Come, with thy sparkling eyes, Bright as the starry skies, Glowing with glad surprise Cheeks pink with blushes rare, While in the perfumed air, Light gleams thy silken hair

Golden in hue.

Then shall thy bosom swell, Woo'd by the tales I'll tell-Tales lovers know so well; And in thine ear, Whispering sweet vows to Thee, Of my heart's constancy, All 'neath the trysting tree, This shalt thou hear

BESS.

It was twilight in Yosemite. The narrow valley shut in by its high walls of granite was lost in shadow, but the crest of the half-dome lifted upward into the sunset fire was wrapped into crimson flame. Among the amber billows of light the snow-white peak of Cloud's Rest faded away into spiritual splendor, and the spray-wreathed waters of the upper Yosemite fell downward like a golden thread into the

gloom below. Earthward the silence fell and the dream-land below seemed hushed in the eternal quiet of the spirit-land above. Like a great giant the shadowy dusk arose from the earth and made war with the god-like sun. Shamed and vanquished the splendid king hid his face behind the purple ranges, and night lifted the misty fingers of the dusk and laid them upon the slopes of

amethyst and gold. On the shadowy trail leading Glacier Point stood a young girl looking upward to the peaks of splendor, Her eyes seemed never to weary of the changing views, for many times in her ascent had she stood thus with the bridle of her horse falling idly from her hands and her fair face wrapped in a thoughtful glow. But at last she seemed to awaken to a realization of the coming night, and, springing into the saddle, urged her horse to a faster

Through the quickly-gathering sadows the hotel at the summit was just discernible, when a small boy sprang out of the woods on one side of the path, causing Nero to shy violently and almost precipitating the rider from her

"Were you trying to break my neck, James?" she asked, shaking her finger warningly at the small aparition. If you were, you well-nigh succeeded."

"Oh, no, Miss Bess!" answered the young scape-goat, with a grin, "I've been watching for you this long time. Let me take your horse, Miss Bess. all right for you in the morning."

"Thanks, James," she said, dismount- ful. ing and throwing him the bridle, "take him along and I'll follow."

James led the way, chatting all the while after the fashion of loquacious small boys. It was not many moments Point, even including the hotel. "An comparable sunrises, do you? Happy awful good lookin' chap," "a regular thought, that!" Then he was silent for stunner. George Munro, the stage a moment, driver, said he was an artist, 'cause he's got a whole box full of paints and things. He saw 'em, and besides, he says he's traveled an awful lot-seen the Alpines and all that."

"The Alps, you mean," said Bess absently. She was scarcely heeding gogue." he added, mentally, a smile the boy's gossip yet she had a vague feeling that it would be a rare pleasure he looked at her curiously out of his to be an artist and roam around the handsome eyes. How fair she was in world at will, catching inspiration from the warm splendor of sunlight, her all of Nature's moods,

The hotel at the Point was a very primitive affair indeed, and very simple unworldly people were they who kept it, the good McCanley and his wife. The hotel was after the fashion of a backwoods cabin, unadorned by paint the high lights and shadows of his or polish. The rafters alone ornament- sketches. ed the ceilings and the partitians bethe guest chambers had chinks in them large enough for guests to hold visible communion with another. But the away. place was as clean as the labor of tired traveler sat down to no sumptuous repast, he was regaled with the most palatable of home-made dishes.

And what the hotel itself lacked in attractiveness was amply compensated for ·by the superb location which the building occupied on the slope of a threethousand foot precipice. Nowhere from any point adjacent to the valley could there be found a view more sublimely beautiful than this hotel commanded. Facing the grand peaks of the High Sierras, and within sight of the farfamed Vernal and Nevada Falls, it was a site that even a king might have envied for his most costly palace; and tourists of the most distinguished rank and calling had gladly partaken of its humble hospitality for the sake of this feast of grandeur.

Bess was a school-teacher in the little village school in the valley-a prosaic occupation truly amid such sublimity, but circumstances had forced her to accept the position, and she filled it with grace and dignity. Though born and nurtured in the mountains, Bess was not without culture, for her father had been a man of learning and she had always been fond of study and reading. Added to this was an innate refinement that gave her dainty ways and a gentle grace.

Mrs. McCanley had always taken a motherly interest in the motherless girl, and rarely a week passed that Bess did not spend a day or two at the Point, And in return for her warmhearted kindness of these good people, she gave James, their eldest son, gratuitous instructions in the rudiments of

unowledge. At the first streak of dawn Bess was awake the next morning, and hurriedly dressing herself, she seized her Latin grammar and hastened down the stairs ing any of her visits there, and thi morning she sought her favorite seat, they had suddenly become good friends. The ashes wrapping Bess in its dark she killed all the lingering blooms of trouble you.

on the slope in front of the house, with a feeling of gladness. The soft breath tudes were hers to love and enjoy.

Soon a roseate hue spread upward from the east. From peak to peak crept the glow, until the whole upper world seemed bathed in the rosy splendor. Wreaths of yapor faded away into golden mists around the mountain tops, and downward into the dark, mysterious valley, a violet glory fell reflected from the peaks and slopes of snow. The foaming waters of the Merced, dashing over the granite walls of the valley, caught the reflection ere it faded, and precipitated their seething torrents over the cliffs in a mad whirl of iridescent beauty. The voice of the pines and the music of the falls made a grand harmony that swept like a mighty hymn through the vast cathedral of nature. No other sound broke the stillness. Not even a birdsong floated out of the forests to mar the eternal silence as the god of day opened wide the gates of morning.

Motionless, filled with a rapturous wonder, Bess sat, her eyes lifted up to the God-given grandeur of the royal heavens; and not until the sun himself rose behind the violet screen of Mt. Lyree did she turn her eyes away and devote herself to study.

Suddenly she was startled by a footstep behind her. Turning around she was surprised to perceive the form of a stranger. He lifted his hat with as

"In the free-masonry of these upper solitudes I suppose I may be barbarian enough to introduce myself, may I He did not wait for an answer but handed her a card.

A warm flush crept over her face, but his manner was so unmistakably that ot a gentleman that she could not take offense. She read the name, "Howard Fletcher," with some confusion, but answered with a grace equal to his own. "Certainly we are so remote from civilization here that forms count for little.

"May I sit here?" he asked, pointing to a fallen tree upon which she was sitting. "I want to make a sketch of that bit of green forest yonder, and this seems the happiest spot in which to make it."

"She gave assent, watching him with a shy interest as he took out his sketchbook and proceeded to work. "Are you a native of the valley?" he

inquired between the outlines of his sketch. "No, but Is was born in the Sierras and have lived all my life among these

mountains." "Indeed! Then you are truly to be envied." He turned and looked at the girl beside him. She had the ingenuous face of a child, healthy and glowing-a sweet, girlish mouth and large eyes full of startled wonder. Truly the passions of the world had never touched her. She was a child of nature, I'll tend to him splendid and see that's and the pure, fragrant breath of the pines had made her strong and beauti-

> "May I ask what you are reading?" "I am studying Latin," she answer-

ed, demurely. An amused expression flitted across his handsome face. So you mingle before Bess knew all the news of the the conjugation of Latin verbs with in-

"Do you live at the Point?" "Oh, no! I teach the village school

in the valley.' "Indeed?" He lifted his eyebrows with a surprised expression. "A school-"Not a severe looking pedateacher?" passing over his clear features. Then rounded cheek rested upon one small hand. A school-mistress indeed! He

would rather have taken her for a naiad. For a few moments there was silence between them, in which she appeared lost in the mysteries of Latin and he in

"Breakfast is ready!" sang out James, as he came toward them. says as how you'd better come right

"Primitive style, this!" laughed the hands could make it, and though the young artist, good-naturedly, as he walked toward the house with Bess. "But I like it-it has a flavor of freedom which well suits a Bohemian. After breakfast he took his sketching

materials and marched off through the woods. Several bits of beautiful landscape he caught by the way and transferred to his canvas, but all the while it was a girlish face that haunted his fancy and a genial voice that seemed to mingle it cadence with the solemn music of the pines. He did not return until late in the afternoon, and it was with a vague feeling of disappointment that he learned that Bess had gone. Somehow she seemed to have taken all the sunlight of the Point with her.

A week later he was riding through the valley on his way from the Vernal Fails, when a horse and rider suddenly dashed past him. The slight figure of the fair equestrienne seemed familiar, and on the impulse of the moment he pursued her. Halt way through the valley she reined in her horse and turned her head to catch a glimpse of her pursuer. A pleased expression dawned upon her face as she saw who it was. Then she extended her hand with a shy

smile as he rode close to her, "Nero and I were taking a canter," she said. "I never dreamed it was you

following me so closely," "I am a very ungaliant knight, I must admit," he said with a rare courtesy, "but pardon me and I shall

not be so curious again,' "It did not yex me," she murmured, smoothing back the tangles of brown hair from her flushed face and fasten- face and he threw the letter to the floor ing the pins more securely in the heavy braids that the wild chase had nearly unloosened. Then as the ludicrousher she laughed with a blithe hearti- for air. Then with a bitter smile at his mountains, changing the emerald slopes haired stranger laughed, too, in his and burned it slowly in the flame of the tember died in a crimson flame and Ocnever missed a sunrise at the Point dur- careless fashion, and they rode down candle, watching it with eager fascin- tober followed in her footsteps, mournful

How interesting she was with from the sight.

of the pines came through the forests the soft, warm color coming and going with a rare sweetness, and it gave her a on her bright face and her eyes lifted to morning came it found him worn and thrill of joy to know that the vast soli- his with their child-like grace. He weary. He had not slept and there The little school had been closed long tossed back his fair hair with a sudden, impatient gesture. What a splendid plaything she would be to a man who rode away to the still heights of the had the time to win her! Then he mountains, almost cursed himself for the thought. | A very child she was with no shadow of the world upon her. Could he ever for he came back at noon with a quiet have the heart to throw its blight smile upon his fine features. All his across her pathway or drag her into its restlessness was gone, and in its stead flerce turmoil of passion and pain? No! he turned his face away from her

and spurned the tempter. golden sunlight, wrapped in the peace of her own heart, knew not the sudden battle that was raging in the heart of

this proud stranger. By the side of the beautiful Merced river she was sitting the next afternoon, with all her school-children about her, when Harold Fletcher made his appearance among them, peeping in through the interlacing branches that hid this cool, shady nook from the road.

"What a charming picture you make," he said smiling, "and is that wreath for you?"

"Oh, yes, I am to be crowned I suppose," she answered, looking at the wreath of yellow primroses with an air of good natured resignation. She was reading to the children and they looked on the intruder with jealous, restless eyes.

"Don't let me interrupt, I beg of princely a grace as if she had been a you," he said throwing himself lazily upon the grass a short distance from the little group, with his back against a towering oak. "Go on I entreat. It has been a long time since I listened to a fairy-tale."

He leaned against the tree with an indolent grace, looking at the fair girl through his half-closed eyelids. Her fresh beauty filled his artist's soul with a rare delight. No wonder the village people called her "beautiful Bess, How like a child she was among the children. Yet the mother-heart that lives in every true woman showed itself in the fond caress she gave the blonde curls of the child who had thrown herself at her feet and had fallen fast the precipice. asieep with her tired head pillowed in Bessie's lap.

"Strange creatures these women are," thought Harold lighting his cigar and puffing it languidly. "How this girl wastes her time on these stupid child-"Yet, meanwhile, he would not ren!" have her a whit less womanly, a trifle less unselfish. Only he half envied the slumbering child the touch of the caressing hand and the warm love that the silken braids of hair. He knew flashed between the pages from Bessie's soft, dark eyes.

Oh, for one brief second of childhood-for one sweet breath of innocence like that! The man of the world turned his face to hide the wave of bitterness that crept over it. Could any little golden head ever rest against his heart and not feel its restless throbfrown on his clear-featured face. He you. was content to dream away the hours | She turned her face away and said no feasting his eyes upon the graceful more. She did not question him. nead of the young teacher, and think- Ah, if she could only have kn make for his new picture, which he intended sending to the exposition.

"Dusk," that was the name of it, and he would paint her with the children all about her and her eyes filled with startled splendor. In the shadowy veil of her hair he would imprison faint golden stars and in her white hands a crimson rose, typical of the fading sunset. What a beautiful picture she would make? All the world would wonder.

He was aroused from his reverie by the voices of the children. They were going home, "Don't go," he said to Bess as she picked up her books preparatory to following them, "I am sefish enough to wish to be entertained

also. Bess smiled and went back to where he was sitting. There was something in his voice which she could not resist. And stronger women than Bess had succumbed to its wonderous fascination. Bess the night wind whispered a sad of ceremonies invites a real old pension-He threw away his cigar and rose to his

shadows were falling. "Good night!" he said holding her her velvety eyes, "good-night!" There was a longing in his eyes she did not strode away through the gathering ness and terror. shadows towards the hotel.

For a long time after he went away Bess stood with her hand upon the gate looking upward into the still spaces of the silent world above, and not until the red glow died away upon the South | pose. Dome, and the stars crept over the white crest of Cloud's Rest, did she enter the cottage, and even then, the table, there was a loneliness in her

heart she could not conquer. The weeks passed by and yet Harold | the Western papers: Fletcher made no effort to leave the valley. His friends at home wondered, but he wrote them that he was accupied with his sketches of the valley and they were satisfied. He scarcely dared acknowledge to himself the spell that proud and wealthy family in the East but held him there. In Bessie's pure eyes he a strange perversity led her to forsake had found an earthly Eden, and he shut her home for the stage. his heart to all the great world beyond, whose waves of care and sin and sorrow beat so fiercely against his white-walled

paradise. But his dream was a short one, On reaching his hotel one evening a letter was handed to him which filled him with a sudden despair. In the privacy down, hoping Bessie's pure eyes would of his own apartment he read its contents. It must have been a strange message, for a hot flush crept over his and ground his heel upon it. A faint perfume floated upward from the crushed paper, the odor made him faint. He threw open the main door and gasped sudden weakness he took the missive into fields of glittering white. Sep-

He watched her with a keen admira- folds and shutting out her pure eyes

The night passed away, and when the

In those wild solitudes God must have given him strength and calmness, was his usual non-chalant grace.

He passed the little school-house, but Bess was not there. He inquired And Bess, riding along slowly in the of her aunt at the little cottage and learned that she had gone to the Point. Then he rode to the hotel and ordered another horse. It was sundown when he reached the summit of the trail. He gave his horse to James, who volunteered the information that Bess had before.

> the narrow ledge of rock that was shone above the shadowy heights at really the Point proper. She was night and the splendid moon that turnleaning over the iron railing that had ed the granite cliffs to silver. She felt below. It required a clear head to sun that looked upon the white-walled look down that sheer precipice of three | valley. thousand feet. It was a sensation from which many a man had recolled with a feeling akin to terror. It made the brain reel and the heart grow faint. But Bess stood there with no thought of fear in her dusky eyes. She was thinking of the miniature paradise below her, walled in by its grand preci- it now. Long hours of pain and sufferpices of granite, and she wondered if God had ever created a spot more beautiful. But slowly the last gleam of light faded away. The High Sierras were still bathed in seas of spleuder, yet the little valley beneath was losing itself in the dusk. Only a faint golden reflection lay upon the calm bosom of Mirror Lake, and the narrow thread of the Merced river was touched here and

there with ripples of gold. Fearing to startle her, Harold called her name softly. She turned, and a glad smile of welcome lit up her face. He led her backward from the edge of

"Queen Bess," he said, smoothing the hand that lay passively in his own. "I have come to say good-bye. Day after to morrow I must leave the vallev.

"No!" a shiver of terror swept over her and she crep nearer to him. "You will not go,"
"Yes." He drew the brown head

close to his breast and silently kissed her pain was not greater than his own. "You will never come back!" She lifted her head and looked him full in the face, "I know it." It gave him a pang of remore to see how white her face had grown and how her lips quivered.

"Yes, I will, Bess. I swear it! Here on these enternal heights of God, with bing? Ah, no! the very thought was a the silent mountains to bear me witbitter pain. And he dismissed it with a ness, I swear that I will come back to

ing what a glorious model she would how he clung to her stainless love. How it washed all the sins of his manhood away and made his own heart pure for the sake of the white blossom that nestled there! For her sake he was going back into the world to renounce all its glittering joys; for the sake of this red-wood blossom he was going to cast away the beautiful rose of sin whose crimson petals had lured him on to a bitter sorrow.

But he dared not tell her this-this fair girl who looked into his eyes with all the pureness of her childhood yet | wanting-silver, crystal, flowers and 7th, and with Saturn on the 9th. She upon her, with no thought of the lusters laden with candles of the purest makes her nearest approach to Jupiter passion of sorrow that lay in his heart. | wax. The young married pair occupy on the 14th, and to Venus on the 15th, No he would souner have thrust her over the precipice into the dark abyss below, than to have opened her eyes to

the despair of his own soul. the peaks with a white splendor when they order a "general's" dinner, which they walked back to the hotel, yet the costs \$30 more than an ordinary one, moments had flown by unheeded. To music and the giant pines nodded their The sun set early in the valley, and shadows in their swaying depths. In in the place of honor. He is the first ere they reached the village the the midnight silence of her own room to drink to the health of the young world and shivered. In that vast solifluttering hand for a moment in his and tude so close to the shining stars she absolutely necessary. He is there only bending his proud head to look into was all alone, and even the brooding peace of the heavens brought with it no caim to her troubled, human soul. see-a longing for her pureness and Even the nearness of God could not beauty. But he set his teeth hard and sweep away that awful sense of loneli-

The next morning Harold Fletcher was off by daybreak. He could not bear the sight of Bess again-the passionate misery on her pale face would have turned him from his pur-

News of a frightful accident reached the valley the following week-but Harold's name was not among the inthough there was a bright fire upon jured. The train making connection the hearth and a tempting supper upon | with the stage at Madera had been wrecked-a few days later this small fragment of a life history drifted into

A young and beautiful actress well known in New York dramatic circles met with a sad death in the recent accident. She was found suffocated in her berth. It is said she belonged to a

Just a line or two, but Harold Fletcher shivered when he read it. "Yes beautiful," he said, crushing the paper between his hands with a look of was a beauty that makes wrecks of men's souls." Then he laid the paper never fall upon it. In his own heart the tragedy was hidden, and more than this the world never knew.

autumn came with its brilliant beauty. The leaves in the valley turned to gold

summer, and the snow-flakes fell in her pathway, wrapping all the valley in a still, white splendor.

Then Bess grew weary of waiting. After breakfast he sent for a horse and valley. She would go away-perhaps into the world that lay beyond the mountains, she did not care now-anywhere, so it was out of sight of those grand heights that seemed to mock her with their own peace, and the tall pines that were always sighing for the golden

summer. Nearly all of the tourists had left the hotel, and the valley which had echoed to the tread of hundreds of travelers now grew strangely desolate and dreary. No longer the warm fires of the campers illuminated the white cliffs with their lurid glow and the echo of the camp-scngs had long since died away.

Alone she walked beside the riveralone she marked the blood-red sun as gone through the woods a half hour it sank to rest at night, leaving a crimson trail upon the far, white peaks, Harold found her at last, standing on She grew to dread the pale stars that been placed there for the protection of like a prisoner shut in by walls of visitors. looking down into the valley adamant, and she grew paler with each

But at last Harold came-came through the still, white forests that even at mid-day were full of ghostly

shadows, to meet her. Again he took her in his arms and pressed the brown head close to his heart. There was no shadow of sin in ing had purified it for the coming of her pure, sweet love.

But she had no words for him, not even of reproach or questioning. Only the dumb sorrow in the shadowy eyes told him how she had suffered, only the misery upon her white face told him of the weary waiting. "My little white blossom!" he cried!"

my pale little flower of love, how I have made you suffer!" But he did not tell her his own misery, of the long illness that had been nigh unto death, and the dark passion that had burned itself to ashes. No! all these things he could not tell to the tired child who rested against his heart. The white flame of her love

the heaven of peace, and he could not cast one shadow upon her. Every man has a past. Does he always tell it to the woman he loves? No, he holds her sacred and lifts her above the level of his own passions and

had led him out of the darkness into

follies. He stooped down and pressed a reverent kiss upon her white brow, Queen Bess," he said, "the last stage eaves the valley to-morrow and I shall take you with me into my world. Are afraid to go Bess?" He searched her eyes for truth. "No!"

A warm glow crept over her lifted face and a glad light into her splendid "I would be afraid to stay eves. without you," she answered. And the man who had doubted every woman before her lcoked into her truthful eyes and was satisfied.

Two weeks later, the circle of friends in which Harold Fletch made breathless with astonishment by the fact that he had brought home a

bride. "A beautiful creature," women whispered, "with a lovely mouth and splendid eyes. But what strange people these artists are. To think of his going to the Sierras for a bride!"

A Russian Wedding Feast.

The banquet is ordered at some fashseats about the middle of the table, the parents supporting them on both sides; crescents will make charming pictures the rest of the company take seats according to the degree of relationship or 'The August moon was lighting all rank. If they want a grand dinner At this dinner, so ordered, the master ed-off general, who is received with all heads in the moonlight with weird the reverence due to his rank and seated she looked out upon the still, white couple, and is always helped before any one else. He never speaks unless it is for show, and he does his best, in return for the \$20 paid him. He never refuses a single dish of all the thirty or more served on such occasions.

As the last roast disappears from the table the champagne corks fly, the glasses are filled to the brim, the music strikes up, and huzzas resound from all her bowing and making a most woeful face, saying that his wine was so bitter that he could not drink it until she had sweetened it. After a great deal of pressing she rises and gives her husband a kiss; her father still pretends that his wine is bitter, and it remains so till she has given her husband three kisses; each kiss not only sweetens his wine, but is accompanied with roars of laughter and bursts of applause.

After the dinner comes the ball and "the general's walk." They lead him through all the rooms once every half hour; everybody salutes him as he passes along, and he graciously replies by an inclination of the head. At last, at 3 o'clock in the morning, all the young girls and those who dressed the bride take her away to undress her and put her to rest; the men do the same by the husband: The next morning remorse upon his white face, "but it the house of the newly married couple is again filled with the crowds of the evening before, The young wife is seated in a drawing-room on a sofa with a splendid tea service before her. One after the other approaches her and salutes her. She then offers tea, coffee or checolate, according to the taste of The summer passed away and the the visitor. She is throned for the first time in all the splendor as the mistress of the house. The most intimate and scarlet, and the snow fell in the friends remain to spend the day with

the young pair. strew wild mint where you wish to keep Planets in October.

Mercury is morning star throughous the month, and wins high standing on its records; for in his course he will be visible to the naked eye as morning star for the last time during the year. He reaches his greatest western elongation, or most distant point from the sun, on the 5th, at 3 o'clock in the morning, being then 17° 58' west of the sun.

Jupiter is morning star, and is a conspicuously brilliant object in the eastern sky, outranking and outmeasuring his fair rival, Venus. The paths of the two planets lie near each other during the whole month, and their approach, meeting and receding form one of the most charming exhibitions that the planetary brotherhood possess the power to marshal on the nightly plain when the glittering hosts bestud the sky. Jupiter now rises about fifteen minutes after Venus. As he is apparently moving westward and she is moving eastward, it is easily seen that with each successive rising the space between them will lessen until they meet. This event occurs on the 6th at eleven o'clock in the morning, when Jupiter is 10 15' north of Venus. The planets are invisible at their nearest point of approach, but they will be near enough together on the 6th to make a fine appearance on the morning sky. They will rise at nearly the same time, about two o'clock, will be the brightest object in the firmament, and will continue to be visible long after the other stars have faded away in the glowing dawn. On the morning of the 7th they will present a new aspect, for they will then have changed places, Jupiter being west instead of east of Venus. The distance between them will continue to increase as each planet travels in its appointed course in an opposite direction from the other.

Venus is morning star. She is still fair to see, though her soft light is growing dim. Her path during the month lies so near that of Jupiter that the history of the one planet includes that of the other. The two principal actors have a companion of lesser renown. The first-magnitude star Alpha Leonis, or Regulus, is a near neighbor of both Venus and Jupiter during the first part of the month, the yellow star contrasting finely in tint with the deep gold of Jupiter and the soft tint of Venus. The fair planet is in conjunction with Regulus on the 7th, at seven o'clock in the eyening, being then 55' south of the star. At this time the bright trio will be almost in line, Jupiter being farthest north, with Regulus

nearly between him and Venus. Saturn is morning star, and as he rises now about half-past nine o'clock in the evening, will soon be in convenient position for observation. His high northern declination and increasing brightness make him a prominent object

and one easily recognized. Neptune is morning star, and is in good position for telescopic observation. He may be found in the constellation Taurus about seven degrees south of the Pleiades, and remains nearly sta-

tionary during the month. Uranus is morning star. He encounters Mercury moying eastward towards the sun. They are in conjunction on the 9th, but as both planets are invisible, observers will not be the wiser for

the meeting. Mars is evening star, and enjoys the distinction of being the only planet on the sun's eastern side, his six companion planets being congregated on the sun's western side as morning stars. He may be found in the constellation Libra early in the evening, where he

shines as a frint reddish star. The October moon fulls on the 4th at five o'clock in the evening. The moon ionable confectioner's. Nothing is is in conjunction with Neptune on the when the bright planets and the waning on the morning sky.

Chinese Feeding their Dead.

Recently hacks and express wagons loaded with Chinamen, roast pig, etc., commenced to pour across the Stark street ferry from Portland, Oregon, on their way to Lone Fir Cemetery to observe the raligious ceremony commonly called feeding the dead. A reporter of this paper, who visited the cemetery during the afternoon, found a large number of Chinamen engaged in this pious duty. The roast pigs and chickens were placed around on the ground among the graves of the Chinese, and at the head of nearly every grave candles were burning. From the best information to be obtained in regard to this custom it seems that the food is inparts. But here comes the bride's tended as a sort of propitiatory offering father with glass in hand, going up to to the Chinese devil. The offerings varied according to the habits and tastes of the occupants of the graves. At the grave of one his friend, after digging holes in the hard ground with his knife, stuck up two candles, and then laid out several sets of chop sticks and as many small cups, which he filled with wine; then he placed some bowls of rice and a package of cigarettes and a small vessel of opium. Then he made several bowls and genufications, as if inviting his dead friend or the other party to set to. A number of fires were burning in the vicinity, and on these were placed pieces of paper with squares of imitation gold leaf pasted on them representing gold coin, and smaller squares punched full of holes represented the brass cash, which coin has a hole in the centre, Some burned small garments made of paper, and thus furnished a new suit to their deceased friends at small cost, After the pigs and chickens had been displayed long enough to give the devil time to satisfy himself they were carefully replaced in the wagon and brought back to town.

Utility of the Wheel.

The utility of the bicycle is proved by the Vermont farmer, who takes his son's machine, suspends the wheels a few feet from the floor, removes the tire, substitutes an endless rope, which he also places on the driving wheels of To PREVENT the incursions of mice agricultural machines then makes his son mount and furnish motive power for the mice out, and they will never shelling corn, cutting hay and turning