OF A WILD MAN.

ed him, and his Panily ke to the Woods. aty years a wild men by chardson, with his tamily wife, with an occasional e inhabited the woodland per and Harden counties,

ither and thither as occa. e, subsisting on the native portunity offered the decay. wild anin.als. In their hedged in by an almost icket, this strange family ed by the rules of civilized e they led until about three n, unwittingly wandering s of Beaumont, the family st overcome with sickness unable to wander further, y passers by and brought pointed a committee, who

or them and undertook to ith all the substantials of y heads shook at the action . That man will die, they him in a house where he is the elements; treatment of sill them : all they need is nd sunshine, cold and heat, grassy meadow to sleep in. nd of civilization was kindly In a comfortable house the reachers prayed for them; shed medicine by the skilled athic physician, fed on the afforded, but notwithstand. happy hunting grounds of range sight of seeing the and laid to his eternal rest mother earth, in a coffin workmen of some great city, t of the coffers of Jefferson hey look on and wonder like ture at the strange proceedivors of this strange family oubt, betake themselves to reat, as the toil and worry. iselly, is exceedingly distaste.

WHEAT PRODUCER.

Bonham Says she is a Danpetitor of the United States.

of U. S. Consul-General atta, British India, treats at neat interests of at country. oted to wheat in 1886 was 0 acres, and the total yield shels. As compared with e Pacific coast, the Indian or, but when exported to xed and ground with wheat nality, by which process a grade of flour is obtained. cultivating the soil is in the as it was centuries ago, as to be great difficulty in armer to invest in modern plements, and yet with all primitive methods the Inn, in the opinion of the Con. ccessfully compete with those States in the production of is due to the fact that the outfit represents a capital eds, and clothes himself on month. A table is annexed,

General says that some of his statior to-day? we claimed that the United hing to fear from India as a he production of wheat. In oes not concur, and believes ia is second only to the United eat growing. Furthermore, in India is yet in its infancy,

evelopment depends princimeans of transportation to He fears that with the cheap of India and the constantly ities for transportation the will find her a formidable a producer of wheat.

lstoi Sane and Healthy.

ruth in the story that Tolstoi ian novelist is out of his mind. malist, who has just paid him oes him as perfectly healthy ane. The statement that he g in some other mechanical in had out." y baseless. He is busy writtales and sketches for the entales and sketches for the class of turphy's Sarcastic Way of Putting It.

rst took up his pen those of ousand. They now number Russians possess no light litthe reach of the capacities of ne branch of manual in lustry; or three hours a day in field ort or another. Guiding the form of it which he loves best, nees it the most delightful of tions.

for a time has been succeeded

lled spitled molasses. for the evening the girls nowadays nem, for what is an evening dress s that is suited for Eve.

rstition of sailor men there is between white horses and oth are believed to bring bad ssel carrying them.

inging his son as a pupil, was schoolmaster what he intended e lad. "Well, if he gets grace m aminister." "Ah," returned ter, "if he gets no grace, what ," said the father, he mann schoolmaster like yerself."

WHALING IN THE POLAR SEA.

ferlis Encountered by the Norwegains in Capturing the Leviathan.

Erery summer the Polar Sea, off the Finmarken, Norway, is alive with stales and their chasers. The principal stales and Norwegian whalers is the great whale, attaining a length of some 90 160 feet. This mammoth champion of ne Polar Ocean possesses immense strength, ind the whaler's 'tackle' must necessari y while where killed the whale sinks to the bottom, and the captor is apt to lose

is game. To prevent this Mr. Svend Foyn, is game. To the whaling industry, has in pione of the whaling industry, has invented a new harpoon whereto is affixed a eli-exploding bomb filled with a gas-proizing composition. When the whale is arpooned the bomb buried in the flesh of ne animal explodes, and the gas produced termeating the veins and cavities of the riathan prev. nts him from sinking.

How perious and hazardous whaling is. with the most perfect of appliances od weapons, is well illustrated by the Howing narration related by an eye witness: "It was a June day, with rough weather, nigher even than usual on a summer day Vardo. The little fleet of small, yet greag, whaling steamers must try their luck, gree, and of they go in the early morning, gering to and fro, battling with the high sea. no avail. Not a whale was to be seen archere, and the sea increasing, and the the first ladies of the land sind developing almost into a storm, they med and steamed homeward one after giher, all but one. He must try a little other. The waves tossed the plucky craft sea shell; the harpooner on watch must treatment the prediction of care not to be thrown headforemost became true, and the wild the frothing waters. Yet no whale; n, the child of nature, and the seen or heard but the white hanny hunting to be stumb thunder of the rolling ares and the shrill whining of the storm The survivors will now and the steamer. The Captain at last ad the search fruitless, and turned home-The vessel arriving at the mouth the harbor, a big whale shot up its front, most touching the bow of the steamer. charpooner, surprised at first, was, howup to his business. A flash, a roar, in the very moment the harpoon was to the handle in the big whale. strange, the bomb didn't explode, and animal, suffering intense agonies, shot to sea, towing the steamer after him. ainst the towering waves, against the ing storm, the whaler went with light. a speed, though its engine was reversed. eight miles the terrible race went on, the masts and the chimney of the steam in the mean time being visible above the The vessel was strong, however, the crew tried men, who did not pro-

e to let go. But what's that ? A fishing boat with its apmost, and two men clinging for life the wreck! To cut the line and save men was the harpooner's first thought. on we will lose the whale, the line, and harpoon, thousands of crowns' worth, was second. It must be done, and in a few outes we can be back and save the men, shis conclusion, and on the vessel went. do, there, what is up? The line burst, whale sank out of sight, the steamer ing aimless on the rolling waves. There s nothing more to do. The captive was , sinking slowly to the bottom to die. two human lives were saved, and the ders considered themselves richly reded for their terrible race and the loss their game as well."

Church Dissensions.

in \$40 or \$50, and his hired Minister's Wife-I think these church dissions are awful, my dear, and so unne-

the export of wheat from Minister-They are not pleasant, but as increased from 300,000 cwt han Jones has gone to far. If my influ-00,000 cwt, in 1886, and that the pastor, isn't great enough to bring 1886 over 1885 amounts to with his expulsion, I shall regign. Wite-I would, indeed. What is your

> Minister-" Whosoever shall smite thee in right cheek turn to him the other

Struggling With His Memory.

by was spending the afternoon at his and for some moments had been out of the window in a painfully What makes you so serious, Bobby?"

Why, ma told me that I must remember hask for anything to eat and I'm tryo remember it."

An Anxious Wife.

Charley," said a young wife, " is there wany such person as the fool-killer?" a, I guess not; I don't know," said they, who was reading the morning pa-

Well, Charley, all I wanted to say is literature and set to work to

Moorphy, ye certainly are no lady. ay yez jumped into my b'y Dinny an' s who could read and write just hollerin' 'Rats!' shows to me ked to his visitor, to be count that you are a dangerous charack-

be aisy wid yer tongue, there Mrs. Man. Oi'm nathrally as peaceful as a rity of them. Tolstoi is now but don't you say another worrud av applying this want. It is his incomplimentery nature. It's bad ricultural pursuits, he believes, fe to the story of his having fe to the story of his having his, widout havin' to shtand an' be talk-

> Alver you moind that. It's an honor on't deserve. An' Oi'm thinkin' very or puttin' the police on to your

Atlas for that, Mrs. Riordan, I niver any dalin's wid the police, but av I an introduction to 'em I don't know d strawberry collar that was long wan that would be better qualified ong acquaintance to give it than your self, Mrs. Riordan. Good day till

Cooldn't Discharge Her Husband.

ingenious lady once called up her servant girl and said: "My poor te is a very sorry to part with you, but the month's water, and I have no in the manner of the mann inhappy girl was overcome with grief Pleaded to be retained, asking if she had Ton he been faithful and industrious. All hand indeed," said the mistress. and hardly see how to get on without then I have see how little freedom of tion I have—I really cannot discharge my THE ANGEL OF SLEEP.

The state of the second of the

BY ROBERT BURNS WILSON.

Dear angel Sleep, Where lies thy world which yet hath not been seen By waking eyes, though they be charged with light Filched from the undying sun, and pierce the night With eagle gaze? The veil doth intervene Which hides thy mystic land. Thy noiseless wings Afar up bear thee on thy distant flight

While watch we keep. Still doth thy hand withhold, thy lips forbid, The strange half-parting into bliss which brings Some touch of solace craved by every breast. Till softly to the cheek the fringed lid By weariness or sorrow hath been pressed And all—save life within the heart—at rest. Then from the airy corridors which wed The shadowed halls where Death and Silence dwell, With velvet foot-fails on the lonely floors Through closely bolted and unfriendly doors, Thou-friend of friendless souls-with hastening tread Dost come to kneel-by cot and costly bed; With juice of herbs from many a dreamland dell Caught up and pressed betwixt thy soothing palms To cool the eyes that weeping hath made red, And plants plucked from the fragrant earth, which shed Their priceless drops for thee, and poppy balms That breathe elysian airs, whose touch restores Lost happier visions of sweet days, long dead, To hungering hearts that feed on sorrow's bread.

Across the deep Unguessed abysses of etherial space Bridged by wide arches of the glimmering stars, Through darkling distances—on wind-reaped moors— Beside dim rivers on whose soundless shores The countless journeying years have left no trace To tell Time had been there, thy friendly hand Leads forth our spirits to that shrouded land Beyond the vague impenetrable bars Which hedge this conscious life—a world that beams With other light than this-in which the soul 'Scapes for a little from the harsh control Of tyrant circumstance, and oft it seems We almost have cast off our chains and stand Freed from the reach of care and earthly dole, So far we wander in thy land of dreams.

But while life bides, the binding tie must hold, We must return to earth. Tears that were shed Before thine arms closed lovingly around us Scarce have grown cold,

When to the scene in woich thy coming found us We wake; once more recalled, once more, as when We laid life down we take it up again And trudge beneath our burthens as of old, Thou and thy fair fantastic world being fled.

Yet, evermore in happiness or sorrow, In health or sickness, trusting thy strong wing To bear us to the threshold of the morrow; From Night's still unaccomplished hours we borrow The comfort of new hopes which dawn may bring.

Thus safe across the dreary gulfs that sunder The realm of Day we pass, by thy kind care; And if some cloud, lit by the lightning's glare, Or rent in pieces by the crashing thunder, Wakes the deep-slumbering Earth to trembling wonder And frights thee hence, how anxiously we stare Out through the gloom, aghast, not knowing where Thy startled flight hath left us; for a space, Held by the lingering spell we have been under, We see a world in which we have no place; As though both Life and Death by some strange blunder Had fallen away and left us lonely there.

The soul thus dallying on Life's farthest edge Not having stepped across Death's wavering line, Leaving its house with Life as if in pledge Of sure return, slips down the shimmering ledge Whose yielding sands with unknown jewels shine, And out upon the sea-which like a wedge Divides two worlds and far out-flowing laves Oblivion's shadowed coast with soundless waves.

There with thee drifting, in thy shallow boat Beneath thy up-stretched wings, which fan the air With fragrant downy plumes, once more we float Forgetful of this life that is so fair, But where each blooming path by Death is haunted, And where the burning hopes so often vaunted Soon smolder in the ashes of despair, And if they live again, some other-where, No heart, however fearless and undaunted, Can surely know ;-No mortal hand may dare Point out the road by which we shall come there.

But when upon thy tranquil breast reclining No more we care if life hath used us ill Or if for rain the summerfields be pining Or if fierce winter scourge the naked hill; Nor if dark clouds have quenched the moon's fair shining Nor if the heart which loved us loves us still.

And when at last Life will no longer stay, But turns aside all heedless of our calling, And we can go no farther on the way, Because the great abyss, deep and appalling, Gapes widely in the darkness for its prey-Then, whether night be come, or-slowly falling-The twilight shadows of the evening gray, Or some last dawn our swimming sight forestalling, Or if the time be some fair summer day-It hinders not thy coming nor thy care: Kind first, last friend, thou wilt not leave us there. Nay, lovelier seeming then, dear angel Sleep, From thine abode, -where Death and Silence keep Watch on thy going,-down the cloud-built stair, On thy last journey thou dost softly creep : Thy cup of balm clasped in thy hand, to steep Our anxious spirits—as of old—in rest, Once more, upon the pillows of thy breast. But from his gloomy hall the black-robed king Steps hastily and halts thee in thy flight. And while his presence overawes thy sight : The poisoned jewel drops within thy cup. And when we drink, our fainting spirits yearn For thy soft bosom where we fain would cling To rest forever from our wandering: Once more thy strong arms lift us gently up, Once more the world fades out, and soon the light Of worlds unknown and fabled suns that burn Far off beyond the farthest star of night, Breaks on the plumes of thy space-cleaving wing. So we go hence and never more return.

Sure Enough.

Wife-I believe she did.

Husband-Well, have you seen the um- then, so I won't !" brella since?

All on Account of a Dropped "H."

There is a family in Toronto who have as servants an Irish girl as cook and an English one as second girl. The latter has been but a short time in this country, and has a particular aversion to the family cat, while the feline pet has the good fortune to bask in the sunshine of the cook's favor. For two or three days the cat was missing, and

the cook, after hunting everywhere she thought it possible for the animal to be, Wife-What absurd nonsense, that to asked the second girl: "Louisa, you haveraise an umbrella in the house is an omen of n't done anything to the cat, have you?" "Done anything with the cat?" repeated Husband-Not at all. Didn't Mrs. Hob- the one addressed, "I 'ate it." "Ate the son, to whom you lent your umbrella a cat?" cried the cook in horror. "Faix, couple of weeks ago, open it in the hallway? then, I'll give notice to lave immediately. I'll not be under the same roof with a hay-

A Hopeless Undertaking. A lady who owns a dog and, incidentally, a little girl, heard a commotion in the ad-

joining room. Upon investigation she discovered that the commotion came largely from the dog. "You naughty child !" she said, " are you trying to burn Fido, that you hold his

head so near the grate ?" "No, mamma," replied the little girl: "I'm only trying to warm his nose.

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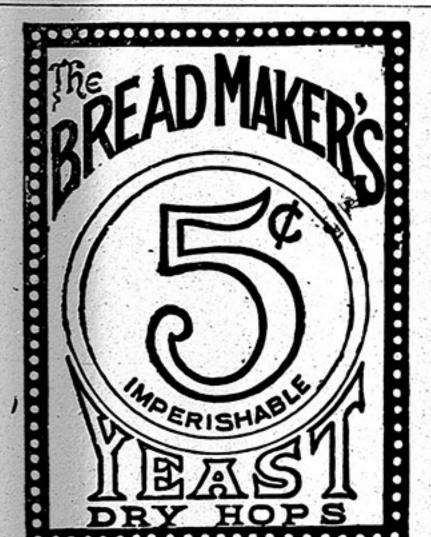
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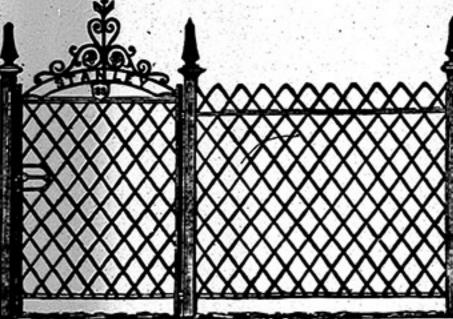
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