JUANA'S ORDEAL.

The early morning sunshine tinged alike mountain and sea in the beautiful valley of Carpenteria, Southern California. Juana walked slowly down the path that led from the kitchen door of the quaint adobe to the more sequestered barn. From here the path ran on along the orchard, in and out among apricot and fig trees, until it stopped abruptly, as if quite worn out with its exertions, on the outskirts of the ranch.

The baranca to which it led raised its seamed, scarred sides up the hillside—covered with cacti and chaparral. Juana paused a moment, then, gathering her skirts tightly in her left hand, she began to climb the steep trail. She took it without languor or delay, her strong young figure moving upward with scarcely a pause for breath till she reached the top.

Here an old fence bounded the hill pasture belonging to Juana's father. She flung herself lightly against the bars of the gate to rest and to gaze upon the scene spread out below.

To the westward lay the calm Pacific, glinting and flashing under the first rays of the sun. The curling surf lapped with white lips the yellow sand that marks the western boundary of the peaceful valley. Far as the eye could reach to the south and east stretched the line of the old stage road—for this was before the railroad was built—between Los Angeles on the south and Santa Barbara on the north.

On the east its long dusty trail was flanked by ranches more or less cultivated. Here and there symmetrical rows of beans greeted the eye. Olive trees mingled with walnuts were scattered everywhere. Occasionally a red-tiled adobe roof relieved the monotony of open pasture-lands and fields dotted with oak and yellow with the blossoms of the golden mustard.

From the foothills rose precipitately the purple mountains, whose crests are often veiled with clouds of feathery mist. A fair land, and dear to the rancher's daughter from her babyhood—the place of her birth, and of her people before her. Yet to any one else who had been there the most picturesque thing would not have been the outspread landscape, but the young Spanish girl leaning on the worn gate to look at it.

She turned now, and began a series of low, coaxing whistles, which presently brought her favorite mustang, Pedro, to the bars of the gate. The gate posts were worn smooth by the rubbing of patient animals from the adjoining field, and had it not been for the friendly hayrope about their rickety tops, Pedro would have surely knocked them down as he stretched his neck over the bars to be caressed by his mistress.

They were a pretty picture—the two. The blue-black hair of the girl made more vivid the ripe color in her olive-tinted cheeks. Her deep, lustrous eyes had in them that half-pained, half-pathetic expression peculiar to the eyes of the Spanish girls of the South. Yet Juana knew little of sorrow. The old rancher's only daughter, she had lived a petted life, a simple-hearted child, and whatever capacity for endurance or courage lay within her, it had never been tried.

After a series of vigorous pats bestowed with many a cooing Spanish phrase of endearment upon her favorite, Juana procured a rosy apple from her pocket, which Pedro munched with evident satisfaction. She had not come to ask any service of him, only for a morning greeting; and now, after a lingering farewell pat or two, she left the pretty mustang looking over the gate after her, and turned to the steep baranca again.

She stepped carefully, for fear of treading too heavily on the crumbling, sun-baked adobe and getting a tumble; her light feet made hardly a sound to be noticed among the noises of the country morning—Pedro's reluctant return from the gate to his grazing fellows, the other sounds from the pasture, the twittering of birds, the chirping of squirrels, the thousand-fold murmur and breath of the hour.

Half-way down the light steps stopped suddenly, and the girl stood with a startled face listening. An on-looker might have been mystified to see her hesitate, and then cautiously and stealthily steal on, a little lower down to a clump of trees not far below where she had so suddenly stood still. Only a keen ear and a quick attention could have caught above all these other noises that singular and unusual one for such a place and time—the hiss of whispering voices. "Pablo"—her father's name—that was the one word she had caught, and half in curiosity, half in fear, she felt she must know why her father's whispered name should thus detach itself from the rustle of leaves to strike her ear and call her attention to the otherwise indistinguishable murmur going on in the little clump.

She leaned silently forward on the edge of the hazy screen of live-oaks, every nerve strained to catch the half-whispered, half-murmured words that rose from within. The screen, though it offered no perceptible barrier to sound, was quite dense enough to protect the girl from sight of the group of men who stood close together behind it, looking for no one in her direction.

"Pablo"—her father's name again, and now it came to her ear sharply, mingled with other words, "stage"—"coin"—"arrest"—she caught; and then in an excited tone, which the others immediately hushed, "pistols."

She edged closer, listened more intensely, and her hearing seemed to become keener. She knew who the men were well enough—ranch hands of Pablo's, half-breeds, a vagabond set, who would do anything for money. But they were purposeless and dull, incapable of organizing and carrying out a plot to rob the stage of themselves. And the bolder rogue who planned and inspired the crime? The girl was left in no doubt of that—her own father's name was distinctly uttered, his directions repeated. That very night he and his confederates were to lie in wait for the stage that left Santa Barbara for Los Angeles at 7:30.

Juana drew back, realizing that she must slip away undetected, yet too startled and horrified to think of anything else clearly. She was overcome by the sheer sense of her father's guilt. He was by no means an exemplary ranchman, Juana well knew. But she had no mother, and had depended solely on him for care and tenderness, which he had given at least in sufficient measure to win the response of a child's simple and uncriticising affection, and Juana was not far enough from childhood to have changed much in her feelings. Nor was the code of her people so exacting towards ordinary faults and ill-doings in men that what she knew of her father's had affected her with any strong feeling of shame, or given any serious shock to her regard for him.

But this was a different matter. The quiet, honest ranchers of Carpenteria were not of that class of Mexicans in whom a robber excites as much admiration as censure, nor were these the times in which the native Californian easily excused robbery of the American intruder. Juana had been born and had grown up peacefully and without thought of hostility under American laws. The plot stood out in its reckless criminality, its shameless greed, before her as before any innocently bred and honest-natured ranch girl. As she crept carefully away she was helplessly overwhelmed by the knowledge of his unworthiness of her love and respect.

But almost at once a reaction came, and a passionate resolution rose within her mind. It should not be! It had not happened yet—it should not happen. Some one must prevent it—yet there was no one but herself to do it.

By the time she stepped firmly once more upon the garden path, her mind was made up to what she had to do. She knew the uselessness of appeal to her father. She had no confidante among the women of the ranch to whom she dared to breathe such a secret. All the long, slow day it seemed eating her very soul out. All her sweet old-time confidence in her father was gone, and when from time to time, as was his demonstrative Spanish wont with his pretty daughter, he drew her to him with caresses, she could respond with no joyousness.

At last the long day came to a close. The evening meal was ended; the after-supper work was done. Juana came out from the house into the broad porch, guitar in hand, crossed the porch quietly, and seated herself on the stone step, as she had sat before evening after evening. She sang the pretty Spanish airs she was accustomed to sing to her own accompaniment; and though sometimes her voice grew very faint as the sick dread of what was before her swept across her mind, she persevered, and with a heavy heart entertained the little household. They had all at this time gathered upon the long porch, as was their custom; her father was wont to sit by her side smoking and listening, and now and then between his cigaritos make her happy with his easy phrases of praise. But this evening he soon rose and left her, joined the group of ranch hands in a dark corner of the doorway, and under cover of Juana's songs, exchanged murmured question and answer with them.

The gray twilight deepened into night. Soon the moon arose over the eastern mountains, casting on everything such a flood of yellow light as only California knows. The sombre group in the corner had relapsed into a moody silence. Juana's guitar sank into her lap, and the hush was broken only by the sound of crickets and the cry from time to time of a night-hawk flying across the orchard.

The girl was watching the moon creep up the sky, and counting the minutes, as she had already counted them over and over during the day. Her breath caught in her throat, but she rose silently and carried her guitar into the house. As she passed her father she paused:

"The moon is so bright, *mi padre*," she said, "I would go out for a little lope with Pedro."

She had been permitted more than once before to ride thus about the ranch lanes, or for a short distance along the safe neighboring road, on bright moonlight evenings. Indeed, her father had never interfered much with her movements, and their simple ranch life, not unaffected by American customs, was free from strict rules. Pablo nodded without removing his cigarito, and the girl passed on.

She put away her guitar, twisted a scarf over her head, and let herself out at the back door, carrying her bridle in her hand. A little relieved by the possibility of action, and the removal of need for self-restraint, she hastened at a rapid pace up the path she had trodden early that morning, a light-hearted and unsuspecting child, to visit and pet her favorite.

She reached the old fence and whistled clearly across the moonlit pasture once and again, and presently Pedro came trotting to her. With trembling hands she undid the hay rope and pushed open the sagging gate, and the little horse walked through, knowing well enough that she wanted him. She fastened the gate with mechanical care, then putting one hand lightly on Pedro's mane, she quickly adjusted the bridle, scrambled to his back—she had been on Pedro's back without a saddle too often to waste time now in arranging any such adjunct—and turned him down the baranca. In a few minutes she reached a road that skirted the base of the hill—then leaning forward on Pedro's neck, she spoke to him and shook the bridle, and sent him flying down the road at his best speed.

Breathlessly the girl watched the trees fly by. The road followed the hills for half a mile before it struck a cross-road. Already, Juana knew, the men were at their posts below the spot where the stage road touched her father's ranch. A fearless rider at all times, she seemed utterly so now, as without drawing rein she wheeled into the rough and imperfect old cross-road and dashed down it. It was only used by teams in winter and was kept in no order, but the little mustang took his way swiftly and surely over the unyielding ruts of hardened adobe and half-buried bowlders.

After what seemed to Juana an interminable time, the reckless pair reached the dusty stage road safely. Here they turned and cantered easily up the road to meet the oncoming stage, no sign of which yet appeared. Juana gazed eagerly before her, watching for the expected cloud of dust, but they had cantered on a mile and a half without adventure before it appeared, and Pedro came to a full stop to await it.

The dust moved down upon the waiting pair by the roadside, and as it came near Juana saw that it inclosed not the stage, but only a Spanish family, returning from a day's marketing in Santa Barbara. In the dusty moonlight they seemed almost wierd in their picturesqueness. The whole family was in the long wagon, from the senora in her gay shawl and senorita in gayer bonnet down through ragged smaller members to the ugly little terrier—who, with his shrill bark and contradicting tail, is indispensable to the happiness of the Spaniard *en famille*.

The wagon toiled on past, and Juana looked again up the empty road, from which the dust slowly cleared away. Her heart almost stopped beating as the fear shot across her that she had miscalculated the time and came too late, after all. If she had missed the stage, by now her father was branded for ever a criminal; their name was shamed, whether the world ever knew it or not. Suddenly she uttered a joyful exclamation, for there around the bend in the road appeared the stage, unmistakable this time, through the cloud of dust, and loaded with people.

The driver reined in his horses suddenly at Juana's violent gesticulations to stop—so suddenly, indeed, that they were dragged back upon their haunches—and started with amazement at the girl and the horse. The passengers, startled at the abrupt stoppage, broke into questions and ejaculations as they recovered their balance, and leaned out to hear what was said.

Juana shrank back, abashed at so large an audience, yet she was too desperately set in her purpose to hesitate in her speech. In her fluent English, touched with the accent the child keeps who speaks another language at home, she poured out her story—not the real story, perhaps—Juana's ethical training did not include the absolute necessity of a rigid veracity—but one that served its purpose of warning as well, and gave the driver no room to suspect either her father or his ranch hands, all of them well-known characters in Carpenteria.

It made a profound sensation in the stage company. As soon as she ceased, one and another of the women cried out that they would not go past the ambush. They started to their feet, insisting that they be allowed to alight on the spot. The driver, who had no intention of staying where he was till morning, asked none too politely whether they intended to stay there in the middle of the road while he went on and left them. Compelled by this counter terror to remain in their seats, they clung to each other, interchanging their alarm and indignation, while the driver and the men among the passengers counted firearms and laid plans for defense, should an attack be made. Finally, at a crack of the long whip the horses started and the stage rolled away again down the road.

Meanwhile, Juana had sat still upon her horse by the side of the road, understanding but little of the rapid confusion of talk going on in the stage. She had done her duty, and she knew that her business now was to get quickly and safely home. Yet she could not go without knowing how things would turn out. She had not much fear of serious results, now that the driver was on his guard, for she knew a show of force and preparation would scatter the half-breeds—still less that any of the confederates could be captured amid their familiar fields, and exposed to the world; nevertheless, the misgiving that some one might possibly be hurt drew her on after the stage.

She cantered along behind it until it had passed an old walnut tree, not far beyond which was the place of ambush. Nearer to the concealed group of men than this tree she dared not go, for not a man standing concealed in the dark spot beyond would have failed to know at a glance the girlish figure on the familiar little mustang.

She drew rein in the shadows of the walnut, and sat and watched the stage as it rapidly decreased the distance between itself and the fatal spot.

From the place where Pedro stood, unseen herself, she could clearly see that spot. She knew just where the men must be standing—just what their positions must be, Juan's, and Domingo's, and Sancho's—just what signal would be given, and what move would be made. The stage bore down upon the place—it was almost there—a sharp crack of the whip cleft the air and reached the girl's ears, and the stage lunged more swiftly forward into the shadow.

The girl leaned forward with strained eyes and ears. Would that sudden, resistless dash carry them past? Then several quick, confused shouts, and then a pistol shot, followed by a long, low cry of agony and despair. Then the stage stopped.

The moonlit air grew black to the girl, and she cried out herself with a piercing shriek, all thought of self-control lost in her passionate Spanish soul. She knew it was her father's voice, and even before the road cleared to her eyes, she shook the reins, and clung blindly to Pedro's back as he flew over the ground towards the huddle of stage and men.

The horse checked himself abruptly, trembling a little, as he came upon the excited group. The men who stood about something on the ground wheeled sharply to look as she dashed down upon them; they cast weird shadows in the clear moonlight as they stepped forward and stopped, recognizing the girl and looking at her with more amazement than before, as she slid down from the horse, and without paying any attention to them staggered across the moonlit space, dropped down beside the prostrate figure and put her arms about it.

The old man lay stretched out in the dimness, between the moon and the shadowed place of ambush, where they had carried him and laid him with his head on a loosely rolled horse blanket. His eyes were closed, and the blood trickled from a wound in his left shoulder, making an ugly red track in the soft white dust. The half-breeds were nowhere to be seen—they must have shrunk back and scattered away across the fields at the first sign of resistance. The men standing about drew away, half respecting the girl's despair, half eager to tell their story to the women who waited frightened yet full of curiosity in the stage. Only the driver stood close by to enforce his claims on the robber's person, lest Juana should dispute them—understanding at once, now he had seen old Pablo's face, how much the girl had concealed, and guessing her relationship to the rancher.

Juana looked up. She knew enough to know that Pablo was not dead, after she had seen the wound, and as she saw the man standing grimly by, it flashed across her what he was there for; and the whole sequence of prison and shame, crowded from her mind by the more imminent fear of death, rose up before her.

With a dry, tearless sob and a passionate movement of despair, she sprang up and flung herself before the man, breaking into wild pleading.

"Leave him with me, senor!" she cried. "Leave him with me, *por misericordia de Dios!* You are safe, senor—see, no one is the worse for *mi padre, mi pobre;* why must you take him? what good? Give him to me—do not convey him to prison. He is an old man. See his gray hair, senor, and the blood. He is hurt already—spare him, *por Dios!* You shall have gold, all you want; there is no one but me, and I care not if there is nothing left for me; but leave my father, senor." She broke her English, in her excitement, with the Spanish phrases of her home, which she was not accustomed to use among the Americans.

The driver was not a hard man, and the girl's piteous voice and great pathetic eyes did not fail to move him; nor was he possessed of so rigid a sense of civil responsibility as to make him think that it was his duty to resist her in the interest of the law's rights. None of the passengers knew the robber, or knew that he had recognized him. The gray hair that Juana appealed to brought to his mind his own gray-haired father. He looked at her and the robber, and turning around left her kneeling in the dust, and walked away without a word. He would not have known what to say if he had to speak any reasoning word to her. A minute more, and the stage had resolved itself into a cloud of dust, fast disappearing down the dim stretch of road.

Katherine Du Bois, in Overland Monthly.

THE STRANGER ON THE SILL.

Between broad fields of wheat and corn
Is the lowly home where I was born;
The peach tree leans against the wall,
And the woodbine wanders over all;
There is the shaded doorway still,
But a stranger's foot has crossed the sill.

There is the barn—and, as of yore,
I can smell the hay from the open door,
And see the busy swallows throng
And hear the pewee's mournful song;
But the stranger comes—oh! painful proof—
His sheaves are piled to the heated roof.

There is the orchard—the very trees
Where my childhood knew long hours of ease,
And watch the shadowy moments run
Till my life imbibed more shade than sun;
The swing from the bough still sweeps the air,
But the stranger's children are swinging there.

There bubbles the shady spring below,
With its bulrush brook where the hazels grow;
'Twas there I found the calamus root,
And watched the minnows poise and shoot,
And heard the robin lave its wing,
But the stranger's bucket is at the spring.

O ye, who daily cross the sill
Step lightly, for I love it still;
And when you crowd the old barn eaves,
Then think what countless harvest sheaves
Have passed within that scented door
To gladden eyes that are no more!

Deal kindly with these orchard trees;
And when your children crowd their knees
Their sweetest fruit they shall impart,
As if old memories stirred their heart;
To youthful sport still leave the swing,
And in sweet reverence hold the spring.

The barn, the trees, the brook, the birds,
The meadows with their loving herds,
The woodbine on the cottage wall—
My heart still lingers with them all
Ye stranger's on my native sill,
Step lightly, for I love it still!

—*Thomas Buchanan Read.*

Hercules Beetle.

The biggest insect of its kind in the world is the Hercules beetle of South America, which grows to be six inches in length. It is said, whether truthfully or not, that great numbers of these creatures are sometimes seen on the mammæa tree, rasping the rind from the slender branches by working around them with their horns untill they cause the juice to flow. This juice they drink to intoxication, and thus fall senseless to the ground.

SIMPLICITY NOW THE STYLE.

Costly and Complicated Things Are Falling Into Disrepute.

Reports from the fashionable world say that the latest demand in society is for simplicity in entertainments. Elaborate dinners are now considered inelegant; swell receptions are snobbish; pretentious collations are plebian. What is merely costly and complicated is falling into disrepute as low and coarse. A quiet refinement is taking the place of garish glitter and display, which is the easy capital of the parvenu, and marks no distinction between wealth and vulgarity. Small, quiet dinners, social dances, followed by attractive, yet inexpensive, suppers, are now in vogue. Evidences of genuine hospitality and friendliness are superseding the ostentation and parade so popular of late.

Good sense, as well as good taste, will indorse this change. People are weary of pompous receptions that have little meaning beyond the array of silks and laces, easily seen to better advantage on the mute forms in the show windows. They are weary of the tedious dinners, which astonish the eye and gratify the palate, but are utterly devoid of anything that hints of lively conversation, brilliant wit, keen humor and good fellowship generally. It is easy enough with a well-filled purse, which commands florist and caterer, to receive acquaintances en masse, and to follow prescribed forms, but to entertain a select few in a truly social way is the gift only of one to the manor born. It implies a hostess of infinite tact and resource.

It is this demand now which society exacts. It insists on making a distinction between the parade of the plebian and the refined elegance of the patrician. Even admitting that in America there is, strictly speaking, no such thing as caste, society is just now affirming that there are divided grades, "soul nobilities," as Schiller expresses it, and that these shall not be confounded with the vulgar.

The simplicity required is no return to a Puritanic severity and absence of charm. It is rather a Greek simplicity which calls for every element of grace and beauty, making them all subservient to a higher purpose. Only the true spirit of hospitality can meet these requirements. That alone knows instinctively how to refrain from what is loud and ostentatious, knows the secret of all those devices which link heart to heart in genuine friendship. This spirit of hospitality has nothing to do with poverty or excess. It is skillful, creative, inventive, and from the humblest or the highest sources is capable of responding to its own demands. If untold wealth is at its disposal, the raw material is never conspicuous; it is always transmitted into something worthier, which appeals to the heart rather than to the senses.

Society has proposed to itself a high ideal. Whether it will be able to meet the requirements is a question. Of all good things in this world undoubtedly the best is good company, and society is beginning to appreciate the fact, but, unfortunately for society, the best things of life belong only to those who have the ability to enjoy them. It will take generations of culture before what is now called society can be entertained by other methods than expensive display. Still the present fashionable effort after simplicity in entertainments is a step in the right direction, and, on the whole, will probably lead to good results.—*Chicago Herald.*

EGGNOG IN VIRGINIA.

What Would a Virginian Christmas be Without Eggnog?

And what is eggnog? Worcester says: "A drink made of spirit, milk, sugar and eggs beaten up together." Exactly so; but he might as well describe a fascinating woman as a "combination of dry-goods, skin and bone" when telling of her winning ways.

The eggnog is undoubtedly the successor of the "wassail," as Brande tells us that the "wassail bowl was carried round on New Year's Eve." Whence the delicious beverage derives its name is not clear. Some insist it is so called because in concocting properly it is necessary to "knock" the eggs with a spoon in beating up, and on the thoroughness of this depends the quality of the "good cheer." The probability is that the name is from the old English "nog," which, according to Swift, means "ale."

There are doubtless some who would discountenance the use of the time-honored drink. But why should they? Nowhere in the world are there more moderate and "temperate" drinkers than in Virginia. And undoubtedly there will be more headaches and cross dyspeptics next Friday due to turkey and plum pudding than to the nog.

But beware of an overdose. For if you should exceed reasonable bounds, then "woe be unto you," for you will find that eggnog can give you a larger head than was ever dreamed of.

One of the epicurian members of the Westmoreland Club gave the following formula: "To make eggnog in the genuine old Virginia style you must take dry cut-loaf sugar well ground and mix with the yolks of eggs for at least half an hour, then stir in your pure cream and best brandy, with just enough rum to give a good flavor. It is better to use the white of the eggs. When finished the mixture will be quite thick, and will keep for weeks. A little nutmeg should be sprinkled on the top of each glassful."

The owner of this recipe had it handed down to him as one of the family secrets. It is said that many years ago he spent Christmas in the West Indies and initiated the natives into the delights of nog. It nearly set them wild with ecstasy, and added much to their already high opinion of the great American Republic.

William Snelling, who is an acknowledged connoisseur on such matters, suggested the following: "In making eggnog everything depends upon having the proper quantity of each ingredient. The right proportions are a tablespoonful of sugar and a drink of brandy to each egg. Break your eggs, putting the whites and yolks in separate dishes. Beat the yolks and the sugar together for a good while, and then slowly stir in the brandy, and add just enough rum to give it a nice flavor. When this is done pour in the cream until the mixture is of the proper sweetness. Beat up the whites and put on top. Eggnog made this way costs about 22 cents per glass—more than the ordinary customer is willing to pay; so, in order to sell over the bar, I have to make it of whisky and milk."

The chef of the Commercial Club described the process simply: "We take pure cream, beat the yolks of the eggs up by themselves; next we stir the sugar into the beaten eggs, and then we put in the whisky or brandy, as the case may be. The beaten whites are put on top, a little nutmeg added, and your nog is complete."

ABUSING THE STOMACH.

The Country Men Use Themselves Better Than Those of Cities.

One reason why city people are so much more afflicted with illness than country people, said a leading physician to a New York *Press* reporter, is because of the difference in their habits of eating. Your countryman eats a hearty breakfast before 7 in the morning. He eats a hearty dinner at noon. At 6 o'clock he takes a light supper, rests for a couple of hours or more and goes to bed to sleep and recuperate. There is nothing like sleep to give renewed energy to the physical man. Your city man gets his breakfast at 8 to 9 o'clock. It is a heavy breakfast, but he eats light because his head is generally heavy. If he has been late in getting up he bolts his food and rushes off to his office, with his stomach struggling to get the best of the chunks of stuff he has flung into it. At 12 or 1 o'clock he bolts a lunch—meats, pastry and fruits and liquor in such conglomeration as to make his poor stomach howl with anguish.

Then at 6 o'clock he eats an enormous course dinner, washes it down with two or three kinds of wine, coffee and liquors. He has no time to rest afterward, but rushes off to the theater, and when he leaves the theater he sits down to a midnight supper that drives his poor stomach wild again. He rolls into bed at 1 or 2 o'clock and wonders why he cannot sleep. There are a few old-fashioned men in New York who still insist on the country habit of eating dinner in the middle of the day and supper at 6. I know some of them, and they haven't an ache or a pain. But the other fellows are troubled with headaches, kidney troubles, liver difficulties and all sorts of disorders.

HOW SNAKES GET MEALS.

They Strike the Fishes, Poison Them and Then Swallow Them.

Having repeatedly been interested in watching how water snakes feed, I was careful in noting how one particular snake maneuvered to get a meal in Crum Brook, one of the trout streams preserved by the Quaspeake Club of Rockland County, N. Y., of which I am warden, says a writer in *Nature's Realm.*

The snake darted from under the bank and seized a chub about three inches long, half of its body being in the mouth of the snake. I struck the reptile smartly with my cane and it darted away and the fish wriggled off slowly for a few feet and then lost all power of motion, although it did not seem to be even slightly bruised. Upon taking it out of the water I observed a thick slime or mucus covering the whole body, which I scraped off, and returned the fish to the water. At first it was very active, swimming around lively, but in a few moments seemed once more to lose the power of motion. I again took it out of the water and found the coating of slime thicker upon its body than before. I scraped it off again, with the same result, but finally the fish turned on its side dead, and in about five minutes, spent in perfect quietude on my part, the snake came from under a submerged stump, seized the fish and disappeared. The incident led me to believe that the snake poisoned the fish by coating it with the thick secretion I found upon its body.

INSULT NOT THE FALLEN.

I tell you hush! no word of sneering scorn—
True, fallen; but God knows how deep her sorrow.
Poor girl too many like her only born
To love one day—to sin—and die to-morrow.
What know you of her struggles or her grief?
Or what wild storms of want and woe and pain,
Tore down her soul from honor? As a leaf
From autumn branches, or a drop of rain
That hung in frailest splendor from a bough—
Bright, glistening in the sunlight of God's day—
So had she clung to virtue once. But now—
See heaven's dear pearl polluted with earth's clay!
The sin is yours—with your accursed gold—
Man's wealth is master—woman's soul the slave!
Some purest water still the mire may hold.
Is there no hope for her—no power to save?
Yes, once again to draw up from the clay
The fallen rain drop, till it shines above.
Or, save a fallen soul, needs but one ray
Of heaven's sunshine, or of human love.

—*W. C. K. Wilder.*

The Largest Bell.

The largest bell in America is that of Notre Dame Cathedral, Montreal, which hangs in the south tower. It is 6 feet high, 8 feet 7 inches in diameter, and weighs 24,780 pounds. It is ornamented with images of the Blessed Virgin and St. John the Baptist, together with emblems of agriculture, commerce and industry. It was cast in London, and bears this inscription in Latin: "I was cast in the year of the Christian era 1847, the two hundred and second since the foundation of Montreal, the first of Pius IX.'s pontificate, and the tenth of the reign of Victoria, Queen of England. I am the gift of the merchants, the farmers and the mechanics of 'Ville Marie.'" In the opposite tower hangs a chime of ten bells, the smallest weighing 897 pounds, the largest 6,011, total, 21,696 pounds.

The largest bell in the United States is the alarm bell on the City Hall, New York, which was cast by Blake of Boston. It is 6 feet high, 8 feet in diameter, and weighs 23,000 pounds.—*New England Magazine.*

A clock owned by a resident of Trappe, Pa., has ticked since 1766.

PEOPLE WHO ARE TALKED ABOUT.

Ex-President Cleveland is believed to have reduced his weight by sixty pounds within a short time.

F. F. Thompson, of New York City, has contributed $100,000 to the erection of three laboratories at Williams College.

George Vanderbilt's castle in North Carolina will require ten years of labor and the expenditure of $8,000,000 to $10,000 before it is completed.

The Empress Elizabeth of Austria is having built on the Island of Corfu a palace that will contain 128 rooms and will cost nearly $1,000,000.

Governor Hill has been invited by Governor Norton of Georgia to deliver the oration at the unveiling of the monument erected in honor of Henry W. Grady at Atlanta.

President Eliot, of Harvard, according to the irreverent Boston *Globe*, has breathed an academic atmosphere so long that he has become intellectually asphyxiated.

Wooton, the famous farm of George W. Childs, lies a few miles from Philadelphia, near the little village of Bryn Mawr. The estate abounds in magnificent trees, some of which are more than 300 years old.

When General Alger entered a certain railroad office in Jacksonville the other day he was asked his name and gave it. "Well," said the agent, "I'm glad you're a General, 'cause the Florida woods are full of Colonels."

Miss Yvett Guilbert is the present rage in Paris. She is slim, has green eyes and auburn hair. She can not sing and does not try to, but chants. Miss Guilbert is a novelty and the town is correspondingly mad over her.

General Mahone is preparing to build a town at the mouth of Cove Creek, in Tazewell County, Virginia. A branch road will be built from Tazewell Courthouse to the point mentioned and charcoal furnaces erected.

Chevalier George D. Epinois, who took part in the battle of Waterloo and formed a part of the guard of honor which welcomed Leopold I. sixteen years later, is now, at the age of 97, burgomaster in the village of Epinois les Rinche.

Mrs. Kyle, wife of the Alliance Senator from South Dakota, felt overpowering confidence during the canvass that her husband would be elected, and whenever he talked of declining the nomination she insisted that he would yield and win.

Professor Charles A. Young thinks the most wonderful fact in astronomy is that "the great Lick telescope reveals about 100,000,000 of stars, and that every one of them is a sun, theoretically and by analogy giving light and heat to his planets."

The Emperor of Japan is a great lover of art, and has just established a society for its promotion. The members include the most eminent sculptors, painters, lacquers and weavers of Japan, all of whom receive a remuneration from the Emperor.

Sir William Gordon Cumming, whose connection with an English card scandal has made him the subject of world-wide attention, was reported at one time to be engaged to Miss Leiter, of Chicago. But there seems to have been no foundation for the rumor. His brother, however, married an American girl, a Miss Fanny Eames.

Walt Whitman is making ready for publication what he calls his last book. It is a collection of both prose and poetry. He will call it "Good-by, My Fancy!" a name which, says a critic, is a mistake in consideration of the fact that there is in existence a volume of verse bearing the far more apt title of "Hallo, My Fancy."

John Bigelow tells a Paris correspondent that during the war Prince Jerome was a good friend of the North. The Imperial court leaned toward the South, but Prince Jerome exerted his influence in such a manner that the Mexican expedition was abandoned. Mr. Bigelow says that "his was the strongest intellect of the Bonaparte family" at that time.

Miss Nellie White, who has just won the honors of the mathematical exhibition at the University of Melbourne, is only 18 years old. All her sisters show a remarkable talent for collegiate learning, the elder having taken the degree of M. A. last year, and the second having completed with honors a four years' course in medicine at the same university.

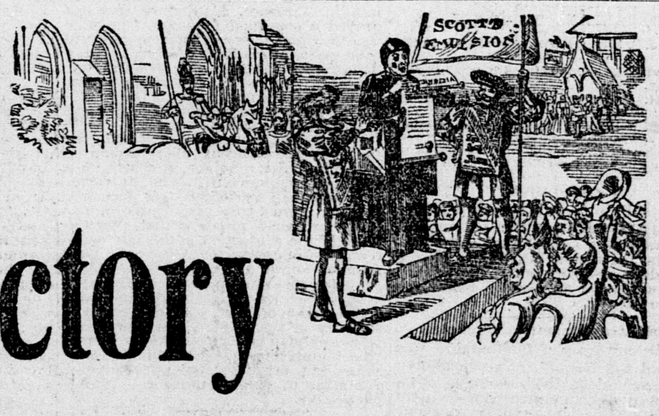
Authors are all resorting to the typewriter upon which to do their work, and any active writer is scarcely without a machine. Mr. Howells is quite an expert, and says the click of the keys sets his thoughts in motion. Mrs. Whitney also uses the machine skillfully. Frank Stockton, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Robert J. Burdette and Margaret Deland all send in type-written manuscripts.

Herr von Gossler, who retires from the German Cabinet, has for many years fought for secular schools and non-interference by church organizations with governmental affairs. It is a curious coincidence that Dr. Windthorst, who, as leader of the Ultramontanes, had been his antagonist, should die just at the time when von Gossler is forced to withdraw from office in favor of another Ultramontane, Count Zedlitz Tritzschler.

Lieutenant R. M. G. Brown, to whom West Virginia presented a gold-handled sword last Saturday week, distinguished himself in the management of the flagship Trenton before that vessel was wrecked in the Samoan hurricane of two years ago. Lieutenant Brown stood on the bridge of that vessel during the entire storm, never leaving his post of duty for a moment. When the masts were entirely stripped of their sails Lieutenant Brown ordered every man in the rigging, so that a compact mass of humanity could be used as sails. This novel idea saved the lives of 400 people.

A Scotch terrier is a regular dead-head on the West Shore Railroad, and will only ride on a first-class train. He spends his whole time traveling and is well-liked by railroad men.

Proclaim the Victory



Remember last winter's siege. Recall how trying to health were the frequent changes of the weather. What was it that helped you win the fight with disease, warded off pneumonia and possibly consumption? Did you give due credit to SCOTT'S EMULSION of pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda? Did you proclaim the victory? Have you recommended this wonderful ally of health to your friends? And what will you do this winter? Use Scott's Emulsion as a preventive this time. It will fortify the system against *Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility, and all Anæmic and Wasting Diseases (specially in Children).* Palatable as Milk.

SPECIAL.—Scott's Emulsion is non-secret, and is prescribed by the Medical Profession all over the world, because its ingredients are scientifically combined in such a manner as to greatly increase their remedial value.

CAUTION.—Scott's Emulsion is put up in salmon-colored wrappers. Be sure and get the genuine. Prepared only by Scott & Bowne, Manufacturing Chemists, New York. All Druggists.

Trotting Stallions.

WILKESDALE.

STANDARD NO. 4,541.—WILKESDALE is a dark bay, 16 hands high, bred at Highlawn Farm, Mass. He very closely resembles his sire, Alcantara, 2:23, who has the honor of having added more trotters to the 2:30 list (21) last year than any other sire in the world.

Pedigree—Wilkesdale's sire is Alcantara, 2:23 (sire of 33 in the 2:30 list at 14 years, more than any sire of his age), by George Wilkes, 2:22 (sire of Guy Wilkes, 2:15¼, and 71 others in the 2:30 list). Alcantara's dam is Alma Mater (dam of 5 in 2:30 list), by Mambrino Patchen (sire of the dams of Guy Wilkes, 2:15¼, Baron Wilkes, 2:18, and 39 others in 2:30 list). Wilkesdale's dam is Thorndale Maid, 2:30 (dam of Miss Alice, 2:19¾, and Thornton, 2:26¼), by Thorndale, 2:29¼, he by Alexander's Abdallah, out of Old Dolly (dam of Director, 2:17, Onward, 2:25¼, Czarina, 2:21, and Thorndale, 2:22¾), second dam, Bridesmaid, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian.

Terms—$100 for the season, with usual return privilege.

DON MARVIN.

Five-year-old record, 2:28. Standard by breeding and performance. This fast young stallion was bred by Hon. Leland Stanford, Palo Alto, Cal. He was sired by Fallis, 2:23 (the sire of Wanda, 2:19¾, Don Marvin, 2:28, Falrose, 3-year-old trial, 2:29½, and Wilmington, 2:33), by the great Electioneer (the sire of Sunol, 3 years, 2:10¼, and 62 others in the 2:30 list). Don Marvin's dam is Cora, by Don Victor, son of Belmont, second dam Clarabel (dam of Clifton Bell, 2:24½, and grand dam of Bexford, 3 years, 2:24, and Electrician, 2:24½), by Abdallah Star; third dam, Fairy, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian; fourth dam, Emma Mills, by Sully's American Star. Don Marvin is a handsome seal brown, 16 hands high, and weighs over 1,200 pounds. He is a horse of great natural speed. His present record was made with scarcely any preparation, after making a large season in the stud, and is no measure of his speed. The price of his service fee is $40, which is lower than any stallion in the State with same record and breeding.

KAFFIR.

Standard No. 15,045.—Kaffir is a rich bay, foaled 1887; bred by L. J. Rose, Esq., Los Angeles, Cal.; 15¾ hands high; sired by Alcazar, 2:20½, he by Sultan, 2:24 (sire of Stamboul, 2:11), out of Minnehaha (dam of 5 horses in the 2:30 list). Kaffir's dam is Flower Girl, by Asbburton (sire of Arab, 2:15, and the dams of Hazel Wilkes, 2:20, Freedom, 2:29¾—fastest yearling in the world—and 5 others in 2:30 list); second dam, Flora, 2:33, by General McClellan (sire of 3 in 2:30 list); third dam, Flora Langford, by Langford (sire of the dams of Lillian Wilkes, 3 years, 2:17¾, and 3 others in 2:30 list). Mr. Rose says Kaffir was one of the fastest yearling trotters he ever bred, trotting quarters in 37½ seconds in his yearling form. He will be allowed to serve a limited number of mares at $40 the season, after which he will be prepared for the fall campaign.

The public is invited to call and see these fine individuals, representing the THREE GREAT TROTTING FAMILIES—WILKES, ELECTIONEER and SULTAN.

Good pasture close by the city at $4 per month. For further particulars and complete circulars, call or address

F. P. LOWELL,
mr28-tf 1520 F street, Sacramento, Cal.

ROSS S.

STANDARD RECORD, 2:25. (IN NUMBERS will be given in Wallace's Trotting Register No. 10.)

ROSS S., 2:25, by Nutwood, 2:18¾, first dam by State of Maine, 2:40, by Simpson's Messenger by Winthrop Messenger, son of Imp. Messenger, second dam by McCracken's Black Hawk.

ROSS S. has the fastest record of any Nutwood stallion on the coast, excepting Dawn, 2:18¾, and as a sire will prove to be the equal of any son of Nutwood. His first colts, now 3-year-olds, are very promising, and three of them will drop in the 2:30 list this year if nothing happens them, as two can now show a 2:30 gait, and the third can trot a mile in 2:50. ROSS S. and his colts can be seen at stables of the undersigned, where all can see that he is a sire of size, color, style and speed.

DESCRIPTION—ROSS S. is a rosewood bay, 16 hands high, weighs 1,150 pounds, very stylish, good mane and tail, legs and feet, plenty of bone and muscle and a splendid long neck.

TERMS—ROSS S. will stand at $75 for the season.

PAY CAR

Is my name, my sire is Ross S., record 2:25, by Nutwood, record 2:18¾, my dam is Etelka, by Sultan, record 2:24, sire of Stamboul, record 2:11, my great dam is Katie Did, the dam of Inez, record 2:30. I am 3 years old, 15¾ hands high, splendid blood bay in color, heavy black mane and tail, the best of legs and feet, long neck, good head, well set on, can trot a 2:40 gait in an easy way. I am the only stallion in the State standing for public service that combines the blood of the two great sires, Nutwood and Sultan, I will be allowed to serve fifteen approved mares for $50 the season, at Worth Ober's Training Stables, Sacramento Race Track. Good mares