False to His First Love.

There were not a few people in the circle of Beatrice Latham's friends who shook their heads doubtfully when the news was announced of her engagement to Mr. Robert Headley, lieutenant in her majesty's service, after an acquaintance of only three weeks. It was easy to talk about love at first sight, to assert that in this brief space of time they had reached a degree of intimacy which many happily married people had failed to achieve in three years, to point out that his antecedents were as completely satisfactory as his presence, which no one denied to be singularly straightforward and winning. In spite of all plausibilities, two sets of cavillers remained-those men and girls, namely, who were jealous either of him or her, and those few older people who had some actual or personal experience of untoward possibilities in love affairs. Besides, in this case the shortness of the acquaintance was not the only hazardous circumstance of the engagement. Only a few days later, Headley and Capt. Erskine (the friend at whose house he had been staying, and who had introduced him to the Lathams) sailed for India, and Beatrice was left to live on the memory of a month's surpassing happiness and to wait patiently for the return of her lover. The girl's trust in him was absolute. She had, as it were, been taken by storm, for in the unreserved ardor of Headley's wooing she did not perceive the want of depth, and the absence of self-restraint, in his nature, but only an entire devotion to herself, which made her brim over with delight and responsive affection. Thus her passionate belief in his loyalty enabled her to face the weary years of separation with a marvelous courage, whic's served to increase the respect and admiration already accorded her as one of the sweetest and most beautiful girls in the wide district of Kersham. Capt. Erskine, who was an old playfellow of the Lathams, regarded her as a little less of an angel than her sister Connie, and when, at the final leave-taking, she appealed to him to stand by Headley through thick and thin, he registered a silent vow that his promise given in return should not be an idle one.

For more than a year Beatrice had never a momont's anxiety. Headley was well and happy, and his frequent letters breathed the same ardent affection that she had learnt to believe in from his lips. When, however, the re-port of difficulties in Afghanistan was followed by the news that both Headley and Erskine had been ordered to the front, it was no wonder that she should be sorely tried by the fears and uncertainties of the long campaign. Letters reached her only at long intervals, and were usually so short and hurried as to give her an increased sense of the hard work, the insecurity, the stir and turmoil with which her lover was surrounded. She bore up bravely by dint of constantly impressing upon herself the necessity of fortitude in a soldier's bride, but her great love made confidence and composure very hard sometimes. Then at last one day a letter came which dissipated all her fears and tilled her with joyful anticipations. Connie, who was in the room when it arrived, noticed the start she gave and the light that flashed into her face as she read, and asked, smiling:

surprise me. Good-by, all of you-I am off home. Just think if he should come and find me out!"

The others laughed at her frank impetuosity, but she was quite indifferent to their merriment, and with a quick nod and wave of the hand sped away home.

The house was quiet and empty, and she fidgeted about from room to room in a state of feverish suspense. Should she go and change her dress? No, perhaps she might not have time; besides, she had none that suited her better than the simple sateen she was wearing. Then the anxiety to be found pleasing in her lover's sight brought her to a standstill before the mirror, and she scrutinized herself carefully and critically. Would he think her looking older or plainer, she wondered. She turned away at last in doubt, for it was difficult to judge of herself. She need not have feared, for she never looked prettier or sweeter than now, when happy expectation was breathing a bright flush over her cheeks, and her eyes were shining with a light kindled by the purest love and faith.

Presently, as she could not sit idle. she called for a jug of water and some vases, and began arranging the bunch of ferns and wild flowers she had gathered in the woods. First the loveliest and most fragrant were chosen out and tenderly made into a little bouquet for Headley, and she had not done much more than this when the sound of the visitors' bell fell upon her listening ears. A moment later the servant announced-

"Captain" (Beatrice's breath came and went quickly, and she caught hold of a chair to prevent herself from darting forward) "Erskine."

"You, Richard !" stammered Beatrice, all the tensions of her face slackening; "I thought-I thought-I am very glad to see you-I-I hope you are quita well.

Captain Erskine had never been a talkative or ready-witted man, and now he found himself in a predicament worse than any he had encountered in the Afghan campaign. Beatrice's illconcealed disappointment and feeble attempt at a cordial reception might have struck him as comical had he not come with a previous knowledge of something which rendered it intensely pathetic.

"I am quite well, thank you," he said awkwardly. "Is Mrs. Lathamat home? I should like to see her."

"She is in the wood-so is everybody except me. Please sit down and tell me all the news. Is Capt. Headley well?"

"Yes," said Erskine; and then there was a pause, during which Beatrice became nervously aware that something was wrong.

"You are telling me the truth ?" she said, uneasily, and Erskine again said, Yes, yes.

"Then what is it?" asked Beatrice. "I would rather tell Mrs. Latham," said Erskine.

"Is it anything about Robert," de manded Beatrice, quickly.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "Rob means to peatrice, but when on the voyage home he was thrown into constant companionship with a girl who simply made up her mind from the first to bring him to her feet, his fidelity wavered and at last broke down altogether. Erskine was powerless, for no sooner did he show himself distinctly antagonistic to her schemes, than Miss Laing so contrived that he could not suspect the extent to which she carried on her designs behind his back. Throughout, Headley was conscious and ashamed of his baseness, and whenever opportunities occurred of sending letters overland, he wrote to Beatrice in terms of unchanged devotion. It was so difficult to confess

> his perfidy in black and white. "What a villain I am," he thought, with his pen between his teeth, on the occasion of his writing from Gibraltar, "to sit down and humbug Beatrice while I'm making love to another girl!"

Then he drew out Beatrice's photograph and her last letter, and dwelt alternately on the sweet sincere face and on the loving words till . his sense of honor was momentarily aroused. 'No, no! I'm not scoundrel enough to desert a girl like that. She shall never know what I've been up to. I won't speak to that little witch again-I swear I won't." In which excess of virtuous resolve he penned that last loyal letter to Beatrice, which she had treasured and delighted in. For the next few hours Miss Laing found him difficult to manage, but her tenacity was greater than his power of resistance, and by the time they reached England his infatuation rendered him a helpless tool in her hands. Well aware that unless the marriage took place powerlessness face to face with death. clandestinely and at once, probably never would, she prevailed upon him to go through the ceremony without a moment's delay. It is needless to say more, except perhaps that Headley's transgression carried its punishment along with it. He suffered bit-

As for the Lathams, Connie is Erskine's wife now, and Beatrice, after a which the people here have conceived long period of suffering as keen as love as to a future existence, everything in was absorbing, is at length regaining something of her former self. She is not the same-no woman who has loved and been so cruelly betrayed can ever be that-but though deep in her heart one scar of unforgotten bitterness remains, the changing interests that enter into every life, however quiet, have done their kindly work and blunted the edge of painful memory.

Stealing a Grave.

[Washington Cor. Boston Traveler.] The regiment in the Army of the ascertain whether the hut, or rather Cumberland known as the Indiana Jay- house-for it was a substantial building hawkers was about as proficient as any of poles and thatch-would be abanthat we had, but the Eighth Missouri. which was commanded by Gen. Morgan in the case of a chief that this is done; L. Smith, certainly beat anything I ever | and the man that was dead, although met. They would steal anything, and rich and influential, was, after all, only it did not make any difference whether the favorite slave of the chief. they had any use for it or not. When we were in front of Vicksburg they actually stole a grave, and it happened in this way: The Eighth Missouri was encamped alongside of my command. One of our men died during the night, thing worthy of the name. We recogand I gave orders that a detail be nize i as one of the ornamental branches sent to dig a grave. The ground was necessary to a "finished education. of hard clay, and it took the men some time to complete their work. They re- value? To what real account can one turned to camp, and we took the dead young man in a million turn his knowlsoldier to his last resting place. When edge of Pompey's battles, Cæsar's conwe arrived we found the grave filled quests, the triumphs of Alexander, or aud a mound showing that some one had evidently been there. Upon investigation I afterward ascertained that one of the Eighth Missouri had also died during the night, and that they had waited until my men had finished their work, when they quietly took rine, as they are presented by the ancient possession and actually stole our grave. Steal! Why, those men would steal anything-even a march on the enemy, and candor compels me to say that they were particularly good at it.

A FUNERAL ON THE CONGO.

An Unlooked-For Expression of Feeling From an Old African Chief. [Cor. London News.]

Seeing their perplexity Lieut. Orban

volunteered to fire off a round of twenty cartridges from his "Winches-The chief and people were deter." lighted. Could there be greater honor for the deceased than to receive his farewell salute at the hands of a white man, with his wonderful gun from Manto-the mysterious region beyond the sea-the Unknown-perhaps Heaven itself? (for are not these white men sons of Heaven?) So thought the old

chief as he led us to see the corpse. With an earnest, pleading tone he took our hands in his and said: "O you, who are going home!" and he pointed to the pale and peaceful evening sky. "You will send him back to us, will you not? You will tell him his hut is waiting for him, his wives will prepare his manioe white as cotton cloth, and there shall be Malafu in plenty and a goat killed? You will send him back, will you not?"

This expression of feeling quite took us by surprise. Ordinarily the African is so stolid, so thoroughly material, that one never expects from him anything like sentiment or poetic ideas. We tried as gently as possible-for he appealed to both of us in his distress-to explain at once our utter inability to reanimate this fideous corpse with the breath of life and to encourage him with vague hopes that all was not in vain, but he shook his aged, grizzled head sadly at the confession of our The dead man had been placed in his

grave in a sitting posture, many layers of native cloth lying under him, and ready to cover him up on the top were piles of cotton stuffs, received in trade from the far off coast, and representing to these natives a considerable amount of wealth. In the vague, half-determined notions the spirit world is supposed to be a pale copy of things existing on the earth, so that for this eason they put cloth, vessels of pottery, and, in the case of a chief, dead slaves into the graves, in order that the deceased on arriving in the land of shades may not appear unprovided with the necessary means of making a fresh start in a new life. The grave in which this man was buried had been dug in a hut, and the head of the corpse was not much more than two feet below the surface. We could not

doned or not. I fancy not, as it is only

What Does History Teach ?

[Elevated Railway Journal.] It is not our intention to decry the study of history, if we really have any-But what is its comparative practical the brilliant victories of Napoleon, admitting that he is familiar with all that has ever been written concerning them? What lessons of practical wisdom can the girl derive from studying the lives of Dido, Cleopatra, Elizabeth or Cathaor modern historian? We do not apprehend any danger from too much attention being given to this branch of study by the youth of either sex, whether it is as the elder Walpole thought, "nothing but lies," or as Macauley de fined it, "philosophy teaching by example." It is a great deal more extoiled than read, and much more commended than studied, and it is likely so

THE HAT BOY'S FACULTY.

Never Forgetting Which Hat of a Hundred Goes with Which Face of Five Score.

[New York Sun.] There is a special line of work required from hotel employes, which needs the exercise of extraordinary powers of memory. The "hat boy who succeeds in the metropolitan hotel in filling his place acceptably is sure of a berth for life. In all large hotels of the city the hats of the guests are likely to be left before any meal in a room adjoining the dining-room, and they are

left in charge of the hat boy. Perhaps the most remarkable of all hat boys in New York is an attenuated little man who has charge of the hats of the guests of the Fifth Avenue hotel. He is small and wiry, and seldom seems to take his eyes from the racks which line the ante-room on either side. When he takes a visitor's hat he glances at his face carelessly, and puts the hat on one of the several racks. When the man comes out of the dining-room, an hour later, the boy picks out his hat, without a moment's hesitation, and hands it to him. Often he has from 300 to 400 hats in his racks at one time, and in the course of six years he has never been known to make a mistake. The hats look very much alike, and it is a mystery to the majority of diners how he remembers their faces and their hats at the same time.

The attendant was asked a night or two ago how it was his memory served him in so many cases, and he said :

"I don't know. It seems to come natural." "Do you pick out any particular feat-

ure of the wearer's face by which you fix him in your memory?"

"Oh, no; that would never do. I remember the face itself. I look along the rack and I seem to see the face that fits every list, and when a man comes out I go to the hat that is associated with his face naturally. It doesn't make any difference whether the man has his hat on when he comes in or not. He hands it to me and I look at his face, and somehow I cannot forget it. The gentlemen of the house often try to fool me, but they have never succeeded in catching me in a blunder. For instance, sometimes two of them will come in looking somewhat alike and wearing hats that are exactly the same pattern. One of them hands me the two hats. When they come out I give each man his hat separately. I never give the wrong hat to the wrong man, although I had no positive proof which man owns the particular hat.

"Time Table" of the Yellowstone Park Goysers.

[Laramie Boomerang.

Through the kindness of Mr. Owen we are furnished with the following facts regarding the principal ones, giving time and duration of eruption and height to which the water is carried : Old Faithful, plays every hour from three to five minutes; height of column, seventy-five to 180 feet.

Beehive, plays every seven to twentyfive hours from three to eighteen mintes; height of column, 200 to 219 feet Giantess, every fourteen days for twelve hours; height of column, 250 Saw Mill, very frequent from one and three quarters to three hours; height of column, from fifteen to twenty feet. Grand, every sixteen to thirty-one iours from ten to twenty minutes; height of column, ninety to 200 feet.

THE FRIEND.

[Mary Clemmer.] Be thou my friend. I want no lover now;

For love, man's love, is selfish overmuch. The dear caress, the glance, the tone, the The all in all he claims in overflow.

Or standeth injured. All the friend's deep

glow Is for his friend; and in the rack and rush We call the world, nothing I need, as such A friend. Thy faithful hand's swift blow

Beats back the world--its questioning doubt. What balsam to my beart thy faith dota vield! Lot in my friend I bide, on him I lean,

As one assaulted, on a steadfast shield. No dread attack can put my trust to routs The past is all as if it had not been.

Where the Singing Canaries Hall From.

[Chicago Herald Interview.]

"Almost all the singing canaries in the world come from the Hartz mountains, in central Germany," continued the bird fancier. "As canaries acquire their singing qualities, and are not born with them, and as for various reasons it would hardly pay in America to raise and drill canaries the way they do it over there, it is quite natural that this peculiar industry is confined to a mountainous portion of Germany, where the soil is barren and where for more than a century generation after generation has used this as a means to increase their income, rather than to depend on it solely. American-bred birds, for want of proper training and tuition, are hardly ever good singers. The best breed of canaries come from St. Andreasberg, a village in the Hartz. A practiced ear can immediately detect a bird of that breed from among the others. We haven't got this season's lot yet. and we shall not have them until the end of November. They keep all the young birds over there until they a able to sing perfectly, which happe every year about this time. These ! Andreasberg canaries are higher price than any, but they are worth t difference. They have such sweet, lo gurgling notes, such liquid trolls and tender, pretty snatches of song in their littlet hroats as no other birds. Who, do you say? Why, because there in St. Andreasberg they have methods of their own and are in possession of some little secrets in canary culture that other places do not possess. As a consequence the song of their birds is not only different, but they have actually a wider vocal range. Of course, this is all with a difference, too. Some canaries of this breed are not as good as others, and the same is true of all the

Hartz birds. "Perhaps you are not aware of the modus operandi pursued in the Hartz in teaching the canaries to sing. They have what is known as the regular 'bird organ'-a small box shaped like an ordinary organ and turned by a crank mechanically. On this tunes are played right early in the morning, and then again just before lusk in the evening, and during this r shool time no other birds are allowed to be within hearing of them. By and by the birds pick up single notes and then snatches and mold them in their own little heads into something new and canary-like. Some more tricks and essons are made use of, and some of the Hartz fanciers and breeders are better at this than others, and their birds bring better prices."

"Well, dear, what is the news?"

Beatrice rose and impulsively flung her arms around her sister's neck.

"Oh, Connie!" she cried, "Rob is coming home!"

"Not really, Bee!"

"Yes, really," repeated Beatrice, hali sobbing with excitement and gladness; "I suppose I ought to be sorry, for he has been wounded; but he says it is nothing to speak of, only just enough to get leave for-and I can think of nothing but seeing him again. He and Richard Erskine were side by side and both got hurt. They sail this monthhow long does it take? Connie, Connie, he will be here in a few weeks!"

"Hush, Beatrice, you mustn't excite yourself," said Connie reprovingly: but her own heart was beating now at the thought of Erskine's return, and she added nervously, "I hope Richard's wound is only slight, too."

"Oh, yes," said Beatrice, laughing and kissing her, "they will both be nearly well by the time they reach England. And Rob has got his captaincy-isn't that splendid?"

The girl grew gradually more composed, but she could not sober down altogether, and every day that brought the vessel bearing Headley nearer home seemed to add to the brightness of her eyes and the indescribably happy light-heartedness of her manner. Headley sent a letter overland whenever they touched at a port, and in the last one, from Gibraltar, he wrote that he hoped to be with her on the following Sunday, but she must not wonder if he were delayed a day or two; he would telegraph the moment he landed.

To the impatient girl the intervening days passed with almost intolerable dilatoriness. They were so long, so hot, so still, so full of a summer drowsiness out of all sympathy with the highly strung state of her emotions. She could not wait quietly; unless every hour was filled up by some active occupation she, fretted and chafed against the unhasting leisureliness of time, and wore herself out with restless longing for Headley's coming.

On the Saturday the Lathams took part in a large nutting party, and it was a general comment that no, one stood the heat so well, or worked with such unflagging perseverance, as Bea-trice. As the shadows lengthened, one couple stole off for a stroll, and Beatrice, turning round to toss a bunch of nuts into the basket held by Connie, remarked with a smile:

"I suppose I must not call those two to task for idleness, considering how soon I shall stand in need of indulgence myself. Only think, Con. within four-and-twenty hours Rob will probably be here!"

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Beatrice gave a little excited cry, for Dick was Capt. Erskine, and there was no reason why Headley should be later than his friand

"Yes, but I cannot speak to you about it. It is bad news-painful news." "In what way? Why are you silent,

Richard? Do you mean that it is discreditable to Robert?"

Erskine bowed his head, and the poor girl, in mingled indignation and distress, entreated him to keep nothing from her.

"If there is harm to be told of Rob. I would rather you should tell me," she said, touchingly unsuspicious of what the harm might be; "I can forgive him | anything, but I could not bear the others to know."

"You do not understand, Beatrice," said the poor captain.

"How can I while you won't speak out!" exclaimed the girl restlessly. "When did you last hear from Head-

ev?" asked Erskine, to gain time. "From Gibraltar."

"And there was nothing in the letter to make you suspect anything wrong?" "No.

"The scoundrel!" ejaculated Erskine, under his breath ; but Beatrice heard it. and quick as thought started to her feet and turned upon him.

"How dare you! Ah, for pity's sake don't look at me like that! You are torturing me-put me out of my misery-tell me the worst at once !"

The wild alarm in her face was too much for Erskine, and he blurted out the truth-

"Headley was married this morning, almost immediately we lan ded."

The room swam round Beatrice, and with a long, choking sigh of anguish she swayed and staggered back against the mantelpiece. A crash followed, for the hand she had stretched out vaguely for support struck the specimen-glass into which she had put her little bouquet for Robert, and it fell shivering to atoms on the floor. Beatrice, perceiving in the accident a significant sequel to Erskine's words, felt as though her heart must break with the glass, yet the shock of cold water dashed over her probably saved her from fainting, for she instinctively laid her cold, wet hand across her dizzy brow and eyes. Erskine, too, in despair seized the jug of water on the table and made her drink some out of the flower-vase.

"I am all right now," she said faintly. "Go on, I must know more."

At this moment the sound of voices at the bottom of the garden indicated the return of the nutting party, and Beatrice quivered from head to foot.

"Oh, I cannot face them all !" she exclaimed, wildly. "Just one word, Richard-how do you know this?"

"I was told of it; then I met him and he confessed it."

The girl looked into his face for one glimmer of doubt, but there was nothing to be read in it save the deepest compassion, and bowing her head hopelessly she fled to her room.

Erskine's meeting with Connie was robbed of all sweetness by the miserable news he had to communicate, and he suffered the more acutely, because, in a measure, he felt himself answera ble for his friend. Not only had he. introduced him to the Lathams, but his promise to Beatrice had quickened

his sense of responsibility. Headley's was a pitiful case of weak

impressibility. While the war lasted he had not been tempted to forget oue novels.

A Real German Dude.

[Heidelberg Letter in Baltimore American.] Walking in the garden we saw a dude. Such a one, a regular German watering-place dude! He was dressed in black, with trousers that fitted like wax, but hung in great folds at regular intervals down the legs. His coat was of remarkable cut, and his vest white. His hair was parted in the middle and brushed in great waves at the side. In the depression rested a tiny black hat, which sat on the side as far as the waves of the hair allowed. On the right lappel of his coat was tied-not pinned-a great bunch of flowers, which hung in a regular cascade over his entire right side. His collar and cuffs were broad, and of black and white night, and had accidently stepped on stripes, while his eyebrows and mustache were touched up in the noblest style. To complete the toilet he had a black and white handkerchief thrust between the second and third buttons of his coat, and in his kid-gloved hand | put a stop to his favorite sport forever. he carried a cane.

Church Wealth.

["Mahlstick" in Courier-Journal.]

The wealth of the Roman Catholic church in this country is simply enormous. All Europe combined could not, in the whole period of the middle ages. show such possessions held in "mort-main." The church buys land on the outskirts of a growing town, and in the march of time this property not unfrequently becomes the geographical and financial centre of the community. Their property grows like a rolling snow-ball, for the owner never dies, and has, as a rule, brains and judgment requisite for its management. It is as if John Jacob Astor had been born to live forever, and without child ren.

An Author's Way.

Mr. W. D. Howells is quoted as say ing he always keeps his manuscript six or seven months ahead of the time for publication. His nervous disposition makes it impossible for him to furnish matter at short notice.

Oleomargarine's Origin.

[Chicago Times.]

During the seige of Paris it became necessary to find a substitute for butter. Experiments resulted in the production of the substance known as oleomergarine.

"Yes, I'm a cop, and I've several little copies," remarked the policeman.

Miss M. E. Braddon has written forty-

Dangers of Toboganning.

.o continue.

The Louisville Commercial's reporter got an interview with the city solicitor of Toronto at the exposition. The solicitor said: "Toboganning is great sport. My friend Smith had a valuable horse that once made a mile in ten seconds on a toboggan. The animal lost its sight, however, the frost needles having cut its eyes out of its head as it flew down hill. The horse had incautiously strayed to a toboggan hill in the one of the slippery things, and away he went. There was a slender, long-necked boy who was the most skillful tobogganer in western Canada; but he met with a painful accident that winter that As he was going down hill one afternoon he carelessly turned his face to one side, and the wind twisted his whole head square round, so that the eyes looked down the back of his neck, and, lingering for several years in a retrospective way, he died insane-his brain was turned.

A Question of Freedom.

[Arkansaw Traveler.] "I fought for your freedom," said a gentleman whom a negro policeman was conducting to the lock-up.

"You needn't try ter fight fur yourn, cap'n, fur if yer does I'll hit yer.' "Ain't you got no respect for a man

who helped to free you?" "I ain't steadyin' bout dat, cap'n. Ef yer had enuff sense to fight fur my freedom yer aughter hab enuff ter 'habe yerse'f airter I'se freed. Doan pull back dat way. I'll gin yer a lick fust thing yer know dat'll ring so loud dat de fire engines vill come out. Yer own freedom seems ter bodder yer much

the Rue du 4 Septembre, in Paris.

Arkansaw Traveler: A pusson what ain't got no mussy fur a animal ain't got none fur a man, an' is only kep' from beatin' a roan 'case he's a coward.

Turban, plays every fifteen minutes from fifteen seconds to five minutes; height of column, twenty-five feet. Castle, plays every forty-eight hours for thirty minutes; height of column, 100 feet.

Giant, plays once in every four days from one and one-half to thirty hours; height of column, 130 to over 200 feet. Oblong, once or twice daily for six minutes; height of column, fifty to sixty font.

Splendid, plays about every three hours from four to ten minutes; height of column, 200 feet.

Grotto, plays several times daily for thirty minutes; height of column, twenty to sixty feet.

Riverside, plays three times daily from ten to thirteen minutes; height of column, about sixty feet.

Where Will Power Tells. [Cor. Saginaw (Mich.) Courier.]

I am satisfied that in the case of gun shot wounds, in many instances, much depends upon the character of the person suffering, ofttimes from almost mortal wounds. Men of large self-discipline, with strong will and stubborn pride, will not surrender life without a struggle, and will withhold the sacrifice in the face of the grim conqueror of all. Those who have, in the drama of war. played parts in the comedy of life as well as the tragedy of death, will bear me witness that there are wills fate can not shake. On the other hand, I have seea, and doubtles: so have others who have given the subject attention, those who have yielded up the palm of life with scarcely a struggle.

"Stonewall's" Order to Mahone.

An ex-Confederate surgeon relates in The Cleveland Leader that during the war, while a terrible thunder-storm was raging, "Stonewall" Jackson ordered Gen. Mahone to charge the Union forces. Then, tired out, Jackson lay down under a tree and fell asleep. Soon he was aroused by one of Mahone's aids, who said : "General, I am sent by Gen. Mahone for orders. He says the rain has wet the ammunition of his troops, and wants to know whether he shall return." Replied Jackson: "Ask Gen. Mahone if the rain which God sends to wet his ammunition will not also wet that of the enemy. Tell him to charge them with cold steel." Mahone made the charge.

The Last Stone Gone. [Chicago Tribune.]

The last stone of the Tuileries has been removed, and naught but the name now remains of the famous historical palace of the Bourbons. The Germans, after their victory in 1870, held high revel there, and then the commune destroyed the building.

Addison: Friendship improves our happiness and abates misery by doub ling our joy and dividing our grief.

Artemus Ward's Programme. [Cleveland Plaindealer.]

We have before us a relic of Artemus Ward. It is one of the programmes of his "Among the Mormons" entertainment, dated Sandusky, May 8 (probably 1864). We copy a few specimens: 'The music on the grand plano will omprise, 'Dear mother I have come ome to die by request," etc. "Washoe. he land of silver-good quarters to be found there. Playful population, fond of high-low jack and homicide." "Heber C. Kimball's Harem-Mr. Kimball is a kind husband and numerous father.' Selections from the Grand Piano-Mr. Forrester once boarded in the same street with Gottschalk. The man who kept the boarding-house remembers it." Those of the audience who do not feel offended with Artemus Ward are cordially invited to call upon him often, at his fine new house

After fifteen or twenty minutes had passed Carleton began humming the air abstractedly while the others talked on. But Braham's car caught the strain. "What's that you're humming?" he asked. "Some old air," said Carleton. "Sing it again," said Braham. Carleton did so, words and all. "Why," said Williams, "yes, that's a song of mine; I composed it over twenty years ago. Am I crazy?" asked Braham. "That is certainly the air I composed this morning," and he took the music out of his pocket and went over it. "Note for note," said Williams. "Well," said Braham, "I assure you it was unconscious cerebration. I swear I never saw the music before to my knowledge. This is the most extraordinary thing I ever heard of."

By this time there was a twinkle in the eyes of Williams and Carleton. It soon became a lond laugh, and they adjourned to the next bar at Mr. Braham's expense.

Educated by the Newspaper. [New York Herald.]

A member of a manufacturing firm that employs 500 men told the senate committee yesterday that the knowledge he possessed he got by reading the newspapers, and not from books, and that by reading the papers he kept himself informed on the literature and current events of the day. Thousands of other prominent business men would make the same acknowledgment if questioned on the subject. The tendency of all literature is toward expansion, so the most industrious reader of books can scarcely in a lifetime become well informed ;newspapers. on the contrary, condense nearly everything into as few words as possible. Were a student to attempt to give the political, social, religious and literary history of the world for a day he might do it in far more elegant style than the newspapers, but his story would occupy the reader's time for at least a week. The newspaper is the true American university.

Stanley has been elected "Father and Mother" of the Congo country by the dark complexioned inhabitants.

more den mine Went to the Shop. [Paris Letter.] The china toilet set of the late Adelaide Neilson, every piece painted with her monogram, encircled with wreaths of roses, formed for a long time the chief ornament of a brie-a-brac shop on