Is dead, and I am fairly quit. God give him rest. Once well away, Seeing he loved me not a whit, No heart have I to bid him stay.

And yet methinks the God who framed Both him and me had made us such, That we were scarcely to be blamed For loving not each other much.

The little good there was in me, It was not his, nor in his way; His good I haply might not see, Because he lacked one dazzling ray.

We liked not, and misliking lent Our virtues its own fatal sting. And many a shaft that anger sent Was feathered from a virtue's wing.

To-day I saw his resting place—
A grave that friendship's flowers entwine— And wondered, with a troubled face, If any hands would cherish mine.

The space about was kept, they said, For some who wished their bones to lay As near as might be to the dead Whom I in life had wished away.

God give him rest! The single crime, Misnike of me, should hardly blot His fame with one who many a time Can soothly say, "I like me not."

Perhaps we never fairly met
That part in each God meant should live, And so incurred no lasting debt And have but little to forgive.

SAVED BY STRATAGEM.

Dinner was over at last, and Mr. Walter Currie, English commissioner at the up-country station at Hutta-Bagn, in northern India, had gone out upon the verandah with his wife and his two guests-Col. Ayres and Major Arrastrong of the -th Infantry. While the party were quietly conversing a sudden clamor of angry voices from the road below drew them all to the front of the yerandah.

The cause of the disturbance was visible at once. Two half-drunken Enghish soldiers, swaggering along the road, had come into violent contact with a native boy who was running past, and one of them, enraged at the collision, had felled the poor lad to the ground, and was unclasping his own belt with the evident intention of beating him unmercifully.

"Served the young whelp right," shouted the colonel, rubbing his hands;

"that's just what they all want."

The other officer, Major Armstrong popularly called Major Strongarm-was a huge, brawny, silent man, whose still air, forte lay in acting rather than talking. To leap to the ground twelve feet below, to dart across the garden, to vault over the high stockade beyond, was the major; and in another instant he had rive yet." soldier, in the low, compressed tone of man who means what he says:

"Be off with you!" "And who the deuce are you, shovin' yer nose in where you ain't wanted?" eyes the Major's plain evening dress hour passed after hour, and there was bore no token of his being an officer; no sign of an assault.

The sentence was never finished. At Armstrong's sorely tried patience gave hand which had hewed its way through whole squadron of Sikh calvery, fell fike a sledge hammer upon his opponent's face, dashing him to the ground keen eyes soon detected Ismail. as if he had been blown from the mouth of a gun.

"Well done, Major," shouted Mr. Ourrie from above. "You deserve your name, and no mistake." At the name of "Major" the old soldier took to his picion! Why he's a born generalheels: and Armstrong, without even nothing less.' looking at his prostrate antagonist, proboy. The latter was sorely bruised in group, fearing to see at any moment many places, and the blood was trickthe little hero still did his best to stand erect, and to keep down every sign of the pain which he was enduring.
"You're a brave lad, and you'll make

a soldier some day," said the Major to one could say. Suddenly, as Ismail him, in Hindoostanee, "Come with stooped to plunge his light wooden me, and I'll see that no one molests dipper into the water it slipped from you again."

Bix months have come and gone, and Mr. Currie's hospitable house presents a very different spectacle. The pretty garden is tramped into dust and mire, and the bodies of men and horses are lying thick among the fragments of the half-destroyed stockade. The windows of the house are blocked up, and through the loop-holed walls peer the muzzles of ready rifles showing how among the reeds, and he's making right steady the besieged garrison stands at for it. Well done, my brave boy! bay against the countless enemies whose dark, fierce faces and glittering weapons are visible amid the half-ruined buildings and matted thickets all around, The Sepoy mutiny is blazing sky high over northern India, and Col. Ayres is blocksded in Hutta-Bagh, with a cer-tainty of a hideous death for himself and every man of the few who are still true to him, unless help comes speedily.

Day was just breaking when two men held whispered counsels in one of the upper rooms "No fear of the water running short," said Major Armstrong, "but even upon half rations the food will be out in

four days more." "And then we'll just right at them, and cut our way through or die for it!" growled the old colonel, with a grim smile on his iron face, for, with all his had seen the boat turn suddenly over, harshness and injustice, Col. Ayres was "grit" to the backbone. "We musn't river, keel upward. say anything to them about it, though, added he, with a side glance at Mr. Currie, who, standing in the further corner, was anxiously watching the thin, worn face of his sleeping wife.

At that moment a loud cheer from the room, with a glow of unwonted excitement on his dark face.

"Sahib!" cried he, there is hope for us yet. A detachment of English are coming up on the other bank of the river; if we can send word to them as they pass, we are sayed!"
"How do you know?" asked the

was lying hid among the bushes yon-

der," answered the lad, "Among the bushes yonder?" reared the colonel, facing around, "Have fully believed to be their last meal on you really been in the midst of these cut-throat viliains, listening to what they said. Whatever did you do that

"I did it for Sahib Armstrong's sake, replied the boy, proudly, "because he

was good to me "But if the troops are beyond the river, how can we communicate with them?" asked Mrs. Currie, who, awakened by the shouting, had risen and joined the group. "They may not pass near enough to hear the firing, and we have no means of sending them word." "Fear nothing for that mem-sahib," (madam) said the Hindoo boy, quietly;

"I will carry them word, myself. "But how can you possibly do it?" cried Mr. Currie, thunderstruck by the confident tone in which this mere child spoke of a task from which the hardiest veteran might well have shrunk.

"Listen, Sanio," answered Ismail. I will slip out of the house, and make a dash into the enemy's lines, as if I were deserting from you to them; and you can tell your people to fire a shot or two after me with blank cartridge, as I go, Then the Sepoys will receive me kindly, and I'll tell them that you're all they felt shure of their prey.

"It's all over with us, old fellow, wait only one day more to be sure of you, so that they won't care to make another attack. Then when they have no suspicion, and think I'm quite one of themselves, I'll steal away and slip across the river.

"But are you quite sure the Sepoys believe you?" asked Major Armstrong doubtfully.

"They'll believe this, anyhow," replied the boy, deliberately making a deep gash in his bare shoulder, and staining his white frock with blood, as he glided from the room, followed by the Major.

The plan was soon explained to the men below, and a moment later Ismail's dark figure was seen darting like an arrow across the open space in front of the building, followed by a quick discharge of blank cartridges from the marksmen at the loop-holes. The sound of firing drew the attention of the Sepoys, several of whom ran forward to meet him. In another instant he was in the midst of them.

"I can scarcely see for those bushes," said Col. Ayres; "but he seems to be showing them the wound on his shoulder, and telling them it was our doing. At that moment an exultant yell from the enemy came pealing through the

"That's the story of our being short of water, for a guinea!" said the Major; "it was a very good idea of his. If it only delays their attack two days lonwork of a moment for the athletic ger there may be time for help to ar-

raised the fallen boy tenderly from the ground, while saying to the foremost that fearful day wore on. The heat was so terrific that even the native soldiers of the garrison could barely hold their own against it, and the handful of Englishmen were almost helpless. Had the Sepoys attacked them then, all roared the infuriated ruffian, to whose would have been over at one blow; but

At length, as afternoon gave place to evening, a movement began to show the sound of that last insolent defiance, itself in the enemies lines. Their curls of smoke rising above the trees, showed way altogether, and the strong right that the evening meal was in preparation, and several figures, with pitchers in their hands, were seen going toward the river, among whom the colonel's

> "By George!" cried the old soldier slapping his knee exultingly, "that lad's worth his weight in gold! There's his way down to the river right open to him without the least chance of sus-

Eyery eye within the wall was now turned anxiously upon the distant some movement which would show that freely over his swarthy face; but the trick was detected. How did Ismail mean to accomplish his purpose? Would he plunge bodily into the river without any disguise or had he some further stratagem in preparation? No his hands and went floating away down stream. A cry of dismay, a loud laugh from the Sepoys, and then the boy was seen running frantically along the bank trying in vain to clutch the vessel as it floated past.

"What on earth is he up to?" grunted the colonel, completely mystified, "I see!" cried Major Armstrong triumphantly; "there's a boat yonder

But at that moment a yell of rage from the Sepoys told that the trick was discovered. Luckily those on the bank had left their pieces behind, or poor Ismail would soon have been disposed of: but the alarm instantly brought up a crowd of their armed comrades, whose bullets fell like hail around the boat and its gallant little boat.

"Let us fire a volley and make a show of sallying out," said the colonel; "it'll take their attention from him. But in this he was mistake. The first

rattle of musketry did indeed recall most of Ismail's assailants, but at least a dozen were left who kept up an unceasing fire, striking the boat again and again. All at once the colonel dashed his glass to the floor with a frightful oath. Between two gusts of smoke he

"There's an end of the poor lad, muttered the veteran, brokenly. God bless him for a brave little fellow! And, now, old fellow, we must just die hard,

for there's no hope left."
The first few hours of the night below startled them both, and the next moment Ismail (the "Major's boy," as fenders, utterly worn out, slept as if every one now called him) burst into ringged with opium. But a little after midnight, the quick ears of the two veteran officers—the only watchers in the whole garrison, except the sentrices themselves—caught a faint stirring in the anrround thickets, which seemed to argue some movement on the most of the sentrices th rer; if we can send word to them as ey pass, we are sayed!"

"How do you know?' asked the ajor, eagerly.

"I heard the Sepoys say so while I waskening their men, The scanty is mass."

"I heard the Sepoys say so while I waskening their men, The scanty is mass."

"I heard the other bank of the shrround thickets, which seemed to argue some movement on the part of though no human eye can detect a trace of the precious substance, so fine are the particles, yet the liquid metal will hunt them out, and incorporate it into its mass.

stores of food were opened once more, and crouching together in the darkness, the doomed men took what they

earth. "They're coming," said Major Armstrong, straining his eyes into the gloom through a loop-hole. "I hear them creeping forward, though I can't yet see them.

"What the deuce was that?" ex-ciaimed the colonel, suddenly. "It looked like a fiery arrow flying past," "It's worse than that," said the Major, in a low voice. "The rascals are shooting lighted chips of bamboo on the roof to set it on fire. Send the women up with buckets to flood the

thatch—there's not a moment to lose!"

"I'll go and see to it myself," cried Mrs. Currie, hastening out of the room. But the power of this new weapon had already become fatally manifest. The house was an old one, dry as tinder from the prolonged heat, and as fast as the flames were quenched is one place they broke out in another. When day dawned, the fire had already got a firm hold on one corner of the building, and a crushing discharge was poured upon all who attempted to extinguish, it, while the triumphant yells Then the Sepoys will receive me of the human tigers below told that

> said the colonel, grasping his old comrade's hand; but at least, we shall have done our duty."

> "Give me one of your pistols," whispered Mrs. Currie to her husband, in a voice that was not her own. "I must not fall into their hands alive."

At that moment Major Armstrong was seen to start and bend forward, as if listening intently, for he thoughtalthough he could scarcely believe his ears-that he had suddenly caught a faint sound of distant firing. In another instant he heard it again, and this time there could no doubt, for several of the others had caught it likewise, and a gleam of hope once more lighted up their haggard faces and blood-shot eyes. Louder and nearer came the welcome sound, while the sudden terror and confusion visible among the enemy showed that they, too, were at no loss to guess its meaning. Then high above the din rose the well-known "Hurrah!" and through the smoke clouds broke a charging line of glittering bayonets and ruddy English faces, sweeping away the cowardly murderers as the sun chases the morning might.

"That boy's worth his weight in gold," said Col. Ayres, as, a few hours later, he listened to Ismail's account of how he had dived under the boat and kept it between himself and the Sepoys, that they might think him drowned.

About Walking.

Every healthy person, man or woman, as "Governor Metcalf's mansion." should be a good walker, able at any time to walk six to twelve miles a day at least, and double that when gradually brought up to it. The points to be anted, standing in the centre of a attended to are to see that the walk be broad field and reputed to be accuted. brisk and vigorous, not of a lottering or It was the home, sixty years ago, of a a silver tube. In the summer of 1827 dangling kind, that there be some object | young man of unexceptional connective case was again on trial in Cynthia- holds out." in the walk besides it being a routine constitutional (i. e. not like the staid husband of a charming woman of a other postponment would take place. a freaks is aptly shown by the cases of school), and, if possible, in pleasant company; that there be no tight clothing, | mendable attention to business. whether for the feet or the body, which was Isaac B. Desha, a son of the Govwill constrain or impede the natural ernor. It was the blight which came movements of the limbs and trunk, and upon this home, suddenly and without that the walk be taken as far as possi- warning, just as new honors had been ble in the fresh country air. In regard aided to the name of Desha by the to the latter particular, although towns | people of the State, that made people are increasing so rapidly as to make it fear to live in the house afterward, lest almost a journey to get out of them on it should bring them bad luck. foot, still we have so many suburban tramways and railway lines that in a 1824, before the sun had set, a horsefew minutes we can find ourselves in man approached the house of Zedidiah the country, where the air is fresh and Moore, who kept a place of entertainpure. Whenever an opportunity prement for travelers. The stranger rode sents itself for a little climbing in the a high and handsome gray mare, and course of a walk, it should be taken was a young man, dressed in a blue advantage of. We gain variety of mus- cloth coat and pantaloons, with a lightcular action, as well as increase the ex- colored waistcoat of silk. He was clean ertion, and we get into regions of purer shaven, wore silver rimmed spectacles air and fresher breeze at the same time. and carried well-filled saddle-bags. He What may be considered as the weak came from the direction of the Blue point in walking as a mode of exercise lieks, spoke of being from the South is the comparatively small play which and intended reaching the Ohio river. it gives to the muscles of the shoulders The stranger was not armed and seemand chest, while it is still less for those ed to have but little of value about his of the arm. This should be compensa- person. He spoke of having been on a ted for by the use of light dumb-bells "frolic," of which sufficient evidence or Indian clubs, or some other form of was given by his appearance and his exercise which brings in play the arms use of "bitters" during his stay at and shoulders. One of the forms of Moore's. Early the next morning he exercise which requires the action of called for his horse and rode to the the muscles of the arms and shoulders, as well as those of the trunk and legs, is swimming. This, however, for many reasons, cannot be used as a means of exercise except by a few, and at certain this morning no evidence of his having seasons of the year but where possible been seen alive was ever obtained. it; should always be practiced. great pity is that boys and girls do not a corpse had been discovered in the learn it, as a rule, while at school. southern edge of Mason county, con-Every large town should be well provi-cealed by a fallen tree, near the road ded with swimming baths, and if it between the Blue licks and Maysville. could be made compulsary for scholars But little investigation was needed to at a certain age, say 12, to learn to identify the corpse as that of the strange swim, it would be a great advantage to young man from the South. all and also be the means of saving many lives.

To make an emery wheel, take a castiron spoke wheel, fill it up and line with wood, secure leather bands around the periphery with wooden pegs; then cover the leather with glue and roll in loose emery, and lay aside until dry, after which the operation can be repeated if a thicker coating of emery is desired. When the wheel is worn, the giue can be washed off with hot water, and fresh glue, etc., be again applied. Polishing buffs can be made of India rubber coated with emery, which ena-bles an article of moderately irregular shape to be polished all over. Only

best glue will answer. One of the most curious properties of quicksilver is its capability of dissolving or of forming amalgams with other metals. A sheet of gold foil dropped into The Story of a Murder.

that the scenery on portions of the upper Ohio is not surpassed by that of Cincinnati, and beyond, the views which exten is in the direction of the northeast from central Kentucky. Nearing the river this arm spreads itself over the large county of Mason, which is a broad expanse of beautiful farms, amid which are a score of quiet villages, connected by superb macadamized roads. Nowhere in the State can be found more charming rural scenes than are presented to one who drives over the old Maysville and Lexington turnpike, past farm-houses that are mansions in size and strikingly attractive, past herds of cattle from imported strains, past growing crops which represent the source of the wealth counties to be formed in the State. the statesmen, military leaders and professional men who have built for Kentucky an honorable name. It was in the midst of these charming surroundings, and in connection with some of the best families in the State, that a tragic event took place two generations since, the effect being to challenge the interest of the whole people of Ken-

Desha Valley, one of the garden spots of the county, lies a few miles in the country before the era of railroads. Here was the home of the late Governor Desha, still noticeable for the substantial character of the brick man sion built early in the century. It seems to-day to give promise of standdern brick mason. Trades were thoroughly mastered in those days, and nonest work the rule, not the exception. The custom still prevailed of selecting the most useful men in the community to represent the people in public capacities, so it caused no surprise when Thomas Metcalfe, the honest builder, who had worked for wages for the rich planter Desha, succeeded the latter as Chief Executive of Kentucky. It is not known whether Metcalfe was employed upon the Desha mansion, but when, a few years ago, the old stone schoolhouse built near by for the benefit of the Governor's sons was demolished, there was found beneath the cornerstone a copy of the contract under which Metcalfe performed the masonry. The stonemason's apprentice himself became in time the owner of a fine residence, pointed out to travelers on one of the turnpikes leading out of Carlisle

The most interesting of all the buildings in this section, however, is a plain wooden house, uncared for and untenment of a growing income from com-

On Monday evening, November 1, heuse of Richard Doggate, where he breakfasted. He was soon again on the road, accompanied by another guest at Doggate's table that morning. After The week later it began to be reported that

Near the spot where the corpse was found was the home of General John M. Reed, not far from that of Isaac Desha, to whom Reed was a friend, The corpse was brought to the house of General Reed, where it remained for two days, being examined by all the neighbors. Young Desha regarded the body with no seeming concern and slept in the house on one of the two nights. But Desha had been noticed as the guest at Doggate's, on the Tuesday morning referred to, who had started on horseback with the stranger, the two disappearing upthe road to ether on the last day on which the stranger was seen alive. Besides, Desha had been seen since with a new gray mare, which some parties claimed to be that of the murdered man. This aroused suspicion against Desha, but he calmly met every charge against him with a plausible answer. Six weeks later a grand jury in Fleming county-for it was just beyoud the Mason line that the corpse had been found-indicted Desha for the murder of Francis Baker of Natchez. Miss. The indictment set forth that two mortal wounds had been inflicted, one with a dirk in the throat, another with a loaded whip about the head. The trial was postponed until January 17, 1825, before which time the egislature passed an act granting a

from the bench and the Hon. George Shannon was chosen to preside. Wil-It is the testimony of many travelers | liam K. Wall was attorney for the Commonwealth, assisted by John Chambers and Martin P. Marshall, an able array any other stream in America-perhaps of counsel. John Rowan, T. P. Taul, not in the world. Sixty miles above James Crawford and William T. Barry appeared for the defense. The latter which so delight travelers, especially in the autumnal months, are the borders of an arm of the bluegrass sections Judge of the old Court of Appeals and

Desha promptly pleaded 'not guilty,' Witnesses were introduced to show that the prisoner had remained at the house of Doggate on Monday night, November 1, and that he had both a silver mounted dirk and a loaded whip; that he left Doggate's with Baker after breakfasting with him; that later in the day he was seen on a road little frequented with two horses, his own and that identified as Baker's; that the corpse was found a week later near this spot; that a part of a whip was found in everywhere apparent. One of the first the road corresponding with that missing from Desha's whip when shown on Mason has furnished her full share of trial, and that Desha's hands and clothes were marked with blood when he first saw him with the stranger's mare. Thus, link by link, the claim of circumstantial evidence was forged about the prisoner until his case seemed hopeless. The defense attempted to prove that the blood on Desha's hands and clothes came from cutting his finger with a could not have been exposed so long as was claimed, or it would have been more decomposed. The evidence for west of the great turnpike just referred the State was outlined by Wall, the to-a thoroughfare among the greatest prosecutor, in his address to the jury, apparently leaving no ground for the made strong impassioned appeals to the our coast defences. jury, claiming that the character of Desha had been such that the commission of murder by him was next to iming longer than the work of any mo- possible; that the identity of Baker's mare had never been proven and that those who first reported finding the corpse-two men named Ball, with no particular reputation-should be sus-

rather than Desha. counsel began to address the jury, to have certain evidence introduced, but the court decided such a motion out of order. On the fifteenth day the jury returned a verdict of "guilty," whereupon the prisoner demanded a new trial on the plea that the jury had been intimidated and for other reasons. Judge Shannon granted the new trial, remarking that if he had been a juror during the present sitting he could not have found the prisoner guilty, though he could not have found him innocent.

Not one new trial but several were cutting his throat, being discovered in time to save his life. He was forced tions and unblemished reputation; the na. There was an indication that anhealth.

the lot of any recent Governor. Isaac B. Desha did not long remain in the State. He was seen later in Natchez and in Texas, but his fate is not known to anybody outside of his family. Intense feeling was engendered in the neighborhood of the crime and a report of the trial printed in 1825 by Thomas T. Skillman, at Lexington, was speedily suppressed. No motive can be adduced for the murder except that of robbery, yet the \$71 found on the corpse was probably all that Baker possessed. Desha owned both a valuable farm and a profitable tanyard, a reason assigned why he should not have been suspected of murdering a man for

The parents of Francis Baker, who had been a teacher and the editor of the Natchez "Mississippian," came to Kentucky and had his remains buried under a granite slab in the burial ground adjoining the Methodist church at Shannon, Mason county. The grave was made under an apple-tree, which probably is still standing. The mission of Baker northward was marriage to a young lady in New Jersey, who, upon learning of the murder of her affianced became a maniac and died in an asylum. Such is the story of the haunted house in Mason county.

Wine Making Along the mudson.

It is probable that within a few years grape vines will take the place of peach trees along the Hudson, New York. The many total failures of the peach crop have disheartened growers, and as the grape pays well, growers are gradnally paying more and more attention to it. Last year Concord grapes from slong the Hudson sold at five cents per pound, wholesale. It is said that the grapes raised here have a peculiar pleasing flavor very much prized for wine making. For three seasons past agente from French Canadian winemaking houses in Montreal and elsewhere have purchased tons of Concord "sheiled" grapes at Middlehope, Marl-borough, Milton and Highland, Germans from New York have also invested largely in Ulster County Concords, they stating that the vintage obtained, when blended with another variety of grape, is excellent. The prediction is made that in less than ten years the west bank of the Hudson river for a distance of twenty miles, will be one of the most extensive wine-making sections in America. That view of the matter has taken such a hold upon a Montreal house that it proposes to build a wine vanit near Marlborough or Highland, the chief Concord producing localities Change of venue to Harrison county.

When the trial was called Judge in the State. Where is Albany capital for this enterprise? Remarkable Record.

Nelson W. Miles is one of the youngest brigadier generals in the army. He has had a most remarkable military record. The close of the war of the rebellion found him at the age of twentyfive a major-general. Custer was the only other boy-general who was younger than Miles, and Custer was only two months younger. This grade of major-Marshall was a nephew of the Chief general was not an ornamental one, Justice of the United States Supreme handed to Miles through political influence after the fighting was over. He reached that rank during the war, and for a short time was in command of the Second Corps. He is still a young man. He is only forty-four years of age and has been a brigadier-general in the regular service since 1880, and is in command of the Department of the extreme Northwest. He is a very soldierly-looking man. He is slightly above the medium heigth, with a round, well filled-out figure. His head is large, while every feature of his face indicates decision of character. There is not a weak line in it, His forehead is broad and high. His nose is a fierce Roman hook, underneath which is a long, drooping military mustache, The rest of his face is smooth shaven, with the exception of one inch of beard in front of each ear. He is what might be called a dark blonde, His complexion is as fresh as that of an Englishman. The expression of frankness and manliness upon his face makes knife and that the corpse of Baker friends for him at once. He goes nowhere without making a pleanest 1mpression. He is happily married and is devoted to his family. His wife is a niece of General Sherman and a sister of Mrs. Don Cameron. General Miles is passionately fond of military science. defense. Messrs. Barry and Brown He has made a specialty of the study of

Fortunes of "Freaks,"

Speaking of the savings of freaks of nature, a prominent circus and mu-seum manager said: "They are nearly all economical, and nine out of every pected in the absence of definite proof ten are filled with a desire to own a farm. Tom Thumb spent a great deal The father of the prisoner left his of- of money, and yet left a snug fortune. fice at Frankfort to be present during a Millie Christine, 'the double headed part of the trial. He desired, after the girl,' has made \$60,000 or \$75,000, but the lost the greater part of it backing the circus of a friend a few years ago, I suppose she is still worth \$20,000. Hannah Battersby and her skeleton husband, whoflive in Philadelphia, are worth \$10,000. John Powers, the fat man, accumulated \$10,000. Captain Bates and his wife, big people, are worth \$50,000. They have a fine farm in the west. If Lucia Zarete, the Mexican midget, had received all the salary she earned for her manager, she would be worth \$25,000. As it is, the manager, Frank Uffner, has the money. had, each weakening the prisoner's minus \$4,000 or \$5,000 he has paid to hope of acquittal, Once while in jail Lucia's father. Eli Bower, the legless at Cynthiana he attempted suicide by man, has \$6,000 in bank. Cooper, the giant, has nearly as much. The dime museums have raised the salaries of ever afterward to swallow through a freaks so much that they will all have farms if the managers' pocket-books

The fraternal feeling existing among promenade of the orthodox ladies' family equal to his own, in the enjoy- course which the family of the prisoner | Hubert Ferrer, long known as the affirmed would prove perilous to his Toronto Giant, and Edward Skimeer, The matter was summarily the Armless Wonder. These two men, settled by the Governor, who, rising in | both over 70 years of age, are now fivthe court-room before the question of ing at a little cottage outside of Bridgepostponment had been decided, startled port, Ct., where an old colored man the court by announcing his son par- and woman, for many years a stableman doned. The executive journal shows and wardrobe-keeper with circuses, that this happened on June 18, 1827. tend to their wants and look after the Already the public mind was distract- peaceful decline of their days, The ed in many ways, and the course of the cottage, the old colored people, the Governor, in pardoning his own son be- giant and the armless man are all defore conviction, drew toward him a pendent on a small monthly assessment storm of abuse such as has not fallen to taken up from the freaks exhibited at every circus, museum and side show in the United States.

Down the Nevada.

A writer gives the following graphic account of the mode adopted in Nevada for getting logs to market: A chute is laid from the river's brink up the steep mountain side to the railroad, and while we are telling it the monster logs are rushing, thundering, flying, leaping down the declivity. They come with the speed of a thunderbolt and somewhat of its roar. A track of fire and smoke follows them-fire struck by their passage over the chute logs. They descend the seventeen hundred feet of the chute in fourteen seconds. In doing so they drop seven hundred feet perpendicularly. They strike the deep water with a report that can be heard a mile off. Logs fired from a cannon could scarcely have a greater velocity than they have at the foot of the shaft. Their average velocity throughout is over one hundred feet per second, and the instant they leap from the mouth of the shaft must be fully two bundred feet per second. A sugar pine log sometimes weighs ten tons. What a missile! The water is dashed into air like a grand plume of diamonds and rainbows, the feathery spray is hurled to the height of a hundred feet. It is the grandest fountain ever beheld. The waters foam, seethe, and dash against the shore. One log having spent its force by its mad plunge into the deep water has floated so as to be at right angles with the path of the descending monsters. The mouth of the chute is, perhaps, fifteen feet above the surface of the water. A huge log hurled from the chute cleaves the sur and alights on the floating log. You know how a bullet glances, but can you imagine a saw log glancing? The end strikes with a heavy shock, but glides quickly past for a short distance, then a crash like the reverberation of artillery the falling log springs vertically into the air, and with a curve like a rocket falls into the water a long distance from the log it struck.

A woman's friendship is, as a rule, the legacy of love or the alms of indif-

It is now claimed that reflued petroleum in tin cases exerts an influence upon the ship's needle, the same as do cargoes of iron and steel.

Dr. B. J. Jeffries bolds that the three primary colors are red, green and violet; that blindness to violet is rare, and that color blindness is practically confined to