

Scent of Dogs.

Dogs not only smell odors in an occasional way, but they likewise seem to extract a recognizable odor from almost everything, as Professor Croom Robertson also suggests: Anacharist knows me when I am dressed in clothes he never saw before, by his nose alone. Let me get myself up in a theatrical costume, and cover my face with a mask, yet he will recognize me at once by some, to us, undetectable perfume. Moreover, he will recognize the same odor, as clinging to my clothes after they have been taken off.

If I shy a pebble on the beach, he can pick out the identical pebble amongst a thousand. Even the very ground on which I have trodden, remains to him a faint reminder of my presence for hours afterward.

The bloodhound can track a human scent a week old, which argues a delicacy of nose almost incredible to human nostrils.

Similarly, too, if you watch Anacharist at this moment, you will see that he runs up and down the path, sniffing away at every stick, stone and plant, as though he got a separate and distinguishable scent out of every one of them.

And so he must, no doubt, for if even the earth keeps a perfume of the person who has walked over it hours before, surely every object about us must have some faint smell or other, either of itself or of objects which have touched it.

When we remember that a single grain of musk will scent hundreds of handkerchiefs, so as to be recognizable even by our defective organs of smell, there is nothing extravagant in the idea that passing creatures may leave traces, discoverable by keener senses, on all the pebbles and straws which lie across the road.

Thus the smells which make up half of the dog's picture of the universe are probably just as continuous and distinct as the sights which make up the whole picture in our own case, and which doubtless coalesce with the other half in the canine mind.

Keep a Bottle of Lime Water.

If good milk disagrees with a child or grown person, lime water at the rate of three or four tablespoonfuls to the pint, mixed with the milk or taken after it, will usually help digestion, and prevent flatulence.

Lime water is a simple antacid, and is a little tonic. It often counteracts pain from acid fruit, from "wind in the stomach," and from acids produced by eating candies and other sweets; also, stomach-ache (indigestion from over-eating of any kind). A tablespoonful, for a child of two years old, to a gill or more, for an adult, is an ordinary dose, while considerable more will produce no injury. A pint of cold water dissolves less than ten grains of lime and warm water still less.

Some years ago, there were a number of army officers stopping at a hotel in Washington. Among them were a Capt. Emerson and a Capt. Jones. Emerson and Jones used to have a good deal of fun together, at the dinner-table and elsewhere.

One day, at the dinner-table, when the dining-hall was well filled, Capt. Jones finished his dinner first, got up, and walked almost to the dining-hall door, when Emerson called to him, in a loud voice:

"Hallo, captain! see here. I want to speak to you a minute." The captain turned, walked back to the table, and bent over him; when Emerson whispered: "I wanted to ask you how far you would have gone if I had not spoken to you."

The captain never changed a muscle, but straightened up, put his fingers into his vest pocket, and said: "Capt. Emerson, I don't know of a man in the world I'd rather lead \$5 than you, but the fact is, I haven't a cent with me to-day," and he turned on his heel and walked away.

Emerson was the color of a dozen rainbows, but he had to stand it.

"A. M. R." asks this conundrum: "Why do the French eat less than any other nation?" Because one egg is always an *œuf* for them.

A few years ago, Tryon Factory, Chattanooga county, thirty miles from Rome, Ga., commenced business with \$250,000. During the present year, it has declared a dividend of 7 per cent., and before the close of the year, will declare another of the same amount.

What I Live For.

I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true;
For the Heaven that smiles above me,
And waits my spirit too;
For all human dust that binds me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story,
Who've suffered for my sake;
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake—
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages—
The noble of all ages.
Whose deeds are history's pages,
And time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine;
To feel there is a union
Twixt Nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
To reap truth from fields of pain,
To grow wiser from conviction,
And null each grand design.

I live to halt that passion,
By griefs misdeeds beguiled,
When man shall live for reason,
And not alone for gold;
When man to man united,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me;
For those who know me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And waits my spirit too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
And the good that I can do.

—G. L. L. Banks.

A Remarkable Star.

Several correspondents have lately inquired about a reappearance of the so-called star of Bethlehem. Some have mistaken the planet Jupiter for this phenomenon. It seems to be thought that a reappearance of this star must be one of the wonders of the year. There is nothing extraordinary in the idea that passing creatures may leave traces, discoverable by keener senses, on all the pebbles and straws which lie across the road.

In the year 1572, Tycho Brahe, the most famous astronomer of his time, on going out to walk, one evening, was astonished to see a splendid star blazing in the constellation Cassiopeia, where he knew no such star had been before. It was first seen by some waggoners driving their teams along the country road at night. For three weeks it outshone all the other stars in the sky, and exhibited, by turns, a variety of brilliant colors. Then it began to fade, and in sixteen months disappeared. It has never been seen since, although a small star was discovered, about fifteen years ago, near the same spot.

In looking over the records of astronomical observations, it was found that a new star had suddenly appeared, near the same place, in the year 1254. The theory was then formed that this might be a variable star, with a period of over 300 years between its maxima. Further research brought to light records of the appearance of a similar star in that part of the sky in the year 945.

There is a discrepancy of eleven years between the two periods, but this did not prevent somebody from calculating the supposed series of appearances back and thereupon, announcing that the star must have appeared at the time of the birth of Christ. Jerome Cardan, the astrologer, was one of the first who sought to identify this phenomenon with the star that served the wise men of the East as a guide, to the manger in which the Saviour lay. It was called the Pilgrim.

The constellation Cassiopeia, at this season, is nearly in the zenith early in the evening. It occupied the same position when Tycho Brahe first caught sight of the wonderful star. The constellation may be recognized by its five principal stars. They form a figure resembling the letter W. The new star appeared opposite the right-hand opening of the letter. The observer should not be misled by some small stars, in that neighbor hood, which are easily seen with the naked eye.

The star that is said to occupy nearly the place of the phenomenon of 1572, is only visible in telescopes. If this is a variable star, with a period varying between 300 and 310 years, it may be expected to blaze out again, at any time between now and 1891.

Vera Cruz.

A City Where Grass Grows in the Streets. W. H. Bishop, writing of the City of Vera Cruz, says: The city itself, compact and solid, with a line of domes and steeples, sheltered with time, roofs of substantial tiles, plentiful balconies, and bits of wall tinted blue, green and pink, is a little like Venice. A large crane hangs out

from the end of an iron pier, and the fancy looks on it at once, the terminus of the English railway which is to bear us away up the extraordinary slopes, from the hot lands, the *terrazas calientes*, to the mysterious interior and the capital.

In an exchange of going on four hundred years, Vera Cruz has arrived at a population of seventeen thousand. The interior view of the place does not belie the promise of the first glimpse. The churches are of irregular, picturesque shapes, with nice bells. The principal one, in a little shaded plaza, has a dome of colored mosaic tiles, which shine in the sun; a style we shall see plenty of farther on.

The principle shops have a well-furnished air, especially in the branches of groceries and heavy hardware, and the custom-house square is stuffed to repletion with cotton bales, railroad iron, and miscellaneous goods waiting transportation. The principal street is called *la Independencia*, and leads to a short concrete promenade, bordered with stone benches and palm-trees.

It is early discovered that the Mexican is very patriotic. He names his streets after his battles, as particularly the *Cinco de Mayo*, fought at Puebla against the French, and even has a way of joining the names of his heroes to those of cities. Thus Puebla is *Puebla de Zaragoza*, commander in the same great battle of the 5th of May, and Oaxaca is Oaxaca of (President) Juarez.

Grass grows in the joints of the stones in the minor streets, and open gutters are the rule. The *copal* is on long, straight waterpours projecting from the houses. They are large, raven black, dignified, and aloft there against the deep blue sky, have an appearance of carved architectural ornaments. There are street-cleaning departments elsewhere which are far less ornamental at any rate.

Notices of a bull-fight for the coming Sunday are posted on the dead walls. A tram-car of a peculiar pattern runs out in the open fields, where there is the dancing place and half the ground. There is a view, in passing, of the cemetery, which should be a leading institution indeed at Vera Cruz; and yet when one is on the ground, as is apt to be the case, there are migrations to be found, even of the terrors of yellow fever.

Pail-bearers in gloomy weeds are naturally expected to form a considerable part of the population, just as murderers and kidnappers of all sorts are expected to abound elsewhere. But an American resident assured me that in four years he had known but one of our countrymen to die of the *comito*, as it is called, and very few to have it. Its chief havoc is among the poor and badly nourished.

The American Consul, himself a physician, and a resident of twelve years' standing, is strenuous in his views as to the harm done to the commercial interests of both countries by ignorance and misrepresentations on the subject. It is certain that the local authorities do not regard the disease as contagious, putting the afflicted side by side with surgical patients in the hospital; from which it seems that, if the case were really looked into, there may be as little need of the annoying quarantine against yellow fever, at least of this variety, as if it were simple ague.

Senator Sherman's Three-per-cent. Bill.

Mr. Sherman moved to take up the bill for the issue of three-per-cent. bonds. Objection to its present consideration was made by Mr. Beck, who proposed to postpone its discussion with that of the tariff commission bill (in the hands of Mr. Bayard, now absent), to be reported on Monday, and by Mr. McPherson, of the finance committee, which reported the bill, who desired to have printed several amendments he had framed.

Mr. Sherman said, as his motion was a notification of his purpose to try to get the bill up on Monday, he had accomplished his present purpose. He withdrew the motion.

The amendment of Mr. McPherson makes the bonds redeemable after January 1st, 1891, instead of payable after January 1st, 1887, and extends the time of payment to thirty years from date of issue.

Mr. Plumb gave notice of an amendment, directing the use of the fund, now held in the treasury for the redemption of United States notes, in excess of \$100,000,000, for the redemption of the 3 per cent.

A Test of Innocence.

A poor, pale seamstress was arraigned for theft, in Paris. She appeared at the bar, with her baby of eleven months on her arm. She went to get some work one day, and stole three gold coins, of ten francs each. The money was missed soon after she left her employer, and a servant was sent to her room to claim it. The servant found her about to quit the room, with the three gold pieces in her hand. She said to the servant: "I am going to carry them back to you." Nevertheless she was carried to the Commissioner of Police, and he ordered her to be sent to the Police Court for trial.

She was too poor to engage a lawyer, and when asked, by the Judge, what she had to say for herself, she replied: "The day I went to my employer's, I carried my child with me. It was in my arms, as it is now. I was not paying attention to it. There were several gold coins on the mantel-piece, and, unknown to me, it stretched out its little hand and seized three pieces, which I did not observe until I got home. I at once put on my bonnet, and was going back to my employer, to return them, when I was arrested. This is the solemn truth, as I hope for Heaven's mercy."

The Court could not believe this story. They upbraided the mother for her impudence, in endeavoring to palm off such a manifest lie for the truth. They sought her, for her own sake, to retract so absurd a tale, for it could have no effect, but to oblige the Court to sentence her to a much severer punishment than they were disposed to inflict, upon one so young and evidently so deep in poverty.

These appeals had no effect, except to strengthen the poor mother's pertinacious adherence to her original story. As this firmness was sustained by that look of innocence which the most guilty criminal can never counterfeit, the Court was at some loss to discover what decision justice demanded.

To relieve their embarrassment, one of the judges proposed to remove the scene described by the mother. Three gold coins were placed on the Clerk's table. The mother requested to assume the position in which she stood at her employer's house. There was a breathless pause in Court. The baby soon discovered the bright coins, eyed them for a moment, smiled, and then stretched forth its tiny hand and clutched them in its fingers with a miser's eagerness. The mother was at once acquitted.

—*American Manufacturer* (Boston).

How the South is Growing.

The South and the Next Census. The capital to be added to South during the next two years, employed in mining, manufacturing and agriculture, will multiply the resources of that section in an unexampled ratio. The census of 1890 will surprise even the most sanguine optimists.—*Cincinnati Gazette*.

The Census.

It is very interesting to note the rapid increase of population, in the last decade, as shown by the recent statistics issued by the Census Bureau. Alabama has gained over a quarter of a million inhabitants, and Mississippi over 300,000, while Georgia shows an increase of nearly 380,000. Louisiana is a little behind her neighbors, and only footes up an increase of 213,000, while, during the same period Texas has almost doubled her population, adding 773,000 to a population of 318,000 in 1870, footing up a grand total of 1,591,000 at the time of census taking.

Small Farms in the South.

The tenth census sets at rest any apprehensions, which may have existed, as to the tendency of farming in the United States since the change from slave to free labor. We will never have an Irish tenantry system in the South. The land is going to be tilled by its owners.—*Baltimore American*.

Southern Railroad Developments.

The business doing on the southern railroads, according to our advice, is simply unprecedented, and most of the roads are compelled to add to their rolling stock. Up to the 1st of January, the Louisville and Nashville, alone, has added 4,000 freight cars to its equipment, since last spring.

This means that the development of the South is proceeding at a rate which a few persons can comprehend. Immigration and capital are now actively employed, in the Southern States, in numerous productive enterprises, and business is, therefore, largely increased, and this increase will, it is believed, continue indefinitely.—*American Manufacturer* (Boston).

Southern Iron Interests.

There was never known, before, such a pressure for railroad iron. It is absolutely enormous; with all the vast improvements and enlargements in Pennsylvania, heretofore, and yet, the greatest iron-producing State of the Union, her iron works are not able to meet the demands that crowd upon them. It is so every where this side of the Atlantic, where iron works exist.

We have not far to go, to find the cause of this prodigious pressure for steel rails, and whatever else is needed of the furnace for the track laying. It is to be found in the fact, that there never was, before, such a spirit of railroad building, as that which exists in the South and West at this time. It is rampant. The old fogies call it "crazes." Maybe it is, but it cannot be checked by epithets, nor overcome by temporary barriers. It will have its day.

A competent authority states, that 4,018 miles of new track are laid and laying this year, against 3,205 reported for a corresponding time in 1880. Europe is shut out from competition in the business, by a duty of \$7 per ton on pig iron. It is true, too, that "under any circumstances, American pig iron is worth \$1.50 per ton more than English."—*St. Louis Age of Steel*.

Pure lime water, even though pretty closely corked, soon deteriorates by the action of the carbonic acid in the air, which unites with the lime and settles as an insoluble carbonate. To have it always ready and good, and at no cost, put into a tall, pint or quart, glass bottle, a gill or so of good lime, just shaken with water. Then fill the bottle nearly full of rain or other pure water, and let it stand quietly, corking well. The lime will settle, leaving clear lime water on the top. Pour off gently, as wanted, adding more water as needed. Some carbonate acid will enter, but the carbonate will settle.

The World's Doctors.

A Parisian journal estimates the total number of recognized medical men, throughout the civilized world, at 189,000; of whom it assigns 65,000 to the United States, 35,000 to Great Britain and her colonies, 26,000 to France, 32,000 to Germany and Austria, 10,000 to Italy and 5,000 to Spain. Of the whole number, 11,000, it estimates, have contributed to medical literature: 2,800 in the United States, 2,800 in France, 2,900 in Great Britain, 2,300 in Germany and Austria, and only 300 in Spain.

A fashion magazine says: "Steel trimmings are no longer the style." That settles it. Lay aside your bowie knives.

The Veiled Portrait.

I began to know, Pale, creamy light fell upon the ground, and a white carpet over the once earth. The air was softened, and its gentle breath played about the tree tops, wafting and musle to the young face peering from out the window. A desolate scene for a light, girlish heart to ponder over.

With a heavy sigh Marie D'Aragnie turned her fair face toward the inner room, saying: "This is a dreary old home, aunt; I am dying of ennui. Please tell me, now, the tale you promised to relate, the story of the 'Veiled Portrait,' will you not?" So saying, she threw herself upon a low stool at the feet of a venerable lady, turning her bright face eagerly upward.

"There it hung, the portrait with the long black veil thrown to one side. It was like a personation of morning, with her myriad shifting lights brightening up the whole aspect. The cheek was soft and rounded, a delicate bloom resting thereon, as on the mellow peach. The eye was full and dark, and the long hair was caught back from a white brow, and fell in mid-night beauty below—a dainty waist. Yet the great charm lay in the bright-eyed, joyous light that fell over the countenance, as the sunlight, falling over a mountain stream, glides its waters with golden ripples. A pure and innocent soul looked out from those eyes, whose splendor rose dark upon you, as from twin stars' mid the darkness of night.

Passing her hand over her eyes, and heaving a mournful sigh, Madame D'Aragnie complied with her fair niece's request, commencing thus: "The name of the lady whose portrait hangs over the mantel was Helene St. Cyr, an ancestor of yours, my child, as you perceive by her name. We were girls together and passed many happy hours in the solace of one another's friendship."

"The old lady rested her head on her hand. Did her imagination take flight to that happy valley of her youth, where she stood with her beautiful girlhood's friend, crowned with the gorgeous diadem of love and truth? 'Ah, yes! We were girls together; I can see her yet, bounding through the old chateau, making the time-worn rooms ring with her merry laughter. She was one of God's fairest women, and, alas! there came for her a saddest hour when the sight of her eyes was darkened by sorrow, and the thrilling bird of hope in her heart sang no more melodies. It was the time when there gurgled up from her womanly nature the tideless stream of love—love for a young artist, Leon Moreau, whose noble manhood was in the purest handiwork of the Creator."

Alas for Helen! Her father had still implanted in his bosom the proud seeds of the aristocrat. The conditions of the old feudal system and feudal laws found support in his mind, and would break no denial; the world would be better off if there were no loves in it. Do you not think so?"

"The young girl shook her head, and with her eyes fixed on her head, and her face above her, exclaimed: 'To be loved by a good, noble man, I would welcome with joy the sad face of the beautiful original of the veiled portrait, and I do believe love will come some day, as no vision it is a fleet-winged spirit, roaming through the world, skimming over some heart, like the sea gulls over the sea, but building in others nests strong and abiding, which no storms can shake.' Still the snow fell, wrapping the earth in a mantle of white ermine, and sending sweet thoughts to the young face again peering out of the window."

This love story had awakened a tide of emotion in the girl's heart, emotions that closed sweetly around her, filling the void of loneliness which sometimes creeps in unawares. And so we leave her to those dreams, hoping that gentle as the falling snow may be the current of her onward life.

The Marquis D'Orville was rich and powerful, and upon pressing his suit to Monsieur St. Cyr, an answer was given in the affirmative. I remember Helene as she appeared that evening. An exquisite blue silk fell about her graceful form, setting off to advantage the fairness of her complexion and deepening the blush on her cheeks. Never had she been gay.

Flicking a girl, though I, as the light jest and song floated from her lips, and my eyes filled with tears as the image of the despairing lover, whose grief drove him almost to madness, arose before me. It is not always from gay lips and sparkling eyes that mirth flows tunefully. Tears and mockery are trooping behind, gauding on the bowed heart to wail louder.

The bridal evening fluently arrived, and the feast was prepared in a scene from the glowing tales of the Arabian Nights. Helene was as pale as the snow that is drifting over the ground. Her robe of white satin fell gleaming like moonbeams on the lake, and clusters of orange blooms peeped in and out the dark coils of her hair. Pearls shimmered on her neck and arms—fatal jewels for a bride—tears, and tears only.

"Dear friend," she murmured, through the storm of grief that vented itself in my arms, 'I have promised to meet Leon now, at this very hour. Whatever betide, you will think of me always with affection, and remember me in your prayers to Him who is good to all His sorrowing children.' She gathered her shining robe about her, glided down the long corridor and

thence into the garden. Peeping some while, I followed silently, keeping to the shadow of the trees. Leon folded his arms about the fair young creature, and pressed passionately kisses upon her weeping face. The moon cast its phantom light upon the clouds, lighting up the noble figure of the lover and the clinging form of the maiden.

The sea beat heavily upon the shore, breaking among the rocks in a sort of requiem, and I fancied it a presentiment of some dire evil. Never can night blot out the memory of that wild night. Trailing clouds fled across the sky, and the wind rocked the trees with a low, reverend sound. It was similar to the hiss of a serpent, before his deadly fangs are fastened in the flesh of his victim.

I could not hear the hurried words that were whispered near me; nor when they grew louder and louder, and O God! I think the man must have been frenzied into madness, for there gleamed like a flash the steel of a poniard; Helene, the beautiful Helene, fell heavily to the ground, a crimson stream trickling over the shimmering folds of her dress. I raised her dear head to the light of the moon, but the spirit had fled, and I held to my bosom only a lifeless form.

The sea beat louder, and the clouds fled swiftly across the face of the night. Then the hurried tramp of feet was heard, and the household came near and looked upon the bride for whom the bridegroom was searching. He lifted her in his strong arms and bore her to the chamber. Helene St. Cyr was gloriously buried with life, brightening her young steps. So also was she in death. Like a white rose upon its leaves did she lie in her coffin, waxen and pure.

They buried her beside her mother, whose heart would have broken had she lived to witness the finale of her daughter's young life. Monsieur St. Cyr's grief was intense. He could not bear to look upon Helene's features, and caused a black veil to be bound over her picture, which has since borne the name of the "Veiled Portrait."

The old lady ceased, and stroked the golden head laid upon her knee. Marie, with tearful eyes, lifted her face and asked: "But what became of Leon?" "Ah, child, his body was found one morning by a fisherman, cast up by the sea; his love gave of that passionate, stormy nature, which would break no denial; the world would be better off if there were no loves in it. Do you not think so?"

"The young girl shook her head, and with her eyes fixed on her head, and her face above her, exclaimed: 'To be loved by a good, noble man, I would welcome with joy the sad face of the beautiful original of the veiled portrait, and I do believe love will come some day, as no vision it is a fleet-winged spirit, roaming through the world, skimming over some heart, like the sea gulls over the sea, but building in others nests strong and abiding, which no storms can shake.' Still the snow fell, wrapping the earth in a mantle of white ermine, and sending sweet thoughts to the young face again peering out of the window."

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"Dear friend," she murmured, through the storm of grief that vented itself in my arms, 'I have promised to meet Leon now, at this very hour. Whatever betide, you will think of me always with affection, and remember me in your prayers to Him who is good to all His sorrowing children.' She gathered her shining robe about her, glided down the long corridor and

thence into the garden. Peeping some while, I followed silently, keeping to the shadow of the trees. Leon folded his arms about the fair young creature, and pressed passionately kisses upon her weeping face. The moon cast its phantom light upon the clouds, lighting up the noble figure of the lover and the clinging form of the maiden.

The sea beat heavily upon the shore, breaking among the rocks in a sort of requiem, and I fancied it a presentiment of some dire evil. Never can night blot out the memory of that wild night. Trailing clouds fled across the sky, and the wind rocked the trees with a low, reverend sound. It was similar to the hiss of a serpent, before his deadly fangs are fastened in the flesh of his victim.

I could not hear the hurried words that were whispered near me; nor when they grew louder and louder, and O God! I think the man must have been frenzied into madness, for there gleamed like a flash the steel of a poniard; Helene, the beautiful Helene, fell heavily to the ground, a crimson stream trickling over the shimmering folds of her dress. I raised her dear head to the light of the moon, but the spirit had fled, and I held to my bosom only a lifeless form.

The sea beat louder, and the clouds fled swiftly across the face of the night. Then the hurried tramp of feet was heard, and the household came near and looked upon the bride for whom the bridegroom was searching. He lifted her in his strong arms and bore her to the chamber. Helene St. Cyr was gloriously buried with life, brightening her young steps. So also was she in death. Like a white rose upon its leaves did she lie in her coffin, waxen and pure.

They buried her beside her mother, whose heart would have broken had she lived to witness the finale of her daughter's young life. Monsieur St. Cyr's grief was intense. He could not bear to look upon Helene's features, and caused a black veil to be bound over her picture, which has since borne the name of the "Veiled Portrait."

The old lady ceased, and stroked the golden head laid upon her knee. Marie, with tearful eyes, lifted her face and asked: "But what became of Leon?" "Ah, child, his body was found one morning by a fisherman, cast up by the sea; his love gave of that passionate, stormy nature, which would break no denial; the world would be better off if there were no loves in it. Do you not think so?"

"The young girl shook her head, and with her eyes fixed on her head, and her face above her, exclaimed: 'To be loved by a good, noble man, I would welcome with joy the sad face of the beautiful original of the veiled portrait, and I do believe love will come some day, as no vision it is a fleet-winged spirit, roaming through the world, skimming over some heart, like the sea gulls over the sea, but building in others nests strong and abiding, which no storms can shake.' Still the snow fell, wrapping the earth in a mantle of white ermine, and sending sweet thoughts to the young face again peering out of the window."

This love story had awakened a tide of emotion in the girl's heart, emotions that closed sweetly around her, filling the void of loneliness which sometimes creeps in unawares. And so we leave her to those dreams, hoping that gentle as the falling snow may be the current of her onward life.

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A Lawyer's Ruse.

Thursday's proceedings in the police court, says the San Francisco Chronicle, were enlivened by an intellectual contest, between a witness who claimed to be a witness, and one of the most experienced legal lawyers that the court in its search for justice.

"You are deaf, are you?" shouted the attorney.

"Yes, sir," answered the witness. "Can't hear at all?" continued the attorney, casting his well-known "see-me-at-him look" upon the prosecuting attorney.

"Can you hear a little," replied the witness.

"Can you hear a watch tick?" asked the lawyer, in a lower tone of voice.

"I can when I hold it close to my ear," came the answer.

Thereupon, the legal gentleman took a ponderous, six-ounce, silver time-engine from his fob, and handing it to the witness, directed him to hold it to his ear.

"Do you hear it tick?" came the question, in a louder tone than ordinary.

"No, sir," promptly responded the witness.

"Can't hear it at all, eh?" persisted the lawyer, speaking now almost in an undertone.

"I can't hear it," promptly answered the witness.

The lawyer's face began to shine, like Solomon's temple, as he reached for his watch, remarking to the witness: "But you can understand me quite readily, can't you?"

"Your honor," said the lawyer, "it is evident that this man can hear well. He is imposing on the court."

The lawyer was about to return his watch to his pocket, having previously opened it to note the time, when he suddenly started. He held his watch to his ear, looked at it and shook it.

"Your honor," he remarked, with an apologetic glance at the witness, "I was mistaken; the man is deaf. My watch has stopped."

A few minutes later, the examination of the witness was taken up by the attorney, who almost burst his lungs in his effort to make himself understood by the now, consistently deaf witness.

The Secret of Longevity.

The means known, so far, of promoting longevity, have been usually concentrated in short, pithy sayings, as, "Keep your head cool, and eat little warm," "Work much, and eat little," etc.; just as if the whole science of human life could be summed up and brought out in a few words, while its greatest principles were kept out of sight.

One of the best of these sayings is given by an Italian, in his one hundred and sixteenth year, who, being asked the means of his living so long, replied with that improvisation for which his country is remarkable:

When hungry, of the best I eat.
And dry and warm I keep my feet.
I keep my head from sun and rain,
And let few cares perplex my brain.

The following is about the best theory of the matter. Every man is born with a certain stock of vitality, which stock cannot be increased, but may be husbanded. With this stock he may live fast or slow; may live extensively or intensively; may draw his little amount of life over a large space, or narrow it into a contracted one; but when his stock is exhausted he has no more.

He who lives extensively, who drinks pure water, avoids all inflammatory diseases, exercises sufficiently, but not too laboriously, indulges no exhausting passions, feeds on no exciting material, pursues no debilitating pleasures, avoids all laborious and protracted study, preserves an easy mind, and thus husbands his quantum of vitality, will live considerably longer than he otherwise would do, because he lives slow; while he, on the other hand, who lives intensively, who beverages himself on liquors and wines, exposes himself to inflammatory diseases or causes that produce them, labors beyond his strength, visits exciting scenes, and indulges exhausting passions, lives on stimulating and highly seasoned food, is always debilitated by his pleasures.

India contains one-fourth the population of the globe, and about three-fifths of its ignorance.

The girl pressed the leaves, but the boy pressed the girl. The press is mighty and must prevail.

Solidifying Petroleum for Transportation.

According to a St. Petersburg paper, a German, Herr P. N. Dittmar, has practically solved the problem of rendering petroleum solid for transportation, considerably studied by chemists, of late, in view of the large question of transport.

A company has been formed, in Russia, to work the patent, when completed. The transformation of the substance will not cost more than about 3d. per 20 lbs. (six kopecks per poond), whereas the cases, now used, increase the cost of petroleum about 2s. 4d., for the same quantity (35 kopecks per poond), leakage not considered.

The mode of treatment is not yet disclosed, and chemists to whom small samples of the solid petroleum have been sent, have not been able to make out the nature of the foreign substances that are added, in a proportion of two or, at most, three per cent., to solidify the petroleum.

The reporter of the St. Petersburg paper saw the product, he says it is of a wine-yellow color, and has the consistency of very stiff gelatine; it can be kneaded with the fingers like wax, and is yet somewhat breakable.

A small piece, of the thickness of a lead pencil, and about an inch long, could be lit at one end, and held with the fingers. It melted like wax, and it was only after a little while, when hot drops ran down, that the flame had to be blown out. The danger of fire is considerably less than with liquid petroleum.

The product can be easily liquefied, when required, by the addition of vinegar, and the process is rapid. The vinegar, in time, separates out below and the petroleum above. It is not stated whether the same vinegar can be used repeatedly. It appears that the higher and low-boiling hydrocarbons, in crude naphtha, are not affected by the solidifying agent; in which case, the costly apparatus for fractional distillation might be dispensed with.

The advantages of solid petroleum would be peculiarly felt in regions like the Caucasus, where the naphtha industry suffers, through the dearth of suitable wood for barrels.

Every Man Has His Price.

A good many people go around the world, saying that every man has his price; that affairs in this world go on the principle that the big fish eat the little ones; that life is a scramble race in which the devil takes the hindmost. There are two classes of people who hold this doctrine; those who do not know any better, and those who are bad at heart.

If this philosophy were true, every thing would go to the bow-wow, in short-metre order. Society would be organized piracy; the church merely a machine, to wring money out of the foolish; and government, a sham, to exploit taxes out of property. But society, the church, and the state, are not the piratical institutions this philosophy makes them out. No state has ever been founded on fraud; no church was ever established on hypocrisy; no society ever rested chiefly on shams.

The old story of the wise men, who were blind, and the elephant, is pertinent in this relation; one got hold of the beast's ear, and was ready to stake his reputation that the whole elephant was like a cabbage; another felt the tail, and was ready to swear that the brute was like a rope; a third felt the massive side, and pronounced: the others unmitigated fools—it was like a stone wall.

The poor unfortunate, who promulgates this gospel dirt, see one little corner of human affairs where some man has "gougled" them in a trade, or "got ahead" of them by some sharp practice, and raise a whine that all his vanity, and all men share. The antidote for all such unreasoning foolishness is a little thought, and an investigation of history.

Mankind, in every country and clime, has made a steady march forward. Every generation is an improvement on the preceding one. In other words, individual men and women are carried along in a restless stream of progress, which is, to them, unconscious; most people build better than they know. Some people are so childish, as to think that everything ought to be perfect, from the beginning of time. They see the imperfections which arise from comparing the old with the new, and not looking beyond, they are ready to say that the whole thing is bad.

The other class of pessimists, who

hold the philosophy of dirt, are those who are bad at heart, and hold to the idea in order to justify their own shortcomings. When any one makes the assertion that every man has his price, it is well to take an inventory of him. If it is not an error of judgment arising from a weak intellect, he is scamp and needs watching.

Consider for a moment what such an idea leads to. If one says every man has his price, he must say that every woman may be seduced; that every good action has a bad motive; that every charity is dictated by self-interest; that all benevolence is done to benefit the doer, and so on to the end. Away with such a philosophy of bad smelling mud! Men were made of good clean dust of the field, and not out of the foul spillings of a reeking sewer!

The Poison Sumac.

This sumac is terrible in its effects, often causing temporary blindness. Some years ago, it became the fashion to wear immense wreaths and bunches of artificial flowers, inside and outside of ladies' bonnets. The flower makers, being hard pressed for material, made use of dried grasses, seed-vessels, burs and oak-leaves, these were painted, dyed, frosted, and bronzed, to make them attractive. I became greatly interested in the business and the ingenuity displayed; and spent much time examining the contents of milliners' windows. On one occasion, when standing before a very fashionable milliner's window, I was horror-stricken on discovering that immense wreath of grayish berries, which constituted the inside trimming of a bonnet, was composed entirely of the berries of the poison-sumac, just as they had been gathered, not a particle of varnish, bronze or other material coating them. The bonnet when worn, would bring the entire mass of villainous berries on the top and sides of the head, and a few of the sprays about the ears and on the forehead. Stepping into the store, I addressed the proprietor, and asked her if she knew that the bonnet was trimmed with the berries of one of the most poisonous shrubs known in the United States. After staring at me in a sort of puzzled way, she informed me that I was mistaken; that she had received those flowers from Paris, only a week ago. "Madam," I replied, "there must be a mistake somewhere, for those are the berries of the poison-sumac, which does not grow in Paris."

Her face grew as gray as mine, and she asked me to attend to my own business, and swept away from me to the other end of the store. A few days after this I read in the daily papers, an account of the poisoning of a number of small girls employed in a French artificial flower manufactory. I at once guessed the cause. I visited the factory mentioned, and found myself to the proprietor, told him what I knew about the poison berries, and was rudely requested to make myself scarce. After these two adventures, I made up my mind to keep my botanical knowledge (though poisonous it might be) to myself.

The Reindeer.

The reindeer, which, in one way or another, manages to be almost the entire support of the Lappe who have here, is a large, heavy animal, with remarkable independence of character. He will not accept shelter under cover, no matter how inclement the weather may be. Neither will he eat any food that is offered him; he prefers to seek his own sustenance, which consists principally of a peculiar moss, and as this grows very slowly, requiring about seven years in which to reach maturity, the Lappe must shift his home, from time to time, to meet the necessities of his herd. In midwinter, the moss may be covered by several feet of snow, but the deer digs a hole with his feet, and disappears from the surface, burrowing his way through the snow, as he follows his nose, from one tuft of moss to another. The flesh of the reindeer is quite palatable and nutritious, his skin makes very warm garments, as well as durable harness, and his bones made of reindeer milk is very rich, although the quantity of milk yielded, per day, seems scarcely worth the taking, as it amounts to a mere teacupful.

One never knows a man, till he has refused him something, and studied the effects of the refusal; one never knows himself till he has denied himself. The altar of sacrifice is the touchstone of character. The cross compels a choice for or against the Christ.—O. P. Gifford.

A Remedy for Cotton Worm.

Prof. Riley, United States Entomologist, delivered, at the Atlanta Exposition, an address on the cotton worm, and the means of destroying it. His audience was shamefully small, the speech being of such practical import, to the farmers of the South, that thousands should have heard it.

He confined his remarks to the cotton belt of the South, and stated that, since the war, the ravages of the cotton worm have been for greater than before. He said that, between 1865 and 1880, the cotton worm had destroyed \$15,000,000 worth of cotton in the South.

In 1872 he discovered that paris green was a good remedy, but it was not until 1878 that he was enabled to investigate the subject thoroughly. In that year, aided by Senator Morgan, of Alabama, and other Southern Senators, he secured an appropriation of \$500,000 from Congress, and since that time has devoted himself to careful investigation, throughout the South.

The cotton worm first appeared, in the form of a bluish green egg, on the under side of the leaves of the plant. The worm is hatched out in from two to four days, and remains, for the first few days, on the under side of the plant, making tiny yellowish blotches on the leaves. This is the proper time for the application of the poison. The worm should be destroyed before it attains full growth, when it crawls to the top of the leaves. One grown female worm could generate 20,000,000 insects in a short time.

Paris green was one remedy used, but the cheapest and safest remedy, for men and stock, is London purple. Half a pound of London purple dissolved in forty gallons of water, and sprinkled on the bottom of the leaves during the infancy of the worms, would effectually destroy them, the cost of this remedy, including application, being about six cents per acre. He expressed regret at finding a cotton field of four or five acres, on the Exposition grounds, containing cotton plants from various parts of the world, entirely defoliated by the cotton worm, and said that if he could have known of the presence of the worms earlier, he could have destroyed them in two hours. He exhibited various machines for spraying poison upon the worms.

This theory was supported by the experience of cotton planters who spoke at the conclusion of the address.

Superstitious.

In many portions of England, the old superstitions are still in vogue. A friend, now traveling abroad, sends me some instances.

One of his companions, a lady, who was temporarily staying near Penzance, Cornwall, attended a funeral, and noticed that, while the clergyman was reading the burial service, a woman forced her way through the pall-bearers, to the edge of the grave. When he came to the passage, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," she dropped a white cloth upon the coffin, closed her eyes, and apparently said a prayer.

On making inquiries as to the cause of this proceeding, this lady found that a superstition exists, among the peasants in that part, if a person with a sore be taken secretly to a corpse, the dead hand passed over the sore place, and the bandage afterward dropped upon the coffin, during the reading of the burial service, perfect cure will be the result. This woman had a sick child, who had a bad leg, and she had to find this superstition, with a drab belief in its efficacy. The peasants also, to the present day, as we have been informed, wear charms, believing they will protect them from sickness and other evils. The wife of the clergyman of the parish referred to, was very charitable in attending the sick and dispensing medicine, and one day a woman brought her child, having sore eyes, to have them "cured," having no faith in that remedy than in medicines. She was greatly surprised to find that medicines only were given to her.

The Origin of "Ta-Ta."

For several years, American paragraders have been using this old Southern expression, "ta-ta," as a term of humorous farewell, thus giving it a meaning entirely different from that it started out in life with; and how it ever came to be applied in that way is a little surprising, to any one to the southern "manner born," and especially to any one familiar

with the Idioms of the South of antebellum days.

No one who was ever petted, loved and spoiled, by a kind old black mammy, can ever forget that "ta-ta," in baby dialect, is "thank you," or, to give an exact definition from our unwritten vocabulary, "thanky." They can never forget mammy's coaxingly reproving tones, her "curchy," when, in correcting some childish forgetfulness, the omission of thanks for some slight favor, the gift of an apple, or perhaps a stalk of sugar cane, she would say: "Honey, where's yo' manners? Why don't yo' say 'ta-ta'?"

For a more valuable present, her words would have been: "Tell the lady you're much obliged," or "obliged," if she happened to be a little careful in her pronunciation, as many house servants were; but for all trifling gifts, "ta-ta" was the popular term for the very little folks. Of course, as the children grew larger, this pet way of expressing thanks was laid aside, with their baby clothes; and the "curchy," that mammy had taught them—a funny substitute for a low, consisting only in a sudden bending of the knees, which caused a comical movement down and up—was put away with the jingling rhymes of early childhood.

"Ta-ta" belongs exclusively to the little ones; it is as peculiarly their own as "catty cats," and "this little pig went to market," and all those other wonderful things belonging to child life. To the greatest world, "ta-ta" is nothing but a ludicrous expression; but to many of us, there's something half touching, half comical, in the quaint old words, that bring back, so vividly, the days when we planted radish seed, rode stick horses, believed in giants, knew that the fairies were hiding in the ferns, and that pots of gold were awaiting us at the end of the rainbow.

Items of Interest.

Oregon had 100,000 tons of wheat for export, this year.

The Nevada insane asylum building, at Reno, is approaching completion.

It is now certain that the culture of cane, in southern Oregon, will soon be a most important industry.

The assessor's valuation of Portland, Oregon, foots up a trifle over \$11,000,000, an increase of \$1,500,000 over last year.

An enterprising microscope man is showing Cleveland people drawings of 102 different creatures, found in the city water.

The mayor of Norfolk, Va., has prohibited a raffle for the benefit of the orphan asylums of that city, as being contrary to law.

A Massachusetts state-prison convict has just been granted a pension of \$1,100 for war services, and has made the money over to his family.

The New Jersey constitutional commission has proposed several amendments to the judiciary system of the state, materially simplifying it. Easton, Pa., counts up twenty-five boys, who have been rendered permanent cripples, by attempting to jump on railroad trains while in motion.

At the first sale this season, in Natal, Africa, of native-grown ostrich feathers, three pounds and nine ounces of long, white feathers brought \$100.

Simultaneously with the washing ashore of large numbers of dead fishes, near Vera Cruz, the people of that city were afflicted with a troublesome cough.

Australia imported English sparrows to kill worms, but it found that the birds are the worst pest of the two, and bounties are offered for their destruction.

"Can you tell me," said a punster, who had in his sanctum popped, and upon the floor was seeking for a copper he had dropped; "can you tell me why, at present, I am like Noah's weary dove?"

And he glanced, with inward tremor, towards a gun that hung above. "Wouldst thou know?" he queried blandly, as he dodged the cudgel stout, which we shied at him in anger; "it's because 'I'm one cent out.'"

The result for personal pride.

No fewer than a thousand young women recently congregated under the stage entrance to the Drury Lane theatre, in response to an advertisement: Wanted, 100 girls, young, well-made and pretty, for the forthcoming pantomime. They were admitted in squads, and the rejected applicants, as they emerged on the street, were greeted with derisive cries by the multitude without.

Believe.

From out my deep, wide-bottomed West, Where many a hero has won the way, For words to follow, with sternest rest; Where guarded old maidens make array, Deep-seated from mad men gone to rest; Where poets the quail, where squires play.

Through foresting trees with nuts for toy, A boy steps forth, clear-eyed and tall, A bushy boy, a soulful boy, Yet comes as the sons of Saul—A boy, all friendless, poor, unknown, Yet heir apparent to a throne.

Lo! Freedom's bleeding sacrifice! So like some tall oak tempest-blown, Bedside the storied stream he lies, Now at the last, pale-browed and prone. A nation kneels with streaming eyes; A nation supplicates the Throne; A nation holds him by the hand; A nation sobs about his side. The only dry eye in the land, Now at the last, it thinks are his. Why we should pray, God knoweth best, That this grand, patient soul should rest.

The world is round. The wheel has run Full circle. Now, behold a grave Beneath the old, loved trees is done. The druid oaks lift up and wave. A solemn welcome back, the brave Old master, mummy, every one, "Beech-him Earth!" in center land, As in the center of each heart—As in the hollow of God's hand—The coming stake. And with it part All party hates! Now, not in vain He bids his perils and his pain.

Therefore, I say, rejoice! I say The lesson of this life is much—This boy that won, as in a day, The world's heart utterly—a touch Of tenderness and love, the page Of history grows rich from such: His name the nation's heritage. But O! as some sweet angel's voice, Spoke this brave deed, that touched us all Therefore, I say, rejoice! Rejoice! Run high the banner! Pat by the pall! Lo! all is for the best for all!

—Joachim Miller.

Laburnums' Ghost.

"Why do you not invite your humble servant to the Laburnums, Fan?" asked pretty Raphaela Fairlie.

"Because it is so lonely there, Rae."

"For that reason, I shall come and keep you company for a whole week, just as soon as I can get away from the city. I knew you and Phil were moping."

A sudden gravity went over Fannie Brudenel's gentle countenance, yet her eyes brightened expectantly.

"I should love to have you there, of course," she said, in time came, and when Fannie had left Rae's pretty studio, and the city, the little artist still sat, daintily touching the photographs she was coloring, and evidently closely thinking of something else. She was not sure that Dr. Philip Brudenel would exactly approve of her going to the Laburnums, but she meant to go, for all that, for she loved him, and she could plainly see that he had gone and perplexed himself with which she knew nothing. And though they had been engaged over a year, he made no pretense of marrying soon, but he looked moody when the subject was mentioned. Rae so enjoyed his company, that she could live with him in the black hole of Calcutta, she declared to herself, but probably Philip did not think so. Anyhow, she was going to the Laburnums, his home, at Lowshore, because she felt that her love gave her a right to know what was disturbing him.

Ten days later she locked her studio door and took the train to Lowshore, and soon the depot carriage had set her down at the door of a tiny cottage, hid in laburnums.

Fannie kissed her affectionately. "What a delightful apparition you are, Rae," she said, and led her into a little sitting room.

Everything was very plain and very tidy, Rae thought, accustomed to city apartments; and when Fannie had taken her hat and traveling-satchel, and gone to spread a lunch for her, Rae looked around and saw that the carpet was threadbare, and the furniture extremely old-fashioned. Suddenly a door opened, and an old lady, leaning on a cane, tottered into the room. Her face, bordered by a snowy cap, had a strange, puffy look, but yet she showed signs of having been pretty in youth.

"What are you?" she asked Rae; "a fairy? Do you think you can better our fallen fortunes. No, no; it can never be."

Rae's cheeks burned, under the strangely significant words, but she guessed, immediately, that the old lady's mind was wandering; then Fannie entered the room.

"Come, mother, come and rest now," she said gently, and drew her from the room. She came back, saying to Rae, "My mother is demented. Do not be troubled by anything she says."

It was evening when Dr. Philip brought his fine presence into the home. His start of delight, on seeing Rae, was succeeded by a rather sad smile.

"What pleasure did you expect to find here, dear child?" he asked, holding her hand.

"Perhaps I did not come altogether for pleasure, Philip."

"For what then?"

"I find very little of that here." Two days passed. Rae saw, plainly, what life was at the Laburnums—moping, meagre; but ever since Philip first brought his sister to her studio, Rae had loved Fannie. She was older than herself, and patiently becoming one of the sweetest of old maids. So she enjoyed sisterly talks with Fannie. Philip was absent most of the time. In one of these talks, Fannie said:

"You ought to have come in the early autumn, Rae; it is prettier here then. In November we have nothing attractive. I have often expressed the wish to Philip, to have you visit us; but he always speaks of the contrast between your life and ours; you are so cheerful, and we are so much in the world, but because it is you, I think, Rae, I will show you the house in the hollow."

"Yes, our ancestral home; for Philip and I came of a prosperous race, poor as we now are, and the old house is full of what is beautiful and rare. Get your hat, and we will go now."

Through long lines of laburnums, across a tiny kitchen garden, along a decaying orchard, into a slope still green in the November sunshine. At the end of the valley, which opened toward the sea, stood a large and handsome house of painted brick, with oriel windows, and other picturesque effects.

"It is not an old house," said Fannie. "It was built by my grandfather, in his last days, as a wedding present to my mother. The old house, which formerly stood here, he had pulled down and this one built. He meant to reside with his only daughter, when she married Israel Beauchamp, a French Jew, whom he had chosen for her. But my mother fell in love with her music teacher, Ross Brudenel, and eloped with him, and grandfather forbade her to return. But when Philip and I were fatherless, my mother came, in her great distress, and begged her father's assistance. Grandfather gave her the cottage we have now, and a small income, with which to bring us up, but never forgave her. At last he died, willing all his property to a distant cousin in India, who has never come for it. The house stands empty, with all its beautiful furniture, and the rich fields lie fallow, while Philip barely supports us, with his meagre practice. Lowshore is a most distressingly healthy place," with a faint smile.

"There are thousands of dollars' worth of silver in the bank, at Shoreham," said Fannie, "and rents accumulating which will be a small fortune. But we have nothing."

"How hard! how cruel!" cried Rae. "I should not think your grandfather could rest in his grave, to have you and Philip, with your refinement and culture, spending your lives in a hand-to-hand scramble for bread."

"They say he does come back, and wander uselessly about here," said Fannie, carefully closing the shutters and door, and coming out into the sunshine. "But, of course, such stories are told of all such residences. Philip says he does not believe a word of it," with a marked emphasis which made Rae turn and look at her.

"But you do, Fan."

"Twice people have tried to sleep there, and declared that grandfather appeared to them. I should not dare to try it, for I am a timorous thing at heart, and—"

The intensity of Rae's thoughts made her quite deaf to what further her companion was saying. No wonder Philip was sad and hopeless of their marriage, as he was situated, and seemed fated to continue to be.

"The will was made immediately after mamma's marriage," said Fannie, standing under the laburnums, and looking up at the great house.

"Poor mother says he told her, on his death-bed, that he made another will, perhaps in his favor. But what she says goes for little. Her estate is a

very strange one, since a fever she had, just after Philip became of age, yet she seems to understand some things, in our affairs, that it is almost uncanny, to think over her strange knowledge she had during these past years," said Fannie, musingly.

They walked back to the tiny cottage. Rae's veins thrilled with excitement, but Fannie went soberly about getting tea, for they kept no maid, this poor, disinherited family, and Rae learned that Philip's own hands tilled the little kitchen garden, while every labor of the household was performed by Fannie.

"She could not sleep that night, after she had gone to bed. The moonlight seemed to disturb her, and make her brain wildly active. What influence struck her nerves? For, when all was still, and the night far advanced, she rose, and dressing, donned a warm sea-skin cap and sack, and came out into the hall. She took a bunch of keys from their nail, and selecting one, which she had seen Fannie take, held it tightly in her palm, while fingers, as she went out into the night. In the moon's white light, she went on through the long line of laburnums, across the tiny kitchen garden, into the hollow. She stooped a moment, before the great still house, listening to the roar of the sea. Strangely enough, she did not feel afraid. If she thought of the presence of an unseen spirit, it was to appeal to it prayerfully for help.

Another will. It must be. At least it would do no harm to search, and that is what she had come for. She left the hall door open, and the moonlight flooded the tiled hall. It streamed through the chinks of the shutters, which she opened one by one, as she fitted keys to drawers of all kinds. But there were no papers anywhere. Many things which must have been the property of the old 'quire, she found, but not his will.

"Oh, if I only could; if I only could, it would restore Philip to his inheritance," she said, in a sad voice. Rae, too, turned—

Rae, too, turned—for the first time her eyes wide with fright. The enthusiasm with which she had entertained her purpose, had made her utterly forgetful of herself. Now some one was coming. The door swung slowly on its tarnished silver hinges. A quaint, but little figure, leaning on a cane, came into the room, and passed beside a handsome, carved armchair which stood before a table. Lifting the cane, she, in a sad voice, knocked snarling, thrice, on the seat of the chair, filling the room with a hollow sound, then resuming her feeble walk, she passed out of the apartment by another door.

Trembling, Rae approached the armchair. The blows of the cane seemed to have broken the seat, for it was wavy, plainly revealing a cavity beneath. Turning the chair to the light, Rae looked within, and saw a distinctly a faded paper. It was a large sheet, yellow, and thick as velvet. Her hands trembled, as she unfolded it, and read: "My last will and testament," and it dropped to the floor. Snatching it up, she ran swiftly out of the house, and flew to Fannie's door.

"I have found it; I have found it!" she cried, as she threw her arms around the amazed, white-robed figure that admitted her to Fannie's chamber.

"Found what? Are you sick? Are you crazy?" asked Fannie.

"The other will—in an old armchair, in the house in the hollow. A ghost showed it to me!" said Rae, holding the paper up.

There was a knock at the door. "What is the matter? What disturbs the house?"

It was Philip's voice.

"I have found the will! Come in and see it," cried Rae.

She lighted a lamp, and gave him the paper. He was forced to read. Struggling for calmness as he proceeded, he read to the end. Yes, late, but not too late, the precious document was found, the second will of Paul Brudenel, bequeathing all he had to his grandchildren.

In the exciting talk that followed, no one heard a single cane go rattling past the door, but when morning dawned, and Fannie bestirred herself to get breakfast, she went, to her mother's room.

"Philip," she said, coming back, "mother has had one of her bad nights again. She has been up and away. I must have slept more soundly than usual; she never eluded me before. She is very much exhausted."

Philip went, instantly, to attend his mother. When, the next day, she seemed restored to her wonted condition, and Rae had minutely told her story, that the invisible, the inviolable, tried to discover if she had any knowledge of the hiding place of the will. But nothing could be gained from her disordered mind.

"How dared you go on such an expedition, to that lonely place, at such an hour, Rae?" asked Philip, the next day, when, embraced by his arm, she had talked over with him the prospect of their immediate union.

"I was inspired," she answered, laughing; but a look of awe came into her beautiful eyes. Then, as she remembered that strange night, she gently embraced him, adding: "All for love, Philip. It was done all for love."

Laugh—More.

Mothers do not laugh enough. The housekeeping is so onerous, the children, so often, trying to nerves and temper, the servants most exasperating, and even John, kind, good, honest, and that he is, cannot understand all our vexations and discouragements, and so we are so often left, that it is too much for the household to depend on us, in addition to all our cares, for social sunshine as well.

Yet the household does, and it must. Father may be bright and cheery, his laugh ring out, but if the mother's laugh falls, even the father's cheerfulness seems to lose much of its infection. In the end, but for the lines of one of Joanna Baillie's dramas—

"For the child had caught the trick of grief, and sighed amid his pleasures—</

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Time-table of May 7, 1901.

	M'd	Acc	Acc	Sund'y
	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Philadelphia	4:45	8:00	4:00	8:00
Camden	4:55	8:10	4:10	8:10
Oakland	4:57	8:12	4:12	8:12
Williamstown Junction	5:08	8:23	4:23	8:23
Cedar Brook	5:12	8:27	4:27	8:27
Winslow	5:31	8:46	4:46	8:46
Hammononton	5:33	8:48	4:48	8:48
Da Costa	5:39	8:54	4:54	8:54
Elwood	5:43	8:58	4:58	8:58
Egg Harbor	5:49	9:04	5:04	9:04
Pomona	5:53	9:08	5:08	9:08
Atlantic City	6:05	9:20	5:20	9:20

	Acc	M'd	Acc	Sund'y
	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Atlantic City	7:15	10:45	7:15	10:45
Pomona	7:20	10:50	7:20	10:50
Egg Harbor	7:25	10:55	7:25	10:55
Elwood	7:30	11:00	7:30	11:00
Da Costa	7:35	11:05	7:35	11:05
Hammononton	7:40	11:10	7:40	11:10
Winslow	7:45	11:15	7:45	11:15
Cedar Brook	7:50	11:20	7:50	11:20
Williamstown Junction	7:55	11:25	7:55	11:25
Oakland	8:00	11:30	8:00	11:30
Camden	8:05	11:35	8:05	11:35
Philadelphia	8:10	11:40	8:10	11:40

Camden & Atlantic City

	DOWN TRAINS.			
Stations.	H. A. A. M.	F. S. A.		
Philadelphia	6:10	10:30	5:00	8:00
Cooper's Point	6:12	10:32	5:02	8:02
Penn. R. R. Junc.	6:18	10:38	5:08	8:08
Haddonfield	6:23	10:43	5:13	8:13
Ashland	6:31	10:51	5:21	8:21
Kirkwood	6:36	10:56	5:26	8:26
Berlin	6:44	11:04	5:34	8:34
Ato	6:48	11:08	5:38	8:38
Waterford	6:53	11:13	5:43	8:43
Ancora	6:58	11:18	5:48	8:48
Winslow Junc.	7:01	11:21	5:51	8:51
Hammononton	7:03	11:23	5:53	8:53
Da Costa	7:08	11:28	5:58	8:58
Elwood	7:12	11:32	6:02	9:02
Egg Harbor	7:18	11:38	6:08	9:08
Pomona	7:22	11:42	6:12	9:12
Atlantic	7:28	11:48	6:18	9:18
May's Landing	7:33	11:53	6:23	9:23

	U. TRAINS.			
Stations.	H. A. A. M.	F. S. A.		
Philadelphia	7:35	9:20	5:50	6:20
Cooper's Point	7:38	9:23	5:53	6:23
Penn. R. R. Junc.	7:43	9:28	5:58	6:28
Haddonfield	7:48	9:33	6:03	6:33
Ashland	7:53	9:38	6:08	6:38
Kirkwood	7:58	9:43	6:13	6:43
Berlin	8:03	9:48	6:18	6:48
Ato	8:08	9:53	6:23	6:53
Waterford	8:13	9:58	6:28	6:58
Ancora	8:18	10:03	6:33	7:03
Winslow Junc.	8:23	10:08	6:38	7:08
Hammononton	8:28	10:13	6:43	7:13
Da Costa	8:33	10:18	6:48	7:18
Elwood	8:38	10:23	6:53	7:23
Egg Harbor	8:43	10:28	6:58	7:28
Pomona	8:48	10:33	7:03	7:33
Atlantic	8:53	10:38	7:08	7:38
May's Landing	8:58	10:43	7:13	7:43

Up express stops at Hammononton 8:48 A. M.
Philadelphia 9:50. Down express leave city at
5:30 p.m., Hammononton, 4:29. Atlantic 5:15

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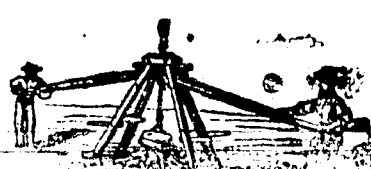
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