

**STORM AND SUNSHINE.**

The waves dashed up against the shore,  
The wind beat out again;  
The sea fled wildly on before,  
And sobbed and moaned with pain.  
The heavy clouds hung low and dark,  
The rain swept on below,  
And blotted out a storm-tossed bark—  
Sad type of human woe.  
But that was yesterday, my dear,  
To-day the sun shines bright,  
And all that seemed so wild and drear  
Has vanished in the night.  
The little waves run up the shore,  
The sea forgets its pain;  
The whole wide world grows glad once more,  
And courage lives again.

**THE OLD SILVER TRAIL.**

BY MARY E. STICKNEY.

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**CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.**

Dorothy stared at him almost aghast. What manner of man could he be, to thus to her, almost a stranger? While with more feeling in his voice he added: "It almost brings a swelling in my throat when I think of all she does for me—of all her love—the dear little mother!"

"Your mother!" Dorothy repeated, surprised. "I did not know—I thought, perhaps—" she stopped short, her face crimsoning painfully.

Neil laughed, exquisitely flattered that she had evidently given thought to possibilities of tender significance in the token; but his face grew grave, almost sad, as he said: "In all my life, Miss Meredith, there has never been any woman who would do as much as that for me except my mother. I am almost afraid there never will be."

"And your mother—she is in the east, I suppose," the girl hurriedly observed. Neil smiled, by no means dull to the little ruse to change the subject, but he perceived the wisdom of following her tactful lead. And so he talked of his mother, his boyhood days and the old home; passing thence to general topics, which, although he scarce knew it, really showed him at his best; for not only could he talk well on most subjects when he tried, but he had that better gift of the conversationalist, a sympathetic intuition to draw out the other's thoughts, so that Dorothy, wholly at ease, was presently chatting as to an old friend.

Only once did he venture upon any betrayal of his deeper feeling, and that was when their mission to the old hut had almost reached the main road on their way back, when Dorothy drew rein, hesitatingly suggesting that they would better part.

"I have been expecting you to say that," he good humoredly rejoined; "and of course it is all right. But before you leave me, stop while I pick you some of these mariposa lilies; they are the bluest I have ever seen."

"They are beautiful; thanks," she said delightedly, as she took them from his hand, almost apologetically adding: "I am so fond of our Colorado flowers, of everything that blossoms, in fact. I would almost like to see a thanksgiving for the flowers inserted in the church service."

"Would you?" he answered, dreamily, lingering close beside her upon pretense of admiring the lilies. "I dare say we do take too much for granted in respect to the pleasant things of earth. But don't you think there is a certain thanksgiving in every thought of appreciation? I like to think we do not need to put everything into words. Friends who love each other need not always be talking to be understood; and it would seem that the all-embracing spirit of nature that we call our God might be in such close communion with the faltering, tongue-tied soul as to understand and even better than the human friend all that we leave unsaid."

"Yes, perhaps," Dorothy murmured, with somewhat of surprise in her glance.

"You do not agree with me quite," "It is a beautiful thought," she said, doubtfully; "but is it orthodox?"

"Do you find heterodoxy unpardonable?" "I did not mean to imply that. And such heterodoxy as yours—" She looked at him thoughtfully, leaving the sentence unfinished. "But is it satisfying, do you think, to let things go forever unsaid?"

"Some things—perhaps not. In fact, it is extremely unsatisfying at times," He looked at her with something in his eyes before which her glance fell, while instinctively she gathered up the reins as though she would go. "For instance, it seems a shame that I should be with you here and not tell you how often I have thought of you since that world's fair night; how many times I have wished that I might see you again."

"You did not think then that I was Col. Meredith's daughter," she impulsively exclaimed.

"And do you think that I think of it now—that it counts as anything as between you and me?" he impetuously retorted. "To me you are simply yourself—the little world's fair lady of whom I have been dreaming for a year. You are—"

"Don't, please, Mr. Neil," she hurriedly interrupted. "You may forget that I am my father's daughter, but I cannot. And now, I really must leave you. Thanks for my flowers and good-by."

"But wait!" he peremptorily interposed, coolly seizing her horse by the bit. "I suppose I must not ask when there is any likelihood of our meeting—by chance—again."

"If you did, I should tell you that I have no idea," she quickly returned.

"It may be for years and it may be for ever. Can I go now, please?"

"Tell me first that you are not offended because I came to-day."

"No; I am not offended," she answered, slowly, smiling rather against her will, as it seemed; "but—I think I ought to be, perhaps."

"Oh, but if you're not!" he rejoined, quickly, hesitating as though uncertain how much of his thought he might express. "It is so much that we can be friends."

"But the very best of friends must always part at last," she returned, rather shyly smiling down at him.

"Which means that I have really reached the limit, I suppose," he said, reluctantly, holding out his hand. "Well, then, if it must be—good-by."

But in some caprice, due more to sudden shyness than any other feeling, she refused to see the proffered hand, merely murmuring "good-by" again, as once more she lifted the rein to ride on. Harvey Neil, weighing and measuring with a lover's morbid fancy, was cut to the quick by the little, unconscious snub.

"The hand of Douglas is his own!" he impetuously exclaimed, his detaining grasp still upon the bit. "And to think that a moment ago I was fatuously boasting that we were friends!" "Oh, it is not that," she murmured, turning her face away. "I don't know why—"

"But I know," he bitterly exclaimed, although his smile betrayed something of sardonic amusement at her discomfiture. "It is because, after all, you do not forget that I am somebody whom you have been hating—that you cannot really shake off the habit. It is such a really, the popular notion that woman is by nature only tender and forgiving; as a rule, I believe she is nothing of the sort, simply because she never forgets. Is it not so, Miss Meredith? Ah, well, 'By their long memories the gods are known,' and perhaps it is fitting that woman, who is so much more like unto the gods than we, should be particularly like in that respect. You cannot forget the sum of my imagined offenses against your father. Perhaps I should not expect it; but so many day, possibly, time may have so far blurred the record that you can spare a thought for the fact that from the moment of our first meeting I have been your friend; that I would have been—" he stopped, startled by such a rush of feeling as almost choked his utterance, though his eyes still clung to their mocking light and his principal feeling was one of angry disappointment as he went on in a lowered voice—"I would have been—all that you could have permitted, Miss Meredith! But you need not look so frightened," breaking off with a short laugh, as he caught the expression of her face. "I have reached the limit of my audacity, and I will not detain you longer. Good-by."

But if a lover could have presence to forecast his lady's moods he well might summon fortitude to endure her whims and floutings, secure in winning compensation soon or late through her own capricious impulse; for never is the woman heart so disposed to sweet concession as when in sensitized brooding upon a past offense all the magnanimity of her nature has been roused in longing to make atonement. And certain it was that Dorothy Meredith, as she rode away from Harvey Neil that day, had not been so full of yearning kindness toward him, but for that little hand clasp which she had refused. It had been an unreasoning impulse to draw back somewhat from the attitude of friendly confidence into which she had almost inadvertently drifted, but now she reproached herself for the childish inconsistency, his last words gaining force as she repeated them in her mind, impelling her heart to compunctious tenderness hitherto undreamed of. It would have been so little to concede on her part, the mere touch of her hand in a parting which might be for all time. It would have committed her to nothing, while to him it might have been so much, because—ah, could it be true that he loved her? Considering how little he really knew her and how irrevocably their paths seemed set apart, it seemed the wildest, maddest idea, ridiculous to the point of pathos; and yet, remembering the look in his eyes, she could not question his meaning when he said that she would have let him be. Asking nothing, expecting nothing, he had in effect laid his heart at her feet—and she had denied him even the mere touch of her finger tips! And, without analyzing her feeling beyond this ground for self-reproach, Dorothy felt that she was fitly punished in that she was very, very unhappy about it.

**CHAPTER IX.**

The day before the trial Harvey Neil appeared at his lawyer's office with a face so eloquent of discovery that Bartels at once exclaimed at sight of him: "Halloo! What's up?"

"I believe the Grubstake folks have been shipping out of the enjoined ground right along," the young man explained, with a sardonic smile, dropping into a chair, wearily.

"They have!" the tone attesting the attorney's appreciation of the importance of the statement. "How did you get onto that?"

"One of my men got me a couple of samples of the stuff they are shipping by begging a ride to town on one of the wagons and running a knife into some of the ore sacks while the driver was at dinner. I made assays this morning. The first ran a trifle over three thousand in gold, while the second went up to seven; and if both did not come out of the Mascot vein I would almost agree to eat the whole shipment. You see, I have had my suspicions right along, ever since they claimed to have made such a strike of low-grade truck in their lowest level, where they are drifting to connect with the old tunnel. Somehow I knew it wasn't so; but with the shafthouse guarded night and day, it seemed next to impossible to get a sight of the ore. I tried at the Denver

smelter—it looked fishy, their shipping it through to Denver—but they evidently had their instructions and I was politely turned down. However, though it is pretty late in the day, I believe I am on to their little game now."

"But if there is any such business as that going on, we'll have an order from the court for an examination at once; though, as you observe, it is rather late in the day," exclaimed Bartels, with rather more show of excitement than he often manifested.

"And by the time we get to the mine with our order from the court, the chances are that there wouldn't be a man nearer the disputed territory than the sorters on the dump pile. They wouldn't go into such work as that without being provided with a system of signals and underground telegraphy to guard against surprises. Moreover, I think we can do better," a good deal of complacent satisfaction in the tone now; "I think we shall have one of their men on the witness stand to-morrow."

"Good enough!" cried the lawyer, in a tone of cordial congratulation. "Who is he?"

"A fellow who used to work for me. He drifted away at the time of the strike, and I lost sight of him until the other day, when he told me he had been working on the Grubstake for a month. I happened to run across him again this morning, just after I had made those assays; it flashed across me at once that that was the man for us, and I made him an offer on the spot."

"Which he accepted?" "Not exactly. He said he would give me an answer to-night; but I am pretty tolerably sure of him. To a man with a passion for bucking faro, fifty dollars in cash is a powerful persuader."

"It is; but I wish he had not taken time to consider it, just the same," the lawyer dryly returned. "And did you get him to admit anything?"

"Only as silence—and an eloquent grin—gives consent. I said that I knew they were on our ground, and he did not deny it; he said he did not feel like talking then; he wanted time to think it over; but I feel sure from his manner that it is all right."

"And Brigham—have you seen him lately?"

"No; I did not think it advisable to be seen camping on his trail continually; but I sent him a note to meet me here this afternoon."

"He has not been in."

"So I inferred; but I will ride up to Tomtown from here and look him up."



"You do not forget I am somebody whom you have been hating."

I have been feeling tolerably sure of him since our last talk; he seemed perfectly satisfied with the terms I offered and talked in the fairest possible way; but I don't like his not coming."

"He's as slippery as an eel," declared the lawyer, disgustedly. "If you get hold of him you had better take him back to the Gulch with you to-night and not lose sight of him again till court opens. Then if you can secure the other fellow for an alternate in case the rascal elects to go back on us the last minute, we may be reasonably sure of something. But if you are not dead sure of your new man, I think we would still better go for an examination of the mine."

"We should probably have to ask for a continuance of the case if we did," returned Neil, in interrogative tone.

"Well, as late in the day as this—perhaps," answered Bartels.

"Which would probably be refused—if the judge has been approached by the other side," Neil bitterly rejoined. "And, anyway, as I said before, I would rather take my chances than delay the trial by an hour. It has been hanging over me long enough. While, moreover, I feel perfectly sure of being able to buy up this man Baker, even if \$50 turns out to be too little. I will have both him and Brigham here at your office by eight o'clock to-morrow morning—I swear it," a look in his eyes which amply indorsed the words.

"All right. If you stick by that, I think we may count on an easy victory," Bartels said, cordially, as the young man took his leave.

A couple of hours later, that same afternoon, Dorothy Meredith, knocking at her father's door to see if he were ready to go to supper, found him closeted with the superintendent of the mine.

"Come in for a moment; I'll go down with you presently," he said to her; and then, waiting till he had seen the door safely shut and the girl quietly established in a chair, he resumed the conversation she had interrupted. "You think he'll take the bait?" he asked of McCready, cheerfully.

"Oh, sure," returned that gentleman confidently. "He's got onto the fact that we're shipping some mighty rich truck, 'n' he's so bent on knowin' where it comes from that he'll take any chances to see with his own eyes. 'Twon't take no persuadin' to get him down—'you bet.'"

"And what do you propose to do with him if you get him?" demanded the colonel, with a sharp glance.

"Well, I hadn't got that fur," McCready returned, grinning in his face. "It might be a good chance to crowd a little experience under his hat as would do 'im a heap of good. I'd rather like

to serve 'im the way that top-lofty minin' expert got fixed out when he come with his order from the court, last spring, when the winze in the second level had been left open, kinder accidental like. 'You mustn't go in there,' says I, stoppin' him. 'You have no authority to hinder my goin' where I please, sir,' says he, independent as though he owned all Denver 'n' had a mortgage on the earth; 'I've got an order from the court, sir,' says he. 'Well, you'd better not go in there, just the same,' says I, aggravatin'-like, knowin' I was jest egg'in' of him on. 'I shall go where I d—abem!' and McCready paused embarrassedly, suddenly remembering that he must choose his words before the young lady, whose interest in the story he found greatly flattering. "Well, I shall go where I like, sir," says he, moseyin' straight for that winze; 'n' the next thing there he was, kerflump, at the bottom of that 15-foot hole with his order from the court—'n' a dislocated shoulder! Gee! how he did swear as we was hoistin' 'im up!—but there wasn't another straight face in the mine." And McCready roared for the pleasing reminiscence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

**THE OLD VETERAN'S DEATH.**

His Dying Moments Were Full of the Past.

The old Texas veteran was dying. For days he had been unconscious, and now the end was at hand. A few friends and relatives had gathered around his lowly bedside.

How time which seems to take nothing as he passes finally takes all! No-body would have supposed that the shrunken form and pinched features were once a model of manly strength and beauty. It was hard to believe that this wreck of a man was, in his youth, one of the boldest of the daring Texas rangers, who had carved a red swath with his bowie knife through the Mexican ranks at San Jacinto.

Would he pass over the river without a final word? No, for the thin lips part, there is an eager expression on the drawn face as he says, hurriedly: "Push on, boys! We must overtake them before night. The women and children must be saved."

He went away back in the thirties on the trail of the Comanches along with Jack Hayes.

For a few moments nothing was heard but the laboring breathing of the sufferer. Suddenly he clutched the bed clothes. There was a demon-like scowl on his brow, his eyes blazed with fury, and through his clenched teeth, like the growl of a tiger, came the words: "Remember the Alamo."

"He is fighting Mexicans at San Jacinto," whispered one of his sons.

For several minutes he did not seem to breathe. Had he already passed through the dark river? No, for once more the thin lips part, and in a voice in strange contrast to the hoarse wail of San Jacinto, he whispers: "Little May."

The old man's sons, themselves gray-haired men, glance at each other. For 40 years that name had never passed his lips. She was his only daughter, the pride of his life, but he thanked God when he heard she was dead.

Behold the wonderful transfiguration! The withered features are all aglow with a smile of ineffable tenderness, like a gleam of sunshine bathing in glory the rugged rocks of some ancient ruin. "Come, little May, let us go out on the prairie, and pick flowers. Come, little one!"

The outstretched arms fall heavily, and good old mother earth, who sooner or later, gathers to her bosom all her tired children, and lulls them to sleep, had claimed the old veteran. He was dead.—Alex Sweet, in Tammany Times.

**AN ABSENT-MINDED LORD.**

Strange Costume Worn by an Aspirant for Political Honors.

A certain noble lord, who shall be nameless, during his journey north on a political mission, changed his costume for a full Highland "rig-out," intending it as a delicate compliment to the land of the kilt. But when he looked at himself in the glass he found that the tailor had cut his kilt too short, so he made up his mind to put on evening dress.

He changed his upper garments and then sat down for a few moments to study his speech. This set him to sleep. He awoke with a start, only to find himself running into the station. Forgetting what had happened, he thrust on his hat, and this was how he was dressed:

He had a full Highland costume as far as his waist, above were a white shirt and swallow-tailed coat, and the entire edifice was crowned with a chimney-pot hat, upon which he had sat down without noticing it. His lordship's horror when he stepped upon the platform and felt the keen wind cutting his bare legs changed to absolute agony, when his valet appeared, scrambling out of the carriage with a pair of trousers in his hands, waving them wildly and exclaiming: "My lord, my lord, you have forgotten these."—London Telegraph.

**His Plea in Mitigation.**

"Have you anything to say in mitigation of your offense before sentence is passed?" asked the judge.

"Well, yes," replied the prisoner. "I wish to say, your honor, that I'm not half as bad as this jay lawyer who defended me."—Philadelphia North American.

**An Actual Loss.**

Wigsby—Well, how did the game progress after I left you last night? Cholly Van Polkadot—Debted hald luck, don'ch'know! Lost \$400. "Great guns, man; that's too bad." "Yaas, and two dollahs of it was in cold, hald cash, too."—Baltimore News.

**A Revolting Idiot.**

"What is a crank, papa?" "A crank, my son, is a fellow who goes around with his wheels."—Yonkers Statesman.

**THANKSGIVING AS AN ART.**

**Accomplishment in Which Our Mothers Excelled Girls of To-Day.**

The girl who has cultivated the spirit of thankfulness does not gush over at the gift of a daisy, and snap an indifferent "Thanks!" at the man who has lost a day from the office to gratify her little whim. Of course those mothers of ours had their whims and exercised the priceless privileges of their thoughtlessness and snapped now and then, as girls, and other than girls, have always done; but I think it cannot be denied that the girl of a generation ago had a conscience on the subject of debts of gratitude such as few have had since her day.

I have said that I am afraid that with many of us to-day it is a lost art. I am sure that it is not given that prominence which it once had, and that it is not cultivated with the enthusiasm with which it once was. Girls are taught what etiquette says about it, but etiquette deals only from the lips outward, and the result is that even our language tells the story of the decadence of thanksgiving. A traveler from Mars might hear our "Thanks!" 1,000,000 times, and never suspect that it was meant as an acknowledgment of a favor. I am sure that up to, say a dozen years ago, in those parts of our country where gallantry has held out longest, one could not give up a seat in a car without being sure of a full return in acknowledgment that meant to acknowledge something; and that to-day the average man is utterly upset and undone when his ears catch the old sweet sound. Of course, this does not justify or account for the current lack of gallantry among men, but I am not engaged in the hopeless task of restoring men to the old paths, but in the hopeful one of pointing out a neglected talent which the most charming of girls may cultivate with good results. I am not grumbling. I do not mean to say that the girl of the period is one whit behind the girl of the past. I do not believe in the decadence of women. I believe that the girl of to-day is equal to the girl her mother used to be; but I do not believe that it is enough to say of our girls that they are equal to the girls of the past, any more than it is enough to say of a flower that has had the best attention of the best florists for a generation, that it is as beautiful to-day as it was 30 years ago. . . . If we have done wisely, the girl of to-day ought to have not only something which her mother lacked, but she ought to have all her mother's graces as well. But it is a serious question whether, in pressing her development, we have not cultivated some qualities at the expense of others, just as in pressing the development of a certain flower we have increased its size and beauty at the expense of its fragrance.—Woman's Home Companion.

**DOMESTIC TALE BEARING.**

**A Tendency That Should Be Nipped in the Bud.**

There is no rule which the housewife should be more rigid in enforcing than that which prohibits tale-bearing by servants. Unless her maids understand from the very first that madame will not give ear to any gossip brought to her from the servants' quarters, she will be overwhelmed with petty accounts of kitchen misdemeanors. Many women assert that they find it easier to get along with one maid, even if a large share of the work must receive personal attention. At least, say they, friction between servants is avoided. This is quite true, for where two or more maids are engaged all sorts of small jealousies and dislikes have their rise. The housemaid complains of the cook, and the cook grumbles about the housemaid's failing whenever either can get a hearing.

The only escape from all of this, and the only certain means of putting an end to it, is for the lady of the house to reprove the first attempt at tale-bearing. She should frankly state that she desires to know nothing of her servants' disputes, and that whatever faults they may have she prefers to discover herself; that neither insinuations nor accusations will be tolerated, no matter in what spirit they are brought to her.

The servants will learn to respect this principle, and there will be less opportunity for nursing imaginary wrongs if there is no chance of appealing to the housewife's sympathy.

Not only the servants, but the children of the house, should have any tale-bearing instincts nipped in the bud. Have the juvenile gossip know that spying and eavesdropping among the maids for the purpose of tale bearing will seriously displease mamma, and there will be no danger of childish prattle which brings to light the domestics' shortcomings.—Leisure Hours.

**Sleeplessness Cured.**

Sleeplessness brought about by nervous excitement, mental strain or overwork, can be cured by a harmless home remedy, which anybody can easily test. Simply take a moist towel, fold it up and place it across the neck. For sleeplessness of nervous people who suffer from cold feet while the head is hot there is no better remedy than to rub the legs, and particularly the feet, briskly with a brush or rough towel. This will benefit the circulation, and a sort of tired feeling is the result, which soon produces sleep. Drugs cannot be used successfully for either of these forms of sleeplessness, while the local application of water will almost unexceptionally give immediate relief.—Leisure Hours.

**Ripe Tomato Pickles.**

Puncture tomatoes with a darning needle. Put a layer of tomatoes in a jar with chopped onion, sprinkle with salt, and add more tomatoes and onions until the jar is full. Let stand a week, then drain and press the salt water from the tomatoes, put in a jar and cover with strong vinegar well seasoned with pepper and spices.—Housekeeper.

**PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.**

—Inasmuch as the princess of Wales has taken to the grass cure of the late Father Eneipp, it is expected that British aristocrats will follow her example, in which event the 400 of New York may be expected to do likewise.

—Jean de Reszke has just achieved two notable successes on the turf in Russia. With Miecznick he won, for the second consecutive season, the Grand Prix of the czarina, and with Bragauza a prize of 40,000 francs.

—Queen Victoria and the empress of Austria represent the extremes in weight among the royal ladies of Europe. Victoria weighs a plump 224 pounds, and the Austrian empress but 102. The difference in their height is also extremely marked.

—The German empress is thinking of buying a small estate in Holstein, and has fixed her affections on Schloss Saxtorf, which is in the neighborhood of Schloss Grunholz, the home of her favorite sister, Duchess Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Gluckburg.

—The Cleveland detective who was sent to England to investigate the claims of Mrs. J. H. Blackman, of that city, to the estate of Barney Barnato, has returned, and reported that Mrs. Blackman's claims are unfounded. The "Kaffir King" was in no way related to Mrs. Blackman.

—Dr. Hugh Johnson, president McKinley's pastor, in speaking of the president, said: "He has won great popularity by waiting till the benediction has been pronounced, unlike Gen. Grant, who used to retire by the private 'clergyman's entrance' during the singing of the last hymn."

**WOES OF THE SALESWOMEN.**

**Experience of a Lady Who Became a Clerk from Necessity.**

The "saleslady's" side of the shopping question is not often heard. When it is, she is usually making a complaint about the customer who shops, turns over goods and never buys. The woman behind the counter does not care for sympathy, but she appreciates politeness in the customer she waits upon.

This is a story of a small New England city, where people are a little more shaken together than they are in larger cities. This woman was really a lady, and was a store clerk from necessity. There she had many pleasant dealings with a customer who always came to her to be waited upon, and whom she took great pains to serve.

It chanced during one of the winters that she was invited to card parties, at which she met her former customer socially. That, there was a formal introduction. Possibly there was not as much real sociability between the two at the card parties as over the counter.

Then the two met on the street. The customer was looking in an opposite direction. They met again, and the customer, although her eyes were apparently gazing straight into the eyes of the clerk, saw only vacancy.

"I am sensitive," said the clerk to herself. "She did not see me. I will be more sure another time."

In the meantime the customer had called at the shop and received the usual respectful attention from her favorite clerk.

Then for a third time the customer and clerk met on the street, and this time there could be no mistake; the customer did see the clerk it was plain, and it was equally plain that she did not intend to speak to her.

"I did not expect her to do more than speak to me courteously," said the clerk, relating the experience, "but under the circumstances I did expect that. I have waited on her for the last time. She comes into the shop now, and if I am entirely at leisure I let her stand until some one else is ready to take her order. She has taken up my time in the shop telling me of her intimate family affairs, in which I am in no way interested. She has been very pleasant and very familiar. I do not care for that, but I do expect a courteous recognition."

"Undoubtedly it is foolish for any woman, clerk or not, to feel that it is worth while being offended because some woman fails to recognize her. Conditions in New York are different. Just such an episode could hardly arise here, but snobbishness either here or elsewhere does not seem to be an admirable quality. The 'saleslady' appreciates considerate treatment."

"She was so nice," one of them was heard to say enthusiastically a few days ago, in commenting upon a recent customer, "and she said she had such a nice saleslady."—N. Y. Tribune.

**Jumping Cocoons.**

Some of our readers who have been in Mexico, or the southwestern United States, may have amused themselves by watching the queer motions of "jumping beans," which are the seed-vessels of a plant, each of which contains the pupa of an insect whose spasmodic movements cause the bean to hop and roll about. More remarkable are the "jumping cocoons," recently described by Dr. Sharp and found in South Africa. The cocoon is formed by the mother insect, and is very hard. The pupa, when ready to emerge, must cut its way out. The front of its head has a sharp chisel edge, and by driving this against the inside of the shell it gradually makes a hole. The violent motions of the pupa within cause the cocoon to leap so that one has been seen to spring out of a small glass tumbler.—Entomologist.

**"Hell for Sartin Creek."**

"Hell for Sartin Creek in Bloody Breathit," which gave its name to one of John Fox's story books, says the Indianapolis Journal, is, of course, a real Kentucky rivulet, and it seems to be doing well. "It may cheer you to know," writes its historian, "that Hell for Sartin Creek now has a Sunday school. It is called 'Hell for Sartin Sunday school.'"—Chicago Tribune.