Phantom Ship of the Desert.

THE GHOSTLY CRAFT THAT HAUNTS THE STERILE COLORADO PLAIN.

What Prospectors Who have Seen The Shadowy Vessel and Crew Have to Say of the Apparition.

Few persons who read the newspapers will fail to remember the accounts which were published some fifteen years ago and which reappear at intervals in their regular rounds of the press regarding the discovery of the hull of a ship in the central part of the Colorado desert, says the San Francisco "Examiner." This dreary, trackless waste of sand, which lies in San Diego County, is bordered by the San Bernardine Mountains and the San Jacinto Mountains, and extends from San Gorgonio Pass to the Colorado River, and has claimed more human victims than any other section of similar area within the boundaries of the United States. It is absolutely devoid of water, and to attempt to cross it without making ample provision in this respect is suicide, simple and plain, unless a heavy fall of rain immediately previous has filled up the tanks and water holes which exist at certain isolated points. A large part of this desert is below the level of the sea, the greatest depression being at Volcano Springs-a station on the Southern Pacific Railroad-where the traveler has the satisfaction of knowing, if such knowledge is productive of satisfaction, that he is 225 feet lower than the waves of the Pacific Ocean, that are breaking on the rocks scarcely seventy five miles distant.

That the Colorado desert was once covered by water and formed a large bay of the Pacific Ocean there is every evidence. High up on the mountain sides can be plainly seen the water marks, and the lashings of the waves for unknown ages have cut the rock in horizontal greeves as regularly as if done by the carver's tool. Into this arm of the sea the Colorado River once flowed, but some mighty volcanic upheaval threw up the slight environs which now direct that stream in another course, and the gradual recession of the ocean made the work permanent. What ancient galleys have plowed the billows of this land locked bay, what ships may have found safety on its peaceful bosom, are mysteries of the obsoure, pre historic past, which none may ever know.

FIRST REPORT OF ITS APPEARANCE

Late in the summer of 1878, several years after the story of the discovery of the remains of a ship had been made public, two German prospectors reached Yuma from the Colorado desert. They were in a state of great distress and reported the loss of a companion on the desert. The prospectors, it seems, had been skirting the south and west sides of the San Bernardino range in search of minerals, and their companion was lost some six days before at a point about one hundred miles northwest from Yuma. The peculiar feature of their story was their associating with and attributing the disappearance of their comrade to an apparition which they had beheld the previous evening.

About sundown, so the Germans said, and ship," as they insisted on calling it.

with a good deal of contempt by the people of Yuma, who, after telling the prospectors that they were double adjective fools, sent of that year in the Bay of San Francisco." two men and three Indian trailers on the train to Indio to search the desert east of Indio in safety, the burros and camp outfit that station for the missing man. The sec- were sold and the midnight train was taken ond day his naked corpse was found about | for Arizona, where the party disbanded. forty miles from the railroad, with the scorching rays of the sun falling upon it. He had died in the desert of thirst, but no sign of the phantom ship was seen.

Early in 1882 Tem Brown, then a citizen of Arizona, but now residing in Bakersfield, this state, and the writer organized a quiet little expedition for the purpose of ascertaining what truth there was in the stories regarding the desert ship, several persons having reported that they had seen it since the time when the Germans related their experience. Nick Wolford, an Arizona mountaineer, was induced to join, while a "happy go lucky," known simply as Jack, completed

AN EXPEDITION STARTS TO INVESTIGATE.

In order to escape ridicule the real object of the expedition was not made known. The party "outfitted" at Yuma for the ostensible purpose of prospecting in the San Bernardino Mountains. Eight burros were secured -the little donkey being best adapted for such an expedition, owing to his ability to subsist on nothing and to go for long periods without weter. Five of the animals were loaded with supplies, camp outfis, blankets, etc., while the remainder carried kegs with which to carry the water supply while making long marches on the desert.

fully equipped for a three weeks' trip. A her that she wished to look at some crevmore favorable season could not have been | vets. selected for making the journey. Hugging the base of the mountains closely in order to admit of prospecting for precious metal, water was not only found in abundance, but and patient burro, which poked lazily along | would you prefer?' he asked. under his heavy pack. The air was perfeetly delightful and the temperature similar to that of early summer in a northern | the neck and tie in a bow or a knot. climate-a little too warm about noon time, but exhilarating and pleasant for the remainder of the day.

above, showed plainly where the ocean you like them bright or quiet?" he asked. breakers once expended their force, while on the west, south and southeast from the alightly elevated course we were traveling friend's taste is: perhaps he'd like this one, the eye fell upon miles and miles of sand, hills and valleys of sand and oceans of sand which, being driven and formed by the see, he's a corpse, and we"-the clerk faintwind, presented the appearance of rolling | ed and the cash boy whistled "Annie Laurie." billows, varying in color according to dis- | - [Buffalo Courier. tance, the shading, the existence of alkalies and the feeble attempts at growth of hardy vegetatior.

Even the rugged and thorny cactus could not find on the desert plain a soil aufficiently congenial as to raise its weird branches into the house at night?" as a warning to the traveler against attempting to cross this trackless waste. Ten | didn'nt he'd find his Indian Summers eise, | murderous, as an insult gratuitous. miles from the mountains the dismal squawk Now tell me, please, why does he house The reckless "Snappin' Turtle' and his have you in the family, you know, so you of the raven was the only sound of bird to that wooden Highlander?" break the depressing silence, while the Solon, Sr.-"Doubtless, my son, because river, passing on their long and tedious Mr. Batchelder: If it's a family affair, izard and kangareo rat were the only mem- he doth not desire to have a Scoth mist in route the dreaded refuge of the land pirates, my dear Miss Van Wrinkle, wouldn't it be ers of the arimal kingdom to abide in this | the morning."

valley of death, and a system of cannibalism can alone account for their means of subsistence.

"BY GEORGE, THERE SHE IS."

As the trip was being made alone for pleasure and out of sheer curiosity, it was on the sixteenth day before the party reached a point about one hundred and twenty Many of the most reckless frontiersmen of miles northeast of Yuma, and about forty that time were descended from familier, were loaded for a three day's trip, with the intention of making for the Southern Pacific Railroad, which, it was calculated, could be reached in that time. A dry camp was made on the desert some ten miles from the mountain and fully thirteen miles from the spring at which we had taken water.

An early supper was had and shortly before sunset Nick Wolford and Jack set out to drive the burros to a patch of grass which had been crossed about a half mile back of the spot where camp had been pitched. The short twilight of that region had just begun and I was busy making down our beds, little hamlets of the Western wilderness. when startled by the exclamation of Tom

shooting. Look!" the direction which his hand indicated I

defined, yes a haze of peculiar, indescribable light was cast upon the scene. It was the pride of his heart, and as he grew to too late an hour for a mirage; besides this, middle age his wonderful feats with it gained the view was not stationary, the craft moving rapidly on its course with all sails set. Apparently she was about a half a mile distant and stood quarter to us. The veseel I judged, was about eighty feet in attracted the youthful woodsman.

about forty tons burder.

appearence, unlike any I had ever seen. only method of freight transportation. The decks projected beyond the hull after the manner of those of the old Roman gal- notorious on both rivers. "The Snappin to the sixteenth century.

scene, I was more than astonished at the were introduced, when the prestige of the sounds I heard. The creaking, straining flatboat-men ceased. noise of a sailing vessel running before a stiff breeze was plainly heard, while the distant notes of a sailor's song fell upon my ear.

WHAT THE SHIP RESEMBLED

The discharge of a rifle near at hand, fol- cruise of many hundred miles long. lowed by a lusty halloo, distracted our The now noisy channel of a mighty comattention from the vision and we hastily merce was then comparatively lonely and answered the signal. A few moments quiet. The settlements upon its banks were afterward Wolford and Jack walked into, few and small; hostile savages infested the camp explaining that they had lost their thick cane-brakes and gloomy forests that direction in returning and fired the shot to lined the seemingly interminable shores; attract our attention. Brown and I turned and desperate outlaws lay in wait to rob from our companions to again view the descending craft of their valuable cargoes. mysterious ship, but it had disappeared as It will be seen that the calling of a boatman suddenly as it had appeared. Darkness required not only its own particular skill was upon us.

Tom Brown then told Wolford and Jack while encamped on the desert, they saw, at of the remarkable scene we had witnessed, a short distance, an immense ship under calling upon me for corroboration. I discovfull sail, which appeared to float before erer from his conversation that he had been them as a cloud. She was of different form | more observing than myself, and also was of construction from any vessel they had much better versed in nautical history. deliver some freight. On the following ever seen, and was complicated and fantastic | "The bear's head on her bow is sufficient to in her rigging. Their description of the prove that she is an English vessel," said Mr. vessel was by no means lucid, but they were Brown, "and her rigging and form of hull dignity and grave curiosity to inspect the very positive that their companion had been | and deck leave no doubt that she belonged to shanghaied and taken off on the "ghost | the reign of Queen Elizabeth. She may be and probably was one of the lost vessels of The story of the Germans was received | the patriotic pirate, Sir Francis Drake, who made his first expedition up the coast in 1578, Joe," and who was conspicuous for his the commander's frigate passing the winter | tightly bound and gaudily decorated scalp-

About five days later the party reached

In 1864 two brothers, Briggs by name, concluded to establish a ferry on the Colorado River at La Paz, there being at that time considerable Travel to Arizona, attracted by the rich gold discoveries in the northern part of the Territory. They had a large, flat bottomed ferry boat constructed at San Bernardino, and, loading it on the trucks of a heavy wagon, essayed to haul it across the Colorado desert.

Heavy sand wes encountered and severe sand storms were prevalent and progress was very slow and tedious. Finally when within about 120 miles of their destination, it became necessary to abandon the boat in order to save the lives of the eight fine herses which were hauling it. Shortly afterward a boat was brought from San Francisco by the way of the Gulf of California and a ferry established at La Paz. The Briggs brothers then gave up their preject, and their old boat is still out on the desert, and sometimes is visible, atthough more generally completely hidden by sand.

He Had No Choice in the Matter.

A lady entered one of the most fashion. able stores in town a few days ago and toli On February 4 the expedition left Yuma | the tall and urbane clerk who waited upon

"Crevvets?" repeated the clerk, "crevvets? Do you mean cravats?'

"I do not mean cravats; I mean crevvets." The clerk was greatly puzz'ed; then a there was plenty of grass for the faithful | bright thought struck him. "Which style

> "On, I don's care; those big ones that go over the shirt besom, or those that go round

The clerk at once pulled down the boxes of cravats and began to display the different styles. He kindly tied several of them on Water marks on rocky precipices, far his own neck to show her their effect. "Do "Oh, rather quiet," said the lady.

"Quiet, eh? Perhaps you know what your now; has he any choice in the matter?" "Well, no, I don't believe he has. You

Weatherwise.

Solon, Sr. - "Why does you tobacconist a coward. always take his wooden statue of Pocahontas

MIKE FINK AND PROUD JOE.

Rough modes of life make rough manner-

ed men and women. Never was the truth of this proverb more fully demonstrated than in the early history of the Onio and Mississippi River valleys. miles directly east of Indic. The provisions the members of which, in England and were running short, owing to the failure to grance, had been noteworthy for their reencounter any game, and the water burros finement; so soon did the life of constant hardship and Indian warfare transform the descendants of gentle-bred families into border pioneers, whose deeds were hardly less sauguinary han those of the savages with whom they fought.

A noted character smong the hunters, flat-boat-men and Indian tighters of this reigor, eighty years ago, was Mike Fink,the Roo Roy of that then perilous waterway from Pittsburgh to New Orleans.

for years his daring deeds and thrilling adventures were the tales most commonly heard round the camp fire, and in the rude

Born almost within hearing of the war whoop, and reared amid the bloody and ex-"By George, there she is Charley, sure as | siting scenes of border warfare, young Fink, grew up as wild, unrestrained, and almost-Turning around and casting my eyes in as ignorant, as the panther of his native woods. Rude and reckless, he was yet saw before me the outlines of a sailing ves- brave and open, equally ready for a frolic or sel. Every portion of her was clearly for a fight, and a nunter by instinct. Like many another pioneer youth his rifle was for him a reputation as one of the finest marksmen in America.

The wild, roving and adventurous life of the flatboat-men on the Western rivers soon length, eighteen feet breath of beam and of short time his prowess as a boxer, wrestler and dead shot had made him "captain" of The hull sat we'l out of the waters, which one of those broad, low river-crafts-the was plainly visible, while the bow arose "flatboat"-peculiar to the river navigation straight above the deck. The stern also sat of the West. These odd barges, propelled high out of the water, after the fashion of | mainly by the current, steered by means of Chinese junks, and the two masts, fore and long sweeps and manned by crews of the aft rigged, gave the strange vessel a very odd | dare devil stamp, were, in those days, the

As captain of a flatboat, Mike soon became leys, but undoubtedly the vessel was of more | furtle of the Ohio" and "Snag of the modern construction, and probably belonged | Mississippi' were two of his well-known sobriquets; and he remained "king of the As strange and startling as was the weird river" up to the days when steamboats

> New Orleans was then the only outlet for the produce of the West, and it was not till after weeks, sometimes months, of toil and exposure, that the slow-moving scow from the Ohio could reach the end of its

and toil, but also the quickness and the nerve of a ready fighter. It happened on one occasion, when Mike and his cumbersome flatboat were creeping down the Ohio, that he had tied up, as was customary, at the then little settlement of Louisville, to morning seven or eight friendly Indians who were at the landing came aboard with much white man's big canoe.

Among the number of the visitors was a stalwart Cherokee, whose haughty bearing had gained for him the nickname of "Proud locd, which stood erect to the height of nearly a foot upon his head.

Mike, six feet high in his moccasins, his coal-black hair surmounted by a bear-skin cap, and his long rifle in his hand, surveyed as they stalked past him to go ashore, im times before, snatched a feather from Proud Joe's lofty but slender plume.

with flashing eyes defi intly shook his fist at | Press. the aggressive boatman, and Mike in return scornfully declared that he would "cut off that varmint's scaly-lock close to his head afore he left Kaintuck."

Some minutes later, as the boat was about to start on its way down the river, Cherokee Joe was seen standing on the shore several hundred yards away, as stiff as a statue, silently watching Mike with such a look of hatred as only a savage can

Mike ordered his crew to push off from the shore. As the boat swung into the stream, he cocked his rifle, took aim at the Indian, and out of mere bravado fired.

To his own intense astonishment the Indian fell! Indignant at so wanton a murder, the people were excitedly gathering to pursue the slayer, when "Proud Joe" astounded them by springing to his feet unhurt. Wild | burned in the year 1845," with passion and furious with the most vindictive rage, he hurled his tomahawk with all his strength in the direction of the retreating boat, poured forth, in Cherokee, a short but fiery stream of threats against the disappearing Mike, and stabbed the very air in that direction with his hunting-knife.

Then burying his face in his blanket, as if ashamed to meet the wondering gizs of the increasing crowd, he hurriedly departed and

was seen at that landing no more. His rage and humiliation were quickly understood by the settlers, versed in savage ways, for there lying upon the ground where he had stood was "Proud Joe's" decorated scalp-lock, which the unerring riflman, true to his reckless threat, had cut clear from the his sweetheart's consent. "We are from Indian's head!

It was a wonderful feat, and was soon greatest shot of his life, but in doing so he you. had inflicted upon Joe the deadliest insult and the most terrible disgrace that an Indian could suffer. He had shorn "Proud Joe" of his scalp lock, the most sacred symbol of dignity and courage which the rea man possessed-the one thing which a warrior would surrender only in death, for to lose it without losing his life stamped him

Mike had made his most famous shot, but celibacy. in the eyes of an Indian he had given un-Solon, Jr .- "I suppose because if he pardonable offence. As an exploit it was Batchelder, I have a pretty little sister who

queer old flatboat drifted slowly down the must wait for her. Cave in rock. Then the boat floated by the just as well for you to wait for me :- Life, I

unsettled and nameless heights of Vicksburg, wended its lonely way past melanchely forests draped in funeral moss, and after weeks of toil and a xousure made a landing at a solitary spot not far above Natchez

Regardless of possibly nostile surround ings, for they were now within the boundary of the Choctaws and the Cherokees, the rough but light hearted boatmen fiddled and frolioked the evening away, and only went to rest when the moon rode high. Soundly the revellers slept, and the old craft seemed as lifeless as the silent waters and the still more lonely shore.

Then suddenly without the slightest warning, or even the movement of a suspicious Then the night silence was broken by a ing, or rifle shots, followed by a terrific war whoop !

The slumbering "watch," on the deck o the flatboat, pierced by balf a dozen bullets, groaned in his sleep and died.

Mike and his crew of five or six boatmen had barely time to draw their knives and spring out, when seven painted savages leaped on the boat. White men and redskins instantly grappled, struggled and fought with the quickness and ferocity of tigers.

But the conflict was brief. In two minutes the savages were worsted. Three of the seven regained the shore. Four lay outstretched on the deck, and along with them two of the boatmen.

Immediately the boat was cur loose, and pushed out into the current. Determined to see to what tribe the attacking savages belonged, Mike ordered the bodies to be kept on board till morning. After sunrise he examined their bloody

blankets, and noticed the style of their beaded moccasins, their weapons and their ornaments, but was undecided whether they were Choctaws or Cherokees, until one of the bodies was turned over by a boatman, when all doubt was dispelled.

For an instant Mike stood transfixed with astonishment, then his loud exclamations of surprise brought the crew around him in haste. Upon the lifeless warrior's head there was but a short, crisp stump of hairthe scalp lock was gone !

It was in truth the body of "Proud Joe, the haughty Cherokee, that was lying before them, and in that significant fact the boatmen read a whole volume of deadly resolve,

The dishonored Indian had sought and obtained the assistance of his kinsmen. With the ferocity and persistance of bloodhounds. the warriors had dogged the boat along the river. Day after day, and week after week, from the time the boat left Louisville, they had followed Mike.

Animated by a remorseless and tireless hatred, they kept up the pursuit, wading swamps, swimming rivers, risking capture by hostile tribes, threading more than a thousand miles of trackless territory, to avenge the insult of the scalp-lock.

At last the sought for opportunity for a night attack had presented itself, and they had struck for vengeance—but in vain. Mike's greatest shot thus cost the lives of

three boatmen and four Cherokees. The wonderful but reckless rifleman -"the last of the flatboat-men"-met a tragic fate himself, at length. He was murdered in a brawl with a gang of other equally lawless characters. It was a fitting end to an unworthy career.

Had Got Used to Cheekiness.

"Can I use your telephone a minute?" she asked, as the ran into a neighbor's on Second avenue with a shawl over her head. "Oh, certainly."

"I am going to give a party next week, and I want to invire a few friends." "Yes?"

"It is to be a very select party." Yes?" "Oaly my friends."

"Yes?"

"And, therefore, you you won't be-?" "Angry if I am not invited, nor won't consider it cheeky if you use my telephone the "red varmints" with great disdain, and to invite others? On, no. Anv one who keeps a telephone in the house for use of pelled by the reckless spirit of mischief the neighbors soon gets used to anything. that had led him into rash conflicts so many | Why, a man came in here the other day and used the line to call my husband up down town and dun him for a bill? Go ahead The insulted Indian leaped ashore, and and call up the sub-office."-[Datroit Free

No Confidence in Trusts.

Augustus (who has just proposed and has been accepted)-"And will you always trust me, dearest?

Angelina-"I am opposed to the baleful influence of trusts. Suppose you put your proposal in writing and avoid possible misunderstandings."—[America.

Thought She Was Safe.

Judge-"Your age !" Lady-"Thirty years."

Judge (incredulously(-"You will have some difficulty in proving that." Lady (excitedly)-"You'll find it hard to

prove the contrary, as the church register which contained the entry of my name was

Handy to Have in the House. Mrs. Youngbride-"How does your break-

fast suit you this morning, darling ?" Mr. Youngbride-"Just right. I tell you, Annie, it may be plebeian, but I am awfully fond of calf's liver."

Mrs. Youngbride—"So am I. Don't you think, George, it would be real nice and economical to keep a calf, then we can have calt's liver for breakfast every morning.

A Practical Illustration.

"Dearest, you have made me the happiest man in the world," said the fond lover after henceforth one," said he.

"Oh, isn't that lovely !" she cooed. "All heralded far and wide. Mike had made the one, eh! Just as if you were I and I were "Yes, dear, we shall know each other's

thoughts and feelings and-why, what's the matter, love?"

"I felt something bite us, didn't you?"

An Alternative.

Mr. Batchelder: I am twenty-six now. as the most despised thing among his rac: - Miss Van Wrinkle, and unless some girl smiles on me soon I fear I am doomed to Miss Van Wrinkle: Never mind. Mr.

will be making her debut soon. I'd like to

Divinity Degrees. Among the matter s commemorated at the re cent Jubilee of the Diocese of Toronto, th ere were few things of more importance th an the action of the Provincial Synodwith reference to degrees in Divinity. It may teem surprising to those who have not fhought much on this subject, that three or sou r years (perhaps a larger space of time) fihould have elapsed since the question was trst mooted in its present form ; but we shink that very important results have been tecu red in the interests of theological educaion.

There can be no doubt that degrees in Div inity have become a byword, representing one of the worst of shams in an age which abounds in shams. Dr Philip Schaff, who has ample means of knowledge, has declared that there are more Docters of Divinity in the city of New York than on the whole continent of Europe. But the city of New York, great and important as it is, constitutes but a small portain of the continent on which we live; and it is quite startling to think of the numbers of D. D's., S. T. D's., and the like, who adorn the various Canadian and American Courches. The lamentable thing is, that these degrees in many cases represent no theological learning worth mentioning. It is even whispered that some of those decorated could not read one chapter of the Greek Testament from end to end. Indeed, to such length has the malady grown that many American clergymen refuse to be made doctors, lest they should be classed among the impostors.

To the credit of the Canadian Universities it must be said that, as far as is known, they have been generally careful in the conferring of their degrees, higher or lower. The examinations for B. D. and D. D., as far as they have come under our notice, have been quite as high as they could reasonably be made. The honorary degrees have been generally conferred upon men who will grace them, instead of bringing them into disrepute; so that we may feel satisfied that most of those among us who have been decorated are really not unworthy of that honour. - [The Week.

Didn't Say He Lied, but She Looked It.

The other night an old citizen of our city. who is somewhat fond of playing pool, came home rather late. His wife was asleep. When she awoke in the morning she found on the floor a ball upon which was the number "17"

"What's this?" she said to her lord, eyeing the ball suspiciously, "it dropped out of your coat pocket. What is it, I say?'

The old man opened his eyes, looked, blushed, was confused and stammered: "Why-why-it's a marble, ain't it?" "That may be, 'said she, "but what are

you doing with a marble in your pocket at your time of life?' "In my pocket? Well-ha-the fact is, I've had that marble in my pocket for the

last thirty five years, ever since I used to play for keeps with my brother Bill." "Indeed ?" incredulously asked his wife ; "but what are these figures on here for?

What does seventeen mean?" Mean—seventeen mean?" said he hesitatingly. "Oh, seventsen! Why, that was the number of marbles Bill owed me when we quit playing; he marked it on there so I wouldn'e forget it."

His wife didn't say he lied, but she looked as it she thought so.

Encouraging Example.

A contributor to "Nature" recounts the following instance of animal sympathy and instructive example :

Some years ago we had two cats, a tabby and a powerful tom, perfectly white all over. One day I happened to be in the attic, and noticed them go out on the slates, when Tom jumped across the yard to the next roof. It appeared to me a splendid leap, considering the width of the yard and the height of the roof.

When Tabby came to the edge of the slates her courage failed, and she uttered a cry of distress, whereupon Tom turned round and leaped back, and, giving a cheerful mew, as much as to say, "Look how easily it can be done," jumped across again, this time followed by Tabby, to my great delight.

Heading Him Off.

"Yes, Miss Jenkeneir," said Gus Scffly. "I've had a great many disappointments." "Indeed," said the young lady, "they do not seem to have materially affected you." " No; I realize the force of the proverb, man proposes,' you know." "Yes, and woman very frequently rejects

Gastronomical Items.

him,"-[Merchant Traveler.

wus feathers.

Waiter (to party from the country, just seated) - Here's a bill of fare, sir. Gentleman (from the rural districts) - Now, look here! If you think I've gwine to pay any bill of fare till I've had somethin' to eat, you're foolin' yourself. Fetch on your vitle s first.

In A Cheap Restaurant.

Customer: This is vegetable soup. I ordered chicken. Waiter (examining the soup): Dat's so, sir; my mistake. I t'ought dem celery tops

Their Prospects.

Pater: On your prospects will depend my acceptance of you as a son-in-law. Would-be Son-in-law: H'm! Well my prospects depend entirely on your acceptance of me as your son in law.

The Feeling was Famaliar.

Cashier (in retirement in Brazil) - Oh, I had a terrible scare to day."

"What frightened you !" "I was bathing in the river, when an electric eel came fooling around. I thought for a half a minute that I was back in New York."-[N. Y. Sun

Making Light of It.

"I am afraid," said Algernon, in a despairing tone, "chat you are disposed to make light of my declarations of affection." "Way, Mr. Da Jones-How could you have guessed it !"

"Guessed what?" "That I gave your last letter to brother Harry to light his cigar with,"