

A Genuine Case of "Jim-Jams."

Last Sunday evening some of the young men went out to take a stroll, and during the ramble visited Stubb's fish pond, just inside the incorporated limits. Among those who constituted the party was a Mr. Cox, from Macon, who, near the dam, spotted a snake of most beautiful color, the stripes and scales of which represented the seven colors of the rainbow. With the antipathy characteristic of a man to the serpent and the fulfillment of the adage: "The seed of woman shall bruise the serpent's head," Mr. Cox hurled a "huge round stone" at the snake, and, to the wonder of the lookers on, the snake's body was severed in twain. To where the pieces were at this time lying it took but a very few seconds to reach the dying reptile. Once all eyes were taken from the snake, and then he was as whole as before and apparently suffering no inconvenience from having been stoned. This very much surprised the young men, and the curiosity, for it was certainly such, was captured and a string placed around his neck and brought to town. Here a really wonderful exhibition of the phenomenon began. As fast as pieces from the body were pulled from the body of the writhing curiosity and thrown upon the ground the links, for such they were, would as soon unite again. Nor was this separation of parts all the peculiarity about the monster. Upon the end of the tail was a horn, evidently a weapon of defense, about as long as a needle and quite as sharp. It exhibited no sign of viciousness, but of perfect resignation to its fate. The eye was as sharp as an eagle's and as blue as a June sky. Its length was about three or four feet and six inches proportionate. After its body had been completely severed link by link until the head was left to itself, this member then bore every mark of former vitality and the eye contained its former sparkling brilliancy. Truly this reptile is one of the seven wonders of which we read in holy writ, and even while we write a feeling of sacred sadness passes through our frame and wakes a dormant spark of youthful piety.

When to Smoke.

There is very little, if anything, says the London *Lancet*, to be said against the use of tobacco in the average state of the organism. Those who are unfavorably affected by it should abstain, and it is wholly inadmissible in youth. We should go so far as to say that no young man should smoke before he has attained his majority, and it would be well if he deferred the use of tobacco altogether in every form until the extreme limit of development, which may be placed at the age of 26 years. It is impossible to give any precept as to the time and mode of smoking. Speaking generally, the points of caution should be to avoid irritation of the mucous membrane of the mouth and fauces, loss of salivary secretion and super excitement of the nerves and nerve centres. Cigars are better than pipes, and far better than cigarettes; but no cigar should be smoked for more than three-fourths of its length, even with a mouthpiece. The smoke should be taken into the front of the mouth and ejected as rapidly as possible. Properly and moderately enjoyed tobacco smoking, the writer concludes, is not a baneful habit, but one that may be reasonably enjoyed.

The Crinoline Revival.

Thanks to the ladies, there is every prospect of a lost trade being revived. When crinolines went out the fair ones expressed themselves as devoutly thankful, and said sweet things about the clinging skirts which followed. Judging by what they stated, male creatures came to the conclusion that crinolines would never again be worn. Fashion, however, is still all-powerful. At first there was a slight protuberance which was just visible; then the jaunty Newmarket was distinctly "parted," and in about six weeks the "crinoline" was general. Now the crinoline is fairly upon us. Two Sheffield manufacturers who make a specialty of crinoline wire are full of orders, largely on foreign account, but a good deal of it is also for the home market. When the fashion went out the change brought disaster to several firms engaged in production of crinoline steel. Now the premises are being again put to their old use in the hope that crinoline may become as firmly seated this round of the fashionable wheel as it was the last.

"What would you do if mamma should die?" she pathetically asked of her little three-year-old daughter. "I don't know," remarked the infant, with downcast eyes and a melancholy voice, "I think I should have to thank myself."

"Yes, sir," he said, "that's an awful knowing bulldog o' mine. He was jam full o' fess, and he got sick o' wrenching his spine and the cords o' his neck reaching round to gnaw 'em, and besides, he was rather tired o' the taste of himself. What did he do? Went out, sir, and got into a fight with another dog, and let that dog do the gnawing for him. Mighty intelligent dog, sir."

Leah.

A slim, dark eyed girl, with brown hair knotted by a cardinal ribbon, in a dress of pale violet—the whole a peculiar, picturesque effect in the old wood. Leah Lyndon was looking idly at the busy workers of an ant hill at her feet, and waiting.

A leafy old tree arched over her, the sunshine fell warily into the glade, the air was full of the balsamic scent of the pines. Leah waited quietly, full of the pleasure that surrounded her.

Suddenly the bushes crackled, and a man sprang lightly down the bank to her side—a slender, dark man, of less than thirty, perhaps, with piercing black eyes, and a smile so disagreeable that it was almost a distortion. Leah was not startled, but she looked surprised.

"Is it you, Brette?" she asked, putting on her hat, which she had been swinging in her hand, and so shading her face.

"Yes, it is me," he answered, coming close to her. "Who did you think it was?"

"I did not have time to think," she answered, evasively.

He could not see her face, the unpleasant smile died.

"Don't be disappointed, Leah. Perhaps he will come yet," he said, mockingly.

She did not answer. Suddenly he threw his arms around her and attempted to kiss her, but she put her hand across his black bearded mouth and struggled until she released herself.

"You hate me, do you?" he asked, looking at her with a savage, cruel light in his eyes. "Who has taught you that?"

"I do not hate you. But I do not love you, and—I cannot let you kiss me," panted the young girl, replacing her hat, her beautiful hair loosed by the struggle, "I will not stay with you to be treated so."

And she turned away, yet looked anxiously down the glade. There was some one else, whom she had expected.

"I am never to kiss you," he sneered, standing with folded arms and regarding her. "You are tired of me, are you? And I am thrown by, like a glove. For whom, pray?"

She stepped back a few paces, and looked at him, at least, fully.

"I have been kind to you—for Annie's sake," she said, then added, as if the words were forced from her; "You were not kind to her?"

"Who taught you that?" he asked.

"I can remember—I understand now, though she never complained," she answered, sadly looking again down the glade. But no one was coming.

"Do you think I do not know who is talking me down—who has come between us—who has supplanted me?" he cried. "You have avoided me for a week—since Preston Atherton has been here."

Her lip curled faintly as she turned away.

"Come between us!" she repeated scornfully.

He sprang to her side, walking beside her.

"A man's private affairs are his own! But he was always a spy in the house. I would have turned him out of doors, but that he was my wife's brother. And now he comes here, falls in love with you and tells you that I'll treat-d-d Annie to make common cause with you—to set you against me! By heavens! he will repeat of this business!"

"Preston Atherton has told me nothing but the simple truth," said Leah, glad that they were nearly out of the wood, where she felt much safer. "He has nothing against you, I think. And if I choose to walk in the wood with him, when we are both at leisure, it is nothing to you."

He ground his teeth.

"Do you mean to tell me that you did not know I loved you—that you do not mean to marry me?"

"Marry you? Never!" blazed Leah, wrathful and beautiful.

The look with which he regarded her was not good to behold.

"He will repent this!" he muttered.

"So will you!"

They came silently down the shady road to the mansion of Lar-chlawn, where they were both guests. The grand old place had been in the Lyndon family for a hundred years, and in the summer, Grand sire Lyndon liked to gather his grandchildren about him, so that at that season of the year it was always gay.

There was a merry party playing tennis on the lawn beyond the larches, and in the avenue a bright group of two. Just inside the gate was a rustic bench, from which a young man sprang up and lifted his hat.

He was singularly like Brette Delford, though it was only a chance resemblance, there being no relationship in the case—the same height, complexion, features and general air, though Preston Atherton was unmistakably the better man of the two.

A gentle yet assured spirit looked out of the large black eyes, the smile

of the well cut lips was bright and harmonious.

Leah crossed instantly to his side and he looked down at her questioningly.

"Did you come through the wood after all?" he asked. "I should have met you but I was told you were coming home in a boat. The others are fishing by the ford."

And he looked questionably at Brette Delford, who turned silently away, with a rude sneer.

Leah sat down on the rustic bench, and looked after the latter as he passed up the avenue.

"He told you?" she asked.

"Yes. I have been moping here, missing my morning walk with you."

"Preston Atherton smiled down into the lovely face; but Leah continued to look after Delford.

"He has a vile disposition," she said, at last. "He purposely lied to you. I am afraid of him."

"Afraid?"

Leah rose, restlessly.

"He was poor Annie's husband—poor little thing! I would like to believe in him, like him; but I think there is nothing he would not do to injure me—and you."

"Has he been making a display of his temper to you? I thought he had more policy."

Preston's glance of surprise was followed by one of painful thought.

"But you need not fear him, little one," he said, at length, as if thinking aloud.

The tender phrase brought up the girl's color, making her exquisitely beautiful.

"I do not know what he could do," she said, "but I believe he will do something."

"Fire! Fire! Fire!"

The great Lyndon mansion was in flames before the alarm was given. Leah heard the cry through her sweet sleep—awoke, rose and dressed.

She was not naturally nervous. Her self-possession was of great service now, as she went from room to room to her grandfather's guests, giving the alarm without undue excitement, giving, also, instruction and assistance where it was wanted.

She kept beside her grandfather, who, though eighty years old, was alert and active, as well as self-possessed.

He gave her his watch and chain, and she put them in her bosom. Then he took from a drawer a small, brass bound, scarlet leather trunk.

"Is that valuable, grandpapa?"

"Yes."

He went out of the room with it, while she knelt before a trunk, rapidly packing it. She filled it with her grandfather's clothing, rich brocades and costly shawls.

Grand sire Lyndon came back.

"What did you do with it, grandpapa?"

"I gave it to Preston to carry away."

"To whom, grandpapa? Are you sure it will be safe?" for the engines were coming and the water was beating in deafening torrents against the plate glass.

"To Preston, it was full of gold coin. It will be perfectly safe. I am afraid they will break the windows," said the old man beginning to grow bewildered and tired.

Then she led him away from the sad scene.

The house became a ruin. Fortunately, the cottage of the foreman was large and commodious and here life inmates found shelter and comfort.

No one was injured and much had been saved, though the beautiful house was in ruins.

One by one the guests of that gay summer time departed. Leah remained with her grandfather; Preston, too, and Brette Delford, whose service he needed.

"Fortunately I am not quite without ready money," said the old man cheerfully. "The little scarlet trunk—what did you do with it, Preston?"

The young man looked up in surprise.

"I remember nothing of the kind, sir."

soon, how Brette Delford added to those unjust suspicions.

"Heaven knows I would pay him the amount of the money, innocent though I am," said Preston. "But I cannot. I am poor!"

Once the old man had been fond of him, he was mentioned handsomely in his will. Now the affection once inspired seemed changed to gall. He would have little to say to him. He no longer consulted him. Brette was his chief adviser and assistant.

Preston's cheek was white, but Leah's was whiter. She was ill; she was nearly crazed with sleeplessness; yet her old habit of self control stood by her well. Preston, who loved her did not see how thin she was growing. But she had courage, while his had flown.

One night, as she lay thinking upon a horny pillow, she heard a step on the gravel walk under the window. She knew it. She rose instantly and listened.

It went down the avenue. Brette Delford paused at the foot of the avenue and looked back. It was a starlight night; he could see nobody, he believed himself perfectly safe, and the temptation was strong. He went on—down the starlight road, under the low hanging trees—down the dewy lane to the wood, where the starlight dimly illuminated the fragrant, umbrageous glade where he had once surprised Leah waiting for Preston Atherton. It was full of gloom and dampness now. Yet he pressed on, and at last stopped at the end of a huge, rotten log, lying half buried in the dark turf, and peered sharply about it. He bent down, at last, and pressed the spongy mould with his hands.

As he did so, the shining butt of a revolver glistened in the light of a twinkling star. He still stooped, searching among the debris of former summers. The rotten leaves sent up a strong, woody odor as he disturbed them.

At length he uttered a faint exclamation and drew forth a square, dark object, with glittering edges—the scarlet brass bound trunk. He rested it upon his knee when he had lifted himself, and paused a moment to rest.

What white shape was that which glided to his shoulder? Was it a spirit? No, only a girl in a simple, pale wrap. Her slender jeweled hand reached and snatched the revolver from his breast. With an oath, he turned and saw the weapon leveled at his head.

"Take the trunk home!" cried Leah, "or I will hesitate at nothing!"

He looked desperately at that slender hand; but its owner stood at a safe distance. Weak as she was, he could not take the pistol from her without advancing upon his own peril.

"Home—home!" she cried.

He obeyed her. It was not far. If it had been farther, he thought he might have invested a plan for escape; but she pursued him, like an avenging fate, into the cottage to her grandpapa's bedside.

"Here is the thief!" she cried.

"Brette, did I give it to you?" said the old man.

"Yes," answered the other doggedly, and went out of the chamber.

They allowed him to depart. After all, it was a family affair. Before daylight he had gone, no one knew whither. And then the old man could not do enough to atone to Preston, and the wedding took place in the fall in a shower of gold.

The Gulf Stream.

Commander Bartlett, of the English Coast Survey, has been investigating the Gulf Stream, and at a recent meeting at Montreal he gave some of the results of his work. He made havoc among certain generally received ideas concerning that famous current, which, he says, does not flow out of the Gulf of Mexico, nor over a bottom channeled with ridges and valleys parallel with the Appalachian system. He says that there is a wide plateau extending along the coast from the Bermuda Banks, over which the gulf stream flows, sweeping it clean to its hard coral bottom; beyond this the bottom slopes rapidly downward and is oozy with the wash from the plateau. The stream is not a river of warm water flowing over cold, and the Arctic current does not run inside. This will be all new to most people, and especially to those whose ideas of the Gulf Stream are indefinite anyway. Perhaps a fact which will interest these people most in connection with the matter is the tribute Commander Bartlett paid to Yankee ingenuity at the meeting referred to above. Dr. Carpenter having expressed his admiration of the work, added that it pleased him to know that the results were obtained with British instruments. To this Commander Bartlett replied that Sir William Thomson did invent an apparatus and kindly forwarded it to the Coast Survey, but it would not work. Yankee ingenuity then invented an attachment by which it was made so efficient that soundings of 8000 fathoms can be made in thirty minutes and without defecting more than a fathom from the perpendicular.

Suggestive.

Food should never be mixed on the plate.

Arasene embroidery is now used to decorate the plush frames for beveled mirrors.

Oranges are held on a fork while peeled and are divided without breaking the skin.

Cheese should never be touched with the fingers, but crumbed and eaten with a fork.

An odd ceiling for an elegant drawing room is of cathedral glass, said to have cost \$5000.

A gentleman should not shake hands with a lady not a relative, unless she offers to do so.

Cheap and pretty bedroom curtains are of cheese-cloth, trimmed with very deep torchon lace.

There are new English rugs which make pretty and inexpensive coverings for parquetry floors.

Autumn leaves and wild flowers are much used for decorative purposes also red, golden and purple astart.

Coffee grounds, thoroughly dried, make an excellent filling for a pin-cushion. As they do not gather moisture they do not rust the needles.

New scones are of chased brass forming a panel worked in relief, instead of an upright mirror at the back for the swinging sockets for candles.

A great deal of lace is used for bedroom decorations. It is seen in profusion on the counterpanes and pillow covers and the toilet mats and table covers.

A novel set of finger-bowl napkins are embroidered with two figures from "Patience" on the dozen napkins; the edges are fringed out and hem-stitched.

Table mats are no longer used in stylish houses, either at luncheon or dinner. The waiter should have a coarse towel outside and wipe each dish before he puts it on the table.

An odd and handsome mat for a small table or a tete-a-tete set is made of felt. Make the centre of some dark colored felt, and then make a border of points of different colors and different widths. Button-hole stitch these with embroidery silk, fasten together at the centre, and where the edges join catch with a few stitches. On the wider point fasten six brass curtain rings with gay-colored embroidery silk and on the narrower point sew five rings. Fill in the enclosed circle with fancy stitches of the silk.

A Dutch Idea.

The *Household*, a newspaper of Amsterdam, Holland, attempts to comment upon the result of the late elections in the United States. It says: "Last Tuesday being the day in the United States set apart for the election of members of Congress and of other officers of the Government, the two great parties which in that country contend for power met in combat. It is well known that these two parties are known respectively as the Republican and the Democratic party, names which, however, have not the same meaning in Europe as they have in America. The Republicans are in favor of centralization, while the Democrats are the advocates of federalism and decentralization. The former party has been in power uninterruptedly since the year 1869, their recent defeat being a result of the assassination of Mr. Garfield. It is also known that it is customary in the United States when one party obtains the Presidency for the other party to be given the Vice-Presidential chair. Owing therefore, to the efforts of President Arthur, temporary heir of Mr. Garfield, the Democrats have once more taken possession of the White House. The new President has not been idle during his administration, having put all the wheels in motion in order to influence the elections in the interest of his political friends. As might have been expected, the Democrats have gained the victory; hence the future of America is in the hands of that party. When we recall to mind the mean practices of which the Democrats have frequently been guilty, we see that the future of the United States looks anything but cheerful. Now, more than ever before, we appreciate how calamitous to the country has been the assassination of Mr. Garfield."

Dynamogen is the name of a new explosive invented by M. Petrie, a Vienna engineer, which he claims is a dangerous rival to gunpowder. According to his description, it contains neither sulphuric acid, nitric acid nor nitro-glycerine, and cannot injure in any way either gun or cartridge. The charge of dynamogen is in the form of a solid cylinder, which can be increased in quantity without being increased in size, by compression. The rebound of the guns with which the new explosive has been tried is said to have been very slight. It is also said that the manufacture of dynamogen is simple and without danger; that it preserves its qualities in the coldest or hottest weather, and that it can be made at 40 per cent. less cost than gunpowder.

Gems From the Peets' Corner.

Labor.

I am swart with the soots of my furnace,
I drip with the sweats of toil;
My fingers throttle the savage wastes,
I tear the curse from the soil,
I fling the bridges across the gulf
That hold us from the To-Be,
And build the roads for the tannery's march
Of crowned humanity.

The Funeral March.

Oh, Lord of Hosts! their mailed tread,
Searing along the mailed dead,
Makes me bow my stubborn head.
Never underneath the sun
Will this heart-aching march be done;
Still, Lord of Hosts! to Thee we cry,
When our great ones, loved ones, die,
Still some grand lament we crave
When we descend into the grave.

Bloom Drift.

Three days the blossoms were gleaming
White,
The trees a-glow with the rosy snow,
That came as the snow comes in the night;
But the wind of the north began to blow,
And scattered the blossoms like drifting snow.
Three days, and the boughs no more were
White,
Nor weighted low with the rosy snow;
It went as the snow goes in the night;
Ere the wind of the north had ceased to blow
The orchard blossoms were as melted snow.

Night.

"The pen wherewith I write most easily is
a feather stolen from the sable wing of night."
—LONGFELLOW.

I care not what the Day may bring,
The Night is all my own;
A thousand fancies round me fling
Their charms; I am alone!
Alone with Night and Solitude,
The world's great woe is still;
For woe is found not in voices rude
The happy silence fill,
Oh, charmed hours! that, all too fleet,
Speed on to bring the Day,
When shall the Night come, tender, sweet,
When Fancy hath its way?

A Windy Day.

The dawn was a dawn of splendor,
And the blue of the morning skies
Was as placid and deep and tender
As the blue of a baby's eyes;
The sunshine flooded the mountains,
And flashed over land and sea
Like the spray of a golden fountain—
But the wind—the wind—ah me!
Like a weird, invisible spirit,
It swooped in its airy flight,
And the earth, as the storm drew near it,
Quaked as in mute affright;
The grass in the green fields quivered—
The waves of the swollen brook
Cautiously shuddered and shivered
And the reeds bowed down and shook.
Like a sorrowful miserere
It sobbed, and it wailed and blew
Till the leaves on the trees looked weary.
And my prayers were weary too;
And then, like the sunshine's glimmer
That faded in the awful strain,
All the hope of my eyes grew dimmer
In a spatter of spectral rain.

Why Should Not Women Whistle?

If the mere act of whistling can help and cheer a man so much, why should it be denied a woman? If whistling will drive away the blues and be company for a lonesome person, surely women have much more need of its services than their brothers for to them come many more such occasions than to men. There are many who have not the gift of song. Why should they not whistle as they rock the cradle or perform their household duties or accompany themselves on the piano? But there is a physical or hygienical advantage in whistling which should excuse it against all the canons of propriety or "good form."

It is often remarked that the average girl is narrow-chested; and in that respect compares unfavorably with her brother. May this not be due in some measure to the habit of whistling which every boy acquires as soon as he arrives at the dignity of pants, and girls seldom do? Let any one try for five minutes the inhaling or exhaling of the breath as it occurs in the act of whistling, and the effect on the lungs and chest cannot fail to be noticed. A daily practice of this kind would be more beneficial than all the patent inspirators and chest expanders in the market.

Southern Fisheries.

The fisheries of the Southern Atlantic States may be considered but little developed as yet, for no portion of the entire coast is so bountifully supplied with valuable fish-food as are the sounds and bays of our Southern Atlantic coast. The fisheries there are, however, increasing in importance, and within the last ten or twelve years the number of persons employed have been tripled. In certain localities—as at Beaufort, Wilmington and Charleston—a large business has sprung up, with good profit; but this industry is capable of much greater development. The trouble is not in finding the fish, but in the want of ice for their preservation and shipping facilities. Still, the number of persons employed is fairly large—5,248 but the capital, some \$8,000,000, does not give as large a return as on the North Atlantic coast. The reason for this apparent discrepancy is that Maryland alone has \$6,342,443 invested in fisheries. Maryland ranks second in Massachusetts in the worth of her fishery products, while her oyster interests are more important than those of any other State. For this special business she employs 23,408 persons, has a fleet of 1450 vessels, with 1825 boats, and her oyster product is worth \$4,730,476. The product of Virginia is worth \$3,124,444; North Carolina, \$27,695; South Carolina, \$212,452, while that of Georgia is only \$119,993 and Florida \$73,403.