

BOTH SIDES THE LINE.

BY CORA STUART WHEELER.
The sound of drums, and a fife's shrill cry,
Fled in with the breath of the soft May breeze;
Watching the bright groups hurrying by,
In the sunlight, breaking through branching trees.
These college maidens march two by two,—
I can catch the gleam of their garments light—
While above them droops the red and blue
Of the half-mast flag, with its colors bright.
This to the young is a festive day,
Just shadowed, perhaps, by a minor strain
In the gathering tears that will have way,
From some black-robed woman's bitterest pain.
Why should I go with the crowds, who fling
Over the sleepers their drowsing wing?
For how could I make a public thing
Of the cry which each hour my soul repeats?
How could I weep for the boys in blue,
While shedding no tear for the boys in gray?
I—who have fought every battle through,
With my heart watching both sides all the way!
For Philip was here, my husband true,
And my brother, Ned, was across the line;
It seemed that my heart was torn in two,
Since they both were precious and both were mine.

BEN'S ONLY SISTER.

"Ben! most six o'clock."
"Yes."
"Breakfast's all ready."
"I'm coming as quick as I can."
The door at the foot of the stairs closed with a light bang, and Ben discontentedly stretched himself.
"I'm sick of the old mill. Droning and droning there day after day, never seeing anything, and getting such miserable pay."
Ben forgot to think, as he slowly dressed himself, that no very long time had elapsed since he had thought himself a very lucky fellow in getting a situation at the mill, with a prospect of better wages if he proved himself faithful and capable.
"Hurry, now, you've no time to lose," said Susan, following him to the gate after he had finished his breakfast.
"Work begins pretty prompt, doesn't it?"
"Prompt? Yes, I guess it does, and keeps up pretty prompt all day. Work, work, work, all the time. Jim Slade says a smart fellow can get twice as much pay for half as much work in the city, and have a chance of seeing something a little lively, too."
"But you wouldn't think of going anywhere to leave mother and me, Ben?"
"Perhaps I would for a while. Sue, I could make lots of money for you. And then you and mother'd come to where I was. Wouldn't that be fine? But I must go now."
Susan stood for a few moments at the gate with a heavy misgiving at her heart. Ben had seemed unsettled ever since Jim Slade had come home from the city, taking less interest in his work, and appearing less anxious than formerly, to do his best. She did not know that Jim's reason for coming home to take a little rest just now, as he had given out, had been a disarrangement from his situation under circumstances which he was anxious to keep hidden from his country friends; and that his strong interest in her brother Ben arose from the fact of his guessing that he had a little money laid by, and feeling desirous of sharing it with him through coaxing him to return to the city with him. But Susan had an instinctive distrust of Jim, and had not liked to see his growing intimacy with Ben.
She looked anxiously after her brother as he took his way along the pretty mountain road. "I'd like to work in that mill myself—such a nice one," she said, half laughing at the idea. She had a boyish taste for strong large things, and had been greatly interested in improvements which Mr. Graves had made in his saw-mill, new machinery and conveniences which were novelties to the country folk.
At dinner-time Ben seemed restless and uneasy, avoiding her eye, she fancied, and talking in quick, excited tones about matters of no importance to their mother, who was an invalid, and had drifted into a way of leaving everything to Susan's capable ordering and performing.
"I'm in a dreadful hurry," said Ben, at length, springing from his chair. "Good-bye, mother." He kissed her, and then with an awkward laugh and heightened color hurried out of the house.
"You've forgot your handkerchief," said Susan, making a pretext of it again to follow him as he was hastening away.
"You're ever so good to me, Sue," he said, making a snatch at it as she held it out to him. "You've always been good to me, and I'm going to be good to you—you'll see."
He was off without a look at her, and Susan went back to the house feeling more and more perplexed and uneasy. As she resumed her work a terrible suggestion flashed upon her mind. Could Ben be intending to leave home without letting her and his mother know? It would be unlike him to do anything which he must realize would be such a sorrow to them, but she knew that Jim's influence over him had been growing stronger and stronger, and he had succeeded in filling the mind of the foolish country boy with the idea that he could do far better for himself and for those who were partly dependent upon him, by leaving the home which had until lately been perfectly satisfactory to him.
To do the boy justice, his strongest feeling in the matter was the desire to be helpful to the others.
"I'll fix things so poor little Susy

won't have to work so hard any more," he said to himself, a mist rising to his eyes, as, reaching an opening in the woods, he turned for a glance back.
She was carrying out a basket of clothes to hang in the sunshine, and he knew they were for Summer boarders at a farm-house near by. He gazed at her with very loyal desire to stand between her and hard work.
The weight at Susan's heart grew heavier as the afternoon wore on. The clothes were dried and brought in, looking like woven snow, the little house in order, and then Susan took her sun-bonnet and went out saying to her mother: "I'll walk towards the mill and meet Ben."
He was not on the road. She had scarcely expected it, for she was a little in advance of the usual time for leaving work. She caught sight of Mr. Graves, the mill owner, overlooking the construction of some improvements in the boom, as she drew nearer could see that most of the force of workmen were engaged there. Ben would not be there, for his duties lay in the lighter work under Mr. Graves' direction or in the office.
"Ben?" she said, looking into the office.
"He's not here," said a workman, calling out good-naturedly to her from where he was setting some machinery in order. "But I guess you won't be long finding him for I see him come out o' there not five minutes ago."
"Thank you, said Susan. "I believe," she added to herself, feeling more tired than she had before realized. "I'll sit down here and rest a minute and watch for Ben. He can't be far off."
Another man passed the door and, seeing her stopped.
"Here," he said, giving her a piece of folded paper. "Ben gave me this and made me promise I'd go round and give it to you to-night. But I guess I'll do just as well now."
In surprise and dismay she opened the paper; then sat for a few moments in a maze of despair.
"Dear Susy," it read, "I'm going away for a little while to make a strike for something better; and saying good-bye is such hard work that I don't want to. You'll hear from me soon, and then you'll say I did best to go though I'm afraid you won't think so now. Wait till you see what I'm going to do for you and you will know how I love you, so good-bye, dear Susy."
How long Ben's sister sat half stupefied from the terrible blow she never could tell. The sounds about the mill lessened and all hands gathered for an effort of strength at the boom. It could not, however, have been many minutes before her eye, always quick to observe surrounding objects, took in, at first vaguely, a thread of smoke which slowly curled up in a corner of the office. Very thin it was, but growing thicker with every moment.
"Where there is smoke there must be fire," said Susy, going toward it. "What can it be? How would the fire get here?"
No one ever knew that less than a quarter of an hour before a match had been flung by the careless hands of Jim Slade as he stood at the office door and lighted his pipe, while he waited for Ben to join him. It had fallen upon a morsel of sawdust in which it had smoldered, appearing at first to take but little hold.
But sometimes seems as though influences for mischief are carefully fostered by the hand which works mischief alone, for the glowing spark reached from one to another grain of sawdust, growing stronger with every moment. The office was only a corner of the mill railed off by a high balustrade of light pine. Everything was in an unfinished state, and it chanced that a waste basket of loose papers and a pile of dry shavings lay close to the hidden fire.
Into these it leaped just as Susan approached, and the dread flame flew up before her. With every sense called into active play by the sudden emergency, the young girl sprang toward a hose connected with a force-pump fed by a stream from high up the mountain side. Ben had shown it to her before Jim Slade came, dashing the water about and wetting her from head to foot, in displaying its convenience for putting out fire, if fire should come.
The hose was only a few steps from her, and as she caught it in her hand she fully expected to put out the first without difficulty, but at the same moment it burst into a fierce flame, blazing far above her head. With loud cries for help she ran out of the office, still, with great presence of mind, holding on to the hose.
Those who know anything about sawmills will readily understand the danger now imminent. The greater part of the building was old, and every beam and ledge covered with the fine dust, the combustible nature of which forms a constant source of anxiety to mill men. The needless precaution had been taken, but the hand which had been trusted to apply them had failed in the duty of the moment. Just beyond reach of the flames Susan turned. She had the hose, but the out of the pump was upturned.
How could it be turned when the fire was playing around it? But how else could the mill be saved? She threw her light shawl about her head, rushed back and turned the cut-off. But a breath of the flame had seized her throat and as she reached the fresh air she sank down helpless and insensible.
Her work, however, was done. Stronger hands than hers seized the hose; a bucket-brigade was instantly formed, and before Susan had opened her eyes under the ministrations of rough, kindly hands, the fire was out.
Ben and his friend had walked to the mountain above the mill, taking a short cut over to the town in which they expected to take the cars for the city. At a bend in the road Ben paused, and looked down at the mill.
"Come on, said Jim.
"Wait a minute," said Ben. I ain't in any hurry. Maybe it'll be a

long time before I see it again."
He sat moodily down, shaking off Jim's hand as he would have urged him forward.
"You ain't going to weaken down, are you?" Asked Jim, with a half sneer.
"No, I ain't," said Ben impatiently. "But I wish I knew how Susy'll feel about my going; and I feel rather sneaky about stealing off when Mr. Graves left me in charge of the office."
"Nonsense. Come on," repeated Jim.
"What's that noise?" said Ben, springing to his feet. Sharply upon the clear air came the cry:
"Fire! Fire!"
"What's that!" he exclaimed, listening intently.
"Oh, come along," said Jim, "you've left things here behind and what do you care what the ladies say?"
But Ben still listened, his quick ear tracing the sounds of increasing confusion to the mill.
"It is there!" Forgetting all else than that his mill was burning he dashed down the rough surface of the hill, picking his way among the rocks, ravines, logs, and bushes. Jim looked after him with a face of anger and contempt, succeeded by an ugly smile.
"It's just as well for me," he said, taking from his pocket a wallet which he examined with great satisfaction. "I shall only have to get a little farther away and never come back."
"O Ben!"
His face was the first to greet Susan as she opened her eyes and tried to draw a free breath. "Where have you been?" she asked.
"No matter where I was, I'm here now, and—I'm going to stay, too." He had guessed that she came seeking him, also that the fire had in some way originated through his failure to be at his post. And in the confusion he had gathered that she had put it out at the peril of her life.
It was a long time before Ben found courage to tell Susan that Jim Slade had gone on with his savings of two years' work which he had foolishly entrusted to him. And in her glad realization that Ben had come to his senses and concluded that he was well off at home she felt that the money was well lost in showing him the real character of his false friend. But she was too wise a little body to say so.
She went with Ben when he made an honest confession to Mr. Graves of the fault which had led to the disaster, concluding with: "If I suppose you won't need me any longer, sir."
"I think I shall," said Mr. Graves. "A boy who has the good sense to see his mistake and the frankness to own it is worth more than he was before. And a boy with a sister like yours ought to be worth three or four common boys."
"He's right there, if ever a man was," said Ben, as they walked home together.

Little Gold Dollars.

Why the Pretty Coins Don't Circulate, But Are Saved Up for Ornaments.

"Almost all our gold dollars are being used for the purposes of adornment, and its fate as a medium of exchange has long been doomed," said an official of the Philadelphia mint. "We are coining about 5,000 per year for monetary circulation, and this small amount is meant by the Treasury Department to be merely for the purpose of keeping in enough on hand to make change in paying depositors of gold bullion. If it were not for this, probably the coinage of gold dollars would be suspended."
Nearly all the gold dollars in existence have been turned into articles of jewelry or are in private desks or purses to be kept for keepsakes. This disuse of the gold dollar as a medium of exchange has been caused by its small size, being so diminutive that the possessor is continually alarmed lest it might drop through the seams of the pocket. On March 3, 1849, the United States Mint was authorized by law to coin \$1 gold pieces. The weight fixed for the coin was 25.8 grains, and the degree of fineness 900. Immediately upon the coins introduction to the people it received a cold shoulder because of its inconvenient size.
The Treasury authorities, says the Philadelphia Record, endeavored to obviate this unpopularity of the coin in 1885, when it was ordered to be made thinner, and consequently greater in diameter. But this enlargement of the surface of the gold dollar did not suffice to clear away the popular opinion that the coin was too small. After the coinage of gold was virtually stopped then came a popular rage of gold dollar bangles. The young man in society was obliged in order to keep on good terms with the fair sex, to give them coins to jingle from their bracelet.
Silver dimes had first caught the popular eye, but in a very short time silver-bangled bracelets were thought common, and gave place to gold ones.
The beauty and delicateness of the almost ostracized gold dollar were admirably suited to the tapering feminine wrist, and it became as it is now the favorite bangle. When the young man bought a gold dollar at the bank and took it to his jeweler he filed and engraved the initials of the young man's fair Dulcinea. Very often the Goddess of Liberty upon the obverse side of the dollar was replaced by a sentiment and the date on which the bangle was given.
Within the past few years the gold dollar has been branching out in additional directions. They are being given to old couples celebrating the golden anniversary of their marriage, and sent to Americans living in foreign lands, who want them for keepsakes. There has consequently been an enormous demand for the coin, which, on account of the small number coined yearly, cannot be met. Bankers, with an eye for a good thing, have brok-

ers in large cities who gather up all the gold dollars that can be found.
"If we coined 1,000,000 gold dollars yearly," said an official in the Philadelphia mint yesterday, "the demand would not be satisfied. A few days ago we received a letter from a man living in Cincinnati who wanted 100 gold dollars. We answered that we could not grant his request. He then wrote to the Secretary of the Treasury at Washington, and this letter was referred to the Director of the mint, James P. Kimball, who wrote to the gentleman at Cincinnati that he could not be accommodated. Director Kimball has officially notified us by letter that the small coinage of gold dollars should be distributed from the mint here with care, not to allow them to pass into the hands of manufacturers for mutilation incidental to conversion into articles of adornment."
We are however, allowed to sell as many proof gold dollars as we please. Each one costs \$1.25. They are struck from polished dies on a hand press, and present a glossy appearance. We sell a great many of these proof gold dollars yearly, but the people do not want to pay \$1.25 for a \$1 gold piece when they can get it for even money.

An Era of Fruit Growing.

The farmers of Chester county seem to have been moving forward this spring in a manner that does credit to their intelligence. They appear to have broken away from the customary methods of past years and sought in more diversified industries a partial relief from the era of depression which is upon them as well as upon the tillers of the soil everywhere throughout the land. They have gone into fruit growing more earnestly than ever before and will try to unite this branch of agricultural industry. Some men have set out as many as a thousand trees, pear, peach and quince. In two townships alone over 11,000 trees were set out, and it is hoped that in the entire county the number will reach nearly 100,000. The soil of Chester county is said to be unusually well adapted to fruit culture and no doubt these enterprising pomologists will find an abundant reward in their new departure. The returns from fruit growing are likely to be more remunerative than those from wheat and corn. The whole country grows the latter, and, as a consequence, competition and overproduction have, in recent years, reduced prices below the cost of production here in the East. It is true, there has been at times glut in the fruit market, but there are of short duration, and even when they do occur there are easy means of preserving the surplus in an enduring way so that it can be marketed to even better advantage than in its natural condition. In this condition it is marketable the whole year through.
But not in Chester county alone has there been a decided tendency among farmers in the direction of fruit growing on a more extended scale. Over in Schuylkill county the same thing has been done. During the past few years 250,000 fruit-bearing trees has been planted there. Something of same kind has been done here in Lancaster county. Young peach orchards of from 500 to 1,000 trees are no longer unknown, and everybody knows that vast numbers of fruit trees of many kinds are annually set out. Of course, this is not forestry in the true sense of the term, but it is work along kindred lines and in a measure leads towards the desired results. The fields are more or less covered. Rapid evaporation is checked, erosion is in some measure prevented and a good result is had. Where profit goes to hand in hand with utility, as it does in this instance, there is abundant room to hope that we have reached the beginning of a better era.—Lancaster New Era.

Speech for the Deaf.

It is, perhaps, not generally known by parents of deaf children throughout Pennsylvania, that a boarding school has been recently established in Scranton, Pa., to train the deaf, blind and dumb, to be mentally through lip-reading, where all classes of deaf children, residing in Pennsylvania are admitted free. Oral teaching for the deaf, the system which in all countries but this is gradually supplanting all others, has its most complete application in this State at the Pennsylvania Oral School for the Deaf at Scranton. It is encouraging to know that the exhibit of this school at the Paris Exhibition of 1889 received a silver medal. This recognition is of the more consequence, as France, the country in which the sign language originated, has abolished its teachings and conducts the entire training of the deaf on the oral system.
Correspondence with parents and friends of deaf children is solicited. Address Miss Emma Garret, Principal Pennsylvania Oral School for the Deaf, Scranton, Pa.

Killed a Monster West India Lizard

Two Mexican fishermen killed an ugly and vicious animal of the lizard species on Padre Island, near Corpus Christi, Texas, but not until a hard battle had been fought. It measured four feet long and thirteen inches in circumference, with claws equal to a tiger's. It contained twenty-four eggs. This monster is a native of the West India Islands and the first ever seen there.
During the combat the animals several times changed its color from green to brown and vice versa, a peculiarity of its tribe. Many theories are advanced as to how it reached the island. The most plausible is that it came in one of the huge mahogany logs from foreign lands that are frequently washed ashore.—Kansas City Journal.

To BOIL SPINACH.—Spinach is called by the French people the broom of the stomach, because it keeps that department of the interior in such fine order. Spinach will cook in ten minutes, and it will not taste like the sodden mass divested of all life that is usually served under that name. The water should be at the boiling point, and there should be a little salt in it, then put the conscientiously washed spinach into it; it will not lose its bulk, and will retain its flavor wonderfully.

The Swifter Will be the Vengeance.

From the New York Commercial Bulletin.
To those of our readers who may be wondering why our columns are not overflowing with protests against the McKinley bill, the contemplated doubling of silver issues, the iniquitous pension proposals and other gross abuses of legislative power, we can only say that protests and arguments are but so much waste paper with the reckless majority who now control congressional legislation. They have deliberately agreed to subordinate the public interests to expedient for carrying the coming elections and having made up their minds that money can buy them impunity from the consequences of the daring bargain, they turn a deaf ear to all counsel. The people, not as partisans but as citizens, not of one shade of party opinion but of all shades are amazed at their audacity, and with broad unanimity conclude that with legislators thus defiant of public opinion there is but one course—to reserve the expression of their will until their turn comes to speak at the polls. Of course, this reticence does not prevent the enactment of mischievous laws which must remain in force some years before they can be remedied; nor could any other course avert that misfortune; but it will have the result of causing the ultimate explosion of bottled wrath to be the more effective. The more the public judgment is outraged, and the more patiently such outrage is borne, the swifter will be the vengeance when its hour comes. We conceive this to be the largely preponderant sentiment of at least the business portion of the community.

A Cruel School Law.

Illinois is Not the Only State in Which It Is in Force.

Dr. David Booth, of Sparta, Ill., recently called attention in the Journal of the American Medical Association to a rule common in our schools that all children going out during school hours are kept in during one-third of the corresponding play hours. While it is true that children are likely to make the necessities of nature an excuse for getting a few minutes' holiday during school hours, this rule is both cruel and injurious in practice. Children dislike being kept from play, and in schools where this rule is in force they overcome so far as possible the temporary desire to obey the calls of nature. With older children this may be so injurious, and tends to train them to regular habits. But there can be no doubt that the rule involves the torture of very many obedient and studious pupils, and the more they obey the rule the more they must damage their health. Dr. Booth describes two cases of illness due to this barbaric rule, and a St. Louis paper has recently described a case of a boy of 6 years dying of brain fever brought on by irritation consequent upon enforcement of this silly law. The teacher's repeated refusals to let the child leave the room during school hours so preyed upon the little sufferer's mind that he made appeals during his delirium to be allowed to go out.
It is almost beyond belief that such a rule exists in a civilized country; but it is a fact.—Chicago Herald.

Horror Piled on Horror.

A Cyclone and a Conflagration Sweep Away a Russian Town.
ST. PETERSBURG, May 27.—Horrible scenes are reported as having occurred during the burning of Tomsk, the capital of Western Siberia. The place was visited simultaneously by a conflagration and a cyclone, the result of the combined disasters being the destruction of three quarters of the buildings, which were of wood, and the loss of hundreds of lives. The cathedral, situated in the high town, is in ashes. The walls of the office in falling crushed an adjacent hospital, burying the inmates, who were subsequently roasted alive. The garrison bravely refused to render the least assistance to saving lives and property on the plea that they had enough to do to protect the barracks and other government buildings. They also added that had no time to assist "worthless exiles." In strong contrast to this action of the troops was that of the worthy bishop and his assistant priests. Marching through the burning city at the head of a procession, with banners and other sacred emblems, he stopped at frequent intervals to give absolution to the dying and to bless the dead. And never was the consolation carried by these sacred rites more greatly needed than by the panic-stricken mob of sufferers, who huddled together in the streets, and finally believing that the end of the world had come abandoned themselves to utter despair. Much of the suffering, however, might have been averted had there been the slightest attempt to organize relief.
As if fire and water were not capable of inflicting misery enough on the unfortunate outcasts, the storm was followed by a sudden fall in the temperature, and soon the devastated city was buried beneath a mantle of snow that added stinging wounds to the suffering thousands of shelterless men, women and children.

Wallace in No Combination.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., May 27.—The Leader this evening contains the following: Some time ago The Leader took up the charge—emanating originally, it is believed, from Erie—that Mr. Wallace was the gubernatorial fight simply as the head of an anti-Cleveland conspiracy, and declared its utter disbelief in the truth of the allegation.
In a letter to a friend in this city, and dated at Clearfield, May 10, the ex-Senator says: "This much I can assure you of, and you may make it public in any way you see fit, and that is the simple fact that I have made no combination of any kind or character presidentially against Mr. Cleveland." The Leader says next to Ricketts Wallace would be the strongest candidate.

ENGLISH RHUINHART TART.—Prepare the fruit as for using when stewed, fill a pudding dish with the prepared fruit, cover with family pie-crust or puff-paste, and bake, serve with sugar and cream.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

—Michigan is free from debt.
—A character of great breath—Falstaff's.
—In Buenos Ayres it costs \$5.50 to see the circus.
—Dom Pedro is writing for the scientific magazines.
—Cradle and coffin are the bounds that inclose the world.
—Great finds of carbonates and galena are reported near Barker, Mont.
—Lord Tennyson is now giving more attention to the gout than to poetry.
—Queen Christine, of Spain, is thirty-five, very pretty and very popular.
—The American girl and her money are soon parted when she buys a foreign title.
—Mrs. John Drew is 69 years of age and has been on the stage sixty-three years.
—The eight-hour day has been the rule in Australia for more than thirty years.
—A Connecticut newshy is cutting his third set of teeth. He is eighty-three.
—Ouida and Patti have earned more money than any other two women of the century.
—A cross-eye or squint of the right eye debars a man from admission to the regular army.
—A fine statue was unveiled the other day at Colona, of Marshall, the discoverer of gold in California.
—John D. Rockefeller, the Standard Oil King, was a newspaper reporter a quarter of a century ago.
—The Pope is a frugal man. He is said to spend less than \$1,000 annually on his own personal comfort.
—A "sunshine-room" is one of the chief attractions of the new wing of the Children's Hospital in Boston.
—The great Forth-bridge is to be painted, and they find that there are twenty acres of it to be covered with the brush.
—A park of thirty acres has been secured at Manchester, N. H., to contain a monumental statue of General Stark.
—May began more quietly than the people expected. The labor disturbances did not disturb to any great extent.
—One of the signs of the permanency of republicanism in Brazil is that the government invites the free criticism of the press.
—Queen Victoria now copyrights all official Government publications and gives notice she will maintain her rights thereon.
—New York barbers are removing the clocks from their shops because customers get nervous by watching them while being shaved.
—Life is not worth living in England. A youth named Robert Heald has just been sentenced to six weeks' hard labor for kissing a girl.
—The real inventor of the powder used for the Lebel rifles is not the colonel of that name, but M. Vielle, a young French engineer.
—Patti draws the line somewhere, even when a money consideration is in view. She recently refused to write an essay on the voice for \$1,000.
—Mrs. Catherine Sharp, of Philadelphia, when a little girl sold milk to General Washington and his staff from her father's farm. She is now 112 years old.
—The physician-in-ordinary to a distinguished statesman in China is a woman who goes under the name of Dr. King. She has an extensive practice in Shanghai.
—Mary Queen of Scots' marriage contract with Francis II, of France is to be sold by auction shortly in London. It is a quaint old manuscript of nine folio leaves.
—The custom of playing out theatre audiences to the music of "The Star-Spangled Banner" was inaugurated in several New York City play-houses the other evening.
—The German Government proposes to put the army on a peace-footing by adding 5,000 men to the infantry, 6,000 to the artillery and fifty-four batteries of improved cannon to the field artillery.
—The loyal citizens of Cologne have provided a magnificent cup of gold and enamel, which is to be exclusively used by the Emperor of Germany in drinking toasts when he pays a state visit to the city.
—A large oak tree in the cemetery at Salem, Va., was split by lightning last week, exposing a silver teapot which contained the skull of a child. The date on the teapot was 1828. Its history is a mystery.
—The Emperor of Germany is said, on excellent Berlin authority, to meditate a visit to France with the view of a formal reconciliation, so far as Emperor and President could reconcile, between the two countries.
—A man recently hanged in a Southern State was born on Friday, was married on Friday, presented with twins on Friday, committed his crime on Friday and was hanged on Friday. And his name wasn't Friday.
—The youngest State executive in the country is acting Governor Taggart of New Hampshire, who is officiating during the serious illness of Governor Goodell. He is only thirty three years of age.
—The wills of two big Philadelphia millionaires were probated the other day. The man worth \$2,000,000 gives more than half to public institutions, and the one worth \$4,500,000 gives but \$100,000 to charitable institutions.
—Nine out of ten men are too lazy to breathe properly. About eighty or ninety cubic inches of air always remain in a man's lungs, and about the same amount of sluggishly changing air remains after ordinary expiration.