KITTY OF COLERAINE

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping With a pitcher of milk from the fair of Coleraino.

When she saw me she stumbled; he pitcher And all the sweet buttermilk watere I the

"Oh what stall I do now? 'twas looking at you

Sure, sure, such a pitcher I'll ne'er meet again! Twas the pride of my dairy. Oh Parney Mc

You'er sent as a plague to the girls of Cole raine.

I sat down boside her and gontly did chide That such a misfortune should give her such

A kiss then I gave hor, and ere I did lave her She vowed for such pleasure she'd break it

'Iwas baymaking season, I can't tell the гелноп-

Misfortunes will never come a ugle, 'tis plair For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

Sister Elizabeth.

Nothing is more mortifying to a person, especially if that individual is a maiden lady of thirty-five, than the consciousness that others begin to consider her too old for the society of young people. It is a "laying

on the shelf" that is by no means agreeable. Al least, such was my feeling as I glanced at the invitations to a little moonlight excursion on the lake, which were handed in by John, while we were seated by our cosy been, to the Misses Whittaker, which would course. of course, include Elizabeth Whittaker, spinster. The last word I announced almost audibly, with a bitter smile, which attracted the attention of my pet, Corne, who said tenderly-

"Sister Elizabeth, does your head ache this morning?"

How my heart yearned over that favorite sister of mine, the very mage of her lost heart. father! We were now laying aside the sable robes worn for three years in token of our loss; but it seems to me that I should always wear the calm sobertints of "second be enshrined.

My own mother I cannot remember; she drooped and faded while I was an infant; and my stepmother, kind and indulgent as she ever was to me, was not one to cal forth the ardent affection which but few had power to awaken in my heart. Gentle, child, the golden haired Lottie.

But Cornie was like our father. buoyant spirit, strong will, and impulsive affection, the same dark, curling hair, and eyes of laughing blue.

I thought of all this as I watched her fondly on that June morning, and recalled how I had been a second time orphaned when her mother was taken from us fifteen to speak to win?" years ago. Since that time, when Cornie was four years old, she had been to me as much a daughter as a sister.

Lottie, who was five years her senior, had always been so self-reliant and womanly that loving watchfulness that our younger sister seemed to require; and the relation between us could never be so tender and af fectionate.

As I reflected thus long after we had left the breakfast room, and were seated in our little morning parlor, I reasoned with myself that it was but natural that I should be omitted in the plans for enjoyment formed by the young people of Caldwell. The mothers were not invited with the daughters. Why should I expect to go with Cornie, my sister child?

These reflections made me more calm and content, and I could bid my sisters a smiling adieu when they left me early in

Cornie came back to give me a second my child-sister, Cornie. kiss, and whispered, "I wish you were going, too you old darling!"

"Old!" I repeated to myself, "Yes, that is the word."

And that night I looked more attentively than was my want into my mirror, and tried to realize that I deserved the epithet. But I saw no threads of silver in my dark, heavy braids, and but few hues of care on my fair, broad forehead. Anyhow, my neart felt young, and with a sigh I tried to realize that I must accept the position in

which of necessity I was placed. The next morning my sisters were enger in their recitals of the charming walk and the delightful sail by moonlight. There

had been a pleasant company. "Oh, Elizabeth!" said Cornie, "do you know we saw an old friend of yours? And he is coming to call on you to-day."

"An old friend of mine?" I queried. "Yes," Lottie replied, "Mr. Loftus; he is visiting at the Arments', and has just re-

turned from a long foreign tour." "Will Loftus!" I exclaimed.

I felt the warm blood tingling in my cheeks as if I had been only fifteen, instead of five and thirty. Memory was busy recalling the long-vanished summer, and how often I used to see my boy lover, since lost sight of for many years. Ours had been one of those youthful attachments which but seldom ripen into first and only love. They are often but "the prelude to the strain, before the song is sung." We were on the verge of an engagement when Will bakers on horseback; was suddenly recalled to his distant home,

and I had seen him to more. Yet, foolish as it may have been, I had always kept one corner of my heart sacred to his name, and it was with a strange thrill that I heard he

see him. That day he called with his friend, Harry Mills. He was a tall, fine-looking man, polished, refined, and fascinating in his manners. I could hardly identify him with the slender youth that I had once known; but he referred so gracefully to our former acquaintance, and expressed so much pleasure at renewing the intercourse so suddenly interrupted, that I felt at perfect

How pleasant were the days that followed. We called each other "Will" and "Lizzie" in the most friendly way, and Lottie and Cornic seemed already to regard him in a very sisterly manner. We read, walked and talked together, and night after night his deep, rich voice would accompany those of my sisters, while I played the old familiar tunes upon the piano.

I fancied that my own voice might have lost a little of its early sweetness, and so did not attempt to join the others, whose melodies were so barmonious.

Several other invitations were sent as of yore, to the Misses Whittaker, and I was fast forgetting that I was an old maid when at an evening party, I overheard the envious and ill natured remark-

"Just see that Elizabeth Whittaker. What youthful airs she does put on! Trying to catch Mr. Loftus, I dare say."

How those words rang in my ears long after the lights, the music, and the dancing were shut out, and I was alone in my own breakfast-table in Snow Cottage one levely roo. . . . How I catechised myself, and tried morning in June. The note was directed to reason with my poor, foolish heart. Yes, to Miss Lottie and Miss Cornie Whittaker, I had been trying to look young, and had not addressed, as previous envelopes had appropriated Will's attention as a matter of

What right had I to monopolize his time? Was it not far more likely that he would for there seems to be good evidence that choose Lo. ie or Cornie—if indeed he were to pay court to any of us? Even this was by no means certain; he might go again as Mr. Roach Smith, F. S. A., describing one suddenly as he had come; and I was startled found about 1839 in Moorsfields, near to find what a sad void his departure would | Finsbury Circus, in the boggy soil peculiar make in our circle, and still more in my own

"Ah, Elizabeth, Elizabeth," I soliloquised, "take warning ere too late!" The next morning I rose with a new re

solve firm in my mind; I would not yield mourning," and in my inmost soul the to the sweet delusions of love-would not, memory of that idolized parent would ever u_asked, give my heart. The world should io; have cause to laugh at the silly foolishness of an old maid. Strengtened by these purposes 1 was better fitted for the trial that awaited me.

That very day Will Loftus came, and inquired for me alone. I caught a quick glance passing between Lottie and Cornie dignified and reserved, she had bequeathed as I left the room, and there was a more these same characteristics to her eldest rapid pulsation at my heart as I entered the cool, dim room where he was seated.

"Elizabeth," he said tenderly, as he my hand, 'do you know what a priceless treasure I have come to ask? I hardly dare gine. Parker put on all the steam his boiler be so bold, and yet 'faint heart never won fair lady' and I must not lose my courage." "How very timid he has grown!" I thought. "Can he not see that he has but

I smiled assuringly, and he proceeded. "Do not think me precipitate in my affection, though the acquaintance has been so brief, for I cannot be mistaken in my feelings, and only wait for your permission that I could never regard her as needing to offer my hand to your pet sister, Cornie. You stand in the place of a parent to her,

> Ah, Will, Will! It was well you could not read my heart just then!

and therefore I ask your consent."

With a mighty effort I choked down a convulsive sob, and replied that he had my full, free permission; and adding that I would send Cornie to him directly, left the room, a sadder and wiser woman.

There is not much to add. Cornie's love was alrerdy given to the handsome man so recently a stranger, and a very few months later she became his wife.

Lottie was the fair and stately bridesmaid while I witnessed with a maternal complacency the ceremony which united the destinies of the only man I had ever loved and

Peace and contentment were my guardian angels that night, and with a serenity both sincere and unaffected I returned the kiss which the bridegroom gave me, as he said, tenderly and gently, "Sister Eliza-

beth!" The Kohmoor Pearl. The past season in the Miami River, pearl fisheries was signalized by the discovery of an agatized pearl, weighing fortysix and a half grains. The groundwork is beautifully agatized with the pearly iridescence shining through. It is the only pearl of the kind in pearl history, a history which dates back at least two thousand years, for the Ceylon fishery has been known for quite that length of time. Being the first of its kind, its value can not be estimated. It is singular too, that it was found embedded in the flesh of the mussel; rapid, the telegraph poles looked like all others taken from this river were found between the flesh and the shell, or imbeded in the shell. The prosecution of this industry is due largely to Mr. Israel Harris, a banker of Waynesville, Ohio, who has already a collection of over a thousand Miami pearls of all sizes and values, some of them of odd and irregular forms. Some resemble human hands; one is a small shell to which a coating of pearl has been added. His latest important acquisition, the agat-

When. When sabers are rusty and spades are

When prisons are empty and granaries full When the steps of temples are worn, and of tribunals are grass-grown;

When the doctors go on foot and the The empire is well governed.

Frequent allusions occur in the old Northern poetry, which prove that proficiency in skating was one of the most highly esteemed was again near ne, and that I soon should accomplishments of the Northern heroes. One of them, named Kolson, boasts that he is master of nine accomplishments, skating being one; while the hero Harold bitterly complains, though he could fight, ride, swim, glide along the ice on skates, dart the lance and row, "yet a Russian maid dis-dains me." In the "Edda" this accomplishment is singled out for special praise: "Then the King asked what that young man could do who accompanied Thor. Thialfa, answered, that in running upon skates he would dispute the prize with any of the countries. The King owned that the talent he spoke of was a very fine one." Olaus Magnus, the author of the famous chapter on the Snakes of Ireland, tells us that skates were made of polished iron, or of the shank bone of a deer or sheep, about a foot long, filed down on one side, and greased with hog's lard to repel the wet." These rough-and-ready bone skates were the kind first adopted by the English; for Fitzstephen, in his description of amusements of the Londoners in his day (temp Henry II.), tells us that "when that great fen that washes Moorfields at the north walls of the city is frozen over, great companies of young men go to sport upon the ice. Some striding as wide as they may, do slide swiftly; some better practiced on the ice, bind to their shoes bones, as the legs of some beasts, and hold stakes in their hands, headed with sharp iron, which sometimes they strike against the ice; these men go as swiftly as doth a bird in the air, or a bolt from a cross-bow." Then he goes on to say that some, imitating the fashion of the tournament, would start in full career against one another, armed with poles; 'they meet, elevate their poles, attack and strike each other, when one or both of them fall, and not without some bodily hurt." Specimens of these old bone skates are oceasionally dug up in fenny parts of the There are some in the British England. Museum, in the Museum of the Scottish Antiquaries, and probably in other collections, though perhaps some of the "finds" are not nearly as old as Fitzstephen's day even in London the primitive bone skate was not entirely superseded by implements of steel at the latter part of last century. to that district, says that "it is formed of the bone of some animal, made smooth on one side, with a hole at one extremity for a cord to fasten it to the shoe. At the other end a hole is also drilled herizontally to the depth of three inches, which might have received a plug, with another cord to secure

Kallroad Incidents.

"Oh, that's nothing," facetiously remarked Carpenter. "Jule Parker once told me about his running after two full grown bucks on a Southern railroad." was a chivalrous, dare-devil Soutnern engineer, then running the lightning expresses on the Eastern Division of the Eric. "He said," Carpenter went on to relate, "that the pair of bucks suddenly bounded upon the track from a thick wood, and so frightened were they by the roar of the approach ing train they started down the track not more than twenty feet in tront of the enwould make and carried his train along at a break-neck speed, but in spite of his fireman's efforts he could not turn his drivers fast enough to overtake the fleet deer. He never said how fast he was running at the time, but we know the man and when he told that he was going at 'breakneck speed' we can imagine something about it The road was a splendid one for speed. It was mostly new, the bed was in prime order, but notwithstanding his engine chawed up fuel as fast as his fireman could feed it to her, he could not run the deer down. It looks astounding, but he said he flually chased them after a run of ten miles into a village. There they left the track, ran up and down the streets as wild as cows, and scared the people into spasms, but before doing any serious harm were shot and captured. Parker said he greatly enjoyed the venison steaks that were afterwards presented to him by an old bootmaker, sixty years old, who was the lucky shot."

"Did you ever hear 'Hughey' Williamson tell of his adventure at Washingtonville on the Newburg Branch?' asked Carpenter. Williamson is another know-nodanger runner, and is now on the road. Fisk selected him, because of his courage, to run the Chicago relief train. "Well. he went on to say, "that was a rarity, one that seldom occurs. Williamson was in Newburg when he was telegraphed to run to Greycourt to assist pulling a big sixwheeler on the track that had run off a switch and couldn't get back herself, as they sometimes do, you know. Of course time was an important thing, as the engine that was off blocked up the westward bound main track. He started from Newberg with nothing but his engine, and, having a clear track, you can just bet he flew. He left the rails echoing behind like a never ending water-fall. The station agent at Vail's Gate rushed to the door wild with fright thinking it was a runaway engine, nobody on it. At Salisoury Mills the population of . which village is but few feet from the track, the people rushed out of their houses utterly dismayed and unable to believe their own eyes. They thought it was a spectre, which they could not describe, so suddenly did it appear and as quickly vanish again from sight. Over blades of grass, they were so thick. After turning the curve of the Washingtonvil'e station, 'Hughey' espied a hand-car full of track hands, rails, tools and forth. They had no sign of a flag out, and did not expect anything along. He immediately concluded that he could not stop in time, so he only blew his whistle to warn the men to jump off. There were a dozen of 'em, and they had a wonderfully narrow escape. He picked up that hand-car, rails and all, and sent 'em flyin' in the air in all directions. A low hand-car with rails on it

wheel, bounded over the smoke-stack and came crashing through fhe cab window on the fireman's side, who was nearly killed in his great hurry to get out of the way. The most of the car landed on the front of the engine, and before 'Hughey' could stop he had carried it through one of those old fashioned covered wooden bridges nearly a quarter of a mile off. In all my experience," concluded Carpenter, "I don't think I ever heard tell of such a miraculous escape as 'Hughey' had. He must have been going through the air like an electric current when he couldn't stop an empty engine before hitting such a dangerous thing."

King John of Abyssinla. King John, of Abyssinia, although only n his thirty-eighth year, has already proved himself a man of no ordinary calibre, both as a soldier and a sovereign. He has thrice defeated and all but destroyed the invading forces of Egypt, while at the same time making head against the disaffection of two powerful vassals, who have since made submission and accepted commands in his Among his immediate attendants is the Ras Warenia, the conquered Chief of the Amhara Province, who seems quite content with his position at the court of his conqueror. A traveller, who spent some time with the King in his camp at Ambachura, describes him as short in stature, with small hands and feet, but perfectly proportioned and possessing great strength and endurance. His finely cut profile, delicate mouth and chin, and almost feminine smallness of ear, are striking enough in barbaric African chief. "He is grand to see on his beautiful charger," continues the narrator, "carrying his spear and shield, barcheaded and barefooted, with only the great toe of each foot in the stirrup which is merely a silver ring. He is a splendid shot, and very fond of fire arms. His demeanor is extremely simple, being entirely devoid of the boastfulness and vanity that distinguish most 'savage' princes; and he is naturally of a studious disposition, well read in the laws of Ethopia, and of remarkable temperance and piety of life." King John's ceaseless activity and wonderful capacity for business recall the popular descriptions of Frederick the Great, to whose personal habits his own are in some points closely akin. He rises every morning at 3 and reads the Psalms of David by candlelight for two hours. Then comes church after which he holds his court of justice for several hours, often before tasting food. The rest of the day is divided between State affairs and the native sport of gohacks, a sort of javelin-throwing, like the Moorish The evening hours are spent in study, and by nine he is in bed, as befits such an early riser. The King's ordinary dress is the simple native kaurie or white blanket, with a crimson stripe along the left side. These are the symbolical colors of the Abyssinian Church, the white typifying the innocence of our Saviour, and the crimson His atoning blood. The King professes great friendship for England, and has placed a translation of the Queen's letter to him in every church of his Kingdom. One of this model ruler's London agents was the late well-known publisher, Mr. Henry S. King, in whose store on Cornhill the autograph of "John King, of Ethiopia," is still

Jacob Steffen, butcher at the corner of Georgia and Marin streets, Vallejo, Cal., has a dog of the Scotch shepherd breed. for which he was offered fifty head of sheep and refused the offer. The canine is about twelve years of age, and can drive a flock of sheep equal to any two men. The other night word was brought to the butcher-shop that a number of sheep belonging to Mr. Steffen had broken o t of their corral near the claughter-house on the Napa road and strayed into the tules. The men in the shop did not like the idea of having to get out early in the morning to hunt the stray-Nig, the dog, was lying on the floor with one eye on the men and ears pricked up. After the men had finished talking, the animal rose upon his feet, stretched himself and walked out of the shop. Early the next morning two of the boys went out to the corral to look for the sheep but were surprised to find that Nig was before them and had all the sheep in the inclosure, and was lying at the hole where tiey had gone out. The dog was wet and covered with mud, as were the sheep, and evidently had been out all night, ever Mr. Steffen starts for Suisun after sheep or cattle, Nig is sent up on the cars, while his owner rides horseback. The dog in Egypt, long before the time of Moses, is let off at Fairfield, and always trots to a certain point on the road, leading from this city, and waits for his master to come along. If the master at any time has passed, the dog takes up the scent from the horse's feet and hunts around until the owner is found.

are quite tender, he has a pair of boots that tip. The dog is said to be perfectly utewill make friends with almost any one,

A Sharp Hen.

A gentleman resident of the Sixth district. New Orleans, is telling his friends of the singular and wonderful performance of a favorite hen of his. This hen is one of the best layers he has, and his stock of poultry is a large one, but for some time she ha manifested a miserly desire to accumulate a large number of eggs, and has in many ways shown her objection to being depriv-

ed of an egg after having laid it. About ten days ago it was noticed that the hen would come from the chicken-house cackling, and giving the usual notice of duty done, but careful search for the eggs thus announced failed to find them. This went on for a week, and then by an accident the point of an egg was discovered by its projecting from the soil below the nests in the chicken-house. Investigation brought to light the egg. and further search revealed applause, the Doctor rising, clapping his preceding the duel Gen. Houston remained the fact that six other eggs were concealed hards, and waving his handkerchief with at the home of Sanford Duncan, near the tions. A low hand-car with rails on it pointing at you is the most dangerous thing you can possibly hit, but the rails this time, instad of piercing every part of the boiler and engine, swerved off and did little injury. The dinner kettles of the laborers flew up like popcorn on a fryingpan, and crowbars shovels, pickaxes, the hen, who had not given a cackle during the whole time it was in progress, walked kaleid/scope in the air. One of the axles of the car, to which was attached one lay.

What to do with Snow,

Scrape it carefully from off your sidewalk on to that of your neighbor. Heaping coats of fire on his head isn't a comparison to this recipe.

If a woman is struggling through the drifts, allow one shovelful of snow to hit her on the head. You will then realize the capabilities of the feminine tongue. If there is any snow lodged on the roof, do not allow it to stay there, or it will make a beatiful slide when some importunate

reditor calls at the door. Shovel a very narrow path. Make people adopt the aboriginal Indian file. Young folks will rise up-but they will not call

Carefully save up as much snow on your feet as possible, and stamp it off vigorously when you step into the front hall. your wife will love you for this.

Bury the hitching-post and carriagetheir horses where they have no business to. |

Throw at least one snowball in course of the season. If not, you may never make a you will have to keep it up. If you pick

business acquaintance with the glazier. slipper, as glass. You can have a heap of taking a cold seat.

vard. A woman who has to shovel a path does it with a broom, and sapt to mistake friends. Affect a plea ant, but natural and a man's head for a first class snow-drift.

Artificial Diamonds. A Scotch chemist claims that he has dis covered the secret of making artificial diamonds and that Prof. Tyndall and other affect to mistake the road for a river, and British scientists, to whom he has submitted wonder why people are driving along the some of the stones of his own manufacture top of the water in a wagon. Also, try to pronounce them pure diamonds. This is a spell out the name of a hotel on the clintaggering blow at the diamond market, if tree in the foreground, affecting to mistake true. The material, carbon, of which dua- it for an old-fashioned swinging countrymonds chiefly consist, is very plentiful; it inn sign. is found in nearly all forms of organic life. Charcoal is said to be almost pure carbon; graphite is carbon with a trace of iron, and if any one wants to go into the business of manufacturing the precious stones, which are worth ten times their weight in gold, the coal mines round St. Louis furnish an inexhaustible supply of raw material to work on. Some years ago a French chemist did actually succeed in transforming rock about 50 feet from the bottom is as smooth candy into diamonds, or rather diamond dust as the roof of a house. The upper part is a but as diamond dust is not the article peo- little more uneven. The position of the ple want, the process failed to have any practical value. It would be rash to say that the pretended discovery of the Scotch stones were thrown down, whence it rechemist is an impossibility in an age when ceived its name "stah roll." It is supposed so many strange things are being done; but it will be at least safe to advise the few persons who are the fortunate owners of real diamonds not to throw them away, nor to sell them at half price, until we know more about the matter.

A Year Clock.

Cloff Pilquest, of Pittsburgh, Pa., has invented a clock that will run a year on one winding, when called upon the old man ex- on Sundays during the summer season. It plained that the only advantages it possessa was simplicity and the faculty of pointing out the time of day through an entire year with but one winding up, and it accomplishes this feat in this way: Arranged in a semi-circle are eight powerful springs, each on being wound up capable of keeping the internals in motion for precisely six weeks. These are encased in up. Only one is said to have succeeded in eight brazen bands, and through their cen- getting up last summer. The following tre runs a shaft at each end of which re- story is related, which is said to have volves a wheel, and there is a communica- hoppened some years ago: A hound was tion between the wheel on the eight shafts. When one of these springs has become exhausted the apparatus is so constructed that but was dashed to pieces down the steep the next nearest spring intrusts its force to hill. the one just weakened, and so on for all the eight. A glance through its works revealed that the construction was strikingly simple. The ticking is hardly anywhere audible in the room, and the inventor bragged about the exactness with which his clock pointed out the hour of the day. Considering his time and the value of the material used in Union, owing to the reputation of the prinmaking the apparatus, he claimed that this marvelous piece of mechanism has cost him, at the least calculation \$600.

An Ancient Delloacy. According to the French author who has studied the history of the queen of vegetades, the truffle had become a favorite dish and the proof this is to be found in certain legends which tell of a grand feast made to celebrate the birth of the infant legislator. It appears that the menu of this royal ban-In returning from Suisan Mr. Steffen ists-down to the present day, and that the drives the cattle and the dog the sheep. He tubercle in question figures among the along the road, and always before arriving not, however, be supposed that the truffles near one of the turns he runs ahead of the set before Pharaoh at all resembled the band to keep them from straying in the stunted and diminutive products of our On the 23d day of September, 1826, the wrong direction. As the feet of the dog time. Unless some strange mistake has parties met at the designated point with are put on him before he starts on a return | those which the chief butler handed round, or rather carved, was sometimes not less less for anything but driving sheep, and than seventy pounds, and it must have been a serious and arduous question what was the best method of cooking such a monstrous selicacy. We must descend to the of Cecrops before we can learn anything certain as to the style of cooking adopted toward the state line with a view of escapby the ancients.

The Tiring Man.

A certain medical man in Minnesota is the time arrived for choosing officers for of blood the surgeons run one of their oldturned to the outgoing President and asked who was elected. "Dr. A.—, of L.—," screamed the President The Doctor looked at his informant, then at the audience, and finally grabbed his hat and shot out of the Convention like a rocket. When next heard from he was at home, trying to invest an audiphene.

field, practicing meanwhile with pistols. At his temporary home were two belligerent by the president of the convention of the Doctor looked at his informant, then at the audience, and finally grabbed his hat and shot out of the Convention like a rocket. When next heard from he was at home, trying to invest an audiphene.

field, practicing meanwhile with pistols. At his temporary home were two belligerent by the disposition Andrew Jackson and Thomas Hebrew, Bitterness; the beautiful though common name Mary, is the beautiful though common name Mary, is help the beautiful though common name Mary, is heart for the Convention of the C

For Young Men at Church Fairs.

The following bits of advice, culled from the leading magazines of the day, are inattends churchfairs: Be pleasant, and smiling, and cheerful. the seductive bowl of oyster-soup, bend fight General White. As the first bullet fell over it, affect to examine it critically, smell from the mold a game-cock, which he had it, then rise up, shake your head sadly, and with a sweet, suggestive smile, say, "No, thank you, I guess not." This adds greatly that element of superstition which finds a to the happiness of the silver - haired, place in nearly every mind, accepted the motherly old lady who made the soup. Lie early greetings of his friends as a happy boldly to the first lady who wants you to ome, and marking the bullet one side for take a chance in the parsonage-cake. Tell the cor, and the other for the chicken, made her that you have already taken two up hi mind that his pistol should be loaded chances. This will make it easier for the with it, and that he would first fire that next lie. Then, when she looks over her particular ball at General White. He aflist and says she can't find your name, tell terward said that "he was not superstiher you bought your chances of the other tious, but these two circumstances made the only person selling chances in this cake, ing his own words. The builet was used block deep as your shovel. This is necessa- tell her then it must have been in the other and White fell at the first fire, as stated, ry, in order to prevent people hitching cake. Then, when she says this is the only After the duel Houston selected as a coatcake they are raffling on, brace up, look her of arms "a chicken, cock and dog," and Drop a big chunk down the neck of right in the eye, and tell her, "O yes, you many were the comments made by those some innocent individuel. He will swear remember now,—it must have been in the unfamiliar with the facts in after years, a little, perhaps, but he'll have it to answer cake last year." She can't deny this, and when as president of Texas and senator in you can look triumphant. But remember, my son, if you start a thing of this kind These facts are authentic having been reup any pretty little article on the fancy jr., late of Louisville, while the two were What snow you can't scrape from the tables ask the price of the same, and, when en route to Washington city during Houswalk, pat down hard, so that it will be as you are told, drop it from your nerveless ton's term as senator. fingers, and, as it falls upon the floor, exfun watching people save themselves from claim, in tones of amazement, "Well, I am --," and leave the audience, to ima-Shovel a good path around the clothes- gine what you are. This never fails to This advice is for your very best please the young lady who has charge of that table. She will mention you to her undisguised, horror of the tidies, and designate the worsted work as "stuff." Wonder what the lambrequins are for, and laugh short, explosive, sardonic laugh when the ladies tell you. It some girl has sent a wateraffect to mistake the road for a river, and

The "Stone Roll."

About two miles north of Hill church, in Pike township, Berks county, Pa., is a real natural curiosity called the "stone roll," Stah Roll. It is a large rocky surface. about 200 feet long and about 100 feet high at the highest point. This surface for surface is a little steeper than the roof of a Down this surface hundreds of that there are about 10 feet of stones laying at the bottom of it, which have been roled down. All the loose stones within about fifteen yards, from the size of a head up to as large as the people were able to roll them have been rolled down. They make a terrible noise rolling down the rocky surface, and are generally broken to atoms when they come down. This place is often visited by the young people of that vicinity is said that there was as high as fifty perns there at one time. The height has been considerably reduced, as there were up at the bottom, so that the original height might have been about 120 feet. Since the loose stones are all rolled down the young men are trying the experiment of climbing after a fox, the latter ran down the embankment and away. The hound followed,

Sam Houston's Duel. In 1826, six miles south of Franklin,

Kentucky, on the farm of H. J. Duncan, two hundred yards from the Tennessee line, was fought a duel which created widespread excitement throughout the cipals. In 1826, Gen. Sam Houston was a member of congress from the Nashville district in Tennessee, and sending home for distribution a number of public documents, directed him to her residence. It was 11 he claimed that Curry, the postmaster at o'clock when he arrived there and summon-Nashville, surpressed and failed to deliver cd her to the door. them, and denounced him a scroundrel. For this Curry sent him a challenge by Gen. White. Houston refused to receive the message, as he stated, "from such a contemptible source," throwing it on the ground and stamping on it. Gen. White said he was surprised, as no one expected uniqueness to a man's fame. I am the cenquet has been preserved, first, by means of oral tradition, and then by patriotic annal-torted, "Do you try me." Of course a town but yours. The hour is late and exchallenge followed from White which Houston promptly accepted. The terms is acquainted with every turn and lane dishes in a very honorably place. It must and conditions were, "fifteen feet distance; holster pistols; time, sunrise." The place chosen as stated, was in Simpson county. both." been made in the figures, the weight of their seconds. The fact that a duel was to have killed a pair of yellow-legged chickbe fought had gone abroad, and a number of persons had secreted themselves near the field to witness the affair, a fact unknown to either principlus or seconds. After the first shots had been exchanged and White, had fallen to the ground ime of Pericles and cross over to the land the people rushed to the spot. Houston seeing them, and fearing an arrest, started ing. Gen. White called to him, "General, you have killed me." Houston then faced the crowd with pistol still in hand, and inquired if there were any officers of the law among them, and being answered in the extremely deaf, and at times uses an ear- negative he advanced to the side of his late trumpet, but does not carry one when at- antagonist and kneeling by him took his hand tending medical conventions, &c. Three saying: "I am very sorry for you but you or four years ago he was Vice President of the Minnesota Medical Association, and occupied a seat on the platform by the side you." White had been shot through just of toe President. During the proceedings above the hips, and to cleanse the wound in his facial firmanent like a lone star of the ensuing year, when some one rose and fashioned silk neckerchiefs through the Bacchus. nominated Dr. A-, of L-. The motion wound. Gen. White recovered from his was seconded, the vote was taken, and he fearful wound as much to the joy of was elected unanimously, amid a storm of Houston as to himself. During the week the rest. When the noise had subsided he field, practicing meanwhile with pistols.

arising and preparing for the duel on the arrival of the day was 3:40 A. M. Just before that hour "Gen. Jackson" barked beneath the window of his admirer's room, ended for the eye of the young man who awakening him. Houston arose without disturbing his attending friends, and began When they offer you the task of molding bullets with which to

oung lady. Then, when she says she is him feel assured of success," thus disprovcongress, he sported so strange a crest. lated by Gen. Houston to Sanford Duncan,

A Dead Sure Thing.

A few years ago Mr. Hammond was oming up the Mississippi on a steamboat. Among the passengers was a certain well-

mown gambler. The boat had been out from New Orleans wo days, but owing to Mr. Hammond's inluence, not a card had been played or a bet made by anybody. This was ruinous to

the gambler's business. He had tried everyone on the boat for a game of some kind, or a bet on something, out had failed in every attempt. He was getting desperate.

Along in the afternoon he approached

Mr. Hammond who was setting on the hur-ricane deck, and called his attention to a couple of gulls flying across the river, a ew hundred yards ahead of the boat. "Yes, I see them," said Mr. Hammond,

"Well, I'll bet you five dollars one of hem falls into the water before we get by

"I never bet, you ought to know that,"

"Well, I'll make it twenty to five, now Mr. Hammond turned on his heel and

eft him. The gambler looked mournfuly after him few moments, and then continued his walk again.

Presently he came back and accosted Mr. "I'll bet you twenty to five that this boat plows up before we go ten miles further. Now there's a good bet, what do you say ?"

He was informed again of Mr. H.'s caling, and that such propositions were scan-"But that's a dead sure thing-you cannot possibly lose; come, what do you say?" Mr. Hammond sought anot er part of

the deck, and left the obtrusive gentlemen with the "dead sure thing" to himself. The boat had scarcely proceeded five miles when, sure enough, it did blow up. Mr. II. somehow got upon an earlier start stones broken off at the top and also filled than his late prosecutor, and went up quite a distance. As he was coming down, he was met by our sporting friend, who cried

out, as he passed : "Hallo parson! Bet you ten dollars I got higher than you did; what do you say?'

How a Widow mad Her "Souses" Taken

It was a dilapidated man that bundled himself off the evening train at Providence, entered the station and took a seat. He and a wholesale liquor breath about him and was steaming up through him, and his nose was as the wintergreen berry, red and round and distinctly bright, as if all the checkerberry he had put in all the rum he and drank all through his abandoned life had flowed into his empurpled proboscis and there formed a gem which made him

an ornament to bacchanalian society. "Does the Widow Marshineadow livehere now?" he inquired of Officer Mowry. The Oilicer, with his wonted courtesy,

"Don't be embarrassed, madam," he said, with wonderful mildness of tone and manner, "because you don't know me. History has ever been partial and omitted from her bronzed and statuesque pages the name of her proudest sons. This omission imparts hausted nature requires, in fact imperativey insists upon, refreshment and the restor .tion of sleep. I cannot proceed further with this sublime undertaking until I have

"You may come in and stay over Sunday," she said, "and in the morning I will ens."

It was 12 o'clock, and the census-taker still sat at the widow's table, and her third bottle of old currant wine before him.

"I shall put your name," he said, with ncomparable tenderness of tone and address, "somewhere about the middle of the book, and under the head of 'Remarks' shall add the following: 'Cosey residence; tastefully ornamented; latchstring always out; beautiful fruit trees and quince bushes here abound in umbrageous abundance; yellow-legged chickens always to be found on the premises; their legs become stained to a beautiful yellow by constant wading through the golden leaves of the maples that glorify the lawns and approaches of the beauteous homestead." The widow smiled delightedly, and concluded to put the pleasant census taker in her best bedchamber, where all night long his nose shone

Names.

Emma is from the German, and signifies Nurse; Caroline, from the Latin, Noble