

POETRY.

AT MIDNIGHT.

The room is cold and dark to-night - The fire is low; Why come you, who you love the light, To mock me so?

SELECT STORY.

MISS DARROW'S TEACHER.

"So Portia wants to study mathematics?" Mr. Darrow took off his spectacles, rubbed them upon a soft silk handkerchief, and returned them to his nose once more.

"But, papa," Portia's voice was eager and persuasive. "My education does not satisfy me, you know. It is altogether too superficial. I want to be 'coached'—I believe that is the term—in mathematics and bookkeeping. I am determined not to be a drone in life's hive but to make my own living."

"Nonsense! We are in comfortable circumstances, child. There is no need in the world that you should work." "This house is not our own, papa, and I cannot live in idleness," persisted the girl, stoutly.

"I will never marry Rex Leith," she cried. "Papa, I had thought that the fashion of betrothing people without their knowledge or consent existed only in novels! If you and old Mr. Leith had not been guilty of that foolish attempt at match-making, I might perhaps have learned to like Rex. But now—stamping a small foot with angry emphasis—"he is hateful to me!"

"But, my dear, you have not seen Rex since he was a little boy, and you know a little of what he has done since that period. Perhaps you might be induced to alter your mind, Portia, if you were to meet him once more?"

"I don't want to meet him! I don't care to think about any man who would lead himself to such a plot against my happiness. Papa, I am ashamed of you—you who ought to have known better than to attempt to barter your only child's happiness for a home! It is true that Mr. Leith has allowed to live in this pretty house for several years—I, of course, believing that it was ours by right of purchase; but tell me that the roof over our heads belongs to Rex Leith's father—by right of the mortgage that he holds—and that the only way it can be canceled in by my marriage with his son! Oh, monstrous!"

"The dark eyes flash fire, the sweet face was pale with righteous anger. To Portia Darrow at that moment her father's eyes seemed inexhaustible."

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looked forward to the position at Browne & Grey's as sacred. One day—will Portia ever forget that day?—she had gone to take a walk in the strip of green forest which bounded the home where she had lived so long.

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PRE-COLUMBIAN DISCOVERIES OF

PARNELL'S GRANDMOTHER.

I affirm the following proposition as covering the present condition of American Archaeological science and its result: I. The legend of Atlantis is not a fable, the former existence of that country being attested by evidence equally satisfactory with the lake-dwellers. America is not "The New World" but the oldest of the continents.

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"This America is not the 'New World,' we have the testimony of Agassiz, who says (Historical Sketches, cited in Byss U. S. 12): 'America was the first dry land lifted out of the waters, and hers the first shore washed by the ocean that enveloped all the earth below.'"

When the sedimentary rocks of Mont-guery County in the State of New York, were found those famous Paleontologists, Sir Charles Lyell declared to be "the earliest evidence of organized life upon this planet, the forerunners of man and habitation of the immortal faculty which connects him with celestial beings."

III. The Irish, under Brandon, A. D. 545, were the first to introduce European civilization and to make the first European settlements. Entering the Mississippi from the Gulf, and ascending that stream to its junction with the Ohio, they occupied the banks of these rivers seven years. Brandon was followed by Ermluph and Bao, Irish monks, with their associates, in 827 and afterwards by Madoc of Wales in 1170.

James W. Marshall went across the plains to Oregon in 1844, and thence to California the next year. He was a wheelwright by trade, but, being very ingenious, he could turn his hand to almost anything. So he acted as carpenter for Sutter, and did many other things, among which I may mention making wheels for spinning wool, and looms, reeds, and shuttles for weaving yarn into coarse blankets for the Indians, who did the carding, spinning, weaving and all other labor.

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Apropos of the recent episode which makes the Parnell family more conspicuous than ever before, an old master of reminiscences writes. The attention of the whole civilized world being attracted to the Parnell name, it might interest your readers to know that in the past his grandmother resided here, and in another way was as much an object of remark and comment as her grandson is now.

PRE-COLUMBIAN DISCOVERIES OF

PARNELL'S GRANDMOTHER.

There were two daughters living here with her who shared their mother's peculiarities. One of them I remember distinctly, by whose name was Peggy Stewart, and the other one I cannot recall. Whether either of the ladies was subsequently Mrs. Parnell I do not know, but it would be liable to indulge in the eccentricities which have occasioned so much remark of late.

There was a good deal of kindly sympathy for her here, for no one ever questioned the purity of her motives, and her friends said it was the harsh treatment of the Commodore which produced the strange after-life she led.—New York World.

ALASKA'S BEARS. To the bear hunter the wilds of Alaska offer a paradise that can be found in no other country on the globe, as is attested by the yearly shipments of hides. The most chosen are those of the black bear, which range the woods by hundreds, and the prime skins bring from \$25 up to as high as \$100 in the market.

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HORSES IN A FIGHT.

A West Chester, Pa., special to a New York paper says: A battle between two horses was fought on Michael Murphy's stock farm on the Brandywine, near Milford Mills, this county. On the farm, which covers an extensive territory in East Brandywine and Wallace townships, Mr. Murphy has been laying out a half-mile driving track for use in training and exercising his blooded horses, among which are a half dozen imported stallions. One of these was recently bought in Ireland for \$2,500. Mr. Murphy rode this animal from his home at Milford to superintend the completion of the driving track, and on reaching that part of track where the workmen were putting on the last touches in leveling, he dismounted and

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SAVAGERY THAT WAS SURPRISING. Their shrill cries of anger and pain were heard on the neighboring farms, and men hurried to the scene from all directions and tried to separate the combatants. Clubs, fence rails, shovels and hay forks were alike used, however, for both stallions were in a frenzy of rage, and could not be controlled. One of the grooms had a finger bitten off by one of the furious beasts. Finally at the suggestion of Mr. Murphy, the men all stood aloof and allowed the horses to finish the fight uncontrolled. In a few minutes the Norman, uttering loud roars of pain, turned tail and ran over the field, closely pursued by his Irish opponent. Thus they ran, almost neck to neck, until they reached Glen Mearns, three miles away, where a short but desperate contest between the stallions was captured and eventually stayed. The Norman was the winner beyond all odds in the final meeting, although he fought in the defensive. The Irish stallion is the more seriously injured and it is thought that he will not recover. There are not less than a hundred terrible scars on his body from bites and kicks. Big strips of skin and flesh were torn from his flanks and hips by the sharp teeth of the Norman. The victorious Norman is, however, almost seriously damaged, and may have to be killed to end his misery.

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