1. G. Hall

NO. 7.

RIDGWAY, PA,. THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1872.

POETRY.

TWO MEADOWS.

Deep in the scented clove Pressing the grasses down.

Eyes that were sunny and saucy Curls of a tawny gold-

A smile of rippling sweetness, And a mouth half shy, half boid He chased the straw-colored millers

Heir of a limitless kingdon Down in the pasture meadow.

Under a finted sky, Hopeful, and proud, and loving, We stood-my wife and L. We watched the " merry monarch."

As he stored his hat to the brim With marguerites white and golden Watched till the west grew dim.

The Summer died with its clover. The daisies withered away—
The Lesson of Life we are learning.
And its text is hard and gray.

Down in the meadow of marble. A kendstone cold and white Marks where our boy is sleeping

THE STORY-TELLER.

MISS GERMAINE.

BY JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

In some parts of the suburbs of New York city, the Bloomingdale region among the rest, are quaint, picturesque, and even romantic-looking old homes, cottage-built, ivy-clad, flower-surrounded, imbedded in gardens, and so separated from the outer and busy world as to seem no part of it. One of these, which had been tenanted by successive generations of the Germaine family almost since the days of New Amsterdam, was understood to be quietly offered for sale some two or three years ago. The family had run itself out, both in wealth and in numbers. It had dwindled down to a widow and a daughter. Then the widow died, and the daughter of eighteen was left alone in the world. Her health was somewhat delicate; her means were small. She was ordered by her physician to seek a warmer climate for at least two winters, and she had made up her mind to sell the old home where she could no longer live without

the ever renewing of recent griefs.

Buyers ought to be easily found for so pretty and picturesque a place, and could have been found readily enough if things were done in proper business fashion. But Miss Isabel Germaine would do nothing in business fashion. Offer after offer she peremptorily rejected merely on seeing the proposed purchaser. "Oh, no, Mr. Rowan," she yould say, her eves filling with tears, "I couldn't give my darling mother's house to him" (or to her, as the case might be). "I couldn't have him" (or her) " reading in dear father's library, sleeping in dear mother's room! can't be. I would rather never sell it,

and do without the money somehow." Mr. Rowan did not very well see how the money could be done without, but it was no use his talking. The young lady would not sell the house to any one whose looks and manner displeased her. Many and many an eligible offer did Mr. Rowan bring almost to a conclusion, until Miss Germaine got a glance at the other party to the proposed bargain; and then the thing was

at an end. Mr. Rowan was a builder and a housedecorator, whose principal premises were somewhere in Fourth Avenue. He had always looked after the Germaine house, attended to its repairs and redecorations, kept its gas-fitting in order, and in every other way been its practical business man ever since he started in business for himself. His father had been gardener to Dr. Germaine, the grandfather of our heroine. Mr. Rowan had prospered as the family of his father's patron decayed and declined, but he always felt the same interest and affection in the house and its occupantsnow its one occupant. He it was' who looked after every thing for Miss Germaine, from the ordering of her mother's funeral to the selling of her house. His manner to the young woman was still somewhat as if he were a mere housedecorator, or a land-steward, and she a lady of great fortune and powerful

patronage. The autumn was drawing on, and the doctors insisted that Isabel must soon leave New York and go either to Florida or Algeria. The house was not sold. Miss Germaine had just refused an excellent offer, because the gentleman making it had let fall a hint that he proposed to turn her father's library into a billiard-room. She grew pale, looked at Mr. Rowan; and he knew the

thing was at an end.
"I dare say," he mildly pleaded, when
the gentleman had been bowed out, "he could easily be induced to give up that notion if you only asked him, you know, and just explained how you feel you

"Never!" was the young lady's eloquent reply. Its tone was, at least, as decisive as that of M. Rouher's famous "Jamais!" and there was this difference that Isabel was in a position to keep her word, whereas M. Bouher was soon out

of all condition for maintaining his. But that was a day of destiny. The purchaser was at hand. The hour came, and with it the woman. An English lady, with one daughter, saw the place, came straightway in, and opened nego-tistion with Miss Germaine herself. The lady's husband Mr. Alsager, was about to live in New York as the head of the American branch of a London banking house. He and his family had been staying at first in one of the fashionable hotels in the city, and his wife detested the way of living there. Then they took a furnished house on Murray Hill, and his daughter abhorred that. She Mrs. Alsager insisted that until she was would have a lawn, a garden, and a ready to leave the house not a hand house that was not new, and all these should be put to alter any of its arrangehouse that was not new, and all these

home. The elder lady was fair, sweet, and sympathetic: the daughter was fair, plump, pretty, and with a winning manner charmingly made up of the affectionate and the imperious. Isabel was especially touched by the fondness of ments, nor should the new owners nor house the sweet of their servants enter it except as visitors. This, at least, spared Isabel some pangs. To the last the old home was to be the same. She could never see any change in it—except such change as Fate inexorable had already made. of mother and daughter for each other. They seemed like tenderly attached sisters. When they heard that Isabel's mother had lately died, their tone and manner to Isabel grew more friendly and sweet than ever; and Miss Germaine observed, with a swelling heart, that the young English lady instinctively threw her arm round her own mother and clung to her as if the bare thought The elder lady turned upon her and smiled a sweet, reassuring smile; and Isabel loved them both. A basis of

negotiation was soon agreed upon. "Papa will do anything we like," said

Miss Alsager.

"And I have only myself to please," said Isabel, with a sigh.

As the house would need some new decorations to suit the taste of the coming owners, Miss Germaine earnestly recommended Mr. Rowan, and mentioned his long connection with the family. Mrs. Alsager was only too glad to have trouble taken off her hands; and Isabel ventured to make an appointment for the day next but one, when Mr. Rowan could be present, and everything could

be arranged. The next day but one, at the appointthe smaller room Isabel sat at a piano, was playing some sad, sweet air-some

In a moment Isabel rose and advanced to meet the visitors, yet not so quickly but that the mother and daughter had exchanged speaking glances. They thought they could understand that

Miss Germaine did not show the slightest embarrassment. "Mr. Rowan has com " she said. "I have been trying to amuse him;" and she smiled rather a wan smile.

"Mr. Rowan !" repeated Mrs. Alsager in a tone of surprise; and she looked round for the elderly builder.

"Not Mr. Rowan, the father," said Isabel, "but his son;" and she formally presented the young man to the two ladies, who, fresh from England, bowed rather coldly.

" My father says he begins to distrust his own judgment in modern household affairs," said young Rowan, "and he always insists on one of us taking his place when anything new has to be looked after. I don't agree with him. I only wish I had as good an artistic judgment even by training as he seems t have by instinct. But he will have it so, and so I have taken the liberty to come to-day instead of him. If you will allow me to show you over the house, Mrs. Alsager, I shall be happy to take your instructions, and to offer suggestion—with your leave—that may

ceur to me." His manner was as cool and easy a though he were a gentleman of fortune showing his new house to two or three friends; yet in all the business details of the inspection he deported himself simply as the skilled artisan taking orders and giving experienced suggestions.

Mrs. Alsager disliked him at first, merely because she was a little shocked to see a young lady on such familiar terms with a house-builder's son. But his manner was very good—neither con-strained nor in the least degree intrusive his taste and judgment seemed perect, and he was certainly very hand-

When young Rowan was taking his eave Isabel shook hands with him in the warmest manner, and said, in a low

"I shall see you again—to-morrow "Every day," he answered, "if you will allow me, until—until you go."

The words were spoken by both in a ow tone, but without the least attempt at secrecy. Mrs. Alsager and her daughter exchanged lightning glances of wonder.

"Mamma, how strange !" Miss Alice xclaimed, when the two were in their carriage together. "I do believe she is in love with him—the son of a builder, or gas-fitter, or something. My dear, I almost think she is. What

an odd country !" "She seems a perfect lady." "She is a perfect lady. I am told that there is no better family here than hers.

And I never met a more agreeable and lady-like girl in my life." Nor I. I like her immensely. how can she go on so with him? Isn't he a very handsome young man?"

"Very. He would pass off for a gentleman anywhere. A strange country It will be long before I understand it but I am inclined to like everything."

The details of redecoration and alteration required many interviews between Mrs. Alsager and young Rowan. The elder Rowan sometimes came, and was always the respectful, commonplace man of business, in whom one could not help of feeling confidence, but whom certainly no one could take for a gentleman. The more Mrs. Alsager knew of the younger man the more she liked him. He had been educated at Harvard, he had rend a great deal; he could talk French, and could converse about Taine and Ruskin and art; he could play the piano; yet he never seemed to dream of

after a while became quite reconciled to him. Both ladies grew very fond of Isabel.

being above his business. Even Alice

attributes were combined in Isabel's old ments, nor should the new owners nor take a deep interest in it, for it is indi-

Isabel was to go to Florida, accompanied only by her maid, a Swedish girl, who had lived with her since they both were children. These last days were very sad. Isabel was leaving the home of her birth, her childhood, her affections-the home which now seemed like the sacred grave of her dead father and mother. The doctors assured her that a warm climate would restore her health; of a possible separation had affrighted but she sometimes fancied she felt a presentiment that her own grave would be made in the South, and she thought it might perhaps as well be so, although she yearned to lie near her mother in voices of loving women and the pure breath of an affectionate and happy household would gladden the old rooms breath of an

so dear to her. Was there no thought of sadness, no grief of parting, no gleam of hope in her which had another source?
The idea that had shot so quickly into

the minds of Mrs. Alsager and her ed hour, Mrs. Alsager and her daughter daughter when first they saw young snown into a room in which they could hear the notes of a piano. It was a large, low-roofed room, with folding-doors that stood partly open. The autumn sun shone upon the room where the strangers stood, and left the smaller apartment on which the folding-doors that stood partly open. apartment on which the folding-doors father was only a better sort of a work-opened partly in shadow. But Mrs. Aling-man, and he himself aspired to nosager and her daughter could see that in thing higher than the succession to his father's business. It never occurred to him as possible that Isabel could care and that a handsome young man with him as possible that Isabel could care dark curling hair stood beside her. She for him. Now that his father had money and she had none, his spirit and manair that spoke vaguely, yet with pene-trating conviction, of separation and farewell. hood would have repelled such a thought more utterly than ever. As Isabel Ger-maine could not love such a fellow as he, would he allow his soul to entertain, even for an instant, the thought that money could buy her? But he loved her, made her his idel, consecrated his thoughts to her, confessed his love to himself, and was glad in the knowledge

> He came to see her for the last time before her journey South. They were friendly, sad, and in a certain sense con-

fidential. But each kept a great thought back from the other.
"Would you mind doing me a little favor before I leave you?" he suddenly

"Surely I will do anything you wish What is it ?" "Only to sing me that song

She looked up at him with sad and

down ; had almost turned away. She sat to the piano and played and ang in low, sweet tones the air we have already heard her play. The evening was setting in ; the room was growing gray in the dusk. The voice of the singbecame fainter and fainter, as deepening emotions and memories poured upon her, and once it seemed as if she were about to break down. But she rald bravely and went on to the end.

He spoke not a word but "Thank you and good-bye." In the gathering dark she hardly knew that he was going until he had gone. She looked eagerly round, found that she was alone, and broke into tears.

The air of the South, and perhaps her emoval from scenes overshadowed by melancholy association, did wonders for Miss Germaine. A few months made a marked change. She grew stronger and stronger every day. She had received many letters from the place she still called her home. Mr. Rowan the elder wrote to her from time to time, and told her with some apparent pride of the kindness Mr. and Mrs. Alsager had shown to his son, and how the latter was a frequent visitor at their house. In one letter he mentioned the fact that he expected his other son, Eustace, home soon from Europe, where he had sent him for education in Germany. Isabel had but little memory of Eustace Rowan, and soon forgot this piece of news. Both the Alsager ladies wrote to her several times. At first they too mentioned Frank Rowan often, and spoke warmly of him; but of late his name seldom appeared in their letters.

În fact, after Isabel's departure, Mrs. Alsager, seeing that Frank Rowan was in education, manner, and nature a true gentleman, had so far conquered her English prejudices as to ask her husband whether they might not invite him to dinner. Mr. Alsager, who had made all his own way in life for himself, only replied, "Good gracious, my dear, why not, if you like it?" So that Frank Rowan dined there once, and then of-

ten, and was much liked by all. Isabel had made up her mind that she would pay a visit to New York, and was actually writing to Mrs. Alsager on the subject, when a bundle of letters came The first was from Mr. Rowan. After telling her many scraps of unimportant news, it wound up with these words: "You will have heard, no doubt, of my son's approaching marriage to Alsager. It's a great honor, and one I never looked for. But the boy is a good boy, well brought up, and like a gentleman; and I am well pleased with

e prospect, as I am sure you will be." With trembling hands, and doing her est to keep her lips steady, Isabel opened Miss Alsager's letter. It was very kind and affectionate. Toward the close it assumed that she had heard from Mr. Rowan all about the approaching mar-" My dear, in your country we English unlearn our nonsense, and find that a man is a man. Twelve months ago I should have thought any one mad who talked of such a thing. Now I am

rectly all your doing. Had we not seen you and your house it would never have come about, Now can't you follow the example? I shan't say what I once thought about you, but I do know some-body, and I wish you would come up and

let me give you away."

Isabel let the letters fall. So this then, was the end : and he had never loved her—never; and that last night she had so nearly betrayed herself! Oh, how she loved him that night, and longed that he would but speak! That night, and always—for years and years at least! And he had never loved her -all the time! In the full, deep misery of the knowledge there was to her but the one consolation that she had not be-trayed herself—that her secret was and ever should be her own. She disciplined her heart for that night; wrote two letdeath. Yet she always showed an out-ward cheerfulness and courage. Her one great consolation was so purely sen-timental that practical minds would scorn her for it—the thought that tender | to leave Florida for some other climate, and kindly hands would care for the she was not yet certain where. When places that had been hers, that the sweet she had sealed these letters she felt as if she had signed her farewell to life and hope and all that would have made life worth the having. She left Florida in a few days, and crossed the ocean to Europe, and for a whole year was utterly lost to the friends who gathered un-

der the roof of her old home. 111.

Twelve months had passed away, and at the door of the old home stood Isa-bel once again. She had grown weary of her life in Europe, and she now believed herself cured of her idle love. So she had returned to her own country; and driven partly by friendship for Mrs. Alsager, partly by a nameless impulse, she went to the old house. She stood for a moment at the little side gate so familiar to her, then opened it and went

It was a beautiful evening of early ummer, and the grass and the garden looked friendly and winning to the eyes of poor lonely Isabel. Their very friendliness overpowered her, and she had to stop for a moment in order to get the tear-drops out of her eyes. As she stood she saw two figures seated on a bench under a tree, a young man and young weman. She knew Alice's fair hair and graceful figure, although the girl's face was turned away; and her the dark curls of the young man. His face too she could not see; but nobody could fail to perceive at a glance that this must be her husband, yet as surely

is not Frank Rowan Isabel felt the blood mount to her forehead, and her eyes grew dim and the tears seemed to flicker and become enveloped in a mist. She had not been seen by the young married pair, and she avoided them and hastened to the house The door stood open, and, unseen by any one, she entered the old familiar room where the piano used to stand. A piano was there still, and the folding-doors were nearly closed. Isabel was about to ring the bell in order to make her presence known, when she heard two voices in the adjoining room; and she ould not move from where she stood; the sounds and words had a fascination for her. She seemed to have no choice left; she could only stand and listen.

"My poor Frank," said the voice of Mrs. Alasger, "I am so grieved about you and about her! But, you foolish boy, why didn't you speak out in time?"
"I don't know—I hadn't the courage;
and even if I had, what would have been the use? She never could have

loved me : I know it." It was the voice of Frank Rowan which spoke thus: " How would your brother have

his wife if he hadn't at least given Alice a chance for accepting him? Do you think she could have proposed for him ? "Eustace is a better fellow than I am

every way; and then Alice was always near—and you were so kind! But it was different with us—I mean with me -and now I have lost her forever." "Frank," said Mrs. Alsager, speaking

in a very grave tone, "do you know, always suspected that in her heart Isa bel Germaine loved you ?" "Oh, Mrs. Alsager, don't torture me for nothing. It can not be. If it were so, why should she have gone away in

such a manner; left us without a word to let us know where even a friendly line might reach her ?" "That very thing is one of my reasons. I can't tell why, but I have often thought we were not clear enough in

explaining about Alice's marriage. I took it for granted that your father had explained everything, he took it for granted that I explained, and we neither of us did; and I fear we made a sad blunder of it."

"But what could that have had to do with her sudden disappearance? "Don't you understand? Can't you

"I don't understand ; I can't guess. "Suppose she thought it was you, and not Eustace, that was to marry Alice?" There was a sudden sound as if Frank had sprung to his feet, and he exelaimed.

"Oh, Mrs. Alsager, if I could only be lieve in that, I would search the whole world for her until I found her! And I would bring her back or kill myself before her eyes! What is life to me with-

out her?" Isabel could endure no more. den inspiration seized her. She turned to the piano and played a few hurried, and tremulous bars of the old and familiar farewell air which he knew so well. There was a cry in the next room, a reconciled to it; to-morrow, perhaps, I crash, a flinging back of folding-doors, shall even rejoice. The lad is a perfect and Mrs. Alsager and Frank rushed into gentleman, and he and she are immensely fond of each other. You ought to ing with emotion—half shame, half joy

-when the young man caught her in his arms. Lady Pillula was nearly eighty years

No more of the story needs to be told but that the Alsagers found the old home too small for them, as their daugh-ter Alice and her husband were always to live with them. So they discovered another place not very far away, and they made arrangements to resell the old home to Frank Rowan for his young wife and himself. Nor does the tale need any particular moral, except perhaps, that in announcing by letter an approaching marriage it is always safer to mention the exact names of the persons about to marry.

An Improved Double Rail. In a late issue of the American Railcay Times, T. Willis Pratt has given a description of a new and improved double rail, by means of which a continuous rail is secured, having as great a width of top and bottom surface as possible, without greatly exceeding in weight per linear yard the best solid or single rail in use at the present time. The double rail has two necks spread somewhat apart, thus giving a better support to the top surface, and securing less projection from the vertical and solid parts of the rail, than in any of the ordinary patterns. The bottom of the louble rail is 25 per cent. wider than any of the usual patterns, and therefore will not sink so rapidly into the cross-ties, and thus their wear and tear will be diminished. The double rail, with ts great lateral width, will preserve its line either straight or curved much bet-ter than those of the single or compound pattern. The two parts not being fitted to each other by grooves, or in any other of the modes by which one part is brought in contact with the other, there will be less strain upon the rivets and bolts, and consequently a more compact body of rail will be maintained. The two parts being exactly alike, less expense will be incurred in the manufacture, and greater facility attained either

in first laying the track or in repairs. This improved double rail is the tie thus: Two equal and similar rails are placed side by side, enclosing in the hollow parts between them a core or tongue of wood. This core is intended to exactly fit the hollow parts of the rail, and to be of sufficient thickness to keep the two side pieces a quarter of an inch or more apart at the top and bottom flanges. The whole is to be fastened together with screw-bolts or rivets, whichever may be found best in practice. The side pieces are to break joints these two were a young married pair. Isabel determined to crush a weakness at one-half their lengths, and the wood-that seemed shameful and selfish to her. that seemed shameful and selfish to her.
She would go up and frankly offer her congratulations. But suddenly the young man raised his head; she saw his the outside surfaces in the hollow of the face, and it was not the face of Frank Rowan! It was like him—that is, somewhat like—but it was not he! Alice rails placed side by side, and kept from now was nestling in his arms. Surely contact with each other by the wooden core, and yet bound together by the qualities of a continuous rail with sufficient stiffness or rigidity, combined with the elasticity imparted by naving the parts pressed against a wooden sur-

Beauty of Old People.

Men and women make their own eauty or their own ugliness. Lord Lytton speaks in one of his novels, of a man "who was uglier than he had any business to be;" and if he could but read it, every human being carries his life in his face, and is good-looking or the reverse as that life has been good or evil. On our features the fine chisel of thought and emotion are eternally at work. Beauty is not the monopoly blooming young men and of white pink maidens. There is a slow-growing beauty which only comes to perfection in old age. Grace belongs to no period of life, and goodness improves the longer it exists. I have seen sweeter smiles from a lip of seventy than upon a lip of sev-

enteen. There is the beauty of youth and the beauty of holiness-a beauty much more seldom met, and more frequently found in the arm-chair by the fire, with grandchildren around its knee, than in the ball-room or promenade. Husband and wife, who have fought the world side by side, who have made common stock of joy or sorrow, and aged together, are not unfrequently found curiously alike in personal appearance, and in pitch and tone of voice-just as twin pebbles on the beach, exposed to the same tidal influences, are each other's second self. He has gained a feminine something, which brings his manhood into full relief. She has gatned a masculine something which acts as a foil to her womanhood.

The Hunting Spiders.

Amongst the spiders called the hunters, and the vagrants, some seize the prey like the lion, or the tiger, with the aid of few or no toils, by jumping upon them when they come within their reach. We hade often observed a white or yellowish species of crab-spider-a tribe so called because their motions resemble those of the crab, which lies in wait for her prey in the blossoms of unbelliferous and other white-blossomed plants, and can scarcely be distinguished from them; which, when a fly or other insect alights upon the flower, darts upon it before she is perceived.

There is a very common black and white spider amongst the vagrants, which may also be seen in summer on sunny rails, window sills, etc. one of these spiders, which are always on the watch, spies a fly or a gnat in the distance, he approaches softly, step by step, and seems to measure the that separates him from it with his eye and if he judges that he is within reach first fixing a thread to the spoton which he is stationed by means of his fore-feet, which are much longer and larger than the others, he darts upon his victim with such rapidity, and so true to an aim, that he seldom misses it. Whether his station is vertical or horizontal, is of little consequence—he can leap equally frightened to death by the noise of a mill

Lady Pillula-A Pen-and-Ink Sketch,

of age, with the withering marks of time deeply written on her features and her mittened hands. Yet no small nerve and vivacity remained in her frame.

She had nothing to do, so she took medicine. With little of interest in those who were about her to attract her at-tention, she fixed it on herself, and that part of the body which became the sole and specific object of her regard was her intestines. It is affirmed by physicians that one can by nervous concentration of that one can by hervous concentration of thought upon one spot in the body in-duce or aggravate a local morbid action. This was Lady Pillula's peculiarity. Her passion was pills. Of these she was at once an artist, a connoisseur and a miser. Vast collections of empty pill-boxes lumbered her room. She took pills before she rose in the morning, before breakfast, at 11 o'clock, A. M., at 1. She took Holloway as an appetizer for lunch, and counteracted the ill effects of that untimely meal with the celebrated anti-bilious pills of Cockle. Her dinner was inaugurated with three boluses of rhubarb and concluded with aloe. Her nocturnal podophyllin was never pretermitted. She scanned the newspapers every morning for one purpose, the dis-covery of new pills; while her sister, Lady W., sought the columns of fashionable intelligence, and Lord W. perused the stock lists, she was busy registering the latest novelties in pillular invention. On the first occasion of her reading the advertisement of the notorious Revalenta Arabica, headed "No more Pills or any other medicine," the announcement proved too much for her, and she fainted. She only recovered upon the exhibition of a whole box of "Brandreths." One form of pill she abhorred, namely, the minute globules of Homeopathists. These she condemned as utterly un-

worthy of a trial by any adult interior.

The most agreeable surprise you could pass upon her was to present her with a box or new pills. She would take them the same evening, and pronounce on their qualities next day with the precision and gusto of a connoisseur. Indeed, the mania affected her morality. She became morbid in the pursuit of her fancy; invading her sister's boudoir or even Lord W.'s dressing-room in the hope of finding some stray box of her condiments. If a visitor happened to carry such specifics with him or left them in his room, Lady Pillula took tithe of them. She had several times been nearly poisoned. Once she swallowed a number of buckshot which an incautious sportsman had turned into an empty pill-box on unloading his gun. In another instance some glass beads

met with a similar accident.

One item of comfort to be extracted from this strange but authentic case, should not pass unmarked. Notwithstanding the vast numbers of portentous patents, from the exhibition of which innumerable consequences were pledged to ensue, Lady Pillula's organs seem to only affected by blue pill in unusual quantities, or prescriptions administered by her physician; the harmlessness of most patent pills was a constant source of vexation to her, though it amply testified to the simplicity of the materials

with which people are gammoned.

Lord W. used to amuse himself occasionally at his sister-in-law's expense. He asked Savory or Corbyn for the latest inventions, and brought home boxes of them. He himself slyly mixed some rare and monstrous compositions, ranging from pitch to beeswax or bread, and was entertained to find that the old lady placed some of these high in her standard of excellence. When, however, he twitted her with her credulity, and with the perils to which she was exposing herself by her unreasoning addiction to such fraudulent devices, she replied upon him rather sharply,
"Everybody takes pills of some sort,"

"Some swallow opinions she said. wholesale without knowing much of what is in them. Some people take their priest's prescription as if it were certain to contain a specific for their souls Others take their political ideas from political quacks and gulp them with the most credulous simplicity. I have seen you take for granted any pill the editor of the Chimes makes up for you of a morning, and have known you to be the worse of it. Other people,"—here she looked wickedly at her brother-in-law, who took a turn at speculation now and then—"swallow the lies of promoters and stock-jobbers and suffer a good deal more than I do for their temerity. Af ter all, I would rather be deluded anywhere than in my brains .- By the Author of Ginx's Baby.

Expert Carving.

Hue, who by extended explorations of section of the habitable globe scarcely known save by its name, between Tar tary and China, gives many extraordin ary accounts of customs and manners peculiar to the people, which strangely contrast with our civilization.

On one occasion he came upon a Mor gol encampment. Being kindly received, he purchased a sheep of a native. A Mongol butcher slaughtered the animal with such surprising despatch as to as-tonish the good Catholic Father. But the climax was when, with a long knife, the butcher drew out the entire skele ton from the flesh without fracturing or doing violence to a single bone.

They are so expert in that particular art, which amounts almost to a science, knowing as they do each bone, its nam and exact position—the frame of an ox or any other animal is treated in the same manner with unerring facility.

As Turks use neither knives nor forks they have the skill to jerk out the bone of a fowl when placed upon the table, with similar adroitness, leaving the body in its original form. Their knowledge of anatomy, however, falls immeasurably below that of the Mongols, who practice dissections on worthless carcases for the purpose of ascertaining how they are constructed.

A little girl in Milwaukee was lately into which she ran.

Facts and Figures.

A company has paid \$50,000 for the privilege of boring and raising oil on lands of the Chickasaw Nation, north of Texas and west of Arkansas.

Fresh salmon is considered high-priced at twelve cents a pound in San Francis-co at this season, but they have to pay fifty cents a pound for halibut.

They have a haunted house in Hennepin, Minn. It has been vacant for a long time, but every night the upper windows are brilliantly lighted.

A man named Atcheson Wells, while wading in the river at Brownsville, Texas, stepped into a quicksand, and van-ished from sight in a second. A new way of sinking wells.

A local of an Indianapolis paper says that he does not depend upon journalism for his daily bread, but raises hens. Which moves an envious rival to ask

whose hens he raises. An inventive genius of Kalamazoo has succeeded in bringing out an eight-legged steam walking machine that can hitch to and walk off with any amount of tonnage that wheels can roll.

A negro was rescued in good condition in Charlottesville, Va., on Friday evening, after lying at the bottom of a

well, covered with about fifty feet of earth and stones, for nine hours. Before we have had scarcely a breath of spring the annual croakers are predicting only half a crop of peaches. According to them we have had only half a crop for many years, but that half

crop has served a very good purpose. In Michigan University, a tall girl by the name of Miss White, whom the students call Alba Longa, has solved every problem in the mathematical course, inluding one which has remained unsolved by the graduating classes for fifteen

vears. It was said by a looker-on that when President Grant introduced his cabinet to the Japanese embassy there was no hand-shaking. "The Americans snap-ped their heads in the usual jerky way, but the Japanese gave them the graceful salam of the East. An Oriental only knows how to bow.

Madame Thiers, wife of the President, has given her decision against women being adorned with hair that grows not from their own scalps. Madame believes that Paris rules the world of Fashion, and that the wife of the supreme execu-tive rules the fashion of Paris. We wish her success in her endeavor: it will relieve the purses of men and the heads

of women The ballot which it is proposed to introduce in England will consist of a piece of paper bearing an official stamp, and having on it the names and de-scriptions of all the candidates. The voter, after erasing the names of the candidates for whom he does not wish to vote, will fold it so that the names canficial mark on the back, will deposit it

in the ballot box. They have a resolute old fellow up in Washington County who, because his property was placed in the hands of his son, to prevent his squandering it upon drink, took to his bed and stayed there day and night for twenty years. He was determined that if his son had his property he should take care of him. He as been in good health all this time, but is waited on like a child.

An Australian paper gives a very simple remedy for all forms of sore throat, and one which it asserts is certainly efficacious. It is wearing a soft old silk handkerchief next the skin and close around the neck, especially during the night. A common sore throat is said to be relieved in an hour by this application; a serious case requires a day to be cured. Such a remedy is so simple that every one may easily test it without danger or difficulty.

Pigeon-flying is one of the popular sports of Belgium. The breeding and training of birds are carried on in the most systematic manner, and matches are frequently instituted for various distances from one to nine hundred miles for trained birds of different ages. At some of the railway stations in Belgium large numbers of these birds may often be seen in charge of a single man, who has instructions for letting them loose at certain distances from their homes. The Sacramento Bee says a box run-

ning the full length of the front of the telegraph office in that city has hereto-fore furnished a tempting seat for the habitues. It is now covered with zinc, which has been connected with the batteries that were contained in the box. A person sitting upon the box without touching his hands thereto will not feel the electricity, but if his hands drop on the box, or he puts them thereon to assist him in rising, he receives such a sud-den and astonishing shock as sends him an unbelievable number of feet toward the lofty roof and to the adjacent river. Any good day a person may see some of these unfortunates, unexpectedly struck by this domesticated lightning, describing a fifty-feet parabola in the air.

Mr. Joseph Sullivant, of Columbus Ohio, a well known naturalist, publishes an account in the Ohio State Journal of the capture of the Bassaris astuta, or ring-tailed cat of the Rio Granderegion. It was taken in Fairfield County, Ohio, and was said to have been accompanied by a second specimen. The occurrence of this animal so far north is very remarkable, and it may be a question whether it had not been brought from Mexico or California, and escaped from confinement. It is an animal very much sought after as a pet, being clean in its habits, and readily becoming very tame and affectionate; indeed, it would seem to be quite a desirable animal to domesticate and keep about the house as a protection against rats and mice. Some years ago a specimen of this same ani-mal was brought into the Smithsonian Institution, having been captured in a hen-coop near the city. It was in capi-tal condition and in full fur; but it had evidently escaped from captivity, as shown by the marks of the rubbing of a collar around the neck.