All the seasons run their race In this narrow garden space; Grape and apricot and fig Here will ripen and grow big; Here is store and overplus-More had not Alcinous

Here, in alleys cool and green, Far ahead the thrush is seen: Here along the southern wall Keeps the bee his festival; Quiet here doth reign; afar Sounds of toil and turmoil are.

Here are shadows large and long; Here are spaces meet for song; Grant, O Powers benign, that I, New that none profane is nigh, Now that mood and moment please, Find the fair Pierides!

A DANGEROUS LOVE.

A winter day; a cold sky full of snow fancing down in joyous vivacity, to cover, with negligent charity, the ugly little town and hide its curious air of incompletion. The walls of adobe and stone, incongruities of design, the irregular, uneven streets full of rocks in the rough, together with hill-setting of numerous abandoned prospect-holes and rudimentary tunnels, gave a whimsical suggestion that Titans had left unfished a town that had been cutting out from

the earth's raw material. This was the outside aspect as seen through a pair of tall windows, with curtains stretched back to gather every ray of light from the dark dull sky. That night, scant as it was, brought out the home-like cheer within. The warm red of carpet and casual fittings comforted the eye. At the windows broad shelves full of plants that gave the sole suggestion of luxury, barring the aromatic brilliancy of a fragrant cedar fire. A room of whose possibilities the most had been made, full of the personalities of its tenants; a room where a man was very apt to get a sense of repose and ministration-chief requirements of the masculine nature.

Edward Lamb found its effects like that, leaning at ease in a homely big chair that had the knack, like all the chairs at this house, of fitting the human frame. A large, fair man, slightly inclined to stoutness, he was of that type of Irish beauty that involves wholesome, clear skin, flushed with delicate rosiness, abundant blonde hair and deep blue eyes, with more sleepy tenderness than was strictly behind their long, thick lashes.

'I'm very fearful I'm in for another fortnight," he said; "not much chance of the roads opening while this sort of thing goes on.'

Miss Soulsby left the window and came back to her low seat on the hearth laughing. The impatience of his words deliberation and contentment of his

said. "It is only a question of days for you, and then—" She made an expressive little gesture of farewell and deon, with its cheery make-shift decorations. "Do you know," she went on, while the man sat speechless before

"And you?-are not you coming East some day?" 'Oh, yes," she answered, with a certain blithe skepticism, "when we sell

a mine." Mr. Lamb smiled at her satirical touch upon the sanguine creed of the "Ledyard was wondering what could keep me here," he said, inconsequently; "a Bohemian born, for whom the noise of cities is as the breath of

life. Madelon Soulsby looked at him in-ently. "Well," she said, a little sharply, "what has kept you?"

And yet he knew that she was perfectly aware what had kept him. Idlers both, they could hardly have counted the long companionable afternoons they had spent together that winter. The little town was agog with the Irish-man's infatuation. It would have Where needed more than their joint asseveration to have convinced the gossips that between these two no love-making had

"Yes, I ought to have gone last week," he said, ignoring her audacity, "when Ledyard went." "Why did you not go?" she persisted.

The household cat had leaped upon her lap-a vicious big beast, whose claws had a wicked way of unsheathing themselves upon fondling fingers. Mr. Lamb found himself dwelling on the fact that he never had seen Dick so requite Miss Soulsby's careless endearhands on his warm fur-delicate hands those, always cold; not clammy, but cold with a firm and reticent force of their own.

Some day-it may be made a penal offense-their exercise of this capacity some women have for indirect challenge; this tacit woolng that perhaps overweighs a man's prerogative of out-

Edward Lamb was a phlegmatic man enough ordinarily, and little given to impulses; but just now he would have bartered his soul's salvation for the right to displace Dick's parted fur with his own handsome fair head, to feel that caressing touch press down his throbbing eyelids. To his dying day he would not forget the picture that instant photographed on the retina of his heart. For him, hereafter, no wonder of art or revelsion of living beauty could dispel the memory of the graceful, girlish shape whose quietude told of repression, not inertia; the air of absolute self-confidence and cool, impartial selfdisdain; the bright face, with that mocking phase of mingled wooing and warning; the grave, childish wistfulness on that rounded brow; the sweet lips as a child.

her finger tips. For his life he dared not now presume by so much as that She had grown very pale. She looked up with a gasp, one hand on her just now curved in scorn; the intent

Mr. Lamb averted his gaze, and took up a novel from a couch in the ingle nook. By the malignity of that perverse quisite tenderness, inclining her head fate which misregulates to inopportunity these crucial moments, it was a and shy, until her cheek bent just above novel treating of the domestic adventures of a young journalist and the pathetic small economies of his wife. But before her hair was stirred by the Both had read the tale; inevitably their sigh from his drooping lips, she sprang to-day, perhaps—and—Mr. Lamb has

comments must partake of sentimental

"Is it the manlier way," said Mr.

Lamb, with a fine air of unconcern and indifference, "to offer a woman such a life as that?-or would one better protect her from self sacrifice by keeping

That man is most fatuous who fancies that a woman'will not make instant personal application of such a speech. An exasperating smile of discernment bent Miss Soulsby's lip.

Men have the prerogative of commit-ting any madness," she said; "with women rests the veto power of self-protection against such insanity." "Are you so worldly?"

"I may well be," said the girl, bitterly; "I have known privation all my life long—that teaches the true value of this world's goods."

Involuntary his gaze fell straight upon her garb-soft, rich gray, its outlines defined here and there by broad bands of gay Roman stripe in some velvet-looking woolen fabric.

"I cannot conceive you having known the need of money," he said: "few women are dressed like that—" He stopped, becoming conscious how pointed was his speech.

"Few are," she asserted, laughing, 'happily for themselves and the peace of their households. I see. You like my frock-men are so short-sightedblind bats! You like it, and why? Because it is nicely proportioned, and it is true to its purpose. Do you see? She held her drapery forward naively. "This is a frock for the house—not the sort of costume one would wear on the street. Harmony, adabtability, that is it, not elegance. The whole thing cost me—

"What!" "It is quite true. I paid that for the gray flannel. The bright stripe was the best portion of a worn-out shawl, and I had the buttons," with an air of triumphant conclusion.

Mr. Lamb found something very brave and very pathetic in the simpli-city and detail of this confession. This endurance of vanity's mortification appeared heroic as contrasted with the avish expenditure of other woman far less lovely and worthy. But then, men usually are willing to concede great virtue to the practicality that achieves sightly results. If Miss Soulsby's attire had been unbecoming, or if Miss Soulsby's self had been less pleasant to the eye, no doubt her exposition of ways and means might have seemed sordid and revolting in the extreme. Also, some allowance must be made for the attitude of delightful intimacy implied ic confidence on a topic so nearly personal as this of toilet matters. Altogether, many things go to modify the triviality in value of discussions-between wo-

man and man-on puerile themes, "I thank you," said Edward Lamb,

almost reverently. "But this is all in the werst possible taste," said Miss Soulsby, briskly; "sooth to say, I am in a huge fit of diswas so completely at variance with the gust-thanks, no doubt, to the weather. All this might look far more endurable by a warmer light," with a disdainful "Possess your soul in patince," she gesture, comprehending the whole her daring-or her innocence, as might be-"I have lately discovered in my nature a vein of strong sensuousness, much to my surprise; for I had fancied myself rather an ascetic person. But no! I delight in pleasant sounds, I feast on beauteous sights, I revel in agreeable odors. Can anything thrill the soul like delicious scents?-the touch of

grateful texture charms me!" She put the gray cat suddenly down upon the red brick hearth, as if with it she decisively set apart poverty, economy and all sordid and distasteful things Leaning forward, she stretched her curving hands toward the leaping flame.

"I could never be completely happy while cold," she said, nor utterly miserable with my body clad in warmth, Oh, I do understand how people can sell love and liberty-yes, and honor-for

Where was the reserved and maidenly companion of a moment since with her chaste cameo face and unresponding fingers? This was a young Lamia, full of all sensuous longing, open and un-concealed. Edward Lamb sprang to his feet, and whirling toward the fire. tore from his bosom a letter he had hidden there. All day it had burned there in his breast, full of its own ad-

monition. "I would have put it in her hands," he told himself between the muffled plunges of his heart, "but now there is no need. Her ewn speech has taught me what she feels." He dropped the ments. The lazy creature laid himself luxuriously across her knees, like a great gray muff, as the girl nestled her warring within him. And yet—so that the pleasures and luxuries I would speedily, so silently, are made the de- have heaped upon you I must render in cisions that determine the human des- unwilling tribute to a woman I abhortinies |- before the cayled and crackling red. You do not know-no one on ash flew upward, black and writhing, a this side knew—that I had a wife. I strange revulsion of feeling swept over married her in London when I was just him, and he loathed himself for the sin he would have done.

He turned reluctant eyes on Madelon Soulsby, afraid and ashamed; and behold she sat unconscious and composed as some young saint, her grave brow serious and calm, her delicate hands Mr. Lamb come very near making a

Does a man live who can battle with temptation and overcome it, and then adandon the field without further dalliance with evil? Is that we like to parade our power and make show of our strength?

"What a little creature vou are?"

said Edward Lamb, "How tall, definitely? Stand up and let me see.

He put out his hand as if to raise her from the chair but drew back short of

"What was it that Orlando said about his lady's stature?" "'Just as high as my heart—she barely breathed the words, yet with ex-

back like a creature at bay, her brow knit in a frown, her eyes blazing with

indignation and reproach.

full of courage!" What wonder that the fair Irishman blushed for his own poor ruse, to bring her near him for a moment. Was this acting? Had she only affected just now to discover his motive? Was his ardor answered by wild rapture in her own undisciplined heart? Or was she like some fair saint, far above the comprehension of earthly passions? Could she have used ignorantly the dangerous phraseology of evil, as a child might play unwittingly with engines of destruction-each innocently vain of its

fancied knowledge?
"Come in!" Miss Soulsby's sweet voice followed a knock at the door. Mr. Lamb's associate came into the

"Ledyard telegraphs that the line is open now, and a party is starting out. You have not a moment to spare. No one knows how long we may be shut in here, once the spring thaws set in."
And so, before the curious scrutiny

of this observer, they closed the day and bade each other but a formal adieu. Mr. Edward Lamb brought to its

close a letter, sitting in the reading-room of a hotel in the city at the western seagate. Sundry influences had delayed its completion; he had just come to the end of his trans-continental trip; a certain sense of freedom and elation was still new enough to intoxicate him, heart and brain; he could not put out of his mind his sensation, when, crossing the bay from the train, he first caught sight of the city looming ahead like some mighty monster in bronze. And an acquaintance he had made restrained him for a time.

He was but just putting pen to paper when he was greeted by a fellow journalist, who presently introduced Mr.
Lamb to a man sitting near; a man whose name stands historic in the records of the state, whose position and great wealth might have commanded the younger men's attention. Beyond these his interest had been won by the made in two sections, A vessel started mellow wisdom and gentle shrewdness from Ireland with the other, both inof his quiet, kindly potentate, who, as tending to meet in the middle of the per the Pacific journalists dictum,

'owned half a county." Even now, despite the vital interest of the lines he was writing Mr. Lamb found his mind and his eyes straying toward his neighbor. The fine, small head, venerable with its scant, white hair and flowing gray beard, was in relief against the wall, that threw up all its wholesome freshness and calm benevolene. Mr. Lamb found a sort of fascination in this contemplation, and if it was all right. When they took it divided his attention pretty equally up it was found that it had begun to between the gentleman and the letter.

eyes toward the general staircase; coming down from the floor above was the woman he was addressing. Self-possessed and easily poised, she came toward him with the old free step and the old impenetrable challenge on brow and hp-a little warmer of tint, a American end was accordingly taken little brighter of eye than when they up and brought to New York, A long

very close to him that he noted the ex-ceeding richness of her attire, worn using the new cables which had since annoyed him. He get through ten days. with the same careless grace as the old- been put down, when suddenly this old and then he stole into the store after time flannel. "She does become fine raiment!" his thought exulted, "and yet she would not seem endimanches in cloth of gold."

ed streight into his kindling deep blue another piece and afterwards worked eyes with her own unwavering gaze. "To think I meet you here," he said: "I was sending you a letter to El Paraiso-see! Take it-read it now! Incoherent as it is, it will speak as my lips

He put the paper into her reluctant "I would better not read it, I think, ahe said, gently; let me explain first—"
"Read!" he said, almost fiercely, and

she read slowly down the page: It was a year since I have heard one word of you (the letter ran, with that abrupt beginning which signifies absolute absorption) when Ledyard, writing, mentioned casually that in passing through El Paraisc he had met you there. The next day I started west again. I am here, but I dare not go farther until I send in advance my explanation-not an excuse, mind-for what seemed a cruel and cowardly retreat when we parted out yonder—you remember the bleak and hopeless day. The fight I fought that afternoon has disabled me ever since; but also it has strengthened me. Can you understand that! No; no woman can understand what it meant to have you there before my eyes, within reach of my arms, and to leave you. To know your sordid surroundings, to hear of your privaof age. She was an honest woman-I coarse and vulgar nature made my life a hell. I gave up everything and came over to New York. She was nestled in luxury and you were in actual want! Now you understand the temptation I foided, almost as if for prayer. Had battled with out yonder. I had a wiid dream of carrying you away with me. How you would have reigned a little queen in the bright and careless set I my head from the ground, leaning my knew! Just as that wonderful adaptability will make you now the most finished and gracious of grandes dames. I nad a letter from her in my hand that day, and burned it in your cedar fire when I thought to do you that wrong. But the look on your face drove back my words, thank God! and I can offer you now a guiltless future, for the woman who was my wife is dead. I am

ed up with a gasp, one hand on her heart. Hefore Mr. Lamb could speak, could touch her, the gray-haired man he had been watching had come to her

No voice of youth ever held half the tenderness of that old man's tone. She made a brave attempt to smile in "It was foolish-I am a little nervous

given me, in this letter, ill news of an old friend. I will go away and rest a little from the shock. But first let me "How dare you!" she cried, "What introduce—— What, Mr. Lamb? a pitiful pretext! How ingenious! How Have you [already met [my husband?"

Wonders of the Cable.

It seems almost incredible that a man on a vessel in the middle of the Atlantic should be able to converse with another in London or New York. Yet such is the fact, and it is but another of the wonders of electricity that have been startling civilization for the past half century. We read of the cable steamer Faraday going out in the trackless wastes and picking up the both continents at once. When submais perfected it will probably be the the cabin. A man might for instance, "Latitude 46 degrees 7 minutes, longitude 32 degrees 18 minutes west.—How is the baby? A storm is raging above, but one wants but little here below." Then for an absconding bank cashier or president what a great thing it would be to be able to go down and pick the warrant for his arrest off the cable as it slipped along! There would be many things in favor of these iron fishes beside the cable facilities, and they would no doubt be deservedly popular. For instance, there need be no sea-sickness, for when a storm came up they could, like Captain Corcoran, generally go below and wait till the clouds rolled by. Then when the shaft broke or the piston rod exploded there would be no need for floating around loose waiting for another steamer at the mercy of the wind and tide. The vessel could just sengers put on rubber suits and walk

Talking of cables recalls the mishap that attended the laying of the first Atlantic cables. One of them was ocean and splice the main brace. After 'paying out" for many days they at last met at the appointed place and proceeded to solder the cables together. To their astonishment they found that the cables were spun or twisted in different ways, one from right to left and the other from left to right. They tied a lot of weights to the cable when it had been spliced and let it drop to the bot tom, waiting around a day or so to see As he folded the sheet he lifted his porpoise at sea. Next they tried to anchor it, but the unwinding process still proceeded, and it got all twisted and tangled around the anchor. Nothing was to be done but to take up one end and anchor the other till a new section could be completed. Atlantic began to talk. A cable vessel had gone out and picked it up and it was chattering way at a great rate to She paused beside his chair, and look- the astonished clerk. It was joined to well for many years.

A Narrow Escape.

A Bombay shikaree narrates how he once actually fell into the claws of a panther, and lived to tell the tale. After describing the incidents of the hunt up to the time when the beast broke cover, he says: "I had to wait until the panther was within a few feet of me, and I then put my rifle down to his head, expecting to roll him over like a rabbit (as I had succeeded in doing on other occasions) and place my second builet pretty much where I pleased. To my horror, there was no report when the hammer fell. The next moment the panther, with an angry roar, sprang upon me. Hanging on with the claws of one forepaw driven into my right shoulder and the other round me, he tried to get at my head and neck, but I fortunately prevented this by raising my left arm, which he instantly seized in his huge mouth. I shall never forget his sharp, angry roar, the wicked look of his greenish yellow eyes within six inches of mine, the turned-back ears, his fetid breath upon my cheek, and the feeling of his huge fangs closing to the bone through my arm above the

elbow. "I endeavored, by giving him my knee in the stomach, to make him let go. Those who have ever kicked a cat can imagine what little effect this had. It was more like using one's knee to a football than anything else, The pan ther with a roar, gave a tremendous wrench to my arm, hurled me some five would have divorced her else; but her paces down the side of the hill prone on my face, bringing my head in contact with a tree. Stunned and insensible, I lay some seconds on the ground, and the brute thinking me dead, fortunately did not worry me, but, passing over me, went for the retreating police constable who had brought me into the difficulty. I remember, when I came to, raising head against the tree, and smiling with a certain feeling of grim satisfaction, when my eyes caught the retreating form of the constable and the pursuing panther down the hill, and I thought the policeman's turn had come

"The civil surgeon of the station probed the teeth-wounds in the arm and found that the one at the back of the arm ran right to the bone and was an inch and a half deep. The two wounds on the inner side, in or close to the biceps, were, one an inch and a quarter and the other an inch deep. The claw-wounds on the right shoulder were not serious, and had fortunately just missed the large artery near the collar-bone, injury to which would have resulted in my bleeding to death in a very few

Man is not born to solve the problem of the universe, but to find out what he has to do, and to restrain himself within the limits of his comprehension.

The Amateur Chemist.

A late writer says I often think how many scientists and experimental chemjournalism, and how thankful the public ought to be that they are in a field where they can not get at the lives of

times and puts him in the sanctum. nalist work on many papers, and work, photographic supplies. The printing is too, that would have made his reputa- done with the aid of sunlight, either tion world-wide if he hadn't been so direct or diffused, in any ordinary infernally anonymous about it, was printing frame, or, more simply, beonce a drug clerk in Kentucky. If you tween two plates of glass held together watch closely you will see that the man by means of spring clips. cable at any given point and talking to who is intended as a newspaper athlete will go through the gamut of trades fixed in a bath composed of 10 grammes rine navigation on the Jules Verne plan and professions, but will surely get into of hyposulphite of soda dissolved in 100 journalism first or last. And it isn't grammes of ordinary water. It is not regular thing to tap the cable as the vessels go along and receive election returns and Wall street quotations in he is a good, square newspaper man, the bath, so as to remove every trace of not the scallawag kind or the kindergarsend a message like this to his wife: ten humorist, but a real, working, advancing, sure-enough newspaper man,

improve. Well, Visscher used to invent things when he was in the drug business. showed a good deal of ingenuity in that way. He invented a kind of rat poison once that worked well, but the ingredients were too expensive to make the patent a valuable one. He killed nine rats with his solution, but it cost him ninety dollars to do it. This, you see, was fatal, not only to the rais, but to

the poison itself. Jessie Clawser was a resident of the village in which Visscher was acting as Nemesis pro tem. and general soda fountain superintendent. Jesse was a dead shot when he got after the Kentucky squirrel, and life ought to have been one long happy squirrel, hunt for him. But he was not entirely happy. He had red whiskers. He did not care for his angry hair, but his inflamed beard annoyed him very much. He went to Visscher, regarding him as a sort of alchemist who could do most anything with his mysterious jars and peculiar smelling herbs. He asked Visscher to color his beard for him, and offered in consideration thereof to bring him a mess of squirrels. The price was satisfactory, and the young chemist proceeded to make Mr. Clawser's beard as black as a raven's wing with lunar caustic. Every little while he would make a mistake and hit the skin, and Mr. Clawser would jump out of his chair with great uueasiness. Wherever the caustic struck Jessie's epidermis it would leave a black spot that would wash off about as easily as a birth-mark. Well, Mr. Clawser walked out of the unwind, turning it over and over like a back room of that drug store with a beard as black as an Egyptian cat and hair as red as the sunset of a summer day in my own Italian home so far, far

away. At first no one knew him. He had to introduce himself. Then people got better acquainted with him, and the people of Northern Kentucky, who were not too busy, dropped their other parted. It was only when she had come while afterwards a clerk was sitting in duties and followed him around wherannoyed him. He got through ten days, sulphide. hours one night and begged Visscher to shave him. The great amateur chemist offered to do so for another mess of

squirrels. He didn't do it very well, but he made out to segregate Mr. Clawser from his glorious beard. There it lay on the floor like the end of a cow's tail soaked in logwood, a dead, unnatural, somber pile of stiff and dlabolical hair. Mr. Clawser heaved a sigh of relief and went to the mirror. He there saw a young man with white eyes and creamcolored eye-brows. The lashes were ecru, and the freckles were like large flecks of bronze. The hair hung about the forehead like an incendiary fire beyond control. To add to the general horror of the holocaust, his face was spotted all over with black daubs of lunar caustic. Mr. Clawser looked like the map of the burnt district. He looked like the tattooed man at the circus. He reminded people of a red-headed pen-

He went around through the forests, cher filed the squirrels and said he um and removed the spots. He also intains and lived the life of a recluse garded everywhere as the foe of the duced. press. He is afraid he will run up against one of Vissscher's editorials somewhere.

Jerry Black and Joe Williams.

that in 1857, just after he was appointed besides leather sold by weight to the Attorney General of the United States, amount of 32,960,614 pounds. This cians called upon him. One day a small, grey-haired man arrived at the hotel woman and child in the United States, and registered himself as Judge J. Wil- One such place as Lynn would perhaps liams, of Iowa. Seeing the name of require for a weekly supply the sla Judge Black on the book, he took a card and wrote: "The Supreme Judge of Iowa presents his compliments to the Attorney General of the United States." thread of every kind; two or three tons He sent this up to Judge Black's room, of nails and tacks, beside general suptogether with a half sheet of paper, on plies of every description which enter which he had written:

O, Jerry, dear Jerry, I've found you at last, And memory, burdened with scenes of the par lieturns to old Somerset's mountains of an When you were but Jerry and I was but Jeer

In less than three minutes the great dignified Judge Black was coming down gether after a separation of some thirty years. Two old men embraced each other and neither was able to utter a word. It was as affecting scene.

What are called magic photographs are positives printed in a latent state on ists and coroners are swallowed up by white paper that it is only necessary to immerse in ordinary water to have the image appear.

The means employed for obtaining the people. We often find fault with this curious and surprising effect are as fate, but certainly it is wisdom that follows: The positives are printed from takes a man out of a drug store some- any negatives whatever upon paper sensitized with chloride of silver, such W. L. Visscher, who has done jour- as may be purchased of any dealer in

The image, when once printed, is hypo from the fibres of the paper. This washing is absolutely necessary,

in order that the paper may remain perwith a love for his work and a desire to feetly white after it has been treated with the following bath: Bichloride of Mercury 5 grammes Water 100 grammes

The image, when immersed in this bath, soon gradually begins to lose color, and finally disappears altogether. When the paper has become entirely white it is washed in water and allowed

to dry. If it be desired to cause the latent image to reappear, it is only necessary to immerse the paper in a weak solution of hyposulphite of soda, or better, of sulphite of soda.

To the back of these photographs there is attached a piece of bibulous paper impregnated with sulphite of soda. In this way, when the paper is immersed in water, the sulphite at once dissolves, and the image quickly appears.

The bichloride of mercury (corrosive sublimate) is a substance that should be used only with great precaution, as it is a violent poison. Care should therefore be taken to allow no delicate part of the body to come into contact with it, and to put the vessels containing it in a safe place out of reach.

The sensitive paper adapted for this curious recreation may be either albumenized or salted simply.

The sensitizing is performed by floating upon it a 10 per cent, nitrate of silver bath for five minutes either salted paper that may be purchased in this state or be easily prepared by immersing white paper in water containing 5 parts of table salt to 100.

After sensitizing, the paper is suspended by one corner, and allowed to dry in a dark place. For the balance of the operations one will proceed as above directed.

The rationale of the phenomenon is as follows: The image formed by the light is colored by the reduced silver. This image when bleached by the bichloride, contains both calomel (chloride of mercury) and chloride of silver. Sulphite of soda possesses the property of dissolving chloride of silver and of blackening chloride of mercury by forming a

Iron in Egypt.

It has been much questioned whether ron was employed at all by the Egyptians until the time of the Greek conquest. The weapons, implements, and ornaments of iron which have been found on the sites are so few, while those of bronze are so numerous, and the date of the few iron objects discovered is so uncertain, that there is a strong temptation to embrace the simple theory that iron was first introduced into Egypt by the Ptolemies. Difficulties, however, stand in the way of the complete adoption of this view. A fragment of a thin plate of iron was found by Col. Vyse imbedded in the masonry of the great pyramid. Some iron implements and ornaments have been found in the tombs, with nothing about them indicative of their belonging to a late period. The pancity of such instances is partially, if not wholly accounted for by the rapid decay of iron in the nitrous He went around through the forests, earth of Egypt, or when oxidized by frightening little children into St. Vi- exposure to the air. It seems, moretus' dance, for three days, and living over, very improbable that the Hebrews on huckleberries and blue grass. He and Canaanites should for centuries then took another mess of squirrels to have been well acquainted with the use Visscher and asked him if there wasn't of iron, and their neighbors of Egypt, some way known to science by which whose civilization was far more advanthese marks could be removed. Viss- ced, have been ignorant of it. On these grounds the most judicious of modern thought possibly it could be done. He Egyptologists seem to hold that, while then applied a little cyanide of potassi- the use of iron by the Egyptians in Pharaonic times was at the best rare removed the skin here and there and and occasional, it was still not wholly turned Mr. Clawser loose upon the community once more. He fied to the than we should have expected. Iron spear beads, iron sickles, iron gimlets, until he heard accidentally that Visscher iron bracelets, iron keys and iron wire, had left the drug trade and gone into were occasionally made use of; but the journalism. Then he came back to Egyptians, on the whole, were contenthome and friends once more, but he el with their bronze implements and will not look at a newspaper and is re-

A Year's Sheemaking.

As a result of one year's manufactu ring, our people required, for 1880, 6,831,661 sides of sole leather; 21,147,-It is related of the late Judge Black | 656 sides and skins of upper leather ie was staying at the Astor House in supply was sufficient to make 125,478, New York. Scores of leading politi- 511 pairs of boots and shoes, or a little more than two pairseach for every man, woman and child in the United States. plies of every description which enter into the composition of shoes.

Many a child goes astray simply because home lacks sunshine. A child needs smiles as much as the flowers the stairs, two steps at a time, with the need sumbearss. If a thing pleases, little bell-boy in close pursuit. Two old schoolmates and law students were to- they are apt to avoid it. If home is a place where faces are sour and words earsh, and fault finding is ever in the ascendant, they will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere.