THE "SMOKER" IN A TUNNEL.

The sun is shut from sight,
The shadows deeper grow,
Suddenly falls the night
Of darkness like a blow.

And, as though filmy mist
Blossom the clustering stars,
'Midst viewless amethyst
Glow ember-tipped cigars.

Lit by the headlight's glare,
The steam-wreaths, past the pane
Like clouds through moonlit air
Fly, and are lost again.

Lo! from the waning dark
Dim shapes are slowly drawn,
And now each ruddy spark
Dies in the sudden dawn.

—Charles H. Luders, in Century Bric-a-Brac.

CORBIE WOODS:

GOOD morning, Miss Ellen. May I ask what important business brings you out so early this morning?—a quarter to seven exactly."

"I shall answer your question, Mr. Parsons, by asking the reason of your early rising. You are decidedly the last person in Brandon I expected to see this morning."

"Well, I see you are going to the station as well as me; so, let me offer you an arm, and then I will enlighten you. I am going to meet my cousin James Wherton, and a young foreigner whom he has persuaded to join him in a week's holiday. I shall introduce them in due form; and if I had not a particular regard for a certain young townsman of my own, I should begin to speculate on the possibility of calling you cousin; eh, Ellen?"

"Nonsense, Mr. Parsons. You are a great deal too speculative as it is, or I should try to help you out in this matter. Hush! is that the Elton train? I am expecting Lizzie and Mary by it. You shall introduce them to your London friends."

The train stopped; and Ellen Westwood soon discovered the two girls, whom she affectionately greeted as her cousins, Lizzie and Mary Beaumont.

"It is not likely that we can wait for the London train, Mr. Parsons," exclaimed Ellen, in answer to a proposal to that effect which her old friend had ventured to make. "If you are inclined to join us in a walk to the Abbey, we shall start directly after dinner; and now, good morning."

Leaving the three girls to pursue their walk into town; and the gentleman to promenade the platform in expectation of the next arrival, it will be necessary to explain a little.

Ellen Westwood was the only daughter of a solicitor in Brandon, whose highest wish was to see his child grow up a sensible, unaffected woman; and this wish promised to be fully realized. Ellen, besides being accomplished, was distinguished for plain sense and amiable simplicity. Though not strictly handsome, she possessed a quiet intellectual beauty, which gained many admirers. One of these alone seemed to have made an impression upon the young girl.

John Richards was a handsome, dashing young tradesman, who had known Ellen from childhood; and the love, which had begun in his school-days, gradually ripened into the fulness of a first affection, and John and Ellen were, in the eyes of their friends, engaged lovers.

Ellen Westwood's cousins—Lizzie and Mary Beaumont—were the daughters of a country gentleman who had lately settled near Brandon, and it had been for some time a pleasant anticipation to the young people that they should, for a few days, escape the quiet of their secluded home, to join in the comparatively gay society which Brandon afforded. They were both remarkably amiable girls, with the usual amount of female accomplishments, and equal amount of good looks. Lizzie, the elder by four years—had just completed her twenty-second birthday; the gayest, merriest creature imaginable.

Among her foes (for what pretty girl is entirely without foes)? Lizzie Beaumont was esteemed an arrant flirt, and even those who loved her best could not wholly disguise from themselves the fact that she was a little too fond of winning admiration and a little too capricious in her rejection of it. Polly was a striking contrast to her gay little sister; with a naturally warm and affectionate disposition, she seemed more anxious to win love than to gain admiration; and few who saw and knew sweet Mary Beaumont could refuse her either. The only serious fault to be found with either of the girls was a certain degree of haughtiness, which rendered them almost unapproachable by the class of visitors they were sure to meet at their uncle's house. Brought up with very common, but wrong notions of true gentility, they supposed that to mix with tradespeople was irretrievably to sink their own dignity; and many were the exclamations of astonishment when they found that most of their cousin Ellen's friends were of that calibre. Still more amazed were they when report whispered that she was actually engaged to a druggist in Brandon. However, they wisely determined to enjoy this, their first visit to their cousin, keeping as much as possible aloof from her friends.

"Who is that gentlemanly man we saw with you at the station Ellen?" asked Lizzie Beaumont of her cousin, while they were putting on their bonnets for the promised stroll to the Abbey.

"He is a stationer in Brandon and sub-editor of our paper. Nobody is so ready as Mr. Parsons to get up a pic-nic, or pleasant party; and as his wife is just as good natured as himself they are most invaluable to our little coterie. He is sure to join us at the Abbey; for, if you remember he promised to introduce his cousin and friend."

Lizzie said nothing: she did not like to confess that the gentlemanly manners and good address of Mr. Parsons had taken her by surprise and still less did she choose that Ellen should imagine that this circumstance would lesson her prejudices against those whom she considered her inferiors. The three girls soon descended to the drawing-room, equipped for their walk, where they found the subject of their conversation, and his guests, waiting for them. Notwithstanding her usual hauteur, Lizzie's pride was considerably softened by the appearance of their visitors, and comforting herself with the reflection that, "after all, nobody in Brandon knew her," she accepted Mr. Parson's arm with a tolerable good grace.

Among the numerous devices for making people "acquainted," there is not one so successful as a long walk.

An insight into each other's tastes and characters is gained, which seldom fails in setting comparative strangers upon a friendly footing. By the time Ellen Westwod and her cousins returned from their ramble, Nizzie was woudering how she could possible have become such good friends with a tradesman, and Polly as full of astonment to discover that she had enjoyed a delightful walk with his cousin.

"Ellen," said her cousin Lizzie, after their visitors had departed, "I am very anxious to see what your friend John Richards is like; for, from the specimen I have had this evening of Brandon tradesmen, I am not so much horrified at the idea of owning one for my cousin as I had used to be. Why was not Mr. Richards of the party to-night?"

"Because he was obliged to go into the country on business; but we shall see him to-morrow. You must prepare for a regular flirtation; for I believe it would be as impossible for John to see a pretty girl without falling in love with her, as it would be for her to help liking him."

"Well, Miss Ellen, a pretty character for a gentleman to receive from his 'intended.' What an extraordinary pair of lovers you must be. And do you mean to tell me that you allow all this flirting without feeling jealous?"

"Oh, yes. I have no right to be jealous, because I often think that John may have mistaken the feeling of school-boy love, which has grown up with him, for that deeper affection which belongs to riper years."

"And you, knowing this, continue an engagement which may end miserably, Ellen?"

"If I saw that John had formed any real attachment for another, Lizzie, I would release him at once; but I do not think I should be justified in doing so, simply because his natural light-heartedness may lead him a little beyond the strict mark set for 'engaged' people. But I dare say you are pretty well tired."

As the little party sat at breakfast next morning, a loud knocking at the hall-door gave notice of a visitor, who soon after entered the parlor without further announcement.

"Good morning, Mrs. Westwood,—good morning sir," exclaimed a pleasant, musical voice, as a tall, young man, with handsome features and manly bearing, walked up to the breakfast-table, and exchanged the usual friendly greetings with the family. Mr. John Richards was then formally introduced to the Misses Beaumont, and, seated in Mr. Westwood's easy-chair, commenced an attack upon that gentleman.

"You have not yet asked what brings me here so early, Mr. Westwood; so I suppose I must break the ice myself, and tell you that we want the ladies to join a pic-nic to Corbie Woods to-morrow. If you will let us have your carriage and horse, I will put mine in too, and we can pack a good load. Of course you will not object to trust so fair a freight to my care," added the young man, with a persuasive smile.

Mr. Westwood looked up, and shook his head as he replied. "Do not be so certain that I can trust you, either with my nieces and daughter or my horse; John. I heard a terrible account of that last adventure of yours, when you chose to risk young Elwell's neck as well as your own, in driving tandem. To say the truth, I was almost sorry that his horse should have been taken home broken-kneed; while your own escaped so well."

"Skill, my dear sir, simply the driver's skill, with a little luck, perhaps; but that, you know, always attends me. Is it not exemplified at this moment, when, in spite of these obtrusive ghosts of past accidents, you are seriously intending to let me have the horse; ay, and the ladies too? We shall start at six o'clock, Ellen," he continded, as he rose to leave; "but my mother is coming down to ask if you will all spend the evening with us, and we shall then arrange everything. What do you think of these friends of Parsons, Mr. Westwood?"

"That they will be astonished at the specimen you afford of a county gentleman, John. However, be it distinctly understood that I do not allow the girls to be driven tandem. If you promise this, you may have the carriage, and make you own arrangements. Only be home in good time."

"Thank you, sir; I not only promise as you require, but engage that the ladies shall come back delighted with their excursion. And now I must say good morning."

Pleasantly that day passed away, and merrily did the young people "finish up" in Mrs. Richard's handsome drawing-room, where music and singing, and a choice collection of rare prints, and beautiful crayon drawings of John's, made even the fastidious Lizzie Beaumont forget that she was spending the evening in a room over "the shop."

"I thought Mr. Richards was not acquainted with your cousins, Miss Westwood," said George Dunois, the good-looking Frenchman, who was staying at Mr. Parson's. "If he was only introduced this morning, he has made pretty good use of his time in cultivating their good opinion. He and Miss Beaumont seem like old friends already."

"John can make himself at home with anybody, and especially with a pretty girl," returned Ellen smiling; "but see, they are proposing a dance; we must move."

"Allow me to claim you as my partner Miss Westwood;" and the young couple whirled off to the inspiriting tones of a Socnottische.

The next morning's sun shone brilliantly upon the merry party assembled in Mr. Westwood's hall, to start for the day's pleasure in Corbie Woods. Such a confusion of baskets and hampers, of sanwiches and tarts, fowls and tongue, fruit and biscuits, besides a more suspicious-looking hamper, with black muzzles of sundry bottles peeping out from the hay. When these things were disposed of, came the bustle of arranging the passengers. At last all was satisfactorily arranged; the handsome Frenchman duly installed next to Lizzie, and Mr. Wherton ensconscing himself between Ellen and Mary.

Everybody knows, or ought to know, what a day in the woods is like, and therefore it is not our intention to recount all the accidents and adventures which befel our young friends. Nor is it necessary to endeavor to account for the stupidity of all the young people, who, although the Corbie Walks are remarkably easy to find, would persist in mistaking the turns, and getting lost. And the harvest-moon had risen in full splendour long ere the happy party reached Brandon.

The last day of the week's holiday arrived. On the morrow the new friends were to part.

"Oh, I wish papa would allow us to stay till Thursday!" exclaimed Lizzie Beaumount, as she left the drawing-room, with her consin, to finish packing; "I shall never exist in Rosedean after enjoying such a merry week among——"

"Tradespeople, Lizzie, dear; for with the exception of papa, all our friends are in business. I am so glad to find that this predjudice is weakened at last."

Lizzie colored as she replied, "Surely I may have liked the society of my future cousin, without being accused of enjoying the company of tradespeople generally. Mr. Parsons, I know little of, except that he is a good-natured, sensible man, and his cousin has still less occupied my thought."

"Can you say as much of George Dunois, Lizzie? and yet he is no better than a tradesman, although I fancy he may have wished to make it appear that a foreign clerk in a wholesale London house was a superior person to the City trader himself.

"What nonsense, Ellen; as if I cared for Dunois! Now, Ellen, say no more, dear; but help me with this boxlid. I wonder why Polly is not here."

"Mamma wished to have a little chat with her. She is in no better spirits than you are, Lizzy; and I should be worse than either of you, but for the hope that we shall meet again at Christmas."

* * * * * *

Christmas came, and went; and the new year dawned in hopeful promise over the length and breadth of the land, as well as in the old woods of Corbie, where the glistening green of the holly-boughs, studded with scarlet berries, gave to one particular walk a gay and almost summer aspect.

"What a charming day it has been for the wedding. I love to see the sun shine at such times; it seems like an omen of future good. Do you not think so?"

"Yes, of course I must believe the old adage. 'Happy is the bride whom the sun shines on,'" returned Lizzie Beaumont, laughingly; "and I fully accept the omen in this instance; because I do believe that dear Ellen has every prospect of happiness, in spite of John's old tendency for falling in love with every pretty face he saw."

"Ah, Lizzie, you little know the misery that tendency caused me last summer; but it is over now. Let the leaves make hast to deck those old Corbie oaks again, and I shall not envy the happiest heart that ever throbbed beneath their shade."

"Uncle will want to return, George; let us make haste and find the rest of our party. It was very kind of him to indulge us with this visit to the woods."

"Here comes Polly and Wherton, both looking remarkably conscious. After all, Lizzie, dear," whispered the young man, "I shall not be much surprised if you have a tradesman for your brother-in-law, as well as husband."

Increase of Whites in Virginia.

A Richmond (Va.) dispatch says: An analysis of the growth of the population in Virginia, as shown by the recent census, exhibits an immense increase of whites over colored voters in that State since 1880. A State officer who has watched the returns carefully has figured up the result in fifty-eight white counties in the State. He says in those the whites have gained 97,220 and lost 1,208, a net gain of 96,012. The negroes increased in these fifty-eight counties 18,220 and lost 17,985, a net gain of only 235.

In the counties having colored majorities in 1880 the whites increased 36,725. In twelve of the counties having colored majorities in that year the whites decreased 3,137, making in the forty-two counties having colored majorities a net gain of 33,590. Albemarle, Campbell, Elizabeth City, Hanover, King George, Orange and Pittsylvania, which had colored majorities in 1880; now have white majorities. In seventeen counties of the black belt the negroes increased 26,863, and in twenty-five counties of the same section they decreased 20,248, making in the forty-two counties an increase of only 6,615.

Men show particular folly on five different occasions; when they establish their fortune on the ruin of another; when they expect to excite love by coldness, and by showing more marks of dislike than affection; when they wish to become learned in the midst of repose and pleasure; when they seek friends without making any advances of friendship; and when they are unwilling to succor their friends in distress.

SLUMBER SONG.

The mill goes toiling slowly around,
With steady and solemn creak,
And my little one hears in the kindly sound
The voice of the old mill speak;
While round and round those big white wings,
Grimly and ghostlike creep,
My little one hears that the old mill sings:
"Sleep, little tulip, sleep."

The sails are reefed and the nets are drawn,
And, over his pot of beer,
The fisher, against the morrow's dawn,
Lustily maketh cheer.
He mocks at the winds that caper along
From the far-off clamerous deep,
But we—we love their lullaby song
Of "Sleep, little tulip, sleep."

Shaggy old Fritz, in slumber sound,
Groans of the stony mart—
To-morrow how proudly he'll trot you around,
Hitched to our new milk cart!
And you shall help me blanket the kine,
And fold the gentle sheep,
And set the herring a-soak in brine—
But now, little tulip, sleep!

A Dream-One comes to button the eyes
That wearily droop and blink,
While the old mill buffets the frowning skies,
And scolds at the stars that wink.
Over that beautiful Dream-One sweep,
And, rocking your cradle) she softly sings:—
"Sleep, little tulip, sleep."

—Eugene Field.

MABEL WATERS.

OR, THE NEGLECTED GIRL.

It was a pleasant day in June on which I call the reader's attention to a small but neat cottage situated in the suburbs of London. In a room on a bed lay a woman, apparently dying. She was about thirty years of age. She held by the hand a little girl of about four years. She was what any one would call a beautiful child; her hair of a dark brown fell in natural curls about her white neck; her eyes were black as midnight, from whose depths shone love for her mother, for such the dying woman was. The parent raised her head from the pillow and spoke.

"Mabel, darling, you must be a good girl. Your mother is going; try to meet me in the better world. Good bye. Kiss me once before I die."

Mabel held up her lips for the last kiss from her mother, and sobbed aloud. Her mother then, turning to the doctor who stood at the foot of the bed, said in a feeble voice, "I have an only brother—a wealthy merchant—residing at Clapham. Will you write to him when I am gone, and tell him his sister, Mabel Waters, is dead? Ask him if he will take pity on my little friendless child, and take her as his own; if he will not, she must be thrown upon the cold charities of the world. Oh if Frank were only here!" she sighed.

"What is your brother's address?" said the doctor mildly.

"Henry St. Clair, Clapham Common.

She then sank back upon her pillow and died, leaving her earthly friends behind.

Dr. Willis sat down and wrote a note to Mr. St. Clair, stating his sister's death. Then, calling the neighbors from an adjoining room, he bade them prepare her for her last resting-place.

We will now direct the reader's attention to a mansion at Clapham.

"I wonder who this is from?" said Mr. St. Clair, as he unfolded a letter just handed him by the servant.

He ran his eye over the contents, then threw it aside, and began pacing the floor. He stopped suddenly in his walk; and, jerking the bell-rope, ordered the servant to tell Mrs. St. Clair he wished to see her in the library. The servant disappeared, and in a moment more Mrs. St. Clair entered.

"Read that, May, and tell me what you think of it."

She read it in haste, and then said. "Why Henry, I did not know that you had a sister; you never told me."

"No, I never did; I will now tell you why. When we were both young—I scarce twenty, she eighteen—she had a lover whom I despised. I talked to har in vain; my father threatened, but all to no purpose. My sister's lover's mame was Frank Waters. He sought my sister's hand in marriage; my father would not consent that his only daughter should marry a man of no fortune; he told her he would disown her, but she heeded not my father's threats nor my mother's prayers, nor my own threats. I told her if she married him, I, for one would never see her face again. One night in August she eloped. I never seen or heand from her since, until now."

"Does she think that we shall take her child and adopt her? Or does she think we shall divide the estate between her and Arthur? Why didn't she send her to the workhouse?"

"Well, May, I cannot bear to see my only sister's child go to the workhouse, when we have the means to spare for her comfort."

"Then I suppose she will have to come here. But," she added, looking from the window, "here comes Arthur; we will see what he says."

As she spoke a lad came galloping up the path on a powerful black steed. He was fourteen years of age, with jet-black hair and eyes; he was beautiful to perfection, and that his mother well knew.

Mr. St. Clair pulled the bell-rope again, and Arthur was soon ushered into the presence of his parents.

"Arthur," said Mrs. St. Clair, "do you want your cousin, Mabel Waters, to come and live here?"

"I did not know I had a cousin," said Arthur, in surprise.

"I will explain to you," said his father.

After he had finished, he said, "Now what do you think?"

"She will have to stay in the servants' hall!" said Mrs. St. Clair; "she shall not mingle with us. I do not wish people to know that she is any kindred of ours."

In about an hour after the above conversation the carriage was on its way for the poor orphan child. It was about the middle of the afternoon when Mable arrived at her new home; she had expected to find one as good as her mother; but little did she know that she was to be treated as a menial.

Months sped by, and she and Arthur met frequently, and they began to make friends with each other. Little did they know what their friendship would ripen to!

Still Mabel was kept as a menial.

Ten long years passed, weary years to the orphan girl, with no one to say a kind word to her except Arthur. Now Mabel was just budding into womanhood. So far she had looked upon Arthur as an elder brother; and not until he had returned from college did she know how dear he was to her. She loved him with all the ardour of her woman's nature. Arthur, who was destined for the bar, returned that love. Many happy hours had the young lovers spent in the vine-covered arbour in the garden.

* * * * * *

It was a pleasant June day, twelve years after Mabel was installed at the St. Clairs. Mrs. St. Clair was summoned to the drawing-room, to the presence of a tall stranger.

"Have I the pleasure of addressing Mrs. St. Clair?" said the stranger.

"You have," she returned, with a stiff bow.

"I heard you had a girl in your house by the name of Mabel Waters. I came to bring her news of her supposed dead father. Will you call her?"

Mrs. St. Clair summoned Mabel from the kitchen. She appeared before them in all the beauty and grace so natural to her. She was dressed in the plainest fashion; a plain print, with spotless collar and cuffs. The gentleman sat with bowed head until she entered; then, starting as if from a dream, exclaimed, "This, then, is my daughter, for whom I have sought so long. My child—my long-lost Mabel!"

"Oh, father, my father, is it indeed you?" And she was clasped to the bosom of her parent.

Mrs. St. Clair had stood as one in a trance. Could this distinguished gentleman be the father of their household drudge?

After the first burst of joy from the long-separated father and daughter, Sir Francis Waters—for he was now a Baronet, and rich—turned and said, "I thank you, Mrs. St. Clair, for the care you have taken of my daughter; we will trouble you no more. Come, Mabel, the carriage is waiting."

"But, father," said Mabel. "I must see Arthur first—but here he comes," and as she spoke, Arthur came into the room.

"What, Mabel, going to leave me?" he said, advancing.

"Oh, Arthur," said Mabel, "this is my father."

Arthur advanced at once, and extended to him his hand.

"My father too—shall it not be so, Mabel?"

"Yes, if my new-found parent will give me up so quickly."

"We will all live together, my child," responded the Baronet.

Need we add that, in two months from the time when Mabel was thus claimed by her father, there was a grand wedding at the St. Clair mansion, and Mabel Waters was made the happy wife of Arthur St. Clair?

HAWAIIAN SUPERSTITION.

Hideous Funeral Custom—Kalakaua's Belief in the Kahunas.

It is the custom for the Hawaiians to shave the right side of the head or beard at the death of the king, and many of the kahali bearers around Kalakaua's bier beautified themselves in this fashion. One old chap who crouched in the corner of the room had his beard chopped fancifully, so that the repulsiveness of his countenance was magnified.

He was what the natives call a kaula, or prophet, and belonged to the race of kahunas. There were several of these gentry in the room constantly, and they managed to make their voices heard in all the wailing. Kalakaua was several sorts of a kahuna himself, and wrote on the subject at great length. It seems that shortly after he ascended the throne he was much terrified to learn that the kahunas, or "medicine men," were endeavoring to "pray him to death," whereat he hastened to declare himself the chief priest of all the Kahunas, and after that held monthly meetings in his boat house, which he named the "House of Wisdom."

All these meetings, which were held behind curtained windows, and amid the greatest secrecy, a species of Eleusinian orgy was carried on. There were present the kahuna maoli or priests, the kahunasnaana or sorcerers, the kahuna uhane or ghost doctors, and the kahuna pele, or doctors of volcanoes.

Men of Cultivated Taste.

There are about 200 tea tasters in this city, a well-paid class of men, most of whom in the course of nature will die of kidney disease superinduced by their unwholsome occupation. The habits of these men are exceedingly curious. Some of them refuse to ply their trade save in the morning, on the ground that the sense of taste cannot be trusted after it has been bewildered by hours of work. Most of them avoid the use of tobacco and of highly seasoned food. Their accuracy of taste is astonishing. A tea taster will grade and price a dozen qualities of tea all from the same cargo. All this accuracy seems unnecessary, however, for grocers unhesitatingly sell the same tea to different persons at very different prices, so ignorant are most persons of quality in teas.—New York Sun.

DESERVED A RECALL.

A "Super" Assumes Eight Parts in One Night.

Young actors often find themselves in tight places, but I doubt if any was ever obliged to take eight parts at the same time without a change of clothing, says Walter Collier. We were playing at Philadelphia. "Macbeth" was the drama and Louis James took the leading part. I was one of the accusing specters that rise from the caldron. As it was but the work of a moment and I had nothing else to do after my little act I merely threw on the white shroud over my street clothes, intending to visit some other theater.

But when the ghosts came to waltz, the master of the supers found that in his hurry he had forgotten all about the scene and had allowed the other seven spectors to go home. Evidently there was nothing for it but for me to take the place of the others. As I had appeared once, and as I walked off supposing I was done, the master caught hold of me and literally fired me back.

I had to run around behind the painted rocks in order to appear from the kettle. The rock was a huge affair of canvass, propped up from behind by two long supports. Then I began my race.

I jumped out of the caldron and passed before Mackbeth. I was caught again and hurled back by the manager over the long props and out of the kettle again. This seven times, remember.

By the fourth time the audience caught on, and you can imagine my dismay to find that my shroud was falling off. By the sixth successful appearance the thing hung by the neck only, my black coat tail sticking out behind. By the eighth it fell off completely, and I sunk exhausted amid the plaudits of the multitude.

James was so convulsed with laughter that he had to take a seat upon a rock, and the curtain went down. I was recalled by the house, being probably the only super who ever made such a pronounced hit.

MAN'S FIRST DWELLING.

A Remarkable Habitation Found in the Low Countries of South America.

Long, long ago, some men traveling in the low countries of South America came upon a remarkable dwelling.

Only a little one-story habitation, 7x9 feet, left by its owners sweet and clean. A cot of one room, just large enough to hold a whole family of little ones, provided they did not need too much room for running and jumping.

Such a beautifully decorated little dwelling! None but a master in the art could have fashioned the delicately ornamented roof reaching high above the vines clinging about it, and a roof warranted not to leak during the heaviest rain, and sure to last for ages and ages. There were two entrances to this primitive mansion, one at the front, and one at the rear, not very large, to be sure, but large enough for one to crawl through comfortably, and these entrances, scalloped and cut with a perfection not to be excelled, were always open, too, as if waiting for an occupant. And all to be had rent free. Now, was not this a remarkable structure for our travelers to find in the wilderness?

There were unmistakable proofs, too, of its having been inhabited, and by savages, undoubtly of a very ancient day. On examining the dwelling and remnants of others [for the discoverers found only one perfect one], the wise men decided it must have been at one time the bony coverings of some animal of the armadillo family.

Further research and study convinced them they had found not only a perfect armor of the Glyptodon, the gigantic armadillo of prehistoric times, but what was still more wonderful, that this armor, abandoned by its original wearer, had become, probably the very first habitation of man.

The only perfect one of these dwellings now known to be in existence is in the possession of the French government, and is kept in the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris.

Why They Should Not Wear "Tights."

These garments, it seems, are of very fine and thin silk, and in the case of women they are drawn on so closely to the bare legs that they afford no protection against the cruelty of stage draughts. They are also held in place by a strap or some other contrivance which squeezes in the waist to such a degree that the circulation in the legs is almost stopped. A novice in the wearing of tights, she says, suffers what amounts to positive torture; and even the old hands only put them on as a concession to public taste and demand. They would much prefer to appear in long gowns like the rest of their sisters if the requirements of their part and their desire to please the spectators were not more powerful with them than the desire to be comfortable themselves. They put their health in peril in order that they may the better gratify their audiences. On mere sanitary and altruistic grounds, therefore, the wearing of tights by women of the stage might be discouraged with some show of reason. If physicians agreed that such an exposure of their legs involved danger to the health of the wearers of tights, it might be profitable to consider whether they should be allowed to make the sacrifice for the public pleasure and for the gratifications of their own craving for admiration.—New York Sun.

Poets view nature as a book in which they read a language unknown to common minds, as astronomers regard the heavens and therein discover objects that escape the vulgar ken.