THE BRIDE'S TOILETTE.

THE CONCIERGERIE, 1793.

"Dame! how the moments go
And the bride is not ready!
Call all her tiring-maids—
Paul, Jean, and Thedie.
Is this your robe, my dear?
Faith, but she's steady!
The bridegroom is blessed who gets
Such a brave lady.

"Pardi! that throat is fair;
How he will kiss it!
Here is your kerchief, girl;
Did you not miss it?
Fie! Don these little shoes,
White as your foot is.
Ho, Jean, Saint Guillotine
Loves these fine beauties!

"Now these long locks must go—
Monsieur is waiting;
Short is the hour he gives
To wooing and mating.
Thedie, you fool, the shears!—
Time this was ended."
Down falls the golden hair,
Once lovingly tended,

So from her prison doors
Forth went the lady;
Silent the bridegroom stood,
Not a sound made he.
Oh, but he clasped her close!—
'Twas a brave lover.
"Dance, dance La Carmagnole!
The Bridal is over!"

E. M. Hutchinson, in November **Harper.**

A STRANGE RETREAT.

Some years ago George Pauncefort was a well-known actor in this country. He was particularly celebrated as John Mildmay, in the play of "Still Waters Run Deep." Pauncefort suddenly disappeared from the public gaze, and perhaps nobody would even have known what became of him had it not been for Joseph Arthur, now in Philadelphai as the business manager of Willie Edouin's "Sparks."

"I found him," said Mr. Arthur, "away back in the interior of beautiful Japan. He had thirteen wives—natives—and seemed to be happy in the possession of a charming tea plantation."

"How did you discover him?"

"It was purely accidental. Three other persons and myself went inland to visit the celebrated prehistoric statue of Buddha, at Diabutsa. We traveled by moonlight in the only conveyance known in that country, a sort of preambulator, called an 'Irwrickshaws,' hauled by natives. At midnight the moon was hidden by clouds. In a short time we found ourselves in the midst of a storm and sought shelter under the eaves of the first house we came across. The climate was mild, and, being weary, we fell asleep. Daylight revealed a charming scene. The house, which I could liken to nothing but a large bird cage, stood in the midst of the undulating rice fields, inserted at regular spaces by little narrow streams of water, kissed by the overhanging branches of bush and tree and spanned by the numerous fairy-like bridges.

"The owner of this house and these lands was George Pauncefort, the English actor, whose playing had been witnessed by audiences in all the large cities of the United States, and some of your old theater-goers and professionals (among these being Mrs. John Drew and Mr. Murphy) remember him as being in Philadelphia."

"And what took this man to Japan?"

"That," said Mr. Arthur, "is something of a mystery. He is now an octogenarian and something of a recluse. When I saw him he stepped to his door in the early morn clad in a semi-Japanese garb, with long, flowing footong and calpsh. He wore no shoes; his form was erect, his hair and moustache were snowy white, his countenance of a florrid hue. He did not seem to be either glad or sorry to see us, and we rather invited ourselves in, and as he stood so silent and grave I mentally said, 'John Mildmay.' Behind him stood his wives. You have asked me, continued Mr. Arthur, "why he was found in such an out-of-the-way corner of the globe? I cannot answer that directly, but I think domestic difficulties drove him there. It was alleged that he had two wives previous to going there—one in London and one in San Francisco. At all events he was a great admirer of the fair sex, and was not heard of until I found him in Japan."

"How did he treat you?"

"When we went into the house he only uttered three words: 'My wives, gentlemen'; but during our stay did not, in the presence of the other parties, express an opinion on any subject or join in the conversation. Subsequently I had a private conversation with him, in which he told me many things regarding his past life. He came to this country from England in 1857 and made a great reputation as an actor. When the troubles referred to occurred he started for the Orient as chief officer of a merchant vessel, and the vessel was wrecked off the island of Formosa, near the northern coast of China. He was rescued by the natives, who were not absolute Chinese, but a sort of hybrid race, a cross between the Chinese and Coreans, and were exceedingly savage, so much so that had it not been for a Dutchman who had located there and become friendly with them, Pauncefort would not have escaped with his life. This dutchman was engaged on the island extracting dyes from the different woods there, and interceded for Pauncefort's life when the native's proposed to kill him. Leaving this inhospitable island, he went to Japan, and landed there without money, without friends, having aknowledge of the language or the customs of the country, a lone son of Thespis from afar and with heart bowed down with a weight of woe. At that time there was no treaty between the countries, and the Japanese took no stock in foreigners. However, Pauncefort felt that he had come to stay. He was a man of tact and intelligence, and he acquired the language, in the meantime sustaining himself by writing sketches of the Europeans and having them translated. Subsequently he learned the language well enough to go through the country lecturing. he knew something of medicine, and when lecturing failed him he took to doctoring, and he suggestingly said to me that he belived he had succeeded in his medical career in Japan in killing three or four hundred people.

"Finally he formed a band of native actors, assuming with great power some of the leading roles in the Japanese drama, which he pronounces superior in cunning development of plot and sublimity of language to either the French or German drama. Thrice he assumed in the native tongue the role of Yura, the hero of the historical drama of Japan analagous to our 'Hamlet,' and played before the Mikado. As a result of the performance he recived unstinted praise from the writer and poets of that country. At his suggestion I was lead to secure a translation of the play, which is entitled 'Ronius,' and it will be produced in the country next season."

"Why did he retire to the tea plantation?"

"His acting led to an accession of wealth and fame. He then came to the conclusion that he would settle down, and sealed to himself a wife—a beautiful Japanese woman of what is known as the 'Daimio, class or the 'long-nosed' class. They are as white in complexion as any European and noted for their beauty. He then bought a tea and rice plantation, and when I visited him he was employing about 150 or 200 laborers, and living a life of ease. He accumulated his other wives by degrees, I presume, but all the women seemed to be getting along without domestic jars. At all events Pauncefort has had an experience few Englishmen have had."

Big Estate in Litigation.

The heirs of Conrad Geyer, most of whom live in Philadelphia and Montgomery County, Penn., are preparing to collect the immense estate left by the wealthy Cuban sugar planter. Geyer was borne in Montgomery County of German parentage, and left his home when a young man. He settled in Cuba, and by industry and economy soon became the owner of a plantation. He afterward engaged in business as a sugar refiner near Havana, and at the time of his death a few years ago was worth nearly $3,000,000. Geyer died intestate and without issue, he never having been married. He had five brothers and sisters, three of whom survive him, and the heirs who claim the estate are the next of kin to the deceased millionaire.

A MOUNT VERNON ROMANCE.

An Autumn Visit to the Tomb of Washington—Nellie Custis's Rose bush.

This is the favorite season for a visit to Mount Vernon, and during the months of October and November the average number of visitors are larger than at any other time. Never is the quaint and beautiful old homestead loveliee than in the autumn. It was in 1858 that Col. John Washington saw that Mount Vernon would have to go by the auctioneer's hammer if something did not turn up. And here comes in the romance of Mount Vernon. A woman who had been an invalid since her nineteenth year raised a fund of $200,000, and embodied a plan that gave Mount Vernon to the nation. This was Anne Pamela Cunningham of South Carolina. She was an only and indulged daughter. In her childhood she had visited Mount Vernon, and when she resigned all of life except that which could be enjoyed in a sick room, in her early womanhood, she took hold of a project to buy Mount Vernon, or, rather, the project took hold of her. It is one of the most singular instances of indomitable energy and practical perseverance recorded. This frail woman from her sick bed, aroused an enthusiasm, especially among southern women, that resulted in a splendid success. She inspired Edward Everett with her spirit, and his lecture on Washington poured money into the treasury. She interested Mme. Le Vert and Mrs. Cora Mowatt Ritchie, and in 1860 it was accomplished; the house, the tomb of Washington, and 200 acres of land be onged to a national association, The legislature of Virginia granted a very sensible charter to the association. The capital stock was limited to $500,000. It was granted in perpetuity, and no disposition of the property could be made without the consent of the legislature. None of the Washington family thereafter was to be interred at Mount Vernon, and the key of the vault was thrown into the Potomac River. Around the marble tombs of George and Martha Washington is a wooden flooring which if stepped upon starts an electric alarm at the house. Through the open iron work one looks into the brick vault, where there are only the two tombs. "Hats off" is the stringent rule at the grave; even the most flippant are awed into something like reverence. During some of the bloodiest days of the war Mount Vernon was treated as neutral ground, and soldiers of both armies were seen fraternizing under the trees that guard the tomb.

Frequent description cannot destroy the interest of the house. Year by year improvements are made by the regents. As far as practicable every state has a room ornamented with relics of revolutionary times, arranged in the style that prevailed at Mount Vernon during the lifetime of Gen. Washington. Hanging in the entrance hall is the key of the Bastile, sent to Washington by Lafayette; and over the door of what is called the state dining-room is Washington's field glass, placed on its perch by the hand of Washington himself, and never since removed. The mantel and hearth in the dining room are of marble, and extremely curious. They were sent to Washington from France. On the way the ship bearing the gift was captured by pirates. When they found that this marble was intended for Washington they took an opportunity of landing it on American shores, and it was forwarded to Mount Vernon. In the South Carolina room hangs the portrait of Anne Pamela Cuningham. She has a refined and thoughtful face, with deep, meaning eyes. The attic room, which Mrs. Washington close after Gen. Washington's death, and in which she died, is in almost the identical condition in which she left it.

In a quaint little drawing room—Nelly Custis's drawing room—is the grand harpsichord, as large as a modern grand piano, which Washington gave her as a wedding gift. This was the grandniece of Mrs. Washington, not her daughter Nelly, who died unmarried at twenty-two. In the grounds stands a rose bush where, tradition relates, Nelly Custis received her first offer, and walking around this rose bush six times brings every young lady who believes in the spell an offer of marriage within the year.

The place is managed upon the most practical plan. The greenhouses are made a source of revenue as well as the farm. Only one boat is allowed to land passengers there, and the entrance fee of a dollar foots up handsomely at the end of the year. In the old-fashioned kitchen a very good lunch may be obtained, served by colored waiters. A superintendent is employed, who keeps the place in good order, and if the General and Mrs. Martha could return for an hour no doubt they would smile approvingly.

A Child's Estimate of Values.

From the Sunday School Times.

Values are relative. One person puts a high estimate on what another deems worthless. A savage covets a showy feather or a gaudy trinket. Civilized ladies sometimes have a similar fancy; but, again, an antiquarian would prize an old book above a bale of feathers and a barrel of trinkets. Who shall say what is the real test of value in material possessions? A little child was recently startled by what she heard said at the family table about a robbery in the neighborhood. As she learned the possibility of her own home being entered by robbers she trembled for her choice possessions. "Mamma," she whispered "do robbers take dolls?" Her dolls were her treasure. If they were in danger, life had new perils for her. "No, my dear," said her mamma. "Robbers don't want dolls. Why should they take them?" "I didn't know but they would want them for their little girls," was the answer, showing the child belief that robbers were human and that their children had child longings and child fancies. With the assurance that her dolls were safe, that little girl had less dread of robbers. What was the loss of family silver or of clothing and jewels, of books or pictures, if the dolls were to be left unharmed? After all, was that child's estimate of values wrong or unreal; or is the trouble with the rest of us?

Brother Gardner's Faith in Goodness.

From the Detroit Free Press.

"What am gooder dan goodness?" asked Brother Gardner as he opened the meeting. "It am not only more comfortable to be good, but dar' am mo' money in it in de eand. When a cashier robs a bank of $30,000 it looks as if he war' gettin ahead powerful fast; but sich am not de case. De first detective ho cotches him gits $5,000 fur not obertakin' him. Den he loses $2,000 in playin' keerds wid a Chicago glambler. Den he am robbed of $3,000 in an Omaha boardin' house. Den he invests $10,000 in mines aroun' Denver an' am scooped outer ebery shillin'. Long 'bout dat time he am 'rested by de bank, and what de lawyers doan' git will be returned to de vaults. What has dat cashier gained? It's the same wid a gambler. He may win $500 to-night and lose $700 to-morrow night. One day he may sport a watch wid two chains—de next he may have to pawn his coat fur a brandy smash. I has figgered it up a dozen times ober, an' it allus comes out de same way. De bad man may make 80 per cent on his capital fur a few short y'ars, but de fust thing he knows de skeleton han' of bankruptcy clutches him by de froat, an' whar' am he? Be good. Be good eben if you doan' make ober fo' per cent at it. Outside of all de money considerashun dar am a feelin down under de vest dat beats a diamond ring all to pieces."

FARMERS' COLUMN.

Domestic Recipes.

CAULIFLOWER.—Trim off the outside leaves and plunge the cauliflower into water, head down, for half an hour before cooking. This removes insects that may be hidden in it. Put into salted boiling water and boil till tender; fifteen minutes, if small, twenty if large. Remove without breaking. Pour over it a sauce made as follows: Into a saucepan put butter the size of an egg; when melted stir into it two teaspoonfuls flour and stir till well cooked, then add sweet milk or cream till it is of the right thickness; season to taste and when done pour over the cauliflower.

SWEET-POTATO PIE.—Boil the potatoes till done, peel and strain through a colander. Add milk till it is thin enough, and for every quart of the mixture add three well beaten eggs, with sugar and seasoning to taste. Line the bottom of pie-plates with paste, fill with the mixture and bake. These are a very good substitute for squash and pumpkin pies.

MINCE PIES.—Mix together two pounds lean, cold, boiled meat chopped fine, four pounds chopped apples, three quarters of a pound of citron, three pounds of sugar, a teaspoonful and a half of ground cloves, five teaspoonfuls cinnamon, two and a half of ground mace, half a teaspoonful black pepper, three tablespoonfuls salt, a pint of cider and vinegar mixed and a pint of molasses. Add the juice and grated rind of two lemons. Keep in stone jars until ready for use.

BEAN SOUP.—Soak a quart of navy beans over night. In the morning put them over the fire in three quarts of water, with three onions fried in a little butter, one small carrot, two partly cooked potatoes, a small piece of salt pork and salt. Boil slowly five or six hours. Then pass through a colander and return to the fire. Season with salt and pepper. Bits of bread fried brown in butter make a pleasant addition; celery and cloves are sometimes added; a cupful of cream mixed with the soup makes a pleasant change.

Ruminant Animals.

Loss of cud or suspension of rumination in cows is due to indigestion, from inaction of the muscular coats of the stomach. The remedy is to clear the bowels and stomach of the gathered indigested matter by a brisk purgative; for instance, a quart of linseed oil or twenty ounces of epsom salts, and then to give some easily digested and laxative food, as bran mashes or linseed meal steeped in water twelve hours. On the first appearance of the suspension of rumination this course should be pursued, as it is usually due to overfeeding, and the bowels require to be relieved before any change can be procured. Continued loss of cud ends in impaction of the stomach with disorder of the liver and kidneys, and a probable serious attack of fever.

A Receipt to Make Pretty Women.

New York Letter in the Washington Critic.

A celebrated beauty, whose complexion at sixty was fresher than that of our women at thirty, told me her secret this summer, and it was divided into two parts: First—She never used washrag or towel on her face, but washed it with her hands, rinsing it off with a soft sponge. She used clear water in the morning, but white castile soap or very warm water at night, and after drying it on a soft towel she would take a flesh-brush and rub her cheeks, chin and forehead. Second—If she was going to be up late at night she always slept as many hours in the day as she expected to be awake beyond her usual time. She finished her little sermon on beauty preservation by saying: "Soft water and sound sleep keep off wrinkles and spots, and girls should give more attention to this than they do, for

"With the coming of the crow's feet
Is the going of the beaux feet."

Dairy Cows.

Farm and Garden.

The selection of dairy animals is one which requires considerable experience. A fat cow is but seldom a good milker, for one which yields large quantities of milk regularly, seldom lays on much fat or flesh, the majority of the food consumed being devoted to the development or production of milk. In the butter dairy, mere largeness of yield should not induce the dairyman to purchase, as such milk is seldom very rich nor does it make high-colored butter. Such an animal is worth far more to the milk dairyman than to the butter maker. There are some butter cows which, while they produce a very high quality of butter as to texture, color and flavor, produce so little of it as not to be very profitable animals to have, unless it be to raise the standard of the butter produced by the rest of the herd. We had a little grade Jersey cow which did not make more than four or five pounds of butter weekly, but it was of such high color and quality as to very decidedly impress the quality produced by the others. For this purpose she was as valuable as any other cow we had. A good butter-dairy cow should have fair size, plenty of development behind; have a large udder, one of which milks down small, and not a large and meaty one. The skin should be soft and velvety, and in color should be of a golden yellow. The inside of the ears and base of horns should be yellow; and such cows are good, high-colored butter-makers. It is impossible to give such directions as will enable a novice to select good and profitable dairy animals, for there are many small items which experience alone can teach and which must be familiarly known to enable the purchaser to make judicious investments. Brains and experience are equally as desirable here as in any of the merchantile pursuits, and average fully as large profits.

To Tell the Age of a Horse.

At 3 years old the horse should have the central permanent nippers growing, the other two pairs waisting, six grinders in each jaw above and below, the first and fifth level, the others and the sixth protruding. The sharp edges of the new incisors will be very evident, compared with the old teeth. As the permanent nippers wear and continue to grow, a narrow portion of the cone-shaped tooth is exposed by the attrition of the teeth on each other. The mark will be wearing out and the crowns of the teeth will be sensibly smaller than at 2 years. Between 3 1-2 and 4 years the next pair of nippers will be changed, the central nippers will have attained nearly their full growth, a vacuity will be left where the second stood, and the corner teeth will be diminished in breath, worn down and the mark in the center of the tooth will become faint. The second pair of grinders will be shed. At 4 years the central nippers will be fully developed, the sharp edge somewhat worn off, and the mark somewhat wider and fainter. The next pair will be up, but they will be small, with a mark deep and extending quite across them. The corner nippers will be larger than the inside ones, but smaller than before and flat, and the mark nearly effaced. The sixth grinders will have risen to a level with the others, and the tushes will begin to appear. At 5 the horse's mouth is almost perfect. The corner nippers are quite up, the long, deep mark irregular in the inside and the other nippers will bear evident tokens of increased wear. The tushes are nearly grown, the sixth molar is up, and the third molar is wanting. This last circumstance will prevent the deception of attempting to pass a late 4-year old as a 5-year-old. At 6, the mark on the central nippers is worn out. At 7, the mark is worn out in the four central nippers and fast wearing away in the corner teeth. The tushes are rounded at the points and edges, and beginning to get round inside. At 8 years old the tushes are rounded in every way, the mark is gone from all the bottom nippers. There is nothing remaining in them that can afterwards clearly show the age of a horse. After this the only guides are the nippers in the upper jaw. At 9, the mark will be worn from the middle nippers, from the next pair at 10, and from all the upper nippers at 11. At 9, the center nippers are round instead of oval. At 10, the others begin to become rounded, at 11, the second pair are much rounded, at 13, the corner ones have the same appearance, at 14, the faces of the center nippers become somewhat triangular, at 17, they are all so.

Russian Winter Apples.

Mr. C. E. Patton, Charles City, Iowa who has tested during eight years, a considerable cost of money, muscle and patience, nearly 200 sorts of Russian apples and other fruits from the same source, writes at length in Governor Gue's Homestead of the misleading expectations of them, and the frauds perpetrated in their name by ignorant or unprincipled nurserymen and agents. We take from his letter a sample statement, and a prediction: "The hope of getting winter apples from a point in Russia that is 500 or 700 miles north of central Iowa will never be realized. In proof I cite the fact that the Wealthy grown in northern Vermont is strictly a winter apple; grown at St. Paul, in the same latitude, it becomes late fall and early winter—for the reason that our summers are hotter and drier than those of the east. . . . The future successful orchards of Iowa will be planted from seeds that have grown in Iowa or the states adjoining it.

The Future of Women—An English View

The London Spectator says of the constantly growing employment of women in the serious work of the world: "So great a change in the circumstances of women can hardly fail to work a corresponding change in their relations with men. They must obviously be content to forego the deference, real or assumed, which men have hitherto paid to them. Any one who has ever served on a mixed committee of men and women knows that the women either completely submit to the men, or that the men press their opinions with quite as much eagerness when their opponents happen to be women as when they are of their own sex. The conventional politeness which takes care to leave a woman the victor in an argument disappears as soon as the end of the discussion is to decide which of two opposite views shall be carried out in action. By the side of all this, the old-fashioned and almost instinctive process of love-making will occasionally be going on, and resulting from time to time in some unexpected incidents and complications. Two points remain, which are more obscure and more important than any others. What will be the effect of labor, with its concomitant rivalries, on the physical constitution of women, and what will be its effect on the children born and brought up by them? If the employment of women is accepted in its full significance, it will not be possible to maintain the laws which now restrict their labor in their own supposed interest. If men and women are competing for the same post, it will not be endurable that women shall be handicapped by a prohibition to work more than a certain number of hours a day, while the man is free to work as many hours as he likes.

With the removal of these restrictions, the strain on women's energies will become very much greater, while the danger of a break-down will grow in proportion. It remains to be seen whether the distinctions of sex do not include peculiar nervous qualities, which will make sustained rivalry with man as impossible, in the long-run, as it seems inevitable for the moment."

Study Clubs.

From the San Francisco Bulletin.

The long evenings of Winter are approaching, and the season which in colder climates seems peculiarly dedicated to intellectual acquirements, is nearly here. Here and there in this City, and in many of the interior towns, the nucleus of quite a literary circle is evident. Reading clubs are more often formed, and do far better work than the general public is aware of. Sometimes it is a careful and patient teacher that organizes such circles, but more often they drift together by mutual attraction and similar interests. The local journals very often note the formation of quiet affairs of this sort, and often the best of them are seldom heard of.

An ambitious name is rather a drag than a help. Reading with a definite aim, and study that is more than play, are required. Positive work done for its own sake, with ardor and hunger and hopes untold, is what will round the lives of these young people who choose to utilize these coming winter evenings. They may profitably take up some epoch-making writer, such as Chaucer, Shakespeare, or Tennyson, spending the whole season on this work, with the best aids at their command. They might consider a period such as the Elizabethan Era, and after studying about authors of note, might find out something about the manners, dress, society, laws, and politics of the time, so as to arrive at some clear understanding of how people lived then and what memorable things they did. Whatever plan is chosen, each member of the club must contribute a share, and honest preparation should be made for each meeting. The older pupils of country school districts might find pleasure and profit in these winter associations.

Science clubs are for lengthening days, beginning with botanizing rambles in Spring continued in days of Summer, camping in forests or under the pines, and closing as the Autumn begins to take the place of Summer. There are plenty of times when books are of less value than these glimpses of nature. But we turn instinctively, as the Autumn fades, to preparations for intellectual gains during the season of long and quiet evenings.

Matches.

Some of the smaller conveniences of modern life seem so natural and indispensable to us that it is not easy to think of the time when people had to do without them. Yet less than a hundred years ago there was no gas in the houses or the streets, and the only illumination was that of dingy oil lamps. We now have not only mineral oils, which give a brilliant flame, but also electricity and gas, and not only gas, but self-lighting gas-fixtures.

It is scarcely more than half a century ago that matches were invented, and before them the flint and steel were used in lighting fires and lamps.

"The first matches," says an exchange, "were about six inches long, tipped with sulphur, and caught fire easily from the spark of the flint. In 1825, an elaborate apparatus called the 'eupyrion' was in general use in the cities. This was a large-mouthed bottle containing sulphuric acid, soaked in fibrous asbestos, and the matches, which were about two inches long and sold for twenty-five cents a box, were tipped with a chemical combination of which chlorate of potash was the principal ingredient. When the end of the match was dipped into the acid and rapidly withdrawn fire was produced. But the acid was inconvenient, the matches were likely to be spoiled by damp and the eupyrion soon went out of use.

"In 1832, the first friction match was made, and it was jokingly called a lucifer. Lucifers were substantially the same as our present matches, pulled through a piece of sandpaper. The only change since then has been altering it from a silent to a noisy match, and the invention of the safety fusee, which will ignite only when rubbed upon chemically prepared paper."

A monument to John C. Calhoun is now being made in Rome by Mr. Harnish, and will be erected in Charleston, S. C., at an early day. The Calhoun memorial fund was faithfully preserved during the war, and now amounts to over $50,000.

Colonel Mapleson says that Mme. Patti has refused an offer of $6,300 per night for forty nights in Brazil.

A STRONG BUCKEYE DEAD.

Abner C. McGrath of Cleveland—A Great Fox Hunter and Athelte—His Great Strength and Activity.

The Cleveland Leader has the following sketch of "Ab. McGrath" as he was familliarly called, who recently died at East Cleveland, O., where he had resided for nearly 70 years. He left a widow and ten children, one of whom is Major McGarth, a stalwart in height who was formerly Chief of police in St. Paul and deputy U. S. marshal. The giant form of the father was conveyed to the grave by his six sorrowing stalwart sons, who acted as pall bearers, the heights of whom are as follows: four sons, six feet four inches and a half; and two, six feet, and their combined weight is 1,305 pounds. Of the father the Leader says;

Mr. McGrath in many respects was an extraordinary man, physically speaking. He was a giant in his build, as he was six feet six and a half inches in height, and his average weight was 264 pounds. As an athelete he probably did not have a superior in the country, certainly not since the days of the great muscular man of northern New York, Joe Call. In addition to his athletic characteristics he was a great fox hunter, and many are the stories told of incidents connected with his chase after Reynard. He was gifted with tremendous long wind, and the story has been told that he would frequently chase after a fox on foot and run it down! In spite of his great weight, large bones, and apparently ungainly size, he was a remarkably quick as well as marvelous athletic man. He once lifted with his hands from the ground an iron shaft weighing 1,700 pounds, which would be equal to lifting double that weight were he harnessed with straps to weights and allowed to lift under the best advantage. Two men would hold a string two inches above his head and he would step back two or three steps and jump over it without touching it, making the leap about six feet nine inches in height. He has been known rather than to lead his horses around to the other side of the barn, to put his long arms under a horse and lift it up to the floor of the barn, which happened to be three or four feet above the ground. Some forty years ago a gang of rowdy sailors, a dozen in number, went out to "Ab. McGrath's Tavern" on purpose to have "a muss with him." Uncle Ab. was a most peaceful sort of man, and would submit to a great deal of abuse before retorting to the last argument, but on this occasion his ire was exceedingly excited at the preposterous idea that a dozen ordinary men could run over him in his own domicile. The result was, he went among them, and in spite of their piling upon him, he took them one by one by the coat collar and seat of the pants and threw each some distance out of the door into the snow. The sailors thereupon retreated, the most disgusted of Jack Tars at being whipped by a solitary man. He told the writer that during that "scuffle," as he called it, he did not dare double his fist and strike for fear of killing. He had a very good opportunity in 1839, when he was twenty-seven years of age, of testing his athletic ability, which proved very conclusively that at that time he was probably the strongest man perhaps in the world. He met in Buffalo Charlie Freeman, who was then a sailor, and was known as the American giant, he being about seven feet in height. These two giants had a wrestle to find out which was the "smartest man." The Cuyahoga giant was too much for Freeman, for he threw him with ease. Three years afterwards Freeman went to England as the champion of America and engaged in a prize fight with the champion of England, known as the "Tipton Slasher," and easily defeated him. These facts will give a good idea of "Uncle Ab.'s" great muscular strength and activity. Like Joe Call, he literally never met with his match and never doubled his fist on a man for fear of killing him. Anyone who had ever seen his tremendously long, heavy boned arms, encased in muscles of iron, with his sledge hammer fists, realized perfectly that a blow from him partook of the nature of a kick from a horse, and it is not at all surprising that Mr. McGrath never doubled his fist on a human being. During his life he had gone through some ludicrous episodes which will bear being told. On one occasion, after having hauled a load of barrels to town he was on his return, when he stopped at Doan's tavern to water his horses. A couple of conceited young bloods from the city had just got into their buggy, and as they drove by "Ab" they thought it would be fun to give him a cut with their whip, which they did, and then drove off as fast they could away towards the town. "Ab," not relishing that kind of treatment, his Quaker-like disposition yielded, and he gave chase on foot after the young bucks. For a mile the frightened fellows managed to keep just so far ahead of him, but their horses commenced giving out, and they were overtaken. "Ab." got into the buggy, took the reins and whip out of their hands, and drove back to the corners, where he gave these foolish fellows a thorough flogging with their own whip, in the presence of a crowd, and then let them go. On another occasion, during the days of stage coaches, while he was on his way to the town with a load of barrels, a stage came along and run into his team, and created a general smash. He came to town and called at the stage office of Neil, Moore & Co.'s line of stages, and demanded of the agent, the late Captain Sartwell, compensation for damages. The captain refused to settle, and "Ab" became somewhat excited in his language. The captain finally ordered his man Friday, Norton by name, to put that man out of the office!" Poor Norton innocently undertook to perform the operation, and he found himself flying through the air and landing on the sidewalk on all fours!

Remarkable Feats by Spiders.

From Harper's Young People.

A small-sized spider had made his web on the under side of a table. Early one morning a small grasshopper was noticed on the floor, directly under the web, and on approaching to take it away, it was found that the spider had thrown a line round one of its legs. While the observer was looking at it, the spider came down and lassoed the opposite leg of the grasshopper, and continued for several minutes darting up and down, and fastening lines to different parts of the body of his victim. The struggles of the grasshopper, though a full-grown one, were unavailing to effect his escape. As his struggles became more and more feeble, the spider threw his lines round him; and when he had become nearly exhausted, his captor proceeded to raise him from the floor. This he did by raising one end at a time. He at first raised the head and part of the body nearly half an inch, then raised the other end, and continued so to work until the grasshopper was elevated five or six inches. Thus hung in chains the victim was left to die.

The "trap-door spider" is indeed most interesting. Erber tells us in Life and her Children, by A. B. Buckley, that he once sat for hours on a moonlight night watching the doings of these insects. He saw two of the spiders come out each from its hole, and pushing open their doors, fasten them back by fine threads to blades of grass. They then spun a web around the open hole, and went back into their tunnels. By and by two beetles were caught, one in each web. In an instant the spiders darted out, and pierced their victims with their poisoned fangs, sucked out their soft flesh, and carried the empty bottles away some distance from their holes. Erber left them; but on returning in the morning, he found the spiders had cleared away all traces of the webs, and were shut down snugly in their hidden homes.

Who among us work more cleverly or with more industry for daily bread than these little spiders? They do it, too, under many difficulties and dangers; for birds and lizards are watching above ground to make a meal of them; whilst crawling insects creep into their holes to attack them.

Some of these spiders have learned a means of escaping even this danger, for they make a second tunnel branching out of the first, and build a doorway between the two, so that they can retreat into the second passage in case of attack, and, by setting their backs against the door, baffle the intruder.

Things in General.

A curious problem has suggested itself in Winnipeg. There are about 600 cows in and around the city, and these produce 1,200 gallons of milk per day. Yet 4,000 gallons of milk are sold. The question is, how do the milkmen perform the miracle of selling 4,000 gallons of milk out of the 1,200 they get from the cows?

The Supreme court of Missouri has just held that "when parties capable of contracting agree per verba de praesenti with each other to be husband and wife, and cohabit as such, the marriage is valid, and no marriage ceremony need to be performed by a minister of the gospel or officer of the law authorized to solemnize marriage."

A San Francisco Judge, in granting a prayer for a divorce recently, held that it was cruelty on the part of the husband defendant habitually to use vile language toward his wife, especially when it was done in the presence of their children. Also, that it was cruelty to the wife for the husband to take from a bank certain family property and devote it to his own exclusive use.

London Saturday Review: "The United States might well be excused for looking upon their debt with unconcern. Geographically they are so distant from Europe that they may regard themselves as safe from aggression, and therefore exempt from the necessity of keeping up great armaments. Moreover, the growth of population and wealth is so rapid that in a generation or so they could reasonably reckon upon the debt becoming relatively so light as no longer to be a matter of serious concern."

A Mobile paper has a correspondent in Connecticut, who, for over ten years, has sent every two weeks a bulky letter, with postage prepaid, sometimes two or three stamps. The letters are never printed and never will be, being dissertations upon some abstract point of international law. The writers name is unknown, only initials being signed. He was probably taught when young that "perseverance conquers all things," and still hopes to see himself in print and acnieve happiness.

It appears from the record of marriages granted at Chicago, as published in the newspapers of that city, that the average marrying age there is far below that of the eastern cities. It is assumed, of course, that bride and bridegroom report their ages correctly. At any rate it is often evident that the alleged unwillingness of women to confess their full age does not prevent them from owning up to more years than have flown over the heads of the expectant grooms.

There were giants, or, at least, there was one giant in those days, when the imprint of a foot nineteen inches long and six inches broad, recently discovered in Nevada, was made. As there are marks of bristles along the edges, it is not believed by all that it was a human monster that trod there, but what sort of a creature it was is still a matter of doubt.

A letter from Lincoln, Nebraska, says that region has no equal as a shooting ground for ducks and geese. The number of geese on the Platte River can only be estimated by "land or square measure;" by the acre or by the mile; millions and millions and millions! At daylight they take a sally out to the adjoining cornfields after food; they go out in all sized flocks from three to a hundred, and while some feed near the river others go further until an area of twenty or thirty miles on either side of the Platte is covered with them. Sportsmen secete themselves on the banks of the stream at daylight and shoot into the flocks as they fly out, then taking their teams hasten into the fields among the standing corn (no corn is cut there as it is East) where an indiscriminate fire is kept up until about 9 o'clock, when the geese begin to fly toward the Platte, where they spend the day on the sand-bars out of reach of shot-guns. At this juncture the hunters hasten back to the banks of the river and again ambush themselves and shoot at the returning flocks. Late in the afternoon the geese make a second visit to the cornfields, when the above process may be repeated.

A Methodist Local Preacher Elected Senator from Georgia.

Philadelphia Press.

Alfred Holt Colquitt, who has been chosen for the full term Senatorship, has been one of the leading men of Georgia almost since he reached manhood. His father, Walter T. Colquitt, was one of the most illustrious men of his day, and represented Georgia in the United States Senate with great honor. Alfred Colquitt graduated at Princeton, and returning home studied law. He had hardly entered practice when he left to engage in planting cotton in the belt of Georgia. He was one of the largest planters in the State, his cotton crop running as high as a thousand bales. In 1852, though scarcely beyond the limit as to age, he was nominated for Congress in the Second Georgia district as a Democrat, and was elected after a very laborious campaign. At the end of his term he retired, though his constituents wished to force further service upon him. When the war began he was elected colonel of the 6th Georgia regiment. He rose to the rank of major-general. He distinguished himself especially at Alustree, where he was in command and won a remarkable victory over a superior force. After the war he again planted cotton and was president of the Georgia State Agricultural Society. In 1876 he was unanimously nominated for Governor as the successor of James M. Smith, and was elected by 82,000 majority. After four years' administration he came before the Democratic convention for renomination. The convention sat in Atlanta for more than a week, and because of the two-thirds rule could not make a nomination, though Colquitt needed only nine votes of the two-thirds. He was simply recommended by a majority, and in the election defeated ex-Senator Norwood by 55,000 votes. His liberal sentiments, his high Christian character and his wonderful success in public life have made him well-known throughout the country. The new Senator is a man of commanding appearance, a perfect specimen of physical manhood, and a close observer would detect a slight resemblance to ex-Speaker Randall, in his face, but Senator Colquitt is more of the statuesque Roman type. He is a Methodist exhorter and a strong temperance advocate. The negroes all over the State vote for him for any office, and he will be found an earnest advocate of the educational and industrial development of the new South.

CELESTINE'S REVENGE.

A Sort of Creole Cross between Hamlet's Uncle and Xantippe.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

Romance, like history, repeats itself; and the performance given by the melancholy Dane for the benefit of his mother and uncle found a new rendering last Sunday at a house on Frenchmen, between Morales and Goodchildren streets. Jordan Joseph, an elderly quadroon, has been married twenty years to Celestine Ricard. For some reason they quarreled at the breakfast table on Saturday. About 10 o'clock in the forenoon Joseph walked into the kitchen and observed a kettle of water on the stove, boiling hot. Although it was an unusual hour, the dishes being all washed and put away, he did not ask what she was about, but feeling sleepy, laid himself down on the gallery for a siesta. He placed his hat over his face to protect it from the flies and his eyes from the light, and was soon snoring quite comfortably, his left ear uppermost.

Celestine was waiting for this opportunity, and as soon she was satisfied that Jcseph was sound asleep she stepped lightly into the kitchen and took the kettle of boiling water off the stove. On tiptoe she crept back to the gallery on which her husband was asleep, and holding the spout in such a position that the hot water would run into his ear, she tilted the kettle. Her hand was unsteady and a few drops fell out of the spout and on Joseph's face. With a yell of anguish he awoke and then Celestine elevated the kittle, the scalding water falling on the neck and back of Joseph's head, scalding him terribly. He gained his feet and seized the woman, but she kept him from injuring her by pouring water on his legs and feet. The agony was more than Joseph could bear, and he released her and she escaped. Since then the couple have been dodging each other in various parts of the city.

THE VICTIMS OF POMPEII.

Investigations Into the Nature and Result of the Catastrophe.

Pall Mall Gazette.

The work of exploration which has been steadily going on in Pompeii for over a century, from the day when excavations first began on the site of what was then vaguely-called "La Civita," in 1738, has led to other than purely archæological results. It has enabled a fairly accurate notion to be formed of the nature and extent of the catastrophe. We know, for instance, that the lava stream did not reach Pompeii, and that the city was not destroyed by fire. We know also that the eruption was accompanied by one or more shocks of earthquake, which threw down houses here and there, and buried men and women under their ruins. From the fact that skeletons have been found at the entrance to the public bath, which was quitted hastily by the few grand ladies who were not present at the gladiatorial performance in the amphitheatre, the time of the catastpophe can be fixed with approximate accuracy at or about noon. Above all, the discoveries of skeletons, every one of which has been carefully recorded for at least a century, enable some conclusion to be drawn as to the total number of victims of the catastrophe. It would be a mistake to suppose that the majority, or even a very large portion, of the inhabitants of Pompeii perished. The effects of the ashen shower were not instantaneous, and every one who could get away from the city on the first alarm probably saved his life. The bulk of the people were in the amphitheatre, which was situated near one of the city gates on the side remote from Vesuvius, and there was nothing to hinder every one in the great audience from getting away in time. Those who perished were those who deliberately put off their flight to save wife and child, or, still more often, valuables.

Of such victims 450 have been already found. From the year when the excavations began, in 1748, to the year 1826, the total number of human remains discovered was 160; from 1827 to 1845 it was 63; from 1846 to 1860 it was 60; from 1861 to 1872 it was 87; and from 1873 to 1881 about 100. But it is to be remembered that only two-fifths of the buried surface has been brought to light. On the wh