THE RIVER OF LIFE.

roof. "

trash

life.

do over."

tached to each other ?"

with emotion. "But there were other

"His ease and his pride and his

She wiped her eyes and resumed, in

few weeks, and I believe there never

have acquired much of his property

dishonestly; he had died suddenly;

worldly possessions. Yet, as you say,

"What were they ?" I asked.

My own little piece had given me a

easy to lead her to speak of her early

great sacrifices you once made.'

The more we live, more brief appear Our life's succeeding stages; A day to childhood seems a year, And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth, Ere passion yet disorders, Steals lingering like a river smooth Along its grassy borders.

But as the careworn cheek grows wan, And sorrow's shafts fly thicker. Ye stars, that measure life to man Why seem your courses quicker?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath, And life itself is vapid, Why, as we near the Falls of Death, Feel we its tide more rapid?

It may be strange, yet who would change Time's course to slower speeding, When one by one our friends have gone And left our bosoms bleeding?

Heaven gives our years of fading strength Indemnifying fleetness ; And those of youth a seeming length Proportioned to their sweetness.

AUNT ABBY'S LITTLE ROMANCE.

In hunting up my friends at Wellsmarch, I had occasion to inquire my way of an old woman digging potatoes in a weedy little patch by the roadside. She looked up as I spoke, and leaned on her hoe, tall and gaunt and somewhat grim, but with a singularly lucid and kindly expression in her large gray eyes. She was coarsely clad, her thin, gray bair, cut short, was covered by a man's straw hat, and she had the muscular brown hands of a man. Yet, when she paused in her potato digging to answer my questions, it was with an or of quiet intelligence and a simple ace of utterance hardly to have been

pected from one of her sex engaged

so coarse an occupation. Having spoken, she stooped to pick ap and put into a peck basket the potatoes her hoe had uncovered, and I rode Abby, were you not very strongly aton, but could not forbear looking back and watching her as she rose up with her light burden and walked away, and earth that I loved better than I across the weedy patch, towards the loved Aaron Deems," she answered, part. door of a lonely little house near by. The sun had gone down, heavy shadows fell across the fields from wooded hills loved me. Too many ! too many !" beyond, the night crickets had struck up their melancholy notes, and in the aspect of the woman entering her solisomething so sad that it made my heart ache.

The picture haunted me, and on for me to do as I did. My friends called it. "I was directed," I said "by the he acted as so many other men would loneliest old creature, working in the have acted in his place." loneliest potato patch, and living in the loneliest little old house I ever answer to my questions: "We were saw P

"Ah," said my host with a look of interest, "you have seen Aunt Abby ! was a young couple with happier pros-She is quite an extraordinary characsee her digging potato's for to-morrow's breakfast, she is a real heroinethe heroine of a genuine romance."

He told me something of her story, leaving everything to Aaron, and which excited still further my curiosity Aaron seemed quite set up by his good and sympathy, and I expre to make her acquaintance. That could he took me to her house. fashioned flowers at her door; and as belongs to the family of his dead parther she came towards us with a sprig frauded, after he got the business into of mignonette in her coarse brown hand. his hands.' "Aunt Abby," said my companion, me in a way which the most modest mies." authors of books get accustomed to and learn to endure without blushing. ing my hand a cordial grasp, and look- that transaction; and I never heard ing into my eyes with an earnest, al- you speak of him with any respect. 1 most ardent, expression. "Come in, hope,' said I, 'you are not going to won't you? It's a long time"—turning let the fact that he has made you his to my friend-"since you have made heir change, your ideas of right and me a call." He excused himself, but said that I could go in if I chose, and wait till he like. 'I have no idea on the subject,' returned for me, after transacting a lit- he said. 'All I know is, the property tle business which he had in view. The is mine now.' arrangement suited me admirably, and as she repeated her invitation I alighted | it,' I said.' and entered the gate. here." I remarked, as she preceded me 'I never heard that my uncle did anyalong the narrow grassy path towards thing illegal; the property is lawfully the door. "Alene? Dear me, no !" she replied cheerfully, turning to face me in the have heard you say yourself that he midst of her little flower garden. was shrewd enough to keep clear of "Here are some of my companions," the law, but does that make his wickedand she pointed out the pinks and pansies and phlox and hollyhocks, property is lawfully yours, if it is not which grew in an almost wild state, along with fennel and caraway and sage, in the tangle but well-weeded

nights and listening to the rain on the and troubled. 'Can't you look at it as I do-not even for my sake?' he

I asked. Her eyes glistened as she spoke. "Not even for your sake, Aaron !' I was deeply touched; the thought of having written a few words which had said, though my heart was ready to break. 'But don't let us talk of it any afforded solace to this lonely creature more to-night; I am sure you will think made me humbly grateful. My vanity as I do when you have had time to rewas not in the least moved, and I can relate the circumstance without vanity flect

now; for, alas, my little piece was " 'I hope-I am sure-we shall come to think alike in so important a matter, pasted on a page with others which she he said; 'for I couldn't bear to be sepaseemed to regard as equally precious, although they were not literature, any rated from you, Abby !'

more than the sentimental prints on " 'Oh, we can't be separated, Aaron,' the wall were art. It was evident that I said, and clung to him with all my she viewed poems and pictures, not heart. But there was a coldness in his good-bye, and I felt that awful shadow with a cultivated or critical eye, but between us after he was gone. I wholly from a spiritual and sympathetcouldn't endure that the man I loved ic attitude of mind; prizing what apshould take such views of right and pealed to her emotional and especially wrong, even for a moment.

to her religious nature, without being Well, we had may talks on the submuch disturbed by weak lines, bad ject after that; and the more we talked rhymes and other imperfections. How some of my asthetic friends would have the colder and 'heavier the shadow scorned to see their verses included in grew. He couldn't give up any part of such a scrap-book ! But after all, there what was left him by his uncle; no, not even for me. And I couldn't give up is something in life better than culture and I would not for anything have said the light I walked by; no, not even for a word to lessen the satisfaction old him ! I couldn't prevent his accepting the fruits of his uncle's dishonesty; and Aunt Abby found in the feeblest of that if I married him I would be a partaker

in the wrong. So it came to this. " 'Aaron, I said to him one night. 'if key to her heart, and I soon found it

you are determined, then we must part. can't share in any advantage obtained "I have heard something of you der if you have never regretted the very wife.'

" 'Then you don't love me,' he said. Her large, gray eyes beamed upon me mistily. "I have asked myself the hard words. and pleaded with me to take back those

" 'Aaron,'I said, 'I would take them same question many times. For it was back if I could, for I feel that I am a sacrifice!" she said, trembling. "But giving up all the world when I give you the answer deep down in my heart is always no. We must live according to But I can not give up the spirit of up. our light. I lived according to mine. I righteousness in my own soul. Compared with that, O, Aaron,' I said, 'now could not do differently then; I couldn't do differently now, if the thing was to little seems that which I asked you to give up, not for me only, but for your "I hear that he was, in many re-spects, a worthy man," I said, "to lead own conscience and life.

"He was all of a tremble as he took her on. And tell me frankly, Aunt my hand. 'Abby,' said he, 'you are the noblest gurl I ever saw, and I don't know but you are right. All I know is, so easy to you. So I suppose we must

"And so we parted. I never," Aunt things that he loved better than he Abby went on, "never can forget the night that followed ! I was torn with anguish; I was tempted terribly. It seemed to me that I was giving up all forms and entrancing works of fiction that was worth living for, I was young of all kinds. tary door, at that hour, there was he was a worthy man. Few people and not bad looking, fond of society blamed him, but a great many blamed and all beautiful things. I knew the been pleased with a life of ease and enmy attachment to him. How could I

give him up? " 'Why should you ?' something whispered. 'Why can't you do what engaged, and were to be married in a almost any body else would in your place, without any such silly scruples ? had a rich uncle who was known to happiness for an idea.' "On the other hand, a clear, deep

voice said; 'Walk by the light that is given you.' "Why am I telling you all this ?"

Boyers of Old Books.

"Where do all the old books come from? Well, that is a question which requires a long answer. It is one which we are asked a good many times during the day," said the proprietor of a second-hand book store. "There is a prevailing idea that most of the books npon our shelves are sold to us by destitute people who take this means of raising a little cash, but that is true in a limited number of cases only. It is true that people whose fortunes have suddenly changed for the worse are ready to sell their books if they have many of them. Many books are brought to us by a class of people who have no desire to keep them after they have once been read. The money which they get for them is spent for others, which in turn are sold to us. This system accounts for many of the new books unsold upon our shelves.

"So many books are now printed and sold in pamphlet form, however, thatthis is not done so often as formerly. Only those books which are sold in bindings by the publishers and are not published in pamphlet form reach us in this way. 'The great bulk of our volumes are

bought in large numbers, whole libraries which are sold by the executors of the wills of deceased persons to satisfy the claims of creditors, or libraries through your uncle's wrong-doing; as of men who are no longer able to keep history," I said, and it makes me won- I should have to, by becoming your them. So common has this become that those who have the disposition of the books in charge summon the book men, and request them to make estimates upon the stock the same as contractors bid for work. The highest bidder gets the lot. The value of a library is not regulated by the original cost of the books which it contains, nor the condition of the covers and the general state of preservation. but by the nature of reading matter contained. Patent-office reports and medical and legal books may cost fortunes to print, and be the best works extant upon those subjects, but the average buyers of second-hand volumes are not the poor, thirsting students, anxious to improve "There was only one thing in heaven | I am not up to the sacrifice that seems | their minds, which they are sometimes represented to be. Occasionally we are flicted with a person who spends hours looking through our shelves for rare works, but the majority of our buyers are looking for sensational works, novels, border dramas in their liveliest

The larger the number of these works in a library, the greater the value of me. That was what made it so hard value of money; I, too, would have that library to the second-hand book dealer. The per cent. of solid reading reaching my friend's house I spoke of me foolish and overscrupulous ; while joyment. But all that was nothing to matter sold would not pay the interest on the works of fiction.

"School books are excepted from this classification. Second-hand book stores are recognized as markets for school books and we deal in them largely. Pupils graduate from one set of books You can do good with the money, and to another long before the old ones are pects, until he came to me one evening so atone for any sin there may be in ac- worn out. We pay good prices for ter; and, little as you would think it, to and told me of an exciting event. He cepting it. Don't throw away your these works when they are standard, for they sell readily and are quite as good and answer the same purpose. Works on Astronomy, Physiology, Physiognomy and Electricity are scarce and not equal to the demand for them. Latin Grammars, French p "'But, Aaron' I said, 'how can it sir, how you have brought the past and medical works are as plentiful as brought his bride into church-the boys, and the craze to become mesmersight would have killed me, if all my will soon take the place of the older pride and selfishness had not been dead | idea of going West to fight the Indians." "What prices do you pay for books?" "Well, they range from five to sevenenty-five cents. Good novels which are popular are worth thirty or forty cents if they are in fair condition. Illustrated works may be worth as high as seventy-five cents. Scientific books are rarely worth over a quarter unless they are of the kind that are in demand. These prices may seem low for bound volumes, but when you remember that people expect to buy them for almost nothing and that we have to keep them on the shelves sometimes for years and sometimes forever, they are in reality high prices. Bibles are worth from two to three cents each, unless they happen to be copies of old prints, which is one of the improbable happenings,

the Tartars certain men, honored above all others, being idol priests from India, persons of deep wisdom, well conducted and of the purest morals. They were acquainted with the magic arts, and depended upon the counsel and aid of

demons." Among other delusions they exhibited, all of which he describes with great exactness, he says "they can sit in the air without any visible means of support; first on a tripod of three sticks then one stick after another is removed and the man still remains, not touching the ground." He further relates that "with a long stick I felt under the suspended person and found pothing upon which his body rested." It was told that his last performance was professedly exhibited in Madras during the present century, and minutely described by writers "whose veracity can not be impeached."

And now comes the most astonishing trick of all, which has a touch of the melodramatic to give a more piquant flavor. I shall tell it in quaint language of the old chronicler, somewhat abbreviated, and trust no one will take it to be literally true. He describes very vividly the basket trick, which is well known in India, and says: "I am now to relate a thing which surpasses all belief, and which I should not venture to tell if it had not been witnessed by thousands under my own eyes. One of the party took a ball of cord, and grasping one end, threw the other up in the air with such force that its extremity was beyond the reach of our sight. He then immediately climbed up the cord with incredible swiftness, and was soon out of sight. I stood full of astonishment, not conceiving what was to come of this, when lo, a leg came tumbling down out of the air. One of the conjuring company instantly snatched it up and threw it into a basket. A moment after a hand came down, and immediately after that another leg. And in a short time all the members of the body came thus successively tumbling from the air, and were cast together into the basket. The last fragment of all we saw come down was the head and no sooner had that touched the ground than he who had snatched up all the limbs and put them into the basket turned them all topsy turvey. And straightway I saw with my eyes all those limbs creep together again, and in a short time a whole man, who stood up and walked about without showing the least damage. Never in my life was I so astonished as when I beheld this wonderful performance, and I doubted now no longer that these misguided men did it by the help of the devil. I had an attack of palpitation of the heart, like that which overcame me once before in the presence of the Sultan of India, when he showed me something of that kind. They gave me a cordial, however, which cured me of the attack. The Kadi Afkharradin was next to me, and quoth he: "Waltah ! 'tis my opinion there has been neither going up nor coming down, neither

Using Either Hand.

conclusion to come to.

A Mystery of the Plains.

An o... miner told the following tale in relation to a wagon train. He said some years ago while prospecting near Idaho Springs, I came upon a rich lead. The rock, however, was hard, and had to be drilled, and necessarily required two men to do the work. While I was . still in a quandary as to whom I could get, a stranger came up to where I was at work and asked me if I knew where he could get employment. I inquired whether he knew anything of mining and could hold and strike a drill.

"He assured me that he had worked in mines in California and Nevada for years, and thought he understood it. Something in the manner and conversation of the man made me take a strong and sudden fancy to him, and I never had cause to be sorry for it. He gave his name as Robert Williams, and had a mild and rather agreeable face, but with a melancholy that seemed to be the result of years of habit. As it is not customary in this country, especially in a mining district to inquire particularly into a man's antecedents, I at once made a proposition to Williams to join me and work the new prospect on shares. He accepted the offer, and, as I said before, I never had occasion to regret the transaction. Always quiet, sober and industrious, he became a favorite with everyone, and the only remarkable thing about him being he never once in any way referred to his early life. Our mine turned out pretty well, and Williams and I continued as partners in working that, and other laims ever since until recently, when he died after a very short illness from pneumonia. On the last day, when he felt that he could not live he called me to his bedside, and told me a wonderful story. He said: I was born in Pittsburg Pa. My father was a large iron manufacturer, and gave me all the benefits of a good education, and indulged me in everything that money could buy. When I became of age I was admitted to the firm. Shortly afterward, owing to fluctuations in the iron market, our firm was forced to suspend. The blow was a particularly severe one on me, as I was engaged to one of the most beautiful as well as wealthy ladies in the Iron city. At this time stories were rife of the immense riches of Colorado, and the Pike's peak and other excitements were drawing to that favored country a large number of the young men of the east. With bright visions of the future and of the fortune that I would make to replace that which I had lost, I started west. Upon arriving at St. Joe I found a number of trains fitting out for the promised land. While seeking to make some arrangements to cross the plains, I was accosted one day by a man who asked me if I was going to Colorado. Upon being told that that was my intention, he said: "I am about sending a wagon loaded with nitro-glycerine or blasting oil, as it is called, to the Colorado mines, and as the trip is attended with some danger. I find it marring nor mending; 'tis all hocuspodifficult to get anyone to take the risk. cus!" and I think this was a very wise I will pay well for the service, and all expenses besides," Not knowing or realizing the danger, I eagerly seized the opportunity. emigrants who were about to cross the that those who have trained the left plains without informing them of the dangerous character of the cargo conthe use of the right. It is invaluable tained in our wagon, I started one to people who depend upon the pen for morning together with another man a living, for it enables them to use eith- who was employed with me. When we er hand. Suppose an accident should camped for the night we always drew happen to the right hand, a penman our wagon a little to one side, took our would then be entirely hopeless if he horses out and slept at some distance could not use the left. I do not know away. Toward the close of an afterwhether there are very many dexterous noon in September, 1860, when near McCandless' ranch, on the Little Blue, the skies became dark, a thunder storm have been told of a telegraph operator arose, and as fate would have it a bolt of who can send a message with his right lightning struck our wagon, exploding its contents, which consisted of 3,500 pounds of the dangerous substance killing every one of the small party, togethfounder of the Spencerian system of er with all of the horses and cattle, and penmanship. He is a proficient ambi- reducing to fragments every wagon in dexterist, and as we found him writing the train. By a miracle I was riding considerably in advance at the time, seeking to get a shot at some antelopes which were grazing in the distance. became aware of a report louder and more distinct than thunder, and turning on my horse, saw a dense cloud of smoke where the train should have been but could not discover its whereabouts. Riding back, I beheld a horrid sight. Bodies of men without legs or arms lay scattered about, and mingled in the confusion of fragments of wagons and their freight were the still quivering carcasses of cattle and horses. You can judge of my horror at the speciacle. I was the only living survivor of the party. Almost bereft of my senses I rode on, and was seized with a new terror. What account could I give of the party or how explain their mysterious disappearance? Then I came to a resolution that was both cowardly and inhumane. "I would avoid going to the point of destination of the train and would conceal the facts of its fate in the fear that I might be accused of making away with it. Instead of stopping at the mining camps near Pike's peak, I made a detour around them, fearing to meet anyone whe would question me, and went to California. Once in a great while I would see a newspaper in which the mysterious disappearance of the dispose of them before the leaves have sink towards the centre, and year after wagon train and those composing it, was commented on, everyone believing they had been massacred by Indians. This secret I have kept locked in my breast all these years, and it has tortured me at times almost beyond endurance. At this point of his story Wilvines and jasmine, and charmingly liams became so weak that he could not continue, and shortly after breathed

beds. "But I have other and better could see that a dark shadow was comcompanions than these. With flowers ing between us-the first that had ever and sunshine and grass and trees and crossed our path. He argued that it books, and one's own thoughts, how can wasn't for us to inquire too closely into a body be alone ?"

man would be alone, let him look at the stars.

"when I look at the stars I am some- phans had been wronged, and make times least alone ! It seems as if they restitution out of his uncle's wealth. brought the hosts of Heaven near to me. But come in, come in."

She ushered me into a very plain but take the bulk of the estate. neat little sitting-room, with a rag carprints which I fear would have made else.' the apostle of modern culture smile.

and some of the best," she said, hand- one was to be as particular as to the ing me a scrap-book from the little way their estate, real and personal, was side table, after giving me a seat in her come by, from generation to generation, cushioned arm chair. you know," she added, with a smile long. I honor your principles, Abby; which lighted up her brown features but, don't you see, carried out as you with beautiful benignity. would It could have hardly been by accident surd ?'

that she let the pages fall open in my hands at a place where my eye fell contrary, I believe there is a rule of upon a little scrap of verses which I absolute right, and we ought to five by knew indeed.

"I don't know how to compliment an author," she said, seating herself on much irritated and got up to go. a chintz covered longue before me, "but I am glad of an opportunity to tell you that that poem has been a great comfort to me, a very great comfort. I cutit from plain to me. If you can take and enjoy a newspaper a few years ago, and I have read it over and over again until others, you can do what I never can ! I know it by heart. I love to repeat it never, Aaron Deems !'

be easily managed, he sald; and, driv- be a good fortune to you, since it is a back to me by a little sympathy! All Bibles. At present we are experiencing ing me about the country the next day, bad fortune, got in a bad way, as I this happened thirty-six years ago, but a demand for works on magnetism and have heard you say yourself? All that it seems like yesterday. How well I mesmerism. The professors of animal We found her trimming a bed of old property, or at least a large part of it, remember the morning when Aaron magnetism have turned the heads of he drew up to the gate and spoke to ner; the widow and children he de- bride who had taken my place! The ists, I should judge from the demand,

"'I don't know how much there is "here's a friend of mine I want you to in all that,' said Aaron. 'Stories get know." And he proceeded to introduce exaggerated, and uncle had his ene-

"But you were not his enemy,' I said; 'and I have had the story from "I have heard of you," she said, giv- your own lips. You always condemned wrong.

"He laughed in a way I couldn't

"But you can't take it and enjoy

" Why not ?' was his answer, in a "I hear that you live quite alone tone that astonished and grieved me. mine

" 'Why, Aaron !' I remonstrated, 'I ness any less wicked ? And what if the yours by absolute right, can you accept

"What I said disturbed him; and I body be alone ?" "I quoted Emerson's saying: "If a nobody could say that his hands had been stained in the getting of it; while maintained that it was his duty to "Why, bless the good man!" she said, find out just how far the widow and or-

"Good heavens! Abby,' said he,

according to what folks say, it would

" 'Let it take the bulk of it,' I said ; pet (probably of her own braiding) on | let it take every cent ! You don't want floor, a few books on hanging a dollar of money, no matter how you shelves, and on the walls some cheap come by it, that belongs to anybody

"'No,' he said, 'if it's a claim any-"Here are more of my companions, body can prove; but I guess if every "Some of them few would keep what they've got very would have them, they are utterly ab-

"'' 'I don't see it;' I replied. 'On the

So we argued until he grew very

. ""I don't see the thing as you do,' he

property that you know belongs to monts.

to myself when I am lying awake | He stood before me, looking pale | where others end in failure.

she suddenly interrupted herself. "Ah, already.

"I had other offers after that, but none I could accept. Folks called me notional. May be I was. All I can say is, I walked by the light that was given me. That led me more and more out of the world and its ways, until twenty years ago, I settled down in this little house that appears to you so lonely. Here I have lived ever since, except for a few weeks every winter, when I visit friends who would gladly keep me with them all the time. But, strange as it may seem, I am never so happy as when I come back here to my hermitage-to my birds and flowers and books, and my own thoughts.

Aaron? Oh, yes, he lived and was prospered in a sense. He had a hand- although two of those books which are some and fashionable wife, and he grew richer still by some transactions. which some said were too much like his uncle's. But I don't condemn him. He may have walked by his light, as I

walked by mine. I only know our walks did not lie together. And have I never regretted the sac-

looked upon myself, living alone in poverty, with these hands hardened by toll, and without the daily affection all a dream? Wouldn't that other life have been better for you ?' But somehas lost its rectitude, and grieved away the Spirit.

"On the whole," she added, cheerfully, "I am very well off here. No- them, and sometimes the publishers tional as folks think me, my neighbors are very kind; they come and see me, and lend me books ; every winter they bring me fire-wood, and every spring they plant my little patch to corn and beans and potatoes. Oh! she exclaimed, grasping my hand, as I rose to take eave of her, seeing my friend drive up at the gate, "I sometimes think there isn't another woman in all the world so

blessed as I !" As I rode away with my friend I once more looked back at the little house, which did not seem so lonesome to me now, as I thought of it peopled with high and holy thoughts, and filled with the presence of that heroic woman, to whom a great light had been given, with courage and strength to live by that light.

A writer in the Popular Scence Monthly attributes sea-sickness to an irritation to the semi-circular canals of the ear or abdominal viscera, or both, which become full of blood and cause vomiting, and illustrates the theory by a detail of interesting facts, and experi-

valued in the thousands of dollars were found upon the shelves of second-hand book stores. "When Cæsar wrote his Commentaries he did not think that they would go a begging on the shelves of dealers

in old books at twenty-five cents apiece. nor did Joseph Smith think I would rifice I made? Sometimes when I have have three calls in one day for Mormon Bibles, which I could not supply.

"Greenleaf, when he puzzled his head to paralyze the school children with his which the heart craves, I have won-dered and said to myself: 'Abby, is it that it would be one of the unsolvable problems how to sell a score of copies of them at ten cents apiece or three for a thing says: 'No; you couldn't have chosen differently.' Every life has its sorrows and heart aches; but there is appreciated. We sometimes have copies no loneliness like that of a soul that of standard magazines and periodicals tention of scientific men and form one only a month old that will sell for ten of the features of the country to visior fifteen cents. They reach us in two

send to the dealers copies that are left meets with in all wooded counties. on their hands, and we are thus able to Sometimes an acre will commence to been cut."

Oriental Magic.

The old missionary Jesuits in India and China relate with holy horror the magic arts of the sorcerers which came under their observation, and lament that some credulous Princes who have been converted to Christianity should still allow diabolic tricks to be played before them. As, for instance, heavy goblets of silver to be moved from one end of a table to another without hands and heavy articles of furniture to dance about the room as if possessed of de-

mons. This was many centuries before the development of modern spiritualism. How these pious old monks would be shocked at seeing tables tip- | really go through to China. ped, banjos banged, fiddles fly through the air and bells rang in cabinets where

the evil "spirits" were supposed to be tied hand and foot. A very learned friar who lived several hundred years ago, and is described and eight bricks in a course will make Persistent people begin their success as "perfectly honest and truthful," re- in flue eight inches wide and sixteen lates that in his time there lived among | inches long.

"It has become an established fact hand have become more proficient in left-handed writers in the country or not, but I presume there are some. I hand and take a copy of the same with his left. When we were in New York we visited Mr. Spencer, son of the with his left hand we had some conversation regarding it. He told us that the number of pupils he had to use the pen successfully with both hands amounted to several thousands and were scattered all over the United States. He showed us several samples of work done by some very young persons. Among them was a specimen of the signature of the 13 year old son of Carl Schurz, which was done in beautiful script. Mr. S. said he considered him the best left-hand writer for his age in the country. President Garfield could use both hands, and had practiced it from his boyhood. Thomas Jefferson lost the use of his right arm by paralytic stroke. With constant practice he became very proficient in the use of the left, and all his writing in the latter part of his life was done

with that hand. Florida Sinks.

Those curious depressions of the soil known as sinks have attracted the attors. Timid people are afraid of them, ways, by the persons who have read but I not see any difference between them and the natural depressions one year the depth increases until it reaches its lowest point and stands still. Some of these places are wonderfully beautiful, being covered with a luxuriant under-growth of bush vegetation, shaded by immense trees garlanded with grapedraped with the beautiful moss of the country, with perhaps at the base a his last. pool of clear water. These bosky shades are much frequented by cattle, and they enhance by the attractions of life and motion a picture that any artist might be proud to add to his collection. Sometimes the central part really does fall out of sight leaving a hole whose depth may be imagined, but out of such fliss-

> Five courses of brick will lay one foot in height of a chimney. Nine bricks in a course will make a flue eight inches wide and twenty inches long,

A report is going the rounds that a German electrician has invented a battery which will do wonders if its plans could only be fully carried out. The electric battery is to be worked by sunlight mostly, if not entirely, and the cost of the other elements could be reures I have seen oak trees growing of large girth, proving that they do not duced to a minimum. If cheap and portable accumulators could be made for storing the electricity the sunlight of a single summer could be made to store force enough to drive all the mills and railroads for years.

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REGIN the fight against insects on house and conservatory plants early in the fall. Some green flies are sure to be lurking about the plants at this season.