

OUR CHURCHES.

St. Michael's (P. E.) church, Mint St. Services at 11 A. M., 3 P. M. and 8 P. M. Sunday School at 4 P. M. Rev. P. ALSTON, Pastor.

The mountain lions of Montana are large and ferocious and they frequently attack full-grown steers. The territory offers \$8 for every scalp, and the cowboys make quite a business of hunting them in the winter.

The Governor of Algeria has discovered a use for standing armies in time of peace. The greater part of the grain crop, he reports, has been saved by turning the military loose on the locusts and crickets.

There is trouble over the famous Narraro flats in New York, the model and mammoth apartment buildings that were to revolutionize methods of living, minimize the inconveniences and annoyances and afford the maxima of comfort, luxury and convenience for housekeepers.

Statistics in regard to newspapers seem easy to obtain, yet it is asserted that for the first time an accurate counting appears in a report read before the Imperial German Diet. According to this there are 34,000 journals in circulation in the world.

The New York Graphic says that "nothing is more interesting to those who live on Staten Island or at one of the little bayside villages than to watch the incoming and outgoing steamers and vessels on the daily trips up and down the bay."

THE WINDS.

The North wind's howling legions Swept down from boreal regions, From the pallid zone where winter's throne Was wrought in the wide waste, wan and lone.

ATTACKED BY PIRATES.

James Torrence was a foremost hand on the British bark Huntress, and one morning in the seventies we left Singapore, bound to the South by way of the Straits of Sunda. We had sixteen hands on the bark, and for armament we had a nine-pounder mounted on a carriage and a good supply of muskets and pikes.

Toward evening of the third day the pirates had secured all their plunder. Several native crafts had been loaded and sailed up the coast to some rendezvous, and only one remained to take on the last of the plunder. As no actual violence had been offered Captain or crew during the three days, there was hope that the pirates would go away and leave them in possession of the robbed and dismantled brig.

We reported the affair at Singapore, and a British gunboat was sent off to investigate. She returned before we had completed our loading, and reported that she had made no discoveries.

were young cannon, carrying a three-ounce ball, with powder enough behind it to kick the marksman half way across the ship. We left Singapore as well prepared as a merchant vessel could be, and it seems that the Captain was advised to bear well up toward Borneo, and give the Red Islands a wide berth.

The bark made good weather of it, and we had crossed the equator and run down on the new course until Billiton might have been sighted from the mast-head, when there came a calm. The wind had died away about midforenoon, and the drift of the bark was to the north. We looked for a change at sunset, but nothing came, and the night passed without wind enough to move a feather.

"Men, the craft which you see pulling out for us are pirates. We shall have a breeze within an hour, but they will be here first. If we cannot beat them off, we are dead men. They take no prisoners. I look to see every man do his duty."

The second shell from the cannon burst over one of the boats and took effect on some of the men, as reported by the mate. The American then fired again, and again his bullet told. We were doing bravely and were full of enthusiasm, but the struggle was yet to come.

As soon as the Captain knew what had happened, he called upon all the crew to shelter themselves and wait to fire at close quarters. One man was detailed to assist the cook with the hot water, and powder and bullets were placed handy for reloading the muskets.

fire down upon a mass of half-naked fellows, and we must have weeded out a full third of them. There was no air stirring, and the smoke soon grew thick about us. By and by the shouts and yells of the pirates sounded close at hand, and their craft were laid alongside and they began climbing the rail.

The fight was ended. A bit of wind blew the smoke away, and we looked down upon a terrible sight. The boats seemed full of dead and wounded, the living sought shelter under the half-decks. Why, there were bodies without heads, heads without bodies, and arms and legs and pieces of bloody meat enough to make the bravest turn pale.

At a Fair in Savoy.

Close to the gendarmerie there stands a caravan, the portal of which is decorated with a picture calculated to strike terror into the doughtiest heart. It represents a French sailor being leisurely eaten up by a band of savages. Although the luckless mariner is almost dismembered, the expression of his face betokens an intense interest in the ultimate fate of his own left leg, which is, to all appearances, literally a bone of contention between two of the bon vivants.

In Egypt, on the River Nile, as well as in Italy, on the Po, the custom of traveling for bee pasturage has been continued from the remotest ages to the present time, as there is about seven weeks difference in the vegetation on the Upper and Lower Nile.

There are 200,000 Italian settlers in the Argentine Republic, 82,000 in Brazil, 40,000 in Uruguay, and 6,000 in Mexico.

LADIES' COLUMN.

Mrs. Cleveland in Church. "When Mrs. Cleveland goes to church," says a Washington letter to the Memphis Argonaut, "as soon as she enters the pew and takes a seat, she drops her pretty head upon her daintily gloved hand and devotes a moment to silent prayer. Then she settles herself for a quiet attention upon the service."

A Romantic Wedding.

Herman Krause and Anna Eschenbach, each of whom was born in the little German town of Friederichsaw on the Rhine about thirty-eight years ago, and whose peculiar outfit and small acquaintance with the English language indicated that they were strangers to these shores, were married yesterday by Mayor Whitney in his office in the City Hall, Brooklyn.

The marriage followed as a matter of course. Mayor Whitney, who believes the story, says it is not more improbable than other tales of love and war which he has heard.

Fashion Notes.

White silk stockings are quite the thing as a novelty in foot wear. Corduroy is the most desirable material for boys' knockabout suits. Black jersey silk gloves are embroidered on the back in fine jets.

A man in Pittsburg has just patented a machine with which to blow window glass with compressed air, which, it is claimed, will revolutionize the business.

FUN.

"By their works shall ye know them." -Watches. -Merchant Traveler. The more you cheque a spendthrift the faster he goes. -National Weekly.

A theatrical manager in London says that 150,000 persons in that city live by playing. -Free Press.

A young man who lives on a rich mother-in-law is not necessarily a Cannibal, but approaches that tribe for laziness. -National Weekly.

Australia has had a ball game, but as the Australians have not learned to kick at the umpire's decisions, it was not very exciting. -Lowell Citizen.

"I know what the nights of labor are," said the mother of six boys as she sat down to repair the pile of trousers and jackets. -Boston Courier.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes used to be an amateur photographer. When he presented a picture to a friend, he wrote on the back of it: "Taken by O. W. Holmes & Sun." -Detroit Free Press.

Bornsterne Bornson, the Norwegian poet, wants to come to America for visit. [jjjjjjjjjj] Those j's belong in the name somewhere, and the reader can distribute them to suit his taste. -Norwich Bulletin.

What every married man in this country wants is a trained, fierce-looking little mouse that will appear whenever called. It will stampee a family quarrel in less time than it takes to provoke one. -Macon Telegraph.

"Have you heard Miss Simpson sing since she returned from Europe?" "Several times." "Do you think she has improved?" "Very much." "In what particular?" "She doesn't sing as much as she used to." -Musical Journal.

"Horace, why don't you sit down?" "You've been standing there for over an hour." "Cawn't sit down, Fweddie. Going to 'the reception, you know." "Well, what of that? It's early yet." "Just had my twowers cweased, Fweddie. Do you think I've got s-s-s-softened the bwaing?" -Life.

How to Punish Children. "How to punish children," said Prof. Adler, in a lecture recently, "is one of the burning questions of the day. Upon it depends in a greater degree than people imagine the welfare of the state, the family, society and the ethical development of humanity itself. We would be the physicians our enemies; we would profit by their hostility and lead them to a better mind by gentleness and firmness combined, and even chastise them when their own good and social advancement require it. How many parents know how to punish children?"

"A child will grow up, in nine cases out of ten, the embodiment of the influences that surround him. Never chastise a child in anger. Socrates, the great Pagan philosopher, refrained from punishing a slave until his passion had cooled. An angry father sets a perilous example to his offspring. He exhibits his weakness when he should be firm and contained. The child drinks in the lesson, and his moral nature is lacerated and warped."

Queer Tavern. George Wickham, the brother of ex-Mayor Wickham, who has just returned from Europe and dazzled the other diamond merchants with the splendor of his importations, describes an eccentric establishment in Shoreditch, London, known as "Dirty Dick's."

The original proprietor would not have the spiders disturbed nor the floor swept, and was imitated by a chop house in Thames street, New York. But he had other peculiarities which are not observed by his successors. No person could be served twice at his bar on the same day. Wags who tried to deceive the landlord by walking out and then coming back through another door, with their coat collars turned up and their hats tipped over their eyes, discovered that the bar-keeper was keen enough to detect them, and that the rule was inflexible. All drinks were the same price. For threepence you might take a glass of ale, of gin, of brandy or of champagne. The queer tavern in a street of London, which corresponds to our Bowery, was the first place in which champagne was sold by the glass. As patent corks were not yet invented, the cranky proprietor preferred to spoil a whole pint of the wine rather than violate his own regulation about prices. -New York Star.

The total membership of the Sons of Temperance of North America, is over 98,000, the net gain of the year 1885 being 7,852.