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SONG OF THE PINES.

Oh, song so strange, oh, song so sad,
The pines keep ever chanting,
Why is it when the world is glad
Seems sorrow to be haunting
These dark old woods in Southern land,
When trees grow tall, unbending,
And solitude becometh grand,
When years have brought no ending
Is Nature closer to us here?
We think of wise old sages,
Who found her teachings always clear,
For lack of those dim ages,
She sympathized with human woes,
And set to music willing,
The melody so sad and low
These lonely woods are filling.
—Malette V. Dudley.

Music and Matrimony.

When a "floating" young man of thirty years has a sister of eighteen ready to graduate from the boarding school, which has conveniently swallowed her up for the last eight years what is he to do with her? This was the question that puzzled Frank Curtis. He remembered his sister as a very pretty little girl, though he had not seen her for three years. There was no help for it. Frank saw that matrimony for him was imminent.

About this time he made a trip with the "Cutter family," they were rich and self-made, worshipping their maker, and the household consisted of father, mother, and daughter, still under twenty-five. Joseph Cutter, of Cutter, Sheffield & Co., was reputed worth \$75,000,000, of which one at least the golden youth hoped would be settled on his daughter Lizzie as a bride. Not very clever, not very pretty, she at least knew that her money could buy her whatever she wanted in the way of a husband, and she was content to wait until chance should bring her the man who most nearly resembled her ideal.

Frank Curtis' wooing was brief after he had once decided that Lizzie Cutter's money would provide a luxurious home for himself and his sister. He had a small income of his own, and was considered clever in his profession. Congratulations began to pour in thick and fast on the pair when a hundred-thousand dollar house began to rise at Mr. Cutter's expense, to be ready for the young couple on their return from their bridal trip. They were to take in Clara Curtis' commencement as they traveled, and bring her home with them.

Frank was agreeably surprised at his sister's appearance when he and his bride arrived at her school. In a vague, masculine way he felt that she and Lizzie did not seem very congenial, but he supposed that would wear off after a little.

"Of course you are coming to night," said Clara. "It's our concert." "I play," said Clara, dimpling and blushing, "a duet for violin and piano with Mr. Heldmann."

Frank nodded. He was fond of music, and to sit through a whole evening of school-girl playing and singing was a sacrifice on the altar of fraternal affection and the proprieties. As for Lizzie she always frankly avowed that good music sent her to sleep. But she became suddenly attentive, and so did Frank, when Clara appeared with the violin and the professor took the piano. Frank heard genius in the moaning and waiting under her hands of that most perfect instrument. If she had been pretty before, she became transfigured. He wondered how she stood, standing before all those people of whom, perhaps, not one in ten understood what she was playing. But the novelty of the thing, the sweet face lovingly pressed against the violin, the delicate fingers dashing over the strings, brought down the evening, and had her first taste of that intoxicating drink—the applause of the multitude.

"I congratulate you," said her brother. "I was proud of you to-night."

Another thing troubled her, and that was the very evident desire of Frank and Lizzie to see her married. She had been at home a year now. She had noticed that Harry Bennett, a friend of her brother, was beginning to act toward her very much as poor Professor Max had behaved before his explanation in the music room. She liked Harry, but what he saw in her to care for in that way puzzled her greatly.

He called one afternoon and found Clara practicing. "Concess that you don't really like that stuff," he said, as she laid aside the violin. "You only play it because you think you ought to."

"It is the best part of my life," she answered gravely. "The only part that I feel is worth living."

"I know," said Harry. "All young girls think they ought to live for something. That's part of their boarding school training; but I have been hoping for months that you might try life together. You shall do just as you like—practice all day long if you want to."

"Don't think that I am ungrateful," said Clara, in a low voice; "but I can't, indeed I can't. Musicians tell me that I can, if I will, become a great violinist. I shall open the subject to my brother this very evening."

"Clara, don't do that, I implore you. You don't know anything of that kind of life; you don't know what terrible influences will be brought to bear on you. Give up the fancy; I wish I could move you by saying, 'for my sake.' Give it up."

But Clara thought of Professor Max's words, and nerved herself for an interview with her brother. It was more stormy than she had anticipated. From his standpoint she was absolutely inexorable and equally incomprehensible. But they were obliged to give way before her determination. The world discovered that the Curtises had quarreled with Clara and sent her to Europe, and her name was dropped from the visiting books and after a while from the mind.

She sent one letter to her relatives, but Lizzie returned it unopened, without consulting Frank, and they received no more communications. They learned through an ever-vigilant press that Miss Curtis, a young American girl, had, as Clara Anderson, been married in London, and after that they lost sight of her for several years. On taking up his paper one morning Frank discovered that the celebrated violinist, Mme. Clara Anderson, and the great Polish pianist and composer, Philippe Noel, who rivaled Chopin in his brilliant fancy, had been married in London, and gave him her name, had been engaged for a series of concerts.

A FEROCIOUS FIGHT.

Two Royal Bengal Tigers Engaged in mortal combat.

In all India there was no tiger like Kagra. He was a monster, and beautifully streaked with his glossy coat as it easily moved to and fro over his muscular limbs and long back. Connoisseurs of tiger fighting despaired of ever finding a match in the arena for this giant beast. Yet when it was rumored that a tiger of enormous size and prodigious strength had been captured safe and sound in the Terai, which is a long strip of jungle land between Oude and Nepal, at the foot of the cloud kissing Himalayas, then the eagerness of the populace to witness the contest was unparalleled. The commander of the Anglo-Indian army was going to visit the king of Oude, and the great event of this reception it was resolved should be the spectacle of a contest between these two animals. Preparations of the most lavish description were made. The courtyard was elaborately decorated with flowers and leaves whose brilliancy of coloring alone furnished a scene of Oriental magnificence. The umbrella-shaped royal canopy of crimson and gold tissue was raised above the state chair, while similar seats of honor were fixed on either side for the commander-in-chief and his retinue.

The cages of Kagra and Terai-Wallah, for that was the name of the stranger tiger, were placed on the opposite sides of the courtyard. Their long shining backs were visible as they roamed around their cages restless and greatly excited. It was the intention that the animals should be aware of each other's presence, for it is a well-known peculiarity of the tiger that, ferocious as he is, yet when sometimes suddenly brought into the presence of unsuspected danger he cowers and retreats.

It was soon evident, from the snarls and growls of Kagra and Terai-Wallah, that each tiger knew of each other's presence, for they growled and snapped their teeth in a manner peculiar to the king of felines.

At last the signal was given; the bamboo railing in front of the cages arose. Terai-Wallah sprang nimbly as a cat out of his cage, opening his jaws and shaking his tail in a side way, as if to get a powerful motion. Kagra advanced slowly until both animals were, perhaps, fifty feet apart shaking their tails, meanwhile, as they stealthily eyed each other.

Then Kagra advanced a few paces. His adversary lay himself down in the courtyard, his feet well under him, as if to get a powerful motion. Kagra advanced slowly until both animals were, perhaps, fifty feet apart shaking their tails, meanwhile, as they stealthily eyed each other.

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THE CIVIL SERVICE.

Questions that are Asked Applicants for Government Positions.

"C. J. S., of Toledo, writes: 'I am a young man of nineteen, and am anxious to enter the government service. I know that I must have an examination, under the civil service rules, but what does that examination consist of? Can't I procure a list of the questions to be asked and post up on them?'

You cannot. The questions are different at each examination, and even the Examining Board would not know them until the very day of the examination. In previous examinations applicants have been asked, for instance, to write the following words and spell them correctly:

business exceeds achievement separate precise recommendation business exacts achieve separate precise recommendation business exacts achieve separate precise recommendation business exacts achieve separate precise recommendation

In mathematics the following examples were given out:

Question 1. During the fiscal year 1884 the exportation of cotton from certain American ports was as follows: New Orleans, 703,698,018 pounds; Baltimore, 84,820,654 pounds; New York, 378,235,850 pounds; Yokohama, 11,208,245 pounds; Galveston, 190,574,067 pounds. What was the total number of pounds exported from the ports named? How long will it take fifty clerks to count \$1,500,000 in silver coin, one half of which is in half-dollars and the other half in quarter dollars, each clerk counting at the rate of fifty pieces a minute? Write in figures one million one thousand and one dollars and one cent. Multiply 657,134 by 3.209. The whole number of pieces of mail matter handled at 112 post-offices was 1,143,518,850. What was the average number of pieces for each office? In the fourth subject the following samples are selected from the many given out:

Express in your own language, at greater length and in good prose, changing the principal words, the thoughts contained in the following verses:

"If all the year were playing holidays, To sport would be as tedious as to work; But when they seldom come, they wished for come, And more than pleased but rare accidents."

Copy the following sentences and correct the errors of syntax which they contain:

Of all other similes he was the greatest.

"Everybody has recollections which they think worthy of recording."

Nether James, John or Peter were present.

Copy the three following sentences, changing them so as to remove the ambiguities which they contain:

He stood at the window in Paris, where the crowd was assembled and saw the conflagration.

Water told his brother William that his face was tied up because he met with an accident.

Please send to me at Washington the Daily Sun, of Baltimore, where I shall remain next winter.

BEYOND THE STREAM.

Beyond the stream there looms a hill Upon the hill there stands a pine, Upon the pine there hangs a cone, Within the cone there lies a seed, Within the seed there lies a germ; But sun, nor dew nor warmth, nor chill, Will ever cause the germ to thrive.

Beyond the stream there lies a plain, Upon the plain there rests a cot, Within the cot there stands a crib, Beside the crib a mother cries, Within it still a dead child lies; But mother's tears and prayers are vain: To call the child's soul back again.

Alone beneath the night I pace; Outlined upon the setting moon The gaunt pine sprays its pallid gleam; The cottage sends one golden beam, A fiery spark, 'twill vanish soon, As others live and have no trace.

Oh, mystery of life! what'er Thou art none knoweth, nor shall know Until the tide of Time shall roll Between the body and the soul— Until each soul shall homeward go To that great Soul of whom we dream, And live with Life Eternal share, Beyond the stream, beyond the stream. —Albert P. Morse, in Youth's Companion.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Stage struck—Run over by an omnibus. A bliver in the bush is worth two in the silver. The silent watches of the night—Those not wound up. The mosquito begins to leave in his bill as soon as the plumber sevens off. —Boston Post.

The woman question—Now, isn't this a pretty time of night for you to get home? —Philadelphia Call.

"What's a fool thing?" "A landing after her father has kicked you out of the front door." —Boston Herald.

A million dollars in gold weighs 3,683 pounds avoirdupois. That explains why so many editors are round shouldered. —Chicago Ledger.

Soggy pie is mentioned as one of the causes of dyspepsia. One of the causes of soggy pie is young married women. —Courier-Journal.

It doesn't treat a man half as much to saw a cord of wood as it does to amuse a baby for an hour while its mother's away. —New York Journal.

A new novel soon to appear will be entitled "A Superior Woman." We all know her. She married some other fellow. They always do. —Graphic.

"The sweet to love, but 'tis no joke To treat your own brook When you are broke." —Hutlet.

The king of Bavaria pays \$40,000 for an opera seat; but then, as he runs no chance of sitting behind a woman wearing a four-story hat, it is probably worth it. —Boston Post.

In certain parts of Germany the peasantry consider it good luck to meet a pig. It isn't considered good luck in this country—that is, if it is in a car and you want a seat. —Arkansas Traveler.

NO ROSE WITHOUT A THORN.

When summer is breathing her sweetest delight, And nature is everywhere burdened with bloom, 'Tis then we must spring from our couch in the night, To chase the mosquitoes all over the room. —Boston Courier.

SCOTLAND NECK.

Speed of Carrier Pigeons.

"The ordinary speed made by homing pigeons does not exceed thirty miles an hour," said a well-known Pennsylvania railroad official. "Instances are of record, however, of their doubling and even tripling that rate of speed. Pigeons were used as bearers of dispatches as long ago as the siege of Jerusalem, and were pressed into the service during the siege of Paris by the German army. The art of training them is supposed to be carried to the greatest perfection in Turkey. Young birds are taken a half mile away from the set looses. The distance is increased from day to day until they are able to cover one thousand miles or return from the most remote parts of the kingdom."

"The Belgians take their birds to the south of France, to Marseilles or Bayonne, and they make the distance from those points to Antwerp, Brussels or Ghent, five hundred miles, in ten hours. In this country high rates of speed have been attained, but I cannot give you the exact time made. We used to send our birds out on the Pennsylvania railroad to Pittsburgh, and as far west as Columbus. They returned, but the results were not satisfactory. The mountains which have to be crossed are infested with hawks, and their tops are sometimes veiled in clouds of mist, which confuse the birds and send them out of their way."

"The best results are now being obtained by taking the birds South. They follow the coast right up with me, and remain on one hand and the ocean on the other as guides, and they make very good time. Flights are often made from Charlotte, N. C., to New York, a distance of 540 miles, and I have heard of several from points in South Carolina, 750 miles from New York, the object being to get them to make one thousand miles." —Philadelphia Times.

THE PRINCE OF BULL-FIGHTERS.

Alfonso the king and Gayerre the tenor have had their reign, and now it is Mazzenini, the "gentle" bull-fighter, who is arousing the enthusiasm of the Spaniards. He is a young man of tall and elegant figure; has a good education, and is possessed of dauntless courage and sang froid. Two weeks ago, at Malaga, this popular matador had an almost royal reception. He drove from the station to the best hotel, the Alameda, a large crowd following his carriage all the way; an immense concourse gathered at the hotel doors to see him alight. The following day, Sunday, about 8,000 people went to the bull-ring to witness their favorite's performance. Mazzenini is very graceful and courageous, but, whatever the Spaniards may say, he has neither the fineness of Lagartijo, nor the unerring hand of Escudero. On the afternoon referred to he was unfortunate, killing his bulls in really poor style. Sixteen thousand reales (£160) was the amount paid him on this occasion. He has often, however, received as much as £300 for an afternoon's work in the arena. —London Life.

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