

WAITING.

I wait,
Till from my veiled brows shall fall
This haggard cloud, this weary thrall,
Which holds me now from knowing all;
Till my spirit's sight shall see
Into all being's mystery,
See what it really is to be!

I wait,
While robbing days in mockery fling
Such cruel loss athwart my Spring,
And life-flags on with broken wings
Believing that a kinder fate
The patient soul will compensate
For all it loses, ere too late.

I wait!
The Summer of the soul is long,
Its leaves its yet shall round me throng,
In perfect pomp of sun and song
In stormless mornings, yet to be,
"Till pluck, from life's fall-fruited tree,
The joy to-day denied to me.

THE PRAIRIE FIRE.

"Oh, daddy!" called a clear, girlish voice.
"Yes, Lindy; what's wanted?"
"Ma wants to know how long it'll be
fore you ready."

"Oh, tell her I'll be at the door by
the time she gets her things on. Be
sure you have the butter and eggs all
ready to put into the wagon. We're
makin' too late a start to town."

Butter and eggs, indeed! As if Lindy
needed a reminder other than the new
dress for which they were to be
exchanged.

"Elmer and I can go to town next
time, can't we, ma?" she asked, enter-
ing the house.

"Yes, Lindy; I hope so," was the re-
ply. "But don't bother me now; your
pa is coming already, and I haven't my
shawl on yet. Yes, Wilbur; I'm here.
Just put this butter in, and I'll
carry the eggs in my lap. Now, Lindy,
don't let Elmer play with the fire or run
away."

And in a moment more the heavy
lumber wagon rattled away from the
door, and the children stood gazing
after it for awhile, in a half-forlorn
manner. Then Lindy went in to do her
work. Elmer resumed his play, and
soon everything was moving along as
cheerfully as ever.

After dinner, Elmer went to sleep
and Lindy, feeling rather lonely again,
went out-of-doors for a change. It was
a warm autumnal day, almost the per-
fect counterpart of a dozen or more
which had preceded it. The sun shone
brilliantly and the hot winds that swept
through the tall grass made that and all
else it touched so dry that the prairie
seemed like a vast tinder-box. Though
her parents had but lately moved to this
place, Lindy was accustomed to the
prairies. She had been born on them,
and her eyes were familiar with nothing
else; yet, as she stood to-day with that
brown, unbroken expanse rolling away
before her until it reached the pale
blue-gray of the sky, the indescribable
feeling of awe and terrible solitude
which such a scene often inspires in one
not familiar with it stole gradually over
her. But Lindy was far too practical
to remain long under such an influence.
The chickens were "peeping" loudly,
and she remembered that they were still
without their dinner.

As she passed around the corner of
the house with a dish of corn in her
hands, the wind almost lifted her from
the ground. It was certainly blowing
with greater violence than during the
morning.

Great tumble weeds went flying by,
turning over and over with lightning-
like rapidity; then pausing for an in-
stant's rest, were caught by another
gust and carried along, mile after mile,
till some fence or other obstacle was
reached, where they could pile up in
great drifts, and wait till a brisk wind
from an opposite direction should send
them rolling and tumbling all the way
back. But Lindy did not notice the
tumble weeds. The dish of corn had
fallen from her hand, and she stood
looking straight ahead with wide-open,
frightened eyes.

What was the sight that so frightened
her?
Only a line of fire below the horizon.
Only a line of fire, with forked flames
daring high into the air, a cloud of
smoke drifting away from them. A
beautiful relief, this bright, changing
spectacle from the brown monotony of
the prairie.

But the scene was without beauty for
Lindy. Her heart had given one great
bound when she first saw the red line,
and then it seemed to cease beating.
She had seen many prairie fires; had
seen her father and other men fight
them, and she knew at once the danger
her home was in. What could she, a
little girl, do to save it, and perhaps
herself and her little brother, from the
destroyer which the south wind was
bringing straight toward them?

Only for a moment Lindy stood white
and motionless; then with a bound she
was at the well. Her course was de-
cided upon. If only time and strength
were given her. Drawing two pails of
water, she laid a large bag in each, and
then, getting some matches, hurried
out beyond the stable. She must fight
fire with fire. That was her only hope;
but a strong, experienced man would
have shrunk from starting a back fire in
such a wind.

She fully realized the danger; but it
was possible to escape from otherwise in-
evitable destruction, and she hesitated
not an instant to attempt it. Cautious-
ly starting a blaze, she stood with a wet
bag ready to smother the first unruly
flame

The great fire to the southward was
rapidly approaching. Prairie chickens
and other birds, driven from their nests,
were flying over, uttering distressed
cries. The air was full of smoke and
burnt grass, and the crackling of the
flames could plainly be heard. It was a
trying moment. The increased roar of
the advancing fire warned Lindy that
she had but very little time in which to
complete the house and barn, still, if
she hurried too much, she would lose
control of the fire she had started, and
with all it hope of safety.

The heat was intense, the smoke suf-
focating, the rapid swinging of the heavy
bag most exhausting, but she was un-
conscious of these things. The extren-
uity of the danger inspired her with
wonderful strength and endurance.
Instead of losing courage, she increased
her almost superhuman exertions, and
in another brief interval the task was
completed. None too soon, either, for
the swiftly advancing column had nearly
reached the wavering, struggling,
slow-moving line Lindy had sent out to
meet it.

It was a wild, fascinating, half terri-
ble, half beautiful scene. The tongues
of flame, leaping above each other with
airy, fantastic grace, seemed, cat-like,
to toy with their victims before devour-
ing them.

A sudden, violent gust of wind, and
then with a great crackling roar the two
fires met, the flames shooting high into
the air as they rushed together.

For one brief, glorious moment they
remained there, lapping the air with
their fierce, hot tongues; then suddenly
dropping, they died quickly out; and
where an instant before had been a wall
of fire was nothing now but a cloud of
blue smoke rising from the blackened
ground, and here and there a sickly
flame finishing an obstinate tuft of grass.
The fire on each side meeting no obsta-
cle, swept quickly by, and Lindy stood
gazing, spell bound, after it, as it darted
and flashed in terrible zigzag lines far-
ther and farther away.

"Oh Lindy!" called a shrill little
voice from the house. Elmer had just
awakened.

"Yes, I'm coming," Lindy answered,
turning. But how very queer she felt!
There was a roaring in her ears louder
than the fire had made; everything
whirled before her eyes; and the sun
seemed suddenly to have ceased shining,
all was so dark. Reaching the house
by a great effort, she sank, faint, dizzy
and trembling upon the bed by her
brother's side.

Elmer, frightened and hardly awake,
began to cry, and as he never did any-
thing in a half-way manner, the result
was quite wonderful. His frantic shrieks
and furious cries roused his half-faint-
ing sister as effectually as if he had
poured a glass of brandy between her
lips. She soon sat up, and by and by
color began to return to the white face,
and strength to the exhausted body.
Her practical nature and strong will
again asserted themselves, and instead
of yielding to a feeling of weakness and
prostration, she tied on her sun-bonnet
firmly, and gave the chickens their long
delayed dinner.

But when, half an hour later, her
father found her fast asleep, with the
glow from the sky reflected on her weary
little face, he looked out of the window
for a moment, picturing to himself the
terrible scenes of the afternoon, and
then down at his daughter. "A brave
girl!" he murmured, smoothing the
yellow hair with his hand, brown hand
— "a brave girl!"

Napoleon's Method of Questioning.

Prony, with his hair nearly in
my plate, was telling me most entertain-
ing anecdotes of Bonaparte, and
Cuvier, with his head nearly meeting
him, talking as hard as he could, not
striving to show learning or wit—quite
the contrary—frank, open-hearted ge-
nius, delighted to be together at home
and at ease. This was the most flatter-
ing and agreeable thing to me that
could possibly be. Harriet was on the
off side and every now and then he
turned to her in the midst of his anec-
dotes and made her so completely one
of us, and there was such a prodigious
noise nobody could hear but ourselves.
Both Cuvier and Prony agreed that
Bonaparte never could bear to have any
but a decided answer. "One day,"
said Cuvier, "I nearly ruined myself
by considering before I answered. He
asked me 'Ought we to introduce beet
sugar in France?' 'In the first place,
sire, we must think of the colonies.'
'Shall we have beet sugar in France?'
'But, sire, we ought to study the sub-
ject.' 'Bah! I will have to ask Ber-
thollet.' This despotic laconic mode
of insisting on learning everything in
two words had its inconveniences. One
day he asked the master of the woods
at Fontainebleau, "How many acres of
wood here?" The master, an honest
man, stopped to recollect. "Bah!"
and the under master came forward
and said any number that came into his
head. Bonaparte immediately took
the mastery from the first and gave it
to the second. "Qu' arrivait il?" con-
tinued Prony. The rogue who gave the
guess answer was soon found cutting
down and selling quantities of the trees,
and Bonaparte had to take the ranger-
ship from him and reinstate the honest
hesitator.

Rice, Bark and Silk Paper.

Rice paper is a material so delicate
and filmy that at the first glance one
would think it ill adapted to receive
writing or printing; but it is much
used for those purposes, and we have
seen a beautiful little volume composed
of and filled with exquisite paintings of
flowers. It is made from the pith of a
leguminous plant, which the Chinese
import from India, and the island of
Formosa, where it grows in abundance.
The pith, having been prepared of the
desired length for the sheet, is cut
spirally into a thin slice, which is then
flattened, pressed and dried. It obtains
its name by receiving a sizing wholly or
principally of rice water. The similar-
ity of this process to the preparation of
papyrus is so striking as to render it
probable that it was suggested by it.

Bark paper is made from the smaller
branches of a variety of the mulberry
tree. The bark, after being separated
from the stem by boiling in lye, is
macerated in water for several days;
the outer part scraped off, and the in-
ner boiled and stirred in lye until it
separates. It is then washed in a pan
or sieve, and worked by the hands into
pulp, which is afterward spread on a
table and beaten fine with a mallet.
It is next placed in a tub with an in-
fusion of rice and a root called oreni,
and all thoroughly mixed. The sheets
are formed by dipping a mold made
of strips of bullrushes confined in a
frame into the vat. After molding,
the sheets are laid upon one another
with strips of red between. A board
loaded with weights is then laid upon
the pile to express the water, and when
that is accomplished they are separa-
ted and dried in the sun. This paper
is even more delicate than the rice; so
much so that when it is necessary to
write on both sides of a page two
must be glued together. Supposing,
as the natural order seems to suggest,
that the rice paper was the first and
the bark the second made by the Chi-
nese, we have here the first appearance
of the pulping process in the manu-
facture. The bamboo paper, made
from the fiber of that plant, reduced
to a pulp and gathered in films, is,
however, very ancient, and possibly
older than the bark.

The silk paper is the victim of a
misnomer, arising from the misinfor-
mation of early travelers, which it has
been found almost impossible to cor-
rect, for it is commonly believed to be
made of a few silken rags, or a little
refuse silk may occasionally be mixed
with other material, they cannot by
themselves be reduced to a pulp suit-
able for making paper. The silk paper
of China is made, like our own, from
cotton and linen rags, hemp, unmanu-
factured cotton, and the like, some-
times mingled with wood and bamboo
pulp, and possibly with a little silk.
The rags, cotton and hemp are pre-
pared by being cut and well washed.
They are then bleached, and by natural
maceration of twelve days' duration
converted into a pulp. This is made
into balls weighing about four pounds,
which, having been saturated with
water, are spread upon a frame of fine
reeds and pressed under heavy weights.
The drying is completed by suspension
of the sheets upon the wall of a proper
room; and they are finished by being
coated with gum size, and polished
with some smooth, hard substance.
The sheets are sometimes of very large
dimensions—reaching twelve feet in
length with a corresponding
breadth, the molds being managed by
the aid of pulleys.

Santa Rosa.

The little schooner Santa Rosa ar-
rived in San Francisco from Santa Bar-
bara a few days ago. She comes up to
this city twice a year to secure provi-
sions, clothing, lumber, etc., for use on
Santa Rosa Island, being owned by the
great sheep-raiser, A. P. Moore, who
owns the island and the 80,000 sheep
that exist upon it. The island is about
thirty miles south of Santa Barbara,
and is twenty-four miles in length and
sixteen in breadth, and contains about
74,000 acres of land, which are admir-
ably adapted to sheep-raising. Last June
Moore clipped 1,014 sacks of wool from
these sheep, each sack containing an
average of 410 pounds of wool, making a
total of 415,740 pounds, which he sold
at 27 cents a pound, bringing him in
\$112,249, or a clear profit of over
\$80,000. This is said to be a low yield; so
it is evident that sheep-raising there,
when taken into consideration that
shearing takes place twice a year and
that a profit is made of the sale of
mutton, etc., is very profitable. This
island is divided into four quarters by
fences running clear across at right
angles, and the sheep have not to be
herded like those ranging about the
foothills.

Four men are employed regularly the
year round to keep the ranch in order
and to look after the sheep, and during
shearing time fifty or more shearers are
employed. These men secure forty or
fifty days' work and the average num-
ber of sheep sheared a day is about ninety
for which five cents a clip is paid, thus
\$4.50 a day being made by each man, or
something over \$200 for the season, or
over \$400 for ninety days out of the
year. Although the shearing of ninety
sheep a day is the average, a great
many will go as high as 110, and one

man has been known to shear 125. Of
course every man tries to shear as many
as he can, and owing to haste frequently
the animals are severely cut by the
sharp shears. If the wound is serious,
the sheep immediately has its throat cut
and is turned into mutton and is dis-
posed of to the butchers, and the shear-
er, in the habit of frequently inflicting
such wounds, is discharged. In the
shearing of these 80,000 sheep a
hundred or more are injured to such an
extent as to necessitate their being
killed, but the wool and meat are of
course turned into profit.

Although no herding is necessary,
about two hundred or more trained
goats are kept on the island continually,
which to all intents and purposes take
the place of the shepherd dogs so
necessary in mountainous districts
where sheep are raised. Whenever the
animals are to be removed from one
quarter of the island to another the
man in charge taking out with him
several of the goats, exclaims in Spanish
"Cheva" (meaning sheep). The goat
through its training, understands what
is wanted, and immediately runs to the
band and the sheep accept it as their
leader, following wherever it goes.
The goat in turn follows the man to
whatever point he wishes to take the
band. To prevent the sheep from con-
tracting disease it is necessary to give
them a washing twice a year. Moore,
having so many on hand, found it nec-
essary to invent some way to accomplish
this whereby not so much expense
would be incurred and time wasted.
After experimenting for some time he
had a ditch dug 8 feet in depth, a little
over a foot in width and 100 feet long.
In this he put 600 gallons of water, 200
pounds of sulphur, 100 pounds of lime
and 6 pounds of soda, all of which is
heated to 130°. The goats lead the sheep
into a corral or trap at one end, and the
animals are compelled to swim through
to the further end, thus securing a bath
and taking their medicine at one and
the same time.

Death of George The IV.

So his useless, burdensome life, vol-
uptuous and petty, magnificent and
mean to the last, passed on. In these,
his last days, he was friendless, and
would have been alone save for his paid
sycophants. All his life he had posed
as a fine gentleman, and had found
many to believe him such; he had dressed
himself in gaudy stuffs, had worn
5,000 beads on his hat, and had invented
a new buckle for his shoes; his bows
outrivalled those of his French dancing
master, his smiles were pronounced ir-
resistible, his deportment graceful; but
behind this outward show all was
false; the puppet, perfect in its dress
and movements, was stuffed with bran,
and there was no trace of heart, honor
or manhood to be found in its composi-
tion. He lied to and deceived men;
he flattered and ruined women; was
insincere to his friends, cajoled and
cheated his creditors, hated and imposed
on his Ministers, and burdened his
people in the days of commercial de-
pression by boundless extravagance.
With prize-fighters, jockeys, tailors and
money-lenders he was familiar; but the
petty German pride he inherited never
permitted him to be friendly with his
aristocracy. Such he had been through
life, and now that his last days had
come, none were found to regret his
inevitable death. On the night of June
5, 1830, having said his customary visits
to the Marchioness (Lady Conyngham),
he retired to bed, without feeling any
symptoms of illness; but at two o'clock
he suddenly awoke in great agitation
and called out for assistance. Sir Wat-
then Waller was soon by his bedside
and raised him up. "They have de-
ceived me!" he whispered fearfully, his
bloated face wild from terror, his whole
frame quivering; then came the terri-
ble cry, "O, God, I am dying!" and
with one short gasp he fell back dead.

Accidents from Overloading.

The frequent accidents which have
lately occurred on various railroads in
this country on account of broken rails
are a theme of general discussion in
railroad circles here. When the roads
used iron rails accidents were of much
less frequent occurrence than they are
now with sixty-pound steel rails. The
accidents are therefore not believed to
be due to the inferiority of the rails now
in use. Railroad officials all agree
that the rails are as good and strong as
can be procured, but the trouble is, that
the practice of overloading cars has be-
come too common, and that the rails
cannot bear the heavy strain they are
subjected to. Formerly a common car-
load was ten tons. Now this has been
gradually increased to 25,000 pounds.
The only remedy is believed to lie in
reducing the tonnage loaded on a car.
The present maximum amount, 25,000
pounds, is believed to be much too large
and it is claimed that no more than from
15,000 to 20,000 pounds should be al-
lowed to be loaded into a car. It is
probable that a meeting of railroad
managers and superintendents of the
various railroads in this country will
soon be held to take this matter into
consideration and try to provide means
by which a remedy for this serious evil
can be effected.

The average of the pulse in infancy
is 120 per minute; in manhood 80; 60
years, 60.

The Need of Rest.

There was an unusual amount of ill-
ness this autumn of the type known as
"nervous prostration." It is prevalent
among hard worked people, who have
been deprived of the needed summer
rest and relaxation, men who carry
their business home with them at night,
and women who are worn out by do-
mestic cares and worries. It is very
strange how much we are told about
food, clothing, ventilation, draining,
exercise, and other things which have
an influence on our health, and how
very seldom we think of rest. And, as
a remedial and restorative measure, it
is of the first importance in many cases.
Most physicians know what to do and
when to do it, but a good deal of com-
mon sense is required to discover, how
not to do something, and when to let
the patient alone. A combination of
drugging and fretting kills more than
half the sick people in the world; a
man's enemies cannot do him near so
much damage as his friends. The
world is possessed with the notion that
when a man is taken ill a terrible ado
must be kept up, an alternation of
nursing and fussing; while preternatu-
rally wise and whispering doctors, sym-
pathizing friends, tearful relatives, and
chattering nurses add their contribu-
tions to the wrong side, and all be-
cause somebody is ill and needs chiefly
rest. We have not yet, most of us,
gotten rid of the old notion of the an-
cients that disease is a personality, a
something that is in the air, that trav-
els about, enters our dwellings and
finally seizes hold of us, something akin
in the minds of the ignorant to a goblin,
ghost, fiend, demon or witch, which
only pills or potions can exorcise, kill
or cure. We are confident that many a
sensible physician will say, if the patient
will let him, that two-thirds of all the
maladies of all the people in the world
would get well in a few hours or days,
if left to themselves, with no other ap-
plications than such as instinct would
suggest and common sense employ. But
patients often estimate the doctor's
skill by the wonderfully wise look which
he assumes, and the extent or variety
of his prescriptions: and a sick man's
friends hate to be unsympathizing, and
so are apt to be officious. It is to be
understood, of course that we are not
speaking of extreme cases, but of the
treatment of most of the ills which flesh
is heir to—the troubles which come
upon overworked men and women, so
many of whom we find all around us in
this pushing, competitive age. Their
best remedy, if they can take it, is rest.
If that be impossible, we can only pity
them.

How Russian Girls are Courted.

Love is the same the world over, but
"courting" is managed very differently
in different countries. Russian court-
ing, among the middle classes, is pecu-
liar—the first Whitsunday after the
young girl is acknowledged by her
mother to be of marriageable years, she
is taken to the Petersburg summer
garden to join the "bridal promenade."
This consists of the daughters of the
Russian tradesmen walking in process-
ion; followed by their parents. Up
and down they go, pretending to chat
with each other and to take no notice
of the young men—the tradesmen's
sons, dressed in their best clothes—who
walk in another procession on the other
side. However, every now and then
some young fellow slips out of his
proper rank and adds himself to the
line of the girls on the other side,
speaking to one particularly. The
parents of the girl join in the conversa-
tion in a few moments, and soon they
leave the promenade and are joined by
the parents of the young man. Gener-
ally the old folks have talked it well
over before, but on this occasion every
one pretended to be surprised. On the
next day a female confidant calls on
the girl's parents and requests her
hand. This granted, all the relations
on both sides meet and argue about the
portion to be given with the girl. If
this is not satisfactory all is at an end,
if it is what is expected the betrothal
takes place.

The bride and bridegroom kneel down
upon a great fur mat and the bride
takes a ring from her finger and gives
it to the bridegroom, who returns the
gift by another. The bride's mother
meanwhile crumbles a piece of bread
over her daughter's head and her
father holds the image of his daugh-
ter's patron saint over his future son-
in-law's well brushed locks. As they
arise bridesmaids sing a wedding song.
The guests each bring forward a pres-
ent of some sort. Wine is handed
about and some one says it is bitter and
needs sweetening. Upon this the
bridegroom kisses the bride—the sweet-
ness being supposed to be provided by
this kiss—salutes the company and
takes his leave, on which the brides-
maids sing a song with a chorus some-
thing like this:

"Farewell, happy bridegroom,
but return to be still more happy."

Courting time has now begun. Every
evening the lover comes to his lady's
home with a present which is always
something good to eat—generally cakes
or sugar plumbs. He makes love under
rather awkward circumstances, for the
bridesmaids sit about the betrothed
pair in a circle, singing songs descrip-
tive of their happiness.

The last evening of the courtship is
enlivened by the presentation of the

gifts of the bridegroom, which must
include brushes, combs, soap and per-
fumery. On receiving these, the
bridesmaids instantly carry the bride
away and wash her, dress her hair and
perfume her pocket-handkerchief. Thus
touched upon she returns to the company,
and the bride's father gives his future
son-in-law the marriage portion, which
he takes home in a neat bag.

The next morning he returns for the
lady. She receives him with her hair
unbraided and flowing down her back.
They are married by the ceremonies of
the Greek church, and the old folks
never go to the wedding dinner.

Those eternal bridesmaids, whom
they must hate by this time, are there,
however, still on duty, and the evening
closes by the bride pulling off her hus-
band's boots to prove her intention to
be an obedient and submissive wife.

Good-natured bridegrooms generally
hide jewelry or money in their boots,
which the bride may take possession of
as balm of her pride. After the wed-
ding day the parents begin to give feasts
and keep it up for a week, and it is not
until all this over that the "young
couple" see those blessed bridesmaids
take their departure. They are then
compelled to kiss them, thank them
and give them each a present.

Life in the Manitoba Woods.

The loggers are hurrying into the
woods. One of them tells a reporter
the story of a logger's day. He says:
"The first thing to be done in the fall
is the building of a shanty, which is
generally constructed of logs, roofed
with lumber. This is fitted up inside
with bunks for sleeping purposes, in
which hemlock or spruce brush is com-
monly used as bedding. The chinks be-
tween the logs are packed with moss
and chips, and the shanty is heated by
means of what is called a 'caboose,' or
open fireplace, from which the smoke
makes its exit by an opening in the
roof. The cooking is generally done by
a man, who is often paid the highest
wages in the camp. The fare consists
of barrel or rattlesnake pork, beans, po-
tatoes, dried apples and such game as
the men find in the woods. A shanty-
man doesn't get much time to loaf
around the house. Every morning two
hours before daylight the foreman's
'Hurrah boys!' is heard, and a few
minutes after the whole shanty is alive.
Some are greasing boots, fixing helves,
and grinding axes, while others are per-
forming their ablutions and running
their fingers through their hair as a sort
of apology for combing. Breakfast
over, the different gangs set out to the
scene of their work, which in some
cases is from four to five miles from
this shanty, and as work is always com-
menced by daylight, you can easily see
we have no chance to be late risers. The
men work all day, merely resting to de-
vour their dinner, which is generally
eaten frozen or half thawed by the
side of a log fire. About dark a start
is made for the shanty, which is reached
long after dark. Supper eaten, the
weary men 'bunk in' and are soon
asleep."

A Wonderful Clock.

The most astonishing thing in the
way of a time piece is a clock described
by a Hindoo rajah, as belonging to a
native prince of Upper India, and
jealously guarded as the rarest treasure
of his luxurious palace. In the front
of the clock's disk was a gong, swung
upon poles, and near it was a pile of
artificial human limbs. The pile was
made up of the full number of parts for
two perfect bodies, but all lay heaped
together in seeming confusion. When-
ever the hands of the clock indicated
the hour of one, out of the pile crawled
just the number of parts needed to form
the frame of one man, part joining
itself to part with quick, metallic click;
and, when completed, the figure sprang
up, seized a mallet, and, walking up to
the gong, struck one blow that sent the
sound pealing through every room and
corridor of that stately castle. This
done, he returned to the pile and fell to
pieces again. When two o'clock came,
two men arose and did likewise; and so
through all the hours of the day, the
number of figures being the same as
the number of the hour, till at noon
and midnight the entire heap sprang
up, and, marching to the gong, struck,
one after another, each his blow, mak-
ing twelve in all, and then fell to pieces.

Picture.

The exhibition of the pictures of Sir
Joshua Reynolds at the Grosvenor
Gallery, London, is likely to be unique
of its kind. In all the number of works
promised is now about 160, enough to
fill the space at the disposal of the pro-
jectors. This means not merely 160
Sir Joshuas, but 160 of his finest pro-
ductions, as the list from which the appli-
cations were made was very carefully
prepared. Some important works the
committee of management have not,
indeed, succeeded in obtaining, but
there are still hopes that the owners
may be induced to reconsider their
dissimulation to lend pictures which
will otherwise be missed by all serious
students of the great painter's work.
There have been a good many exhibi-
tions of his work for the last ten years
or so at the winter shows in Burlington
House, but a really representative ex-
hibition has not been held since the
year 1825, when about 220 of his works
were collected and shown in the British
Institution.