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GENERAL NEWS.

THE cotton seed oil mill at Tuscaloosa wil soon be in operation.

THE peanut crop of Virginia this year is a failure

THE Texas university has 167 students, 40 of whom are women.

NORTH CAROLINA has 117 tobacco factories.

THE new woolen mills at Richmond, Va., cover half an acre of ground.

THE sugar cane crop of Alabama is almost an entire failure around Eufaula, Ala.

THE increase in the taxable property of Georgia last year was nearly $20,000,000

CITIES in the south are growing so fast that they must be supplied with street railways.

THE demand for public land in Mississippi for the last few months has been unprecedented.

LAND is now selling in Montclair, Fla. for $300 per acre, which only cost $5 an acre one year ago.

MORE dwelling houses have been erected in Richmond, Va., this year than any like period of her history.

THE Georgia Senate has selected Mrs. J. R. Gregory, of Atlanta, to paint a portrait of Alex. H. Stephens.

AT the Tracy, Tenn., coal mines, on Cumberland mountain, 220 hands are employed, and 404 coke ovens in use.

JAPANESE persimmons are produced in Florida to measure nine inches in circumference and weigh eight ounces.

THE southern states have pine timber enough to last the whole country, at the present rate of consumption, 250 years.

TWENTY establishments in Richmond, Va., manufacture agricultural implements and other machinery, employing 3,500 hands.

ON some plantations near Montgomery, Ala., water for drinking purposes is hauled a distance of three miles. Some parties haul it from the city.

ORANGES in Florida are bursting and dropping from the trees. This is supposed to be the result of so much wet weather following a severe drouth.

MR. BLAIDSDELL, a Congregational minister from Vermont, has settled at Tavares, Fla., with 500 colonies of bees. His purpose is to breed bees for exportation.

A PERSIMMON grown on the place of Mrs. Hoover, near Jacksonville, Fla., measures three and a half inches in diameter and seven inches in circumference.

THE experiment of making glass from natural gass, has been successfully tried at Wellsburg, W. Va. The new process is said to be much cheaper and to make better and clearer glass.

AT Bebee, Ark., a nursery has been established on a colossal scale to grow shade and ornamental park trees. Recently Atlanta's authorities have purchased 5,000 young plants of the umbrella palm variety to plant in their streets for shade.

A CORRESPONDENT tells how they sell "moonshine" whiskey in North Carolina: "On the roadside a big horn is hung to a tree. You blow a blast and a girl steps out and tells you to put your hand into her pocket. You comply. You drop some money into the pocket and take out your bottle and go. Flirting is at your peril, for a six-foot moonshiner is in point-blank range with his hand on the trigger of his persuader.

INFORMATION has been received at the office of the National Cotton Planters Association that if a competitive trial of jute decorticators can be had at the coming Planters' Convention, to be held in Vicksburg on the 21st of November, that Hon. George West, member of Congress from New York, and the jute manufacturers of the North will be present with at least $10,000 in premiums to the successful machine. The Northern manufacturers will be willing to pay twice this sum for the patent right on such a machine.

THE rice planters of the Cape Fear river have been very much encouraged of late years, and the interest in the business has gradually increased from about 3,000 bushels in 1870 to about 65,000 in 1882, with a prospect of a still larger increase in 1883; but the late storm and consequent high tides, with the heavy rains since, have damaged the crop very heavily, by which at least twenty-five per cent of the entire crop, it is estimated, was destroyed. But for the storm the crop would have yielded 80,000 bushels.

NEW ORLEANS is seriously considering the propriety of the general cremation of its dead. Its peculiar situation, the nearness of the water to the surface of the ground, and the danger of yellow fever, are making the expediency of the quick combustion of bodies by fire, instead of their slower disintegration by oxygen in the ground, a question of the near future. The recent demonstration that the soil of yellow fever cemeteries is impregnated with germs of the disease has deeply impressed public opinion in the Crescent City.

THE OVERWORKED WIFE.

Up with the birds in the early morning—
The dew-drop glows like a precious gem:
Beautiful tints in the skies are dawning,
But she's never a moment to look to them
The men are wanting their breakfast early;
She must not linger, she must not wait;
For words that are sharp and looks that are surly
Are what men give when the meals are late.

Oh, glorious colors the clouds are turning,
If she would but look over hills and trees;
But here are the dishes, and here is the churning—
Those things must always yield to these.
The world is filled with the wine of beauty,
If she could but pause and drink it in;
But pleasure, she says, must wait for duty—
Neglected work is committed sin.

The day grows hot, and her hands grow weary;
Oh, for an hour to cool her head
Out with the birds and winds so cheery!
But she must get dinner and make her bread.
The busy men in the hay field working,
If they saw her sitting with idle hand,
Would think her lazy, and call it shirking,
And she never could make them understand.

They do not know that the heart within her
Hungers for beauty and things sublime,
They only know that they want their dinner,
Plenty of it, and just on time.
And after the sweeping and churning and baking,
And dinner dishes are all put by,
She sits and sews, though her head is aching,
Till time for supper and chores draws nigh.

Her boys at school must look like others,
She says, as she patches their frocks and hose,
For the world is quick to censure mothers
For the last neglect of their children's clothes.
Her husband comes from the field of labor,
He gives no praise to his weary wife;
She's done no more than has her neighbor;
'Tis the lot of all in country life.

But after the strife and weary tussle
With life is done, and she lies at rest,
The nation's brain and heart and muscle—
Her sons and daughters—shall call her blest.
And I think the sweetest joys of heaven,
The rarest bliss of eternal life,
And the fairest crown of all, will be given
Unto the wayworn farmer's wife.

ELLA WHEELER.

An Idle Word.

"Very well, believe what you choose, I shall never tell you I love you again, if you go down on your knees and beg for it!"

A pale, stern-faced, somewhat elderly man, with threads of silver gleaming in his brown curls, a doubtful, hesitant, half-sarcastic mouth, beneath the nut-brown mustache, sad eyes, listless and wholly weary in their expression; and the world-worn attitude of one who accepts all that comes, never surprised.

Andrew Carleton raised his eyes to the stormy flushed face opposite. They softened in that look as no other mortal woman could cause them to, but Lucie was too angry to notice it.

A round faced apple-cheeked morsel of womanhood, with brown silken hair, tender, earnest eyes, and a ripe, glowing mouth, like a strawberry. For six months she had worn this misanthropical, gloomy man's bethrothal ring, and given to his life a brighter tint than it had ever worn.

As directly opposite as the antipodes, these two in character and disposition, and yet together they were very happy. There was something so vivacious and hopeful, so sunny and affectionately frank about his fiancee, that Andrew Carleton's saddened, suspicious heart, so deeply wounded years before, by an unworthy woman that he had truly loved, beat high with an ardor and joy that surprised him.

He *was* trying; he reasoned with himself despairingly as he went out, with a dejected crushed air that cut Lucie to the innermost depths of her loving heart. First, only for a moment, he came and stood beside her.

"Bear with me," he said slowly, "I told you what I was in the beginning," and then he went out and closed the door.

Poor Lucie. Her tears fell fast. "I, *have* tried," she sobbed, "am I to blame?" Her thoughts went fast over the past few weeks. True, she had grown up here where she was petted and beloved of many. Her merry chatter, her social outspoken courtesy to her old playmates was as natural as the breath she drew. For her life she could not help dimpling and smiling for all. There was Arnold Holmes, betrothed, it was true, to her dearest friend, who was lounging in a low chair, and chatting over a paper of caramels, when Andrew came in, with all the freedom of an old friend. There was brown-eyed Nick Hazelton, who had drawn her to school on his sled years since, and shared his apples and sleigh rides with her all her life. There was a host of college boys who always bowed, and laughed, and familiarly shouted from immediate nooks when she walked down to the dusty little postoffice in their diminutive village. There was handsome young Doctor Courtright, who never failed to smile and say, "How are you, Lu?" when they met.

In vain Lucie had explained to Andrew just how it was. His brow would grow stormy and dark, his heart would sink, and he would repeat the doubtful, half-suspicious, wholly unjust words, "I don't believe, Lucie, that you love me."

Hot words rarely sprang to Lucie's lips at this; at least, they found no utterance, though a quick, stormy, impetuous temper, prone to flash out and vent itself in passionate sayings, was, as is common, the almost invariable accompanying trait of a rarely sweet and tender, loving and faithful heart, and a clinging, sensitive spirit.

How patient she was, had been, here of late, since she had grown to pity the dark spirit that held possession of her promised husband! At first she had tortured him with her merry capriciousness, but when at last she saw how he really suffered, tender womanhood triumphed. She sought by every loving wile to banish his gloom, to let the sunshine of her affection in upon his saddened soul.

She conquered. There were times when he would hold her passionately to his breast and rain tempestuous kisses upon her face. "Oh, my little love," he would cry, "my good angel, I love you so. Tell me again that, gloomy, old, morose and unworthy as I am, you do love me. Tell me, my precious, precious darling."

And Lucie would tell him. There were hours when he would come close to her side, and plead "Hold my head in your arms, little one. Let me read your pure eyes. Kiss me of your own free will. Oh, Lucie, you have made heaven in my heart, for you have given to me my lost faith in humanity—in woman."

Coy, laughing, vivacious Lucie, who had all her happy life been care free, heart whole, would look down into the shadowed eyes, only a great longing to comfort this world-tossed spirit possessing her. Every atom of shyness, all diffidence and tremor, every trace of desire to bewilder him with contradictory willfulness, would be forgotten. Her hand would caress the fast whitening head, her light kiss would fall like a benediction upon his eyelids, and that rare smile would cross his lips as he thanked her, softly, reverently, and she would stand rosy and confused a moment later under his lavish caresses.

But these were moods. Transient but very bitter were the hours in which he believed no one; when every smile she bestowed or received was lashing his soul as the stings of a multitude of scorpions.

Poor Lucie, she tried to be patient, but she was so tired of suspicions, her quick temper flamed up this day when he said sadly, "I'm afraid I was wrong, Lucie." "Why?" she flashed; for a half hour she had labored to know the cause of his gloom. "Because—I could not expect you to love me as I love you." His doubtful, weary, hesitating tone, roused every atom of her hot, rebellious spirit; like a lightning's flash the opening words rose to her lips, exasperated, suspected, humiliated, stung to the quick—hurt at the injustice after such loyal tenderness on her part, her ready tears almost falling, she spoke:

"I don't care," she sobbed, as face downward on the sofa she lay and wept till every fibre of her tender little body ached with sadness and fatigue. "I'll never try again," she resolved, "he ought to know—Oh! he wrongs me so. But he'll come soon, to-morrow, perhaps," she decided as she braided her satin-smooth locks before the glass, that night, in her own room and thought with an unsatisfied ache in her heart of the sad face that went away from her, the pale lips that took no fare well kiss from her own—a balm for their life loneliness, the dark, saddened eyes that even now seemed to look with reproachful wistfulness at her. "Dear fellow," she sighed, "I can't help but love him, though he is so trying. I was not patient enough; but—" A rosy flush dyed the fair face; the eyes softened marvelously, she was thinking—her soliloquy was too sacred even to be spoken—of how she would steal fond arms about his neck, and how her first kiss would disarm his brooding jealousy and bring that rare, half-sad smile to his lips.

Days passed, no signs of Andrew Carleton; like a shadow he had vanished.

Two months, three, and winter, with its storms, with its merry round of pleasure, was once more with the young people of Marshalltown and right royally they feasted and feted the wayward Monarch.

Repentant, sorrowful Lucie, with at times a wounded, indignant sparkle in the soft eyes, and a surprised quiver to the ripe lips that hurt you, went her way one of the gay circle, ever incomplete without her bright face.

There was a discordant chord in the rippling laugh, a gravity over the hitherto happy contenance and always the silent, secret feeling of injustice; of ingratitude for purest kindness; hardest of all heart burdens to bear, and the haunting remembrance of the sad face as it looked at her for the last time, when sometimes, despite herself, her whole womanly being cried out for the man who had seemingly so basely returned her kindness. When her tears rose unbidden and her soul clamored for the sheltering heart and arms that had so cherished her, so valued her every gift of love and loyalty, "for I do know he loved me, for the time," reasoned Lucie, choking back her tears, and trying to forget, "but why—" then her eyes would wander to the costly ring, that she had twice tried to remove, and her face would again resume its troubled look of wonder and saddened questioning.

"I will take it off now." Lucie was preparing for May Harrington's birthnight party. Her evening dress was of pale pink nun's veiling, white rare yellow lace, Roman pearls worn high about the slender white neck, the dainty feet in their pink silk stockings and white slippers, blush roses clustered in the low corsage and belt, and low in the Grecian knotted hair with its careless rings on the white forehead, and a pearl bandeau and comb on the small graceful head. "I do look well," she sighed, turning away from the mirror. "Col. Stratton will be proud. Oh, Andrew, if it were you, dear; how could you be so cruel?"

She picked up the long white kids as she spoke, and passed down stairs, "I will wait below," she mused "button them. Shall I?" She laid her hand upon the diamond betrothal ring that had never left her finger, but a vision of a dark face transfigured with its own joy, rose before her. A remembrance swept over her of the passionate arms that drew her into a close embrace and a pair of eager lips seeking her own, a voice whispering, "Don't, darling, don't hide your sweet lips, I love them so, let me buy my soul's peace in kisses, my own promised wife." The memory was too tender, quick tears blinded her eyes. "I will not take it off," she decided. "He placed in there; false or true, let it remain."

"A gentleman, Miss Lucie, below to see you." The new servant brought up the message.

"Col. Stratton; I will go down. Bring my white rubber overshoes into the hall, Mary," directed Lucie, and went down the stairs, with her society smile on her lips, a bitter ache in her heart.

A tall man, white as death could ever make him, rose from the depths of an easy chair and came forward.

"Lucie," he said.

Only a word, but with a wild sob, she sprang forward.

"Andrew," she said. "Oh, Andrew!"

"Beloved," he said faintly, "forgive one who has no claim on your sweet favor, but his great love. I wronged you, love. I tried to punish myself by staying, but I could not; I came to you—to—die."

Fainter and more feeble his voice grew, a crimson stain dyed his lips slightly; he staggered, and but for her, would have fallen. She guided his weak steps to a low lounge, and called her father and mother, who bent over him and administered restoratives, while Lucie went in to receive Col. Stratton.

"None can refuse, Miss Lucie," he said, bowing courteously over her explanation. "My regrets, my sympathy, and adieu, dear young lady," and the elderly soldier in epaulettes was shown out.

"Darling, my Lucie;" weak as he was Andrew Carleton would have risen, but Lucie came hurriedly forward and gently put him back on his pillows. "No, no," she said, with tearful tender eyes, "mind me, Andrew, for you must get well; I cannot spare you yet."

"You do forgive me, sweet?" his arm tightened about the slender figure kneeling by him. "Oh, I knew you would," he said, kissing the tears from the overflowing eyes. "And you'll tell me darling," (as Lucie's beseeching lips were laid on his own,) "I don't deserve it, but I'm sure you will—what you said you never would," he explained to the questioning face on his breast.

"That I love you, dear," she cried passionately, flinging her arms about his neck. "It was an idle word. Oh, Andrew, more than my life, I love you—I love you!"

* * * * * * *

"Lucie, come here, darling."

Lucie Carleton, five years a happy wife, looks in, steps in from the balcony, this bright June morning, to answer a voice so joyous that you could not recognize Andrew Carleton's. His face, pallid though it is, is happy and cheerful.

"I want you to recall your promise of five years ago to-day."

"Never to tell you I love you?" Lucie takes up the thin hand, looks at it and sighs, puts it aid, caressing hands on the white cheeks, and with a bubbling laugh cries, "no sir—well—" with two or three capricious little caresses, as she is held fast by a detaining hand—"perhaps—a very little."

DIDN'T MEAN HIM.

A Man Who was Determined to be Fully Understood.

"Take a square look at me!" he commanded as he halted in front of a policeman on Michigan avenue yesterday.

The policeman looked him all over. He was a pretty good chunk of a man, carrying a florid face, a prominent nose, and an air of general innocence.

"I don't see anything wrong about you," said the officer.

"Do my clothes fit? Do I wobble when I walk? Do I wipe my mouth on my coat tails? Does the sight of me remind you of cabbages and other green things?"

"Well, no. You look to me like an honest, good-natured fellow."

"Then," said the stranger as he brought his fist down with a thump, "there's going to be bloodshed in the town. I came in this morning with an excursion. We had scarcely landed when a man called out: 'Did you bring along the keow?' 'Did you mean that for me?' says I. He said he didn't and I passed on."

"He might not."

"Then, as I was going up the street, a chap in the door says he: 'Ah! smell the carrot crop!' 'Do you mean that for me?' says I as I walks up to him. He says he didn't and I passed on."

"I presume he didn't."

"Well, I got up to Griswold street, and I was looking for the post-office, and a man calls out: 'I'll bet he brought along raw onions and turnips for his dinner!' 'Do you mean that for me?' says I, as I walks up to him. He says he didn't, and I passed on."

"He must have referred to some one else."

"Well, I walked through the post-office and started for the City Hall, and I was almost there when a young fellow in the door of a barber shop calls out: 'There goes the biggest cabbage-head of the season!' 'Do you mean that for me?' says I, as I walks up to him. He says he didn't, and I passed on."

"He could not have meant you."

"Well, as I was walking through the City Hall a great big over-grown chap sings out through his nose: 'Behold the second crop of dandelions! Oh, my!' 'Do you mean that for me?' says I, as I walks up to him. He said he didn't, and I passed on."

"That's right."

"Mebbe so, but you look a-here! I'm going down to the ferry dock. The first man or boy who calls out carrots, pumpkins, onions, turnips, scare-crow, greenhorn, pig-weed or huckleberry blossom to me won't have no chance to lie about it. I'll turn on him and rend him, and slay him and hammer him stone blind! Mebbe nobody means anything, and mebbe its simply their way, but I've got my dander up, and if you hear a roaring sound like a cyclone you may know that I'm climbing for a man who has called out 'summer squash!' to me!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

WHENEVER you commend, add your reasons for doing so; it is this which distinguishes the approbation of a man of sense from the flattery of sycophants and admiration of fools.

A SMALL boy was holding his kitty, when she began to purr. "Oh, Drammie," he exclaimed, "kitty's singing!" "What is kitty singing?" "Free blind mice, I guess."

THEY MUST STEAL.

Curious Capers of Kleptomaniacs Who Can't Help Stealing.

"And so you thought kleptomania an elegant synonym for plain stealing?" said a well known retail dry goods merchant to a St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* reporter, who had expressed some doubts on the subject. "Oh, no; there are in St. Louis dozens of ladies, the wives or daughters of wealthy citizens, who are addicted to kleptomania. Every prominent dry goods store has several such customers, and when known they are followed from the time they enter the store until they leave it, and by careful watching, every little article they abstract is noted down and included in their bills, which are always paid without demur.

"One young lady kleptomaniac manifests her disordered mind in stealing buttons; everything else is sacred, but she invariably edges up to the button counter and slyly slips a card with a dozen or so of buttons into her reticule. The boys at the counter all know her, and place the commonest buttons within her reach. Any kind satisfies her; still her bill for buttons during the year is something that would surprise you. As her family are good customers we offered to take back the buttons. But no, they said they would rather consider anything she took out of the store in the light of a purchase. Now the young lady in question is a model of probity in all other respects, and seems to be perfectly unconscious of any transgression of the moral law.

"The wife of a well known up-town pastor is a confirmed kleptomaniac, much to the sorrow of the good man, her husband. She is never allowed to go out shopping without being accompanied by some one, and a messenger is employed to return the purloined articles, which are usually of trifling value. A venerable old lady, a devout member of the Presbyterian Church; and a real motherly old soul, is a victim to the habit. She is a widow and the mother of a young lady, the announcement of whose prospective marriage to one of our society beaux appeared in the paper the other day. The old lady is wealthy and not addicted to extravagance in anything. She will steal regardless of the value of the article, and if nothing else is handy will fill her pocket with paper. The first time she was detected in our store the salesman brought her to my private office and complained that she had stolen some cotton hose. I thought it an ordinary case of theft, and gave her a severe lecture on the moral wrong of pilfering, interlarded with threats of condign punishment on a repetition of the offence. She both confessed and lamented her unhappy propensity, but claimed that she was unable to control this horrible habit. She gave me her name and address, and when I verified them I put the case down as one of kleptomania, and subsequent events proved that I was right."

JAVA'S RUINED TEMPLES.

Description of Some of the Buildings Destroyed by the Recent Earthquakes.

The greatest force of the late gigantic eruption in Java seems to have been at the western end, where Bantam, the Dutch capital, is situated. But the activity of the under world force was not confined to one part of the island. About the middle of the island, but not given on ordinary maps, there is a group of very remarkable old temples. Their position may be roughly understood by reference to any map of Java, by drawing a line south of Samarang to the other coast where a river will be found called the Progo, and on the east of it there is a town which has a variety of spellings, but it may be written Djockjakarta—the Dutch call it "Jockio"—this place is also mentioned as having suffered seriously. About thirty-five miles from Djockjakarta is the great Temple of Boro Budder; also called Boro Bodo and Beer Buddha. The dome of this monument is stated to have been crushed in by falling rocks. The temple does not stand on the side of a mountain, but on the top of a hill, so it could not have resulted from masses of rock rolling down upon it. The destruction must be ascribed to huge fragments having been thrown into the air and then descending with terrific force.

Boro Buddor is by far the largest and greatest monument of the Buddhist religion in the East. The temple of Nakon Wat in Cambodia is the only other that can be put in comparison with it. The base is square, and each side is about four hundred feet long. The upper portion is circular and about one hundred and fifty feet in height; there is one central dome, and there are seventy smaller ones. On the terraces round it there are between four and five hundred chapels, each with a statue of Buddha in it, seated in the usual cross legged position. The sides are covered all round with bas-reliefs on each terrace; one terrace has 120 subjects, which embrace the whole history of Buddha. The temple is a solid mass of masonry, and is of the same kind as the Dagobas of Southern India or the Topes of the Northwest.

The first notice of this temple was given by Sir Stamford Raffles, who at the time stated that "the interior of Java contains temples that, as works of art, dwarf to nothing all our wonder and admiration at the Pyramids of Egypt." Miss North has lately painted pictures of Boro Buddor on the spot. About twenty miles southeast of Boro Buddor is a place called Brambanam. This is the site of the ancient capital of Java, and there are a very large number of temples standing which have more or less suffered from former earthquakes. One of the celebrated groups of this place is known as the Chandi Siwa, or the "Thousand Temples." This is also said to have suffered. There is a volcano somewhere near to these and to Boro Buddor, called Mount Merapia, which has probably been the active agent in this case.

"YES," says Mrs. Snaggs, "I left my husband at home to take care of the baby while I went to the theatre. He didn't say any thing much when I came home except that I never before looked so handsome to him, but I found out the next day that our parrot had learned some horrible, horible words."—*Boston Post.*

A REAL NICE GIRL.

One of a Class Seldom Seen and Never Forgotten.

The *Washington Capital* gives us the following as its ideal of a real nice girl:—I saw a girl come into the street car the other day, though who had, I was ready to bet, made her own dress, and how nice she did look. She was one of those clean, trim girls you see now and then. She was about 18 years old, and to begin with, looked well-fed, healthy and strong. She looked as though she had a good sensible mother at home. Her face and neck and ears and her hair were clean—absolutely clean. How seldom you see that. There was no powder, no paint on the smooth, rounded cheek or firm, dimpled chin; none on the moist red lips; none on the shell-tinted, but not too small ears; none on the handsomely set neck—rather broad behind, perhaps, but running mighty prettily up into the tightly corded hair. And the hair! It was of a light chestnut brown and glistened with specks of gold as the sun shone on it, and there was not a smear of oil or pomatum on it, and not a pin to be seen in it.

As the girl came in and took her seat she cast an easy, unembarrassed glance around the car from a well-opened gray eye, bright with the inimitable light of "good condition," such as you see in some handsome young athletes who are "in training." There were no tags and ends, fringes, furbelows or fluttering ribbons about her closely fitting but easy suit of tweed, and, as she drew off one glove to look in her purse for a small coin for fare, I noticed that the gloves were not new, but neither were they old; they were simply well kept, like the owner and their owner's hand, which was a solid hand, with plenty of muscles between the tendons and with strong but supple fingers. It would have looked equally pretty fashioning a pie in a home kitchen or folding a bandage in a hospital. It was a hand that suggested at the same time womanliness and work, and I was sorry when it found a five-cent piece and had been regloved. One foot was thrust out a little upon the slats of the car floor—a foot in a good walking boot that might have plashed through a rainstorm without the fear of damp stockings—and an eminently sensible boot on a two and one-half foot with a high instep, a small round heel and a pretty broad thread.

The girl was a picture from head to foot as she sat erect, disdaining the support of the back of the seat, but devoid of all appearance of stiffness. Perhaps the whole outfit to be seen from hat to boots, did not cost $40; but I have seen plenty of outfits costing more than ten times or even twenty times that, which did not look one-tenth or even one-twentieth as well.

The Career of a Convict.

Henry Robinson, a convict, who is under a sentence for 10 years for burglary in a Georgia prison, is in a dying condition in the penitentiary hospital from a wound he received while attempting to escape. Robinson is a professional cracksman and has led a desperate life for years.

A chapter of Robinson's life is a romantic one. Several months ago he gathered together about $2,000 and went to Florida, resolved to do right. At Bluff Springs he met a lady who occupied a fine social position. They loved and married. They went on a bridal trip, and when they got back to Florida he had only $25 left out of his $2,000. He realized the necessity of raising some money, and, telling his wife that he was going to Georgia to get a legacy, he came away to meet his doom. He reached Lagrange, and, after reconnoitring, decided on what safe to rob. He got everything in readiness and picked his night, but his plans were thwarted. The next night he succeeded, but the robbery yielded him only $18. Had he been successful on the first night he would have got $1,700, as there was that amount in the safe. He says he intended to get money, return to Florida, and live a correct life. Robinson declares that he would have been able to get off had he not been "flushed" the first night. Since he has been serving his term here, a lady, who signs herself Mrs. Wilson, has written several letters from Bluff Springs, Florida, inquiring for her husband who is Robinson. She learned of his arrest, but did not know what became of him, Robinson has a dozen different names. He is about 35 years of age, and has a good face for a convict. Since being in camp Robinson has made several attempts to get away. When he was turned over to the lessees he was attired in a genteel suit. He wore a white shirt, a nobby cravat, and box-toed boots. His general appearance, conduct, and language indicated good raising, but his career is now ended.

A Chinese Farmer.

The Portland *Oregonian* says:—An intelligent Chinaman, who for several years conducted an establishment for the purification and destruction of soiled linen at the north end, and thereby accumulated considerable coin, concluded last fall to try his luck at farming. He rented a farm up the valley, and was seen no more in his accustomed haunts until recently, when he returned, looking very seedy as to clothing and very downcast. One of his old patrons meeting him said:

"Well, Lung, how did you make it at farming?"

"Not muchee good," replied Lung, sadly. "I sow wheat and birds he come catchee some. Byme by wheat grow up and plenty squirrel come and catch heap. Then leaping-machine come cut him and cost too much, and when thasher man come take all wheat pay him, and his gang eat up my tlee fat hog and cuss me 'cause I not give 'em pie tlee time every day. I no likee farm any more. I buy washee-house if my fiend lend me some money."

THE eagle feels the best at a height of 12,000 feet above the earth, while the minute you get a man on the roof of a horse-block his knees begin to weaken and he can't remember a word beyond "Fellow-Citizens."

THE NEW OPERA HOUSE.

Preparations for Opening the Magnificent Building.

The new Metropolitan Opera House is situated on the block of property bounded by Broadway, 39th, 40th streets and 7th avenue, New York, and occupies the whole of the square, being 200 feet on 7th avenue. It is built in the Italian renaissance style, of yellow brick, terra cotta and iron, is fire-proof, and presents to the eye an imposing appearance.

In the general arrangement the new house is divided into audience-room proper, with its three grand entrances; cloak-rooms, foyers, vestibules, ball-room, supper-room, kitchen and corridors; with stage division proper cut off by a massive proscenium wall, and divided into stage, dressing-rooms, orchestra-rooms, ballet and chorus-rooms, carpenter shop and property-room, with special and ample entrances, elevators, etc.

The stage is 76 feet deep from footlights to dead wall, and 101 feet between walls, affording ample space for the setting of the most elaborate of modern spectacles and the presentation of the largest *ensemble* with ballet and chorus.

The audience room has a seating capacity of 3,064, and some idea of its magnitude may be formed when it is stated that the Grand Opera House, Paris, has a capacity only of 2,156.

The tiers are known respectively as the parterre, first and second tier, and the first two are the property of the stockholders of the Opera House Company. Twelve Baignoire boxes under the parterre and adjoining the stage are at the disposition of the manager.

The most improved safety appliances for flooding the stage have been put in, and it is said that the directors of the Berlin Opera House (one of the finest structures in the world) have acknowledged that the New Metropolitan Opera House, in point of safety and convenience, is superior to any public building they have.

The auditorium is five feet longer and three feet wider than that of the far-famed La Scala in Milan.

In the decoration of the house, artistic elegance has been the only object. The general tone of color is old gold and crimson, with hangings and upholstery to match. The curtaining is of silk, manufactured expressly for the house, in special designs and colors, all made in this country at the Cheney Mills, Conn.

The proscenium arch, which presents the appearance of a rich frame to the stage opening, is handsomely and chastely embellished with works of art by Francis Lathrop and Francis Maynard, and enriched with panels in which are appropriate musical designs.

The orchestra, capable of accommodating 150 musicians, is built in the shape of a reverberating arch, floored over, and it is believed that the most perfect acoustic effects will be attained by the relation of the audience room tones to the stage and orchestra.

A LEGEND OF THE CATSKILLS.

Salisbury House an Old Landmark and a Strange Recluse Who Lived There.

Lucy C. Little, in *Harper's* for September, says:—Of all the old landmarks the Salisbury house is, I think, most interesting. We drove to it one sunshiny day when the mountains were like great purpling monuments ahead of us, the greener country looking strangely fresh and young for that old country; and as we went past cornfields and buckwheat meadows we talked of the Indian and Dutch traditions of the land almost as though we had all of us the associations with them to which one of our party could lay hereditary claim, and the story of the Salisbury house was told as I faithfully give it here.

Francis Salisbury built it, on his share of the land purchased from Mahak-Nemanaw, in 1705, when it must have been a very stately dwelling. After his occupancy there lived in it a man whose life includes a romance which Hawthorne would have illumined with his weirdest fancies. He was a person of strange and arbitrary temper, and so ill-used a slave or bound a girl in his service that she fled from the old house, aided, it was supposed, by her lover, a young Dutch settler. Infuriated by her escape, her master rode up the mountains in search of her, discovering the girl at nightfall. He tied her to the tail of his horse, and started furiously back to Catskill. As might be expected, the horse dashed the unfortunate girl to pieces on the rocks; and slight as was the law of the land, it found means to arrest the murderer and put him on public trial. His family united political power with great wealth, and when the man was brought to trial, and justly condemned to death, they obtained a respite of the sentence. But herein lies the curious part of the story, The decree of the magistrates was that he should be publicly hung in his ninety-ninth year, and meanwhile he was condemned to wear about his neck a halter, that all might know him to be a murderer doomed to death.

From this time forth the criminal lived in a strange and gloomy seclusion, rarely coming into the village of Catskill, isolating himself from his fellow creatures, but doggedly wearing his halter, and, singular as it seems, he actually lived to complete his 100th year! But times had changed. King George's rule gone, the new order of things seems to have swept into oblivion the curious decree of the Colonial magistrates, and the unhappy owner of the Salisbury house was left to die in his bed; but his singular story affected the neighborhood, as might be expected, with a belief that the house was haunted, and strange tales used to be told of a spectral horse and rider, with the shrieking figure of a girl flung from it. One old lady told me that when a child she used to live in terror of the peaceful spot where the Salisbury house stands, firmly believing that its ghostly occupant, with a halter about his shriveled neck, could at any moment appear.

A PHILOSOPHER who had married a vulgar girl used to call her "brown sugar," because, he said, she was sweet, but unrefined.