

**THE FIRST GRAY HAIR.**  
And thou hast come at last,  
Thou baleful issue of the buried year—  
Sad fruitage of the past—  
Root-nurtured in a loam of hopes and fears!  
I hail thee, but I hate thee, lurking there,  
Thou first gray hair.  
Of all the fleecy flock,  
Thou art the one to loathe and to despise;  
The cheat within the shock,  
The mould that on the early harvest lies,  
The midew on the blossoms of the year—  
The first gray hair.  
And thou the Judas art,  
The tatter of old time, who loathest betray  
The weary, worn-out heart,  
Ere yet we dare to dream of decay;  
Thou art a hint of wreck beyond repair,  
The first gray hair.

## A Matutinal Episode.

As the sun lifted his big red face up over the lake a lurid gleam from his lusty eye fell directly across the sleeping face of Mistress Bessie McIntosh, aged 22, a bride of a year, resident of Lake View. Opening her eyes in a wild and startled manner she sat up and looked around her. Her face, framed by the ruffle of delicate lace, which encircled the tiny cap, expressed wonder, doubt, distress, and finally, confidence.  
"Are you there, Fred? Oh, yes. It's all right; I know now. Oh, I have had such a dream! And I woke with the sun shining right in my face. I dreamed I was married to Cousin Chawly, and he brought me such a lovely white satin dress. Isn't that an awfully bad sign? What can be going to happen? And he came home d-r-d-runk one night, and the next morning he had on a golden armor, and the visor was studded with diamonds, and—oh, how it did blaze and how magnificent he did look! And I turned to admire him and tell him how much I loved him, when I saw lying at his feet a pair of bracelets, each with a dozen bangles, and each bangle a great, immense diamond. 'Why, those are for you, Bessie,' he said, and as I stopped to pick them up, each diamond seemed a glittering serpent, which was reaching up to embrace me. Then I woke, so frightened, I am going to get right up and dress, for I never, never can sleep again after such a dream."

So Mistress Bessie proceeded to put her words into execution. Two dainty white feet, which Cinderella's slippers might have encompassed, faced themselves upon the soft rug. A pretty white hand threw back the snowy courvette, and Undine emerged from the sea. Her toilet having been arranged to her entire satisfaction, though it must be said no great pains had been taken with it, she sat down in an arm-chair much too large for her, and, in a drowsy, yawning way, began to repent of her hasty conclusion to forego her accustomed morning nap.  
"Oh, dear," she yawned, "how awfully early it is. I don't believe there is a soul astir in the house. But that horrid dream. Don't you know, Fred, that dreams of white wedding robes and jewels are always followed by the death of one of those to be married or of some one near? And what if Cousin Chawly should die? He has had such bad luck always. Everything seems to go against him, and she tied and untied the kerchief around her neck as she talked. A long silence. "I think I hear Judith in the kitchen. Perhaps you had better rise, Fred. We can have an early breakfast if we wish, and then a ride through the park before you go into the city. But if anything is happening to Cousin Chawly perhaps we had better forego such pleasure," she added in a tearful voice. As there was no response from the bed she concluded the occupant had fallen asleep. Going to the window she parted the curtains and gave the shade an upward push, which sent it to the top with a whick, much to her astonishment. She then threw open a flood of radiant sunshine. She looked very lovely as she stood there, her slender figure enveloped in the sunny glow. Her red-brown hair had been coiled on the very top of her head, and the bangs had been deftly parted and brushed back at the sides—the whole lending a classic grace to the small, well poised head. She was not thinking of her personal appearance as she stood there, nor of the fine sunrise at which she seemed to be gazing.  
"Oh, if he should find out," she thought, "it would spoil all. Only a few more days and there would be no secrets between us." So, stepping upon a chair and stretching her arm to its greatest possible length, she grasped the cord and drew the shade gently down, and, turning the curtains, she softly left the room. Left thus alone "to sleep, perchance to dream," Mr. Frederic McIntosh turned him upon his uneasy pillow and sought repose. With a slam of the blind he shut out the amorous sunbeams that had lain so lovingly upon Bessie's face, as if to lighten and brighten her troubled sleep. Cousin Charles had been a rejected suitor of Bessie's, so he had believed, upon the basis of consanguinity; yet he was not positive of this. He had gone off to Dakota to grow up with the country, they said. Twice in one week Bessie had dreamed of him and had been unusually excited each time. Eow! What nonsense. Yet it was rather queer they had never heard from him. Come to think about it, Bessie had met some people from Dakota at Waukesha. Could it be she had heard from him, was corresponding with him, and was keeping the guilty secret? He remembered now that one evening he came home unexpectedly and found her in her dressing-room writing, and she had hastily hidden the sheet at his approach and thought he had not noticed. Phew! What's in a dream! Never was one yet worth the sacrifice of a nap after sunrise. And thus he tried to throw the subject from his mind or to account for it all in a reasonable and legitimate manner. But all to no purpose. The imp of darkness was dancing jigs in the chamber of his brain. Sleep had forsaken the portals of that quiet room, which was now haunted by an ogre from dream-land. So after vain efforts to court the

## A CURIOUS CLOCK.

**The Wonderful Timepiece Which Was Twenty Years in Building.**  
The Cincinnati Times-Star thus describes a remarkable clock which is now on exhibition in that city: The mechanism is inclosed in a walnut case twelve feet high and five feet wide, and weighs 2,300 pounds. The general design of its numerous figures is to exemplify some of the leading events and characters of American history. It was made by Prof. Wegman at his home in Frostburg, Md., in his leisure moments, he having been engaged on it for over twenty years.  
The base of the clock is about four feet high. At the top is an astronomical dial two feet in diameter, with figures of the planets, etc., showing the movements of the sun and earth, the former circling the dial once each year, and the latter revolving on its axis once every twenty-four hours. The moon's phases, the season, and other familiar astronomical subjects are represented. A large flag is carved in the case on each side of the dial, and above them are, at the right a cannon, and at the left a drum, also carved in bas-relief. Below the dial is a scroll bearing the inscription, "E Pluribus Unum," beneath which are two crossed swords and a soldier's cap.  
Immediately above the base of the clock is a stage or platform extending the full width of the case. On the extreme ends of the platform are small forts, one surmounted by the figure of a sailor and the other by the figure of a soldier. Between these forts at the back of the platform and resting against a central upright case are ten figures of men, representing ten different nationalities, five being upon one side and five upon the other side of an alcove, in which the pendulum swings. Every five minutes one of these figures plays a tune on a music-box.  
The central upright case is two and one-half feet high and four feet wide. At the top of it is a representation of the Bunker hill monument with an eagle perched upon it with outstretched wings. The eagle grasps in its right claw an olive branch and a bundle of spears. In its left it holds a globe, from which is suspended the pendulum, forty-nine inches long. At the bottom of the pendulum is a dial with the minutes and hours marked off, and in the centre of the dial Time and his scythe remind the beholder of the fleet passage of time into the illimitable eternity. Every hour the eagle calls out in hoarse tones the time.  
At the left of the Bunker hill monument is a skeleton a foot high grasping a hammer, with which it tolls on a bell the quarter hours. At the first quarter a door in the upper case last described flies open, and the famous scene of the throwing overboard of a cargo of tea in Boston harbor is re-enacted. At the second quarter hour another door is opened, and "the cause of the war of 1812" is displayed by the representation of Englishmen in the conventional scarlet attire inviting an Indian chief to take up arms against the Americans, the palaver being delineated by clear pantomime. In the background are seen British soldiers taking American sailors from their ships.  
The ringing of the third quarter hour causes another door to spring open, disclosing Gen. Scott and Taylor encamped in Texas. Each of the distinguished soldiers politely steps forward and takes off his cap to the spectators, and then retires to keep a vigilant eye on the Greasers.  
At the fourth quarter hour the opening of a door brings to view a scene emblematic of the late civil war. A negro is seen at the back of the alcove bound with chains. A procession of eleven men—representing the eleven seceding states—dressed in the gray uniform of the Confederate army, passes in front of the unfortunate slave, each turning his back on the colored man as he passes. After they have all gone by, the emancipator of the down-trodden race, President Lincoln, comes along and seeing the unhappy son of Ham, advances to him, loosens his shackles, and leads him away.  
In addition to the airs that are played every five minutes the period is also marked by the passage across the stage of figures which pass from the fort at the right and disappear through the portals of the one on the left. First comes Brigham Young and one of his wives, who are supposed to be on their wedding tour. Next comes Gen. Grant on horseback; then a hand bearing the penknife with which Prof. Wegman carved out all the figures of the clock; then the figure of a man representing a manager who rendered matters unpleasant for the professor at one time; then the figures of Garfield and Guita as they appeared at the moment of the assassination; then Guita's deity, who carries a sign reading "Cranks wanted;" then the "Indian" chieftain, Capt. Jack, and finally the historical vessel, the Mayflower. Only one of these figures passes around at each interval of five minutes.  
The clock is operated by two springs twenty feet long and three inches wide, having a lifting power of 800 pounds.  
(The Continent.)

## A MATEL MATEL.

**The Latest Invention for the Protection of Audiences in a "penetrable safety wall," which has just been patented by an engineer at Kottbue, Germany. The plan is to make the interior walls in all parts of the theatre of papier mache, made after a certain method. Such a wall will have the appearance of a massive stone, but by pressure upon certain parts, where the words are to be painted in luminous letters, "to be broken open in case of fire," access to the exterior corridors is to be obtained, whence escape can be made to the outer air.**  
A NEW PASTIME.  
(Chicago Tribune.)  
Down south a new and unique pastime has been invented, which is known as the melon contest. A large watermelon is picked out and placed in some shop window, with the announcement that a prize, generally a watch and chain, will be given to the person who correctly guesses the number of seeds in it. At a recent contest held in Knoxville, Tenn., 1,704 guesses were received from fourteen different states.

## SLAKE-HANDLING.

**Strange Experiences in India with Python and Cobras.**  
(Chambers' Journal.)  
Apropos of Dr. Stradling's interesting snake anecdotes in your Journal, I send you a note illustrative of the danger of landing certain kind of snakes. Out here, individuals of one set of fakirs—religious mendicants—are frequently met with wearing young and tame pythons as necklaces. One such animal took the fancy of an officer and for a few rupees was transferred from the fakir's neck to his; and for some time both were on very good terms. One day our friend sat down to breakfast with the python round his neck, a thing he had never done before; the tail of the animal came across the arm of the chair and instinctively coiled round it. The leverage thus obtained seemed to revive its memory of victim squeezing, and in a moment the officer was in the pangs of strangulation, bound fast to his chair and the awful coil of the python around his neck. But in that supreme moment of horror appalling he retained his nerve; with his left hand he seized the reptile's head and with his right grasped a table knife and was just able to inflict a gash behind its head, and then the suffocating coils fell slack. The officer was afterward found prostrate on the floor in a dead faint, from which he only recovered to be seized with brain fever, the delirium of which was entirely occupied with encounters with monstrous serpents. In course of time he recovered, but no one could recognize in that pallid, gray-haired and careworn shadow of a man the once stalwart, hearty, and enthusiastic sportsman.  
Another note to illustrate the extreme danger of handling even dead snakes. Maj. Denny, a police officer in the central provinces, was recently out shooting and killed a large cobra. His companion asked to see its poison fangs, and Maj. Denny, seizing the snake with one hand, opened its jaws with the other to exhibit the fangs, which, in the approaching rigidity of death, closed on his finger. Aware of his awful risk he sucked his finger and hastened home. But all assistance was unavailing; he died in three hours.  
I once kept and freely handled a snake declared to be innocuous; it escaped, and after much searching could not be found. Presently my boy ran up with tears in his eyes, declaring that his three pet rabbits were all dead; true enough, they were so, and quite rigid. Coiled up in the hutch was the missing snake which my boy and I had so frequently handled!  
The handling of snakes is often unavoidably forced upon us by the extraordinary and often incomprehensible positions in which snakes are frequently encountered. We are apt to fancy that snakes are essentially groveling creatures, forgetting that their ventral scales give them admirable facilities for climbing. Unless you recognize this fact, it is difficult to understand how snakes get into the roofs of up-country bungalows, which are supported by smooth and whitewashed walls and pillars; how you meet them on the upper shelves of your bookcases, or in other apparently inaccessible situations.  
But when you meet snakes in the act of ascending trees, and apparently with nothing to hold on by, you are resigned to your fate, and are prepared for sanguine encounters anywhere and everywhere. If you are a lady you must not be surprised—as my wife was—at a deadly snake dropping out of the sleeve of your velvet jacket, which your ayah was helping you on with, that jacket having previously hung from a wall peg, leaving it three or four feet from the ground. Nor, if you are going out calling, must you be astonished if a cobra looks in upon you from the double roof of your brougham. How did the one snake ascend the smooth wall and get into the jacket? How did the other pass up the smooth and glass-like sides or wheels of the brougham and get into its double roof?  
I might adduce illustrations by the score of these strange encounters, and they show us how we must always be on our guard against snakes. Yet it is marvelous that among Europeans we very rarely hear of deaths from snakebite, while the bare feet and legs of natives leave them frequently and fatally open to attack.

## HANDLING THE REINS.

**A Horseman's Views of What Women Need to Learn About Driving Horses.**  
(Inter Ocean.)  
"Well, when you have handled horses as long as I have, and watched other people do the same, I think you'll agree with me when I say that no other accomplishment among ladies needs to be taught more than the proper use of reins. If the ladies knew more about the ribbons of a horse's harness than the ribbons of their bonnets it would be better for them. A woman has to use such knowledge twice where a man does once, for she must make up in skill what she lacks in strength and agility. Now, in the case we just now saw a man would have been out of the carriage and had the horse pushed from the track in a moment almost; but with the woman it was a different thing altogether, for she was so unincumbered with her heavy skirts that if she had tried to leave the buggy she would probably have been caught and crushed, while if she had escaped the horse and vehicle would surely have been lost."  
"Can you tell at a glance whether a lady is a good driver?"  
"Yes, almost at a glance. Now, there comes a lady driving that big bay. See? Did you notice the way she held the lines? Well, that isn't proper, although clearly every lady we've met this afternoon held them that way. You will notice a man or a good lady driver always grasps the rein so that it passes into the hand under the little finger first, the ends of the fingers, after the hand is closed upon the rein, being in a perpendicular line. This gives a vise-like grip which it is almost impossible for the leather to slip through. But the wrong habit ladies fall into is to catch the rein in such a way that when it enters the hand it passes over the forefinger; when held in that way it is very hard to keep it from slipping, and so it happens that when an excited horse gives a quick jerk and the lady feels the line slip she thinks her strength is inadequate, loses her presence of mind, and in a few minutes somebody's hurt."  
"An incident that early in life impressed me with the importance of knowing how to act when other lives than one's own are consigned to his keeping: A lady friend of ours from the city came out to visit our family on the farm when I was just growing into manhood, and on her arrival she wanted to have it understood that she was an old driver and knew all about horses. Yielding to her request, I hitched up one of our finest teams one day, and she invited several of the women folks to go out with her. As soon as she took her seat and picked up the lines I knew she was unfit to drive the bays, and frankly told her so, offering to act as coachman; but she gave her head a shake and said she "guessed she knew," and the four started gayly off. About dusk the horses came to the barn all wounded and bleeding, and, following their tracks back, we found two of the party dead and the third crippled for life, the city driver escaping with a slight bruise. But she might as well have been dead, though, for she always thought herself a murderer, and two years after was in a lunatic asylum. That is one reason why I consider this an important subject."  
Shorthand by Machinery.  
(New York World.)  
A reporter of The World was yesterday told of an invention which seems destined to reduce the hitherto complicated and uncertain art of shorthand writing to an exact science. It is a triangular-shaped machine, weighing about seven inches in its widest part. Mounted on a cast-iron stand are four V-shaped keys controlled by eight finger-pieces, four on each side of a centre or thumb key, which is placed lower and is a little larger than the others. The writing is done by striking these keys, thus causing points or "markers" to strike an ink-prepared ribbon against a paper tape, which moves forward automatically under a small rubber cylinder each time a key is struck. The machine can be folded and conveniently carried in a neat leather case, resembling that ordinarily used to contain a field-glass.  
The system is simplicity itself, consisting, as it does of dashes of uniform length, which in combinations of one or more printed in five distinct positions across the tape, can be made to represent all the vowels and consonants in the language. By omitting the vowels and writing phonetically, as in ordinary shorthand, a speed exceeding that of the most rapid stenographer with pen or pencil can be obtained. The mechanical accuracy of the instrument is such that a blind man can operate it perfectly, and a deaf mute with good eyes can read and transcribe the writing. It is asserted by the inventor that the system can be learned in less than one-third the time required to learn any other system of shorthand.  
The machine is called the "Stenograph," and is the invention of Mr. M. Bartholomew, of Belleville, Ill., who had been writing Pitman's system of shorthand for eleven years as an official court reporter, when he hit upon the idea two years ago.

## Southern and Northern Girls.

(Boston Transcript.)  
"Perhaps," remarked a southern girl the other day, "it is because northern men have not the deferential manners towards women that southern men have, and perhaps it is because we still let them think it's their privilege and honor to seek us; but anything like the bold monopoly of men by northern girls I never saw. Some of them act as if they did not care whether a man existed or not, and others of them elbow one another to make him exist for herself alone." We fear the languid-eyed, cooing-mannered dandy had but small chance amongst some of her brilliant rivals, but as an adverse opinion is sometimes wholesome, it is given for what it is worth.  
An Arduous Business.  
(Hatters' Record.)  
The hatter gets a dollar by making a hat-brim straight. The following season he gets another dollar for turning the brim up. The next season he gets another dollar for turning the brim down. Hat-making is an arduous business.

## A MATCH FOUND FOR A BOSTON QUIZ.

(Boston Courier.)  
Two Boston gentlemen while tramping through the White mountains last past summer, came across a lonely hut among the hills from which the prospect was particularly fine and extended. The proprietor of the establishment was hoeing in his small garden, and the travelers began to quiz him. Said one: "You have an excellent view from your house."  
"Pretty fair," replied the farmer.  
"I suppose," continued the first speaker, winking to his companion, "on a fair day you can see almost to Europe?"  
"Kin see further 'n that," returned the man.  
"How so?" was asked in surprise.  
"We don't think nothin' of seein' as far as the mane."  
The Bostonians had found their match.  
Bowie Knives.  
(New York Sun.)  
"Is the present bowie knife the same shape as the earlier one?"  
"There is not much variation in the shape of the real bowie. Many persons call almost any broad bladed hunting knife a bowie knife. The real bowie knife has a clip point. There is a knife which has a spear point, and which is similar to the bowie knife in every other respect. Nine people out of ten will tell you that it is a bowie knife. Formerly bowie knives had blades from ten to fifteen inches in length, and were two inches broad, and proportionately thick. Now the blades are often made as short as five inches, and rarely are longer than twelve inches. A five-inch bowie blade is one inch wide and a quarter of an inch thick. The point is sharp and strong. The 'clip' extends about one-third the length of the blade, and gives the knife a wicked appearance."

## 'WERE BETTER.

[Jean Ingelow.]  
If to reflect light that is divine  
Makes that which doth reflect it better seen,  
And if to see is to condemn the sinner,  
'Twere surely better if he never been;  
It had been better for her not to shine,  
And for me not to sing. Better, I wene,  
For us to yield no more that radiant bright,  
For them, to lack the light than scorch the  
light.  
Build the more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll;  
Leave thy low vaulted nest;  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more  
valiant.  
Thill thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresisting sea.  
—(O. W. Holmes.)  
But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,  
Save, save, oh save me from the candid friend.  
—(George Channing.)

## Cocoa and Chocolate.

(Glasgow Herald.)  
Many drinkers of these pleasant beverages are unaware as to the method by which the cocoa seeds are obtained. Cocoa, or cacao, is extracted from the seed of small trees of the genus theobroma, which, when cultivated, grows from twelve to eighteen feet high, but to a higher elevation in their wild state. The flowers are small and cluster on the branches and trunk, the matured fruit appearing as though artificially attached. Out of each cluster only one pod is allowed to mature, and this when full grown is from seven to ten inches long by three to four inches wide. The five cells contain each a row of from five to ten seeds embedded in a pink, acid pulp, the cocoa bean. The tree is indigenous to Mexico, but it can be cultivated within the twenty-fifth parallels of latitude, and thrives at any elevation under two thousand feet, but it requires a rich soil, a warm, humid atmosphere, and protection from cold winds. The trees are propagated from seeds in a nursery until they attain a height of from fourteen to eighteen inches, when they are transplanted and carefully sheltered by planting other trees about them. They commence to bear about the fifth year but do not attain maturity until the eighth, and continue yielding fruit or nearly half a century.  
There is no special time for harvesting the crop, as the trees continue bearing all the time, flowers and fruit in all stages being curiously borne on the same tree. But in Venezuela the principal gatherings are in June and December. Chocolate is generally made from the finer varieties of cocoa seeds, and was a favorite beverage in Central America long before Columbus discovered the new world. As at present prepared, chocolate is made in cakes, while cocoa is usually sold in powder, flakes, or nibs. The constituents of the average cocoa seed are as follows: Fat, 30; starch, 20; cellulose, 2; theobromine, 2; saline substances, 4; water, 10; cocoa red, essential oil, 10.  
"Ruhamah" of The St. Louis Globe-Democrat.  
(Washington Letter.)  
Miss Seidmore, whose nom de plume is "Ruhamah," makes more money with her pen than most male journalists, and is really almost the only woman in the city who is fairly entitled to the term of journalist. By this I mean that she is almost the only woman who does all kinds of newspaper work, and is always ready to respond to the beck and call of the newspapers she represents. While she writes for several newspapers, her principal journal is The St. Louis Globe-Democrat, and with that she is identified both summer and winter. She is off in California "doing" the Yosemite valley, and will take in New Mexico and other places of interest for The Globe-Democrat, when she will return to the eastern watering places and go the customary routes during the season. Every summer she is sent by The Globe-Democrat all over the country to the most fashionable resorts, her salary being \$30 per week and all expenses paid, which is quite as handsome remuneration as men journalists get for similar services. In winter she has, besides the social column of The Globe-Democrat, that of The New York Times and other leading journals, and furnishes society telegraph for Murray's, Times, Pittsburg Dispatch, Charleston News and Courier, and The Globe-Democrat, for which she receives \$14 per column. In the height of the gay season she earns altogether \$100 per week. Having friends at court, Miss Seidmore has the entrée of the most exclusive circles, and is thus able to extract the very cream of the social gossip which she writes up in a pithily readable style. She is the mainstay of her mother, with whom she lives. Like Miss Snead, "Ruhamah" is fond of dressing a good deal when she goes to large receptions or parties which she seems to enjoy.  
The Parliamentary Whip.  
(Croft's London Letter.)  
"We are five members of parliament here to-night," said handsome young Blennerhasset, from across the table, "and every one of us has a 'whip' in his pocket commanding him to be present in his seat at this very hour."  
Five members laughed. Gen. Hawley asked what a "whip" looked like; he had never seen one. Whereupon Mr. Puelston drew out an envelope and passed it over the table with the "recip" present mine to you." The recipient thanked him, examined the instrument of castigation and passed it around among the curious Americans who had never seen one. A "whip" is simply a short note from a member of his party to whom the business is assigned, announcing that a "most important measure" will be before the house at a specified time, and it is "absolutely necessary that you be present in your place." All this is underscored with four parallel lines, making it look like a sheet of music all ready for the notes to be written in. That's a whip. Mr. Courtney presented his to Senator Windom, and Mr. Gilling silenced my clamors by obtaining one for me the next day. So I am not altogether whipless. Mr. Courtney explained that the whip was only for party uses; when the house was without a quorum, they rang a bell which summoned members of all parties far and near.

## FLYING HOLEY FLAGS.

**San Francisco Chronicle.**  
"I see you have the Belgian flag floating from the staff on the Market street end of the hotel," remarked a reporter to Manager Sedgwick at the Palace Saturday.  
"Yes, sir; that is in honor of a distinguished guest, his excellency the Belgian minister, who is visiting this city and occupies apartments here."  
"And the stars and stripes are flying from the after-staff on the new Montgomery street front?"  
"That's Gen. Sherman's flag—that is, it's for him."  
"You must keep a large quantity of flags on hand," observed the reporter, "for I have noticed that when you have a titled guest from abroad you hoist his national colors."  
"Yes, we have quite a number of flags, and when we have not the proper one we generally find but little trouble in borrowing one from the consulate representing the country from which the guest may hail."  
"Do guests ever furnish you with flags?"  
"No one ever has yet."  
"You had the flag of the Grand Master of the Knights Templar up last week; was not that an importation?"  
"No, sir; I had that made for the occasion; it is of bunting and cost \$85. I am having it laundered, and intend presenting it to Past Grand Commander Dean."  
The reporter further learned that the custom of flying a flag from the hotel standard has a two-fold significance—it is intended as a mark of respect to the particular guest, and, moreover, is a flattering notice to the public that an important personage from the country designated by the flag is domiciled at the hotel.  
way they scattered oat.  
(San Francisco Bulletin.)  
A capital anecdote is told of a little fellow who, in turning over the leaves of a scrap-book, came across the well-known picture of some chickens just out of their shell. "My companion examined the picture carefully, and then, with a grave, sagacious look at me, slowly remarked, 'They come out 'cos they was afraid of being boiled.'"

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Thou first gray hair.  
Of all the fleecy flock,  
Thou art the one to loathe and to despise;  
The cheat within the shock,  
The mould that on the early harvest lies,  
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Ere yet we dare to dream of decay;  
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## A MATUTINAL EPISODE.

As the sun lifted his big red face up over the lake a lurid gleam from his lusty eye fell directly across the sleeping face of Mistress Bessie McIntosh, aged 22, a bride of a year, resident of Lake View. Opening her eyes in a wild and startled manner she sat up and looked around her. Her face, framed by the ruffle of delicate lace, which encircled the tiny cap, expressed wonder, doubt, distress, and finally, confidence.  
"Are you there, Fred? Oh, yes. It's all right; I know now. Oh, I have had such a dream! And I woke with the sun shining right in my face. I dreamed I was married to Cousin Chawly, and he brought me such a lovely white satin dress. Isn't that an awfully bad sign? What can be going to happen? And he came home d-r-d-runk one night, and the next morning he had on a golden armor, and the visor was studded with diamonds, and—oh, how it did blaze and how magnificent he did look! And I turned to admire him and tell him how much I loved him, when I saw lying at his feet a pair of bracelets, each with a dozen bangles, and each bangle a great, immense diamond. 'Why, those are for you, Bessie,' he said, and as I stopped to pick them up, each diamond seemed a glittering serpent, which was reaching up to embrace me. Then I woke, so frightened, I am going to get right up and dress, for I never, never can sleep again after such a dream."  
So Mistress Bessie proceeded to put her words into execution. Two dainty white feet, which Cinderella's slippers might have encompassed, faced themselves upon the soft rug. A pretty white hand threw back the snowy courvette, and Undine emerged from the sea. Her toilet having been arranged to her entire satisfaction, though it must be said no great pains had been taken with it, she sat down in an arm-chair much too large for her, and, in a drowsy, yawning way, began to repent of her hasty conclusion to forego her accustomed morning nap.  
"Oh, dear," she yawned, "how awfully early it is. I don't believe there is a soul astir in the house. But that horrid dream. Don't you know, Fred, that dreams of white wedding robes and jewels are always followed by the death of one of those to be married or of some one near? And what if Cousin Chawly should die? He has had such bad luck always. Everything seems to go against him, and she tied and untied the kerchief around her neck as she talked. A long silence. "I think I hear Judith in the kitchen. Perhaps you had better rise, Fred. We can have an early breakfast if we wish, and then a ride through the park before you go into the city. But if anything is happening to Cousin Chawly perhaps we had better forego such pleasure," she added in a tearful voice. As there was no response from the bed she concluded the occupant had fallen asleep. Going to the window she parted the curtains and gave the shade an upward push, which sent it to the top with a whick, much to her astonishment. She then threw open a flood of radiant sunshine. She looked very lovely as she stood there, her slender figure enveloped in the sunny glow. Her red-brown hair had been coiled on the very top of her head, and the bangs had been deftly parted and brushed back at the sides—the whole lending a classic grace to the small, well poised head. She was not thinking of her personal appearance as she stood there, nor of the fine sunrise at which she seemed to be gazing.  
"Oh, if he should find out," she thought, "it would spoil all. Only a few more days and there would be no secrets between us." So, stepping upon a chair and stretching her arm to its greatest possible length, she grasped the cord and drew the shade gently down, and, turning the curtains, she softly left the room. Left thus alone "to sleep, perchance to dream," Mr. Frederic McIntosh turned him upon his uneasy pillow and sought repose. With a slam of the blind he shut out the amorous sunbeams that had lain so lovingly upon Bessie's face, as if to lighten and brighten her troubled sleep. Cousin Charles had been a rejected suitor of Bessie's, so he had believed, upon the basis of consanguinity; yet he was not positive of this. He had gone off to Dakota to grow up with the country, they said. Twice in one week Bessie had dreamed of him and had been unusually excited each time. Eow! What nonsense. Yet it was rather queer they had never heard from him. Come to think about it, Bessie had met some people from Dakota at Waukesha. Could it be she had heard from him, was corresponding with him, and was keeping the guilty secret? He remembered now that one evening he came home unexpectedly and found her in her dressing-room writing, and she had hastily hidden the sheet at his approach and thought he had not noticed. Phew! What's in a dream! Never was one yet worth the sacrifice of a nap after sunrise. And thus he tried to throw the subject from his mind or to account for it all in a reasonable and legitimate manner. But all to no purpose. The imp of darkness was dancing jigs in the chamber of his brain. Sleep had forsaken the portals of that quiet room, which was now haunted by an ogre from dream-land. So after vain efforts to court the

## A CURIOUS CLOCK.

**The Wonderful Timepiece Which Was Twenty Years in Building.**  
The Cincinnati Times-Star thus describes a remarkable clock which is now on exhibition in that city: The mechanism is inclosed in a walnut case twelve feet high and five feet wide, and weighs 2,300 pounds. The general design of its numerous figures is to exemplify some of the leading events and characters of American history. It was made by Prof. Wegman at his home in Frostburg, Md., in his leisure moments, he having been engaged on it for over twenty years.  
The base of the clock is about four feet high. At the top is an astronomical dial two feet in diameter, with figures of the planets, etc., showing the movements of the sun and earth, the former circling the dial once each year, and the latter revolving on its axis once every twenty-four hours. The moon's phases, the season, and other familiar astronomical subjects are represented. A large flag is carved in the case on each side of the dial, and above them are, at the right a cannon, and at the left a drum, also carved in bas-relief. Below the dial is a scroll bearing the inscription, "E Pluribus Unum," beneath which are two crossed swords and a soldier's cap.  
Immediately above the base of the clock is a stage or platform extending the full width of the case. On the extreme ends of the platform are small forts, one surmounted by the figure of a sailor and the other by the figure of a soldier. Between these forts at the back of the platform and resting against a central upright case are ten figures of men, representing ten different nationalities, five being upon one side and five upon the other side of an alcove, in which the pendulum swings. Every five minutes one of these figures plays a tune on a music-box.  
The central upright case is two and one-half feet high and four feet wide. At the top of it is a representation of the Bunker hill monument with an eagle perched upon it with outstretched wings. The eagle grasps in its right claw an olive branch and a bundle of spears. In its left it holds a globe, from which is suspended the pendulum, forty-nine inches long. At the bottom of the pendulum is a dial with the minutes and hours marked off, and in the centre of the dial Time and his scythe remind the beholder of the fleet passage of time into the illimitable eternity. Every hour the eagle calls out in hoarse tones the time.  
At the left of the Bunker hill monument is a skeleton a foot high grasping a hammer, with which it tolls on a bell the quarter hours. At the first quarter a door in the upper case last described flies open, and the famous scene of the throwing overboard of a cargo of tea in Boston harbor is re-enacted. At the second quarter hour another door is opened, and "the cause of the war of 1812" is displayed by the representation of Englishmen in the conventional scarlet attire inviting an Indian chief to take up arms against the Americans, the palaver being delineated by clear pantomime. In the background are seen British soldiers taking American sailors from their ships.  
The ringing of the third quarter hour causes another door to spring open, disclosing Gen. Scott and Taylor encamped in Texas. Each of the distinguished soldiers politely steps forward and takes off his cap to the spectators, and then retires to keep a vigilant eye on the Greasers.  
At the fourth quarter hour the opening of a door brings to view a scene emblematic of the late civil war. A negro is seen at the back of the alcove bound with chains. A procession of eleven men—representing the eleven seceding states—dressed in the gray uniform of the Confederate army, passes in front of the unfortunate slave, each turning his back on the colored man as he passes. After they have all gone by, the emancipator of the down-trodden race, President Lincoln, comes along and seeing the unhappy son of Ham, advances to him, loosens his shackles, and leads him away.  
In addition to the airs that are played every five minutes the period is also marked by the passage across the stage of figures which pass from the fort at the right and disappear through the portals of the one on the left. First comes Brigham Young and one of his wives, who are supposed to be on their wedding tour. Next comes Gen. Grant on horseback; then a hand bearing the penknife with which Prof. Wegman carved out all the figures of the clock; then the figure of a man representing a manager who rendered matters unpleasant for the professor at one time; then the figures of Garfield and Guita as they appeared at the moment of the assassination; then Guita's deity, who carries a sign reading "Cranks wanted;" then the "Indian" chieftain, Capt. Jack, and finally the historical vessel, the Mayflower. Only one of these figures passes around at each interval of five minutes.  
The clock is operated by two springs twenty feet long and three inches wide, having a lifting power of 800 pounds.  
(The Continent.)

## SLAKE-HANDLING.

**Strange Experiences in India with Python and Cobras.**  
(Chambers' Journal.)  
Apropos of Dr. Stradling's interesting snake anecdotes in your Journal, I send you a note illustrative of the danger of landing certain kind of snakes. Out here, individuals of one set of fakirs—religious mendicants—are frequently met with wearing young and tame pythons as necklaces. One such animal took the fancy of an officer and for a few rupees was transferred from the fakir's neck to his; and for some time both were on very good terms. One day our friend sat down to breakfast with the python round his neck, a thing he had never done before; the tail of the animal came across the arm of the chair and instinctively coiled round it. The leverage thus obtained seemed to revive its memory of victim squeezing, and in a moment the officer was in the pangs of strangulation, bound fast to his chair and the awful coil of the python around his neck. But in that supreme moment of horror appalling he retained his nerve; with his left hand he seized the reptile's head and with his right grasped a table knife and was just able to inflict a gash behind its head, and then the suffocating coils fell slack. The officer was afterward found prostrate on the floor in a dead faint, from which he only recovered to be seized with brain fever, the delirium of which was entirely occupied with encounters with monstrous serpents. In course of time he recovered, but no one could recognize in that pallid, gray-haired and careworn shadow of a man the once stalwart, hearty, and enthusiastic sportsman.  
Another note to illustrate the extreme danger of handling even dead snakes. Maj. Denny, a police officer in the central provinces, was recently out shooting and killed a large cobra. His companion asked to see its poison fangs, and Maj. Denny, seizing the snake with one hand, opened its jaws with the other to exhibit the fangs, which, in the approaching rigidity of death, closed on his finger. Aware of his awful risk he sucked his finger and hastened home. But all assistance was unavailing; he died in three hours.  
I once kept and freely handled a snake declared to be innocuous; it escaped, and after much searching could not be found. Presently my boy ran up with tears in his eyes, declaring that his three pet rabbits were all dead; true enough, they were so, and quite rigid. Coiled up in the hutch was the missing snake which my boy and I had so frequently handled!