JIM'S KIDS.

Jim was a fisherman—up on the hill
Over the beach lived he and his wife.
In a little house—you kin see it still—
And a little boy—his hope, upon my life
You never seen two likelier kids,
In spite of their antics and tricks an' noise,
Than these two boys!

Jim would go out with his boat on the sea—
Just as the rest of us fishermen did—
And when he came back at night there'd be
Up to his knees in the surf, each kid.
A beck'nin' and shouting to Fisherman Jim
He'd have for his pains, you bet, above the roar.
Above the waves on the shore.

But one night Jim came a sailin' home
And the little kids weren't on the sands—
Jim kinder wondered they hadn't come,
And a tremble took hold of his knees and hands,
And he learned the worst up on the hill.
In the little house, an' he bowed his head—
"The fever," they said.

'Twas an awful time for Fisherman Jim,
With them little's a dyin' after their eyes
They kep a'callin' and be'nin Jim,
For they kind o' wandered in mind—their cries
Were about the waves and Fisherman Jim.
And the little boat a sailin' for shore—
Till they spoke no more.

Well, Fisherman Jim lived on and on,
And his hair grew white and the wrinkles came;
And he never smiled, and his heart seemed gone,
And he never was heard to speak the name
Of the little kids who were lorded there
Up on the hill in sight o' the sea,
Under a willow tree.

One night they came and told me to hasten
To the house on the hill, for Jim was sick,
And they said I had'nt no time to waste,
For his life was ebbin' pretty quick;
An' he seemed to be wandern' and crazy like,
An' a seein' sights he oughtn't to see—
And called for me.

And Fisherman Jim, see he to me:
"It's my last, last cruise—you understand—
I'm sailin' a strange and dreadful sea,
But off on the further shore, on the land,
Are the kids, who's a beck'nin' an' callin' mates;
Jes' as they did—ah, mate, you know
In the long ago."

No sir! he wasn't afeared to die,
For all that night he seemed to see
His little boys of the years gone by,
And to hear voice voices forgot by me,
An' just as the mornin' sun came up
"There's a holding me by the hands"—he cried—
And so he died.

A Story of Two Summers.

BY HOLLIS FREEMAN.

CHAPTER I.

Ten years have gone by, and Llandudno has kept up a good prosperous steady march of time. The splendid new pier, the drive round the great Orme, and the handsome hotels which have sprung up, all speak of its well-doing and fashionable career.

It is August now, bright and warm and sunshiny, and the season is in full height; the place is crowded to overflowing, every hotel and lodging house full, and still the visitors came pouring in with every fresh train, and there are about with weary dispirited countenances, vainly beseeching hard-hearted landladies to "take them in."

Dinner is over at "The Imperial," the band has been playing on the parade some little time, and a group of gentlemen are smoking under the shady portico of the hotel, waiting for the ladies of their party, who are hastily donning their wraps for a stroll on the parade.

Captain Fenton is busily engaged in making a pet poodle sit up to beg for a bit of cake, while it bolts a walking-stick in its mouth. Major Herbert is scanning the evening paper. Mr. Lorrimer is propping up the door way, and inciting the poodle to rebellion; Mr. Tanner Vernon is puffing furiously away at his cigar.

"Any news, Major?" cries a loud blustering voice; a big burly man accompanied by a ponderous-sized lady adjourned with a long fur trimmed paletot, and a bonnet with half-a-dozen buckles' plumes of black and crimson in it, make their appearance.

"No," answers Major Herbert looking up, "well, yes, Gladstone is very ill, and Dr. Tanner is still alive."

"Gladstone ill—but no," says the stout gentleman freshly, "overworked, I say overworked."

"No one can more sympathize with a man's being overworked than I can," says Mr. Lorrimer.

"Of course, one can always best sympathize with what one knows least about," puts in Charlie Vernon, taking his cigar from his mouth

"There's too deep a metaphor in that for my comprehension, Charlie."

"Aye!" Tanner's answer, "dear, dear, dear," says the stout lady, "what a horid man he is! I wish people wouldn't talk so much about him, and his fasting."

"Especially at dinner time at the Imperial; but in these days somebody is always doing something to astonish either in the walking, swimming, jumping, or fasting line.

"Oh, Charlie," says Mr. Lorrimer, "don't you every day of your life ask at dinner in a loud beseeching voice, 'if any one can tell you if Dr. Tanner is still alive?'"

"The waterwelons contain now such painful reminders of him. Mrs. Burlington, do keep a chair for me at the band, and then we can talk over a bit of quiet talk together, and quiz the visitors gloriously."

"Ha! ha!" laughs the worthy lady, as she waddles away, shaking a fat tightly-gloved hand at him; her crimson and black plumes nodding vigorously at him in the evening breeze.

"That worthy couple," begins Mr. Lorrimer.

"Mr. and Mrs. Boffin, is your servant," echoes Charlie.

"Are literally—please to try and realize it, Charlie—literally rolling in money."

"I shouldn't mind realizing it myself in bank notes; sovereigns and half-crowns wouldn't be bad, but I'm not hard and lumpy, I should think," answers Mr. Vernon serenely.

"All that money was made by army contractors—for what, do you think?"

"Can't think—thinking does my brain harm."

"Saddles—the old man told me so himself this morning."

"A mysterious communication, truly—why didn't I think of saddles and army contractors myself," cries Charlie pathetically.

The ladies come trooping by, with their stylish costumes and warm wraps.

Mr. Lorrimer goes off with the three pretty sisters; Captain Fenton joins his sister; all depart in time save Major Herbert and Charlie Vernon.

"Aren't you going, Charlie?" asks the Major.

"Aren't you!" he answers satirically. "I suppose you're waiting for Miss Summerville to come out."

"Well, yes, I am," says Major Herbert, with a self-possessed smile.

"You're in luck's way," returns the other enviously, "she never deigns to look; much less speak to a fellow, when you're by. I can have it all your own way there, I must say."

Major Herbert does not attemt to contradict this, as he listens with the same smile on his lips.

"Here's the Austins."

A tall plain-looking man and a bright cheery little woman are coming into the portico.

"Isn't Miss Somerville going out this lovely evening, Mr. Austin?"

"Ah! sister!—oh no, Major Herbert, she has the headache or something of the kind. I've left her in the drawing-room."

"I'm left lamenting like the last man," cries Charlie, "May I come with you, Mrs. Austin?"

"If you go; and Major Herbert, throwing away his paper, turns his steps in-doors.

The beautiful drawing room of the Imperial, with its luxurious furniture and brocade couches and curtains, is near deserted to-night, save for one solitary figure, sitting quietly in an easy chair by the big bay-window.

"Is your head bad, Miss Somerville?"—may I come in?" asks Major Herbert as he stands quietly in the door.

The smile with which she greets him would turn a hundred hearts, if there was on earth as to his being welcome.

"Yes, come in," she says, "I'm quite well, only dreadfully dull; got a fit of the blues to-night, so pray come and charm them away."

He comes quietly toward and sits opposite the speaker.

"Don't sit there," she says somewhat impatiently," you lose all the pretty view."

"I can see all I cargo to see," he answers jaslil.

She blushes a little under his admiring eyes, with pleasure, but shark pleasure at his words. And the words, though meant as a careless compliment contained a certain truth. In the close intimacy of the last five months, they had as merely hotel friends, there had sprung up a quick and sudden friendship between them.

What the lady thought of it he could only judge by her evident pleasure and preference for his society, by her gracious manner, by the winning tone, the caressing smile. What he thought of it, was that she was rapidly becoming all the world to him, the horizon that bounded his charmed vision.

He was not a vain or an easily-satisfied man, yet without any self-conceit he could not help seeing that she liked him though in a somewhat queenly fashion, to seek and hold his love.

She was rich, beautiful, admired it seemed strange, sometimes he thought, that she should care to single him out; but Charlie Vernon was right, he had seen her turn away from richer, handsomer, younger men, to notice some passing word or look of his.

He looked full at her, as he pondered this, and she sat with smiling ease in the luxurious arm chair. She was sitting, and you could not see to perfection the tall, commanding figure, but there was repose, the well-bred style and air struck you at once, stamped as it was on every look and movement.

Her dress was of rich dark velvet, finished round the neck and wrists with antique lace; a thick twisted gold chain glittered through the folds of lace on the long white fingers sparkled sapphire and diamonds that an empress might have envied.

Her pale, brown hair was—called simply at the back of her head—and in front was curled over the forehead in the modern fashion; the soft brown eyes, bright and gleaming, and her straight aristocratic features, her delicate complexion, her bright winning smile, displayed to perfection her white teeth, showed that her reputation for beauty could bear a strict and close scrutiny.

"Can you call, care for her, Major Herbert thought as he looked on the handsome woman before him with her aristocratic air, her undoubted wealth, and ease—"Care for pie," he repeated bitterly, "a penniless, disappointed, discontented man. Her friends make a jugglery out of his name, which I am in no haste to cross, and yet, and yet

"You are not talking, or amusing me at all," she says at length looking up with a tender light in her dark eyes.

"Were you ever at Llandudno before?" he asks abruptly.

"Yes, years and years ago—I was a raw school girl then."

"No, I dare say not," she answers a little bitterly, "I am old, I know, even for my little school girl days, I feel a long way behind the times, I feel a hundred.

"I did not mean that," he says gently, "if it comes to a question of age, I am much older than you nearer forty than thirty."

"But a man's age and a woman's are so different. You are still in your prime. She looks at him in her turn, half admiringly, but with a curious kind of pain on her full crimson lips. He has rested full upon him, as he sat with careless ease opposite, his dark, closely cut, pale face, with the light of pain and the velvet of the easy chair. She notices all with a half smile, as if to support her own words of praise, the well-set figure, the dark, grave features, the shapely features and contour, the heavy, drooping, soldier-like moustache, the well-made chin and throat, the broad shoulders.

If it had been full daylight she would have noticed so often she had noticed before the strong firm mouth, the handsome face was marked and lined, not so much perhaps by time as by suffering and disappointment; but in this subdued light, the pain, the lines on the face and figure of a man in his full prime.

"Isn't to day the 9th of August?" she asks suddenly.

"Yes; doesit conjure up any reminiences?"

"No." A soft light flashes in his dark, deep-set eyes.

"Mayn't I hear about it? is it a love story? I should like to hear one in this soft fading light."

It is strange—even to himself it seems to—that now he has such a good opening to plead his own cause with this beautiful, gracious lady, he feels no eager heart must need go back, in softest pity and self-reproach, to an old love scene of some years ago, and yet he leans forward and looks through the big bay window; the lights are peeping out brilliantly and clustering in a circle under the great Orme.

"It is ten years ago to day, but why should I bore you with the story?"

"Go on pray."

"I have never told any one of this before—I wonder why some scenes are so photographed on our memories that time itself has no power to dim or fade them."

"What is the scene, then, that has left such an impression on you?"

"Saddles—the old man told me so himself this morning."

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"I remind you of Ellie Lea?"

"No; only the eyes, and only those at times."

"Only at times; I'm so sorry."

"Don't be satirical, else I will say no more."

"Is all interest—what about the fete?

"The girls of our party didn't care for Effie, and I didn't care for them. Effie was a little bit of a flirt, rating, go-ahead set, and so we two quiet ones were thrown pretty much together.

"Oh, I see."

"Then Effie had no one to take her out, or chaperone her. Her aunt always made an old duenna of the name of Martha come out with her at nights."

"Yes."

"Well, it was easy enough to outwit poor old Martha. I could laugh now as I look back and see her trudging along, panting and breathless, after her young charge up the steep great Orme

"Captain Herbert, if you're going to the top of the hill it'll be the death of me, so I'll leave Missy in your charge and go home." Miss Somerville laughed, as she forty bounds.

"So on we went, nothing loath, arm in arm, with our Chinese lanterns, laughing gay, and light-hearted as two children.

"Were you in fancy costume?"

"No, but I remember how ridiculous some of them looked. Poor Martha too had bought a dozen penny watches and chains, which he arrayed himself and where as fashionably possible, a pair of stiff brown paper, with some of the girls' feathers in it, to represent an Italian Brigand."

"And your little companion?"

"She wore a red cloak, with the hood drawn over her pretty brown hair; she looks a dusky beloved of Little Red Riding-hood."

"Ah, I hope then you weren't the wolf that gobbled her up.

"She kept the wolf, happiest, for that night—shall I ever forget it?"

"And of course you made love to your Little Red Riding-hood."

He throw him self moodily back in the easy chair, and his face suddenly clouds over.

"No, I don't think I made love, you call it.

"Well, I'm sure you'd not that you thought at the time, didn't you? I said pretty and charming she looks in her little red hood, and that she was becoming dearer and dearer, every day to you."

Major Herbert starts forward "How do you know I said that?"

"Oh, I am only guessing.

"Go on, then, that guess

"Then, when the rough sea winds blew the red hood away, and you lifted the little head, and looked into the face and fastened it, clumsily enough, but with much laughing, round the merry face, but bent down and stole a kiss for your trouble."

"How do you know that?"

"Oh, I was young once myself, but these things happen, I'm quite sure, to the girl think you really loved her." He is quite silent for some little time, and looks out on the darkening twilight with troubled eyes.

"Now I have no more," she begin, tell me the end."

"There is no end! the answer is given in the question I put to you just now.

I had offended her about something nothing I could help, and the morning after I went to Gladdula I went out to try and make my peace, she was gone.

"Gone?"

"Yes, and I have never seen her nor a word of her since."

"What a funny end! I could not tell you exactly why I had gone."

"Well, Conor Marion could have done so, but I fancy Effie had found them all out to vexed. I never could tell you what I said to offend her, though I wrote and wrote, and asked, then my regiment was ordered out to India, and I went with it."

"And you never saw Effie Lea again?"

"Yes, I hope to see her in Llandudno this summer hoping to meet with her again."

"Ah, you will be so altered by this time, she would be a woman now."

"About my age, perhaps. Should you know her, think?"

"Yes, I think so, anything but a stout, dowdy.

"What about her dress?

"She wore a blue silk dress, and had a shawl of the same, a pretty fashion."

"Ah, I remember wearing one, once upon a time."

"And a straw hat, and a good-sized chignon she tried to be fashionable you must know, but old Martha was a poor coiffeur, the ringlets were all twisted and twisted, and pushed and pressed by one inconsolable period of the Legislature. With an area of 56,000 square miles, the larger portion of the State, namely, the upper peninsula and half part of the lower peninsula, cut off Saginaw Bay, with very limited railroad facilities. The people of the Southern Tier of State are anxious for more roads, believing that they are a necessity, and knowing full well the advantages of good roads to the farmer. How are they to be built? There is not a phantom in Michigan to-day, that has not two minor exceptions, which is not controlled by a gigantic monopoly, which is not outside of the State. Can the people of Michigan expect, if hostile intentions is known by a gigantic, and the massive above referred to should become laws, that capital will be diverted to take any additional risks in Michigan? Capital, and the money to invest in railroads, although the Legislature, with an eye to the interests of the State, and encouraged its investment in various enterprises of the State, although the return might be and has been light. If, however, another policy should be pursued, it would inevitably result that capital will shrink from and refuse to become further involved in the enterprises of the State, and the measures and stringent restrictions are put into effect, I will not suspicion that the capital of the State with innocent investors whom it should entitulate and other inducements to

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOW HE GOT LEFT. A clergyman, who was supplying for the day a pulpit which was decked with "artificials," happened to bring into his sermon an illustration on the "Gift of the Holy Ghost from the seed. To clinch the illustration with the very best effect he reached down a basket of flowers which stood near the pulpit, and was about to pluck from it a pretty flower. "See," said he, "the rich colors of this gaudy flower. Note its delicate fragrance! It grew from a little seed, no larger than the head of a pin." Just then, with thumb and finger he laid hold of the stem of the delicate, gaudy and fragrant flower. The stem was a phantom, made of brass with a good new wire of wire envrapped with green muslin. When in the next moment the horrid revelation dawned on his mind that all the artificial flowers in the basket were counterfeits, he looked as if green potato worms had suddenly crawled upon him from out the basket. The congregation smiled, and the minister pushed on with his sermon as best he could. Ex.

Postmaster General Gresham is the sixth member of the Cabinet from Indiana since the inauguration of the government. These were the following: Caleb B. Smith, Secretary of the Interior, 1861 to 1862; John P. Usher, Secretary of the Interior, 1863 to 1865; Hugh McCulloch, Secretary of the Treasury, 1865 to 1869; J. N. Tyner, Postmaster General, 1876 to 1877; R. W. Thompson, Secretary of the Navy, 1877 to 1880.

No more popular delusion exists than in regard to the queen's surname. People generally believe it to be Guelph. There never was such a name. It was that, in marrying Prince Albert of Coburg-Gotha, the sovereign took the surname of her husband. Wettin, which has for upward of 450 years been the family cognomen of the house of Saxony. And the Prince of Wales and all the rest of our royal children bear that name.

Arabi writes from Ceylon: We all arrived in good health, and were very cordially received by the authorities of the island. The town, the climate and the face of the country suit us admirably. We propose sending our children to the local schools, and learning the English language ourselves. Our lot is comfortable, the consideration of our property is settled we shall lead a happy life."

TIME'S REVENGE.

(ESTEN.

When I was ten and she fifteen—
Ah me! how fair I thought her.
She treated with disdainful mien
The homage that I brought her.
And, in a patronizing way,
Would of my shy advances say
"It's really quite absurd, you see.
He's very much taken with me."

In twenty now, she twenty-five,
Well, well! how old she's growing
I fancy that my suit might thrive
If I present it, I know I may
To great discrepancy in age,
Her marked disinclination to engage
My young affections, for, you see
She's really quite too old for me

MICHIGAN RAILROAD LEGISLATION.

What a Leading Eastern Journal Says of it.

The Fear of a Stroke at Many of the Industrial Enterprises and a Draw-Back to the Development of the State.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser, whose standing as one of the leading financial papers of the east, is well understood, we clip the following relative to the railroad legislation in Michigan, which is of interest:

Michigan, so long noted for her conservatism and the encouragement she gave railway enterprises, has lately succumbed to the crusade against corporations, which has spread so rapidly over the west, and has taken root in the keenest interest. The capital invested here in railway property has not as a rule proved remunerative to the investors of all the enterprises, the "act to provide a general railroad law" during the last twelve years and not leased to either the Michigan Central or Lake Shore Railroad, with the exception of two which have not gone through insolvency. The roads which have proved the most profitable, Detroit and Indiana Road, the interest on whose bonds to a large extent has been guaranteed by the Detroit and Milwaukee, the Detroit and Lansing, the Michigan Central and Lake Shore companies, have not proved a source of any "onerous burden" to the State, although it is true that for the last twelve years that they have become, even to a moderate extent, self-sustaining. The Detroit and Milwaukee, the Detroit and Lansing, the Detroit, Lansing and Northern Road, built by Boston capital, have been for some time, the bonded debt having been sealed down so properly, the interest preferred stock issued in lieu of. In 1860, with a fair traffic and fairly remunerative rates, that company was only able to pay 2 per cent. on its preferred stock, which would amount to about 1-12 percent. interest on the entire bonded debt. The Lake Shore bonded earned by the Michigan Central, during the eight year ending December 31, 1871, was but 2 per cent. on the entire bonded debt. Freeholders can be added the Detroit, Hillsdale and Indiana, the Port Huron and Lake Michigan, the Port Huron and Saginaw, Flint and Pere Marquette, Michigan Air Line, Chicago and Michigan Lake Shore, Marquette, Houghton and Ontonagon, Detroit and Bay City, and Michigan Air Line Eastern Division, roads, which have not been so fortunate in their investments, affording an outlet to the products of a great and fertile portion of the State, and Michigan Air Line Eastern Division, which has not been so fortunate in its investments in Michigan pass as large a portion of the taxes as the railroad companies. Little the State has to complain of railroad loss; suffering and the misfortunes of the latter have been due to causes, which have been beyond the control of the legislature, or the people. Poor crops, the panic of 1873, and other causes, which have tended to depreciate the value of railroad property in the West during the last two years, have been the cause of the embarrassment of the roads, and the unusually onerous burdens thrown upon the State, which at present has been made to regulate rates beyond that which it has been accustomed to, and yet of service—illustrate the character and tendency of legislation, which has been proposed by one inconsiderable portion of the Legislature. With an area of 56,000 square miles, the larger portion of the State, namely, the upper peninsula and half part of the lower peninsula, cut off Saginaw Bay, with very limited railroad facilities. The people of the Southern Tier of State are anxious for more roads, believing that they are a necessity, and knowing full well the advantages of good roads to the farmer. How are they to be built? There is not a phantom in Michigan to-day, that has not two minor exceptions, which is not controlled by a gigantic monopoly, which is not outside of the State. Can the people of Michigan expect, if hostile intentions is known by a gigantic, and the massive above referred to should become laws, that capital will be diverted to take any additional risks in Michigan? Capital, and the money to invest in railroads, although the Legislature, with an eye to the interests of the State, and encouraged its investment in various enterprises of the State, although the return might be and has been light. If, however, another policy should be pursued, it would inevitably result that capital will shrink from and refuse to become further involved in the enterprises of the State, and the measures and stringent restrictions are put into effect, I will not suspicion that the capital of the State with innocent investors whom it should entitulate and other inducements to

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BITS OF NEWS.

About 1,300 people in Galway, Ireland, have asked for help to come to America.

Mr. Longfellow's memorial bust will be erected on ground just purchased in the suburbs of Washington for $7,000.

Prof. Henry Draper's widow gives the national academy of science $6,000 to be used in conferring medals for discoveries in astronomy.

Nordenskjold starts next month on an exploring expedition to Greenland, which will include a 500 miles excursion overland from west to the east coast of the desolate island.

Mrs. Louisa B. Stephens elected president of the Massachusetts Woman's Suffrage Association and stringent restrictions are put into effect, I will not suspicion that the capital of the State with innocent investors whom it should entitulate and other inducements to

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A REMARKABLE STORY.

The following narrative is self explanatory. The letter which precedes it is a true copy of the original, and was sent us, together with the details, by an officer now in the United States Navy.

United States Flagship Nomad,
Nary Yard, Boston, Mass.,
Nov. 1st, 1879.

My dear Friend—Your kind favor containing congratulations on my restoration to health is before me. When we parted thirty months ago little did we imagine that either would be brought near death's door by a disease which selects for its victims those who present an infernal field of constitutions. I was one for the first attack, because you kin, dear friend, is the classic designation of health, and I can claim this to-day, thank God! Why I can do so will be told to-morrow, when we meet as we shall, ere long, I trust. You know that I gave my regiment a terrible illness, my delivery from death's grasp due to the wonderful discovery in medical science, made by a man who to-day stands in the front rank of his fellow workers unequaled by any in his own opinion. That I, who inheritors have ever been the most or the most, of all the sons of men, in the old school of its application and results, should thus recant in favor of that which is condemned by our practitioners, may startle you, but "seeing is believing," and when I recount the attack made on me by the fiend, I know you will be moved my orders, and the Blue yolley which, through the medium of the Nomad, goes over the world, you will at least credit me with just cause for the change of opinion, and forgive me if I do also spin my yarn anent my China cruise, and altogether expect to entertain as well as be entertained by you, when I visit you.

Sincerely yours,

Rear Admiral U. S. Navy,
GEORGE WEBSTER,
Sinclair Place, Boston.

An autumnal afternoon in the early fall found the Nomad, a fine steam corvette, in tortuous and dangerous extremity of South America. And this day certainly intended to place itself on record as the day of the predecessors marked stormy, its nastiness in wind and weather, giving all hands on board, "a good rainfoul law" during the last twelve years and not leased to either the Michigan Central or Lake Shore Railroad, with the exception of two which have not gone through insolvency. The roads which have proved the most profitable, Detroit and Indiana Road, the interest on whose bonds to a large extent has been guaranteed by the Detroit and Milwaukee, the Detroit and Lansing, the Michigan Central and Lake Shore companies, have not proved a source of any "onerous burden" to the State, although it is true that for the last twelve years that they have become, even to a moderate extent, self-sustaining. The Detroit and Milwaukee, the Detroit and Lansing, the Detroit, Lansing and Northern Road, built by Boston capital, have been for some time, the bonded debt having been sealed down so properly, the interest preferred stock issued in lieu of. In 1860, with a fair traffic and fairly remunerative rates, that company was only able to pay 2 per cent. on its preferred stock, which would amount to about 1-12 percent. interest on the entire bonded debt. The Lake Shore bonded earned by the Michigan Central, during the eight year ending December 31, 1871, was but 2 per cent. on the entire bonded debt. Freeholders can be added the Detroit, Hillsdale and Indiana, the Port Huron and Lake Michigan, the Port Huron and Saginaw, Flint and Pere Marquette, Michigan Air Line, Chicago and Michigan Lake Shore, Marquette, Houghton and Ontonagon, Detroit and Bay City, and Michigan Air Line Eastern Division, roads, which have not been so fortunate in their investments in Michigan pass as large a portion of the taxes as the railroad companies. Little the State has to complain of railroad loss; suffering and the misfortunes of the latter have been due to causes, which have been beyond the control of the legislature, or the people. Poor crops, the panic of 1873, and other causes, which have tended to depreciate the value of railroad property in the West during the last two years, have been the cause of the embarrassment of the roads, and the unusually onerous burdens thrown upon the State, which at present has been made to regulate rates beyond that which it has been accustomed to, and yet service—illustrate the character and tendency of legislation, which has been proposed by one inconsiderable portion of the Legislature. With an area of 56,000 square miles, the larger portion of the State, namely, the upper peninsula and half part of the lower peninsula, cut off Saginaw Bay, with very limited railroad facilities. The people of the Southern Tier of State are anxious for more roads, believing that they are a necessity, and knowing full well the advantages of good roads to the farmer. How are they to be built? There is not a phantom in Michigan to-day, that has not two minor exceptions, which is not controlled by a gigantic monopoly, which is not outside of the State. Can the people of Michigan expect, if hostile intentions is known by a gigantic, and the massive above referred to should become laws, that capital will be diverted to take any additional risks in Michigan? Capital, and the money to invest in railroads, although the Legislature, with an eye to the interests of the State, and encouraged its investment in various enterprises of the State, although the return might be and has been light. If, however, another policy should be pursued, it would inevitably result that capital will shrink from and refuse to become further involved in the enterprises of the State, and the measures and stringent restrictions are put into effect, I will not suspicion that the capital of the State with innocent investors whom it should entitulate and other inducements to

Comets and Shooting Stars.

Professor Schaperelli, the well-known Italian astronomer, in a recent lecture on the great comet of 1882, exhibited curiously the development of these erratic bodies on their approach to the sun. The proper nucleus of a comet is, he says, a solid or liquid body so small as rarely to be seen, in the greater number of comets it seems to be not large enough to be visible even in powerful telescopes. He also thinks that in some comets there are several nuclei, very small and close, whose particular atmospheres, in their development at last unite in one. Some are so such a body, or system of bodies, remains far from the sun, in extra-planetary regions, where temperature is low, and it remains so

(According to the most moderate estimates), and where the sun has perhaps no power; but when it, the matter must be wholly solid, or at least liquid; and if a small quantity is gaseous or vaporous, it must have a very great density, and consequently, the approach of the sun will obviously swell the enveloping atmosphere, or give rise to one if it was not before, and of course, the nucleus begins to appear surrounded by a halo of light, feeble at first, but afterward more and more brilliant, which is the star of the comet. Many comets, however, do not go beyond this first phase, both because they have not matter enough to make an atmosphere, and because they do not come near enough to the sun to be affected by its heat. Some comets do not enter the earth's orbit, others have passed it long before Mark, and the comet of 1729 got only a little way inside the orbit of Jupiter. The most part of these comets, being exposed very modestly to the sun's influence, change in crease, and remain telescopic, and it is probable that a large number, stor at Jupiter or Saturn, or orbit (or even further) in their descent upon the sun; nomd of those are seen

The tail of a comet consists of matter repelled by the sun, and is made up of vapors. The comet is also so much swollen and convulsed by solar heat that it throws off a tail, like a little sun, which astonished the ancients, and at times to keep together the fragments of its own very feeble attraction. Violent eruptions take place at the surface, which pieces of matter are raised and thrown out of the principal body's atmosphere. These fragments then pass through the atmosphere as independent bodies, and their orbits are not the same as different from the orbit of the nucleus. Sometimes one of the broken pieces is large enough to overpower another by its attrac. comet. But most generally it seems that separated pieces are small and numerous, like the sparks of a piece of salt thrown on the fire, and are pend along the trajecory of the nucleus like a current or projection of corpuscles, which they make and all the orbit of the comet. Many comets are probably all engender in their course a similar retinue, and the planetary influence of Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus produced by a comet's partial disintegration. When the earth in its yearly revolution passes through one of these processions it meets with several pieces, which get inflamed by contact with the terrestrial atmosphere, and burn in a short time, producing a falling star.

Cigar trips—Give the devil his due and the cigarette the devil's due.

Cosmetics are like cats; they love petting. This accounts for the sparks in the dark.

Always make a friend of a cognette before you fall in love with her. Then you can corner her when she says, "But let me be your friend."

A cosquette can play her cards just as well when you are holding her hand. Indeed, this is her first trick.

After all, there is no nice thing about a cosquette. She and lightning never strike twice in the same place. Brooklyn Eagle.

All flesh is grass, but a cosquette doesn't object to being called a daisy. Life.

Some fortnights ago Mrs. Gladstone received a letter from Sir Henry Ponsonby, the Queen's secretary, written by her directions, advising her to let her husband to accept a peerage. The Queen has of late frequently publicly expressed her wishes that Mr. Gladstone should accept a peerage, which, while lessening his labors, would enable him to continue Prime Minister. He prefers to continue in the House of Commons, but retire from office.

A boy of eight years in one of the Massachusetts schools was asked by his teacher where the Lord's prayer. He replied: "The spot in the heavens directly over one's head. To test his knowledge further the teacher asked: "Can two persons have the same zenith at the same time?" "They can." "How?" "If one should stand on the other's head."

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Were soon well again—
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There is no remedy to science that will so speedily and effectually cure or relieve lumbago, chronic or acute rheumatism, swollen or stiff joints as *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment* used internally and externally.

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Seven miles of the Panama canal will be built for $7,000,000 by a Lockwood, N. Y., contractor.

Advice is seldom welcome, but when we advise you to try Burdoline we know that results will at least be welcome to you, as thousands of bald heads will testify to.

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