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The whisper of a beautiful woman can be heard further than the loudest yell of duty,

There is very little use in making to day cloudy because to morrow is likely to be stormy.

In memory's mellowed light we behold not the thorns: we see only the beautiful flowers.

A man that keeps riches and enjoys them not, is like an ass that carries gold and eats thistles.

The sublimity of wisdom is to do these things living which are desired to be when dying.

It is no vanity for a man to pride himself on what he has honestly got and prudently uses.

Let him who regrets the loss of time make proper use of that which is to come in the future.

Ideas generate ideas; like a potato, which, cut in pieces, reproduces itself in a multiplied form.

When a man speaks the truth you may count pretty surely that he possesses most other virtues.

Pleasure, like quicksilver, is bright and shy. If we strive to grasp it it still eludes us and still glitters,

That best portion of a good man's life—his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love.

If you won't listen to reason when you are young you will get your knuckles rapped when you are old.

In the quiet of the early morning we should laden our hearts with kindness and good will, for use during the day

To endeavor to work upon the vulgar with fine sense is like attempting to hew blocks of marble with a razor.

Do that which is right. The respect of mankind will follow; or, if it do not, you will be able to do without it.

"The book to read," says Dr. McCosh, "is not the one which thinks for you, but the one which makes you think."

Most historians take pleasure is putting in the mouths of princes what theyhave neither said nor ought to have said.

If you would be known and not know, vegetate in a village; if you would know and not be known, live in a city.

Heaven's gates are wide enough to admit every sinner in the universe who is penitent, but too narrow to admit a single sin.

A physician uses various methods for the recovery of sick persons; and though all of them are disagreeable, his patients are never angry.

No man, for any considerable period can wear one face to himself and another to the multitude without finally getting bewildered as to which may be true.

It is true in matter of estate, as of our garments, not that which is largest, but that which fits us best, is best for us. Be content with such things as ye have.

FATE.

"The sky is clouded, the rocks are bare;
The spray of the tempest is white in air;
The winds are out with the sea at play,
And I shall not tempt the sea to-day.

The trail is narrow, the woods are dim,
The panther clings to the arching limb,
And the lion's whelps are abroad at play,
And I shall not join in the chase to-day.

But the ship sailed safely over the sea,
And the hunters came from the chase in glee
And the town that was builded upon a rock
Was swallowed up in the earthquake shock.

Trapped by an Heiress.

A cosier place than the big sitting-room at Hillcrest would have been hard to find. if one had traveled from Land's End to John O'Groat's; and this eventful evening, when the destines of two worthy people were about taking definite form—two people who had never seen each other, and who had heard of each other so often that both were curiously eager to meet—on this important evening the sitting-room at Hillcrest had never looked pleasanter or cosier.

A huge fire of logs glowed like molten carbuncles in the open fireplace; on the table in the centre of the floor, whose cover matched the glowing crimson of the carpet, was a silver stand that held a dozen snowy wax tapers, whose beaming light contrasted exquisitely with the ruddy glow of the fire.

Beside the table, in a big cushioned chair, with his feet thrust toward the genial warmth on the hearth, his grey dressing-gown sitting comfortably on his portly form, his gold-rimmed glasses on his nose, sat the owner and master of Hillcrest, Mr. Abiah Cressington, rich, good-natured, and fond of his own way. Opposite him was the mistress of the place—little, shrew-faced merry Aunt Cornelia, his sister, who, since her widowhood, has come to Hillcrest to make her bachelor brother's home as pleasant as she could.

That she had succeeded was evident by the way now in which he looked up from a letter he had been reading—the confidential, kindly way in which he did it.

"Walter writes a curious letter in response to my invitation to come and spend a few weeks at Hillcrest as soon as he gets over his fatigue from his ocean voyage home, after his five years' tour abroad. I'll read it to you"

He leaned over the softly-glowing light, and began the short, concise reply that Walter Austin had written from his chamber in the Temple:

"You are very kind, indeed, Uncle Abiah, to ask me down to Hillcrest for as long as I wish to stay, and I can assure you that I have been so long a wanderer that the idea of a home is very pleasant to me. But when I take into consideration the peculiar importance you propose attaching to my visit, I am unwilling to accept the invitation. To me the idea of having my fancies and inclinations put into harness, and to feel that I am on continual duty to win my way into the good graces of my second cousin, Mabel, whom you are good enough to wish me to marry—"

Mrs. Cornelia interrupted sharply—

"Abiah, you never went and told our grand-nephew that you had in view his marriage with Mabel?"

Her tone was energetic, almost reprehensive.

"Why not? I certainly did. I told him in my letter that it was a chance for him he'd never get again, and that he needn't feel under such terrible obligations to take a fancy to Phil's little Mabel, but to come down and be cousinly, and if anything should happen, it'd be right all around,

Mrs. Cornelia knitted vigorously, her lavender cap ribbons quivering in the mellow taper glow.

"All I have to say is, you're—a fool, Abiah! Walter is right. A young man doesn't like to have his fancies under rein and whip, and the very fact that we want him to marry will make him indisposed to do it. You've made a great mistake in the beginning."

Mr. Cressington looked aghast at his sister's determined face.

"Why, I really didn't suppose—"

"Of course you didn't. It's only your natural stupidity, you dear old fellow! Men are all alike. Don't I know them like a book? And you've ruined your hopes for Mabel and Walter at the very outset."

Mr. Cressington started discomfitedly.

"I am sure I mean it all right enough, Cornelia. I certainly wanted Walter to know what a little darling our Mabel is, and what a nice little wife she would make for any man."

"Very commendable, indeed; only, if you had consulted me upon the letter you send I should have advised you to say nothing about Mabel or her charms, or her expectations. I should have simply asked him to come and see us, and have left the rest to Mabel's blue eyes. You see now, Abiah?"

His lips compressed slowly.

"I think I see. And my hopes in that direction are all ruined."

The silver needles clicked rapidly, and the snow-white yarn came reeling merrily, off the ball under her arm.

"Not at all. Leave that to me, and I'll see what can be done. Trust a woman's wit to get even a blundering old fellow like yourself out of a scrape."

She smiled and nodded, and looked altogether so mischievous that Mr. Cressington became quite excited over her little mystery.

"Do explain, Cornelia."

And when she explained he leaned back in his chair, with an expression of positive awe and admiration on his face.

"What a woman you are, Cornelia! I declare, it beats anything I ever heard in the whole course of my life!"

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After dusk, a glorious winter day, with here and there a star twinkling in the pale gray sky, and the lights and fires in the Hillcrest sitting room making an eloquent welcome to Walter Austin, as he stood in the midst of the home circle, tall, gentle, manly, handsome and self-possessed.

Old Mr. Cressington was in his richest humor as he led forward two young girls.

'Come don't be shy now, Walter, this is your cousin, Mabel Cressington, and this is her good friend and inseparable companion Irene Vance, come to help to entertain you. My nephew, Mr. Walter Austin, girls. And this is Aunt Cornelia—you remember well enough, hey?"

And so the presentation was merrily gotten over, and Walter found himself at home in the most pleasant family he had ever known.

They were remarkably pretty girls, with deep blue eyes—although Miss Vance's were decidedly the deeper blue and more bewitching—and lovely, yellow-gold hair. Walter found himself admiring the style of Miss Vance's *coiffeur* before he had known her an hour; and when he went up to his room that night he felt as if between the two, roguish Mabel and sweet little Irene, he would never come out heart-whole.

"For Mabel is a good little darling," thought he, "and I will take Greatuncle Abiah's advice and fall in love with her, and thereby secure a generous share of the Cressington estate. Egad! that's a happy thought!

But the handsome young gentleman went to sleep and dreamed, instead of Mabel's laughing eyes, of Irene's gentle, tender ones; and awoke somewhere in the middle of the night, unable to get asleep again for thinking of her.

And the after days were not much better. Despite the golden value of Mabel, there was something about Irene Vance that made this headstrong fellow very foolishly indifferent to the advice he had sworn to follow

"Because, by Jove! a fellow would have to be made out of granite to resist the sweet shy ways of such a little darling as Irene! And I'll marry her if she'll have me, and the money and property may go to the—dogs. I've a head and a pair of hands, and blue-eyed Irene shall not suffer!"

It was not an hour later that he met her in the hall, carrying great boughs of holly, with which to festoon, down the walnut staircase.

"Give me your burden, Irene," said he. "Why did you not tell me you were going to gather it, and let me go with you? It is altogether too heavy a burden for your arms to bear."

He managed to get the lovely sprays from her arms, but it required an immense amount of tardy effort on his part, and shy, sweet blushing on her's.

"Answer me, Irene, Why didn't you let me go with you? Wouldn't you have liked it."

He demanded her answer in the most captivating, lordly way, and she dropped her eyes in great confusion.

"Y-e-s."

"Then why were you so cruel to me?"

"I am not cruel to anybody. Indeed I must go now."

Walter placed himself squarely in the way, and was looking down at her rose-tinted face.

"No, you can't go yet. Irene, you are cruel, or you would never deprive one of the opportunity to enjoy the blessedness of your society." His voice lowered tenderly, and he dropped his head nearer her golden curls. "You know I think it cruel in you to be so distant, and shy, and reserved with me—don't you, Irene?"

She shrank away, her lovely form drooping like a lily, her cheeks hanging out their signals of distress and confusion.

"Oh, please don't talk so to me. Indeed I must go! Mabel is waiting for the holly, and she—they won't like it if—"

But she was a prisoner in his tight clasp.

"If what? If they find you and me talking so confidentially together?"

"No! I mean if I don't take the holly at once."

Walter put his arm around her waist before she knew what he was doing.

"Irene, look up. You shall not go until you let me see in your eyes if you love me as well as I love you! Irene, my dear little girl, I do love you very dearly!"

She was silent for one second, and he saw the quiver of her red lips. Then she raised her head slowly, shyly.

"You love me? Oh, Walter, what will they all say? Don't you know it is Mabel you should say that to? I am nobody, and Mabel is an heiress."

Walter had both arms around her by this time, and was looking ardently in her glowing face.

"I know Mabel is an heiress, and a nice little girl, and I also know you are a darling, my darling—and the only girl I ever asked to be my wife, or ever shall ask! Say yes, pet!"

His tones were low and tender, but triumphant.

"And you can deliberately give up so much for only just me?"

Her wondrous eyes met his bravely now, and thrilled him with the love light in them.

"Only just you, my own darling! Why, you are more than all the world to me. Come, we will go tell Uncle Abian at once. Just one kiss first—you must!"

And he had more than one or two; before he led her, blushing, with tears trembling on her lashes, like diamonds of a golden thread, to Uncle Abiah, who sat in his library with Mrs. Cornelia, industriously looking over a receipt book. They looked up in surprise as Walter marched in, Irene on his arm, a picture of confusion.

"If you please, Uncle Abiah, I want your blessing and cordial consent to receive this little girl for your niece. I love her, and she loves me."

Uncle Abiah looked shrewdly over his glasses at Mrs. Cornelia.

"Well, sister, what shall we say to this youth's demand?"

A broad smile of perfect delight was on her merry face.

"Say? Why, tell them yes, and welcome; and let them know their Aunt Cornelia isn't a fool if their Uncle Abiah is."

Walter looked on astonished, and felt Irene's hand tremble on his arm.

"What is it, dear?"

She smiled through her tears as she looked into his inquiring eyes.

"Oh, Walter, I am afraid you will be angry. I am Mabel after all, and—and—'

"And you have made love to your cousin the heiress, in spite of yourself, my boy. So Hillcrest is a foregone fate, after all, eh?"

"Don't scold, please Walter!" Mabel pleaded, in a low voice, with her blue eyes looking into his.

"As if I could scold you, my love! Since I have you, what need I care?"

And Mrs. Cornelia turned over the leaves of the receipt-book until she came to "wedding cake," and avers that she made the match herself.

Proud hearts and lofty mountains are always barren.

We should do good to an enemy and mak him our friend.

The heart ought to give charity, when the hand cannot.

Pride that dines on vanity sups on contempt.

The Squirrel a Bold Leaper.

One reason doubtless, why squirrels are so bold and reckless in leaping through the trees is that if they miss their hold the fall will not hurt them. Every species of tree-squirrel seems to be capable of a sort of rudimentary flying—at least of making itself into a parachute, so as to ease or break a fall or a leap from a great height. The so-called flying-squirrel does this the most perfectly. It opens its furry vestments, leaps into the air, and sails down the steep incline from the top of one tree to the foot of the next as lightly as a bird. But other squirrel know the same trick, only their coat-skirts are not so broad. One day my dog treed a red squirrel in a tall hickory that stood in a meadow on the side of a steep hill. To see what the squirrel would do when closely pressed, I climbed the tree. As I drew near he took refuge in the topmost branch, and then, as I come on, he boldly leaped into the air, spread himself out upon it, and, with a quick, tremulous motion of his tail and legs, descended quite slowly and landed upon the ground thirty feet below me, apparently none the worse for the leap, for he ran with great speed and escaped the dog in another tree.

A recent American traveler in Mexico, gives a still more striking instance of this power of squirrels partially to neutralize the force of gravity when leaping or falling through the air. Some boys had caught a Mexican black squirrel nearly as large as a cat. It had escaped from them once, and, when pursued, had taken a leap of sixty feet from the top of a pine tree down upon the roof of a house without injury. This feat had led the grandmother of one of the boys to declare that the squirrel was bewitched, and the boys proposed to put the matter to further test by throwing the squirrel down a precipice six hundred feet high. Our traveler interfered, to see that the squirrel had fair play. The prisoner was conveyed in a pillow-slip to the edge of the cliff and the slip opened, so that he might have his choice whether to remain a captive or to take the leap. He looked down the awful abyss and then back and sidewise—his eyes glistening, his form crouching. Seeing no escape in any other direction, "he took a flying leap into space and fluttered rather than fell into the abyss below. His legs began to work like those of a swimming poodle-dog, but quicker and quicker, while his tail, slightly elevated, spread out like a feather fan. A rabbit of the same weight would have made the trip in about twelve seconds; the squirrel protracted it for more than half a minute," and "landed on a ledge of limestone, where we could see him plainly squat on his hind legs and smooth his ruffled plumage, after which he made for the creek with a flourish of his tail, took a good drink and scampered away into the willow thicket."

The story at first blush seems incredible, but I have no doubt our red squirrel would have made the leap safely; then why not the great black squirrel, since its parachute would be proportionately large?

The tails of the squirrels are broad and long and flat, not short and small like those of gophers, chipmunks, weasels, and other ground rodents, and when they leap or fall through the air the tail is arched and rapidly vibrates. A squirrel's tail, therefore, is something more than a flag; it not only aids him in flying, but it serves as a cloak, which he wraps about him when he sleeps. Thus some animals put their tails to various uses, while others seem to have no use for them whatever. What use for a tail has a wood-chuck, or a weasel, or a mouse? Has not the mouse yet learned that it could get in its hole sooner if it had no tail? The mole and the meadow-mouse have very short tails. Rats, no doubt, put their tails to various uses. The rabbit has no use for a tail—it would be in its way; while its manner of sleeping is such that it does not need a tail to tuck itself up with, as do the 'coon and the fox. The dog talks with his tail; the tail of the 'possum is prehensile; the porcupine uses his tail in climbing and for defense, the beaver as a tool or trowel; while the tail of the skunk serves as a screen behind which it masks its terrible battery.

Wedding Fashions.

The old American fashion of the bridesmaids, with attendant cavaliers, entering the room or church arm in arm is entirely broken up, and the gentlemen ushers, who seat the company and who manage the business of the wedding in the church, are compelled to enter first, without the solace of a feminine hand on the coat sleeve. But this change is for the better.

A bride-elect begins, sometimes three months before her wedding day, to invite her bridesmaids, for there are dresses to be made and gifts selected. The groom chooses his best man and his ushers, of whom there are generally six. These gentlemen receive from him cravats and scarf-pins, and the groom frequently gives each bridesmaid a locket. The bride often gives each of her bridesmaids, of whom there are also generally six, some small token of her regard; but not, as formerly, her dress. Bouquets are always provided by the bride for her bridesmaids.

The church must be engaged for a fortnight ahead, to avoid the gloomy catastrophe of meeting a funeral coming out, which has happened, and which is, of course, depressing. The clergyman and organist both need time to get themselves in order; and the florist, who is to decorate the altar with fresh cut flowers and growing plants, also needs time; he also should have plenty of warning.

When the happy day arrives, the head usher goes to the church an hour before the time, to see that a white cord is stretched across the aisle, reserving pews enough for the family and particular friends, and to see, in fact, that all details are attended to.

The ushers should be in attendance early, to seat people in convenient places, and good manners and careful attentions, particularly to elderly people, make lifelong friends for these young gentlemen at the weddings where they officiate. When the bride's mother arrives, the white cord is dropped, and she is taken to the front seat; all the family friends take their places near her in adjoining pews.

Then the clergy come in and take their places at the altar, followed by the groom and his best man, who have been safely guarded in the vestryroom. The groom looks down the aisle to watch for his coming bride. The organ strikes up the wedding march as the first couple of ushers are seen entering the church door. They come in slowly, two and two, followed by the bridesmaids, who bear bouquets of one color.

Then the bride enters, leaning on her father's arm. A very pretty and becoming fashion is for the bride to wear her veil over her face, throwing it back at the altar; but this is a matter of taste.

The ushers part company, going to the right and left, and remain standing on the lower step of the altar. The bridesmaids also move to the right and left, next the altar rail, leaving a space for the couple who are to be married. The bride is taken by the hand by the groom, who receives her from her father as she mounts the first step.

The service then proceeds, the organ playing very softly until the prayer, when the music stops, and all join in the familiar words. Then the blessing is given, the clergyman congratulates the bride, and the young people turn to leave the church, followed by all the bridesmaids and ushers in reverse order.

Maids are in waiting in the vestibule to cloak the bride and her attendants as they come out from this pageant into the cold and dangerous air. This is a great exposure, and often leads to trouble; our churches all need larger vestibules. The bride and groom return to the house of the former, followed as quickly as possible by the bridesmaids, and stand to receive their friends under a floral bell, or a floral arch, or some other pretty device. The bridesmaids are ranged on either side, and the ushers (whose place is no sinecure) bring up the guests in order to present to the happy pair. The bride's mother, vacating the place of hostess for the nonce, stands at the other end of the room to talk to her friends, and to also receive their congratulations. Of course her own family are allowed to kiss the bride first.

The bride remains at her post an hour and a half, then leaves the room to ascend and dress for her bridal tour. She comes down in the quiet dress fitted for traveling in this country (where the bright blue velvets and shiny silks which are used in England for bridal trips are not allowed, probably owing to the fact that our railway trains are more public and less clean than those of the British Isle), and bids her friends good-bye. Getting into the carriage, followed by the groom, the young pair are driven off under a shower of rice and slippers, which are thrown after them for luck.

How the Russian Keeps Warm.

The Russians have a great nack of making their winter pleasant. You feel nothing of the cold in those tightly built houses where all doors and windows are doubled, and where the rooms are kept warm by big stoves hidden in the walls. There is no damp in a Russian house, and the inmates may dress indoors in the lightest of garbs, which contrast oddly with the mass of furs and wraps which they don when going out. A Russian can afford to run no risk of exposure when he leaves the house for a walk or drive. He covers his head and ears with a fur bonnet, his feet and legs with felt boots lined with wool or fur, which are drawn over the ordinary boots and trousers, and reach up to the knees; he next cloaks himself in a top coat with fur collar, lining and cuffs, he buries his hands in a pair of fingerless gloves of seal or bear-skin. Thus equipped, and with the collar of his coat raised all around so that it muffles him up to the eyes, the Russian exposes only his nose to the cold air; and he takes care frequently to give that organ a little rub to keep the circulation going. A stranger, who is apt to forget the precaution, would often get his nose frozen if it were not for the courtesy of the Russians, who will always warn him if they see his nose "whitening," and will, unbidden, help him to chafe it vigorously with snow. In Russian cities walking is just possible for men during winter but hardly so for ladies. The women of the lower order wear knee boots; those of the shopkeeping class seldom venture out at all; those of the aristocracy go out in sleighs. The sleighs are by no means pleasant vehicles for nervous people, for the Kalmuck coachmen drive them at such a terrific pace that they frequently capsize; but persons not destitute of pluck find their motion most enjoyable. It must be added that to be spilled out of a Russian sleigh is tantamount only to getting a rough tumble out of a soft mattress, for the very thick furs in which the victim is sure to be wrapped will be enough to break the fall. The houses and hovels of Russian working-classes are as well warmed as those of the aristocracy. A stove is always the principal item of furniture in them, and these conveniences are used to sleep on as well as cook in. The moujick, having no bed, curls himself up on his stove at his time for going to rest. Sometimes he may be found creeping right into the stove and enjoying the delights of a vapor bath.

Waste Materials from Towns.

Nearly every farmer goes to the nearest village to trade, visit a mechanic, or obtain his letters and papers, at least once a week. He often takes a load to market, but he rarely brings one home. He can, with very little trouble, haul a load of material that may be obtained for nothing, and which will be of great benefit to his land. Most village people make no use of the ashes produced in their stoves or of the bones taken from the meat they consume. Scarcely any brewer has any use for the hops that have been boiled in his vats, and the blacksmith hardly ever saves the clippings he takes from the feet of horses. All these materials make excellent manure. A barrel of shavings cut from the hoofs of horses, contains more ammonia than is contained in a load of stable manure. Applied to land without preparation, they might give no immediate results, but they would become decomposed in time, and crops of all kinds would derive benefit from them. They may be so treated that they would produce immediate results. By covering them with fresh horse manure they will decompose very rapidly. They may also be leached in a barrel and the water that covered them drawn off and applied to plants. Water in which pieces of horns and hoofs have been soaked is an excellent manure for plants that require forcing. It stimulates the growth of tomatoes, rose bushes, and house plants very rapidly, and emits no offensive odors. A vast amount of fertilizing material is wasted in towns that farmers could obtain the benefit of with very little trouble

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Our ideas, like pictures, we made up of lights and shadows.

I'll Take a Gross.

While the proprietor of the Maison Doree, New York, was standing behind the counter the other day, catching flies for currant cake, and wishing that a little of the business wave that the Eastern papers say so much about would slop over into his restaurant, as it were, a young man, with a beaming smile on his face and a big box under his arm entered.

"Don't want any sleeve-buttons, nor nothin'," growled the dyspepsia distributer, glancing at the box.

"No, nor I," said the stranger, affably, depositing the box on the counter, and removing the lid. "But what you do want is the greatest invention of recorded time—the restaurant keeper's friend—the boarding house keeper's salvation!"

"Roach poison?" said the steak stretcher contemptuously.

"No, sir," retorted the young man, taking a handful of singularly-shaped objects out of the box. "Something that beats the phonograph and the telephone all hollow. I refer to the "Skidmore chop!"

"What's that?"

"Why, it's the most economical device of modern times, and I'll prove it right here. Suppose you are serving a dinner to say a dozen persons? Now, how many chops do you usually put on the table?"

"Well, about two apiece, say twelve,"

"And how many are eaten?"

"Hum! about four."

"Exactly—that is about the average, as our restaurant statistics show. As a matter of course, however, you are compelled to cook three times as much as you need to make a show. Now, if you could save six chops every dinner for a year it would amount to—"

"A fortune," said the man of cutlets eagerly. "All we can do with 'em now is to work 'em over into hashes."

"Peace to your hashes," said the agent; "all this ruinous waste is now prevented by the introduction of some dish of the patent Skidmore Indestructible Rubber Chop, put up in packages of one dozen, and warranted for five years, and the food economizer exhibited some life-like imitations of cooked mutton chops.

"Looks like a good scheme," said the conductor of stews, thoughtfully; "but don't the customer ever—"

"Ever tumble? Not in the least. He only notices that one chop is tougher than the other, and finally get his fork in and chews ahead. The smaller ones come higher, as they are made of a little more limber article of rubber, for lamb chops. Can't be told from the genuine by the naked eye. All you have to do is to grease 'em on both sides, warm 'em up a little, and serve them mixed in with the others same as usual."

"Seems like they are about as tender as the regulation kind," said the restauranter, jabbing one with a fork. "Don't they ever get eaten by mistake?"

"No—no—that is, not now. We did lose a few that way when introduced, but now that we make the material tougher it don't happen any more unless they will swallow them whole. Why, here's a specimen that's been in use in a Chicago eating saloon there for years, night and day, and you can't see the first tooth print in it yet."

"That settles it," said the restauranter, I'll take a gross."

"I thought you would," said the chop agent, as he took down the order and emphatically declined an invitation for some lunch. "I will drop around in a few days and show you samples of some soft, white rubber lobsters we are getting up especially for the country trade—make the best article of indestructible salad ever known," and he shouldered his box and walked off in the direction of Baldwin's Hotel.

Washington's Breakfast.

"Is Mrs. Miller at home?"

"She is; walk in."

The modest little room into which the visitor was ushered contained another occupant, an elderly lady, who was doing some washing, and whom the visitor took for no other than Mrs. Miller herself.

"Is this Mrs. Miller?" he asked.

"Oh, no," said the elderly lady. "She's up stairs."

"Not sick?" said the visitor.

"No, not what you would call sick. She's been ailin' a good bit the last few days. She's gettin' old now."

"Is it true that she is a hundred and five years old?"

Both ladies smiled. "No," said the stout lady presently, "that's a mistake. She's only a hundred and four."

"So old as that?"

"Oh, yes; there's no mistake about it. The record of her birth is in her Bible. She was born in 1777.

The visitor was invited up, and, entering a neat bed-room, saw an elderly lady sitting up in bed, with a white cap on and waiting an introduction.

In the course of the opening conversation the visitor remarked: "I've been told that you are a hundred and five years old. Is it so?"

"No," said the old lady, emphatically; "it isn't true; I'm only a hundred and four years old."

"And it's been said that you met George Washington?"

"I cooked Washington's breakfast for him once," said the old lady, unconcernedly, "and after that I put bread and butter in his satchel and he left our house and went off to fight and gained the day."

"This is true," said the other old lady, nodding; "she has told us that many a time."

"Yes," went on Mrs. Miller; "I never shall forget that time I got him his breakfast. I got him such a nice breakfast, pie, dried beef and things like that, and when he came to the table the poor old soul couldn't eat anything but bread and butter. He said it would make him sick. I never shall forget that time."

"Tell about the prayin' in the thorn bush as you've told us many a time," said one of the other women.

"Oh," said the old lady, "I'll never forget that either. We heard him prayin' first thing in the morning an' didn't know what it was. And old Daddy Hines, the man that I lived with, said he would go out and see what it was, and he went out and there he saw Washington kneeling down behind a thorn bush near the stable, and with his Bible open before him a-prayin.'"

"Daddy Hines waited till he was through prayin', then he invited him into the house. And when he went away from our house he gained the day."

"But tell what happened when he came into the house?"

"Why, when he came in," said the old lady, "Daddy Hines asked him, 'Why didn't you come in the house and stay all night?' he said. And Washington said: 'Oh, well, I was so tired I just went into the barn last night and I fell down on a pile of hay, and I haven't slept so good for months as I slept there.'"

"Then what did he do?" asked the first old lady.

"Then," said the former acquaintance of Washington, "he sat down to breakfast, but the poor old soul couldn't eat anything but bread and butter, for fear of it making him sick and keepin' him from gainin' the day.

After breakfast I packed his satchel. I got pies an' dried beef in it an' he made me take 'em out. He said: 'Oh, my dear child, I daren't eat anything like that; It would make me sick. I can only eat bread and butter. So I had to take them all out and put in bread and butter. I felt so sorry for the poor old soul that he couldn't eat anything else. After that he came in toward Philadelphia, where his soldiers were on a high hill.

"And did you ever see him after that?"

"No, but I attended his mock funeral at Pottstown when he died. It was a grand funeral."

"What hill was it where his men could shoot down so nice?" asked the first old lady.

"The hill," said the second old lady, "where he gained the day."

All further questioning failed to elicit the fact of the location of the hill, the old lady's invariable answer and her nearest clue to it being always the same—"the place where he gained the day." Upon further conversation it was also learned that she had two venerable pictures, one of Washington, and one of his wife, in the form of prints, which had been taken shortly after the revolutionary war. These pictures the old lady stated she had given to her physician, Dr. Evans, of Seventeenth and Pine streets, who had expressed some admiration for them.

"If you go to Dr. Evans, he'll show them to you," said the second old lady.

A visit was then made to Dr. Evans. On the walls of his office hung the identical prints with Washington in snowy cravat and powdered hair and his wife with high Elizabethan collar and a stately bodice—the old cracked frames showing that the pictures belonged to no present age.

The doctor's account of Mrs. Miller was that he had known her for five years and that within the last few months her memory had been falling. "There can be no doubt," said he, "but 104 years is her right age and that she has seen Washington. I have seen the record of her birth in her Bible. She was born in 1777. She has been married twice, both husbands and her first child being dead. But her second child is upwards of 70 years old. She was born in Essex township, Berks county."

The old lady's unusual age is evidently a matter of secondary importance to her. A few months ago, her physican relates, he called on her and found her complaining of not feeling well. Knowing that she was addicted to taking snuff the doctor jokingly remarked.

"See here old lady, the trouble with you is that you use too much snuff. You ought to break yourself of that habit, for it may cause your death one of these days."

"No, doctor," said the old lady; shaking her head, "it isn't the snuff. When I was a little girl they made me work hard on the farm, load on hay and grain in harvest time, and it's that that's breakin' me down at this age."

Dead Square

The boys were sitting around in Vic. Muller's saloon, Carson City, talking about hard times, and of course their conversation drifted into the stock market, and the reporter untied his ears and took notes.

'Don't talk to me about stocks,' said a little red-headed man. 'If a man was to give me a point in the d— strap game I'd hit him right in the nose. I've sworn off.'

'That's the business,' said another approvingly.

'Ever since I came to this country,' said the first speaker, 'I've been buckin' at the game right along, losin' all the while. Stock dealin' is the slickest combination ever cooked up to rake a man's pocket. Highway robbery's not a circumstance. If I was to go down into Sierra Nevada and see a cross-cut 200 feet long runnin' slap bang into a solid body of gold 999 fine, and when I come out if a man was to offer me a thousand shares for my old hat here, bust me wide open if I wouldn't belt him on the head with a brick and freeze to the hat. If I ever get taken in again it's my fault.'

The red-headed man walked off, leaving the crowd much impressed, and at the street corner he overheard a man say to another:

'She's a buy; you bet your boots she's a buy.'

'What's that?' said the bear, pricking up his ears.

'I was just sayin' that Sierra Nevada was a buy.'

'Really think so?'

'The boys are taking in all the stock they can get on Pine street.'

'You don't say so!'

'Fair's got the control of the tunnel!'

'. he devil!'

'Mackay's come back from Europe,'

'Holy Moses!'

'They've run a diamond drill into the two thousand, and she's richer'n hot mush. The true business rolled in sand. This is dead square—'

The red-headed man heard no more, but inside of fifteen minutes he was in a lawyer's office getting him to fix the papers for a mortgage on his house so that he could take a thousand shares on a margin before the next board.

Chocolate.

For those who wish to keep the imagination fresh and vigorous, chocolate is the beverage of beverages. However copiously you have lunched, a cup of chocolate immediately afterward will produce digestion three hours after, and prepare the way for a good dinner. It is recommended to every one who devotes to brain-work the hours he should pass in bed; to every wit who finds he has become suddenly dull, to all who finds the air damp, the time long, and the atmosphere insupportable; and, above all, to those who, tormented with a fixed idea, have lost their freedom of thought. To make chocolate (it must never be cut with a knife) an ounce and a half is requisite for a cup. Dissolve it gradually in hot water, stirring it the while with a wooden spoon; let it boil for a quarter of an hour, and serve it hot with milk or without, according to taste.