CAT-TAILS.

Clear, dark, and cool a shallow pool
Lies underneath the summer sky,
Low rippling in the sedgy grass
As wayward winds go tripping by,
The Nightingale and the Lark.
When the Fairies are all for their dance
drest,
When day's discords in the distance fail,
when the robin and wren are asleep in th
nest,

when the room and wrent are accepted nest,
Then list to the note of the nightingale!
But when diamonds glint on the dewy swale.
When star-fires are fading spark by spark,
And the liftle birds all the dawning hall,
Oh, bark to the song of the merry lark!

n over the hills the aliver crest pouring enchantment on vale,
And the world lies hushed in a dreamy rest,
Then list to the note of the nightingale!
But when the bright sun dight in golder
mail

mail
Flames over the tree-tops in the park,
And the world goes again on its busy trail,
Oh, bark to the song of the merry lark!

ENVOY. If Il Penseroso's mood prevail,
Then list to the notes of the nightingale!
But whenever L'Allegro woos, then hark,
Oh, hark to the song of the merry lark!
—American Magazine

A FORTUNATE CHANCE.

To say that Pruduce Pringle disliked the sterner sex is saying very little; she held them in utter detestation, individually and collectively.

According to tradition, this was owing to some bitter wrong inflicted upon her heart when it was young and tender. But however this may be, the antipathy above-mentioned was too real to be mistaken.

For over thirty years no man's foot had desecrated her dwelling. Even the old man who sawed her wood and did odd jobs about the house received his pay standing under the kitchen window, Miss Prudence dropping the amount into his hand with averted eyes and an audible sniffle, expressive of her disgust at this unavoidable contact with the detested sex.

Miss Pringle's family consisted of herself, an elderly female domestic, and her niece Ruth. She had taken Ruth, when a child, with the avowed determination of making her as inveterate a man-hater as herself. And in case she succeeded in her laudable design, it was her intention to leave her the bulk of her property-"not otherwise," as she often assured Cousin

Jonas, the next heir-at-law.
Jonas Quimby was a stiff, sour, disagreeable old bachelor, for whom Ruth had a particular dislike; on account of the pleasant way he had of snubbing and lecturing her whenever they met.

He had remained single in the hope of eventually inheriting his cousin's property, knowing her aversion to matrimony, and therefore regarded Ruth's adoption by her aunt in the light of a personal grievance.

But he took great comfort from Miss Pringle's repeated assurance; for he knew that young girls take as naturally to love as flowers take to dew and sunshine.

Every evening Ruth was catechised after the following fashion. "Each man on the face of the earth

is false-hearted and treacherous? "Yes, aunt," was Ruth's dutiful re

sponse.
"Especially young men?"
"Yes, aunt."

"And you must never have anything to do with them in any way or shape? "I never will, aunt."

Whereupon Ruth was dismissed to her chamber, with a grim smile of approval.

But Miss Pringle did not trust entirely to precept; Ruth was kept strictly from all contact with the outer world, never being allowed to go in the street without either herself or her attendant damsel to act as guard and defence.

And with such a formidable guard, bold, indeed, was the youth who ven-tured upon a second admiring glance at Ruth's pretty face; for pretty it was n spite of the ugly bonnets she was forced to wear.

But the little blind god laughs at all such precautions.

It happened that Miss Pringle was very fond of strawberries, so, as soon as they were ripe, she sent Ruth down to the meadow behind the house to gather some for tea, strictly charging her to "look and speak to no man."

Now it curiously enough happened that Mr. Edgar Haven, who caught a glimpse of Ruth tripping down the

Now Edgar knew his young neighbor by name and sight, and politely accosting her, offered to show her where the berries were much more plentiful than where she was picking. Startled by his unexpected appearance, Ruth's first impulse was to drop her basket and run; but his look and tone were so gentle, his smiles so winning, and his eyes so beautiful; and then it would have been so rude!

So she not only stayed, but let him take her where the ground was red with the ripe and luscious fruit, and even accepted his proffered assistance in filling her basket.

And then they began to talk, Edgar drawing her out with so much tact that Ruth began to feel quite at ease with him, though she was still somewhat shy of the glances of respectful admiration that the young man direct-ed towards her blushing face. So, when they separated, doubts be-

gan to stir the gentle heart of Ruth as to whether young men were such dreadful creatures after all, or, if they

ger of starvation. These facts were well known to General Bragg, and for these events he was quietly waiting. Bragg was well acquainted with the topography of the country and knew meadow to gather strawberries, and, curiously enough, Edgar Haven was sither there or followed soon after. He always returned empty handed, but with his heart full of the soft blue eyes into which he had gazed, and the veet voice to which he had listened.

And as for Ruth, she began to repeat her customary catechism in a much less assured tone and manner, and considerable inward denurring.

"Are all young men so very bad, aunt?" she once ventured to ask.
"To be sure they are, child," snapped out Miss Pringle. "It is impossible for me to give you any idea of their deceit and wickedness."

Ruth sighed and betook herself to her chamber, her heart full of the mental exception to her aunt's sweeping assertion. ----

As Cousin Jonas was thought to be, to use her own words, -only mair a man, at the worst," and having disavowed, both practically and orally, any inclination towards the chief folly and weakness of his sex, Miss Pringle occasionally condescended to hold converse with him through the door, or window, or pickets of the fence which surrounded her garden.

One day Jonas saw Ruth and her

aunt at work in the garden, and stop-ped to say a word to the latter.

Ruth was at the other end of the garden, tying up a rosebush, that was drooping to the earth with the weight of its fragrant burden.

"Miss Ruth is growing up very pretty," groaned the old hypocrite, with a doleful shake of the head.

Miss Pringle glanced at Ruth in dismay, True; so she was. The blush-roses were not half so fair and sweet as the bright young face that was bending over them.
"And there's more than one of the

same opinion, I'm thinking," added Jonas, slyly, pointing to the spot where Edgar Haven had been standing, for some minutes, gazing at the pretty picture before him, with all his soul in his eyes.

"Good-morning, Miss Pringle," said Edgar, as soon as he saw he was observed. "I was going to ask you for one of your blush-roses."
"It's another kind of a rose he's

after," muttered Jonas with a sardonic

The pleasant bow and smile that accompanied Edgar's words would have found their way to almost any other heart, but they only added fuel to the irate spinster's fury and indignation.

"Go into the house this instant, Ruth," she shrieked. "As for you, young man," she added, turning to Edgar, and making a fierce lunge at him with her cane, "if you're not off instanter, I'll—I'll send for a policeman.

With a glance of compassion at the retreating girl, and a ditto of defiance at Jonas, who seemed to be enjoying his discomfiture hugely, Edgar walked off.

After this Ruth was never allowed to stir abroad without her aunt or Polly, the old domestic, at her heels. Poor Ruth! these were sorrowful days for her. Sometimes she caught a glimpse of Edgar in the distance, but

never dared to look twice at him. But one day Polly and her mistress went out. taking the precaution, how-ever, to lock the doors after them. And as Ruth sat, with her sewing lying idly upon her knee, and her heart far away, the object of her thoughts suddenly made his appearance through the open window.

Ruth was in a perfect tremor of de-

light and alarm.

"If my aunt should return and find you here!" she cried, as she blushingly released herself from his arms.

"I don't care if she does," said Edgar, taking a seat upon the sofa, and drawing Ruth down beside him. "The old ogress! What does she say about me, Ruth? What terrible crime does she charge me with?"

"She says that you are a-a man!" faltered Ruth, as she hid her eyes on

her lover's shoulder. "And so I am," returned the young man, laughing. "And I never so re-joiced in that self-same fact until I knew you, darling. I could not love you half so well if I were a woman!" lane, was suddenly reminded of a similar wish expressed by his mother, and animated by a filial desire to gratify it, seized a basket and proceeded in the same direction.

The was suddenly reminded of a you half so well if I were a woman!"
Ruth hardly knew what to say in reply to this logic, but she knew that gratify it, seized a basket and proceeded in the same direction.

that it was not so fleeting. In this way, Edgar continued to have several interviews with Ruth, unknown to anyone except Jonas Quimby, who slyly watched the pair, chuckling over the certainty that it gave him of inheriting his cousin's long-

coveted estate. The lovers laid many plans to bring about the realization of their mutual wishes, but none of them seemed feasible. And finally death saved them any further trouble by suddenly foreclosing the long mortgage he had held

upon Ruth's grim old guardian.

Miss Pringle left a will, in which she bequeathed her whole estate, both real and personal, to her niece Ruth. But to this was added the following singular codicil:

"Whereas it has long been my settled conviction that every man, born on the face of the earth, is cruel, deceitful and treacherous, in case my niece, Ruth Pringle, marries any such, he property devised to her in the above will shall go to my cousin, Jonas

ment the two brigades of Generals Hazen and Turchin were detailed and placed under the command of Gen-eral W. F. Smith, the chief engineer of the army, for the capture of Brown's Fer-

the army, for the capture of Brown & Ferral Wall runs, 'in case she marries any man born on the face of the earth.'"

"To be sure," responded Jonas, rubbing his hands together with an air of satisfaction, "that was a way the old lady had of expressing herself. I suppose you were thorn on the face of suppose you were 'born on the face of the earth,' wasn't you?" he added

"Not a bit of it, my good sir. By what I now consider a fortunate accident. I was born in the mines of C——, nearly half a mile beneath it; my parents having made a descent into them on that eventful day, and which resulted in my unexpected and under sired appearance upon the stage of life. True, I don't remember anything about it myself, but there is a lady sitting yonder who does, and whose testimony ought to be pretty conclu-

Mrs. Haven smilingly corroborated her son's statement. But strange to say, Jonas wasn't satisfied, swearing that it was nothing but a trick to wrong him out of his rightful inheritance. tance. And so the will was contested

Now whether the court was attracted by the fine-looking young couple on one side, or repulsed by the sour-vis-aged old bachelor on the other, or was influenced by the legal technicalities which so often override the real wishes of the testator, certain it is that it decided in favor of the former, arguing "that whereas the legatee did not marry a man born on the face of the earth, but half a mile beneath it, she did not forfeit the condition under which she inherited her aunt's estate."

A decision which gave great satisfaction to the public generally, and we hope to the reader.

The Assault on Missionary Ridge.

One of the splendid battles of the war was that of Chattanooga. In the current number of the Century Gen. eral Fullerton tells the story of the firing of the signal guns to take the rifle pits at the base of the ridge occupied by Bragg, and the rush of 20,000 men. The General says: "The enemy were thrown into confusion, and took precipitate flight up the ridge." He adds: "Many prisoners and a large number of small arms were captured." And now follows a clear statement of what the soldiers did for themselves a most instructive and brilliant pas-

sage:
"The order of the commanding General had now been fully and most successfully carried out. But it did not go far enough to satisfy these brave men, who thought the time had come to finish the battle of Chickamauga. There was a halt of but a few minutes, to take breath and to form lines; then, with a sudden impulse, all started up the side of the ridge. Not a command ing officer had given the order to advance. The men who carried the muskets had taken the matter into their own hands, had moved of their own accord. Officers, catching their spirit, first followed, then led. There was no thought of protecting flanks, though the enemy's line could be seen stretching beyond on either side; there was

no thought of support or reserves.
"As soon as this movement was seen from Orchard Knob Grant quickly turned to Thomas, who stood by his side, and I heard him angrily say: Thomas, who ordered those men up the ridge?" Thomas replied in his usual slow, quiet manner: 'I don't know; I did not.' Then, addressing General Gordon Granger, he said: 'Did you order them up, Granger?' 'No,' said Granger; 'they started up without orders. When those fellows get started all hell can't stop them.' General Grant said something to the effect that somebody would suffer if it did not turn out well, and then, turning round, stoically watched the ridge.

He gave no further orders.

"As soon as Granger had replied to Thomas he turned to me, his chief-of-staff, and said: 'Ride at once to Wood and then to Sheridan and ask them if they ordered their men up the ridge, and tell them, if they, can take it, to push ahead.' As I was mounting Granger added: 'It is hot over there, and you may not get through. I shall send Captain Avery to Sheridan, and other officers after both of you.' As fast as my horse could carry me I rode first to General Wood and delivered the message. 'I didn't order them up, said Wood; they started up on their own account, and they are going up, too. Tell Granger, if we are sup-ported, we will take and hold the ridge!" As soon as I reached General Wood, Captain Avery got to General Sheridan and delivered his message 'I didn't order them up,' said Sheridan; but we are going to take the ridge. He then asked Avery for his flask and waved it at a group of Confederate officers standing just in front of Bragg's headquarters with the salutation, 'Here's at you!' At once two guns—the Lady Breckinridge and the Lady Buckner—in front of Bragg's headquarters were fired at Sheridan and the group of officers about him. One shell struck so near as to throw dirt over Sheridan and Avery. 'Ah! said the General, 'that is ungenerous; I shall take those guns for that," he did, and a good many more.

Bishop Taylor's Congo steamer will be lighted by electricity, and will carry a saw mill on board, Hose to squirt hot water on obstreperous natives is to be coiled conveniently on deck.

this whiskey or that being good," said an agent of a wholesale liquor house

to a Chinego Hareld senos The sural home is now forsaken because Gny Goodwell, its recent sole occupant, whom everybody in the section knew, has passed into eternity.

The man in question was nearly eighty years of age, of dark complexion and of fire physicans.

ion, and of fair physique for one of his years. He has always been a hale and hearty man from his boyhood days until he was found on the floor of his quaint, old-fashioned home with his eyelids closed in death.

It is evident that he died a natural death, as no marks of violence or foul play were perceptible upon any portion of the dead man's body. It is the gen-eral verdict that he had been dead for several days when found, and the physician who was summoned to view the dead man's remains deemed it inexpedient to hold an inquest and thought perhaps his death might have resulted from an apoplectic shock.

He was accustomed to ask for the assistance of a neighbor. James Chaffee, whenever he desired to send upon an errand to the village. This kindness had been granted to the old man for so many years that it had grown to be a duty which neighbor Chaffee rarely ever allowed to slip his mind, but it happened that he had neglected to call upon old Guy for several days, and when he did call it was to his surprise that all the doors were locked, curtains of a temporary kind placed upon the windows, and his old friend lying upon the floor dead.

The housework, cooking, etc., and the duties that frequently fall upon a woman were discharged by old Guy. The house in which he lived was literally a hovel, being of an antique design and badly dilapidated from garret to cellar. Its dimensions are twentyfive feet wide by thirty-five feet long, and constructed of wood. The structure contains three rooms but only one of these was occupied by the hermit and his sheep, which were his only companions.

When he retired at night he always "penned his sheep off" in one corner of the room, utilizing the wood-box and other material in fencing them in, while at the dawn of day they were allowed to ramble about the room, and were trained to perfection.

He was also the happy possessor of an old horse which he kept in a building adjacent, this animal being accompanied by two hens and a rooster; the latter he depended upon to awake him from slumber each morning.

His mode of securing a living was not due to assiduous and hard labor, as the little tract of land that he owned was never cultivated, but allowed to "grow up to brush." He occasionally manufactured baskets and sold them to the villagers, thus obtaining some money, which he exercised due judgment in expending for other than necessary articles and most invariably doing without even those, as the appearance of his hovel would seem to indicate. His furniture consisted of a stove, bed, a few dishes, and one or two chairs.

It is believed by some that he had property and money concealed, but where it is hidden is a conundrum. Investigations will probably be me soon.

Here's an Able Story.

the other day made a most wonderful | neighboring tope of mango trees. discovery, and that he had seen gold that would put the Treasury of the United States at a discount. The discovery was made in the mountains not more than ten miles from the Government bridge over Yampa River, in Routt county, Colorado. He said that when he was on top of

one of the mountains seen from the bridge that he saw at the bottom of a cliff that he was peering over that the ground was smooth and clean, as if deer or bear had been in the habit of resting and sunning themselves through the heat of the early spring

Being anxious to get a deer or have a fight with a bear, he descended by a circuitous route to the foot of the cliff. Peering cautiously around for game, he was somewhat startled at hearing the rattle of a snake. Looking about, he saw large numbers of them lying around, while there was a constant stream of them going into a round hole in the rock near the bottom of

Being anxious to destroy as many of the reptiles as he possibly could, he procured a forked stick and placing the fork over the neck of one of the largest, he pinioned him to the ground: then tying a half dozen sticks of giant powder to his tail, set a slow match to it and then let the snake go. After seeing his snakeship go into the hole, the hunter retreated to a safe distance to await developments. He did not have long to wait. First there was a slight trembling of the ground, then a burst that shook the mountain like an earthquake, and with that burst the whole side of the cliff toppled off and fell to the ground, and up went more snakes than was ever thought of by either Gulliver or Baron Munchausen.

The face of the rock was honeycombed with round holes, out of which snakes were pouring like water through a knot hole as long as the hunter stayed, and he stayed long enough to see many thousands seething and hissing in their rage and Pittsburg Chronicle.

to Toledo the other day. Each had a "When you hear people talk about baby about a year old, and each baby is whiskey or that being good," said came in for a share of the admiration of the passengers. This seemed to

make the mothers is loss.

In a recent number of the Century are two profusely illustrated articles under the above caption describing the discovery of Pharaoh's tomb and picture. uring its contents, From the first article by Mr. Wilson, the photographer, we quote this account of the way in which the tomb was located: "In a lived four sturdy Arabs named Abd-er. Rasoul. They supplied guides and donkeys to tourists who desired to visit the ruins of Thebes, and sold them genuine and spurious antiques. When they found a mummy, it being forbidden by law to sell it, the head and hands and feet were wrenched off and sold on the sly, while the torso was kicked about the ruined temples until the jackals came and carried it away. I purchased a head and hand of one of the brothers amid the dark shadows of the temple at Qurneh. Early in 1881 circumstantial evidence pointed to Ahmed Abd-er-Rasoul as the one who knew more than he would tell. Professor Maspero caused his arrest, and he lay in prison at Keneh for some months. He also suffered the bastinado and the browbeating of the wom-en repeatedly; he resisted bribes, and showed no melting mood when threatened with execution. His lips told no more than the unfound tomb-and not as much. Finally his brother Mohammed regarded the offer of 'bakshish," which Professor Maspero deemed it wise to make, as worth more to him than any sum he might hope to realize from future pillaging, and made a clean breast of the whole affair. How the four brothers ever discovered the hidden tomb has remained a 'family secret.' On July 5, 1881, the wily Arab conducted Herr Emil Brugsch Bey, curator of the Bulaq Museum, to Deir-el-Bahari and pointed out the hiding-place so long looked for. A long climb it was, up the slope of the western mountain, till, after scaling a tern mountain, till, after scaling a great lime-stone cliff, a huge, isolated rock was found. Behind this a spot was reached where the stones appeared to an expert observer and tomb-searcher to have been arranged 'by hand,' rather than scattered by some upheaval of nature. 'There,' said the sullen guide; and 'there' the enterprising Emil Brugsch Bey, with more than Egyptian alacrity, soon had a staff of Arabs at work hoisting the loose stones from a well into which they had been thrown. The shaft had been sunkinto the solid limestone to the depth of about forty feet, and was about six feet square. Before going very far, a huge palm-log was thrown across the well and a block and tackle fastened to it to help bring up the debris. When the bottom of the shaft was reached a subterranean passage was found which ran westward some twenty-four feet and then turned directly northward, continuing into the heart of the mountain straight except where broken for about two hundred feet by an abrupt stairway; The passage terminated in a mortuary chamber about thirteen by twenty-three feet in extent and barely six feet in height. There was found the mummy of King Pharaoh of the Oppression, with nearly forty others of kings, queens, princes and priests." An Indian Fakir.

Talking of "sleeping men," I was A hunter who has hunted and mined from Arizona to the Yellowstone, and who is highly esteemed for truth and veracity, was telling me that he had walked over to the sacred shade, and there, standing upright against a pillar of rough masonry, was a fakir. Like all these saintly personages, he was extremely dirty. His hair, worked up into rope-ends with grease and dust, hung nearly to his waist; his body stark naked, was painted with a gray pigment; but, to exaggerate the skeleton idea, the ribs, chest bones and ankles were "picked out" in yellow ochre. One eye was wide open; over the other drooped a paralyzed eyelid. The mouth was wide open, and out of a corner were sprouting several blades of corn. His hands were clinched and his nails, I was told, were growing through the palms of his hands. He had been, moreover-I am still only quoting what was said-in the "trance in which I saw him for two months. Y heard about these ecstatic Jogis I ven-tured to be sceptical. But I offered an oblation of copper coins at the holy man's shrine, round which, in pious assemblage, stood a quantity of other offerings in kind—"little dues of wheat and oil." He may have been at impostor, but it struck me as a very dreary form of imposition indeed. All alone there, under the dusty trees, with the shrilling of the kites in one's ears all day long and at night the disma; company of ribald jackals .- London Society.

He Resented It.

"Chappie, I was gwossly insulted to-day, doncher know,' remarked Fitz-percy. "Ah, how did it occuh, me dear boy?"inquired De Sappy. "I went to buy a hat, you see, and I absked the eweachah at the stoh, 'Ah, what soht of a hat do you think would suit me?" and the wretch replied as bwazen as you please, 'A soft one, sir.'" "Did you wesent the insult?" "Yaas, pwomptly." "How did you wesent it?" "I said, 'Wats!" weal loud and slammed the door as I went out."-