Come to me, Love! The day is fair And blossom-scented is the air, The flowers their choicest colors wear, 'Tis beauty here and beauty there, Far as the eye can see, Together let us joyous sing, While sanny summer-time doth bring Fresh life and joy to everything, For time alas! is on the wing; Come, Come, my love, to me!

Thus ripples on the brook.

There's tender music in the sound Of plashing waters all around,
As o'er the pebbles light doth bound—
So light it doth scarce touch the ground— The ever-rippling brook.
Oh, Leve, each mellow, dulcet tone Speaks to our souls, as here we own We for each other live alone; The secret of our hearts is shown

A FALSE FRIEND.

And written in Life's Book.

I returned only three months ago from Melbourne, when I had been in practice as a surgeon for about ten years. I stood so well in the front rank of my profession that when a gentleman who held very high political rank in Victoria met with a severe and ultimately fatal accident, I was called in to attand him. I suppress his name for reasons which will be obvious later on; but for convenience I will call him Sir James Reilly.

Sir James was one of the largest land and stock holders in the colony. When I knew him no man in Australia was more respected or looked up to, He had been knighted as a small reward for his services as a colonial minister; he had received all kinds of gratifying testimonials from his fellow-citizens; his word in all the transactions of life was as good as another man's bond; and yet Sir James, forty years before, had come to Australia as a convict, on account of the disgraceful crime of forgery.

Sir James lived in a beautiful house the city. In spite of his seventy years he was a good and active herseman; and one morning as was his frequent custom, he rode into Melbourne in order to transact some business with his solicitor. He had quitted the lawyer's office, and was already half way home again, when his horse was frightened by some blasting operations which were being carried on in connection with the making of a new road. The animal became restive, and finally threw Sir James. He fell heavily upon a heap of stones, and his groom coming up found him of a good deal of it now. Be plain with lying insensible. The unfortunate gentleman, who was well known to everyone in the neighborhood, was tenderly usually is acceptable, I believe, in these carried to the nearest house; and no sooner did he regain consciousness than he sent his servant for his carriage, and dispached a messenger to request me to go at once to his house. I rode thither fore Sir James' arrival. I feared, of from a drawer, and filled in a draft, course, that he had met with an acci- which, after he had carefully examined, dent; but I had not the faintest idea of he handed to me. the nature of it; and therefore I was later. I saw him lifted from his carriage, examining him I discovered that several | not think of accepting it. of his ribs were broken, that the internal organs had been injured and that there was, practically speaking, no hope of his recovery. Sir James was a bach- longer remain on terms of friendship. elor, and had no female relatives in the colony. He might live, I knew, for some days; and his housekeeper, though a kind and thoughtful woman, was too properly attending upon her unfortunate master, I sent the groom back to Melbourn for an experienced hospital pride and the draft. nurse, and in the meantime remained with my distinguished patient, and did all that lay in my power for him.

Sir James had fainted during his removal from the carriage to the house, and he did not regain the use of his senses for some hours afterward. I was sitting by his bedside when he opened his eyes. "So I'm not gone yet, doctor," he said, with a weird kind of humor. "Can

this last long?" "Who can say?" I replied. "You are sadly hurt. Are you in much pain?" "No, thank God! In pain but not in

severe pain." "I should warn you." I said, as gen-

tly as I could, "that if you have any worldly affairs to settle, you should settle them speedily. There is grievous danger." "I know it," he returned, with a sad

smile; "but I have settled everything, everything, that is, that a lawyer could help me in. Yet, before I die there is something that I should like to confide to you."

the bar. My chief friend both at Cam- the check, and to endorse it with the bridge and at the Inner Temple, was Horace Raven, a young man who possessed astonishing ability, remarkably good looks, great ambition, and the prospect of succeeding to a large fortune and to one of the oldest English baronetcies. In all these respects he was, I the criminal. The check was payable to need scarcely say, my superior. I was me; I had access to the drawer in which a poor man; I had only my energies to he kept the book from which the form relatives, no near relatives, no near had been written much as I might nave relatives indeed of any kind, except my written it. father, I being an only child, and my mother having died during my infancy. At the bar I was for a youngster, fairly defended by a leading counsel, who was successful. Raven and I had chambers a personal friend of mine. I was contogether; we had our law-books in com- victed and sentenced to transportation. mon; and we were on such terms of How shall I describe to you the agony friendship that we were known on our of those days! In due course I was sent staircase as "the Brothers,' For some out here with a ship load of cut-throats years I lived a very happy life. I made and felon. In a few years, doubtless, enough to enable myself to live in telerable comfort; and in time indeed I felt | conviction killed my father; and who myself to be justified in looking out for else was to remember me save Raven

ball at Lady D-'s. We there met a | ried?" a Miss Mary Bagster, a young girl of surpassing beauty; and before the night was spent we had both—as I learned excitement; and I was obliged to temsubsequently-fallen in love with her, | porarily forbid his continuing the pain-

Her father, like mine, was a poor clergyman. I had but little difficulty in however, finding him calmer, I permitestablishing myself upon a footing of ted him to go on. intlmacy with her family; and often when I visited them, Raven accompanied me. Mary, though she was as I have said, inexpressibly lovely, was of a somewhat cold disposition. She was unenthusiastic and self-contained to an vested everything in land and stock; unusual degree; and yet, in her way, ry a man who would make his way in the world; and it was only after some flattering hints about me and my ability had been let drop in her preseuce by her say with truth, doctor, that there is no father, who had evidently favored me, that she consented to become my wife. grasp me by the hand because I was Raven was not at Bagster's house on once a convict. that eventful evening. Next morning, when I met him at our chambers, I told him of what had occurred. He changed color-which, at the time, I attributed to the strength of his friendship for me

"When are you going to be married?' he asked. "Soon,' I replied. 'There is no rea son why we should delay, I could wish that I were a little better off; but our

what extravagant manner.

-and then congratulated me in a some-

we shall, I think, be able to do pretty "'I wish you joy!' said Raven, as he rose to go into the Chancellor's Court where he had a brief that morning.

"I had then no idea that he also loved Mary Bagster, and that he bad determined, even at that late hour, if not to wrench her from me for himself, at the future, and actually acompanied me | not unfrequently, I expect, did she to Brunswick Square to look over a house which was to be let, and which I thought of taking and furnishing. I of Raven?" found that the place would be rather beyond my means, and regretfully told him so.

"'Never mind, Jack,' he said; 'you will find something better perhaps. But I certainly should-like you to have the

"That evening we were sitting to distant a few miles from the center of gether over the fire. 'Jack?' he said suddenly, 'we are old friends, and I want to give you a handsome present.'
"He had, I should explain, recently succeeded to the baronetcy and the es-

tates, and was now a rich man. "'You are very good,' I answered. 'Anything that you may give us will be valued not merely for itself, but for the

sake of the giver. "'We have been in chambers together,' he resumed, 'for more than seven years. I shan't like losing your company; for of course I shall be robbed me, Jack. Would not money be more useful to you than a mere present? It

"I thanked him feelingly for his forethought. 'It would be particularly welcome,' I said.

"Without another word, he drew his

"I took it, and gazed at it with asgreatly shocked when, a few minutes tonishment! it was for a thousand pounds! 'My dear Raven,' I gasped, for helpless and well-nigh speechless. He I was overcome by this act of apparent was conveyed to his bedroom, which and totally unexpected generosity, 'it is was upon the ground floor; and upon too much; it is too good of you. I can-

"'You know that I can well afford -,' he said curtly. I insist upon your taking it. If you refuse, we can no "Nay, Raven," I cried, while my

heart seemed to rise to my throat. not misunderstand me. This is noble of you. I thank you with all my heart; far advanced in years to be capable of but I cannot accept such a large sum. "He would not listen, however to my

refusal; and finally I pocketed both my "Mary Bagster was at the time pay-

ing a short visit to her friends in the country; and thus it happened that I did not mention the fact of my having received Raven's handsome present either to her or to any one else. I looked forward to surprising her with the news upon her return to town; and in the meantime I sent the draft to my banker's, a well-known private firm, with which I had but recently opened

an account. "A few mornings afterward I was sitting at breakfast in my bachelor lodgings in Chapel Street, Bedford Row, when, without warning, a police officer entered my room, and showing me a warrant which authorized him to arrest she was recklessly spending her newly me on a charge of forgery, took me into acquired wealth, though she had not me on a charge of forgery, took me into custody.

"As you may expect, I was thunderstruck. 'Forgery? Forgery of what?' 1 exclaimed, half-maddened by the

monstrous charge. "But I soon learned a little, and guessed the rest. Raven, in order to "I was born," he said, "in London in dispose of me, and to effectually put a 1812. My father was the rector of St. stop to my marriage, had written out school he sent me to Cambridge, I took had appended his name in a way which my degrees in 1833 and then went to had caused his banker to decline to cash

words: 'Signature differs,' "The draft had been returned in this condition to Raven, who without besitation had pronounced it to be a forgery. According to his story, which was only too plausible, I alone could be Jame's fair name to be slandered?" epend upon; and I had no influential had been torn; and the clumsy signiture I knew it! My husband once told me

"You can guess the sequel, doctor. I was tried; and although I was very ably defended by a leading counsel, who was and Mary Bagster, whom he, to add to "One evening Raven and I went to a my wretchedness, soon afterward mar-

"I served my time," he continued; "and then, having no friends in England, I decided to remain here. Like tried to make myself publicly useful; she was ambitious. She desired to mar- gradually obtained the confidence and respect of my fellow-citizens, and two or three years ago, as you know, received the honor of knighthood. I can now man in Australia who would refuse to

> "Has your innocence never been proved?" I asked. "Never, he returned. "I might perhaps, have made a second endeavor to prove it long ago; but I could not bring

myself to make her unhappy—unhap-pier, that is, than he has made her. As I have told you, she became Lady Raven. You cannot expect me to be able to tell you that the man who so cruelly swore away my liberty made her a good husband. He systematically ill-treated into the woods very far when I was misfortune in that respect will, I trust, disappear in course of time. As it is, children, and was, I have heard, an exemplary wife until she was crushed by his brutality, he behaved to her as he would not have behaved to his dogs. Do you know, doctor, that I preserve my love for her still? I have never ceased to love her, although she believed evil of me, and never sent me a single word of sympathy; and I have left everything I have to her eldest son who by least to prevent my marrying her. His this time has sons of his own. But I conduct toward me remained, so far as do not know whether or not she is dead. I could see, exactly what it had been I have, however, provided that should previous to my engagement. He was she be living she is to have a life integenial and friendly, appeared to take an | rest in my estate. Poor thing, she deabsorbing interest in all my plans for serves it; for sadly did she suffer and

> "And he?" I asked. What became "In time he deserted her, and plunged into the lowest depths of drunkenness and dissipation. He had wasted

want.

the streets of Paris, and had died before his removal to the hospital." "I am shortly going to England, Sir James," I said, "and if I can be of any use in discovering the poor lady's down the lake again. whereabouts, I shall be glad to do my "We worked hard

"You are going to England? I am happy to hear it. You then can do what I feared would have to be done for me by a third party. I want you to but I never want to see it again, it is find Lady Raven and tell her what I too full of memories. Little Twilight have told you. Tell her that, although we have been separated for more than wanting to help her father and me. She forty years, I still thing of her; that I would stand on the bench by the table die thinking of her, and that I forgive and wipe the tin plates after each meal, her; and Yes doctor, tell her, too, that I forgive him. I must forgive him.

Yes; I do fully." death released him from his sufferings. Suffice it to say that he bore himself, even in his moments of greatest agony, with becoming resignation. Until the last he was thoughtful for all about him immediately, and reached the place be-fore Sir James' arrival. I feared, of from a drawer, and filled in a draft, long sleep at last closed his weary eyes, had lost a man the memory of whom

she might justly cherish, Two or three months afterward I returned to England. Lady Raven, who for some time had been in impoverished circumstauces, had meanwhile been discovered by my late patient's solicitors; and, before I saw her, she had been appraised of the provisions of Sir

James Reilly's will. I introduced myself to her as his friend; and found her occupying a plea sant but not very well furnished house in one of the best squares in Bayswater.

"It is all a mystery," she said to me, when she had first apologized for the disorder of her temporary abode. "Poor James! He was once very fond of me, It was many years ago. We should have married, you know, but for an unfortunate circumstance. Perhaps you disturb her. have heard of it?"

which she spoke of her dead benefactor. light did not seem as well as usual. She "I have heard of it, Lady Raven," I

returned seriously. 'But it did not spoil his success in life," she continued with a slight laugh; "and now at last he has made restitution. Well, it is only what we deserve! He robbed my late husband, you know; and it is fitting that we should be his heirs-is it not?"

I was beginning to feel angry, Even if Sir James had been guilty, she had no right to speak of him now in so light and scornful a tone. Already I saw actually entered into possession of it, the will not having then been proved. Her misfortunes had not made a good woman of her. She was gaudily dressed. Instead of being in mourning, she was covered with jewelry. Surely, it grieve, papa.' was well for poor Sir James that this vain woman had never been his wife!

"Lady Raven," I said sternly, "we child may as well end this. Sir James Reilly her. never injured you or any other living creature. It was your husband who was the criminal! He wrote his own pame to that check which led to Sir Jame's transportation. He denied the facts, and caused your benefactor to be sent to the antipodes! And do you think

She turned pale, and clung for support to a chair. "Gracious powers!" she exclaimed; "is it—can it be true? all, when he was delirious with drink. God forgive mel" and she fell like a

corpse to the floor. I summoned the servants, who carried sician, and in the meantime did what I vigor to the little one in my arms, but, could to revive her. But my efforts alas! I felt she was slowly fading away. her to her room. I then sent for a phywere in vain, and soon after my coleague arrived she expired. An examination subsequently disclosed the fact that she had long been a sufferer from

heart disease. I am glad to be able to say that her son, who is now enjoying Sir James Reilly's munificent bequest is worthy of the legacy. A week or two ago he sailed with his family for Victoria, and it is his ambition there to follow in his bene-

factor's footsteps. Agree for the law is costly.

We were sitting round the campfire one evening, watching the flames dance as the cool night wind fanned the embers, telling stories about camp-life in the Adirondacks, when I heard our guide, a strong fellow, heave a sigh that seemed to come from the depths of his heart. "Why, Jim," I asked, "what's the matter? Are you tired after your long tramp to-day?"

"No, Miss Anna," he answered; but I have been thinking or a story myself, and it is one that will make your heart ache."

"Come tell it to us," we all exclaimed; and after a little coaxing ne began: "Well you must know it happened ten years ago, when I was only a boy; but I often think of it as I sit by the campfire, and wonder if, after all, it

were not a dream. "One morning in early spring, as fire on the other shore, just opposite; and, thinking some careless guide had left a campfire smouldering, I went across and landed. I had not gone back confronted by a tall, stern-faced man, holding by the hand the loveliest little girl I had ever seen. She seemed too delicate a blossom to stay very long in

these wild woods. "I supposed the man saw how surprised I was, as he asked me some trifling question about the springs on the lake, then waited for me to go. But I was not going to do any such thing, and began playing with the little girl. I was only 14 years old, and boy-like, was attracted by her pretty face.

"Before the day was over I found out going to build a log hut to live in all winter. His name, so he told me, was Alden, and his little girl's name He would not tell where he came from, but I could see he was a gentleman, and

used to better living than we have. "I suggested that I would stay and help him. He accepted my offer, askhis fortune; and not very long ago I help him. He accepted my offer, ask-read that he had been picked up in a fit in ing me not to tell at the village that any stranger was down the lake. At night I went home, told father that I had an all summer's job, bought some nails and provisions and early next morning came

"We worked hard; and it was not long before we had a nice little log house made, with two rooms in it. You have seen it many times, I know, and very likely have played house in it; was an old-fashioned child, always all the time asking me the queerest qustions about heaven and God, telling caught the little one to his heart, begheard her asking any more questions.

"How she did love that old mountain home yonder! She would sit for hours may well be spent with great pleasure a time, watching the lights and and profit. I turned away; feeling that Australia shadows play across it. She called it 'Twilight's Mountain', and to me the name has clung to it ever since.

"I can see the little figure now, seated on a little wooden chair I made for her, with her hands folded on her lap and her face, with such a far away-look on it, turned toward that old mountain, as if it were some living creature.

"After tea, during the long summer twilight, we would sit by the fire, she in her father's arms, her head on his shoulder, and listen while I told long stories, told me by my father. She would listen quietly, sometimes raising her hand to stroke the stern cheek above her, then looking into his face until, overcome by sleep, she would sink back and slumber in his arms. He would sit late into the night, holding the childish form, fearing to move lest he should

ave heard of it?"

"So the happy hours glided by, until one day in early autumn I noticed Twinever complained, but did not offer to help me, and would sit watching the mountain with such a dreamy look in her eyes that my heart sank within me. I noticed too she was thin, and her face had the same peaked look my little sister's had before she died. I felt sure she could not stand the severe winters we have, and one day told her father so. Perhaps I was too rough in telling him, for I shall never forget the look of anguish that came across his face, nor the low, muttered words, 'O God, not my Twi-

light, too!' "Soon after, he took the child in his arms; and they sat a long time so, talking, I could catch a word now and then, as I went about my work. Very well, papa, only tired.' Then, as he bowed his head and groaned, 'Don't

"After that he was sterner than ever; hardly speaking a word except to the child, and would sit for hours watching

"I wanted him to send for old Mother Stanton, a capital nurse; but he scoffed at the idea, and broke out in bitter words against Him whom, I am sure, doeth all things for our good. He said God had taken all from him, and he was not surprised that even his baby must

"I have always been glad that we had such a fine autumn that year. The leaves turned the finest colors, and 'Twilight's Mountain' was one huge bouquet. Every day when the sun shone warm and bright, we would row across and walk up and down the beach, breathing the fresh breeze that came sweeping down the lake. It seemed strange to me that it did not bring health and

"Gradually she became too weak to walk, and her father carried her, only letting me take her when he ate, and that was very little. We gave up our morning row, and stayed around camp, quietly waiting for the time to com when we should put her to sleep at the foot of the mountain she loved so well. It was her request, and her father promised it should be as she wished.

"Have you ever noticed that before a great storm there is a strange quiet. So it was the day the end came. The very wind refused to blow, and the birds "experienced" in order to be known.

Those who never retract their opinions love themselves more than they love truth.

stayed quit in their nests. She lingered through the day and through the night. Toward early morning, her father called me, and I hurried to him to find him sitting by her little bed.

"I saw in a moment that the end had come, and stood quietly by. She lay with her eyes closed, her little hand clasping one of her father's. Suddenly her eyes opened, and she whispered, 'Papa, poor papa; then, looking beyond him with glad surprise, she exclaimed, 'Mamma!' With a slight sigh, Twilight

had passed into perfect day." When the voce ceased speaking all were silent among our little company. The story had brought up thoughts too deep for words. The fire had died out; and, in the friendly darkness, some of us had clasped hands, as if realizing how suddenly we are snatched away by the all-powerful destroyer, Death. Beyond us in the clear sky were soon the bright stars keeping up their steady was rowing down the lake, I noticed a light, and the water beneath us lapping the shore resembled the dying notes of music heard far away.

Camping Out.

This is the time of year from July to October inclusive, when, if ever, young, and old folks too, may go to the woods and mountains for an airing, for health, or for flowers, fish and fun. It is rare fun even for country boys (and the girls need not be excluded) to do this sort of thing, for they have new experiences of life, and a kind of romance, which the farm and village, and certainly the town, does not furnish. The gain in healthful recreation, in knowledge of natural history, and in a sort of useful that the man had come to stay, and was independence is immense. All of which we value highly for our own boys, and which we enjoy even now most highly for ourselves. The place for camping was Twilight. Rather ontlandish, I should be dry, healthful, above all flats, thought, but somehow it just suited her. and at some distance from swamps; not in dense woods, but in some pleasant opening, near to good water-a spring if possible—away from near neighbors, possibly in wild forest country, or near a mountain lake or stream, or by the

The rockier it is the better, and there should be dry, dead wood, or handy stuff to burn, in abundance. Now, what to take. If spruce or hemlock boughs are plenty, a good shelter can be made of them; if not, a piece of strong cotton or canvas, eight feet by twelve, well sewed, and with eyelet holes in the corners, and two in each short side besides, to take tent ropes, all strongly made, wi I serve the purpose. The ropes must be about ten feet long each; hence one hundred feet of half-inch manilla or other good rope is requsite. This it will be well to boil in a pot of water, and when dry, stretch. Then it will not kink. A tent pole ten feet long, and crotched sticks to it, seven feet long to the me to be a good boy and meet her with crotches, may be cut on the ground Jesus by and by. One day her father probably; if not, must be provided. Of ful hours I spent at Sir Jame's side ere overheard her, and with a groan, he course, a good light ax or hatchet is The mother will see that essential. ging her not to talk that way, unless necessary food and cooking utensils are she wanted to break his heart. I never packed in a small compass. Thus equipped, and with rubber coats and blankets, a week or a month in the woods

No man can see Peru without wondering at the grandeur, the industry and the intelligence of the Inca Empire. They had arts which the world has forgotten; knowledge which the world never knew; thrift which their conquerors could never imitate, and wealth which made them the prey of every adventurer of the sixteenth century. Their temples and palaces were built of hewn stone from quarries that the Spaniards have not been able to discover, and the means by which they lifted blocks of granite weighing hundreds of tons is a problem no antiquarian has been able to solve.

until it had an edge as keen and en- that the stiletto-like boat is laden with during as the finest of modern steel; a South American earthquake, are not they made ornaments of gold and silver and out jewels as skillfully as the if they were so informed. lapidaries of to-day, and their fabrics of woollen and cotton are spun and often present on the Allegheny and woven as smoothly as modern looms Ohio Rivers, has never been seriously can make. They surpassed modern thought of by the people. civilization in many things, and had a system of government under which millions of people lived and labored as a single family, with everything in common, knowing all arts but those of war and worshiping a deity aimost

Hemmed in on one side by the imfor the first time since creation, the pounger years, and is likely to grow equal rights of every human being were considerably yet, he certainly promises desolate coast was recognized by them very strong and powerful, the noble as a symbol of the infinite, the omnip-otence, whose force and majesty their the pet of the whole ship from the capnized as the source of all good, and the ocean, were personified and were the object of the Incas' worship.

A Million Years old.

In boring the artesian well at White Plains, out in the eastern part of Nevada, under the auspices of the Central Pacific Railroad company, a large log, or several logs of wood were bored through at the depth of 1,615 feet be-low the surface. This has been a sub-ject for discussion by scientists since, and a few evenings ago, in San Fran-cisco, Dr. Harkness made it the subject for a very interesting lecture. Quite a large quantity of this wood was brought to the surface, and it was good, sound wood, in an almost perfect state of preservation, although its great depth and the character of the superincumbent strata showed that it was at least 1,000,-000 years old. Microscopic examina-tion shows that the ancient tree was similar to the present nutpine.

Canned Death

Torpedo companies are more numerous now than ever before in the history of the oil region. When the Robert's torpedo patent expired, about two years ago, there were "moonlighters" waiting for the death. They had tasted the profits of the business, and knew Robert's died a millionaire. Competition became lively. The Pean bank and other syndicates advanced oil and producers, thinking there would be a famine, liberally dosed their wells with glycerine. As a result, heavy capital and other than Roberts' came into the torpeo trade.

Between Warren and Kinzua there is located one of the most extensive nitroglycerine factories in the oil region. The white buildings standing in pretty relief against the surrounding green are substantial, having cost about \$15,000.

The boarding house for the workmen and the stables are protected from an explosion at the factory by an intervening hill.

If you are nervous you will remain without the lines of the company's 200 acres of land. The Allegheny river forms one boundary. In the stone house at the railroad station you are impressed with the danger surrounding

the manufacture of nitro-glycerine. Heavy drums made of boiler iron contain 1,500 pounds each of acid. After being critically tested it is sent to the factory, where 9,000 to 10,000 pounds of the terrible explosive are daily manufactured. Everything about the factory is conducted in the most careful and sys tematic manner. Cleanliness is a mot-

to. The floors of the factory are as bright as a man-o' war decks. While visiting the works you are constantly oppressed with the fear of an impending calamity. This very fear adds to your nervous curiosity, and when you enter one of the magazines you shudder to imagine a blow against one of the glycerine cans. To distribute this deadly compound without loss of life or property requires care and the study of a

clear mind. A score or more of magazines are located in the several oil districts. These are supplied mainly by wagons. Cans holding from thirteen to twenty six pounds are used. These are placed in upholstered compartments in the wagons. Under the cans a zinc tray is fitted to catch any leakage. In the early days of the business this precaution was not taken, and the strong acid ate through the tin, allowing the contents to reach the axles, causing the horrible accidents so frequent then.

To reach these magazines the drivers of the torpedo wagons must either run the risk of arrest or oftentimes take circuitous routes around boroughs. An accident to one of these wagons occurring in a town proves almost as destruc-

tive as an earthquake. Boats especially built are used to transport the glycerine to the Lower Pennsylvania and Ohio districts. These boats are about four feet wide and are thirty feet long. Each carries from 5,000 to 10,000 pounds of glycerine. Think of the lives and property one of these stilletto-shaped crafts endangers in a journey from a few miles above here to Marietta, on the Ohio! Each of these dread destroyers carries two men. They are instructed to the up at night. Perhaps they do and perhaps they don't. All depends on the kind of men they are. If sober, watchful and not of suicidal disposition, the danger of an explosion is greatly lessened. If, becoming intoxicated, they allow the boat to drift with the current, while they revel in the realms of their stupor, an awful

calamity is imminent. The boatmen will acknowledg their fear when they think of the danger they are exposed to during the long water journey. They pass under a score of bridges, and especially is there danger when passing the bridges at Pittsburg. An explosion under one of these would be frightful indeed. There are so many They knew how to harden copper boats, too, and the pilots, not knowing so cautious as they certainly would be

This element of danger, while not

A Lion of Great Prominence.

An extraordinary passenger recently arrived in Liverpool by the royal mail parallel to that of the Christian God. steamer from Africa in the shape of a magnificent male lion of such enormous passable snows of the Andes, and on dimensions as are now rarely found in the other by a desert, lifted above the zoological gardens, where lions are rest of the world unknown to them, in generally bred for generations in capspirit as well as in fact, as peaceful and tivity, and are for the most part small calm as the Andean stars, they estab- in size and partly deformed. As this lished a system of civilization in which, monarch of the wilderness is still in his recognized and observed. The great to be the largest and most beautiful lion sea beating incessantly against their ever seen in England. Although so simple logic could not comprehend; tain down to the cabin boy. He hails while the sun, whose heat and light from Central Africa, and was brought made existence possible, was recog- over in a cage of the size of the large room. His food on the passage con-Hence these two elements, the sun sisted of twenty-four sheep and tweive goats. It is twenty-four years since an animal of this sort was landed in Laverpool.

Men of Letters,

It is an interesting fact that many American men of letters are not college graduates. Walt Whitman, Whipple Trowbridge, Field, Parton, Bayard
Taylor, Eggleston, Harte, Howells,
James, Aldrich, Lathrop, Stockton,
Platt, Cable, Crawford, Fawcett, Gilder, Harris, Carleton, "Mark Twain,"
Stoddart and Burroughs, it is said have gained all their knowledge and culture outside of college walls.

Horse Raising.

This is a rapidly growing industry in Montana. The pasturage is excellent and the thin air increases the animals lung capacity.

Those who never retract their opin-