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ONLY A DREAM.

I had a dream. I thought that you and I
Walked side by side along a murmuring stream,
It was in early spring; the sweet wild flowers
Nodded their heads above the water's hem;
The happy birds sang out for very joy
Of living. And we two wandered idly on
Or stopped to pluck a wayward flower which chanced
To fringe our path; sang merry songs in snatches,
Or grew as silent after. Till, suddenly,
We came to where the brook and river meet,
And, mingling, flow as one forevermore.
We stopped to rest ere we should homeward turn;
And then, with sudden impulse, turning 'round,
You look'd with your dear eyes into mine own,
And said: "The brook and river flow as one,
And why should our two lives less perfect be?"
I answered not a word; my lips were dumb;
But, suddenly, into my life there came
A gladness that I had not known before.
And then you stooped, and kissed me on the mouth;
I trembling sighed—and with the sigh awoke!
And then I knew that I had only dreamed.

The Emperor's Choice.

Michael the Second lay in the sepulchral chapel erected by Justinian, in the Church of the Holy Apostles at Constantinople. It was in the autumn of 829 that this Emperor died, leaving the throne of the Eastern Empire to his son Theophilus.

Married at an early stage of his greatness to Euphrosyne, daughter of Constantine VI., Michael had suffered a degree of obloquy which he could not avert, in consequence of his marriage. Euphrosyne had already become a nun, when he accidentally saw her, as she was returning from matins, across the courtyard adjoining both convent and chapel. From this time her image haunted him, night and day; and when at length he came to the throne, his first act was to obtain a dispensation from the Patriarch for the beautiful recluse to share it with him.

There were those who dared murmur against the desecration, as they termed it, and the sovereign's life was embittered, and perhaps his death hastened, by the reports that often reached him of the disapproval of his subjects. Euphrosyne, however, made as exemplary an Empress as she had been irreproachable as a nun, and mourned her husband's death with as true a grief as if she had never abjured the world. All her remaining affections centered in her son, Theophilus, who ascended the throne when his father died, in October, 829.

To please the fastidious taste that characterized the new Emperor, and, perhaps, to guard him against the temptation of invading the sacred precincts of the cloister for a wife, the Empress assembled all the most beautiful and graceful among the maidens of Constantinople to a *fete* in her own private apartments. Previous to their coming she informed him of her object, and desired him to select a new empress from among the many fair and high-born maidens who would grace it.

Perhaps it was only a whim that prompted his quick answer; but he eventually carried it out, in a way that accorded with his quaint and quiet humor. Seizing an apple of pure gold from among the costly ornaments of his mother's cabinet, he said, "Look, mother! I will openly present this apple to the maiden who most shall meet my approbation in your circle, this evening; and that maiden, whoever she may be, shall share with me the throne.

The Empress approved, and they separated, to meet again when she should be surrounded by the flower of beauty and grace in her own apartment.

The evening shades were deepening into darkness, when a young and very beautiful girl, dressed with fairy lightness and taste, stood before the massive steel mirror which gave back her flashing eyes and crimson cheeks. She was robed in a long, trailing garment of transparent silver tissue, looped up at one side with a knot of white flowers. The shoulders were partially bare, and the short sleeve was gathered up by a single spray of delicate lilies. Across the bosom the robe was drawn into graceful folds parting in the center, and decorated with flowers. The hair was braided into a heavy knot at the back of the head, and a wreath of tiny green leaves encircled the knot. Except the flowers, there was no decoration. All was in the strictest simplicity, but an air of indescribable elegance and refinement pervaded her whole appearance.

As she stepped from before the large mirror she met the eyes of a young man, bearing a strong family resemblance to her, fixing themselves earnestly and admiringly upon her.

"You will go with me, Justus?" she asked, as he approached her.

"If it is your pleasure, Theodora," was the reply, "I am only too happy to attend you." He bent toward her and whispered, "If I could but know that I might hope for your presence always—"

"Hush, Justus!" said she; "I think you must remember that the subject is forbidden as one likely to destroy the bonds of friendship between us"

"And is friendship all that I must hope for?" he asked.

"All!" she replied. "Methinks it is a great boon, the true and pure friendship which I have heard described. Besides, are you not my own relative?—dearer than any save a brother? Sisters' children we are Justus." And she laid her white hand upon his arm with a sisterly freedom that disarmed him of all resentment toward her. "You will go?" she asked again.

"Yes, Theodora—and as a brother only, if that is all you can desire me to be to you. But I shall make a sorry attendant."

The two passed out together, and just as they were about to enter the quaintly-decorated Greek chariot, another chariot, with wild, prancing horses, nearly ran against them.

"That is Eikasia's carriage," said Theodora, when her monentary fright was over. "Did you observe what a beautiful thing it is?"

"I saw that it was built in the form of a sea-shell," he replied. "Eikasia has taste as well as beauty."

"Yes," said Theodora; "and oh, Justus! how grandly beautiful she is! how full of glorious strengh and majesty! Do you know that I shrink away into nothing beside Eikasia? She seems to overshadow me with her comanding presence."

"And yet," said Justus, passionately, "one hair from that golden braid exceeds her charms."

"Nonsense, Justus! Do you think me so vain as to be caught by such rhapsodies, my good cousion? Keep your fine speeches for finer ladies than I."

When Justus and Theodora entered the reception chamber of the Empress, Eikasia was already there. She was dressed magnificently in a rich green robe, embroidered with gold stars. On her head she wore a coronet composed of gold and emeralds. Her train was three yards in length, and was of white Persian silk, bordered with gold stars on a green ground. A broad girdle, in which gold was curiously interwoven, confined her loose robe in folds around her waist and a chain of emeralds drooped from her white throat, setting off its exquisite fairness. A pale, olive hue was faintly lighted up with a struggling crimson, but it was the eyes that lighted up the wondrous—the deep, passionate eyes, whose glancss seemed absolute to burn with the fires of the spirit within. The long lashes that shaded them rested on the cheek; and the dark eyebrows were penciled so evenly that every hair lay in its own place, and seemed as if it could not be spared from the general effect.

Eikasia's hair was of that peculiar tint of purplish black that is at once so rare and beautiful; and, unlike Theodora's she wore it in long curls, that fell over her face, partially concealing the passionate look that sometimes welled out from the very soul in moments of her intense enthusiasm.

Won by that look—for she wore it now—a person, entering the room, walked slowly past the others who were standing in groups, or reclining on seats about the apartments, and stayed his footsteps only when he reached the spot where she was standing.

Addressing her in the grave and sententious tone of the period, he said, "Women is the source of evil."

Her quick eye caught sight of the golden apple. She divined immediately the cause of this, and the use to which he was to apply it, and her dark eyes glistened with a proud yet happy expression as she quickly answered. "But woman is also the source of much good."

She turned aside to speak to Theodora, but her words were bitter and sarcastic now—for there was an air of sweetness and purity in Theodora's face, that contrasted with her own passionate nature. The Emperor, who saw it, too, was disenchanted in a moment. All her beauty faded from before his sight, and he turned away disenthralled.

What was it! Did her tones jar upon his nerves? or was he attracted to the other maiden, whose blushing cheek attested her modesty, and whose sparkling eyes proclaimed her intellectuality? Who knows, save by what followed? The apple quivered in his hand. He advanced—stopped—went on, in Corporal Trim's old fashion, hundreds of years afterward, and placed the bright, shining fruit in the hand of the fair Theodora!

Never before had such a blow fallen on the self-complacency of Eikasia. The words died on her lips, and the tears forced themselves into those large, black orbs that burned so brightly a few minutes before. It was like rain after lightning. She had not counted upon this. When the Emperor had entered she looked proudly around, and the memory of that last glance in the great steel mirror was still vivid enough to assure her that she would bear off the palm of beauty. Now, the veil had fallen from her eyes, and she saw another preferred before her!

A few moments of that forced gayety which disappointed pride puts on, at first, to hide the keen pangs that are crushing it, and then Eikasia was gone; and the party, following her lead, as usual, broke up. At the door, Justus stood ready with a mantle of fine wool to guard Theodora from the night air. She was trembling all over with the strong excitement of the evening. Justus thought she was shivering, and he wrapped her up still closer. Could he have known that she was dead to him from that moment, the poor youth's constant heart would have bled deeply.

In the monastery of Santa Maria Eikasia secluded herself from every eye save those of the good sisters and her confessor. She had felt the throb of ambition—she now wore the garb of humility. The brief daydream had faded, but its going down had eftl none of those bright hues that the sun leaves at parting. Henceforth, life was painted for her in those sombre shades of gray that are too dull already to subside into any other tint. And while Eikasia composed and sang psalms, to cure the fever of a soul panting for the gift of love, Theodora was preparing to ascend the throne beside him who, had he not been Emperor, would have equally shared her heart.

The Empress Euphrosyne, after her son's marriage. retired to a monastery to pass the remainder of her days; one sigh to the memory of Michael, and she was lost to the outer world.

Theodora accompanied the Emperor on one of his visits to the neighboring convents. A nun attracted her notice by the height and beauty of her figure. Her face was almost entirely concealed, by the broad bands which she, more than the others, had drawn closely around it. But the full red lips, unfaded and blooming still, and guarding a row of pearls of unexampled beauty, brought to her memory the proud Eikasia, as she stood, waiting in the palace hall, for the distinction she was so sure would come to her.

Eikasia's eyes betrayed her emotion. The Emperor spoke to her courteously without remembering her, and the "last straw" was laid on the pride that had been her ruling passion. She answered him in a low murmur that sounded little like the tone that so jarred upon his nerves when, years ago, the golden apple seemed so nearly within her reach.

Thus we struggle—ah! how often—like wounded birds, against the destiny that seemed so cruel—yet how recklessly we fling away the golden fruit that might be ours; and somewhere away among dim cloisters in which we have hidden our grief, we sometimes catch a glimpse of our coveted prize in the hands of another! What wonder, then, if we beat the bars of the dreary cage in which we dwell!

No one can over estimate his own weakness, or the dangers to which he is continually exposed; no one can overstate the strength and comfort of constantly abiding in Christ.

There is no faith in believing what is true unless we believe it because it is true.

How the Winters in the Sierras Grow Longer.

Professor Legate has just returned from a trip into the Sierras of eight days duration. He had with him two assistants and his own vehicle for the transportation of his instruments, and camped out most of the time. The object of the professor's trip was the study of recent interesting meteorological changes in the elevated regions of the Sierras. He was led to believe that during the present season the warm belt had shifted south. Beginning at a point just north of Lake Tahoe, the snow has not melted away as in former years. There are now banks of snow from fifty to 100 feet in depth at points where heretofore at this season no snow has lain. Nearly the whole of this snow will remain where it now lies until the snows of winter again set in. Up toward the head waters of the North Fork of the Yuba River, where no snow is usually seen at this season, it has but little more than begun to disappear. In that place are to be seen huge banks of snow, under which flow the waters of the stream, forming arches or natural bridges 100 feet in height, and from 200 to 300 feet in width. As nearly the whole of this snow will remain until snow again comes, the accumulation next year will be still greater, and the whole region around the head of that and other rivers high in the mountains will probably lie under the snow the year round.

It was for the purpose of ascertaining the cause of this remarkle change of climate to the northward that Professor Legate went on his expedition into the mountains. Through the results obtained by observations made at many points with various delicate instruments, but principally by means of careful thermometrical tests, the professor has established the fact that there has occurred in the range of the Sierra Nevada Mountains this season a grand isothermal change. He finds that the warm current of air which ever since the settlement of California by Americans—and probably ages before—has moved upward from the Pacific seaboard to the Sierra Nevada Mountains and thence turned and flowed to the northward along the west side of the main ridge of the range, thus giving to all regions in that direction a warm climate, no longer moves in that direction. It now comes up from the side of the ocean and pours eastward directly across the crest of the Sierras near Lake Tahoe.

Professor Legate has satisfied himself that this wonderful change, which is leaving all the northern parts of the Sierra buried in snow, summer and winter, is caused by the denudation of timber which the mountains have suffered through a belt beginning at Lake Tahoe and extending some twenty miles southward. Through the great gap thus left by the sweeping away of the forests now flows the warm current of air which formerly moved—with something of the circling motion of water in an eddy—far along the mountains to the northward. Professor Legate says it must not be supposed that the change has been caused merely on account of the gap or trough left by the clearing away of the forests. The denudation of the ground is the principal cause. The heat of the sun pouring down upon the broad belt of bare ground now reaching across the mountains causes at that point an immense ascending column of heated air which draws in from the west the current which formerly moved to the northward and now all crosses the Sierras, passing in an upward and eastward direction.

Professor Legate is of the opinion that the only thing capable of changing the isothermal line which has been recently accidentally and disastrously estabished is the creation, at some point well north, of another broad belt of denudation, the influence of which will be to draw in that direction a portion of the warm current of air moving up to and along the western slope of the Sierras, and thus partly restore the equable temperature that formerely prevailed. He thinks the railroad which is to run in the direction of Oregon from Reno, and which is to strike and tap the great pine forests of the Sierras well to the north, will after a few years effect the desired change.

Poison in Food and Children's Toys.

The Paris authorities have recently been preaching a crusade against the use of poisons. It seems some flagrant instances have been detected. The poisons which have been selected for suppression by the Parisian police include a kind of yellow sackcloth in which American hams have, in certain cases, been packed for the European market. Many of these are quite harmless, and keep the commodities fresh and pure, but in some chromate of lead has been used to render the sacking waterproof, if not air-tight, and, though the result has been attained, the hams have been poisoned. A peculiar kind of salted herring has also been placed on the schedule of dangerous comestibles, as the analysis shows that the color is obtained with bichromate of potash. But a more insidious attempt has been detected in the case of children's toys colored with poisonous paints. The French authorities when they commence a crusade, generally continue it to the end, and their efforts differ both in energy and success from the capricious and dilatory proceedings by which, in this country, slightly poisonous food is often allowed to be sold with impunity.

Eating Without an Appetite.

It is wrong to eat without an appetite, for it shows there is no gastric juice in the stomach, and that nature does not need food; and not needing it, there being no juice to receive and act upon it, it remains there to putrefy, the very thought of which should be sufficient to deter any man from eating without an appetite for the remainder of his life. If a tonic is taken to whet the appetite, it is a mistaken course, for its only result is to cause one to eat more when already an amount has been eaten beyond what the gastric has been able to prepare. The object to be attained is a larger supply of gastric juice, and not a larger supply of food; and whatever fails to accomplish that desirable object fails to have any efficiency toward the cure of dyspeptic diseases. The formation of gastric juices is directly proportioned to the wear and tear of the system, which is to to be the means of supplying, and this wear and tear can only take place as the result of exercise. The efficient remedy for dyspepsia is work—out-of-door work—beneficial and successful in direct proportion as it is agreeable, interesting and profitable."

Pitch Pine.

From Wilmington, N. C, southward and nearly all the way to Florida, the pitch-pine trees, with their blazed sides, attract the attention of the traveler. The lands for long stretches are almost worthless and the only industry, beyond small patches of corn or cotton, is the "boxing" of the pitch-pine trees for the gum, as it is called and the manufacture of turpentine and resin. There are several kinds of pine trees, including the white, spruce, yellow, Roumany and pitch pine. The latter is the only valuable one for boxing, and differs a little from the yellow pine, with which it is sometimes confounded at the North. The owners of these pine lands generally lease the privilege for the business, and receive about $125 for a crop, which consists of 10,000 boxes. The boxes are cavities cut into the tree near the ground in such a way as to hold about a quart, and from one to four boxes are cut in each tree, the number depending on its size. One man can attend to and gather the crop of 10,000 boxes during the season, which lasts from March to September, About three quarts of pitch or gum is the average production of each box, but to secure this amount the bark of the tree above must be hacked away a little every fortnight. Doing this so often, and for successive seasons, removes the bark as high as can be easily reached, while the quantity of the gum constantly decreases, in that it yields less spirit, as the turpentine is called, and then the trees are abandoned. The gum is scraped out of the boxes with a sort of wooden spoon, and at the close of the season, after the pitch on the exposed surface of the tree has become hard, it is removed by scraping, and is only fit for resin, producing no spirit. The gum sells for $1.50 a barrel to the distillers. From sixteen barrel of the crude gum, which is about the average quantity of the stills, eighty gallons of turpentine and ten barrels of resin are made. The resin sells for from $1.40 to $5 per barrel, according to quality, and just about pays for cost of gum and distilling, leaving the spirit, which sells for forty cents a gallon, as the profit of the business. Immense quantities of resin await shipment along the line, and the pleasant odor enters the car windows as we are whirled along. After the trees are unfit for further boxing, and are not suitable for lumber; they are sometimes used to manufacture tar, but the buisiness is not very profitable, and is only done by large companies, who can thus utilize their surplus labor. The trees are cut up into wood, which is piled into a hole in the ground and covered with earth, and then burned, the same as charcoal is burned in New York. The heat sweats out the gum, which, uniting with the smoke, runs off through a spout provided for that purpose. A cord of wood will make two barrels of tar, which sells for $1.50 a barrel, and costs thirty-seven and a half cents to make. The charcoal is then sold for cooking purpose.

General Washington.

The *Oracle*, published in 1791, writes thus, as to the personal habits of General Washington: "He is very regular, temperate and industrious; rises in winter and summer at the dawn of day; generally reads or writes some time before breakfast: breakfasts about seven o'clock on three small Indian hoe cakes, and as many dishes of tea, and often rides immediately to his different farms, and remains with his laborers until a little after 2 o'clock, then returns and dresses. At 3 o'clock he dines, commonly on a single dish, and drinks from half a pint to a pint of Madeari wine. This, with one small glass of punch, a draught of beer and two dishes of tea (which he takes half an hour before the setting of the sun), constitutes his whole sustenance until the next day. But his table is always furnished with elegance and exuberance: and whether he has company or not he remains at the table an hour in familiar conversation, then every one is called upon to give some absent friend a toast. After he has dined, he applies himself to business, and about 9 o'clock retires to rest; but when he has company he attends politely upon them till they wish to withdraw."

But it is of interest to observe the impression Washington made upon another class. For this purpose let us take the description of one who evidently knew him well, and understood exactly how he ranked in the estimation of those best qualified to judge of his character and worth. This description perhaps contains one statement that may strike some as new, yet more than one prominent biographer has prepared us for it in saying that in his youth Washington had the small-pox. Upon the whole, it will not appear much newer than the fact brought out upon the last 22d of February as very new, namely, that throughout the revolution he served his country without pay, an astounding fact in the eyes of office-holders and polititicians. The writer in *The Philadelphia Monthly* of June, 1798, speaks as follows: "General Washington is a tall, well-made man, rather large boned, and has a tolerably genteel address. His features are manly and bold, his eyes of a bluish cast and very lively; his hair of a deep brown; his face rather long and marked with the small-pox; his complexion sunburnt and without much color, and his countinance sensible, composed and thoughtful; there is a remarkable air of dignity about him, with a striking degree of gracefulness. He has an excellent understanding without much quickness: as strictly just vigilant and generous; an affectionate husband, a faithful friend, a father to the deserving; gentle in his manners, in temper rather reserved; a total stranger to religious prejudices; in his morals irreproachable; he was never known to exceed the bounds of most rigid temperance—in a word, all his friends and acquaintances universally allow that no man ever united in his own person a more perfect alliance of the virtues of a philosopher with the talent of a statesman and a general. Candor, sincerity, affability and simplicity seem to be the striking features of his character."

In opening the old magazine in which the foregoing sketch is preserved, the reader feels well nigh like one who comes upon some forgotten album, and finds the photograph of an old and familiar friend. Washington here appears, not in a cloud of incense, not as a demi-god, and yet not as a common man. Here we have, in fact, very nearly the traditional or, it might be said, the "Immortal Washington" of the average appreciative American. The vindication of Washington, therefore, would consist simply in presenting the man as he was.

The brief sketch quoted furnishes many a topic upon which it would be pleasant to dwell. The statement that Washington was a stranger to religious prejudices, for instance, recalls his reply to the address of the Roman Catholics, who engaged their lives and fortunes to achieve American Independence, as well as that of the Jews. At the same time the religious opinions of Washington were not colorless. He was bred in the system of the Church of England, as it obtained in Virginia, where the system was tolerant, as some have thought, lax. Yet, whatever may have been the tendencies there during the last century, the system was preserved in its integrity, and Washington was in sympathy with the established order observing all the forms. In the earlier portion of his life, before his time became otherwise absorbed, he was an active vestryman. He was also an attendant upon communion. In the French and Indian war he would officiate in the absence of the chaplain. He read the burial service at the funeral of Braddock; and Lee Massey, whose discourses, preached in the hearing of Washington, are carefully preserved, said that he never knew so "constant a churchman" as he, saying also that his behavior at church was deeply reverential, and produced the happiest effect upon the congregation. In advanced age he may not have attended the communion in public as formerly, but of this we have no proof. The proof however, is also wanting that he actually did maintain his former practice. When the period arrived in which all eyes were fixed upon his movements, it would appear as though his natural reserve modified his customs in general, and that he retreated more within his own deep nature. The same was true with regard to his Masonic connection, for though remaining a true member of the brotherhood he seldom visited the lodges to take part in their affairs. He, however, never relaxed his habit of church-going, and was in his place on Sunday morning with unfailing regularity. When traveling, as for instance in New England, after attending the Episcopal Church in the morning, he would appear at the Congregational house of worship in the afternoon, showing what is called his freedom from religious prejudices; while his last words in his chamber at Mount Vernon were: "It is well."

The Complexion.

I asked a druggist what particular article or line of goods he sold the most of. He replied without hesitation, "Compounds for improving the complexion. The number of these preparations is surprising; they must be generally employed. I have noticed that while nine girls out of ten have a singularly smooth, perfect skin upon their face, the doctor is constantly consulted with references to roughness and eruptions on other parts of the body. Girls are not generally as healthy as boys, but the skin of their faces seem much smoother than that of boys. This difference, it is fair to presume, comes of the bottles and boxes found at the apothecary's. I have read, and you have all read, of the analysis which careful chemists have made of a great number of these preparations, and in this way we have learned that they are poisonous. Arsenic is a very common ingredient. Not one of them, the analysis of which I have examined, is fit to rub on the human skin. We all rejoice that the hair preparations so generally employed to color the hair a few years since have gone out of fashion. They poisoned us, doing a great deal of harm to the brain and nervous system. These preparations were generally less poisonous than the complexion fluids are, but were taken into the system in the same way, by absorption through the skin. The impression is gaining ground among the medical men that a certain class of nervous affections, too common among our girls, originate in the fluids and powder which they employ to improve their complexions. What a gain it would be every way if they would keep their faces clear and bright by frequent bathing, exercise, sunshine, and pure air! As things now go, they are not what they seem: but if they depend upon the natural methods, they would not only secure a bright, beautiful face, but they would be bright and happy from top to toe, all the way through and not simply on a small portion of the surface.

They Don't Know Me.

A ragged man of leisure who was sunning himself on the warf at the foot of Griswold Street, Detroit, was accosted by a second, who was a little more ragged, if possible, with the inquiry:

"And which party are you hollering for this fall?"

"Neither," was the brief reply.

"What, aint you fixed?"

"Not a fix. The best offer I have had is the promise of two dollars for two months of hollering."

"Only two dollars? Why, what sort of an election is this going to be, and Presidential year, too? Did you take it?"

"Take it?" echoed the other, as he pulled a loose patch over his naked knee, "I did not. I've been thinking and thinking for a whole week past, and do you know what I've made up mind to do?"

"No."

"I'm going to let the country go to her destruction! Yes, sir; I'm going to see her plunged into the depths of anarchy and never raise a hand to prevent. Two dollars to save this country! They don't know me, sir—they don't begin to know me!"

And then the pair sat down on a salt barrel and made a dinner of hard apples and a piece of salt codfish.

Outdoor Games.

Physical exercise can be, and often is, carried to excess; but every one should practice it within reasonable limits. A gentleman should not only know how to fence, to box, to ride, to shoot, to swim, and to play at billiards, he must also know how to carry himself, and how to dance, if he would enjoy life to the uttermost. A good carriage is only obtained by the help of a drilling master, and boxing must also be scientifically taught. A man should make himself able to defend himself from ruffians, and to defend women from them also. What fencing and drililng are to a man, dancing and calisthenic exercises are to a young woman. Every lady should know how to dance, whether she intends to dance in society or not; the better the physical training. the more graceful and self-possessed she will be. Swimming, skating, archery, or games of lawn-tennis and croquet, riding and driving, all help to strengthen the muscles, and to take the young out into the open air, which makes these games desirable. The subject is one that too much cannot be said of by parents, teachers, and educational reformers. Such training should commence in childhood.

How the Pyramids were Built.

From the far distance you see the giant forms of the pyramids, as if they were regularly crystalized mountains, which the ever-creating nature has called forth from the rock, to lift themselves up toward the vault of heaven. And yet, they are but tombs, built by the hands of men, which have been the admiration and astonishment alike of the ancient and modern world. Perfectly adjudsted to the cardinal points of the horison, they differ in breadthh and height, as is shown by the measurements of the three oldest, as follows: 1. The Pyramid of Khufa—height, 450·75 feet; breadth, 746 feet. 2. Pyramid of Khafra—height, 447·5 feet; breadth, 690·75 feet. 3. Pyramid of Menkara—height, 203 feet; breadth, 352·78 feet. The construction of these enormous masses has long been an insoluble mystery, but later generations have succeeded in solving the problem. According to their ancient usages and customs, the Egyptians while still sojourning in health and spirits, were ever mindful to turn their looks to the region where the departing Ra took leave of life, where the door of the grave opened, where the body, well concealed, at length found rest to rise again to a new existence, after an appointed time of long, long years, while the soul, though bound to the body, was at liberty to leave the grave and return to it during the daytime, in any form it chose. In such a belief, it was the custom betimes to dig the grave in the form of a deep shaft in the rock and above this eternal dwelling to raise a superstructure of sacrificial chambers sometimes only a hall, sometimes several apartments, and to adorn them richly with colored writings and painted sculptures, as was becoming to a house of pleasure and joy. The king began his work from his accession. As soon as he mounted the throne, the sovereign gave orders to a nobleman, the master of all the buildings of his land, to plan the work and cut the stone. The kernel of the future edifice was raised on the limestone soil of the desert, in the form of a small pyramid built in steps, of which the well constructed and finished interior formed the king's eternal dwelling, with his stone sarcophagus lying on the rocky floor. Let us suppose that this first building was finished while the Pharoahs still lived in the bright sunlight. A second covering was added, stone by stone on the outside of the kernal; a third to this second; and to this even a fourth; and the mass of the giant building grew greater the longer the king enjoyed existence. And then at last, when it became almost impossible to extend the area of the pyramid further, a casing of hard stone, polished like glass, and fitted accurately into the angles of the steps, covered the vast mass of the sepulcher, presenting a gigantic triangle on each of its four faces. More than seventy such pyramids once rose on the margin of the desert, each telling of a king of whom it was at once the tomb and monument. Had not the greater number of these sepulchers of the Pharaohs been destroyed almost to the foundation, and had the names of the builders of these which still stand been accurately preserved, it would have been easy for the inquirer to prove and make clear by calculation what was originally and of necessity, the proportion between the masses of the pyramids and the years of the reigns of their respective builders.

Rules for Living.

I am no doctor, quack or pill-vender, yet I have had a pretty good long life and a happy one. May I not, therefore, just give my simple rules for health in hopes some poor traveler on the up or down hill may look at them and perhaps be benefitted by them? I practiced them for many years and they have done me good; perhaps they may do good to others. They are inexpensive, and may be easily abandoned if they cause any harm.

1. Keep in the sunlight just as much as possible. A plant will not thrive without the sunbeam much less a man.

2. Breathe as much fresh air as your business will permit. This makes fresh blood, but it will never be found within the four walls of your building. Beneath the open sky, just there, and there only, it comes to you.

3. Be strictly temperate. You cannot break organic law, or any other law, with impunity.

4. Keep the feet always warm and the head cool. Disease and death begin at the feet more commonly than we think.

6. If out of order, see which of the above rules you have not observed, then rub yourself all over with a towel, saturated with salt water, and well dried, and begin upon the rules again.

7. Look ever on the bright side which is the heaven side of life. This is far better than any medicine.

These seven simple rules, good for the valid or invalid, if rightfully observed, would save, I apprehend, a great deal of pain, prolong your life, and so far as health goes, it makes it worth having.

Lost His Hat.

A bare-headed man, who had on a long linen duster, rushed into a hat store in Little Rock recently and said:

"I want to buy a hat."

"What kind of a hat?"

"Soft. When I got off the stage I could not find mine. Hated like thunder to lose that hat. Paid $5 for it. I'm always losing something. Can't charge it up to the house this time. That's the fourth hat that I've turned into expense account in the last two weeks. It was a daisy. Here I'll take this hat. There's not much style about it—too much crown, too little brim—but then its the best you've got. Yes, I'm always losing something. I expect I'd lose my head if I could charge it to the house. Old hoss, here's your health."

And, throwing down the price of the hat, the commercial traveler clapped it on his head and started for the door. Just then a little boot-black stepped in with a hat he had picked up along the route of the stage, which proved to be the missing property. The owner grabbed it, flung the boy a quarter, and said:

By the everlasting Hancock, this makes one smile. My luck's turned. I can bust any bank in town. Where's your faro, your pico and all that funny business around your snide town?"

Turning to the hat man, he remarked:

Haven't got much use for this new hat now, govenor. Keep it? Of course I'll keep it. I'll try it on the house once more. Slap her down as street car fare. Ta, ta."

And with his hands in his pockets, which were cut in the side of his pants, the ulstered individual sauntered coolly out to take a drink.