

GHOST FAIRIES.

When the open fire is lit, In the evening after tea, Then I like to come and sit Where the fire can talk to me. Fairy stories it can tell, Tales of a forgotten race— Of the fairy ghosts that dwell In the ancient chimney place.

CAPTAIN CLOSE

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

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XII.

The Christmas holidays were coming on at Walton Hall, where, sore stricken, its mistress lay hovering between life and death. Two weeks had passed since the eventful night of the arrests, and though no change had come over the landscape, and days of sunshine were few and far between, some odd alterations had taken place in and around the old homestead. Of these the most remarkable was the appearance three times a day of a young officer in Yankee uniform at the family board—a young officer who often prolonged his visit until late in the evening.

Another boarder, who had come and moved a modest bachelor kit into one of the upstairs rooms facing the east and overlooking the little camp, was Mr. Barton Potts, better known to all the inmates as "Cousin Bart." Indeed, it was due in great measure to his advice and influence that Mr. Lambert was admitted. Impoverished as were the Waltons—in dire need, as it turned out, now that the resolute woman who so many years had managed the family affairs was stricken down—nothing but prompt action and the helping hands of kinsfolk and friends stood between them and starvation. Squire Potts—"Old Man Potts," as he was generally called—had urged on Mrs. Walton in November the propriety of her abandoning the place entirely and taking shelter for herself and her daughters under his roof. Even though in desperate need, she had declined—for one reason, because that would bring Esther and Walton Scroggs together again; for another, because she could not bear to think of the old home becoming the abiding-place of all the homeless, shiftless negroes in the neighborhood. She had offered the house, garden and cotton-fields still remaining in her hands to any purchaser at almost any price; but who was there to invest in such unprofitable estate at such a time?

In the midst of these cares and troubles, which she could share with her daughters, were others which she could not. She durst not let them know on how slender a thread her life depended. That was one secret, held as yet by their old family physician and herself alone, because the knowledge of it would bring such grief to "the girls." There was another, which she prayed they might never know, because its very existence brought such grief and shame to her; Floyd, her youngest son, her darling, who had fought so bravely by his brother's side through the hottest battles of the war, had "abjured the faith of his fathers," as she bitterly expressed it—had become intimate with the federal officers and soldiers, instead of sticking closely to reading law in the office of her old friend Judge Summers at Quitman. And then, worse than all, she learned through his own desperate letter that he had enlisted in the cavalry. That within a week thereafter, repenting of his "mad folly," he should have deserted the service and fled the country, was in the poor stricken woman's eyes no crime whatever. That he should have enlisted, sworn to defend the flag which was to her the emblem of insolent triumph over the fallen fortunes of the land she loved, the only land she knew, that was infamy.

Not until weeks after her boy had taken the step that made him a fugitive from justice did she learn, or begin to imagine the chain of circumstances that led to it all. While occupying a desk in the office of Summers & Todd, attorneys and counselors at law, Floyd also occupied a seat at the table of a widowed relative who, left penniless at the close of the war, had to struggle hard to keep body and soul together. The efforts of Judge Summers had been sufficient to save the house in which she dwelt, and "taking boarders" became her vocation. But paying boarders were scarce, and even when her table was crowded with homeless people her pockets were often empty. When Sweet's squadron of the 4th U. S. cavalry marched into town and took station there, the application of some of the officers for "rations and quarters" under her roof was coldly declined. They went to a hotel, and suffered, as they deserved, the pangs of indignation. Later it transpired that two of them went to church, and this put an unlooked-for factor into the problem of how to treat these conquering but unwarlike heroes. Rev. Mr. Pickett, of St. Paul's, might concede his parishioners' refusal to supply them with bodily food, but it was impossible to refuse to min-

ister to their spiritual necessities. Their religious faith was identical with that of his flock; it was in political faith that they differed. One might decline to sit at meat with them, but could hardly decline to sit with them at worship. They could be forbidden to eat with the elect, but the elect would not forbid them to pray. Even in the sanctuary, however, only hostile or averted looks were vouchsafed to Col. Sweet and Capt. Vinton when first they sought its doors; but in the course of a few months the women found that their soldiers—their husbands, brothers, or lovers, whom the war had spared—were actually fraternizing with the Yankee invaders, and that between those who had done hard and honest fighting on either side there was springing up firm and honest friendship. The irreconcilables were limited, apparently, to the noncombatants. When the squadron was ordered elsewhere after a six months' sojourn at Quitman, the populace was astonished to find how much the troopers were missed and really needed; for even Yankee custom had been acceptable in the stores and Yankee contributions welcome in the church. Business had brought Col. Sweet to Summers' office, and in the course of frequent visits cordial relations were established, and Floyd Walton could hardly treat with disdain a soldier and gentleman whom his patrons welcomed, even had he long retained the disposition to do so.

The command had not been gone a week before men were unaccountably wishing it back, and when it reappeared, with certain additions, it was actually welcomed by people who would have scouted the possibility of such a thing the year before. This time Col. Sweet announced to the rector that his wife and daughter would speedily follow, and were even then in New Orleans, awaiting his instructions to come. There was no place for ladies in those rough days; the rector went to Mrs. Tower, and Mrs. Tower no longer resisted the inevitable. Floyd Walton, going to tea one hot June evening, was astonished to find himself in the presence of two ladies, one of them a pretty girl of perhaps 18, and to be presented to Mrs. and Miss Sweet. Within a week the young fellow was spending his evenings at the Towers', and within the month was hopelessly in love. Then came trouble. He hadn't a cent in the world. She was a soldier's daughter, and presumably poor. Whether she was poor or not, he, at least, had nothing to offer, and, having nothing, held his tongue, though he could not hold his peace. That was gone.

That was a wretched summer and autumn. The fire raged along the gulf, and cholera swooped upon the garrison. Sweet got his wife and child away to the mountains. They left suddenly, while Floyd was on a brief visit to his mother and sisters. It was December when they came back. Meantime Judge Summers had abandoned practice and gone to live at his old home at Sandbrook. Mr. Todd could offer young Walton no help; there was no money in law business just then. Matters at Tugaloo were going from bad to worse, and Walton found himself absolutely without money to pay his board. That made no difference to Mrs. Tower. She told him his mother's boy was as welcome as her own, and made him welcome where fascination all too strong already held him. Something in Jennie Sweet's gentle manner had changed. She was nervous, ill at ease, and sought to avoid him. Something in her mother's manner, too, was very different. And one day the truth came out. The frequency with which letters began chasing one another from the north explained the whole thing. Jenny had met her fate that fatal summer among the Virginia mountains, and was engaged to be married. Mrs. Sweet referred to the happy man as "a wealthy gentleman from Philadelphia, a few years older than Genevieve, but a most charming person." Genevieve herself said little or nothing, but looked none too radiant. Col. Sweet said less, but looked much at her.

Then Floyd Walton found another boarding place, and one where the influences were worse. He threw up his position in the law office and took a humble clerkship at a store. It paid him enough to board and lodge him, and here, from serving his customers with drink, he got to serving himself, and to associating with a regular set, some young townsmen, some soldiers. There were stories of gambling and quarrel even before Col. Sweet found that Jenny, the apple of his eye, was drooping in that southern climate, and sent her, with her mother, north "for good." The next thing heard of Floyd Walton was that he had gone to New Orleans with a discharged soldier; and, even while grieving over her boy's insubordinate letters and evident hopelessness and depression, Mrs. Walton received a missive one day that left her prostrate. She went alone to Quitman as soon as able to move, and came back within 48 hours looking years older, and both the girls soon knew that she had parted with the diamond earrings that were their father's last gift to her in the happy, prosperous days that preceded the war. Floyd had written that, starving, drunk or drugged, and desperate, he had been led by his associate before a recruiting officer, had been sent with others as reckless as himself to sober up at the quarters of a cavalry command near the city, and that, the next thing he knew, he with a squad of seven recruits was on his way to join a troop stationed within a few miles of his home. Instead, as he had been assured would be the case, of being sent to the Fourth cavalry on frontier duty against the Indians in Texas. "They broke their contract," he said, "and I broke mine." He had deserted, and, if captured, would be sent to hard labor at Baton Rouge penitentiary or to the Dry Tortugas.

Such stories leak out despite every effort to conceal them, but not until just before Lambert's coming to join Company G did Mrs. Walton dream that Esther knew of her brother's

peril. A sudden outcry in her garden one day brought her in haste to the spot, and there were a drunken soldier and her quadroon maid Elinor—he demanding liquor and she the return of a pitcher, which he had evidently snatched from her hand. Madam Walton's stately presence and her imperious order that he leave the premises at once only partially sobered him. He gave her to understand that if she reported him he could bring shame upon her head—he knew more about her affairs than she dreamed. His insolence tried her temper, but could not alter her tone and bearing. It was not until he was gone that Esther, trembling and in tears, came and begged her to lodge no complaint against the man, as he indeed knew more than she supposed. And then, in reply to her mother's demand, Esther brokenly admitted that she had already heard of Floyd's enlistment and desertion through this very soldier. He had been at the house before. What she did not tell her mother was, that the news first reached her through Walton Scroggs.

And then, without warning, Floyd suddenly came home. So troubled had he been by the condition of his mother's health and affairs as confided in Esther's letters (sent under cover to an old family friend now serving as a surgeon in the Juarez army) that, having earned a little money in Vera Cruz, he hastened back and appeared there late at evening, worn and weary, before those loving yet terrified eyes. He had ridden miles on horseback that day, as he feared recognition by officers or soldiers still at Quitman if he came by rail that way, or by federal deputies if he came the other. Esther alone had received him on his arrival, for she, poor girl, was watching at the old arbor near the south fence for the coming of her lover-husband, that day released from the clutches of the law. Then, after hearing her recital of their needs and sorrows, he had sent old Rasmus with a message into camp, while she had gone to prepare her mother for his coming.

Late that night, Mrs. Walton, kneeling by the bedside of her sleeping boy, became suddenly aware of a scuffle going on underneath the window, and, noiselessly descending the stairs, unfastened the side door and came at once upon the intruders, with the result already known. Not until aroused by the screams of Elinor and his sister Kate did Floyd know anything of the affair. Half asleep, and bewildered, he had jumped into boots and trousers and rushed to the rescue. One glance explained the whole thing, but it was Esther who in desperation seized and held him back when he would have sprung to release his mother from Riggs' drunken grasp—Esther who, hearing the coming rush of Lambert's footsteps, realized that what meant in-



Kneeling by the bedside of her sleeping boy.

stant rescue for her mother meant equally instant peril for him—Esther who actually ordered his hurried retreat at Lambert's appearance. Not until the following day did it occur to her mother to ask how it was or why it was she was up and dressed at that hour of the night. At any other time, perhaps, she would have found it far more difficult to frame plausible excuse, but almost anything would answer now. For hours she had been listening for the tap upon her window that should tell her Walton had not been spirited away to a place of safety until he had come to bless and comfort her with his love-words and caresses. To her, at least, despite the wild outs of his earlier days, her cousin-husband was all that was true and tender and fond. For him she had dared her mother's wrath, her younger sister's indignation, and Floyd alone was her supporter in the secret marriage that took place during her brief visit to the Claytons in the early spring.

With the dawn of Sunday, his signal at last was heard, and she stole out to meet him—to tell of Floyd's return, and to plan with him for their joint escape, for Floyd had told her that it would be folly to attempt to remain in hiding there. Already certain negroes of the neighborhood had seen him, and it could not be long before the military authorities were informed. Walton was all helplessness and sympathy. His brother, the conductor, had planned to send his horse to the Walton barn at ten that night, and "Wal" was to ride "cross country to a friend's in Barksdale county, leave the horse there, and be at the point where the railway crossed the country road at 11:30, when the "Owl" would stop and take him on the baggage car—unless some of Parmelee's spies or deputies were aboard. There would be no trouble at the capital, where the Owl often waited an hour for the express. The engineer would slow up just east of town. Walton would drop off in the darkness and make his way around to the west by a brisk tramp of a couple of miles, and there be taken on again about 1:30 a. m. and jostled away to the river. Once there, all the sheriff's posses in the south couldn't find him. Walton

promptly urged that Floyd go with him. Rasmus was routed out from slumber in the barn and sent away with messages to Col. Scroggs and "Cousin Bart," and then the voice of Kate was heard, calling for her sister. Instead of being asleep, Mrs. Walton was painfully awake and planning a diplomatic letter to be sent to Capt. Close. For hours the only refuge they could offer Esther's husband was the cellar, for Mrs. Walton had insisted on being up and dressed to meet Cousin Bart, whom now she desired to send for and consult.

The letter which had so bewildered the company commander was brief enough. It bore neither date nor place, but went straight to business:

"Mrs. Walton presents her compliments to the officer in command of the federal troops here in camp and begs to say that she finds upon investigation that the two soldiers who visited her premises last night did so at the request of a member of her household, who sought their aid in bringing certain supplies from town when her servants proved too ungrateful to be relied upon. Mrs. Walton deeply regrets that the soldiers referred to are now in danger of further punishment, and, while utterly disapproving the action which led to their employment in violation of her express orders, she nevertheless accepts the entire responsibility and begs that no further steps may be taken against them, as she will not only positively refuse to appear as a witness in the case, but will prohibit any of her household from so appearing. "Sunday morning."

And possibly the lady of Walton Hall felt quite assured that her mandate overruled any subpoena the federal authority could draft. One thing is certain, when Close read it over a second time he handed it to Lambert, saying: "So far as I am concerned, that blessed old lady shan't have any trouble on account of them two scallawags. She's got too much of her own. Unless you want to make an example of Riggs, you can release him in the morning. Murphy ought to be let off anyhow."

But when morning came it was found that Riggs had released himself. How he managed to cut his way out of that guard-tent without disturbing anybody, no one could explain. He was gone at daybreak, leaving no trace behind.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

He Appreciated the Value of Fossils and Studied Graves.

He was a physician, and while giving only his leisure to science and literature, he became a leading authority in the zoology and botany of Great Britain. He introduced the word "commensality," now in common use, to express a state of many living together, as it were, at the same table. This word is mentioned by Johnson as an example of a useful term, which, if rejected, must be supplied by circumlocution.

Browne was a pioneer in the scientific study of graves and their contents. He appreciated the value of fossils. He was also a comparative anatomist, and constantly engaged in such topics as the anatomy of the horse, the pigeon, the beaver, the badger, the whale. In a note on the autopsy of a sperm whale the following passage occurs: "It contained no less than 60 feet in length, the head somewhat peculiar, with a large prominence over the mouth; teeth only in the lower jaw, received into fleshy sockets in the upper. The weight of the largest about two pounds; no gristly substance in the mouth, commonly called whalebones; only two short fins * * * on the back; the eyes but small." This is a very good note, we think, and written in scientific spirit.

He studied animal mechanism, especially the gaits of the quadrupeds and the acts of swimming and floating; the problems of right and left handedness; and the erect figure of man. He tells us that "temperamental dignitions" can be detected by studying spots on the finger nails. Physicians even in our own day have not formulated knowledge on this curious subject. He discovered the animal soap now called adipoce. "He would have made a very extraordinary man for the privy council," we are told by his biographer.—Popular Science Monthly.

Charmed by Jennie Lind.

Dean Stanley actually suffered from listening to music, and yet Jenny Lind once told Max Muller he paid her the highest compliment she had ever received. Stanley was very fond of Jenny Lind, but when she stayed at his father's place at Norwich he always left the room when she sang. One evening Jenny Lind had been singing Handel's "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth." Stanley, as usual, had left the room but he came back after the music was over and came shyly up to Jenny Lind. "You know," he said, "I dislike music; I don't know what people mean by admiring it. I am very stupid, tone-deaf, as others are color-blind. But," he said, with some warmth, "to-night, when from a distance I heard you singing that song, I had an inkling of what people mean by music. Something came over me which I had never felt before; or, yes, I had felt it once before in my life." Jenny Lind was all attention. "Some years ago," he continued, "I was at Vienna, and one evening there was a tattoo before the palace performed by 400 drummers. I felt shaken, and to-night, while listening to your singing, the same feeling came over me; I felt deeply moved." "Dear man," she added, "I know he meant it, and a more honest compliment I never received in all my life."—Chicago Chronicle.

She Was Too Young.

The other day a couple of little girls came to a physician's office to be vaccinated. One of them undertook to speak for the other, and explained: "Doctor, this is my sister. She is too young to know her left arm from her right, so mamma washed both of them."—Twinkles.

RATTLESNAKE BUTTONS.

Old Notions Explored by Recent Observations.

Mr. D. L. Ditmars explored some old ideas about rattlesnakes in a paper read recently before the Linnaean society in this city.

"Among the specimens in my collection," he said, "are two young diamond-back rattlesnakes, born in a friend's collection in Florida, and sent to me before they had ever tasted food. Immediately upon their arrival, a young mouse was given to each, and as soon as the little creatures were introduced into the cages the snakes drew back their heads in true viperine fashion, striking the little animals, which died in less than a minute. After being carefully examined, the mouse was seized by the head and swallowed without more ado. This happened more than a year ago, and it is interesting to state that the snakes, which were at that time about 15 inches long, with a small soft button on the tail representing the future rattle and hardly able to swallow a large mouse, are now powerful rattlesnakes over three feet in length, with six rattles and feeding voraciously upon full-grown rats.

"The following observations were made upon these rattlesnakes: Born September 4, 1895, length about 15 inches; skin shed for the first time about two days after birth; one joint of the rattle present, which is soft and rubber-like and ankylosed to the tail; the snake is unable to make any sound with it, although it frequently shakes the tail.

"As the time approached for the second shedding of the skin the tail at the end began to exhibit a slight swelling, which grew gradually larger and larger, and when uncovered by the old skin proved to be a second joint of the rattle. All the succeeding joints have been acquired in the same manner, the joint itself not being visible until uncovered by the old skin. After the second joint was uncovered the snake was still unable to rattle, as the new joint was soft and seemed firmly joined to the original button; but in a few days this joint dried, turning a dark straw color, its previous color being black, and the serpent sounded its first war note some three and a half months after birth.

"In habits these snakes are much different from moccasins, for while the latter will eat frogs, birds, or rats, these reptiles will take rats only, always killing the prey before swallowing it, while the moccasins, to the contrary, seize a frog or bird, and, sinking the fangs into the victim, begin to swallow it while the creature is yet in its death struggles.

"The interesting and valuable point derived from the raising of these snakes was the growth of the rattle. The snakes were born with a soft joint on the tail, and did not acquire a second joint until three and a half months after birth. The number gained during the first year was five in all; thus exploding the general belief that the reptile gains a joint every year and that the age of the snake may be told by the number of joints of the rattle. Yet the age of the serpent may be roughly estimated by the general shape of the rattle. For instance, the snake is born with a small button on the tail and gains on an average of three or four joints a year, each joint being larger than its predecessor in proportion to the snake's growth. Thus the rattle assumes an acuminate shape. As time wears on the old joints of the rattle become broken and lost, but are being constantly replenished by new ones. After some years the growth of the snake ceases (from his own observations the writer would say between five and six years) and the joints added after this period are uniform in size. Thus if the rattle is acuminate the snake is still growing three joints for a year in temperate regions and four in tropical latitudes; but if the joints are uniform in size the reptile is an old one and no conclusion may be reached by an examination of the rattle.

"As a conclusion to these observations let us sum up the more valuable details; first, that these snakes are born as fully provided with fangs and venom as their parents; second, that the skin is shed a few days after birth; third, the young rattlesnakes are born with a soft button on the tail and from birth show the habit of shaking the caudal appendage; fourth, that these snakes reared in captivity eat more readily than those captured some time after birth. And lastly, that the colors are brighter than on their relatives that have been constantly exposed to the mercy and fickle mood of the elements."—N. Y. Times.

Home Duties of Indian Children.

There are home duties as well as pleasures for the children. Boys are required to look after the ponies, to lend a hand in planting, to help in the harvest; and they are often made to do active duty as scarecrows in the newly-planted field, where, like little Popeep, they fall fast asleep. The girls help to gather wood, bring water, and look after the younger ones. As they grow older they are taught to cut, sew, and make garments. In former days, the old Omahas say, no girl was considered marriageable until she had learned to tan skins, make tents and clothing, prepare meat for drying, and could cultivate corn and beans; while a young man who had not learned to make his own weapons and to be a skillful hunter was not considered fitted to take upon himself the responsibilities of the provider of a family.—Alice C. Fletcher, in Century.

Her Doughty Nephew.

"Your lawn is coming up beautifully. Mrs. Suddenrich." "Yes; I'm trying a new kind of lawn seed. It costs a dollar a pound. My nephew Tom buys it for me and he says it's the real rekerky article." "What is it called?" "Let me see—what did Tom call it? O, yes; patty-dee-foy-grass! Queer name, isn't it?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Speaker Reed is said to have abandoned the use of his bicycle in Washington on account of the attention he attracts on the streets.

—Buluwayo is to set up a great brazen image of Cecil Rhodes in one of its squares. The order has been sent to a British sculptor named Tweed.

—Queen Margherita of Italy recently stood godmother for a grandson of the great Italian actress, Mme. Ristori. The boy is a son of Marchese Capranica del Grillo.

—Charles Lecocq, the celebrated musician and author of the "Fille de Madame Angot," is trying to get a divorce after many years of matrimonial experience.

—An English periodical paper recently printed a biographical sketch of Chauncey d'Epew, of New York, in which it laid special stress on his well-known Gallic wit.

—The duchess of Fife—nicknamed "Her Royal Shyness"—never attends the queen's drawing-rooms, and Princess Louise of Lorne lives as far as she can the life of a quiet country gentlewoman.

—The Natal sculptor who is busy with a bust of President Kruger grumbles very much about "Oom Paul's" back hair, which sticks out in such a way that it is difficult to get an accurate mold.

—Dr. Nansen while in London astonished all who heard him by the idiomatic purity of his English; and now it is said that the quality of his French was an equal delight and surprise to his Gallic hosts.

—Prince Bismarck was able the other day to go out of doors for the first time since January 2. He drove for an hour and a quarter and experienced little difficulty in entering and leaving his carriage. On his return he took a short walk in his garden before reentering the house.

RELIGION IN BRAZIL.

Evidence That It Is at a Discount-Fruitful Mission Field.

Rev. Lucien Lee Kinsolving, of Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil, one of the first Protestant Episcopal ministers sent to that country, is touring the United States in the interest of his work. Rev. Mr. Kinsolving was sent to Brazil seven years ago. He spent two years learning the Portuguese language, and in the last five years has made over 300 converts to the Christian faith in Rio Grande do Sul. When he went to that country he found a population of 20,000 people, 160 of which were communicants in the Roman Catholic church. He found no opposition from the Romanists to his work, and they encouraged him. He was welcomed by the press and the educated people, who, while they did not themselves believe in Christianity, wanted the common people to believe in it, for the moral good it did the community.

"I cannot begin to express the condition existing there at that time," said the doctor. "The civil laws had nothing in them to aid a man to protect his family honor. Nothing but cowardly revenge would do. If a man succeeded in inducing another man's wife to leave him, he had no recourse to law. He would either have to grin and bear it or kill the paramour. The woman or man were not punishable by law.

"Marriage is a civil contract there. Church or religious marriages are not recognized, and the Roman church has gotten into considerable trouble by openly opposing this law.

"I have been in this country since September 21 lecturing on the work in Brazil and the conditions existing there. Missions may be needed in foreign countries, but they can be needed no place worse than they are in Brazil. The proprietors of papers, editors and educated people are not Christians. Their fathers may have been before them, and the Roman Catholic church is the established church of the country, but these people believe in humanity. They call themselves Comptists, and won't permit the word 'infidel' to be used. Sunday schools were unknown throughout Brazil. We now have a Sunday school of 600 children.

"A heavy tax was required by the church to bury people. This became burdensome, and it is quite a common thing for deceased people to be hauled past my door and interred like beasts. Such a thing as a burial service for the poorer classes is unknown. The richer people sometimes avail themselves of the privilege offered by the church. In the entire district in which I live few people are even moral.

"The good work of the Episcopal church has received the hearty recommendation of all classes, and we have little opposition from any source. People like to listen to good sermons, and no less a personage than the gentleman who held the portfolio of the treasury in President Floriana Peixoto's cabinet complimented me on the work there as I was sailing for the United States. He asked me to come back and keep up the work. The gentleman was not a Christian, but had heard me preach on charity."—Pittsburgh Commercial-Gazette.

New Uses for Glass.

Attention was recently called in this column to the proposed use of glass brick in building. It is now said that the government of Switzerland has approved the use of glass for making weights to be employed with balances. A peculiarly tough kind of glass is to be selected for this purpose. From England comes the suggestion that glass would be a better and more lasting material than stone for making monuments, which are exposed to the wearing action of the weather.—Youth's Companion.

Got on All Right.

She—How are you getting on with your bicycle, Capt. Ver? He (a beginner)—O! splendidly; getting on about every two minutes.—Fun.