THE POET'S DREAM,

Silence hath mysteries which we dream not

What is it but the memory of sound? Deep in its chambers, hidden far away We know each song a separate place hatb

found Heem you the music dead? It echoes down The thought-hedged ways where listening memory treads,

Pure silence is one web of many songs, Like some fabric woven of many threads.

The stars in silence turn, yet in their course Make rythmic music for the universe. We say the flowers grow silently. They

sing Sweet songs of love and beauty where they

spring, The beauty of the summer quiet night Is haunted yet by tender whispering Of music that hath been and taken flight.

O poet! thine the finer sense that hears The music all unheard by other ears : Thou gatherest music from the silence deep,

And hearest in dreams, while others sleep. To thee the clouds are glorious sympho

The sunlight's flooding gold, the shadows deep,

Are songs in minor and in major keys.

O poet! sing for us of duller ears The voiceless melodies thy spirit hears: Catch from all nature the deep undertone Of music that is hers and thine alone;

Interpret for us all that nature sings In silence; now the flutter of swift wings Of angels makes the silence rich in song.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

She stood there among the corn, the poppies and cornflowers, motionless as a statue, somewhat smart as she always was, with an attempt at gentility that made me smile as I noticed the long cotton gloves, the lace fichu, the would-be fashionable pokebonnet that looked so out of harmony with her surroundings. There was a strange smile, half deprecating, half defiant, on her handsome, gypsy-like face as I approached her, which, combined with her immobility, made me think that something unusual must have occurred.

For Katie Goldie and I were great friends, in spite of the difference in our positions; she being Farmer Goldie's only daughter and I the only child of the rector of the same little sea-bounded village. We had grown up from babyhood, knit together by the similarity of our circumstances-both the same age, both motheriess, both only daughters af doting fathers, to whom we were equally devoted. But here the similarity ceased. Our characters were as different as were our positions. Kate was all life, energy; a capital manager, a better farmer than her father; full of health, spirits, and with a fair idea of her own talents; while I, small delicate. dreamy and romantic, and addicted to quiet employments, let her take the lead in everything we did in common.

On any other day she would have run to meet me, and it was her unusual tranquillity that surprised mc. I knew she had been out of spirits for many months back, and no wonder. Times Groves, about three miles mland, were hard for the farmers, and it seemed to me that every month Mr. Goldie had to draw in his horns more and more, Had anything fresh occurred, any new t could cause her

she was engaged to be married to Jim fellows, Kate?" I continued, somewhat were rich and would let father live with Taylor. maliciously.

"You must go this afternoon and "No more I can," she answered, corgratulate her, Flo." he continued, flushing. "I hate them!" Oh, I hate quite unaware that Kate and I were them!" There was a passion, a fire about her not on speaking terms. But this state of things could not continue, so I took as she ejaculated these words that puzhis advice and went down to Haw- zled me and made me at once go back ron now, with half a dozen children thorne Farm in the afternoon to offer with her. We found Walter still loun- about her. I am still Miss Florence, my congratulations and tacitly cry Pax!

"Now just go about your business,

Walter and take your nasty pipe out of

He rose sulkily enough.

I found Kate looking ill, with dark rings round her eyes, and by no means brave, for she said to him: the blushing bride-elect. She received my congratulations very calmly. "He is here," she said; "I will call

this room when Miss Florence is comhim. "Jim, come here and speak to ing into it." Miss Florence. He is shelling peas for ne," she continued; "I always make him useful-I can't abide idle fellows." I began to feel rather sorry for Jim. He came in, however, anything but in-fair, red-faced debonair, as usual. sorry for himself, radiant and blushing as any girl; but as he was eminently not shoot a glance of anger and conuncomfortable in my presence, Kate tempt at Walter Butler. soon dismissed him to the peasagain, and resumed her conversation. She was far more talkative than usual, being as a me, to Kate.

rule rather silent. "Yes," she continued, "we shall my tea early to-day." marry very soon, so as to be well settled before harvest; for you know, Miss Florence, we are going to live here and manage the farm. Father is getting old, and he worries himself to death gan to think that Kate bad married well. about things, so now Jim and I will do it all, and-Jim has plenty of capital" defiantly.

"Oh, yes, it is all very nice," I an-swered, somewhat sarcastically, "and I am sure Jim is a good fellow," I added more warmly; "he looks it." to return to his work.

"Oh, he is very well;" then more brightly: "I'll tell you what he is, Miss enough-he is very good to father and Florence; he is a right-down good far- me-that I can't deny-but he's not mer, and that is what we wants here." | much of a man," she added with some "I am very glad to hear it," I an- contempt. "When you marry, Miss had to pay \$4 in Rochester." swered, and very shorly after took my Florence, marry a man as will look after ave. There was a constraint about you." us both that made the interview anything but satisfactory, and I was pleased of you. I should not have thought —almost for the first time in my life— that you, who are so independent, when I used to go there in Kate's holi- this, for me rather humiliating remark, day time and eat strawberries or cake, the conversation ceased. according to the season of the year; then everything about the place had Jim proved himself the man in the sense could be, but it was a shabby, poverty- Kate herself told me all about it in a und my fader screws on der hinges, of whalebone, stiff cloth or other matestricken tidiness compared to the old moment of expansion, following imme- und by sweeping oudt my own store I days of spick-and-span neatness, which diately after the event.

restore. As I walked through the village street toward home whom should I en- in very quietly-he was always quietcounter but Walter Butler. He was at an hour when he was usually out in sauntering along with his hands in his the fields, with a heavy carter's whip pockets, whistling loudly and looking anything but the love-sick swain. For the first time, good-looking as he was, his countenance repelled me, and involuntarily I contrasted it with Jim's wife? If ever I catch you in this here straightforward, ingenuous face. How garden or house again I will lay this" idle he looked too! Surely he could not -holding up the whip-"about your again have left his place. When last I had seen him he had been keeper to Mr. quiet fair-haired man. "You oaf, you," he said.

it was to be hoped Jim's capital might

"Good evening, Walter," I said. "Good evening, miss,"

take this," and gave him a smart cut "Are you come home for a holiday?" I continued.

with the whip. With a cry of "I've left Mr. Groves," he answered "I'm sorry for that," I replied. "I and eiuded him. am afraid you are rather a rolling "I am not a going to stay in a place he raised the whip menacingly. where I am not trusted," he responded,

us, but now"-in a whisper-" you

know-yes. you know-----"What, Kitty? Say it aloud." "Why, you know that I love you."

That is word for word as Kate told the story to me. She is a comely matging on the pretty chintz-covered sofa, not having yet found the man equal to but my presence seemed to make Kate looking after me.

"Tink of Dose Tings."

"Der clothing peesness," he replied as he wiped his face with a red banda-

na and sat down on a \$2 trunk at the "Good-by, Kate," he said patroni-zingly, made a surly salute, and was oudt. It vhas hard scratching to make about to leave the room, when Jim came a tollar."

Not so debonair, though, that he could time."

"What be you a-doing here?" he and dey go to a tailor to get a fit. Odasked, and then turned, after greeting der peoples puy ready-made clothing,

but so many of us vhas in der peeness "My dear," he said gently; "I wants dot it vhas hard sledding. Eafery man

I stayed and had tea with them, and was more than ever struck with Jim's goots all oafer for cotton, and it vhas birds' wings and heads for hats and gentleness and goodness to his wife, hard to deceive him." and by his innate good breeding. I be-"What do you ask for that tweed

suit?"

Her manner toward him was singu-"Vell, my first price on dot suit whas larly variable. One minute it was cold, \$14. After I talk for 10 minutes I drop the next warm; it was contemptuous, vet to \$12. If der customer pegins to pull at times respectful-altogether a riddle, out cotton fibres, I make ter price \$10, "What a good husband you have, at which I put my hand on my heart Kate," I remarked as he left the room und assure him dot I lose ofer tree tol-

"Yes," she answered, "he is well "But if he doesn't take it?" "Vhel, I go oudt und my vhife sells it to him for \$9 as a great favor. Dere vas no more profit in tweed suits. I

"Why, Kate, Jim is always thinking part of der peesness what ruins me! great extent, especially in imitating Look here! Here vhas a trunk mit a ostrich tips is the South American vulto leave sweet Hawthorne Farm, where I had always been so happy. There was a sad alteration in it since the days Miss Florence, understand," and with drop to \$3. If der shentleman says he be distinguished from the real article." whill look aroundt a leedle, I tell him to Comparisons were then made betake it along for \$2, but it whas sooch tween different varieties of feathers, It was a few weeks after this that a loss my children cry all night long." | and the difference between genuine and "They must cost you nearly that," been bright and prosperous; now all spoke of want of money. True, it was as tidy as, under the circumstances, it been the happlest of couples ever since. (Vhell, I haf an uncle who makes der woodwork, a brudder who puts on de lock, a sister who papers der inside, inder woodwork in the sense inside, inside, inside, in the sense inside, ins

> It seemed that one day when Walter | cents." was lounging about her while she was Do you ever leave a customer go out

busy in her kitchen-garden, Jim came without buying?"

calamity. If I can't sell him my whife and when curled and colored make a comes in und tries it. If[she can't sell him, her sister comes in und speaks like distinguished from the ostrich feathers in his hand. He walked up to Walter. "Now," said he, quite calmly," I an angel. Sometimes a man vhas sharp wants to know what business you al- as steel. He whants an \$18 suit for \$12. fibres. ways have here, prowling about my He knows dot we haf to sacrifice, pecause our stock whas too large, und he tween the imitation and real plumes hangs off and peats aroundt, until I and tips?" was asked. finally close der bargain, und assure shoulders; so now you better be gone." him dot I leaf for der county house to-Walter stared in amazement at the murrow."

"And you lose-" "Vhell, dot suit cost me \$5.25 in Rochester!"

great extent?" "I guess you'll pull through."

Fine Feathers,

"Take the year right through," said a feather dealer to a reporter yesterday afternoon, "and you'll find by observation that San Francisco ladies wear feathers on their hats to a greater extent | the size in the world."

'How's that'' asked the reporter. greater part of the year."

"But the dealers in fancy feathers don't complain on this account?"

"Not they. It's a very good business here, except during two or three months of the year, when people are well supplied or have gone into the country with their flower and ribbon trimmed straw hats. A good deal of my trade is with ladies who have old feathers to dye or curl or cut up into tips."

"What is a tip?"

"A tip is one of those short, bobbing who comes into my blace oxpects to feathers so stylish just now. Last year beat me down. Eafery man look der the fashionable craze was over wild turbans, but this year it's tips."

"Are they mostly cut from ostrich feathers?"

"Well, that is the supposition; but, bless you, we don't sell more than half the number of real ostrich feathers that we do of imitations. It's a shame to cut up a nice long ostrich plume into tips, and the very short ostrich feathers are rarely of good texture and fibre-that is, the African kind are not. Many of the East India importations of this sort are very good, however but they come very high. So all kinds of feathers are fixed up in imitation of those of the ostrich. "I suppose you make up on tranks There's the rhea, or American ostrich; and satchels." There's the rhea, or American ostrich; "Make oop! Vhy man, it vhas dot the adjutant, peacock, pheasant, eagle and others. The kind used here to a counterfeit pointed out. It was shown "Vhell, I haf an uncle who makes how an "ostrich" plume of great length und by sweeping oudt my own store I rial, the only way to detect the impo-vhas able to buy dot trunk for sixty sition on public credulity without direct comparison being by a glance at the inside of the feather, which will disclose the framework. The feathers of cocks "Vheil, I doan' remember of sooch a are also pieced together in this manner handsome plume though more easily by the thin and wiry nature of the "What is the difference in price be-

"Real ostricb feathers run from \$2.50 up to \$20 each. I will make you all the imitations you want at 10 cents up to \$4 or \$5 apiece."

"I hope so. You see, I lif oop stairs as there is nothing handsomer on a hat liopolis, the "City of the Sun, the ruins to save house rent. I keep no clerk to than a finely-colored ostrich plume," of which adjoin the present village of

Spontaneous Barn Burning.

It is noticeable that a larger number of burning barns is mentioned by the periodical press in the summer than at any other time. Some of the fires are undoubtedly caused by lightning, than they are worn in any other city of the moist vapor from the uncured hay making a favorable conductor for the electric fluid. But there are barn fires "It's the climate, I suppose - the which cannot be attributed to lightcool, even temperature of this peninsu- ning, to lighting of matches, to light a, which permits sealskins and winter. from lanterns, nor to the invasions of fashioned hats to be worn during the careless tramps. It may be that the spontaneous combustion of hay is as possible as the spontaneous firing of

cotton waste. All fibrous material, when moist, and compressed, and defended from the cooling influences of the outward air, is subjected to a heating similar to that of fermentation; and in some instances the degree of heat is sufficient to cause actual, visible combustion. In the case of recently 'cured' hay this danger is as great as, in similar circumstances, other materials may

be. Frequently the grass is cut in the early morning, while wet with dew; is turned twice during the day, and gathered and packed in the "mow" or the 'bay'' before nightfall, with perhaps a sparse sprinkling of salt. Such a compressed mass of fibrous, moist matter will heat. How far the heat will go toward generating a combustion may be inferred from a foolish trick which the

writer witnessed several years ago. A large meadow of hay had been cut, cured and cooked, previous to removal. A shower threatening, the cocks were covered with caps of canvas and left for the night. While getting the hay in, the next day, one of the workmen dropped an unlighted match from his pocket into a cock of hay, and in a few minutes it was ablaze. It afterward was ascertained that he had spoken of the warmth of the hay as he lifted it on his fork, when a companion remarked that it might be hot enough to light a match, on which he put a match into a rick, and before they had passed on five minutes the rick was on fire.

Everybody conversant with farm-life, where hay is a permanent and an important crop, know that for weeks after getting in the hay the barn is warm when the doors are opened in the morning. There is an amount of heat that is absoutely unpleasant when the thermometer outside registers 60 deg., but which squite welcome with the outside temperature at 40 deg. This barn heat is undoubtedly from the moist hay, compacted and inclosed. The cure for the possible danger of spontaneous barn burning would seem to be the thorough curing-drying-of the hay before it is housed. We dry all our herbs and some of our vegetables without injuring their peculiar and individual qualities. There is no reason why hay or other fodder material stored in large masses should not be rendered equally innoxious to the influences of heat by thorough drying.

"The City of the Sun."

But speaking of the claims set up in the way of scriptural significance for "Are not the long plumes worn to a places in this vicinity, there is one place, at least, the pretensions of which "Oh, yes; they always will be, too, are duly authenticated. I refer to He-

"But people wear clothes all the

"Oxactly, but peoples haf "changed a good deal. Some folks vhes all for style,

looking at me in that curious fashion? somewhat defiantly. "What is the matter? I cried, as I

approached her. "Nothing is the matter; I was but stone." thinking, and I want your advice, Miss Florence.

"It must be something very importstill for full five minutes.'

"It is important; come, we will walk together, and I will tell you all about 26.71

with curiosity. She put her arms with-in mine, and proceeded, with her usual straightforwardness, and at times jarring bluntness, to lay the case before

"You see, Miss Florence," she be-

it when you came up."

for if so-

"No," sadly, "not Walter Butler; it's Jim Taylor and David Wardour." "But, Kate, you puzzle me. thought." in a low tone, "I always fan-

1

cied that I was Walter-

-which shall it be?" I withdrew my arm in a transport of righteous indignation.

"I don't understand you," I cried: "why should it be either, when you care for Walter?"

you keep on talking of him? Ah!" with something that sounded almost like a sob, "how stupid you are!"

"Then you had better not ask my advice," I answered, highly offended, but she did not heed me.

"Miss Florence," she continued, "what I wants to know is this; Which is the richest of the two and which is Jim worked like two men, fences were were rich and ____. the kindest-hearted. Mr. Bowles has repaired, more hands were taken on. you heard him say?"

But I was too indignant to answer per question.

"Kate," I said loftily, "I am ashamed Jim was an attentive and respectful would look on matrimony in this except that her husband was too soft, spirit. It's quite shocking. Which as she once said to the richest, indeed! Oh! it is horrible. ing to complain of. It ought to be no question of money. anly of which you-you-love the best.

"Miss Florence, you are a goose," was Kate's unmannerly rejoinder, as he walked away from me toward her wan home, leaving me still with an "I will not stay, Kate, as I see you" 'He is a bad 'un, Kate, and do you "Any person going about from place"

During the days that ensued I saw and came after me. othing of Kate, and by degrees it awned on me that we two old friends ere indulging in the folly of a quarrel. was, however, sincerely disgusted round again. was, however, sincerely disgusted ''I can't stay," I answered, "if Wal-rith her, and my disgust was increased ''I can't stay," I answered, "if Wal-rhen, a few days after I met her in the ter Butler is sitting here smoking." 'I do Jim, indeed I do—and, Jim, I "'He shan't sit there—he shall go."

almost impertmently. Then: "So Kate of authority in his voice she had never ant," I said, "that causes you to stand Goldie is going to be married? I wonder how Jim Taylor will like keeping How could she when love and admirathat old father of hers? I reckon he tion for her husband were surging won't make much out of that place, as through her veins, and her heart was Gladly I assented, for I was burning many years past."

"This is his affair," I answered. "Good-evening, Walter," and I passed eyeing jeach other, and then lithe and active Jim had seized Walter round the

Six weeks later Kate Goldie and Jim There was a cry of joy, or pride, and Taylor were made man and wife in the Kate ran up to her husband. little village church. To my mind, gan, "they both wants" Kate looked beautiful. Her simple "Want," I corrected. "Well!" impatiently, "didn't I say ter than her ordinarily rather smart did not answer, for Walter, with an ter than her ordinarily rather smart evil white face, had risen to his feet, white dress and bonnet became her bet- did not answer, for Walter, with an

wants'? to marry me, and I don't know attire, and her unusual pallor was an and finding his despised antagonist too which to take. I was thinking about improvement to her. The happy pair much for him was preparing to beat an went straight home to Hawthorne undignified retreat. The sight of Kate, "But who are 'they'?" I asked. Are Farm and began the business of life at clinging to her husband's arm, seemed they' Jim Taylor and Walter Butler, once. The whole affair seemed sadly too much for him. He shook his fist once. The whole affair seemed sadly too much for him. He shook his fist

lacking in romance. speechless with fury, at them both, All this time Walter remained idling then slowly withdrew, turning round about the village, picking up a few from time to time to repeat the gesture. I shillings at haymaking, harvesting, But Kate and her husband had entered an- etc., etc., and haunting Hawthorne the house, he quite calm and quiet Farm as soon as ever Mr. and Mrs. again, a fact which impressed his wife "I was not speaking of myself, but of Taylor were settled there. He would with his strength of both body and mind them-Jim Taylor and David Wardour stroll up to the house and present his not a little.

handsome face at the kitchen window, "Did you say you were where Kate would be busy with her he asked incredulously." "Did you say you were glad, Kitty?"

"Oh, Jim! I am so glad, so glad!"

"An oaf, am I?" said Jim; "then

cooking or her baking, or he would walk boldly in and offer to help her with anything in which she was employed. On some pretext or other he behaved badly to him, and say that I It was her turn to be indignant now; she turned round on me fiercely. "Walter, Walter," she said, "why do not up to much good and that the vil- and never came near me. Then I grew

and industrious, but with a haggard, to say to him. It was just about that werried look in her eye that ought not | time that poor father lost so much mo- | all the law you want." to have been there, for her affairs were ney, and when you came and asked me looking up-the harvest was a good one, to marry you, I thought as how you

"Yes, yes, I know all about that, known them both ever so long; have new machinery bought, and altogether Kitty; you never hid from me why you Hawthorne Farm began to wear a faint | married me. But why did you never resemblance to its former self. Old tell me how Walter persecuted you? Mr. Goldie, too, was perfectly happy, 1 would soon have sent him about his business. I thought," rather sadly and hesitatingly, "that you liked him to "Well, I warn you to keep ont." of you. I never thought that you son-in-law, and it seemed to me that, hesitatingly, "that you liked him to come."

as she once said to me, Kate had noth-"And I thought," with downcast One afternoon when I strolled up enough, Jim, and I was angry that you there I found, to my annoyance, Wal- did not show more spirit, and I said to I never thought you would be so world- ter Butler, with a pipe in his mouth, myself 'you were but a poor thing.' tramp for a moment and then disapsitting in the best parlor, while Kate sat in the window mending. I at once "I know differently, and ch! I am so started after him for awhile, and then

"I do Jim, indeed I do-and, Jim, I ed back to the workhouse. hat he had beard in the village that "I thought you could not abide lazy although I did marry you because you

re Walter tried to spring on him, but Jim kept his head embezzle from me. I use some kerosene to save gas. My rent vhas low, pe- being worn?"

ing und trunk peesness, I vhas acquaint-"Kate, go in," he said, with a ring heard there before, but she did not stir.

\$22. I assure you dot it vhas der great-For one minute the two men stood est bargain in der world." "And that suit cost you" "Seven dollars in Rochester; but if waist and thrown him to the ground. you pay \$14 fare to Rochester und back, lose two days und vhas out \$4 for hotel

must tink of dose tings." He Knew His Gait.

Recently as a tramp entered a yard the owner of the place came around the corner of the house. The recognition was mutual, and the owner observed:

"No use coming in here,"

"Why?" "Because we have nothing for tramps. Better be off with you."

"Is that a threat?" asked the tramp. "You can take it that way."

"Then you are liable to the law. The fifteenth Michigan reports, page 221, makes a threat of bodily injury a punishable offense. It is also held by

"There's too many loafers of your shape around."

"I'm a loafer, eh? Slander is defined as applying opprobrious epithets or cir- hatched in this country compare with are still preserved there or not. The culating stories calculated to injure the foreign importations?" lage people were beginning to talk. In those days I often used to go and see Kate, and always found her busy in the busy is and angry, and when he went away is the search of the busy is the second angry and when he went away is the second angry and when he went away is the second angry and when he went away is the second angry and when he went away is the second angry and when he went away is the second angry and when he went away is the second angry and when he went away is the second angry and when he went away is the second angry and when he went away is the second angry and when he went away is the second angry and when he went away is the second angry and when he went away is the second angry and when he went away is the second angry and the second angry and when he went away is the second and angry and when he went away is the second angry and when he went away is the second angry and when he went away is the second angry and when he went away is the second angry and the second angry and when he went away is the second angry and the second angry and when he went away is the second angry and when he went away is the second angry and the second angry and when he went away is the second angry and when he went away is the second angry and the seco

"You come in here and I'll give you

injury or simply words. If John Doe cutta. One thing I have noticed about vicinity of Heliopolis. The plant has inveighs against Richard Roe in anger, ostrich growing in this country which I long since ceased to grow hereabouts. uttering covert threats of bodily injury and leading Richard to suspect and fear stock to start with. The man who se- but without success. bodily harm, that is an assault. See Michigan Statutes, pages 11 and 12; also ties having the finest plumage will be Supreme Court decision in case of Fair- the man who makes the most money

"Certainly. Any person entering upon the property of another when forbidden eyes, "that you were not-not man so to do is guilty of trespass. Thirteenth Michigan, case of Jones vs. Braintree." The owner of the place looked at the

"Any person going about from place xpression of conscients virtue depicted are occupied," and I was about to with- know why he became so cool and dis- to place without occupation or means draw when she flung down her work tant to you after asking you to marry of subsistence, or any person asking for and came after me. "O, Miss Florence, do stay-do stay!" here were in a bad way and that he highways shall be considered a vagrant. There was a ring of entreaty in her would have uncommonly little money, That's me. See sixteenth Michigan, voice that struck me, and I turned instead of a great deal; as he had fan- page 92. Also; decision in case of Decied. Don't you think you are well rid troit vs. Warner. Judgment of lower

court sustained, and plaintiff remand-

Charity is a universal duty.

ostrich which does not require coloring. Potifera to wife. The site of the once ed mit Vanderbilt und Gould. I puys You see uniform color is always desired important city is appropriately marked ven it whas hard times. I discount my by ladies, and this is a rare thing in by the oldest obelisk that has been dis-

ing straw or dress goods. A feather in the Old Testament days, a temple may be colored a hundred different, dedicated to the sun employing a staff properly cared for.

dealers get their supplies of the ostrich "Lord of Heliopolis." article?" the reporter inquired.

tralia?"

good quality."

seen. There is no reason why the osdon't like is the failure to secure good lects from the best birds and those varieout of the business. In ostrich raising.

as in everything else, a person must start right in order to succeed." "What are the going colors in feathers just now?"

"Gold-brown and bright and dark garnet. "

so great on the river that they are a generation later, President Fillmore,

"Are all these feathers dyed before Matarigeh, about five miles distant from Cairo. This famous place is iden-"Don't try that," he said, "or yon cause I whas a good tenant. I haf aunts will get the worst of it," and once more und uncles und brudders in der cloth- while do we get a feather right off the Joseph took the daughter of the priest

bill, how much do you make, ch? You "Then they come in grays and some- passed away, and the successive inuntimes in snowy whites, but the latter dations of the Nile have piled a good many feet of mud about the monu-

> ment At Heliopolis was also the finest ally different from the modes of color- Egyptian temple with one exception shades beginning with a light one, and of priests, menials, custodians, and will wear for ten or twelve years if attaches which is said to have numbered no less than 12,913. The Pharaohs

"Where do the San Francisco feather were especially proud of their title as

Nearer the modern village are the "Chiefly from New York. We used trees and well of the Virgin. The to import them from France, but for Virgin's tree is a decayed sycamore some reason or other we find that we planted in 1672, allegedly upon the site can get the same feather in New York of a previous tree, in the hollow trunk for \$4 that we would have to pay 25 of which Mary had concealed herself france for in Paris. Besides there is an and the divine child. Not satisfied enormous customs duty to be paid." with well enough, the people in the "Do you get many feathers from Aus- vicinity spoil the whole tradition by also averring that a spider spun his

"No; only a few, but they are of web across the opening so as to effectually screen the fugitive. I did not "How do the feathers of the ostriches learn whether the spider and his web

present tree was presented to the Em-"Very favorably, those that I have press Eugnie by the Khedive at the inauguration of the Suez Canal It is trich should not thrive in our southern also stated on pretty good authority counties. I am well acquainted with that the balsam shrub, the balm of the ostrich-growing industry, having which the Queen of Sheba presented "An assault may consist of bodily once owned an ostrich farm near Cal- to King Soloman, once throve in the Cleopatra attempted to introduce them.

Old Schuyler Mansion.

The sale of the old Schuyler mansion in Albany will attract the attention of historic students and antiquaries. It was built in 1760 by the wife of General Philip Schuyler, and was a marvel of grandeur in its early days. Its walls echoed the voices of the most notable heroes of Revolutionary times. Franklin, Lafayette, Aaron Burr, De Ro-

chambeau were among its most famous guests. Here General Burgoyne was fault with by vessel captains who com- held a prisoner after his surrender at plain that the reflection of the lights is | Saratoga, here Alexander Hamilton and, blinded by it and cannot see the lights were married. Here, in 1781, a des-of vessels moving about the harbor. perate effort was made by Tornes and Other captains claim that the electrics inexorable tide of business and populatroubled them in discerning the light- tion has at last swept over the old man-

Electric Towers, These towers are now being found

This too is especially so on hazy nights. Indians to capture General Schuyler, Some captains say they have bacely and the brave old hero, gathering his escaped collisions by not being able to family in an upper room, stood siege discover the lights on passing vessels. resolutely until relief came. But the

houses in the mouth of the river. sion. It will soon exist only in history.

own paper. All dis whas werry favora- fresh-plucked ostrich feathers, They covered, with the exception of a small ble for my peesness, und it vhas dose are generally like this," said the feather one in the necropolis of Memphis. The reasons dot makes me offer you a com- man, showing some long white and companion of the existing obelisk (for plete suit of dot French broadcloth for brown feathers, the colors of which obelisks are always erected in pairs) were mixed, like pepper and salt, over passed away over 1,200 years ago. The the downy plumes. "Here is rarity," two were erected over 4,000 or 5,000 and he uncovered a lovely brown fea- years ago. The remaining one is a ther, which would have made a fash- shaft sixty-six feet high, of red granite ionable young lady wild with envy if covered with hieroglyphics. The metal she had seen it on a rival belle's hat. on the pyramidum on the top has

are rare," said the dealer. The various methods of dying feathers were explained. They are not materi-