The above was part of a conversation I bad a short time ago with an old frontiersman named George W. Packard. The following is just as he related his experiences to me:

I am a native of Ohio, but came West in 1853 and entered the employ of the Overland Express Company as station agent, my post being in Utah, my duty being the care of relays of stock.

One evening, just as twilight was gathhorses and gone, I ate my supper, then brought my stock in, which consisted of two ponics and two mules. After "hobbling" them securely, I "picketed" them down, near the trail, as was my custom, so that I might hear the next messenger, should be chance along before daybreak, and also hear any disturbence of my stock. This being dore I wrapped myself in my blankets and lay down on my "readymade" bed (the bare ground). Around me all was still as death, save the movements of my stock, and the rustling of the branches of the rank sage brush, which in that country grows to the height of three to four feet.

Above me the stars shone out in all the brightness this western country only can show. But sleep would not come this night, try as I might. I lay during what seemed hours to me, yet I could not sleep. Presently my stock seemed fretful, just as they would do when a storm was coming on. Again and again I tried to sleep until a dread came over me, from which I became quite nervous. I arose, taking my rifle, and went all around for 200 or 300 feet, but not a living thing could I see or hear. The stillness was not broken even by a coyote's howl. So I went back and, wrapping my blankets about me, I lay down again, laughing at my nervousness, determined to sleep; but instead of sleep a feeling took possession of me such as I cannot describe. Something seemed to be tugging at me and drawing me lowards my stock. I involuntarily arose and walked to my stock, which still seemed fretful. I loosened their lariats | ted roads. and led them, as this impulse led me, into the sage brush some distance from the trail, all the while calling myself entire "outfit" to my new quarters.

Then again lying down, intending to sleep, a feeling of satisfaction seemed to I lay there only a few minutes, thinking of what the expressman would think of me, in case he came through before daylight, when the air was rent by the most hideous yells that ever escaped from the hps of a redskin. I crawled out from among my stock, and looking out from the brush could faintly see the outlives of a dozen Arapahoes. They had found the clearing where I had been in camp, and finding my fire out and everything deserted, they left, after looking around in some of the brush, at times being close enough for me to have shot bem with my pistols. Imagine my feelings as they struck off the trail west. My lucky star 'shone that night sure!

Daylight came at last, but no expressman yet. I waited until half the forenoon was gone, when I became alarmed for his safety. With more or less fear, yet knowing my duty, I mounted my pony and started west on the trail to see if he was in sight. I rode on for about ten miles when my pony gave a snort. All at once the truth flashed before me. The red devils had met and murdered him. Riding a little further I came upon his body lying in the trail, scalped, robbed, and mutlated borribly by their tomahawks, and his pony lying dead at his side.

"Lucky Star," "Luck," "Presentiment," call it what you may. It was just that something which saved my scalp, that night, and I don't forget it.

#### HELENUS. The Waste of Animal Food.

The flesh of domestic animals fit for food is almost a waste substance in many countries, since it can not be locally consumed nor profitably preserved. In the River Plate Republics alone there are 80,000,000 sheep and 25,000,000 cattle to a population of 2,500,000. For years sheep were only valued there for their weol, and, when flayed, carcasses were left to 10t, or, when dried in the sun, piled up in stacks for fuel, while later on they were boiled down for their tailow. Sheep get very fat in the province of Buenos Ayres, and those of three and four years will frequently give from eighteen to twenty-five pounds of tallow. Countless numbers of sheep are boiled down every year in the so-called graserias only for the tallow, which forms one of the staple articles of export. The mutton is thrown away, or used in a dry state as fuel. In the five years ending with 1850, more than 1,500,000 sheep and 200,000 horned cattle were boiled down simply for their tailow, in the colonies of New South Wales and Victoria.

How they found out : On a train two gentlemen were discussing the nativity of a third who sat near them, "Til bet he's a Southern man." "No, he looks more like a Westerner." "We can tell by asking him a question, can't we?" "All right, for the cigars, now he's a Westerner, and I'll ask him the question." So he went across the car and politely said: "I beg your pardon, sir, but what time is it?" "Well, sah," he replied, looking at his watch, "it is fo' minutes befo' fo'." That settled it. Why is a palm tree like chronology?

Because it furnishes dates. MR WALL last season distributed about four bushels of the Ricta wheat -a rust-proof variety-among about forty farmers living in various portions of the State. It was grown on the plains of Tuscany, and is reported to be the only kind that does not rust in that locality. The reports received from those who have planted it in Mississippi indicate that it has thus far proven to be a reliable rust-proof variety.

He is a great simpleton who imagines that the chief power of wealth is to supply wants. In ninety-nine cases out | neighborhood about her visit to the of a hundred it creates more wants than it supplies,

### The Two Mysteries,

We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still; The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale and chill: The lids that will not lift again, though we may call and call;

The strange white solitude of peace that set We know not what it means, dear, this deso late heart pain; This dread to take our daily way, and wall

in it again, We know not to what sphere the loved who Nor why we're left to wonder still, nor why we do not know.

ering, the day expressman having changed | But this we know, our loved and dead, if Should come and ask us, "What is life?"
not one of us could say. Life is a mystery as deep as ever death can in a circle about where I intended to he | Yet oh, how sweet it is to us, this life we live and see!

> Then might they say—these vanished one —and blessed is the thought. "So death is sweet to us, beloved! though we may tell you naught; We may not tell it to the quick—this mys tery of death—
> Ye may not tell us, if ye would, the mystery of breath."

> The child who enters life comes not with knowledge or intent,— So those who enter death must go as litt.e children sent. Nothing is known. But I believe that God is overhead; And as life is to the living, so death is to the dead.

## THE LIFE SHE SAVED.

Round and sparkling, like a crystal globe of dew, the big tear rolled down Bessie Baton's cheek, and plashed upon the faded ingain carpet of the dreary fireless hall bedroom, in which she sat upon her own shabby little trunk, the red shawl drawn tightly around her for warmth's sake, the roar and rattle of the avenue below rising up to her ear like the howl of a distant demon.

For Bessie was a country girl, and better acquainted with the gurgle of alder-shaded brooks an the hum of bees than the rush of omnibus wheels and the whizz of trains over the eleva-

Bessie's visit to New York was proving rather a disappointment. She had committed the not unnatu-

coward, and using all my will power to ral error of taking her city cousin's overcome the strange feeling which entirely at their word when, after a seemed to possess me; yet I picketed my month at Bluebell Farm, they had inmy stock, went back and removed my vited her to come and see them in the

So she had indulged in a new violet cashmere, made by the village dressreplace the dread which had so controlled maker, a little straw hat with a wreath of daisies and new boots and gloves and taken the eight o'clock train to the city one fine morning.

But Mrs. Milton Munger's house, instead of the elegant mansion on Fifth Avenue, which she had hinted at, was a big domicile over a shoe store, where she kept boarders, and expended most of the profits in showy dresses for herself and her two daughters, Medora and

And she stared blankly enough at young damsel presented herself smilat the door.

At first she could scarcely recall her face, but presently she remembered who it was "Ah," said she, "its Cousin Barton's

girl from Bluebell Farm, isn't it? Dear me, what on earth has brought you "Medora and Adeliza asked me to

return their visit," said Bessie, feeling as if her heart was plunged into a cold bath. And-and I didn't know that you kept a boarding-house!" "It isn't a boarding-house," sharply

retorted Mrs. Munger. "If I choose to share my expenses with a few refined friends, I don't know that my establishment need to be called a boardinghouse. But I'll call the girls. Medora!

Adeliza-where are you? Medora Munger emerged from the parlor where she had been hammering away on a wretched old skeleton of a

Adeliza came up from the uncongenial occupation of polishing red apples for desert in a mouldy smelling diningroom where the boarders ate their dinner by gaslight, and there issued forth a whiff of blackbeetles every time the cupboard doors were opened.

And together they escorted their cousin Bessie up to the chilfy hall bedroom, whose atmosphere seemed to strike like a frozen knife to her heart. "Oh, of course we're glad to see

you," said Medora, adjusting the frizzes before the misty little looking-glass. framed in cherry wood. "But it's unlucky that you should come just now, when the house is so full, and the waitress has gone, and there's such a deal to do. But you can sleep with linen-closet, and I dare say we'll get along very comfortably."

But this style of speech was so different from the gushing cordiality displayed some three months before at the Bluebell Farm by these ladies, that Bessie Barton could scarcely believe her ears.

And she was just making up her mind to propose a return to the country after three days of chrysalis existence in the dark dining-room and gloomy back parlor, which were so widely different from her pictured anticipations of city life, when Mrs. Munger broke out with a totally inexpected proposi-

"I'll tell you what, Bessie," said she, "I'm troubled for help just now, and if you'll stay and lend a hand with my life-Bessie Barton.' the glass and china, and dessert-I know you've got good taste about such things, for your table out at the farm was always as pretty as a picture-I'll on her finger-a soltaire diamond that

give you a dollar a week." And to the little country damsel who had never earned a penny of her own, a dollar a week appeared like wealth, although this realization of the New York dream seemed so unlike her it. So Bessie, the sly little puss, had fancies of Fifth Avenue, the Central been secretly engaged to that book-Park, the glitter of Broadway, and the keeping young man ever since he kaleidoscope splendors of the Academy

of Design. Moreover, after all that had been said throughout the simple country city, she was a little ashamed to come back at a week's and with the confession that her aunt hadn't been especially glad to see her.

So she acquiesced in Aunt Munger's project and remained, although she was a little afraid of the boarders.

There was the fat man with the flowng coral-colored beard, who was a newspaper editor - and the passes widow who had the best front room, and was always sending messages to the people overhead not to tread heavily, man! as she had the nervous headache -and | But then, while Laurence Wyatt lay had something to do with the brokering business in Wall street-and the stout couple who went daily to a gymnasium and walked for exercise so many hours per diem. And there was the young lady with the curls who taught school and the genteel dressmaker who had the use of the parlors to see her company in, and the saucy pretty "sales lady" who always dressed so elegantly. and the shy youth who was a bookkeeper somewhere on a starvation sal ary, and whom nobody noticed. They were all studies of character to little Bessie Barton. She looked at them as she might have looked at so many statues or pictures-they amused her.

Until finally the shy lad-Laurence Wyatt was his name-fell sick of malarial fever in the very chill hall bedroom where Bessie Barton had shed those first and bitterest tears of her sojourn in the great city—and Bessie herself, shocked at the total indifference of Aunt Munger and the girls, made him a bowl of gruel and took it

"You are very kind," said the pale lad, looking at her with eyes which were like sunken caverns of fire. I don't know what right I have to your

ministrations,' "Just this," said Bessie cheerily: "I heard you say once that all your friends were up in Maine-and, of course, some one must take care of you-"Every one doesn't argue after the

same fashion," said Wyatt bitterly. "And besides," pursued Bessie, "at home, at Bluebell Farm, we girls have a little society which we call 'Sisters of the Suffering.' And we go around to all who are ill-all, I mean," she added with a blush, "who cannot afford-who don't have friends and nurses of their own. So, you see, I am not inexperienced in this business."

""Sisters of the Suffering," repeated Wyatt slowly. "Yes, it is a sweet name a name that sounds gratefully on one's ear. Miss Bessie, if my mother think she would thank you as I don't know how to do."

"Oh," said Bessie brightly, "it is early for thanks yet! Wait a little." Down into the Valley of the Shadow poor Laurence Wyatt went-close close signers or not." to the black waves where life and love drift forth so often to return never more.

But he recovered at last, and Dr. Steuben said that it was, under Providence, owing to Bessie Barton's kind

Bessie Barton when that dimpled ed: "To be sure, what a relief it was," your mother sent you to spend. I've a getting up a label depends mostly on the iron ship, loaded with 2,000 tons of railhance to get a great bargain in a console mirror for the best drawing-room, if I could scrape a little money together. Suppose you lend it to me for a few weeks only.

Bessle colored; her eyelids drooped. "Oh, Aunt Munger, I cannot," said. "I-gave it to Laurence Wyatt. He could not pay up his board-bill without it, and-

"Gave it to Laurence Wyatt, indeed!" shrilly exclaimed the boarding-house 'And he took it from you?"

"He borrowed it, Aunt Munger." "You'll never see it again," said Mrs. Munger angrily. "Bessie, you are a fool!

And she nounced out of the room, in a passion. The next day she would not speak to her niece; and Adeliza and Medora went about with faces of grim disapproval. If Bessie must throw her money

about why couldn't she have thrown it in the direction of the family-coffers? From that day everything seemed to go wrong in the Munger household. Bad debts grew worse. The stout couple went to Europe-the editor married and set up a hearthstone of his

One by one the desirable boarders dropped away, while their places were taken by showy impostors, who departed, leaving behind them trunks full of stones carefully muffled in red flannel. And Mrs. Munger was gloomily conemplating a sheriff's sale, when one day a carriage rolled up to the door and me and 'Liza, in the dark room off the out stepped a gentleman in sable furs and costly dress.

"Don't you know me, Mrs. Munger, and Bessie?" said he; "I am Laurence Wyatt! And I've come to pay my debts. Don't look at me so strangely. I am not an apparition. Only my uncle from Chicago has adopted me, and I am to enter the mining business with him. He has settled a liberal allowance upon me, and I am a rich man now."

Mrs. Munger sighed sepulchrally. "You've no debts here, Mr. Wyatt," said she; "it's all settled up to date. But if you know of any eligible parties looking out for good board----1

"Yes, of course I will recommend them, said Laurence frankly; but-my aunt is out here in the carriage and she wants to see the young lady who saved

So Bessie, blushing and frightened, went out to see the grand lady in the carriage, who slipped a little diamond shone and glittered like a spark of fire. And Laurence Wyatt whispered to her. "Our engagement-ring, Bessie." Adeliza and Medora Munger were

highly scandalised when they heard of keeping young man ever since he went away, looking more like a haggard spectre than anything else. How could she know that he would come back a rich man's heir? Wasn't it the "He told me I had saved his life,"

declared that some day he would lay that rescued life down at my feet. And

l so he has." "That's all silly sentimental nonsense," said indignant Medora, who was loverless at eight-and-twenty. It did seem hard that the husbandhunting Misses Munger should be un-

country-bred Bessie married the rich the two moustached young men who sick unto death in the little dreary hall bedroom, the Misses Munger had not troubled themselves whether he lived

wooed and unwon, while simple little

or died. "Only a four-and-a-half-dollar boarder, they had scornfully remarked .-"Why don't ma insist on his going to

the hospital?" But Bessie had helped up the silver torch of Faith, Hope, Charity. And its white fire had illuminated her whole life with brightness.

## Designing Cigar Labels.

A lithographing establishment in New York having offered to pay the highest cash prices for first-class cigar-label designs, a reporter found a member of the firm looking over a portfolio of drawings and illustrations cut from periodicals. He selected a couple of drawings, and, turning to a young man, said: "These are good designs, and"-picking up one of the Ocean Swell reported sighting a vessel illustrations-"you might make us a de- right ahead, with only a jurymast sign from that. I'll give you \$15 for standing. "The cargo was all gone these three in crayon, and \$20 if you'll do out of the main-hatch, but her afterthe last one in colors. That's \$5 apiece | hold was full of casks. She had no for your crayon designs, and \$10 for that forehatch, but I think her forehold which is to be in colors.'

"Can I get the money for the two fancy that she has been loaded with crayon drawings now?" the young man rum and molasses, the rum being

"Certainly," Mr. Phelps said, handing affoat." She was full of water, conse-\$10 to him, "and the rest when you quentiy the rum was not to be come at, to decay. But Scarborough is not the bring the other design. Just leave your and so all that poor Jack of the Ocean spot for antiquarian research, or for address in case I should want you to do Swell could do was to look yearningly some other work before you finish this down at the casks and then, with brought away with me not a dream of

The young man pocketed the \$10 and quitted the office in a very happy frame of mind.

again.

American brig Celeste, the story of the silver mirror at her feet.

which I read with interest in an Ameri-

worth the notice of a magazine-writer

is encountered that proves a wonder-

in a gale of wind, the wreck is driven

thickness, and the little company of

same dangerous situation the vessel's

succored, If ever money is meritorious-

ly earned, it is by the men who receive

rewards for bringing a wrecked vessel

It is not very long since turee men

three men to board the vessel, and

when they arrived they found her to be

about for ferty-five hours when the for-

whose deep sides the green seas are

escaped from the hammocks in which

they were sewn, and have risen to the

ten thousand miles of ocear.

o DOTE

The Party of the P

on the lookout for a subject.

"He seems to be a smart young tellow," bir. I'helps said, "and I'm glad we got hold of him. If we hadn't advertised we might never have known of him.' "Haven't you artists to design for

"A number of them. But we need more and more because the manufacture of domestic cigars is a constantly growing branch of trade, and we are constantly being called on for labels for new were living-if she could be here-I brands. For this reason we want to have es many designers at our disposal as possible. The result of our offer is that men come here with samples of their work, and we can tell at a giance whether it will be well to add them to our list of de-

"Do you suggest designs yourself, or leave that to the artist?"

"You see, if a cigar manufacturer wants to get out a new brand, or to work off an old brand under a new label, which is the most usual case, he comes here and tells nursing and ceaseless car, us what his idea is, or, more frequently, And he went away to his distant tells our canvassers—for there is so much "Bessie dear," she said to her niece he desires to pay, whether he wants a number of colors to be printed. It he way sleepers, 150 tons of pig iron, 150 how it is done," opening a large book full deavored to sink the ship by cutting

"Here is a label on which canvassers in cock in the after-peak; but this he deone section of the country alone managed nied, and whether it was proved or not of a maiden lady, a Miss Lawrence, who pieces are the impiements used in Masonic

"How much do labels like that cost?" "They are the most expensive-\$50 for a thousand sets."

"How many are to a set?" "A set consists of the large label for the inside of the cover and the centre pieces of the large label alone to be pasted on the outside. The success of this label has been so great that several other manufacturers have ordered designs for labels on which to work the Free Masons, and we have lithographed for them thousands of labels with other designs calculated to attract the eyes of Masons. That is the way designs usually originate-with the cigar manufacturer. Of course, we have

stock labels so that we can show samples.' "Do you ever give illustrations from periodicals to your artists as bases for de-

"Rarely. We usually let them do their own stealing." "I often see labels of Havana manufacturers on boxes of domestic cigars. Do

you sell imitation of Havana labels?" "Not now, because there is a law against it. Imitating foreign labels used to be an important branch of our business, because when the manufacturing of domestic cigars began most domestic cigars were sold as an English fishing cutter, and, while imported, and the manufacturers required cruising a derelict vessel was sighted finest of American marbles, the marble of imitation labels. But now domestic

cigars are sold on their merits.' "Is any special label most in demand?" "When a manufacturer gets his name well up in the business, so that people the time; it freshened into a gale; the begin to ask for his cigars, ne will have his tow-rope by which the smack was enportrait put on his labels and stuck on the inside and outside of the box, like the the cutter was blown out of sight. It specimens of personal portraiture which theatrical managers have posted on the logged hull, so the three men got into

"Do manufacturers get up brauds for pecial sale among certain trades or proessione, as did the one who originated the Masonic brand?"

"Yes. You will find here labels with fire engines, ships, steamboats, and the During the excitement over six-day walking matches we got up labels with the contestants on the track. Then we have pictures of famous actresses, of race horses, of the Tally Ho," and of winning yachts. In fact, the manufacturers, and we too, read the newspapers, and if any event of great public interest offers any basis for a cigar label design, you may be sure we take advantage of i'. After the most improvident thing in all the world? next Presidential election we hope to get "He told me I had saved his life," out a label with the portrait of the Hon. confessed Bessie, "and he loved me and William S. Holman."

## Abandoned Vessels.

Dereliets always appear to me as a The site of Scarborough, England, is almost kind of ocean beggars. They hover incomparably fine. It is built on the side about the path of well-to-do ships, and of an ampitheatre of chiffs, the lawer part exhibiting their mutilated stumps and of which is laid out as a park, with trees broken sides, cringe and courtesy for and flowers and concrete walks, and a help as the vessels go by. They are, it look on the one hand upon the stoping must be admitted, as a rule, miserably banks, gay with verdure and blossoms, poor—in rags and without a "brass and abroad on the other side ever the farden" in their pockets. The sea sparkling summer sea. Along the expladespoils them first; but if Neptune over- nade at the summit of the cliff stretch acres looks anything of worth, it is pretty of handsome, substantially built residences, sure to be carried away by one or other with here and there an imposing-looking of the vessels which may bear down to hotel. There are amusements enough and have a look at the wreck and overhand to spare to satisfy the most exacting in the her. 'Found a good quarter-boat way of watering-place pleasures, dramatic floating alongside; got it aboard and performances and concerts in the elegant proceeded." Or, "Nothing to be hall of the Casino, music twice a day by found on deck or below; looked as if the band, boating and fishing for those some passing vessel had helped herself who like such diversions, and excellent to all that was to be got." Such state-bathing, the shore presenting an expanse of firm sand, altogether pleasant to walk ments are sometimes to be found in log-books. Here is one that I at this upon. Then, as a city, Scarborough is scarcely less attractive than when considmoment light on: "The German bark Europa reports, March 26, sighted an ered simply as a watering place. The wide well-built streets abound in tempting shops unknown bark; all sails set, and on fire and handsome edifices. For those interaft; found a thirty-foot life boat adrift, which was taken aboard, in which were ested in historic associations, there exist the ruins of the old castle, once a famous some tobacco, provisions, and a stone fortress, on the heights to the left of the butter-pot." Doubtless the Dutchmen turn, though, as the present edifice only enjoyed the tobacco, and ate with relish dates from the rebellton of 1745, its claims the provisions, and the butter. The to historic interest may be considered doubtful. George Fox, the founder of the sect of Quakers, was once imprisoned within its walls; so I, as a native of the Quaker City, looked upon the battered and crumbling masses of masonry with peculiar interest. The original fortress was demust have been fall of casks also, I stroyed by those indefatigable smashers of things in general, the Parliamentany forces under Cromwell, and since the threatened stored in both ends, keeping the vessel invasion of the North by the army of the Pretender it has been suffered to go wholly watering mouth, tumble reluctantly historic personages and heroic deeds, but a into his boat and row aboard his ship vision of a shining summer sea, shut in by verdure-clad cliffs, and of the fair city A more romantic derefict was the smiling at her own charms as reflected in

English Items of Interest

Then, too, in my wanderings I have can paper a few days ago. She was visited Studeley Royal, the seat of the found in the Mediterranean and boarded. Marquis of Ripon, near Harrowgate, and All sail was on her, but not a living bave brought away with me from that creature was to be seen. There was a visit a memory of scenes of surpassing fire burning in the galley; dinner was beauty Situated three miles from the set out untasted and not yet cold; there privileges of the other. Except that Nawere some child's toys in the cabin, "and ture never makes so advantageous a dispoa piece of a woman's dress was still sition of her forces, one might imagine that under the needle of the sewing- the velvet turf, the grand old trees, the machine." What had become of the masses of rhododendrons and laurels-nay, people? Had they committed suicide even the points of view cunningly arranged by jumping overboard? If so, why was in the foliage, had all been brought totheir dinner cooked and served, only to gether by fortunate hazard instead of by be left untouched? The easiest way an arustic hand. In one point the influperhaps to solve the riddle is to disbe-lieve the story. But if it be true it is exemplified by the works of Le Notre in extraordinary, and should commend it the grounds of Versailles, makes itself apself as a marine problem very well parent. Watteau or Boucher could have chosen no fairer site for their pictures than the glassy waters of the miniature lake, set Now and again, however, a derelict in soft, smooth turf like a diamond encircled with emeralds, and mirroring the fully rich prize. Such was the Falls of pretty Grecian temple and groups of statu-And he went away to his distant home for rest and change; and Mrs. distant Munger drew a long sigh and remark- to send around canvassers with books of large trop English ship, abandoned, and labels in stock. We find out what price large iron English ship, abandoned, and the shape of a summer-house, shut in by he desires to pay, whether he wants a she was conveyed to the island by a label in black and white or in colors, and French squadron of inspection. She in how many colors, as the expense of proved to be the Falis of Afton, a new attractions of this enchanted domain, the reveal to the visitor the great ornament and ruins of Fountain's Abbey, said to be the grandest and most picturesque rum in wants a cheap label we get a crayon de- tons of smithy coal, and 200 tons of coke England. Superb and stately, even as a sign; if he wants a very fancy label we -a nice little haul for Monsieur, as the shattered wreck, the grand Gothic walls get a design in colors from one of your salvage afterward proved. It was, from the spectator with a mute cloquence fifteer-dollar designers. Let me show you charged against the Captain that he engreat dethroned king, fallen into old age the suction-pipe and opening the sea- and decrepitude in the lonelinees of exile.

Studeley Royal was formerly the estate to sell five million cigars. A manufac- and what became of the case I can not spent all her targe income in adorning and turer sent us word that he wanted to work recoilect. Finconntering and bringing improving the grounds, Sae died at an he Free Masous, because he thought to port a few such derelicts as the Falis advanced age, and bequeathed her property plenty of them were to be found all over of Aften would soon make a man's fort- to its present owner instead of her neares: the country. So he wanted to get up a une, and if they were numerous we relatives, for the reason that the latter had Grand Master brand, for which he wished might hear of public companies being become converts to Catholicism. Oddly a first-class label. We got up this label formed for the salving of such abau- enough, the Marquis of Ripon has in later for him. The centre is the figure of a doned craft, with underwriters for years become a Catholic, so that the disin-Grand Master in full regalia; the side chairmen. But they are not numerous, heritance of her natural heirs proved any and this age of iron makes them rarer thing but effectual in keeping the property every day. Even when a vessel that out of the hands of a member of that comlooks worth preserving is met, life is munion. However, Lord de Gray, the often jeopardized in sailing her; or if future Marquis, is said to be a staunch she is to be towed, then, after a deal of Protestant, so that the old lady's desires in manœuvring and many hours of deten- that respect will probably one day be fultion and the carrying away of hawsers, filled. The house of Studeley Royal is not the derelict has frequently to be shown to visitors, and in truth it presents dropped, with a sea-blessing on her no special points of interest. It is enough, head and hearty regret on the skipper's too, for the world at large to be allowed to visit Fountain's Abbey, and that noble part that he ever sighted her. The park, with its superb views, and splendid struggle is sometimes a desperate one. trees, and its herds of red deer feeding The abandoned craft, like an Irishman's beneath the oaks or glancing fleet as birds pig, refuses to go ahead. She barely across the sunlit turf.

answers her helm. The tow-rope parts Just at the entrance of the park a small but very beautiful memorial church has away to feeward and is lost in the been erected as a monument to the prother men who have been put aboard of her of the Marchioness of Ripon, young Fred? find themselves pretty much in the cric Vyner, who was murdered some years ago by Greek brigands when making an excursion in the neighborhood of Athens. first crew occupied before they were He died like a brave man, poor young fellow (he was only twenty-three), displaying all the calm firmness and patient courage characteristic of the Angle-Saxon race. The font of this church is very beautiful, being in dark, righly-colored stone, with were picked up in an open boat in the meised and gilded floral ornamentation. North Sea by a foreign bark. The This foat was a present to the Marquis story told was this: They belonged to from some of his friends in America, and drifting. The cutter sent a boat with Tennessee.

# A Social Weakness.

a brig. The wind was breezing up at A weakness of the Australian character is the hunger after titles and decorations. Toward the close of the deavoring to drag the brig parted, and Servian war so cheap did the Russian officers held the Servian decoration of was impossible to stop aboard the waterthe "Takovo Cross" that they used to tie the bauble round their dogs' necks their boat and they had been drifting and have the animals trot behind them thus adorned. 'The "C. M. G." seems eign bark came across them. Out of to me about as cheap a piece of trumsuch stuff is the romance of the derelict pery as the Russian officers regarded to be woven; and material for many a the "Takovo Cross," But the Auswild and wonderful yarn may haply be found at this moment among wrecked abardoned and drifting fabrics, over tralian, though while he is without it he affects to sneer at the "C. M. G.," and links the initials to a derogatory legend, grasps it and wears it when the Colonial Office throws it to him. rolling in foam, or whose hulls, with the gleam of the black water in the hold visible through the open hatches, lean

F. D. CURTIS says that twenty years. wearily with the oil-smooth swell, like ago he treated a stunted Fameuse apple drowned seamen, whose bodies have tree with a wheelbarrow full of leac ashes, and the tree shows the benefit of it to this day. Mr. Curtis also says surface to look blindly up to Heaven that too many varieties of fruit are a till decay scatters their dust through innisance and an endless amount of