THE WOOING OF ERNA

"Bless my soul! twenty! Why he's not more than twenty-eight himself."

"Only twenty-eight!" cried Erna. "Why, that's young. Why did he go away? and why did he stay so long?"

Mrs. Watson sighed and shut her lips tight, as if nothing would tempt her to answer those questions. Erna saw that she had made a mistake, but she also saw that she had asked the very questions she was determined to have answered, if possible.

"Is he nice, Watson?" she asked, with an air of remote interest.

"Nice! Well, I should say, Miss Erna. Until he fell in with those men in London, there wasn't a finer, better nobleman in the kingdom, if I do say it."

"Oh," said Erna, commiseratingly. "Did he have a taste for low company."

"Low company!" cried Watson, on the defensive at once, to Erna's great delight. "Do you call a prince of the blood low company. Perhaps not the most moral—it isn't for me to say—but not what you call low, by any means."

"It is too bad he had to stay away so long, isn't it," insinuated Erna.

"Who told you he had to stay away? That isn't so. He went away of his own accord, and no one knows that a word of what has been said about him is true. For my part I never did and never will believe the stories they tell. But, there! we won't talk of that."

"What a pity!" said the little hypocrite, sadly, "that young men will be so fast."

But Mrs. Watson had put on her thinking cap, and was beginning to see through the wiles of the inquisitive visitor.

"Such a pity!" she said, dryly.

"Do you think he will have a fast set up here at the Castle?" inquired Erna, copying as well as she could the worldly-wise manner of her Aunt Augusta.

Now, Miss Erna," said Watson, rising determinedly, "you can't pump me any more. You did come very near it, but you can't do it any more. I ought to have had my wits about me. Shall I order a glass of wine for you?"

Erna placed herself in front of the housekeeper, and placed her hands on her ample shoulders, while she assumed her most determined and threatening air.

"Watson," she said, "you sha'n't leave this room until you tell me all about Lord Aubrey. I do think it's a shame that you should act so; as if he had done something dreadful. I declare, I will ask him myself.

"Miss Erna!" cried Watson, turning pale with horror. "You would never dare do such a thing. Besides, I don't believe your aunt will permit you to come over here while the earl's in the Castle. I don't mean to say anything against the earl; but if I had a daughter as pretty as you——Well, well, well! I mustn't stand here talking, with so much to be done."

She pushed by Erna without much trouble, and made her retreat before she was betrayed into anything more as indiscreet as her last speech.

"You're a horrid thing!" cried Erna. "Just as horrid as Aunt Augusta. But if you think that I'm going to be treated like a child, and not resent it, you're mistaken. If I have to ask him I'll find out," and she tossed her head in a terribly willful manner.

Selim was waiting for her when she went out, and Jim was leading him up and down in a very miserable frame of mind.

"Miss Erna," he pleaded, "won't you take some other horse? There'll be trouble for both of us. I don't care for myself, but I'd go drown myself— throw myself clean off the cliffs, if anything happened to you."

"Happen to me on a horse, Jim! What are you thinking of?" she cried, getting ready to mount. "Oh, dear!" and she patted the shining neck, now flecked with foam scattered by the impatient creature. "Stand still, just a minute, you beauty. Oh, won't I have a ride!"

"I'm going with you, miss," said Jim, quite white with fear of what he was doing in letting Erna ride Selim, the unmanageable.

"Let go his head, Jim!" ordered Erna, now firmly in the saddle and sitting it as if glued to it, in spite of the pawing and leaping of the restive animal.

"Wait for me, Miss Erna!" cried Jim, loosing the creature's head, and springing back to avoid being stepped on.

For a moment there was a battle between the rider and the horse, and then the latter seemed to conclude to postpone further operations for the time, and subsided into a dancing, sidelong movement that showed him off to splendid advantage.

"Good-by, Jim. I'm going down by Dabney way. I'm going to try the six bar!"

"For Heaven's sake, Miss Erna."

But Erna, with a laugh, was off down the avenue like a rocket, Selim taking matters into his own hands—or teeth, to put it correctly—and making such a pace as was not very safe in that place.

Even madcap Erna felt that, and tried hard to pull him up a little, using every artifice at her command to gain complete control of the unruly animal. That, however, she could not do, though she did succeed in checking his headlong gallop.

But, as she swept down the broad avenue of trees, she saw that the gate was shut. It chilled her a little to see that, but she raised her clear voice in a loud call, hoping some one might be out of the lodge to hear and see her. No one appeared, however, and the great gate stood there to threaten destruction.

What should she do? She had faced danger on horseback. It seemed to her that her head was always clearest when she was mounted on a good horse. She knew she could not check Selim. In his blind fury he would bear straight down on the gate. Ah! if it had only been a six-bar! he could have taken that. The men all said so; and if he could take it, she could sit him.

But it wasn't. It was a massive iron gate, half as high again as any mortal horse could leap. But she must do something. What? what? The wall! Could she swerve him and try him at the wall? It was high. No horse had taken it that she knew of, and she had listened to the men tell of all the great jumps in the country.

But if he went at the gate—— Ah! that would mean broken limbs, death, maybe! And poor Jim! he would kill himself! that was certain. And she would never find out about the earl. It was the wall, or nothing.

All her girlish strength, and it was considerable—far more than your city-bred girl would have had—was exerted to swerve him gently, so that he would head fair for the wall.

The lodge keeper had come out and was gaping in terror, unable, if there had been time, to open the gates. There might be some one passing along the road on the other side. No matter! they could get out of the way.

"Now, Selim! Hi, boy! up!"

It's a high wall, Selim! You would never have been put at it in cold blood; but now you are at it, clear it for the love of the beautiful creature, as wilful as yourself, who sits you so nobly and so bravely! Never blanching at the solid wall, but with clear eye and flaming cheek looking up.

That's right, boy- Down on your haunches! Ah! how the muscles stiffen! bravely, bravely! Ah! well done! Over! tipped it with your hoofs, but the firm hand and quick eye of your rider saved you both! Noble Selim! That story will be told in the stables of the country now.

He was over and down on the hard road, his hoofs ringing clear and firm, and Erna was patting his neck with her little hand, as if she were praising him for the deed he had done, and had no censure at all for his naughtiness in taking the bit.

But the fire was not out of him yet, and, with a shake of the head, he was off down the road at a full gallop, passing like a rocket a stranger who had watched his sudden appearance over the wall with startled eyes.

"I wonder if that's the usual thing," he murmured, as he stood looking after her. "I did not know there was a horse in the country could do that. And who is she? Some pretty hoiden from one of the county families."

She was out of sight by this time, and he approached the gate, which was now open, and through which the white faced lodge keeper was staring in terror.

"Who was that?" demanded the stranger.

The lodge keeper stared at the tall, handsome man, and tried to recall where he had ever seen that grim face and those stern blue eyes.

"Lord ha' mercy!" he suddenly cried. "The earl, himself! I didn't know your lordship! We were not expecting you, your lordship, to-day!"

"I came earlier than I said," replied the earl, in a curt tone. "Who was that?"

"Miss Erna, your lordship."

"Who is Miss Erna?"

"Miss Erna March," replied the lodge keeper, still gaping at the suddenly returned earl.

"And who is Miss Erna March?" demanded the earl in the same grim, hard tone.

"Why, your lordship," replied the man in a sort of embarrassment at the ignorance of his grim master; "they do say as she's your lordship's cousin far removed. But I do not know."

"Hem!" said the earl "I seem to remember. Does she always go out that way? She will break her neck some day."

"She never did it before your lordship. But there never is any knowing what she will do; she's that madcap and headstrong."

"Ah!" said the earl in the tone of one who has no further interest in the subject and walked leisurely up the avenue looking around with interest and a sort of stern melancholy at the familiar scenes.

"Six years!" he muttered. "All this is the same and only I am different. The storms have raged here as they have raged around me; and it may be that there are changes which I cannot see. I wonder if I am changed outwardly."

CHAPTER X.

"That was the earl I saw that day I took the wall," said Erna, one afternoon, as she strolled along the cliffs.

She was talking with herself, since there was no one else near to converse with, and as her thoughts were yet much on the earl, she talked of him. She had persuaded someone to give her a description of the earl, and she had learned that he had walked from the station the afternoon of her ride on Selim.

It did not take her long to put the two things together, and decide that she had seen him, even though in that hurried moment of time.

"I wonder if he did me the honor to ask who I was?" she went on. "I suppose not, for they say he has simply shut himself up at the Castle and has seen nobody. I don't care; I'm going to talk with him somehow. He's my cousin, and I want to see a young man of twenty-eight, who is one of the richest men in the kingdom, who has one of the proudest names, and who yet either remains abroad, or comes home to shut himself up. I am going to talk with him, and I am going to find a highly proper way of bringing it about.'

The subject of her thoughts, meanwhile, was nearer at hand than she suspected. He had been at home a week, and during that time had remained secluded. That is to say, he was not precisely in the Castle all the time; but he had refused to send any sort of notification to the county families of his return, and had even refused—politely enough—to see one of the gentlemen who took it upon himself to call.

He did not confine himself to the Castle at all, however, but was continually going about his vast estate, riding Selim, whom he controlled with the utmost ease, and often going on foot, striding over moor and mountain, cliff and rocky beach, in a grim, tireless fashion that aroused the wonder of the people who saw him.

On the afternoon when Erna was walking on the cliffs above, he was walking on the beach below, though on the other side of the point. Perhaps he was thinking of a wasted life. His head was bowed, and his hands were behind him; and he paced the rocky beach more slowly than was his wont.

Everything was old and familiar, even to the hollows worn in some of the greater rocks; and seldom his eyes fell on anything that did not remind him of a day when he was under the guidance of the mother he had loved, and revered now. He laughed bitterly when he recalled the boyish pleasure he had taken in innocent amusements.

There was the nesting, when he had perilled his life more than once scaling the almost perpendicular cliffs to get a coveted egg for his collection. And once he had joined a life-saving crew to go out through the breakers to save some wrecked unfortunates. And his mother had watched him, with fear in her heart, perhaps, but with a calm air, and had been so proud of him when he returned safely.

Oh, she had never stood in the way of his becoming a brave, strong man, and he might have done her honor. But he had not. He had eaten of the Dead Sea fruit, and the ashes were in his mouth.

"Hoy! hoy!"

The sounds floated down to him out of the silence of the cliff, and there was a note of alarm in the tone that caused him to turn and look quickly up. Was it a woman he saw there suspended apparently about a quarter way down the cliff?

"Help! help!"

There was no doubt of it. Some foolish creature had wandered down there, not realizing, probably, the perilous nature of the descent, and now was in momentary danger of death. All this passed through the earl's brain as he looked. The intention to try to save her was instant.

He quickly scanned the face of the cliff. He remembered the place well, and as he recalled it he knew better than before how dire the woman's peril was. The safest way for him would have been to go around to a path about a quarter of a mile back and decend to her.

But that would have taken to much time, and she might lose her precarious hold in the meantime. He would scale the cliff. He had done it before, and he had done some Alpine and other mountain-climbing since that made him feel sure of himself.

In an instant his coat was off and lying on the sand. The next moment he was climbing the rocks, which seemed almost to lean over him. The woman above him saw what he was doing, and began to wring her hands and cry out something which was entirely lost on him.

He continued to climb with the agility of a sailor and mountaineer combined, and the woman who had called to him ceased to wring her hands, and lay on her face, watching him breathlessly. Once only he made a slip, and a scream rang out from the watcher. Then he steadied himself and went up foot by foot, increasing the terrible distance between him and the beach at each effort.

Once he stooped and looked down, and immediately he caught the agonized cry:

"Don't look down! don't look down!"

"If she knows the dangers so well, and is cool enough to watch me, why did she take such a fool-hardy risk?" he muttered. "Well, he added, cynically, "it is not my business to inquire into the state of her understanding. I shall have had the pleasure of some good exercise, and in addition what happiness may come from preserving a life—to sorrow, perhaps."

He was quite confident of himself now, though had his muscles not been harder than those of the ordinary man of the world, he would have given out some time before. He kept steadily on his way, and within ten minutes was drawn up on the ledge of rock, where a very pale young woman sat, her hands clasped tightly together, and her great brown eyes filled with remorse.

There was a moment of silence between them, and then it was the earl who broke it.

"Oh!" he ejaculated, with a sort of curt wonder, "it is you, eh?"

"Yes, it is I," was the meek answer.

It was Erna March, very much subdued by being face to face with the grim young earl who had just performed a feat that would make him the admiration of the best cliff-climber on the coast.

CHAPTER XI.

There was a renewed silence on the ledge of rock after the brief exchange of words between the madcap girl and the young nobleman. The earl was engaged in recovering his breath, and Erna was engaged in studying, furtively, the face of her distant kinsman.

And the more she studied the less she liked the situation. She found very little encouragement for mirth in the stern blue eyes and set mouth, where it showed under the tawny moustache. He was certainly very handsome—the very noblest and handsome man she had ever seen—but not at all encouraging.

The earl, having recovered his breath, began to look up and down the cliff, and then at Erna. She noticed, with a sort of resentment, that he looked last at her. Then his eyes wandered indifferently from her with more interest to the perilous path she had descended.

"After flowers or something of the sort, I suppose," he said, curtly. "Don't you think you were unwise? But, of course, you don't," he added, with the least shade of contempt in his tone. "You are Erna March, are you not?"

"Yes, sir," stammered Erna, quite humbly.

"I thought I recognized you," he said, carelessly. "Well, do you think you can make the effort to get up there again? I won't let you fall."

"Yes, sir," replied Erna, timidly. "Please don't trouble."

"Don't trouble!" and the earl laughed in his short, grim way. "Well, since I have come up here for the express purpose of getting you away from here, I suppose I may as well insist on taking a little trouble."

His careless irony did not serve to restore Erna's equanimity, and she answered, hastily:

"I am very sorry, but I would not have called if I had thought you would come up. I supposed you would come around. I called to you to go back, but you didn't hear me."

"Thanks for so much consideration," he said, with grim sarcasm. "May I inquire what you would have done, if I had not come."

Erna's head drooped and her face flushed. It was a struggle between shame and indignation, and indignation conquered, as it usually did with her. She tossed her pretty head back and answered, saucily enough:

"I should have gone up alone."

The earl slowly rose to his feet, and leaned carelessly against the face of the cliff, smiling down at her with an air of exasperating indifference.

"Oh!" he said, ironically, looking up the dizzy path and then down at her, "you could have done it, then?"

Perhaps his sarcastic manner, perhaps more still, his calm indifference toward her, stung her. She sprang to her feet with a flushed face, and exclaimed:

"Of course I could."

He caught her arm in his strong grasp an said, quietly

"This is hardly the place for heroics. There isn't room enough.

She turned her face toward him, and her brown eyes flashed wrathfully as she cried out:

"Oh, you are horrid!"

"Quite likely. Shall I assist you now?"

She compressed her lips in impotent anger and shook his hand from her arm.

"I do not need your help. I can go alone," and before he could stop her, she had sprung to the face of the cliff and was climbing up with the assurance and agility of a chamois.

He followed, shrugging his shoulders, but determined to put a stop to similar freaks in the future. When they were both safely at the top, he looked calmly at her for a moment, noting her exquisite beauty, though he showed no sign of doing so.

"Well," he said, at last, "will you now explain the meaning of this?"

(To be continued.)

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EASY TO FROST GLASS.

French Chemist Does the Work by Using Glue.

A French chemist has discovered a very simple and easy way to frost glass, say The Practical Druggist. The method is to cover a tumbler or bottle or other glass object with a thin, smooth and thoroughly laid on covering of glue. Either very good cabinet-maker's glue or fish glue will serve perfectly. The only care that must be taken is to see that there are no air bubbles in the glue after it has been applied, and that the coating is uniform and of even thickness over the entire article.

Glue thus applied to glass sticks to it very tightly. Then it begins to contract as it dries. Now, its tight hold on the glass prevents the layers of glue from contracting without pulling at the glass, and thus, little by little, the glue slits and splits tiny fragments from the surface of the glass.

If certain salts are added to the glue the effect is still more beautiful, because then the splitting of the tiny fragments is done in such a manner that the result forms a perfect resemblance to a frosted window pane. A glass tumbler or flask so treated becomes a beautiful ornament to the room or the glass cabinet.

An aristocrat is a person who thinks more of his ancestors than he does of his posterity.

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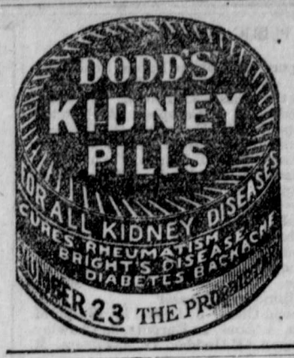

"BIBLICAL LESSONS."

A tyrant smiled on his princess;
A tyrant spoke to his own;
"Cities of strength surrender to me,
And nations build my throne;
My glory is for my kingdom
And I gild my gods of stone
That are greater than Israel's,"
Said the tyrant to his own.

A nation bowed to false idols;
A prophet spoke to his own;
"Israel shall feel a tyrant's wrath
To melt her hearts of stone;
The rod of his anger shall cease,
And the lands of tyrant groan;
For I speak the truth of my God;"
Said the prophet to his own.

The Lord inspired His true prophet;
The prophet spoke to his own;
"Lo! desolate thy cities shall be
Thy fair land white with bones;
Jerusalem shall be a heap,
And [illegible] of dragons moan;
And wa[illegible] gall they shal drink;"
Said the prophet to his own.

An angel stood in a temple;
An angel spoke to the aged;
"Joy and gladness shall come unto thee
Good tidings my message;
Thy wife shall be blessed with a son
At a holy heritage;
Thou shalt call thy noble son, John;"
Said the angel to the aged.

An angel came to a virgin;
An angel spoke to Mary;
"Thou that art favored highly by God,
Hail, the Lord is with thee;
Fear not, for thou favor hast found;
Shalt bring forth a Son, most high;
And His kingdom shall know no end;"
Said the angel to Mary.

Wise men to Jerusalem came;
Three wise men spoke to a king;
"Where is the King, the King of the Jews,
His Star in the heavens swings?
We come, yea, to worship the King;
From the east presents we bring,
The King of the Jews that is born;"
Said these wise men to a king.

The wilderness yields a prophet;
The prophet spoke of the Lord;
"Prepare the way, repent and be saved,
Be baptized for the Lord;
After me there cometh, He
That is mightier than I;
Who'll baptize with the Holy Ghost;"
Said the prophet of the Lord.

The word was with the beginning;
Our Savior spoke to his own;
"Light of the world, King of kings am I,
Salvation I bring alone;
My glory shall crown Calvary,
And the righteous see My throne;
"My Kingdom on earth shall prosper;"
Said our Savior to His own.

An apostle spoke to the Savior,
"Israel, wilt thou rebuild?"
Answered the Lord, "for you it is not
To know thy Father's will;
Ye shall receive power, after
Ye receive the Holy Ghost;
Ye shall be witness unto me;
Yea, save to the uttermost.

Eyes gazed steadfastly to heaven,
They watched the world's Shepherd go;
Spoke unto them, two men robed in white,
"Why stand ye gazing so?
Men of Galilee, He has gone
To His Father's heavenly throne;
He shall come as He went from thre,
Come again to claim His own."

* * *

A shoot shall come out of a stalk;
The branch in justice shall speak;
Trust not his eyes or ears to reprove,
But righteousness shall seek;
He shall Israel gather home,
When the lion rests in peace,
When a little child shall lead them,
And false Judah's envy cease.

W. M. J.

Origin of the Great St. Bernard Hospice.

In an article dealing with the rescue dogs of St. Bernard, a writer in the Wide World Magazine states that the famous Hospice was founded in the year 962 by Barnard de Menthon, a neighboring nobleman, for the benefit of pilgrims journeying to Rome.

For many years after it was erected it was continually being attacked by bands of robbers who infested the mountains. In those days the brave monks were compelled at times to barricade the doors of their stronghold and wait until the weather drove the besiegers away before they dared venture forth. Once it was destroyed by fire, while it was here that Napoleon was entertained when he took his army over the Alps into Italy in the spring of 1800. One hundred and eighty of his soldiers held the pass for a year.

Tourists visiting the hospice from Western Europe naturally ascend the pass on the Swiss side. The last village one passes is Bourg St. Pierre, and at the inn here the laudlord will point with pride to the tiny table and cloth-covered arm-chair which were used by the great soldier as he sat at breakfast early on the morning before he set out on that memorable journey across the Alps. His army numbered thirty thousand men, and for miles they had literally to fight their way, foot by foot, waist-deep in snow. Napoleon converted the hospice into barracks, and the great room where travellers are now sheltered was turned into a huge hospital ward.

DIET FOR DROWSINESS.

Attacks of Sleepiness—Often Result of Owlish Habits.

Sleepiness is a normal and healthy condition when it occurs at the usual bedtime and when not extreme and overpowering, but it is not always associated with sleep. Some persons in perfect health and excellent sleepers hardly know the meaning of drowsiness; they are active mentally and physically until they are in bed; then sleep comes at once, and when it leaves them in the morning they are again in full mental awakeness.

There are less fortunate persons who never have a complete and satisfactory night's rest who are yet almost constantly drowsy; they are always nodding, but when the head touches the pillow sleep recedes and the night is a succession of drowsy lapses to sleep with the instant return of semi-consciousness.

In general, with the exception noted at the beginning of this article, drowsiness is abnormal and indicates something wrong either in the body of the sufferer or in his habits. Those who habitually cut off their hours of sleep, the "night owls" and the burners of the midnight oil, pay for their bad habit by attacks of sleepiness in the afternoon and early evening; later, unfortunately, after the influence of digestion wears off the drowsiness disappears and then, relieved of its burden, the person "sits up to all hours" again, thinking in that way to make up for the hours lost by the drowsiness. If he would abandon his wlish habit, go to bed bedtimes and get the seven or eight hours of continuous sleep that he needs his daytime and evening drowsiness would disappear, he could do more and better work and find life much more enjoyable.

A slight drowsiness is often noticed after a hearty meal because active digestion draws a greater volume of blood to the stomach, so that the brain is relatively poorly supplied. In some southern countries this tendency is favored and the siesta after the nooon meal is a national custom. With us the after dimner cup of black coffee often drives away the impulse to sleep—whether for good or ill may be left to the physiologists to determine.

Sometimes we hear of attacks of sleepiness occurring suddenly at certain periods of the day or at irregular intervals. These are altogether abnormal, and in such cases there is always some poison at work in the nervous centres—usuallly a self-manufactured poison which because it is made in too great quantity or because constipation or kidney diseases prevents its rapid elimination accumulates in the system.

An essential in the treatment of such cases is dieting. Meat should be given up for a time at least, and the only beverage allowable is water or milk.—Youth's Companion.

Log Cabin Sayings.

Reason some folks ain't in no hurry ter go ter heaven is kaze dey don't want de angels ter think dey got de idee dat der treasure won't keep 'twel dey come.

Hit's no wonder ol' Satan goes lak' a race hoss, kaze ever' time he stan's still de ol' sinners saddles all de sins on him.

I reckon we'll be too tired to do much walkin' on de golden streets in Glory, an' ef we have wings ter fly wid, Satan might set fire ter 'um 'fo' we could git back.

Jedgement day looks fur off ter de sinners, but hit's my opinion dat Kunnel Gabriel will wake us all up too soon.

De roundness or de flatness er de worl' don't interfere wid my feelin's; what gits me is how ter fence is one li'l' patch er it whilst de yuther folks is reachin' fer it all.

Adam wuz de fust man in de fruit business, but as de president of a apple trust he never would 'a' been a success.

It may be dat de po' man is de happiest, but he ain't got time ter holler hallelina on de hill-top.

Like Latheus on Aberham's buzzum, I'll want ter go right ter sleep w'en I gits dar, an' I won't leave no instructions ter wake me up airly.

Trouble is so sociable he'll talk ter you all day long, set up wid you all night, and go ter yo' funeral in de rain.

De married man what makes er success er his business is de same feller what listens ter what his ol' 'oman says at de supper table.—Uncle Remus' Magazine.

Tobacco in Kentucky Mountains.

Not only will the greatest crop of tobacco in history be grown in central and northern Kentucky, which has heretofore comprised the burley belt of the State, but from reports which have reached here the mountain counties of eastern Kentucky, stimulated by the high prices which the organization of the Burley Society has recently secured, will this season take up the growth of the weed and the creek bottoms of the mountains will be dotted with little patches of burley tobacco. A resident of this city who recently returned from a trip through Clay and Owsley Counties states that many farmers in that section have planted tobacco beds and are getting ready to plant their rich bottom lands and newly cleared hillsides in tobacco. He says that the crop from this new territory will this year form no inconsiderable quantity. There will be no danger from night riders in that vicinity, and the planters expect to ship their matured crops of tobacco to market down the creeks and rivers by rafts and small boats to Frankfort or Louisville for sale.—Lexington Correspondence Louisville Courier-Journal.

AT THE OPERA.

"Out of sight in that gown, isn't she?" observed a gentleman in the balcony, pointing to Mrs. De Koltay, who occupied a front seat in one of the lower tier of boxes.

"Out of sight? Well, hardly. It strikes me it is the other way about," responded his companion dryly.

Which goes to show the elasticity of the American language, which says one thing and means another. It also shows—but, upon second thoughts, we must respectfully but firmly decline going into any further details.—From the May Bohemian.

Floating Island in the Androscoggin.

One of the peculiar relics of the high water on the Androscoggin came ashore on the Lewiston bank of the river above the falls Friday.

It was a regular floating island which came drifting down and into shallow water. It was one of quite respectable size and on it were trees, several of them described as being six or eight inches in diameter. They were probably part of an overhanging bank which the water undermined and when they broke loose were held together by the intertwined roots.—Kennebec Journal.

The Power of a Tune.

"After the siege of the Pekin Legations, a dozen Russian soldiers, bent on loot and outrage, raided the house in which one of my band-boys lived with his young mother and beautiful sister," said Sir Robert Hart recently, at a dinner at the Authors' Club, London. "The boy snatched his violin and played the Russian National Anthem, and the looters stood to attention. They they left the house without molesting any one."