They called him Mr. What's his name: From where he was, or why he came, Or when, or what he found to do, Robody in the city knew.

He lived, it seemed, shut up alone In a low hovel of his own; There he cooked his meals and ma bed, reless of all his neighbors said.

His neighbors, too, said many things Expressive of grave wonderings, Stace none of them had ever been Within his doors, or peered therein.

In fact, grown watchful, they became Assured that Mr. What's his name Was up to something wrong—indeed, It looked that way, we all agreed.

At night were heard strange noises there, When honest people everywhere Had long retired, and his light Was often seen to burn all night.

He left his house but seldom—then Would always hurry back again, As though he feared some stranger's knock Finding him gone, might burst the lock.

And so we grew to greatly blame This wary Mr. What's his name, And look on him with such distrust lile actions seemed to sanction just. But when he died—he died one day— Brupped in the street while on his way to shat our wretened hus of his— New il think it strange—perhaps it is—

But when we lifted him, and past The threshold of the door at last, He man of all the crowd but stepped with reference, and bowed and wept

What was it? Just a shriek of pain I pray never to hear again— A withered weman, old and bowed, That fall and crawled and oried aloud,

Insane, but—well, we, searching, found An unsigned letter, in a round Free hand, within the dead man's, Look to my mother—I'm at rest.

You'll find my money sately hid Under the lining of the lid Of my work-basket. It is hers, And God will bless her ministers!

And some day—though he died unknown if through the City by the Throne I walk, all cleansed of earthly shame, I'll ask for Mr. What's his-name.

—J. W. Riley, in Indianapolis Jou no

A NEW BRANCH OF THE POSTAL SERVICE

A short time since the London Tele graph, which is always saying something to get somebody into trouble, published an article relative to the engrossing par-tiality which the domestic cat feels for its home, its vehement yearning to re-turn thither when circumstances over which it has no control have resulted in its transfer to unfamiliar localities, and all that sort of thing, winding up by giving an interesting account of how certain eminent Dutch naturalists had illized Grimalkin as a letter carrier; mailes derimation as a letter carrier; made a sort of carrier pigeon of the cat, in fact. Of thirty-seven cats carried miles from their native village, and turned loose with letters tied around their necks, not one failed to get back

to the starting point in time.

Well, young Mr. Tillinghast, out on
West Hill, read this article, and a romansonception occurred to him right on he spot. While he was burning a smitted quantity of old Judge Differenced and Judge Differenced and Judge Differenced as and just ruining Miss Differenced as bangs that evening, he told the Differenced as bangs that evening, he told the Differenced all about it. Happy thanks born of love's emergencies.

It. Thingshet would carry Elfrida's beloved malters home with him that

The next evening, when the aware shining and the presence of old Judge, returned from circuit, and Charence about the premises, maltese home returning would hear, and to its neck by a sliken cord, a noranda of Charence, his undying ofton and one thing and another. Larence loved the maltese for its trees' sake, but it just called for all love he had in the warmouse before yot it home. The maltese was one he flery, untermed Ukraine breed; as seenche, with a full like asseond-with belogna sausage, and it waghed at twenty-three pounds. Its name Cheopatra. It was really a Mark no, with a test like a second-gen soussite, and it weighed y-three pounds. He name re. It was really a Mark but Miss Diffenburgh called because it was such a pretty assver can tell whether a

Allinghest tucked the case will as he could, but the cast at fore and aft. Vainly he strugth out fore and aft. Vainly he strug-d with it, howsprit or spanker would ad out in spite of him. And when was about half-way home he met a up of friends, ladies and gentlamen, arraing from some fastive and expen-sine-cream saloon. They accosted a nad he had to let go with one hand lift his hat, and us he did so Cheopa-got his head out and valled for fresh in a tone that blighted the lilacs and way one of the ladies into hystorics, palled by the fearful sound and its ribits consequence, Mr. Tillinghast is introduced him and told him that his consequence is was a very brutal,

And so he opened the door. Cleopatra went out into the gloaming with the air of a cat who was just roing to say something like that anylow, when he suggested it. Mr. Tillinghast did not appear to notice this peculiar expression on Cleopatra's countenance. He was Cleopatra's count

looking at the sky.
"The stars are shining," he said; she is looking for my message and she is thinking of me."
And Miss Diffenbaugh?

She was sitting in her lonely bower, looking out into the star-lit night, saying, "His messenger, with feet of silence, is even now on its way to tell me he loves me yet. I feel his presence near In the meantime Cleopatra was car-rying out his contract after the approved

manner of a veteran star-route contract-or. He got along very well for a quarter of a mile, and was making pretty good time when, while streaking down a lonesome alley, he suddenly paused "I hope to die if I don't smell fish."

And while he was exploring the ash-pile he was suddenly accosted by a loneome-looking cat on the woodshed. "Say, old indigo blue, shinny on your own side!'

"Watchugivinus?" growled Cleopa-tra, just glancing up long enough from an old mackerel to take the woodshedder's measure.

The woodshedder, being on his own premises, made a violent effort to re-strain his wrath, but he came down to the sub-pile and said, in a voice that meant business: "I'll trouble you for that fish, if you

"All right," said Cleopatra, "I'll leave you the bones when I'm through with it."

The strange cat reached out to take the savory fish, and Cleopatra smote him. In less time than it takes to tell it, he stood that cat in the corner of the fence and wiped enough hair off him to stuff a sofa cushion. And as the wailing cat dragged its lacerated body down the drain, Cleopatra resumed body down the drain, Cleopatra resumed his fish, remarking, as he dodged a passing blacking-brush, that he believed, as long as he was out, he'd sit up a little while and have some fun with the boys. And he had it. He went down the al-

leys and danced to everything he met. He nearly tore the ear off a smart kitten that got up on a wood-pile and sassed him and asked him "where he picked up that paper collar?" He prowled through back-yards, and he almost horrified the life out of a most highly respectable elderly tortoise-shell tabby, sitting in a kitchen window, by creeping up close under the window and theu roaring out to know if "she danced the lancers?" He scalped a harmless Mexican dog all the way down its bare back, n six red, raw lines, and shouted after the anguish-stricken animal to "run home and put on his hair?" He was his once with an old kerosene torch that perfumed him up like a political procession, and he crawled through an old drain back of the soap-works, and came out smelling worse than an Indian pic-nic. At last he heard music over in "Stony Lonesome," and went there and found the boys were having a little dance, and the first thing he did when he went, he spat at the bar-keeper and alapped a one-eyed cat from Hibernia.

"Pile onto me by thousands!" He yelled. "I've got just one more eye than I want to take home!" And they didn't wait for a second in vitation. They piled onto him then and there, and the babbling brook that prattles through the rocks of Stony Lonesome, when it heard the wild, un-earthy clamor, turned back and ran up the hill, and in dumb terror watched the circling clouds of misty hair drifting about in the valley below.

In Judge Diffenbaugh's hospitable parlors his chosen friends lingered, though the hour was late. At the plane Miss Diffenbaugh dreamily wandered miss Dimenosural dreamity wandered through the entrancing numbers of "Schubert's Cradle Song." There was a familiar voice at the front gate that made her heart beat wildly. The voice came across the lawn. It was Cleopatra. And this was what he was saying. "Hope-part Lean light the first blood."

tra. And this was what he was saying:

"Hoop-peet I can lick the first bloody
brindle son et a rat-catcher that even
climbed a funcit "Vicoop! I'm the old
he-Bashi Battist" from Angular Street,
an' don' you he fargis it—donyoufurgisit! Dance is two somebody! I only
weigh a pound!"

And then that apparition—that mockery of a respectable, home-bred cat
atrode into Judge Diffesbangh's parlor,
and everybody climbed on the tables
and chairs. Miss Diffesbangh fainted.
The old Judge swore, Cleopatra laughed
sardonically and remarked that "he'd
been out all night, and he was gettin' to
be a big boy now." His hair was mainly
gone, and what he had left was not
combed. His face was scratched. One
eye was closed. His ears hung loose combed. His face was scratched. One eye was closed. His ears hung loose and limp. He hic-cupped in his speech and tried to sing "Old Oaken Bucket."

Around his neek still clung the blue ribbon and a letter, crumpled, torn, stained, unsavory. The Judge received the letter with a pair of tongs, and Cleopatra was banished to the barn, which the abrighting rate deserted forwar when opatra was banished to the barn, which the shricking rats descried forever when they saw him come in. Order was restored in the parlor and the Judge read the letter to himself.

He did not divulge its contents.

The terrified guests thought, and till think, that it was a Nihilist warn-

The Judge did not show the letter to

Mr. Tillinghast will lives a buginess, despairing life. He has gone out of the mail service and leaves all experiments in star-routes to other parties.—Burling ton Harcheye.

The Bolence of Condensation.

public address, with the straing, in a ship no exception to this rule. The nearly all the processes of the industry are only successive steps in the progressor condensation, developed his interesting and useful thought in the progressor condensation, developed his interesting and useful thought in the progressor condensation, developed his interesting and useful thought in the progressor condensation in the progressor condensation

lucid way: "We turn soil into grass, grass into milk, milk into cream, and cream into butter, which is the final product in the series. Corn, which is a torm of condensed soil, may itself be condensed into whisky, starch or glucose. The amount of twenty-eight pounds of glucore extracted from one bushel of corn sugar; apples into cider; barley into beer; and so on without stint. Every step advances the price, diminishes the weight, and saves cost in carrying to market. But the ordinary form of condensation on the farm begins with the coarser crops and ends in the various animal products. Sheep, cattle, hogs and horses are condensed from the grasses and grains, and every step of the series all the way up from the soil to the thoroughbred, if rightly managed, brings its legitimate profit, the final gain being the comparatively inexpensive conveyance to marke which comes from large values packed into reduced magnitudes. But this constant crowding of value into smaller dimensions is shown not only in the transformation of the coarser into the fire commodities, but it is seen likewise in the improvement of our domestic animals. A Texas steer and a high grade Shorthorn are freighted to marbrings double the price of the other

when they get there. "The waste that comes from the excessive making of what is called offal is the grand cause of failure on the farm. It absorbs food and time, it costs everything and brings nothing. It is fully as expensive to raise horns and white leather as to raise marketable muscle. The price is different, but the freight the same. Some farmers display great talent in the production of offal. They raise hay that is all woody fiber, apples that are all core, corn that is all cob, and cattle that are all head and horns and gristle and tail. They stigmatize the skill and care that diminishes the core, the cob and the overweighted bone to increase the salable parts as fancy farming. Now the whole scope and purpose of improvement, both in the animal and vegetable kingdom, is show and I'll make your par foller me simply to reduce to the smallest compass consistent with strength the unsalable portions, and to enhance the quality and size of the salable ones. The crab apple and the Northern Spy, the choke pear and the Flemish Beauty, the Mustang pony and the Arabian mare, the Florida cow with her shrunken udder and the Jersey that fills the pail, are examples of the opposite extremes in the different series. The one

each series up toward the higher.
"The model Shorthorn cow is a sample of closely compacted values—a treasure of the most nutritive food so packed as to secure the highest prices and cheapest transportation. She is developed to fullness of quality just where the epicure finds and pays for the most delicate roast or sirloin steak. And those portions of her body which the butcher considers superfluous are condensed to just within the limits of size and strength which are indispensable to the economy of animal life. In the gradual progress of condensation to which she has been subjected through many generations, her horns have been rudimentary and her head shaped after the best model and her bo brought to the fineness and strength of steel. And the policy that has effected this striking result rests on the follow-1. The offal absorbs for its growth and support a portion of the food which the animal consumes, consequently the greater the volume of offal the greater the amount of food wasted in feeding. 2. Large and coarse offal is almost invariably accompanied by coarse muscle. Capacious offal carries inferior beef. 3. Large and coarse offal sensible most allowable most accompanied by the coarse offal sensible most accompanied by the coarse offal sen coarse offal usually goes along with a scanty development of valuable parts. Hence it indicates a lack, not only in quality, but also in quantity of market-able beef. ... Heavy offal is rarely accompanied by the fattening quality.
The cow or ox whose carcass is overweighted with offal will not as a general thing take on fat easily."—N. Y. Tribune.

Style in Farming.

There is such a thing as style in farming, regardless of economy and good sense. There is such a thing as neighbors practicing opposite styles, unconscious of their good or bad example. We have a case in point. In a town not far distant is a hill, overlooking a beautiful meadow, owned by dif-ferent parties. It is the time of ryeharvest, and your correspondent is on the eminence swinging his grain cra-dle, raking and binding sheaves, stooking grain and meditating generally on things below. In the meadow two farmers are seen engaged in having. One starts the mowing-machine in the fresh and early morning and cuts a large piece by ten o'check. After a short respite one of the borses is put on to the hay-tedder, and by a vigorous use of that and the horse-rake, some of the ripest and thinnest grass is made ready to cart before dinner. All this is done noiselessly and single-handed.

is done noiselessly and single-handed. In the afternoon two men appear on the scene, and before night-fall nearly all the hay mowed in the forenoon is raked and carted homeward, while some of the greenest is cocked up for removal before dinner the next day. So the haying proceeds rapidly, quietly and economically of time and help.

The other farmer takes things moderately and as he doubtless thinks more easily. He starts hit mowing machine in the middle of the forenoon and does his heaviest work in the hottest part of the day. He gets so exhausted by the heat that he has no energy in reserve for handling the hay, and so he lets it lie, constitutes two and three days, be-

"In all labor there is profit," said the wise King of Jerusalem, and useful agricultural labor wisely directed is prob-

How They Slipped.

At eleven o'clock yesterday forenoon a couple of excursionists took seats on the east portico of the City Hall directly under the window of the Chief of Police. He was a bean-pole looking chap of twenty-three with dust an inch deep on his back, and she was an auburn-haired angel of twenty, wearing is sold at twice the price and freighted auburn-haired angel of twenty, wearing at less than half the cost. Oats are condensed into oatmeal; sorghum into gum rolled into one. For a long time they sat and looked at the fountains and sighed and were silent. Then he tenderly queried: "Hanner, isn't it dreamy?"

"Yum," she answered. "I could sit here forever," he whisnered.

"I don't believe I could-I'd be hun-More silence and sighs, and then he took her elbow in his hand and said: " Hanner, I'm hungry now."

"Dan't you bring a biscuit along?" "Hungry for your love, Hanner-not for bischits. Hanner, sposen we 'sposen a case."

"Sposen I knew a Justice of the eace who would marry us?" 'How much?'

"Two dollars."

"Have you got the money?" "Hanner, do you doubt my love? ve got seventy-five cents, and a'll hunt ket at the same rates, while the one up the Harker boys and borrow the rest."

'I'm afraid." "Now, Hanner!"

"Oh, I can't; you know my folks don't like you."

"Hanner, hitch this way till I talk to you. 'Sposen I bought you peanuts and candy and watermelon? 'Sposen and candy and watermelon? you realized my great love, and con-cluded to hitch to me before some other girl captured the prize? We'd gently slip down these steps, turn the corner of this stately edifice, walk to the shop of a Justice, and you'd have me and I'd have you."

"Oh dear, but pa would rave."
"Hold on, Hanner. Your par needn't know it—no one will know it. We'd keep it as silent as the grave until I had made vour old man respect me for what I are. Gimme half a around like a calf within a year, and your mar will fairly love the ground I walk on, Come, Hanner, let's slip."

"Oh, Gawge!" "Hanner-Hanner! Think of the ro mance -- the love-the mystery- the tenderness—the gold watches and dia-mond rings and silk dresses."

"Why, next year when the wool comes off. Don't I own forty acres of land: result sought in breeding, practiced as Don't I dote on you? Would I ask you an art, is to raise from the lower end of to slip around if I didn't love you above the best hoss in our county? Hanner, let us slip."

"And you really love -" Then they slipped. They caught sight of a six-foot farmer coming up the walk, with a big cane on one arm and his wife on the other, and the girl slid for Michigan avenue and the lover for Griswold street, the latter whispering to himself as he dodged through

the City Hall: "Thatis her old dad, and he knocks oxen down with that club!"-- Detroit Free Press.

Hints About Autumn Dresses.

The first information from abroad onfirms the hope that short dresse will continue in vogue for nearly all occasions, and that there will be no very decided changes in the next season' dresses. Plaited skirts will display stripes advantageously, and plaited flounces will be retained on account of stripes, though gathered flounces are suggested for soft satin stuffs, moires and woolens. Basques of watered silk and woolens. Basques of watered silk are being made for skirts of plain satin Surah that are trimmed with moire. This fashion was introduced by the Princess of Wales during the summer, in a dress with white moire corsage and skirts of tulle. Short over-skirts with bouffant draperies are shown in the designs for new costumes. Corselets or wide girdles of moire or of velvet are worn over soft wool basques that may be either plain or plaited. Moire collars of Byron shape, and flat cuffs to match are a nest finish for camel's-hair and cashmere dresses. This moire may be shaded, or else changeable, and is used in the lower skirt, while the overskirt is of the woolen goods. Floren-tine bronze shades of mixed green and gold, mort dore (golden brown), and dull red will be popular colors for wool and for silk costumes. Satin Surahs and Rhadzimir silks with satin luster are largely imported for black dresses. Plushes and velvets are chosen for trim mings of wool and of satin stuffs. For over-garments there are long cloaks not adjusted to the tigure, and also close-fitting jaunty jackets. The rich satin brocades in new designs of chains, linked rings, plush diamonds and velvet figures will be used for elegant wraps. A great deal of color will, it is said, be seen in the imported cloaks, but black will remain the standard choice for garments to be worn in the street during the day, while colored wraps will be reserved for driving, for receptions and for evening toilettes.

The beauty of the black mantles will consist of rich linings of plush, and of moires and changeable Surahs.—Harper's Bazar.

-The death of Spotted-Tail recalls the romance in which the favorite daughter of the old Chief and Lieutenant Brockhurst Livingston, of the well-known New York family, were the principal actors. While stationed at Fort Laramie in 1865 Lieutenant Livagston saw and fell in love with the dusky maiden. They were married, and she bore him a son, but the young flicer's health failed and he was sent to Europe, where his mind became un-settled, and he died. The Sioux girl on hearing the sad news pined away and died, and her body was brought to Fort Laramits by Spotted-Tail and buried there, the grave being still anburied there, he grave being still annually decorated with flowers by the soldiers. Of Livingston's child no trace has ever been found, although the mother of the Lieutenant wishes to adopt and educate it. If the Store adopt and educate it. If the Sioux have any knowledge of the child's whereabouts they keep the secret well.

The Garter or Albbon-Snake.

The garter-snake (Eutania sirtalis) -abounding, as it does, in every State of the Union, and, indeed, throughout North America—is too common to need description.

In the latter part of March or early in April the male is in his best spirits and finest condition. If at this time you attempt to capture him, he will flatten himself out so as to appear twice his usual size, and strike with amazing vim and rapidity for so small an animal. I have had the blood drip from a finger lacerated by their sharp little teeth.

Toward the end of summer the female

brings forth alive from twenty to thirty

young. They exactly resemble their parent at birth, and are about seven and s half inches long. They are covered with a thin, transparent membrane, out of which they soon force their way. The young snakes feed on angle worms and soft-bodied insects. As they increase in size they adopt their adult food—viz., frogs, toads, salamanders and small reptiles of all kinds, young birds and field mice, and, when obtainable, small fishes. In captivity I have succeeded in getting them to devour raw beef by moving it about with a fine wire. The snakes, believing it to be alive,

seize and swallow it. Now a word about this swallowing process. Strictly speaking, a snake does not "swallow," but crawls over its but crawls over its food. Both upper and lower jaws are freely movable and controlled by appropriate muscles. Having seized its prey, one upper jaw is moved forward, and the teeth, which all point backward, firmly fixed, then the jaw of the oppo-site side in the same manner, then the two lower jaws act in the same way, until the object is swallowed, the muscles of the neck meanwhile forcing the serpent's body forward over that of its

Snakes, it is well known, are able

go a long time without food; not so long, however, as is usually thought. I think none of our common species could exist through even a single season without eating. The locomotive apparatus of serpents is very beautiful. Each vertebra (except the caudal) is supplied with a pair of freely movable ribs, the lower extremities of which are attached to the broad, movable belly-scales (scuta), each of which slightly underlies the preceding one. Each rib is sup-

plied with a set of muscles, too complex to describe here. When the ribs are pulled forward, of course the scuta move with them, their smooth surfaces taking no hold on the ground. When, however, the muscles act in a counter direction, their sharp edges take firm hold, and the body is propelled for-

Garter-snakes, like all ophidians, change their skins; not once a year, as is generally supposed, but three, five, or even more times in a season, according to age and condition.

I have many times witnessed this process of undressing. By stretching the jaws wide open and violently working the labials (lip scales) the skin is broken from about the lips. Then, by rubbing the head against the ground or convenient object, it is forced backward to the neck, whence it is unrolled from the rest of the body by the snake crawling like an earth worm (i.e., contracting and extending the body) completely out of its old dress, assisting the operation by rubbing against stones and twigs. By blowing into the "neck" of this empty "slough," it may be for a moment inflated, looking like the ghost of its for-

mer owner. What the term of life in the Eutenia may be is, in the nature of things, somewhat hard to determine; but, judging from their slow growth, I think that thirty or forty years would be within

The principal diseases to which they seem to be subject are a fungoid growth of a soft, mucous character, which grows around and in the mouth, soon causing the animal to waste away and die, and a disease of the skin and superficial muscles, which gives the poor animal the appearance of being caked with white clay. This also is sooner or later fatal.

Nor does the ribbon-snake want for enemies. Frogs and toads will readily devour the young. I think both mole and shrews prey upon them, and several species of hawk feed upon the larger individuals.

This snake is entirely harmless and even to a certain degree capable of being tamed. Indeed, I have had several which would take food from my hand, crawl into my coat pockets and up my arm, without showing the slightest fear the species being usually, except the males in the breeding season, extremely timid.

In conclusion, I would say that th wholesale killing of every species of snake is not only cruel, but worse than useless, the greater number of species feeding largely on field mice, thus rid-ding the agriculturist of these annoying and destructive little pests. All species will get out of the way of man, if possible, and the two venomous varieties found in the New England and Middle States—the rattlesnake and copperhead -are, popular opinion to the contrary, rare .- R. W. Seiss, in N. Y. Independ

A North Carolina Gold Coin.

An Alabama editor says: A few days ago a rare \$5 gold coin was handed us by Mr. L. Breazeale, of Calera, for inspection. Said coin was about the size of a silver quarter, a shade thicker, the color of "old gold," and was inscribed as follows: On one side, "Carolina gold, August 1st, 1834. 140 c. 20 carats." On the other side, "C. Betchler. At Rutherf", 5 dollars." The history of this coin, as we learned from Mr. B., is about this: A gentleman by the name of Betchler owned and worked a gold mine in North Carolina about the date shown on said coin. At this time transportation facilities were not so good as portation facilities were not so good as they have become since, and the means of communication were much more limited. On this account Betchler found some difficulty in getting his gold dust to market and to the mints, and he formed the idea of coining it himself. Not wishing to infringe upon the Government, or to be considered a counterfeiter, he assertained the exact amount of gold contained in the different varieties of gold coins coined by the Government. ment, made his own dies, and coined his gold-dust in his own name, stamping is own name and the value upon each as shown above. This was known throughout North Carolina as Betchler's gold, and passed among the people of that State, and elsewhere where the facts were known, as readily as the gold coins that bore the stamp of the Government mints. The \$5 coin we saw and which Mr. B. had in his possession is a beautiful one, and is well worthy of a place in the cabinet of a numismatologist.

On Aug. 1 the Lady Godiva procession was revived (after many years' lapse) at Coventry, England, in the presence of nearly 20,000 people.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

-M. Rouher, Napoleon III.'s righthand man, says that there is no longer hope of the Bonapartists recovering nower in France.

-Lemon water and barley water are now to be seen on the tables of most great houses in England, while at the ondon clubs lately the run on the iced barley water was very great.

-According to a London paper, there s a Post-mortem Examination Society in Paris, the members of which pledge themselves to utilize their bodies after death "for the profit of the scientific idea." The annual dues of this society are five francs, in return for which the members get their post-mortem examinations and dissections to their souls' content.

-A protest signed by forty-three women, legally qualified to practice medicine in their respective countries, was presented to Sir James Paget against heir exclusion from the meetings of the International Medical Congress in London. At the six congresses which have been held in other countries duly qualified medical women were admitted to the meetings.

-M. Ambroise Thomas, the composer, and director of the Paris Conservatoir. has appeared as a dress reformer. He issued the other day a sumptuary edict compelling all the young lady students under his charge to wear at the examinations white muslin gowns with no other adornments than silk sashes and flowers "in moderation" for the hair. This order was rendered necessary by the extravagant attire in which some of the young ladies were wont to exhibit

Louvre an art collection upon which he has spent twenty-five million francs and a large part of his life. The collection is famous among connoisseurs. He also promises to leave one million francs with it, to meet the expense of keeping it in preservation and the salaries of custodians. The reason assigned for this act is the desire to keep the collection intact, and the wish to repay France in part for its just and liberal treatment of the Jews. The Secretary of State for Fine Arts promises to keep the collection in a separate gallery bearing the name of Rothschild

-The proposal of the workingmen of Stanley has met with enthusiastic response. The artisans of both East and West End declare that in the Dean they have lost their best friend; so the workingmen's clubs are bent on honoring his memory and displaying their regard by a token totally independent of any other tribute which may be set on foot. The memorial stone is to be of the finest granite--a simple pyramid--and the dedicational inscription is to be carved on the side facing Westminster Abbey, while on the other side quotations from the poets will illustrate the intention of the workmen to commemorate the first example of sympathetic feeling which has ever existed between a digninary of the English Church and the working classes of England.

THE OBELISK KINGS.

Emil Brugsch Discovers the Mummles of Thothmes III. and Rameses II.

A discovery of special interest to Americans has just been made in Egypt by a younger brother of the well-known Prussian archæologist, Brugsch Pasha, who represented Egypt at the Philadel-phia Centennial in 1876. He has found who represented Egypt at the Philadel-phia Centennial in 1876. He has found about four miles east of Thebes the get hold of this hickory again." mummies, with all their mortuary appendages and descriptions, of no less w Royal per than thirty Royal personages. Among the thirty Royal personages are those of King Thothmes III. and of King wobbled about and finally came down Rameses II., the first of whom ordered with a whack on the patriot's head, the construction of the obelisk which making him see more stars than a winnow stands in our Central Park, and the ter's night ever brought out. He droplatter of whom 270 years afterward ped the weapon with the remark that caused his own efficial titles and honors he was already ten minutes late in keepto be inscribed upon its faces, beside ing an appointment, and he was rubbing those of Thothmes III. These two his skull as far down the street as he monarche now lie side by side in the could be seen. The next man to try it Boulak Museum, and even the flowers and garlands which were placed in their idea that a dog-fight was in progress.

"A flail! Ha! Why, I haven't the masks which cover the faces of the deceased just as they were left by the Boulsk Museum, and even the flowers mourners over 3,000 years ago.
Last June, Daoud Pasha, Governor of
the Province of Keneh, which includes

the ancient Theban district, noticed that the Bedaween offered for sale an unusual quantity of antiquities at absurdly low prices. The Pasha soon discovered that the source of their hidden treasure was situated in a gorge of the mountain range which separates Deir-el-Bahari from the Bab-el-Malook. This gorge is situated about four miles from the Nile to the east of Thebes. Daoud Pasha at once telegraphed to the Khedive, who forthwith dispatched to the spot Herr Emil Brugsch, a younger brother of Dr. Henry Brugsch Pasha, who, during M. Maspero's absence in Paris, is in charge of all archeological excavations in Egypt. Herr Brugsch "Can't y discovered in the cliffs of the Lypian the crowd. Mountains, near the Temple of Deir-el-Bahari, or the "Northern Convent," a to see how our fathers got their wheat to pit about thirty-five feet deep cut in the mill I'll give you a little exhibition. solid rock. A secret opening from this pit led to a gallery nearly 200 feet long, also hewn out of the solid rock. This gallery was filled with relies of the The-ban dynasties. Every indication leads gallery was filled with relies of the The-ban dynasties. Every indication leads cracked against a boy's elbow, at the to the conviction that these sacred relies third the finiler grabbed the top of his had been removed from their appropriate places in the various tombs and temples and concealed in this secret subterranean gallery by the Egyptian priests to preserve them from being destroyed by some foreign invader. In all probability they were thus concealed at the time of the invasion of Egypt by Cambyses.

Special study won't git his head broke over twice a day, but a green hand might as well sit down under a brick-

Herr Brugsch at once telegraphed for a steamer, which on Friday last safely deposited her precious cargo at the Boulak Museum.

The full value of this discovery course can not as yet be determined. The papyri have not yet been unrolled, nor have the mummies been unwrapped. The following Theban sovereigns are the most important of those mummies Herr Brugsch has identified: Ashmes I. (Amosis), first King of Eighteenth Dynasty, reigned B. C. 1700

Amenhotep I. (Amenophis), second King of Eighteenth Dynasty, reigne. B. C. 1666 (about). Thothmes L., third King of Eighteenth Dynasty, reigned B. C. 1633 (about).

Thothmes II., fourth King of Eight-centh Dynasty, reigned B. C. 1600 Thothmes III. (the Great), fifth King

of the Eighteenth Dynasty, reigned B. avoid. It very often happened that a

C. 1333 (about).
Pinotem, third King of the Twenty-

first Dynasty, reigned B. C. 1000 (about). Raskhenen (Dynasty and date of reign

unknown).

Queen Ra-ma-ka (Hatasou?) Queen Aahmes Nofert Ari. Conspicuous by its massive gold orns. mentation, in which cartouches are set in precious stones, is the collin containing the munmy of Maut Nedjem, a

daughter of King Rameses II.

Each of the mummies is accompanied

by an alabaster canopic urn, containing the hearts and entrails of the deceased. Four papyri were found in the gallery at Dei-rel-Bahari, each in a perfect state of preservation. The largest of these papyri—that found in the collin of Queen Ra-ma-ka—is most beautifully illustrated with illuminations. It is about sixteen inches wide, and when unrolled well probably measure from 100 to 140 feet in length. The other papyri are somewhat narrower, but are more closely written upon. These papyri will probably be the most valuable portion of the discovery, for in the present state of Egyptology a papyrus may be of more importance than an entire temple, and, as the late Mariette Pasha used to say, "it is certain that if ever one of those discoveries that bring about a revolution in science should be made in

Egyptology the world will be indebted for it to a papyrus." No less than 3,700 mortuary statues have been found which bear Royal cartouches and inscriptions. Nearly 2,000 other objects have been discovered. One of the most remarkable relics is an onormous teather tent, which bears the cartouche of King Pinotem, of the Twenty-first Dynasty. This tent is in a truly wonderful state of preservation. The workmanship is beautiful. It is —One of the Paris Rothschilds an-nounces his intention to bequeath to the Louvre an art collection upon which he bright. In each of the corners is represented the Royal vulture and stars.

Fifteen enormous wigs for ceremo-nial occasions form a striking feature of the Dei-rel-Bahari collections. These wigs are nearly two feet high, and are composed of frizzled and curled hair. There are many marked points of resemthe doctrines of uses and trusts prevailed in ancient Egypt, but the wearing London to erect a monument to Dean of these wigs was not extended to the members of the legal profession, but was reserved exclusively for the Princesses of the blood and ladies of very high rank .- N. Y. World.

The Man With the Flail.

It carried the beholder back to thirty years ago, when the thrashing machine was heard only at rare intervals, and the honest farmer spread his golden stalks on the clean barn floor and flailed away with such tempered blows that not a kernel was broken. The man who had it sat down on one of the benches in the West Circus Park. The rare sight of such an article halted every pedestrian, and the man had to keep explaining over and over:

Well, I'll have some beans to shell this fall, and I kinder thought 'twould be easier to flail 'em out. The hardware man told me he had to send to Vermont for it."

Pretty soon along came a gray-headed Alderman, and when he saw that flail he looked ten years younger all at once. "I handled that for over ten years,"

He steped out one side to give the crowd an exhibition on the grass, and

sume I have flailed a thousand bu of wheat in my time. You boys stand back there." The boys retreated, and the man lifted

the flail on high and patted the grass in a vigorous manner.
"Yes, my stint used to be twenty bushels a day," he continued, "and though I do say it myself, I——"

Something happened. He dropped the flail, seized his jaw, and danced off as if he had springs under him, and although a dozen voices asked what hit him he refused to tell.

By and by a third man came sailing along, and when he saw the fail he re-marked that his father had used one like it nearly all his life, and was called the smartest flailer in New Hampshire. "Can't you use it?" inquired one o "Why, of course. If you boys want

Here, bub, hold my hat." He buttoned his coat, moistened his hands, and began work. The first blow

head and sat down with a subdued look

in the corners of his mouth. "Well, I guess I'll be jogging along,"
said the owner of the flail as he rose up.
"It's all in getting the kink of it. A feller who makes twists and wobbles a kiln durin' a tornader. Day, gentlemen."-Detroit Free Press.

Lord Coleridge on Breach of Promise. In summing up in an action for breach

of promise of marriage, at Liverpool recently, Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, alluding to some remarks as to the ex-pediency of this class of action, said that what might be the enlightened conclusion of Parliament on the question he did not know. Parliament might think fit to abolish breach of promise as a ground of action, but it was much to be onsidered before that consummation was arrived at whether in certain ranks of life women would have any protection against the misconduct of men. It was too much forgotten that these actions were often extremely useful in keeping people within the bounds of duty, which, if there were not such laws, they would C. 1600 (about).

Rameses I., first King of the Nine-teenth Dynasty, reigned B. C. 1400

woman gave up, honestly and affectionately, the best years of her life to a particular man, and put aside all thoughts of marrying any one else. When that man dishonestly and illegally broke his Seti I., second King of the Nineteenth
Dynasty, reigned B. C. 1366 (about).
Rameses H. (the Great), third King
of the Nineteenth Dynasty, reigned B. damages in a court of law.—London Times.