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PUNNIGRAMS.

A great artist—The stove polisher.

The first man who lighted a match—Hymen.

A spread of canvas on a vessel is for sail or to rent.

Dollars and sense are often strangers to each other.

When a miner strikes a lode it lightens his labor.

A star engagement—Meet me by moonlight alone.

The best wards for a latch-key—Homewards.

There is one great composer left—Morphine.

Query—Is the wedding ring an embry family circle?

What is home without a baby? Well, comparitively quiet.

You may talk all day to the other letters, but a word to the Y's is sufficient.

To get the cents of the meeting it is only necessary to pass around the hat.

Saluting the flag—The penalty of treading on orange peel on the pavement.

Social fact, often overlooked—The man who lends his influence rarely gets it back.

"Board Wanted"—As the young lady said when she came to a mud puddle in the sidewalk.

"Sit down," said an honestly-dressed vivacious young lady at a fashionable watering-place "sit down; it's about the only thing you can do here without paying for it."

A facetious judge said to a dangerous highwayman, whom he had just sentenced to transportation for life, "You being transported for life, the community is transported for joy."

A country doctor announces that he has changed his residence to the neighborhood of the churchyard, which he hopes may prove a great convenience to his numerous patients.

A Quaker's advice to his son on his wedding-day: "When thee went a-courting, I told thee to keep thy eyes wide open. Now that thee is married, I tell thee to keep them half shut."

Punch once told a droll story of a man who, being suddenly raised to riches, exclaimed in the fullness of his satisfaction, "O that I could stand in the road and see myself ride past in my carriage!"

An English servant girl who had returned from the United States to visit her friends at home, was told that she "looked really aristocratic." To which she responded: "Yes, in America we all belong to the hire class."

An imaginative Irishman gave utterance to this lamentation: "I returned to the halls of my fathers by night, and I found them in ruins. I cried aloud, 'My fathers, where are they!' and echo responded, 'Is it you, Patrick McGlachry,?"

The Crown Jewels of France.

The Crown Jewels, previous to their dispersion by an auctioneer, are on show at the Exposition de Bijouterie Parisienne, in the Salle des Etats Louvre. M. Grevy and Madame Wilson were at the private view. The Crown jewels are in an octagonal niche draped with velvet, and the stand on which they are placed is one of three tiers surmounted by a glass case, and protected by an iron railing. As the President and his daughter approached the niche the stand rose slowly from beneath the floor through a trap which is provided with an iron door. On the highest tier is a sprig imitating oak which Napoleon wore as a brooch at his coronation. The Regent is a conspicuous object, but hardly more splendid than the cut-glass knob of a decanter. It is lozenge shaped. Very few jewels were worn by the French Queens previous to 1793, the part of the old regalia devoted to their use having been given to the Duchesse d'Angouleme, who in her old age sold them to constitute a fortune for the Comte de Chambord.

Much of what belonged to Josephine and Maria Louisa were reset for the Empress Eugenie, for whom the girdle in the collection was made in imitation of one she had seen in "La Biche au Bois," an extravaganza played twenty years ago at the Porte St. Martin. The eight coronets are the most striking objects. Those in diamonds made for the Empress Eugenie are in mediæval style. There is a curious and magnificent sword hilt presented by the Dey of Algiers to Louis XVIII. Pearls, sapphires, and rubies enter into the composition of a few of the coronets and ornaments to match them. Jewellers are interested in a few specimens of diamonds cut in the old-fashioned manner. They belonged to the regalia of Louis Quartorze. Necklaces are arranged in festoons. I do not think them equal to those which Queen Isabella sold here. Shoe buckles, hair pins, clasps, and insignia of foreign orders are numerous, and include a Garter. The Elephant and Castle of Siam was sent by the Emperor of that country to Napoleon III.

The regalia was much impoverished in the reign of Louis Quinze, and enriched in that of Louis Seize, whose Queen was frequenty remonstrated with by her mother, the German Empress, on her passion for diamonds. That imperial lady wrote to her: "I can understand a woman of equivocal life who wants to give herself prominence bedecking herself with jewels. The Queen of a great country can afford, as I have done, to have a poorly furnished casket."

A Wig-Maker's Romance

An attache of a wig maker's establishment at Washington tells the following story: "There was a fashionable wedding in this city not long ago where a beautiful young girl married an old man and did not know it. And what is more, she lives with him now and has not found him out. The groom was a handsome man, and was looked upon as a young man in society, in which he figured quite prominently. He had a youthful face, was quick and erect, and by coloring his hair, which was snow-white, he easily passed with the youngest. With his affable manner and gallantry he won the heart of the young girl he married from a number of other suilors, many of them young and handsome. The bride was very young and a great belle.

"Just before the wedding took place the man came here and had his own hair cut off and a wig made. Dyeing his hair had worked very well while he was courting, but when it came to getting married he knew he could not use dye without his wife finding it out, so he adopted a wig to get out of the difficulty. The idea of his young wife finding out that he was an old man nearly set him wild, and when he had gotten well settled under his wig he was the happiest man I ever saw. On his wedding day he was as frisky as a boy, and no one suspected his secret. This happened some months ago, and his wife has not yet found out that he is an old man and wears a wig, and she will probably never find it out until old age asserts itself so strongly that it can be no longer concealed. They live her in the city now, and the secret is known probably to none save the groom and his hair dresser."

SIDNEY'S FOLLY

CHAPTER. II.

One of the largest houses in the High street of Ashford was a substantial gray stone building situated midway up the street and divided from it only by a tall iron railing and a narrow strip of grass. This residence, known by the name of the Gray House, was occupied by Doctor Arnold, who was, as his father had been before him, the principal medical man in the town, the increase in the size and importance of which made the present physician's position a far more important and remunerative one than his father's had been.

The Gray House stood in the heart of the town, and it was a large roomy old-fashioned house, extremely comfortable, and not without a certain picturesqueness of its own. The hall door, approached by broad stone steps, was in the centre of the building, and opened into a wide flagged hall, on either side of which were the sitting rooms while a glass door at the other end opened into a charming old-fashioned garden, which led into some fields beyond. The surgery and consulting rooms had been built at the side of the house, and were approached by another entrance.

The dining room at Gray House was on the left hand side of the hall, and faced the High street. It was a large low-ceiled room, with three long narrow windows overlooking the patch of grass before the house, a sunshiny, melancholy room, with a charm about it notwithstanding, or perhaps because of, its melancholiness. The furniture was old-fashioned, but extremely handsome; there was quaint old silver upon the sideboard, and some few good pictures were on the walls; and on the sunshiny September morning after the gray misty evening when Stephen Daunt and his sister had found Miss Neil in such a strange state of agitation in the park the room looked exceedingly comfortable and homelike.

Breakfast was ready upon the table, the tall silver urn hissing away cheerily, and there was a cheerful coal fire in the old fashioned grate which the chilliness of the autumnal morning rendered very acceptable. In the centre of the breakfast table a low, old fashioned china bowl, full of late roses made a spot of varied color among the snowy napery and shining silver; and in one window, leaning against its massive oaken frame, stood a young girl, looking with dreamy eyes into the street, which, early as it was, was already busy and bustling.

In Doctor Arnold's study, over the mantel-piece, hung the portrait of a lady, a curious old picture, all shadow and mist as it were, a clouded world of paint, out of which a woman's face peered with a pretty arch grace which seems to cling to such shadowy old pictures. It was the portrait of some long dead-and-gone ancestress of Doctor Arnold's; but it would have passed easily for a portrait of his only daughter, his only child, Sidney, as she stood leaning her graceful head against the window frame, a slender little figure in a soft clinging brown gown.

Quite a "study in browns" was Sidney Arnold, as she stood there in the sunshine, and as such Mr. Whistler would have liked to paint her. The soft graceful folds of her closely fitting dress were brown; the pretty hair cut short upon her forehead and gathered into a close knot on the nape of her white neck was brown also, but touched here and there with gold; and the beautiful dreamy eyes, lovely eyes, soft and true and faithful, were brown also—dark velvety brown. If Sidney Arnold possessed neither Sibyl Neil's wonderful beauty nor Dolly Daunt's sparkling prettiness, she had a delicate loveliness of her own which was perhaps more charming than either; and one glance at her beautiful steadfast eyes would have told one of whom Stephen Daunt was thinking when he looked into Rover's eyes as he rose to greet him in the hall at Lambswold.

Early as it was—the great bronze clock upon the mantelpiece pointed to the half-hour after eight—Sidney had been down some time. She had gathered the roses in the old china bowl, and the one which nestled close to her milk-white throat; she had made the tea and coffee, and now stood waiting for her father and his assistant to come in to breakfast. Doctor Arnold's household was an early one, for he was a very busy man, with very few unoccupied moments in the day.

The long hand of the great bronze clock had travelled from the half-hour after eight to twenty-five minutes to nine, when the door opened hurriedly and Doctor Arnold came in, a tall spare man, still handsome in spite of his fifty-five years and gray beard.

Sidney turned round with a little start, the dreamy look faded from her eyes, and went forward to greet him with a little smile in her eyes and on her lips which would have brightened a duller room than the dining room at the Gray House.

"I am late, dear," he said, kissing her hurriedly. "And I have not much time for breakfast. I have had a telegram from Stroud, saying that old Squire Lanthony is very ill, and begging me to go at once, and I want to catch the nine o'clock train."

"Breakfast is quite ready, father," the girl answered, in a low sweet musical voice, which was one of her greatest charms. "I am sorry to hear that the poor old Squire is so ill."

"I am afraid he is almost at the end," remarked her father rather absently. "Are you quite well this morning? You look pale."

"I am quite well, dear," she answered, as she brought his coffee to him. "It is a lovely morning, is it not?"

"Yes; I should have enjoyed the drive to Stroud had there been time for it," he said, eating his breakfast in a hurried preoccupied manner; while Sidney went back to her seat and began pouring out her own tea.

"Where is Doctor Eliot, papa?" she asked presently, as the third place at the breakfast table remained unoccupied. "Is he in the surgery, do you know? Perhaps he does not know that breakfast is ready."

"Eliot is out," the Doctor answered. "He went to Lambswold this morning."

"To Lambswold!" the young girl echoed in a startled tone, the pretty color dying out of her face. "Who is ill there, father?"

"I don't know. There was a note from Stephen Daunt this morning, asking one of us to go over; and, as I could not go, Eliot went."

"Stephen did not say who was ill?" Sydney asked, the color coming back a little into her fair face.

"No; but I should think it was nothing serious, or he would have mentioned it," said the Doctor.

There was a little silence, and then Doctor Arnold rose.

"I must be off. Is the dog cart round, Sidney?" he said hurriedly; and the girl went over to the window and glanced out.

Doctor Arnold's dog cart, a somewhat unprofessional but decidedly more healthy as well as more useful vehicle than the usual medical brougham, was waiting outside; and, when he had left the room, Sidney stood still and watched him drive away, smiling and kissing his hand to the lovely little face at the window.

When the dog cart had disappeared, Miss Arnold did not move away from the window. There was plenty of bustle and animation in the wide busy street to amuse and interest her, but there was an absent, dreamy look in her eyes which seemed to say that her thoughts were far away. Suddenly her face changed, and an expression of surprise and pain and anger flashed into her brown eyes, as a dog cart driven by a handsome fair young man dashed past the house in the direction which Doctor Arnold's vehicle had taken, the gentleman driving not giving a glance at the Gray house as he passed. Sidney colored a little and moved away from the window, going back to her unfinished breakfast.

She was still sitting at the breakfast table when, some minutes afterwards, the dining-room door opened and a gentleman entered, bringing with him a gust of fresh cool air from without.

"In time for breakfast?" he said cheerfully. "Capital! I did not expect to be. Good morning, Miss Arnold. The Doctor has gone, of course?"

"Yes," Sidney answered, giving him her hand, with a smile, "You must be quite ready for breakfast, I should think?"

"Yes; I must plead guilty to a ravenous hunger. Nelly and I came back from Lambswold in twenty-five minutes."

"Good riding," Sidney remarked carelessly, giving her attention to the coffee. "You have been to Lambswold then?"

"Yes. They were kind enough to ask me to breakfast; but I had not time to stay."

"Lady Eva is well, I hope?" the girl said with an elaborate attempt at carelessness.

"I believe so. I did not see her," he replied.

Sidney's heart beat quickly as she sat behind the urn. Why did he not say who was ill at Lambswold? she wondered. Some feeling of shyness she could not explain keeping her from asking a question which would have seemed perfectly natural to Doctor Eliot. He must know she was anxious, she thought impatiently; but Doctor Eliot was eating his breakfast with the excellent appetite of a hungry man after a sharp ride, and was apparently not in a communicative humor. Presently he pushed aside his plate and glanced up at her, noticing her pallor with a little anxiety.

"You are not looking well," he said gently. "I am afraid you do not get enough fresh air. You have been lazy about going out lately."

"I have been busy at home," she answered carelessly. "But I am very well. I am generally pale, you know. Shall I give you another cup of coffee, Doctor Eliot?"

"Thank you, no. I have no time for it; the surgery is full of patients."

He rose from the table, pushing back his chair as he spoke. Sidney rose also, her cheeks no longer pale now in the sudden rush of color which came into them.

"You have not told me who is ill at Lambswold," she said, with an attempt at carelessness and indifference.

"Did I not?" he said smiling. "Do you want to know? It is Miss Neil."

"Miss Neil! Is she seriously ill?"

"Oh, no—hardly ill at ill—just a little indisposed, and inclined to make the most of it!"

"What is the matter with her?"

"A slight feverish attack," he replied carelessly. "It seems that she was frightened in the park yesterday, and—"

"Frightened in the park!" Sidney interrupted, growing very pale. "Who could have frightened her?"

"She does not seem able to give any clear explanation," Doctor Eliot said, wondering a little at Sidney's anxiety; "and any questions on the subject only make her hysterical, so I have tabooed them. Mr. Stephen Daunt and his sister were walking in the grounds in the early part of the evening, and they found her in a state of considerable agitation and alarm. When she saw them, she fainted, and has been more or less nervous and hysterical ever since. She will be well in a day or two."

"What could have alarmed her?" the girl said wonderingly.

"Nothing of any consequence I dare say," Doctor Eliot answered carelessly. "She has been doing too much lately, and is naturally hysterical. Mr. Daunt was anxious; all men are frightened by hysterics and fainting fits, however trivial they are."

"Yes," Sidney said quietly, turning away from him; "and Stephen has not had much experience. Dolly is not given to that sort of thing."

"No; but he will have more now," the young man remarked laughingly, as he turned to leave the room. "Miss Daunt is not given to that sort of thing, nor are you; and until now Mr. Daunt's experience has been limited to you both. You know of Miss Neil's engagement, of course?" he added, turning round as he was about to leave the room, and standing with his hand upon the handle of the door.

Sidney's face was still averted, so he did not see the sudden change which passed over it, leaving it white and still as if chiseled in marble.

"I have not heard of it," she said quietly, without a tremor in the low sweet voice; "but of course it was to be expected. She will make a beautiful mistress of a beautiful home."

"Yes; it is a charming old place, and she is wonderfully handsome," he answered, as he left the room. For fully five minutes Sidney stood still and motionless where he had left her, both hands pressed to her side, vaguely wondering what the sudden terrible pain was which seemed to stifle her and to lay such an ice-cold grip upon her heart.

Sidney Arnold's life had been a very sunshiny one. She had known no deep sorrow or trouble in all its twenty years. Her mother's death had taken place when she was too young to know what a terrible loss she had experienced, and since then her life had been one long happy dream, full of light and joy, untouched by any personal sorrow; and pained only by others' suffering. She had reigned like a little queen over some half-dozen or more faithful and devoted subjects. Her father had been her prime minister, kind, grave, tender, indulgent; she had a little court of adoring admirers ready to fetch and carry and worship, she had a devoted household to whom her slightest wish was law, and she, like every other girl, perhaps had had a dream of a prince-consort by-and-by—a proud, gallant, handsome prince, strong and brave and gay and tender, before whom the queen would lay down her sceptre, and whom she would love and honor with all her heart.

But in those five terrible minutes that followed after Doctor Eliot's careless words a sudden change came over her, all inexpressible sadness and desolation fen suddenly over her, darkening and shutting out all bright and pleasant things. There was no bitterness in her heart, no anger, no real knowledge, poor child, of what this agony meant, only an overwhelming misery, a sudden desperate struggle against a deep rushing sea of passionate regret and shame and anguish, which she fought against vaguely, not understanding it, and wondering feebly in her pain if she was going to die.

This agony of pain lasted only for a few minutes, then it passed away, leaving a numbed sense of dulness and weariness.

There was but little change in Sidney's face as she moved across the room to ring the bell, and her voice was calm and sweet as usual as she desired the servant who answered her summons to remove the breakfast things; and she went down for her usual interview with the cook, whose long service had made her greatly devoted to her young mistress, and who noticed nothing unusual in Sidney's manner, for the young girl laughed lightly at some suggestion and made a pleasant cheerful reply. And then, having performed her household duties, she went slowly up to her own room, thinkIng dreamily how steep the wide shallow oaken steps of the old fashioned staircase were, and how tired she was. But, when she got into her own room, and had locked the door behind her, the first thing she saw was a great bunch of Marechal Niel roses which Stephen Daunt had brought her the day before; and presently she found herself crouching upon her sofa, crying as if her heart must break, poor foolish child—shedding her passionate tears without understanding why.

When the first paroxysm of weeping was over, she sat up among her cushions, pushing b[illegible]r hair from her forehead, with a l[illegible]esture, and glanced round the room w[illegible] bewildered look. What had she be[illegible]ng for? she said to herself with so[illegible] impatience. That Stephen was going to be happy could be no cause of unhappiness to her, his old friend Sidney. They had always been friends, even although they had quarrelled sometimes, when she had displeased him in any way or another, sometimes by letting Frank Greville ride with her to the meet, or dance every waltz with her at a ball, or when she had flirted a little with some new admirers of whom Stephen Daunt's dark eyes did not quite approve. On these occasions Stephen would scold her gently in his grave deep tones, and then when she had laughingly expressed her penitence, he would forgive her offence and reinstate her in his former favor. And Sidney had soon discovered that that favor was very necessary to her happiness, and that, however delightful a ball was it lacked enjoyment for her unless his dark eyes followed her kindly, and that no ride with Frank Greville or any other cavalier was so pleasant as a ride with Stephen by her side.

He had been so good to her, so kind and tender, and thoughtful, that it was no wonder that she had grown to love him unconsciously even to herself; and, as she thought of the care and tenderness he had shown, she left the sofa and went over to the mantelpiece, where a large photograph of Stephen and Dolly stood framed in a pretty carved frame which was Sidney's own work. As she stood looking at it with loving wistful eyes, she remembered the day on which it was taken. They had gone to Stroud together, Dolly and Stephen and herself. He had driven them over in his phaeton, and she had begged them to be photographed because she had no likeness to take away with her on the long visit to her aunt on which she was shortly going. And Stephen had laughed at first, and then yielded, as he usually did to any request of hers; and a day or two after her departure for town he had sent the photograph to her, with some gay words of greeting and an injunction to come back from town the same Sidney who had left Ashford.

And then she remembered that on her return, although she was the same, it was he who was changed from the frank, kindly, brotherly Stephen whom she had left; he had become grave and reserved and almost cold. During her absence in London a new inmate had come to Lambswold. Dolly's governess, who had lived there for many years, had gone away to be married, and Lady Eva had engaged another lady, of whom Dolly had written to Sidney in rapturous terms, extolling her beauty and accomplishments, and adding that she had won all hearts at Ashford. And when Sidney returned home she found that Dolly had exaggerated neither Sibyl Neil's beauty, nor her fascination, nor her conquests. She was simply the most beautiful woman Sidney's eyes had ever rested upon; and her fascinations equalled her beauty. And very soon Sidney discovered that people were wondering whom Miss Neil would marry of her many admirers, among whom was Stephen Daunt.

From the very day of her return to Ashford a dull numb pain had been aching at Sidney's heart, a vague sense of suffering and discomfort which she could not get rid of, but which she would scarcely acknowledge to herself; but now the pain had increased to an agony which she could not ignore, although even now she would not recognize its cause.

A knock at her door made her start and turn away from her contemplation of the grave dark face which had grown so dear to her.

"What is it," she asked hastily; and a servant's voice from without answered that Mr. Frank Greville was down stairs and would like to see her.

"I will come down directly," Sidney answered quickly, the color coming hotly into her face; and, when the sound of the footsteps outside had died away, she hastily smoothed her ruffled hair and dashed cold water on her aching eyes, and then went swiftly downstairs.

"Mr. Greville is in the study, Miss Sidney," said the old servant who met her in the hall; and with a word of thanks she went on and entered the study.

A slight fair young man was its only occupant; he was standing before the mantelpiece, looking up intently at the beautiful pictured face, so like Sidney's, which hung above it. At the sound of the closing door he turned, disclosing the face of the young man who had driven by so hastily and unheedingly that morning; and. without a word of greeting, Sidney went forward and put her hands in his.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SPECIAL CONSTABLE.

How a Comedy Ended in an Appalling Tragedy.

Two women, sisters, kept the toll bar at a village in Yorkshire. It stood apart from the village, and they often felt uneasy at night, being lone women.

One day they received a considerable sum of money, bequeathed them by a relation, and that set the simple souls all in a flutter.

They had a friend in the village, a blacksmith's wife; so they went and told her with fears. She admitted that theirs was a lonesome place, and she would not live there, for one, without a man. Her discourse sent them home downright miserable.

The blacksmith's wife told her husband all about it when he came in for his dinner. "The fools!" said he; "how is anybody to know they have got brass in their house?"

"Well," said the wife, "they make no secret of it to me, but you need not go for to tell it to all the town—poor souls!"

"Not I," said the man; "but they will publish it, never fear; leave women-folk alone for making their own trouble with their tongues."

There the subject dropped, as man and wife have things to talk about besides their neighbors.

The old women at the toll-bar, what with their own fears and their Job's comforter, began to shiver with apprehension as night came on. However, at sunset, the carrier passed through the gate, and at the sight of his friendly face they brightened up. They told him their care, and begged him to sleep in the house that night. "Why, how can?" said he. "I am due at ——; but I will leave you my dog. "The dog was a powerful mastiff.

The women looked at each other expressively. "He won't hurt us, will he?" sighed one of them, faintly.

"Not he," said the carrier, cheerfully. Then he called the dog into the house, told them to lock the door, and went away whistling.

The women were left contemplating the dog with that tender interest apprehension is sure to excite. At first he seemed staggered at this off-hand proceeding of his master; it confused him; then he snuffed at the door; then, as the wheels retreated, he began to see plainly that he was an abandoned dog; he delivered a fearful howl and flew at the door, scratching and barking furiously.

The old women fled the apartment, and were next seen at an upper window screaming to the carrier: "Come back! come back, John! He is tearing the house down."

"Drat the varmint!" said John, and came back. On the road he thought what was best to be done. The good-natured fellow took his great coat out of the cart and laid it on the floor. The mastiff instantly laid himself upon it. "Now," said John, sternly, "let us have no more nonsense; you take charge of that till I come back, and don't ye let nobody steal that there, nor yet the wives' brass. There, now," said he kindly to the women, "I shall be back this way breakfast time, and he won't budge till then."

"And he won't hurt us, John?"

"Lord, no! Bless your heart, he is sensible as any Christian; only, Lord sake, women, don't ye go to take that coat from him or you'll be wanting a new gown yourself and maybe a petticoat and all."

He retired, and the old women kept a respectful distance from their protector. He never molested them; and, indeed, when they spoke cajolingly to him he even wagged his tail in a dubious way; but still, as they moved about, he squinted at them out of his bloodshot eye in a way that checked all desire on their part to try on the carrier's coat.

Thus protected, they went to bed earlier than usual, but they did not undress; they were too much afraid of everything, especially their protector. The night wore on, and presently their sharpened senses let them know that the dog was getting restless; he snuffed, and then he growled, and then he got up and pattered about, muttering to himself. Straightway, with furniture they barricaded the door through which their protector must pass to devour them.

But by and by, listening acutely, they heard a scraping and grating outside the window of the room where the dog was, and he continued growling low. This was enough, they slipped out at the back door, and left their money to save their lives; they got into the village. It was pitch dark, and all the houses black but two. One was the public-house, casting a triangular gleam across the road a long way off, and the other was a blacksmith's house. Here was a piece of fortune for the terrified women. They burst into their friend's house. "Oh, Jane! the thieves are come!" and they told her in a few words all that had happened.

"La!" said she; "how tiresome you are. Ten to one he was only growling at somr one that passed by."

"Nay, Jane, we heard the scraping outside the window. Oh, woman, call your man and let him go with us."

"My man—he is not here."

"Where is he, then?"

"I suppose he is where other working women's husbands are, at the public-house," said she rather bitterly, for she had her experience.

The old women wanted to go to the public-house for him, but the blacksmith's wife was a courageous woman, and, besides, she thought it was more likely a false alarm. "Nay, nay," said she; "last time I went for him there I got a fine affront. I'll come with you," she said, "I'll take the poker and we have got our tongues to raise the town with, I suppose." So they marched to the toll-bar. When they got near it they saw something that staggered this heroine. There was actually a man half in and half out of the window. This brought the blacksmith's wife to a standstill, and the timid pair implored her to go back to the village. "Nay," said she, "what for? I see but one—and—hark! it is my belief the dog is holding of him." However, she thought it safest to be on the same side with the dog, lest the man might turn on her. So she made her way into the kitchen, followed by the other two, and there a sight met their eyes which changed all their feelings both toward the robber, and toward each other. The great mastiff had pinned a man by the throat, and was pulling at him to draw him through the window, with fierce but muffled snarls. The man's weight alone prevented it. The window was like a picture frame, and in that frame there glared, with lolling tongue and starting eyes, the white face of the blacksmith, their courageous friend's villanous husband. She uttered an appalling scream, and flew upon the dog and choked him with her two hands. He held and growled and tore till he was all but throttled himself, when he let go and the man fell. But what struck the ground outside like a lump of lead was in truth a lump of clay! The man was quite dead and fearfully torn about the neck. So did a comedy end in an appalling and most piteous tragedy; not that the scoundrel himself deserved any pity, but his poor, brave, honest wife, to whom he had not dared confide the villainy he meditated.

ADVENTURES WITH SHARKS.

A Coast Pilot's Arm Broken by a Blow from a Shark's Tail--Dynamite Bait.

"Yes, it was a close shave, and I got off easy with this." The speaker, who was a Gulf coast pilot, held up an arm bound in splints. "I came up from Pensacola to take a schooner round to Tampa, but I shall have to lie off for a couple of weeks or so. It happened in this way: I started for Fort Pickens in a light boat under sail about two weeks ago, and when we were half way down, the man with me speaks up and says, 'Captain, sharks is sorter thick,' and I'm dogged if they wern't. Their fins was a-cuttin water all around the boat, for'ard, a-stern, and on both sides, some going one way and some another, and I should reckon there was twenty a-follering us. I didn't like the looks of 'em myself, but I says, 'they can't damage us in the dingy.' I hadn't no more'n got the words out of my lips, when, blim! came a 13-foot shark clean out of the water. We both gave a jump to wind'ard, and the fish struck about a third in with a crash that almost filled us, thrashed for a minute, sending one of the oars into the air, and then swung its head round, and, as I was reaching for the tiller to give it a knock, the tail came against my arm, and broke it clean in two. In a minute more the shark was overboard, and we sot there bailing and half scart to death.

"Accident? I couldn't say; most likely it was. Sharks often leave the water when they're chased, and it may not have seen the boat, but we did'nt waste any time after that, I can tell you. The splash of the fish had collected them until the water was full of 'em, and I didn't feel safe until I was on the beach."

"Will they bite?" asked the listener.

"Will a duck swim?" replied the pilot. "Why, my friend, in July or now, I'd just as soon try to swim a lake of red hot pitch as to swim over from Pensacola to Fort Pickens. There are not so many accidents on record there, because people know the dangers and look out for them, but I know of at least half a dozen cases. The last one happened last summer. A vessel came in port for a load of lumber, and the Captain's boy, quite a good-sized lad, in fooling about the rigging, fell overboard. The men heard a scream and rushed to the rail, but the only sign they saw was a red cloud in the water. They got out the boat, and finally recovered the body, but the head and limbs were gone. Another time a soldier tried to desert from the fort and was eaten by sharks. You see the brutes follow vessels in from off shore, and get in the habit of swallowing everything that comes along, and when a man goes over they rush for the splash. I've seen 'em moving around on the bottom like a drove of hogs. They generally swim slowly when not chased, but they can work up a tremendous race when they are chased, and I've seen one jump twenty feet into the air.

"To show you how hard they can bite," said the pilot. "I have seen one take a piece out of an oar. Another that was hauled alongside of a small boat, took the cutwater in its mouth and nearly crushed it to a jelly, leaving twenty or thirty teeth in the wood.

"Some time ago a Spanish gunboat dropped in there, and the officers amused themselves shark fishing. They had quite a circus. They would take a small dynamite cartridge, bind a piece of salt pork to it, and fix it to a float and wire, and send it 200 feet astern. Pretty soon a shark would take it, and they would fire by the wire, and the fish would fly into a thousand pieces. If one was wounded the others went for him and ate him up."

His Mistake.

A gentleman found a ragged tramp sitting on his front steps eating his lunch.

"Here! What are you doing there?" he shouted.

"Partaking of a slight lunch. Will you join me?" the tramp politely responded.

"No; I don't want any of your villainous feed."

"That's so; it is pretty tough kind of fodder. I just got it out of your kitchen. Your wife must be doing her own cooking now."

"What's that, you infernal hound?" exclaims the angry man, starting toward the tramp, still sitting quietly on the step.

"Don't get excited, sir; don't get excited; think a minute. Aren't you mistaken in calling me a hound?"

"No, I'm not; and I'll—"

"But, my dear sir, you are mistaken, I am no hound, I'm a setter."

The gentleman gazed at the tramp in admiration and left him to finish his lunch.

Smithers says there is just "no" defference between right and wrong.

ODD FACTS.

In Lubec, Me., 4,340,000 boxes of "sardines" were put up last season.

It costs not less than $33,000,000 annually to support the dogs of the United States.

H. H. Buell, of Manhattan, Kan., getting out of money in Chicago, had himself boxed up and expressed home.

The most remarkable known echo is that on the north side of a church in Shipley, Sussex. It repeats twenty-one syllables.

Not very long ago tomatoes were known as love apples, and were regarded as poisonous. Last season the canning establishments of the United States put up 52,322,952 cans of tomatoes.

The cotton crop of Texas last year was worth more than the cotton crop of the entire United States in 1843. Forty years ago the few settlers in Texas lived on game. To-day the State contains more than 10,000,000 cattle, sheep, horses, mules, and swine.

One of the largest and most prolific Marechal Neil vines in the United States belongs to a florist of Cambersburg, Pa. It has yielded more than 10,000 rosebuds in the last three years, and they sold during the winter at $15 a hundred. To-day it has not less than 2,000 buds upon it.

The Mehdi's Work in India.

The Calcutta correspondent of the London *Times* has obtained a copy of the proclamation of the mehdi which was found circulating in India. It purports to emanate from "The Slave of God, Mohamed-el-Mehdi, son of Syed Abdullah," and is addressed "To his friends who follow him and concur in supporting the true religion." The document which, according to Mohammedan fashion, is plentifully interspersed with texts from the Koran, begins by dwelling on the merit of engaging in a holy war, and warns the people that God has forbidden them to accept His enemies as their superiors. "Learn ye," it proceeds, "that God has chosen me for the Khilafat-et-Kuhara" (that is, principal vicegerency), and "Mohammed hath given me the joyful news that my companions are equal to his." The writer then goes on to say that he sends Sheik Othman-el Bakree, whom he has appointed holy ameer of the Bedaween tribes and of the other peoples who follow the path of safety. He directs them to obey the sheik and to give him every assistance, adding, "Whoever shall accompany him shall be considered to have accompanied me, and shall be included in the honors mentioned above for my companions." Then follows a warning addressed to the people of Suakim. Those who are friendly to the mehdi are told to leave the town, and to go to such places as Sheik Othman may point out; while those who fail to do so are threatened with condign punishment. The faithful men are then promised victory and the spoil of their enemies, and are exhorted not to fear the strength and numbers of their opponents, because all these are strangers to God, and small parties of men have often overcome large bodies through God's grace.

It would appear from the context, the correspondent adds, that this proclamation was intended rather for the Arab tribes than for Indian Mussulmans. It is, however significant that it should have penetrated to India; and it is clear that the circulation of such appeals to religious fanaticism is dangerous to the peace of the Indian empire.

How a Rear Admiral was Made.

One morning, when the Duke of Clarence having received his commission and his ship, was on his way to his tailor's in Plymouth, to got the new uniform, at a street corner he saw a boy crying, and stopped to inquire the cause. The lad looked up through his tears, revealing a handsome, winning, and intelligent face, and replied that his mother had died only a few days before, and that he had been cast homeless into the streets. "Where is your father?" asked the prince. "He was lost in the Sussex, on the Cornwall coast two years ago." "How would you like to go to sea in a first-rate man-of-war?" The boy's face brightened as he answered that he should like it very well. The prince took out his pocket-book and wrote something upon a piece of paper, which he gave to the boy with a shilling. "Go down to the docks," he said, "and with this shilling you will hire a boatman to carry you off to the Pegasus. When you get on board the ship you will give this paper to the officer whom you find in charge of the deck, and he will take care of you. Cheer up, my lad! Show me that you have a true heart, and you shall surely find a true friend." Arrived on board the Pegasus, the officer of the deck received him kindly, and sent him to sit upon a gun-carriage under the break of the poop. In less than an hour the prince came off in his new uniform, and the boy was strangely moved upon discovering that the man who had promised to be his friend was none other than William, duke of Clarence, and captain of the frigate. The boy, whose name was Albert Doyer, was taken into the cabin, where the prince questioned him, and forthwith he ordered him to be rated as midshipman, and from his own purse he procured him an outfit. During the voyage to the American coast the prince became strongly attached to his youthful protege, keeping him about his person continually, and instructing him in general branches of education, as well as in his profession Time passed on and the boy grew to be a man, serving king and country faithfully. In time William became king, and signed the commission which made Albert Doyer a rear-admiral. He exclaimed as he put his signature to the document: "There—if I have ever done a good deed for England, it was when I saved to her service that true and worthy man!"—*"Life and Times of William IV." Percy Fitzgerald.*

A Woman Frightens a Panther.

What came near being a tragedy occurred on Salt River on Thursday a week ago. Mr. Shiver, well known in this part of Florida, was absent from home on business, and his wife after attending to her household duties, had seated herself near the door at her sewing, while her little one played around on the floor near at hand. Hearing a slight noise, Mrs. Shiver looked around and saw crouched within a dozen feet of her and her baby an immense panther, ready to spring. With a shriek she sprang to her feet and dashed the heavy shears with which she was cutting her work in the panther's face, snatched her child and rushed back into the house. The panther, disconcerted by the sudden attack and the noise, beat a deliberate retreat for the swamp.

It is said that at learning to swim women are quicker than men. This is probably because the custom of wearing trains has learned them to kick out gracefully.

After a heavy rain storm recently the people of Pawtucket were puzzled at finding in a street puddle more than 100 little eels, all alive, and from one to three inches in length.