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THE OLD GRIST MILL.

By Willow brook, beneath the hill
Stands quaint and gray the old grist-mill,
Spring mosses on his steep roof grow,
Where broad their shade the willows throw.
The pond near by is clear and deep,
And around its brink the alders sweep;
The lily pads spread gay and green,
The lilies white and gold between;
While grinds the mill with rumbling sound,
The water wheel turns round and round.

Among the reeds the muskrat dives,
And swift "the swallow homeward flies;
The robin sits in cedars near,
When Willow brook runs swift and clear;
The children by the school house play,
Where slumberous shadows softly stay,
And warm and low the summer breeze
Is whispering through the willow leaves,
While grinds the mill with rumbling sound,
The water wheel turns round and round.

The crows now wing their southern way;
the squirrels in the nut trees play;
With merry shouts the school boys run;
The mountains blush 'neath autumn's sun;
Their grain they bring adown the hill,
The farmers, to the old grist mill;
And faint from far o'er hill and dale
Falls on the ear the thresher's flail;
While grinds the mill with rumbling sound,
The water wheel turns round and round.

Long years have come and passed away;
The mill with age is gaunt and gray;
The roof gaps wide to rain and sun;
With cobwebs thick the walls are hung.
The pond is overgrown with weeds;
The marsh-wren builds among the reeds;
The night winds through the willows moan;
The school house gone, the children grown;
The farmers sleep where wild flowers grow,
Who brought their grain so long ago,
When ground the mill with rumbling sound,
And the water wheel turned round and round.

Red Wins.

"Red wins!"

It was the croupier's hoarse cry, again and again reiterated, only diversified with that of "Red loses!" which broke the stillness in the superbly-appointed room at Homburg, with the gaming-table in its centre, round which were gathered its eager votaries, behind whom were the scarcely less interested groups of lookers-on.

"Come away, my dear," said a very lovely woman among the spectators, in a whisper to her husband. "I am sorry that we came. This is no place for Pearl," indicating with a nod of the head, as she spoke, an exquisitely beautiful girl, scarcely more than a child, of some twelve or thirteen summers, who stood beside them.

"Come, Pearl," the father said.

But the girl stood entranced, her eyes fixed upon a man's face seated at the farthest end of the table. It was a strikingly handsome face, even when wearing, as it now did, an expression of calm, born of desperation. No tinge of color was in either cheeks or lips.

His eyes shone with a strange and hard glitter, and were fixed upon the balls as they swung round, as though on the color uppermost hung his hope of life or death.

And so it was. He had sat down possessed of a fortune; he arose a beggar! Fate had steadily pursued him with mocking hopelessness, until he had placed his last stake, only to see it mercilessly swept from him.

He half arose from the table. What more was to be done, save to go out somewhere into the still night air and send a bullet through his heart or brain.

It was at this moment the girl, with flushed cheeks and half parted lips, darted up to his side.

"Take this," she pleaded, "for my sake," and pressed a gold piece into his cold hand.

He turned. To his excited imagination she seemed scarcely mortal in her pure, childlike loveliness. His first impulse was to return her offering—he was not yet an alms-taker—but again rang out the croupier's cry of command to place the stakes.

The child stood breathless in her eager expectancy, her eyes burning with feverish interest.

A sudden impulse overmastered him. Without speaking a word, he placed the gold upon the table.

The next minute a small pile of gold was at his elbow. He staked it all again. Again he won. A bright spot of scarlet replaced the pallor in his cheek, which spread and deepened as Dame Fortune, who had so persistently frowned upon him, now reserved for him only her smiles.

Morning was breaking when he rose from the tables, no longer a desperate man, but with his fortune threefold returned to him.

After his first winning he had turned to return to the child her offering, but she had vanished. Should he ever find her, ever repay the debt? He knew not; but, standing at last out under the clear blue sky, with a great weight lifted from his heart and brain, Harold Clayton vowed that it should be his life-search, but that the lesson taught him should never be forgotten, and the gaming tables should know him never more.

Six years passed, and Harold Clayton was winning name and fame in his own land, in his profession as an artist.

Standing one night in a crowded assembly, some one in passing touched him lightly on the arm with her fan, and glancing around, he met the smiling face of his hostess.

"Come," she said, "I want to present you to my belle. If you can prevail upon her to give you a sitting, and transfer her coloring to canvass, you will render yourself immortal."

"Is she, then, so beautiful?" he questioned.

"Judge for yourself," she lightly rejoined, leading him to a little group doing homage to the fair girl in its centre.

"Miss Reyburn—Mr. Clayton," were the formal words of the introduction, as Harold bowed in acknowledgement before the woman whom his artistic eye confessed the most beautiful that in all his wanderings he had ever met.

Before the evening was ended he might have added, the first woman whom he ever loved, since she had awakened in him an interest as new as it was strange.

Through the next week her face haunted him. Then they met again, and the charm grew and deepened. He could not define it; he scarcely acknowledged it to himself; only away from Miss Reyburn he was restless and uneasy, until he again found himself within the scope of her fascinations.

Yet her nature remained an enigma to him. Although so young in years, so beautiful in form and feature, she seemed cold even to haughtiness, reticent almost to scorn.

It was as though some exquisite marble statue had risen in his pathway, which might some day warm into life.

She welcomed him whenever they met with a manner which, while it gave him no cause for complaint, yet chilled the hope springing within his breast.

One day, on going to her home, the servant met him at the door with the announcement that she was very ill. This knowledge brought other knowlege—the fact that he could no longer conceal from himself that he loved her, and that on his hope of winning her hung his life's happiness.

He went back to his studio, wretched and despairing, and seated himself at his easel. He had not meant to paint her face—his brain seemed unconscious of his fingers, toil—yet, when the morning broke, it was her features smiling upon him from the canvas, and he remembered the words his hostess had uttered on the night he first had met her—that thus should he render himself immortal.

He grew pale and wan in the days of anxious suspense, when those who watched over her couch knew not which would conquer, the angel of life or death. But there came an hour, never to be forgotten, when he was admitted into her presence.

She was very white, very fragile, but more beautiful than in the coloring of perfect health. A new expression,, too, was in the violet eyes raised to welcome him.

"I am very glad to meet you again," she said, gently. "I hear you have been anxious about me. You were very kind.

Then the words he had not meant to speak burst from his lips.

"Anxious?" he said. "Can a man, Miss Reyburn, perishing of hunger, fear of the famine without a shudder? I am presumptuous, you will say. It is true. What is my life, with its many settled pages in which your eyes could never look, that I should dare offer it to you? And yet, purified by your love, I would try to make it more worthy. Tell me—answer me! If I serve as Jacob served for Rachel, is there hope that I may win you? My darling! my darling! I love you! I cannot live my life without you! Will not you share it?"

Lower and lower drooped the lids, until the long dark lashes swept the marble cheek, while the sweet mouth trembled; but the momentary weakness passed as she spoke: "Forget all that you have said, Mr. Clayton. It can never be."

"You do not love me?" he questioned sadly.

Again that swift expression of pain flitted across the lovely face.

"I shall never marry," she answered; "but," and in her voice crept an almost pleading tone, "I need my friend very much, Mr. Clayton. Do not desert me!"

"I cannot," he replied. "To desert you would be to desert the hope of one day forcing you to unsay those cruel words—the hope which will go with me to my grave."

What was the barrier between them? This was the question ever ringing in Harold Clayton's ear. As she looked when she pronounced his doom, so he had fancied she might have looked when the statue warmed into life.

Since then, she had been colder, more distant than before; but he had caught the momentary expression, and transferred it to the picture on which his every leisure moment was spent.

He was thus engrossed one morning, over striving to add new beauty to his almost perfect work, when a low knock at the door aroused him.

"Come in!" he called, then bent anew to his task, without so much as raising his head until a low, laughing voice sounded close beside him.

"We were caught in the shower, Mr. Clayton; and I persuaded Margaret to seek shelter with me here. I did not dream she would find herself forstalled."

It was Mrs. Somers who spoke—the lady who had first presented him to Miss Reyburn—whose instruction he had, unknown to her, carried out.

"Margaret," she added, turning to her friend, "you have been sitting for your portrait, and did not let me know. Why have you kept it such a secret?"

He had now sprung to his feet in time to see the rosy tide spread over Margaret Reyburn's face.

It was a liberty I took without Miss Reyburn's knowledge, Mrs. Somers," he explained. "I assure you I have never been so fortunate as to secure a sitting."

"Well, you shall have one now, and you must thank me for it," she rejoined, while Margaret turned away to examine the sketches and studies lying about in profuse confusion.

"Here are some sketches taken while I was studying abroad, Miss Reyburn," said Harold. "Will you amuse yourself by looking at them?"

"I will return in a few moments," interrupted Mrs. Somers. "Wait for me, my dear."

A word of expostulation rose to Margaret's lips, but too late. The door had closed behind the speaker.

Silence fell between the two thus left behind, when a low cry arrested Harold's attention. He sprang to Miss Reyburn's side.

Her eyes were fixed upon a little sketch she held in her hand. It represented a gaming table, at one end of which sat a man, haggard, desperate, despairing, and by him a child, holding out to him a single goldpiece, with a smile in her eyes, and seemingly a prayer on her lips.

"You would know the history of that picture," he said. "Let me tell you. Years ago I was in Homburg. The gaming tables attracted me, and every night found me beside them, losing or winning according to the fortune of the hour. One evening the demon ill luck pursued me. I lost and lost until I found I was baggard. Maddened, desperate, I resolved to put an end to my miserable life, when some one touched my shoulder; a child angel stood before me and slipped into my hand a piece of gold. 'For my sake!' she whispered. The croupier's hoarse call warned me no time was to be lost. I staked the gold and won, but turning to give her back her own she had fled. When I rose from the table I had recovered all and more, but I vowed a vow to my unknown deliverer that I would never again hazard a dollar of the fortune I considered hers. I have never found her, Margaret. The child will never know her work, but I am not afraid to meet her, for I have kept my pledge.

"Harold!"—it was almost a whisper, but something in the tone made his heart give a wild, joyous leap—"have I known you all this time, and have you just found me out? It was this, Harold, which separated us. I dared not give my life to a man whom I had first known as a gambler. I supposed you still played, and I thought that to see again the expression on your face I had seen that night would kill me. Tell me, is it true? Have you never touched a card since?"

"Never!" he answered, solemnly. "And it is to you I owe it—it and life. Pearl—little Pearl, can you not trust the man who has been so long faithful to the child to be still faithful to the woman? My own, you will not doom the life that you have saved?"

But at this juncture, Mrs. Somers, opening the door, beats a precipitate retreat. Harold's statue has warmed into life, and, pressing the lovely lips to his, he thanks God that it is his breath which has awakened it.

Yell Fire in his Ear.

Just about midnight the other night four men in a Detroit saloon sat looking at a fifth. The fifth one was drunker than the other four. While all men were created equal, some men get drunk twice as fast as others.

"It will never do to send him home in this condition," said one of the four after a silence.

"No, it would break his wife's heart," added a second.

"But we can't leave him here, and if we turn him out the police will run him in," observed the third.

"I have been thinking," mused the fourth. "He has a telephone in his house. Here is one here. I will make it my painful duty to inform his waiting and anxious wife that he won't be home to night."

He went to the telephone, got her call, and began:

"Mrs. Blank, I desire to communicate with you regarding your husband."

"Well, go ahead."

"He is down town here."

"I know that much."

"In descending the stairs leading from the lodge room he fell and sprained his ankle."

"Are you sure it wasn't his neck?" she asked.

"It is not a serious sprain, but we think it better to let him lie on the sofa in the anteroom until morning. Rest assured that he will have the best of care. We are doing ev——."

"Say!" broke in a sharp voice. "You bundle him into a wagon and drive him up here, where I can keep him hidden until that drunk goes off! He won't be sober before to-morrow night!"

"My dear mad——"

"Get out! If he's sleepy drunk put water on his head! That's the way I always do."

"Will you let me inform you that"

"No, sir; I won't! Throw water on his head, get him into some vehicle and rattle him up here, for it's most midnight now and it will take me half an hour to get his boots off and push him up stairs! Remember—pour water on his head and yell 'fire' in his ear!"

Strange Devices.

Society women in Philadelphia are accused of strange devices by the shop-keepers. One storekeeper in the artificial flower business says it is quite a common occurrence to have ladies call on the morning before a ball and have handsome flowers sent to their residence for approbation, which are faithfully returned the next day, with perhaps the purchase of a fifty cent rose, and occasionally without making any purchase at all, having thus obtained the adornments for one evening's wear at the merchant's expense. Some time ago a carriage customer, it is said, ordered to be sent to her fashionable residence, for selection, braids, puffs and curls of a color to match her hair. As it was on the eve of a grand reception, the messenger was told not to return without the money or the goods. The lady played sick, the articles were sent to her room for examination, and the messenger politely dismissed. Determined not to be humbugged, the storekeeper sent a peremptory message demanding the return of the articles immediately, which was reluctantly complied with.

Match Hunting.

Most people have no doubt observed at one time or another, and perhaps at various times during their lives, that matches not made in heaven, viz: lucifers are very often apt to come up missing, or else prove worthless at the most critical junctures. If you are a married man and the father of children, your opportunities for observation in this line have been, like a kind of paper, manifold. It is during the cold and frosty hours of a winter night that the interviewing of the family match safe is generally accompanied by the greatest amount of ill luck, and, unless you are careful by profanity.

About 2 o'clock, a. m., on a winter night your wife wakes you with a shake and yells:

"John Henry, strike a light, the baby has the croup!"

Turning over in bed you reach for the match-safe at the head of the bed, and find it empty. This is a great disappointment to you, but you say nothing. Meantime your wife speaks again:

"John Henry, will you ever get a light! This child will choke to death."

With one bound you are out of bed and the next moment with arms outstretched in front, you run full tilt against the edge of the sitting room door, which stands about half way open. Such little incidents are good for you. They start the sluggish blood from the nose which you have bruised on the door, and disciple you in the art of holding your temper. To render the discipline greater your wife laughs in a suppressed manner at your misfortune. Finally reaching the dining room you plunge wildly for the place where the match-safe is usually kept, and find it not. Then your over-taxed patience begins to flow away, and you say, mildly, of course:

"Angeline, where is the match safe?"

"In its usual place, my dear," she replies.

"I don't find it."

"Feel around on the floor. Perhaps the children have knocked it down."

Then you get down on your knees and "feel." Just as you have run a needle into your finger and are about to express yourself in positive and forcible language, your wife says:

"Oh, I think the match-safe is in the book-case, where I put it yesterday to keep it out of the way of Jennie."

Another effort and the book-case is reached, opened, and the match-safe found at last. It contains two matches. With frantic haste you rub one on the under side of the shelf in the case. It fails to ignite. You have tried the wrong end, you think. You essay another effort with the other end. A dull rasp is heard, but no fire is struck.

"Who under the sun uses matches and puts them back into the safe again?" you ejaculate.

No answer from the bed room.

Grasping the last match, you ascertain by the feeling that it is one of those thin emaciated specimens, about as thick as a piece of paper. You "scratch" it carefully and hopefully. It breaks in two as it ignites and the sulphur falls to the floor with a fizz and a sputter, the fumes filling your lungs. At this important juncture your wife's dulcet tones are again heard:

"John Henry Frelinghuysen, what under the canopy are you about? Have you fallen asleep out there?"

"Oh, yes, I've fallen asleep. I have. I've fallen asleep out here, with my knees knocking together, with the cold. To-morrow I'll buy two gross of matches. One gross I'll pile up in the bed room and the other gross I'll open and place the boxes all around the house, so that a fellow can find anything he wants in this house."

Then you make a desperate rush for the kitchen and find a box full of matches the the first time trying. Lighting a lamp you prepare to fix up a dose for the croup, when the last straw is laid on the camel's back by your better half, who says:

"Never mind, now, John, I guess the baby hasn't the croup after all, for she has fallen asleep again."

Then, after making a mental vow to keep a light burning every night the remainder of the winter, you shake the stove down, and in a fit of absent-mindedness, blow out the light and retire.

This performance is a matchless one, when well executed, and is capable of countless variations.

Decca Muslins.

The Decca muslins of India are among the most wonderful evidences of the handskill of the strange people of the mysterious East. These fabrics, which are spun and woven entirely by hand, and are the product of obscure and curious processes, unknown to and unattainable by the Western nations, like the fabrications of Damascus steel and the making of camel's hair shawls; are marvels of ingenuity and skill, and they illustrate the poetry of cotton. The most delicate of these fabrics is known by the name of "woven air." It can only be made in the early morning and in the evenings, when the air is full of moisture and the dew is on the grass. The processes by which it is woven are kept secret, and people who do the work are compelled first to pass through a long course of training and initiation. Their delicate wares are of such ethereal texture as to be almost invisible, and yet so enduring that they will bear washing and wear in a wonderful manner. This precious stuff is monopolized for the use of the ladies of the oriental harems, and is said to be worth hundreds of dollars per yard.

A Florida Lady.

One morning a figure was seen dimly amongst the flags and reeds of the distant lake shore. Presently we made out that it was a woman. She hailed us, and asked to come aboard to trade. Our small boat, with a gallant gentleman as escort, brought out this specimen of the South Florida lady. She looked abashed as her upturned face caught the glance of a dozen men, who all greeted her with pleasant raillery. They politely lifted her on deck. Her short, scant dress revealed cowhide shoes and ankles innocent of stockings, and, apparently, she wore nothing under her thin calico sacque and skirt. But back in the faded sun-bonnet I saw a cheerful, sun-browned face whose smile is, perchance, the radience of that which most blesses man's earthly home—woman's love. She traded her beef hide for coffee and tobacco. About to leave us, she answered to a challenge to be our cook: "I'd like splendid to go 'long and cook for you, but I couldn't leave the babies."

—The State debt of Iowa is only $500,000.

The Trials of an Engaged Girl.

After all, the yoke of marriage in an apparatus that should sit on two pair of shoulders; and there is nothing very seemly in seeing a girl wait to wear her own part of it until it has been nicely padded with quilted satin. Looking at the matter from a less elevated point of view, long engagements are rather tiresome in restricting the liberty of girls. Miss Jenny, who is going to marry Mr. Simpson as soon as that hopeful young man gets a living, is obliged in the meantime to deny herself many pleasures, lest Simpson should take offense. She must eschew balls; she must take care that nobody makes love to her; and for this purpose she is obliged to let all chance comers be speedily informed of her engagement. Unhappily, the symbolism of rings is always unregarded, else the chance comers might discover the fact for themselves by looking at the second finger of Miss Jenny's left hand. If Jenny has no sisters to talk of her betrothal, and if her mother does not accept timely hints to mention it on every necessary occasion, or the engagement is not announced the girl is rather embarrassed for words in which to convey the news delicately to strangers. She cannot allude to Mr. Simpson as "Johnny"—that would be too familiar; she cannot speak of him as "Simpson," for this would sound strange; but if she refers to him frequently as "Mr. Simpson," strangers might draw undesirable inferences from her apparent familiarity with a person thus coldly specified. Then the engaged girl has to put up with a great deal of chaff, which is only pleasing for a while, and afterward becomes intolerable. The trials of matrimony are frequently commended to her impatient attention by way of paternal rebuke: "Ah, my dear, you will find out that I was right when you are a wife yourself!" and so forth; or a snub is put upon her too hasty wish to consider herself free by the reminder that there is many a slip between the cup and the lip. Sometimes Simpson is actually held up to her as a bogey: "My dear, I don't think Mr. Simpson would quite approve of your wearing that cherry ribbon;" "Jenny, dear, I think Mr. Simpson would be sadly grieved if he heard you express those opinions;" or, "Jenny, I am sure Mr. Simpson would not think it proper that you should play croquet with Capt. Mallet." There is enough in all this to make a girl sit down and scream.

Kangaroo Hunting.

The kangaroo, as is well known, is found only in Australia and Tasmania. Its means of locomotion and defense are so peculiar, and its swiftness so great, that the chase of it is attended with excitement and dangers wholly unique. The hunting of the fox in England is over comparatively smooth ground and moderate-sized fences, with well-trained horses, while the kangaroo has to be chased over new country, full of holes covered with wild grass, over ditches, fallen trees, among trees, and their branches, on horses that have no superiors in the world in speed. Then the dangers that you are to encounter when you overtake the kangaroo, though not in reality extreme, are as great as those met in the tiger hunt as usually conducted, while in the latter you have not the excitement and danger of the chase. The place where I write is about 200 miles from the ocean shore, on the banks of a beautiful river, shaded with encalyptus trees. These trees are the natural growth of the country, cover a large part of it, and are believed, both here and in Europe, to so destroy malaria as to be a sure guarantee against fevers of all kinds. The couches are examined before retiring at night to see if there are any snakes in them; but none are found: A native, with two women, is camped on the shore near by. Their camp is a half-circle of piled-us logs, three feet high, while on the open side, towards the water glares a brilliant fire, lighting up them and the darkness with a lurid, fantastic savageness. These natives resemble the African more nearly than either of the other four of the human races, and come without doubt from that stock. Their hair cannot be strictly said to be either hair or wool, but most nearly resembles the latter. They are of good size, dark brown, well made, and don't encumber themselves with much clothing. One of their weapons of war is the boomerang, and it is a curious affair. It is made of very hard wood, three feet long, four inches wide, one inch thick at the centre, and bends edgeways so as to make a third of a circle. With the hand they are said to throw this implement 150 yards, cutting off the head of an enemy, and having the weapon return to the feet of the sender. I have seen it thrown that distance and return to the person throwing it. The full-grown male kangaroo is called "boomer," and is about seven and a half feet long from his nose to the end of his tail, the tail being about three and a half feet of this, and one foot in diameter at its base. He lives on grass, sometimes invading the fields of the frontiersman and eating up all he has. He stands on four legs when feeding, and at no other time. His tail is full of powerful sinews, but it is used only to assist in the equilibrium while sitting, standing on the toes and running. In a sitting posture he is about four and a half feet high; but when he stands on his toes to survey the country or an enemy, he is taller than a man. He has a soft, gazelle-like expression, but the white teeth gleam between the lips. His color is brown, tending in age towards red or grey, according to the species. They weigh (the male) from 150 to 170 pounds each. The meat tastes somewhat like venison, but is not very good, though the tail makes excellent soup. The female is under six feet in length, and is different somewhat in appearance from the male. The young, when born, are only an inch long, and are first seen nursing the mother in the pouch in front, where she carries them. They remain in this pouch till they are eight months old and weigh about ten pounds, and long afterwards return to it on appearance of danger. When the mother is hard pressed by the enemy in a chase she throws the young one out of the pouch, who thereby makes its escape. There are kangaroo dogs, very swift and strong, especially adapted to hunting the kangaroo; but no experienced dog will tackle them without somebody to back him. They jump about fifteen feet at a time usually, but sometimes twenty or more, and their swiftness is prodigious. Nothing can apparently overtake them in a fair race, and the usual way is to practically surround them. When hard pressed they place their back to a tree for the fight; or, in preference, they always strike for the water if there is any near. They try to seize their enemy with the fore paws, and then rip it from top to bottom with the middle claws of their hind feet, which are very sharp. If they are in the water they try to hold their enemy under it until he is drowned. They will always leave a dog to attack a man.

At 9 o'clock one morning ten men, including myself, started on horseback, with four dogs, on a chase. All were experienced in the business except a young Englishman and myself. We took no firearms, a large stick being the only weapon to be used. We had no difficulty in finding the animals. It was disdained to avoid such fences as we found, and we jumped several of a height of four to five feet, always approaching them at a full run. We divided the party, half going to each side of a partly open plain. I soon saw a large kangaroo and two small ones coming towards our party. We waited until they were near enough to see us, when they made a right angle and went off at an astonishing pace, in jumps of fifteen to twenty feet in length, going from eight to ten feet in the air at each jump. We "went for" the big one, but he quickly got beyond our sight, the three already having distanced the dogs.

The kangaroo dogs hunt by sight like the greyhound. These three were all lost, we learned as we met at the point agreed upon. We next surrounded another large tract of forest plain and meadow, this time dividing the dogs. In a few moments a hundred or more kangaroos came bounding towards the party with me. The dog with me started for them, and all the dogs and men were at once in pursuit The kangaroos divided into several parties, each dog selecting one to follow, and each man following some one of the dogs. My dog went for a boomer, and I also, in company with two others of the party. The boomer stood up, took a long look at us, and then flew. We followed him among the trees and branches, jumping logs and debris of all kinds, and across plains at a fearful rate. The horses needed no urging; their blood was up now. The dog "laid to it," but made no sound. When he would get near the kangaroo the animal would make a jump at right angless and change his course, while the dog would shoot on a distance before turning. After a run of this kind for some distance, the kangaroo started for a swamp. After reaching that, and going in a distance, he turned his face towards us, standing up on his hind paws to a height of seven feet, and prepared for battle. The dog went for him and the fight commenced. The dog succeeded in getting hold of his tail, and was carried in the air some distance by repeated jumps. The dog then lost his hold, and was seized and put under the water. Owing to my having the best horse, I was first to come to the dog's aid. I was warned by shouts not to approach the animal, but disregarded them and showed myself a good kangaroo hunter. The animal proved to be eight feet long. The rest of the party killed two smaller ones, and later in the day, at another chase, another large one was killed. The females do not fight, but run so swiftly that they are rarely overtaken.

Air and Food.

An English scientific paper remarks as a curious physiological fact, that although open air life is so favorable to health, yet it has the apparent effect of stunting growth in early youth. While the children of well-to-do parents, carefully housed and tended, are taller for their age than the children of the poor, they are not so strong in after years. "The laborers' children, for instance, who play in the lonely country roads and fields all day, whose parents lock their cottage doors on leaving for their work in the morning, so that their offsprings shall not gain entrance and do mischief, are almost invariably short for their age. The children of working farmers exhibit the same peculiarity. After sixteen or eighteen, after years of hesitation as it were, the lads shoot up, and become great, hulking broad-shouldered fellows, possessed of immense strength. Hence it would seem that indoor life forces growth at the wrong period, and so injures." The inference is plausible, but is wide of the mark. The children of the well-to-do are tall, not because they are kept in-doors, but because they are well fed and sryed from severe exposure. The children of the poor are stunted, not by too much sun and air, but because they are ill fed. Give the first class plenty of out-door play, with the proper diet, and they will be strong as well as tall. Give to the laborers' children the food suitable for their years, and no amount of sun and wind will stunt them. On the contrary, they will not have to wait till age brings capacity to turn strong food to bone and muscle, and time to overcome the evil effects of hard times in early life; but they will grow from the first, steadily and sturdily.

Cars in the Arabian Desert.

Mr. Russell, gives an interesting sketch of a run through a portion of the Arabian desert by a new railway route. We subjoin an extract: "Blanched bones of camels lie in dull whiteness on the sand. Not a bird fans the hot silent air. Stones and sand, and sand and stones, are all and everywhere stretched out dead and hard under the blue sky and the relentless sun. The rail which conveys us through this desolation is single, and the line is said by English engineers to be very poorly made, as the French engineers who laid it out took it over a ridge 1,100 feet high, instead of following a low level near the river, which would have greatly diminished the expense and cost of working. The water and coal of the engines is to be carried by the trains out to the various stations. So they are like commissariat animals in a barren country, which have to carry their own fodder and diminish the public burthens. The stations are helpless, hot, oven-like erections, generally eked out by forlorn old wooden huts, within the shade of which may be seen an undoubted Englishman smoking his pipe. At the twelfth station we coaled; the train ended in the desert here; but at long intervals, for miles in advance, we could see the encampments of Arabs, who for the time had come navvies, and were engaged in picking and burrowing, and blasting through the rocks a way for the iron horse. In a long, wooden shed—the centre of a group of tents—were laid out long tables, covered with hot joints of recondite animals, papiere mache chickens, and lignite vegetables. This was our dinner—it had come all the way from Cairo—so had the wine, beer and spirits. If manna and quails were at all eatable, we had envied the food of the Israelites.

A Novel Divorce Case.

There isn't much humor in law but some things that come out of the law are rather funny. One of these happened the other day and caused smiles all around, except on one man's face. This man had come from Nevada at the request of a lawyer to have a decree of divorce set aside. He had packed off from his wife several years ago, and the woman afterwards married the lawyer, first, however, going through the form of getting a divorce. She had not been long married to the lawyer when he followed the example of her first husband by withdrawing from her company. Then learning that there had been some irregularity about the divorce, he set out to hunt up the original husband. He discovered him in Nevada and persuaded him to come to New York. The husband had not before heard of the divorce, and when the lawyer told him about it he was mad enough to pitch in and smash it to pieces, just for spite. He did pitch in, and was helped by a lawyer who was a friend of the lawyer who had hunted him up in Nevada. Proceedings were opened to have the divorce set aside on the ground of fraud, or something of that sort, and everything went on very nicely for awhile. But by-and-by the first husband began to think. Then he went to the lawyer who was acting for him and told him to stop. The lawyer said he would if his fee was paid. The man from Nevada said she did not owe any fee. He appeared in the case merely to oblige the other lawyer, and the latter was the man to look to for a fee. "Very well," said lawyer number two, "then I'll go on with the case." And go on with it he did before a referee, and before the Nevada man could help himself the referee had made a report to the court and the court had set aside the decree of divorce. The effect of this is to release the lawyer from his marriage to the woman, and to reinstate her as the wife of the man whom the lawyer had brought on from Nevada to help him out of a snarl. The Nevada man didn't want his wife given back, and the woman did not want to be reinstated, but the law said that was how it should be, and the lawyer can put his hand in his pocket and ask the reunited couple, who had hoped never to see each other again, what they are going to do about it. Let this be a warning to other husbands, who have once got rid of disagreeable wives, to be mighty careful about accommodating lawyers who may possibly want to get rid of the same wives themselves. Had the Nevada man stuck to his camp, instead of coming to New York to oblige a lawyer, he would not have a wife thrown back on his hands by the law, after she had got a secret divorce from him and married another man.

Burning Barns.

There are undoubtedly many barns burned from carelessness. In one case recently, a match, which had been lit to afford a momentary light, was thrown down in the dirt on the barnfloor, where it started a slow fire, which gradually extended to the haymow. In another instance an enterprising owner shot an owl in the barn and killed him—and burned the barn. Whenever it is necessary to fire a gun about buildings, wool should be used for wadding, as it will not readily take fire from the powder. Spontaneous combustion, it is believed, caused the burning of the other two, one by the heat from a big pile of buckwheat chaff, and the other by hen manure under the shed, mixed with straw and other manure. In some instances buildings have barely escaped. One of our citizens was sitting in his house one evening in Autumn, and happening to put his hand against the wall he found it so hot as to nearly burn him. Seeking for the cause, he found it to be heat from the banking around the dwelling, which was buckwheat chaff. He did not go to bed until that banking was removed, The house would undoubtedly have been burned before morning. Another man just at night loaded his wagon with the droppings from the barnyard, and then added some hen manure and ashes, and as it was late left the wagon and contents stand until the next morning. Fortunately he did not run it into any building, for the next day he found it on fire in three places. The dirt from a large grist mill was swept out of the back door, and here too a lot of shavings were thrown. One night the mill burned down, and the fire started at the very place where the debris was rotting. A farmer who leaves the hen manure to accumulate during the summer, or lets the horse manure remain in the yard, runs the risk of having to build a new barn. Every building should be kept clear of litter, within and without, and no violence will be done to chemical laws nor to good taste.

A Rise in Diamonds.

Whether it be on account of the increased demand for diamond earrings, or on account of the decreasing supply of the precious stones, both from the Cape fields and the "Districto Diamantino" of Brazil, certain it is, that the price of fine diamonds has risen fifteen per cent. Dealers complain, however, that they cannot get the higher price to which they have gone, as the majority of purchasers insist upon the old average of $50 to $75 a carat. They are therefore obliged to use inferior stones to keep their trade going. There is really no difference between a good Brazillian stone and a good stone from the Cape, and the outcry recently raised in London by a lady who discovered that the diamonds she had bought as Brazillian were Africans was a fanciful one. The frauds of the Dutch and English dealers are perpetrated mainly in cutting the Brazillian and Cape diamonds in the old-fashioned styles of the Indian stones, which were in vogue before the Brazilian fields were discovered in 1730 and which now have the value of antiquities. The only superiority of the Brazilian over the Cape diamonds is that the per centage of fine stones is larger in South America than in Africa. Thus, for instance in a thousand Brazilian stones three hundred fine ones may be found, while the Cape will not yield more than a hundred specimens of the same quality. The momentary scare produced among the possessors of a "wealth of jewelry" by the report that Hannay, the Scotch chemist, had discovered the secret of making artificial diamonds has now entirely disappeared. He acknowledges that he never really made anything but "very small quantities of a substance like bort." Bort is known in the trade as a dark brown stone similar to the diamond in its properties and of use only in cutting real stones or for drilling purposes.