this, gentlemen, as I said afore, it don't seem right for me to go, but I will say that I knowed she loved me, jist about as strong as I loved her, and that war so all-fired much that the world aint seen the like of it in our time, gentlemen, nor is it likely to, I guess.

"Well, you see knowed as I loved her and I knowed as she loved me, but I hadn't yit in so many words asked her to marry me. Thar warnt no doubt on that pint, for I'm a straight man gentlemen, and I'd no more a-thought o' doin' harm to Bill Hedden's gal than I'd thought o' harmin' my own mother. So one evenin' as we war sittin' together in Bill's front room and he war walkin' out on the porch I up and asked her to be my wife. She didn't give me no answer, leastwise not in words, but I knowed she war willin', for I aint no fool, and I kin read signs as well as any other man, 'specially when they're as plain as them she give me. But I wanted her to say yes right out, and when I pushed her on that pint she laughed and told me to come to-morrow and she'd speak plain enough. I didn't have no fear as to what she'd say when she did speak, for you see all the signs war one way—every one of them pintin' one way—and that war the way I liked. So when to-morrow come, as it did last evenin', gentlemen, I p[illegible] my team after a heavy day's work at the sawmill, and freshened myself up a bit afore I started for Bill Hedden's house. All the way as I went along I war thinkin' of his gal more'n ever afore. I made up my mind to tell Bill that very night, but I war sure that he knowed what war [illegible] as well as ef I told him. [illegible] notion that maybe Bill [illegible] take the five hundred [illegible] and put in in his ran[illegible] pardne[illegible] and I was jist chuck full o' happiness, and when I went into the room whar Bill's gal war sittin' readin' I went up to her, expectin' to see her git up and meet me half-way, jist as she'd always done, and—however, I mustn't speak of them things. But thar she sot. See jist looked up onst from her book and then she went on readin' agin as ef I war a thousand miles away.

"I war took all aback, gentlemen. My head all at once got as big as a bushel and I couldn't see straight, for everything seemed to be goin' 'round topsy-turvy. I tried to say something, but not a word would come out of my mouth. Then I heard her speak, and what do you think she said, gentlemen? These is the very words: 'Mr. Bush,' says she, 'I can never marry you, and I think we'd better not meet agin.' Them's the very words; spoke too without a break in her voice, or a tear in her eye, or a sigh from her heart; she spoke jist as ef she war speakin' to a man as she had never seen afore, much less laid on his heart and kissed, but, as I war a-sayin', gentlemen, these things is not to be spoke of. I asked her war she in earnest. I just managed somehow or other to git them words out of my dried up mouth, and then I knowed no more till I war out on the road and heard her a-laughin' and talkin' inside with Lieutenant Spring, from the Fort, who went in jist as I come out.

"My head war still goin' round like a top, but I knowed enough to lay in the ravine, this side o' Bill's house and wait for the man as had took my place. In about an hour, I guess, he came along on his horse. He didn't see me as I covered him with my six-shooter. I war jist goin' to pull the trigger when somethin' come up in my mind and stopped me. I went to my bunk and tried to git to sleep, but you see, gentlemen, it warn't no use. I got up at daylight and wandered all over the plains, lettin' my team go, and then I come in here, thinkin' as how I'd kill myself with whisky or somethin' else. For thar ain't nothin' to keep me in this world now, as Bill Hedden's gal has gone back on me. But I'll swear on a stack o' Bibles she loved me onst. No," putting his hand to his heart as he spoke, and staggering till he caught hold of a chair, while several of those present rushed to his assistance; "there ain't nothin' else to live for since Bill's gal give me up. It ain't no use, gentlemen," as Dave Milligan and Jack Davis took him to a chair and supported his head. "She gave me my ticket for the next world when she went back on me, for you see I loved her more'n I loved God, and perhaps that weren't the right thing for me to do. And I *will* swear with my dyin' breath that she loved me onst. I saw it a thousand times in her eyes and I'll swear it with—my dyin' breath."

"Boys," said Jack Davis, "take off your hats, every mother's son o' you. Bill Bush was a white-souled man ef ever there war one. If he ain't gone to heaven I don't see no use in sich a place, and he war a sight too good for Bill Hedden's gal."—*New York Journal.*

How a Deer Met Its Death.

A recent letter to the New York *Times* gives the following account of an extraordinary deer hunt in Pennsylvania:

S. D. Van Akin, telegraph operator at Lackawaxen, is a great deer hunter. A few days ago he went into the woods a mile west of the station to hunt for a large buck that had been seen in that vicinity. While he was driving the ridge with his dog an enormous five-prong buck came out of the woods on the other side of the valley, dashed across the Delaware and Hudson Canal, through a field, across the Lackawaxen river at a deep place called the Whirlpool, and, climbing the railroad bank, crossed the track and entered the woods where Van Akin was hunting. Before it came within his range the buck got wind of the hunter and his dog, and bounded back out of the woods to the railroad track. At that moment a coal train, on its way east, was approaching the spot, and the deer sprang out only a few feet ahead of the locomotive. The buck kept to the track, and ran on toward Lackawaxen. The locomotive was immediately detached from the train, and, putting it at the top of its speed, the engineer and fireman gave chase to the deer. In spite of the great speed the magnificent leaps of the buck kept him in the lead. The locomotive whistle was sounded and the exciting chase kept up for a mile, when the deer bounded into the village of Lackawaxen, and found itself in the midst of railroad tracks, canalboats, quarrymen, and passing cars. The whistling of the locomotive had attracted the attention of the entire place, and when the deer came dashing furiously down the track, hotly pursued by the locomotive, scores of men, women, and children were out to see the sight. The buck left the track and sprang into the canal. Instantly he was surrounded by a yelling and excited mob. They pelted the poor animal with stones and pounded him with clubs from one side of the canal to the other until finally he was forced to give up, and he was finished by a big quarryman with a club. Every resident of the village claimed a share of the venison, and the carcass of the buck was divided up so that every family had a piece. The magnificent head and antlers were secured by Captain Buck, of the New York hotel at Lackawaxen, who will have them mounted.

Treatment for Hydrophobia.

The following is an extract from a letter of M. Louis Pasteur, the eminent French scientist, to Professor Jules Marcou: "I take a great deal of pleasure in the thought that on my return to Paris I shall present to the Academy of Sciences an account of what I believe to be a very valuable prophylactic treatment against hydrophobia, applicable after the accident both to man and dogs. Do you not know some feature of this terrible disease which may be peculiar in America? Is it of frequent occurrence there? Remember that I should have the courage to apply my treatment even on persons who, after being bitten, had made the journey from America to Paris—although under these conditions at least two weeks must have elapsed since the accident—so great is my confidence in my method. However, I shall feel more sure of myself when I have made a large number of trials on man, which I shall do in 1885-6. I have as yet made but one trial—on an Alsatian boy, whose mother brought him to me. He had been bitten horribly, and death by hydrophobia seemed unavoidable. Up to the present time I have excellent news of his health, although it is sixty-four days since the accident."

[illegible]ton man has planted a square [illegible] Kansas prairie with tre[illegible], as a

HUMOROUS SKETCHES

A Strange Presentiment.

Mr. Merriboy stepped into Cheesecake's grocery the other morning in a great flow of spirits. He thought he saw Cheesecake stooping down behind the counter, so he took up a codfish, reached over and hit the stooping figure a most resounding blow across the back, shouting, "Rise up, Sir Cheesecake," and with a shriek of fright, a nice, good, motherly old lady, who was back there tying her shoe, rose up.

The horrified Merriboy dropped the codfish on the floor, when a hungry sneak of a dog started off with it, and, rushing across the store after it, the joker knocked over a barrel of eggs and the dog got away with his fish.

"By Jove," groaned the unhappy man, "I felt, when I turned in here, that I'd do something foolish before I got out." And staggering to the window he sat down on a square yard of fly paper and buried his face in his hands.—*Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

Oiling a Crank.

The palatial steamer Mary Powell was on her daily trip up the Hudson. A number of passengers had gathered around the open door of the engine room, looking with interest at the movements of the ponderous machinery. Among the passengers was Sam Foster, a New York gentleman, who is a practical joker. He is a young man of means, and was elegantly dressed. He is, moreover, a very good amateur ventriloquist.

"Now, boys," said Foster, "let us have some fun with the engineer."

A creaking, squeaking noise was heard among the machinery. The engineer was somewhat startled, and he lubricated various and sundry parts of the machinery with great industry and an oil can. The latter contained half a pint of oil.

Foster nudged one of his boon companions in the ribs, and pretty soon the machinery squeaked again. Once more the engineer calmed [illegible] a suspected piston by anointing it with [illegible] alleviator. The squeaking still continued, and Foster pointed out the place that needed oiling. Once more the engineer took his alleviator, and removing the cork, poured the contents down the back of the festive Foster, and over his forty-dollar suit of clothes.

"There," said the engineer, "I don't think that crank will squeak again in a hurry."—*Texas Siftings.*

Inside the Shoe.

"I never did have any luck, nohow," wailed an old man on a train out from Chicago. "Been up to town to see my son-in-law and get him to help me, but he won't do a thing. I don't know what I'm going to do for a living. All of this comes from being so foolish as to stick to one of them old customs."

"How was that?"

"Well, you see, some years ago I was purty well off. Had two farms and a lot of stock an' money in bank. The chap, what's now my son-in-law, came along, an' courted my darter. He was as poor as a church mouse an' so I opposed the match. But the old woman was fast for it, an' I had to give in, as I usually do when the old woman gets her dander up. I wasn't very cheerful during the wedding, an' was all the time thinkin' of the cheek o' that chap marryin' my darter on ten dollars a week.

"After it was all over an' they was just about to start, they asked me to throw my shoe after 'em for luck. Well, I did, an' that was the cause of the hull trouble. The young man had all the luck, and is now worth a hundred thousand, while I am as poor as thunder. Yesterday I asked him to loan me a hundred and he refused point blank. You see, he hasn't forgotten the time I threw my shoe after him."

"Why should he be mad about that?"

"My foot was inside the shoe, deuce take the luck."—*Chicago Herald.*

Outwitted.

The following anecdote, told by the *Scottish American*, illustrates the fact that the man who is asked to do an unusual thing will expect much more pay than for doing a usual thing that costs him several times the trouble. Some years ago, before the sale of game was legalized, and a present of it was thought worth the expense of carriage, an Englishman rented a moor within twenty miles of Inverness. Wishing to send a ten-brace box of grouse to his friends in the South, he directed a servant to call upon Donald Fraser (who owned a horse and cart, and made a livelihood by driving peats into town), and ask him what he would charge for taking the box to Inverness.

Donald would not take it under eight shillings. The demand was thought so unreasonable that the gentleman complained to a Scotchman, who was shooting with him.

The Scotchman replied that he (the Englishman) did not understand how to bargain with the natives, and that one of them approached in the right way would do the job for much less. Calling Donald, he held the following conversation:

"Guid-mornin', Donald! What's the price o' peats the noo?"

"Juist auchteenpence the load, sir."

"Very Weel, ye can tak' a load into my hoose in Inverness the first thing the morn's mornin'."

"I'll dae that, an' thank ye, sir."

The Scotchman then walked on about twenty yards, when he suddenly turned round, and said:

"By-the-by, I hae a box tae send; ye can juist pit it on the tap o' the peats."

"I'll dae that, sir. It'll mak' no muckle difference."

In this way the Scotchman got a good load of peats, and the Englishman got his box sent for nothing.

A Dog Which Hankered.

Yesterday forenoon a farmer whose wagon needed some repairs stopped at a blacksmith's shop on Grand River avenue. He had with him a dog almost as big as a yearling calf, and when the wagon was run into the shop the dog was tied to a post near the door. By and by quite a crowd gathered to comment on his size and appearance, and along came an under-sized, common-looking cur and sat down about ten feet away. It was then the big dog swelled up and sent forth thunderous growls and howls. He scratched the earth. He demanded blood. He tugged at his chain with the strength of an ox.

"Don't any one let that 'ere dog loose!" cautioned the farmer as he came from the back end of the shop.

"Sposen we did?" queried one of the boys.

"Then he'd lessen the number of dogs in this town by fifty."

The farmer went away, and the big dog continued to tug and strain to get at the little dog. The latter didn't scare worth a cent. He sat there as if he meant to stay to dinner. Everybody was wishing that the big dog would get loose, when along came a man who stopped and asked:

"What's the trouble?"

"That big dog wants to get free!"

"Oh, he does. Well, I'll help him to."

He walked up to the post and cut the rope, and the next instant big dog and little dog were so mixed up that one could hardly separate them. But this lasted only a minute. All at once the big dog broke for the sidewalk and up the street, and the little dog hung to his hind leg for at least a hundred feet. The farmer came out to see his Jumbo legging it for the country, while the little dog sat on the curbstone watching his flight, and he turned to the yelling crowd and exclaimed:

"What are you fools laffin at! Didn't I tell ye my dog wouldn't be mean enough to fight anything less'n a panther?"—*Free Press.*

LIVELY BROKERS.

Scenes of Hilarity in the New York Stock Exchange.

The activities of stock-brokerage involve exhaustive drain of vital energy. The nervous force necessarily expended in rapid reasoning and quick decision is often directed into other channels to relieve the overtaxed brain. The younger section of the broker tribe indulges in an annual regatta of its rowing association, in base ball contests with the callow athletes of popular colleges, or in friendly struggles among themselves, in which the "Good Boys" are pitted against the "Bad Boys," in go-as-you-please pedestrian matches in Central park, Bacchic dances to the entrancing music of Italian organ-grinders, in tremendous attempts at Græco-Roman wrestling, and in exasperating "tug-of-war" contests at either end of a stout rope. It also revels, in company with the elder, in the concerts of the Glee club, and never fails to make the annual song festival at Chickering hall, or the less frequent one in the Brooklyn academy of music, a grand success in respect of enthusiasm, flowers, and numbers. At the Christmas season it luxuriates in the blowing of tin horns and bugles, smashing of broker hats, pelting with blown bladders, wet towels, and surreptitious snow-balls, and in the sly insertion of the cooling crystals between the collars and necks of unsuspecting brethren. Hot pennies are sometimes substituted. If the victim whose spinal column glows with unwonted heat be of dynamite temperament, a fierce explosion is the inevitable result. This same juvenile section is addicted to horse-play with unconscious intruders into the Board Room, and with subjects of practical jokes. The clothes of both grow rapidly worse for wear, and are badly marked with uncertain figures in chalk. This is all the more incongruous in view of the faultless and almost dudish attire of many of the members. Fashionable tailors cannot crave better advertisement, nor florists more striking coign of vantage, from which to display their choicest wares.

This class of gentlemen reveals remarkably affectionate interest in the advent of a newcomer to the broker household, circulates tidings of the joyful event, congratulates the blushing *pere*, and takes up a collection for the purchase of some appropriate or inappropriate present to the infantine monarch. They are also somewhat prone to the hazing of new members, and are not always discreet in the choice of methods. If the welcome be peculiarly hearty, the novice may receive a free ride around the Board Room, the transfer of quotations from the blackboard to the back of his coat, and see the necessity of new orders to his hatter and tailor. In vain does the chairman use his gavel on such occasions. The spirit of fun is riotous, and does not hesitate to run off with that symbol of authority. At other times it may leave him alone in his glory to call the list in awesome silence to empty benches. These irrepressibles welcome some visitors with profound respect. Prince Hohenlohe is regarded in silence; "God save the Queen" is sung with enthusiasm in presence of Sergeant Ballantine; and loud applause greets a brief speech from "Tom Brown." Oscar Wilde does not fare so well. The cheers are derisive, the jostling severe, and the sunflower knight finds it difficult to keep his æsthetic legs. A Manitoba insurance agent, looking like a Russian bear in his fur cap and hairy coat enters the gallery. He is a blizzard to the brokers. They rub their hands, swing their arms, and outdo the pantomime of a half-frozen stage driver. Eloquence affects them strangely when it springs from their own officers. Cat-calls, cheers, howls, and whistles testify to their high appreciation. The less there is of it, the better they like it. "I am sorry," is an exordium that evokes conflicting counsels, such as "Hire a hall," etc., etc. "Thank you," was the staple speech of one of the best secretaries the Exchange ever had, and never failed to bring down the house. The hilarity and practical jocosity at rare intervals overleap due bounds, and provoke fistic encounters, in which case the impromptu Sullivans and Morrisseys are parted, and then punished by temporary suspension from all privileges of the Exchange.

Repartee is piquant, always pointed, sometimes Falstaffian. In dull times the lovers of fun amuse themselves with parodies of election tickets, railroad regulations, and corporation circulars. Of the latter, that of the Great Bric-a-brac company is a specimen. It proposed the manufacture of antique china, bric-a-brac, and bronzes out of old fruit cans, broken crockery, old iron, tin-foil tobacco wrappers, and other refuse. Domestic discussions were possibly reflected in it.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Iceberg Echoes.

It is asserted in *Science* that experiments indicate the possibility of obtaining an echo from an iceberg when in dangerous proximity to a ship. It is believed that even an object offering so small a surface as a floating wreck may in this way be detected during a fog in time to prevent a collision. Experiments recently made have demonstrated the feasibility of producing well-marked echoes from sailing vessels and from steamboats considerable distances away. The apparatus employed consists of a musket, to the muzzle of which a speaking trumpet had been attached. This gun was aimed at passing vessels, while blank-cartridges were fired. After a longer or shorter time, according to the distance of the vessel, an echo was returned.

The Waterbury watch company turns out 300,000 ti[illegible] a year.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

The seed vessels of the bird-catching tree of New Zealand secrete a very sticky gum, in which not merely insects but birds are entangled and perish.

In Southern Russia vineyards are freed from phylloxera by planting hemp near the infected vines. The parasites are attracted to the hemp by its strong odor, and the roots prove to be poisonous to them.

Professor A. Landmark, chief director of the Norwegian fisheries, finds that under favorable conditions a salmon may sometimes jump sixteen feet perpendicularly, and that when the fish's leap is a foot or two short of the height of the waterfall it often succeeds in completing the ascent by a dextrous use of the tail.

The strongest wood in the United States, according to Professor Sargent, is that of the nutmeg hickory of the Arkansas region, and the weakest the West Indian birch. The most elastic is the tamarack, the white or shellbark hickory standing far below it. The least elastic and the lowest in specific gravity is the wood of the Ficus aurea. The highest specific gravity, upon which in general depends value as fuel, is attained by the bluewood of Texas.

Water does not boil until the tension of the vapor formed by heating it is greater than the atmosphere's pressure. At the sea level, where the pressure of the atmosphere is about fifteen pounds per square inch, the water must be heated to 212 degrees before its vapor has sufficient tension to overcome this pressure. At Argenta, Montana, where it is so much above the sea, having a much less depth of atmosphere, the pressure is not so many pounds and the boiling point is correspondingly lower. Water boils at about 200 degrees there.

The dunes of Gascony, according to a recent report by the inspector of French public works, cover a surface of more than 200,000 acres, and are more than 250 feet high and three or four miles wide. The fine sand composing them was formerly pushed constantly inland by the wind, covering fields and villages, and even burying churches up to their towers Since 1780 the difficult task of fixing the sand hills by creating a growth of vegetation on them has been in progress, and has at length resulted in averting a great public danger and forming a fine forest. The formation of new dunes is prevented by the building of a wooden palisade, against which the sea raises so steep a bank that no sand can be blown over the incline.

A chemical examination of water brought up from great depths in the Mediterranean proves, as suspected, that the deep sea water is more salt than that at the surface, though nothing can be found to show the existence of a bed of salt at the bottom to produce such extra saturation; in fact strata of water of less density are met with below those of greater density. Thus it appears that the outer current in large part carries with it the excess of salt produced by the surface evaporation, the cause of the circulation being due, it is believed, to hydrostatic action purely. That is, the water of the Mediterranean is continually losing by evaporation a larger amount than is returned to it by rains or rivers, and, consequently, the inflow from the Atlantic must take place to keep up this level. If this inflow consisted of fresh water the total quantity of salt in the Mediterranean would remain the same, and the density, therefore, would undergo no increase; but, as the upper current of salt water brings in a certain quantity of salt in addition to that which the Mediterranean has previously contained, the density of this water is increased, and a column of it reaching to any given depth becoms heavier than a corresponding column of Atlantic water, the excess of downward pressure consequently displacing the lower portion of the column of water, which will flow outward as an under current.

How General Gordon Was Killed.

The war office has forwarded to us the subjoined copy of the confidential report made by Major H. H. Kitchener on the fall of Khartoum:

The only account by a person claiming to be an eye witness of the scene of General Gordon's death, relates: "On hearing the noise, I got my master's donkey and went with him to the palace. We met Gordon Pasha at the outer door of the palace. Muhammed Bey Mustapha, with my master, Ibrahim Bey Rushdi, and about twenty canvasses, then went with Gordon toward the house of the Austrian Consul Hansel, near the church, when we met some rebels near the outer gate of the palace. Gordon Pasha was walking in front leading the party. The rebels fired a volley, and Gordon was killed at once; nine of the canvasses, Ibrahim Bey Rushdi, and Muhammed Bey Musaapha were killed, the rest ran away."

A large number of witnesses state Gordon was killed near the gate of the palace, and various accunts have been related from hearsay of the exact manner in which he met his end. Several reliable witnesses saw and recognized Gordon's body at the gate of the palace, one describes it as being dressed in light clothes. The Soudan custom of beheading and exposing the heads of adversaries slain in battle was, apparently, caried out, as was done by the Mudir of Dongola after the battle at Korti.

The Bagara savages seem to have had some doubt which was Gordon's body, and great confusion occurred in the Mahdi's camp at Omdurman, where the heads were exposed, as to which was Gordon's head, some recognizing, others denying the identity of Gordon's head. One apparently reliable witness relates that he saw the rebels cut off Gordon's head at the palace gate after the town was in their hands.—*London Telegraph.*

Wonderful Wheat From Puget Sound.

Mr. Olive Counter, who resides on the northeast quarter of section 32, township 21 north, range 4 east, about five miles from this city, brought in some samples of seven-headed wheat raised this year on his creek bottom clay loam land. The stalks are the products of two kernels, and are six feet high from the root to the top head. The heads are very peculiar, resembling a pine cone, being thick and clumpy. One of the heads of average size was shelled out, and the grains counted from the one head were 161. According to this the one kernel of wheat yielded 966 plump, fat wheat grains, or nearly one thousand fold. The yield per acre to Mr. Counter of this wheat was eighty-five bushels. On the same kind of soil he has raised red-top clover this year six feet in height. Those who are acquainted with good milling wheat say that this will make a No. 1 quality of flour. One of the heads, which was weighed, tipped the scales at over [illegible] an ounce.—*Tacoma (W. T.) N[illegible]*

TIMELY TOPICS.

A correspondent writing from Holland says Mormonism is gaining ground there. A meeting was held recently at Zwolle, which consisted of Mormons from Amsterdam, Groningue, Leenwarden, Devente, Olst, and Zwolle. Women and children were present. The exercises, consisting of speeches and religious services, lasted from 10 o'clock in the morning until late at night. A number of converts were admitted. The Dutch government does not interfere with the sect.

The cultivation of liquorice has been carried on in a few sections of the South for years in a desultory way. The "Liquorice Plant" is the title of a pamphlet of twenty pages issued by the department of state, embodying the inquiries of consular agents in various countries. In Sicily, Spain, and in Italy the sweetest liquorice is grown, and from four to eight years are required to produced a crop of roots. The product is principally used in sweetening tobacco and in masking the taste of nauseous medicines.

Upward of 15,000 vessels and 600,000 men in Europe and America are engaged in the fishing industry, and the total annual product of fish is not far short of 1,500,000 tons. Few people realize the full meaning of these latter figures. A ton of fish is equal in weight to about twenty-eight sheep, and hence a year's fish supply for ten European countries, included in this estimate, and the United States and Canada might be represented by 42,000,000 sheep. Of this amount the United Kingdom, Canada, Russia and the United States alone aggregate 1,000,000 tons, equivalent to 28,000,000 sheep.

Sir Henry Thompson and English physicians who understand the thing say that all enteric fevers, such as typhus, cholera and the Oriental plague itself, are due to positive pollution in the air and water. Historiographers of disease tell us that the cholera comes from the mouth of the Ganges, the yellow fever from the mouth of the Mississippi, and the plague from the mouth of the Nile. Now the Mediterranean is an obvious focus and hotbed of enteric poison, and has been so ever since the days of the Athenian plague, which Thucydides chronicled. Its tideless waters accumulate unspeakable filth and garbage. The present cholera commenced and found its chief seat in Marseilles, which is, perhaps, the most pestilential port in the world.

The public have long suffered from the fiendish scream of the steam whistle, but there is prospect of alleviation. Lately attention has been turned to this matter, and that great remedial agent, the inventor, has perfected different styles of what has been known as a gong whistle. But some one with the love of musical harmony in his soul has taken a step further in the way of removing the offensive noise, and produced a musical chime whistle, the great merit of which consists in producing a musical chord composed of the first, third and fifth tones of the common musical scale. The effect of this chord in the whistle is to remove the piercing, hurtful effect upon the ear, and at the same time very much enhance the carrying qualities of the sound, from the fact that more tones or vibrations of the air are produced.

The three largest industries of South Australia are wool, wheat and gold. The number of sheep is between 80,000,000 and 90,000,000. The average value of the export of wool alone is between $90,000,000 and $100,000,000. This industry is likely to increase in the future. The exportation of frozen meat, chiefly mutton, to Great Britain, is a comparatively new industry, which is growing rapidly in importance. So important has the business become that New Zealand is building steamers especially for the trade. Meat is frozen by means of condensed air, and is kept frozen during the voyage by the same means. The complete carcass of the animal is frozen. Last year there were exported from South Australia alone between 400,000 and 500,000 tons of wheat. Their importations from America are limited, and consist chiefly of buggies, American tools and mineral oils.

Statistics gathered by the forestry division of the agricultural department, for the use of the forestry congress held in Boston, show that the forest product during the census year(1880) was 18,000,000,000 feet, board measure. In 1884 it greatly exceeded this figure, reaching in that year 28,000,000,000 feet. A rather alarming fact is incidentally stated in the report, namely, that the forests are disappearing at the rate of 25,000,000 acres each year; and we can hardly venture to hope that even the diligent efforts of the various forestry associations throughout the country are making much headway in repairing this enormous annual waste. It appears that there are in the United States 285,000,000 acres of improved land, 445,000,000 acres of forest, and 730,000,000 acres of unimproved and waste untimbered land. The forest area would be swept clean, at the rate of consumption above stated, in about eighteen years. The *Boston Cultivator* declares that this is one of the staples in regard to which we may confidently say that no fears of overproduction need be be entertained."

The Washington correspondent of the Cleveland *Leader* has been interviewing Mr. Bingham, recently United States minister to Japan. Mr. Bingham made the following interesting remarks: "Japan is advancing very rapidly in civilization. The telephone and electric light are being pushed forward. The railroads have increased from eighteen miles to 300 miles in ten years: the country has 5,000 miles of inland telegraph and two great ocean cables. The postal service of Japan has been organized within the past ten years, and now they have nearly as many postoffices as the United States. Their postal system is as well organized and equipped as ours. Japan has a free press, and there are five daily and weekly papers published in English there, beside a large number of Japanese papers. As to schools, 3,000 Japanese children attend free schools, and it is a crime to prevent children between seven and thirteen years from attending school. English is taught in the schools, too, and the Japanese are using an alphabet to a great extent, and they are gradually adopting the Roman letters to their language. The mikado," said Minister Bingham, "is a marvel of intelligence and liberality. He comes from a family which has ruled Japan 2,600 years, and has been seventeen years emperor. He has great administrative [illegible]

GOING TO REST.

In solemn silence down the West,
  The glorious sun hath sunk once more
  And to the honest toiling poor
Come with the gloaming peace and rest.

The butterfly hath ceased to roam,
  The busy bee hath left the flower,
  And high above the old church tower
The sable rooks go cawing home.

And age so grave, and youth so spry,
  Turn from the task which brings the bread,
  To where the evening meal is spread,
And all their household treasures lie.

The young wife greets her constant swain,
  Fresh from the field, with gleeful eyes,
  The lonesome widow softly sighs,
And calls to mind her youth again—

That time when one as fair and [illegible],
  For love of her, with ready hand
  Scattered the seed-corn [illegible]
Or swung the scythe or plied the flail.

To where he dwells, supremely blest,
  The gentle breezes waft a prayer
  That soon her hour of toil and care
May yield to an eternal rest.

—*John G. Watts, in the Quiver.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Bronze is a very fashionable nowadays but brass has not entirely gone out.

The fellows who eat boiled onions cannot hope to be free from the breath of suspicion.—*Boston Post.*

In the lottery of life the dentist is a lucky fellow; he's always drawing something.—*Boston Budget.*

The coachman's occupation is more agreeable than that of the hostler, but the latter is more stable.

The king of Italy spends most of his time hunting mushrooms, and then he doesn't dare to eat them, for fear that they are toadstools.—*Puck.*

A silk blanket for a respectable New York poodle costs $10. What a pity it is that the owner of a poodle cannot go to a store and buy some brains.

Baseball is older than we thought, as a squint at history has made apparent. The Emperor Domitian occupies his leisure in catching flies.—*Chicago Ledger.*

"Oh, ma, don't you think Mr. Slimkins has most excellent timbre of voice?" "Timber? Is that it? I wondered what gave it that sort 'o wooden-like sound."—*Chicago News.*

An old goat in Mississippi recently ate 200 green cucumbers, then broke into a drug store, butted the top of a bottle of castor-oil and swallowed the contents.—*The Rambler.*

The man in the moon always smiles, and he ought to. He is the only fellow who can stay out all night without exciting anything but favorable comment.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Did you ever notice that for about ten minutes after a man has had his boots blacked he always inspects with care the boots of everybody he meets, that he may rejoice in his superiority to the unblacked?—*Boston Globe.*

Sutherland Edwards has published a novel called "What is a Girl to Do?" This is very hard to answer. It depends largely upon whether the young man has means of his own or intends to live upon her father's money.—*New York Graphic.*

A fashion item says: "None but young ladies and brides should wear hats." All the same we shall continue to wear them. A sensible man would rather go bare-headed than to wear one of this season's ridiculous looking bonnets.—*Norristown Herald.*

Oh, the pumpkin pie is the pie for me,
  Its beauty I greatly admire;
'Tis a pie that belongs to the "land of the free,"
  It is good for the child and its sire.

Oh, the pumpkin pie is the freeman's pie,
  And in it we'll put our trust;
No humbug, like mince, can in it lie,
  And it beareth no "upper crust."

If pumpkin pies but grew on trees,
  And on the branches would sway,
They would fill the air with a perfumed breeze,
  And I'd shake the trees every day.

—*Chicago Sun.*

A Bullet With a Billet.

A gentleman with large side whiskers and a physique that showed hard usage stood against a bar on Baltimore street, and, baring his right arm, said to a group of bystanders: "I am the oldest color-bearer of the Confederate army."

There was a movement toward him by those who were moistening their tonsils in the vicinity.

The speaker pulled up his sleeve and showed a scarred and streaked tattooing of the stars and bars on his right forearm in vermillion and India ink.

"This was the darting shot," he said, exhibiting a scar where a minnie-ball had cut through the tattoo marks and disarranged the colors of the flag. "We surrendered just after I got it. I was color bearer for the Twelfth Virginia, of Petersburg. This wound I got in the last charge. As soon as I felt my arm drop and saw the wound I knew the war was over. Been shot again and again, but never in the arm before, although I caught it in every other part of my body. I saw that the lead had torn through my arm where the cross bars on the flag were marked, and then I gave up. It was my last battle in the trenches."—*Baltimore Times.*

Dyes From Common Plants.

The great variety of colors and dyes obtained from common plants, growing so abundantly almost everywhere, is apparently known to but few persons except chemists. The well-known huckleberry or blueberry, when boiled down, with an addition of a little alum and a solution of copperas, will develop an excellent blue color; the same treatment, with a solution of nut galls, produces a clean dark brown tint, while with alum, verdigris and sal ammoniac, various shades of purple and red can be obtained. The fruit of the elder, so frequently used for coloring spirits, will also produce a blue color when treated with alum. The privet, boiled in a solution of salt, furnishes a serviceable color, and the over-ripe berries yield a scarlet red. The seeds of the common burning bush, "euonymous," when treated with sal ammoniac, produce a beautiful purple red. The bark of the currant bush, treated with a solution of alum, produces a brown. Yellow is obtainable from the bark of the apple tree, the box, the ash, the buckthorn, the poplar, elm, etc., when boiled in water and treated with alum. A [illegible] green is furnished by the broom corn.

There are on the retired list of the Boston police force about sixty-five patrolmen who receive [illegible] pension of $1 [illegible]

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