

to the station, then to Wynbridge, then to Ber-rylands, then to bed, she does not exactly know. People talk at her, talk to her, talk about her. She sees no one but Rae, hears no one but Rae, minds no one but Rae. She has suddenly become a heroine. No matter; she will be Rae's wife some day; that is glory sufficient for her.

"Ah," says Louie delightedly, as she slips Mrs. Thorn-dyke's Indian tea on the following after-noon, having looked in at Chestnut-villa to report the progress of mademoiselle *la Fanofe's* sprained ankle, over which Captain Tewell is at present maintaining a rigorous guard, "I told you how it would be, didn't I? Never mind; I daresay Isobel won't break her heart about him after all."

"Break her heart!" exclaimed Mrs. Thorn-dyke, laughing beautifully. "Girls, as a rule, do not break their hearts about their adopted brothers, my dear Mrs. Danger."

Mrs. Danger feels grateful for this valuable piece of information.

A September day; such a September day!

"Whereon it is enough for me
Not to be doing, but to be."

There has been a wedding at Wynbridge Church this morning; not a grand wedding by any means; no prancings or curvettings, no hired broughams, no gorgeous guests, or other pomps and vanities; merely a wedding, the simple wedding to each other of two souls, two lives. And yet folks declare this bride and bride-groom to be in some wise enviable, they are hap-py, they are handsome, they are prosperous, they are honestly and manifestly in love with each other.

Married from Berrylands, say you. Come along, let's have a look at them as they drive off to the station, to sunny Belgium, to the out-side world; Micky sitting upon the box as grave as a judge.

Here they are! What a dust! Good-luck, Grace! Good-luck, Rae!

A smile, a nod, maybe a hand-kiss, and they are gone!

"One touch of fire—and all the rest is mystery!"
THE END.

ANOTHER DOG STORY.

It does not make any difference whether your name is Keyser or not, if you want to buy a dog, there is one for sale cheap on a canal boat now braving the billows somewhere east of Frankfort. The captain of the boat is an Oswego man, and it is but one short week since he spliced his mainbrace and let out the reefs in his driver, and got three sheets in the wind, and made all necessary preparations for a pros- perous voyage. His wife sang, "Write me a Letter, Love," in the cabin; his children played on deck; his steeds aired their frames on the tow-path, his hand was on the rudder, and his mate was just recovering from a farewell at- tack of delirium tremens in the forward cabin. The captain gazed proudly around him, and could think of nothing necessary to complete his happiness; but his wife, wiser than he, thought they needed a dog—a nice Newfound- land—to play with the children, fish them out when they fell into the canal, and watch the deckhands when the captain was off after gro- ceries.

Coming through West Utica on Saturday, the captain bought a nice Newfoundland dog. He got him at a bargain; in fact, he got him for nothing, so to speak, because the man who owned the dog was not around at the time the bargain was made. The captain had the dog, but still he was not happy. The dog had a way of barking at passing crafts, and so drew upon his captain's boat frequent showers of coal and wood, and he would dive down the steep steps into the cabin suddenly and upset the captain's wife. Once he lit right on the table and spoiled a pound of butter, and he was altogether too playful.

Yesterday the captain, who is a pious man, tied up, and put out his plank just east of the city, and started with his children to go to the park and to observe the day after the manner of the vicinity. The dog started, too, and as soon as he got on shore he began to caper and wag his tail, and so wagged one of the children flat on its blessed back. The baby yelled and the captain made some tender remarks as he set it on its pious feet, and some other remarks as he shook his fist at the dog. The dog mis- understood the man and came running back, full of fun, and made a jump to lick his face. He missed the man, but he knocked the other child into the canal, and the father, without waiting to make any remarks, jumped in after it. The dog, being to the water born, knew just what to do, and he went cavorting off to get a good headway, barking to himself at every jump, and just as the man got to the top of the water with his darling child, the dog took a flying leap of about twenty feet, and struck on top of the man. Well, the water that man spurted around was boiling hot with the oaths he spluttered with it, and his wife pranced around on the deck of the boat, and flung a pole to the old man, which the dog promptly dragged and pulled ashore, and the captain was nearly drowned before he trod the shore again.

The dog is an intelligent animal—very intelli- gent indeed; and just as soon as he saw that mariner's face he knew that something was wrong, so he slunk up the plank on board. The captain gathered what loose granite and lum- ber he could in a hurried but earnest search, and marched up the plank, the grimest figure of Neptune ever done in Mohawk Valley mud. As soon as he got on board he opened a hot fire

on the dog, and that sagacious brute went yelp- ing through the forward hatch, and stuck in the bunk, where the mate lay musing about the devil. When the mate saw the dog he thought the evil one had come for him sure enough, and he braced himself for one last fight, so that when the captain jumped down in pursuit of the dog, there was a mutual misunderstanding all around. The captain's wife looked down and tried to explain, but there was a confused whirl- pool of bunk boards and hair, and bedding, and legs and arms, with an occasional infusion of dog, that it seemed idle to waste her breath in talking to such a circus.

To-day the bow of that fatal craft cuts the water solemnly, and at the helm stands the wreck of that captain, fastened together with strips of plaster, and smelling of liniment, and ever and anon he surrenders the rudder to his wife, while he goes forward to hammer a de- fected dog, which is for sale, or to listen to the meanings of the maniac confined under the for- ward hatch.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

THE RIGHT AND WRONG SIDES.—Like most garments, like most carpets, everything has a right side and a wrong side. You can take any joy, and by turning it round find troubles on the other side; or you may take the greatest trou- ble, and by turning it round find joys on the other side. The gloomiest mountain never casts a shadow on both sides at once, nor does the greatest of life's calamities.

BADMINTON GAME.—The game of battledore and shuttlecock is becoming popular in certain high circles of society, where it is known as "Badminton." The game is played by forming two courts, which are separated by a cord; sides are chosen; the winners of the toss select their court, and endeavor to direct the shuttle- cock into their adversaries' court to an unguard- ed point, from whence it cannot be returned over the string. The shuttlecock must be kept "alive," and whichever side allows it to drop in their court loses a point, fifteen points being "game."

A GREAT ACTRESS' CONSIDERATION.—A writer says that Charlotte Cushman's hair is white, but her heart is young, her complexion fresh, her step firm, her mind bright, and her memory retentive. She commands attention by her ability, and wins and holds affection by her simple manners and honest enthusiasm. I am glad to repeat that she has grown wealthy, and that she is a property holder in Philadel- phia, New York, Rhode Island, and I think in Rome, because she uses what is her own for the benefit of those who share her friendship and deserve her charity. And what sheds a rich lustre on her character is the kindness with which she treats her own profession. I said to her: "You are now alone in your great art—your fame has no competitor. Where shall we find an equal to succeed you?" "No, my good friend," was her sweet reply, "nobody is indis- pensable. Mme. Janaschek is my equal, and, besides, she is younger, and so handsome."

NEVER GIVE UP.—Who are our rich men—our distinguished men—our most useful men? Those who have been cast down but not de- stroyed—who, when the breeze of adversity swept away their props, sought new standards, pushed on, looked up and became what you be- hold them now. A glorious sentence and worthy to be inspired—Never give up! Men are not made—they make themselves. A steady per- severance, a determination never to sink though millstones were hanged about thy neck is the true doctrine. It is this that has made the wilderness blossom, that has given wings to the ocean, filled valleys, levelled mountains, and built up the great cities of the world. Who then is a coward and yields simpering before the blast? Who is a suckling and cowers before a cloud? Is it you, young man, stout, strong and healthy as you are? Shame—shame on you! You are big enough to possess an iron heart, and to break down mountains at a blow. Up and let this be a day of your redemption. Resolve to be a coward no longer, even if you are obliged to stand with a red-hot iron upon your brow. Never give up!

SHAKESPEARE'S SKULLS.—A certain man, whose scientific tastes led him to collect the skulls of celebrated persons, one day received a visit from a man with whom he was accus- tomed to deal.

"What do you bring me here?" asked the baron, as the man slowly unwrapped a carefully enveloped package.

"The skull of Shakespeare."

"Impossible!"

"I speak the truth, monsieur le baron. Here is proof of what I say," said the dealer, produc- ing some papers.

"But," replied the baron, drawing aside the drapery which concealed his own singular col- lection, "I already possess that skull."

"He must have been a rogue who sold you that," was the remark of the honest dealer.

"Who was it, monsieur?"

"Your father," said the baron, in a mild tone;

"he sold it to me about twenty-nine years ago."

The broker was, for the moment, disconcerted, then he exclaimed, with vivacity:

"I comprehend. Be good enough to observe the small dimensions of the skull on your shelf. Remark the narrow occiput, the undeveloped forehead, where intelligence is still mute. It is of Shakespeare certainly, but of Shakespeare as a child about twelve or fourteen years old; whereas this is of Shakespeare when he had at-

tained a certain age and had become the great genius of which England is so justly proud."

The connoisseur bought the second head.

WOMAN ON THE TRAIN.—She comes down to the depot in an express wagon three hours be- fore train time. She insists on sitting on her trunk, out on the platform to keep it from being stolen. She picks up her reticule, fan, parasol, lunch-basket, small pot with a house-plant in it, shawl, paper bag of candy, bouquet, (she never travels without one), small tumbler, and extra veil, and chases hysterically after every switch engine that goes by, under the impres- sion that it is her train. Her voice trembles as she presents herself at the restaurant and tries to buy a ticket, and she knocks with the handle of her parasol at the old, dilaused tool-house in vain hopes that the baggage man will come out and check her trunk. She asks everybody in the depot and on the platform when her train will start, and where it will stand, and looking straight at the great clock, says: "What time is it now?" She sees with terror the baggage- man shy her trunk into a car where two men are smoking, instead of locking it up by itself in a large, strong, brown car with "Bad order shops," chalked on the side, which she has long ago determined to be the baggage-car, as the only safe one in sight. Although the first at depot, she sits to the end of her journey in an agony of apprehension that she has got on the wrong train, and will be landed at some strange station, put in a close carriage, drugged, and murdered, and to every last male passenger who walks down the aisle she stands up and presents her ticket, which she invariably carries in her hand. She finally recognizes her waiting friends on the platform, leaves the car in a burst of gratitude, and the train is ten miles away before she remembers that her reticule, fan, parasol, lunch-basket, verbena, shawl, candy, tumbler, veil, and bouquet are on the car-seat where she has left them, or in the depot at Peoria, for the life of her she can't tell which.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

ARTIFICIAL BUTTER.—This article who is manufactured in New York gives satisfaction.

WHY A KEROSENE LAMP EXPLODES.—Gene- rally there is a leak; and when the oil gets low, the space above it is filled with gas, which is thus readily inflamed. In the case of very poor oil, the heat is sufficient to cause explo- sion.

MILDEW.—Mildew consists of microscopic fungi, the growth of which is produced by mois- ture and a close atmosphere. A remedy for mildewed linen is as follows: Soap the surface of the articles well and rub into them, while wet, finely powdered chalk.

ENAMELING.—Iron vessels are enameled by first cleaning with dilute sulphuric acid; the porcelain mixture is then applied in the form of a paste consisting of calcined ground flints, borax and potter's clay; and when this coating has set or become firm, the enamel is sifted over the surface, and then fused in a furnace.

JAR BY LIGHTNING.—When we see a chain of lightning pass from the clouds to the ground, say at a distance of four miles, we feel no jar until we hear the report. What is it that causes the jar and makes the windows rattle? Is it caused by the sound passing through the air, or is it caused by the electricity coming in contact with the earth? The jar is probably due to the disturbance of the air.

HOAR FROST.—Hoar frost is frozen dew, and is never formed at a higher temperature than 32° Fahrenheit. It is true, however, that a thermometer placed in the vicinity might mark a higher temperature, because frost is some- times formed by rapid evaporation of moisture from the surface of the ground, so that the temperature is lower than that of the surround- ing atmosphere. But if some of the frost were collected and placed on the bulb of the thermo- meter, it would cause the mercury to fall to 32°.

OMNIBUS IMPROVEMENTS.—A new omnibus is shortly to be introduced into London suppli- ed with an ingenious mechanical contrivance for registering every person who enters and leaves the vehicle. It is also to be provided with an awning for the comfort of outside pas- sengers. At last the omnibus proprietors have decided to provide their vehicles with patent brakes. It has been a source of wonder to every sensible man for a long while why this simple contrivance should not have been adopted to save the terrible strain upon the collars of the horses.

EFFECT OF MANURES ON WEEDS.—The appli- cation of manures suited to particular kinds of cultivated plants appears to have an excellent effect in checking the growth of weeds, which would otherwise prove injurious. In regard to clover, it was found that when the land was wholly unmanured the weeds formed 57 per cent. of the entire yield; but that the applica- tion of gypsum reduced the proportion of weeds to 2 per cent. "Nitrogenous manures had very slight effect, and phosphatic manures but little more. We must not from this, however, con- sider gypsum as an antidote to weeds in general, since it is a specific manure for clover, and gives it a power to struggle successfully with the weeds, and crowd them out.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY IN TELEGRAPHY.—The Scotsman reports a most important discov- ery in telegraphy, which enables the operator to send two messages in opposite directions through the cable at once. It has been actually used on a section of the Eastern Telegraphs' line, between Lisbon and Gibraltar, and Malta and Alexandria, and can be applied, the opera-

tors believe, to much longer sections. We sin- cerely hope it will, and that the public will at last get communication between England and India at reasonable rates. To business men price may make little difference, but to the public a rate of £4 for ten words is practically prohibitory. We want a communication at two shillings a word as the maximum rate of charge.

DISINFECTANTS.—Herr Eckstein, of Vienna, strongly recommends chloride of lime as the cheapest and best of all disinfectants. His ex- periments with various substances used for this purpose show some curious results. Thus, two pounds of sulphate of iron, dissolved in water and poured into a saucer, at first liberated sul- phuretted hydrogen, and after twelve hours no longer produced any effect; a solution of sul- phate of copper behaved in the same manner; two pounds of crystals of green vitriol retained its action for two days; a mixture of sulphates of iron and copper and carbolic acid lasted two days; sulphurous acid was suffocating, and ceased to act in one day; and carbolic acid pro- duced a worse odour in the house than the bad gases that proceeded from the sewer.

HOW TO MAKE MUCILAGE.—The ordinary mucilage sold at the stationers is far inferior to the old fashioned solution of gum arabic. This mucilage seems to be a solution of dextrin of British gum. Dextrin is formed by the action of dilute boiling acids, or by an infusion of malt at about 160° Fah., on starch. It is also formed when potato starch is exposed to a heat of about 400° Fah. You can make gum dextrin, on the large scale, by observing the following process and proportions: Malt (crushed small) 1 lb., warm water 2 gal., mix, heat the whole to 145° Fah., add potato starch 5 lbs., raise the heat to 160° or 165° Fah., mash for 25 minutes, or until liquid becomes thin and clear. Then instantly run off and raise to boiling point to prevent formation of sugar. After boiling 3 or 4 minutes, filter and evaporate to dryness by steam heat.

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

A CONNECTICUT editor offers to vaccinate, free of charge, all new prepaying subscribers to his paper.

"WHAT'S the use of trying to be honest?" asked a young man the other day of a friend. "Oh, you ought to try it once to see!" was the reply.

A FACETIOUS Massachusetts grocer announces on a placard at the door "A fresh invoice of choice lickers," when he receives a new lot of smoked tongues.

A BRIDEGROOM sent an account of his wed- ding to the village paper, and was mortified when "the lady's wedding trousseau" came out in print "the wedding trousers."

A YOUNG student wants us to tell him, if W-o-r-c-e-s-t-e-r spells Wooster, why R-o-c-h-e-s-t- e-r don't spell Rooster. We give it up, as we are not engaged in getting up dictionaries.

"IDEALRE mother," said a pretty little girl in a pretty little way, "tis too bad! you al- ways send me to bed when I am not sleepy; and you always make me get up when I am sleepy!"

A FASCINATING young lady at one of our re- sorts, on being asked recently if she had ever read Shakespeare, tossed her pretty head with the answer: "Shakespeare? Of course I have; I read that when it first came out."

AN assessor asked a woman how many chickens she had, and, doubting her word, pro- ceeded to count them. She took him to the beehive, kicked it over, and invited him to count the bees. He'll take a woman's word the next time.

AN Indiana man claims to have succeeded in playing a thorough confidence game upon the potato-bug. He planted a grain of corn in each potato hill, and as the corn came up first, the bugs thought it was a corn field, and started for other scenes.

POLITE GENTLEMAN: "Good morning, sir. How do you find yourself to-day?" Deaf gentle- man: "Very stormy and disagreeable." Polite gentleman (slightly astonished, but determined to recover lost ground): "Indeed! How is your good wife, sir?" Deaf gentleman: "Very blun- tering, indeed."

AN urchin of seven years went into a barber's shop, a little while back, and ordered the bar- ber to cut his hair as short as the shears could do it. He was asked if his mother ordered it that way. "No," replied he; "school begins next week, and we have got a schoolmistress that pulls hair."

A TEACHER in one of the Southern States was sitting at the window of her room watching two negroes loading goods into a cart. One of them was disposed to shirk. The other stopped and looking sharply at the lazy one said: "Sam, do you expect to go to heaven?" "Yes," "Then take hold and lift!"

At a Village church on Sunday, while the organ was playing vociferously, a good lady whispering to her neighbour in the pew, had to raise her voice quite high in order to be heard. Suddenly the organ changed from loud to soft, when the lady, not taking notice of the organ, was heard to say to her friend, "we fry ours in butter."

"I SAW," says a reporter, "a dog bite a man in the leg in the market. The man laugh- ed and the dog bit, and it was a queer sight to look at, for the harder the dog bit the louder the man laughed, until the dog fainted away from exhaustion. It was the best sell on a dog that I ever met with in this section. The man had a cork leg, and the dog left his teeth stick- ing in it."