The News and Herald.

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Winter's Secrets.

Winter, thou and I art boon;
With the wind and frozen moon,
And the thaw and fore t drip,
I hold secret fellowship
When the trees stand bleak arow—
Summer skeletons—I go
Down their broken archards singing
Songs of snow and tempest winging;
Or I stand upon a rise
Underneath the hurried skies,
So to feel the meaning clear
Of thy voiceless atmosphere.
Is thy message of a birth
Bubbling at the brim of earth—
Held like beaded glass by thee
That it mantle steadily?
Mayhap, Winter, it is thou
Makest roses bud and blow;
Makest leafage and all shades
In the ancient chestnut glades;
Makest laughter on our lips
And the dew at crocus tips.

ONLY ONE KILLED.

Old Nurse Edwards sat on the tiny porch of the gardener's lodge, tranquilly knitting, with her spectacles, as usual, pushed h gh under her cap. She had been told that it was a rest to remove them from her eyes occasionally, though whether the relief was to the eyes or to the glasses she could not exactly remember; in either case, however, she felt it her manifest duty to spare them all she could.

It was a glorious summer afternoon, and from her wicker chair she looked out over a wide expanse of velvet lawn, luxuriously shaded here and there with clumps of venerable trees, in whose branches the birds were holding high carnival. But Nurse Edwards did not hear the birds, for there was a cricket just under the ledge of the veranda, who had quite as much to say as they, and who had no one but her to say it t; nor did she need to look over the lawn for her sunlight, when a beam had come purposely to seek her out, and was lying across her lap, like a long needle, tremulously waiting to be taken up and fitted to some wonderful golden work. It is only discontented people who must search afar for their pleasures. Nurse Edwards found all that she required close to her feet.

Presently she put down her knitting, and sat stiffly upright, with a look of recognition on her placid face, that took the place of a smile, and seemed to express almost more of pleasure. She had caught the sound of coming footsteps—light, dancing, happy steps, that could only belong to a child, or to one who had not yet unlearned childish gladness; and, truly enough, the slender figure of a girl, still in her teens, soon appeared around the corner, and in a moment more had bounded breathlessly to her side.

"Eh, Miss Anna, dear," said the old woman, fondly, taking the young girl's hand and patting it affectionately, "what brings ye here in such haste the day?"

"Oh! I couldn't come slowly," Annie replied, with that little, inconsequent laugh, that indicates happiness rather than mirth. "I don't think I could walk to-day, if it were to save my life. My feet wouldn't let me if I asked it of them. Nursie—" she suddenly stopped and kissed the faded cheek—"Fred is coming to-day, and I've run down to meet him. He'll be at the gate in half an hour. The train is due at five o'clock."

The old woman took the pretty face between her hands caressingly.

"I can't think how ye've so soon grown up to have a sweetheart, my bonnie dearie, ye that I've nursed on my knees and crooned to sleep this many a time gone, till I looked for ye never to outreach the cradle. Needs was some on ye should be grown women in the end; and I didn't say nothing against it when 'twas only Miss Meg and Miss Caroline; but I did hope to keep the last born for my ain. Eh! eh! 'Tis the natural way of children. Here's my Jem turned a man of a sudden, with a home to keep me in; him as I'd held a lad till it was no that easy to put faith in his beard even with my two eyes upon it. He'll be getting him a sweetheart next, I tell him; but he says nay, he wants no sweetheart but his mother. My Jem's a good lad. God bless him! And so ye are looking for Mr. Fred, are ye, Miss Annie? And it's for him that ye're so gay in all your brave ribbons?"

"Of course it's for him," returned Annie, joyously. "And am I quite fine enough, say, Nursie dear? Will he say he never saw me look so nice before?"

"Ay, to be sure; that will he!" replied the old woman, fervently. "Though it'll no be ribbons he'll mark. He'll say as my Jem says when I put on my smart gown of a Sunday: 'It's the face I mind, mother, and naught besides, he says. 'Yo look as well in the oldest gown ye wears, mother,' he says."

"I am afraid Jem is an arrant flatterer," laughed Annie. "You've positively grown conceited since you came to live with him. You had much better have stayed on with us at the house."

"Nay, there's nothing as could keep me from my Jem, now, Miss Annie, dear," answered the old woman, soberly. "He's the only one left me of all I had, and my heart is set on him. It's little I can do for him now I'm old, and my sight is ailing, and I'm no that quick I was on my feet; but it's all in the way of Nature, he says. Them as sows in the spring shall reap in the fall, and I'm to reap now, whilst he's to work at the sowing. A deal of trouble I've had in my day, but no finger's touch will be let anear me in my old age, he says. Eh, but he's a good lad. May Heaven grant you a son like him, Miss Annie, when ye've stepped down out of the spring-time yerself."

"Yes, Jem's very good," assented Annie, carelessly. "Father says there is not a place anywhere around so well kept as he keeps ours. Oh! hark! Isn't that the train?"

She sprang to her feet, throwing back her head and listening eagerly, with bated breath, raising an imperious little hand to silence all other sounds. It seemed as if, at this spoiled darling's bidding, the very birds stopped singing; and the leaves forbore the rustling, all was suddenly so still. Nurse Edwards listened, too, but less intently, and the chirping of the cricket, beneath the piazza ledge was the only sound she caught.

"Hey, what a noise he makes?" she said, admiringly, as Annie turned back with a gesture of disappointment. "If it's them as is happiest sings loudest, yon fellow has the best of us all."

"Oh! will it never be five o'clock?" cried Annie, mindful only of her impatience. "This day has been a hundred days long already."

"Now don't ye be in haste with Time, my dear," said the old woman, reprovingly. "Ye'll not hurry it, though ye fret it never so. We must just bide the time, my Jem says, and all things'ill come in turn—first life, then growth, then death. Things is best taken natural as they come. The rose that ye force'll only be sooner done blowing."

"But I can't wait," the girl complained, childishly. "I always want things immediately, and I want five o'clock this minute. What time can it be, Nursie? Oh! do say it's five o'clock!"

"It'll be nigh upon it, sure, by the slant of the shadows," the old woman answered, peering out across the lawn. "Ye can look at the sun-dial yonder, if ye will."

"Nonsense!" rejoined Annie, contemptuously. "As if a stupid bit of wood and a rusty shadow kept any count of the time the train goes by. I'll look at the clock inside."

"Then ye may spare yerself the trouble, my dearie; for the hands stopped at five minutes to seven this morning, exactly as my Jem started out for the city; and five minutes to seven it'll be till my Jem gets home, which may be the night or the morrow. And I've been a-thinking all the day as I sat here how it's with me and with everything about me just as it is with the old clock inside. It's him that keeps us going; and we're all run down and stopped together when he's gone, biding the time till he comes back to right us."

"Then I wish he would come back now and make it five o'clock," sighed Annie. "Surely it must be five o'clock, and the train has come in without my hearing the whistle. I'll run down to the gate and wait there Fred can't be long now. Good-bye, Nursie. In five minutes more I shall be the very happiest girl in the world!"

And before she had finished speaking she was off, disdaining the road and making herself a pathless way across the lawn; laughing, dancing, bounding along with many a light spring and airy leap and merry twist, like a mountain brook too impetuous to run smoothly. The old nurse smiled indulgently, and, settling herself back in her chair, went contentedly on with her knitting, while the cricket again became the uppermost sound in her world, like a homely accompaniment to the single music of her thoughts.

Many more minutes than five went by uncounted, when, suddenly, from the direction of the gateway, Annie again came running, but not as she had run before. Very direct and straight she came. Her arms were outstretched as one who runs blindly; her face, that had been so rosy, was white as death and strangely set, and she flung herself into the old woman's arms with a great, sharp cry.

"O, Nurse! O, Nurse. The train is not in. There has been an accident. A man going by told me. And there has been one killed. Just a light accident! But there was one killed. Only one killed, the man said. O, Nursie! it is Fred. I know it is Fred! As certainly as that I am alive now, I know that it is my darling who is dead!"

And the girl burst into a passion of stormy weeping, and would neither be comforted, nor listen to anything that her old friend said.

"I tell you I know it is he!" she cried, with an agony of conviction in her voice that almost carried certainty with it. "It was like a knife through my heart the moment the man spoke. At the word accident, I felt that Fred was dead, even before he said anything more. I tell you I know that it is he, as surely as if I saw him lying here before my eyes!"

"Nay, nay, my pet, my darling, my heart's dearie!" cried the old nurse, clasping the girl to her breast and rocking back and forth with her as if she were a babe, so quickly does grief make children of us all. "How can ye know? Why borrow so sore a trouble as this? Wait till the good Lord brings it to ye Himself, and eases the weight of it by lending His own blessed hand to the burden. What should start ye beforehand to fear it?"

"Oh! don't you see?" Annie moaned. "Don't you see? It is because I am so happy that I dread it. I am too happy. I have never had a sorrow in all my life. Not one. I have everything I want. I haven't a wish left to wish. My life is bright as the year is long. And the happiness is got to stop sometime. Aren't we always being told we must expect sorrow? That every one has to suffer? It isn't natural to be so happy as I am. Sorrow has got to come to me, too; and I know it is coming now—in this way—this most terrible way of all. I am to lose my very dearest. I am to lose Fred forever. And we were so happy together—oh! so happy! I loved him so! O, Nurse, Nurse! I can't bear it!"

"Whist, whist, my bairnie! Don't ye go to think the Lord begrudges ye your happiness in the blessings Himself has give ye to enjoy. Don't ye go to misjudge Him so."

"Oh! if He has taken Fred from me—if He has—I shall hate Him, I shall hate Him!" cried Annie, wildly, clenching her slender hands. Oh! if God is so cruel, so pitiless as that, I will never love Him, never pray to Him again, never, while I live!"

"Annie, Annie! God help ye, ye don't know what ye are saying!" exclaimed the poor old woman, with tears dropping over her withered cheeks. "How dare ye call Him cruel. If He bids ye let go your heart's dearest, what right have ye even so to set your will against Him as made ye, and as works all thinks together for your good? My Jem says there's a reason in all the Lord's doings; it's only our eyes as is weak and don't always see plain. It's wicked of ye to talk so, Annie, and I couldn't a-bear it, only Jem says he is sure the Lord don't listen when we speak that we don't mean; and ye don't mean what ye are saying now. Why, ye've just said there's no blessing in the world as has been denied ye your life long, and yet now ye couldn't take one sorrow from Him even if He sent it ye!"

"Only not this one?" sobbed Annie, her face hidden in the old woman's dress. "Only not this! I could bear anything else; but only not this!"

"O, Annie! it's no for us to say what shall be of the Lord's sending. What He sends, good or bad, that must we take; and it's no for us to choose the what or the when. If one poor soul lies dead yonder, then there's sorrow come into the world some where by reason of it. It's so that some one must bear the grief ye say ye can not, nor will not, bear. Is others stronger than ye, then, that ye should be spared, and your pain put on them? What right have ye, Annie, to claim to be spared, and take no part in the world's trouble? The very trees has storms sent them, and stands up against them whilst they can. So them that God sends this sorrow to the day, whoever they chance to be, must e'en submit their wills to it, and, as my Jem would say, may the gracious Lord lighten it to the heart He fixes it upon.

The old woman bowed her head reverently as she spoke, and Annie looked up at her, half awed, though with cheeks still wet with rebellious tears. And just there, some one stooped over them and lifted the young girl to her feet, softly saying her name. Ah! what voice of all living could so say it save one? It was as if her lover had been given back to her from the very regions of the dead, and, after an almost frightened glance at him, Annie threw herself upon his breast, with an inarticulate cry of relief and rapture. Perhaps when souls first meet in Heaven they feel somewhat as she felt in that moment.

But the young man gently unclasped her clinging arms, and, holding her hands in one of his, went nearer the old nurse, and stood looking at her without speaking.

"Oh, Mr. Fred!" the old woman cried, catching his hand, while a look of such unselfish delight irradiated her wrinkled face as absolutely transfigured it. "The Lord be thanked that it is not ye who have been taken!"

"No, not I," Fred said slowly, while she, in the relief that seemed to set all her senses free again, heared the cricket chirp, and saw how the golden needle of light had slipped away from her lap, and felt it where it lay bright and warm across her foot. "Not I," he said, "but another." And there he paused again; finding speech difficult, and laid his hand on her shoulder as if to steady her; and then, in despair at his own cowardice in breaking the news to her, he turned abruptly to Annie. "Help her if you can; Annie," he said. "Tell her. Jem was on the train, too. It is her Jem who was killed."

The old nurse spoke never a word. Did she understand? She felt a trembling; but she did not weep or moan or move by a hair's breadth, only sat with her hands dropped helplessly in her lap, looking unseeingly up at him who had brought the news. It seemed as if the silence could be felt. Annie had flung herself on her knees by the old woman's side again, and was covering the poor old hand with vain kisses and vainer tears. Her heart was full of an intolerable pity, that took almost the shape of self-reproach. What words of comfort could she dare to speak to one who was old, and weak, and poor, and helpless, and who had lost not one gift out of many, but the one only blessing she had?

For a few moments the stricken woman sat there speechless, aging visibly before their eyes in the first awful shock of the bereavement. She was as if she had gone deaf and dumb and blind in an instant, or rather, as if, with faculties all overstrained and tense, she had been suddenly plunged into a sphere with which theirs had no communication. At last after a time she roused herself with an effort, drawing a long breath, and moistening her dry lips.

"Don't fret for me, children," she said, brokenly, with a wan smile, moving her hand tremblingly, to Annie's hair. "Some one had to be taken, ye see, and some has to suffer, and it's better I than another; for I've not so long as some to wait. It's near the closing of the day with me; the night will be upon me soon; and don't need the strength to bear it, as them as has but begun the day. Don't ye fret, Annie, don't ye fret, dear. The Lord has laid His burden upon me; but His hand will be under when my old feet fail."

She got up unsteadily, still smiling that faint, wan smile, and stood a moment looking uncertainly about her, as if trying to find herself in this strange world she was lost in, and, suddenly, the chirp of the cricket smote her ear, like a familiar sound from the friendly old world of the past, linking the then and the now together. The consciousness came slowly back into her eyes as her look wandered out over the lawn and the trees beyond, and then seemed to pass on to some point further still, perhaps beyond earth altogether, beyond death, beyond space and beyond time. She seemed quite to have forgotten the presence of the others.

"Ay, ay!" she mumured softly. "I've not so long to wait as some. The Lord is full of love and mercy. It's better I than another. And better Jem than one, may be, less ready."

And with that she turned and went into her little desolate home, and closed the door; and the two left outside looked at each other silently, and then went mutely away together, saddened through all the happiness of their reunion. By what inscrutable justice had this sorrow passed them by to fall on her? What is the mystic sign that so often turns aside the angel of woe from the abode of the happy, to sheathe his sword afresh in hearts that have already bled? Is it because they who have suffered most are stronger to endure again, being the quickest to discern the hidden blessing in the sting, and the surest of all making it their own?

Who can tell? Life is full of problems more unreasonable than this.

Thrown Into The Sea.

A collision occurred on the 10th inst. between two trains on the railway between Monte Carlo and Mentone, in France. The train from Mentone was filled with English visitors. A number of carriages were smashed and fell into the sea. Three passengers, an engineer and a guard were instantly killed. Thirty-six of the passengers were injured, thirteen very dangerously. The collision happened on a sharp curve, which the two trains, both filled with passengers, tried to round at the same time on a single track. The trains were badly telescoped and were thrown from the track.

The point where the collision occurred is situated on a cliff overlooking the sea, and about 125 feet above the beach. Two of the carriages which were thrown from the track and fell down the cliff rolled a considerable distance in the shallow water at the base and imbedded themselves in the sand. Both these coaches were full of people and the wonder is that all were not killed. The wounded were conveyed to hotels at Monte Carlo.

Many of the wounded are Americans and Englishmen. None of the killed were of those nationalities. Every member of an entire French family who were touring together had their legs broken. The accident was due to the neglect of the train dispatchers at each end of the track, who failed to inquire whether the track was clear or not.

A Roman Water-Course.

The excavations carried on in the Roman arena at Paris have just been rewarded with very interesting results. An artificial water course in excellent preservation has just been laid bare which evidently served the purpose of filling the circus with water on the occasion of mimic sea fights. Enough of the structure of the door posts remained to show that the entrance was closed by a door of extraordinary strength, which would indeed be needed to stem the force of the water. The hole which held the door-hinge is clearly made out. The excavators have further come upon a number of seats for the spectators, and also on some fragments of a slab on which were inscribed the names of the dignitaries—inhabitants of the ancient town of Lutetia, who had a right to seats of honor.

AN ANGORA GOAT FARM.

A Nyack Lady's Venture Which has Proved Profitable.

Three miles from Nyack, New York, near the Hudson river, is an Angora goat farm, which from its novelty attracts much attention hereabouts. It is looked upon as something in the nature of a farmer's freak, like the raising of bees or silkworms.

Goats browse and goats prosper on this farm on the heights that border Rockland lake as readily as they do on the rocks about Shantytown, in New York city. But they are a different breed of goats, more aristocratic than their city relatives as to wool, more epicurean in their tastes, and more blue-blooded as to ancestry. The herd in this somewhat novel farm just now numbers 75, varying in age from the tiny object of three months which looks like a cross between a dog, a rabbit and a lady's powder puff, to the handsome patriarch of the flock, a magnificent specimen of the pure Angora breed, with immense curling horns. This handsome old fellow with his wife were imported by Dr. Agnew, the famous oculist of New York, from Asia Minor, and the importation cost him a heap of money as the price of goats goes. Their present owner is the good woman who now runs this goat farm, and who never tires of discanting upon the good qualities of her pets. They know her voice, and and answer to their names when she calls them. Kind and gentle they appear when visitors are about, but the fondness for fighting, as characteristic of goats as it is of a native of Tipperary, crops out when the herd is together and apparently out of sight of mankind.

A strange fact noticed in the breeding of these animals is that the females do not thrive in this locality as well as the males. The hardy female goat of the ordinary species was introduced into this flock for experimental breeding purposes, and with marked success. Repeated crossings with the common goat and her offspring has produced apparently pure Angora goats, the tendency being in all cases for the kids to revert in the texture of their wool toward the male side. As a consequence the third generation has all the appearance of its distinguished ancestry, and in the fourth generation even the best experts cannot tell the pure blooded from the grade Angora. This fact is a matter of considerable interest to breeders of goats, as an Angora buck costs $100 or over, while the common goat can be had almost for the asking. The fecundity of the Angora is not so great as that of the common goat, the Angora ewe giving birth to but one kid yearly.

As a source of profit the goats have turned out well. The wool is from 4 to 6 inches in length, silky, and of beautiful texture. A full grown animal will yield 4 pounds of wool, which will readily sell at $1 per pound. Just now the demand for this wool is not particularly lively, as the lustrous dress fabric into which it was at one time largely converted is out of vogue with fashionable ladies. It is therefore used almost exclusively in the manufacture of plush for upholstery purposes. When the kid is six months old its hide, undressed, is worth $3, and will sell readily to glove manufacturers. Kids on the farm in question meet with sudden death on that account at about that age with considerable regularity. When it is necessary to kill them the good lady has them chloroformed so that she may not hear the death cries of her little pets. The milk of the goat is much sought after by dyspeptics, by persons suffering from pulmonary troubles, and by otherwise delicate persons, and it brings a much greater price than cows' milk. As to their use for food little can be said, because the goat does not flesh up well, but the kid when killed young furnishes a fair amount of tender meat which some people like. It will never become a great delicacy in the market or be in sufficient demand to become a source of income to the goat raiser. There is nothing in the world so cheap to raise as goats, because they will find ample food in lots up here where other animals would starve to death. Acorns are a favorable article of food with them, and as these abound in the woods the cost for winter fodder is mainly confined to the trouble of gathering the acorns.

BEATING RESTAURANTS.

Schemes by Which Rogues Get Good Lunches Very Cheap.

"The chief cause for commercial dishonesty," "is an indiscriminate admiration for wealth; an admiration which does not take into consideration the character of the possessor." A restaurant-keeper in Chicago was asked by a reporter in search of signs of the approaching millenium if he attributed the lessening of the trouble caused by his customers endeavoring to beat their lunch bill to the waning of such an admiration or the ennobling of character.

"Not by a jugful; don't fool yourself by any such idea," he said. "The simple reason is that those of my patrons who are disposed to cheat know that I am on to their tricks and that it is an exceedingly hard matter to beat me, so they don't try it on very much. I had one man try to get ahead of me last week, which is the only case I have had for over a month. It was by an old trick, though new, perhaps, to him. He came in one noon, ordered a fifteen-cent lunch, which was given him, and with it a check. He then ordered ten cents' worth more. This was given him and a check for twenty-five. The waiter asked for the first check, but the man denied having received it, and as I have instructed the waiters to dispute with no one but state any trouble to me, he said nothing. The man saw the waiter talking to me, however, and so paid the twenty-five cent check keeping the fifteen. Thinking he might come around here again, I took a good look at his face to keep him in my memory. Sure enough a couple of days afterward he came in and ordered enough to amount to thirty-five cents.

"Now, we have a system whereby every one who receives a check amounting to over twenty cents is watched, so when this individual marches up to the counter I was ready for him. He did as I supposed he would, and instead of handing over his right check he gave me the fifteen cent one he stole the last time he was in. I accused him point blank and demanded the right check. He objected at first, but upon my threatening to call an officer, he gave in and paid both."

"Are there any new schemes that you have come across lately, by which they try to overreach you?"

"No, I don't think there are; at least I have found none. Occasionally when there is a crowd in here the beats manage to slip out of the door unobserved, but not often. There is one trick—an old one—which they work and which is the only one I have been unsuccessful in combating. Two friends, though apparently strangers, come in and sit together. One orders a big lunch, the other a small one, each receiving his respective check. The one ordering the larger meal leaves first, after exchanging checks with his companion, who, when he is ready to leave, informs the waiter that the check at his plate is too much, has it exchanged, and decamps. The next time they change off, the one who had the light lunch first taking a big one in order to equalize their appetites. But even by this way they slip up after a few attempts, for we watch such customers pretty closely."

Treading the Wine-Press in Italy.

Something has already been said about the vineyard of the Scala Bros. on Vesuvius. The vintage was in progress when I visited it, and I saw the treading of the grapes and the first stages of wine-making. The room used for the crushing was a part of the family mansion and was scarcely more than fifteen or twenty feet square. The platform for the treading was perhaps three feet high, four or five wide, and built entirely across one end of the room. The front of it was raised a few inches to prevent the escape of the grape-juice, and it was carefully cemented in every part.

There was a single person treading, a stalwart peasant, whoostent, atlously washed his feet before beginning in a small tub of water standing near; as he afterward explained, out of deference to the strangers. His feet were uncommonly broad at the base of the toes. His dress was a calico shirt and short trousers, which he rolled up a little, probably because he wished to keep them dry, and not out of respect for the wine. Half a ton of grapes were put on the platform, and the treading began about the edges and then systematically all over the pile, which kept as well as possible together. The juice soon began to flow freely across the platform and out at a spout made in the little barrier of cement into a large tub. It was intended for champagne, being the first. It is the usual arrangement for treading where wine is made in large quantities.

The Coldest Place on Earth.

Many feel in these latitudes quite comfortable on reading of the cold registered at Werkhojansk, in Siberia. At the late meeting of the St. Petersburg Academy of Science, it was stated that the mean temperature, of Werkhojansk, during January, 1885, was 62.9° Fahrenheit below zero and the lowest reading of the thermometer was 90.4° below zero. This is the lowest minimum temperature ever recorded on the globe, under circumstances which make the record entirely reliable, and is probably lower than would ever be recorded at the north pole itself. The Werkhojansk observations also show that the great cause of refrigeration on the continents is not due to the movement of polar air over them, but to the radiation and loss of heat by the soil itself under an atmosphere of extremely low absolute humidity. The intense cold registered by the Russian meteorologists at Werkhojansk was evidently not imported thither from the Arctic Ocean, but was generated on the spot.

A CORRESPONDENT advises laying out the garden in oblong shape, with permanent fences at the ends and movable ones at the side, so that when the garden is to be cultivated the side panels can be removed, the land tilled by horse turning on the outside of the garden, and the fence restored.

BOTANICAL GARDENS OF MARTINIQUE.

The Wonders of Tropical Vegetation—Vivid Description of the Scenery.

In a short time we arrived at the entrance to the botanical gardens. Somebody had told me that these gardens were worth seeing, but that, I soon found, was a mild way of expressing it. The entrance was not at all imposing—only a big iron gate, with a small porter's lodge besides it. Carriages are not allowed to enter, we left the carriage at the gate and walked in. There were on the right as we entered several clusters of mammoth bamboos, each cluster as high as a house and as large around at the base as three or four hogsheads. On the left, a short distance in, a high steep hill, and at its base a small artificial pond, walled in with rustic stonework, and a miniature cataract supplying it with water, and the surface of the pond covered with lilies and other aquatic plants. Here the path turned sharp to the left and entered a glen between two high mountains.

The foliage was so thick it was impossible to tell where the hill began, and whether the big trees were unusually high or whether they grew on the mountain side. Wherever they grew, they were of immense height. There were scores of royal palms, running such a distance into the air that it made one's neck ache to look up at the tops of them; and generally their straight round trunks were festooned with parasitical plants, that ran from the ground all the way up into their branches. Wherever there was any possible place on the trunk of a tree for one to stick, a huge air plant was growing. There were bamboos without number, and hundreds of thick tropical plants that I had never seen or heard of before. The road wound here and there through the ravine, and led us to an elevated spot on which there was a small lake, its edges bordered with such tropical plants as one usually sees in pictures but seldom in reality. There was a grotto cut out of the rock in the mountain side, where the water gushed through holes cut for it in the back, dashed itself over a sloping bed of rocks, and was caught in a basin of stone at the foot; and this basin was half-covered with green leaves and growing water plants.

There were more lakes and more grottoes and natural cascades where the water fell from considerable heights and broke itself into foam in tearing over the rocks. Near the shore of the largest lake was a small cottage, with chairs and tables in its single open room—no doubt a favorite resort for picnicking parties. There were more high trees in that one little spot than I ever saw gathered together before. It fairly makes the back of my neck ache now to think of trying to look up at them. And such vegetation everywhere! Just such plants and trees as you see in the pictures of tropical countries, and such as you generally don't see when you visit those countries in person. But here they were, all gathered together in this botanical garden, the whole garden covering a space, at a rough guess, of a hundred acres. I remember seeing a gaudy lithograph once in an atlas in the public library in Bermuda of a "scene in South America." The leaves were the deepest and brightest greens, the trees were preternaturally tall, the mountains were high, the foliage was thick enough to cut with a knife, and birds of brilliant plumage sat in the branches. I thought at the time that that picture must have been made by somebody who had never been in a tropical country; but here was just such a scene—colors, trees, shrubbery, birds, and all. There was nothing lacking.

The Jersey.

How the popular "Jersey," the close-fitting sack now so universally worn by woman, came to receive its name, is thus told by a leading London and New York draper: "The princess of Wales has an exceedingly good figure. She wants novelties, of course, like other ladies, and one spring we made her a jacket of finely-knitted silk, frogged or braided with gold across the front. It made a sensation. None of the other ladies knew what it was, nor could exactly make out. She said she liked it very much, and she received from me a promise not to make another in a year like it. Very well. In a month or two I was over on the prince's yacht at Cowes, and he came and sat down by me and turned the talk to ladies' gowns. I saw something was on his mind and wondered what he was going to say. "The close jacket fits the princess beautifully," is what it was. Of course I expressed my great pleasure. "And I wish you would make one more," he suggested at last. I told him my promise to her highness. "Yes," he said laughing, "I know; but I will take the responsibility and will make it all right with her. It is for Mrs. Langtry." We made the garment, of course, and it was such a success on its wearer that we called it the "Jersey." Since then millions have been made, all the way from $100 apiece to 25 cents.

Men believe that to be a lie which contradicts the testimony of their own ignorance.