HIS FAILURE.

A STORY.

"Poor Richard Realf! I know how every hope died within his soul."

He pushed back the heap of manuscript before him, as he said this, and, resting his weary head on his hand, sat looking out upon the street.

He was "born unto singing," but today he could not utter what heaven had breathed into his soul, for the burthen lay sorely upon him. Lately it had been so, that when the heart-chords were swept by the unseen master hand, and his soul essayed to sing the refrain, the mellow measures trembled forth, only to falter before the unappreciative, and the golden notes died amid the jeers of the cowardly creatures of spite.

Long he sat at his desk, consulting his over burdened heart. Should he go on and be buffeted by ridicule longer? He did not know; it seemed to be his duty to row against the tide, but oh! it was hard. Some, he was aware, counted it strengthening to genius, to battle and endure, and he envied them. He believed he could battle and do bravely—but not alone; he was afraid he had not the vim to withstand the contrary currents. Those who should have held up his hands by words of encouragement stood aloft and looked on with unconcern. Others who might have made his world of thought to bud and bloom, passed by on the other side with uplifted eyes, not meaning to waste their high mightiness on a struggling aspirant, and there were none to lend a helping hand.

Ah! yes; he would give it up, and write the word failure above the problem of his mission, and leave it unsolved. It would be a hard task certainly, to say to the sweet well-spring of song within, "thus far, and no farther," but it would be harder still to have its crystal waters lose their purity on the rocks of Marah, over which they must flow.

Yes; he would wall in this beautiful summer sea, and grow careless and passionless and send his supersensitive soul to school to the cynical prosaic. He would slip down from the round of the ladder to which he had clung in desperation; slip down to the blankness of the monotonous levels.

No one would disturb him there; and he believed he must be one of those who run well for a season only; no matter, he would try and forget that the rose-wreathed gates of the glorious land of song were ever ajar for him. Why should he remember?

He pushed the inoffending manuscript, which some busy editor had "declined," into the open drawer, shut it away from his weary sight, and turned the key in the lock savagely.

Thus he flung the gauntlet into the faces of "The Nine," who turned aside from their chosen singer with mute sorrow. He fancied now, that the tide of his summer sea would never rise again; but, there was an influence, destined to bear upon his dead sea world, and say to the adamantine shores, "Be thou cleft." That little "rift within the lute" was soon to be mended and the music was once more to throb forth in its entrancing sweetness.

Again he sat at his desk, and the manuscript lay before him; but this time the sunshine streamed over all; the fairy rainbows of happy promise spanned each well-written line, and the songs he was born to sing were swelling in the deep sea tide with an echo sweeter than ever dreamed of. What had wrought this magic transformation?

Ah! the glorious sunlight of appreciative kindness had broken through the sullen canopy suddenly, and illumined his dreary way; the helping hand had been reached out to him, and had touched those long-silent chords; and they had given back a symphony, sweet as the bells of Heaven. His doubts that had made him lose the good he might have won, were being swept aside by that helping hand; he had never seen her, but in his thankfulness he allowed she must be the one good angel sent to cancel his failure, and help him work out the problem of his mission. A letter lay on his desk, in which she said: "I recognize the happy fact that you are a poet from the perusal of your poems, which I have read; your lines contain much merit; please continue and I will help you."

Blessed words! "I will help you." They brought heaven nearer than it had been for many weary years; he could have fallen down at her feet, and worshiped her for her timely inspiration, but that was impossible, he would do better, however; he would continue, and thereby show his gratitude, by doing his best. She had not given her address, and the post mark was too dim to be legible, so he had no idea from which direction his help was coming; no matter, if she had seen his poems in the past she would be watching for them in the future.

A year went by and he found his powers of song developing, and he began to look forward to the bright fields of the promised good once more. The dreams of his youth came back now for realization.

The helping hand was with him still. "Up, up the heights," she said; "press right on and never falter and I will help you." Of the name of his mentor he was not altogether certain; of her residence he was yet ignorant, but with her heart he was well acquainted, and he had known for months that the kinship of his soul rested with her, whoever she might be.

Did he realize how much he depended on this unseen friend? What if he, by some stroke of fortune, should be separated from her, and be obliged to go his way alone?

He shuddered to think of it. But what ailed him; he was becoming infatuated with the free, easy handwriting of a woman he had never seen? That sounded a little foolish, someway. Did he really love the soul that breathed through the kind letters he had received from this unknown correspondent? Ah! that was a more serious question, and came nearer home than the first.

The passionate heart of the poet is headlong. He must watch himself, for she, whoever she was, might not condescend to return such a deep emotion of the soul. Perhaps she had never imagined he was so weak; perhaps she was not heart-whole either, and he must guard himself from his own susceptibilities.

Then there came a time when she gave him her full address; this was something unusual. Doubtless she desired an answer from him, else why had she done this?

He would write anyway and thank her at least for all she had done for him; it was her due, and he was glad of the privilege of doing this, for without her encouragement where would he have been? The letter had been written guardedly, fearing his secret might escape him; his pleasant secret, of the old sweet story, ever new. She should not know how much he loved her—not just yet; she might turn away from him now in his hour of success, did she know all. He did not dream that fair feminine fingers lingered caressingly over his "heartfelt thanks," or that a womanly soul welcomed the love he had let slip into his timid lines.

The possibility of her being old, or unlovable, never had entered his thoughts, although the suggestion had crossed his mind that she might belong to another, and he felt his heart revolt at the idea. He felt however, that this woman whom he never had seen held his destiny in that helping hand of hers, and he loved to quote Burns to himself in spite of his non-experience:

> But to see her was to love her,
> Love but her, and love forever.

Week followed week, and the encouraged author had almost forgotten that he ever compared himself to poor Realf, and had designated for his epitaph the word, failure.

He had been conscious many times that his love had gone out into the letters, in his vain efforts to screen his soul; but as yet she had not been offended.

And now she had written that, in a few days, she would pass through his village on her way to visit friends in the adjoining State, and had added: "As I will be obliged to wait a few hours in your town, I should be happy to call on you, if you will be at home."

At home? He would always be at home when his good angel chose to bless him with a visit, so he replied that he would be overjoyed to see her. Since then he had been waiting, and each day had seemed an eternity in itself.

He sat in his study, trying to muster his thoughts to the completion of his last sonnet, but some way they were refractory in the extreme, and could not be managed.

The loveliness of the May morning beamed in through the open window, and the fragrant breath of the spring-time stole softly in over the casement to charm his poet soul into the arms of the Muse, but in vain. The arrival of every train made him nervous, and the sound of footsteps on the walk outside caused him to start. Even Shakespeare could not have written a line correctly in this state of excitement, he was sure. He threw down his pen in disgust and kicked his slippers across the room in his impatience; then he went over and put his feet into them, calmly and solemnly, as if doing penance.

"Only an old friend," he heard some one say in the hall; of course it was the old woman with the book agency come again. He had seen her pass the window only a few minutes before, and had hoped, she for once, would be kind enough to go on by; but she had not, and she always said "an old friend," to the housekeeper; so when some one tapped on his study door, he merely growled out; "Come in." She did not mind his discourtesy—book agents never do—but came in, as he had ungraciously invited her to do, and he looked up. It wasn't old Mrs. Jones with her gold-bowed spectacles at all. A quiet-looking lady stood there with a perplexed look on her face. "It is I," she said, coming forward, and holding out her hand. "Have I disturbed you by my ceremoniouscall?"

He stammered something, meant for an apology, as he rose and took she proffered hand. She did not mind his confusion, knowing from the look in his dark eyes that she was welcome as the sunshine.

Then this was the woman of whom he had dreamed so much—and, perhaps, in vain. She was not beautiful. No; but she had a kindly face, and was lovable. There was a wide-awake, tender sincerity in her countenance, he loved. In short, she was a womanly woman, and not a man.

What a relief to find she was not one of the "fuss and feathers" sort of women; but, of course, had she been, she never would have thought of him.

He was prompted to get up and go over to the window where she was sitting and kiss her for her good sense, but he did not dare. No, not yet; may be sometime he could do that, but not to-day, much as he wished to.

She seemed to be looking at him, and pretending not to see him, he thought. Was she taking an inventory of his "den," or was she reading him, much as a professor would a text-book? He felt a little uncomfortable when those quiet blue-gray eyes rested for a moment on him, but when he looked at her, he forgot everything but the flutter of delight in his lonely soul, and the lines of Robert Burns:

> But to see her was to love her,
> Love but her, and love forever.

She talked of his literary prospects; found much to commend in his endeavors, and seemed interested in his welfare.

How strange it sounded to him to have cheering words spoken in his ten by twelve study; the very walls must have been surprised, he thought, to have caught the echoes of an encouraging voice. But he grew confident while she talked; confident that he could win and wear the laurel if she never forsook him.

How quickly the hours had flown and she was ready to go. He went with her to the train and pressed her hand in a little half-frightened manner at parting; and she had colored slightly, but she was not offended.

The cars had gone now, and he stood, looking the way she went. She waved a good-bye to him with her handkerchief from the open window and her kindly face had beamed on him from beneath its crown of dainty rings of curling hair, clustering on the full white forehead.

Ah, me! the "den" was lonesome now, and so silent, since its brief season of sunshine, coming like the smile of an angel, and going as goes a beautiful dream, leaving a tender regret.

There were the flowers she had given him; there was the manuscript she had praised, and her words seemed lingering yet in the room. He pressed the flowers to his heart to fill the vacuum which never had been filled as her love could fill it, and murmured: "I will help you."

She had said this and more as she stood lingering by his desk, and she had looked at him over her fan with an expression he could scarcely interpret. It seemed to him that she would have been contented to have stayed with him, and his heart gave a great throb of happiness at the thought. But he was only guessing, and he might be far from the truth.

Autumn had come again, flashing banners over field and wood. He had not heard from her lately, but she was still in the east. Had she become disenchanted by his plain, every-day appearance, and was she forgetting him now after—well, she never said that she loved him, but she had come nigh unto that happy confession more than once; at least he so interpreted it. But if she did not care for him, God help him!

That word "Failure" would be his destiny after all, and the sunshine would go out suddenly from his life. Was he weak and unmanly to depend on another so? No; he thought not. Why had this one bright star risen on his night? Why had this fair helper crossed his lonely way just in time to save him? Why did this great effection for her become his very existence if they were all doomed to go down into the cheerless grave of Richard Realf together?

He had seen beautiful blossoms open in dewy mornings, with a promise of a bright happy day, only to be crushed and withered ere the noontide. Were they a type of his poor hungry soul and its love of the good, the true and the elevating? Would it ever be said of him, "here lies a great soul killed by cruel wrong?" Would a "bleak, desolate noon" be all left to him of this beautiful dream of his clouded life, and would the words that "rushed up hotly from his heart" come to naught at last.

Sorrow had always kept his soul heretofore, but lately he had dreamed of brighter, better things.

The gates of a fair, sweet Edenland had been held ajar for him by her hand, and the past few months had been like a beautiful sunset showing against his dark day.

They had revealed to him what his life might have been—had she come to him in years gone by; but, perhaps, they, too, were more like a beautiful sunset than he cared to have them; perhaps they would go out into cheerless night, as the gold and purple bands, trembling away out there in the gray gleaming of the November twilight, would fade into the comfortless West.

He would sit down in this lonely hour, and write to her all that was in his heart. It seemed a desperate resolve for one of his timid, supersensitive nature, but he had come to where he could not keep silent longer. He would risk it; this confession would have to be made some time, and why not to-night? He never could say it to her, he thought; but he could write it, for the warm, passionate, poet soul was beating against these barriers of silence, impatient to be heard.

And when the gray twilight had deepened into night the letter was finished—the letter with the oldest request in it that he had ever penned. He had said: "If you can only be a friend—and God bless you! you have been a good one—answer this letter by saying so; if you can return my love and will keep the heart I have long since given you, please call on me on your return, and I will know when I set my eyes on you that the sunshine has come to my soul to stay and forever to bless; but, if you are offended by this earnest appeal of an honest heart, pass me by and write me from your own home."

By and by there came a letter, and his brain whirled as the familiar superscription met his gaze. Ah! what had she written? His heart stood still in its agony of suspense, as his trembling fingers tore of the end of the white envelope. She had written only a line, and it said: "I shall be on my way home next week." The missive slipped from his hand to the floor and he sat perplexed. Did she mean that she was going to pass him by, Pharisee fashion, or did she mean that she intended to stop off and see him? Oh! It must be that she was intending to call, as she did not say one word about being "just a friend." No, she either meant to make him happy or plunge him back into the gulf of nothingness from which she had lifted him. Ah! that would be something beside which death would be a kindness!

"Next week" had come and gone up to Friday noon, still he sat by the window watching every westward bound train. His position also gave him a view of the street, and he knew the way she would come—if she came to him at all.

The days he had waited seemed endless, but the week was going too fast. Oh! for a glimpse of her around the corner yonder. There was the last train for to-day. Now he would look with eager eyes for it might be that—surely she would have had time now to come in sight, but she had not.

No, she meant to forget him, and he covered his weary eyes with his hands, and sat still, so still that he was counting the pulsations of his aching heart. A step sounded on the walk outside, but he had not the courage to look up; of course it was not her, and he wished that he was—but the door opened softly, and—"I have come," she said.

He looked up, there stood the one dear woman of all the world, radiant with the love light in her happy, kindly face, and she was holding out her hands to him.

"Oh! it is you," he exclaimed, a wild delight ringing through his words. His vision grew misty, and he trembled with his great happiness. He clasped her to his joyous heart, and pressed a long passionate kiss—the one kiss of his lifetime—on the blessed face. "My love, my life!" he said, with emotion, still holding her in his arms. "Do you know what your coming brings, dearest?" he asked, looking down into her bright face.

"Happiness," she answered with a smile.

"More than that, love," and he passed his hand carressingly over the full white brow, with its rings of clustering hair. "It means ecstatic bliss; it means that I have now no part nor lot with poor Richard Realf for I can go to conquest in the light of your love, my own; it means that my sorrowful life shall be filled with sunshine, and that the sweet cup, instead of bitter, has been placed to my waiting lips at last. The gates of my Edenland of bright dreams of love and fame are no more to be closed against me; all because you have saved me from my 'failure.'"

This was a long speech for the timid, retiring man to make, but he was very happy now, and the love of his soul had come after years of patient waiting.

A happy, contented light shone from the depths of the blue-gray eyes, and the happy woman in his arms said, reverently: "I have found my Beulah in the great, good soul of my friend. We, you and I, have been children of sorrow, but now for us the Muses may 'sing a soft, sweet psalm,' and 'at evening it shall be light.'"

And her lover answered in his deep, manly voice, "Amen!"—MANDA L. CROCKER.

The New England "Blue Laws."

These laws were enacted by the people of the "Dominion of New Haven," and became known as the blue laws because they were printed on blue paper. They are as follows:

"The governor and magistrates convened in general assembly are the supreme power, under God, of this independent dominion. From the determination of the assembly no appeal shall be made.

"No one shall be a freeman or have a vote unless he is converted and a member of one of the churches allowed in the dominion.

"Each freeman shall swear by the blessed God to bear true allegiance to this dominion, and that Jesus is the only King.

"No dissenter from the essential worship of this dominion shall be allowed to give a vote for electing of magistrates or any officer.

"No food or lodging shall be offered to a heretic.

"No one shall cross a river on the Sabbath but authorized clergymen.

"No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep houses, cut hair or shave on the Sabbath day.

"No one shall kiss his or her children on the Sabbath or fast days.

"The Sabbath day shall begin at sunset Saturday.

"Whoever wears clothes trimmed with gold, silver or bone lace above one shilling per yard shall be presented by the grand jurors, and the selectmen shall tax the estate £300

"Whoever brings cards or dice into the dominion shall pay a fine of £5.

"No one shall eat mince pies, dance, play cards, or play any instrument of music except the drum, trumpet or jews harp.

"No gospel minister shall join people in marriage. The magistrate may join them in marriage, as he may do it with less scandal to Christ's church.

"When people refuse their children convenient marriages, the magistrate shall determine the point.

"A man who strikes his wife shall be fined £10.

"A woman who strikes her husband shall be punished as the law directs.

"No man shall court a maid in person or by letter without obtaining the consent of her parents; £5 penalty for the first offense, ten for the second, and for the third imprisonment during the pleasure of the court.

The Weapons of a Lord.

Coolness and "assurance" often make an excellent substitute for all other means of defence, if they are rightly managed. Lord——, an English nobleman, was a very rough and imperious man, also quite deaf. He was riding along the road one day in a post-chaise, asleep, when he was stopped by a robber on horseback, who awoke him.

"What do you want?" said Lord O——, angrily.

"Money, my lord."

"What money? Are you a robber? Are you the rascal who has just awoke me so suddenly?"

"Come, be quick!" said the highwayman. "I have no time to lose; I must have your purse."

"My purse!" exclaimed Lord O——, "indeed you shall not have it. Really, you carry on a fine trade!"

He pulled out his purse, which was full, and with his finger and thumb, deliberately took out two guineas, which he gave to the robber.

"There, that's enough for a scoundrel like you; I hope to see you hanged some of these days!"

The robber was enraged at the indifference of Lord O——, who coolly put up his purse, still calling him a rascal and a scoundrel, and repeating that he hoped to see him hanged soon. The robber was so awed by the other's manner that he did not venture to insist on his demand for the purse, though he had a pistol in his hand to enforce it, and Lord O—— drove on.

Life in the Supreme Court.

The members of the Supreme Court of the United States, with their immediate relatives, are like a great family. They are companions for life, in the nature of the case, and they have always recognized this fact in their social relations. They are all on intimate terms; they share mutual sorrows and joys; they know each other's homes almost as well as their own; they all take a kindly interest in the puplic and private affairs of each other, and they all conspire to maintain the dignities and the traditions of their little circle. When the son of Mr. Justice Strong, of the Supreme Court, was married by the son of Mr. Justice Harlan, of the Supreme Court, the grandson of Justice Grier of the supreme court being the best man, the members of the supreme court and their familes were all present (except Justice Woods, who is ill) to bless the marriage and kiss the bride. And so another addition was welcomed to the supreme court family. Justice Gray interests them all very much, just as he interests everybody, because he still remains a bachelor. Chief Justice White has a wife and daughter and several sons, and all the other members of the court are equally fortunate in being married, although two of them have no children. But Justice Gray is persistently and exasperatingly single—a regular rosy-cheeked, happy-faced, big, stout bachelor. He is a very large—the largest man who walks on Pennsylvania avenue. He stoops under most doorways. But he keeps up his exercise, both mental and physical, so rigorously that he looks thinner and trimmer than he is. He is a terrible worker—he will work all day at the capitol and work all night in his well-equipped library, and then begin the next day's work with a zest which none but the perfectly healthy man can know. He goes out very little outside of the family reunions, so to speak, of the Supreme Court. He never stays long anywhere except at a Supreme Court house. He dashes in, says something light and sweet, and dashes out again. He is apt to be a trifle diffident with young women. He knows he is a bachelor. He insists, too, that he proposes to continue one, and stoutly denies all those stories about his being engaged. He is wedded, he says, to his ambition. We shall see. In the old days, the members of the Supreme Court dined almost constantly together. Now they do so once a month. They began at Justice Field's. This was the first formal introduction of Mrs. Matthews, the second wife of Mr. Justice Stanley Matthews, to the Supreme Court family. The fact that she is a bride will make her the guest of honor at all the dinners the Supreme Court family gives this winter except that which she will give when her turn comes.

A Lion's Affection.

From the Youth's Companion.

The story is told of Gerard, the great lion-hunter, that he captured a whelp in the mountains of Jebel-Mezours, Algiers, named it "Hubert," and brought it up as he would bring a dog from puppyhood. After some time, his huge pet becoming too dangerous to go at large, Gerard made a present of the animal to his friend, the Duc d'Aumale, and Hubert traveled to Paris in a big cage, bemoaning his separation from his old master. The next year Gerard himself visited Paris, on leave of absence from the army, and went at once to the Jardin des Plantes to see his exiled favorite. He describes the interview as follows:

Hubert was lying down, half asleep, regarding at intervals with half-shut eyes the persons who were passing and repassing before him. All of a sudden, he raised his head, his tail moved, his eyes dilated, a nervous motion contracted the muscles of his face. He had seen the uniform of the Spahis, but had not yet recognized his friend. I drew nearer and nearer; and, no longer able to restrain my emotion, I stretched out my hand to him through the bars.

Without ceasing his earnest gaze he applied his nose to my hand, and drew in knowledge with a long breath. At each inhalation his attitude became more noble, his look more satisfied and affectionate. Under the uniform that had been so dear to him he began to recognize the friend of his heart.

I felt that it only needed a single word to dissipate all doubt.

"Hubert!" I said, as I laid my hand on him—"my old soldier!"

Not another word. With a furious bound and a note of welcome, he sprang against the iron bars, that bent and trembled with the blow. My friends fled in terror, calling on me to do the same. Noble animal! you made the world tremble even in your ecstasy of pleasure.

Hubert was standing with his cheek against the grating, attempting to break down the obstacle that separated us, magnificent to behold as he shook the walls of the building with his roars of joy and anger. His enormous tongue licked the hand that I abandoned to his caresses, while with his paws he gently tried to drag me to him. If any one tried to come near he fell into frenzies of rage; and when the visitors fell back to a distance, he became calm and caressing as heretofore, handling me with his huge paws, rubbing against the bars, and licking my hand, while every gesture and moan and look told of his joy and his love.

When I turned to leave him he shook the gallery with his heart-rending roars; and it was not till I had gone back to him twenty times, and tried to make him understand that I would come again, that I succeeded in quitting the place.

After that I came to see my friend daily, sometimes spending several hours with him in his cage. But after a while I noticed that he became sad and dispirited, and when the keepers alluded to his furious agitation and excitement every time I left him, and attributed his worn-out and changed appearance to this cause, I took their advice and made my visits as seldom as possible. One day, some four months from the time of my first meeting with him in Paris, I entered the garden, and one of the keepers came forward, saluting, and said: "Don't come any more, sir. Hubert is dead."

A New Sort of Swindle.

Two English adventuresses have been arrested in Paris, charged with an original form of swindling. The prisoners give the names of Mrs. Linsay and Miss Evelyne Rappy. The latter it a beautiful woman and about 25 years of age. Mrs. Linsay is older, not so comely, and easily passed as Miss Rappy's mother or guardian, as occasion required. The women caused to be published in responsible papers genteely written and cleverly constructed advertisements making it known that a young widow with a million sterling in her own right, or a rich young girl, who had made a false step, was desirous of forming alliance with a gentleman of the right stamp who would appreciate the situation and who has means sufficient to warrant that on his side the marriage was not entirely a speculation. Several Frenchmen were in turn introduced to Evelyne Rappy as a result of these advertisements, and she was put forth as the young widow, or the rich young girl, according to the inclination of the suitor. She engaged herself to a number of these, managing to keep alive their ardor until she had exhausted their ability to make presents, and successfully married several of the more wealthy, securing the best settlement possible and managing to escape with all the wedding presents and other personal property obtainable within a few hours after the ceremony. It has transpired that Miss Rappy played this marriage trick with great financial success on more than one adventurer in England before she sought her new victims in France, and it is said that all of her numerous dupes in both countries have been of such high social or political position that they have been ashamed to seek redress of any kind. When Miss Rappy was taken into custody she was at a first-class hotel, living in a grand suite of rooms in a style befitting a princess, and was on the point of being married to a man who had already paid right royally for the betrothal, and had invested a snug fortune in wedding presents. When Miss Rappy realized that she was a prisoner she broke down and made a complete confession, giving the details of all her exploits, with mention of dates, sums and names. She throws all the blame for her conduct upon Mrs. Linsay, who she says completely controlled her.

Sullivan Gratified Him.

From the Chicago Herald.

A member of Parson Davies' combination tells a good story on a local slugger at Fort Keogh, Montana—a tall, broad-chested Cornish miner, who had often announced his intention of killing Sullivan if he ever met him in the squared ring. The miner's opportunity came a few days ago. He had been oiled and rubbed down and sweated until the local sports thought him in splendid trim. On the night the Sheedy combination arrived at Keogh, Sullivan was told that the Cornish miner had been eating raw beef all that day and was ready to put the gloves on with him as soon as the show began. The miner was in the hall when the curtain rolled up and so were his friends. After witnessing several friendly bouts between the lesser lights of the combination Sheedy was informed that the Cornish pugilist was awaiting his turn.

"Who does he want to fight?" asked the manager of the troupe. "Sullivan, of course," yelled a half dozen men in chorus.

"Well, send him up here," shouted Sheedy, with a broad grin.

The miner loped up the aisle and clambered upon the stage. He wore a red flannel shirt, cotton drawers and a pair of Sioux moccasins. Sullivan came out of the wings a moment later, and then the two men shook hands in a perfunctory way and took their positions. The miner struck out with his right, but failed to hit anything. Then he used his left with no better success, and finally launched both fists at his adversary. Sullivan let the Cornish man have his own way for two rounds, but in the third round the champion rapped the red undershirt until its owner's eyes bulged out like hickory nuts. The miner struggled on, however, until he caught a right-hander under jaw, and then he fell over, sound asleep. When he awoke, fifteen minuts later, he rolled upon his side, and, looking wearily into the eyes of a disgusted backer, murmured:

"Didn't I tell ye, Jack, there'd be a fall o'rock in that shaft afore long?"

Goshen Butter.

Fifty years ago, Orange county butter began to be famous the country over, and to-day their title, "Goshen," applies to much of the choice grade sold in the New York market At the outset, the farmer received from 12 to 15 cents per pound for his product, put up in firkins in the winter and summer and marketed in the autumn. The town of Goshen was the pioneer in this business, and gave its name to the butter of its own and Sussex counties. When the Erie railroad reached Goshen, about 1842, the farmers were not long in discovering that it paid better to ship milk to New York than to churn it, and to-day this business has almost entirely superseded butter-making. Delaware county and the Chemung valley took the place of Orange and Sussex in the butter industry, but the Midland railroad in due time swung Delaware county over to milk-selling. It still, however, markets butter of the gilt-edged, dollar-a-pound variety, though the Chemung dairies are the chief producers of first-class butter.