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After the Storm.

All night, in the pauses of sleep, I heard
The moan of the snow-wind and the sea,
Like the wail of thy sorrowing children, O God
Who cry unto thee.

But in beauty and silence the morning broke
O'erflowing creation the glad light streamed;
And earth stood shining and white as the sou
Of the blessed redeemed.

Oh, glorious marvel in darkness wrought!
With smiles of promise the blue sky bent,
As if to whisper to all who mourn
Love's hidden intent.

Three Shadows.

I looked and saw your eyes
In the shadow of your hair,
As a traveler sees the stream
In the shadow of the wood;
And I said: "My faint heart sighs,
Ah, me! to linger there,
To drink deep and to dream
In that sweet solitude."

I looked and saw your heart
In the shadow of your eyes,
As a seeker seeks the gold
In the shadow of the stream;
And I said: "Ah, me! what art
Should win the immortal prize,
Whose want must make life cold
And heaven a hollow dream?"

I looked and saw your love
In the shadow of your heart,
As a diver sees the pearl
In the shadow of the sea;
And I murmured, not above
My breath, but all apart—
"Ah! you can love, true girl,
And is your love for me?"

—*Rossetti.*

AN EAST BLOW.

The summer hotel among the mountains was almost deserted. Half a dozen of the late-staying guests were gathered in the little parlor for their last evening. A high September wind turned their thoughts to the desolateness of the winter months in the White Hills. Maud Wellington, always a leader in talk and action, called to the landlord:

"Come here, please, Mr. Little; tell us how you ever live here through the winter?"

"Wa'al, you jest come up here and try one of our east blows! I tell you, you don't know anything about the maountings. You only come up here when it's warm and nice, and Mr. George he drives his team around, what d'ye call it?"

"Tandem!" suggested George.

"Yes, tantrum; and he takes you girls to drive, and it's all very pretty. Jest let him be here in the winter, and he'd drive tantrum, sure enough."

"Wouldn't it be fun?" asked Maud. "Would you really take us in if we came up next winter?"

"I guess most likely I could. You'd have to kinder put up with things, though. I'd be real glad to see you, naow; the winters is awful lonely!"

"I am in earnest, and I will come if the rest will. I think it would be jolly," said Maud.

"Yes, quite too awfully ghastly jolly," murmured her brother George, whose slang was overwhelming.

The others all promised they would join her if she formed a party, and the next morning they separated and forgot all about the plan and the promise, as people do.

It was late in December. The holidays were approaching. Maud Wellington was restless and dissatisfied. The season had been very disappointing. Everybody was dull and stupid; Germans were tiresome, dinners more so, and she was tired of Boston and every one in it. And all this was because a certain Thomas Sedgwick Thornton had not appeared in the city as she had expected. It was none the less true because she would have denied it, and that she had always laughed at him, and professed to hold him in the most perfect contempt. She knew perfectly well that he was a hard working lawyer in New York with little time for holiday making, but she was quite unreasonable enough to think that such trifles as business made no difference. He ought to have admired her enough to have made any sacrifices, and made haste to continue the summer's acquaintance. It made no difference to her, also, that there were many others as assiduous in their devotion as he was remiss. He was the Mordecai at the gate, and she was unhappy. The wind howling round the corner of the house took her thoughts back to the last evening in the mountains, and a sudden resolve made her spring to her feet.

"Mother," she cried, rushing into the warm library, where her mother sat dozing before the fire, "I have made up my mind. We will go up to the mountains and see how they look with the snow on them."

"You crazy girl! we won't do anything of the sort."

Mrs. Wellington always made a point of seeming to oppose her daughter's plans, but she always did just what her children told her to do. Maud wasted no words in entreaty, but coolly told her that she must go, without any more ado.

With Maud to decide was to act. George was delighted with the prospect of such a "lark;" he had not known what to do with the holidays. Notes were immediately sent to those who had been with them when the proposition was made, and to several others who might be congenial spirits. When they had written nearly all Maud said, with perfect carelessness:

"I suppose you will have to write to that Mr. Thornton. I don't think he would add much to the general hilarity, but I am afraid it wouldn't do to leave him out and ask all the rest who were there."

"Right you are!" said George. "I'll send an invite to the old duffer; he's not half a bad fellow, after all. Of course he won't put in an appearance."

But it is the impossible which happens. For some occult reason Mr. Welinton chose to join this wild expedition, and presented himself at the appointed time at the rendezvous. With the exception of himself and poor Mrs. Wellington, who looked already victimized, it was as gay a party as Boston could furnish.

As usual, it was Maud who was leader and prime favorite. But she was admirably seconded by three of her friends, only a little less brilliant and daring than she. Then there were two or three society men who would have gone anywhere that Maud and her set proposed. Little did they care for the grandeur of mountain scenery in its severe winter dress, but the trip promised much fun and unlooked-for opportunities of carrying out certain intentions. Last and noisiest of all came George Wellington, a Harvard Sophomore, with an equally reckless and hair-brained classmate, whom the ladies alternately petted, snubbed and used as foils in their most serious schemes.

Mr. Thornton felt out of his element, as he had done so many times during the summer. He was not keyed to the same pitch of high spirits and unceasing gayety. He was grave, quiet—a man who was terribly in earnest about everything he did. From the first moment that he saw her he became fascinated with Maud, against his will and better judgment. Her beauty, wit, caprices, would not let themselves be forgotten. He was angry with her, he heartily disapproved of her a dozen times a day; and then, when he was most indignant with her, he discovered that he loved her with a love which he could not reason away nor live down. He was more bitterly enraged with her than ever to-day, as the cars rapidly bore them toward the mountains. He cursed himself and his folly in having joined them. No one seemed to want him. Maud, with her usual perverseness, had given him a careless greeting, and turned away to lavish her brightest smiles and merriest speeches on Gilbert Livingston, a man whom he cordially hated and despised. Mrs. Wellington alone seemed to need him. She was nervous, weak and timid, dreading the journey, and unable to control her children's madness, so she clung to Thornton with instinctive trust in his sober strength. He never dreamed, being blind as men are, that Maud saw every motion that he made, that she had so placed herself as to hear every word he spoke. He only saw, with wrath and shame, that she was flirting openly, desperately, with that soulless, brainless Livingston.

But even Thornton shook off his gloom when they came among the hills. The highest peaks were white with snow, reflecting the setting sun with dazzling brilliancy against the marvelous blue of the sky. It was very cold, but clear and still, when they left the cars for their drive of a few miles. Mr. Little met them with his six-horse stage; the wind had not left enough snow on the rising ground for sleighing, to Maud's regret. It was an exhilarating drive. The clear air made each inhalation an increasing joy. The laughter and the sweet, ringing voices of the girls no longer jarred upon him; he was a boy himself, and startled them by his wit and gayety. Maud was delighted. She warmed toward him, and left poor Livingston shivering out of the sunlight of her favor. It was all going to be a perfect success, she thought, and blessed herself for the inspiration.

The hotel, when they reached it, after the stars had come out superbly in the clear air, looked as if prepared for a siege. It was closed, except a few rooms on the ground floor of the west and south sides. On the north and east every blind was securely fastened.

"Have you had an east blow yet?" asked Maud, as they dashed up to the door.

"No, miss; not yet," said the landlord. "I guess we will hev, pretty quick, though. The maountings hev kinder looked like it all day."

"I hope it will come. I should consider our whole trip a failure if it doesn't."

Mr. Little shook his head and smiled doubtfully. "I guess when you've seed one you won't be likely to want to see another very quick."

The next day was gloriously clear. There was no wind stirring as yet. It was this stillness that roused the forebodings of the landlord. His guests had a magnificent walk, they said; they climbed part way up Starr King and had a view a hundred times more superb than they had ever imagined it could be. It had been hard work climbing over the slippery rocks and they came back to the house delightfully tired and in undiminished spirits. The general hilarity flagged not during the cozy evening round the huge, open fire, and one and all pronounced their satisfaction and delight—all except Mrs. Wellington, who had not stirred from the fire all day, and who grew more and more nervous as the talk about the expected east blow continued.

In the morning Mr. Little's predictions were verified. The city people's ears were startled by what he had so often described as the "roaring of the maountings." This strange, steadily increasing roar, which seemed so inexplicable, filled some with alarm, some with most enjoyable excitement. Mr. Little called them to see the "churning of the clouds up the chasm," and, looking, they forgot to smile because he pronounced the *ch* of the last word as he did in the first. It was a sight not to be forgotten, a grand, terrible sight, as the angry clouds came up, rolling over and over, as it seemed, through the gap which opened out toward the east.

Within the house there were hurried preparations. Mrs. Little and her sons went about making everything as fast as possible, while her husband and his two men went to the barns to give the cattle and horses food and water to last them till the storm had passed; for when it had reached its height, neither man nor beast could stand against it. Thornton, George and his classmate prepared to go down to the barn and help them, for the time seemed very short. Every moment the tempest increased in violence. Quick as thought Maud wrapped herself in her fur cloak, and said she would go with them. Her mother was so distressed that she would have desisted, but that she caught Thornton's look of disapproval and disgust, she thought, and then nothing could have prevented her. Seizing her brother's hand she rushed out of the house. The barns were west of the hotel, some little distance down the hill. The wind carried them on as if they were straws, and drove them breathless against the building. Maud had never dreamed of its force. When they were inside the barn, and the door had been closed with difficulty, Thornton said to her, very sternly:

"This is perfect folly. If you do not go back to the house instantly you will not be able to go at all."

Mr. Little said the same; the storm roared so they could scarcely hear each other even then. Maud was bitterly ashamed of her folly, but not one whit afraid. Even Thornton could not help admiring even while he blamed her. He asked Little to take her and "the boys" back to the house. He himself, being strong and large, would stay and help the men. It was the best plan. The four had a hard fight to return. Holding each other's hands, one keeping behind the other as much as possible, they struggled up the hill. Once they fell flat to the earth, but regaining their feet after a moment they toiled on and reached the protection of the house. Little said he had never seen the "blow come on so fast." There was no use in his trying to go back to the barn; the men would do what was necessary, and his strength was half used up in his efforts already. After Maud had regained her breath she went to the window, and would not stir or speak. Her eyes were fixed on the barns. The others gathered round the fire in awed silence. The terror of the storm was upon them. It seemed as if nothing could stand against its violence. Mrs. Wellington was nearly fainting with fright. She was certain that the house would go. Once Maud turned and said, in a strained, hard voice,

"Mr. Little, how long does this sort of thing generally last?"

"Wa'al, it begins abaout noon to be the worst, and it keeps it up till next morning."

"Ought not the men to come up pretty soon?" she asked again, with ill-concealed anxiety.

"Oh yes, they'll be up directly, I guess."

But they did not come. Once Maud saw three figures creep around the partially sheltered side of the building, but when they reached its front they were struck down, and she saw them crawl on their hands and knees back in to the sheds. The full horror of the circumstance struck her. Calling Mr. Little she told him what she had seen.

"Then they must stay there till it is over!" she said, in a low, unnatural voice.

"I'm afraid so," he answered, anxiously.

"Do try to help them," she pleaded, so earnestly that the men all resolved to try, though it was of so little use. Taking a rope Little tied all the volunteers firmly together; even the "howling swell," Livingston, as George called him, offered to help. When all was ready they crept along the western side of the house with little difficulty. But when they reached the corner they went down like planks. They tried again and again, and then came back into the house tired and exhausted.

The short afternoon had passed; the early darkness made the terror of the storm more awful. Maud still strained her eyes through the deepening gloom. The storm at that moment was at its height. Clutching the window frame tightly with her fingers she pressed her dilated eyes against the pane, and saw with speechless horror the roof of the large barn swept off as if it had been paper. It was all the more terrible because not a sound of the falling timbers could be heard above the ceaseless roaring of the wind.

It was an awful night. No one thought of sleeping. They clustered together about the fire in silent terror. From time to time Mr. Little spoke reassuringly. There was no danger for themselves, he said; the house was firmly built; large beams passed diagonally from floor to ceiling through the partition walls; it was not possible that they could give way. But the awed hearts were not easily assured. Maud alone had no thoughts for herself or the safety of the house. She had seen the roofless barn, and she strove to picture the fate of Thornton and the two men with him, without food, without fire, with no roof to shelter them, and perhaps crushed by the falling timbers, for it had been too dark to see the extent of the disaster. She told no one of the sight which she had witnessed. Only she and Little knew what had happened. All that was best in her came to the surface that long, agonizing night. Never again could she silence her better, nobler self. Very base and contemptible seemed all her wiles, her caprices, her coquetries. It had been her wild folly that had placed Thornton in this danger. If she had not delayed the men they could have returned to the house before it was too late. If he were alive when morning dawned he should know how bitterly she had repented.

She remembered how she had trifled with him when once the summer before he had told her that he loved her more than he had ever loved any being before or ever could again. She had not meant to drive him away from her; she had only meant to tease him for a little. But he had taken it all in earnest, and now of course he had ceased to think of her except to despise her. If he had continued to love her would he have been so silent? She little knew that the man who was all sincerity could not understand the insincere.

He would never care for her now, of course, and she loved him with all the force of her strong, ungoverned heart After that night of agony she could never be the same.

The pale daylight dawned upon her white face. The wind died slowly down as the sun came up the troubled sky. The ruin of the night was revealed to the weary watchers.

Three men came slowly up the hill, tired, hungry, half-frozen, but safe. They had made a comparatively warm nest for themselves in the hay, where they had passed the sleepless night. The part of the barn which sheltered them and the cattle and horses had been uninjured, and not a man or beast had been hurt by the falling beams.

Mrs. Wellington could not be induced to remain an unnecessary moment in the terrible place, and late in the afternoon the subdued party were on the cars returning to Boston. Thornton confessed that it was the most uncomfortable night he had ever passed, but that he would cheerfully have undergone far greater hardships for the reward that it brought him. Before they had reached the city he had learned of the agony which the night's suspense had been to Maud, and she had acknowledged her love for him in answer to the passionate reiteration of his devotion to her. And this was the work of an East Blow.—*Harper's Bazar.*

The Editor and the Smallpox Doctor

It was nearly noon, and the city editor in his sanctum was putting the finishing touches to the assignment book, while the waiting scribes in the *Inter-Ocean* local room were grimly pondering as to what choice bits of work would fall to them when the customary "Book ready, gentlemen," should be heard.

The city editor had just decided that the church reporter needed a little relaxation, and booked him for a dog fight, when, in response to a rap on the door, he ejaculated in his blandest tones, "Come."

The knocker came, and proved to be a colored gentleman of affable manners and the medical persuasion. Said he, "How do?" and the greeting being returned, he resumed:

"You see, haven't been around late ly; been busy; little matter in the paper I was going to ask you to say something about for me; would have been up before, but been busy; so much smallpox about; I've been nursing one man with smallpox for eight days, and only just run away now to—"

"W-h-a-t? Get out. You don't want to see me. It's a man outside. Here, hi!"

And the city editor hollered for the contagious diseases editor and rinderpest reporter. This member of the staff, who draws a princely salary for doing balloon excursions in the summer and epidemics in the winter, was absent' however, having stepped out to buy a sealskin overcoat.

The doctor continued:

"Never mind, it's short; don't trouble; only an item. Bad case? Yes, as I was saying, eight days—"

"Get out!"

"Afraid of smallpox? There's no danger. After eight days—"

"Get out! Write a letter to the paper, and we'll print it! Get out!"

The request to get out was here accompanied by demonstrations, and he got. That is, the caller got as far as the passage, where he was told through the keyhole to communicate by postal card, which card can be soaked in vinegar first, and then read with a telescope from the top of the shot tower.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

The manner in which various butterflies break through the shell of the cocoon is very interesting. Some drop a minute portion of liquid from the mouth, which softens the shell; others exude acid, and others still pierce the shell by means of protuberances with which their foreheads are furnished.

Polonaises of black moire silk will be worn over white satin and black velvet striped goods for underskirts.

THRIFT OF THE PEOPLE.

Some Facts Concerning the Distribution of Government Bonds.

Circular No. 222 from the census bureau presents facts of more than ordinary interest to the people. Its purpose is to show as nearly as possible the distribution of registered bonds, or rather the ownership of the national debt. It shows the number of male and female holders and the amount held in the several States and in 117 cities; also the amounts held by individual ("bloated") bondholders, varying from less than $500 to $50,000 and upward. According to the register of the treasury the whole amount of the registered four, four and one-half, five and six per cent. bonds owned by foreign and domestic holders and by banks at the time the census was taken was $1,173,749,250. It appears that the aggregate number of holders of bonds were as follows:

Rate.	Holders.	Amount.	Per cent. of Holders.	Per cent of Am'nt
4 per cent....	55,278	$388,742,800	68.41	46.58
4½ per cent..	10,745	123,631,300	13.30	15.22
5 per cent....	7,091	134,616,300	8.78	16.29
6 per cent....	7,688	180,926,700	9.51	21.91
Totals.....	80,802	$825,917,100	100.00	100.00

Omitting the six per cents from the calculation we find that of the whole number of holders of the other bonds 42,262 were males, 29,325 were females and 1,527 are coporations, and of the amount held the males owned $327,185,500, the females $90,353,350 and corporations $227,451,500. The average per head adds: For male holders, $7,741 84; for females, $3,081 10; for corporations (of course representing individuals of both sexes), $148,953 20.

No less than $410,279,400 was held in amounts of over $50,000, $58,730,600 in amounts varying from $25,000 to $50,000; from $10,000 to $25,000, $59,153,850; from $5,000 to $10,000, $41,079,900; from $2,500 to $5,000, $33,070,950; from $1,000 to $2,500, $22,032,550; from $500 to $1,000, $13,097,250; less than $500, $7,555,900. The number of persons was as follows:

Classes.	Males.	Females.
Exceeding $50,000.....	830	168
From $25,000 to $50,000	1,018	281
From $10,000 to $25,000	2,326	953
From $5,000 to $10,000	3,416	1,571
From $2,500 to $5,000	5,490	2,681
From $1,000 to $2,500	7,505	4,871
From $500 to $1,000.....	8,368	6,372
From $50 to $500	13,309	12,248
Totals.....	42,262	29,325

Classes.	Corporations.	Total.
Exceeding $50,000.....	531	1,529
From $25,000 to $50,000	224	1,523
From $10,000 to $25,000	259	3,538
From $5,000 to $10,000.....	196	5,183
From $2,500 to $5,000.....	149	8,500
From $1,000 to $2,500.....	53	12,429
From $500 to $1,000.....+....	59	14,799
From $50 to $500.....	56	25,613
Totals.....	1,527	73,114

It is gratifying to observe that in putting small savings into government bonds the women nearly equal the men. More than one-half of the 73,114 holders reside in cities, and they hold 85 per cent. of the bonds.

The following table shows the geographical distribution, omitting corporations, giving per cent. of males and females in each section:

Section.	Male hold'rs.	Per cent.	Female hold'rs.	Per cent
New England.....	14,633	34.62	11,986	40.85
Middle States.....	18,723	44.30	12,580	42.90
Southern States.....	1,721	4.07	914	3.13
West. and Territories.	7,185	17.01	3,845	13.12

The thrift of New England is apparent and the disinclination of Southern people to take the obligations of the goverment is signally apparent. Of nearly thirty thousand women who have laid by something in government bonds for a rainy day but a trifle over 900 are in the South. This does not come from want of means, nor from distrust of the securities, but from the memories of the war. Massachusetts shows the largest number of holders in any State, 16,855; then New York, 14,803; Pennsylvania, 10,408. These three States have 57 1-2 per cent of all those (individuals) who hold bonds. Massachusetts doubtless gets her pre-eminence from the proverbial thrift of the females who work in her many manufactories.

With regard to amounts held it is hardly necessary to say that New York stands far above all other States, having $210,264,250, or 32.60 per cent, nearly one third of the entire investment of $644,990,400 (omitting the six per cents). Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Ohio follow in order; then the District of Columbia—an exceptional location, for it is natural that many of the thousands of government employes should put their earnings into the bonds with which they are necessarily so familiar. The Territories are bunched together so that the smallest investment appeared to be in Oregon with fourteen investors holding in all $126,300. The sectional distribution in amounts held, is as follows (corporations omitted):

Section.	By Males.	Per cent.
New England States....	$50,142,500	15.33
Middle States.....	223,225,150	68.22
Southern States.....	10,241,250	3.13
Western States	43,576,600	13.32
Total	$327,185,500	100.00

Section.	By Females.	Per cent.
New England States	$20,829,550	23.06
Middle States.....	55,788,100	61.74
Southern States.....	2,898,350	3.21
Western States.....	10,842,150	11.99
Total.....	$90,353,350	100.00

Perhaps a clearer view of the disposition of the people in the various States to invest in government securities will be found in the table showing the number of private bondholders to each 100,000 of the population of such State. That table we give, excluding the District of Columbia:

Massachusetts....	950	Kansas.....	30
New Hampshire..	850	Louisiana.....	30
Vermont	570	West Virginia.....	30
Connecticut.....	380	Colorado	30
Rhode Island.....	300	Nevada.....	30
New York.....	290	Iowa.....	20
Maine.....	260	Tennessee.....	20
Pennsylvania	240	Territories	20
New Jersey.....	240	Florida.....	20
Ohio	130	South Carolina...	15
Illinois	100	Texas	10
Maryland.....	100	North Carolina....	10
Delaware.....	70	Alabama	10
California	50	Mississippi	10
Indiana	40	Arkansas	10
Missouri.....	40	Minnesota.....	10
Kentucky.....	30	Nebraska.....	10
Michigan.....	30	Oregon.....	9
Virginia.....	30	Georgia.....	4
Wisconsin.....	30		

Statistics are given from 117 cities. The bulletin closes with the distribution among banks and other corporations, as follows:

	No.	Amount.	Per capita.
National banks..	335	$10,250,400	$3,069 12
Savings banks..	483	131,224,400	271,686 13
Private banks...	88	10,994,150	124,933 52
Insur. companies	478	60,857,450	127,316 84
Trust companies	137	13,484,050	98,423 72
Exp. companies.	6	640,100	106,683 33
Totals.....	1,527	$227,421,500	$148,953 20

—*New York Herald.*

Confusing.

Bishop Bloomfield has been a widower and had several children. He married a second time a widow with a family. One day he asked a country clergyman to dine with him, telling him: "You will only meet our family party." The clergyman found a much larger number assembled in the drawing-room than he had anticipated, and was introduced by the bishop thus: "These are mine, those are hers and those are ours."

FACTS AND COMMENTS.

The New York *Hour* calls attention to the fact that greater care is taken of young fish than of children in that city. For while more than half the children die before the age of five, the fish commissioners say that only about two per cent. of the spawn of shad or salmon are destroyed.

About 30,000 people in the city of Buffalo derive their support from the railroad companies. The amount expended there by the different roads in wages will foot up over $3,000,000 annually. During the past year over $1,000,000 have been expended in that vicinity for improvements.

Bruised and burned in the Spuyten Duyvil (N. Y.) disaster—his arm consumed to the elbow and the throes of death upon him—Oliver B. Keely thought of his wife and sent her a message of love—"Write to my wife and give her my love"—a last, precious message to a stricken heart. That man died a hero.

A stone bridge to be built over the Mississippi at Minneapolis, Minn., bids fair to become one of the most notable structures of the world. It will consist of sixteen eighty-foot spans and four 100-foot spans, and, including the shore pieces, will have a total length of 1,900 feet. It will support two railway tracks at a height of over sixty feet above the water, and will run diagonally across the river below St. Anthony's falls. The cost is estimated at nearly $500,000.

There is a bird in the London Zoological garden called the hornbill, whose keeper stands ten feet off and tosses grapes at the bird so rapidly that nobody's eye can follow them through the air, but the bird's eye can, catching every one in its bill at almost every conceivable angle; of half a dozen grapes shot at him in rapid succession, he will not miss more than one. In this country he could get a first class position in the national baseball league.

Ex-Governor Bagley, of Michigan, who died not long ago, was a very successful man in business and eccentric in his habits of life. In his will he directed that his employes—those who had made his fortune—should not suffer by his death. They were to be retained in the service of his heirs, for a time at least, and on the day of the testator's funeral they were to receive presents as follows: Fifty dollars to all who had been in his service five years, $200 to all who had served him ten years, and $500 to all who had served him fifteen years.

On a cold night a prisoner who was being court martialed on the United States flagship Lancaster, at Nice, France, broke from his guard and leaped into the water. Some sympathizing comrades tried to intercept his pursuers, but John Morris, a corporal of the marines, pushing them aside, jumped in with clothing and equipments on, caught him after swimming 150 feet, held him under water until he submitted to arrest and delivered him on deck with soldierly rigidity and gravity. A cold wind was blowing from the Alps at the time. The corporal has been recommended for promotion.

Southern land syndicates are becoming numerous in New York, London, Boston and Amsterdam. Sir E. J. Reed, representing English investors, and Dr. Jacobus Westheim, of Amsterdam, representing investors in Holland, have just bought two million acres of land in Florida, and Phillips, Marshall & Co., of London, have bought 1,300,000 acres in Mississippi. The Mississippi purchase consists in good part of levee lands in the Yazoo delta. A Nashville syndicate holds 100,000 acres in Tennessee and Mississippi, and, according to the Atlanta *Constitution*, scarcely a commercial paper is without its advertisements of Southern land schemes.

The town of Dennisonville, near the south end of New Jersey, has a singular industry in the digging of cedar trees out of a swamp where they have lain for hundreds of years. The swamp is ten miles square, and the trees are piled to an unknown depth. The digging has been going on for ninety years, and but a fraction of the timber has been taken out. The trees are large, and the wood, which is perfectly preserved and not even waterlogged, is used for making shingles, tubs and pails. The diggers locate the trunks, at the depth or a few feet, by prodding, clear away the earth and roots and cut them off at top and bottom with a saw like that used to cut ice, when the logs rise in the water and are hauled out. It is supposed that the trees grew there when the swamp was filled with fresh water, and that, by some change of land, sea water suddenly came in and that the trees were overthrown and buried.

A French chemist named Gros professes to have made a discovery which acquits both France and Germany of the charge brought by each against the other of having used poisoned bullets during the late war. This horrid accusation has been defended by the surgeons on both sides, who have persisted in declaring that poison was present in many wounds which they treated, in sufficient quantities to baffle their skill. M. Gros traces this poison, not to deliberate human contrivance, but to the breechloaders of the period. The kindling of the gunpowder, he says, developed in the sides of the barrel a small quantity of prussic acid, which was imbibed by the ball during its rapid transit, and this fearful poison was consequently lodged in the wounds of many a luckless Frenchman and German. Hence the reason why it was so often found to be difficult, or even impossible, to heal even slight wounds, and the doctors on both sides were justified in their declaration that poison was present. The fact that similar poisonings of the wounded did not occur formerly was due, says M. Gros, to the paper used, which absorbed the small particles of poison and regularly cleansed the gun-barrel.

A Smart Iowa Girl.

Miss Belle Clinton, of Iowa, though only twenty years of age, has proved herself the smartest girl in the state. She saved $160 by school teaching, and borrowing a span of horses from her father, rigged up a prairie schooner, and with her little brother for company, started for Dakota. She homesteaded 160 acres, and added a timber claim of 120 acres by setting out ten acres of trees. She has three thousand black walnut trees growing, and expects in ten years she will be worth $25,000. She spends the winters at home with her father, and next spring will take out more trees and add 160 acres of new land to her estate by taking up another claim.

Feet and Foot Wear.

A Lynn (Mass.) letter says: As by common consent the ladies are considered the best judges of taste, it is but natural that we select for comparison ladies' foot-wear. In New England the shape of the foot is rather flat, broad, and a medium instep. The style of boot worn is of neat, modest appearance, with a broad flat heel. The vamp is cut plain, the top of the boot is a plain curve, and a black boot is invariably stitched with black. Congress and lace boots have a limited sale, but a button is a favorite. Leather shoes shoes are most demanded, being judged more serviceable and better adapted for all kinds of weather. The principal features sought in New England are comfort, service and general neatness—characteristics unconsciously adopted from the surroundings of every-day life. The shape of New York feet differs little from New England. They require a boot a trifle narrower, flatter across the toes and higher at the instep. Your New York consumers demand style and fit. They want the vamp cut lower and longer; a heel higher but well-proportioned, and ask a general attention to pretty outline. They, too, choose a button boot, preferring for material leather of the lighter grades. New York manufacturers manufacture largely for the home trade, and a large proportion of their products are sold in New York State.

Philadelphians are very slow to make a change or adopt new styles by calling for scallops on the vamps and occasionally stitching with white on black material. They also want bright, dry finished stock, in distinction from a finish that is dull and pliable. There is also a demand for cloth shoes, or cloth top with leather vamp and heel piece, known as "foxed" shoes. The extremities of style are seldom worn in Philadelphia, and the demand is free from any very marked peculiarities. Baltimore people are hard to suit, but, once suited, hold to a given style for a long time. They want a shoe handsome in outline and finish, a scalloped vamp and often scallops at the top of the boot. The foot is longer or narrower in the hollow of the foot, and needs to be fitted tight to the last. From Baltimore, too, comes a demand for large sizes, often as high as number nines, which is large for a lady's shoe. These, of course, are for use on Southern plantations, and in this market shoes are worn from the narrowest to the widest.

The distinctively Southern foot is narrow in the hollow of the foot and widens at the ball. The shoes worn are the fanciest of all in style, finish and pattern. Tops are scalloped, vamps are scalloped. Materials are used of the brightest finishes. Facings are of lively colors. White stitching is often seen on black material. Often, too, a flower, leaf, or some less precise ornamentation, traced with white or colored stitching, relieves the plainness of the material. Until recently lace boots have been preferred to buttons, and a neat bow is often worn at the bottom of the lace. The Western people want a good, full shoe and lots of room in it, except in Cincinnati and St. Louis, where the tendency is more Southern. A rough climate needs stanch shoes, and more leather is really a greater necessity than to any other class of wearers.

Owned to His Record.

The editor was sitting in his revolving cane bottomed chair when Tornado Tom, the traveling terror of Texas, came in and demanded retraction of the statement that he had swindled an orphan out of $4.

"It's a lie clear through," said the Terror, striking the table with his fist, "I'm as good a man as smells the atmosphere in this section."

"Perhaps you are better," said the editor, meekly.

"My record'll compare favorably with yours," said the Terror, with a sneer; "perhaps there are a few little back racks in your life, sir, that wouldn't bear a microscopic investigation."

"Oh, sir," said the editor, visibly agitated, "don't recall the past; don't bring up the memories of the tomb; I know I've led a hard life—I don't deny it. I killed Shorty Barnes, the Bowery boy of New York—hacked him all to pieces with a knife. I have atoned for it a thousand times. I blew a man's head off at a log-roll in Kentucky, and bitterly have I repented of my folly. I slew a lot of inoffensive citizens of Omaha over a paltry four-dollar pot, simply because I got excited. Oh, could I but cheat the tomb of the men I have placed in its maw I would be happy. But it was all owing to my high temper and lack of early training. I know that I have been wayward, wicked, and you have a right to come here and recall those unhappy memories; but it's mean for all that. Nobody with a heart would treat a man like you have me. Don't leave, stranger; I'll tell you all. I sawed a man's head off with an old army saber just for—" The Texas Terror was downstairs and half way around the corner, while the editor, taking a fresh chew of rattlesnake twist, continued his peaceful avocations as quietly as a law-abiding citizen.—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

A Checkered Life.

The Leadville (Col.) *Democrat* gives the sad particulars of a life wrecked by whisky. An old man named Joseph Ives died in a saloon in Leadville just after he had taken a drink at the bar. In his end it seems was consummated as checkered a history as ever fell from the pen of a novelist or romancer. The *Democrat* says:

Years ago he entered Oxford university. In his studies he had developed a peculiar and marked taste for astronomy, and at the conclusion of his term had studied the science of the skies so long and well that a chair was offered him. This he accepted and filled for a term of years with honor to himself and profit to all with whom he was associated. At last a combination of distressing circumstances lured him to leave England, and he came to this country. It is needless to trace how he came to this city four years ago, and was not long in drifting into the position of a public charge. A little property in St. Joe furnished him with a pittance every month, and in the interim he was kept at the county poorhouse. It was pitiful, beyond all words, to see him seated among the paupers, listless and almost unconscious of what passed about him. Now and then something would flit across his face that seemed almost like a recollection of better and brighter days, and then he would sink back into the dark eclipse again. They called him the professor, because occasionally he would speak in a way that told his fellow unfortunates that he was one day better than they, and they treated him with something akin to consideration. He will be buried tomorrow at the expense of the county.

Mr. Webb, a London cutler, was poor until he hit upon the device of advertising his ware on the splashboard of the cabs. He left a million dollars to his children at his death the other day.

Doctors Among the Boers.

There is no man a Boer has greater reverence for than a doctor, yet those in the Transvaal are mostly unqualified practitioners or quacks of the most audacious kind. But he will drive miles to fetch one of those fellows, and hand over the fee with a groan, without a thought of disputing it. The rapacity of these practitioners is incredible. Not many months ago a Boer living on the highroad to Pretoria called in a local doctor to attend his wife. Everything passed off quite satisfactorily; and the doctor asked as his fee $750, and got it. As the Boer said, "it was a very dear baby." And this man had only driven some eight miles to the farm.

A more amusing incident happened when another doctor was called upon by a Boer, with an urgent request that he would come out to his farm to attend a sick man.

"How far is the farm?" asked the medical man.

"About twenty miles."

"Twenty miles—twenty pounds. A pound a mile." To which the Boer agreed, and went away to fetch his "spider." On returning he found his friend a little the worse for liquor, but thinking the effects would soon pass off he took him up and they drove away. After going some few hundred yards the doctor laid his hands on the reins, stretching one out and hiccuping—

"One mile—one pound."

The Boer, willing to humor him, gave him a pound and drove on again; but before half the previous distance was done the trap was again stopped, and the hand poked out under the driver's nose—

"Two miles—two pounds." This was too much even for a Boer, and he turned and drove back, doing as best he could without advice.

I know a third case, where a doctor attending a patient called at the house ninety ten times in one day, asking for his fee at each visit, and managing the business by calling at the front door, leaving through the kitchen, and going round to the front again. But then he was a bit drunk too.

The fees are given in written promises to pay, called "good-fors," as Boers seldom keep sums of money in their houses; and these "good-fors" are readily taken at any store where the Boer is in the habit of trading, the storekeeper knowing that they will be taken up when the man comes in to sell his produce.—*Blackwood.*

Some Very Old People.

At 92 John Sojourner, of Louisiana, has, after a year's widowhood, married his fifth wife, who is 45.

At 109 Richard Leonard, of St. Augustine, Quebec, was burned to death in his cabin while lighting a fire.

Rachael Brown, of Hagertown, N. J., was 115 on New Year's day. She can still do a day's work if need be.

The evangelist, Archibald McArthur, who died recently at Duncon, in Scotland, was born on September 5, 1777.

Mrs. Haldeman, of Mahanoy City, Pa., will be 100 in July, but Mrs. Simpson, of Pottsville, is 100 already.

Robert Warnock, a veteran of 1812, and an inmate of the Dayton (Ohio) soldier's home, was cut off by cancer at the age of 103.

Three Tallahassee warriors, with their families, survive the chief Chips, who died recently at Bartow, Fla. It is said that he was 100 years old.

With memory unimpaired and form erect as it was fifty years ago, Mrs. Inman, of Smithfield, N. Y., has begun her second century.

Aunt Dorcas, who died on a recent Sunday in Sumter county, Ga., was 108, and had outlived all her kindred. She had been married three times, but was childless.

Thomas Shofield, of Montville, Conn., 91 years old, continues to walk nine miles to renew his subscription to the newspaper that has always printed this item.

John Blazinger, of Camden, N. J., who can read without glasses, has celebrated his 101st birthday. He was born near Moscow, Russia, and is an old soldier. His father lived to be 103.

A Woman's Romantic Life.

Elizabeth Hatzler, who died not long ago in Philadelphia, was born in 1790, at Landou, then one of the French possessions, and when twenty years of age she married George Hatzler, a sergeant of cavalry in the French army. While yet enjoying their honeymoon the husband was ordered to join the memorable expedition against Russia, and the wife determined to go along. Mrs. Hatzler was present at all the principal battles and at the burning of Moscow. After the promotion of her husband to the rank of a staff officer she had many opportunities to see the emperor, and on several occasions conversed with him. An accident to her husband separated them from the main body of the army at one time, and for nine weeks she dragged him on a hand sledge over the frozen ground. Through a guide's treachery they were held prisoners by the Cossacks for nineteen months. They were exchanged in time to rejoin the French army and undergo the sufferings and privations of the disastrous defeat which almost annihilated Napoleon's forces. Through all these vicissitudes the sex of the woman remained undiscovered. Mrs. Hatzler emigrated to this country in 1846, and lived for twelve years on Fort Delaware, while it was being built by Major Sanders. Up to the time of her death she retained the full use of all her fa