sines to see Hel'and from its windmilly side, let that person by all means come to Zaandam, and be surfeited forever after. They all seem to be thriving and flourishing, too; and when a windmilly town does flourish, it is (from a flourishing point of view) a thing to remember. It seems to lack reposfulness, if one cares for it, but for one of an active temperament it is highly stimulating. It is not the place for a mooney or absent-minded person, as an unfatlomable variety of individual taste in the matter of adorning and decorating some of these mills. They were nearly all as bright as paint or wash of every known hue could make them None of the esthetic faded-leaf tones here either, but good, riotous, roaring reds, greens and blues that seemed to sit at once on any mild talk of "broken tints" "or melting combinations." Somehow they seemed to get the right tone under that delicious grayblue haze that hangs so often over the landscape in Holland. Many mills had their little flower gardens running down to the river's edge, and the little summer-house overhanging the water, with its inevitable little motto expres-

A Shaking Mountain.

sive of the owners's sweet content, like

"Lust in Rust," which at first sight

looks like bad and improper English.

It only means rustic felicity. Here sits

Van Dunk and f.ien Is in the shades of

the evening, smoking their pipes, sip-

ping their beverages and listening to

the frogs.

About three months ago a number of miners rom'San Francisco explored El Monte Amar to, the Bitter mountain in north rn Chili. Near the top of the mountain they found something of which they had heard marvelous stories -the E e o the Gold. This mine of poetic name was examined to the disappointment of the whole party. Evening had crept on and it was too late to descend, so the Californians lighted a fire under a rock near the summit, there to pass the night. A furious wind was blowing from the neighboring desert of Atamaca, suddenly the wind dropped; an unnatural calm and silence followed. Then came a confused murmur as from a distant, angry crowd of people, swelling to a grinding, crushing sound. A slight shiver ran through the solid mountain, succeeded by a more positive, rocking motion. The men got upon their feet as quickly as possible, but in another moment all were shaken down. One of the prospectors says that the mountain seemed about to sink beneath them. A horrid to go. roar prevaded all space, and Monte Amargo bellowed like the wind-stirred surface of the ocean. The men were seized with dreadful nausea and indescribable feeling of despair. The frightful phenomenon lasted less than a haif minute, and when it was over earth and sky were as peaceful as ever. They had experienced "A trembler," said to be worse on the Bitter mountain than at any other known place.

Compliments.

"If I owned that land of yours," suggested a florid gentleman bubbling over with good advice, "I'd cut it up in building lots, sell 'em and make enough to live easy the rest of my life." "And if I was sure you had as much faculty to manage your own business as you have faculty to give advice to others, I would lend you that \$1,500 you asked for yesterday." And the train rolled on and the florid gentleman changed his | Yourself in me; but it is too late now."

Comets and the Chinese.

The appearance within the last two years of two comets, says Nature, has been regarded as a most menacing portent by Chinese politicians. Their resemblance to flaming swords is consid. er.d as emblematical of vengeance of Heaven on an unworthy nation.

The Rivals

It was young Count Linden's twentyfirst birthday, and a grand fancy-ball was being given in his honor at his father's country-house in Schloss Marburg, in Westphalia. Among the cavaliers, every one noticed Conrad von Rosenhain, a handsome young fellow of two-and-twenty, straight and lithe, who in his costume borrowed from the court eyes in the room.

The fourth quadrille was under way, who overheard. But to the young little boudoir. knight's flow of repartee there came presently a sudden chilling shock; mid-Schloss Marburg; the news spread like chral whisper:

he, the hero of the ball, changed to an and lovely pink-tinted face he had been object of ridicule, if any one were rude dreaming ever since. It would have enough to laugh! Raging at the flimsy been heartless to pursue his investigaproducts of all modern looms, Von tions at such a time, and he could not Rosenhain dashed through the heavy stay and be a burden upon the stricken silk portieres in search of some one to house. restore order to his toilet. It was a big in the ball-room restrained their merri- youth, was called upon to assist in the ment as well as they did. They were defence of his fatherland against the probably laughing at him now, confound | French, and in the excitement of army there is always a chance of being brain- them! A man in livery told him that life his mind had less time to dwell upon ed by the merry wind-sail, unless one by going to the end of a long corridor the pretty little unknown who had so is somewhat alert. There seems to be and pushing open a certain door he facinated him. would find one of the lady's-maids, who unlucky stocking.

Following the man's directions, Von Rosenhain found himself at length in a large, dimly-lighted apartment, hung at one end with half-drawn curtains, through which a light gleamed. He advanced quietly, and was about to speak, when surprise at the tableau before him silenced him. The lovely girl sitting w th the light glinting on her fair hair was no lady's-maid; in her light blue the neck and sleeves, she seemed more like a young princess.

"I have mistaken the room," he said off as quickly as possible." But, as he turned, he slipped and

nearly fell, and the girl, startled, looked up frightened. "Pray do not be alarmed," said Con-

rad, advancing, "I was sent in search of a maid who would mend a rent in my dress; but I must have mistaken

' No, there is no mistake I sent my maid to bed half an hour ago, as she had a bad headache. Perhaps I could remedy the defect in your dress," the girl returned, with a charming smile.

"Oh, no; not for worlds would I trouble you! I will go in search of some one else," said Conrad, with something like a blush.

But the pretty little fairy would not hear of his going, and, almost before he realized what she was doing, she had threaded a needle with a bit of lilac silk and had dropped upon her knees before him on the wolf's skin on which he stood, Deftly and quickly she mended the rent in the much-reviled stocking, and rose lightly to her feet, scarcely touching Conrad's arm offered in assistance.

"I am very much obliged to you," began the young man, in earnest tones, 'and I_"

"Oh, never mind thanks for such a trifle! Any one would have done as much. Now you may go back to the little Alsatian peasant with whom you have been flirting all the evening." Von Rosenhain seemed in no hurry

"So you have seen me before my arpearance here this evening? Surely I see you for the first time now? he said,

wonderingly. "Yes, I was among the lookers-on in the gallery, near the musicians, and I watched you particularly during the hour that I was allowed to stay. My aunt declares that I am too young to appear at the ball as a guest-do you not think it a shame? I shall be six-

"It is an unpardonable shame!" exclaimed Conrad excitedly, as he looked into her plaintive, violet eyes, dewy with tears. "I will go and beg your aunt to let you come. Describe her to

teen next birthday, and I love danc-

me and I will search till I find her." "Pray do nothing of the kind, Herr her pretty hand on Conrad's sleeve; "it |

"I must do as you wish, of course," returned Conrad reluctantly. "How- a voice saying, in not the gentlest of ever, it flatters me that you cared to tones: discover my name."

"You would like to know mine, I imprudent to sit in this damp garden suppose," she said with a saucy smile; while you are still an invalid. Daphne, but I am not going to tell it to you, you will accompany me to the house, as point three miles distant. The way lay died honored throughout Denmark in Call me Penelope, or one of the Fates, Fraulin Lindes, your governess, seen, through the village, and was darge ous three years turned Alsatia into one of or any one who sits working lusi y to have deserted you."

romance about me. Now leave me, I for it it was the old baron who had so enough it fell to the lot of Col. you remainder of the ball, and I am very tete with Conrad. glad I have been of service to you."

"I thank you heartily," said Conrad, pressing one of her soft white/hands

gallantly to his lips. Upon his return to the ball-room the festivity seemed to have lost all its young man with elaborate politeness, could. Passing through a narrow gatecharm for Conrad von Rosenhain; the guests' voices were noisy and discordant of Louis XV, attracted the brightest compared with the low, girlish tones to which he had just been listening, and there was not a face in all the throng and Conrad with, a pretty little Alsatian that did not pale before the delicate peasant as partner, was trying his wit leveliness of the one he had seen bendagainst hers, to the amusement of all ing over the heap of colored silks in the

The next day was a dark one for "Make yourself scarce as 300n as pos- disperse with all possible haste. Von cure. sible; you have a long rip in the back Rosenhain was obliged to take his departure with the others, much though The horror of that moment was over- he yearned to find out who his benefacwhelming for Conrad von Rosenhain- tress was, of whose childish violet eyes

A few weeks later Conrad von Rosen-

In an engagement near the village of would take the necessary stitckes in the Kirchfelt Lieut. von Rosenhain was wounded in the shoulder-not severely, but enough to make him unfit for service for some weeks. As no hospital was in the neighborhood, Schloss Hohenstein, the home of a certain Baron von Remsthal, was chosen as quarters for the invalid, and thither von Rosenhain was sent to await recovery.

Schloss Hohenstein was a fine old mansion rapidly falling into decay, the shrubberies were tangled and unkempt, velvet dress, with soft old lace about the statues crumbled unheeded. And within doors the desolation was nearly as great-the once beautiful furniture and tapestries were worm eaten and in to himself, "and had better take myself | tatters. Moreover, there were very few servants; and rumors reached Conrad's | though their love was. ears of the Baron von Remsthal being deeply involved in debt.

One bright sunny day, as Conrad was walking in the garden, rejoicing at the his regiment, some one advanced towards him whom he had not seen before at Schloss Hohenstein—a graceful young girl in a pretty, fur-trimmed dress, her cheeks flushed with the cold crisp air. Surely he had seen those eyes before? Was he dreaming, or was this really the same mysterious fairy who had mended his stocking at the fancy ball?

"Good morning, Lieut, von Rosenhain! she said with a lovely smile he remembered so well. "I am so glad you are well enough to be out again. I have inquired for you every day, but have not had the pleasure of seeing you before. I hope you have not forgotten

"Never!" declared Conrad, retaining the little hand so frankly proffered

"How odd that we should meet again, quite by chance! But you do not know me. I must introduce myself now, because I am your hostess. I am Daphne von Remsthal, and I live here with my father."

"So at last I know the name of the fair unknown who helped me out of my very unpleasant predicament at Count Marburg's ball! It is a question that I have asked myself in vain thousands of times since."

It is astonishing how much these two who had never met before but once found to say to each other in the old garden, and the summons to luncheon came all too soon. From this day on the invalid soldier found nothing so beneficial for his health as a stroll in the shrubbery, even when the weather eemed to others unpropitious; and Daphne, as hostess, could not but chat with her guest when they met.

The two were sitting one day near an old moss-grown sun dial at the end of the garden walk, and a very pretty tableau they made-she with a bright color in her cheeks, her light curly hair tossed about her forehead, and her eyes like diamonds, and he with enough pallor-the result of his illness-to lend a new interest to his face, and his fine von Rosenhain," said the girl, laying figure set off by his uniform. Daphne had gathered a tiny bunch of winter is kind of you-very kind-to interest violets, and was showing her treasures to Conrad, who bent his head over hers to see them, when both were startled by

"Lieut. von Rosenhain, you are very

beg of you. I hope you will enjoy the ruthlessly broken in upon her tete-a- Pleyel to accompany him.

took his stroll in the garden alone. ing little of the hate for him in the Towards evening he was requested to younger one's breast. On the way honor l'aron von Remsthal with a vivit they spoke little, and followed each in his study. The baron received the other in the darkness as well as they and proceeded to tell him that a sum- way at the end of the village street, mons had come for him to rejoin his Von Rosenhain's sword slipped and regiment; he would regret losing so struck on the ground. agreeable a guest from his house, but it could not be helped.

"By-the-way," continued the old man, "it would perhaps interest you to hear that my daughter Daphne is about to be betrothed to a distant cousin of himself. mine, Hugo von Pleyel, a man considerably her senior, but of excellent charway in the dance some one tapped him wild-fire that the Countess Linden was acter, and possessed of a handsome foron the shoulder and said, in a sepul- striken down with a violent fever, and | tune. It is an unspeakable relief to me the frightened guests were begged to to know that my child's future is se-

But alas for the fond dreams of either new! He, a young officer, with no other property in the world than his horse and sword, could ill offer himself as rival to the rich Baron von Pleyel when the Von Remsthals were on the verge of bankruptcy. How the young man hated this stranger who was to bear off the prize he so yearned for!

As Conrad strode past a half-ruined summer-house standing a little back rent, and he wondered that the people hain, together with many another brave from the avenue, the sound of smothered sobbing reached his ear. In another moment he stood in the little arbor, brain. clasping both Daphne's hands in his, and looking down into her tear-brimming eves with a world of love and pity in his own.

"Am I not to congratulate you on bitter ring in his voice.

"Oh, no, no! I am so unhappy. But what can I do? We are very poor -almost on the verge of want, and I cannot disappoint my father."

"Do you love anyone else?" Conrad asked, eagerly watching her face. For reply she leaned her pretty head upon his shoulder, and the young sol-

dier knew the truth. The next day Lieutenant von Rosenhain took his departure. His heart was heavy at the thought that he would perhaps never see Daphne again; but the memory that she loved him awakened a song of triumph within him, hopeless

There had been a sharp engagement between French and Prussians on the outskirts of the little village of Apfelthought of soon being able to rejoin dorf, and the contending parties hovered still about the place for another attack on the morrow. At nightfall Lieutenant von Rosenhain and a few other officers and men gathered round a meager camp-fire to try to snatch a

few hours' sleep. "It is a pity we can have no better fire on this bitter cold night; go to the house yonder, Wilhelm, and see if you can find any fuel," said one of the offi-

The man took a lantern and went t towards the deserted-looking building standing in its own grounds, the abandoned home of some rich family. He returned with his arms full of books.

"The place has been plundered, sir, of everything but these; but they will make a fine fire."

As do one objected, the soldier flung the armful of books on the dying flames. "Bring more—the idea is not bad;" fed by scores of priceless old volumes.

He had curiously piercing dark eyes, in the wake of fleeting time to the and a mustache nearly white; but his grave-strewn field of eternity, meditates figure was lithe and active as any youth's.

Von Rosenhain watched him narrowly, and wondered that he had not seen him before.

and with his saber idly raked a little as the above. vellum-bound book towards him out of the burning pi e. It was a volume of On the fly-leaf were these words in faded ink-"Daphne, de son ami Louis,"

"Daphne," said Conrad, half to himself-"an unusual name, and a very pretty one too."

dark-eyed stranger at his side; "it is the name of the girl who is to be my wife."

Conrad looked at the man in silence. The idea took sudden possession of him that his hated rival was before him; but he could not bear to hear the truth from the man's own lips.

On the first opportunity that offered, he asked one of the men who the tall officer was with the eagle eyes and gray mustache.

"That is Col. Hugo von Pleyel," v as

and weave some kind of interesting in her eyes, and took her father's arm; chosen one messenger, and oddly truth.

At dark the two men set forth on The next day Lieut. von Rosenhain their dangerous errand, the elder know-

"Who goes there?" called a gruff voice in French, followed by the sharp report of a musket.

"Foolish fellow to waste his bullet aiming in the dark !" said Conrad to

Outside the village the danger was over, and Von Rosenhain having wandered out of hearing of his companion, hurried on alone, delivered his message, and returned to the camp. The next for all offices in that State. The prejumorning, on inquiring for Col. von dice against women occupying offices Pleyel, Conrad heard to his astonishment that he had not returned. Won- ing as years roll by. This is especially dering, he set out again over the road noticeable in connection with educathat they had traversed together on the tional matters. Women are now eligiprevious evening, and, as he neared the little gate at the end of the deserted street, he saw to his surprise Col. von Pleyel sitting on a bench beside a cot-

"We were wondering at your absence, colonel," he was about to say, but the words froze on his lips. Hugo ven Pleyel was stone-dead, shot through the

Von Rosenhain remembered with a shock the striking of his saber on the ground, the challenge of the French soldier, and the bullet fired. That bullet had struck down the man whom he your engagement ?" he asked, with a hated above all others on earth. He had fallen upon the stone bench without a cry, and, supported by the wall of the house, had sat in ghastly silence ever since.

A successor was needed to fill the post of the lamented Col. von Pleyel, and to Conrad von Rosenhain's delight it was offered to him as a reward for his past bravery. The first person to whom the young man wrote of his advancement was the Baron von Remsthal, and the letter contained a formal request for the hand of his daughter Daphne in marriage. Daphne herself replied with a happy glowing letter; and when the summer came the soldier-lover claimed his bride. Daphne in her orange-blossoms was "beautiful as an angel," the neighbors said.

A Waather Item.

coyote turns out and gets up an appetite by runnin; a rabbit down before breakjast. It is the kind of weather that brings from retirement the overcoat, the mince-pie, and dreams of falling out of high brick houses and being run over by street ears. And also the weather whose bugle calls summon home the four-bits-a-pound turkey and the hot drink, the imported oyster and the Christmas present: the weather when the New Year's card is abroad and the wails of the informer stalk upon every hurrying blast and creep into graves of forgetfulness ere the corpse of the holidays is cold in the silent temb. It is in this character of atmosphere that sad thoughts of what became of his last summer's wages drift into the melancholy musings of and soon the camp-fire burned merrily, the young but "soon" man, who has wandered away from his manina and "A pity-a great pity; but our men the little ones at none. The average cannot freeze," said a man, lyirg wrap- maiden, who is more than helding her ped in his cleak, near Von Rosenhain. own in the column of souls marching upon the possibilities of fortune or invitations to the approaching social events, and out of the presence of the beautiful snow rise hosts of conflicting emotions and thoughts too innumera-Presently Conrad leaned forward, ble to be stacked into so small a space

Dante's Interno with the date 1530. How a Danish Judge Checked Perjury.

A Danish colonial magistrate, for whose exceptional character and ability we can vouch, once made a grimly comic experiment in this direction, and "I am glad you like it," observed the I upon this principle. He was appalled by the endless perjuries committed in cases before him, determined to stop them, and did. He, of course; said nothing of his method, but an English friend seated beside him on the bench noticed that whenever a witness told a palpable lie he jumped. He asked the reason, and the magistrate, after a caution, revealed his secret. "My orderly s ands behind the witness, and whenever I put my left hand to my ear that indicates that the evidence is false and he runs a pin into him. It is a wellknown fact to the many who will recognize this story that the sting of con-The next night it was necessary to science in this material form proved send an important message to a certa effectual, and that the magistrate who as many French soldiers were skuiking the most orderly and law-abiding of near Scranton last week they found while others are amusing themselves, Daphne arose with a frightened look about. Conrad V n Rosenhain was communities. He could always get the thousands of living potato bugs fifteen

The Fair Sex.

The richest treasure a man ever gets in this world is a good wife. The poorest investment he ever makes is a poor wife, no matter how much money she has. Marriage is a transaction which should be removed as far as possible from the monied value of either party. The happiest homes everywhere have been bought and paid for by the mutual earnings after marriage. Nothing is truer than that a good wife in the home is as surely a money-earner as is the husband who toils with hand or brain. The best motto for every young man or woman is, "Marry for love and work for riches." It may be an old fogy idea, but millions of homes will bear testimony to its truthfulness.

Women to the front,-Oregon has passed a law which is to be submitted to the people, allowing women to vote and public positions is steadily decreasble as school officers in Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Virginia, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, New York Pennsylvania, Vermont, Wyoming, and to any office in Wisconsin except that of State superintendent. In Mississippi the law requires that at least one woman shall be a member of the State board of education. But conservative England is far ahead of this country, and women who have property have always voted

for municipal offices. Augusta Sholke, once a favorite danseuse of Paris and Berlin, and the principal attraction of the Viceroy of Egypt's imported ballet troupe, is past her dancing days, and is directing the terpsichorean entertainment in a Philadelphia variety theatre. She says that American girls would make the most superb dancers in the world if they were not too lazy to go through with the requisite course of training. They practice an hour, and then begin to cry over their achin g toes. English girls are fully as bad, and usually awkward, too. German girls, as a rule, are clumsy. The Italians and French make the best dancers, as they are generally graceful and not afraid to work. "The dancer's toes," she asserts, "should not get tired, if she loves her art." No one ever hears that the fingers of a good piano player are so stiff and sore that he is unable to play well. The dancer's toes should be like the piano player's fingers."

Remarkable Freservations.

ple wear when they become corpees. When in April, 1861, the remains of Napoleon was transferred to the sarcophagus, they were observed to be in a perfect state of preservation. When, in July, 1793, the National Convention decreed that the tombs of the cidevant kings at the Church of St. Denis (five miles from Paris) should be demolished, the first tomb opened was that of Turenne, whose body was found in such perfect preservation that it was exhibited for the space of eight months in the sacristy. The first body extracted from the vault of the Bourbons was that of Henry IV., and it was exhibited for two days, during which casts were taken of the face. On the same day the bodies of Louis XIII., Louis XIV., Marie de Medicis, Anne of Austria, Marie Therese and Louis the Dauphin, son of Louis XIV., were disinterved. The body of Louis XIII. was in good preservation; that of Louis XIV. of the depet blak. The tomb of Charles VI. and Isabela of Bavaria, his consort, contained nothing but dry bones. The tomb of Dagobert was opened by torchlight. The body of this king and his queen Nathikle lay together enveloped in silk. The king's head was severed from the body; the head of the queen was missing. The customs of the people, in Dagobert's time must have made it a rather stirring thing to be a king.

The Prattler's Conquest.

One of our daisies, little Hattie Ris a precocious child, and remembers all she hears. She had been listening to the school-girl talk of her older sister and some of her young friends, and treasured up in her own mind some of their expressions. Last Sunday she went to church for the first time, and on her return her father asked her what she did. "I got tired," she answered promptly. "And what did you do then ?" "Oh, I mashed the minister !" replied the infant with perfect gravity.

-It is bad policy to wash harness with soap, as the potash injures the leather. If the harness becomes rusty rub off the dirt as well as possible with a soft brush and supply a dressing of grain black, followed with oil or tallow, which will fasten the collar and make the leather pliable.

-While workmen were digging sand