The E'ening Brings A' Hame.

"Tales of Ten Travelers" Series.

BY EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

The genius of the Morose Traveler had always seemed to be entirely one of observant and possibly critical appreciation. He usually sat silent among us with his head resting in the palms of his hands upturned to the oaken rafters of the ceiling, his chair-back. His face thus partly betrayed little index to his motions. Perhaps he had none, we sometimes thought and even remarked.

We had noticed that one eye was often cocked and squinted toward certain knots and their radiating seams in the beams overhead; and we had come to look upon him as the one nature among us ever alert for flaws.

That any manner of romance had ever stirred his silent life was to us a grotesque idea, even as an idle reflection; and it was a strange experience and curious pleasure to have him at last look around upon us with a little start of suspicious and prophetic temerity, which instantly effected a solum silence in the room. Observing this, the Morose Traveler resumed his fixed inspection of the aged blackened ceiling, and half apologetically began the following singular narrative in low and measured tones.

The inexplicable habit of martial brutality, which is often savagely intensified *with* advancing age, and its possible cure in the face of keen and apparently irrevocable human loss, were never so impressively reavealed to me as on the occasion of a recent visit to the famous and infamous Scottish border village of Gretna Green.

The journey was made partly in the interest of a client, one of the heirs to a considerable estate, and partly for relaxation and pleasure.

"Take your summer vacation in the North," suggested the senior member of our firm; "and secure the proofs of marriage necessary in the Hexam estate case at the same time. You will see a bit of historic border country; and I'll warrant you that you'll be able to dig up some quaint and curious people and things at Gretna as are to be found in the United Kingdom."

It was a strange conceit for a summer vacation, but I fell in with it at once; took the night train for London for the North; breakfasted at old Carlisle and early the same day alighted from a Dumfries-bound train at the pretty, but lonely station of Gretna.

It stands beside the once great coach-road from Carlisle to Glasgow. So far as human eyes could discern, not a soul had housing within its half dozen ruinous habitations. Not a youthful nor wrinkled face pressed against tiny window pane as I passed. No dainty border children skulked like grouse in and out of the pleasant hedges. And not even the snarl of a watchful cur contributed to the fact of arrival, or conveyed a sense of welcome.

I knocked bravely at a few doors without even awakening an echo. Where echo is dead, I reflected, it is dead and silent indeed. I finally straggled into the old kirk-yard. The kirk door was locked fast. I prowled about the ivy covered manse behind. Here lived, I knew, one of those remnants of a half-dead and altogether breathless ecclesiastic system, a parish minister; but evidently he, too, was past awakening.

Then I wandered among the graves. There was at least interest, if not life, here.

That extraordinary priest of Hymen, the first "Bishop of Gretna" immortalized by the vese of Hood, he who had defined bulls of popes, bullyings of Lord-chancellors and edicts of kings, if at, cold, brandy-guzzling Joseph Paisley, lies in that Gretna kirk-yard; and the path to his humble hearth-stone is worn deeper than to the grave of him of purest life, or highest title, whose is now commoner in the same last mold.

His successors as "priests" of the irregular Gretna marriages are buried near; and their headstones are also signs for the curious. Could all the couples, or descendents of all the couples, in England and Scotland that those three men joined together, united in visiting the graves of those to whom they owe their connubial joys or miseries, I mused, what a wonderful pilgrimage it would be!

Why the old coach-road would be massed with folk, a score abreast, away back there over the river Sark and Esk to fortress-crowned Carlisle. And there would be lords and earls and real priests and even prelates among them, too!

I at last became conscious of a presence. Turning, I saw a nose of wondrous proportions with a man of no proportions at all behind it.

The man stood motionless, but the nose seemed possessed of life. It gently swayed pendulum-like in the autumn breeze, as if in compensation of all else dead and still at Gretna.

The man was gnarled and knotty and old and humped, and was clad in that picturesque curtailed garb of the British postman whose skirts are at the waist, the waist at the shoulders and the cuffs at the elbows; with a straight-visored head covering like a truncated dunce's cap; the whole attire wrinkling and concentrating skyward, as if Authority had the British postman eternally in its grip at the nape of the neck to accelerate the action of his nether extremities.

The hands of the old man fluttered about his wrists, suggesting chilly weather; and his two green little eyes, brighter in their green for the red and rheum of their lashes, seemed peering over and around his mighty nose, as if the intellect behind were having a hard time of it settling the exact status of the stranger.

If I could not rave anywhere recognized the odd jumble of clothing and figure as belonging to a British postman, the lonely environment, the recent kirk-yard musings, and the unearthly silence at Gretna, would have conjured the fellow as some gnome on postal service from another world; and the first impulse of the situation was to hold out my hand for the forthcoming ghostly message.

Restraining myself in this, I fell in beside him with civil greeting and we trudged along together down the half street and half highway into the modern but woebegone Gretna village, locally known as the hamlet of Springfield.

The old fellow still seemed in deep study. He would not walk beside me. If I crowded close upon him at one side of the highway, he would suddenly fall behind, bring up in the rear, and patter along there in silence, or hug the hedge at the other side of the way; and whenever I could get a glimpse of his wicked little eyes, they seemed fastened on me with a glitter of intense calculation and venality.

As we reached the edge of the dreary hamlet, a remarkable spectacle of poverty, bestiality, ruin and decay was presented. The King's Arms and Maxwell Arms, standing midway between Gretna kirk and the river Sark—once the most noted posting establishments in the two kingdoms and the resort of barristers, handy-men, "witnesses" and satraps who lived permanently at the inns, filled the rude cottages, or swarmed like harpies about the then busy stable-yards—now seemingly remained but filthy dens where drunken hinds and brawling tramps held common orgie.

The straggling street was overgrown with grass and weeds. Drink-stupid men with blood-shot faces, old women with bloodless faces and barbaric bairns with dirty faces, first eying the old man and then myself, indulged in shruggings and derisive smiles, or leered and hooted at us as we passed.

I chose the Maxwell Arms at my companion's suggestion, and as it was first reached. Its proprietor was a veritable "Meg Merrilies" of a woman, and the ground floor of her inn, chiefly given over to drunken brawlers and reeking with filth, was crowded with plowmen, herdsmen and vagabonds of the road, in various stages of stupor or elation.

All of these seemed to regard my companion and myself in the light of such hilariously fortunate arrivals, that not until I had paid a reckoning for nearly two scores thirsty Scottish gullets, could I avoid sundry demonstrations savoring of hustling and finally secure the seclusion of a musty, dark and vermin-infested apartment. Turning to close the door, the faltering, fumbling hands and the ogre-like face of the old man still confronted me.

"Wor ye seekin' th' meenister;" he asked with a sidewise, uncanny leer.

"The minister?"

"Oh, ay, th' meenister; th' bishop o' Gretna."

No; I was not seeking that worthy; I was looking out for the dead; I managed to explain.

"Wor ye seekin' perteeklar ains?" he urged with cunning insistence.

"Oh, those it will not be difficult to find account of;" I answered temporizingly.

"Oh, ay;" he muttered with a trembling, deprecatory jerk of his head.

Then, a long pause with that hateful glitter of calculation flashing from the little green eyes; and suddenly, while his shriveled old hands rubbed greedily togther:

"Its a lang road frae London to Gretna. Ye cud na come for naught, ye ken; wad ye noo?"

"Gentlemen often travel for pleasure;" I parried.

"Ne'er tae Gretna; na'er tae Gretna;" he retorted with impatience. And then wheedlingly: "Ye cud na be seekin' th' records?"

I subsequently understood the old wretch's meaning. At that moment I did not. But it occurred to me that he was a very old man; a postman; had probably always lived at Gretna; though almost unbearably repulsive and offensive to me, he might somehow be serviceable in my investigations, and I asked him plainly if he could be.

He regarded me for a time with a look of incredulity, suspicious cunning and positively piteous greed; when he solemnly asserted that he was the only soul living who could give any one of an inquiring turn of mind complete information upon the subject of Gretna marriages, past and present. This he would reveal to me on the morrow, at his own cottage, the third one north of the Sark bridge—"if there's siller ahint it!" he almost savagely concluded.

I assured him there was a reasonable amount "of silver behind" whatever he could do for me; whereupon the old man fumbled and fluttered out of the room into the dark hallway, stumped down the creaking stairs, and went his way.

Before visiting my strange acquaintance, I had discovered curious facts regarding Gretna marriages and the hamlet's line of self-pointed "Bishops."

Before the decease of the first "Bishop" of Gretna, old John Paisley, which occurred in 1814, he delegated his office to one David Laing, the husband of his granddaughter. This "Bishop" Lang died in 1827. The third "Bishop" was his son, Simon Laing, who fatted upon the traffic until 1836, when something of a check was given to Gretna marriages by a parliamentary enactment imposing the slight condition upon the Scottish-civil contract marriage, that one of the contracting parties shall have been a resident of Scotland for a period of but twenty-one days preceding such marriage.

This Simon Laing died in 1873. Inquiry disclosed that his son, one William Laing, had succeeded to his office and emolument; was still living; that Gretna was almost as much resorted to then, and still is, for "irregular" marriage ceremony as it was one hundred years ago; though the fine color and great clamor of the old coaching days, when the Carlisle and Glasgow road resounded with ringing hoofs and the shouts of pursued and pursuers, are simply eliminated by the use of the more speedy and convenient railways.

These discoveries quickened my eagerness to keep my appointment with the old postman; for I saw through his cunning and cupidity a means of reaching that curious personage, the then "Bishop of Gretna," who my imagination had conjured as a pompous and merry old wag, and through him the real object of my visit in our client's interests.

Down at the edge of the brae forming the last vestige of Scottish land beside the river Sark, stands a stone cottage, dreary and forbidding as a grim prison keep.

Here I found not the previous day's ogre in blue and red, but a weaned, old, shifting-eyed man of full seventy years, with thin white locks, great horned spectacles half hidden behind that wonderful nose, and the same dwarf-like form clad in a threadbare suit of clerical black.

The old fellow chuckled grimly at my astonishment, and while taking a huge pinch of snuff, croaked triumphantly:

"Yesterday, the postman. Th' day, th' Bishop o' Gretna, ye ken!"

I nodded as the truth flashed over me, and looked upon the bishop's palace wonderingly.

It comprised but one room and a garret. The little street-door was at a corner of the house front. Behind this was a recess and a bed. A back door opened upon a tiny walled kail-yard. Opposite the bed was a wide fireplace where food was cooked upon and against a peat fire as in ancient times. Opening upon the street was one window, wide and low. Against this stood a deal table, and underneath this was a stout oaken iron-bound chest.

The unique character, who I afterward learned had performed more than a thousand Gretna, or civil-contract marriages—simply consisting of an agreement by man and woman to become husband and wife, in the presence of witnesses, with subsequent official registration of the same—sat in sacerdotal state beside the deal table, one arm resting upon a pile of ancient leather-covered record books; his whole manner one of impatient reckoning as to how much "siller" there might be "ahint" any possible transaction between us.

But, like all members of the legal profession, I was not to be hurried. Another person, one who singularly and pathetically impressed me, stood or rather teetered, about the middle of the room. This was the old man's wife; deaf for more than forty years; her voice faded into a touching falsetto gurgle; and her face and thin old form suggested some ghostly, white field flower trembling feebly in the wind-whipped autumn of its passing life.

The old man was fiercely grave and dignified. The old woman was all feeble smiles, swaying salaams and soft and piteous cacklings. For days, subject to the most conscienceless petty blackmail of which I was ever cognizant, I was busy delving among the musty records of this strange marital curiosity shop.

First, after the doors and windows were made fast, the iron-bound oaken chest was opened. This contained the records of nearly ten thousand Gretna marriages, now scarcely more than a mass of shreds, but still quite legible, and on innumerable occasions worth in Scottish and English courts, far more than their weight in gold. These the transcript records were examined. These place at a glance in chronological order every marriage recorded as performed by old Paisley and the three Laings, down to the present time.

Entirely aside from my professional zeal in our client's cause, what an interest and fascination were there in these silent reminders of the romances, the wellnigh tragedies, of the past! And besides, what momentous pages were here written in the lives of not only the lowly but of the proud aristocracy of England and Scotland!

From the first romantic Gretna marriage of the lovelorn Cumberland couple, John Edgar and Jean Scott, who barely escaped with their lives, from their ferocious pursuers across the tempest tossed Solway, in 1771, down to the Cumberland couple who had been married by the old rascal before me only the day preceding my visit, there danced before my astonished eyes the names of the noble and great, in their own handwriting, fates of such as Thomas, Lord Erskine, with Sarah Buck; Edward Conroy with Lady Alicia Parsons, daughter of the Earl of Ross; John George Lampton, grand father of the present Lord Durham, with Miss Cholmundley; Edward Gibbon, Lord Wakefield, with Ellen Turner, for which Lord Wakefield suffered two years' imprisonment, his hasty-made spouse being a ward of the chancery court, which brought the noble wooer within punishable contempt; Lord George William Coventry with Mary Beauclaire, and hundreds of other couples, ancestors of the best blood of Britain to-day!

I soon found I was dealing with the very incarnation of drunken thrift, savage ignorance, aggressive avarice and insensate brutality; all in the person of one who never permitted eyes to rest on those records save for both "siller" and gold; who was cunning itself in all conceivable mean expediences to make my investigations the source of utmost delay and profit, and who added to the unbearableness of my situation by compelling me to witness such bullyings and exquisitely outrageous tormentings of his poor old helpmeet as rendered the memorable Quilp a model of propriety in comparison.

In the first instance, I met cunning with cunning, and eventually trimmed the spurs of his venality by insisting that the desired names were others than they really were; that the marriage, whose record I sought, had probably occurred at Coldstream or some other border town, and that there could be no further object in taxing his episcopal patience and my own purse.

This threw the old ogre into a fever of fear lest further profit should be lost. Making oaths that he had seen the alleged names among the records, I thus cast upon him the burden of anxiety and leisurely followed him in his excited searchings, until my own success had been secretly established.

My resentment became more and more tense. Besides, my compassios for the victim of his endless brutalities was fast taking on the nature of a personal cause.

Her pitiful hopelessness sickened me. What, this side of death, could change the wretched husband's nature, or give that helpless, desolate soul, who had ministered her life long to a fiend without single tender response, one ray of this world's light and brightness?

To a stranger, the brutalities of the wretch were as various as they were blood curdling.

From morning until night, he would shriek out to her vituperative commands and indignities, as if merely give vent to the raging excess of his own evil spirit. She would start, pale, smile, and endeavor in her feeble way to merit at least cessation of his maledictions. But her very meekness and patience seemed to madden him.

"Ye auld pock-pudding!" he would shout with the face of a demon. "Mend yer ways, or I'll let ye grafel (grovel) as I fand ye!" As though the poor thing would not have given her chance of heaven to have been again, safe from his clutches, the humble lassie that she once was!

"Hoot!—jabbering body! Wha can understan' ye?" was as a loving endearment to many of his outbursts; and when the broken life would pant and pause and murmur: "I'll dee! I'll dee—Faith, William I'll dee!" he would roar as if with savage anticipation and delight:

"Weel—dee! Gin yer gau tae heaven, ye can tell 'em that we're all well at Gretna!"

Sometimes out of desperation of her life she would seem to forget at the half-forgotten hope in prayer. Driven to this extremity by his badgerings, she would cry out:

"But I maun just gae doon tae th' garden, an' say my bit wordies!"—her supplication to the Father whose merciful ear such pitiful pleadings must somehow reach.

This always threw the "Bishop of Gretna" into a mementary frenzy. Bounding from the table like a nimble and spiteful gnome, he would seize her, shake her, tweak her, and leave her, unless I was quick enough to prevent this vicious action, an exhausted heap of gurgling despair; out of which would brokenly and moaningly come:

"Ye ken, an' I ken, William; but Laird! God kens to!"

Whereupos the broken life would creep into the tiny kail-yard and mutter her "bit wordies," reappearing at last a groveling and smiling slave.

If I would remonstrate with the old reprobate, he would regard me at first with a savage effrontery. But my stern looks and real indignation would at last effect response.

"Hoot!" he would hoarsely whisper with a vicious leer. "When I gat her for my wife, I gat nae beauty. Her frien's ken I gat nae siller. Th' mair idiot I'd be, if I ha' na grouk (watchful care) o'er th' auld boho!"

I must confess that my hatred of his despicable nature and the hopelessness of mitigating his wife's condition of living death, prompted on my part many impulses of petty revenge. I had been compelled to yield to his many direct demands for drink; to his downright robberies; to countless ignorant, ruffianly insults, and to the more repulsive degradation of tolerating his endless fiendishness to his feeble old wife; while I still half believed his assumptions of priestly power were the veriest sham.

To test the latter, I impugned his high office, railed at his pretensions and contemptuously denied that marriages were now being celebrated by him, that he possessed sufficient intelligence to officiate at a civil-contract marriage, or even to prepare a certificate of so infamous a procedure; and finally so stung his episcopal dignity that he excitedly proffered, for a single sovereign, to illustrate the Gretna ceremonial then and there, with myself for the bridegroom and his teetering, tottering old guidwife, Elizabeth Laing, as bride.

Casting about one evening for reasons and remedies, I discovered that a tiny hole had been cut in the kail-yard wall; that something very like an eager eye was behind it while old Elizabeth was at her evening prayers—saying her "bit wordies" in the tiny garden; and, circling the cottage and quickly asd quietly reaching the spot, I found the banned husband peering through the chink, while tears fell like rain from his gnarled and quivering face.

He attempted to escape like a culprit, but I held him sure and fast.

"Come," I said quietly, "it is time that you began life with your guidwife anew."

"Laird! Laird!" he chokingly answered, "twas time for that lang, lang syne!"

Then I knew that my vacation in the North had not been for naught. I softly opened a little gate and led him within the garden. In a moment more the "Bishop of Gretna" was upon his knees with his own "bit wordies" upon his lips, beside his aged spouse. Then I instantly turned away and left them together.

Whenever I am in the North, I always run over to woe begone Gretna to look in upon the old couple to whom I sustain such peculiar and certified relations. And when I sit with the aged and pitiful pair at their tiny deal table, munching oaten bannocks and sipping steaming tea, I know, in the tenderness of the second childhood that is now upon them, that the oddly reawakened jealous fires in old Elizabeth's testy consort have at last brought to this one cottage by the songful Sark, all the sweet and sacred meaning comprised in that sweetest of all olden Scottish sayings: The e'ening brings a' hame!

THE GREAT INTERIOR.

Some Interesting Items from Points on the Mainland.

LYTTON.

Kamloops Sentinel.

Mr. C. C. Crockett, president of the Fraser River Dredging company, has started work here. He has twenty men engaged building a scow, which is to be 130 feet long and 30 feet wide. It will be self-propelled. The machinery is to be taken from the steamer Delaware. The company belongs to Duluth. Mr. Crockett expects to be ready for work about the last of October. When finished this dredging machine will cost over $50,000. This is the biggest thing we have seen in dredging.

Mr. C. H. Underwood has started work on his claim at Thompson's Siding. The Bootanie company shuts down work to-day. They have not yet decided when work will be resumed. Charles Lual has struck a rich prospect on one of J. M. Buxton's claims. The Van Winkle is booming under the able superintendency of Mr. Brophy.

The Globe hotel has changed hands; it is now under the able management of Samuel Adler of Victoria.

Ninety in the shade is the best we are getting the last three days.

VERNON.

On Sunday last the dwelling house on Sir Arthur Stepney's ranch (formerly Lumby's) was burned with all its contents. Origin of fire uncertain.

Mr. Eillis has a number of men building the new mill north of the jam factory, near Vernon station.

The agricultural society is having exhibition buildings erected on its new grounds at Vernon. Mr. John Hutchison, for the gate receipts and the refreshment stands at five annual shows, is now erecting a hall, 70x130, with an addition 30x30, (as a T), in front. He also puts up certain sheds and an eight foot board fence around five acres, and at the end of five years he engages to hand over these works free to the society. In reply to a request of the society the governor-general replies that he will endeavor to be present at and open the exhibition on Oct. 9th.

KAMLOOPS.

The contract has been let to J. M. Archibald for the new Huson Bay company's building, and work will start in a day or two. The site chosen is the two vacant lots on Victoria street between Mr. Ridley's and Dr. Clarke's houses, making it the most easterly general store of the city. In all respects the new building will be in keeping with the high standing of the company and the large business done in Kamloops, in which it was the pioneer dealer by very many years.

The completion of track laying on the N. & S. railway as far as Slocan lake took Mr. R. Marpole, superintendent of the Pacific division, up that far last Saturday. He went up to New Denver and visited some of the mines of the locality. The railway, he expects, will not be completed through to its destination and have a regular train service before the end of six weeks or two months, but construction trains are passing along the as far as completed at frequent intervals, carrying passengers. Mr. Marpole states that 1800 tons of ore is awaiting shipment, and will begin moving within a fortnight coming out by way of Revelstoke over the new railway.

REVELSTOKE.

Revelstoke Mail.

A. H. Holditch writes that there has recently been discovered an enormous vein of almost pure arsenic in Big Bend, and its owners hope to make it extremely profitable.

A. Beaton arrived down this morning with $1500 in coarse gold and nuggets, which was taken out of the Beaton-Vandall placer mine on French creek by three men in fifteen days.

Charles Molson, who has been trapping and placer mining for the last fifteen months in Big Bend, came down on Monday, bringing a lot of skins, chiefly marten, beaver and wolverine. The pelts were taken during the winter, and are all in prime condition. C. B. Hume & Co. bought the lot, which was valued at over $500.

Last night the houses on Douglas street had narrow escapes, and on Tuesday night the big fires, which for several weeks past have been marching townward through the bush north of the track, had reached within twenty yards of the Revelstoke brewery. The engine was taken up, and plenty of willing hands kept the brewery roofs and walls wet with pails of water. The wind fortunately was not high, and the myriads of sparks which at one time enveloped the buildings did no damage. The engine was kept on the spot until 11.30 p.m., but Mr. Allen, the brewer, with some helpers, did not go to bed. The fire is still burning, but it is believed all danger to the town is over.

THOMPSON'S

The new wagon road to Trout lake is being rapidly pushed forward. One gang is now working within three miles of Trout Lake City. Mr. Ross, the superintendent, reports that there is considerable heavy work to be done between the big canyon and Trout Lake City.

Dan McDonald and partner, old time Slocan prospectors, were shown some rich silver dry ore float that had been picked up by a prospector several years ago north of Trout lake. Dan and his partner found the float from the directions given, and after twelve days' hard work succeeded in finding the lead, and made two locations. They describe it as a good strong ledge, and judging from the specimens shown at Thompson's they have a good thing.

Parties here report seeing big boulders of galena which have broken loose from the Rob Roy, which belongs to Mr. Hugh Ross, and have rolled down the hill. One of the miners north of Trout lake has a chimney built of galena, and when he goes to boil his beans and fry his bacon the bullion rolls down among the ashes.

The water in Lardeau creek is still too high for placer mining, but most of those who have made locations are sanguine of finding the yellow dross when the water goes down, which will be in about two weeks, and are getting ready to commence operations when the time arrives.

FORT STEELE.

Golden Era.

Prospctors still come in from the American side, and recently a good prospect has been found up Wild Horse creek. A ledge of free milling gold cropping out for nearly four thousand feet, of which a rough assay gives a return of about $2,000 to the ton.

Mr. Laird is putting down a shaft near the Victoria gulch. This will test the deep ground. The work is in charge of Mr. Robert Jennings, and could not be in better hands.

PORT HAMMOND.

Port Hammond, Aug. 4.—Haying is nearly completed in this neighborhood, the crop being an exceptionally heavy one. On the Howison estate some sixty tons have been safely housed.

General satisfaction is expressed here on so many of Mr. Murray's pupils having passed the teachers' examination; it speaks volumes for Mr. Murray's management of the school at Maple Ridge.

A party consisting of Messrs. R. L. Codd, W. G. Clapcott, Arthur Codd and W. G. Newton left here on Wednesday morning for Lillooet river for trout fishing. They were successful in securing some very fine fish.

Your correspondent has had his attention called to a letter in the Columbian signed "Sub" in which the writer says the Fraser river "rose at least eight feet higher a number of years ago than it did during 1894." We would be glad if the writer would give the date of such an occurrence, as in the memory of the oldest inhabitant such a flood as that which happened in 1894, was never known before. The author of the article referred to is "a little out" in his calculations.

ECONOMY IN EATING.

How to Secure the Greatest Amount of Benefit for the Least Money.

A Washington dispatch in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat says, there are three charts hanging in the office of Secretary of Agriculture Morton covered with black, red, blue, yellow and green lines, and at the end of each bunch of lines are familiar names, such as beefsteak, mutton chops, milk, oysters, codfish, salted mackerel, roast beef, veal, pork, bacon, ham, eggs, bread and different kinds of vegetables. The secretary says that a man who will seer his kitchen by these charts can get benefit from it with the smallest expenditure of money, and that it is a practical lesson which he wants to teach the working people of the United States.

The first chart begins with meat, like beef, mutton, pork, codfish, etc., and follows down to bread, milk, vegetables, sugar, etc. Colored charts are used to indicate the ingredients and the degree of nutrition in each of these kinds of food, so that a man by studying the chart, and carrying in his mind the meaning of the different colors, can readily see the effect of the use of each kind of food upon the human body. For example it is shown that round steaks will produce the most strength; that the side loin has the most potential energy, as it is called because it contains more fat, and fat produces heat and warms the body and gives the most force. It shows, too, that of all the cereals, oatmeal gives the most energy, although there is a prevailing opinion that beans are superior in this respect.

The second chart shows the pecuniary economy of food. The amount of actually nutritious matter obtained in the different articles of food is given, with 25 cents as a standard. A list of the principal food products, with the price per pound, is shown, while in another column is given the amount that can be purchased for 25 cents. In the third column is the amount of tissue, muscle and energy that is contained in 25 cents' worth of each article. Twenty-five cents' worth of round steak for example, will furnish more energy than can be had in any other form. Salt pork will produce more heat, however, and is a good diet for a laboring man in a cold climate. The chart shows that 25 cents spent for oysters is the most profitless investment for food strengh. The same amount of money spent in milk or eggs will give several times as much nutrition.

Miscellany.

Man and horse are wonderfully alike. Whatever distresses the one would distress the other. God designed them to be the best of friends, and to abuse a horse is mean and cowardly to the last degree.

In a lecture at the British Royal institution Sir Howard Grubb has recently discussed the great telescopes of the future. The main point of his new proposal is to mount a colossal instrument so that it practically floats on a fluid support. In this way even the greatest reflectors and refractors could be properly sustained. They would, it is believed, move with a smoothness and steadiness not attainable with supports ordinarily employed. By this method Sir Howard Grubb proposes to render the large telescope more suitably adapted for photographing the heavens. In the ordinary visual use of the telescope slight irregularities in the movement of the instrument are merely inconvenient, but for the accurate demands of photography absolute precision in movement is required. When this is wanting the result of a photograph is to represent each star as a streak instead of a round sharp dot, which the properly exposed plate should produce.—Philadelphia Record.

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