

"Sower's Song."

Now hands to seed-sheet, boys, We step and we cast; old Time's on wing...

Old Earth is a pleasure to see In sunny cloak of red and green; The furrow lies fresh; this year will be...

Old Mother, receive this corn, The seed of six thousand golden ears; All these you kindly breast were born...

Now steady and sure again, And measure of stroke and step we keep; Thus up and thus down we cast our grain...

ONE-STORMY NIGHT.

A stormy night, indeed— "High up on the lonely mountains;"

the rain came down in streams, as if the sky were a great sieve, and not a ray of light found its way through the black clouds...

In a wayside inn, on the mountain road, a little company sat thus gathered about an immense fireplace that glowed and flamed like a bonfire...

There was Mike Malone, the landlord, and Kitty, his fat, funny wife; little Maria, the Spanish girl whom Mike and Kitty had "rared;" Jake, the stableman...

Out into the black and terrible night went the two men—one obeying the mandate of his noble profession, filled with the sympathy it had taught him to give to sorrow and suffering everywhere...

And Satan came also, thought the doctor, observing the look. Maria, too, turned in time to see the expression. It was just as Mike was telling them to look out for the bridge over Fraser's creek...

And that was quite true, for when Bat's blue eyes, sparkling with fun and deep with the light of love, beamed upon the little dark-eyed beauty, her long lashes swept her cheeks; sometimes not with the quick eyes of Jake had seen the outspringing of an answering love...

"Did ever yees listen to the loike o' that!" exclaimed Mike, at a sudden, crashing sound. Kitty and Bat crossed themselves fervently, but Jake, with unmoved, sullen face, sat and glowered at the fire...

"Indade, thin, it's the voice of many wathers," laughed Kitty, though rather nervously. "It's a human voice; it is calling for help."

"By golly, it's Satan, den," said Bat. "Dat's nobody helse'll be on de road a night like dat. I'll bet he's call for Jake," he added, roguishly.

A deeper glow was Jake's only reply, but soon lifting his head, he said: "She's right, Maree is; there is some one callin'."

"Out wid yees, men, till the rescue!" cried Kitty, seizing Mike's hat and coat and thrusting them upon him. "Sure ye're spakin'," said Mike, merrily preparing to leave the cheery hearth.

Bat, aroused by the light in Maria's flashing eyes, sprang up with enthusiasm. for, low be it spoken, his was not a grand heroic soul. His brave deeds were mostly born of impulse and nourished by the approbation of others.

"There's a special providence for doctors, you know," he answered, smiling. The mere sound of his pleasant voice seemed to give them courage, and the mother, with a gleam of hope in her eyes and a deep sigh of relief, laid her baby in his arms, that clasped and bore the tiny burden with the tenderness of a woman.

"I don't go abroad in Satan's name, Mike," laughed the doctor, making his way to the fire, and taking the chair that Kitty had hastened to place for him.

"No more ye don't, doether; it's hiven's own servant ye are," she said, earnestly. "Bestir yerself, Mike, and bring him somethin' hot to drink, for indade, doether, ye're the color of a ghost."

"I've had a pretty tough time of it to get here, and a few minutes ago I was more likely to arrive at the bottom of the gulch, where my poor horse is now." The doctor's voice trembled and his eyes were wet with not unmanly tears, for, as the little company well knew, the horse was a pet and a beauty.

"Ah, woe's the night," wailed Kitty.

"Ye'll never find a bether baste nor a handsomer wan—and so proud he samed to bear ye, the poor faithful creature!" "Yes, we've pulled through many a tough place together, and he never flinched nor failed me. 'The almost human cry he gave when he went down that horrible place will ring in my ears as long as I live," said the doctor, shuddering. "But who's going to show me the way to Fraser's? There's a trail over the mountain, isn't there?"

"Begorry, there was wan," said Mike, with great hesitation, "but a very deuce of a way ye'll find it now—the trails do be crackin' and fallin' and the rocks a rowlin' down in jest an' infarnal manner. It's as much as yer life is worth to ye to get there."

"And who's ailin' over there, annyway?" asked Kitty. "I think it's the baby. Some one left word at my office that they feared one of Fraser's children was dying."

"Blamed if I'll risk my neck for one of Fraser's kids," said Jake, emphatically, going back to his seat by the fire. "No great risk, thin," retorted Kitty. "Thin as is born to be hanged 'll never be dhrowned."

"An' sure," said Mike, glancing at Kitty, "I'm thinkin' we're as safe outside as in affther this. We're in for it, annyhow; but danged if I'm anxious to drag my old rheumatically legs over anny trail to-night."

The doctor looked at Bat, Maria, too, had looked at him, and that look had fired his soul with the courage of an old warrior, whatever the risk or the terror. "Well, a guess a know dat way pretty well, an' if hanyting is happen I got de doctor, an' it?" said Bat, gayly brushing back his brown curls, and drawing over them the veritable blue touque that he had worn in the backwoods of Canada. Then, in his droll way, he took solemn leave of Kitty and Mike, imploring them, if anything should prevent his return, to be good to Jake. Over Maria's little brown hand he lingered long enough to say, unheard by all but her: "I come again to thee—je t'aime."

And in a language understood by all the dark eyes answered: "I love thee." And in a language known and taught by the Father of Evil, sullen Jake replied to his laughing, "Good-bye, my Jake—pray for me," with a look of hatred and a sullen "Go to the dence!"

"Behind you, my dear," answered Bat, with a profound bow. Out into the black and terrible night went the two men—one obeying the mandate of his noble profession, filled with the sympathy it had taught him to give to sorrow and suffering everywhere; the other, his heart glowing with chivalric passion, to prove himself a hero in the eyes of her he loved—followed by the voluble blessings of Mike and Kitty, by the half-proud, half-anxious and altogether loving gaze of Maria, and also by the malignant glare of Jake's evil eyes.

And Satan came also, thought the doctor, observing the look. Maria, too, turned in time to see the expression. It was just as Mike was telling them to look out for the bridge over Fraser's creek. Then the door closed, and while the wind and the rain beat furiously against it, and Mike and Kitty speculated anxiously upon the chances of their safe arrival at Fraser's, Maria studied Jake's face as he gazed intently in the fire, where, from a pine-knot, the lurid jets of flame darted out and leaped wildly up in the black vault, as if eager to join their kindred spirits in the storm.

Suddenly Jake arose, and, muttering something in the way of a good-night, slouched out of the room. Maria, too, went softly out, retiring to her own apartment. Meanwhile, safely on their way through wind and rain and thick darkness, over fallen trees and raging waters, went the two men, Bat's jubilant heart overflowing in droll speeches and songs that he sang at the top of his voice, to scare away evil spirits, he said—and the doctor said he should think it would. But it did not, for behind them crept one whose intent was blacker than the night, more cruel than the angry streams. Yet on they went along the narrow path, with the overhanging rocks on their right, and on their left the fearful precipice; yet gayly onward, with cautious steps, until they reached the cottage, whose light shone out like a star in the black night.

"By golly, we've got here, den, don't it?" said Bat, drawing a long breath, as they paused at the door. "Is there anything, I wonder, that stirs a physician's heart more deeply than that look of mingled thankfulness and mute appeal that greets him on his first arrival where life and death are struggling together?"

"God bless you!" cried Fraser, who, alone with his wife, was watching the little one that lay flushed with fever and moaning with pain. "God bless you, doctor—we didn't think you could get here."

"There's a special providence for doctors, you know," he answered, smiling. The mere sound of his pleasant voice seemed to give them courage, and the mother, with a gleam of hope in her eyes and a deep sigh of relief, laid her baby in his arms, that clasped and bore the tiny burden with the tenderness of a woman. When a man has a gentle heart, tender not merely toward his own, but with a sympathy that reaches to all helpless, suffering creatures, how great it is!

"I was thinkin'," said Bat, gravely, "but dat Providence you been spikin' 'bout it, why it ain't take care of doctor's horses de same time."

After the doctor and Bat had crossed Fraser's creek the steady figure that had followed them thus far, with something in his hand, stopped, covering beneath a fir tree, till the gleam of their lantern was like a firefly in the distance; then he approached the bridge, and with eyes grown accustomed to the darkness examined the end that lay upon the bank. He could see sufficiently well for his purpose, which was soon apparent, for, taking up his pickaxe, he commenced digging into the bank and dis-

placing the rocks, working with a fiendish energy. "Curse him," he said, between his teeth, "I'll fix him so that no doctor can't save him."

And so, with muttered curses, with the hoarse, bellowing torrent beneath and the shrieking pines above, the work was done, and the timber left in such position that one attempting to cross upon it would cause its fall. It was horrible to think of—plunged into that hell of waters and whirling debris, to be dashed against the sharp rocks, or carried swiftly down the dark ravine to a death as sure and cruel if not as sudden.

"There, you infernal Canuck," said the man, "you bet you've done yer last love-makin'. I'll take that little business off yer hands," he added, with an ugly laugh. "But first you'd better repair that bridge."

It was Maria, with her lantern suddenly turned full upon him. He uttered one fearful oath, and shrank trembling like the coward that he was before the girl's gleaming eyes as she held her light aloft. "I know what you have been doing, and what it is for. Now, go to work and make it safe again."

"I'll be blamed if I do," growled Jake. "The only answer was the click of a revolver that her little firm hand held steadily enough. She knew how to use it; Jake was well aware of that. More than once he had seen her bring down her game, with a skill that many an old hunter might envy."

"If this fails, I have something else at my belt. Do as I tell you, or I will kill you as I would a wild beast that threatened me."

"She'd do it, the little Spanish fiend." "I'm tempted to do it now"—click. "Oh, low quickly I could send you down there where you meant to send him. I can hardly keep from doing it, I hate you so; but I'd scorn to have such dirty blood on my hands. Now go to work."

Stung through and through with her contempt, cowed and unscrupled by the threats that he knew were not idle ones, Jake set about the work, and it was soon completed. "Now go home!" she said, sternly. There was no choice but to obey, and, still under cover of the girl's revolver, he went before her like a sullen convict driven to his dark cell.

"I'll release you in the morning," she said, as she drove him into a snug out-building, and, fastening the door secretly, left him to his meditations. The rain had ceased. Up through the green canons floated the mists of the morning. Tinged with rosy light, they sailed away through the blue ether. Up rose the sun, shining grandly on the mountains, and through those floods of gold came the doctor, and Bat—caroling his gay song, proud as a troubadour home from the war going to kneel at his lady's feet.

"By golly, we're save dat baby," he cried, springing through the open door. "And how is Jake? A bet he's been most sick of lonesome widout me. Eh, where he is, dat Ja-ke-e?" he shouted. "Bat Jake did not appear."

"And thou, Marie, my little one," he murmured in his own language that she had learned in childhood, "hast thou no smile for me? Those beautiful eyes, have they nothing to say to me this morning? They were so eloquent last night, my heart was aching with joy. Look at me, Maria—but thou art pale. Wert thou troubled for me, my little love?"

Swiftly rose the color to cheek and brow, slowly the long lashes were uplifted, and from dewy eyes and parted rosy lips smiled the glad welcome home. Jake, just then appearing at the door, saw it all, and with a stifled groan of jealous passion and defeat, he turned and fled, half-blinded with rage, he knew not where—to get away from that maddening sight, that was all his thought—away to the caves of the mountains where he could crouch like a wounded wolf and howl out his despair.

Crash! down through the treacherous bridge of poles and bark! Down, down the shuddering depths he whirled, and the stream, seeming to bear such a burden, hurried him aside upon the jagged rocks, where the long ferns trailed their broken pinnes and the ivy wound its poisonous bands.

"They'll never find me," he thought, "but it's right—it's just. It's what I was goin' to do to him, curse—no, I can't die cursin'!" and, with bleeding, untangled lips, he tried to pray. "Oh Lord—I don't know how," he whispered faintly. "But didn't he say forgive? What was it mother used to make me say? 'If I should die—my soul to take—Jesus—sake.'"

His head drooped lower, his lips were still. The water swept across his breast, the long ferns, waving, brushed his bleeding limbs, and through the laurel branches the sunshine fell upon his ghastly face.

"Jake, my poor feller, look—hope your heyes—you ain't dead, don't it? Sapre, wake up, mon' gaw," cried Bat, in an agony of terror and compassion, as, with trembling hands, he dashed the water in his face and rubbed his hands, and from Jake's pocket-flask poured whisky down his throat. At last Jake slowly unclosed his eyes and feebly moved his lips.

"Dat's right, by golly, swear if you want to, but keep your heyes open. Now, how you tink I'll got you hout of dis? Here, embrace me, mon cher; put you harns ron ma neck, comme ca—ho done! You are more heavy dan a black oak log, but keep to me—now, hup we go. Dere," laying his burden safely on the bank, "you better batten yerself in de stable next time, young feller."

But Jake had fainted again, and Bat ran to the house for help. "Yes, I meant to kill you, Bat, as true as you live," said Jake, in his first penitence. "I'm sorry now, for you're a brick, and you deserve the girl; but I couldn't stay round and see her smilin' like that on no man, not if he'd saved my life a hundred times; I might be tempted agin; it's in my nature, Bat. I'm a mean cuss, that's a fact; but as soon as I'm on my pins agin, I'll git."

And he did. And Maria and Bat were married. The pines and the water-falls played the wedding march; and if the trees could not quite banish the mourning from their voices—there is a little that is sad in everything; but the happy lovers heard only sounds of joy.

The doctor was there to kiss the bride, and Baby Fraser, cooing and crowing and waving her dimpled hands, and Mike and Kitty, all fearful and smiling and eloquent with Irish words of blessing and endearment. But to this day Bat cannot comprehend Jake's malice, and says with puzzled look: "I'll never tought he'll done dat proppus."—*Californian*.

The World Coming to an End.

Something like fifty years ago Uncle Eli and Aunt Ruth, a good old couple jogging on along life's downward way, retired to rest with no thoughts concerning the end of the world in mind to destroy sleep, or even trouble them during the hours allotted to slumber. Aunt Ruth was a devout Episcopalian, Uncle Eli an equally devout Methodist. It might have been midnight, when, for some unaccountable reason the female head of the house awoke. The bed stood facing two windows, out upon the village green, and as her eyes unclosed she beheld a sight that sent a thrill of fear quivering through every fiber of her being. The heavens were on fire, and the stars were falling to earth like the waters of an illuminated Niagara.

Aunt Ruth slid from the bed to her knees, while with one hand she groped for her prayer-book, the other hand being occupied with an attempt to awaken, by a series of vigorous shakes, her consort, who yet slept and snored unconscious of the impending calamity. "Daddy! daddy!" she cried; "daddy, wake up; the day of judgment is come." The only response to her appeal was a succession of snores, for which Uncle Eli was famous, and an accession of terror on her part, lest the affair should happen before the sleeper could be aroused.

"Oh, Lordy! have mercy. Daddy! daddy!" she again shrieked, this time administering a thorough shaking up. "Daddy, the world is on fire—coming to an end—pray, daddy, pray, the day of judgment's come!"

"Ugh! ch!" grunted the only gentleman, only half awake. "Ruth, what's the—" he never finished that sentence, for just then he caught a sight of the celestial pyrotechnical display, and with a single bound vaulted over the head of his alarmed partner, landing in the middle of the apartment.

"Ruth! Ruth! where's my breeches?" he cried, as he peered about in his thin and by no means voluminous attire; "where's my breeches, I say?" "Never mind your breeches, daddy; pray, daddy, pray," sobbed his terrified companion.

"Torment you, Ruth," yelled Uncle Eli, awakening the children who slept on the next floor above; "torment you, Ruth, where's my breeches?" "Never mind your breeches, daddy?" moaned Aunt Ruth; "never mind your breeches, but pray, daddy, pray—the day of judgment's come."

But daddy did mind his breeches, and continued galloping about the room, overturning chairs and tables, barking his shins and stumbling over everything within his circuit, hunting for them.

Meantime Aunt Ruth remained upon her knees, praying, or attempting to pray, and beseeching Uncle Eli to do likewise. At length, just as he was passing her for the twentieth time, she caught him by his scanty garment and besought him: "Pray, daddy, pray; the day of judgment—"

"Torment you, Ruth," he roared, as he broke away from her clutches; "torment you, Ruth, I don't care if the day of judgment has come, I ain't agoin' without my breeches!"

Nor did he. He found them about the time the fireworks ceased, and the end of the world hadn't come, after all. The good old souls have long since passed away, but the story remains, and is told for the benefit of believers in Mother Shipton's prophecy. If it has a moral they will be sure to find it.

Dancing.

Dancing is one of the oldest of recreations. Homer speaks of a new dance invented by Demodocus for Ariadne. Theseus was immoderately fond of the reel or fandango in which the arms move with the legs. The Normans revived rather than invented round dances in the twelfth century; the Bohemians invented the redowa; the Poles the polka, first danced in England in 1840; the Hungarians the mazouka and galop. The cotillon owes its origin to the courtly Dne de Lanzun, who, for his audacity in contracting a clandestine marriage with the "Grande Mademoiselle," was imprisoned for ten years by Louis XIV. To this now popular and long-winded dance many figures were added by Marie Antoinette, and some more by the Empress Eugenie. Under the second empire the post of conductor of cotillions at the Tuilleries balls was one of considerable social importance, and was held by one of the emperor's equerries, the Marquis de Cam.

How a Dog was Rebuked by a Parrot. A gentleman living near this village, says the Port Servis Union, has a parrot who knows a good deal more than the law allows. Last summer a friend of his, whose name we withhold for obvious reasons, called at his house one day. A valuable young dog, a pointer, was with him. The two gentlemen sat on the porch smoking, and the parrot, which is very tame, was seated in an interstice in the trellis about the porch. The dog was lying on the floor at his master's feet, and finally his attention was called to the bird, which was looking steadily at him. The dog sprang up, drew on the parrot and fastened. There he stood, still as a statue, for full three minutes, when the parrot, with a contemptuous frown of his feathers, screamed at him: "Go home, you cussed fool!" The dog dropped tail and ears, wheeled round and struck a bee-line over the fields for home. Since that time he has refused to point a bird.

FACTS AND COMMENTS.

Six members of the new United States Senate are not natives of the United States—Farley, of California, Fair, of Nevada, Jones, of Florida, and Sewell, of New Jersey, were born in Ireland; Jones, of Nevada, in England, and Beck, of Kentucky, in Scotland.

Rents in Chicago have advanced fifty per cent., while in New York the advance is still greater. Street rents have quadrupled in many instances, until, as the Springfield Republican puts it, the room in which a man makes his money costs more than the house in which he spends it. Small houses on dirty back streets cost \$1,200 a year in New York, and rooms up four or five flights of stairs rent for \$30 and \$40 a month.

The new prohibitory law of Kansas denies the use of wine at the sacrament, and renders preachers liable for its use. It compels every physician to take an oath not to prescribe any article into which alcohol enters unless it is necessary for the health of the patient, and every druggist to take a similar oath not to put up or sell any such article except by prescriptions, duly signed, by a practicing physician. Under this law no one can buy spirits of camphor, cologne or flavoring extracts except upon a physician's prescription.

The British consul at Philadelphia having informed his government that 700,000 hogs had died of trichina, in one year, and many persons killed by the same disease, and it appearing that only 400,000 died last year of all diseases and only thirteen persons in fifteen years of trichina, the British minister at Washington admits that the statements of the British consul were "exaggerated," but not entirely without foundation. The same, facetiously remarks the Detroit Free Press, might be said of "Esop's Fables" or the "Arabian Nights."

The advocates of cremation, as an economical and sanitary mode of disposing of the dead, appear to be increasing in number and confidence. It is now proposed to establish a crematory in Brooklyn, a gentleman having tendered a plot of land there for that purpose. Steps have been taken to organize a society for the construction and operation of the crematory, with an associated society for collecting, collating and publishing information in relation to cremation and its advantages. It is expected that the expense of cremation may ultimately be reduced as low as five dollars.

Peace is far from the minds of the European powers, if we may judge by the condition of things in the immense Krupp gun works in Germany. These factories are in a state of feverish activity. The numerous buildings have received more additions, the army of employes has been increased, and work is carried on day and night. The next country to have an order filled is Roumania, for which 400 field guns, with complete accoutrements, have been in process of manufacture. Greece will come next with 700 field pieces, completely equipped. Next in order is Sweden, with fifty field guns, Holland with 120, and Italy with 400 siege guns.

"The people ask for a sign, and no sign shall be given unto them," cannot be said of the Chicago people. A firm there has just put up a sign costing \$2,500, and the conceited Chicago folks claim that it is the most expensive sign ever put up in this country. It is 130 feet long and five and a half feet wide. It took 4,000 feet of lumber and 540 days' work to complete it. Four hundred dollars worth of gold and \$250 of metal ornaments were used in its construction. Chicago is mistaken about its being the most expensive sign. A New York man had a sign that fell one windy day and nearly killed a man. The owner of the sign had to pay \$4,800 and costs, which makes that sign the most expensive as far as heard from.

The foresters' department in the British East Indies is said to be the largest and best managed of any in the world. It is now proposed to bring one of the foresters from that country to superintend the forests of Great Britain, and have arboriculture taught students there, as has long been done in France, Germany and Switzerland. We wish, says the Royal New Yorker, such a school could be established by the United States government. A lamentable destruction has long been going on in our forests ever since the settlement of the country. If they were annually thinned out as needed, in a judicious way, instead of being mercilessly slashed down by the wholesale, they would furnish all the wood and timber we want, and still keep up the necessary growth from the younger trees for future requirements.

Fermentation is a process of nature going on all the time and producing a greater or less degree of alcohol. The amount of alcohol produced by fermentation in bread is scientifically demonstrable, though practically indescribable; in the light wines it varies from five to ten per cent. In many of the wines it is quite sufficient to produce a certain degree of intoxication, the effect of the wine on the human body depending altogether upon the character and temperament of the person. A single glass will produce more effect on some persons than a whole bottle on others. Distillation is a modern process, by which the alcohol is extracted from the grape juice or other substance possessing it. The distilled liquors, rum, gin, brandy, whisky and the like, possess, therefore, a large amount of alcohol, reaching in brandy, for example, fifty per cent., and sometimes more.

The American Register, of Paris, boasts, and not without reason, adds the English journal, Land and Water, of the slow but sure member in which American goods are forcing their way into and successfully competing in all foreign markets with European manu-

factures. "Our cotton goods, both heavy and fine, are rapidly taking the place of English. Our printing and wrapping paper is finding a ready sale in the East and West Indies, while even bank note and bond paper is in demand in Italy, Austria and Spain. American cutlery is sold in Birmingham, our locks are supplanting those of English manufacture in English houses, American jewelry is sold in Paris, and if we are not sending coals to Newcastle, London is talking of supplying her grates and furnaces with anthracite from Pennsylvania." English manufacturers must stir up and put their shoulders to the wheel, or they will be nowhere in the race for wealth.

As an illustration of the enormous increase of the use of opium and morphia in the United States the following statistics have a painful interest, and it must be remembered that this is no exceptional case. In one of our large cities, containing twenty-five years ago a population of 57,000, the sales of opium and morphia reached 350 pounds and 375 ounces respectively, or about forty-three grains of opium and three grains of morphia yearly for each individual, if the consumption was averaged. The population is now 91,000, and 3,500 pounds of opium and 5,500 ounces of morphia are sold annually. While the population has increased fifty-nine per cent., the sale of opium has increased 800 per cent., and morphia 1,100, or an average of 206 grains of opium and twenty-four grains of morphia to every inhabitant. But there are additional sales of from 400,000 to 500,000 pills of morphia, which would give us 170 ounces more of the drug. One-fourth of the opium sold is consumed in its natural state, and three-fourths are made into opiates, the principal one being laudanum. The imports of opium into the United States for the years 1879 and 1880, ending the thirtieth of June, were 533,451 pounds, valued at \$2,786,606.

A Dear Chronometer. Meanness not infrequently resembles the

Vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself, And falls on the other.

An excellent illustration of this "over-leaping" is furnished by a certain transaction of John Jacob Astor with one of his captains. The story is told by a writer in the Boston Transcript.

The captain had sailed on voyages to China without a chronometer, depending on "dead reckoning" and "lunars," just starting on his seventh voyage, he suggested to Mr. Astor that it would be safer to have a chronometer.

"Well, get one," said the merchant. The captain did so, and entered its cost in his account current. When Astor's eyes fell upon the item he drew his pencil through it. The captain expostulated. Said Astor: "I told you to get one; I didn't say I'd pay for it."

The captain severed his connection with Astor then and there, and went into Wall street, engaged with other owners, and before night was in command of as fine a ship as ever floated in New York's beautiful bay.

In three days she was ready for sea, and set sail. At the same time Astor's ship, under the command of a new captain, set sail also. They had a race for Hong Kong, but the captain who, as he used to put it, had discharged John Jacob Astor, by keeping the men at the braces, took advantage of every puff of wind and won by three days.

Then there was lively work. The ship was loaded in the shortest time possible, and before Astor's vessel, which had arrived meantime, was half loaded, our captain weighed anchor, and with a full cargo of tea set sail for Sandy Hook; arrived in good time; got his ship alongside the wharf and began hoisting out his cargo, which was sold by auction on the spot.

This glutted the market, for the consumption was comparatively small in those days, and when Astor's ship came in prices had fallen. Two days later, as the captain was sauntering down Broadway, he met his former employer.

"How much did dat chronometer cost you?" asked the latter. "Six hundred dollars."

"Vell," said Astor, "dat was sheap. It cost me sixty thousand dollars!" The merchant and the captain have long since paid the reckoning, but that chronometer is still a good timekeeper and a treasured relic as well.

Washing Away the Earth.

No particle of sand which goes down into the sea ever comes back. Yet the particles leave the surface of the earth every second and are carried, suspended in the waters of more than twenty thousand rivers, out into the oceans. There are more than a hundred streams, classed on the maps as rivers, in Louisiana alone. Each one of these has several hundred creeks, brooks and spring branches tributary to it. Each brook or spring branch, with its countless rivulets, clasps the hillsides and drags down the surfaces thereof—down into the rivers—down into the oceans—down into the atoms waiting for its sisters and its cousins and its aunts still lingering in the fields and on the hills, yet creeping toward the gulches and thence to the sea. This process has been going on since the time when "the world was without form and void," whereby the primeval rocks were disintegrated and spread abroad in fertile fields; whereby the fertile fields are slowly being washed back into the oceans; whereby the bottom of the oceans is being prepared to be elevated again to the light and to form other fields whereon cotton and wheat—or something of other will grow. This is the very apotheosis of "demolition grind." He who originated that phrase spoke more scientifically than he knew. Life, animate and inanimate, is simply a grinding down of the higher parts and the distribution thereof in the hollows. The final outcome of earth, after millions of years, must be something in the nature of a large billiard ball whirling through the sky, with nothing in the world on it except a smooth dead surface.