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Office in the rooms formerly occupied by the
late W. P. Wilson.

ALL THE WORLD.

All the world is full of children,
Laughing over little joys,
Sighing over little troubles,
Fingers bruised and broken toes,
Wishing to be older, larger,
Weeping at some fancied woe;
O, the happy, hapless children!
Still they come, and still they go.

All the world is full of lovers,
Walking slowly, whispering sweet,
Dreaming dreams, and building castles
That must crumble at their feet;
Breaking vows and burning letters,
Smiling lest the world shall know!
O, the fooling, trusting lovers!
Still they come, and still they go.

All the world is full of people,
Hurrying, rushing, pushing by,
Bearing burdens, carrying crosses,
Passing onward with a sigh;
Some there are with smiling faces,
But with heavy hearts below;
O, the sad-eyed burdened people!
Still they come, and still they go.

A WILD RIDE.

Before I begin my story I must tell
you that I am a commercial traveler,
born and bred, so to speak, to the busi-
ness.

I have my wits about me, and, as I
often happen to have a good many valu-
able articles also, I have need of them.
I am an Englishman—English to the
back bone—and live on roast beef, bot-
tled ale and old port wine. I am one
of the men who don't dream and don't
fancy.

When I see a thing I see it. When I
hear a thing I hear it. And what I saw
on one particular occasion I mean to
tell you.

You will not offend me if you doubt
it. Nevertheless, I shall, as I said, tell
the story.
It was in the year 18—, and the month
was May, and the place was England.
I had left London five days before, and
now I was miles and miles away from it,
in the very heart of the country, travel-
ing toward a little town where I had
business. It was an old-fashioned inn,
and the people were kind and obliging.
Travelers did not often stop at that
inn, I suspect, for they were as particu-
lar about my meals as though I had
been a prodigal son come home for the
holidays.

They killed the fatted chicken for me
and made much of me altogether; and to
crown all, as the train did not stop in
time to take me on, as I wanted to go,
and as it was only a matter of five miles
or so, what did the landlord do but hunt
up a rusty old coach that was tucked
away in the coach house, and ordered
his man to drive me over that evening.
It wasn't an extra, mind you. It was
sheer good will. So I shook hands all
around, and remembered the chamber-
maid and the waiter with half a crown
each, and off I rode. It was getting
dark fast, and the road wound away
among the hills in a very romantic sort
of a way; why, it made you think of
ghosts, if you were a commercial travel-
er.

"Here's the place," says I to myself,
"where the old gentlemen of the road
would like to have met me and my black
bag fifty years ago."

A hundred years ago, anyhow, I
would not have felt as safe as I do now.
Just then the coach came to a sudden
pause.

"Hallo," cried I out of the window;
"what's the matter?"

"It's more than I can tell, sir," said
the man. "Black Jane has turned
sulky; she won't move one step."

With that he began to shout and crack
his whip, I, with my head out of the
window, watching him, when suddenly
the beast started off like mad, and I
drew in my face and saw I had com-
pany.

While the coach was at a standstill a
lady and gentleman had slipped in.

They sat on the seat opposite me, and
though it was an intrusion I had not the
heart to find fault, for a prettier pair I
never saw in my life.

If he was twenty-one years, it was just
as much as he could be, and she was not
seventeen.

I have seen a pair of china lovers on
the mantle-piece the perfect image of
what they were, as pretty, and dressed
much the same.
His hair was powdered, and hers, too.
She had on a yellow silk, lower in the
neck than I would like a daughter of
mine to wear it, and her arms would
have been bare only for her long kid
gloves. She had pearls in her ears and
on her throat, and she had just the most
innocent face my two eyes ever rested
upon. As for the boy, he had a choco-
late velvet coat and white silk stockings,
and lace ruffles at his wrists. And they
had one two-fold cloak—his, I fancy—cast
about the two of them, though it drooped
back a bit as they sat down.

"Two young folks going to a fancy
ball, perhaps," said I. "and just took a
lift on the way."

And I touched my cap to them, and
says I: "Fine evening, sir."

He did not answer me, but she looked
at me and stretched out a little white
hand.

"Oh, sir," she said, "look out at the
back of the coach, I pray you, and tell
me if he is gaining on us."

I looked out of the window.

"There's a man on horseback riding
up the road, said I, for I saw one.

"Oh, heavens!" said she.

"Courage, Betty?" said the young
fellow. "They shall never part us."

Then I knew it was a runaway match.
"I see how it is," cried I. "Keep up
your heart young man. If the young
lady likes you, she'll stick to you through
thick and thin. I'll do my best to help
you."

"Oh, heaven!" she cried again. "Oh,
my darling, I hear the horses' feet.
There are more of them. Oh, sir, look;
tell me."

I looked and saw many armed horse-
men following swiftly.

"Closer to my heart, Betty," cried the
young man. "My beloved, they come."
He drew his sword.

Among other things he wore a sword.
I pulled my pistol from my pocket.
We all stretched our heads forward,
and at that moment the coach turned a
rocky point of the road, and I saw we
were on the margin of a precipice.

All the time Black Jane had kept up
her furious speed, and I saw we were
in danger.

"Have a care!" cried I.

"Faster!" cried the young man.
Suddenly there came a jolt and a
scream from the young lady. I heard
him say, "At last we die together."

And the coach lay flat on its side—
not over the precipice, but on the edge
of it.

A man is a little stunned by a thing
like that.

When I climbed out of the window
and helped old Anthony up with the
coach, and coaxed Black Jane to quiet-
ness, I remembered that no one else got
out of the vehicle, and I looked about
in vain for my pretty lovers. They
were not there, nor were there any signs
of the troop of horsemen I had seen
dashing up the hill. They could not
have passed us in the narrow path by
any possibility.

"We ran a chance for our lives, mas-
ter," said Anthony. "Yet I am called a
good driver, and Black Jane is the kind-
est thing I ever saw in harness. Thank
God for all His mercies. It's a strange
thing we did not go over the cliff."

"But where did they go?" I asked.

"Who?" said Anthony.

"The two lovers—the pretty creatures
in fancy dress. The people who were
after them—Where are they?"

"Where—" began Anthony. Then he
turned as pale as death. "All good
angels over us!" he cried. "We have
ridden with Lady Betty. It's the 10th
of May. I might have known better
than to try the road to-night. Protect
us all, yes, we're ridden with Lady
Betty."

"Who is Lady Betty?" said I. "As
pretty a creature as ever I saw, at all
events. Who is she?"

Old Anthony stood looking at me and
shaking his head.

"It's an old story," he said. "Book-
learned folks tell it better than I. But
a hundred years ago and more, on this
blessed night, my Lady Betty Hope,
the prettiest lady, ran off from a coun-
try ball with her father's young secre-
tary."

"They put one cloak over their heads,
and an old servant drove them, knowing
it was worth his life."

"But before they had gone far, be-
hind them came her kinsfolk, armed
and ready for vengeance. And when
they reached this point they saw that
all was over."

"Better die together than live apart,"
he said, holding her close. Then he
called out to the servant, "How goes it?"

"All is lost, sir," said the man. The
horses can't hold up five minutes long-
er."

"Then drive over," said he.

The man obeyed orders.

"But ever since that night, sir, as
sure as the 10th of May comes around
there's plenty here that will tell you
that whoever drives a coach past this
road after nightfall won't ride alone."

"There's nobody that remembered
the night would do it for a kingdom, but
I forgot. I'm getting old, and I forget
things while; and so we've ridden with
Lady Betty."

That's the story old Anthony told me,
and what went before is what I saw
and heard. I'm a solid, sensible man,
but facts are facts, and here you have
em.

I want to Smoke.

As the Pacific express train coming
east on the Central Road reached Ann
Arbor the other day there were many to
get off and on, and there was the usual
lurry and confusion. Among those get-
ting aboard was a little old woman about
60 years old, who secured the assistance
of the brakeman and drew herself up the
steps of the smoking car.

"This way, madam—this way," called
the official as she laid hand on the door
of the smoking car; but as she paid no
attention he continued:

"Hold on, madam—that's the smok-
ing car."

"Wall, don't you s'pose I've traveled
enough to know that?" she queried as
she whirled around. "I guess I know
where to go when I want to smoke!"

And she entered and sat down, filled
her old clay pipe, borrowed a light, and
was soon puffing away in the greatest
contentment.

"Well, Andrew, have you worked hard
at school to-day?" "Oh, yes, mamma; look
at my hands." And in fact the little fin-
gers were all black with ink. "How can
you get so lanky writing?" "Oh, it
wasn't writing; it was stuffing paper balls
into my inkstand."

Touched in Vanity.

A dark-eyed beauty, with a mouth like
a mule's ear and a nose like a sugar-cured
ham, a saddle-colored complexion, and
thick and thin. I'll do my best to help
you."

"Oh, heaven!" she cried again. "Oh,
my darling, I hear the horses' feet.
There are more of them. Oh, sir, look;
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Objects of Interest in India.

One of the principal objects of interest
in India to the stranger is the temple of
worship. You can enter and witness their
worship of the various idols with which
their temples are adorned, and to which
they are consecrated, by paying a trifle to
the usher. He will then take you to every
point of interest, and explain to you the
meaning of what otherwise would seem a
senseless devotion. He will show you also
the other temples and the weird legends con-
cerning them. Near one of the temples is
the old car of Juggernaut, upon which the
poor victims of long ago used to be broken,
and under whose ponderous wheels many
a wretched victim has been crushed to ap-
pease the anger of the gods.

Among the other points of interest is the
river Ganges, worshiped as sacred by the
natives, and called by them the goddess
Ganga. Pilgrimages are made to particular
places on its shores, ablations performed,
and incense frequently sacrificed. The river is
replete with interest from its source to its
mouth. Rising as it does among hills of
eternal snow in the Himalaya mountains,
and sweeping down a distance of 1500 miles
to the Bay of Bengal, where it forms the
most extensive delta in the whole world,
making and unmaking yearly thousands
of acres of ground. According to an an-
cient legend this delta was formed by the
god Siva, who, quelling the water through
his hair, let it run down through his fingers,
thus forming the innumerable streams that
divide the delta. This delta begins at a
distance of 200 miles from the sea, forming

a perfect wilderness of creeks and rivers,
and during the wet season is almost
entirely inundated. It is navigable from
Hurdwar, but above Cawnpore only for
river craft and passenger steamers, but
below Allahabad for large vessels. A large
amount of traffic is conducted on its waters.
The island of Elephanta derives its name
from the gigantic stone figure of an ele-
phant which formerly stood upon its
shores. It is situated in the harbor of
Bombay, seven miles from the city and
contains several very remarkable ancient
cave temples cut in the rock and adorned
with numerous sculptured figures of the
Hindoo mythology. The largest of these
cave temples is 133 feet long, and is sup-
ported by twenty-six pillars. The island
is six miles in circumference, and always
of interest to travelers.

Taurus in Traces.

The bull is both playful and pugna-
cious. When confined in a stable and
fed as usually fed, to look nice, both of
these characteristics are stimulated. A
bull plays hard; is rough in his manners.
This is well enough when bull meets bull,
but when the playful propensity is exercised
toward his keeper, as it often is, it is
dangerous. A toss of the head by way of
a gambol or exercise may kill a man, and
then again a bull who has been pampered
doesn't feel like stopping, and is very
liable to continue his gambols. A large
number of the injuries from bulls are due
to these bullish propensities, which are in-
creased by the treatment which they re-
ceive. Instead of being kept confined in
stables, like prisoners in cells, bulls should
be made to work. When young they
should be thoroughly broken and kept in
subjection, and be taught to mind at the
dangerous. They are capable of performing
hard work, which would not in the least
injure them, but would make them better
sires than when kept in an unnatural con-
finement. A bull and an ox may be worked
together, or two bulls, or a bull may be
worked singly. I have known them to be
used in all these forms, and a single bull,
with a collar made to fit his neck and a
bit in his mouth, with reins attached, to
do as much hauling, attached to a boat or
cart, as a pair of horses. Thousands of
dollars are wasted annually in the shape of
useless bull fat and muscle. Bulls are
usually kept too fat, especially thorough-
bred ones, which stimulates them to be
restive and ugly, or at least not so easily
managed. With a ring in a bull's nose,
and broken to lead, it is a very easy mat-
ter to bring him to work in the yoke. I
have known a pair to be hitched up and
taken to the field at once, led by the nose,
put to work drawing stumps without any
trouble whatever. They will soon learn to
follow the driver without any leading, and
thus really become a serviceable team.

Bulls thus handled, with plenty of work,
will rarely do any injury to persons. A
bull will live on coarse fare, and on this ac-
count makes a cheap worker. He can be
made to do more than earn his keep, be-
sides being less dangerous. His stock will
be better, and he will be a surer getter.
For rough and tough places a bull team
is just the thing, as there is no danger of their
being injured, and they will save the risks
to the horses. Less grain will be required for
the horses if the bull is made to do a part
of the heavy work. Exposure to storms
won't hurt him, which often brings sick-
ness to horses. Better slaves than pets.

Our Horses in England.

What is the moral to be gleaned from
this unusual excellence of Foxhall, asks
an English paper? We must not forget
that, although the Americans began im-
porting English thorough-breds as far
back as the commencement of last cen-
tury, they did not seriously address
themselves to the task of raising blood
stock until after the great civil war,
which ended in April, 1865. That with-
in 15 years they should have been able
to produce a Foxhall speaks volumes
for the soil, water, and climate of Ken-
tucky; and during the next 20, 30, or
50 years we expect that many as fine,
or perhaps even finer, horses will be
raised in their Western hemisphere. But
it is probably due to English air, food,
training, and riding that Foxhall is
now what we saw him to be. Recently
it is not disputed that the blood
of our English brood mares is purer
than that of their American sisters,
whose pedigrees in many cases "end,"
as the phrase runs, "in the woods."
But, as a climate in which thorough-
bred foals may be dropped to advantage,
we do not believe that anything more
favorable can be found upon earth than
the United States to the south of Mason
and Dixon's line. When Richard Brinsley
Sheridan was buried in Westminster
Abbey with splendid pomp and cere-
mony, although balaiffs struggled to
tear the last blanket off his body while
the breath was still in it, a witty French
man remarked that "France was the
place for a man of letters to live, and
England for him to die in." Foxhall,
in the same manner, has been fortunate
in the place of his birth, and in that of
his training. The Kentucky grass is the
most nutritious in the world, but the
English and Scotch oat far transcends
the oat of the United States. In the
management, training, and riding of
thorough-breds our horse-loving cousins
are still in their infancy, and Mr. Keene
may well thank his stars that he sent
Foxhall to England to be trained. The
Grand Prix, the Grand Duke Michael
Stakes, and the Cesarewitch have set
the Kentucky-bred colt upon the very
highest pinnacle of equine glory; and it
is a singular fact that, while Blue Gown,
the best horse of this day, was in course
of transportation across the Atlantic,
at the bottom of which he now lies,
Mr. J. B. Keene was at the same mo-
ment in possession of an American colt
who within a year was destined to show
himself equal, if not superior, to Sir
Joseph Hawley's sturdy little Derby
winner.

Go no Further.

There are no flies or mosquitoes at the
White Sulphur Springs, Virginia, but there
are plenty of snakes in the outlying
neighborhood. The mountains are filled
with copper-heads, rattlesnakes and adders.
There are no desirable walks and drives
about there. The majority of visitors keep
within the 800 acres known as the White
Sulphur reservation. The other day a
mountaineer brought in two huge rattles-
nakes. He had them in a wooden box
with a glass top. They rolled, hissed and
struck at visitors who bent over the box,
greatly to the terror of the children who
crowded about the owner of the snakes.
One colored man expressed great fear that
the snakes would get out and bite some
one. "That would be all day with them,
I guess," said he. "Oh no!" said the mountaineer, "a rattlesnake bite doesn't amount to nothin'."

"It don't?" said a visitor.

"No," said the mountaineer; there is
not a man up in our parts but what has
been bit by rattlers a good many times. It
is easy enough to cure the bite."

"How?"

"Some put on turpentine. That draws
the pizen out. Jest put the mouth of a
bottle filled with turpentine on the wound
and the pizen will drop out and make tur-
pentine green. Some, however, kill the
snake and bind a piece on the bite. That
draws the pizen out. There is a man up
our way, however, who never does nothin'
when a rattler bites him. He has been
bitten three times. The bites kind a
swell up, but after a time the swellin' went
away again."

"Did he say he did nothing to cure the
bites?"

"Yes."

"He must have lied."

"He is a preacher, and—"

"Enough—you need not go no fur-
ther."

The mountaineer says that the worst
snake in the mountains is the copper-
head. It gives no warning, is often in-
clined to be aggressive, and strikes quickly
and surely. Its bite is much more deadly
than that of the rattlesnake. There is a
den of snakes at Cool Knob, a station
some thirty miles from here, where there
are thousands of snakes in a great cavern
that no native has ever been bold enough
to approach, to say nothing of exploring.

Anybody Sick.

Recently Mr. Sarsaper told his wife one
morning that he had got about tired of
buttering his bread with a spoon, and that
day he sent home a refrigerator. It was
a beauty and he felt proud of it. So much
that he had a good deal to say about it at
the store.

"I suppose you have to put ice in it,
don't you?" inquired one of the clerks.

"Certainly," said Mr. Sarsaper; "but
then it takes very little. It's an improve-
ment on all others ever made. Full of
little boxes and places for all sorts of
things. Keeps everything separate—meat,
vegetables, milk and so on—without any
mixing up. It makes hot weather so much
more comfortable. Bob, to pull up to the
table, and find every nice, cool and crisp,
instead of limp, sour and slushy. We
wouldn't be without it again for any
money. I wish you would run in and look
at it Bob, the first time you're going by.
It's a curiosity, and I know you'll get one
as soon as you see it. Don't bother about
ceremony—run in at any time."

About two o'clock one morning Mr.
Sarsaper was awakened out of his stum-
ber, that always keeps company with an
easy conscience by his wife poking him in
the ribs, and calling on him to hustle out
and see what the matter was. The door-
bell was jingling like all possessed.

Mr. Sarsaper crawled out of bed, and,
after banging his nose on the door-post
until the blood started, giving himself a
black eye against the corner of the man-
tel, and falling