THE CLARION.

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THE CLARION.

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FARM AND GARDEN.

CHRISTMAS ON THE FARM—STOCK SHOWS—WORN OUT LANDS.

A Sensible Cistern—Breed Swine for Other Points than Fat—An Important Fowl—New and Beautiful Plant—Winter Feeding of Sheep.

Feed racks ought to be so constructed that sheep can procure their food without tearing the wool from their necks or filling their fleeces with dust, chaff or hay seed. Make the floor of the loft close and tight to prevent the dropping of dust from above. A rack suitable for hay or straw approved of by Henry Stewart and used by many eastern farmers is illustrated in the accompanying cut. This rack should be about 3½ feet high at the front. The bars are placed 3 inches apart and may be of oak, ash or chestnut, finished smooth, and 1 inch thick by 1½ inches wide. The front of the rack should slope backward at the top 3 or 4 inches to prevent the hay or clover dust from falling out upon the sheeps' heads. At the rear of the rack sloping boards are fitted, so that as part of the hay or straw is eaten the rest falls down to the front where the sheep can reach it. The end of the rack ought to be closed with bars in the same way as the front, so that lambs cannot creep in and get lost. This rack may be made of any desired length.

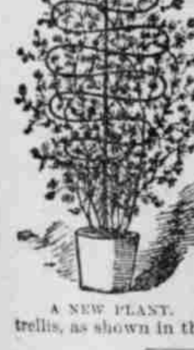
FEED RACK FOR SHEEP.

The variety of foods suitable for the winter feeding of sheep is extensive. Hay, straw, pea and bean haulm, cornfodder, and roots of various kinds, corn, oats, rye, buckwheat, cotton seed and linseed oil cake, meal and bran furnish a wide field from which a proper choice of food can be made.

The relative feeding values of these various substances as food will determine their relative money values, and as these differ and fluctuate from time to time, it is often necessary, in order to secure the most profit on the feeding, to select the food that is most economical in its use, although it may be the highest in price. Clover hay is one of the most valuable of single foods for winter use, provided it was cut when in blossom, cured so as to preserve all its good qualities and kept free from damp and mold. Well cured pea straw is preferred by many next to clover hay and before timothy or any other hay. Oat straw is readily eaten by sheep and is a healthful food. Barley, wheat and rye straw will help to keep life in the stock, but are not sufficiently nutritive to contribute much to the growth of flesh or wool and ought therefore to be used only as adjuncts to roots and grains or oil cake meal. Rye straw that is affected by ergot is highly injurious to pregnant ewes and is also the occasion of inflammation of the stomach and intestines to sheep that feed on it. Such straw ought to be used only for litter.

Plant With Fine Foliage.

Numbered with new and rare plants recommended to the lovers of ferns by Peter Henderson is the Asparagus Tennissimus, the fine filmy foliage of which equals in delicate beauty the maiden hair ferns. One of the characteristics of this plant is that the stems or fronds stand without wilting for a long time after being cut, which renders it valuable to mix with cut flowers. If so desired it can be grown, like smilax or the climbing fern, on a trellis, as shown in the illustration.



A NEW PLANT.

The Stock Shows at Chicago.

Numbered with important lessons learned by wide awake farmers at the recent stock shows at Chicago, is the advantage of pure blood in the improvement of all stock and the excellence attained through careful selection and breeding in meat production and in the dairy interests.

The show of cattle comprised short horns, Jerseys, Herefords, Devons, Aberdeen-Angus, Holstein-Freision, Sussex and grades and crosses. The Herefords made a fine show, though not present in great numbers. The breed most largely represented, both by pure bred animals and grades, was the short horn.

The swine breeders were out in full force, and the show of fat hogs represented the various breeds, Berkshires, Poland Chinas, Essex, Durocs, Victorias, large and small Yorkshires and others.

The exhibit of horses was a fine one, especially in draft horses—Normans, Percherons and Clydesdales. There was also a fair showing of Cleveland bays and French coach horses.

At the poultry show the Plymouth Rocks and Brahmas appear to have lost none of their old popularity, and were out in fine array. Of the newer breeds the Langshang and Wyandottes lead. These two breeds seem to be running a very even race for popularity.

Christmas Trees and Greens.

One of the great delights of a child's Christmas is the Christmas tree. This is so easily provided as to be within the reach of all who desire to make the 25th of December what it ought to be—a gala day for the young folk. An evergreen tree of size suited to the number of the household can be kept firmly in place by inserting it in a hole bored in a heavy square block of wood. A small tree may be set upon a table; for a large one a rude low platform can be constructed. Cover table or platform with green baize, or, better still, with mosses and lichens. The tree may be lighted with tapers or ordinary small lanterns covered with bright colored flannel. Festoons of popcorn strung on a thread furnish a cheap and at the same time effective decoration. The bright lights, the white trimmings contrasting with the green, with paper cornucopias and bags of nuts and candies will make the tree a "thing of beauty" in the eyes of children almost without the additional surprises in the shape of gifts that ingenious hands have made and hung upon the tree. In order to heighten the effect presents not decorative in themselves should be wrapped in pretty colored papers and tied with bright ribbons.

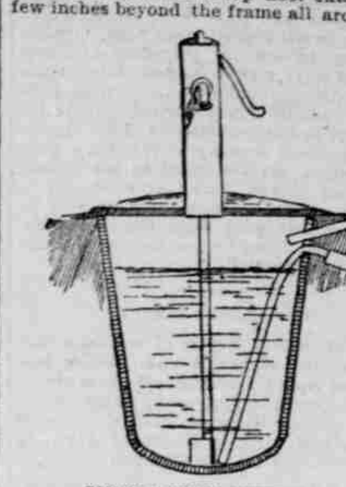
For making wreaths and otherwise trimming sitting room and parlor ground pine represents a favorite material. A little holly with its red berries combines handsomely with ground pine. Cedar, spruce and hemlock can all be utilized for house decoration. Some sprays of bright red bitter sweet among the dark green will give a pleasant touch of color.

These suggestions are given for the benefit of households that are far removed from towns or cities and where the making of a merry Chistmas depends upon the ingenuity of loving hands rather than the spending of much money. To these households it is quite possible to give at least a holiday air to the home, if not in elaborate preparations by arranging a few branches or sprays of Christmas greens here and there about doors and windows and around pictures or in graceful fashion upon the walls. Little people are quite content with home made confections in fanciful shapes and practical home made toys and articles of wearing apparel when these are presented in mysterious packages borne on Christmas trees.

Keep the Cistern Clean.

A large per cent of sickness is due to the impurities in the water used for drinking and culinary purposes. In many sections cisterns are depended on for the water supply; these when ill constructed are a danger to health because of the impurities which obtain access to water and unfit it for use. Every part around the surface of a cistern ought to be made close.

A cistern may be made both frost and vermin proof as follows: Let the beams that support the floor be bedded in the wall or shoulder of the cistern and covered with lime or cement mortar, leaving a smooth surface all around for the first floor. Cover this with a second floor raised eight or ten inches on a frame of two by ten joists made of cedar or other wood. Pack the earth closely against this frame and let the top floor extend a few inches beyond the frame all around.



COMMON SENSE CISTERNS.

Another important point is to get rid of the sediment which gathers at the bottom of every cistern. This is easily accomplished by carrying the overflowing pipe to the bottom of the cistern on a line with the inlet pipe, and thereby forming a current which disturbs the sediment and carries it into the overflow, as is shown in the illustration.

The illustration also shows the arrangement of the draw pipe, which should have a fine wire strainer on the end and should rest upon a support near the bottom of a fine strainer at least two feet high. A piece of one-quarter inch mesh of galvanized wire gauze bent into a pipe a foot in diameter and covered with thick flannel cloth doubled makes an excellent filter for the water. A cistern thus constructed six years ago for use in a dairy barn, says the correspondent who described it in The American Agriculturist, has never required cleaning, and the water has always been good.

Sensible Advice About Swine.

At the National Swine Growers' convention Professor Morrow in an address said he thought that growers had gone far enough in developing the fat producing capacity and in getting up fancy points. He gave the following sensible advice:

"Breed from mature animals. Select breeding stock with reference to health, activity and vigor, and not alone with reference to early maturity, ease of fattening or possession of the minor points distinguishing breeds. Cease to magnify petty points as essentials, thus limiting our selections. Recognize the fact that grass and clover are natural and admirable food for hogs, old and young. Give exercise to the young and all breeding hogs. Give some variety of food and not corn alone. In food, water and shelter give that reasonable care to secure good sanitary conditions which common sense and experience dictate. Trust little to the advertised specific for diseases."

A Good Word for Geese.

The goose, as the holidays draw near, becomes a bird of importance, assuming at the Christmas feast much the same position the turkey claims at Thanksgiving dinners.

Just why more farmers do not raise geese does not appear; they are hardier than turkeys and much easier to rear, and when fat always bring a good price in the market.

For commercial purposes it is advised to select either the Toulouse or Embden varieties. The former is commonly known as the gray goose because its plumage is of that color, and the Embden is called the white goose, its plumage being white throughout. As to quality of flesh these varieties are about equal. Hence a choice between the two is greatly a matter of individual taste. To make goose keeping a paying business, no matter what variety is kept, it is necessary to have a good pond with a plentiful supply of water. They ought also to have a house all to themselves, regularly supplied with straw.

Facts Farmers Ought to Know.

The rate of yield for the hay crops this year averages about one half ton per acre, and the total product is placed at about 45,000,000 tons.

An estimate of the cane sugar crop of the world this year reports an increase of 2,218,000 tons, and of the beet sugar crop a decrease of 520,750 tons.

Professor W. J. Green, of the Ohio experiment station, considers that there is no evidence that sulphur used properly in bleaching fruits endangers the health.

Owners of exposed cattle in and about Chicago have agreed with the live stock commissioners to allow the cattle to be appraised and killed, and trust to the legislature to appropriate an amount sufficient to pay for those found not to be actually infected with the disease.

SOME FACTS FOR VEGETARIANS.

Physical Condition of Flesh Eaters—Flesh Eating Habits of the Civilized World.

A vegetable diet is 400 or 500 per cent. cheaper than the same amount of food derived from the flesh of animals.

The animals which for power of endurance and rapidity of motion are valued for our service derive the whole of their strength and nutriment from the vegetable kingdom; such are the horse, the camel, the elephant.

The physical condition of many flesh eaters shows that the blood itself is loaded with impurities and in a state of decomposition, and that persons whose blood is in this impure state are liable, on very slight exposure, chill, etc., to be attacked with dangerous illness. That this condition is caused by flesh eating is shown from the fact that it is quickly changed by the adoption of a vegetable diet.

The flesh eating habits of the so-called civilized world render necessary the setting apart of a whole class of men for the performance of the degrading and brutalizing office of slaughtering animals for food.

Were it not for the large quantities of vegetables consumed by flesh eaters disease would ensue in every case. Vegetables supply the salts of the blood.

The peasantry of all nations abstain from animal food—wholly or in part—from necessity. Their vigor is greater than that of any other class in every country.

Meat is the most costly of all foods, and among civilized races the struggle for life rages to so fearful an extent that human beings shorten life by the effort they make to save it.

The average age of man should be a century. The majority of human beings die before they are half as old. The longest lived are those who feed on cereals.

Vegetarian diet, by contributing to the physical health of man, improves likewise his moral condition, besides conducing in no small degree to the healthy development of the intellectual faculties; since it must naturally follow that by rendering the instrument clear and pure, the acts of life will be materially elevated, also being identified with that which is clear and pure.—Laura C. Holloway in "Buddhists' Diet Book."

Education of Nurses.

There is quite a rage in England at present for young ladies to go to hospitals to learn nursing; but after three or six months they generally tire of it and leave, instead of going on and qualifying themselves to take an independent position and a well paid one. When a medical man has daughters and little to leave them, says an English journal, how much better it would be to educate one for a nurse instead of letting her join the overcrowded ranks of governesses. Only lately there was an excellent offer, in a town in the north of England, for a well educated lady to take a post in a private lunatic asylum, where her sole duty would be to sing and play to the inmates, and to see that the nurses did their duty at night; and the remuneration was much more than most ladies receive as companions.—Chicago Tribune.

Hogs in a Drug Store.

A drove of 100 hogs that were being driven through Allegheny became frightened and stampeded. About a dozen ran into a drug store bleeding and covered with mud. Two ladies who were waiting for prescriptions screamed with fear. One of them sprang on the counter and the other clambered upon the soda fountain. After upsetting every article of furniture in the store, the fattest of the affrighted hogs tried to get behind the prescription counter and overturned the stove. The stove is heated by natural gas, and when it was upset the pipe was broken and a sheet of flame shot up almost to the ceiling. A disastrous conflagration would have been the result but for the prompt action of the proprietor, who turned off the gas. Two of the hogs were badly burned. The owners of the swine were compelled to carry them out.—New York Sun.

George M. Pullman was lately asked whether he did not think the railway carriages so numerously built for the general public by his workmen unnecessarily elegant and rich. "I consider such cars educative to the masses," was his reply. "To many a man or woman it is a look at comfort and luxury that is their ideal. They dress themselves better to travel, behave more courteously in a handsome vehicle than a tasteless and cheap one."—Boston Budget.

Grange Notes.

NINETY new Granges were organized in 1885, and *ninety-one* in 1886; of these Connecticut reports 15; Pennsylvania, 14.

THE Grange passed the period of reaction seven or eight years ago. It passed its experimental age and settled down to solid work. Each succeeding year shows an increase of new Granges and growth in membership when the whole field is looked over.

No reform, moral or intellectual, ever came from the upper classes of society. Each and all came from the protest of martyr and victim. The emancipation of the working people must be achieved by the working people themselves.—Wendell Phillips.

THE general objects of the Patrons of Husbandry are found in these few words from the "Declaration of Purposes:" "United by the strong and faithful tie of agriculture, we mutually resolve to labor for the good of our Order, our country and mankind."

THE very best class of farmers are now uniting with the Grange. Those who have been willing to labor and give the management, even of their own affairs, into the hands of those who have stood ready to take the results of their labor, but are at last awakening from their long sleep to find themselves living lives of isolation, without business habits and with few social advantages. They are asking why we should not assist each other, why may we not *co-operate* and secure for our labor better returns? Shall we not break up this isolation and meet where our families may have a season of enjoyment and recreation?

THE Grange is now twenty years old. It has stood the test of time. It has been "weighed in the balance and (*not*) found wanting." It is one of the largest organizations of any kind now in the country. The 20th annual session recently held in Philadelphia, was one of the largest and best ever held. Every State but four was represented and good work and progress was reported from nearly all sections.

IT is a fact too plain to be longer disguised, that the wealth produced by the masses is gathered in by a few men, when compared with our nearly 60,000,000 people, and after it is so gathered, consolidations and monopolies are formed to control the political element, elections, legislation, courts and government to an alarming extent. This evil should be corrected—it must be corrected—or our American liberties will soon depart forever, and the American farmers become the serfs of a moneyed aristocracy. The only remedy is organization and education. The Grange is the organization and its highest object is education.

EXCURSION rates were refused the Patrons of Indiana for their State Grange meeting last month by the "Central Traffic Association," composed of thirty different railroads, because said Association had agreed to issue them only to the following classes of societies: Religious, benevolent, educational or medical, and "as your society does not come under either of the above heads we cannot under our rules grant you any reduction."

A PLANK in the Grange platform reads: "We shall advance the cause of education among ourselves and for our children by all just means within our power."

"LET us remember that the crowning glory of our organization is to educate and elevate the American farmer, and bring good cheer to the family household.—W. H. Stinson, Master New Hampshire State Grange.

QUESTION for discussion by Subordinate Granges: What proportion of the profit paid by producers upon the cost of farm products goes to the farmer, and how can we "save for wife and home an honest share of what our harvests yield?"

Servants' Wages.

It must be admitted that all dealings with female house servants are entrusted to women. They, then are responsible for the prices paid for the work they have to offer; and it is equally clear that they are paying for it at the ratio with which nothing else in the labor market is comparable. Are female servants scarce? Certainly not. Look at the crowded benches in our so-called "intelligence [Heaven save the mark!] offices;" glance at the long line of steerage passengers, as they defile at Castle Garden from the crowded decks of our emigrant ships. Hundreds of women and girls are hastening to our shores from every part of Europe, asking for places in our kitchens. Is it that most of these are ignorant, and valueless to the housekeeper who must have skilled labor? No. Ignorant most of them certainly are, and many seem incapable of learning. yet the Irish girl who, if employed in Dublin, would consider herself well paid for her labor by £10, or at most £12, per annum, no sooner presses her foot upon American soil than she demands $200.

More than any class of women in the world, if we except the indolent Asiatic, do American women need servants. We have not the rubust frame nor the sturdy strength of the British matron or the German *Hausfrau*. Our climate is exhausting, our lives are varied and exciting, our frames are slight, and our nerves weak. We can do much with our heads,—much planning and thinking, much arranging and directing. To supplement this we need the strong arms, the tireless backs, of the peasant women of the old world. If we were wise and sensible enough to pay them moderately but fairly, to make them dress suitably and live plainly, in every case where we now can have but one pair of hands to assist in the household work, while we make shift to do the rest, we might have two. Yes, there is no question that if the maid-of-all-work, who now receives sixteen dollars per month, and is fed "like one of the family," were to receive the same wages that an English housekeeper would pay, to eat what English servants are given to eat instead of our broils and roasts and dainty luxuries in the way of desserts, the jaded female head of our smaller American households would find that she could "keep two girls" without adding a dollar to her yearly expenses.

And why cannot this be done? Is it not a positive wrong that it should not be done? The poor of Europe are crowding our shores, demanding work, and there is none for them; begging for food and shelter, and suffering misery and lapsing into sin for want of decent homes and honest labor. Are not our women blind to their duty in giving one what is abundant for two, in keeping up an unnatural and unreasonable scale of prices for the benefit of a few? We have not waited for our employes to impress the boycott upon us; we have boycotted ourselves. Without reason, without outside pressure, in defiance of common sense, and to their detriment and ours, we insist upon a state of affairs that is a sarcasm upon our judgment, and a convincing proof that, whatever we may attain to in the future, men are very right yet in saying that we lack business knowledge and capacity, and show ourselves singularly unintelligent in regard to the conduct of affairs.—*November Atlantic.*

A correspondent in Mexico explains why the Mexican calls the American a "Gringo." She says that when the American army invaded Mexico a favorite song in the camps was Burns' "Green Grow the Rushes, O." The Mexicans heard it repeated over and over, and finally began to call the Americans by the first two words, which they pronounced "grin go." Hence "Gringo."

Mrs. Nicholas John, of Yorktown, Pa., has become insane over an adventure with a blacksnake, which she killed after a terrific struggle.

"Elements of Success in Life."

ESSAY BY MISS BEULAH COBB.

Regular Monday's exercise in Lea Female College.

Success in life is like fame—a pinnacle to which we must climb, step by step. Each one that is taken leads us to form higher, nobler resolutions, accompanied with a determination, that, without a doubt, is sure to be successful. Of all the lessons that frail humanity has to learn in this school of life, the most difficult is to wait. Not to wait with folded hands to claim life's prize without previous effort, but after having struggled and toiled day after day to see no result, then to still be firm and relax no effort, may truly be called greatness. The grandest results cannot be accomplished in a day. For the fruits that are best worth plucking usually ripen the most slowly. Therefore, every one who would gain a solid success, must learn to "labor and to wait." Yes, labor, for idleness alone, is there perpetual despair. History and biography abound with examples of signal patience shown by great men under trying circumstances. If the old adage, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try, again," was followed more, there would be quite a difference in the intelligence of the people of to day. There are some in which patience is particularly requisite to success. It can well be said that there is no excellence or rare success without patience or great labor. Nearly all of the world's great scholars, authors, and philosophers, have proceeded there on their way to distinction, against many trials and discouragements. They could never have entered upon the broad field of battle without the faithful practice of the three qualities which we are now considering; namely, patience, perseverance and courage.

Next we will take perseverance. At first we may make little progress in the course marked out in life. But by steady perseverance we may at last reap great and abundant harvests. Every flying moment should be improved. Each and every one of our powers exercised to their fullest extent. For facility of every kind comes by labor. Nothing is easy that was not difficult at first. "Where there's a will there's a way," is a true old saying. It is wonderful at times to see what marvels are accomplished by men acting under the impulse of a powerful will. Of course there are limits to human capabilities in all affairs. In every sphere of activity we may meet with obstacles which even the utmost energy cannot overcome. Almost everyone is more or less the victim of circumstances, which often times are so powerful that it is impossible to crush one's way through. Nevertheless it is a rare occurrence. For in the vocabulary of great men there is no such word as fail. They trample upon impossibilities, but by steady and faithful perseverance, walk undefiled the straight road to a successful life.

After all, the true way in which we should meet the trials of life is to encounter them unflinchingly, to have courage. It is not battle fields alone that try the soul and demand courage. Everyday life calls loudly for its exercise. Does it require no courage for that person long nursed in the lap of indulgent kindness, who has just returned from his father's grave, with the knowledge that he is now to meet life's trials alone? Does it require no courage in school life to say that we "never shrink a duty?" Courage is an indispensable element of success in life. That is courage which shrinks not from the coming danger which does not draw back from inevitable circumstances, but bravely girds itself for assault and victory. If in the crown of a successful life there are found the three stars of patience, perseverance and courage, then the "well done" pronounced is deserved, and worthy of appreciation.

Rich and Rare Reception Room and Library.

Portieres of the richest Indian embroideries conceal the entrance to the reception room, which is a stately apartment 26 x 38 feet to the right of the ante hall and in the southeast corner of the house. This room is an inspiration of the glories of the Ganges. Everything is Indian. The ceiling is decorated with large beams and panels of ornamental design, the interstices looking like solid castings of silver. Pale red silk velours in uncut frise brocade, cover the walls, and from the ceiling are suspended four chandeliers, adorned with opalescent and jeweled glass. Stalactite cornices, a foot deep, add to the richness of the surroundings, while a mantel of noble proportions, elaborate with Persian tiles, still further invest the room with oriental character. The floor is of hard wood parquet, and covered with an immense Indian rug specially made, and indescribable in its quiet richness. The teak wood carvings were made to order in India; the curtains of doors and windows, and the coverings of the luxurious, divans and chairs, were gathered from every part of the world. The lace curtains are an elaborate pattern of Escurial, beautifully embroidered by hand.

The library to the left of the ante hall is a room of the same dimensions, but how different in complexion. Here everything is earnest and quiet in color, stately and impressive in form. The style is the early French Rennaissance, the carving not profuse, but delicious in its crispness, done in Circassian walnut, which is found in the Crimea. High book cases line the walls all around, and a huge mantel of *vert-antique* marble, with large columns carrying a hood, rises up to, and connects with the paneled ceiling. The windows, five in number, are hung with curtains of dark gray-blue silk velours of exquisite design, and so arranged by overhead transoms of open wood work as to admit the light above. Embroidered linen shades and long lace curtains under the heavy silk ones complete the window finish. The metal work is of antique dark bronze, specially modeled for every hinge, handle, key plate, etc., in patterns as varied as original. The rich, dark-colored India rug, the large massive table and the comfortable sofas and arm-chairs, covered with handmade tapestries, all combine to give this room an air of repose, dignity and warmth which is the very essence of a library.—*J. C. Flood's California Mansion, described in Good Housekeeping.*

Cat's Eyes and Moonstones.

"Here is something for the lover of fine jewels," said Mr. Ed Smith, himself a connoisseur in gems, and he opened a small velvet box about the size of a thimble, and displayed something that shone like moonlight.

"That's what it is, condensed moonlight," said Mr. Smith. "There is the opaline glory without the color and the shifting light. It is the cold, pale brilliancy of moonshine, and has never before been worked. It is the Ceylon moonstone, or moonlight quartz."

The stone was set in a lady's brooch, of small oval size. The faces of two children were carved in the moonstone, which was surrounded by a circle of diamonds.

"We prize it very highly, as it is the coming gem," continued Mr. Smith. "It cannot be imitated any more than the moonlight can. The water has petrified with the rare brilliancy of a tropical moon held in its depths. It took centuries to solidify it, but only a moment to imprison that glory of whiteness. It gives the arbitrary belle of the present a new fashion. It is much more pellucid than opal, which is water petrified with multitudes of infinitesimal fish in it, which was developed by microscopical power. There are no fish in the moonstone. The shifting colors of the opal are caused by the expansion of the fish under heat."

"And not by any adverse fate?"

"Certainly not. The superstition set forth by Sir Water Scott in 'Annie of Geierstein' is very charming but does not coincide with facts. The moonstone and the cat's-eye will be the leading styles in gems for gentlemen's wear this season. And the ladies will wear the moonstone as a substitute for their favorite pearls, which it surpasses in beauty."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A REAL ROMANCE;

—OR,—

THE LOVE STORY

—OF—

Myra Clark Gaines!

—BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.—

[Written for The New York Waverly, and published in THE CLARION by permission.]

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

For the first time, Clark learned the sufferings, the passionate love, that had sent his young wife in search of him, her struggles, her despair. Then his own haughty reserve gave way; he laid open his whole heart before her, its history and its anguish. He told her of his wanderings, of the deep and harrowing love which not even the belief in her faithlessness could wring from his heart; he told her all, and then these proud beings sat again, side by side, looking in each other's faces, and yet separated, oh, how irrevocably!

Then came the time for parting. Zulima must go back to her home—where could he seek shelter from the grief of that terrible moment?

They both arose, and face to face, stood gazing on each other for the last time; neither of them doubted that it was for the last time, on this side of the grave. A look of mournful despondency was on their features, their hands were clasped for an instant, and then Zulima turned away, and tottering feebly in her walk, passed from the garden. He stood watching her till the last flutter of her garments disappeared under the orange boughs, then he turned away and went forth, a broken-hearted man.

Mother and father both went away, leaving the child alone. Terrified by the scene of anguish passing before her, the little creature had neither moved nor spoken, and in the agony of that last parting, she was forgotten. She had no heart to play then. The fish turned up their golden sides in vain, the humming birds flashed by her quite unheeded; she was gazing after her father, and her eyes were full of tears.

All at once, she saw him coming back, walking rapidly; tears were in his eyes also, and taking her to his bosom, he kissed her forehead, her hair, and her little hands. Myra began to sob piteously. She could feel the swelling of his heart against her form; the hot fever of his lips as they touched her forehead, made her tremble, and cling closer to him; it seemed as if the little creature knew that this was the last time that noble heart would ever beat against hers—as if she felt in her whole being that he was her father. Thus, after a brief struggle, the parent and child parted, and forever.

That night Daniel Clark spent under the roof of his friend, Ross, the very roof that had sheltered his bridal life with Zulima and the birth of her child. He met his false friend calmly, and without an outbreak of the terrible sense of wrong that ached at his heart. He said truly, that reproaches are for slight wrongs, only his were too mighty for words. He never once hinted to the traitor that he was aware of his treachery. Perhaps the footsteps of coming death were pressing too heavily upon him, even then, for he whispered to his heart more than once that day, "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, and I will repay it."

There was no vengeance in Daniel Clark's thoughts; for death was there already, and he felt that the little time given him on earth would scarcely be sufficient to right the wronged.

In the very chamber where Zulima had sat, amid the storm, writing her last soul-touching letter to her husband, was that husband at midnight, writing eagerly as she had been. His face was deathly pale one minute, and the next there spread over it a warm red hue, that seemed burning hotly through the flesh. He wrote on, sheet after sheet, linking the pages together as he completed them, with a black ribbon; and, notwithstanding the anguish that shook, and the fever that burned him, the writing, as it flowed from his pen, was firm and even as print.

Toward daylight the document was finished. Two black seals were placed at the last page, then the whole was folded up and carefully sealed. Weary and haggard was Daniel Clark as he arose from his task; the bed stood in a corner of the chamber, cool and inviting, but he approached it not. With a heavy and wavering step, he reached the open window, and folding his arms upon the sill, turned his face to the soft night-air, with a faint groan, and thus he remained till morning.

The next day, Daniel Clark rode into the city, and was closeted with several of his old and intimate friends. In the house of one of these friends the others met by appointment, and there Daniel Clark read his last will and testament, making his child, Myra Clark, the heiress to his vast possessions, and there he solemnly declared his marriage with Zulima, that child's mother. After this he sat down in the presence of his friends and chosen executors, and placed his signature to the will that his own hands had written.

When Mr. Clark had left them that day, his friends observed that the hand with which he clasped theirs was burning, and that his eyes looked heavy and swollen. They remarked, too, that he had never once smiled during the whole interview; but the occasion was a solemn one, and so they merely gave these things a passing thought, deeming them but the result of some undue excitement.

At nightfall Mr. Clark reached the dwelling of Ross. It had been Zulima's residence, and he yearned to lie down in the room that she had occupied, and to press the same pillow that she had wept upon. All the deep tenderness of his early love for that wronged woman came back to him with a knowledge of her blamelessness.

Pride, the great sin of his nature, had been prostrated with the knowledge that he, with all his haughty self-reliance, all his splendor of intellect, had been influenced by base and ungrateful men to wrong the being dearest to him in life.

All the manifestation of displeasure that he displayed toward Ross was a desire to avoid his presence, but even that awoke the ever-vigilant suspicion of the man.

He had placed menial spies on the steps of Zulima, but in hunting down the sterner game Ross played the spy himself. The plantation which Ross occupied was the property of his patron, and in the dwelling Mr. Clark had always kept his own separate apartments.

On returning home that night he entered a little library belonging to these apartments, and opening an escritoire had taken from thence an ebony box, in which were his most valuable papers. After placing the will therein he had carefully locked the escritoire and the room before retiring to his chamber for the night.

At two o'clock the next morning there shown in this library a faint light. By the escritoire stood Ross slowly trying a key in the lock, and behind him upon a table rested a dark lantern, so placed that all its rays fell in one direction, leaving most of the room in darkness.

Noiselessly the key was turned, and without a sound was the escrioire opened, and the ebony box dragged forth.

The will was the first paper that presented itself on opening the box. Ross took it up, seated himself in Mr. Clark's easy chair, and began to read; nervously glancing over the pages, and starting from time to time if the slightest sound reached his ear.

"As I thought!" he said, in a stern, low voice, dashing his hand against the paper till the sheets rustled loud enough to make him start. "Thus has one day undone the work of years. I knew that something had warped his heart against me!"

Thoughtfully, and with a frowning brow, Ross folded up the will, laid it in its depository, and secured it as before.

At first he was tempted to take the light from his lantern, and consume it at once, but the rash thought was abandoned after a moment's reflection, for there was danger at any hour that Mr. Clark might detect the fraud and place another will beyond his reach.

With his duplicate key and ready access to all the apartments, there was little to dread while the will remained under that roof.

The moment everything was safe, Ross closed his lantern, and sat for more than an hour musing in the darkness. When he came forth, there was a deep and gloomy cloud upon his brow; the pale moonbeams fell upon it, through the windows, as he passed to his own room, but the moon-beams failed to reveal the black thought that lay hidden beneath that frown. There was more than fraud in that hideous thought.

Mr. Clark slept in Zulima's chamber, upon the couch her delicate limbs had pressed, and upon the pillow where her head had found its sweetest slumbers.

Perhaps the fever spirit grew riotous and strong on the memory which these objects aroused, or it might have been that, without all these reminiscences, the illness that came upon him that night would have proved more painful still. The morning found the heart-stricken man faint and strengthless as a child.

A vague dreaminess hung about him, which did not quite amount to delirium, and yet it could not have been said that he was quite conscious of passing events.

He talked in a low voice of his wife and child; there was something sad and broken-hearted in every word that he uttered, totally at variance with his proud and lofty reserve. He seemed to take little interest in those about him, but murmured gently to himself, but always of *them*. If this was delirium—and it must have been, so totally was it at variance with his previous manner—there was something exceedingly touching and mournful in it, for the deathbed of that noble and strong man seemed marked by a degree of solemn tenderness that might have befitted the death-pillow of a loving woman.

At first the disease seemed scarcely more than an attack of nervous fever, such as often follow violent excitement. The spirits of Heaven who guarded that death-bed alone can tell if neglect or irritation, or deeper and darker causes combined to terminate that slight illness in death.

Ross was his attendant; constant and unceasing was the assiduity of his watch. No physician, no friend entered the sick-room, and for three days that noble man lay struggling with death, in the presence of his bitterest enemy, and one faithful old body servant, who could only watch and weep over the master who was to him almost more than mortal.

Then came the third night, and still the failing man was alone with that one old negro, who would not be sent away; and over him bent the household viper, whose sting had been worse than death.

A dim lamp was in the room, and through the open windows came the night air in soft, sweet gushes, making the muslin draperies tremble in the flaring lamplight.

Daniel Clark turned upon his pillow; his eyes opened wide, and he moved his hands in the air, as if seeking to grasp at something. Ross bent over and spoke to him, but the dying man closed his eyes, and motioned the traitor away with his hand.

The old negro came up, choking back the tears, and bent his gray head gently over his master. Again Clark opened his eyes; a sudden light came into them, and a smile stole over the whole face.

"Bend down," he whispered; "bend close to me, my old servant, for I am dying."

The old man bent his head still lower, holding his breath, and checking the tears that swelled his faithful heart. "Dear master, I listen."

Clark lifted his hand, and grasped that of the old man with a feeble hold.

"My wife—my child! See that no wrong is done them."

The old man looked down upon that ashen face with surprise. "This must be delirium," he thought, "for my poor master had neither wife nor child."

The eyes of the dying man were misty, but he saw the doubt in his servant's face. A look of distress passed over his own, and he made a vain effort to collect the power of speech. But he could only say, "the will—that must tell you—it is below, take it into your own hands the moment I am dead; and take it to—to——"

"To master Ross?" said the old man, observing that his master's voice was sinking.

"No! No!" These words broke from the dying man with his last breath; he feel back upon the pillow; his hands wandered upward for an instant, and then fell heavily upon the bed. Still his eyes were open—still they were fixed with mournful intensity upon the old man's face.

"He is gone!" murmured Ross, bending his ashen face over the ashen face of the dead.

"He is gone!" cried the poor old servant, wringing his hands and sobbing aloud; "he is gone and without taking the old man with him!"

Then the faithful old creature cast himself upon his knees, and taking the pale hand of the dead between his ebony palms, lifted up his voice, and wept. While the voice of his grief filled the room, while his faithful heart seemed pouring itself out in tears, Ross turned softly and stole from the room.

A few brief minutes the old negro gave to his sorrow. Then amid his tears he remembered the last words of the dead. He did not pause to close, with reverent hands, the eyes that still seemed regarding him with earnest command. He did but compose the lifeless limbs, and draw the sheet over those loved features, before he went down to obey the last behest of the dead.

The poor old man went forth from the death-chamber, guided by the gray dawn. His tread was slow and mournful. You could scarcely hear him as he passed along, for it seemed to him that the faintest sound might disturb his master.

He reached the library; his hand was upon the latch; he turned it with a curious regard to sound, not with premeditation, but because the death scene he had witnessed made the least noise appear to him like sacrilege.

But the door remained firm. It was evidently locked within, for through the keyhole streamed a faint light, and with the light came the indistinct sound of rustling papers, and the cautious tread of a footstep. The old man bent his eye to the keyhole, and looked in.

Directly within the range of his vision stood Mr. Clark's escritoire wide open, and by it was Ross searching among the papers in an ebony box, which the old man knew as the repository of his master's most valuable documents. Ross took from this box a voluminous parcel, thrust it in his bosom, and carefully locking the escritoire, held up the light, and looked timidly around as if fearful of the very silence. Then with a quick, noiseless tread he passed across the room.

His face was deathly pale, and the old negro saw that the lamp shook and swaled in his hand. There was a fireplace in the room, but the door commanded no view of it, and the old man strained his sight in vain to secure further knowledge of what was passing within the library.

But if his eye was baffled his ear remained keen, and that was directly startled by the sharp rustle of papers apparently torn apart in haste; then the whole room was filled with a glare of light. There was a sudden and faint crackle, as of some hastily kindled flame passing up the chimney. Then all was dark and hushed once more. The lamp seemed extinguished; a little smoke, a faint smell of burnt paper, and that was all the poor old negro saw of his master's well.

The old man went back to the chamber, knowing too well that his mission was at an end. He knelt down by that death-couch trembling like a culprit, and heart-sick from a consciousness of his own impotence.

"Oh, master, master! forgive me—forgive me!" cried the gray-headed old servant, bending his wrinkled forehead to the hands he had clasped upon the death-couch "Forgive me that I stayed to cry when I should have obeyed the last order you can ever give the old man. I have seen, I have heard—but who will believe me, my master? Am I not a slave?"

"A slave? Yes; go hence, and forever!" cried a stern voice in the room; "you who have no more discretion than to talk with the dead."

The old man arose and stood up; his keen eyes dwelt firmly upon Ross, and with his right hand he drew the covering from the dead.

There was something noble in the look and attitude of that old gray-headed negro as he confronted the false friend, the household traitor, who might yet have almost the power of life and death over him.

"He is my master; I will not leave him," said the old man, firmly. "You may whip me, you may kill me, but I will never leave him till he is buried. I rocked him in his cradle, I will lay him in his grave. Then sell me if you like; no matter what becomes of the old man when his master is in the grave." And turning away with a look of unutterable woe, the old servant cast himself by the death-couch, crying out, "My master! oh my master!"

A few weeks after the old man was sold, and sent away to a far-off plantation, for he was a part of the property which Daniel Clark had left, and according to the old will, the only one ever found, Ross was the executor of the estate, and had a right to sell the poor old man.

CHAPTER V.

A being of beauty she fell to her dreaming—
Thought flitted in gleamings of light through her brain.
In the depths of her eye it was constantly gleaming,
Still lighting her soul with soft visions again.

The will of Daniel Clark was never found, and the vast inheritance that should have been his child's became the spoil of those who had crept like vipers along his life-path, poisoning every pure blossom that sprang up to bless him on his way to the grave.

His wife was bereft of everything but her sorrowful memories. His child had not even these. To her, father, mother, all was a dream—an idea that had floated through her infant memory, and was gone.

Years went by—many years—and then in one of the most splendid mansions of Philadelphia, lay a fair young girl half arrayed in her morning costume, and but partially aroused from one of those sweet dreams that of late had made her sleep a vision of love.

While lifting the wealth of her brown hair between both her small hands in dressing before her mirror that morning, she had been taken with one of those rich gleams of thought that are the poetry of youth, and allowing the tresses to fall over her slight person again, where, in their wonderful and bright abundance, they fell almost to her feet, she had stolen thoughtfully to a couch in her boudoir, and cast herself upon the crimson cushions.

There, with some loose drapery gathered around her, one fair cheek resting in the palm of her hand, and the white arm half veiled by these loosened tresses, pressed deep in the silken cushions, the young girl fell into a reverie. Perhaps the dream from which she had just been aroused still haunted her mind, but it would have been difficult for Myra to have said what were the strange and sweet fancies that floated through her mind at that moment; for her own thoughts were a mystery, her feelings as vague as they were pure. These sort of day-dreams, when they come to our first youth, have much of Heaven in them; if they could only endure through life always bright, always enveloped in the same rosy mist.

Man might forget to dream of Heaven,
And yet have the sweet sin forgiven.

Myra was aroused from her day dream, not rudely as some of our fancies are broken, but by a light footfall, and a soft voice that called her name from the inner room. The young girl started up:

"Mother, mother, is it you? Am I very late this morning?"

"Oh, you are here, daughter," said a middle-aged and gentle lady, as she entered the boudoir. "No, not very late, but do you know that your father has just arrived, and is inquiring for you?"

"My father here, and I not half ready to go down!" cried Myra, eagerly gathering up her hair, while, with the wonderful mobility natural to her features, the whole tone of her face changed. The dreamy, almost languid expression vanished in an instant. The warm glow of her affectionate nature broke through every feature like flame hidden in the heart of a pearl.

Her cheek, her mouth, her white forehead, were full of animation; her brown eyes sparkled with delight.

With her whole being she loved the man whom she believed to be her father, and for the gentle woman who stood gazing upon her with so much affection as her toilet was completed, Myra's devotion was almost more than the natural love of a child for its mother. Scarcely a minute elapsed before the young girl was ready to go down.

Another minute and she was in the arms of a fine and noble looking man, who stood by the breakfast-room door eagerly watching for her. During many weeks he had been absent from his home, and he could not feel thoroughly welcomed back again while Myra was not by to greet him.

It was a joyous family party that gathered around the breakfast-table that morning.

The eyes of that gentle wife wandered, with a look of grateful affection, from the noble face of her husband to meet the sparkling glance of her child; for Myra was more than a child to her.

Rejoiced to be once more in the bosom of his family, Mr. D. was more than usually animated and agreeable. There was not a hidden thought or a disunited feeling in the little family group.

"And whom have you had to visit you since I went away, Myra? What new conquest have you made? Tell me all about it child," said Mr. D., smiling, as he received the coffee-cup of Seyres china from the hands of his wife.

Myra laughed—a clear, ringinig laugh, that had more of hearty glee in it than anything you ever heard.

"Oh, we have had crowds of visitors, gallants without number. Ladies like a swarm of humming-birds, and—and—oh, yes; we had one very singular and romantic person, a namesake and intimate friend of yours, papa. I wrote you about him, but you never mentioned him at all in your reply."

"Oh, yes; I remember," said Mr. D.; "a grave, gentlemanly old man, with just gray hairs enough to make him interesting, and the most winning manners. He carried a little Bible with a gold clasp in his bosom—I remember the description well.

"What of him, Myra? You lost your heart, of that the letter told me;—but who was this mysterious person? Pray, enlighten me."

Myra and her mother exchanged glances. A faint crimson broke over the elder lady's face, and the young girl looked a little puzzled.

"Why, papa, how strangely you talk. This gentleman knows you well; he is a member of the Legislature, and his seat is close by yours in the house," said Myra.

"Nonsense, child; there is but one man of my name in the house, and he has not been absent from Harrisburg a day during the session; besides, he has not a white hair in his head, and never carries small Bibles with gold clasps to exhibit to young ladies. You have had some impostor here. What did the interesting gentleman want?"

"He had lost a portmanteau that contained his money and clothes," faltered Myra.

"All but the little Bible," cried her father, with a laugh.

"And so," continued the young girl, blushing, "as he was a namesake of yours and out of money, he only desired mamma to advance him a small sum."

"And she did it—I'll be sworn she did it!" cried Mr. D., enjoying the blushes of his wife. "The scoundrel carried off my wife's purse and my daughter's heart at one fell swoop."

"It was not much, only twenty-four dollars," said the lady, struggling to bear up against her husband's raillery.

"But I—I told him he could have fifty just as well," said Myra, joining in her father's laugh: "who could suspect him with his gentle manners—"

"And little Bible?" interrupted Mr. D.

"And gray hairs? Indeed, papa, it was worth the money to be cheated so gracefully. You have no idea with what an air the man took his leave—the tears absolutely stood in his eyes."

"The fellow was a fool not to take your fifty dollars, Myra, that is all I have to say about him—so now on with your list. What other interesting stranger have you entertained in my absence?"

Myra hesitated, her eyes dropped for an instant, and the damask of her cheek deepened to crimson. For the first time in her life she felt embarrassed in the presence of her father. What if papa should pronounce him an impostor also? she thought; and her heart was in a glow at the idea.

She felt that the eyes of her father were fixed on her inquiringly, and this deepened her confusion.

"We have received one other stranger here," she said, at length, making an effort to look up; "a very talented and agreeable gentleman, whom I met by accident when out on an excursion."

"Indeed; and who is he?" inquired Mr. D., in a grave tone, and casting a glance at his wife that had a shade of displeasure in it.

"He seems a most estimable young man, full of talent and generous feeling," said Mrs. D., anxious to save her child from the embarrassment of an answer.

"He *seems*—who is he?" demanded the husband; his voice was stern and his looks suspicious. "Myra, who is the man?"

"His name is Whitney," replied the young girl, resuming something of her natural courage. "I have made no further inquiries; but he is no impostor, papa, I am very sure of that."

[*To be Continued.*]

PARIS CATS.

They Are Quite as Well Worth Studying as Turkish Dogs—A Curious Feline Colony.

A good many articles and books, says the Paris *Figaro*, have been written about the dogs of Constantinople, which are distributed over the town in regular quarters, live on their own resources, and manage all their little affairs themselves. Why should we not say a few words about the cats of Paris? The feline colonies of Paris are quite as well worth studying as the Turkish dogs.

Parisians have a habit which is no less stupid than cruel. When a cat has kittens everyone goes into rhapsodies over their prettiness. The kittens are spoiled. They have their milk brought them, they are fondled and made much of. But no sooner do they grow up than their owners suddenly come to the conclusion that they are troublesome and useless animals, if indeed not positively dangerous to the children. What do you suppose happens then? The owner takes poor pussy out one fine day and—loses it.

Of course he would never dream of killing a cat. No, indeed. He could never bring himself to kill such a sweet, pretty creature. He prefers to lose it; that is to say, to make it suffer a thousand tortures. After being brought up in cotton wool pussy will have to go a-wandering in the cold and rain, with all the dogs at its heels and all the boys in the neighborhood giving chase with sticks and stones. After having lived daintily on bread and milk, it will not even have the garbage in the streets to feed on, now that the police regulation has forbidden rubbish heaps to be made in the gutters. In a very few days the poor beast will be dead of misery. But its master will have the satisfaction of saying: "I was too tender-hearted to kill it. I only lost it."

There are whole colonies of cats in the Paris markets, and every day these colonies are swollen by the arrival of new recruits. From time to time they get so numerous that they are really dangerous. At the Halles Centrales the commissaire de police has often had to authorize regular battues of the skinny, starving cats who roam about there like wild beasts, to the public peril.

In many Parisian houses, especially those boasting large gardens, there are feline colonies. A round dozen of cats, at least, have been brought stealthily to my house in the dead of the night in half-open baskets. How do they live, poor creatures? Now and then a charitable soul has compassion on them. But this is the exception, and it is not prudent to be pitiful. Once you feed them the grateful animals will come back to be fed again, and you can not get rid of them. I have adopted as many as five, one after another, and kept them alive until I had succeeded in getting homes for them.

In the Rue Condorcet the house of Prof. Duprez was turned into an asylum for a whole army of abandoned cats. . . . I might also mention the cat colonies in the cellars of the *Figaro* office, where they defend the paper and printing implements from the assault of rats and mice which infest the place, But I will go on at once to the most curious of the cat colonies in Paris—the one at the prefecture de police.

No matter at what hour of the day or night you may chance to be passing by the big buildings which stretch from the court of assizes to the tribunal correctionnel, you will see an army of cats, of all sizes, breeds, and colors, seated, lying down, or prowling about the place.

To whom do they belong? To nobody. They are all lost cats. Who feeds them? "La mere aux chats."

Every day, wet weather or fine, at 9 in the morning and at 9 at night, a good old lady arrives, bending beneath the weight of a heavy basket. She settles down in the courtyard known as the Cour du Depot, takes a number of saucers out of her basket and puts a piece of meat on each. The cats know their feeding hours and cluster around. Then the distribution begins. All is done fairly. There is no squabbling. Each little boarder waits in turn, knowing it will not be forgotten. As she serves them the good old "mother of the cats" has a kind word and caress for each, and each cat answers with a grateful purr.

When all have been fed, the "mere des chats" bids her children good-by, gathers up her saucers and departs. I have taken some pains to find out the good woman's name. She is a Mme. W——, and lives with her son, an usher at the Cour de Cassation. She is 63 years old, and has fed the cats of the prefecture for the past five years. At first her son tried to prevent her. But she would not be dissuaded, appealed to the administration and had the permission she needed formally granted her. She has only one trouble—the thought that she is growing old. "If I were to fall ill," she exclaims, "who would feed the poor things?"

There are many other cat colonies in Paris, but it would take too long to describe them.

Once Bitten Twice Shy.

Some years ago Kaiser Wilhelm held a reception at Bonn. One of the officers who had the honor of being presented had been hitherto unknown to the emperor, and the adjutant, who had made inquiries, whispered to his majesty: "Has just been promoted captain." The emperor spoke kindly to the young man, and complimented him on his promotion. Quite startled at the happy news the officer, whose turn had not yet come to be raised to a captaincy, hastened to report the matter to the colonel, who lost no time in seeking an interview with the adjutant, when it turned out that the latter had mistaken the young lieutenant for his elder brother, who had been recently advanced to the rank of captain. The adjutant penitently confessed his mistake to the emperor. But his majesty only smiled, saying: "If I have complimented Herr M. on his promotion it must remain so." Not long since there was a levee at court. Herr von B., who had recently been promoted to the rank of major, appeared, still wearing a captain's uniform, and was presented to the emperor. Again the adjutant whispered: "Has just been promoted major." The emperor turned round with a knowing smile and said, in genuine Berlinese: "Nay, my good friend, not to be caught this time!"—*Bonner Zeitung.*

"By the way," exclaimed Smithers, "have you two fives for a ten?" "I have," responded Jobson. "Then lend me one of them."—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Railroading in Mexico.

The expenses of railroading in the hot climate of Mexico are great. Wooden ties have but a short life, cracking in the dry season and rotting during the rainy months; bridge timbers and piles also wear out rapidly. Freight cars must be painted frequently to prevent drying and cracking, and even the substantial Pullman cars shrivel under this exposure. Fuel constitutes a large item of outlay. Mesquite roots are burned on the Central road; pine cut along its route is used on the Interoceanic, and the Vera Cruz company feeds its engines on coal blocks that are brought from Wales as ballast. The decay of ties will in time necessitate a serious outlay on the Central road, for wooden sleepers cost here $1 each. It is evident that iron ties are a necessity in Mexico, and they are just coming into use. The climate tends to preserve the rails and iron bridges, provided the latter escape the torrents of the rainy season.

Engineers command better wages here than they do in the United States, for only that inducement brings them here. The general staffs of the road are also well paid, but the section hands, who are peons, work for small wages. The natural and proper tendency on all the roads is to employ Mexicans when the right men can be obtained. This policy helps to protect the property of outside corporations doing business here.—Springfield Republican.

How Death May Come.

As the great physiologist Bichat observed many years ago, death may come at last in any one of three different ways: By failure of the heart, the lungs or the brain. The first named is, in fact, the one that always shows that life is extinct. So long as the heart keeps going, the circulation is kept up, and all parts are nourished. When breathing ceases no more oxygen can reach the blood, and the latter no longer nourishes any part as it should; the brain no longer sends its influence to the heart, and it has no further incentive to keep on working. If injury to the brain should happen, or some poison interfere with the outflow of nerve force, then the lungs no longer take in fresh air, and the heart ceases its work. So, finally, all modes of death result in the cessation of the heart beats, and the life of the body stops within two or three minutes after complete failure of this great force-pump to continue its action.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Fogs of New York.

The American metropolis has never developed the "pea soup" fogs of London, and all good citizens devoutly hope it never may. A visitor to New York may see hansoms and tailor made gowns and other English innovations, but he will not see a London fog. Neither will he believe in its density until he does see it. Nevertheless New York gets up some very fair fogs, if the expression may be used. Those who patronize the many ferries rapidly learn the discomfort of a fog.

The fogs of New York are of several kinds. In the winter, when the floating ice on the water is melting, there is apt to arise a dense, white fog, which usually appears before dawn and remains all day. Then there is the intermittent fog, which will suddenly come on in the morning and lifts before noon. A fog will occasionally come on without warning late in the afternoon. The rivers and bay are crowded with craft of all kinds, which are caught quite unexpectedly in a disagreeable predicament. No more trustworthy class of men exists than the hard worked pilots of New York, and accidents are remarkably rare.—New York Mail and Express.

Dug His Own Grave.

A very cleverly arranged contrivance has been discovered in the woods near St. George, N. B., by means of which an old and eccentric resident named Tucker intended ending his existence. It had been noticed for several weeks that the old man spent the greater part of his time in the woods, and a party followed him. He soon stopped beside an open grave, which was found to have been constructed for some special purpose. Investigation showed that a box had been placed in it and springs arranged so that a man could lie down in the box and pull down a board, when the grave would fill with earth, and brushwood arranged for the purpose would cover the mound. The discovery was only made just in time to save the man's life, for every detail had been completed.—Chicago Herald.

Eastern Shore Girls as Gunners.

Quite a novel and striking sight was witnessed by a rider on the Blackwater road on Thursday last in the form of a gunning party composed of both ladies and gentlemen. The ladies looked perfectly at home with their guns on their shoulders, and seemed to handle them with as much skill as did the gallant young men at their sides. Each face beamed with delight as they held aloft the string of partridges so lately brought low. The gentlemen were laden with bunches of brilliant autumn leaves and bright red berries gathered from the woods near by, and as they gayly tramped along, followed by the beautiful bird dogs, Beppo and Leo, belonging to Dr. Carroll, it looked quite picturesque and outrivaled the gypsies who have so lately been among us.—Cambridge News.

Level-Headed and Able.

Helen Potter is a smart woman. She went on the stage a few years ago as a trick elocutionist, and made money. Then she organized a troupe, calling it "Helen Potter's Pleiades." She did not do well with that; but she had saved up some money, and invested it in a Montana cattle ranch. The other day the good Kiner, of The Geneseo News, discovered her riding in a caboose among the railroad boys, with half a dozen cars of stock she was taking to Chicago. The cattlemen treated her with the utmost deference, and she rode like a queen. Helen is a great woman, a little cracked on the subject of the rights of her sex, but level-headed and able.

Why the Vanderbilt Gallery is Closed.

It is a well known fact that Mr. Vanderbilt had to close his gallery to the public on account of the way the privilege of visiting it was abused. Although he only admitted the public by card, and the people who visited his galleries were supposed to belong to the better class, they were so rude and so reckless in the treatment of his property that he was obliged to close his doors against them. They even went so far as to try to push their way into the private apartments of his house. And on several occasions it took actual force to keep some apparently decent people from bursting uninvited into his dining room.—New York Cor. Philadelphia Record.

The Giant Tramp.

William Dunn, the gigantic tramp who was locked in the "dead man's room" in the City hospital because he refused to crack stone for three hours, was released this morning. William not only refused to crack stone, but also to eat or sleep. He would not eat because he had not earned the food, he said, and he would not sleep because he feared the bed was not clean. He is believed to be a specimen of a new genus of tramps. The official figures show that William is 6 feet 7 inches in height.—Elmira Gazette.

In the matter of lighthouse illumination experiments appear to show that, while the electric arc light is more absorbed in proportion than gas or oil light, as it passes through fog, still its greater intensity enables it to penetrate much further than those. The Berlin core carbons, manufactured by Siemens, have been found to operate best, the core being of graphite. On the whole, investigation thus far renders it apparent that, for ordinary purposes of lighthouse illumination, mineral oil possesses superior advantages, and that for salient or prominently projecting headlands and very powerful lights electricity is superior.—New York Sun.

Pedestrianism in Prison.

L. A. White, the man who was arrested more than a year ago on a charge of manufacturing counterfeit Brazilian money, is developing power as a pedestrian scarcely less wonderful than he showed when his energies were directed to turning out neat counterfeit notes. He is in jail at St. Charles awaiting trial, and a few days ago he measured the "walk" into which the cells open, and began walking back and forth and counting the distance he covered. The first day he walked sixteen miles. Each succeeding day he has increased the distance, and he is now walking more than thirty miles a day.—St. Louis Republican.

A Curious Gun.

I. C. Nichols, general baggage agent of the Missouri Pacific Railway company, has in his possession an old gun made of copper, and, from its looks, evidently made by some old backwoods blacksmith, presented to him by "Uncle Bob" Gardner, of Chetopy, I. T. It is a perfect curiosity, and Mr. Nichols claims that it is the first gun ever made on the six-shooter order. It has six chambers, the revolution of which is made by a huge lever extending the entire length of the barrel, and is shot by cap and ball. The offensive weapon weighs forty pounds.—St. Louis Republican.

A Wall Street Theory.

It is a Wall street theory that the present era of vast individual fortunes is the result of extraordinary conditions that are bound to pass away. They exist only in this country, and it is believed that, law or no law, fifty years hence there will be few or no fifty millionaires in the United States.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Diphtheria from a Goat.

A doctor who attended a Brooklyn family in which two children died of diphtheria last week says he has traced the infection to a goat that had come from a family where children were just recovering from the same disease.

Remarkable Sense of Touch.

Blind Bill, a colored inmate of a Georgia poorhouse, has a most remarkable sense of touch. He can tell any one whom he has met by feeling of his hand. A man whom he had not met for ten years shook hands with him the other day and Bill at once called him by name, though not a word had been spoken.—New York Sun.