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THE GOSPEL HOUSEHOLD COURIER

DEVOTED TO ENTERTAINING AND INSTRUCTIVE LITERATURE

CAN SHE TRUST HIM?

Inez Claire turned her haughty dark face from the gypsy, and crossed the sword to where her lover and her cousin stood.

"What did she tell you, that your lips curl so, Inez?" asked Roy Alton with a smile; "one would almost fancy the old-witch had tried to make you fear some evil."

"She did," answered the girl scornfully, her dark eyes flashing; "falsehood and treachery are evils, are they not? She said, they were about me—falsehood on the lips I kissed, treachery in the hearts I trusted. Bah! how foolish it is to give one's hand to such a creature, and allow her to say such things."

"One never does so in faith," laughed pretty golden-haired Beatrice Laven, the cousin, who, being orphaned and penniless, owed all things to the wealthy and generous Inez.

"And why not, my beautiful lady?" asked the old crone, who had followed Inez, and paused near. "Is it that you doubt, because my eyes might pierce the mask you wear, and my lips might speak of the arts you use, by which you make a man false to his pledged word, and plunge into the heart of one who has been kind to you a dagger keen enough to slay her? Your fair face is pale, lady, and your blue eyes are full of fear; yet you paled not when you stole out to meet another's affianced husband, and you feared not that he who was won in falsehood would be as false some day to yourself. Ah, blue-eyed beauty with the traitorous heart, will you let me read the lines of your hand and warn you?"

Beatrice shrank under the eyes of the seeress, and clung to Roy's arm, her fair face deathly in its whiteness. "She is horrible! Let us go," faltered the rose-leaf lips.

And the crone laughed as they went slightly away from her through the sunlight.

"Pride, and love, and treachery, and falsehood!" muttered the gypsy. "Of such things can I prophesy to all, and never speak amiss. But for this fair beauty, and the man beside her—I was abroad last night, and they did not see me, as they talked of love which must be kept secret. Bosh! such love must die, as die the roses. I read all human hearts, and they give me gold, thinking I read the stars."

Meanwhile, through the scents of the Maytime went the three, and Roy whispered a low word to Beatrice which Inez did not hear.

Untroubled by the crone's predictions, in faith as strong as the love in her proud true heart, Inez never dreamed of suspecting that her lover's whispers could be "but stricken air," or that the hearts she leaned on and fully trusted planned their treachery at her very side.

Roy lingered at the stately home of Inez until the moon was high, and she accompanied him down the steps, and part way to the gate that divided their father's lands.

There, in the clear light of the full May moon, they said good-night, and she stood watching him as he went, until the shadows hid him from her.

"My love—my kingly loyal lover!" she murmured.

Then a sudden thought came—she had not told him of a certain plan for the morrow, formed by herself and Beatrice.

She would fit after him, glide up to him ere he reached the gate—alip he

hand in his, and laugh at his glad surprise.

With light feet she hurried after, reached the shadows which had enfolded him, passed through them and paused; like a startled doe, on their edge, a fierce incredulous scorn growing in her eyes, her proud face blanching, swiftly, sharply, as blanch the faces of those smitten suddenly to the heart.

He stood before her, only a few feet away—his lover, her promised husband—with a slight white-clad figure in his arms, a dainty golden head, uncovered to the moonbeams, nestling close to his heart, while her cousin's red lips laughed merrily up at him, and her cousin's white hand held back his face from hers.

"Nay," Inez heard the girlish voice say, with the laugh in it, "you shall not kiss me. The gypsy said you would be as false to me, some day, as you are now to Inez."

"And you doubt me—you who have made me chafe against my bondage until I am willing to free myself in any way, at any cost, for your sake?"

The girl in the shadows heard it all—heard, and made no sign. The love of long years, of her youth, was dying, but dying as the strong die, in silence.

The faith that had lived in her heart for this man was breaking as break the gossamers of the spider's weaving in the storm; but she gave no cry, made no sound, only stood, heart-sick and soul-wounded, on the very edge of the shadows.

"If Inez heard you say that, I think she would set you free!" laughed Beatrice.

And Inez, with a sudden hardly-drawn breath crossing her whitened lips, advanced till she stood beside them.

"You are right, my cousin," she said unwaveringly. "I have heard, and I set him free—free of all things save the reproach I must ever feel for an acted lie. Here, Roy!"

She drew off and extended towards him the ring with which he had pledged her.

He, startled, shamed, shrieking under the steady scornful gaze of her dark eyes, with his arms fallen from about her cousin, and his own face crimson with hot, traitor-blood, felt the old spell fall over his heart once more and the new one pass from it.

"Inez," he said pleadingly, "listen. I will—"

But she unclosed her fingers, and the ring fell at his feet! She turned and passed again into the shadows.

Beatrice laid her hand on his arm and smiled in his face.

"You are free now, Roy," she said softly. "Are you not glad?"

He looked down at the fair face that had so charmed him, and it suddenly lost all beauty for him.

"You want me to answer honestly?"

"Why, of course!"

"Then"—he spoke through shut teeth and more cruelly than he realized—"then, Beatrice, no, I am not glad! I would give all I own to have all things as they were before your coming between Inez and myself. Now you understand, and now will you care to wear the ring she cast back to me?"

A hot color lived transiently in the pretty face, then died; a look of pain was followed by a flaming wrath in the blue eyes.

"No!" rang out her angry silver tones; "no, Roy Alton! False to her, and false as well to me! Farewell!"

And she left him standing, wondering at his own sensations, feeling a dull pain at his heart for the broken

truth, although an hour before he had wished it broken.

Fate sometimes grants a prayer, in very scorn of man.

Five years later, Inez Claire, still unwedded, although Beatrice had for years been the wife of a man old enough to be her father, but wealthy—Inez Claire entered a city hospital by merest chance.

The nurses were gliding from couch to couch, silent, gentle, soothing, now laying soft cool hands on a flushed cheek, now touching with silent fingers a bandage, now holding a draught to fevered lips.

Inez followed one whose voice and touch seemed to calm and heal, as she went among the sufferers; and this one paused, at last, and stood long gazing on the wan worn face of a man which lay still on its pillow.

Such a white cold face—such a thin bloodless face. Inez felt her own pulses pause as she looked on it; then a low agonized cry broke from her, and she darted forward and caught the nurse's arm.

"Is he dead? Oh, tell me that he is not dead—my love, my love!"

The nurse took her hand gently, and laid a finger on her own lips.

"He is sleeping," she said softly; "they sleep so after a long fever. Ah, his eyes unclosed! Back, my dear lady. Do not let him see you, lest it should excite him, and he is so weak."

But his lids had lifted, his eyes were fastened on the face of Inez, and with an effort he put out a thin weak hand.

"Inez," he whispered; "Inez, will you stay beside me for a little while? It will be but a little while, for I am dying. But stay, Inez, because—because, dear, I have seen no woman like you in all the years since that May night, and my—my heart has ached for you—beyond my telling. I was weak, false, but—but—"

"Hush!" faltered Inez, bending over him until her lips almost touched his cheek; "speak no more, Roy. I will stay, and you shall not die, for I have pardoned the past, and the old love has not perished."

"Stay," whispered the nurse; "bid him sleep, and have no fear for his life. He is but weak after a long fever."

And so they met, and the old love which had slept for a brief time in the man's heart, lulled by the charm of a new fair face, awakened to sleep no more; and the woman, never having forgotten, forgave as readily as most loving women do, even the lover who returns repentant from his straying.

A month later there was a quiet wedding, at which Beatrice was not present. When she heard, the fair beauty smiled a trifle scornfully.

"How can she trust him?" she asked. "He was false to her once, and as false to me," she added with a touch of angry bitterness.

But Inez feared no rival now.

A young man who smokes cigarettes stands no show of obtaining admission to the naval or military academy.

A granite shaft recently quarried by the Bodwell granite company in Vinalhaven, Me., is the largest piece of stone ever quarried on earth, and if erected will be the highest, largest, and heaviest single piece of stone now standing or that ever stood, so far as there is any record. It considerably exceeds in length any of the Egyptian obelisks. The shaft is 115 feet long, 10 feet square at the base, and weighs 800 tons.

ON UNCLE SAM'S FARM.

An Irish Servant Girl Details Her Experiences in This Country.

I have lived out in this country for six years. I have had very good places, but do not feel contented here and I would be glad to get back to Ireland. I think most of the girls feel the same way. I have always made good wages, but money is not everything. I save my money, and so do most of the girls I know, for we never know when we may have to send it home to help the old folks. Times are hard over there. And sometimes a girl will want to bring out a brother or sister whom she thinks can do better over here. They mostly don't and wish they were back, but we try to help them all the same. As a general thing, girls are satisfied with their wages. It is easy to change if they are not, for there are plenty of places.

Some girls do not save much, but spend most all their wages for finery. I do not think they know how to shop very well. They think more of how a thing looks than of the quality. I have lived where there was a cook, but I never heard of her taking any money from the store people for getting them to serve food to the house. I do not believe it is a general thing. The mistress attends to all those things herself. It may be the case in very rich families, where the lady does not want to be bothered with seeing to anything, as the cook is more like a housekeeper.

We get every other Sunday and every other Thursday off for ourselves, from after dinner or lunch in the middle of the day till 10 o'clock. I think 10 o'clock is late enough for any girl to be out. I think they are mostly all satisfied with their time off. You see we are better off than shop-girls and factory, who have to work all the time, and only have their evenings to themselves. Besides, I don't think housework is so tiresome as standing all day or running a machine, and it is healthier.

In most houses girls are allowed to see their friends at suitable times, but very few ladies like to have men hanging around the kitchen. I don't wonder at it, I am sure. The lady mostly comes down the last thing at night, to give orders for breakfast, or about the washing, or something, and it is not very nice to meet a great hulking man sitting there and perhaps smoking, for they are very free and easy.

I have heard girls say that if they wanted male company they had to see them out of the house. And that is bad, too, for it keeps them up late.

The food we get is mostly good, plain, but good; but I have heard girls tell about places where they have been where they scarcely got enough to eat, had as it was, and that, too, in houses where you would think that there was the best of everything and plenty of it. Some people want to put all their money on their backs, and so, of course, the table suffers.

I have known of people who had a splendid house and furnished elegant, and always dressed in the height of style, and yet the table was the meanest you ever saw. If they have such poor food themselves, of course the girl can't expect any better. There was one family who changed girls four or five times a month, and at last they couldn't get anybody to live with them except a greenhorn right off the vessel.

There is a good deal of gossip going on between the girls about the people they live with. All their affairs are very well. You see, the girls

don't have much to interest them, and so they sort of take an interest in the concerns of the family they live with. That is sociable girls do. Some girls don't care a brass button about the people so long as they get their money all right. German and Swede girls are like that. Irish girls are more warm-hearted, and if people are kind to them they like them and will do a good deal for them. I don't mean to say that it is right to talk about the family outside, but sometimes a girl don't think, and it comes out before she knows it. She don't mean any harm. It is very hard for people to keep things from girls. They are around all the time, and see and hear everything almost. They generally like the gentleman of the house best, because he don't interfere with them.

Girls don't say much about getting married, even to each other. I guess the most of them think they would have just as hard work then as they do now, and a poorer place to do it in. When they do marry sometimes they do well, but often they have to get a place again after a while. Sometimes girls go to the country with a family and before they come back get engaged to marry a farmer. That generally does very well.

Girls do not care much to take second-hand clothing from a mistress unless it is pretty nice. They may take it, but they won't wear it.

Wages are better than they have been for some years; a good girl of all work gets \$12 a month. If she can make desserts she gets \$14. A good cook who can do everything gets \$20, and a French cook \$30. There is always good help to be had if people wants to pay for it. The trouble is, some people think they can get a good girl for most nothing. It is cheaper for them to pay more and get a good one, for the cheap ones waste and break more than their wages are worth every month.

A good girl makes a settled home. She does not like to change round. It is only the poor trash who want to change in hopes of bettering themselves. I think the girls would be better and take more interest in their work if the ladies treated them better. They generally get a miserable little room at the top of the house with scarcely anything in it, hot in summer and cold in winter, and nobody takes any interest in them, not even to see that they keep their room clean. A girl can't have any home feeling where she is treated like that.

It is very seldom that a girl goes to any amusement. When she does, it is generally going to a picnic. Girls that live out are a class by themselves. They visit one another, but do not associate with shop girls or girls that work at sewing. They have it easy when the family are away for the summer. There is scarcely anything to do and they get half-wages.—*The Epoch.*

The Food of the Aristocracy.

Some startling revelations have recently been published in Paris as to the materials of French cookery, and especially of Parisian butter. A correspondent sends the following story, of which he guarantees the accuracy, as to a not dissimilar state of things in London:

I happen to know a man who makes a living by collecting the rancid butter and dirty butter scrapings from the butter-shops, and then retailing them to West-end confectioners. The other day I met him wheeling a truck-load of the loathsome-looking stuff along the Bayswater road.

"Hullo!" exclaimed I, "what in the name of goodness have you got there?" for really I could not tell from the look of it, it was so dirty and discolored, while the stench it gave out when I went up to it, was something fearful.

"Oh, he replied, with quite a business air, "it's offal."

"But what kind of offal? It smells almost bad enough to knock you down!"

"Why, butter offal."

"Indeed! Do you mind telling me what you do with it?"

"Make it into lumps, and then take it round to the confectioners."

"The confectioners! What do they want it for. It would poison a dog."

"Perhaps so," responded my friend, with something very like a grin; "but, none the less, it don't poison the aristocracy."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, that it's used in the pastry *fa-de-lais* they're so fond of."

"But not as it is, surely?"

"Oh, no! they first purify it some way."

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

"What is the secret of your success, Judge?" inquired a young law student of Judge H., one of the most successful lawyers in the Northwest.

"Well," said the Judge, with a retrospective air, "I don't know as there is any secret about it. In my younger days I had a rough row to hoe, but I hoed it well. There was lots of work in those days to do, but the pay was small. When I was a stripling, of from 16 to 18, I used to hire out to neighboring farmers during the season of haying and harvesting, and when they came to know me I could always get higher wages than older and stronger men, because I always made it my haying or my harvest, working as if the field and crop belonged to me. Whether my employer was present or absent it made no difference with my work. And that has been my single rule of work through life, at the blacksmith's forge, in the harvest field, or as a hired attorney at the bar. I worked with might, mind, and strength in any cause in which I was engaged. Now that's the whole of it—and that surely is no secret."

But it is a secret, we regret to say, that large numbers of young men never learn, and if a man does not learn it early in life the chances are he never will find it out. At any rate it is true in fact that this simple rule of fidelity to the interest of employers is not made the rule of practice by thousands of men employed in the various trades, callings, and professions, in the service of individuals or the public, for wages or fees. They do not work as if they had any interest in the business, but simply to get the pay for it—the largest possible sum for the least work.

"My greatest trouble," said a business man recently, "is in procuring help to carry on my establishment. Plenty of hands in the market; but I want hands with heads on them. My work requires brains as well as muscle, and the difficulty is to get men who will give heed to their work and take an interest in it." That man's experience is not at all singular or exceptional. All men carrying on business requiring a large number of employes will tell the same story, that their main trouble is securing men with skill, who will take the requisite degree of interest in their work.

The labor market is overstocked with hands seeking employment. And yet in the great world there is a constantly increasing demand for hands with heads on them, or men who will apply all their wits and devote all their powers to the business to be done. In this field the demand greatly exceeds the supply. There never has been a time when a faithful, painstaking, and skillful worker could not obtain employment, and there is no danger of a surplus of that kind of men in the market. The demand is active, and the pay is always liberal. Even when it is all full down below there is plenty of room above.

The successful men in all branches of business or professions, as a rule, are these who have worked their way upward from the lower ranks by persistent adherence to this simple rule of fidelity—doing thoroughly and thoughtfully whatever work they had to do. There is no deep secret or mystery about this matter; it is not by chance or luck that the most of the wealthy or eminent men attained their enviable positions. They achieved success by faithful, common-place diligence, attention to duty, and honesty. Sir Isaac Newton wrote, "Genius is patience." And patience is but another name for that quality of fidelity to duty that surely brings its reward.

Young men little realize how highly this quality is prized among the men who handle great enterprises and who are compelled to employ assistance in their business. There are throngs of applicants for the positions of trust and responsibility at their disposal; but they want only the highest and best sort, for which there is the least supply. And for these there is a constant search and inquiry. That kind of a workingman, in whatever trade or profession, doesn't as a rule have to go out looking up a job; the men who have the job to be done are out hunting after him.

This sort of plodding faithfulness, the single-eyed devotion to the interests of employers, is certain to be recognized in due time and sure of its fitting recompense. And it is not hard of attainment if a right beginning is made. The first thing essential is to take an interest in the work—seeking to do it thoroughly and in the shortest possible time without

overwork. The simple rule should be, whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

Now, allowing that there are hard, cold, and selfish employers, who will grind down even the most faithful workers, as men ride a free horse to death, yet it holds good as a rule that the class of men we have described are sure to be recognized and rewarded in the end. If there were more of that spirit of fidelity there would be less friction between employers and employes, fewer labor agitations, strikes, and boycotts, and the walking delegate would have to find some more useful vocation.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Brought Near the Gallows.

If you are much accustomed to faces in the cities of Lewiston and Auburn, says the Lewiston (Me.) Journal you will occasionally meet a thin, spare man of about 60 years, taciturn, generally alone, who has a remarkable history. About twenty years ago he lived at West Auburn, and he came within a hair's breadth of being hung for a murder he never committed. I met this man of strange history a few days ago and fell into conversation with him. The man is Luther J. Verrill, whom Clifton Harris, a colored man, charged with being a party to the murder of two maiden ladies, at West Auburn, one wild, snowy night in January, 1863. It chanced that I was present, in the Thomaston prison jail-yard, when Clifton Harris was hung for this murder, and I heard him acknowledge he was alone in that crime and that Verrill was not with him, and I told Verrill I was a witness of that execution and saw the murderer put into his coffin under the gallows.

"Well, I never believed the nigger was hung," said Verrill, "and I have hunted a good deal to find somebody who saw the hanging, and I am glad to find somebody at last. I remember seeing you at my trial. The jury, you know, found me guilty on the nigger's testimony. I never knew no more about that crime than you did, but there were a few detectives who had a theory and wanted reward, and they were bound I should hang, and I came mighty near it. Then I lay in jail month after month, an innocent man, as everybody now knows. They made the nigger believe that it would go easier with him somehow if he confessed who was with him. When he saw he was going to be hung anyway, then he came out, owned he lied, and saved my neck."

To hang a man on the strength of a confessed murderer's story, evidently, is precarious business for innocent men.

Since his release from Auburn jail, now eighteen years ago, Verrill has worked in Auburn shoe factories and in out-of-door employment, and we never have heard a whisper against him. His wife died long ago.

Lincoln and Stanton.

The great War Minister never subscribed to the modern idea that "it is not wrong to steal, but wicked to get caught at it." He demanded absolute honesty of everybody who had business with the government. A distinguished surgeon general was thought to be engaged in a crooked deal with the drugs supplied to the army. Lincoln was placated. Senators of the United States, Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, at the head of them, begged for leniency for this man. Stanton's answer was: "A republic should be the vast statue of an honest man. While our sons and brothers are dying on the Chickahominy this man, like Alexander, has been 'getting gain' out of army contracts. He must resign or go to jail." He resigned. After the battle of Gettysburg a serenade was suddenly improvised, and 3,000 people assembled in front of the White House. Lincoln was in splendid spirit. It was midnight. He sent for Stanton. He came. He made the most brilliant speech ever uttered from that historic porch. As Mr. Lincoln advanced to quiet the wild huzzas of the multitude Secretary Stanton took off his hat and asked for "three cheers for Abraham Lincoln." They were given with a will, and the great and good Lincoln walked up to Stanton and clasped him in his arms before he addressed the multitude.

Capt. Jack, Crawford, the poet scout, is soon to go upon the stage in a new historical play called "Daniel Boone," with real Indians, living bears, elks, mustangs, wolves, prairie dogs, and all the other usual accessories of the wild Western drama.

His Brother's Ghost.

"I don't believe in ghosts," remarked a prominent citizen of this place the other day, "but I saw something one night while going through a dark woods on the Reynoldsville road that I have never been able to account for. I was riding along on horseback, when, just a few feet in front of me, I saw a man in the road. I turned my horse to one side in order to let him pass, and at that moment he stumbled and fell in the middle of the road. The thought at once occurred to me that it was a drunken man, and as the night was intensely cold—being in the winter time—I was afraid he would lie there and freeze to death, so I concluded to help him up and see that he reached a place of safety. With this purpose in view I said: 'Hello, stranger, what are you doing here?'"

"But there was no response. I spoke louder and louder, but still he would not answer. This convinced me that he had fallen into a drunken sleep and would inevitably perish if not taken care of. I therefore dismounted, lighted a match, and bent over the figure to see if I could recognize his features, when, to my utter astonishment, the object dissolved from view, and there was not the least indication that there had been anything in the snow before me. I tried to convince myself that it was an illusion, but I was in such complete possession of my faculties and my thoughts had been running in such a widely different channel that I could not believe I had been deceived. And what tended more firmly to convince me that I was not dreaming was the fact that my horse shied and pawed and snuffed the air, and seemed to be in such terror of the object that I could scarcely hold it.

"I went on home, but in spite of the most vigorous mental efforts was haunted all night by strange forebodings of evil, and the next day I received a dispatch to the effect that my brother, who was living in Dakota, had been caught in a blizzard the previous night and had been frozen to death. Subsequent inquiry developed the fact that his death occurred at the same moment, allowing for difference in time, that the apparition appeared to me. Since that time I have been slightly tinged with superstition."—*Punxsutawney (Pa.) Spirit.*

Ida Lewis Wilson still keeps the old boat in which she has saved thirteen people, and, shabby as it looks, she uses it, and says if she were again to have the opportunity to rescue the drowning she'd take the old boat rather than the handsome new one presented her by the citizens of Newport.

Dr. Alfred Ocala, Fla., has a copy of the Baltimore *Advertiser and Journal* dated August 23, 1773. In it is a graphic land advertisement by George Washington, offering 20,000 acres of the finest and richest land in the world and situated in the Kanawha Valley, W. Va.

Pleasant Dreams.

"It ain't everybody I'd put to sleep in this room," said old Mrs. Jinks to the fastidious and extremely nervous young minister who was spending his first night in B—at her house.

"This here room is full of sacred associations to me," she went on: "My first husband died in that bed with his head on them very pillows, and poor Mr. Jinks died settin' right in that very chair there in the corner. Sometimes when I come into the room in the dark I think I see him settin' there still.

"My own father died layin' right on that lounge under the window. Poor pa! He was a spiritualist, and he allus said he'd appear in this room again after he died; and sometimes I'm foolish enough to look for him. If you should see anything of him to-night, you'd better not tell me; for it'd be a sign to me that there was something in spiritualism, and I'd hate to think that."

"My son by my first man fell dead of heart disease right w'ere you stand. He was a doctor, and there's two whole skeletons in that closet that belonged to him; and half a dozen skulls in that lower drawer.

"Well, good-night, and pleasant dreams."—*Puck.*

A St. Johns, Mich., lady wears a live sparrow on her bustle when she promenades the street, and receives no end of critical attention because the people think she doesn't know it's there.

The Quest for the Beautiful.

These searchers after the Beautiful met,
And they voloced the wall of the longing
hears.
The world of thought was so strange a no,
And a circle of bluish ruds eases sot
Round the glorious group of aris.
"So we'll turn to nature," the savants said,
"And find it we can find a group inbred—
A grace that no stung imparts."

And one starting forth sought the unmeasured
sea.
Entranced, he gazed on the bounding wave
That curled and tossed its white cap free.
And throw back the gulf of the sun in glee.
"At last," he cried, "the beauty I crave
My dull eyes find;" but a soul-laden ship
Is caught by the waters—goes down in their
grip.
"Ah, the ocean is naught but a grave."

Another bent toward the great city, where
The gill-bedoked domes, the high-lifted
towers;
While dark streams of men through wide
thoroughfares twice,
Whirl floating about with a soft curling line
Of the smoke from a thousand fierce fires.
"I've found Beauty," he shouts. But when
closer he turns,
And sees all the city's foul crimes and dull
cares,
He murmurs: "Yet blights plain made his
way."

The third to a wide-spreading plain made his
way,
Where long, level lines tired the onlooker's
eye;
Where the emerald earth-pillows motionless
lay
Bare on rank, and the lush grasses gay
Stippled far to the low horizon.
And with life—joyous life—shone the broad
leagues of sod.
"I have found," cried the sage, "the true glory
of God.
Faultless beauty that brightens each day."

"The sea has its glory, but thoughts of its woe
Make the heart of the traveler sore;
The city is wondrously bright, that I know,
Yet its grace is a fragment of tinsel and show.
'Tis rotten enough at the core;
But the richly-earthened prairie, with health-
laden air,
Stands abundant in promise, surpassing
fair,
The scene of beauty below."
—Charles Moreau Harger.

A Famous Confederate General.

Gen. Longstreet is writing a book on the war, says a letter from Gainesville, Ga. As he finishes a chapter he sends the manuscript to Washington to have all dates and figures verified from the official records. "I expect both sides to pitch into me," he says, "and I am taking time to be certain of my statements."

There is little doubt both sides "will pitch into him" if he writes as he talks. Frankness is one of the General's strong characteristics. But no element of recklessness enters into the operation of his mind. He is outspoken, but deliberate. His life since the war has been such as to relieve him of prejudices in favor of the side he fought on. He is "out of politics entirely," to quote his own language, and out of adulation with his old army associates. But at the same time there is no trace of disappointment, of malice, of bitterness in his manner. Under such conditions he sits down to write his narrative of the war. And it will be history.

Having led the life of a soldier from the time he entered West Point up to the time the states seceded, Longstreet stepped into almost the highest position at the very outset of the civil war, and he saw hard and continuous service to the end. It was Longstreet's corps which, on the second of the three days' fighting on and about Chickamauga, jumped from the cars on which they had come all the way from Virginia, 15,000 strong, and rushed into battle from Ringgold, enabling Bragg to drive Rosecrans back on Chattanooga. It was Longstreet's corps that covered the retreat of Lee at Gettysburg. It was Longstreet everywhere in Virginia, from Bull Run to the end, and then at Appomattox Longstreet was the one selected by Lee as the ranking officer to go and arrange the preliminaries of surrender.

The moist atmosphere of New Orleans gave Gen. Longstreet the rheumatism, which was aggravated a good deal probably by a bad wound received in the storming of Chapultepec. Since he came to Gainesville his health has improved. He is a busy man at 66. A short distance out of "the metropolis of northeast Georgia," as the city is called, the general has a farm of one hundred acres, with a large old-fashioned mansion. The house stands on an elevation in the midst of trees and shrubbery. From the upper gallery there is a grand view of mountain scenery, Kennesaw and a dozen other wooded peaks being in view. The general's farming is confined mainly to the care of a vineyard of scuppervions, and other varieties of grapes, to which he gives a good deal of personal attention.

Gainesville is a popular summer resort for the gulf states. The altitude insures a right temperature which often sends the new comer prowling around at 2 o'clock in the morning for more bed-clothes.

There are iron and sulphur springs scattered through the mountains. People who have ills, and people who imagine they have, summer here for the waters. Some years ago a Minnesota man came down here and built a large hotel, the general furnishing some of the capital. The property fell into the general's hands in the course of time. He has usually rented it. This year he opened it, and has had a great colony of summer boarders from the low country to look after. A son attends to the details, but the general comes in from his vineyard every day to see that his guests are comfortable.

At the battle of the Wilderness a ball tore through his right shoulder, and the wound left the arm partially paralyzed. For a long time after the war he could only write by moving his whole arm for each stroke of the pen, and even then had to assist the stiffened member with his left hand. Concluding that this would never do, he set to work to learn to write with his left hand, and now does all his extensive correspondence and literary work in that way.

He looks his improved health. His face is ruddy. His eyes are bright and he walks firmly. The long, heavy whiskers are as white as snow. His publishers have put him under injunctions not to talk about the contents of the book.

English Love Of Sport.

Hares are also formed on purpose to be good sport, and make a jolly good dish, a pleasant addition to the ceaseless round of mutton and beef, to which the level of civilization reduces us. Coursing is capital, the harriers first rate. Now every man who walks about the fields is more or less at heart a sportsman, and the farmer having got the right of the gun he is not likely to become to some extent a game preserver. When they could not get it they wanted to destroy it, now they have got it they want to keep it. The feeling coming up again—the land reasserting itself, Spain you see—down with feudalism, but let us have the game. Look down the long list of hounds kept in England, not one of which could get a run were it not for the good-will of the farmers, and indeed of the laborers. Hunting is a mimicry of the mediæval chase, and this is the nineteenth century of the socialist, yet every man of the fields loves to hear the horn and the burst of the hounds. Never was shooting, for instance, carried to such perfection, perfect guns, made with scientific accuracy, plans of campaign among the peasants set out with diagrams, as if there was going to be a battle of Blenheim in the woods. To be a successful sportsman nowadays you must be a well-drilled veteran, never losing presence of mind, keeping your nerve under fire—flashes to the left of you, reports to the right of you, shot whistling from the second line—a hero amid the ceaseless rattle of musketry and the "dun hot breath of war." Of old time the knight had to go through a long course of instructions. He had to acquire the *manège* of his steed, the use of the lance and sword, how to command a troop, and how to besiege a castle. Till perfect in the arts of war and complete in the minutiae of falconry and all the terms of the chase, he could not take his place in the ranks of men. The English country gentleman who now holds something like the same position socially as the knight is not a sportsman until he can use the breach-loader with terrible effect at the pheasant shoot, till he can wield the salmon rod, or ride better than any Persian. Never were people—people in the widest sense—fonder of horses and dogs and every kind of animal than at the present day.—*The English Illustrated Magazine.*

Swiss Glaciers Growing Again.

Conformably to the laws of advance and retreat of glaciers, it is said those in the valley of Chamouix, Switzerland, are now beginning to advance. The lower extremity of the Glacier des Bossons is "not more than three thousand feet above the level of the sea," and is going still lower. During the last three years this lower extremity "has advanced at the rate of fifty yards a year." It is said that "a grotto cut out of the ice in May, 1866, a quarter of a mile from the extremity, has moved down more than sixty yards." Although other Alpine glaciers, which cannot be so definitely observed, are known to be increasing in width and height, it will require many years of the present speed "before they occupy ground which within the memory of living persons they once covered."—*New York Hour.*

WIT AND HUMOR.

In the bright lexicon of Wall street one of the largest words is "Fail."—*Life.*

"I aim to tell the truth." "Yes," interrupted an acquaintance, "but you are a very bad shot."—*Chicago Living Church.*

The Journal's ideal reckless man is the one who does not take off his hat when speaking to a railway official.—*Lincoln Journal.*

It is a sweet, revengeful thought, that when waiters sit down to eat they have to be waited on by some of the other waiters.—*Washington Critic.*

If Robert Garrett wants to repair his shattered fortunes let him take the place of one of his sleeping-car porters for a few runs.—*Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.*

Col. Higginson has written a paper on a new kind of bonds—the "New England Vagabonds." They are coupon bonds—cut off from society.—*Burlington Free Press.*

The average woman thinks a great deal more about the condition of her crimps than she does about the condition of her soul; and the average man wouldn't like her half so well if she didn't.—*Somerville Journal.*

"In the Mexican church choir no woman is allowed to sing," says a correspondent. There are a great many church choirs in this country where women don't sing. But unfortunately they try.—*New York Tribune.*

The kind of a political party that this country needs most is one embracing a plank which prohibits candidates giving away cigars that cost less than five cents each, or three for a dime.—*Duluth Paragapher.*

Drawing-room car: First porter (in a hurry)—"Another washout!" Second porter (excitedly)—"Where, where?" First porter (as he disappears through the next car)—"On the clothesline!"—*Boston Herald.*

"What does a diploma mean?" is the heading of an article in an exchange. It means that the boy has bled his father's pocketbook just about as long as the old man will stand it. Sometimes it means a good deal more.—*Bismarck Tribune.*

Young Mt. Waldo (to Miss Breezy)—"What a soft, beautiful complexion your friend Miss Washab has, Miss Breezy?" Miss Breezy—Yes, and don't you think, Mr. Waldo, that it is even more so on one side than it is on the other?"—*New York Sun.*

The mind cure has already abolished all disease. Nobody has any disease; the trouble is simply they think they have. Another society is to be started to enable people to lift themselves up by the straps of their boots.—*Hartford Courant.*

Mrs. Minks—"Does your boy show any particular bent yet?" Mrs. Binks—"Yes, indeed. He'll be a noted scientist some day." "Do you really think so?" "O, there's no doubt of it at all. He always uses the biggest words he knows."—*Omaha World.*

Inspector Byrnes tells about protecting Wall street from professional criminals. What the community requires is a rigorous law to protect a confiding public from the legalized Wall street thieves. It is unjust to bound a bunko-man while they are at large.—*Jewelry News.*

Nothing is more discouraging to an average man than to read about the weighty proceedings and learned discourses of the doctors at Washington, and then reflect that all the physicians he ever met have failed to make his liver work rhythmically and smoothly.—*Nebraska State Journal.*

"What is your favorite flower, Mr. Hayseed?" asked Miss Lilybud. "The tuber rows, marm, the tuber rows," said the good old man, for it was he, shouldering his hoe and marching down to the potato patch. This might be considered a pun de terrible. Excuse my French.—*Burdette.*

A Parisian paper is authority for the statement that Prince Bismarck does not care to act as a mediator on the Bulgarian question. It is probable that Bismarck has been reading somewhere about the fate which has befallen certain base ball umpires in this country.—*New York World.*

Here is the longest correct sentence of "that's" which we have yet seen: "I assert that that, that, that, that, that, that that person told me contained implied, has been misunderstood." It is a string of nine "that's" which may be easily "parsed" by a bright pupil.—*Journal of Education.*

Miss Litewater (on the beach at Long Branch)—"Ah, Mr. Kowpon, I love the sea, and next to that I love the free and boundless West. Do you take any interest in the West, Mr. Kowpon? Kowpon (just from Wall street)—Only the usual rate. Ten per cent in Dakota and Montana, and 7 to 8 in the other Territories.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Catherine Owon has published a book called "Ten Dollars Enough." She may think so now; but by the time she gets all the jet trimming and stuff for the overskirt she will find that about \$10 more is necessary, not including the dressmaker's bill. Ten dollars is enough for the material, but trimming and making cost like sixty.—*Norristown Herald.*

Omaha hotel man "You are a wonderfully lucky boniface, just think! You have kept a hotel at Saratoga for five seasons and never had a scandal yet." Saratoga hotel man—"No luck about it. It's good management." "Management?" "Yes, sir. I never allow my clerks to give a man his wife's letters or a woman her husband's letters."—*Omaha World.*

Not long ago a well-known artist sent to a lady whom he had met several times one of his best pictures, handsomely framed, as a souvenir gift. The next day he received a note from the lady, in which she thanked him for the picture, but begged to return the frame, as she made it a rule never to accept anything valuable as a gift from a gentleman.—*New York Tribune.*

"In making up a party for a traveling excursion," said Charles Dudley Warner to a friend who was planning one, "always be sure to have it include at least one ignorant woman. She will ask all the questions you are ashamed to ask or think you don't need to ask, and you will secure the benefit of a vast deal of information you would otherwise lose."—*The Epoch.*

A Chicago millionaire who has traveled a great deal is visiting in Lincoln just now, and at a social gathering last evening a charming young lady commenced to question him. "You have traveled extensively?" "Yes, a great deal." "Were you ever in Greece?" "Why, yes. I made my money in Iard. I have a corner in that kind of grease now."—*Nebraska State Journal.*

"Yes," said Mr. Smirk to a young man who had ventured to praise his daughter's appearance to him, "yes, her mother and I sometimes presume to consider her rather a fine figure. Speaking as a person with an eye for art, I may, perhaps, be permitted to suggest that her outline is graceful and correct. I am naturally proud to have a daughter who is constructed upon the best models."—*Philadelphia News.*

"Well," said the Car Stove to the Rotten Bridge yesterday, "you have had a pretty busy summer, and have hustled a good many people into the mysterious beyond, but your work is tame after all. You don't give them a taste of the hereafter. Just wait a few weeks and see me broil 'em." And they joined arms and walked down to the manager's office to tell how much they were saving him every year.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

The Great Farmer of Mississippi.

The speech of General Miles, of Mississippi, delivered casually from his place among the privates, was the notable speech of the Agricultural convention. General Miles is a typical figure. He is representative in the very best sense of all that was best in the old-fashioned Southern gentleman. He is a model of the civilization of that day, which our critics say was weak in its training for adversity and precise methods. General Miles, handicapped at the close of the war by a debt of \$200,000, bearing 10 per cent. interest, has paid every cent of that with twenty crops, how they were pitched, how cultivated, how harvested, and how sold, would make a story worthy of letters of gold. The general process he gives in his speech, and in words that every farmer should heed. It is the old story—old as the hills, as true as truth—that home raised supplies make the farmer rich—and all cotton makes the farmer poor.

George Meredith, the famous English novelist, is a handsome man between 50 and 60 years of age. His hair is gray, his features well cut and expressive, and his manner vigorous, unaffected, and pleasing.

Jersey Lyrics.

We have received from Robert Slinkebeck, author, Trenton, N. J., three poems, copyrighted, for which we return many thanks to the gifted author. We confess never having heard of him before, but after reading the poems we listen to express an avidity for a better acquaintance with him and his works.

As if suspecting the truth that his fame had not yet spread beyond the narrow confines of his native land, the poet, (who it appears is also co-editor of the *Moonly Force*) refers us for his pedigree to the "Boston Public Library, Library of Congress, editorial wastebaskets, and other depositories of Excelsior literature"—"Excelsior" being the nom de plume which his modestly assumes. We shall certainly look it up.

Space will not permit anything like full quotation of these noble lyrics, but a specimen stanza or two may bring to public stupefaction their peculiar merits. One of them begins:

Bill was a faithful old fire-engine horse,
And he went to a fire with a vim,
But now he is only a fire-blackened coorse;
For, the latest fire came to him,
His stable was burned, ere escape he could
make,
And his friends are now mourning his loss.
The children who fed him with candy and
cake,
Will now grieve for their old friend, the
"old hoss."

The ingenious manner in which "coorse" and "loss" are both made to rhyme with "horse" will surely attract the attention of all poetsasters. The dirge continues for four paroxysms much like the foregoing, and ends with a touching envoi thus:

Noah—the wild-western, young 'mustang
bore,
Bills epitaph now brings to mind—
Ban away with a corn-plover, when homeward
his coorse,
While I hold no handles behind.
This flavor of personal reminiscence is what penetrates to the heart, and these poems are raking with it. Mind this wail—in four bursts, all as odd as this and all printed on green paper:
Like a caudex cow, I'm lonely, now—
I've lost my better half.
Yet, she might not be called the cow,
And I, the blatant calf.
I dream about her every night,
And I think of her, all day.
I'm surely in a sorry plight—
My girl has gone away.

Who says that New Jersey should not be annexed to the United States by the Arthur Kill bridge. Who convicts it of raising no crops but sand-flies and hotel-keepers? Its shores harbor a poet, and we have dry-docked some of his verse. If it isn't poetry it is built that way, and we leave it to anyone if the lines don't loom up in traditional oob-house style—one long and one short, with a jingle at the end? Pshaw! Of course it's poetry.—*Buffalo Press.*

THE LAND OF SHE.

A Romantic Trip to the Mountains' Gate, Montana.

Comparatively few of Helena's population, says the *Helena Independent*, are aware of the existence of the great scenic resort distant from this city about eighteen miles in a northerly direction, and known as Hilger's ranch or the Mountains' Gate. Much has been spoken of the locality by the few who have been favored with a visit to the attractive spot, and at times their reports have been looked upon merely as exaggerations, many not being inclined to believe in the grandeur and sublimity of the view as pictured. A personal visit to the premises, however, will dispel all doubts; instead a scene of awe and wonder greets the eye which almost baffles description. All is true that has been depicted of it, and one visit is but an appetizer for future trips. A good wagon road, romantic in appearance, leads thereto, permitting the voyage to be made in about three hours. Emerging from a canyon, the mighty Missouri and the humble though delightful country home of Mr. Hilger, pleasantly situated on the east bank of the great stream, and a broad expanse of grassy fields and heavily-timbered slopes spread before the eye of the tourist, forming a panorama grand in the extreme. An hour's halt at the cozy farm-house, where one is treated right royally by the genial host and his most hospitable family, and the little steel cruiser *Ruse* of Helena is in readiness, and, all prepared, she steams out into the broad and swift current on her way through the wonderful gorge so aptly named. The diminutive vessel, though appearing little larger than an ordinary skiff, is a marvel of mechanism, and said to be the only craft manufactured which has successfully breasted the powerful currents of the upper river. Constructed entirely of steel-plates, propelled by a small but powerful engine driving with force a stern wheel of peculiar construction, proves a most formidable subject for plowing the

stubborn stream; Judge Hilger ably handles the rudder, steering its course through the tortuous and circuitous route, bringing the bounding tug through with safety to any desired point. Mr. Boese, the adroit engineer, admirably handles the valves and levers with a self-satisfied air, and smiles complacently at the casual un-casiness expressed by some when rounding a sharp bend or ascending turbulent rapids. Pleasing and genial withal, he becomes an immediate favorite with the voyagers, his Eastonian presence adding jollity to the occasion. On speeds the boat through the narrow defile revealing yawning chasms on either side of the river, the escaping smoke from the steamer's funnel leaving a dense black outline in the azure sky a grim indicator of the path taken.

Frowning walls of rock are encountered, their turreted battlements reaching far into the heavens, each turn in the river revealing new wonders. Winding along in its sinuosity the stream is encaused on either side with castellated walls and great cliffs of solid granite, towering columns and arches, dismal and unexplored caverns whose entrances even have never been traversed by man, mythical castles, heaven-pointing steeples and spires, all standing like gigantic sentinels on the outpost of the rock-bound home of some fabled giant. The whole scene, novel and marvellous weird, grand, and majestic, is such that can but be compared with the views described in fiction. Here, apparently, rocks have been upheaved by the violence of nature and forced to a sublime height, which before cooling were sculptured and chiseled out in the blue sky in designs known only to the gods.

With a slight tax on the imagination faces, forms, and figures can be easily discerned, and the weird fantasies of the brain and the sketches of the vague borderings of the dark Plutonian shore as seen only in vivid minds are brought to view. A voice, whether aloud or in a whisper, reverberates from cliff to cliff, and a laugh is sent back from mountain peak as though echoing in mimic defiance the impenetrability of the surrounding heights. Such in brief is a description of the land here endeavored to portray, and be it the Switzerland of America or the phantom precincts of She, the fact remains that we have within easy access of Helena a locality which in justice to one's self should not be overlooked, especially when the advantages offered for its inspection are so favorable. During the fall months nature is at its best, and pleasure-seekers can act no wiser than to avail themselves of the opportunity suggested in visiting the spot, as before long the mighty ice king, who displays his herculean power by blockading with barriers of adamant ice, will have sealed for months the entrance to the Mountains' gate.

Buffalo Bill's Mascot.

Henry Beaconsfield of Leavenworth, talking of William Cody's early life, said: "When I knew Buffalo Bill first in 1861 he was exceedingly wild, and woolly, and unpromising. We speak of the wild and woolly West sometimes with a vein of humor in our remark as though we enjoyed it. Well, of all the hard-looking citizens I ever set my eyes on young Cody was the worst. The school-ma'ams who used to come out from Illinois and Ohio about that time used to refer to him as Sweet William. He wore his black hair very long, his pants in his boots, a shambling gait, and an unkempt air generally that marked him as the most unpromising youth in that section of the rocky West. He had no pride about him, and it did not appear that he would ever amount to anything. "About this time he fell in love with a dashing little school teacher and proposed to her. Everybody but Bill knew his fate long beforehand. They knew he was destined to get floored, but Bill had no inkling of it. When he received a negative reply he was utterly crushed, and remained so for days. He was perfectly collapsed and lifeless. But after a week he began to brace up. The rough frontiersmen had ridiculed his grammar and poked fun at him on everything. Bill bought some books and began to post up. "He was soon thereafter in the field as a scout, and three years after, when he came back, he was the most changed man I ever saw. His defeat had proved his victory. The girl was his mascot. Had it not been for her, I am confident as I can be of anything in the world he would never have amounted to anything and he would never have been heard of."—*San Francisco Examiner.*

Two Wealthy Chicago Gamblers.

Around the Palmer house, rotunda any evening may be seen a tall smooth-shaven man, with twinkling eyes, a nose uptilted as Tonyson's Maud, and a generous paunch. He wears not a single article of jewelry. His clothes are costly as money can buy. This is Charley Bush of New Orleans and Chicago, called the richest gambler in the south. To New Orleans, he is what Phil Daly is to Long Branch. His establishment is one of the minor sights of the city. For three or four years he has controlled the pool privileges at Washington park and cleared handsomely every season. Bush is what is called a jolly good fellow. He knows everybody. There are scores of men who would hobnob with Bush. He is said to be worth \$500,000, invested in cattle-farms, real-estate securities, and in solid cash. In the reign of Garter Harrison he was a partner of O. S. Hines in a no-limit game on Dearborn street. Hines, about whom little is heard, is altogether the wealthiest gambler in Chicago. He owns at least fifty droll houses alone of the better class. He is an old man, between 60 and 70, and has a wonderful physique. Save on the very coldest days in winter he never wears an overcoat.—*Chicago News.*

A California Diamond.

"Yes, sir, I'm quite positive that it's a California diamond," said an expert to a San Francisco *Examiner* reporter who had asked him about a lately-discovered stone. "I purchased it about six months ago from A. Schmidt, an old miner, who was the person who found it at the Volcano, Amador county, in 1882. Prof. Hawk has made a close examination of it. You see that it is quite transparent and colorless, a regular octahedron with convex faces. I don't know its commercial value. To me it is invaluable; \$1,000 could not buy it. I found one myself in 1849 when mining at the junction of the South fork of the Yuba river. You will observe that it is much smaller than the one Schmidt found, it being only five-eighths of a carat, whereas his is about 1 1/2 carats. No, sir; I was not prospecting for diamonds at the time. I was, or had been, placer mining—working the river bed—when the floods came and drowned us out. We had each been making \$16 a day, and grumbling at the low grade of dirt. On Sunday I started down the left bank of the river, prospecting, and in grubbing about I picked up this crystal. I did not know it was a diamond, but I kept it for its looks. I have no doubt that there are many brought to light in our mining operations, but, their value being unknown, they are thrown heedlessly aside. I don't think they could be discovered anywhere in the state in sufficient numbers to warrant search, and yet we may some day discover extensive diamond deposits. In fact, we are only on the threshold of discovery so far as the mineral wealth of our state is concerned."

Catching a South American Loon.

In a Barclay street saloon is a splendid specimen of the South American loon stuffed by the same artist of Rochester who has preserved Jumbo for posterity. It is nothing but an enormous sea duck with a four-inch bill, sharp as a needle and keen as a blade. The other day a sailor dropped in and paused admiringly before the bird.

"Where did he come from ship-ruts?" "Off the coast of Brazil," the proprietor replied.

"Well," said the old salt, "I was askin' because I've bot rations and grog as I'm the only man as ever had one o' them darned things in my hand alive. They're smarter 'n a fox, and devilish hard to shoot. We was a sailin' the Gulf o' Mexico in the Victor 'bout ten years ago, when one of them critters came alongside and cast anchor on the bowsprit. I was younger then as I am now, and says I: 'Bird, ahoy! Dem me if I don't run down that thing.' It was nearly dark, and I feels my way cautious-like along the bowsprit and grabbed him suddenly by the neck afore he knowed what was up. I'm a tellin' you it was a job a gettin' that fellow on deck. He cut my coat like a razor. We bound him to the deck with a three-cord rope. He took a loaf of bread we tossed him and halved it with his bill like a knife. Before daylight he'd worked his way through that rope and was gone. Swear if I don't believe them birds can bite through a lamp post."—*New York Evening Sun.*

Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

I heard yesterday the true story of the reasons which led to the remarkable marriage of Baroness Burdett-Coutts to Ashmead Bartlett, of Philadelphia. There never has been any satisfactory explanation of this marriage. The Baroness was over 60 at the time of the wedding. The bridegroom was less than 30. I saw the two at the opera the other night. The Baroness is a stout, heavy-faced, German-looking woman with a kindly expression. Her brown hair shows as yet little signs of grey. She was dressed in black, and wore a small, white lace cap on the top of her head. Her husband is a fresh-faced, young-looking man. He is a blonde, with regular features. His face is smooth-shaven, with the exception of a reddish brown mustache. The husband and wife were accompanied by a very handsome-looking, slim, proud-appearing brunette with bluish black hair, and the most lovely fresh complexion. She was in white, and gave but little attention to the husband of the Baroness. He was very attentive to his wife, paying her about the same devotion that an affectionate son would pay to his mother.

I have heard that the explanation of this marriage is to be found in the reading of the will of the Duchess of St. Albans. This will provided that all of her great property of Coutts, the banker, which was left by him to his wife, the Duchess above mentioned, should descend to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, subject to the following conditions: If she married, and her husband attached the name of Burdett-Coutts to his, then that would constitute him the heir in a direct line to his wife, and that in the event of her death and his subsequent marriage, if he still retained the name of Burdett-Coutts, the children of this second marriage would become the heirs, to the exclusion of any of the other relatives. It is said that the Baroness Burdett-Coutts fell out with her relatives and that this marriage was simply the result of a well-considered plan to defeat by any possibility this great property ever going to any of them. It is said that the marriage that she has made with young Ashmead Bartlett is a marriage in mere name. She selected him on account of the belief that she herself would live for many years. She wanted a young man reasonably certain to outlive her, and yet be young enough to marry again. When she dies, if he carries out the agreement already made with her, he will marry as soon afterwar' as possible, so as to provide for a family of heirs which will cut off every one of her present relatives. The Queen, who used to be very friendly to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts on account of her great charities, never approved of this marriage and has not been on friendly terms with her since.—*T. C. Crawford, in the New York World.*

Missionary C. D. Tenney some time ago resigned his place in China under the American Board on account of his independent religious opinions. He remained in China, and now thinks that he was divinely directed to resign because Viceroy Li Hung Chang, has chosen him to be tutor to his sons, thus giving him a much more influential place in respect to the development of China than he could possibly have occupied as a missionary.

There is a dog in St. Catharines, Ont., that can climb a lamp-post as easily as a squirrel can a tree.

Already a Lot of Electric Motors.

Many will be surprised by the statement that more than 3,500,000 passengers are carried annually in this country on street cars moved by electric motors. In Montgomery, Ala., electricity is used on eleven miles of road, and the cost is reported by the general manager to be only one-half the cost of horse power. Roads on which electricity takes the place of horse power are found in Baltimore, Los Angeles, Port Huron, Detroit, Scranton, Appleton, Wis., and Denver. Electric railways are either in course of construction or under contract in twelve other cities, and thirty-seven companies have been formed or other steps taken for the building of such roads. Upon none of the roads now in operation in this country, however, is force supplied by storage batteries attached to the cars. In most cases power is communicated by an overhead conductor.—*Electrical Review.*

A Jackson, Mo., dog was seen the other day catching bull-frogs.

Pequian Politeness.

In China to discover the head in a mark of disrespect.

The Thibetians put out the tongue as a sign of respectful salutation.

In church all men's heads are bare; in the synagogue it is considered wrong to remove the hat.

Malays, Filipinos, Tongans, and many other Polynesians always sit down when speaking to a superior.

Oriental never uncover their heads and the Turkish ambassador in England is allowed to retain his fez even in the presence of the queen.

The ladies of the Neighberry hills show respect by raising the open right hand to the face and resting the thumb on the bridge of the nose.

At Natalulu it is respectful to turn one's back toward a superior, especially when addressing him, and among the Wahuma, in Congo and in Central Africa, the same custom prevails.

By the way of compliment the people of Yuddah shake the clinched fist; the inhabitants of the White Nile and Ashantee spit on those they delight to honor, and some of the Esquimaux pull noses.

Thibetan women, when leaving their houses, smear their faces over with a dark, sticky substance. It is said that they do so in compliance with a law made by a certain lama, King Nomenkhan, in order to protect their morals by making them look ugly while in public.

To salute with the left hand is a deadly insult to Mohammedans in the east, and for this reason the native commissioned officers of the Indian army in giving the military salute confined it to the sword held in the right hand without at the same time raising the left hand to the forehead, as the ordinary English salute.

LOVERS IN LOVER'S WALK.

Charming Picture of a Virginia Courtship by the New York Times' Artist, H. J. W. D.

There are two kinds of proposals common to the Lover's Walk at Sulphur Springs. They are the proposal serious and the proposal jocular. The latter is also serious, but is a diplomatic approach to the subject, intended to serve as a way of retreat if the overture is not well received. According to the account of one young lady, whose invitations to promenade have created destruction in her stock of shoe leather, and whose invitations to trot in harness have been in proportion, the proposal jocular is as follows:

Having discussed the weather, the german of the night before, the german that is to be, and any other subjects saliently of service, and having, as they say in Kentucky, grown "noder and nodger," the young man begins, in an off-hand way:

"Looks hyere, Miss Mamie, has enny-foller been a proposin' t' you this season?"

"Why?"

"Why a reckon somebody'd order give you a chaince."

"I reckon somebody will if I want him to."

"Oh, then that is a somebody."

"Wouldn't you like to know?"

"I would that. That ain't now, is there? You're jest a funnin'."

"She looks coyly away, with an amused smile."

"He ain't no better looking than I am, is he?"

She thoughtfully and critically answers that there ain't no choice.

"Cos I reckon I might do some talkin' myself of that was any chaince."

He does or does not as she pulls the strings. The Southern Young Man is not slow, but he is no match for his keen companion.

The proposal serious is the result of perhaps a week of tender companionship. The young man, whose feelings have gradually become too much for him, eats his morning hominy in a very abstracted way, with frequent turnings to see if she has arrived at her place at table. After breakfast he walks the piazza in a somewhat uneasy state, his mental concentration interfering somewhat with his digestion. About this period in his entanglement she is very likely to be occupied with some other gentleman, having detected the signs of imminent explosion on his part. He rushes boldly in, however, and she, after going over a multitude of engagements, finally believes that she can walk just a little while with him that afternoon. They walk. No sooner have they turned the corner by the cottage than he says:

"I've been wantin' to see you very much, Miss Margie, all th' afternoon. I've abint' thinkin' very particular I'd like to say to you, Miss Margie."

"I needn't!" she says. She is very much surprised. She is the most surprised girl, apparently, in the whole state of West Virginia.

"When I come down hyere," he begins. Then he halts. "I—n—I've shown a good many young ladies, Miss Margie, and a—the a—the matter I was goin' to speak to you about—"

He is quite confused.

There is a small thick silence for a moment as they stroll idly along, while a small green frog jumps nimbly out of the way, confident that in the preoccupation of the pair he is likely to be stepped on.

"What I was agoin' to say," he resumes, clearing his throat, "is—ah—that I've been thinkin' that every, that is, that all young people ought to marry young. Did—ah—did you ever feel that—away, Miss Margie?"

Miss Margie doesn't know. She has suddenly grown miles away from him in her silence. He makes a plunge.

"D'you think you could like a feller like me, Miss Margie—well enough to marry him, I mean?"

"Oh," says Miss Margie, greatly taken aback. "Maw says I'm too young to marry. She wouldn't bear to it. Don't you—don't you think that sulphur water's horrid stuff?"

His ideas concerning sulphur water are a little vague just then, but he manages to agree and to make inquiries concerning her intentions regarding the ball that evening.

The conversation then grows halting and awkward, and they shortly return.

She breathes a sigh of relief as she smiles good-by, and he wildly goes in search of some small and secretive darky, whom he hires to kick him thoroughly, not being able to perform that office for himself, and naturally desiring something of the kind to relieve his overwrought feelings.

The Kid at the Theater.

A child that can only squall in a theatre is preferable to another larger child of a kind one sometimes sees. It's generally a female child. A female child from its earliest days recognizes the privileges of the sex and takes all sorts of advantages. The mothers always teach them that they are "little girls," and the little boys must not hurt them, and scize of them in consequence become terrors early in youth. We've seen the child that wanders all around a theater and looks up at you and everybody with a bland, childish curiosity, and her thumb in her mouth. She has no seat generally. She's under age, and her father and mother bring her to the theater between them, and she gets off in the middle of the play and wanders about. She has a knack of being partial to sweethearts. She seems to know instinctively when she strikes a pair of young lovers, and she sidles up and swings herself on one foot and then on the other, and the fellow looks, confused and the girl pats her on the head, hoping that'll drive her away. But it doesn't. She accepts the familiarity and gets on the girl's knee, and the young pair look furtively at one another as if to say:

"Great heavens! If there should be somebody here who knows us and think this is ours!"—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Bright Ventriloquist.

A little Boston boy who was taken to the entertainment of a ventriloquist some time ago, and who was a close observer of the performer's modus operandi, accompanied his parents last week to his father's native town, and among the places visited during their rural sojourn was the country cemetery, where sleep the progenitors of his paternal parent. The latter pointed out to the child a certain mound, saying: "There, dear, is the grave of your grandfather." The little fellow gazed curiously at the place of sepulture for a moment, and then, seized by a sudden idea, stooped down, and, rapping on the tombstone, said "Grandpa, are you down there?" following it up with a self-supplied "Yes," in as deep and guttural a tone as his little throat could make vocal.

"Does you want to come up?" he resumed, in his natural pitch of voice, and again dropping to the lower tone answered his own query with a bass and hollow "No." The parents, greatly shocked, cut short further ventriloquist efforts on the part of the too precocious child.—Boston Budget.

An advertisement reads: "Wanted.—A nurse to mind children." It was probably inserted by the children.—Waltham American.

MISSING LINKS.

The Audubon society has three thousand members in America.

The leases of eight of the London theaters are now held by women.

A Jewish synagogue will shortly be erected at San Diego, Cal., at a cost of \$20,000.

Ensenada, Lower California, now has a brewery, and is going to have a university.

In the Carabaya valley in Bolivia an immense number of rubber trees have been recently discovered.

There are twenty-five real-estate brokers in Visalia, Cal., a town of not more than one thousand inhabitants.

At Charlotetown, P. E. I., there are six brothers whose ages average over 77 years, all of whom are hale and hearty.

Samples of coffee cost a firm of New York coffee merchants about \$5,000 a year, but they are resold at a profit of nearly \$5,000.

American libraries are open an average of over eleven hours a day, while foreign libraries seldom average more than six hours.

J. R. G. Pitkin, hitherto most known as a politician, has been winning high praise in Boston with his lecture on "The Poets of Shakespeare."

Women are at present given to pectry in praise of babies. It is mostly serious, too, and is therefore not a very encouraging sign for the babes.

Colonial windows may be made by filling the frame of an old spinning-wheel with cathedral glass. The window frame follows the outlines of the wheel.

Farmers residing in the lower Sacramento report that the scale-bug, so numerous and destructive during the past two or three years, has almost disappeared.

French toy manufacturers are complaining of the crushing rivalry of the Germans, who are charged with making false custom house entries to secure low duties, and with imitating French goods.

So much trouble is experienced by Boston business men in handling telephones and with district messengers that they are talking of going back to old and sure methods of transacting their business.

The amount of bacon used in the American navy foots up over one million pounds per year. How the fifteen or twenty men manage to get away with so much is none of the business of foreign nations.

Isabella Flipper, mother of the famous colored West Point cadet, died recently at Thomasville, Ga. She possessed many fine traits of character and enjoyed the respect and good opinion of all who knew her.

William L. Miller, of Charleston, S. C., has two immense iron shells, said to be the first two shots fired at Battery Wagner at the beginning of the war. The shells were never exploded; they weigh two hundred pounds each.

The Pan Yan mine near Helena, M. T., is one of the richest of recent strikes in the territory. It was discovered by John Waulshagan, a laborer. During the last two weeks in August \$12,000 worth of ore was taken out of the mine.

N. H. Wilson, of Merced, Cal., has just received some Egyptian wheat 5,000 years old, which was found in the coffin of an Egyptian prince while unrolling the mummy. Prof. Gilden, of Boston, brought the wheat to the United States in 1850.

The killing of squirrels, prairie dogs, bears, mountain lions, wolves, and coyotes is quite an expensive item in the yearly budget of Montana. From Jan. 1 to August, 1887, that territory paid in bounties for the killing of the same \$96,025.10.

An English statesman asserts that not only do married men live longer than bachelors, but that the latter are more criminal. He says that there are thirty criminals among every thousand bachelors, while among married men the ratio is only eighteen.

An unique fashion note gives the important information that red hair with blue eyes must be differently managed from red hair with gray or brown eyes. As soon as blue is introduced into the dress the blue eyes count for twice their value, and form too strong a contrast with red hair.

The claim of being the oldest living twins in New England is contested by Mrs. Hobbisab Everett and Mrs. Sally Cole, of Dedham, Mass., who were 20 years old the 28th of last May. They

have another sister, Mrs. Nabby Smith, of Dedham, who is 96, and a brother a few years younger than Mrs. Smith.

Prof. Trautvetter, of Peoria, conductor of music, has an interesting relic of the Chatsworth horror. It is the hixon which he uses in his business, and is of solid mahogany, about two feet in length and highly polished. It is supposed to be a portion of Mr. Fred Weinnetts' cane, and is gold-tipped and appropriately engraved.

Several years ago the Medical association of Boston presented the University of Tokio, Japan, with a number of its duplicate volumes. The gift was acknowledged at the time, and again lately by the presentation of a collection of 200 Japanese medical works. The books are in Chinese characters, the Japanese having no printed alphabet.

A farmer at Chelsen, Vt., has had a novel and unpleasant experience. Four months ago his hair and whiskers began to come out, and in a month this head was as bald as a babe's. His eyebrows and eyelashes also came off, and there seems little prospects of new growth. Eight years ago, however, his hair came off in the same way, but his whiskers and eyebrows and eyelashes remained.

Ontagonan Mich., has a base-ball dog. He can judge a sky-scraper as accurately as any professional, and is a much surer catch, while liners and day-cutters are simply his veil. He has been known to jump five and a half feet to nail a hot one, and his pickups are the admiration of the town. Had he eight equally proficient companions and were they able to bat it would make the strongest aggregation in the country.

The Toronto Globe says the latest advertising dodge is to strew about the sidewalks bogus purses, from which bogus bills stick out, the idea being that the people who pick them up will have their attention drawn to the advertisements printed on them.

"I don't think much of that scheme," said a gentleman who is not wholly insensible to the charms of money. "Do you think I am going to patronize a man who trifles with my finest feelings?"

Two new fodder plants have been discovered in Finney county, Kansas. One is called the "branching dourra," and is much the same in appearance as the "rice corn" with which most Kansas farmers are familiar. The other is the "teosint grass," but looks more like corn than grass. It comes from a small seed no bigger than a turnip seed. It is stated that the stalks or leaves from a single seed of it furnish feed enough for two cows or oxen for twenty-four hours.

We have for years, says The Musical Herald, advocated the playing of a national air. "Hail Columbia" or "The Star-Spangled Banner," at the close of every musical and dramatic entertainment given in the United States. Such a movement would be calculated to promote a feeling of patriotism among the people, especially among the younger element of the community.

No concert or dramatic performance is given in Great Britain that is not closed with the singing or playing of the national anthem. Who will begin the movement here in the United States?

Survivors going over the line between Washington and Greene counties, Pennsylvania, found one house so situated that the husband eats his meal in Washington while the wife eats hers in Greene, and they sleep with their heads in one county and their feet in the other.

The aldermen of Newark, N. J., are unhappy. They supplied themselves with gorgeous gold badges at the expense of the city treasury, as they supposed, but the mayor refused to approve the bill, and corporation council says the alderman must pay for their decorations themselves.

A new and picturesque branch of business has been established at Calera, Ala. An enterprising colored gentleman of that place gets bitten by a rattlesnake "on purpose" at 50 cents a bite. This done, he promptly proceeds to render the bite harmless by an external application of a clay poultice and an internal big drink of whiskey accented with plug tobacco.

The latest, and in France is to "go ballooning." Ascending high mountains is getting to be too slow. As a proof the following dialogue was heard on the boulevard the other day: "I see you know that gentleman—you bowed to him?" "Yes, we met the other day in the park. His balloon was going in the same direction as ours," and my friend Jervis gave me an introduction.

Vermont School-rooms.

The Boston Transcript hears from Vermont that the temperance instruction in the schools is making rather poor headway there. The rustic young idea does not readily seize upon the physiological facts and assumptions which it is occasionally required to master in advance of its capacity to comprehend them. The Rural Vermonter of Montpelier has some answers to questions from examination papers in this branch of instruction which are instructive in a sense. In reply to the question, "What is the brain?" one Vermont youngster produced this answer:

"The is all the time sinang minches on the nevers and is the you of body thinks."

Who could possibly interpret this? The teacher was nonplused at first, but managed at length to get a very coherent reply out of it, thus:

"It is all the time sending messages over the nerves, and is the part of your body that thinks."

Another answer to the same question was this:

"The brain is a bony cage [case]. It has the most brain work to do of anything. The nerves are all white cords which run all over you if you had no nerves you could not have the toothache or burn you but you could not feel your mother's warm hand."

Here are some answers that the questions regarding the physiological effect of tobacco produced:

"You hadnt ought to chue tobacco becaus it cripples you in every way and stunts the growth."

"It hearts the bones and the boy who chews it is not so, that is not so plite as if he had not chewed atall and does not remember his lessons so well."

Papaeto will make the bones weak and it will stump the groth."

"Tobaeco is an emmerinne [enemy] to the bones."

The gem of the collection, however, is an evidence of the effect produced on the mind of the rising Vermont generation by the questions regarding the distillation of alcohol. This process seemed to be very easily grasped by the children on the whole, and this answer is given as an example of the average work of a large class:

"Alcohol is made by distillation. The following is an experiment: Fill a teapot with a fermented liquid and place in its spout a piece of rubber tubing about two feet long, and put the other end of the rubber in the neck of a bottle which stands on ice or in water. Place a lamp under the teapot and light it. Before the liquid comes to a boil, nearly all the alcohol in it will have passed as vapor into the tubing and dropped as water into the bottle, because of the coldness of the ice or water. On a much larger scale, regular distilleries are carried on."

At this point of the lesson a bright little girl got up and asked plaintively: "Why don't we all make our own alcohol?" It was evident that the precise object of all this instruction about intoxicants was quite lost upon this pupil. The young Vermonters are of course at home on the subject of cider, and one of them compressed a great deal of information, including some that was possibly likely to get his parent or guardian into trouble, into this answer:

"Cider is made out of apples and stood until it sours, then they sell it."

Toothpicks from Japan.

A well-known New York firm recently tried the experiment of importing 70,000 toothpicks from Yokohama. These "ure-dents," as they are described in the invoice, come in natty little boxes containing 1,000 each, in bundles tied round with green silk. They are cut from hard wood, have a point at only one end, and cost 95 Mexican cents a thousand.—*New York Evening Sun.*

There are sixty thousand colored Knights of Labor.

Tale of a Poodle.

A well-known lady guest of Congress hall occupied one chair and her fussy poodle sprawled over another at the crowded Congress hall last evening. A weary-looking woman approached the "owner of the poodle," saying: "Is this chair occupied, madame?" "Yes (sharply,) my poodle is occupying it, madame," was the cold reply, and femininity in the vicinity of the poodle mistress drew up its nose a peg or two.—*Albany Journal.*

Gen. Boulanger's latest honor is to have a soap named after him.

Rough on the Chaplain.

Gen. N. P. Banks tells a story about one of his army chaplains which never fails to "bring down" the G. A. R. camp-fires. The chaplains of the regiments during the war had charge of the mails for the regiments to which they were attached. The mail for the regiment of this particular chaplain had not come to hand for many days. The regiment was out of the line of communication. Every day from one-half to two-thirds of the soldier boys filed up to the chaplain's tent with such stereotyped inquiries as these:

"Any mail yet, chaplain?"
"Have you heard from the mail?"
"Do you know when the mail will come?"
"What do you think is delaying the mail?"

The good man was so pestered with inquiries that he had no time to prepare his weekly sermon. He was obliged to spend all his time in explaining that he had no mail, that he had heard nothing about the mail. It occurred to him that he might put an end to his troubles by a sign. Procuring the bottom of an old hard tack box he marked it with charcoal and nailed it on a tree in front of his tent so that all might see this notice:

THE CHAPLAIN DOES NOT KNOW WHEN THE MAIL WILL ARRIVE.

The next anxious inquirer who came along was a reckless young wag. He gazed for a while at the notice, and, discovering the piece of charcoal which the chaplain had dropped on the ground at the completion of the sign, he seized it and added these words:

AND HE DON'T CARE A D—N.

The chaplain took in the sign and never put out another one.—*New York Tribune.*

Oatmeal Not Easy to Cook.

Oatmeal differs from the other cereals in cooking because it contains so much gluten. This substance is eighteen per cent. of oatmeal, and but ten per cent. of wheat flour and twelve per cent. of Indian corn. But these proportions do not fully express the difficulty in cooking arising from the presence of the large amount of gluten. Oatmeal does not leaven well, and bread made solely of it is generally unleavened. Loaves wet up with milk do better, and an addition of 25 to 33 per cent. of wheat flour still further improves the fermentation. Some of the peasants of Europe add a few potatoes to the oatmeal dough, with wheat and pea flour, milk, and a little pepper, cinnamon, nutmeg, and caraway seed, making a loaf greatly prized by the family. A lady, who has given the subject considerable attention, says that, to get a well leavened loaf, more than half the flour should be wheat.

The art of making oat-cakes is one requiring a great amount of skill. It is said that very few cooks can bake oat-cakes properly. In beginning the work the best way is to wet up the dough with cold water in small quantities as required, and only enough for one cake at a time, kneading it out as quickly as possible, and then baking it with equal dispatch, so to have what is termed sweet, dry, crummy cakes, free from insipid and boardy toughness and hardness peculiar to them when otherwise done. Oatmeal has a saccharine flavor when properly cooked, both in bread and pudding, and the difficulty in preparing and baking is to get this.

There are buttered cakes, sugared cakes, seed cakes, sponge cakes, etc., in great variety, as well as plain bread, to be made from oatmeal. Suet is better than butter. The fat should be melted in the water for making the dough, and incorporated with the meal while hot. The kneading, etc., then follows as in the case of plain bread. These cakes are short and very palatable. When sugar is added, which is seldom, it is dissolved in the hot or cold water used in wetting up the meal. Caraway seeds, if used, should be mixed with the meal before the dough is made. Soda cakes are sometimes made, but eggs are seldom used.

In baking, a gridiron is used over a clear fire, generally baking the under side only, but sometimes the cakes are turned and toasted on the upper side before the fire. The preferred way, however, is to toast the cakes before the fire on both sides, or over it, on an open, slate-bottomed gridiron. The cakes cooked in this way are the best flavored. The cook who does not want to take all this trouble will use the oven, which is an allowable way to bake these cakes.—*Good House-keeping.*

Two Philosophers.

One of the most widely-known middle-aged citizens of Detroit was once in love with a young woman. It was in the period of his undisciplined youth, when the bloom was on the eye, and his nights (to say nothing of his days) were mainly given to rosy dissipation.

One day the father of the young woman with whom he was in love—a well-to-do merchant on Woodward avenue—sent for the young man. The latter, filled with a mixture of hope, fear, and gin, presented himself at the counting-house of his possible father-in-law. The shrewd and kindly old merchant met him with frank and reassuring cordiality.

"Sit down, sit down!" said he in a cheery tone. "Glad to see you!"

The merchant finished a letter he was writing, closed the door of his private office, and turned to his visitor.

"George," said he, lingering almost affectionately over the name (clever old blade)! "George, my boy, possibly you may have noticed that you are paying considerable attention to my daughter?"

The lover bashfully admitted that he had, at times, vaguely suspected himself of some such thing.

"Well, then, I want to say that you'll have to drop it. Now, truth to tell nothing would give me greater satisfaction than to see my daughter married to a son of your father, who was my friend and a square man, if ever one such lived. But—well, the long and the short of it is, my dear boy, your personal habits are such as to give little promise that you would make the right sort of a husband. I take a drink now and again myself. In fact, I get a little full sometimes; and being of the conviction that one drunkard in the family is quite enough, I have made so bold as to intimate that you had better not come in."

"My dear sir," was the young man's rejoinder, "you are quite right; and as an earnest pledge of my sincere and unconditional acceptance of your terms, suppose we go around to Matthews and take a drink now."

"All right! As Mickey Free was wont to observe, when O'Malley proposed a swig, 'I'm con-vay-nient.'"

And the two philosophers then and there settled the little matter over a glass of grog, and they have ever since been close friends.

The girl? Oh, she married a prosperous young wholesale merchant, reared a numerous family, grew stout, red faced, and unattractive, and can be seen any day in her carriage, "lolling back in her listless pride" as she airs her wealth and station.

As for her former lover he is the breeziest old bachelor in the city, still addicted to grog, and as youthful in his sports and feelings as he was a quarter of a century ago.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Washington's Nerve.

I was conversing with a gallant member of the Army of Northern Virginia and a member of the late Gen. Robert E. Lee's staff last week, and Maj. Andre and Gen. Washington's iron will and immovable resolution were the subjects of his remarks. The family of the officer referred to and that of Washington had been very intimate in the past, and he had, therefore, peculiarly good opportunities for information. "I cannot," said he, "fail to admire, and yet—if I might dare to say so of so unapproachably great and good a man—occasionally to wonder at and possibly question the wisdom of his iron resolution and absolutely inflexible will when it was once thoroughly made up on any subject. His set mouth, firm chin, and iron jaw by no means belied his character. The man, so far as mortal man could know or weigh his mind and heart, was simply marble. History reveals, in part at least, the superhuman efforts that were made to secure a mitigation of Maj. Andre's sentence by powerful friends on both sides; and how the great general could withstand the influences brought to bear upon him by those of his own party provoked much criticism at the time. The same French general, Lafayette, who sat on the court-martial which sentenced Andre, had handed to Gen. Washington a commission from King Louis as lieutenant-general in the French army and vice-admiral of the French fleet and afterward commanded the Continental troops and raw Virginia levies in the campaign around Richmond and along the Rappahannock during the raid on Virginia by the traitor Arnold. I wonder what would have been thought in our day if during the late war an accredited

agent of Louis Napoleon had brought a commission in the French army and navy to Jefferson Davis or Gen. Lee, and if such an agent or foreign general had been given a seat upon the confederate court-martial trying a French spy! But then, times have greatly changed, and an American at Victoria's jubilee could gaze with equanimity upon the costly marble tomb of Andre in Westminster abbey, beneath which England sought to hide the gibbet at Tappan."

"In private affairs," the major continued, "the same characteristics are equally noticeable. You know it was the fashion in those days for people about to make a journey to pack up their movable valuables, such as plate, jewelry, etc., in the heavy lumbering traveling coaches of the day. Marshall, then owner of our present Marshall's Landing, on the Potomac below Washington and the estate so named, was about to make a journey, and the family coach was for some reason packed over night. A slave of Gen. Washington's from his Mount Vernon estate—a blacksmith, worth from \$1,200 to \$1,800 at the prices of those days—broke into the packed-up vehicle and committed a heavy robbery. The severest penalty, I believe, to which the robber could be sentenced, under the slave laws of Virginia, was that the condemned man should receive 'licks' or blows from every slave—man, woman and child—upon the estate to which he belonged. From the number of human chattels then belonging to Mount Vernon the execution of such a sentence meant certain and cruel death, and yet Gen. Washington, unhesitatingly passed sentence."—*Washington Cor. N. Y. Tribune.*

A Bronson Alcott has kept a journal ever since he was a boy, and, as he was born in 1797 and has known distinctly nearly every man of distinction in New England from that time to the present, it ought to be most interesting reading. This journal fills sixty volumes of neatly written manuscript, which will be given to the world after his death. Mr. Alcott is still a helpless invalid, and spends most of his time on a couch, asleep or looking over his books.

A Girl Snake-Catcher.

She lives in Malden; she is 17 years old, or thereabouts, and she is an ophibologist—that is to say, her speciality is snakes. Very often, in pleasant summer weather, this young girl, with hands clad in high buck gloves and armed with a bottle of chloroform, lurks about the fens, and pools, and thickets watching for snakes, a girl fair to look upon, sauntering, one might imagine, with eyes upon the ground, in maiden meditation, fancy free. She is in maiden meditation, indeed, but not fancy free, because her fancy is bound to snakes and she is searching intently for some variety not yet added to her collection of several hundred. Presently she stops; with an eager gleam in her eye she crouches along a step or two, her glove-clad right hand drawn back as if to clutch some object; she springs forward toward the ground with a swift motion, and then stands erect with the body of a snake writhing about her arm in desperate throes. She has it by the neck and proceeds calmly to thrust its head into the neck of her bottle of chloroform.

Not many days ago this young scientist, after a rather desperate contest, captured in the fells a black-snake so large and powerful that when it wrapped itself in the mad-grasp of its body about her arm it strained her cords and muscles so severely that she was lame for a week. It did not prevent her, however, from sallying forth again, and when she happened to perceive, at the margin of a pool, a big water-snake of a variety which she had not secured for her collection, she lay in wait for it. As the snake pounced upon a frog she pounced upon the snake; but the reptile was in his element, and escaped her. Was she to be baffled in that way? Not at all. She managed to anchor a frog in some way upon a stone at the edge of the pool, at a spot where the bank was overhanging with bushes. Then she stealthily laid herself flat upon her face under the bushes at the brink of the water, and there she lay in ambush for a long time, while the snake curiously eyed the frog. At last the snake, with sudden resolution made bold to seize the frog; but as he did so a gloved hand, swifter than his own sinuous motion, darted from the bank, and he was a prisoner, splashing the water of the pool in his vain effort to escape. The girl has one grief—she has not been able to capture with her own hands a rattlesnake.—*Boston Transcript.*

Well Water.

The great majority of the people in this country obtain their drinking water from the moving sheet of water which lies at a greater or less depth beneath the surface of the earth, and for this purpose they use wells.

The question as to how far, and under what circumstances, well water may be dangerously contaminated, and how such contamination may be best recognized when present, or be foreseen and guarded against, are therefore of constant interest. The *Journal of the Chemical Society* for June of this year contains a paper by Robert Warrington, entitled "A Contribution to the Study of Well Water," which is of more than ordinary value and interest. In this paper is given the result of a continuous and systematic examination of the well waters of Rothamsted, Eng., and of the connection between the composition of rain, drainage and deep-well waters. Taking a series of observations for several years it was found that the rain contained, in 1,000 parts, an average of 2 parts of chlorine, 0.67 part of combined nitrogen, and 2.52 parts of sulphuric acid. By drainage through 5 feet of bare soil the quantity of chlorine is not increased, but the combined nitrogen is increased about nine times by oxidation of the organic matter in the soil. The production of nitrates occurs chiefly in the summer months, and the first considerable drainage which occurs after summer will contain the greatest portion of the nitrates.

Nitrates being assimilated by plants are generally absent in drainage from land bearing an actively growing crop. The proportion of chlorine in the purest wells at Harpenden is about eleven per million, and it varies very little. Wells in soil much contaminated by sewage may show the commencement of a rise in the chlorides one or two months after the active autumn drainage begins, and two months before the water-level in the well begins to rise. Wells little liable to contamination show a rise in chlorides later in the season. When soil has been long contaminated by sewerage, and then fresh contamination ceases for a number of years, the proportion of chlorides in the well-water may be considerably higher than normal, but it will remain nearly unaltered through the drainage season.

In contaminated well-waters the proportion of nitrates and chlorides increases at first at an equal rate. But if active drainage continues the proportion of nitrates greatly increases. The sewage of a poorly-fod population gives a high proportion of chlorides to nitrates, while stable sewerage causes the reverse. The chloride contamination is more permanent than by nitrates. The probable average proportion of nitrogen as nitrates in drainage water from uncultivated land is 2.8 per million.

The examinations of waters made by Mr. Warrington were almost entirely chemical; the only exception was a series of experiments which indicate that a nitrifying micro-organism is contained in deep-well waters, but in very small proportions.

Joke on a General.

Apocryphal of Gen. Faidherbe, an amusing anecdote is related of an adventure which befell him when he commanded the army of the North in the war of 1870. His charger, a splendid gray Arab, had been wounded at the battle of point Noyelles, and the general was obliged to leave it behind him at a farm. Some days after, as Gen. Faidherbe was at lunch, a non-commissioned officer of the Prussian army came up with a French dragoon and a horse which Gen. von Goblen had sent him with a polite message, believing it to be his property. The horse was a miserable animal, and Gen. Faidherbe, amazed at the apparition, asked the dragoon for an explanation. The man related that he had been taken prisoner with three comrades by a patrol of German cavalry, two days before, and that he had hit on the bright idea of representing himself as the orderly and his horse as the favorite charger of Gen. Faidherbe. The German officers had communicated his statement to Gen. von Goblen, who had courteously returned the animal to the French general. Gen. Faidherbe, however, asked the German soldier to take the dragoon and the horse back with him, and the man had to return crossfaced at the failure of his ruse. Gen. von Goblen, as soon as he learnt the truth, directed that diligent search should be made for the Arab, but it had been so carefully hidden away that he never succeeded in restoring it to his adversary.

Nancy Hart, the Revolutionary Patriot.

Your correspondent has recently collected an account of Nancy Hart of revolutionary fame, who resided in what is now Elbert County. She is described as being among the bravest of the brave, six feet high, very muscular, and erect in her gait.

Among the anecdotes told concerning her is the following:

One evening she was at home with her children, sitting around a log fire, boiling soap in a large pot over the fire. Nancy was engaged in telling her children the latest news of the war. The house was a log one, with great cracks, and one of the children discovered a Tory peeping through the crack. Nancy never paid any attention to the Tory until she got the water real hot, when she poured it through the crack into the fellow's eyes. She then went outside and amused herself at his expense.

Nancy Hart and her husband lived on Broad River, and up to a few years ago an old apple orchard pointed the place where the house stood. Nancy said she would prove herself a friend to the country "to do or die." All Whigs had to hide or be hung. The ill-colored Mr. Hart was not the last to seek safety in the canoe with his neighbors. Mrs. Hart was not of that sort. She vowed that she would not flinch one inch from a Tory. They gave her a call one day, and sitting down at her table ordered a repast. They stacked arms and began to make themselves at home. Nancy seized a gun, cocked it, and with a blazing oath declared that she would blow the brains out of the first mortal who would rise or taste a mouthful, and, turning to her son, said: "Go and tell the Whigs that I have taken six base Tories." They were badly worried at this, but after the punishment of a scare they were released.

On one occasion during the war she became engaged in conversation with a Tory, seized his gun, and marched him into an American fort, where he was taken as a prisoner.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

Two Anecdotes of Thackeray.

"When, soon after our marriage, Mr. Brookfield introduced his early college friend, Mr. Thackeray to me, he brought him one day unexpectedly to dine with us. There was, fortunately, a good plain dinner, but I was young and shy enough to feel embarrassed because we had no sweets, and I privately sent my maid to the nearest confectioner's to buy a dish of tartlets, which I thought would give a finish to our simple meal. When they were placed before me, I timidly offered our guest a small one, saying: 'Will you have a tartlet, Mr. Thackeray?' 'I will, but I'll have a two-penny one, if you please,' he answered, so beamingly, that we all laughed, and my shyness disappeared.

"On another occasion, also very early in my friendship with Mr. Thackeray, he was at our house one evening with a few other intimate friends when the conversation turned on court circulars, and their sameness day after day. A few samples were given: 'So-and-so had the honor of joining her majesty's dinner-party with other lofty and imposing personages,' invariably ending with Dr. Preterius. 'By the way, who is Dr. Preterius?' somebody asked. A slight pause ensued, when a voice began solemnly chanting the national anthem, ending each verse with:

"God save our gracious queen,
Send her victorious, happy and glorious,
Dr. Preterius—God save the queen."

"This was Mr. Thackeray, who had been sitting perfectly silent and rather apart from those who were talking, and had not appeared to notice what was said."—*Scribner's Magazine*.

Not Meant for Him.

There were about half a dozen of them and they had been off somewhere in the country. They were all piled on a wagon, and as they passed one of the numerous cottages a pretty woman accidentally turned a white handkerchief loose. There were six handkerchiefs waving wildly in the breeze in one instant.

"By Jove! she's pretty. I wonder who she is? That was meant for me." "It wasn't. It was meant for me," said everybody but a little old man sitting on the bottom of the wagon, hidden from sight.

"Well," he said, "I'll bet it was not meant for me."

"Why?" "Because that was my wife." And a dead silence fell on the picnic.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

A Millionaire and the Statue of Venus.

There is a millionaire quite close at hand, within whose gardens fair several statues stand. Apollo smiles on there Juno and Jupiter, Castor and Pollux, pair with hand in hand. In addition to those there are Venus and many others too numerous or indelicate to mention. For years this Olympian collection has evoked admiration, and attention has been drawn to the possessor as a man who values the precious in art and spends his money in promoting the taste for the Greek slave—I mean, Greek art. He has or had a lovely statue of Venus, and Venus used to stand in a modest, deprecatory attitude in the garden and endure all sorts of inspection. I need scarcely say that Venus could not be looked at without conflicting emotions, which accounted for her popularity. Well one night the millionaire had been out at an Irish home-rule meeting, and he had imbibed some very strong arguments. He was, to say the least of it, rather confused in his mind and unsteady on his feet. As he wandered through the garden to find the front door of the house, which he was coming to believe had been taken inside for the night, his eye fell on Venus. Time was no object. He stood and gazed at the statue of beauty for a long time. Then he walked up and shook his fist at it.

"Look here, Venus, it just occurs to me you've been here fourteen years, and you've never paid a cent of rent. You'd better get out of this."

And he pitched Venus off her pedestal over the garden wall.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

Jefferson's Ingenuity.

I think it is not generally known, writes Frank Stockton in the *Century*, with what pleasure and zeal Jefferson brought his mind to bear, not only upon the development of his somewhat grand idea in regard to a home, but upon the most minute and peculiar contrivances for convenience and adornment. He drew plans and made estimates for nearly everything that was built or constructed on his place. He calculated the number of bricks he used in every part of his buildings, and his family now possess elaborately-drawn plans of such bits of household furnishing as "curtain valences" and the like. There were no bedsteads in his house, but in every chamber there was an alcove in the wall in which a wooden framework was built which supported the bed. His own sleeping arrangements during the lifetime of his wife were of a very peculiar nature. In the partition between two chambers was an archway, and in this archway was the double bed; one chamber was Mr. Jefferson's room and the other was his wife's dressing-room. When he arose in the morning he got out of bed into his own room, and Mrs. Jefferson got out into her room. After his wife's death her room became his study, and the partition wall between it and the library being taken down, the whole was thrown into the present large apartment. Over the archway in which the bed is placed is a long closet reached by a step-ladder placed in another closet at the foot of the bed. In this were stored in summer the winter clothes of the family, and in winter their summer habiliments. At the other side of the arch there is a small door, so that persons going from one room to the other had no need to clamber over the bed.

In the smaller chamber when it became his study, stood Mr. Jefferson's writing chair, which was made to suit his peculiar needs. The chair itself was high-backed, well-rounded and cushioned, and in front of it extended a cushioned platform on which Mr. Jefferson found it very pleasant to stretch his legs, being sometimes troubled with swellings of the smaller veins of these limbs. The writing-table was so made that it could be drawn up over this platform, legs and all, and pushed down when not in use. The top of this table turned on a pivot; on one side of it were his writing materials, and on the other was the little apparatus by which he made copies of all his revolvers. By his side was another revolving table, on which his books of reference lay, or were held open at proper angles. Near him also stood a pair of large globes; and, if he wished to study anything outside of this world, he had in the room two long telescopes mounted on brass tripods. Convenient also were his violins, one a Cremona and the other the bass viol saved from the Shadwell fire. Besides the book-shelves and the somewhat simple furniture of the library, there were a number of oddly contrived little closets in which were

stored his multitudinous manuscripts. There is a writing-table now in the possession of the family which was frequently used by Mr. Jefferson, and which is ingeniously contrived. Two of its four legs are hollow, and in these run rods resting upon springs by which the table can be easily elevated, the other two legs being also extensible but in a different way. When Mr. Jefferson was tired of writing in a sitting position he could stand up and raise this table to the desired height. When he wished to use it as a reading stand the top could be inclined at any angle, and a strip of brass was brought into use to keep the books and papers from sliding off.

Opening from the library was a large room inclosed with glass, which was intended for a conservatory, but was used by Mr. Jefferson as his work-room. There he had a work-bench with all sorts of carpenter's tools, with which he constructed a great many of the small conveniences he invented.

Scientific Farming in Georgia.

Bob Tipper is a colored farmer of this community, and his mode of procedure illustrates a very large majority of colored farmers who rent land and farm on their own hook. Robert is the owner of an emaciated, dun-colored, bottle-bellied bull, which serves as plow-horse, Sunday-go-to-meeting buggy nag and hauler of a Saturday's "load of wood, sah." The feed of this bovine consists of wire-grass, crapped during the stilly hours of the night, while his master sleeps the sleep of the just, and hence it is Old Dun doesn't present that well-fed, sleek appearance incident to high living.

Passing Farmer Tipper's recently this reporter found that gentleman pulling a bell line over Old Dun and going at a snail's pace, throwing two furrows to some pale, sickly looking corn that struggled for existence amid the weeds and grass always present in the average colored planter's crop. Hailing us and asking the loan of a "ohaw, terbacker, sah," the following dialogue ensued:

"Bob, why don't you hoe out that corn?" asked the reporter.

"I 'lows ter, boss, when I lays by"—although the corn was in full silk and tassel at waist high.

"How did you begin that crop, Bob?" asked the reporter.

"In de fust place, sah, I run one furrer in de middle and drapt de co'n on kivered it wid my feet. One munt later I flung two furrers to it, and den side out my cotton crop of twelve akers. Fust er June I fling two more furrers to de co'n an' two more to my cotton and chops it out. Dis is de next plov'in' I gives de co'n. Nex' time I'll bust out dese baulks, and den I'll hoo it, sah, ef its wuth it."

"Do you prepare your land before planting, Bob?" asked the reporter.

"O, no, sah. 'Twon't do ter go to sturvin' de sarri (soil) too much in dis sandy lan.' You mus' plant in de water furrer ter ketch de rain dat falls, and den, as you kin, fling de sarri to de co'n as she grows. 'Twon't do to stury de sarri too much, 'case if you do you lose all de suption (substance) in de lan,' said Bob, looking as wise as Solomon himself.—*Bainbridge (Ga.) Democrat*.

The Man in the Moon.

Say, who is the fellow who sits in the moon, and why does he grin in so foolish a way? In winter he's smiling as well as in June—what keeps up his spirits so wordrosly, pray? Oh, a merry old fool is the man in the moon, and he sits there and looks at the chap full of gin, who staggers along like a wavering loon, and he can not, to save him, refrain from a grin. And anon he can see from his seat in the moon, a fellow who's reckless and brazen to boot, who sails up a mile in a giant balloon, and sails down again on a big parachute. And again he can smile at the man with a gun, who asks at the desk if the editor's in, who's scraped from the floor when the struggle is done, and carried away on the point of a pin. There are thousands of jokes for the man in the moon, and he smiles when he sees William H., in despair, imploring his darling to marry him soon—and a year after that when she's pulling his hair. If you could go up in a trusty balloon, as far as that orb in her setting of blue, and look down on earth with the man in the moon, you'd likely be grinning as foolishly too. This dizzy old world is a joke from the start, and there's no use of weeping from morning till noon; it's better to go with a smile in your heart, and try to outspoke the man in the moon.—*Nebraska State Journal*.

Got Even With the Mate.

An old citizen, a gentleman of high social and official standing in St. Joseph, told the *Gazette* a story of the famous Missouri Governor, Bob Stewart, which, true to the letter, proves that fact is stranger than fiction:

"I was coming up the Missouri river when I was a boy," said the ex-Governor, "and I was working my way on a steamboat, sah. At a point where we had to wood up I didn't carry as big a load as some of the roustabouts, nor move with that agility, sah, that the others did, for I was not strong, sah, and had been tenderly raised. The mate became enraged at my slow movements on the gangplank, and he gave me a kick and sent me ashore, sah, and confiscated my buffalo robe as payment for my passage to that point. I never saw that mate again until I had been inaugurated as Governor of this great Commonwealth of Missouri, sah.

"One day wandering through the wards and districts of the penitentiary I saw that mate working at a forge. He had been sent there, sah, for killing, in a passion, a man under his command. I know him instantly, sah, and I directed the Warden to send the man to the gubernatorial mansion in the garb of a gentleman. When the man arrived I took him into my private office and asked him if he recognized me, sah. He replied that he did. Said I, 'Sah, do you remember one time at such and such a place, sah, of kicking a boy and sending him ashore, who had been working in your gang?'"

"The man said, 'No sah, I don't remember it, but it is very likely that I did it, sah.'"

"Well, sah," says I, "I am that boy, sah, and here is your pardon, sah. I always thought I would get even with you, sah."

"The tears came to the old man's eyes, and he said, 'Well, governor, to be a mate in those days a man had to be a dog, sah.'"

"You played well your part, sah," I said, "Now leave here, sah, and don't let me see you again, sah."

"As he made his exit I gave him an able-bodied kick, sah, and little Bob Stewart had got even with that big steamboat mate, sah.

"Sounds like a romance, don't it, sah? Yes, sah. But every word is true, I need barely say, sah."

The Largest Opium-Den in China.

A writer in the North China *Herald* describes the Nan-jin-tsin, the greatest opium den in China. It is situated in the French concession to Shanghai, within a stone's throw of the wall of the native city, within which no opium-shops are supposed to exist. The throngs visiting it represent all stations of life, from the coolie to the wealthy merchant or the small mandarin. It is with difficulty that one gets inside through the crowds of people hanging around the door. Those who have not the requisite number of copper cash to procure the baneful pipe watch with horrible wistfulness each of the more affluent pass in with a nervous, hurried step, or totter out wearing that peculiar dazed expression which comes after the smoker's craving has been satisfied and his transient pleasure has passed away. One requires a strong stomach to stand the sickening fumes with which the air inside is thickened. The clouds of smoke, the dim light from the numerous colored lamps, the numbers of reclining forms with distorted faces bent over the small flames at which the pipes are lighted cause the novice a sickening sensation.

But as soon as the eye becomes accustomed to the scene it is noticed that the place is got up on an expensive scale. In the center of the lower room hangs one of the finest of Chinese lamps, the ceiling is of richly-carved wood, while the painted walls are thickly inlaid with a peculiarly marked marble, which gives the idea of unfinished landscape sketches. Numerous doors on all sides lead to the smokers' apartments. In the outer portion of the building stands a counter covered with little boxes of the drug ready for smoking, which a dozen assistants are kept busy handing out to the servants who wait upon the habitués of the place. The average daily receipts are said to be about £200. The smoking apartments are divided into four classes. In the cheapest are coolies, who pay about fourpence for their smoke. In the dearest the smoke costs about sevenpence. The drug supplied in each class is much the same both in quality and quantity; it is the difference in the

pipes that regulates the price. The best kinds are made of ivory, the stem being often inlaid with stones and rendered more costly by reason of elaborate carving; the cheapest kinds are made simply of hard wood.

The rooms also are furnished according to class. In the most expensive the lounge upon which the smoker reclines is of fine velvet, with pillows of the same material; the frames of each couch are inlaid with mother-of-pearl and jade, and the whole air of these rooms is one of sensuous luxury. There is also a number of private rooms. In the poorer section will be seen many wearers of the tattered yellow and gray robes of Buddhist and Taoist priests. Women form a fair proportion of the smokers. The common belief is that the opium sleep is attended by a mild, pleasurable delirium, with brief glimpses of Elysium, but this is the exception, not the rule. People smoke to satisfy the craving begotten of previous indulgence. There is accommodation for 150 smokers at a time, and there is seldom a vacancy very long. The stream of smokers goes on from early morning till midnight, when the place closes, the clouds of smoke go up incessantly all day long.

Her Special Butter Dish.

A young lady told me of a scientific experiment she has been trying. Her boarding-house is a very fashionable and exclusive and excellent one, but of late the perversities of the butter have been trying. Butter sometimes has a way of being perverse, and this usually in August, when it should be the best, just as children are very likely to appear at their very worst when they should behave the best. Now, some one had told this young lady that if cream were buried in the earth for twenty-four hours it would then be found to have become butter of a superior quality and flavor. She longed to test the truth of this statement, and, confessing her ambition to Mrs. Daniel Merriman, she was made a present of a bag of cream from the Bigelow farm. She told me, with the minuteness indispensable to the description of scientific procedures, that the bag was of white cloth, of strong and firm material, and that the cream, of course, being from the Bigelow farm, was of lovely richness, of the sort usually described as being "thick enough to cut with a knife." She made the excavation in the ground, of the necessary size, and deposited her cream and covered it up. After twenty-four hours she unearthed it and it was a ball of golden, hard, delicious butter, wanting only salt to make it perfect, and this she added with her own fair hands. There were no traces of buttermilk; it had all been absorbed through the pores of the cloth into the earth. It is improbable that the young lady will go on making butter after this manner, but her method may indicate that there is shortly to be a revolution in the art of butter-making. The new way has to recommend it a great saving of labor, and, one would say, of care as well. In these wonderful days it is impossible to prophesy what great and momentous results may come from such a happening as this.—*Boston Herald.*

Dry salt applied every day and brushed into the roots will make the hair silky and cause it to grow. Do not continue but a year or two at longest, as it is a strong tonic.

Watches For Blind People.

"This is one of the cutest things in the watch line that has yet appeared," said Jeweler Charles S. Crossman, holding up one of the new Swiss watches designed for the use of the blind. "The old raised figure watches were clumsy and blind people were constantly bending or breaking the watch hands by touching them. In this watch a small peg is set in the center of each figure. When the hour hand is approaching a certain hour the peg for that hour drops when the quarter before it is passed. The person feels the peg is down, and then counts back to twelve. He can then tell the time within a few minutes, and by practice he can become so expert as to tell the time almost exactly. They have been in use about six months and there is a steady and growing demand for them."—*New York Evening Sun.*

The flag that floated over the Marshall house in Alexandria, Va., in 1861, and was indirectly the cause of the death of Jackson and Ellsworth, is now in the state capital at Albany.

The Rattlesnake's Awful Eye.

Never seeing a snake charm a bird or a tual, I concluded it was a negro superstitious on or fancy, devoid of fact. So I continued to think until a few days ago when a farmer friend of mine, living four miles south of Abilene, told me what he had lately witnessed. He said he was riding along on a prairie, and saw a prairie dog within a few feet of him, which refused to scamper to his hole, as prairie dogs usually do when approached by man; on the contrary, he sat as if transfixed to the spot, though making a constant nervous, shuddering motion as if anxious to get away. My friend thought this was strange, and while considering the spectacle, he presently saw a large rattlesnake coiled up under some bushes, his head uplifted, about six or seven feet from the dog, which still heeded him not, but looked steadily upon the snake. He dismounted, took the dog by the head and thrust him off, when the snake, which had up to that moment remained quiet, immediately swelled with rage, and began sounding his rattles. The prairie dog for some time seemed benumbed, hardly capable of motion, but grew better, and finally got into his hole. My friend then killed the rattler. Now, was this a case of charming? If not, what was it? My friend who told me this is named John Irving McClure, a farmer, well known to me, a good and truthful man.

And to one who is familiar with the eyes of rattlesnakes it does not seem unreasonable that they should have such power. If you will examine the eye of one who is cold in death, you will perceive that it has an extremely malignant and terrible expression. When he is alive and excited I know of nothing in all nature so dreadful as the appearance of a rattlesnake's eye. It is enough to strike not only birds and little animals, but men with night-mare. I have on several occasions examined them closely with strong glasses, and feel with all force what I state, and I will tell you that there are few men on the face of the earth who can look upon an agitated rattlesnake through a good glass—bringing him apparently within a foot or two of the eye—and stand it more than a moment.—*Forest and Stream.*

The Railroad Man's Dinner Pail.

There are very few railroad men who are not obliged at some time or other to carry a dinner pail. For the ethics of time tables are past explaining. No one, unless it be the dapper young gentleman in the general office, can tell why what has always been the morning train from Mill Valley should suddenly veer about, and become the night train up from Hill Top. And everybody connected with the train from conductor to water-boy, must immediately change his abode, regardless of the little homo this one has just purchased, or the church with which that one has just united, or the children's schooling, or the place where the baby is buried. For the trains are for the service of the public, and however kind and helpful the officials may be individually, it is not possible for them to consider the private interests of the employes in making up schedules of time. And as all these removals and changes cannot be accomplished in a day or a week, it will be seen that the dinner pail is a necessary utensil in every well regulated railroad family. And when the vast number of these families and the house-keeping, good, bad, or indifferent they must necessarily do, is considered, it will be seen that a railroad man's dinner pail represents a great deal. Then, in addition to the many regular trains, both passenger and freight, which are supposed to keep tolerably regular hours barring calamity, there are also many irregular trains, construction, gravel, snow plow, etc., which slip in between the others, lying by when they must, and going on when they can, only keeping out of the way, so that it is a matter of wonder that dyspepsia has not marked every railroad man for his own, long ago.

There is the man who gets his breakfast and supper in one town, his dinner in another, and lodges in a third. Then there is the man who "runs spare," that is may be called upon to fill any temporary vacancy in his branch of the service. And when his wife has within a few weeks changed her meal hours to accommodate every train on the road, when her breakfast has ranged from five to nine, her dinner from eleven to two, and her tea hour from five to half-past ten, she may be forgiven for thinking that her

housekeeping is growing chaotic, and feeling a wild desire to grasp something steady until her brain stops whirling. Do you say that good housekeeping is quite impossible under such circumstances? Housekeeping of some sort must be done, nevertheless, and as long as the dinner pail is brought in by its lawful owner, walking upright, and he is not borne in helpless, the wife has a welcome for it and him, let the hours be never so irregular.

It is even possible, and sometimes necessary, to pack a dinner pail with sufficient food to last from Saturday night until Monday morning. And to any young wife who has this to do, let me whisper a word right here that has not very much to do with your husband's dinner pail, but a great deal to do with the happiness of your home. Do not salt the food with tears because you must stay alone; they will make it bitter when it most needs to be sweet. And when you shut your husband out on Saturday night do not let the last glimpse he has of you be obscured by a vision of a pocket handkerchief whose needs to see a cheerful face. Keep all that out of sight until he is fairly gone, no matter what paroxysms of loneliness you give way to immediately afterwards.—*H. Annette Poole, in Good Housekeeping.*

In Ancient Attire.

Until the end of the eighteenth century it is doubtful which sex went to the greatest extreme in the matter of dress; certainly they kept very much in the same line, and no change appears to have been too ridiculous or too extravagant for adoption, says St. James's *Gazette*. High-heeled shoes, muffs, and fans were common to all.

The modern exquisite, armed with eye-glass and dressed strictly à la mode, can bear no comparison with the beau who in the reign of Charles II. paraded the streets singing, their faces spotted with patches and with love-locks, the ends of which were tied with large bows of silk hanging on their shoulders. At their knees were bunches of ribbons of all colors, while their boot-tops were turned down as low as the spurs, in order to show the fine lace with which they were lined.

No less remarkable was the first-rate exquisite of the reign of James II. He carried about with him a large comb of ivory or tortoise shell, and with this he combed his peruke (an article of attire then newly introduced from France) while in conversation or at the opera, doubtless with the same air as the modern gallant twirls his mustache.

Who would imagine that Raleigh, when he spread his cloak over the miry spot which the virgin queen desired to cross, could have been clothed in aught but doublet and hose, with high ruff, short cloak thrown over one shoulder, and a long rapier hanging by his side? And what would have become of the renowned Falstaff were he attired in a court suit of the present day?

Without the grandeur of silk and satin, or the glitter of innumerable jewels, these historical characters would sink almost into insignificance.

Nothing could be more recklessly extravagant than the dress of such as George Villiers, who at one time ordered twenty-seven suits of clothes richly ornamented with lace, gold, silver, and jewels. One of these is said to have been of white velvet, thickly incrustated with diamonds valued at £80,000, and these were fastened so loosely that he could by a slight movement shake them off, to the great delight of those in his immediate neighborhood. Nor did his extravagance stop here. In his richly decorated cap was an enormous feather almost covered with diamonds, as were also his belt and sword.

Raleigh also proved himself lavish as regards his dress. The shoes alone which he wore on special occasions were covered with diamonds valued at nearly £80,000, while rubies, pearls, and diamonds glittered on every part of his costume.

A suit of armor which he possessed was made of solid silver, and in many other instances this love of show was observable in him.

Among the nobility each seemed to vie with the other for precedence in the value of their attire, and some are even spoken of as having had their horses shod with silver.

The ladies also exhibited their love of grandeur, and we hear of a lady who appeared at the marriage of Elizabeth of Bohemia, "like a comet, all crimson velvet and beaten gold, the embroidery with which her dress was covered being valued at £50 per yard."