

### The Power of Persuasion—Sudden Change of Feeling.

"Henry Archibald, do you ever intend to put that shelf up in the cellar, or has a body got to stomp their toes over preserve jars all their life every time they go down in that dismal hole, anyhow?"

Henry leaned back from the breakfast table. He was feeling the beneficial effects of a pound of sausage placed where it had the best effect, and looking benignly upon the dear aggravation of his life, he observed:

"Did you say you wanted a shelf?"

"Yes, I did, about a hundred times, and you know it, too," and there was a presentiment of wrath in her accents.

"I thought I put you up a shelf only a few days ago."

"Gracious powers, man, that was when Martha was a baby, and now she can wear my shoes."

"Ya-a-s, and turn around in 'em, too."

"Now don't you dare to go for to aggrive me, Henry Archibald," and she shook a fateful forefinger foretelling him. "Not a drop of sleep or a wink to eat shall your bones see to-night till that shelf is put up. Now, you mind that."

"Well, where's a board?" now Henry, looking vaguely out into the yard, picking his teeth.

"Here's a board I've been savin' ever so long," and Mrs. A. dragged her white pine treasure out from behind the wash-house.

"Ain't got no nails," and Henry turned the board up on its edge and sighted along it carefully.

"I'll find you nails; you shan't have that for an excuse to get out of work," and she disappeared into the garret, while Henry took the paper and commenced an article on the "Source of the Amazon." Just as he was coming to the conclusion that it didn't mean the origin of Mrs. Archibald, that lady appeared.

"Here, young man, no goin' to sleep over that old paper, now. Get to work."

"Where's any hatchet?"

"Here it is," and she pranced out to the wood shed after it; then she cantered over to Peel's and borrowed a saw and carried all the things into the cellar, talking vehemently all the time, and getting in high good humor at the prospect of the shelf going up rapidly.

"Come now, dear, the things are all ready for you."

Then Henry went down and looked deeply interested, while she showed how she wanted the hangings made, and nailed them together. Then he held them up, while she nailed them on the joists. Then he helped her lift the shelf into position, and sat down on a wash-tub with an exhausted air to contemplate the perfect work.

"I think I made a pretty good job of that, considerin'," he remarked, complacently.

Mrs. A. was standing on her tiptoes, straining every muscle to drive a final nail in one of the banisters, and just then the hatchet emphasized itself on her left thumb nail, and all the milk of human kindness in her system turned into smears. Henry chuckled foolishly as she dropped the hatchet on her most sacred organ, and as he fled through the open cellar way into the street he had a vision of a crazy woman chewing her left thumb and slinging a jar of preserved plums with her right hand. It caught him on the top of the head, and breaking, spread a quart of blood-colored sweet and sticky juice impartially over his face and down his neck. The next thing he knew, he was in the arms of a policeman at the corner, in whose ears he yelled hysterically:

"Take me in; take me in quick, I tell you. I haven't got ten feet the start of eternal punishment."

### A Bird that Can't Fly.

A bird, which stands absolutely alone, without a relation in the world, is the kakapo or ground parrot; the largest of all the parrot tribe, being upward of two feet in length. It has much of the owl in its appearance and habits. The small face is very owl-like, and it is the only parrot which, like the owl, has a facial disk of feathers. It is strictly nocturnal in its habits, and its beautiful mottled green plumage so perfectly harmonizes with the green mosses on which it feeds that if it should be accidentally surprised outside of the hollow

trees or borrows in which, during the day, it secretes itself, it is impossible to detect it. A colonist told me that on one occasion, in the early morning, he heard the note of the kakapo, and marked the spot. He carefully quartered the ground with his eye, for he was certain the bird could not have escaped from the little plot of grass. He stood watching for half an hour, but could not detect it, until at length it incautiously winked its eye, and he found the bird had been all the while within two yards of his feet. Even then, he said, had he taken his eyes off for a moment, he should have lost trace of it. The kakapo, like many other birds of New Zealand, has no power of flight; but, unlike other flightless birds, has fully-developed and well-formed wings, with good pinion feathers. How should it have wings which it cannot use? On examining the muscles, it has been found that, though fully developed, they are mere masses of fat, without any strength or power. Here we have a clear instance of long continued disuse of an unnecessary organ ending in inability to use it. The mosses cover the ground, and the roots or trunks of prostrate trees require to be sought for on foot; and to a night-feeding bird in a country where there are no beasts of prey flight was a superfluous exertion. Anatomically there is no reason why a kakapo should not be as good a flyer as any other parrot.

—Good Words.

### A Modern Evangeline.

The story of Evangeline is repeated with wonderful fidelity in all its details in the experience of a young French girl, a resident of Marseilles. She was engaged to a sailor, to whom she was to be married on his return from a voyage to New York. He did not return, and, after a year, she got a berth as stewardess' assistant on one of Havre steamers, to come here in search of him. On the passage a rich American lady became interested in her story and resolved to help her find out her lover. In New York she learned that he had gone to Canada. For months she traveled about the Dominion, sometimes close on his track and again losing every clue to his whereabouts. She returned to New York, and one day, while standing at a Broadway crossing, waiting her turn to get across, she saw the object of her long search on the other side. She shrieked his name and ran into the middle of the street, but a policeman caught her and saved her from the wheels of the string of vehicles. "Angels of God there was none," and she never again saw the Gabriel she had so long sought and so nearly found. She learned then that he had sailed for San Francisco, and so, went overland to California to meet him. Arrived on the Pacific coast, she found that her lover had fallen overboard just outside the Heads and been drowned. Meanwhile the body of a young man, dressed in sailor's clothes, was cast ashore on the beach, carried to the coroner's office, and, not being identified, was interred in the public cemetery. A water-soaked pocketbook was taken from the dead man, which contained only a few letters written in French and unaddressed. The girl, hearing of this, went to the coroner's office and found that the letters were hers. The waves had tardily and partially recompensed her devoted search, and she was able to find the grave of her lover. —New York World.

### The Pioneer of the Wisconsin Pineries.

Lord Francis Byron died at 9 o'clock this morning, after an illness of only three days, in the 62nd year of his age. He was the first lumber operator in the Wisconsin River, and for over fifty years his name has been familiar in every town and village on the Wisconsin and Mississippi Rivers, from New Orleans up to the last log shanty in the northern pineries. A French nobleman by birth, at the age of twenty, on account of a love affair and family quarrel, he emigrated to the Far West, settled on the banks of the Mississippi, at Galena, and a year or two later commenced exploring the streams further up in search of pine lands. He was very successful in this, and a few years later he made a canoe

trip up the Wisconsin as far as the present site of Grand Rapids, and located a large tract of land, and here erected the first mill ever built on the Wisconsin River, hauling all his provisions and machinery on ox teams from Galena through an unbroken wilderness of over 300 miles. After floating down two or three fleets of lumber, and demonstrating that there was money to be made in the business, he built boats, and, loading them with provisions, hired men enough to draw them up with ropes from near Galena to Grand Rapids, over dells, rocks and eddies. The dells at Kilbourne were his only terror, and the struggles which the young lord had in these waters would have appalled a less resolute spirit; but he was determined to win. When his success was fully assured, and he began to reap the reward of his early troubles, his family made up with him, and gave him an immense tract of land in Canada, to which he refused to move, preferring his home in the pineries. He owned at the time of his death, over three hundred million feet of pine, saw mills and real estate to a large extent, and his property in Canada. The poor man had in him a friend, and the stranger a host, and the talk of his kind deeds would fill a volume. —Chicago Times, Sept. 28.

### A Sparrow's Power of Reasoning.

A curious story, illustrative of the intelligence and reasoning power—and perhaps of the characteristic rascality also—of the little twittering miscreant "English sparrows," now so common in all our principal towns and cities, is related by a friend, who had it from the witness himself who saw the occurrence. The gentleman, who resides in New York, had erected last spring, in his back yard, a large box for sparrow's nests. It was divided into three rows, each containing four apartments. These were all speedily taken possession of by a dozen pair of sparrows, and the business of making nests proceeded amidst the customary chattering din of these fussy and pugnacious feathered colonists. Standing at the window one Sunday, watching the birds, the gentleman saw one cock sparrow come flying to his place with a fine, soft white feather in his bill. The box was so placed that he could see into the apartments, and he saw this bird fix the feather into an incomplete nest, and then fly away. No sooner was he out of sight than a female sparrow from the adjoining compartment, who had evidently seen that proceeding, hopped into her neighbor's house and pulled out and carried off the coveted feather. Becoming interested, the observer watched the performance, expecting to see the little thief carry her stolen prize to her own nest; but no, she knew a trick worth two of that, and here is where she displayed an undeniable reasoning process, and acted on a clear perception of cause and effect, making a prudent use of her knowledge of the character and disposition of her plundered neighbor. She flew off with the feather to a neighboring tree, where she securely fastened it in a conspicuous place upon and between two twigs, and there left it. Pretty soon the bird she had defrauded came back with a straw to add to his nest. Discovering his loss, he came out with an angry chirruping that boded no good to the despoiler of his hearth and home, if he could only find the rogue. His first demonstration was to visit his next-door neighbor without any search warrant. In that abode of peace and innocence he found no trace of the stolen feather; and as for the actually guilty party, she was hopping innocently about as loudly demanding—as far as bird-voices could be understood by the man at the window—what was meant by this ungentlemanly and very impolite intrusion into a lady's bed-chamber, and insisting that she was no such kind of a woman. The cock sparrow was evidently puzzled. Unable, after a minute search, to find the lost feather, he at length apparently gave it up, charged it to profit and loss, and flew away in search of another. The thief, however, waited till he had got well off, and then flew to the tree, secured the stolen feather, and took it in triumph to her own nest.

This story, we are assured, is a true one. It certainly shows the power of reasoning, by a bird, just

as conclusively as any logical process that was ever employed by David Hume—or Jay Gould. Whether it also furnishes another argument to sustain modern theory of the innate superiority of the female sex, depends somewhat upon the point of view from which such smart but reprehensible conduct is regarded. —Hartford Times.

### SHORT AND SHARP.

Hundreds of thousands of cattle are dying in Southern Russia, of a malignant disease, which threatens to leave not a hoof in the country.

"Insults," says a modern philosopher, "are like counterfeit money. We cannot hinder their being offered, but we are not compelled to take them."

The other day a mean man, out in western Iowa, went off into a quiet country place and died so quick that his wife got his insurance money before the company had time to fail.

The mere fact that thirty-six distilleries are making apple brandy in Pulaski, Tennessee, would seem to indicate that the spirits of the southern people are already rising again.

The older we grow the more we realize that fifteen cents will buy more fish than a business man, whose time is worth fifty cents an hour, can go out and catch in a whole day.

The Roman emperor who sadly exclaimed, "I have lost a day," would have felt much worse had it been his collar button, and compelled him to go rooting under the bureau and behind the bed in vain search for the article.

An old author quaintly remarks: "Avoid arguments with ladies. In spinning yarns among silks and satins, a man is sure to be worsted and twisted; and, when a man is worsted and twisted, he may consider himself wound up."

"Marriage bells are ringing merrily all over the State—a most fitting and joyous accompaniment to forty million bushels of wheat." It is but natural, of course, that good harvests should encourage husbandry.

Aristotle laid it down as a maxim "that all inquiry should begin with doubt." Whenever, then, we meet with mysteries, beyond our feeble comprehension, would it not be more rational to doubt the very faculty we are employing—the capacity of our reason itself?

The city editor of the Dubuque Times was asked to beg of people not to spit upon the postoffice floor, and he says: "It won't do any good. A thoroughbred, confirmed tobacco chewer will go fifteen rods, any time, to find a nice clean spot to spit on."

A lady sent a note to the newspaper to get a recipe to cure the whooping cough in a pair of twins. By a mistake a recipe for pickling onions was unconsciously inserted and her name attached, and received this answer through the "Answers to Correspondents": "Mrs. L. H. B.—If not too young, skin them pretty closely, immerse in scalding water, sprinkle plentifully with salt, and immerse them for a week in strong brine."

An Arkansas man, who had an invalid wife, concluded to get rid of her. He loaded two barrels of a shot gun and attempted to shoot her in bed, but the caps only snapped. Then he reversed the weapon and attempted to dash out the sufferer's brains. The stock struck the bed post, the loads were discharged, and the two charges of shot entered his lungs. There were few mourners.

The most rapid waste of a fortune on record is that accomplished by John Taylor Johnston. His father in the course of a long life accumulated a million for his son, and the latter sank the whole of it in two years. He had become president of the New Jersey Central road, in which he embarked his entire fortune. The failure of this road ruined him in a complete and hopeless manner. Never before has a million been so rapidly thrown away by a man who had no bad habits, and was making every honest effort to increase his wealth.

### Watches Worth About \$5 A Peck.

A gentleman of Quitman, Ga., lately received a notice headed "Prizes Drawn in the Forty-seventh Series of the Royal Havana Lottery." It was dated "Havana, Cuba," and read:

"Mr. —: You are hereby notified that your ticket in the Forty-seventh Series of the Royal Havana Lottery has drawn a gold watch and chain valued at \$160. The commission due our agents, Messrs. Russell & Co., for transacting our business in the United States is ten per cent. on all prizes drawn, which makes the amount due on your prize \$16, which you can pay to the express agent after you have examined the goods. On receipt of this notice write to Messrs. Russell & Co., 37 Bond Street, New York, and let them know by what express you wish the watch and chain shipped."

E. K. ESPETITELLO, Actuary."

The Quitman gentleman never had a ticket in the Havana lottery, and, consequently, was at a loss to account for the receipt of this notice from the gentleman with the extraordinary name. With commendable zeal in the cause of truth, he sent the notice to the *Sun* for investigation, and, accordingly, a reporter for the *Sun* called at 37 Bond Street. On the plate-glass windows was painted, "Russell & Co., Manufacturers of Kingston Gold Watches and Jewelry." Within was a young man, with a foreign cast of countenance and a roving eye. He stood behind two large show cases laden with gaudy jewelry. He was talking earnestly to a countryman, and showing him watches and chains. Finally, the countryman received a neat box containing a watch and chain, and laid down \$15. At the same time he took out a paper that was headed "Louisiana Lottery." After writing a receipt the countryman departed, a badly cheated man.

It was the reporter's turn next. He said, "A friend of mine in the south wished to inquire about a watch which this notice calls for."

The foreign young man took the notice and glanced sharply at the reporter, and presumably took in his guilelessness at a glance. He did not examine any books to ascertain whether the notice was regular, but immediately opened the show case and took out a watch.

"Is this worth \$160?" was the reporter's inquiry.

"That is what the Havana Lottery Company estimate it at, but it is really worth only \$60."

"Then your commission would be only \$6."

"Oh, no; we receive ten per cent. of their estimate."

"Is this case gold?"

"No, it is Kingston metal, heavily plated."

The case is marked Ulys e. Pelet, Locle, which seems peculiar if the case was, as the clerk said, made in this country. The reporter examined other watches, but was not suited. The watches are of a kind that can readily be bought for \$6, and the chains for \$1.25. —New York Sun.

### A Confidential Clerk Ruined.

The occurrence to which I refer happened, during the latter part of the war of the rebellion, in New York, where I was stopping at the time, the guest of a local politician of some note. We left my friend's house at about 10 p. m., and taking a car got off at one of the up-town cross streets—Twenty-third, I think—and ascended the steps of a fine marble-front dwelling on that street. Upon ringing the bell a colored man came to the door, and, after exchanging certain cabalistic signs and pass-words with my friend, ushered us up stairs into a spacious, elegantly furnished room.

Four gentlemen were at the table, playing the fascinating and illusive game of poker. Three of them nodded to my friend, who returned their salutations, and explained to me, *sotto voce*, that they were respectively a Wall Street operator, a cotton broker, and a junior partner in a wholesale dry goods house, the fourth party being a stranger to him. This latter was a young fellow of about twenty-two, well dressed, handsome, and evidently a comparative novice at the game.

The stakes were high; portentous stacks of chips and bank notes were piled before each player, and the set faces of the gamblers betokened that an unusually stiff game was in progress.