

The Old Story. By the pleasant paths we know All familiar flowers would grow. Though we were gone and Moon and stars would rise and set, Dawn the hazy night forget, And the world would on.

ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER. How the Pilots' Association was Organized and Grew to be a Mighty Power.

Mark Twain in his magazine sketches, "Old Times on the Mississippi," gives us an interesting sketch of the organization of the pilots into an association. The pilots had grown numerous, each one having an apprentice to do his work for him, and wages had run down from very high figures to about \$125 per month.

Also, the widows of deceased members in good standing could draw twenty-five dollars per month, and a certain sum for each of their children. Also, the said deceased would be buried at the association's expense. These things re-arranged the system of the pilots in the Mississippi valley.

By and by, all the useless, helpless pilots, and a dozen first-class ones, were in the association, and nine-tenths of the best pilots out of it and laughing at it. It was a laughing-stock of the whole river, the superior pilots being grateful to the association for taking them out of the worthless pilots out of the way and leaving the whole field to the excellent and deserving; and everybody was not only regularly grateful for that, but for a result which naturally followed, namely, the gradual advance of wages as the number of the superior pilots gradually came up from the low figure of one hundred dollars a month to one hundred and twenty-five, and in some cases to one hundred and fifty; and it was great fun to enlarge upon the fact that this charming thing had been accomplished by a body of men who were so good that they were not worth anything.

Winter approached, business doubled and tripled, and an avalanche of Missouri, Illinois, and Upper Mississippi river boats came pouring down to take a chance in the New Orleans trade. All of a sudden, pilots were in great demand, and the associations were scarce. The time for revenge was come. It was a bitter pill to have to accept association pilots at last, yet captains and owners agreed that there was no other way. But none of these outcasts offered a better way than to get a pilot to be a swallower of the bitter pill, and asked for their services. Captain — was the first man who found it necessary to take the dose, and he had been the loudest derider of the organization. He hunted up one of the best of the association pilots and said: "Well, you boys have rather got the best of it for a little while, so I'll give in with a good grace as I can. I've come to hire you; get your trunk aboard right away. I want to leave at twelve o'clock."

"I don't know about that. Who is your other pilot?" "I've got J. S. Why?" "I can't go with him. He don't belong to the association." "What?" "It's so."

"Yes, I do." "Well, if that isn't putting on airs! I supposed I was doing you a benevolence by begining to think that way. Are you acting under a law of the concern?" "Yes." "Show it to me." So they stepped into the association rooms, and the secretary soon satisfied the captain, who said: "I have hired Mr. S. for the entire season." "I will provide for you," said the secretary. "I will detail a pilot to go with you, and he shall be on board at twelve o'clock."

"But if I discharge S., he will come on me for the whole season's wages." "Of course it is a matter between you and Mr. S., captain. We cannot meddle in your private affairs." The captain stormed, but to no purpose. In the end he had to discharge S., pay him about a thousand dollars, and take an association pilot in his place. The laugh was beginning to turn the other way, now. Every day, therefore, a new victim fell; every day some outraged captain discharged a non-association pilot, with tears and profanity, and installed a hated association man in his berth. In a very little while, the non-associationists began to pretty plenty, bribe as business was, and much as their services were desired.

Soon all the laughers that were left were the owners and crews of boats that had two non-association pilots. But their triumph was not very long-lived. For this reason: It was a rigid rule of the association that its members should never, under any circumstances, what ever, give information about the channel to any "outsider." By this time about half the boats had non-association pilots, and the other half had none but outsiders. At the first glance one would suppose that when it came to forbidding information about the river, these two parties could play equally at that game; but this was not so. At every good-sized town from one end of the river to the other, there was a "wharf-boat" to land at, instead of a wharf or a pier. Freight was stored in it for transportation, waiting passengers slept in its cabins. Upon the wharf-boat were placed the association's officers placed a strong box, fastened with a peculiar lock which was used in no other service but one—the United States mail service. It was the letter-bag lock, a sacred government thing. By dint of much beseeching and a good deal of bribery, the wharf-boat association's officers placed a strong box, fastened with a peculiar lock which was used in no other service but one—the United States mail service. It was the letter-bag lock, a sacred government thing. By dint of much beseeching and a good deal of bribery, the wharf-boat association's officers placed a strong box, fastened with a peculiar lock which was used in no other service but one—the United States mail service.

These blanks were filled up, day by day, as the voyage progressed, and the pilot who was to be taken out of the river to the association for taking them out of the worthless pilots out of the way and leaving the whole field to the excellent and deserving; and everybody was not only regularly grateful for that, but for a result which naturally followed, namely, the gradual advance of wages as the number of the superior pilots gradually came up from the low figure of one hundred dollars a month to one hundred and twenty-five, and in some cases to one hundred and fifty; and it was great fun to enlarge upon the fact that this charming thing had been accomplished by a body of men who were so good that they were not worth anything.

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"Do you mean to tell me that you won't turn a wheel with one of the very best and oldest pilots on the river because he don't belong to your association?"

themselves with brag and laughter, began to feel pretty uncomfortable. Still, they made a show of keeping up the brag, until one black day when every man of the lot was nearly drowned, immediately to discharge his outsiders and take association pilots in their stead. And who was it that had the gaudy presumption to do that? Alas, it came from a power behind the throne that was greater than the throne itself. It was the association. The latter had come to comprehend the excellence of the "report" system of the association and the safety it secured, and so they had made their decision among themselves and upon plain business principles.

These men weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth in the camp of the outsiders now. But no matter, there was but one course for them to pursue, and they pursued it. They came forward in couples and groups, and proffered their twelve dollars and asked for membership. They were surprised to learn that several new boys had been long ago added. For instance, the initiation fee had been raised to fifty dollars; that sum must be tendered, and also ten per cent. of the wages which the applicant had received each and every month since the founding of the association. In many cases this amounted to three or four hundred dollars. Still, the association would not entertain the application until the money was present. Even then a single adverse vote killed the application. Every member had to vote yes or no in person, and before witnesses; so it took weeks to decide a candidacy, because many pilots were so long absent on voyages. However, the repentant pilots scraped their savings together, and one by one, by our tedious voting process, were added to the fold. In time came a day when only about ten remained outside. They said they would starve before they would apply. They remained idle a long while, because of course nobody could venture to employ them.

By-and-by the association published the fact that upon a certain date the wages would be raised to five hundred dollars per month. All the branch associations had grown strong now, and the Red river one had advanced wages to seven hundred dollars a month. Recently the ten outsiders yielded, in fact, and good character was added to the list. There was another new by-law, by this time, which required them to pay dues not only on all the wages they had received since the association was born, but also on what they would have received if they had continued at work up to the time of their application instead of going off to pot and idleness. It turned out to be a difficult matter to elect them, but it was accomplished at last.

The association had a good bank account now, and was very strong. There was but one thing to be done. A by-law was added forbidding the reception of any new cub or apprentice for five years; after which time a limited number would be taken, not by individuals, but by the association, upon these terms: the applicant must not be less than eighteen years old, of respectable family, and of good character; must pass an examination as to education, pay a thousand dollars in advance for the privilege of becoming an apprentice, and must remain under the commands of the association until a great part of the membership (more than half, I think) had consented to sign his application for a pilot's license.

All previously-articled apprentices were now taken away from their masters and adopted by the association. The president and secretary detailed them for service on one boat or another as they chose, and changed them from boat to boat as the season advanced. If a pilot could show that he was in firm health and needed assistance, one of the cubs would be ordered to go with him.

The Shark Fishery of the northern ice sea in the bay of Kambersky and the peninsula Kola has recently been revived. Two kinds of shark are found in this region, the Greenland shark and the black shark. They frequently assemble in shoals and boats engaged in the delivery are often surrounded by a hundred or more of these sea hyenas greedy for prey. The Russians fish near the coast with small boats holding four men. Anchoring at a certain distance from the land, they sink a vessel pierced with holes, containing oil tallow, or other bait, which the sea currents carry to the neighborhood. This attracts the sharks, and they are caught with baited hooks attached to iron chains, as they could instantly bite through the strongest rope. Three of the men pull the fish toward the boat, and the fourth stands upon the deck, brandishing a netting twenty pounds to strike with all his force the moment the head appears. The shark is then out open, the oil taken and his swimming bladder inflated. It is then cast adrift to float, as if allowed to sink the other sharks would eat it and not care for other bait. Sometimes the sharks surround a boat so thickly that it cannot escape, and the crew are killed.

France cheap wood is now made to perfectly imitate mahogany. The substitute is treated with nitrous acid. Then a mixture of an ounce and a half of arsenic blood, a pint of alcohol, and some carbonate of soda is put on with a soft brush. Furniture thus prepared cannot be distinguished from genuine mahogany.

UNDER THE SEA. An Early Day Fished in Holland—Not a Pleasant Place to Live.

A writer in Scribner's Monthly has given some very interesting and instructive articles on Holland, its people, and its peculiarities. Holland, it is known, is like the lower Mississippi bottom lands, lower than the level of the sea which surrounds it, and nothing but extensive and costly dikes or levees keep the waters from pouring in upon the land and its people. Breaks in the dikes and inundations have occurred with great loss of life and property. The inundation of November, 1870, is thus described:

A continued and violent gale from the northwest had long been sweeping the Atlantic waters into the North sea, and had now eddied up on the fragile coasts of the provinces. The dikes, tasked beyond their strength, burst in every direction. The cities of Flanders, to a considerable distance inland, were suddenly invaded by the waters of the ocean. The whole narrow peninsula of North Holland was in imminent danger of being swept away forever. Between Amsterdam and Meyden the great Diemer dike was broken through in twelve places. The Hand-bois, a bulwark formation of oaken piles, fastened with metal clamps, moored with iron anchors, and secured by gravel and granite, was snapped by pieces like packthread. The sea rushed upon a certain date the wages would be raised to five hundred dollars per month. All the branch associations had grown strong now, and the Red river one had advanced wages to seven hundred dollars a month. Recently the ten outsiders yielded, in fact, and good character was added to the list. There was another new by-law, by this time, which required them to pay dues not only on all the wages they had received since the association was born, but also on what they would have received if they had continued at work up to the time of their application instead of going off to pot and idleness. It turned out to be a difficult matter to elect them, but it was accomplished at last.

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Col. Jim Bowie. A correspondent of the New York Tribune relates the following: I remember a story I heard forty or fifty years ago, and which I have never forgotten. It was in Arkansas forty. On the back seat were three women; on the middle one, two men, tall and muscular; while the forward seat held only a small man, wrapped up completely in a blanket. After a while the powerful men on the middle seat lit a cigar and smoked. The small man went full in the face of one of the women, who was both young and timid. She sickened, and then requested the man to stop smoking. This aroused the ruffian in him, and he roughly declared: "I have paid my fare; it is customary to smoke, and I will smoke as much as I please, and I will not be disturbed. I am Col. James Bowie, and unless you throw that cigar away in one minute, I will put this knife into your heart, as true as there is a God." The ruffian comprehended in an instant with whom he had to deal, and threw his cigar out of the window with a flourish. "I am Col. James Bowie, and unless you throw that cigar away in one minute, I will put this knife into your heart, as true as there is a God." The ruffian comprehended in an instant with whom he had to deal, and threw his cigar out of the window with a flourish.

Some of the restaurants in Carson, Nev., furnish to their customers napkins about four inches square in size. Recently, says the Appeal, a gentleman who had ordered a meal was handed one of these diminutive napkins, and upon unfolding it he inquired if he could not have a larger one. "How large a one do you want?" inquired the waiter in attendance. "Well," was the reply, "I'm not particular about a very large one, but I would like one a little larger than this, if you have it handy; for instance, about the size of a postage stamp."

A FAMOUS STRASBOURG DISH. Geese Livers for Pies.

Here is how geese are cooked at Strasbourg, as described by a visitor. The proprietor explains that they are all nine months old, and have cost him, less as they are, about two francs (fifty cents) apiece; he then makes a sign to half a dozen bare-armed girls, who speak no French, and amid considerable commotion and protest from the remaining twenty-four, six geese are collared and marched away to a cellar half underground, where wide and sloping stone tables are arranged in tiers as far as the eye can see. In the murky light by some twenty air-holes, one can at first distinguish nothing; but by-and-by it becomes apparent that hundreds of geese are already lying stamped on the benches on the upper tiers, and gasping hysteric throes—probably words of love and encouragement—to one another.

Our business being for the moment at the lower tables, the six girls take each her goose, lay it gently but firmly on the floor, so that its tail just projects over the ledge and then its downy wings, body and legs light with plucked whipcord—the legs and wings being well spread out, to paralyze anything like vigorous gymnastics. The bird's neck is left free, and it seems that during the first three days it makes a violent use of it; but toward the fourth day it arrives at the consciousness that by the struggling and croaking it does nothing to amend its lot, and from that time it may be trusted to lie still for the next seven weeks; that is, to the hour of release and killing.

Without passing to see all the hundred geese tied down, we may go at once to the upper tiers, where the birds, that have been lying for three, five or six weeks, respectively, are taking their ease, and waiting to be fed by half a dozen other Alsatian girls laden with large wooden bowls. Each of these is filled with a thick, white paste, made of parboiled maize, chestnuts and buckwheat, most nourishing, and the mode of administering the dinner is for the girl to catch the goose by the neck, open its bill with a little squeeze, and then ram three or four balls of the paste down its throat with her middle finger. The goose, having thus refreshed, resumes its slanting position, and the mode of digesting the time of feeding, which arrives about two hours after, the meals being about six a day.

But now we are done with the women; for a pensive man—a connoisseur in the obesity of geese—breaks upon the scene, and in the name of the law, he proceeds to examine the birds that may be "ripe." He has an eye as judicious as that of a gardener inspecting melons; and his is the responsible task of pronouncing what birds would die a natural death within twenty-four hours, if they were not to be killed. If a bird dies a natural death, it is good for nothing. It must be unstrapped and executed at the precise psychological moment when nature is growing tired of supporting it; and the knack of detecting that moment can only come of long practice, and fetters the connoisseur's age as well as his eyes.

Our pensive functionary has not been a minute on the table before he certifies four geese ready for the slaughter. All four of them have stomachs of the size of pumpkins, and from what one can gather of their broken remarks, it is a matter of some moment when a couple of male acolytes climb up, loose their bonds, and bear them out of the cellar to a pent-house across the yard, full of knives and chopping-blocks. A click with the chopper in the neck of each, a rip with the knife, and in less than five minutes after their transfer, the carcasses of the four mice are laid in a heap, while the geese livers are being conveyed with all respect and care to the truffling-house.

The carcasses, shriveled out of all knowledge, are sold for about eight pence apiece to peasants, who make soup out of them; the livers are first cleaned, then put to scale, and a couple of geese are declared grand birds, all of them, for their livers weigh from two and a half to three pounds each.

The next step is to take each liver and lard it with truffles, in the proportion of half a pound of truffles to one pound of liver, and then to convey it to a marble slab for a week, that the truffle perfume may thoroughly permeate it. At the end of a week each liver, being removed, is cut into the size required for the pot it is to fill, and introduced into that pot between two thin layers of mackerel, and the fat of the finest cod geese went full in the face of one of the women, who was both young and timid. She sickened, and then requested the man to stop smoking. This aroused the ruffian in him, and he roughly declared: "I have paid my fare; it is customary to smoke, and I will smoke as much as I please, and I will not be disturbed. I am Col. James Bowie, and unless you throw that cigar away in one minute, I will put this knife into your heart, as true as there is a God." The ruffian comprehended in an instant with whom he had to deal, and threw his cigar out of the window with a flourish.

On Board the Schiller. A passenger on the ill-fated Schiller in his statement to a London paper said: All went well until Friday, and we had a pleasant passage. On that day we had a heavy fog, clearing up before midnight, was almost immediately followed by a thick fog. We were then near the shore; but we did not know we were. I went to my berth about nine o'clock, and fell asleep. I was awakened soon by a bumping sound, which I thought was caused by the anchor going. I was at once apprised that this could not be the result of the noise by the shouts and screams I heard, and putting on my clothes, I rushed on deck and soon found that the ship was ashore. I had heard the orders for the engines to be reversed, but the ship went on bumping several times before she finally stopped. The result of this bumping was to break in the bar bottom. These were very low in bed, and those who were to disembark at Plymouth were ready to do so. The captain ordered the pumps to be sounded, and the report which came to him was that water was making rapidly. At this announcement, as may be imagined, there was great commotion. Men, women and children rushed about screaming for help.

The captain ordered guns to be fired as signals of distress, and rockets were sent up, the guns continuing to be fired until the powder became damp and useless. Up to this time we did not know we were, and it was not until after midnight that we discovered our position by one of the passengers seeing the Bishop's lights. I got into a boat which was hanging at the davits, and other others got in with me. I was the only one who got in a large way, though the boat, knocking her from the davits on to the deck, and filling her with water. So scared were my companions at this occurring that they jumped out, but I stuck to her. Soon after the boat was washed against the side of the ship and I was thrown out, but I got in again. Directly after I was washed against the mast and once more knocked out, but I regained the boat once more, and was glad to see that she was now rid of a quantity of the water which she had been filled with by the waves. Just afterwards, to my horror, I found that the boat with me in her had been washed right over into the sea. I now saw that my only chance was to stick to the boat, and I clung to her for some hours, and was at last rewarded for so doing by being picked up by a fishing boat and carried into Scilly.

THE DARK DAYS. Memorable Days in the History of the Country—What Caused Them?

May 19, 1780, is known in the history of New England as the dark day. Between the hours of ten and eleven in the morning the sky became obscured with dense clouds of a smoky hue that drifted from the southwest. In most parts of New England the gloom that ensued was so great that it was impossible to read common print, to determine the time of day by watches and clocks, or to pursue any sort of work indoors without the aid of artificial light. In some places common print could not be read out of doors for several hours in succession. The fowls went to roost, the birds sang their evening songs, and settled themselves to sleep in their hidden retreats, candles were lighted in all the houses, while a silence and dimness as of night rested upon the face of all nature.

For several days preceding this the atmosphere had been unusually thick and hazy, and the sun and moon looked dull and red as they rode through the heavens. On the morning of the 18th there were slight showers in certain localities, accompanied with thunder, while at different intervals through the day there was rain, in various places. The water that fell was thick, dark, and sooty, and a scum as of ashes appeared on the surface of rivers and reservoirs, while, when the tide went out, it left a line of the smut along the shore at the width of four or five inches. On examination this surface matter seemed to be nothing more than the ash of a vegetable. This extraordinary darkness lasted for a period of about fourteen hours.

In the transactions of the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, printed prior to 1785, there is a comment on the above phenomenon that was appended October 21, 1776, O. S. "The day so dark that people were forced to light candles to eat their dinners by. Which could not be from any eclipse, the solar eclipse being the fourth of that month." Nothing is said in this account of the cause of the darkness, and the writer tells us that he was present at the remarkable dark day was observed at Detroit, and described in the Philadelphia Transactions for 1763. The writer says: "Tuesday last, being the 19th inst. (i. e., of October), we had almost total darkness for the most of the day. I was at the table when the darkness came on. I observed it got no lighter than before. The same darkness continued until nine o'clock, when it cleared up a little. We then, for the space of about a quarter of an hour, saw the body of the sun, which appeared as red as blood, and more than three times as large as usual. The air was of a dirty yellowish color. I was obliged to light candles to see to dine, at one o'clock, notwithstanding the table was placed close by two large windows. About three the darkness became more horrible; which augmented until half past five, when the wind blew up from the southwest and brought on some drops of rain, or rather sulphur and dirt; for it appeared like the latter than the former, both in smell and quality. I took a leaf of clean paper and held it out in the rain, which rendered it very heavy. I observed the drops fell upon it; but, when held near the fire, it turned to a yellowish color, and, when burned, it fized on the paper like wet powder. During this shower the air was almost suffocating, with a strong sulphurous smell. It cleared up a little after the rain."

An officer stationed at Detroit described the same day in a letter to a friend. In his words: "The 19th of this month (October, 1762) was the most extraordinary dark day, perhaps ever seen in the world." The cause of the unnatural darkness prevailing on three several days was probably the extensive burning of Western prairies and woodlands.

Meeting the author of a celebrated poem, after he had been seriously injured by a railroad accident, a friend remarked: "You did not find 'riding on the rail' as pleasant as you pictured it. It succeeded in striking on the rail, but riding off it. Don't you see?" "What kind of a man is Squire Simons, any way?" "Well, you've seen them snow storms along early in the winter, when there's a good deal of wind but not much sleighing? That's the sort he is."

The Loss of the Cadiz. Details of the wreck of the steamship Cadiz and the loss of sixty-five lives are at hand. Only one of the crew was saved, and only one of the survivors were three Portuguese seamen. The survivors say that the vessel struck on the Wizard rock about three o'clock in the morning. Boats were at once lowered, but they swamped in the heavy sea, and those in them were lost. The vessel succeeded in striking to the bottom of the caplain boats and drifted to the shore. The steamer ran between London and Cadiz.

Items of Interest. A patent medicine agent recently stuck handbills on all the gravestones in the cemetery at Melrose, Mass. In Holyoke, Mass., tramps are made to pay for lodging and breakfast with three hours work on a new sewer. It is reported that eight hundred persons, chiefly children, have died of measles and malignant sore throat at Bogota, New Grenada. A French critic says that American belles display many times a day toilet "sufficient to ruin twenty husbands." They get them from France, though. A tornado which swept through Georgia on May 1 is shown by full reports from all the countries to have killed fifty-four persons and wounded sixty-three. A boy's a beating until he puts on "pants." From the period of the first rent in his trousers dates a feeling in the maternal breast that is not wittily affectionate. "I don't care much about the bugs," said Warrley to the head of a genteel boarding-house, "but the fact is, madam, I haven't the blood to spare, you see that yourself." A Cuban woman at Pinar del Rio, who was under the hallucination that the spirits ordered her to do so, tore out the eyes of her son, and then tried to tear out her own.

George Cary Eggleston argues that it does not pay as a business venture to marry a rich wife. His observation leads him to believe that the expense of maintaining such a wife is usually greater than the income which her property can be made to yield. So famous is the town of Concord, Massachusetts, with its twenty-three hundred people; that Senator Boutwell once told a friend, who asked him what was the chief mercantile staple of the town, that the people of Concord supported themselves by writing for the Atlantic Monthly. It is officially announced in Paris that the vexed question of how the restored Vendome column shall be crowned has been settled. The statue of Napoleon, as it was before the Commune, will be replaced, and the whole monument will soon be accomplished. William E. Kieselburgh describes in the Troy Times the strange sight of antelopes keeping company with a Pacific railroad train. There were a hundred or more of the fleet, graceful animals, and for two miles they ran parallel with the cars, at the most interested in the race. Then one of the passengers fired at them with a revolver, scaring them away. Philadelphia is called the "City of Homes." It contains 60,000 more dwelling houses than New York, and 94,000 more than Boston. Many of these residences have been erected by building associations. The people of Philadelphia about 78,000 dwellings owned by men who without the aid of organizations that furnish the means for building, could never have emerged from the condition of tenancy to that of proprietorship. Samuel White, a farmer of Ludlow, Mass., went into a large hog pen to feed a number of the beasts confined there. A large and very savage boar attacked him without warning, and a desperate encounter ensued, the man striking with a heavy club, with which he had armed himself before entering, and the boar biting with ghastly effect. At length a deep bite in White's thigh severed the femoral artery and he bled to death. One day last week a smiling infant toddled away from his home near Viola, Ind., on the Dubuque Southern railroad, and lay down between the rails to sleep. A few moments later a train came along, and the engineer, seeing he could not stop in time, pulled her wide open wide and banged the whole train over the sleeping cherub before it woke, and never touched a hair of it. A little one rose in the air, it would have been instantly killed. The London Lancet, discussing of Captain Boynton's recent paddle across the British channel, says that he could have borne easily a much greater fatigue, and that the paddling does not weary him half as much as would be supposed, the only fatigue being in the legs. After he was asleep, he had a Boulogne he was observed to paddle a little in his dreams, but there was no sign of exhaustion, and the next morning he was out early smoking his cigar.

Fan from Scribner's. Here are the heads of a sermon once preached by a quaint old minister on the text, "Adam, where art thou?" All men are somewhere. "Zilly. Some men are where they ought not to be, dilly. If they don't take care, they will soon find themselves where they had rather not be." Tom Sheridan once told his father that when he got into Parliament he would not pretend to greater virtue than he possessed, but would at once write upon his forehead, "To be let." "That won't do," replied his father, "unless you add unfurnished."

The Newspaper. The newspaper is the chronicle of civilization—the common reservoir into which every stream pours its living waters, and at which every man may come to drink. It is a newspaper that gives to liberty its unremitting activity. The newspaper informs legislators of public opinion, and informs the people of legislation. And this is not all. The newspaper teems with most practical morality in its reports of crimes and punishments; you find a daily warning against temptation; and not a case in a police court, not a single trial of a wretched outcast, or a trembling felon, that does not press upon the awful lesson how imprudence leads to crime, and crime to guilt; how guilt brings its bitter fruit of anguish and degradation. The newspaper is the bond that binds together man and man—no matter what the distance of the climate or the difference of race. The newspaper is a law book for the indolent, a sermon for the thoughtless, a library for the poor. It stimulates the mind, it diffuses, it instructs the most profound.