

THE CHRONICLE.

COLFAX, - - - LOUISIANA.

THE WHITE FLOWER'S STORY.

A sweet pure flower, white as the snow without, I grew and blossomed in the scented air.

And dreamed full many a dream of life and love. I heard young lovers whispering all about.

And thought that soon I, too, should have my share.

The sunshine wooed me gazing from above. 'Twas then I opened out my perfect flower.

Until the whole place owned its wondrous power.

With soft eyes, I watched my lady come. And as she drew me toward her heaving breast.

I deemed my time drew nigh to see the world. That world of which I heard the voiceless hum.

Go on forever, with obscure vague melody. And wider yet my pure white leaves unfurled.

"My lady wears me at the ball to-night; I once shall see a scene of rare delight!"

With shaking hand my lady out the stem. And pressed me to her lips, and in her eyes.

I saw the large tears slowly gathering there; Yet did not fall. She did not notice them.

And looked through mist beyond the pale blue skies.

As if she saw a mystic vision fair. "My lady gives me," said I, whispering low.

"To him to whom her sweet heart longs to go."

Slowly she carried me with flinging feet. To another room. There on the bed.

Lay something white and wonderful and grand. Upon the lips a lingering smile, so sweet.

I knew that I was with the blessed dead. Whose work was done, who could no longer stand.

With weary eyes, watching the daylight die. Too swift away across the winter sky.

My lady placed me on th' unheating heart. By the crossed hands, and sighed with bitter pain.

And yet somehow she envied me my place. She turned away then, as if forced apart.

Her lips just breathed her lover's name again; Yet came noision upon that silent face.

'Twas then I knew it all—death is life's best. And he wins most who earliest goes to rest.

—Harper's Bazar.

SWINTON'S STORY.

"I often compare myself to that wide-spreading tree out yonder, when I think of the unconsidered acorn from which it sprang."

Then turning to me with a frank sparkle in his eyes, Swinton drew his chair closer to mine, so that we might both face the glowing Christmas fire.

Light one of those Russian cigarettes with Laferme's name on them and I will do so now. It will just last till Kate orders us off to bed.

"I was, as you know, a foundling and never had any education worth speaking of. I had neither a sixpence nor a friend. I was simply a human waif, and if I had thrown myself over a bridge I was five and twenty, nobody would have inquired what had become of me."

I was an active chap, too, and got odd jobs which kept me alive. I am certain I was not unhappy. Healthy life never is, and a hungry young fellow who lives on sixpence a day and earns it, after all only follows the advice which an eminent physician gave to his best patients. I was a keen-witted lad, moreover, and I think I should have got on sooner if I had had a chance, but then I never did have a chance, or even half a one. I beat the London pavement with my feet till I knew every inch of it, yet I never found anything but now and then a hired horse to hold. It was always a hired horse, for gentlemen were generally attended by grooms in my time, and commercial travelers' horses stood without holding."

"The best part of my income came from running errands for the head of a public company, of which I am now chairman. He was a head of an august presence, and it was his duty to stand at the office door with an imposing staff every time one of the directors or the secretary went in or out. To these ceremonial functions he added a little private business of his own, and undertook to provide messengers for the establishment. His charge was sixpence a message for short distances and one shilling for longer ones. He paid me a penny in both cases, and affected such hazy ideas about time and space that I knew I should get nothing if I asked for more. Plenty of street Arabs would have been glad to cut me out; and, indeed, I soon acquired a sort of favor among them from the regular nature of this employment, considering myself as one of the company's servants. The height of my ambition at that time would have been to have had a shiny cap with a band of silver lace around it, and to have been able to say: 'Yes, sir, directly, sir,' to Alderman Dumping, who was a great light in the concern."

"I must have been a gaunt, lantern-checked lad when I was moving about one Sunday afternoon at Hyde Park-borne, near Tattersall's. The company's office was, of course, closed on that day, and I was on the watch to see if I could pick up any odd coppers. But I had a hard time of it with the red jackets, who were the regular men who did odd jobs for noble sportsmen thereabouts, and who punched my head with distressing vivacity whenever they caught me trespassing in their diggings. I had almost given the thing up for that day, and was slouching along with a black eye and a sore nose, toward Knightsbridge, when I saw a weak, knock-kneed little fellow strapped to a clumsy sort of a truck, and pulling away with all his small might and main. It had got some sticks of furniture piled upon it, and a hair trunk broken in the middle, with a splintered cover. Still the load was far beyond the child's strength, and the sweat streamed down his face as he dragged it hard at it little purpose. Therefore, although I was very hungry, and more or less out of sorts myself, I began to whistle, and, putting my left hand carelessly to the truck, took the weight off the boy's shoulder, and set in trundling along briskly enough for anything."

"Now, then, Spiler, what are yer hup to?" said the little man, gasping out the indignant words as well as his spent breath would let him. He was a proud boy, and would not have begged for anybody's help; but I suppose there was something in my manner, or perhaps in my whistle, which reassured him, for he said something about his father, and mother being 'both sick abed,' and then took my help without further suspicion or resentment. Poor fellow soon fraternized, and aid each other oftener than the rich, so that what I was doing I dare say seemed to him quite natural."

"I pushed the truck idly about half a mile till we got to the squalid home where the child lived; helped him to hand down its contents to a shrill-

voiced woman, and then went whistling away, thinking no more about it.

"I can even tell you the air I whistled. It was that of a street song called 'The King of the Cannibal Islands,' which was popular at the time, and I think shared public favor with another lyric known as 'Jim Crow.'"

"I had not gone far, however, and was thinking of investing in a saveloy and a loaf of bread, which would jointly cost my entire fortune of twopence sterling, when a crabbed-looking old man, muffled up in a cloak, thrust something hurriedly into my right hand.

"It was a piece of gold—a sovereign—and I stood staring at it in a state of bewilderment."

"You have just done a good action," growled the old man, harshly. "I walked beside you all the way from St. George's Hospital, and saw you help the child with the truck." So saying, he twirled suddenly about, and made off as though impatient of thanks.

"I did not do it for money, sir," I stammered, unconsciously standing in his way, and reddening to the tips of my ears in surprise and excitement.

"That is the very reason why you are rewarded," replied the old man, with an impetuous snort, and, brushing me out of his path, he trotted backwards towards Piccadilly, as though he had done nothing unusual. In truth, that was the case. My unknown benefactor was Mr. Simon Coldpepper, who went about doing good and running away from it. Twenty years after we became intimate friends. He and I built a block of almshouses together, and I was sole executor to his will.

"Well, that was my aorn. I bought some decent clothes with part of it, and got more for my messages, owing to my improved appearance. Then I began to save money, and had the good luck, together with the quickness of eye and hand required, to save Alderman Dumping from being run over by a fast-trotting butcher on a dividend day at the bank. He only gave me half-a-crown in money, but I got much more in fact, for I found that I had acquired the passive good-will of a man who thought slowly, indeed, but to some purpose."

"About six months after he engaged me to sweep out his shop, and told me to learn to read and write. When he found I could do so satisfactorily, he made me his warehouse clerk; and at the end of two years he said: 'I have been looking into your figures, John Swinton, and find you have not made a single mistake since you came into the business. I want to send a good man out as our agent to Australia; would you like to go?'"

"I did like to go, as you may suppose, and fell just into the cream of the gold discoveries. I put all the money I can rake together into hand lots, and I am afraid to tell you how much I made by them. I became partner in the great colonial firm of Dumping, Swinton, Goldpiece & Co. You know the rest. I am now the head of it, my worthy chief having settled his last account all quiet and correct before I was forty."

"Are you coming to tea?" here inquired a majestic voice. It was that of Lady Marian Swinton, and before its echoes had returned to silence, we were invaded and utterly overwhelmed by a rosy, ostentatious rabble of boys and girls, who startled me out of a quiet dose.—Wm. Combe-Banders, in Boston Traveller.

"I Haven't Time."

A great many people excuse themselves for their habitual or total neglect of the finer and better work of life, by declaring that they have no time to devote to it. Others, they say, may read the world's best books, or store their minds with helpful knowledge, or devote themselves to good works among the poor, or aid their minister in his parish undertakings, or make kindly calls upon the sick; but for all such good works they have no time. The daily drudgery of life, for them, is so constant and pressing that they cannot think of adding to it those other tasks which they would greatly like to undertake, if they only could devote their unimpeded time and their unburdened lives wholly to their accomplishment.

Now it is proved by the whole experience of the world, in whatsoever department of labor, that the best work does not come from those who have nothing else to do, and whose whole time is free to devote to a single purpose. So complex is the scheme of daily life in this "workaday world," that it is simply impossible for a person to declare that he will do but one thing, and that, failing to give his whole time to it, he will do nothing. It is true that a man should have a plan of life, or a leading ambition, or an overmastering purpose; but it is not true that he has a right to sacrifice everything to it. The Master and his disciples had the noblest purpose and the loftiest life-work of any men that ever lived upon the earth; but they did not preach, or teach, or heal, all the time. They did whatever thing was their duty; and though all things were performed with the ultimate purpose in view, they did not wait to be able to give up their whole time to some one particular division of religious labor. And so it has been ever since; the world's best laborers in religion, and politics, and literature, and the arts, and philanthropy, have been men and women who have not spent their time in lamenting over the necessity of drudgery, but have accepted that necessity, and have so toiled, in humble work and great, in ordinary hours and in supreme moments, as to turn the baser metals of monotonous and seemingly irrelevant labors into the fine gold of present success and ultimate triumph.

It is not necessary to multiply examples to show that men who have all their time "at their disposal" accomplish less, in any chosen line of work, than those who are able to devote to that line of work but a part of their busy hours. Take literature, for instance—a pursuit which seemingly requires more than any other, the undivided time and thought of its servants. The intellectual history of the world shows that the vast majority of its great writers have been men employed in pursuits monotonous and apparently incongruous with the best achievements of the mind—pursuits which one would say must not only have taken up a large share of their time, but also have made great demands upon their intellectual

forces, or have dulled them into weariness and repose. To mention renowned American authors only, we find that Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes and Ticknor have filled Professors' chairs for many long years; that Bryant, Whittier, Howells, Curtis, Warner, Bret Harte, Aldrich and Bayard Taylor have done a great share of their best writing in hours after their routine newspaper work had been performed; and that Hawthorne, Irving, Motley, Hildreth, Marsh and Bancroft have fulfilled onerous obligations in posts of public service. Not a few of our American writers also have filled clerkships, as did Charles Lamb, or engaged in banking, as did Samuel Rogers, or even conducted a mercantile establishment, as does William Morris. The rule bears wholly in one direction, and the exception is rarely to be found. The nearest approach to an exception of the sort, among our chief writers, is to be found in the case of Prescott; but Prescott, though removed from the necessity of money-making, was also removed from its possibility by a physical malady which surely was as exacting as any ordinary drudgery, and as likely to impair or destroy good work by a man less resolutely determined to overcome all obstacles. Another American historian, Parkman, has also, like Prescott, been obliged to work despite a serious affection of the eyes, which, in his case, prevents his writing more than five minutes at a time.

Thus it is, not only in literature, but in every department of good and helpful work, that those succeed who, though busy with humdrum toils, or otherwise hindered, make success by taking what little time they have for higher labors, instead of refusing to take it because it is little. Better is an hour well spent than twenty-four hours occupied in idleness, or what is little better, in grumbling over our enforced occupations. And no one is so busy that he is obliged really to waste his odd moments, simply because he thinks he is wasting his even ones. Just as air cannot be all oxygen, or a house all windows, or a day all sunrise, or a plant all flower, so a life cannot be devoid of a large proportion of elements which seem neither bright nor beautiful, but which are essential to the excellence—or rather to the very existence—of its highest achievements.—S. S. Times.

Brain Work and Bad Habits.

Bad habits, impure air, unhealthful food, neglect of exercise, the use of tobacco and whisky, have killed thousands of students, whose hard study has killed one. More people die, I think, from want of sufficient brain-work than from too much of it. When school-girls die from tight corsets, heavy skirts, heating chignons and other unnatural inflictions, it is very kind in gentlemen to say, "Killed by hard study;" but women know better. Some years since I had a hired girl who suffered almost constantly from headache, but she wore continually a heavy chignon, supported by wire pins in her hair. Her headache was not caused by hard study. This same girl often spent forty minutes at night putting up her hair, and as many minutes in the morning taking it down again. But the worst of it all was that after all her care, she was sick, and consequently ugly. Young ladies can't safely study during school hours, and then spend the hours allotted to exercise and recreation in the exhausting labor of altering old dresses into the latest fashion, or even in embroidery or stitching ruffles. They can scarcely afford an hour a day for the crimping and frizzing of their hair. It is rather a curious study to notice how women, in all times and countries, have been bent on changing themselves from what God made them. In some countries they blacken the teeth, and bandage the feet; in others they flatten the heads and paint the face; while in others they powder the face, frizz the hair and variously deform the form divine. Now, if all this was necessary to make woman beautiful, it would be labor and care well spent, for every woman should make herself attractive, if possible. But, is it not true that the highest beauty, as well as art, is to be natural? Were not our grandmothers in their youth, though in plain attire, admired and I ved quite as sincerely as the present generation of girls are? Good health, a good disposition and intelligence are the best beautifiers. I have sometimes thought a collection of the various styles of chignons, stays, hoop-skirts and other abominations of woman's apparel, would make a valuable and instructive addition to some of our museums.—Cor. Cleveland (O.) Leader.

On the Nebraska Ranges.

It is estimated that the Hiff estate now owns about 39,000 head of cattle of all ages. It includes eight ranches, the principal one being one hundred and sixty miles in length by sixty miles in width. They are situated between the Union Pacific Railroad and the South Platte River, and reach westward to the foot hills, including portions of Colorado, Wyoming, and Nebraska. Within the past two years there have been added to the herd by purchase, 17,000 cattle from Texas, while the calves branded within that time number about 8,000 head. Within the same period 25,021 have been marketed for beef, and 17,000 will be marketed this year. The value of the estate is estimated at \$1,500,000.

The drive of cattle from Texas will be heavier this year than ever before, and has been estimated at 300,000, of which Nebraska will get a large percentage. Many of the stockmen of Western Nebraska are now making preparations to add largely to their herds of Texas cattle. Ogallala is the natural terminus of the Texas cattle trail, and will be the objective point this year. Of the cattle coming to that immediate vicinity, the Sidney Telegraph mentions the following: Pennsylvania Stock Company, 3,000 head; Jones Bros., 2,900 head; James Reed, Texas, 6,000 head; John Dawson, Texas, 3,000 head; Andrews Bros., Texas, 2,500 head; J. W. Gamel, Running Water, Neb., 5,000 head; D. R. Fant, Texas and Nebraska, 6,000 head. Millett, Mabry, and many other well-known stockmen, will also bring cattle up on the trail for disposal in that vicinity. Not only Cheyenne County, but nearly all of Sioux County is now being used for grazing purposes, and our cattlemen are even converting portions of Dakota into stock ranges.—Omaha Herald.

Historical Doubles.

Few historical characters have had more counterfeit presentations than Sebastian of Portugal, who, being found missing after a battle against the Moors in 1578, was represented by a succession of impostors for years afterward. Concerning one of these historians are yet in doubt. In 1598 a man presented himself to the Venetian Senate, claiming to be the last heir of Portugal, escaped from a twenty years' captivity among the Moors. He possessed great personal resemblance to the last Prince. He was acquainted with secrets concerning the Royal family, and had certainly strong evidence to produce in favor of his claims, but he was decided to be another of the long series of impostors who had assumed the title of Sebastian, and was sent to the galleys. To the close of his life, however, he persisted in his tale, and its truth is one of the many historical mysteries that are never likely to be cleared up. Russia, too, has had its historical "double." Many counterfeits arose to personate that Demetrius, son of the Czar, as Grand Duke of Muscovy, who was murdered in 1600. In 1773 an impostor arose who asserted that he was Peter III. He led an army against the Empress Catherine, but was defeated and executed in 1775. There were many claimants to the title of Louis XVII. In the present century a man named Eleazar Williams, residing in Canada, was believed by many persons to be the unfortunate Dauphin, who it was said had been secretly conveyed to America by a faithful servant, instead of dying in the Temple.

In our own day was there not the Tichborne trial, concerning which opinions were so greatly divided? A yet stranger case of disputed identity occurred in the sixteenth century. A certain Martin Guerre, residing in the province of Haute Garonne, left his wife and family and disappeared for eight years. At the end of this time he apparently returned to his home, and was received without suspicion by the relatives. Martin had a number of peculiar marks which the new comer also possessed; the returning prodigal was also conversant with all the most private affairs of the family, and knew secrets that the wife had revealed to her husband alone. Three years passed away, and two more children were born to the supposed Martin, when a doubt of his real identity began to arise. It is not clear what first roused suspicion, but the rumor once set afloat evidence began to pour in, till there was, at least, strong cause to believe that the reputed Martin Guerre was only a "doppelganger" of the real man; that he was in fact a certain Arnaud du Tilk, who had made the acquaintance of the real Martin in Flanders, and traded in his likeness and the possession of information obtained from Martin to personate his comrade to his family. In the midst of the discussion the real Martin returned home, but his appearance, instead of mending matters, only

"Made the case darker. Which was dark enough without."

Some swore positively that the first claimant was the real Martin; others were equally certain that he was an impostor. The case went for trial, and the real man succeeded in proving his identity, the counterfeit Martin (alias Arnaud du Tilk) being hanged. He confessed his deception before his execution. In the seventeenth century a long lawsuit dragged on in the Paris Courts concerning a question of disputed identity. A man claimed to be the heir of a Calvinist family named De Caille, who had quitted France at the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The deception was proved at last, but the accidental resemblance between this adventurer, Pierre Mege, and the deceased De Caille, whom he attempted to personate, was strong enough to deceive many persons.—London Globe.

A Long Journey for a Lover.

The Alexandria (Minn.) Post tells the following romantic story: In the summer of 1859 regular mail service was established, and early in 1860 Burbank & Co. put in a line of stages. At this period in the history of Alexandria an incident occurred of a peculiarly romantic character. With the first trip of the stage coach came two lassies from Scotland's rugged shores, one of whom was on her way to Winnipeg or Fort Garry to wed her Highland lover, who, in the employ of the Hudson Bay Fur Company, had crossed the sea before her, and whose home was in the far-off wilds of British America. This Highland ladie had traveled some 1,500 miles from the northwest of Fort Garry, at which place he expected to meet his lady-love. And here again is the truth of the old proverb—that the course of true love never runs smoothly—verified. From some unaccountable delay of the stage or Red River steamboat, his loved one failed to reach her destination at the appointed time, and after waiting several days in anxious suspense, the young Scotchman came to the conclusion that his "Bonnie Annie Laurie" had either forgotten her plighted vows or bestowed the affections of her heart upon another; and when his heart by hope deferred grew faint within him, he turned his face sadly in the direction from whence he came, to drown thoughts and feelings in the deep, dark solitude of forest wilds. Painful, indeed, must have been the thoughts of that young girl, to find on her arrival at Fort Garry, and after thousands of miles of travel, that he for whom she had sacrificed home, friends and country, to brave the perils of ocean and the dangers of a wild and almost endless wilderness, had kept faithfully his trust, and believing her inconstant to the vows plighted so far away, had returned to his forest home without her. Such constancy and devotion in a young and timid girl aroused the sympathy of those around her and a special express was dispatched in pursuit of the wandering lover, who at the end of two or three days was overtaken with the joyful tidings that she whom he had traveled so far to meet, awaited with anxious heart his coming. Let us draw a veil, as the novelists say, over the event of that happy meeting. It was too sacred in its details for the eye of curious mortals to behold or the pen of human to portray.

—We live to learn to live.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

"The woman question"—Why did you stay out till this unseemly hour, sir?"

"The mathematician who wished to borrow some cash, wrote: 'I will ask for a.'"

"The Elmira Advertiser says that self-made men are usually more thoroughly made than other men."

"People do not like to acknowledge that they are poor, except to book agents.—New Orleans Picayune."

"The reason 'the boy stood on the burning deck' was because it was too hot to sit down.—Waterloo Observer."

"There ain't nothing that will sho the virtues and vices of a man, in so vivid a light, as profuse prosperity.—Josh Billings."

"Hackmen are opposed to cremation. A long string of carriages at a poor man's funeral is something too good to be lost to sight."

"Before marriage a girl frequently calls her intended 'her treasure,' but when he becomes her husband she looks upon him as 'her treasurer.'"

"The dates for college base-ball games in 1890 have already been decided upon. The interest in the education of our youth is not abating.—Boston Post."

"The average boy among his fellows soon finds that he cannot play the tyrant with a high hand. He learns to knock down as soon as he commences playing marbles."

"Two ragged urchins stood one day Beside the great church door. And watched the folks in rich array From out the temple pour."

"My eyes! but ain't they lony though! And don't they sport the dress! What be they, Joe?" "O, I dunno—They're Christian folks, I guess."

"They be! Then, if we had the cash, And nothing else to do, And washed, and dressed and out a dash—Should we be Christians too?"

Franks of Telephones.

There is no silver lining without a cloud; no blessing without a bother. All great inventions for the benefit or improvement of mankind are accompanied by a train of disasters. With the introduction of locomotives came railway accidents, collisions, track-jumping, bridge-breaking and a host of minor casualties. Complicated machinery for manufacturing purposes has been swelling the death and accident list of the country ever since its inception, and the marvelous triumphs in agricultural implements are fast providing for us one-legged, one-armed, fingerless, toothless and otherwise mutilated yeomanry. The use of the telephone in San Francisco has been attended by a series of ludicrous, embarrassing and startling complications. The hundreds of wires, forming an aerial net-work above the city, sometimes become strangely confused and entangled, to the bewilderment and amusement of the human beings at their various terminals.

A prominent educational official whose office is on Sansome street, has been somewhat troubled by the vagaries of his telephone wire, which has, during the late stormy weather, acquired a strange faculty for hobnobbing with all sorts of undesired and undesirable acquaintances, or carrying a stream of gossip to its owner's ears.

"Is Mr. —, member of the School Board, there?" slowly and deliberately asks the owner.

A muttered answer is construed into a favorable response.

"Do you know Miss S.—, a teacher in the schools, recently thrown out by consolidation of classes? She has a first-class certificate, and also a certificate of approval."

"Genuine high-stepper; brown coat?" comes the singular query.

"She has a dignified gait, and now you speak of it, I think she wore a brown cloak. But I think your language—excuse me—somewhat inappropriate. She was in here this morning, and I think she deserves the first vacancy."

"She'll beat them all and no mistake."

"I think you are wrong. She certainly has a reputation for good discipline, but I hardly think she would resort to corporal punishment except in a case of extreme necessity."

"And, by the way, Bilkins, those races at Sacramento next week—comes more distinctly to the ears of the bewildered gentleman, who begins to suspect that he has been interrupting a conversation between two gentlemen of jockeyish proclivities."

A signal reaches the office of a well-known physician.

"My dear," comes a musical voice over the wire, which he at once recognizes as belonging to his wife, "meet me at the Oakland boat at twelve o'clock. We must be on the other side at a quarter to one, without fail."

The doctor was just starting out for an important round of visits, but this pre-emptory summons was not to be disregarded. There was little time to spare. Giving some hasty directions to his assistant he spun away to the ferry. The lady he sought did not make her appearance. When the whistle had sounded and the boat slowly receded, with the last passenger on board, a sudden, jealous suspicion seized him. Could it be possible that his wife had intended the message for some other man, that they had eluded his observation? In a tumult of dread he drops speedily home. If she were gone then there would be some foundation for his suspicions. He burst into the house and hastened to his wife's room. A grief-stricken and anxious face met him on the threshold.

"O, my dear, I am so glad you have come. Baby is having such a terrible time with that eye-tooth. He has been screaming the whole forenoon."

"Didn't you speak to me through the telephone?"

"If No; baby has not been out of my arms since you left. O, dear, perhaps it was some one of your lady friends whom you mistook for me."

The arch, laughing glance which she gave him, with smile of wifely trust, pierced his heart like a dagger. He buried the secret of his own suspicions in his guilty breast, and drowned his remorse in alleviating the sufferings of his little son.

The telephone itself is not at fault. It is man who is fallible, rash, thoughtless, disposed to speak without consideration, and jump at conclusions. The educating influence of telephone practice in

developing the traits of forethought and caution is no slight factor in its beneficial effect upon men.

Some experienced telephone operators saddened and chastened by their blundering, become wise and prudent. When they desire to communicate with a friend they open the conversation craftily, wily manner, parry and cravatinate until they become convinced that there is no question as to the identity of the speaker at the other extremity of the wire with the one called, and not until then plunging the business with assurance.

call comes to them over the wire the gong-like bell sounds the warning, they approach it with same caution exhibited by an advancing to meet an enemy in a known country. Then a system of questioning is carried on, assuming very amusing to a disinterested party. In the office of a prominent lawyer on California street, a gentleman noted his sagacity and keenness, a scene of this kind occurred the other day.

"Ding! ding! ding!" went the phone.

The legal gentleman slowly approached his easy chair, approached the telephone with a suspicious air, and applied ear to the instrument.

"You there?"

"Depends upon whom you was the guarded response.

"I mean Mr. B., the lawyer."

"Who are you?"

"Judge C.—"

"What's your Christian name?"

"I have no time for trifling, I am in a hurry. Have you got the papers in case—"

"Where and when were you continuing the imperturbable attorney lapsing into professional habits."

"My dear sir, what possible ing—"

"You can't remember, eh? I thought," declared the strategist gentlemen in an aside. "Try to evade an answer. It's that rascal or else L.—" naming a prominent rival. "But I know how to put a stop to the telephone snarl."

"Well," came the response.

"Allow me to read you an interesting document written one hundred and three years and nine months ago, dear to the hearts of all American citizens:

When, in the course of human events, comes necessary for one people to dissolve political bands which have connected with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a prudent consideration should be given to the propriety of postponing your eloquent practical until the fourth of next month. Mr. B.," came across the wire in a stifled displeasure and a tone of judicial severity, unmistakable to the hearer. The joker was discomfited and hastened to make excuses for his blunder.

The possibilities of the telephone have not yet been fathomed. The day is approaching when it will seem so natural to conduct business transactions, arrange affairs of State, attend to business, have social chats, sing songs, make love through its agency, and so on, that the peril to statesmen, officers, rogues and lovers will be increased by reason of the rare opportunity for discovering secrets afforded by the wires, that mysterious speech will become as common as telegrams in telegraphic communication. Never until then will the nation be safe.—San Francisco Chronicle.

New Mexican Studies.

Mrs. Governor Lew Wallace's New Mexico what she calls a "Spanish essence" pervading every thing. Even the names of the common things she meets are poetic. She writes a letter to the Independent: "Perfection," a worthless poem she blankets, sweeps the ash from Benito (the good), a shambler can boy, watching his chance to spring at the spoon, brings the mail; Mariposa (butterfly), the white Angelus, an angel whose has lost its original brightness, watches her. Three old witches we familiarly call the Macabes, baptized Felicians, the happy little Rose; Hermosa, the beautiful Mrs. Wallace adds that most of the people she meets have Indian blood in their veins, and not a few are a mixture of Spanish, African and Indian. Her picture of a Santa Fe woman is "Quite out of reach of the shadow in the fiercest blaze of the sun, on a fragment of the Rocky Mountains is a statuesque figure, which represent the oldest, the most beautiful of the Furies. It is Blandina, the one, the soft one, of Santa Fe, face, like one of her own foot, worn into gutters and seams. They them so molded by the action of but by exposure to sharp sunlight, withering wind, destructive to which make even young persons old. Her skin is a parchment, looks as though it might date back I was about to say the flood, but would imply that at some period she had felt the sanitary influence of a shower bath."

A Skeleton in a Tree.

A startling surprise, after the story of the Ginevra, was expected not long ago by a party of British cutters in the forest of Drommading, began to fell a venerable oak, when they soon discovered to be quite new. Being half decayed it speedily fell to the ground with a crash, disclosing a skeleton in excellent preservation, the boots, which came above the head, were almost perfect. By its side a powder horn, a porcelain pipe and a silver watch on which was engraved the name, "H. von Kessel, 1812." The teeth were perfect. It seems to be the skeleton of a man between thirty and forty years of age. It is conjectured that while engaged in hunting, he climbed the tree for purpose, and slipped incautiously into the hollow trunk, from which there was no release, and he probably died of starvation.

—Indolence grows on us with age. It begins by tying us with threads, and ends by fettering our cart-ropes.