THIS LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

THE ECONOMIST

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ment of the pursuit attract many who

Let's often talk of noble deeds. And rarer of the bad ones, And sing about our happy days, And not about the sad ones. We were not made to fret and sigh And when grief sleeps, to wake it; Bright happiness is standing by-This life is what we make it.

Let's find the sunny side of men, Or be beltevers in it; A light there is in every soul. That takes the pains to win it. Oh! there's a slumb'ring good in all, And we perchance may wake it: Our hands contain the magic wand-This life is what we make it.

Then here's to those whose loving hear Send light and joy about them! Thanks be to them for countless gems We ne'er had known without them. Oh! this should be a happy world To all who may partake it; The fault's our own, if it is not-This life is what we make it.

My Uncle George.

I suppose you wonder George, why it is I have never married-wondered, and most probably rejoiced for, at my death, you know, the old place will come to you, as it came to me, free from debt or incumbrance. I suppose you girl I could care for-never met any one have attributed my confirmed bachelorhood to some disappointment in love in | ment my childish love. I grew tired of

early life, eh? Ab, well; I'll tell you the whole story. It may serve as a warning to you. I was going to say, only I do not believe in one man's experience being Baynsford, who was then Captain Fel- Wyville. of any use to another. And as to warn- lowes. When we were at Smyrna I ings-bah! they never serve. But I am in a retrospective mood to night; so if you care to hear the story, you

My Uncle George and I were staying up at Barling, a small fishing-place of his in the Highlands, to which we resorted regularly twice a year for about a fortnight, in pursuit of salmon. I had lost my father when I was four years old, and since that time his brother, my Uncle George, had been my father in all but the name. Indeed, I think we were fonder of each other than fathers and sons usually are in

It has always been a wonder to me, and to every one else, that Uncle George had never married. Some people declared that he had been hopelessly in love with the beautiful Duchesse deand that it was for her sake he had remained single; others hinted at some entanglement; while some maintained boldly that Sir George Wyville was married, and that I, his nephew and heir presumptive in the eyes of the world, should leok very foolish some day on the baronetcy, and Wyville Castle, being claimed by the son of my uncle's old college bed maker.

But to all these stories I turned a dear ear. I knew enough of Uncle George to feel sure that there was not a snadow of truth in all of them. My uncle often spoke of the Duchesse de as what she was-one of the handsomest women and most finished coquettes of her day. But I felt certain that he had never cared for her; he would not have talked so much about her if he had. And as to an entanglement or a secret marriage, why, I knew all my uncle's affairs as well as I knew those of Charlie Baynsford, my bosom friend and brother officer, who had been gazetted as ensign and lieutenant in the Fifth Foot Guards the same day as myself, about two mouths before. No; whatever reason my uncle may have had for remaining single, it was one that he had carefully guarded from the whole world. I was glad that I was going to hear it at last.

I lit my pet pipe, about the coloring my chair nearer to the fire, prepared to listen in comfort.

"I was about thirteen, George, when I first saw Nora O'Byrne. I was at Eaton then, and she was a flower girl in the streets of Windsor. The first day I eyer saw her-I remember it as well as if it were yesterday-it was a te in the, place, selling violets. To all the money I had in my pocket, and my heart with it. It is no use attempting to describe her. All descriptions and talking to a foreign prince! of real beauty are futile. She was simpliest the lovliest child, as she was afterwards the lovliest woman, I ever beheld. Day after day I used to see her. I contrived to meet her quietly. I did all I could for her, and it went to my heart to feel that I could do so little. I away again directly, and pawned it to

"I need scarcely tell you that Nora us. mother's fatal propensity for drink. much of your levely aunt. For nearly two years of my life I speut " "I shall follow your advice," I said every shilling I could spare upon that 'I mean to see as little of her as possichild, and I loved her as I have never ble.'-

as you may imagine. fevers especially; and directly I was tain. taken ill he left the house to pay a visit "I never saw Nora again so as to

to some friends near Windsor. He speak to her during uncle's lifetime. I promised me that when the school met exchanged at once into a regiment un-

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her extraordinary beauty, thrown upon wrote to me once after she became tion than that drunken old mother.

"Well, time passed on, and when I had rescued her from a life of beggary was eighteen I left Eaton and went into in the streets, and sent her to school for the Guards. My mother took a house on Hartford street, and I lived with herself bound in honor and gratitude her. I went everywhere, and was made much of. I was heir to Wyville Castle and lifteen thousand a year - to say nothing of the baronetcy; and I could was always telling me-almost anybody I choose. But I did not choose. Strange as it may appear, I never met a who could make me forget for one moeverything sooner than most men, and months' leave of absence, I started for a tour in the East with my old friend received a letter from my mother, telling me that my uncle was going to be married. As I had been taught from childhood to consider myself his heir, you may fancy, George, with what feelings of disgust I received the intelli-

gence. My mother wrote a very illegible hand, and moreover always crossed her pages, consequently deciphering better than I have done." her letters was no easy task. I could not make out the name of my uncle's fiancee, although Fellowes and I sat up half the pight trying to discover it. My mother said Sir Rupert had met her in Paris, and I thought the word we could not decipher looked like a French name. "London was no place for me now, l decided, and determined to leave the Guards and exchange into some regiment going to Canada-a country I was particularly anxious to see. We lingered a good deal of the time on our way home, and were a great part of the time in out-of-the-way places where we saw no newspapers. Thus I missed reading the announcement of my uncle's marriage. When I arrived in town I heard of nothing but the extraordinary beauty of Lady Wyville; aud many were the warnings I received-half in jest-half in earnest-not to fall in love with my aunt. It was very odd, but I

"I left a card for my uncle in Grosvenor square, a day or two after I returned home at an hour when I knew she would be out; and I declined, on the plea of a prior engagement, an invitation that I received to dine with them the following evening.

"A few nights afterwards there was a large ball given at the Russian Embassy. I heard, directly I entered the house, that my uncle and his bride were there; but there was a great folks who will try to keep them from crowd, and I never caught sight of rising up in the world." them. Towards the end of the evening, just as I was going away, the Duchess de-came up to me in the conservatory, and told me that my uncle and aunt were just then on the staircase.

"'You must come and see her, of which I was so anxious, and drawing George,' she said to me; 'she is perfectly beautiful.'

"I made some commonplace reply, such as that it was only very pretty women who ever admitted teauty in others, and then, with the little duchess on my arm, I went to greet my un-

cle and his bride. "She was dressed all in white-not bitterly cold March afternoon, and she the faintest trace of color about herwas standing outside the then only ho- and her lovely face turned as white as pleasure of doing good is the only one her bridal wreath, as she came face to this hour I cannot stand seeing a girl face with me. It was Nora-Nora whom selling violets in the street. I gave her I had last seen in rags, barefooted, asking alms from the passers-by, and now

> "My uncle introduced me to his bride, and I made a profound bow, and with a face as white as her own, congratulated her on her marriage, and expressed the gratification I felt at making her

acquaintance. "She gave me such a look, poor girl? used to give her food; clothing it was I knew then that she had never forgotof no use giving, for her mother took it ten me. I passed on with the duchess into the ball-room, and I felt rather than saw that Nora turned to look after

was no common beggar-girl. Her fa- "'Is she not beautiful?' my companther had been a well-to-do workman, ion asked me with levity. 'Ah, I was and during his life-time she had been right. I could see you were desperateto school, and had learned how to read ly apris with her. What is it you Engand write; but after his death they had lish call it? Love at first sight. Take been reduced to beggary, through her my advice, mon ami, and do not see too

loved any other human being. And 'Something in my voice made my what is more, I kept my boyish love a companion glance up; and then, with secret from every one-no easy matter, true tact and good breeding, she hasyou may imagine. tened to change the subject. She was ducement for many to use the Anti Fat, "When I was fifteen I had a bad at- a kind hearted little women, in spite of who now object to using it, in cousetack of typhus fever. I was staying at her trifling language. I knew that quence of the loss they would sustain in Wyville at the time of the summer va- never again to me or any living being throwing aside valuable garments. cation with my uncle; Sir Rupert. He did she recur to what she had noticed

again he would ride over, and give the der orders for Canada. There I refellows at my house the latest accounts mained three years, until the death of

Beerle of Toract

Sir Rupert recalled me to England. "I did not return to Eaton till after Nora had no children, so I was nown the Christmas holidays, and Nora was Sir George Wyville. 'She might as gone-where I could not learn. In vain well have waited for me,' I thought I made inquiries of different people in bitterly. of met her once at our solicithe town who knew the girl by sight. tor's upon business, just after my re-All I could learn was that neither she turn home, and that was the last time nor her mother had been seen since the I ever saw her in the world. She lived beginning of September. I was nearly entirely in London, doing an immense frantic with anxiety. I give you my deal of good, I believe, among the Irish word. George, that never but once poor. But her career of usefulness was again in my life have I felt anything a short one. She only survived Sir like the utter grief and desolation of Rupert four years. To me she died the that time, when I thought of Nora, with hour when she became his wife. She the wide world with no other protec- widow, telling me all the circumstances of the marriage-how that Sir Rupert

to marry him. "She concluded her letter by expressing a hopethat we might still be friends. Friends! I had no more friendship to have married-as my uncle and mother offer her than I had love to offer any woman; and my uncle's widow was sacred in my eves.

four years, and that then she had felt

"I never saw Nora again. "I believe the world talked a good deal about my strange conduct towards my aunt, and pronounced it to be 'very bad taste,' now that I had come into the at twenty, having obtained several title and estate. Only the Duchesse de - gave me credit for having some good reason for thus avoiding Lady

> "There, George, you know now the story of my life—why I have remained a bachelor all my days. I was not aware that there is any particular moral to be deduced from my tale, unless in is 'Only to fall in love in your own rank of life.' a piece of advice that was very frequently given to me when I was young. I hope you will profit by it

"What is this?" "That is a cat. Do you see the beautiful curve to his back? If you continue to be a good boy you shall some day have a thousand cats.'

The Cat.

"Are cats a useful animal?" "Yes, very. If it wasn't for the cat every house would be overrun with canary birds.'

" Are cats very brave?" "Yes. They'll hang around a corner for four hours to get their claws into a poor little mouse, not one fortieth part their size."

"What food do cats prefer?" "A \$20 mocking-bird is their first choice. If the family are not able to keep a mocking-bird, the cat must put up with an oriole or a German canary. It is only when suffering for food that a cat will accept of a sirloin steak."

"Cats can't sing, can they?" felt no curiosity to see her. On the "No: but bless 'em! they keep trycontrary, the idea of making her acing to learn how! They have got so quaintance was rather repugnant to they can sound the first four notes on the scale, and they are determined to

"What time do they sing the sweet-

"At night, between the hours of 11 P. M. and 4 A. M. You have probably read items about bold, bad men flinging bootiacks, sticks of wood and other missiles at singing cats. Don't ever associate with such people. Cats have as much right in America as anybody else, and it is only the meanest kind of

"Nobody knows, as no cat ever had a fair show to see how many years he could put in. After he has hung around one neighborhood for tifteen or twenty years somebody murders him in

cold blcod." "Do cats suck children's breath?" "They do. Mothers should let their children eat onions as a preventive. Plug tobacco will answer the same

Sayings from the Chinese.

Dig a well before you are thirsty. The ripest fruit will not fall into your mouth. Great wealth comes by destiny -moderate wealth by industry. The that does not wear out. Water does not remain in the mountains, nor vengeance in great minds. Let every one sweep the snow from his own door, and not met again thus-at an ambassador's ball, busy himself about the frost on his neighbor's tiles. Every to-morrow has two handles. We can take hold of it by

> fat Man Made Happy-Loses 61 Pounds. PRATTVILLE, Ala., July 20, 1878.

BOTANIC MEDICINE Co., Buffalo, N.Y. Gentlemen .- About three months ago I commenced using your "Anti-Fat." at which time my weight was 219 pounds. By following your directions carefully, I have succeded in reducing my weight to 158 pounds. This is all very satisfactory and pleasant; but just previous to my commencing the use of your medicine, I had purchased two suits of fine clothes at a high price, and find to my dismay, that they are entirely useless to me now. When I put one of my coats on, my friends tell me it looks like a coffee sack on a bean pole, and when I put the pants on—well, description fails. My object in writing is to ascertain whether you have not, in connection with your medicine business, an establishment where your patrons, similarly situated, could exchange these useless garments for others that would fit. I think you ought to have something of the kind, as it would be an inwho now object to using it, in couse-Just turn this matter over in your mind. cation with my uncle; Sir Rupert. He did she recur to what she had a perfect horror of siekness, and of more than she chose to say I felt cer- want in connection with your Anti-Fat GEORGE BOYD Driving Off the Fog.

On a late passage of the steamer Drew on the Hudson she was detained below Albany by a heavy fog. Captain Roe was standing near the pilot house on the lookout, when he was approached by a venerable gentleman of rural appearance. The boat was pushing forward with half speed and great caution. "Captain," said the stranger, "why

don't you drive off the fog?"

"Just the thing I should like to have you tell me how to do." "I'll tell you how an old German frierd of mine years ago did it." and the passenger commenced by saying: "In the rich valley of the Mohawk there is a quiet little village called Spraker's Basin. Many years ago, before there was such a thing as a railroad in the State of New York, the veritable Mr. Spraker, the patriarch and founder of Spraker's Basin, was keeping a tavern a mile or so from the village, upon the thoroughfare known as Johnstown Road. Spraker's as it is generally ealled, was in early times the great rendezvous for the Mohawk farmers, while journeying to Albany with their wheat,

and of the Jefferson and Lewis County drovers. Now and then a New York merchant on his trip to the Northern settlements was to be seen before the great wood fire in Spraker's tavern. This class of travelers were held in much respect by old Spraker and the honest Dutch farmers on the river. One of this class accosted the old man

on the porch one foggy morning, with: Mr. Spraker, do you have much of this sort of weather, down here in this

"Oh, yees, put we tont mind it, Mr. Stewart, I has a way of triving it off. Ish no matter at all, tish fog." "How's that, Mr. Spraker, I should

a fog?" "Well, I will tell you; I take a tram, and goes out and feeds te pigs, and if te fog don't go off pretty soon. I take another tram, and den I goes out and fodders de cattle, and if te fog ain't gone by dis time, I takes another dram, and den I goes out and chops wood like thunder, and if te fog don't go py dis time, I takes another dram, and so on

all goes away." "Well, upon my word, Mr. Spraker, this is a novel mode of getting clear of take of a morning before you succeeded in driving off the fog?"

"Let me see; about two years ago, I think I had to take about twenty trams, but it was a tam foggy morning."

The Bijah Elixir.

A woman and boy slowly approached

They were mother and son. The boy looked serious and the mother was doing a great deal of talking. She said she'd heard that they had opened a museum at the station, and

she asked John Henry if he'd like to go in and see the animals. "Spose they've got any snakes?" he

"Lots of 'em." "And baboons?" "More'n a dozen."

"And stuffed bridegrooms?," "Yes, heeps of 'em." The boy had his suspicions, but curi-

osity overcame them, and he finally consented to go in. As he entered the parlor the mother winked at Bijah over his head, whispered the one word "Elixir," and she was gone before John Henry could realize the situation. "I am glad to see you, my boy," remarked Bijah, by way of breaking the

"Where's them baboons?" demanded the boy, as he looked around.

"My son, the way of the trangressor is hard, no matter whether the spelling book says so or not."

"Where's that stuffed bridegroom?" shouted the boy. "He has gone out for a walk in the

mellow sunlight, Johnny, but come up stairs and I'll show you the Elixir." "You can't fool me!"

"There is do fooling about this. On the contrary, this is a very solemn occasion. Come on."

The boy suspected the worst, and making a dive to get under the table he upset it and came near getting out doors. He was finally secured and elevated to the second story, the door the handle of anxiety or the handle of locked, and as he was placed in the big chair labelled: "Meditation" he had made up his mind to die in the last

> "Your mother didn't have time to explain your conduct, or detail your history," remarked Bijah in a fatherly tone, "but I think she wants the Elixir applied on general principles." "Murder!" shouted the boy as he

tried to get out of the chair. "I should like to sit here and study your disposition, mused Bijah, "but time flies, and I am leetle a bit anxious

to try this new spanker."

"Don't you dare!" shouted the boy, having a dim idea of what was coming. "You observe, my son, that I fasten his sheet-iron pad around my left leg as a protection. If you feel like biting, bite away, Then I place the Elixir ful, you get your reward. You will handy, bring you out of the chair, so, bend you over in this shape, and now we are ready for business. Let me remark at this stage of the proceedings that my heart aches for you."

"Your dear maw is far, far away, my son, and I am now ready for business. Here I go." He went. The sound of a shingle New York.

striking a boy was heard in the land. It was also felt in the land, but from the first stroke the boy snut his teeth together hard and refused to utter a sound. He had been there before, and he didn't believe it was going to be

much of a shower. "I hate to do it, but-!" remarked Bliah, as he worked his elbow with more zeal, and the silence was broken only by the deep-toned whacks of the shingle. It was shingle vs. boy, and the boy had bet ten to one that he would come in ahead. After two minutes' steady motion Bijah let up and kindly inquired:

"My son, do you now feel as if you owned this town?" "I feel as I'm a mind to!" was the

brief reply. "What! haven't I got down to your

feelings yit! Jist wait a moment!" The lad was adjusted and the Elixir again applied. The arm rose higher and came down faster, and at the fifth stroke a new stratum of soil was reached. At the tenth the boy wash't sure which would beat. At the fifteenth

just then Bijah halted and asked: "My son, do you think you run the house?"

he concluded that he was a goner, but

"I kin run half of it," replied the lad, suddenly taking courage.

"Am I growing weak in my old age?" sighed the janitor, as he reached for a new spanker, "or is this an unusal case?"

It was simply an unsual aase. The new spanker started off like a dose of tire system. I now hunt the grizzles in buckshot and had only got the regular my bear park with as much ardor--promise anything. He took the most say a bear-park?" solemn vow to stay in nights, go to Sunday-school, quit fighting and earn ing a muscle. "I have a range of four like to know the process of driving off money for his mother and as a proof of hundred acres, well stocked with grizhis desire to reform, he took a table- | zles, black bear and the Rocky Mounspoonful of castor oil without a wince. tain varieties. It is but a small park, "Don't you shudder when you realize what a narrer escape you've had creation I need. It is but twenty miles

wiped off the spoon on his elbow. "I do, and I shall always love you." "One day longer and you might have turned out a pirate. I tell you, boy, a happreciated. But is there any danger, shingle of the right size, laid on the you know. Mr. Stewart, I keep a doin' till the fog | right spot, will put new and better a fog. How many drams did you ever | Cooper to Brother Gardner, who didn't | take risks, you can shoot them with the get his regular dose of the Elixir when stairs and learn a lesson in history

> while I darn my socks.' "When the mother came softly in, look of maternal anxiety on her countenance, Bijah was pushing a darning needle threaded with pink twine through an 8x10 hole in the heel of a sky-blue woolen sock, and the boy was reading aloud:

"Is the hen on her nest? Yes, the hen is on her nest. Is the sun up? Yes. the sun is up, and no good boy will laugh at a man who is blind?"

The Elixir is a success. All orders by mail promptly attended to.

Corn Stalk Sugar.

A Westmoreland county, Pa., farmer and scientist, has discovered a process by which sugar can be made from the common field corn-stalks, at a cost of three cents per pound, and the plant being only slightly inferior to the sugar cane of Louisiana, and containing two per cent. more saccharine matter than the beet root. The name of the discov erer is Mr. F. S. Stewart, and his process, discovered after several years' experiment for crystalizing the liquid, is as follows: The costly bone black and carbonic acid are no longer required The stalks are cut after the ear has arrived at an age suitable for drying or canning-the full value of the corn crop being thus obtained entirely independent of the sugar growth-and sent to an ordinary crushing mill. The juice placed in pans, after being heated to 180 degrees, is then heavily limed so as to make it exceedingly aikaline. After being decanted and impurities removed, a liquid dioxide of sulphur is then introduced in sufficient quantities to make the syrup highly acidulous. As impurities are precipitated, they continue to be removed, and more dioxide of sulpur added to keep the syrup in its acidulous condition, until the syrup is reduced to the density necessary to form sugar. It is then thrown into a cooler and allowed to crystalize, I draining being performed by a cen-

trifugal machine, or other modern process. The color of this sugar as it comes from the draining machine is much better than that of ordinary cane sugar, the syrup of the cane being red, while this is nearly white.

Show me a people whose trade is dishonest and I will show you a people whose religion is a sham. Make but few explanations; the character that cannot otherwise defend itself is not worth vindicating.

Who is powerful? He who can control his passions. Who is rich? He who is contented with what he has. Never fail to tell the truth. If truthget your punishment if you deceive.

I HAVE for Many years past Used in my own famil, and recommended to the families of any congregation, as the best remedy I know of for Coughs, Colds and Incipient Consumption, Dr., Jayne's Expecto ant, and also Jane's as a ive Phis as a remedy for Costiveness, Billiousness and I purity of the Blood. Macconfidence in the great value of these edicines, increases the longer I use them and observe their wonderful health-restoring effects. They have given universal satisfaction in all the families to whom I have recommended them—key Dr. Dowling, late Pastor of Berean Baptist Church, New York. "Maw! Maw!" screamed John HenA Mythical Bear Story.

NO. 12.

Hugh Dougherty was introduced al around Carson the other day as a State Senator from California. This reminds one of a little joke practised by that jolly San Francisco Bohemian, Dan. O'-Connell. Dan was on the train going to Eureka, when he fell in with a crowd of Englich tourists. If there is one think particular that Dan likes to manipulate, for practical jokes, it is British tourist. He opened the ball by paying the porter of the train fourbits to come along occasionally and address him as "Governor." The porter earned his money and was earnestly rushing up to Dan with:

"Governor, did you want anything,

Presently one of the tourists re narked:

"Mr. O'Connell, I see you are called Governor; 'ave you the 'ouor hindeed to be han hincumbent hoff the hoffice?" "Yes, replied Dan; "I have had the honor of occupying the gubernatorial chair of this State for five years, and

expect to be re-elected in the fall." "Hy! hindeed; quite hextraordinary for one-a-ha-so young."

"Yes, I do look young, and I am proud of the fact that for a men of 50 there are few better preserved specimens of physical humanity in this State. I came to this coast in '49 almost dead with consumption, but the glorious climate of California and the still more bracing atmosphere of Nevada had the delightful effect of rejuvenating my en-

"Yes." continued Dan, without movbut amply sufficient for what little refrom the gallus?" queried Bijah, as he from here, and if you can spare a couple of weeks, my horses, dogs, and guns and bowie knives are at your disposal.' "Really, though, your kind hoffer is

"Oh, yes, of course; an inexperienthoughts into a boy's mind as sure's | ced hand gets a little nervous when your born. You can't mention a single closing in on the monster with the bogreat man in this country, from Peter | wie knife, but if you do not care to rifle. My boy was killed last week, but a boy. You can now sit with me down he was too impetuous by half, and it was partly his fault. I might have interfered in time to save his life, but the fight was a fair one, and I hadn't the heart to fire at the brave beast from behind. A true Nevadan and '49er never takes so noble an animal as the grizzly at a disadvantage, even though his own flesh and blood be at stake. But to change a subject, the recollections of which are painful (here Dan wiped away a tear), let me invite you to my deer park at Elko, where a thousand bucks roam at large and my hounds are the best in the State."

The tourist promised to come and spend a month, and are now doubtless looking for the O'Connel preserves.

Game on the Sea Shore,

Wild geese and duck are the leading rame birds on the coast in the vicinity of Atlantic City, on the ocean. The only about seventy-five pounds, so as to be easily hauled over the meadows, not exactly the perfect sneak box of Barnegat, but similar in appearance and use; a large lot of wooden decoy ducks, an excellent double gun; breach loading sportsmen own a yacht, or a share in one, tine, cosy, decked and cabined, about twenty-five feet long, with one huge sail. The boats are provisioned. so that their owners can spend a week at a time on board with three or four companions, sailing along the creeks and bays between the mainland and the sea. The more stormy the weather the greater the chance of plenty of ducks. They are hunted so much that they go to sea all day usually, but in high winds and rains they remain in the bays and the ponds on the marshes. At dusk and dawn each hunter leaves the vacht in his skiff, and taking separeach other, they set out and anchor the decoys, haul their boats on the marsh, cover them from the sight of the wary ducks by pulling grass and seaweed and throwing it over them, and then secrete themselves along the bank and wait for the flocks of ducks to approach and settle among the decoys. Here in the bitter, freezing weather and storm they wait for hours, when a flock approaches, imitating their cries to lure them to settle among their decoys within gunshot, and if successful in luring them near enough, shooting both barrels among them and nimbly the boat and secure the killed and Find all the fault you can; point out ponds and slashes for water. Hiding despise his lack of good sense. Tell near these the gunners slay numbers.

would not sell the catch for money. Gunners are not always successful, sometimes returning with none or but few. Wild geese are not plentiful, and very few persons have outfits here save a few of the old-time gunners. Geese were killed more frequently here years ago. It is related that flocks of geese used to light in a big, deep pond where the United States Hotel is now located. Wild geese command about one dollar each, and are superior in flavor to ducks. Other game is abundant here in its season. In May and August immense flocks of bay birds abound, and comprise every variety of snipe species common to this latitude, among them curlew, willet, ployer and yellow legs. Gunners come purposely in May and shoot them in numbers. They are also attracted by decoys, painted to resemble them, and are supported by sticks to which they are fastened, being run on the mud flats on which they alight and feed, the gunners lying near at hand. A nice bed of grass or trash is made, from which the gunner shoots and loads at will. To show the attraction of these decoys, and the immitation of their whistling, large flocks are sometimes enticed back, and settle to the decoys again and again. Killcues do this, but they are the simplest birds and most easily deceived of all. Blue heron are among our game. They are seen standing on the marshes, or flying about and slowly settling down. They are a large crane, of a bluish or dark dove color, and standing with bent neck they are about five feet high, and when flying with head and legs motion when the boy gave in. Before "Hi beg pardon," interrupted one of straight are nearly six feet, with about the shingle let go he was ready to the tourists, "did hi understand you to five reet spread of wings. They are all along this coast.

Astonishing Jugglery.

In Dethi, India, we saw the celebrated basket "trick," which is sometimes poorly imitated by professional jugglers in this country. A native produced a basket and a blanket, and after permitting us to see that they contained nothing, inverted the basket on the ground and covered it with the blanket. We paid no attention to his incantations, but kept our eyes fixed on the basket and the space around it, resolved that no boy should be smuggled into it or out of it without seeing him. What made the trickstill more wonderful was the fact that the performer stood in a clear space, and we could look down upon him as he proceeded. He went through the customary act of thrusting a sword through the insterstices of the basket, when the cries of a boy were heard as if in mortal pain issuing from the basket. Turning it over, there was a boy apparently unhurt and seemingly enjoying the fun. Restoring the basket, with the blanket over it, to its former position, with the boy under it. the juggler went through the same incantations, and then running his sword under the blanket, tossed it away from him. Turhing over the basket, no boy was to be seen. So far as anything could be observed there was no possible place in which the little fellow could be concealed. Another feat quite astonishing we saw performed in the streets of Constantinople. An itinerant magician showed us a cane which had the appearance of being of wood and very knotty. This he tossed in the air as high as he could, and when it touchoutfit to hunt these birds consists of a | ed the ground it took the form of a live slight skiff or small batteau, weighing serpent, with blazing eyes and rapid movements. It looked like a dangerous specimen, and one which no man would like to approach. Catching up this monster the fellow coiled it round his neck and fondled it, while it writhed and exhibited the most venomous qualipreferred. Besides most of the duck | ties. Throwing it high up in the air it fell to the ground the same cane which

Four-Ton Fish that Stopped a Steam-

we had handled at our ease.

A collision between a steamship and gigantic fish, took place the other day in the vicinity of the Tong Tong Islands. The Messageries Maritimes steamer Anadyr, on its voyage to Shanghai, was suddenly brought to a stop by a violent shock. The cause of the collison was found to be an enormous ray or flat fish, estimated by those on board to weigh from 8,000 to 10,000 pounds. The monster was lying asleep on the ate places, generally within hail of top of the water when its repose was rudely disturbed by a "dig in the ribs" from the stem of the steamer. After the first alarm had subsided, efforts were made to haul the creature on board; but, owing to its unwieldiness. all attempts in this direction proved fruitless, and the fish, doubtless even more "shaken" than the passengers on the boat, was reluctantly allowed to move off and seek such remedies for the injuries it had sustained, as are to be procured in the mysterious deep.

How to Discourage a Minister.

Go to church only occasionally, and slipping in fresh charges, and, if pessi- when you go, go late; take no part in ble, firing away again. They launch singing, but keep up whispering. wounded game, and hide for another his deficiencies before your children shot. The ducks visit the fresh water and others. Don't aid his work, but tales to him about the people and their As they weigh about five pounds to the | criticisms of him. Tell him how much pair, it occasionally becomes burden- his predecessors were thought of. Keep some to get the ducks home. It is a away from week-day meetings. Get common thing here for gunners to up gayeties, particularly some enterstart for the inlet, the boat houses or tainment near the communion season. Higbee's, at midnight with a skiff, de- Require him to be present everywhere. coys, gun, and go five miles to a haunt. Keep back his salary. Keep talking

prepare for game and secrete himself about general dissatisfaction. before day. The money value of a pair | Patient continuance in these pracof black ducks is generally seventy-five | tices will surely drive away both the cents, but the fascination and excite- spirit and the minister of God.