#### 1811 WORTH WHILE?

Is it worth while to jostle a brother, Bearing his load on the rough road of life? Is it worth while that we jeer at each other, In blackness of heart that we war to the knife?

God pity us all in our pitiful plight.

God pity us all as we jostle each other; God pardon us all for the triumphs w

When a fellow goes down 'neath his load on the heather, Pierced to the heart; words are keener

than steel, And mightier far for woe than weal.

Were it not well in this brief life's journey, On over the isthmus, down into the tide, We give him a fish instead of a serpent, 'Ere folding the hands to be and abide Forever, and aye in dust at his side?

Look at the roses saluting each other, Look at the herds all in peace on the

Man, and man only, makes war on hi brother,

And laughs in his heart at his peril and pain, Shamed by the beasts that go down on

the plain.

Is it worth while that we battle to humble Some poor fellow down in the dust? God pity us all ! Time too soon will tumble All of us together, like leaves in a gust, Humbled, indeed, down into the dust.

### TWO PLAYERS' LOVES.

A man is seated on a worn horsehair sofa, head bent on his hands, sobbing as only strong men whose best and dearest feelings have received a death blow can sob.

At his feet lies a crumpled letter, where he had thrown it in the first pang of the agony it had inflicted on

There is no need to enter minutely into the details. It is the old, old story of man's love and woman's inconstancy.

Hardly two years before Richard Hamilton had stood before the altar by the side of the woman he loved so well, and she had vowed before heaven to "love, honor and obey" him, to be faithful to him through good and through evil report until death, and now she had broken those vows, and tempted by money, had left her husband, who was only a struggling actor, and fled with a rich man who had been attracted by her pretty face.

For hours Hamilton sat there in his great desolation; then he arose and put his sorrows from him by a mighty effort. No matter how great his grief, the public must be amused-his engagement fulfilled. He was what is called "utility man" in a touring company, and that night he had to play a rather good low comedy part. He remembered he had been pleased when he first saw the cast, feeling that he was rising at last in his profession; but now what did it matter? Let him rise or fall, who would care?

He played that night as if he were in a dream. His senses seemed dazed, but the dark phantom of his grief seemed to overshadow him. He had studied the part well, however, and he never missed a cue; so the audience were good humored, and remained silent what they certainly could not an

what bad tempered old lady, if all accounts were true; but Muriel kept her shook her head in reply, and attempted home troubles to hersef, and went about to move on; but as she did so she stagwith a bright smile, giving a helping hand to all who needed it.

Sweet, courageous, gentle, unselfish, all that is most pure and womanly, as she was, who can wonder that Richard Hamilton, weary of brooding over the

dead past, turned to her for comfort ? She was a clever actress, teo. Always graceful and ladylike, sympathetic and

tender, there were times when the sweet voice would be raised in p'eading or in mortal agony, when the expressive face would become changed, her whole being absorbed in the character she was playing. It was at such times as these that the depths of her heart were reyealed, and the firmness and passion that lay as yet dormant therein were disclosed.

The company was playing in a town in the North of Scotland, and the rain was pouring down heavily, so Muriel was forced to find occupation and amusement in her somewhat "stuffy" lodgings.

In a cupboard in her sitting room she found some old volumes of an illustrated paper some nine or ten years old, and as she sat idly turning the leaves, her eyes fell on the name of Hamilton.

## It was headed:

"Theatrical Divorce Suit-Hamilton vs. Hamilton and Disney."

And then she read the story of Rich ard Hamilton's great trouble.

By the time self-made men rise in the

world, the unpleasant stories of their early lives are generally forgotten, and Muriel had never heard of this before. She knew he had been married, but

she alwas believed his wife to be dead. With a white face she laid down the book and walked calmy to her own room. Once there, she locked the door and fell on the bed with an exceedingly

bitter cry. Even while she had read the lines the truth had dawned on her, and for the first time she realized that she loved Richard Hamilton.

When at last she left her room all trace of emotion had disappeared. She had locked the secret in the depths of her own heart, and vowed that none should ever know of her suffering. How often has the Spartan boy been

quoted as a model of courage and endurance by those who would seem to forget the herces and hercines of everyday life?

Muriel Mervyn had taken up her cross bravely and gone out to fill her accustomed place in the world, with a smile on her lips which just before had uttered such passionate prayers for been married two years I listened to the help.

That night she avoided Hamilton, and certainly gave him no opportunity of lowing morniog when she was out in the town, they met, and he took his place beside her.

For some time he talked of indiffercourse; actors always talk "shop"); and then he brought the conversation round to himself-sold her that he loved her, and asked her to be his wife.

"In the eyes of the law, of society, I

"Yes; but in the eyes of heaven you

cannot be free. "Leave me, Mr. Ham-

Muriel. That was the romantic passion

of a boy; this is the love of my man-

hood. Oh, my darling, the world has

been so cold to me; don't let your hand

"Tell me, Muriel, will you not re-

"It would be useless," she replied,

"It is ungenerous to ask me now."

will wait, since you must have it so-

"Oh, no!" she cried with a shudder;

'I could not bear to think that for my

"I cannot help it; I must hope un-

"Such, then, is the case," she said,

It was a falsehood, and she knew it

"I will go away from him," she

net love him perhaps he will learn to

The next week the following para-

has secended from the Hamilton Shakes

pearean Company, an amicable arrange

ment having been come to, and intends

health before accepting another engage

Another year has passed. Hamilton is still on his prolonged tour, and Muriel is playing at a London theatre,

"You love me, Muriel-you love me

'And then?" he asked,

wait for my freedom?"

You love me, do you not?"

"Nol" she said.

forget me."

"But the law has-"

reason why you should.'

ilton; you have my answer.'

am a single man.'

The woman looked up helplessly, What is more cheerful during these

gered and would most likely have fallen had not Muriel caught her. "You are ill," she said. "Can I do anything to help you?" "No," said the woman, in a weak, hollow voice. "I am very ill, I know,

but I wanted to purchase some things, so I had to come out to-night." "I hope you do not live far from

here?

"No; in John street."

"That is my way," said Muriel. "You will let me see you home?"

The woman consented-in fact, she eemed too weak and ill to resist-and Muriel loft her at what she said was the door of her home.

It was evidently a very poor place, in which she rented but one back room, but it seemed respectable, and Miss Mervyn, whose pity was aroused, said at parting, "Let me call to-morrow to inquire it you are better."

After this she often called, and was soon very interested in Mrs. Smith, as the woman called herself. She had only been in her present lodgings a few weeks, and was evidently miserably poor, very ill, and quite alone. She would never talk of the past, except that once she told Muriel that she had been an actress

"Miss Mervyn, we may be sure, did not go empty handed to that poor lodging, and she even persuaded Mrs. Smith to have a doctor.

But all was of no avail; and one day, in the middle of May, when Muriel called, she saw a terrible change in the cloth or carpet, about two yards long of pork." worn, pale face.

"Miss Mervyn," she sa'd, as Muriel entered, "the doctor has told me I shall not see another day dawn. Do you believe it?"

"Yes; I fear it is true," Muriel said, gently. "Well. I am glad of it. I have taken

the doctor at his world, and sent for one I should never dare to meet if I were not dying. He may, perhaps, be here soon, for I telegraphed last night; but I feel my strength is ebbing fasf. and before he comes (I may have no time afterward) 1 should like to tell you the story of my life. Will you listen?"

"Certainly," said Muriel, gently; "tell me anything if you think it will make you happier.'

haps, for your ears," went on the woman; "but I must tell it. I married when very young, a man who loved me far better than I deserved, for after we had ing.

sophistries of a man who temptel me

with his wealth, and I fled with him. There was ihe usual result. After a speaking to her alone; but on the fol- time he grew tired of me, and a year after the divorce was decreed I found myself alone and penniless in London.

The Care of Grates.

careless servants, will invariably ex- sell. all that is needed. A long poker made the first of his short selling. He conand a yard wide, to spread over the carpet. Take the rug out and shake it and in its place spread down the covering and set all the parts of the grate on it after you have brushed and dusted did. them. Brush toward the fire and do grate cleaned, and the kindlings and coal laid, ready for lighting; then, whenever it is needed, there is nothing to do but touch a match to it. If a you out of continuous fire is desired, red ash coal it, or some clean cinders. If it is low, remember them. rake it slightly, put on some grate coal, sprinkle the fine coal or cinders over it

good foundation for a fire next morn-

Phil Armour.

The Armour boys were born on a farm in northern New York, not far from Watertown. Perry H. Smith was raised on a farm in the neighborhood of their ever took. homestead. The best country tavern What my life has been since I must for miles around was kept by Perry leave you to guess; and at last I found Smith's father. Everybody in the lo ent subjects (things theatrical, of myself ill, dying, with a small sum of cality knew the Armours, not because money in my possession. I came here, they were rich or influential, but beand by your kindness my path to the cause the boys had all of them such grave has been smoothed. Miss Mer- surapping broad shoulders and looked in in no such sense a gamble. They nd asked her to be his wife. "Oh, stop!" she said, in a low, start-until I have had my husband's forgiven-pod. Phil Armour was going to the the packer had of the world's supply ness. I have telegraphed for him, county acade ny. A gentleman now in and-Ah! that is his step on the Evanston was principal. The boy stairs," ture and of his own resources. Armour is popularly set down as a gigantic speculator, immensely richer and sharper the prettiest girl in the academy, took a ride with a borrowed horse and buggy. It was an innocent escapade; but to the Chicago, but no better. mind of the pedagogue a terrible breach

and Kent into the great provision pot. Armour would not go near the meetings

and would have nothing to do with the raw, cold winter days than a bright open fire? and yet, the housekeeper who knows not from experience how to care dered his agents to sell a large lot of for a grate fire and trusts entirely to pork. They asked him it he had it to the grandparents made ready.

claim they are cheerful, but so dirty; It was none of their business he said, if you but touch the fire everything is If they wanted margins, let them name covered with dust; and the pleasure is the sum. Selling "short" was, they quits counteracted by the thought that delared, wicked business. They'd never you can never have a clean room. Now this is quite unnecessary. In the first place, if you will have a little opening made into the chimney on each side of the started, where to define as, in by the tried wrong, but would give no decisive re-fusal. Stepping across the street to a the ash-pan, so that the bottom of the well known broker's office, he gave an it is found I dont want it. Scat! you opening is on a level with the hearth- order to sell 10,000 barrels, simply anstone on which the pan sets, and the nouncing his name. "Before I knew top is only a little higher than the ash- that the order had been given," said pan, you will find that when you brush Mr. Armour, not long ago, in describing up the grate there will be a draft that this experience, "the sales were re-will carry all the dust into the bottom ported. 1 asked the broker what marof the chimney, and an occasional clean- gins he wanted. He said that he would ing of the accumulations there will be arrange it in the morning." This was

with a cross-piece on the end like a tinued it to the terror of the whole letter T will easily draw out all that provision market for three months. collects. Those who are about having From morning until night, day in grates put in their houses, will find and day out, for ninety days he haunted that it is a great advantage to have this the office of his agents. Customers provision made against dust, and it whom they would refuse to sell to he could be done after the grate is in place would intercept and accommodate. The if the chimney has not been filled in Cleveland, Indianapolis, Cincinnati and solidly with brick. If the ordinary New York pool celebrated his deparraking and brushing through the day ture. Pork had tumbled about \$5 a is done with the chimney-damper open barrel since his selling began. When and the blower on, there will be no the Milwaukeean was about to leave for dust. When the ashes are to be home, Kingan, a great operator of that carried out and the grate put in order day, said he wanted to make just one for the day, have a piece of old crumb- trade more. "I'll seil you 1,000 barrels

"I'll take it," replied Kingan; "you'll want it back when pork is \$60." "I'll deliver you that pork," said Armour, "when the price is \$18," He

The packers, with a few exceptions all the work you can with the blower from one end of the country to the on, so the dust will be carried away. other, were ruined by the tumble. Whenever the fire goes out have the Armour and his partner became the greatest provision men in the world, To Wallace & Wicks, who had treated him so shabbily, he declared, "1'll drive business." He did. Messrs, H. O. Armour & Co. were soon is the best. Its ashes are not as light after established, and an office taken as those from other kinds of coal, and next door to Armour's former repretherefore do not fly as easily. To keep sentative. Within a very faw years the fire over night if it is in good con- the sign of Messrs. Wallace & Wicks dition, sprinkle some chestnut coal over | came down. Only the old traders now

The millionaire packer admits that this wonderfully successful operation, close the damper, and you will have a just before the close of the war, was a huge gamble. If Grant and Sherman had not succeeded, or if their success had been delayed and the war continued a year longer, the bet might have been lost instead of won, Armour hazarded an immense stake upon the success of a couple of generals. It was the last risk of the kind, however, he claims, he

> The vast sales of 1864 were staked upon events over which he had not the slightest control, about which he had no definite information. The enormous purchases of pork in 1878 and 1879 were

Grandtathers.

Pansy says the play was that Dickse should be grandfather, and the cousin Faye should be grandmother, and the children should come to visit them. So

Dickie got out grandfather's big slippers, and stepped into them, put the gold spectacles astride his little pag nose, then went to grambling in his gruffest tone:

"Where is the morning paper? It does seem strange that that paper cannot be let alone! Every day I have to hunt for it until I get so tired that when wretch! Cats are always under foot."

And he gave an imaginary cat a vigorous kick with his slipper, which must have hurt, for there was a miserable yowl in the room at onco; so natural that it brought Grandmother Faye to ses what was the matter.

"Isn't Muff here?" she asked. "I thought I heard her."

"No, she isn't herel" declared Dickie, in a grandfatherly sharp tone. "I just kicked her down stairs; she's always prowling under foot. I've told those children a dozen times never to let her into the library, but that is all the good it does. No attention is ever paid to anything I say. Do tell those children to keep still. I want a few minutes of quiet if it can be had in this house."

Whereupon he settled himself back in the arm chair, his feet on a hassock, his large handkerchief thrown over what was supposed to be the bald part of his head.

"Why, Dickie Dunlap!' said Faye, "you don't act the least bit in the world like a grandfather. They never scold and kick cats and speak cross about the children."

"I should think they didn't!" said Dickie in utter astonishment. "Haven't I heard them do it ten hundred times? This very morning my grandfather scatted Muff out of this very room, and told me if ever he found her in here again he'd have her drowned in the lake; and he is always and forever fussing about the noise we children make, and the paper 18 always gone; mother says she believes it is alive and slips away on purpose." "Well." said Faye, "maybe there's a

difference in grandfathers; but ours always speaks to us in the nicest voice, and when mamma thinks we make too much noise, and says, 'Hush!' grandpa says, 'Never mind, mamma, let the kitlets frolic, so long as their voices are pleasant. I don't mind the noise; it does my old heart good.' And he says, 'dearie' to me and 'grandpa's little man' to Arihur, and he's just lovely all the time."

"I should think there was a difference in grandfathers!" declared Dickie. "Grandfather never calls me little man; and I've heard him say children are a nuisance, all cats ought to be drowned and ali dogs should be shot; and he thinks this is a mean, ugly world all the time, except when he is taking a

nap." Meantime Faye was still thinking. "But Dickie," she began again more

"Mine is a tale of sin too bad, per-

plaud.

The other members of the company had heard of his trouble, and rallied round him with that unselfish kindness found in the theatrical profession. He had only to play the first scene of his part, auother gentleman insisted on playing it for him, which he did fairly well.

The "heavy man" (i. c., the villain of all the pieces), who was, by-the-by, a thoroughly good fellow, walked home with Hamilton that night.

"Is my life to be one long disappoint-ment?" he asked sadly. "I loved my "Don't grieve for her," he said. "She's not worth it; no woman is." wife passionately, but not with the strong, deep love I have given you. Hamilton rested his aching head on

his arm as he leaned against the doorpost. He was completely crushed, and made no reply. "Of course you'll get a divorce,

be against me, too! Think of my lonely wretched life! Will you not come to went on his friend, after a pause. "Look here, old fellow! Lawyers won't do the thing for nothing, you know. Cheap justice is out of the question; and so cheer me, and help me to be a better man?' you see, we-the company, I meanwill raise enough to begin with at any a break in her voice, which he was quick rate, and Wiggins is going to let you to notice. have a benefit, and, of course, what lent? Perhaps I have been too hasty. little you owe us you can pay out of the damages you recover whenever you Take time, dear; consider your anlike." awer.

"No," said Hamilton, rousing himself; "I will get no divorce. Do you with gentle firmness, "for until you can thirk I know so little of the world as come to me with proofs of your wife's death we must be straugers. to believe he'd marry her if she were free?"

"Perhaps not; but then, if divorced, you would be free yourself.

Hamilton laughed bitterly.

"I would waste no money on myself," he replied. "I'don't care whether I am am free or not." sake you were wishing for her death.

"But still she bears your name- the name of your family. Don't let her til I am assured that you do not love disgrace them further. Sever the legal tie that binds you, as she has severed me. all others." quickly, "What, Muriel!-are you you mad?

"You are right," said Hamilton, "Yes, I will try for a divorce." Hamilton had no difficulty in obtain-

ing a divorce; indeed the case was un-And then, turning away with averted face,, she fled homeward, leaving him defended, and he might have been awarded heavy damages, but he would not accept the money, which seemed to stunned by her words and unable to understand them. him the price of his wife's guilt.

Ten years passed away, in which Richard Hamilton had raised high in but she had spoken for the best. his profession. He had studied incessantly-more to drown his regret than from love of his art, but fame and money had rewarded his efforts; and when we see him again be was touring with his own company, and playing to large au-

All this time he had heard little or nothing of his wife, and could only look back upon his short married life as upon some brief, bright dream that had

ended in a hideous mghtmare, Lately, however, the gloom that had become habitual to him had in some measure vanished, and this was particularly the case when he was in the society lady of Muriel Maryyn, the leading

Muriel was a beauty, tall, fair and graceful, with curling, bright brown hair, a sweet firm mouth, and dark, violet blue eyes; and, better still, she was-as fairy tales say of their princesses-as good as she was beautiful. She lived with her mother, a some-

On a wet, cold night in early spring, as she was leaving the theatre, her quick eye saw a woman's form leaning, as it were, against the door. Thinking she might be the bearer of some message, possibly for her, Muriel

ment,

"Are you waiting for any one?"

ling voice. "Remember your wife! "Freed you, you would say. Mr. stairs.

The door opened and a man entered. Hamilton, you both vowed once to re-"Muriel sugdenly drew back into the main true to each other till death parted shadow. you. If she broke her promise it is no

"Alice," he said, coming forward, you see I have come; but why did you of discipline. Both the youngsters were send for me?" expelled. The boy pleaded for his com-"I ask with my dying breath for your

panion. The pedagogue was inexor-able. That night Philip told his mother forgivenness. "Impossible!" he said, shortly. "You that if he could get released from his indenture he would start for Califor-

wreaked my life, Alice, betrayed my love, dishonored my name! I cannot nis forgive!"

From the day he reached California "But with my dying breath I ask it!" cried the woman. "Oh, grant it to me, Richard Hamilton, as you hope for to a day somewhere along in the sixties. when he entered into parmership with Mr. Plankinton, in Milwaukee, he had

made money with amazing rapidity. meacy !" He had gotten together about \$500,000. "I cannot," he said, shortly. It was with him a toss-up for awhile Muriel came out from the shadow and

knelt by the bad before him like a fair whether to go into lumbering or porkpacking. Finally he bought out the interest of Mr. Layton in the firm of angel in that humble home. "Muriel!" he exclaimed, "you here?

This is no place for you!" Layton & Plankintou. "Don't tempt me!" cried Muriel, with "It is," she said, still kneeling there During the war all the pork-packers

'Death makes us all equal, and, Richard, for my sake, forgive your wife. He hesitated for a moment, and then, crossing to the bed, took one of his

wife's wasted hands.

"I forgive," he said, simply. "Forgiven-all forgiven!"

And Alice Hamilton sank back upon the pillow exhausted.

Presently sne sank into a deep sleep. Other watchers joined those two, and just as night began to fall she passed away.

With a sigh, Hamilton went to Muriel's side.

"Dearest," he said, "you told me once that when I could bring you proofs of my wife's death I might speak to you again. She lies there dead. What do you say?

Muriel rose, and laid her hand in his partner. with a look of unspeakable love. Thus, in that chamber of death, these two,

so long parted, were united at last. Richard Hamilton and Muriel Mervyn

were married and lived very happily together. They have a theatre of their own, and are doing very well in every sense of the term, "By-the-by, dear," said Hamilton,

one day, not long after their marriage, "do you know you once told me that you did uot love me?" thought, "and then as he thinks I do

"Inat was the only falsehood I will ever tell you," she rejoined ... "I said so to prevent you thinking too much of

"And all the time you liked me?" "You know I did.

graph appeared among the provincial items of a meatrical paper: "We understand that Miss Mervyn "So, then, Muriel, I suppose I must take this as another instance of the worthlessness of 'A Woman's No.'" resting for a short time to recover her

Neuralgia treated by the tuning fork : Dr. Rasori applies the tnning fork, while vibrating, over the course of the painful nerve. The sitting usually lasts about half an hour, and the patient is Louis and New York manufacturers were about half an hour, and the patient is Louis and New York manufacturers were really lived. He was Dr. generally relieved without further treat- buyers. Messrs. Wallace & Wicks did physician to George 111. ment. business for all, were bullish them-

One of the latest industrial savings is the treatment by naphtha of iron filings and the cotton-waste of machine-she by which the oil is separated and sold, and the cotton waste is cleansed and restored for use again.

Chief Justice Daly lectured before the New York Historical Society recently on songs. The Chief Justice considered musical instruments at length. Egyptian hieroglyphics proved, he said, that the oldest nation on the globe had these instruments, and used them. How they used them was a mystery to modern people. Ancient mural paintings showed beyond a donbt, however, that the Egyptians had music for religious ceremonies and social entertainments. They were a lively, cheerful, and gay people, who liked social enjoyment. Their instruments of music were

prototypes of modern imdlements of melody. In a mausoleum in Thebes, some time ago there was found a harp, with catgut strings, that had lain silent for three thousand years. The moment a human hand swept the strings they gave forth the old delightful harmony, In their hisrogryphics the Egyptians also preserved their songs. One in particular was translated, and found the ton, Armour & Co. were known as a wealthy and well-conducted concern, wheat. Two Babylonian songs were but its partners were scarcely spoken of recently discovered which Babylonian in the same breath with some of the plowmen sang when driving the plow.

in the same breach with source and the plowmen sang when driving the proba-milliopaire partners at St. Louis and Cincinnati. Pork was going just before the close of the war at \$40 a barrel. They were poets who carried the struc-they were poets who carried the structure and rhythm of verse to an excellence that had never been surpassed. set him thinking. On the way to his office he stopped at Mr. Plankinton's devotion for woman. But it was ideal sentiment that would hardly do for the nineteenth century. As a knight the the necessary illumination, and they were troubadour selected almost invariably left in darkness and terror. A seemingly another man's wife as the theme of his songs, and pledged his life to defend her from harm. The woman gave him a ring and a kiss in token that she accepted the devotion. The kiss was the first and last the troubadour ever got.

> acteristics of national music and songs. He said the Chinese sang between a mortal anxiety. At length ther could squeak and a scream, the Hindoos wail- scarcely repress their screams of joy at ed and the Arabs hired professional singers to sing for them. They ran after them and fell down in adoratton, much the same as modern people do over operatic celebrities. The Dutch ang ballads.

The Irish had produced some of the loveliest songs that were ever sung. A great composer once visited the land, and, hearing the early Irish airs, said, sadly, that they were the songs of a peo-ple who had lost their liberties. In "Robin Adair" an Irishman had prosame time Phil Armour did, and was a "bear," too. But the Cleveland pack-ers, the Indianapolis, Cincinnati, St. Louis and New York manufacturers were

selves and loaded up with produce upon BARLEY WATER, so often recommendwhich advances had been made. There were conferences each night at the Fifth avenue hotel, traps were set, in-vitations issued, dinners given, heaven and earth moved to get young Armour which advances had been made. There

mestly, "we grandpi nun for the paper. We children see that it is ready for him every day after dinner. That is our business. If we should lorget it mamma wouldn't like it at all. And when he is busy reading we don't go into grandpa's side of the library, only when he invites us, and we never meddle with his things. Mamma wouldn't uke it, and we wouldn't like to bother him either."

"Well," said Dickie, a roguish light in his eyes, "may be there sa difference in grandchildren, too. I shouldn't wonder."

# Lost In a Cave.

Three young men of Lilie, France, on a holiday excursion, resolved to explore the famous subterraneau recesses at Lezinnes. Provided with a common candle of small size and a box of matches, as if they were merely going to look for something in a cellar, a cicerone led the three young men confidently into the very curious but sometimes dangerously intricate underground labyrinth. At first the volunteer guide, who after all had but a very imperfect knowledge of the tortuous windings of the cavern depths, found that he had lost his way, and, becoming confused, strayed hopelessly about with his companions. Feeling more at a loss than ever, they perceived with dismay that their candle was nearly burned to the end, and, this at length being entirely consumed, recourse was had to the box of matches, which were lighted and burned one after the other until no more remained.

All the pieces of paper they had about them were next consumed, then their pocket handkerchiefs and all the linen they could spare were put under contribution and burned until they had nothing more about them that would furnish interminable period of suspense, anxiety and fear succeeded. To add to their apprehensions they were well aware of the and fate which had befallen M. Puy, the mushroom cultivator, who had entered the same caverns in 1848 and had never re-The lecturer next described the char- | turned to his home or been since found. Many weary hours were thus passed in the appearance of a faint, glummering light in the far off darkness between the massive columns of chalk that supported the roof of the limestone cavern. The rush to the saving light was a maddened race for the benighted explorers, who, to their transports of delight, encountered M. Mathias, a farmer of the neighborhood, who had descended the cavern to look after his beds of chiccory roots. The thankfulness of the whole party at their escape from what might have readily proved a living death will need no fu ther recital.

> A FRENCH paper advises that letters be addressed and stamped on the side where the envelope is sealed, to defeat opening by inquisitive people have learned to use the teakettle.

"I think so, too," answered the senior; "take the train this morning for New

"Never mind," said Plankinton, "get

over the country made money. Half of them were kept going filling army contracts. Chicago was not then the only great packing city in the world. Cincinnati, St. Louis, Cleveland and New York were the headquarters for the

great pork kings, The firm of Plankin-

Armour says he dreamed one night that there was to be a great break in it. It

"Pork's too high," said the junior

York and sell what you can."

as far as you can.

Armour got to New York, went "short" of pork at \$40 and never took it until it was selling at \$18. This was his first great strike. It made him easily a millionaire; but that New York experience, he said, was the most terrible he ever had in his life--worse than the trip

"I can't get through," replied Ar-

across the plains ten times over, There was no Armour house in Gotham

in those days, The business was done through Mesars, Wallace & Wicks, a great firm which ranked as Dows & Co. does now, All the big packers in the country, with a very tew exceptions, were "bulls" on provisions. Sid Kent reached New York about the

than the other gamblers in produce at Concerning Songs,