O'er the flowers in the grass, And for very joy brims o'er, As I kneel and pluck this store Of blue gentian. I shall never climb thy peak,

Great white Alps, that cannot speak

Of the centuries that float over thee like dreams, Dumb of all God's secret things Sealed to beggars and to kings-Yet I sit in a world of sight, Color, beauty, sound and light. While at every step, meseems Small sweet joys spring up, like gleams Of blue gentian.

I shall not live o'er again
This strange life, half bliss, half pain;
I shall sleep till Thou call'st me to arise Body and soul with new-born powers, If thou wakenest these poor flowers, Wilt Thou not awaken me, Who am thirsting after Thee?

Ah! when faith grows dim and dies, Let me think of Alpine skies And blue gentian.

SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE.

Mr. Edward Tupper sat alone in his spacious parlor, his head enveloped in a cloud of tobacco smoke that puffed in volumes from between his angry lips and curled gracefully from the daintily colored bowl of his elegant merschaum: for the said Edward was a connoisseur in pipes, and among the many that he had laid away as he took up with a new love of more exquisite design than the former, this special one had never lost favor in his sight; and whenever he found himself especially moody, this was the one that was always fished out lit to soothe his mind to a proper state of complacency.

Poor fellew! He had been married but the short space of eight months, and already he felt himself sadly neglected; and yet how could this be? The dainty slippers that adorned his elegantly formed feet were the work of his wife's hands; some elaborate workmanship was also displayed in the crown of a hat tossed carelessly into a corner, evidently the work of the same loving hands, and everywhere might be seen evidences of that same kindly rigor that makes home, to a man, that place of all places nearest to heaven.

Poor Edward! Everything had gone on happily for him until within the past week, when an old friend of Dolly's (Dolly, by the way, was Mrs. Tupper) came to the city; and Dolly, dear, kind Dolly, took him in and made much of him, much to the delectation of the said friend, and much to the chagrin of the indulgent husband.

Dolly meant nothing by this. Frank Oimstead was a very old friend whom she had known for many years, and her dear little heart could not conceive how it could be wrong for her to make much of him whom she had known long before Edward came to be the bright particular

Edward had borne it patiently, never uttering a syllable of reproach, and our his seat by her side. His face was dear Dolly was probably all unaware of how the poor fellow's heart was bleeding; and though her kisses were as warm as ever, still he thought he detected a coldness that made his heart bleed and his brow darken, and almost made his food go down the wrong way. Strange, is it not, what a close affinity there is between a man's heart and his stomach?

This evening Dolly had capped the climax by actually going to the opera with Olmstead, and leaving her liege lord to the tender mercies of the hired girl and the evening paper.

"Confound it." muttered Edward, forcibly, rising to his feet and shaking his legs out with a vicious jerk. "I believe I'm getting jealous of my little Dolly—but I'll be blowed if I don't think I have cause."

"Cause? Of course von have cause!" laughed a cheery voice just outside the door. "May I come in? Where's

"My dear brother," answered Edward, smiling in spite of himself, "you might be six men, and you would still make your friends wonder why you were not made seven to balance your lingual powers."

"You never mind me, Ed-I'll take care of myself. But where's Dolly? I my girl has left me. Thought I'd come over and take her."

"Well, you're too late, Harry, this time," said Edward, moodily; "our mu- again." tual friend, Olmstead, has her there by this time.

"Whew! the dev-excuse me, my beloved, but so sets the wind, does it? See here, den't you go to blaming Dolly, hotel. You may be her husband, but when you married her, you made her my sister, and you bet I'll stick up for her;" and the young scapegrace assumed a very determined attitude, and awaited his brother's

"Oh, I'm not blaming her-but you'll admit it's confounded hard on a man to see his wife running around like this. Now, Harry, you've a good head on you if it is an airy one. Can't you think of ing some shameless creature to the some plan to show her that she's in the opera before her very eyes. She did wrong without hurting her feelings too not once stop to think of what the promuch?

"Yes, I admit that an airy head is better than nary one," laughed Harry, thumping the article in question vi-"But why didn't you ask my advice before you married her? I'd have advised you not, and then tried for her myself.

"The way I feel to-night you might have her and welcome," growled Edward, viciously. "But seriously, can't you think of something?" "Let me see," mused Harry. still loves you?"

"Idiot-of course she does!" "Exclude the pet name, if you please yes, I have a plan."
"Tell it me."

*You must promise explicit obedi ence to my will and recognize my sway as sovereign in the whole affair.' "Very well," exclaimed his brother. "But be careful and make no mistake

"You're a sweet object to excite cigarette. ity!" with mock disdain. "In the Dolly was a witness to all this from of churches in communion therewith.

hectic vocabulary of youth, which no tongue can expound, there's no such work as fail-or words to that effect." "Consider me your vassal-command and I will obey-and if you succeed in

routing the enemy-" "Well-if I succeed?" "You have carte blanche on my pock-

etbook for a week." "Adieu, my brother; I go but will return again; meantime, dress yourself for the opera, order round the carriage, and await me here." And Harry Tupper disappeared through the half open

"I wonder what idea the fellow has in his head?" mused Edward, after his brother had gone. "I was only partly in earnest, and still I have half a mind to let him have his way. He is fertile productive of some good; so here goes to dress for the opera."

Dolly Tapper was looking her very prettiest this evening, and many ad- an easy matter for you to forget the miring eyes were turned upon the past. Good-by, my darling. graceful figure as she entered the theatre. As she was a favorite in society circles, recognitions were frequent, and not a few of the designing mammas present wondered who the handsome young man with her might be-a brother taken his weeping wife in his arms; but probably, and undoubtedly a desirable she repulsed him with a shudder, and

The opera "Fra Diavalo" was one of ing. her favorites, and the only check to her pleasure was the thought that would come to her of her poor Edward at in there, and let me go my way." home alone while she was out enjoying herself. It troubled her a little, and once in a while a little twinge of conscience would make her sigh at the thought that perhaps she had gone a how kind and tender to him she would be that night to recompense him for his loneliness, a pink flush stole over from some obscure recess, and filled and her cheek that made her look like the tender, loving little woman she was.

"You are looking lovely to-night, Dolly," whispered Olmstead, bending toward her that he might look into the shining eyes that had become too dear to him of late for comfort.

But Dolly was in a strange humor tonight, and turned away her head without answering him; things were beginning to assume a new light to her now, and she saw in her friend's eyes too much that was dangerous to her own conscence and his peace of mind.

The curtain had just raised on the second act when a party entered the left box with a great flurry and spread of skirts, and of course all eyes were instantly turned on the new arrivals. A lady and gentleman had just entered; the lady had seated herself in the front of the box, but her escort was still busy in disposing of the wraps, and as his back was turned, could not be recognized.

The lady was handsomely attired, but loud in the extreme, and many a feminine nose was elevated dislainfully in polite abhorrence.

Then the man turned and came toward the front of the box, and after some jest that caused his companion to titter and raise a daintily laced handkerchief to her face affectedly, he took turned so that Dolly could not see it. but the form looked familiar to her, and I must take these togs off, or I'li be falla cold chill passed through her heart in bitter apprehension. Her eves burned as she fastened them on him, waiting patiently for him to turn that she might see his face. She kept them there until she saw his head turn slowly, and then -his eyes met hers without recognition. and then were turned back to his com-

"Take me home!" gasped Dolly, hoarsely, clutching Olmstead by the arm. "Take me away, Frank, or I shall smother here."

"Calm yourself," whispered he, hurriedly, "and I will have you out of this in a minute."

A carriage was soon in waiting, and he conducted the angry little woman to the door. Dolly bore up well until they were seated in the carriage, then she gave way to tears, and sobbed as though her heart would break.

"Dolly," whispered Olmstead, passionately, "you know I loved you long before this man ever saw you. Give me the right to take you away from this neglect, and I swear to you-

"That will do, Frank, I see where have been wrong, and though I shall leave my husband, I will leave him in a way that will enable me to look the had a box for the operathis eve, and world in the face with a clear conscience, and you are a coward to take advantage of this moment to insult me. After to-night 1 do not wish to see you

> Olmstead was abashed, angry and silent, and remained so until they reached the house. Then he left her without a word, and drove to his

> Dolly hurriedly changed her dress for a gray traveling costume, put on her wraps, and sat down to the table to write a few parting lines to her husband before she left the home that had been so dear to her and in which she had found so much happiness.

> Poor little girl! Her flery disposition could not brook the slight-the insult-Edward had put upon her in takvocation might have been; it was enough that he had ceased to love her -had transferred his affections to another. Innocent as she was of a wrong intention, she could not see how he could be so false to her-he whom she

had loved with her whole heart. A noise in the hall warned her of her husband's return, and with a smothered sob she kissed the paper that was to be the bearer of her parting message and started for the door. She was too late, however, for footsteps were already approaching on the other side, so with a quick turn she sprang into the next room, which was a little alcove with a pretty bay window looking out into the garden, and pulled together the heavy curtains just as the door opened and

Edward and the lady entered. Edward flung himself moodily into an easy chair, while his companion, flinging off her wraps, pulled a chair up to in this matter. Don't make a failure, the table. Igher feet upon the same for pity's sake." in a very careless fashion, and lit a

behind the curtains, and her pulse

throbbed fast with indignation. "To think of his bringing the creature home with him," she thought, to this very house! Oh, how I was mistaken in him!

Meantime the figure at the table had noticed the written sheet upon which she had placed her feet, and quickly pulling it from under them read it through.

"Here's a go, Ed!" grumbled the airy female in the unmistakable voice of our young scapegrace, Harry. "Dolly has levanted. "What!" exclaimed Edward, hoarse-

ly. "Let me see it!" and hastily snatch-

ing it from his brother, he read: "MY DEAR EDWARD:-Still dear to me, though mine no longer, I leave you riding his kicking steed. Oh, the Texan in schemes, and perhaps this may be to-night forever. Do not attempt to look for me, for you will never see me again. I shall always love you, but think from appearances that it will be

> He had hardly finished reading it when he heard a faint sob in the next room. Quick as thought he sprang through the curtains and would have stood up before him with her eyes flash-

"Don't you dare!" she cried. "Keep your embraces for such as the woman "You are unjust, sweetheart," re-plied her husband, tenderly. "You went out to-night with another com-

panion-why should not I do likewise?" "You might at least have had some trifle too far. Then, as she thought respect for me-who is that in the next room?" Her eyes were flashing now, and Dolly looked dangerous. "Tell

"That, dear, is one who loves you very much, and who would do much to make you happy."

"Who has done the most to make me utterly missrable." "See here, sweetheart. Look be tween these curtains and you will see

that I am guilty of nothing but a little attempt to deceive you." Doubtingly she took her hands from before her face, and with a quick movement peered into the next room, where false hair, and was sleeping peacefully the sleep of the just.

A glad little smile-humorous and happy-played for an instant over Dolly's face, then two warm arms were raised to her husband's neck, and the sweetest of all lips sought his in a kiss of reconciliation. "It was very wrong in me, Edward,

she whispered. "Hush, darling, never mention it gain, but remember that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander; so if you must go out with another

"If I do," laughed Dolly, "it will be with the sleeping beauty there, whom I shall kiss before he wakes." And she did, and followed it up with a sharp box on the ear, and then ran off to her own

"This is the way the great beneficiary of the human race is treated. Well. ing in love with myself," And he floated away to his room,

Machine-Made Teeth.

In olden times it was the custom, when one's teeth ached persistently, to have the offending members taken out, but of late dentists have been able to change the | Mexican border, heads down and tails up. fashion, greatly to their own profit, and nave persuaded people that it is better to have their partially decayed molars, canines and incisors filled with little golden plugs. The interest of the dentists in this system is obvious. No man can have the face to charge more than a dollar for pulling a tooth, while for boring and gouging and sawing and filing and filling and hammering and sand-papering one he can and does charge all the way from \$3 to \$20. Then the old filling gets loose in two or three years, and the whele thing has to be done over again; so that a dentist who has animals. The result is miraculous. As dicious management, make them afford him a handsome income.

But the dominion of the dentist is about to be disputed. A great discovery has what ice cream, tobacco and whiskey are been made which will revolutionize the to the human race." whole business and emancipate the sufferers. A factory has been established, with plenty of capital to back it, for the purpose of making sets of artificial teeth by machinery. All that any one who is troubled with his teeth will have to do will be to get them all pulled out. Then he can purchase a brand-new, machine-made set, and be exempt from toothache all the

rest of his life. There is, of course, nothing new in the making and using of artificial teeth. Dentists, with the guile that distinguishes them, have got this business into their own hands, and derive a great profit from it, but it will be easily seen that the manufacture by machinery presents great advantages over this antiquated and unsatisfactory method. When the making of watches by machinery was started, there were many protests that the new way could never be so good as the old. But the exactness soon attained and the convenience of having the parts interchangeable, brought about a revolution, and the factory watches now rank above the handmade. The same advantages will be had in the factory teeth. If one of a set gets broken, or comes out, an exactly similar one can be ordered from the factory at very small cost. If the plate gets cracked, it can be replaced in the same way. All that will be necessary will be to give the number of the plate, and a new one precisely like the old will be sent by return mail.

The Clergy Club,

The advanced tendencies of the age are shown in the establishment of the Clergy Club in London. On the committee are the Canons of Chichester, Westminster, York, Lincoln, and Bristol, with four other clergymen, and only two laymen, one of whom is Sir Coutts Lindsay. The initia-tion fee is £5 5s. after next September, and the annual dues £4 4s, for town members and £2 21, for country members. Its The Texas Fly.

"When a Texas fly tackles a Texas steer there 18 immediate high kicking and bucking, which the cowboy views from a proper distance," said a Washington street butcher to a reporter. "The fly is a heauty, no mistake; even more beautiful than our handsome horsefly. He is half as long again and carries a generous sting.

"Does the steer say anything when being vaccinated by the fly?" asked a

bystander. 'Yes; he keeps up a constant bellow at the time he endeavors to kick the tormenter on the ears with his off hind hoof. But, bless you, the fly doesn't reem to care in the least for the noise, and he actually enjoys the sensation of fly is a daisy, no mistake." "Do they ever come to New York?"

asked the bystander.

"Once in a while one flads his way to the stock yards. It is not known whether they come by rail with the cattle or fly overland. We've had many discussions on the subject, but there are many opinions."

"Could you give me samples?" was the next modest request of the innocent

"Samples of opinion! Yes. Take Sol Savles, for instance. He argues that the Texan pest goes on summer trips, taking in all the stock yards and slaughter houses on his way from home to the Atlantic coast. He swears that a friend of his in St. Louis caught one with a lasso and tied a piece of black thread to his tail. Then he telegraphed to Sol that he had set the fly loose and that he took a straight course for New York. The next day Sol went up to the stock yards. Just as he entered he saw a man tearing around like mad, jumping over cleavers, meat-axes, falls, beeves and everything else."

"What was the trouble?" "Texas fly on his arm with his stinger in the best vein. The man was so paralyzed that he could not brush him off. Sol caught up with the pair and captured the And there on that fly's tail was"-

"The black thread," said the bystander. "Not at all," returned the butcher; "on that fly's tail was a piece of white cotton. Now Sol is in a quandary as to whether that was the fly his friend sent him or not. He thinks the quick passage may have changed the black thread or perhaps his same old fly.'

"Was the bitten man badly hurt?" "He had to be taken to a hospital. His arm was swollen out of shape and looked like an immense bologna sausage. He was promptly doctored or he might have shared the fate of snake-bitten Rellly, who died vesterday."

"Then the bite is naturally fatal is it?" "It is if immediate precautions are not taken. Still, no man to my knowledge has ever died from the effects of such a

"What do the cowboys do, if bitten?" "History has never stated that a cowboy was ever bitten by a Texas fly. This is due to a natural respect they have for each other. The cowboy stands aside and gives the fly a fair chance at the steer and the fly repays the compliment by letting the cowboy alone. But the fly makes lots of work for the cowboy all the same. An known among the fraternity-can stampede the largest herd of cattle in Texas. Just let one engage the attention of a steer and that steer gets terribly nervous. He gives a shout and rushes ahead. It makes no difference if a man, another steer, or a precipice is in his way. In fact, he would rather enjoy falling 600 feet and alighting upon the fly. Of course, the other cattle are not apt to stand still and be kicked by the wild brother, so they start for the

"The cowboy-where is hel" "He must then get in his fine work, and he does. It is astonishing how quickly he can stop a riot. On his horse's back he carries a bag of strong sait. He sees which way the cattle are heading, and he digs his spurs into the horse's sides and dashes shead of the herd, striking to windward. Should his horse fail him he would be trampled to death, and if he fails the herd is lost. Judging his distance to nicety, he throws double-handfuls of sait in front and to windward of the flying ten or a dozen regular patients can, by ju- soon as the head of that herd can recover their feet and stop without being run over by those behind, all the cattle are peacefully browsing in that sait. It is to them

"Then the cowboy saves the entire herd!"

"Not exactly. Picture to yourself a speck down in the horizon, rapidly diminshing in a cloud of dust." "What is that?"

"It is the Texas fly riding the steer!" Richelseu's Head.

The greatest minister France ever

produced was Richelieu. He was at

once Cardinal, Duke and Peer, Com-

mander of the Order of the Saint-Esprit, general of three monastic or-

ders, Grand Master and Superintendent ot Marine and Commerce, Lieutenant-General of Britanny and First Minister of the Kingdom. When ill he crossed France in royal state and the towns broke large breaches in their walls to allow free passage to his paliet, which was carried by eighteen bearskin-hatted guards. The people had surnamed him the "King of the King," and when his task was fulfilled, when he had crushed the nobility, disarmed the Protestants. levelled the house of Austria, founded the French Academy, raised up the Sorbonne, built the Cardinal palace and the Richelieu castle, the two first museums of the seventeenth century; when he had built up the financial reputation of his country, created her navy. given to France Canada, San Domingo, Guyana and Senegal, he lay down in the midst of his glory and slept, worn

out, under the vaults of the Sorbonne. One day, more than eighteen years ago, the mayor of a small village in Britanny obtained an audience with the Emperor, Napoleon III. He carried under his arm a small case, which he drew a neatly wrapped-up parcel from it. This he unfolded, disclosing a human head, whose skin was dry and

the whole covered with a yellowish varnish kke an anatomical model.

"This, sire," said he, "is all that today remains of Richelieu." Through what strange means had this

relic fallen into his hands? In December of '93 citizens Dubois, Hebert and Graincourt, with a neighboring hosier named Cheval, one of the most ardent patriots of the Thone district, were ordered to pillage the tombs of the church of the Sorbonne. The their headquarters in a cabin that stood work lasted five days; the vaults were on the hillside above the Ophir office, opened and the bones taken out and near the California shaft. The cabin this was going on the church was in- went down two steps. The roof was vaded by the soldiery, who threatened | composed of a layer of brush, a stratum to destroy the famous mausoleum of of dirt, and over this a canvass cover the Cardinal, when Alexander Lenoir, to hold it all in place. The cabin conand succeeded in saving the chef d' and two on the north side. John Macopen, but the body remained intact; the head, severed after death to facilitate the process of embalment, had been returned to its original position. Seizing the skull, he returned to the church helding it up in triumph, making believe-which opinion Lenoir held-that he had himself cut off the head of the Cardinal.

The skull had been replaced when Citizen Cheval seized upon the idea of appropriating it. The hosier wished to have his share of the spoil, and did not understand that pillage should take place without joining in it. Availing himself of the absence of the workmen, he bore away Richelieu's skull under his coat, covered with a piece of the shroud, and, notwithstanding the protest of his wife, who objected to the newcomer, hid it in a cupboard in his

All went well till the Ninth Thermidor; then the heroic hosier grew frightened; his opinions were known in the district; he hod shown his glorious spoil to some of his friends; perhaps they would arrest him. He confided his anxieties to a client, the Abbe Nicholas Armey, begging him to relieve him of so compromising an orna-

The abbe agreed, and to avoid any fresh profanation carried the skull off the obnoxious Harry, tired out and friend made a mistake. Still, Sol's mind to Brittany, and gave it to his brother, sleepy, had divested himself of hat and leans towards the belief that it was the an inhabitant of Plouriro, on the Cotes

du Nord. All was not over. One fine day the new proprietor discovered that the insects were eating away the fiesh. Advice must be had at once; a chemist whom he consulted could not advise any better plan than to cover it over with a yellow varnish, as he was accustomed to do in natural history cases. The unhappy waif was once more rescued, but for how long? Its future was not guaranteed from fresh disaster. In the meanwhile M. Army, the elder, died, bequeathing the sad legacy to his sen, the Mayor of Plouriro. He, after several appeals from archæological societies for its possession, ended by deciding on cut, bruised and nearly frozen. Next the most sensible course to pursue. He | morning there was no wood with which decided to go to Paris, and it was he to cook breakfast, but as there was not who had sought the audience with the much to cook, a board or two from the Emperor to offer up the skull of the bunks furnished sufficient fuel. great Cardinal, begging him to have it | Finally hunger got into the cabin restored to the tomb in the Sorbonne.

On December 15, 1866, the Archbishop of Paris received the precious casket, at the Sorbonne, and it was replaced with great pomp and ceremony under the monument of the Cardinal himself, in presence of the Duke of Richelieu, the representatives of the government, the clergy, the French Academy, etc., the great artist, Maurice Cottier, previously begged for and being allowed to take a cast of the remarkable head.

Value of Manners.

We have heard it said that you can do everything, however unpleasant it may be to those around you, if you only do it in the right way; and the instance given to prove this assertion is taken from humble life. A cat walks daintily into a room on a cold winter's day, and with a benign glance at the company and a melodious purring sound she walks leisurely around, selects for herself the warmest place in the room, perhaps the only warm place, right in front of the grate, curls herself up and goes serenely to sleep, secure that no one will be so unreasonable as to question her right to sleep wherever inclination prompts her to sleep. No one calls it selfish, no one is annoyed, because she has done it so prettily, so gracefully. Indeed, every one experiences an excess of warmth and comfort in themselves from beholding pussy's blissful repose. Now, imagine the same thing done in a different way and by a less self-possessed individual-if it were done hurriedly, or noisily, or diffidently even, or in any way obtrusively, what a storm of indignation it would excite in the bosom of all beholders! How thoughtless, how inconsiderate, how selfish! No, it must be done as the cat does it, without a sound or gesture to provoke criticism, or it must not be done at all.

Need of Economy.

One of the hardest lessons in life for young people to learn is to practise economy. It is a harder duty for a young man to accumulate and save his first \$1,000 than his next \$10,000. A man can be economical without being mean, and it is one of the loftiest and best principles that should is annually sending thousands of young men and young women to ruin and mis-

Cultivate, then, sober and industrious habits; acquire the art of putting a little aside every day and for your future necessities; avoid all unnecessary and foolish proceeded to open, and carefully with- expenditures. Spend your time only is such a manner as shall bring you profit and enjoyment, and your money for such things as you actually need for your comclub house is in New Bond street, and it wrinkled, its large eyes deeply sunk in fort and happiness, and you will prosper professes to be for the members of the their huge orbits, its mouth contracted in your lives, your business, and will win Church of England (clerical and lay,) and and teeth intact; the beard, moustache, and retain the respect and honor of all l eyebrows and a few hairs still remained, I worthy and substantial people.

Mackay and his Cabina

In the first months of 1860 times were tough on the Comstock. The winter of 1859-60 was terribly severe, as all old-settlers well remember. Supplies could not be brought over the mountains from California, and before spring many of the Comstock went hungry to bed about three nights in the week. That winter a jolly crowd made thrown pell-mell on the ground. While was a sort of cave. In entering it one not without great difficulty, interfered tained four bunks-two on the south ceuvre of Girardon, not, however, till kay had the lower bunk on the north he had received a bayonet wound in so side, and Alexander Kennedy slept in doing. One of the soldiers got into the the upper one. Pat S. Corbett-at vault. The tomb of the Cardinal was present United States Marshal Corbett -and Jack O'Brien occupied the south bunks.

At that time Mackay, Kennedy and others were running the old Union Tunnel, and were working every day. As times grew rough and grub scarce, the number of lodgers in the cabin increased. Jack McCaffery was taken in on the understanding that he was to furnish wood for the household, and Johnnie Walker in consideration of his doing all the cooking. The new-comers brought their blankets and slept on the floor. Virginia City was then a town of brush shanties and canvas tents, and it was good to find shelter anywhere, Lumber being \$500 per 1,000 feet, palaces were not to be expected.

As the winter wore away provisions of all kinds became scarce, and famine prices ruled for a time early in the spring. For a few days a square meal 'down town" cost \$2. Those of the boys in the cabin who started in with a little money had either got to the end of their string in keeping up their part of the expenses or had gambled off their coin.

Jack McCaffery, who was to furnish wood, began to make night raids on the woodpiles of the neighbors in order to keep up his part of the cabin supplies, and, the weather being cold, he was sometimes prowling about half the night, though the Ophir woodpile was his chief dependence. One stormy night Jack was gone so long that his cabin mates grew uneasy about him, Johnnie Walker, the cook, said Jack had whispered in his ear as he left that he was going to the Ophir woodpile. A search party was sent out, and to their inquiring whispers they finally got a faint reply. Following up the sound they presently came upon poor Jack. Blinded by the driving snow, he and a big stick from the Ophir had tumbled together into a prospect shaft. With the stick of wood on end and standing on top of it, Jack's extended hand still failed to reach the top of the shaft by about two feet, He was hauled out,

and not a man except Mackay had a cent of money. An attempt to starve the more shiftless into "rustling for deposit religiously developed in a grub" had proved a failure; they could do nothing, and, lying back on their blankets, gave up, like some of those of whom we read among the explorers in Arctic regions. The cook had an easy time of it. By this time some provisions were beginning to be packed in, but prices were fearful high. Mackay had just \$30 left-it was all the money he had in the world. "Here, Pat," said he to Corbett, handing him a 20 and a 10 in gold, "go out and see if you can find a sack of flour."

A man had packed in from Placerville that day, and Pat found him near where the Bank of California now stands. It was all plaza then-all open country and sage-bush along the present line of U street. The packer had just one 50-pound sack of flour left. The price was \$26. Pat handed the Placervillion the gold, got back \$4 in silver, and, shouldering the flour, climbed the hill to the cabin. Mackay took the \$4. and handing it to the cook, sent him in search of bacon, tea and sugar. When the flapjacks began to brown, and the savor of the bacon pervaded the cabin the spirits of both the regular inmates and transient boarders went up to the fair weather notch, and it seemed that there was nothing more in the world to be desired.

Finland.

The Czar of Russia has appointed a commission to revise the laws relating to Finland in the direction of a complete suppression of the local government. The Diet of Finland will be limited to a consulting role. The initiative of all laws will be delegated to the governor general. The reasons for this project are that the Nihllists are making Finland the basis of plots against the Czar and his government, and that the plots are connived at by the Finnish authorities and people. Since its conquest by Russia from Sweden in 1809. the Grand Duchy of Finland has preserved certain autonomic rights which are very dear to its inhabitants, and will not be given up without a struggle. Finland has an area of 144,000 square miles and a population of a little over 2,000,000. Of its inhabitants, only about 40,000 are Muscovites. The province, at its annexation his most solemn duties to lay up sufficient | to Russia, stipulated for the preservation in his days of strength and prosperity to of its ancient constitution. By this charter, provide for himself and those who are or the legislative power was vested in a may be dependent upon him in days of national Parliament composed of four sickness or misfortune. Extravegance is estates—the nobles, the clergy, the burghone of the greatest evils of the present ers and the peasants. By different ukases, age. It is undermining and overturning the functions of this Parliament have been greatly narrowed, so that at present the be retained and held sacred in society. It executive and much of the legislative power is vested in a governor-general.

For cementing brass on glass Puscher recommends a resin soap made by boiling one part of caustic soda, three parts of colophonium, (resin), and five parts of water, and finally kneading the whole in about half the quantity of plaster of Paris. As it is not acted upon by petroleum, bears heat very well, and hardens in a short time, it is well suited for fastening brass tops on glass lamps,

None but a fool is always right. Necessity is a severe schoolmistress