

A Prayer.

O, not again, Lord, suffer me to know
The gall and wormwood mingled in the draft
That in the summer days of long ago
My eager spirit all too often quaffed!

I am athirst, athirst, but not for this,
Let this sore cup pass by me, oh, my God!
The parching lips refuse to bend and kiss
The thorny sharpness of Thy heavy rod!

If bitterness, to those who call on Thee
Turns in the heart to drops of honeyed dew,
Then by its broken dreams my life should be
Sweet as the fairest rose that ever blew!

If yearning, unfulfilled and hope deferred
Gnaws the heart that hungers for delight,
By all its burning tears, its prayers unheard,
Then winks my soul in robes of stainless white!

If sorrow elevates and dumb despair,
And, bleeding anguish, oh, by Thy great
Love, then does my spirit float in golden air,
My soul sit throned amid the stars above!

But O my Lord, my God, my Father, not
Forgive! Thyself has wrung from me this
cry!
My stricken heart has ne'er confessed it so,
My burdened spirit can not rise on high!

But like a weary bird with stunted wings,
Close to dim earth it flutters round and
round,
With hopeless grasp to barren grasses clings,
Where neither dew nor sweetness more are
found.

Grant me once more a cup of perfect joy,
Full, brimming o'er—in all the run of years
A single hour of bliss without alloy;
For one such drop outweighs a thousand
tears!

And from that magic potion there shall grow
Strong pinions to my soul, till, eagle-foot,
Bursting the bonds that chain it here below,
It soars rejoicing to Thy very foot!

—Stuart Sterne, in *New York Evening Post*.

Davie's Wooing.

"O Jenny, cease your merry song,
And stay your lonesome spinning;
Ye ken that I've been wooing long,
And yet I'm but beginning;
For aye something or tither's wrong,
And sets me back in winning."

"If I were just some bonnie flower
Upon your breast reclining,
Maybe you'd ken in some bright hour
That I for you was pining;
Maybe I'd find some unken power
My heart with yours combining."

"Or, if I was some bonnie bird,
Say just a cushat cooing,
Or if a summer breeze that stir'd
Whatever you was doing,
I think perhaps I might be heard,
And make some speed in wooing."

"O lassie, if I only knew
The ways of tither's willing,
What bonnie bird or flower might do
In Lovie's most sweet beguiling,
Perhaps then when I came to woo
I, too, might find you smiling."

"Deed, Davie lad, you're much mista'en
For bird or flower to tarry;
I hate to gie a body pain,
If you your plea would carry,
Come as ye please, and say out plain,
'Jenny, when shall we marry?'"

THE HOUSE ON THE HILL.

"Well?" said Aunt Bina, a volume of
inquiry condensed into the rising inflection.

"Well, John?" said pretty Milly, in
tones softer but no whit less eager, and
jumping up, as she spoke, to help her
husband off with his coat.

John let her assist him, let her hang
the coat, before uttering a word in re-
ply. Was there ever a John yet who
did not take a certain pleasure in defer-
ring the satisfaction of female curiosity?
He gave Milly a little smile of thanks,
drew a chair for himself close to her's,
held his hands to the blaze, rubbed
them, stretched his legs out comfort-
ably. Then, taking Milly's fingers into
his broad palm, he stroked them gently,
and regarding the expectant faces with
a twinkle in his eyes, said, leisurely:
"Well! There's nothing to tell."
"Nothing! And you gone all day!"
cried Milly, aggrieved. While Aunt
Sabina, adjusting her glasses with the
air of one not to be trifled with, looked
steadily at him and demanded:
"What have you been a-lookin' at
then? You ain't spent the day doin'
nothin', I reckon."

"Not exactly," admitted John.
"Next thing to it, though. First, I
drove up to Seth Dearborn's to see if
his mother-in-law was going to give up
her house, as Miss Pepper thought. But
she ain't; she going to keep right on as
she is. Then Marius Mullet told me
of a place two miles the other side of
the West Farms; and I want to look
after that."

"Two miles the other side of the
West Farms. Oh! John. Why, we
said as well go to Waterbury at once,"
said Milly.
"Don't be scared," said her husband,
drily. "That ain't to be had, either.
'Tain't for sale at all. Marius was mis-
taken, as he pretty generally is. There
ain't any thing at all to be had. I never
saw such a town as this. Business
thriving, and the village well off, and
gas and water and every thing handy;
and not a house to be had for love or
money unless you build it yourself. The
only chance for a fellow who can't build
is that some one should die or move
away. And nobody ever does move
away and hardly any body dies. I call
it hard lines, if we've got to board all
our days, or visit 'round with you,
Aunt, for want of any other place to
go. However, when I said 'nothing,'
twasn't quite the truth, either. Aunt
Bina, who does that old house on top
of West Hill belong to? That house back
in the woods, you know."

"That? Why, it's all falling to
pieces, John," remarked his wife; while
Aunt Sabina only answered with a grim
"Why?"

"Well, I was thinking if it could be
had for next to nothing, as I suppose it
could, it might be worth while to take it
and fix it up. I went out of the way to
have a look at it. It is pretty tumble-
down; but I judge the timbers are
sound, and I guess the outside could be
tinkered up to look decently enough. I
made a rough calculation that with two
hundred dollars and giving my own time
it could be made weather-tight and
comfortable. What do you think,
Aunt?"

"I think you'd better get the idee out
of your head jest as quick as you can."
"Why?" asked Tom, in his turn.

"You ain't the first person that has
tried that experiment," said Aunt Sa-
bina. "Fifteen years ago last Novem-
ber there was a man who took that
house. That was the last time it was
occupied. I recollect all about it. And
I don't want you and Milly to come out
like that man and his wife did."

"Fifteen years! Why the house must
have been a pretty good house
then. How did they 'come out'? What
do you mean?"

"Well, she had a spell of sickness on
her nerves. She ain't ever been good
for much since, I've heard tell. And
he had a run of fever. He got over his
spell, and as soon as they could, they
moved away. They wouldn't even live
so near the house as this, they said, so
long as there was any other place to go to."

"Why, what on earth—!" began
John, while Milly tightened her hold on
his arm.

"I'll tell you the hull story about it,"
said Aunt Sabina, gratified by the effect
which she had produced. "You see
that house is a pretty old one. Some
folks do say that it was built the year
that General Washington died. I don't
know about that, but anyhow it's an
old house. The Stanways owned it
when I was a girl; but the old folks
died, and the darters married out West,
and the farm was let first to one and
then to another. I don't rightly re-
member who they all were; but at last,
after it had stood empty two years,
some kind of a furner took it. Folks
used to meet him in the woods, gunnin',
with a couple of big spotted dogs—
hounds, I guess they were—and once in
a while he would come in to trade at the
store; but nobody knew nothing about
him or his family, if he'd got one. And
he never said nothing about himself or
asked any one to call up to the house;
but just did his tradin' and went
away. I see him once. He was a
queer-looking man, with black hair and
a long black beard; and his clothes—
they was kind of queer too. They
didn't look like American clothes a bit.
I guess it was the second winter after
he took the house that we had an awful
spell of weather. It snowed and friz-
ed and blew and snowed again for most
three months on a stretch, and the
drifts got to be so deep that the farmers
give up breaking roads, and didn't go
about any more than they were obliged
to; so it didn't seem any way strange
that the furner wasn't seen in town,
and nobody mistrusted any thing.

Some boys who went off into the
woods on snow-shoes to look for a stray
cow, just after the spell set in, come
back sort of scared, and said they had
heard the most awful howling of dogs
up to the house on the hill that ever
was. But dogs are kind of noisy, you
know; and nobody remarked particu-
larly on that, either. When the spring
came along, and the snow melted, folks
did begin to think that it was kind of
queer that the furner wasn't seen
round any more; but 'twasn't any one's
concern in especial and nobody took
much interest in him. So it went on
till the first of May, and, except for
just saying to each other that it was
peculiar, nobody thought nothing
about it.

"Well, it was the first of May, or the
second, I forget which. I remember it
all quite well," said Aunt Sabina, paus-
ing to draw a long breath, "for I was
down to the post-office that day, and I
see the boys myself. There was two of
them—little fellows, not more than nine
or ten—and the youngest looked scared
to death. The other was scared too,
but not so much. They had gone off
into the woods after something (I don't
know what. Checkerberries, perhaps),
and had come upon a dreadful thing in
a swampy place. It was something like
a man, they said; but he was dead.
Folks thought they were funning at first;
but the boys held to their story, and at
last two or three of the men at the store
agreed to go and investigate the matter.
They took the biggest boy to show 'em
the way. The little one was too scared.
He didn't ever want to go into the
woods again, he said.

"Well, there in the swamp they found
the furner. He was dead, of course.
They guessed that he must have shot
himself with his own gun, by an
accident, for there was the gun beside
him, blown into two pieces; but nobody
knew. Only they saw that he had been
dead a good while.

The men came back to the village to
get more help; and then they all went
up the hill together to the house. It
looked dreadful lonely-like, as if nobody
had been there for months. The first
thing they see was the skeletons of two
dogs tied under a window at the side.
Starved to death, poor creatures! They
were lying with their heads thrown back,
as if they had died a-howling for help.
It was a shocking sight; but there was
worse inside the house."

Aunt Bina made a dramatic pause.
"Oh! go on!" gasped Milly, breath-
lessly. "What was it?"

"In a little bed-room off the kitchen
they found a woman. She was dead,
too. She was lying in bed, with her hair
all falling over the pillow, and a bottle
of physic and a spoon beside her on a
little table, and a pitcher of water on
the floor; and she was sort of reaching
out of the bed after the water. I sup-
pose the poor thing had just lain there
and pined away for want of help. It was
under her window that the dogs was
tied. I used to think," continued Aunt
Bina, with a shudder, "how those dogs'
howls must have sounded to her, if she
lived long enough to hear 'em, poor
creature!"

"Well, the Coroner came, and they
buried all on 'em; and the Selectmen
advertised in the city papers, to see if
they could find out any thing about the
furner. But they couldn't, and after
a while the furner was sold at a
vendue, and what it fetched was given
to the town poor. The house was
cleaned and left open all summer; but
nobody wanted to live in it, and nobody
did live in it for more'n five years. At
last the owner (one of the Stanway's
darters' husbands I guess he was) wrote
on to let the place for nothin' to any
person who would use it and take away
the bad name it had got; for, you see,
all sorts of stories had been raised
against the house. Folks said that
lights were seen there of nights and
dogs were heard howling; and the boys
wouldn't drive their cows that side
of the swamp, they were so afraid of the
place."

Milly had grown pale and her lips
trembled.

"Oh! John, you won't think of taking
it! Will you?" she said, in a pleading
tone.

"Don't be a goose!" was the reas-
suring answer. "Go on, Aunt Sa-
bina."

"Well, it was just then that those
folks I was a-telling you of was think-
ing of getting married. He was Mr.
Thomas's hired man over to the Farms;
and his sweetheart, she'd been a livin'
out up to Canada for quite a spell. Both
of 'em had saved a little money, and
when they heard of this house, with a
barn and an orchard and three acres of
medder-land a-goin' for nothin', it
seemed to them a fine chance. He was
a strong, hearty fellow, and didn't care
for ghosts; so he snapped at the offer,
and notified Ephraim Buell, who had
the lettin' of the place, that he accepted
it and stood ready to move in the first
of June. Plenty of folks warned him;
but he didn't mind a word they said.
Only he warned them, in return, not to
say one word to his girl. He didn't
want silly notions put into her head, he
told 'em. So they got married and
moved in; and the woman—she didn't
know nothin' at all about the house,
except that it was a lonesome place and
the neighbors didn't like it, and that that
was the reason it went for nothin'. Not
a soul said a word to her about the
furner or the dead woman; and that
made what happened all the curiousest.

"They moved in one bright June
morning. The apple trees was all in
blossom; the sun shone; the house had
been scrubbed up clean; and it looked
a likely place enough. The man and
his wife was both mightily tickled with
it. They took a room up stairs for
sleeping, and the little room off the
kitchen, where the woman was found,
you know, they settled on for a store-
closet. It was accidental, for she didn't
mistrust any thing about the matter, as
I said. He put up a shelf for her, and
she set her butter and milk and groce-
ries there, and her flour-bucket and
sugar-pail. All day long they was
busy fixing and setting the house. By
night things was pretty well in order;
and they was so tired that they went
to bed early and fell asleep to once.

"Just before midnight the woman
woke up, and as quick as winkin' it
flashed into her head that perhaps she
hadn't recollected to put the cover on a
crook of lard which she had set in the
room below. She knew that there's al-
ways plenty of mice in old houses, and
it made her uneasy; so, without saying
a word to her husband, she just got up
softly and went down stairs to see. It
was full moon, and the windows hadn't
shutters, so there was plenty of light
to see by, without carrying a candle.
She made her way across the
kitchen and opened the store-closet
door, and then she stood stock still and
didn't move a step further, for she was
too surprised. The shelf was gone,
and all the crocks and pails and parcels
of groceries; and instead of 'em, she
saw a bedstead and a woman in it, sit-
ting up, with her hair falling all about
her shoulders. Her eyes were shinin'
with fever and she fixed 'em right on
the woman's and made a motion to
reach a pitcher of water on the floor
down by the bed.

"It was all so natural looking and
she was so took by surprise that for a
minute the woman at the door forgot,
and just thought of reaching the pitcher
to help the other; but as she thought
'crossed her mind the clock in the
kitchen began striking twelve, and with
the first stroke come a long, wild bay
from under the window, the baying of
a hound—a dreadful noise; and with
that it all came over the man's wife that
it wasn't real, and she gave a terrible
scream and just fell flat on the floor in
a fit.

"Next morning she and her husband
packed up their things and come away.
They wouldn't have slept in the house
another night if any body'd have given
'em a thousand dollars, they said. Both
of them had spells of sickness, as I told
you, and as soon as they was well
enough, they moved over to Canaan to

live. They had taken a sort of dislike
to all this neighborhood, you see. That
was fifteen years ago. Not a soul has
lived in the house since, and I rather
think it'll tumble to pieces before any
one else will. Some fool may try it
again for one night," concluded Aunt
Sabina, impressively; "but it won't be
more'n one, or I miss my guess."

"Oh! nobody ever will!" cried Milly.
"I wouldn't go near the house for
worlds; and neither would you, John—
would you? Do say you wouldn't."

John was loftily incredulous. He had
no faith in ghosts; none whatever, he
declared! Village people were always
getting up stories. It was a shame that
a good bit of property like that should
run to waste on account of such non-
sense. It was noticeable, however, and
Aunt Bina did not fail to notice that,
with all this bravado, John did not take
the old house on the hill. "On Milly's
account," he explained. "It was a pity
that girls were brought up so timid!"
Men are not always so considerate
of their wives' fears, however, and
Aunt Sabina shrewdly opined that
John was not altogether unvisited by
private misgivings of his own, in which
opinion she was very likely right.—
Susan Coolidge, in the Independent.

How Big is Man?

Somehow, when a man's mind be-
comes really enlarged—say, like that of
Baron Humboldt, and he is able to place
in focus more and more of the cosmos
of which he forms a part, the things
which he at the outset of his life regards
as the largest get smaller and smaller,
till at last that first immense and over-
whelmingly important thing, himself,
becomes so insignificant that it is only
through a process of mental microscopy
he can discern his little identity among
the animalcule that float, swim, or
wriggle across the field of view. How
big is a man, anyway? Well, he is
smaller than an elephant, and an ele-
phant is smaller than a mountain, and a
mountain is smaller than the world, and
the world is a mustard seed compared
with the sun, and the sun itself is a mere
mote in the dust cloud of spheres that
stretches out through the universe be-
yond the reach of thought. Suppose
we could make an exact model of the
earth eighty feet in diameter. Eighty
feet in diameter would be a pretty large
ball as balls go on the face of this planet.
Assume, for the sake of easy calculation,
the diameter of the earth to be exactly
8,000 miles, and let us proceed to build
our model to scale. A mountain five
miles high should represent on our
model 5-80,000th of 80 feet or 6-10 of an
inch. An elephant built in proportion
should be 1-4,400th of an inch in height,
and an average man 7-52,800th of an inch
tall. An army of 26,400 such men stand-
ing shoulder to shoulder in single straight
rank would require their General to gal-
lop over the space of one inch to pass
them all under review. With a smart
horse of proportionate size, ridden at a
brisk gallop, he could accomplish this
distance in about an hour. Viewed in
this way a man is a mere mite crawling
over the face of the globe, yet he has
had the arrogance to think the universe
was formed for him more than for other
insects, and that the Ruling Intelligence
had him pre-eminently in view in bring-
ing order out of chaos.—*Scientific News.*

Politics in the Lime-Kiln Club.

Waydown Beebe said that he rose up
to a question of order. Politics had
commenced to boom, and wherever he
went men inquired of him what attitude
the Lime-Kiln Club would maintain
during the coming Presidential cam-
paign. Would it side with this
party or that? Would it whoop for
this candidate or yell for the other?
Would it be found bearing kerosene
torches through the street, keeping step
to the tap of the drum, or would it ride
on horseback and carry the banners of
the enemy?

Samuel Shin said that he met the
same inquiries day by day, and he
would like to know what platform the
club would stand on.

Col. Cato Windfall also wanted the
matter decided. He knew of at least
one case where he had lost a job be-
cause he couldn't determine the attitude
of the club.

"Gem'len," replied the President in
answer, "de platform on which dis De-
troit Lime-Kiln Club now stands an'
will forever stand an divided into de
followin' planks:

"Plank 1—Let sich people as want
to grind axes turn de grindstun for
demselves.

"Plank 2—Let de offis seek the man.
If it can't find him let de offis run her-
self.

"Plank 3—Doan' spile a good white-
washer to make a poor offis-holder.

"Plank 4—Believe nuffin dat poly-
tishans talk, but wote to suit your own
conscience.

"Dis club makes no pledges, axes no
favors, an' will be run in de intruss of
de publick at large an seek de good
opinyon of all men."—*Detroit Free
Press.*

A VERMONT man living in St. Johns-
bury advertised his delinquents by
driving a wagon through the streets
with their names painted on the side in
large letters. After dinner, when the
team again appeared, several of the
names were marked paid.

A RED and white spotted deer was
killed by George Winthrop in the Pine
Nut Valley, Cal.

CARE OF THE HEALTH.

Hints on Domestic Nursing.
[By E. E. Scovill, of the Massachusetts General
Hospital.]

It is a too common idea that any
woman, simply because she is a woman,
is therefore fitted to take upon herself
the care of the sick. A physician is not
permitted to practice until after a long
and careful training he has shown him-
self worthy to be entrusted with human
life, while any well-meaning woman,
without preparation or experience, is
expected, merely by virtue of her sex,
to be fully competent to assume an
office only less responsible than his. In
these days, when training-schools for
nurses are connected with many of the
larger hospitals, and manuals of nurs-
ing abound, there should be no lack of
information on the subject; yet few
women think much about it until the
need arises in their own homes, and
then, while intensely anxious to do the
very best for the sufferer, they have the
vaguest idea either of what ought to be
done or the proper way to do it. In
many cases recovery depends almost
entirely upon skillful nursing, and
doctors could tell sad tales of valuable lives
lost, humanly speaking, through the in-
efficiency of those who, it might be
said cheerfully have sacrificed their
own to redeem them.

It is very important that disease
should be detected in its earliest stages;
and while it is absurd to watch the
health too closely and be nervously alive
to the slightest variation from the usual
state of feeling, there are symptoms
which should by no means be neglected,
and the timely observance of which may
prevent serious illness.

If there is sleeplessness, a feeling of
weakness and weariness, pain in the
back or limbs, a flushed face, headache
and loss of appetite, the invalid should
have perfect rest, a tepid bath, and
simple, easily digested food—the less
the better. He should not be allowed
to take any exercise, should be put in
a bed by himself, as much fresh air as
possible being admitted to the room. If
the bowels are constipated they may be
relieved by an enema of warm water,
from one to two pints being used.

If the patient does not improve the
doctor must be sent for, with the full
assurance that he is in the most favor-
able condition for further treatment.

If the disease is pronounced an infec-
tious one, every article of furniture not
absolutely necessary, and all books, or-
naments and papers, must be removed
from the room. If possible, the carpet
should be taken up and the hangings
removed from the windows. An inner
curtain of dark green linen will be found
very useful to moderate the light. Ex-
cept in cases of injury or disease of the
brain, or in affections of the eyes, the
sunlight should be freely admitted.

An open fireplace is the greatest pos-
sible boon in a sick room and the best
promoter of ventilation. If there is one
a fire should be kept constantly burning
in it, or if the weather is too warm to
permit this a few sticks should be light-
ed there two or three times a day. If
the house is heated by that most de-
testable, health-destroying invention—
a furnace—the bed must be placed as
far as possible from the register. If the
grating is in the floor, a tin basin half
full of water should be kept standing
upon it, or, if, as is sometimes the case,
it is in the wall, cloths wrung out of
water should be pinned in front of it. This
must not be done without the doctor's
permission, as in some diseases a dry
atmosphere is necessary.

A thermometer is an indispensable
article; the temperature should be care-
fully regulated by it and kept at from
68° to 70° unless otherwise specially
ordered.

Ventilation does not mean exchanging
hot for cold air, but impure for fresh.
It is best effected by keeping the win-
dow furthest from the bed open an inch
or two at the top. A piece of baize or
any coarse woolen cloth may be tacked
over the opening to prevent a draught.

Nothing can take the place of the di-
rect admission of pure external air, but
where this from any reason is absolutely
impossible the windows of an adjoining
room may be raised and the connecting
door opened.

If at any time during the day the
room seems close it is well to swing the
door backwards and forwards rapidly
several times, first oiling the hinges with
a feather dipped in oil to prevent the
possibility of creaking. If the window
is unclosed a few inches this will pump
the impurer air out of the room and
draw in fresh.

Every thing in the apartment should
be daintily neat and the most exquisite
cleanliness observed. The best time to
arrange it is early in the morning, mov-
ing about noiselessly and doing as much
as possible while the invalid is asleep.
The carpet should be lightly wiped over
with a damp cloth wound around a
broom. The woodwork and every ar-
ticle of furniture should be treated in
the same way, minus the broom. If
there is a fire the ashes should be taken
up as quietly as may be when the sick
person is awake. The lumps of coal
must be wrapped in newspaper before
they are brought in and laid in the
grate one by one. A small stick an-
swers equally as well as a poker to stir
the fire, and is much less noisy.

None but calm, composed, cheerful
faces should be seen around a sick bed.
It is difficult to look bright and have a
pleasant smile and hearty word always
ready when one's heart is filled with
torturing anxiety, and one feels that the
only way to bear the fearful suspense is

in agonizing silence, yet for the suffer-
er's sake it must be done. No depress-
ing influence must come near him. He
needs all his strength for the battle with
disease, and his mind must be kept
calm and hopeful.

Of course when a person is delirious
or unconscious the case is altered, but
in many illnesses he is neither. Even
when any one is apparently insensible
the utmost care should be taken not to
express an unfavorable opinion of the
symptoms or to say anything it is unde-
sirable he should hear. Persons are
often fully alive to all that is going on
around them when they are totally
unable to move or make their wants
known.

Whispering should never be permitted
in a sick room under any circumstances.
Speak in a low, clear tone, and the
sufferer, feeling that there is no attempt
at concealment, often will not take the
trouble to listen. There should be as
little conversation as possible and very
few people admitted into the room,
never on any account more than two at
one time.

When the doctor makes his visit, tell
him in as few words as possible all that
is necessary for him to know. Answer
his questions briefly and be prepared to
give exact information about the patient.
It is useless to say, for instance, "He
took a little milk," or "He drank some
beef tea." There is a great deal of dif-
ference between a half a teaspoonful
and a half a cupful, and some or a little
might mean either. Vomiting should
be mentioned, and whether it occurred
immediately after eating. Some correct
idea of the amount of sleep obtained by
day and night must be given, and
whether it was restless and broken or
quiet and refreshing. Bleeding at the
nose should always be spoken of, and of
course hemorrhages of any kind and
spitting of blood.

It is always best to see the doctor in a
separate room before he leaves and tell
him any thing that it is not wise to men-
tion before the sufferer. Get explicit
directions from him as to medicines and
the time to give them, the kind and
quantity of food to be given, and any
other points on which guidance may be
required. A little forethought often
saves one from puzzling uncertainty
afterwards.—*Christian Union.*

The St. Gothard Tunnel Finally Cut Through.

A dispatch from Berne, Switzerland,
Feb. 29, says: The work of piercing
Mount St. Gothard was satisfactorily
completed at 9 o'clock this morning
amid great rejoicing.

In 1870 Italy, Germany, and Switzer-
land signed a Convention guaranteeing
\$17,000,000 to the company that would
construct the St. Gothard Railroad and
Tunnel. Italy giving \$9,000,000, Ger-
many \$4,000,000, and Switzerland \$4,-
000,000. The original estimates of \$37,-
400,000 proved under the mark, and it
was found that \$57,800,000 would be
required instead. Germany added \$2,-
000,000 to her subsidy, Italy \$2,000,000
and Switzerland \$1,600,000. The work
was begun in the autumn of 1872. The
tunnel begins at Goeschesen, in a defile
where the River Reuss dashes beneath
the famous Devil's Bridge, and ends at
Airolo, where it overlooks the pleasant
pastoral valley of the Ticino. Its length
is nine and a third miles—48,936 feet,
to be exact; it is nineteen and a half feet
high and twenty-six feet in maximum
width. Twenty-six hundred men have been
employed—Italians with a few exceptions.

The rock, which has varied from hard
granitic gneiss on the Swiss side, to
gravel, sand, and pebbles on the Italian,
has been operated upon in a similar
way to that followed in the Centis
Tunnel, dynamite being used in blasting
operations. Owing to the greater
homogeneity and the absence of water,
more rapid progress has been made in
tunneling through the rocks than in
dealing with the soft material where the
excessive infiltration of water necessi-
tated special drainage arrangements
besides retarding more or less all
branches of the work. Thus, in piercing
a bed of schist, water was discharged
in torrents, and often the work had to
be carried on under liquid jets descend-
ing with the force of those from a fire-
engine pump.

The St. Gothard Tunnel is only one
section of a railroad running from Lake
Lucerne in Switzerland to Lake Mag-
giore in Italy. Besides the big tunnel
there are twelve others, the shortest of
which, Warren, is 1,106 yards long,
while the longest, the Oiberg, reaches
2,027 yards. The total length of these
twelve tunnels is very nearly ten miles
—15,678 meters. Then there are five
tunnels between 224 and 550, and
twenty-five between 110 and 220 yards,
making in all fifty-two subsidiary tun-
nels of an aggregate length of sixteen
miles. Between Immenes and Goes-
chesen there will be thirty-three tunnels,
between Airolo and Giubiasco seven-
teen. The line will be carried over
sixty-four bridges and viaducts, the
longest of which, that of Cadenazzo, in
Tessin, will consist of five arches, each
having a span of fifty-five yards. The
total length of the Gothard line will be
151 miles, 17 per cent. of it being tun-
nels and 1 per cent. bridges and viad-
ucts.

A LARGE number of eagles have
been seen recently in Chestnut County,
Tenn. One killed by Wm. Tenney
measured nine feet from tip to tip.

IRISH farms average twenty acres
each.