

Hymn to the Mountain.
Within the hollow of thy hand—
This wooded dell half up the height,
Where streams take breath mid-way in flight—
Here let me stand.
Here warbles not a lowland bird,
Here are no babbling tongues of men;
Thy rivets rustling through the glen,
Alone are heard.
Above no piston cleaves its way,
Save when the eagle's wing, as now,
With sweep imperial shades thy brow,
Beating and gray.
The happy vapors, where they lie,
Look upward to thy blue intense,
And in the glory scattered thence,
Worship and die.
Thine is serenity complete;
Tempests and thunders jar below,
And rain-drops curve their radiant bow
Even at thy feet.
What thoughts are thine, majestic peak?
And moods that were not born to chime
With peevish ineffectual rhyme,
And numbers weak?
The green earth spreads thy gaze before,
And the unfurling skies are brought
Within the level of thy thought,
There is no more.
The stars salute thy rugged crown
With syllables of twinkling fire,
Like choirs burst from distant choir
Their psalm rolls down.
And I, within this temple niche,
Like statue some of prophets talk,
Catch strains thy murmur as they walk,
And I am rich.

THE MYSTERY OF HOLLY HOUSE.

In the romantic and picturesque region of the White Mountains stands a large, fine hotel, which once was the popular resort for miles around for tourists and summer boarders, whom the beauty and healthfulness of the place brought to that vicinity.
Holly House was known far and near as furnishing the best accommodations, the most courteous attention and the greatest amount of pleasure excursions, of any hotel in or about the place. Yet Holly House stands to-day emptied and deserted—gloomy and forbidding—among its joyous sister hotels; for around it clusters the horrors of a mysterious tragedy which cannot be forgotten.
The story is as follows: In the summer of 187—, Holly House was filled with more than its usual number of wealthy and fashionable guests. Among the number was Mrs. James Hunter, with her two daughters, Beatrice and Theodora.
Beatrice, or Trix, as she was called by relatives and intimate friends, was a quiet girl of twenty-three or four, rather plain, though lady-like and attractive in manner. Theo, on the contrary, was a beauty; one of the beauties of whom one cannot tire—a beauty made of rippling smiles, girlish blushes that came and went on the sparkling, changing face, and the joyous laugh and springing step of unconscious, happy girlhood.
Yes, Theo was a glad, always welcome, creature, a universal favorite, the young loving her for her ever ready and genial spirits, the old for the sweet touch of reverent respect and kindness which marked her intercourse with her elders. And yet on this sweet and happy girl fell the terrible tragedy of Holly House.
On the night of the nineteenth of August, a grand hop had been given at the hotel; Trix and Theo were both present; Trix, who was passionately fond of dancing, enjoying herself in the ball room. Theo, more fond of the romantic and sentimental, spending the evening strolling up and down the piazza or chatting in some remote and moon-lit corner, now with this one, now with that.
As the hour grew later Trix sought out her sister, and finding her comfortably ensconced in a corner talking with young Harry Gardner, warned her of the lateness of the hour, and advised her in a kind, elder-sisterly manner, to retire.
Theo promised to obey in five minutes so Trix left her and retired to her own room.
The five minutes had lengthened into a half hour when Theo came up stairs humming gayly.
"Good-night, Trix!" she cried, rapping lightly on her sister's door as she passed.
"Good-night, Theo!" was the response; then Theo passed down the hall to her own room and Trix heard the door shut and fastened behind her.
In the morning Trix was late at breakfast; but late as it was Theo was still later, and not having yet appeared below stairs. Ten o'clock came and passed, and the half hour had rung from the parlor clock, when Trix, growing uneasy, rapped at the door of her sister's room. No response greeted her summons. Growing thoroughly alarmed, she called for aid and demanded that the door be forced.
It was done, and the sight which met their eyes was horrible to witness. Theo was sitting before the dressing-bureau, her hair hanging about her shoulders, quite dead. The expression of her face was one of unspeakable horror; the eyes were staring from their sockets, and about the fair, white neck were the marks of eight fingers showing how poor Theo had met her death. Her dress had been removed—evidently before anything had occurred to disturb her as it was carefully turned wrong side out and laid across a chair, beneath which stood the little white shoes. Upon one foot was found a black slipper from which the buckle and bow were missing; the other slipper could not be found. No sign of a struggle could be seen. The murderer had probably stolen upon his victim as she sat before the mirror brushing her hair, and the death grip was upon her throat when she first saw his face in the glass.
Nothing of value was missing as far as could be determined, though at the other end of the room were several articles taken from a drawer in a table, a feather torn to shreds, some lace, a pair of gloves, and also the missing bow of the slipper, with its buckle broken in half, and the hair-brush which the dead girl would seem to have been using. The door—the only door in the room—was found as before stated, securely locked, and both windows were closed, though not fastened.
A noted doctor examined the body, and decided that the unfortunate girl

must have met her terrible fate within an hour after going to her room—that is, about two o'clock.
Then skilled detectives were sent for, who thoroughly examined the room, but were unable to find the slightest clue to the mystery. No theory as to the way the murderer left the room could be given. No human being could scale a smooth perpendicular of forty feet with nothing to give a foothold, and nothing save a flag-pole ten feet distant was there to afford the slightest help.
Trix, being sworn, testified to what has already been stated.
Harry Gardner swore that he had sat upon the piazza with the murdered girl till a late hour—could not tell exactly how late—thought about one o'clock, it might have been later. Theo had refused to remain longer; had bidden him good-night, and ran up stairs humming as she went.
Cross-examined, confessed that he had accompanied the girl to the head of the first flight of stairs—kissed her when he bade her good-night—went down the hall to the left toward his own room, while Theo ran up the hall to the right and up another flight of stairs. Was not engaged to Miss Hunter; had known her about two years; never had written to her in his life.
Mr. Rowland was sworn.
"I am a boarder in the hotel; was upon the piazza until a late hour on the night of the nineteenth. Saw Miss Hunter and Mr. Gardner sitting in the corner; heard them laugh, but could not hear their conversation; should not have been agreeable from the tones of their voices; looked at my watch; it was ten minutes after one. Was near enough to touch the young lady as she passed me to go up stairs; saw Mr. Gardner follow her up stairs; started to go up also; heard them whisper for a moment on the first landing, then heard her run up the second flight singing, and him go down the first hall."
In vain did clever detectives strive to discover some clue to the murder—some motive which should lead to the detection of the guilty party; days and weeks passed and none was discovered.
Poor Theo was laid in her quiet grave, and Trix and her mother, more sorrowful than pen can tell; journeyed homeward to grieve in silence over their dear one.
A year passed slowly by. The season once more opened, and it was again full of summer boarders. The house where poor Theo had met her death was closed—the terrible tragedy had ruined it; but other houses were opened, and were so full of beauty and life and gaiety as though death and sorrow were unknown in this lovely spot.
Harry Gardner was once more among the guests. Hunting and fishing were excellent in this place, and why should he shun it? True, he had flirted with and liked the girl, and her death had shocked and grieved him terribly; but after all she was nothing to him; and so he came where pleasure and inclination called him.
He found it less pleasant than he thought, and the foolish flirtations were unendurable and hops were terrible bore, for some way such pleasures called up poor Theo's rigid and horrified face, set in the everlasting type of death, and he could not indulge in them; it was too horrible. But he was a hunter, and with his gun over his shoulder he spent day after day roaming here and there after game.
One day having gone much farther than usual, he was overtaken by a heavy thunder shower and, looking about him, discovered a tiny hut—the only place at which to apply for shelter.
A summons at the door brought forth a man with rough appearance and unshaven though kindly face, who, hearing of his condition, bade him enter.
"I am not used to seeing people much," he said, "I and Banjo live mostly alone. I like it better. But I hope I haven't got above giving welcome to my kind when they fall in my way."
"Do you live here all alone?" asked Harry.
"Yes; all but Banjo; he's my son."
"But how do you live?" queried Gardner.
"Well, I raise my own corn and taters," was the reply; and I goes to the village once in a while for what else I need."
"And your son; does he always stay with you?"
"Oh, yes," with a grin. "I only goes about twice a year, so I lock Banjo up when I go. He's a little peculiar, my son is. But I'll git you something to eat, and then I'll introduce him."
With the best intentions the strange recluse set about providing for the wants of his guest, baking a hoe cake with great dexterity, and cooking some bacon and potatoes with neatness and cleverness.
After his guest had done ample justice to the humble but welcome fare, the old man seated himself upon a rude stool and began to talk.
"Used to be a circus performer," he said, "but the old woman I went back on me arter the old woman died; things did not seem cheerful like. So Banjo and me concluded to slide. I didn't have no friends 'cept Banjo, and so we wasn't missed much. Come, I want to show you my boy."
Taking the candle he led the way to a small outer room, and presented Harry, to his great astonishment, to a gigantic ape chained in the corner.
"He was a mighty clever performer! Could jump farther than any ape I ever seen. I had taught him all manner of tricks, and always found him straight and square mister. I used to see plenty of folks; but I've dropped 'em all; I don't even read a paper any more—I'm sick of humans and their doins', and I steer away from 'em; I hain't got no troubles no more—me and Banjo hain't! I'm satisfied!"
"About a year ago," he continued, after they had returned to the main room, "I thought I'd lost Banjo for good. I had to go to the village, and I left Banjo shut up at home. Well, when I got back, he was gone. I hunted all over, but I couldn't find him no where. About three in the morning he came home, looking sly and vicious—more so than I ever seen him; and what do you think he brought? You'd never guess. See here!"
Opening the table-drawer he drew out—a little black slipper with a velvet bow and steel clasp!
Harry Gardner gazed at the little shoe

in mute horror, for in it he recognized the missing mate to the one found in Theo Hunter's room. Here, then, was the mystery solved, here the murderer in the shape of a loathsome animal, irresponsible for the deed.
The secret was never made known. No good could possibly come from making public the discovery. Gardner told the story to his host, whose hermit-like life had prevented his hearing of it, and warned him of the necessity of guarding well so dangerous a creature.
And Theo sleeps quietly in her lowly grave, while her mother and sister sorrow in their distant home, never guessing the secret of that terrible night at Holly House.

STAMPED ENVELOPES.
Nearly 300,000,000 Required—One Kind 40 Cents Per 1,000.
A special despatch from Washington says: Third Assistant Postmaster General Hazen has completed the proposals for bids for making stamped envelopes for the next four years. On May 1, for and the competition is more active and hot-spitting than for any other government contract, as it is the largest single contract which the department makes. For twelve years the Plimpton Envelope Company, of Hartford, Conn., and the Morgan Envelope Company of Springfield, Mass., have had the making of stamped envelopes. Since the Government began in 1851 to sell stamped envelopes there has been a steady increase in the amount required each year, until the Government has for several years been selling more envelopes than all other products combined. Last year \$79,000,000 stamped envelopes, worth \$5,773,000, were sold. With every letting the size of the contract increases and the price of envelopes is reduced. Envelopes which in 1869 cost \$4.80 per thousand can now be sold for \$1.50 per thousand, and the extra letter size which then cost \$6, are now sold for \$2.40.
The proposals this year provide a greater variety of paper and a number of new grades. It was found that people preferred to buy the best quality of envelopes rather than the medium sorts, while no cheap grade was provided. This time a plain, unprinted manila envelope has been called for which can be sold for forty cents a thousand. This meets the demand of circular advertisements, which is a large one, monopolized hitherto by private dealers. Two sizes, called baronial, about 3 by 4 inches, have been inserted for the benefit of the ladies who like to use fancy note papers. The size most used is the plain white or amber known as No. 5, 3 1/2 by 5-1/2 inches. Of this, for the year ending March 31st, 130,475,000 were required, more than twice as many as any other kind used.
Bidders are required to give a bond for \$200,000 that they will go on with the contract if it is awarded to them. The contractor is required to do the work under the supervision of a Government agent. The composition of the paper must be according to Government formula. Rags must be kept in the beater engines not less than sixteen hours and jute not less than ten. The water-mark, which has been a large monogram "U. S. P. O. D." will be changed to a small plain "U. S." The cost for the supply of stamped envelopes is reduced by this year's proposals 20 per cent. In 1882 the reduction was 7 per cent, and in 1878, 20 per cent.
The proposals for department supplies, in which for years a general right of left stealing went on, have been completed by Chief Clerk Nash, and make a reduction of \$25,000 in the total, which is about \$250,000. The three appropriations for the department, the offices and the postal service, have heretofore caused three separate lettings. They are now consolidated in one. The loophole through which much of the stealing has been done was exigency buying. Whenever a sudden demand came up which the contractor could not meet the law authorizes the Postmaster-General to go into open market and buy. In this way some firms had a fat trade. Postmaster General Vilas has inserted a clause in the contract this year by which, if he is compelled to go into the open market, all excess in price over and above the contractor's bid shall be deducted from what is due him on his contract.

Facts About Fires.
A diagram graphically showing the known causes of fire and the proportion they bear to the whole number of fires which have occurred in the United States during the past year has been issued by a New York insurance company. A large segment of a circle, more than one-fourth of the whole represents fires attributed to incendiarism. Another interesting feature of the diagram is the proportion allotted to fires which in insurance circles are of preventable origin. This is not included in incendiarism.
Next to incendiarism, the most fruitful source of fire is the defective flue. Starting as it may seem, these two causes equal almost all the others in the space they occupy on the diagram. Among the other sources of fire which are given prominence are: Explosions of lamps and lanterns, carelessness, lightning, matches, sparks, and spontaneous combustion. No mean burden is placed on "tramps," while fire works and fire crackers have almost as much to answer for. "Ashes" do not show up as prominently as "stoves and stove pipes," but they have caused more destruction of property than "gas jets." "Cigar stubs" destroyed as much in value as "furnaces," and almost rank with "prairie and forest fires" in annihilating national wealth.
The major portion of preventable fires, the circular states, could have been prevented with reasonable prudence and foresight. To this end these suggestions are made:
Good foundations and careful pointing of joints inside and outside of flues; the use of metal receptacles for matches used and unused; the use of high-grade oils in lamps; substituting "thoughtfulness" for "carelessness;" burning greasy, oily or paint rags to prevent spontaneous combustion, and numerous other minor attentions to seemingly trivial things.

LEGAL ANECDOTES.
Wise, Witty and Pungent Sayings of Bench and Bar.
The writer remembers hearing of a gentleman who, not wishing to pay the legal and recognized fee for a consultation with his lawyer, devised an expedition whereby he expected to gain the information he required without the usual cost. He accordingly invited the man "learned in the law" to dine at his house on a particular evening, as a friend and old acquaintance. The lawyer gladly accepted the invitation, and attended at the house of his friend and client promptly to the minute. The conversation for some time was very general and agreeable, and by it the shrewd client, by hinting and suggesting, at last drew the lawyer out into a learned and explicit dissertation upon the subject the client wished to be informed upon. The host, pleased, satisfied, and smiling, chuckled in his sleeve, thinking how nicely he had wormed out the advice desired and pumped his lawyer free of cost.
The feast over, the lawyer departed, equally pleased, and, both being satisfied, all went merry as a marriage bell. But a few days afterward the client received a letter from his lawyer informing him that the charge for professional consultation and advice was 13 shillings and 4 pence, and would be "kindly attend to the payment of same at his earliest convenience and oblige." The client was wild-caught in his own trap; but, being determined to outwit the lawyer and gain his own ends, he forwarded to the latter a bill for "dinner, wines and accessories supplied" on the 16th inst., amounting to 13 shillings and 4 pence, saying that if he would settle the inclosed bill he should only be too pleased and happy to settle the lawyer's little bill. The lawyer retorted by threatening to commence an action against my host for selling wines without a license unless his (the lawyer's) bill was immediately paid. (Do I need to say that the lawyer was victorious.)
When I was a boy I heard of a lawyer who was called up in the middle of a cold winter's night to draw up the will of an old farmer who lived some three miles away, and who was dying. The messenger had brought a cart to convey the lawyer to the farm, and the latter in due time arrived at his destination. When he entered the house he was immediately ushered into the sick-room, and he then requested to be supplied with pen, ink and paper. There was none in the house! The lawyer had not brought any himself, and what was he to do? Any lead pencil? he inquired. No; they had none. The farmer was sinking fast, though quite conscious. At last the legal gentleman saw chalked up on the back of the bedroom door a column upon column of figures in chalk. These were "scores" or "shots." He immediately asked for a piece of chalk, and then, kneeling on the floor, he wrote out concisely upon the smooth hearth-stone the last will and testament of the dying man. The farmer subsequently died. The hearth-stone will was sent to the principal registry in London, with special affidavit, and was duly proved, the will being deposited in the archives of the registry. I may mention that the law does not state upon what substance or with what instrument a will must be written.
There was once a plain outspoken judge who addressing the jury, said: "Gentlemen of the jury, in this case, the counsel on both sides are unintelligible; the witnesses on both sides are incredible, and the plaintiff and defendant are both such bad characters that to me it is indifferent which way you give your verdict."
It was once reported to the notorious Judge Jeffries that the Prince of Orange was on the point of entering into the country, and that he was preparing a manifesto as to his inducements and objects in so doing. "Pray, my Lord Chief Justice," said a gentleman present, "what do you think will be the heads of this manifesto?" "Mine will be one," he gravely replied.
An undoubted alibi was sometime ago successfully proved in an American court as follows:
"And you say you are innocent of the charge of stealing this rooster from Mr. Jones?" queried the Judge.
"Yes sir; I am innocent—as innocent as a child."
"You are confident you did not steal the rooster from Mr. Jones."
"Yes, sir; and I can prove it."
"How can you prove it?"
"I can prove that I didn't steal Mr. Jones' rooster, Judge, because I stole two hens from Mr. Graston the same night, and Jones lives five miles from Graston's."
"The proof is conclusive," said the Judge, "discharge the prisoner."
It is said that the other day a client received the following bill from his lawyer: "Attending and asking you how you did, 6 shillings 8 pence; attending you on the pier when you desired me to look through a piece of smoked glass, 6 shillings 8 pence; looking through the same, 6 shillings 8 pence; rubbing my eye, which watered, 13 shillings 4 pence; attending at luncheon, when you praised the sandwiches and asked me to partake thereof, 6 shillings 8 pence; consulting and asking my opinion thereon, when I said they were very good, 6 shillings 8 pence." Most probably the client treated this as a joke, or perhaps it drove him to extremities.
"Gentlemen of the jury," said a counsel in a suit about a herd of hogs, "there were just thirty-six hogs in that drove; please to remember that fact—thirty-six hogs; just exactly three times as many as there is in that jury box, gentleman." We are informed that the counsel did not win his case. The jury were not so pig-headed.
"Gentlemen of the jury" said an Irish barrister. "It will be for you to say whether this defendant shall be allowed to come into court with unblushing footsteps, with the cloak of hypocrisy in his mouth, and draw three bullocks out of my client's pocket with impunity."
We have heard of several cases of female ingenuity in aiding the escape of prisoners; here is one: The criminals were handcuffed, and with their escort were awaiting the train which would convey them to the county jail. Suddenly a woman rushed through the crowd of spectators with a shower of tears, and cried out: "Kiss me good-by,

and!" The escort good naturedly allowed the process of osculation to be performed, and the Sheriff smiled feelingly. The woman passed a key from her own to the prisoner's mouth, with which he undid the "bracelets," and escaped while the train was in motion.
There is a girl who seems to have queer notions of breach-of-promise cases, for she threatens to sue her own father for breach of promise! She explains that the old gentleman first gave his consent to her marriage with her lover and then withdrew it, and that in consequence her beau got tired of waiting and has gone off with another girl.
"Prisoner at the bar" said the Judge to a man on his trial for murder, "is there anything you wish to say before sentence is passed upon you?" "Judge," replied the prisoner, "there has been altogether too much said already. I knew all along somebody would get hurt if these people didn't keep their mouths shut. It might as well be me, perhaps, as anybody else. Drive on, Judge, and give me as little sentiment as you can get along on. I can stand hanging, but I hate gush."

THE ART OF FINDING.
A Man Who Makes his Living by Keeping His Eyes Upon the Pavement.
"If you can get that queer-looking duck to talk, he may give you a wrinkle," said a policeman to a reporter, pointing out a man whom the reporter had often seen loitering around the newspaper offices as the last of the reporters, editors, and composers bend their steps homeward. His age was probably about 45, although the weathered look of his face made him seem older than he really was. His slight figure was bent forward at the shoulders, and his eyes were closely bent upon the pavement as he walked slowly along.
"I don't want no competitors in my biz," he said, "tho' 'taint every one who'd have the perseverance or the gifts to follow it. I'm a finder, that's what I am, and I'm a monopolist."
"What is a finder?" asked the reporter.
"I'm a finder of things that are lost, that is I hunt for 'em a good deal oftener than I finds 'em. You ain't no idea how many valuable things is lost every day in this city—jewels, watches, purses, rolls of money, dogs and children. Not half the folks who loses thinks to advertise, but some does. They rush to the newspaper offices, and I was here to get the earliest copies and read the advertisements."
"Is it possible you find things that have been lost so many hours before?"
"Sometimes, but not often. If I makes a good hit once in two weeks I'm satisfied. Just as often I don't make one in a month. You see, the ad. says very gen'ly, 'lost 'tween somewhere and somewhere.' Well, I goes and I paces that district, and my eyes has got so sharp that they can tell the glint of a diamond or any stone from a bit of broken glass on the darkest night. Why, you and lots of people walk over lost things every day and never sees 'em. You walks with your eyes in the air a fixed on the folks and the windows, or the pavement 100 feet ahead of you. Mine is always close by my own feet and I walks mighty slow. The gutters is the great place for lost things; they get dropped there by women who are allus in a flurry crossing roads, or they get knocked in by feet or dresses. Only the other day I was crossing a street and saw a muddy bit of cardboard lying in the gutter. Ten thousand people would have passed it by, but I saw what looked like a pin sticking in it. I grabbed it, turned it over, and there, sure enough, was a gold breastpin set with pearls—stunners too."

THE STRAUSS BROTHERS.
Something About the Trio of Musicians.
A writer says: I hear that Johann Strauss is about to embody the musical reminiscences of his youth in an opera, the leading motif of which are to be revivals of dance-tunes composed by him when he was a lad, studying engineering against his will. His boyhood, as well as that of his brothers, Joseph and Edward, was spent under the roof that sheltered his father's workshop, whom, however, he seldom saw; for his parents had separated, and for many years lived in different stories of the same house, the Strauss boys having been judiciously assigned to their mother's care. All three developed remarkable musical ability at an early age, and, when still in round jackets, were familiar figures in several musical saloons of Vienna, where they constantly played their father's compositions, and sometimes their own. Their musical feats, of course reached Strauss's ears, much to his gratification; but he made no sign until several months having elapsed since he first became aware that they were acquiring celebrity, it struck him one day as absurd and unnatural that he should be about the only musician in the Kaiserstadt who had never heard any of his own sons' compositions. Forthwith he sent a message to his wife, who occupied apartments above his own, but two flights higher, to the effect that he would esteem it a favor if she would permit his sons to pay him a visit.
His request was granted at once, and the three boys were ushered into their father's presence. But strange to say, the "Waltz King" (as the Viennese had christened Strauss the elder) had no piano-forte in his rooms. What was to be done? After some hesitation he decided upon sending another message upstairs to Mamma Strauss to lend him her piano for an hour or two. Presently down came the piano, and the boys began to play—first their father's music and their own. The old man's delight was unbounded; he embraced them over and over again, gave them his blessing and then sent them back to their mother, together with the piano and his "compliments and thanks."

Knowledge may be power, but the dancing man can give the Greek professor points, and then double-discount him, in society.

FROM GARRET TO PALACE.
A Poor Detroitter Falls Heir to an Immense Fortune.
In a few poorly furnished rooms in the upper story of an old, dilapidated brick building on the northwest corner of Abbott and Sixth streets, Detroit, lives an old man named Peter Kavanagh, his wife and daughter. Up to a few days ago they considered themselves poor indeed, but by a turn in the wheel of fortune they now find themselves grown suddenly rich.
Mr. Kavanagh was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1824, of poor parents, who had besides himself a beautiful daughter, Mary Ann. At the age of 20 young Kavanagh married, and in 1855 sailed for America, leaving his wife and family in Ireland. In the meantime his sister's beauty had attracted the attention of a wealthy lady, who engaged her as waiting maid and took her on an extended tour through the old countries. The brother and sister thus became separated.
The young man soon found employment here as advance agent for a traveling showman called "McCallister, the Wizard," with whom he worked for three years, saving enough money to send for his family. On their arrival they settled in London, Ont., and he engaged in the wholesale rag business. In this he was not successful and lost every dollar he had in the world. His two sons, Peter and Thomas, who had then nearly reached manhood, came to the "States," whither they were soon afterward followed by their parents and sister.
They settled in Detroit, but did not seem to have much better luck, as the father could not get anything to do and had to depend on the children. Their daughter Mary Ann met with an accident in a manufacturing establishment, which made it impossible for her to do any work, and made it all the harder for the old folks to make ends meet. The old man had given up all hopes of hearing from his sister, as he had heard no tidings of her for twenty years, the correspondence having at that time closed in a peculiar manner. Coming home one evening a little out of humor he found his wife reading a letter.
"Who is that letter from that you are reading?" he asked.
"Why, Peter," she replied, "it is a letter from your sister, who is now in Paris, and it also contains a directed envelope."
Without saying a word he took the package from her hand and threw it into the fire. Thus was lost the only clue to his sister's whereabouts. Imagine the feelings of the aged couple, at whose door poverty was rapping, when they received, a few days ago, from a young man whom they had brought up in Canada, and who is now in the northern part of Michigan, a marked copy of the Hamilton Spectator of April 1, which contained the following:
"Peter Kavanagh, late of London, Ont., son of Lawrence and Mary Kavanagh, and brother of Mary Ann Kavanagh (Mrs. Goddolph), late of Sydney, New South Wales, deceased, is heir to an estate worth a million dollars left him by his said sister. Peter can learn all the particulars by applying to Cameron & Breadley, barristers, 336 George street, Sydney, New South Wales, Australia."
"I could hardly speak when I received it," said the old man, trying to suppress his emotion, "but there is no doubt that I am the man, as I answer the description in every particular."
"How do you think your sister became so wealthy?" asked the reporter.
"I do not know," he answered, "unless some rich man fell in love with her for her beauty, and took her to live in Australia. But, however, she got it. God knows it did not come to me any too soon, as I am in pretty straitened circumstances. I am too old to reap much benefit by it, but those after me, and especially her (pointing to the crippled daughter), can use it to good advantage."
Mr. Kavanagh is about to place the settling of the matter in the hands of a reliable law firm in this city, and expects to have the money in a few months.
Why the Organ was Locked.
The other day a household was made proud and happy by the introduction of a cabinet organ. The mother could play a little, and as there was a "popular collection of music" included in the purchase, she lost no time in getting every note and stop into practice. The organ groaned and wheezed and complained with the most astonishing music; night and day, day and night for a week. Then one morning there was a knock at the door, and a little girl from the next house shrilly said:
"Please marm, mother wants to know if you won't lend her your music book?"
This was a surprising request, inasmuch as the woman next door was known to be organless. After gasping once or twice the amateur organist asked:
"What does she want of it?"
The child hadn't been headed for this question, so she straightforwardly replied:
"I don't know, I'm sure, only I heard mother tell father that if she had hold of the book for a day or two mebbe somebody could get a rest."
The woman softly shut the door in the little girl's face, and went and carefully locked the cabinet organ with a brass key.
Statements' Ages.
Somebody who has figured on the subject gives the ages of our own most distinguished public men as follows: Simon Cameron leads in point of years. He is eighty-seven. Morrill is seventy-six; Edmunds, fifty-eight; "Pig Iron" Kelley, seventy-two; Randall, fifty-eight; McKinley, forty-two; John Sherman, sixty-three; Lamar, sixty-one; Tom Reed, forty-seven; Blaine, fifty-six; Cleveland forty-nine; Carlisle, fifty-one; Beck, sixty-four; Ingalls, fifty-three; Holman, sixty-four; Schurz, fifty-seven; Voorhes, fifty-nine; Morrison, sixty-one; Logan, sixty; Bayard, fifty-six; Hawley, sixty; Garland, fifty-four; and Sunset Cox, sixty-two.