As we sat together each summer night. We climbed the hillsides hand in hand, With not a shadow of ill in view, And drank from Nature's sweetest spring, We Two!

My swain he was noble, brave and strong, With a love as boundless as is the sea, And so I was all the world to him, And he, too, was all the world to me.

Though clouds obscured the glorious blue,
With joy within we knew it not, We Two!

We met when the breath of morn was sweet, In the shady lane where the robins sung; And one blessed morn we pledged our troth In a little nook where the bluebells hung, Where the roses blushed as the winds swept

by, And lillies bowed 'neath their weight of We walked and talked till the sun was high, Wa Twol

Ah, yes, it was years and years ago Since the wedding bells rang sweet and clear;

And our boys and girls are gone-all gone-Some far away! some buried here!

Now we sit with thin and whitened locks, And our days below we know are few, But we love with a deep unchanging love, We Two!

A PAIR OF LOVERS.

Sweet little Nettie Fay had two lovers. A very delightful condition of affairs, but a state of things which made Nettie a great deal of trouble; and as for the men, they rendered each other, as well as the girl of their hearts, house. very miserable.

So it wasn't so very nice after all. it had been years since Nettie had been assigned by their friends to Warren Dormer, and she expected to marry him, for Nettie was of a gentle, yielding she had never seen. Artnur Stevening, straightway and unmistakably in love with Nettie, as to alter greatly the situation, for Nettle did give him encouragement.

the Sultan, come in, and Nettie had and at length wrote to both, explaining taken Arthur's arm, and laughingly exactly the state of her feelings. The climbed the hill with the best of them, though such a little thing.

And being a bright, magical sightthe long, gleaming decks; the small, sible in envelopes, superscribed, sactive thronging figures of the seamen; sible in envelopes, superscribed, sent them to the post.

When she reached home a tortnight was worth sent them to the post.

party spread their lunch upon a rock among the crisp green moss, and dis- Nettie came down from her chamber, cussed cold chicken and Italian cream, at last, in a lovely silk costume. The up among the clouds as securely as if girl had lost flesh and color, but had sunshine and safety lasted forever.

Arthur Stevening had gone half-way down the cliff with his gun, and was He was going to and fro with campbanging away at the flying birds, when chairs and cups of tea for the ladies. a sudden gust of cold air, and the darkening of the sun, reminded him that he he passed, at last, with only a pale, had foretold a storm at sunrise.

with which the weather changed. A mist spread over the lanscape, the air grew humid, there was a distant growl of thunder, and the next moment a close flash of lightning.

It was followed by more vivid ones, Shouldering his gun, he turned to retrace his steps. He had ascended a few yards when he heard the distant voices of the descending party. Something in their tones—a cry of alarm or entreaty-made him hasten his foot- reel. steps, when, suddenly round the curve of a rock came the flying figure of a

It was Nettie, who, born with a terror of lightning, was running at full speed down the mountain, her hat hanging by its blue ribbons down her back, her sweet eyes wide with fright, her gold shawl?" hair blown over her face, a wild-rose color in the dimpled cheeks, stung by the sharp, salt air.

Arthur sprang forward and caught lorn way at the tennis players-really her in his arms, and retreated with her not seeing them at all. Suddenly there under the shelter of an overhanging was a voice at her side.

The drenched and frightened party rushed by him like a meteor, and he made no attempt to delay them. He could hardly trust his head to keep his feet in the dim and blinding light. Yet, through it all, he could feel Nettie's heart beating faintly against

his breast. "Poor little darling!" ne murmured. seeing that she was quite senseless. She remained so until the storm be-

gan to abate She caught her breath, at last; and uttered a choking little cry.

"Nettie, wake up! The storm is almost over. Nettie, don't you know where you are?" shaking her a little.

She opened her eyes, and then stipped to her feet, shaking and clinging to him. Her broken and incoherent exclamation gave him some insight into the peculiarity which all her other cried in sorrow and despair. friends were aware of, her terror of lightning—and the loveliness of her white cheeks and the sweetness of the tearful eyes, made the task of reassurfng her not diststeful. Indeed, before he knew it, he had kissed the pretty she had prepared herself to receive; lips, and brought the burning binshes but this was too much; the hot tears

to the young face. "Nettie, dear little Nettie, I couldn't kelp it. You see I love you so. Tell me that you don't care for that other

fellow!" At that moment there was a hurried step and "that other fellow" stood be-

To say that Mr. Warren Dormer was astonished, is but feebly to state the He stood looking at his sweetheart in the arms of another man in simply found-eyed wonder.

He had been absent from Bevingdean for the last three weeks, and though | luctance, he had been introduced to Arthur the evening before his departure, he had never dreamed of him as a rival—or of anybody else for that matter. For two Warren after all, out of pure forlornyears he had considered Nattie securely

He had a nice farm and handsome country house to make Nettie mistrees of, and-there could be no doubt of that ored beard brushed her cheek, she shivhonestly loved her.

in a zather emothered voice. "They she exclaimed,

said you were up the cliff, and the storm The poor fellow's voice faltered and broke

Nettie had hastily disengaged her-self, breathless and frightened. "When-when did you come home, Warren?" she asked, instinctively trying

to avoid a scene. But she was not quite successful, since Arthur Stevening still kept pos-session of her hand, and though evidently a little startled, looked from her to Warren Dormer unflinchingly. The painful silence that followed was broken by his voice.

'-It may as weel come out now as any time. You and I can hardly pretend to be friends since we are rivals, Mr. Dormer. "No," returned the other, in the

same smothered voice, moving uneasily, ing the least idea what she ought to do drowsiness at last, under such circumstances, began to

"You understand that I love Miss Fay, the same as you do, I suppose, and she must choose between us now," went

on Arthur. "I-oh, I-I cannot now!" sobbed Nettie, confessing more than it was pleasant for one of her hearers to hear, home.

And gathering her skirts from her little feet, she literally ran away. The only thing they could learn of Nettie for the next few days was that she had caught cold from her drenching

The next was that Nettie whisked herself out of sight of her two admirers to spend a fortnight with her aunt Barbara, in the next town.

Arthur did not know what interview she might have had with Warren Dorname; but her step-father's son, whom | mer, but he was really not much afraid of "that other fellow"-not so much as came to quiet Bevingdean, and fell so he would have been had he known Warren Dormer.

Another week passed. At the end of that time, Nettie Fay was in receipt of two letters-one from Artisar, one One day a party of young people had from Warren Dormer. With sorrow gone up to the cliff which over-looked and misgiving she pondered over these the harbor, to see the great man-of-war letters; but Nettie was sincerity itself, task was a hard one, and her hand shook so as she folded the sheets, that she let the portfolio upon which they lay the white-capped, crisp, dancing waves. fall to the floor. She picked them up

And then this impromptu basket- later there was a lawn party, and her mother hurried her to her room; and never looked sweeter.

> And there was Arthur Stevening. He would come to her side soon; but

ad foretold a storm at sunrise. constrained look, and barely a civil He was not used to the locality, and word. The next moment, Warren was all unprepared for the suddenness Dormer took the chair at her side, "I thought you would come home

to-day, Nettie. One glance at his cheerful face bewildered her. Warren bent towards her, and affecting to look at her bracelet, whispered:
"I received your letter."

Nettie bent her head silently in re-The silvery chat and the music

around her seemed to make hor head How strange she felt! The glance from Arthur chilled her heart.

Her eyes dwelt in bewilderment on Warren's flushed face. He looked actually happy. "Called Mrs. Fay, will you

go to the house and ask Lily for my When Warren Dormer had gone away, Nettie rose and, walking down the lawn, stood looking in a rather for-

"I think, Nettie, you might have pared me the pain of knowing that I was an object of pain and dread to you,

or very much the same thing." As Nettie lifted her blue eyes in pained surprise, Arthur Stevening was dazing very gravely down upon her. She could not imagine he could look so stern. The color quite died out of

her cheek. She gave a broken murmur-what she said she did not know. "Forgotten what you said!" he exclaimed, as if repeating her words. "I cannot forget so easily. And, then, I have them in black and white, you know," with a painful smile, as he passed on in response to a merry call

-for Arthur was a favorite with the ladies. Nettie could have thrown herself down on the grass, like a child, and

Was this captious treatment all the reward she was to get for confessing the truth so bravely? Her father's displeasure, her mother's disappointment, Aunt Barbara scolding,

welled to her eyes. There were other gentlemen in the party, who thought Nettle pretty and attractive; but she latened to every-

body in an absent-minded way, and at last the festive afternoon was over.
"May I come up at eight this evenug. Nettie?" asked Warren Dormer at parting. He looked at her in a cheerful, confident way, which bewildered

"He hopes to make me change my mind," she thought, "Certainly," she said with visible re-

She was not quite sure, as she glanced ness-it was so disheartening to miss the radiant smile, the tenderness she had unconsciously anticipated.

But when her old lover's straw-col-

"Please don't Warren-I told you!"

"Yes-that you loved me best."

"No-that I love him best!" cried Nettie, hysterically. "I can't help it-Poor Warren's eyes looked more like blue porcelain than ever as he stared at

"You told me-" he began. "Oh, what did I tell you?" cried Nettie desperately, as she tore the letter he presented from his hand. She glanced over the sheet and turn-

ed red. "I-1 put the letters in the wrong envelopes," she falted.
"Then this was intended for Arthur?" asked Dormer, stiffening,

Nellie nodded. In vain he called her fickle, a coquette, a flirt. She only cried until he went away. Then she flung herself, face downward, upon the sofa, and the and not looking at Nettie, who, not hav- excitement and fatigue lulled her into

> it a very bright one, for Arthur Stevening was smiling over her. know all; I got the wrong letter."

"You did!" she answered. Need we say how happy they were, how soon they were married, and what since her voice implied that a choice a long honeymoon their wedded life was not only possible, but imminent. was, all through Nettie having had the "The storm is over now and I must go courage to choose rightly between her 'Pair of Lovers?"

Returned to his Wigwam.

Edwin Forrest was once laid up with an attack of rheumatic gout, which rendered him about as pleasant to come in contact with as an Indian on the warpath. A friend of his dropping in as the eminent tragedian was seized with a terrific twinge, met with a decidedly warm welcome, as regards unsaint-like expletives. Being rather a facetious individual the friend exclaimed:

"Hello, governor! What are you laughing at? I never saw you so tickled before.

In his fiercest manner, interspersed with deeptoned grunts and some profamity. Forrest growled: "Get out will you? I won't see anybody. Let me alone, confound you." A little while after the snubbed

friend might have been seen in conversation with a small specimen of a bootblack, whose stand was in front of the hotel where Forrest was stopping. The confab, accompanied by a series of pantomimic gestures on the past of the gentlemen, which were clearly duplicated by the bright-witted shiner, lasted some fifteen minutes, when the boy, a broad grin illuminating his expansive countenance, started to ascend the hotel stairs, receiving a parting injunction: "Don't you stop pounding until he

lets you in." This admonition was strictly carried out whereupon the door was thrown violently open, and Forrest angrily demanded the cause of so much commotion. Striking an attitude a la Metamora, the tutored bootblack declaimed in a piping treble:

"You sent for me. I have come. If ny wigwam.

"Pouncing upon the boy, Forrest growled out: "You young imp, you! Here take this," tossing him a quarter, as he added, "go tell that——" (designating his facetious friend by name eyes? And then for party dress or fine "Another curiosity of commerce was eyes? and a few additional adjectives) "to come up I want to see him."

As the door closed upon the apt little bootblack a roar of laugter issued from Forrest's room, which seemed to have a beneficial effect upon his ailment, for when his friend appeared he was in quite jovial frame of mind.

The Great Pyramid.

A late writer says: Now that Great Britain is in the field would it not be a good plan to clear away the sand and rubbish from the base of the Great Pyramid, right down to its rocky foundation, and try to discover those vast corridors, halls, and temples, contain ing priceless curiosities and treasures with which tradition in all ages has credited the Great Pyramid? This wonderful building, of such exquisite workmanship, was erected many years be-fore any of the other pyramids, which are only humble imitations, built by another nation, and also for other purposes; for neither King Cheops nor anybody else was ever interred beneath this mighty mass of stone. The smaller pyramids also exhibits either the nicety of proportion nor the exactness of measurement, both of which characterize the first pyramid. From internal evidence it seems to have been built about the year 2170 B. C., a short time before the birth of Abraham, more than 4,000 years ago. This-one of the wonders of the world in the days of ancient Greece—is the only one of them all still in existence. The base of this building covers more than thirteen square acres of ground. Its four sides face exactly north, south, east and west. It is situated in the geographical centre of the land surface of the globe, It was originally 485 feet high, and each of its sides measures 762 feet. It is computed to contain 5,000,000 tons of hewn stones beautifully fitted together with a mere film of cement. And these immense blocks of stone must have been brought from quarries 500 miles distant from the site of the build-The present well-known King and Queen chambers, with the various pasages, might also be thoroughly examined by means of the electric or lime lights. The Astronomer Royal of Scotand some years since closely and laborously examined all that is at present known of the interior of this enormous building. He states that measurements in the chambers, etc., show the exact length of the cubit of the Bible-namely, twenty-five inches. This cubit was used in the building of Noah's Ark, Solomon's Temple, etc. He also maintains that the pyramid shows the distapee of the sun from the earth to be

What an unseasonable dish is life

91.840,000 miles.

Trade in the Long Ago.

The babits and customs of the people terent from the style of this modern four days after Spencer's arrest, he age. In the matter of clothing and along with Cromwell and Small, were very great and consequently the assortments of the dry goods merchantshave undergone a corresponding change since that early period. In this age of rapid transit and fast mails it does not take long for Eastern fashions and s yles to become familiar in the West, and there is but little difference between the welldressed lady of the East and the stylish attired Western woman. The same similarity of clothing is also noticeable for men's wear-fashions East and

West so closely correspond. Forty years ago the spinning wheel was in vogue in almost every Western farm-house, and the women folks spun the wool from their home-clip fleeces. She went to sleep, thinking this a It was then taken to the nearest "full-very forlorn world, and woke up to find ing mill," carded and woven into cloth for men's wear and a sort of flannel or linsey for women's wear. For summer time the three men, with caps over their "Dear little Nellie!" he cried. "I clothing, garments made from flax were faces, were swung out on the main worn, homespun and home-made, of a yardarm. It was a horrible sight to grayish color. Those who are familiar look at. All of the men died game. with the customs of the West forty years ago will at once recall the flax clothing worn by men, whose usual summer attire was a pair of linen pantaloons and a pair of broad saddle-girth suspenders, flax shirt, straw hats and

stogy shoes or boots. mostly went barefooted, and, in conse- a day or two we ran into St. Thomas quence, they had a broad understand-ing, which the smaller sizes of shoes in arriving there on the 14th of December. this more fashionable age would not period was very different from the mosheeting or a common glazed muslin decided that the civil law was not appliwere good enough at that time for cable to his case."

sleeve-linings. The gentlemen of that period wore broadcloth. The fancy suitings of cassimeres, worsteds and silk mixtures now so common were then unknown in the West. The intermediate grade between the homespun and broadcloth was Kentucky jeans of a blue and also a butternut color. Black and blue were the favorite shades in broadcloth. The well-dressed man had a Sunday and holiday suit of black broadcloth for coat and trousers and for vest, black satin. Shirt and square bosom, with high standing collar and high black stock or black silk neck-handkerchief. A high black-silk hat, broad brim, or a drab

in hand the gentleman of the 'long ago' appeared in the parlor, and with perfect ease of manner greeted the assembled guests. The broadcloths which the merchant kept in that early period have given place to cassimeres and worsteds of modern date; the black satin for vests, the black silk cravats, the India nankins, the frill shirt-bosoms, have all disappeared. The modern merchant sells shirts, ties, scarfs and clothing ready-made and there are but few calls in country stores for Irish linens.

At the Yard Arm.

I was a boy in the United States Navy on the brig Somers in '42, when the three men were hung that were referred to by John W. Davis, on Chestnut street recently. "The sight of those three men hanging at the yard-arm and their burial in the sea at night has haunted me all my life, it often comes up before me when I'm walking along the street. I can never forget it. knew Spencer, the midshlpman well. He was a wild, dare-devil sort of fellow, about nineteen years of age, but good natured and not maliciously inclined. I think the execution of all the men was a grave mistake, and in looking back at it now I believe it was foul

"We sailed from New York on the 13th of September, '42, for the coast of Africa, but first began cruising in the West Indies. In the latter part of November, before we reached St. Thomas, Midshipman Spencer, who was the son of the Secretary of War, was suddenly seized one day, put in double irons and kept a prisoner in close confinement. Two other men, the boatswain's mate, who was acting as boatswain and whose name was Cromwell, and a seaman, who was captain of the main top, named Small, were arrested a day or two afterward, followed by the arrest of four others. All were put in double irons. We had no marine guard en board. The officers appeared to be frightened to death about something and the men of the ship's company were afraid to be seen talking to each other. After Spencer's arrest it was noised around decks that he had formed a plot to seize the ship, along with a few of the ship's crew, and turn it into a piratical craft. Among others he communicated his plan to the purser's stewart, who got a list of the conspirators and told the whole story to Lieutenant McIntosh, the executive officer.

"Two or three days after the arrests

granted any opportunity for explanation 40 years ago in the West were quite dif- or defense. On the 1st of December, house-furnishing the difference was told to get ready to die; that they were going to swing at the yard-arm at once, Spencer and the captain of the top acknowledged their guilt and were willing to die; but the acting boatswain protested his innocence to the last, and Spencer declared, also, that he, Cromwell, had nothing to do with the plot. 'Call all hands to witness execution,' said the first lieutenant. The ship's company sullenly ranged themselves on the quarter-deck and at other points, while the officers of the ship stood around with drawn and sharpened swords to cut down any one who faltered in inflicting the awful penalty. When everything was ready Spencer and his two companions were allowed to bid their friends good-bye, then Captain Mackenzie gave the signal, a gun was fired, the colors were hoisted and at the same

their accusers, were not told what the

Commander Mackenzie then made a speech to us about the necessity of discipline and the awful crime of mutiny. At night funeral services were read by the light of the battle lanterns and the bodies were put on the 'tilting board' and dropped overboard into the sea. It Nos. 9, 10 and 11 were the favorite was a solemn scene, I assure you, and sizes for boots and shoes. During the it made an impression on my youthful summer period young men and boys mind that can never be eradicated. In

"There was a good deal of excitement accommodate. The overcoat of that when the news of the mutiny and the hanging got noised around and hundern style and fit of this later date. dreds of people came down to the ship The cloth was heavy and serviceable, to see us. All of the others arrested homespun and fulled at the mill, leav- were dismissed from custody. Coming it a sort of light drab color. It was | mander Mackenzie was court-martialed made long, and over the shoulder was a about a month afterwards and the court laper of from three to four capes, the bottom one being the longest, and the succeeding ones gradually tapering off.

Mackenzie was not liked by the men. Bright, brass buttons about the size of He was a brutal martinet, anyhow. the ordinary silver quarter dollar, were Flogging was allowed in the Navy in the only decoration. The lining was those days and he was very fond of ad-of home made flannel or linsey. There ministering the "cat" for trivial offenwere no braids, nor silk serges, nor ses. The friends of the executed men fancy sleeve-linings, such as are used tried to have Mackenzies inducted in at the present day. Ordinary brown New York for murder, but the Judge

17,000 Mills to Mill.

A man on one of the North River Pennsylvania Railroad piers, who was looking at a carriage marked to go to Norfolk, Virginia, said to a bystander: "The wood in those carriage wheels came originally from Virginia in logs. Now it goes back as a finished product.

"Why cannot the Virginia wood be worked up on its native ground?" "Because no one has established the shops. But more singular things than that have happened in the history of commerce. On October 14, 1855, for instance, the ship Adelaide arrived in New York, bringing a cargo of wheat, color fur-beaver of similar shade and a barley, etc., from San Francisco, which bushel. The ship was at once loaded Farr. Know me now, don't you?' Do you not see him as your memory for San Francisco again, and among

summer wear, a blue broadcloth coat noted in the early Australian trade. with high stiff collar, swallow-tail skirts While the gold excitement was high and bright, brass buttons, The vest merchants in all parts of the world and trousers of plain India nankin gold | flooded the markets there with goods, brown color and a ruffled shirt bosom. A Glasgow manufacturer sent a quantity How stately and dignified as with hat of hardware to the new gold fields, but when the ship reached the Australian port the market was so full of the stuff that the consignment was put up at auction, and brought less than the freight charges. The man who bought it shipped it back to Glasgow, where he sold it at a profit, although a shade under wholesale prices. The G asgow purchaser at once reshipped it to Australia, and there, after having three times crossed the intervening seas, it found the market ready and good prices waiting, the demand at the mines having cleared out the stock on hand during the months required to make the round trip."

Tackie Him.

A steamboat owner was explaining how he happened to change captains on the Comet. Said he: "I came down on her from Port Huron, and as we reached the city I

says to the captain: "Better drop in at the foot of Rivard street, and let me off." "'My first landing is the copper dock, three miles below,' he answers.

"But this is my boat and I want her to land where I said." "But I'm captain, sir, and she goes to the copper dock," "'Starboard,' says I to the man at

" 'Port,' says the captain. "I rung the bell for the engineer to slow down and the captain rung for him to go ahead at full speed."

'Captain Comas, has the owner of a steamship no rights?' I asked. "'Lots of 'em on shore, but none on the water, says be. "'I'll discharge you the moment we

"'Very well, but don't get sassy, me boy; I have twenty minutes to serve yet." "With that I starts to take the wheel and in five minutes I was in irons as a

mutineer and I went ashore with the handcuffs on." "But you discharged him?" "Oh, yes."
"And is the captain any better?" "Well, I dunno; I never dared tackle

A Tired Brain.

"In that drawer," said a Salina street merchant of Detroit, is the best restorer for a tired brain that I know of, It is simply a piece of dried codfish tail. Fish, you know, is rich in phosphorus, or brain food, but why the tail should a number of the officers met in the ward contain more than any other part of the room and called in a number of the body I don't know. I do know, nowship's crew and examined them. The ever, by actual experience, that such is they statements and even the epinions of the fact. Several times a day I chew Boston girls never giggle. They statements and even the epinions of the fact. Several times a day I chew merely express their delight by a dreamy, far-away, North-Pole smile."

Republics Ungrateful.

charges were in detail and were not The Mayor of Little Rock, in a somewhat harrassed mental condition, sat in his office. He had just dismissed a delegation of gentlemen who had come to assure him that they had voted for him, and that if he acted rightly toward them, he could always rely on their support. Then they asked him to contribute four kegs of beer to be taken down the river, where, under the cotton-wood trees, a host of revelers were soon to assemble. With great firmness the Mayor declined. Just after the delegation had gone, and before the Mayor had recovered from the effects of their persuasive though ineffective argument, an angular man, with a nose shaped like the blade of a pruning knife came in, sat down, raked the perspiration from his brow, flicked the gathered moisture from his fingers and said: 'Well, how's the sliebang rockin'

along? 'Pretty well.' 'Glad to hear it. I am at your ser-

vice. 'In what way?' 'As a policeman.' 'I already have 300 applications,' 'Pretty good pile, ain't it?'

'Pretty fair shipment. 'No chance for me, I reckon?' 'No chance for you.' 'Not the least bit?' 'Not a shadow.'

'No. 'Got no idea?' 'None whatever.' 'Kain't you guess?' 'Don't think I can.'

'If I was to tell you, you'd git up, grab me by the hand and app'int me First Sargeant on the force. The Mayor looked at him. The man smiled. 'Yes, sir, First Sargeant would be

'Don't know who I am, do you?'

the lowest place you would allow me to take. I don't want to shock you, so I'll go out and give you time to think up my record.' He went out. About an hour later he returned and, after smiling on the

Mayor asked: Well, have you placed me yet?' 'No, don't remember you.' 'Haven't got a very good recollection, have you?

'Pretty fair.' 'Well, I'll give you more time. I never like to crowd a man.' 'He went out again, and after remaining a couple of hours, returned. 'Did I stay long enough?'

'Hardly.' 'How long did you want me to stay?' 'Indefinitely.' 'Oh, now, that wouldn't do. Say, Say, this joke has gone far enough.

Don't you really know who I am?' No. I don't. 'If I tell you I will immediately receive my commission as First Sargeant.

"Well, confound it, who are you?" The man laughed again. 'Why,' said he, 'lam John Pillit.' 'I never heard of you.'

'What!' 'First time I ever heard of you.' 'Well, I'll swear. I am the man who you do not want me, I will go back to behold the well-dressed man half a cen-

> 'No. 'Well, I will be dad-blamed,' he drawled in astonishment. 'I have often hearn that republics are ungrateful, but I never knowed it until now. Well, that settles me. Hereafter I shall simply do my duty, and let fools try to distinguish themselves. Humph! Well, I will be dad-blamed.

Horses.

The Chinese horse is small, weak, ill formed, without spirit and altogether

undeserving of notice. The Persian horse is next in estimation, and deservedly so, to the Arabian, The head is almost equally beautiful, the crupper superior; he is equal in speed, but far inferior in endurance. The whole frame is more developed than in the Arabian. They never exceed fourteen and a half hands high, yet, on the whole, are taller than the Arabs.

Turkestan is that part of south Tar-tary northeast of the Caspian Sea, and has been celebrated from early times for producing a pure and valuable breed of horses. They are said to be preferable even to the pure Persian for fervice. They are large, standing srom 15 to 16 hands high, swift and inexhaustible under fatigue. Some of them have traveled 900 miles in eleven

successive days.

The Tartar and Kalmuck breed of horses is found in Tartary, comprising the immense plains of central Asia and a considerable part of European Russia. They are small and badly made, but remarkable for strength and endurance, being capable of performing the longest and most rapid journey on the scantiest

The Evolution of Cooking.

'Erastus,' said Mrs. Smith, the other morning, as she poured the coffee, 'do you believe in evolution?'

'Certainly, my dear.'
'And is the process of evolution toward perfection?' 'Always, my dear. But why do you

ask these questions.'
'Because, I was looking through that
box of old family diaries recently, and I found that your father said your mother wasn't as good a cook as his mother, and your grandfather on your father's side, said his wife was not as good a cook as his mother; your greatgrandfather on your father's side, said

'But, my dear, did I ever say that your cooking was not as good as my mother's?'

'Yes, you did; and now, Erastus, you've got to admit one of two things either your pet evolution theory is no good, or you, nor your father, nor your grandfather, nor your great-grandfather knew good cooking from a side of sole

The great trouble with the average humorist is that he allows age to come before beauty in the construction of his jokes.