

BY THE SEA.

My blue-eyed pet with golden hair
is sitting on my knee.
And gazes eagerly at
across the beach, beyond the bar.

Trust and Love.

To-morrow I am going to be married. I
have been set down as an old maid for an
indefinite number of years.

It is a few years now since that morning in
early summer, when we walked together
through the green wood, the leaves stirred
by a gentle wind, and the birds singing
their morning songs.

The next day John Grant left Turbridge
on business, which required his presence in
Devonshire for several weeks. I did not
see him for some time after his return, and
when he called at last, there was a something
undefined in his manner; but yet a
change, a restraint, which told me that
these words once on his lips would not be
spoken.

Months came and went, and again he left
home ostensibly for business, but it was
rumored that a beautiful young girl at Ferny
Combes, whose acquaintance he had made,
was the real cause of his frequent visits to
Devonshire.

Just then, looking up, I saw in a mirror
opposite, the reflection of our little group
—and John Grant. When I saw the con-
trast between Mary Keating and myself, I
forgot my name. I had met before. Not that
I was so very plain—I do not think I was—
but she was so beautiful, so confident
and loving, no one could help being
charmed with her; and I could not blame
him, for he had always been a great admirer
of the beautiful.

Mary Keating came to see me frequently
while she staid at his sister's, sometimes
with her father, sometimes with her mother.
It was not long after, however, that she
saw me again, and she came to me with her
father and mother. He was with her watching
her every woman with loving pride; and yet
it seemed to me that he regarded her some-
what as a beautiful plaything, winding her
yellow curls around his fingers, and calling
her sweet names. We went out into the
garden to gather some flowers; and as she
ran about, laughing and talking, picking
flowers, and wreathing them in her hair, she
seemed a lovely and bewitching child.

John had gradually lost his constrained
and embarrassed manner when with me,
and, excepting that he never approached
personalities in our conversation, our inter-
course was getting to be something as it
once was.

Our tastes in many things were similar.
We had read and admired the same au-
thors, and upon most of the important sub-
jects connected with human life, our
thoughts were alike. We were speaking
of some work we had lately read, and were
quite interested in discussing its merits,
when Mary suddenly checked her merry
play, and with a grave face, walked silently
for a few moments at John's side.

At last she said: "You never talk in that way
to me, John, but because I don't know
enough." "You know enough for me,
dear," he answered; "but she went on, "I
shall be but a child wife." Caroline would
suit you much better." "Allowing you to
be a judge," I said laughingly, for I saw
John could not answer readily. We said
nothing more, but I think John
asked himself more than once that day, "Is
Mary right?"

When Mary bade me "good-bye," that
afternoon, she wound her white arm around
my neck and kissed me, saying in her gen-
tle voice, "Write to me often, Caroline,
and teach me to be worthy of him." And
she went out of the gate, through the hop
garden, leaning on his arm, the warm sun-
light falling on her golden hair,
making her very beautiful.

Soon after this John Grant left Elmwood
and took a farm on his own account in the
west of the State, adjoining that of old Mr.
Keating. I seldom heard and never men-
tioned his name then. Mary wrote
frequently to me during the winter; her
letters were full of love and confidence. She
spoke much of John—"How proud she was
of him, what letters he wrote, so much bet-
ter than hers, and wasn't it strange he
should love such a child as she was!" She
went on writing in this way for several
months, but her letters were not so full
in her manner of speaking of John;
and she said little about ever knowing any
more, and that John was getting dis-
satisfied with her—generally ending her
letters with "I wish I could see you, or
hear your voice, or see your eyes, or hear
your cat or canary." It was not long after
this, when she began to speak of her cousin
"Harry Smith," who was so agreeable, and
yet didn't know a bit more than she did.

A month or two after this, I was not much
surprised when she wrote that her engage-
ment with John Grant was broken by mutual
consent—"They were not at all suited
to each other, and no doubt would both be
happier," she said; "for he knew so much
and she so little. She concluded with a
long account of her new black kitten Topsy,
which seemed then to be the one ob-
ject which engrossed all her attention.

Two years passed, and I seldom heard
John Grant's name mentioned, and if I
thought of him at all, I believed I had con-
quered my old attachment—my life flowed
on quietly and serenely. One year ago—
how well I remember the day—I was sit-
ting quietly reading in the fading light of
the moon above my head, and gazing
among the leaves, that lay thick upon the
gravel walk, I looked up and saw John
Grant approaching the house.

When he last was there, she was with
him, but he was alone now, and my heart's
quick throbbing told me his errand.

Butchering Mountain Trout.

Trout go up the Truckee river in Califor-
nia in schools of thousands towards their
spawning beds. If unimpeded in their
course they would separate into number-
less crystalline trout brooks and deposit
their spawn far up the stream, out of reach
of sawdust or fishermen. But just at the
foot of the Sierra Nevada, in the State of
Nevada close to the California line, is the
Verdi dam. This dam has been constructed
to supply a fine sawmill with water power,
and great precaution was taken to arrange
a suitable fishway at one end. The water
is made to flow over a sort of apron, or
plank floor, which has such a gradual in-
cline that any fish can ascend. This fish-
way is further furnished with weirs, rocks
and earth of the river bank. There is a
large pool or eddy just at the foot and
lower side of the apron, where the fish col-
lect in great numbers to rest preparatory
to making the final leap, or struggle, which
brings them over the dam. The fishermen,
however, fastened two or three
planks just along the upper edge of the
apron, and so the trout find an impassable
wall at the place where they should enter
the reservoir above the dam. Thus the fish
are imprisoned. Such restless, impatient,
snuggly prisoners as are these mountain
trout cannot but be long, quar-
reling, human, but uncharitably cruel,
of loon on the distant lake. After what seemed
to me many hours, but what was in reality
but a short time, the first indications of
dawn revealed themselves in the rising of
the morning star, and the slightest possible
paling in the eastern sky. The gold grew
almost unbearable. That cautious shiver
that runs through nature—the first icy cur-
rent of air that precedes the day-chill—
went to the bones. I rolled myself up in
my blanket and lighted a pipe, trying to
retain what little caloric remained in my
body. The Indian again ascended the tree.
By the time he had called twice in which
he had endeavored ourselves, and in a few
minutes the forest was re-echoing the
plaintive notes of the moose. Not an an-
swer, not a sound—utter silence, as if all
the world were dead, broken suddenly and
horribly by a yell that made the blood cur-
dle in one's veins. The farmer informing
him that he could not give correct answers
as he wished, for he had not been brought
up to farming, and besides had only moved
into the vicinity since the war, thought he
had been in the army when it was encamp-
ing there. This gave a new turn to the con-
versation. The stranger informed him that
he had been in the army and at the camp
and as he expected to leave the city, in a
few months, with the prospect of never re-
turning, he had taken this journey to visit
the place which had been the scene of so
much suffering and distress, and see how
far the inhabitants had recovered from its
effects. In being informed that his name
was George Washington he told him that
his appearance was so changed that he did
not recognize him, or else he would have
paid more respect to his late commander,
and now the chief magistrate of the nation.

He replied that to see the people happy
and prospering was his chief object. He
disasters they had experienced, and to meet
with any of his old companions now peace-
fully engaged in the most useful of all
employments afforded him more satisfaction
than all the homage that could be paid to
his person or station. He then said that
pressing engagements rendered it necessary
for him to leave the city that night, and
taking him by the hand bade him an affec-
tionate farewell, and this was Washington's
last visit to Valley Forge.

I saw," said Judge Smith Acker, as he
mopped his forehead with a red and black
silk handkerchief, "that some papers de-
voted a good deal of space to snake stories.
It's a good plan, for people like to read
about snakes. There is a curious fascina-
tion about the creatures, whether in the
heart or in print. Now, I have had some
of the snakes, and it was not in Pike county, Pa.,
either. I was to be no bad place for
snakes, and I'll tell you a little experience
I had one summer and fall, a good many
years ago, in Iowa. I went out to Millery,
late in August, to shoot prairie chickens.
I'm not a regular hunter, but I had a
regular young Ireland. The towns are
called Garryowen, and Terry, and Bally-
clough, and Millery. The people are,
most of them, Irish, and in Millery there
is a big monastery, where an Irish order
of the monks of La Trappe have a colony.
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of the monks of La Trappe have a colony.

It was a most lovely evening. It wanted
but about half an hour to sundown, and
I was perfectly still. There was not the
slightest sound of anything moving in the
forest, except that of the unrequited flight
of a mouse bird, or the chirping of a cricket.
I was watching that most glorious transforma-
tion scene—the change of day into night;
saw the great sun sink slowly down behind
the pine trees; saw the few clouds that hovered
motionless above me blaze into the color
of bright burnished gold; saw the whole
atmosphere become suffused with a soft,
yellow light, gradually dying out as the
night crept on, till only in the western sky
lingered a faint glow fading into a pale,
cold apple-green, against which the pines
stood out as black as midnight and as
sharply defined as though cut out of steel.

Calling a Moose.

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Washington at Valley Forge.

In the latter part of the summer of 1796,
when his second term as President of the
United States had nearly expired, and he
was about to retire to private life, Washing-
ton concluded to see Valley Forge once
more, the scene of so many toils and strug-
gles. The particulars respecting this visit
of an old farmer living near there at the
time related to his son, who made a record
of them. It was in the afternoon, he said,
as he was engaged ploughing on his farm
in the vicinity of the encampment grounds
that he observed an elderly man of digni-
fied appearance on horseback, dressed in a
plain suit of black, accompanied by a
colored servant, ride to a place in the road
nearly opposite, when he alighted from his
horse and came into the field and cordially
took his hand. He told him he had called
to make some inquiries concerning the owners
and occupants of the different places about
there, and also in regard to the country
in that part of the country; the kinds of grain
and vegetables raised; the time of sowing
and planting; the best method of tilling the
ground, and numerous other questions re-
lating to agriculture. He also made in-
quiries after certain families in the neigh-
borhood. His answers were given as noted
in the book, and the farmer informing him
that he could not give correct answers
as he wished, for he had not been brought
up to farming, and besides had only moved
into the vicinity since the war, thought he
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Taking the Edge Off.

Recently a sort of slouchy-looking hun-
gry-eyed, cadaverous fellow stepped into
a restaurant and said he wanted a cup
of coffee and a piece of bread and butter.
The waiter told him that the place sold nothing
short of a five-cent dinner, and the fellow
was fifty cents. Said the stranger, "Well,
you see, I ain't real hungry, and I only
want a little coffee and a bit of bread."

Waiter—"It makes no difference; we
sell a whole dinner for fifty cents, and noth-
ing else."

Stranger—"You give a hull dinner for
fifty cents?"

Waiter—"Yes, a whole dinner; roast
meat, potatoes, succotash, bread, butter,
pickled coffee and tea."

Stranger—"Well, I suppose you give a
man all he wants to eat?"

Waiter—"Oh, yes; we fill you up for 50
cents, and give you a solid good, plain
meal."

Food at Saratoga.

At Meyer's and Moon's on the lake, they
are famous for game dinners. A regular
game dinner for five persons costs
\$5, and with wine it often runs up to \$12
and \$15, and even \$20. The \$5 game din-
ner consists of five courses. Soup, black
bass and stewed potatoes, chicken, partridge
and fried potatoes, woodcock and salad,
and ending with coffee. A plain game
dinner of black bass and stewed potatoes
and woodchuck and fried potatoes, costs,
without wine, \$4. The \$5 dinners that
Pierre Lorillard, Belmont and Traverser
take are produced by an indiscriminate
slaughter of Johanniberger, champagne,
old Burgundy and dollar cigars. The Sara-
toga black bass is caught early in the
morning in deep water. They weigh from
a pound to a pound and a half. They are
very juicy and delicious. No one ever
touches brook trout in Saratoga after hav-
ing been once spoiled by eating black bass.

Mr. Belmont says the Saratoga black bass
are the best fish in the country, and he
also, what is called the Saratoga white bait,
which really tastes better than the white
bait caught at Manhattan Beach. Saratoga
white bait are produced thus: Sunfish an
inch and a half and two inches long are
caught in shallow water. They are placed
in salt water which causes them to disgorge
their entrails. They are then fried whole
in butter. Saratoga white bait are an im-
provement on the genuine article.

The Weight of Woods.

The woods which are heavier than water
are Dutch oak, Indian cedar, ebony, lig-
namite, mahogany, heart of oak, pome-
granate, vine. Lignumvite is one-third
heavier, pomegranate rather more. On the
other hand cork, having a specific gravity
of .24, and poplar of .38, are the lightest
wood products.

Several brothers were sitting in a
South street store, and somehow they got
to talking about lifting weights.

"I lifted a barrel once," said a lean man
in the corner, "that weighed over 200
pounds."

None of the rest seemed to care a bit
about what he had said, but one of them
said, "And I," said a lanky fellow sitting
on a bag of corn, "I lifted a woman once
who weighed over 600 pounds. She was
going to faint, but I caught her."

The proprietor of the store opened his
eyes a little and looked at the man, but no
further interest was manifested.

"When I was down at Sandy," said a
small fat man, "I carried off a ton of ore
to the cars."

Several of the men shifted their positions
at this big one, and the proprietor looked
cautiously out of the window to see if any-
body was listening.

They All Laughed.

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The last man, who was sitting with his
feet dangling down in a box of eggs—an
awful small man—who looked as if one
wful of wind would finish him; at last
spoke:

"I suppose you remember when the
Walker House was building? Well, one
morning the boss came to me and said,
'Jimminy, there is something the matter
with the back foundation of the hotel; get
under and see what it is.' I got under, and
the two men lifted the hotel off its founda-
tion, and the fabric came down on me."

Silence fell upon the crowd, and the men
passed out one by one. The proprietor
heaved a sigh, wiped away a tear, and went
up to Jimmy and said: