Nothing is our own: we hold our pleasures Just a little while, ere they are fled; One by one life robs us of our treasures; Nothing is our own except our dead.

They are ours, and hold in faithful keeping Safe forever, all they took away; Cruel life can never stir that sleeping, Cruel time can never seize that prey.

Justice pales; truth fades; stars fall from heaven:

Human are the great whom we revere; No true crown of honor can be given, Till the wreath lies on a funeral bier.

Wow the children leave us; and no traces Linger of that smiling angel band; Gone, forever gone; and in their place Weary men and anxious women stand.

Not we have some little ones, still ours; They have kept the baby smile, we know which we kissed one day, and hid with flowers,

On their dead white faces long ago.

When our joy is lost-and life will take Then no memory of the past remains, Save with some strange, cruel stings, that

makeit Bitterness beyond all present pains.

Death, more tender-hearted, leaves to sorrow Still the radiant shadow-fond regret; We shall find, in some far, bright to-morrow Joy that he has taken, living yet.

Is love ours, and do we dream we know it, Bound with all our heart strings, all our

own? hattered, desecrated, overthrown.

Only the dead hearts forsake us never : Love, that to death's loyal care has fled, Is thus consecrated ours forever, And no change can rob us of our dead.

So, when fate comes to besiege our city, Dim our gold, or make our flowers fall, Death, the angel, comes in love and pity And, to save our treasures, claims them all.

THE COLONEL'S SECOND WIFE.

"What! her dowry ten thousand and Ther age under eighteen! You are a Eucky dog Hewett! Of course it's a Love match?"

"I flatter myself, yes, on the lady's part, at least;" and the speaker, a tall, wather handsome man, drew himself up superciliously; though, in fact, it is a family arrangement. "How is that?"

"Why, you see, Colonel Harding was my father, General Hewett's greatest chum. When dying, he left me and my future to the former's guardianship; a trust he saw no better nor more friendly way of carrying out than by an engagement between myself and his and flung out the contents. daughter Kate-the sole inheritor of a rich aunt's wealth."

"Some people fall into pleasant places, certainly. When is it to be?" "In a month. I fancy, since the Colonel has been such a dotard as to

take home a second wife, he would rather have his daughter's room than her company." "Possibly. Deuced pretty woman,

Mrs. Harding-eh? Very sparkling, self-willed and fast, I'm sure. Will rant a tight curb, but will pull hard. I imagine the Colonel will have his hands full, and need keep his eyes open. They have been married a year, and within the last month I have noted he place and reached the main door. is preoccupied, while two wrinkles have appeared on his forehead. When will Chese old fellows," laughed his friend, *take the lessons Pope has so graphically read us-December must wed May? Ta, ta! Remember, I'm booked

for the Benedict ceremony The two gentlemen between whom the above conversation passed on the step of a West End club now partedthe one addressed as Hewett, known among his less familiars as Captain | Mewett, proceeding to go by train to Colonel Harding's villa, at Richmond.

Arriving there, in due course, he was speedily introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Harding; after exchanging greetings with whom he was summoned to see the Colonel in the library. The ladies warrene surprised at the haste displayed. could not refrain from remarking on the subject.

"Whatever is that for?" Kate remarked, when the officer had gone. "To sign your marriage-settlement," amiled Mrs. Harding.

"Nousense! By the way, mamma, ed lately?" "For many days I have seen it, Kate,

A fear something is wrong." "Then I fancy he might confide it to you instead of the Captain.' "True! Mis. Harding's lips percepti- truth."

bly contracted; then she added: "Kate, I forgot to tell my maid about the trimmings for my dress next Friday. Would you mind doing so?"

Rising the young girl readily went on her mission, when the other's entire manner changed. Her expression became grave, perplexed. She cast aside her work, and leaned her head on her hand. "Can my husband possibly suspect?"

she murmured. "There is a change in him. Kate sees it, too! Then there must | must speak to you at once." be a cause! Can be have found us out? If so, everything is ruined-ruined!" she paused; then added-"I must be certain-I will!"

Hurriedly throwing a shawl of Kate's, that laid on a sofa near, about her, she passed through the open glass doors into the flower garden.

Going to the side of the villa, cautiously she crept through a shrubbery of filacs and syringas, until she came within sight and hearing of the two in The library, the window of which was

Charles Hewett was leaning back in a chair; the Colonel, a handsome elderly military-looking man, sat by the table, his brows contracted, his features expressive of pain and anger blended. He had evidently been speaking vehemently, and exclaimed, as the listener came within range:

"I wouldn't have believed of her! Of all women, I would have staked my life on Constance! When you hinted that you had seen a fellow suspiciously Equinging about the villa, I thought nothing about it; but Jackson, the under-gardener, declares that it is true." The listener became livid with rage.

Her suspicions were well founded. "What do you intend doing?" asked Captain Hewett. "That's my perplexity to accuse her | direction:

the word of an under-gardner seems

preposterous;" and the Colonel uneastly drummed the table with his fingers.

"Something must be done," he said, 'or I shall go mad. I can't support this terrible suspicion, for-I don't mind confessing it to you, George, who Why, the window is open. Shut it; we want no eavesdroppers."

Captain Hewett complied, but before shall not leave the field." closing it, leant forth and looked around. The Colonel's wife had flown.

"If my fine lady would only commit herself," he thought, 'Kate would in- voice. herit the Colonel's wealth. It is noth-Trembling at her narrow escape, Mrs. Harding hastened from the shrubbery. Just as she emerged, she ran violently against a man.

"Robert! Tell me, what are you doing here?" "Ten thousand pardons! I thought-"

"Never mind what you thought. Why are you here? Quick go to the side door. If in five minutes I call you, come-if not, go away."

He raised her hand to his lips. "How good you are!" he said only came to say I have prepared everything for our flight on Friday." "Hush!" she answered, as she fled

from him. Five minutes after, the side door soon the stranger was again seated, other one than I?" with locked doors, in Mrs. Harding's boudoir.

The next morning, by no means to the surprise of his wife, the Colonel announced that business would take him to London in the evening, and detain him until late.

Mrs. Harding expressed her sorrow at his departure, and begged him to hasten Nevertheless, when she was in a fly with him." back alone, she lighted the lamp in her boudoir, then retired to a spare bedchamber just above, from the window of which she watched. An hour and a lover!" she cried. half passed eventless, then a man's

shadow flitted among the trees.
"It is the Captain," thought Mrs. Harding. "He has selected his proper sphere. The Colonel was too noble for it. Welll, each shall have a suitable reward."

She waited. So did the Captain. Finally the latter, perhaps imagining while he watched outside the bird he would detect enjoying himself within, the window. The temptation was irresistable. Mrs.

Harding noiselessly opened the lattice, took up a jug of water standing near, There was a muttered curse; but the lattice was closed, and the lady's burst

of laughter smothered in her handkerchief. Hewett looked in at the drawing room window, from a distance, as he, unobserved, quited the grounds, he beheld Mrs. Harding and his future bride read-

habit. have seen me."

He passed on to a break in the boundary hedge, by which he quitted the

Had he been a quarter of an hour later, he would surely have encountered a gentleman using the same means to enter Quickly, but cautiously, he made his way to a half decayed elm tree, at the root of which grew ferns and burdock. Slipping his hand beneath there, he drew out a paper, on which, by the aid of a wax taper he lighted, he read:

"Dearest:-At eight on Friday. The Colonel will be absent. All is prepared." Pressing the fragment passionately to his ifps, the man placed a reply in the same place then withdrew.

It was on the morning of the eventful Friday that Colonel Harding entered Captain Hewett's apartment at Richmond.

"George," he exclaimed, "no man was ever in greater perplexity than I. For the last month I have been engaged to the Dunderbulls to dinner to day. This morning Constance declares-looking well and hearty-herself too ill to attend, but urges me to go."

"I'll tell you what, Colonel. If you refuse you may only arouse her suspido you not think papa has looked alter- cions. You had better, therefore, go, and I'll watch for you. Perhaps this time something may be discovered." "I was thinking," began the Colonel, doubtfully, "whether it would not be best to ask Constance right down the

"Absurd! If a woman will stoop to deceive a husband, she will not hesitate at a falsehood," "That is true. Well, George, let it

be as you say." The Colonel went to the dinner, and the gentlemen had long been left to their wine, when a footman whispered to the officer he was waanted. Making an excuse, he withdrew, and found the Captain in the hall.

"Come home," said the latter; "I The Colonel growing pale, followed him into the road. "What is it?"

"Bear it like a man, Colonel," returned the other. "Your wife is unworthy your affection; she has fled with her lover. I saw them. They are now in the train going to London.' "Oh. Constance-Constance!"

groaned, "Why have you brought this disgrace upon me!" And he grasped the hedge, to save him from falling. Recovering himself,

his mood changed. 'Georgel" he exclaimed fiercely. 'Come we will follow them. The villain shall answer for the wrong he has done me; but tell me all about it."

The Captain stated that a cab had passed him on the road to the villa-In it he had recognized a strange gentleman and Mrs. Harding. He pursued, but only reached the railway station in time to see them leap into a first class carriage as the train moved off.

The true statement was this: Captain Hewett had seen a fly waiting near the villa. Concealing himself, he had perceived a gentleman, escorting a lady thickly vailed and cloaked, come through the break in the hedge, hurriedly cross the intervening field, enter the cab, and drive off, after giving the

"The railway station for London.

Had he put his hand out, he could have stayed them. But that was not his plan. Let her go beyond recall and

forgiveness, that was what he thought. "Hurrying straight to his dressing room, the Colonel secured his pistols. so soon will be my son—I love Con- "I have never used them against a stance devotedly. What was that? fellow-being before," he exclaimed. very stern, and determined, "but a bullet shall reach his heart or mine. One

> "Wny, goodness gracious, my love, how early you are, back! I hope nothing is wrong!" exclaimed a pleasant

Both gentlemen swung round on ing," he said aloud, resuming his seat. their heels, with an ejaculation of surprise, for there, in the doorway, looking charming in her evening dress, was Mrs. Harding.

"You here, Constance?" @ "Here! Why, where should I be

The Colonel looked at the Captain, and vice versa. "Whatever is the matter?" asked the lady: "and-gracious, Edmund, lovewhat are you going to do with those

pistols?" "I-I was going," blurted out the Colonel, half-angrily, "to take with them the life of your lover, Constance!" "My lover! Surely, darling, you

never contemplated suicide!" "Suicide! Constance, can you look opened, a white hand beckoned, and me in the face and say that you have no "Yes-there sir! But can you look in

mine, and say you ever were cruel enough to suspect me of such a sin?" The Colon I dropped instantly. "You have!" she went on. "Pray, on what grounds?"

"That of a man having been seen to enter your room, admitted by you, and in-in-your supposed flight this night Mrs. Harding burst into a peal of

laughter. "Why, Edmund, that was Kate's

"Kate's!" both gentlemen repeated. "No less. Do not blame the poor girl, for you yourself have driven her to this step-asking Captain Hewett to pardon my speaking out," said the lady with a malicious twinkle. "Because you loved his father, you ordered your daughter to accept the General's son. She-ber heart bestowed elsewheresaid 'Nay;' you said 'Ay.' When I became your wife, Kate made her concautiously drew near, and peered into fidante. I, too, said 'Nay;' you repeated 'Ay'-declaring that you could not go from your word; therefore, perceiving, as a gentleman, that was true, I determined to break it for you; and, unwilling that your child, my love, should have a less happy life than the one you made mine, I planned-yes, it was wicked-I planned her elopment with Robert Kenway, the man she When, ten minutes after, Captain loves. However you may regard it, Edmund, I think I have done the girl a good turn in saving her from an alliance with an amateur detective." (So saying, she swept the Captain contemptuing and working, according to their ous courtesy.) "I see how all this has happened; this geptleman watched here "It must have been a confounded while you went to dine. Charming! housemaid," he growled. "She couldn't He waited and spied to see his own property stolen! Captain Hewett compliment you! Now, gentlemen,

will leave you to yourselves." She quitted the rooms as she spoke, very haughtily, and retired to her own, aparently the most injured party. A brief space after the Colonel came

in. 'Constance," he said, "you have done very wrong.' "Sir, how have you acted, in suspecting a wife who was foolish enough to ove you?" she answered, proudly.

'Do you love me, Constance?' "Better than-than-all-the world!" was the answer, given between a sudden burst of sobs.

A woman's tears were the only enemies which had ever beaten the Colonel. He caught his pretty wife in his arms and cried: "Constance, forgive me, and let us

say no more about it." "And Kate?" she sobbed. "I'll pardon her, for your sake." "You dear, dear Edmund! There! That kiss is for a reward?" And that is how Captain Hewett

Tonquin.

wife."

was checkmated by the Colonel's second

Probably owing to the proximity of armed bands, there was not much cultivation going on in the immediate neighborhood of the Elephant mountain, round and round which the Haiphong branch of the Songkoi wanders in a most bewildering way. As we got nearer the main river, however, frightened gleam in the eyes, betrayed it was very different. On both sides, as far as the eye could reach over the flat lands, stretched paddy-fields, with hundreds of people-men, women, and children-occupied upon them; the men plowing and turning up the soil with mattocks, the women and children breaking the clods with heavy pieces of wood. Everywhere the green ring of bamboos which denoted a village could be seen, many of them running into one another, and apparently extending for miles. According to national custom, but few of these were actually on the river, and those that were at all near were protected by a ditch and mud walls, surrounded by bamboo palisades, in addition to the ordinary cane fence. There can be no doubt that Tonquin is one of the finest grain-producing countries in the east, far surpassing anything to be seen in the southern provinces of China, with the exception of the Canton river delta, the area of which is, however, much smaller. Two crops can be raised in the year almost everywhere, and in some parts three is no rarity. The sugar-cane and mulberry trees which are so abundant in the Namdinh district are not so much seen between Haiphong and Hanoi. Add to this that the climate is one in which for four or five months in the year Europeans can easily work, and it will be easily understood that the French are warranted in going to great expense and some risk in conquering the country for themselves.

A PLEASANTRY attributed to M. Thiers: "When I was very young I was so little—so little—that I needed a pole to knock down the strawberries,"

burn so quickly as dry.

chased by the Flames.

In the Autumn of 1855, John Rolfe was one of a party of surveyors engaged in the government survey of North-western Iowa. He was about twenty-five years of age, a man of splendid physique, wonderful endurance, and more than average intelligence. He had graduated at an Eastern college several years previously, and in the practice of his chosen calling he had drifted farther and farther West, until he could justly lay claimto being a thorough frontiersman. During the Summer previous to the opening of our story, Rolfe's party was engaged north and east of the present town of Algona, and he, tiring of the monotony of camplife, had cultivated the acquaintance of a settler-Manton by name-at whose house he wiled away mest of his Sundays. What magnetic influence the eyes of pretty Mary Manton, the farmers's daughter, had in attracting John hither, we will leave for our readers to determine. Suffice it to say, that farmer Manton's rather rude log-house had become a rather home-like place to him, where a warm-hearted welcome was ever extended, and the eyes of Mary the farmer's daughter beamed more brightly at each recurring visit. Toward the close of October it became necessary to send certain important papers connected with the survey to Fort Dodge, where the government land office was then located. The distance was something over fifty miles, and prairie nearly all the way to Des Moines River, some forty miles in that direction, without a track and almost without a guide.

To John Rolfe was intrusted this task; and as Mary Manton and her brother, a lad of some eighteen years, had been for some time desireus of visiting a relation who resided at "the Fort," they concluded to take advantage of the present circumstance, and make with him the journey on horseback. The party was well mounted, John especially, who rode a horse he had owned for several years. They had made about half the distance by

noon and were within fifteen miles of th river. Their stopping-place for lunch was a little grove in the lee of a small lake. After an hour's rest, the party remounted and proceeded on their way. They had gone perhaps three miles, when, for the first time, they noticed that the wind had changed and was blowing dirretly on their backs, and also that the hazy appearance of the atmosphere had changed to a mur-ky aspect, while the stiffening breeze was filled with the odor of smoke; and as if to make assurance doubly sure, bits of burnt grass-blades and flakes of ashes began raining around them. This fact however occasioned but little alarm, as every frontiersman is aware that he can easily secure himself against danger from a prairie fire by burning ahead and passing over the feeble windward fire on to the burnt district. But when the leader, alighting to kindle the flame that was to be their means of safety, found that neither himself or either of his companions had a match, his face blanched to the whiteness of death and he trembled with a mighty fear; for brave though he was, he intuitively perceived that they were in the presence of an awful danger, and that almost superhuman effort or miracu-

lous intervention could avert it. Already retreat to the little lake, which they had left scarcely half an hour ago, was cut off. One alternative was left -to reach the Des Moines River, nearly twelve miles away ahead of the flery element. The entire distance was over a comparatively level expanse, covered from knee to breast high with a compact mat of dead grass; and as it was in an exceedingly dry time, no rain having fallen for many weeks, the ponds and small streams that ordinarily contained water enough to impose somewhat of a barrier against the flames were parched and baked, and there was absolutely no shelter of any kind short of the river. To reach that haven depended upon the strength and endurance of their horses. Rolfe showed himself a wonderfully cool and collected man. Carefully he watched the route ahead, avoiding rough and boggy ground and selecting the smoothest way, where the grass was the shortest and obstructions the lowest, observing at the same time the actions of his comrade; and directing their movements. Mary sat in her saddle, erect, pale, and silent as a statue, giving no outward evidence of the fearful storm that must have been raging within her bosom. Joe, too was silent and restrained; but a nervous twitching of the lips, and a a fear that only the exercise of a strong will power could repress. The smoke that rolled in a dense cloud over and

around them made the air stifling and

almost unbearable. Game birds of va-

rious kinds whirred over their heads.

white deer, elk, and occasionally wolves

and other animals, aroused from their

lairs by the advancing destruction, raced along, apparently scarce noticing the motley company, so intent were all in reaching some goal of safety. Hardly more than half the distance was accomplished ere it became evident that the pursuing flames were gaining and that the speed of the horses must be increased. But could they bear it? Already they were covered with foam, and the one on which Mary rode was blowing froth mixed with blood from its nostrils at every expiration, so terrible was the strain upon his strength, together with the injurious effects of the vitiated air they were compelled to inhale. Joe's horse, also, though a ness, and to require urging; but Caliph, Rolfe's fine horse, was proving his covered with sweat, as if lather, gave gage, every article of superfluous clothdg, everything that would impede their progress was cast away. Rolfe and Joe divested themselves of their apparel then unbuckling the girths they slid forward on their horses' withers, and allowed their saddles to fall behind.

or diminishing the distance between them and the fire, until through the smoky fog, and not more than half a mile away, could be discerned a dark fringe that betokened a grove, and which they knew was on the opposite bank of the river. Rolfe was the first to discover the glad intelligence, and he screamed the welcome news to his com-panions, and urged them to make one supreme effort for life. But even as he spoke Mary's horse stumbled, and Rolfe, who was riding close to her side, had but time to snatch her from her perilous position and swing her in front of him. when the lil-fated animal fell and was swallowed up in the flery death. But even that momentary delay was almost

Flercely and bravely the survivors

struggled on, their riders urging them

to their utmost, and it seemed for a

brief time that all would be well; but

when within less than only forty rods

of the river-bank, Joe's horse faltered

and was caught in the awful flood, and with a scream of terror that rose with blood-curdling distinctness above the roar of the conflagration, the poor boy was lost to all but memory forever in this life. The splendid Caliph though enwrapped in flame, reached the bank with his double burden and plunged over the sheer declivity of fifteen feet into the saving waters of the Des Moines, which fortuately was deep at that place, swam to the other shore, and dropped dead within 50 feet of the water's edge. Rolfe's hair and whiskers were burnt to the skin, and the clothes of both he and his companion had been on fire in a score of places. Mary had fainted in the last fearful ordeal, but soon revived to view with dismay and heart-breaking anguish the result of a short half hour. She and Rolfe had escaped, but barely with their lives, while a much-loved brother had met with a frightful death on the very brink of safety, and she thought with sorrowful forebodings of the grief of their parents when they should learn the sad news. They walked to the house of a settler, a short distance in the grove, where Mary obtained a welcome shelter for the time, and with Rolfe's assistance to bring in the remains of poor Joe; and there, the next morning on the river's bank, he dug two graves, in one of which was deposited all that remained of Joe Manton, in the other the body of the faithful Caliph, where in after years two monuments were reared and a little place inclosed, that loving hands have ever since tended with unremitting care. John Rolfe and Mary Manton were married in the course of time and became the owners of a section of land, including the grove where her brother was buried. And there they reside to-day, rich and contented, blessed with a happy family, and surrounded by all the conveniences and refinements of life. They have lived to see the wide prairie, over which they raced for life so long ago, one vast fruitful field, from whose well-filled granaries many of the hungry of earth are fed; but is it to be wondered at that his genial face will grow serious, and her eye fill with a look of terror, at the tion of that awful experience.

The Beautiful Butterfly.

Butterflies are the erder of insects which require the largest mass of color to attract them, and which seems to possess the highest esthetic sensibility. It is hardly necessary to say that butterflies are also the most beautiful of all insects; and are, moreover, noticeable for the most highly developed ornamental adjuncts. Those butterflies make the best matches in their world of fashion which have the brightest crimson on their wings, or the most exquisite gloss on their changeful golden scales. With us an eligible young man is too often a young man with a handsome estate in the country, and with no other attractions, mental or physical. Among insects, which have no estates, an eligible young butterfly is one with a peculiarly deep and rich orange band upon the tip of his wings. Thus the cumulative proof of the esthetic superiority of butterflies seems well nigh complete. If we examine the lepidoptera or butterfly order in detail we shall find some striking conclusions of the same sort forced upon us. The lepidoptera are divided into two great groups, the moths and the butterflies. Now, the moths fly about at dusk or late at night; the flowers which attract them are pale, lacking in brilliancy, and, above all, destitute of honey guides in the shape of lines or spots; and the insects themselves are generally dark and dingy in coloration. Whenever they possess any beauty of color, it takes the form of silvery scales, which reflect what little light there may be in the gray gloaming. The butterflies, on the other hand, fly by day, and display, as we know, the most beautiful colors of all insects. Here we must ence recall that difference between the structure of the eye in nocturnal and diurnal species which Mr. Lowne has pointed out. Nor is this all. While most moths are night flyers, there are a few tropical genera, which have taken to the same open daylight existence as the butterflies. In these cases, the moths, unlike their nocturnal congeners, are clad in the most gorgeous possible mixtures of brilliant

metallic colors. Apparitions. A very remarkable paper on the physiology of apparitions is in preparation by a distinguished neurologist, to be read before the Neurological Association on the opening of the season of 1884-85; attention having been directgood one, began to show signs of weari- ed to this subject by the work of Mr. Sully, and by elaborate articles in the English Magazines. It is a familiar fact matchless staying qualities, and though | among experts, though little has been published on the subject, that, in cerno signs of tiring, and respended readi- tain conditions of the nervous systemly to the presence of the rein. And not highly morbid or excited conditions, still the fire gained. They could hear either-a phenomenon resembling reflex it behind them roaring and crackling action of the retina takes place; the like a fierce whirlwind. All their lug- image thus formed being really optical, not cerebral, in their origin, and true objects of sensation not mere cerebral spectres. Certain medciines-notably those of the narcotic class-possess the down to their shirts, pants, and stock- property of inducing retinal phantoms; monobromate of campher being one of the most active in this particular. In the paper proposed an effort will be WICKED New York men want to be This seemed to give them added made to explain the physiological causes buried in Greenwood, because it won't strength, and mile after mile was tra- and relations of these by no means versed without perceptibly increasing infrequent optical phenomena.

Running, Walking and Jumping

The greatest distance ever run in one hour is eleven miles, 970 yards, by Deerfoot, at Old Brompton, in 1863-Deerfoot's real name and address being L. Bennet, Catteraugas County, America. The fastest time in which one mile has ever been run, on level ground, is 4 min., 16 1-5 sec., by W. Cummings. of Paisley, in 1881, at Preston; but in 1863 W, Lang ran a mile over a course which was partly down hill in 4 min. 2 sec. The swiftest runner hitherto seen is a man named Hutchens, formerly newsboy at Putney Station. He has not yet been timed accurately for a standard distance like 100 and 120 yards; but in a Sheffield handicap he covered 1311 yards in 121 sec, -a performance which shows him many yards better than "even time" at 100 yards, and even time is the unattained ambition of the great army of amateurs. A hundred yards in "even time" means 100 vards in 10 secs., or a rate averaging 10 yards per second. In 1875 R. Buttery, of Sheffield, ran a quarter of a mile in 484 secs., and remains unbeaten to this day. George Hazael has ran 50 miles in three seconds less than six hours and a quarter, and he has also performed the prodigious task of covering 600 miles in six days' "go-asyou-please"- a pedestrian journey in which the competitors may run or walk as they prefer.

Now as to walking. As we all know, four miles an hour is the ordinary standard pace for a good brisk country walk. What shall we say, then, to eight miles an hour, fair heel and toe? Yet this has been done by W. Perkins, J. Raby, Griffin and other professors of the art. Perkins, indeed, has walked one mile in 6 min. 23 sec. - a rate of progression nearly approaching 91 miles per hour. On the same occasion he walked two miles in 13 min. 20 secs., and three in 20 min. 47 secs., both unequalled records. The greatest distance ever walked without taking a rest is 120 miles 1.560 yards, by Peter Crossland, of Sheffield, and this is a marvelous instance of endurance, truly; but it pales before what must rank as the greatest pedestrian performance ever recorded, namely, Gale's walk of 1,500 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours, one and one-half miles each hour, to start walking at the commencement of each hour. This arduous undertaking was successfully carried out during the months of August, September and October, 1877. For six long weeks, in every single hour, had this indomitable little pedestrian to journey a mile and a half; and one imagines-or rather one can try to imagine-how he managed to sleep. We saw him finish that gigantic task. In the last mile and a half but one he seemed unable to move -slow, sore, jaded, utterly done up. In the last peregrination a marvelous change came over the scene-he went along at racing pace, attendants, mad with the enthusiasm of the moment, positively having to run to keep up with him; the plucky little fellow seemed imbued with a new lease of life. Gale was about forty-five years of age, and about five feet four inches in heighth. So long ago as 1809 the celebrated Car tain Barclay performed the feat of walking 1,000 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours; and, although innumerable attempts, genuine and otherwise, have been made to equal his record, it remained unshaken till Gale so easily surnassed 1t.

With regard to jumping, professionals have been in the habit of using dumbbells and other contrivances in their competition; while amateurs, who patronize the sport far more than their rivals, have always jumped without any artificial aid. The records among the latter are both held by the same athlete

-P. Davin, of Carrick-on-Suir, Ireland who has cleared 6 feet 22 inches high, and 22 feet 2 inches wide, both at local athletic gatherings. Thus both these feats are to the credit of the Green Isle. But the English records are within a shade in each case; and M. J. Brooks, who in 1865 won the Inter-'Versity high jump with 6 feet 21 inches, is said to have cleared an inch more in practice. John Howard, a Bradford professional, who died quite recently, more than once cleared a full-size billiardtable lengthways-a feat requiring courage as well as ability; and on one occasion, on Chester race course, he umped the enormous distance of 29 feet 7 inches. He took off from a wedge-shaped block of wood raised four inches from the ground and carried a five pound dumb-bell in each hand. In pole jumping-prettiest of all athletic past-times—the great height of 11 feet 44 inches has been cleared by the present amateur champion, T. Ray, of Ulverstone.

Home After Business Hours.

The road along which the man of business travels is not a macadamized one, nor does it ordinarily lead through pleasant scenes and by well-springs of delight. On the contrary, it is a rough and rugged path, beset with "wait-abit" thorns, and full of pitfalls, which can only be avoided by the watchful care of circumspection. After every day's journey over this worse than rough turnpike road the wayfarer needs something more than rest; he requires solace, and he deserves it. He is weary of the dull prose of life and a thirst for the poetry. Happy is the husband who can find that solace and that poetry at home. Warm greetings from loving hearts, fond glances from bright eyes, the welcome shouts of children, the many thousand little arrangements for our comfort and enjoyment that silently tell of thoughtful and expectant love, the gentle ministrations that disencumber us into an old and easy seat before we are aware of it; these and like tokens of affection and sympathy constitute the poetry which reconciles us to the prose of life. Think or this, ye wives and daus of business men! Think of the toils, the anxieties, the mortifications and wear that fathers undergo to secure fer you comfortable homes; and then compensate them for their trials by making them happy by their own firesides.

OKRA is a great addition to chicken gravy or to that made when cooking any fowl. It is somewhat like gelating in its effect.