

### Poor Marionette.

Poor Marionette! She worked so hard,  
And did her part with such precision!  
But one cold day, when off her guard,  
She tumbled on the cruel floor  
And broke herself for evermore.  
Then worthless quite—  
Poor wooden mite!  
She met with scorn and cold derision.  
"Throw her away!" the showman cried.  
"Throw her away. We'll buy a new one."  
And so, despised, and cast aside  
She lay all winter in the snow,  
Unmourned, forgotten long ago  
By human folk;  
And never woke,  
So can a cruel fate undo one.  
Poor Marionette! In course of time  
Sweet May came bringing gentler weather  
Then followed summer in her prime;  
And softly, on fair moonlight nights,  
Came mourning elves and dainty sprites,  
Who, weeping much,  
With tender touch  
Soon hid her in the warm, sweet heath.

### THE GRACE OF LOVE.

A great while ago, there once lived a very beautiful and very rich little Princess. So beautiful and so rich she was that suitors from all parts of the world came flocking in shoals to her palace, wearing out pantaloons by the million in protracted and agonizing kneeling at her tiny feet.  
Notwithstanding the glory of it, however, the little Princess did not much enjoy this sort of thing; for whereas other young ladies could spend their time in making delightful slippers and comfortable for their friends, this poor little thing had to employ all hers in knitting everlasting mittens (which are very awkward, disagreeable things to make, besides being never pleasantly accepted), so that many a time did she wish she might only have been born married, and thus have been spared this continual worry and vexation of soul. For she was a proud fastidious little Princess, and had declared that she never would marry until she had found one who was in every way her superior, as was, of course, all extremely right and proper; only, though all kinds of paragons came to her, somehow or other none of them ever proved superior enough to succeed in winning the little Princess for his bride. It really was pitiable to see so many fine fellows turned off daily by the Princess and become so accustomed to it that she grew quite callous-hearted on the subject; and when she heard that of the thousand rejected, seven or eight shot themselves, and five or six felt bad, and three or four cut their wisdom teeth, and one or two stayed single, all for her sweet sake, she never shed a tear.

But one day, as a hundred or so stood in the outer court of the palace, squeezing on their gloves, and practicing tender glances and sighs preparatory to entering the fair one's presence, a young man, of very different appearance from the rest, came quietly up and joined them.

"Well, fellow," said the others, "what errand brings you here?"  
"The same as that on which you come," answered he, tranquilly. "Save that I shall succeed where you will fail. I come to wed the Princess."

"You!" they exclaimed in chorus, looking at him with scorn, for he was plainly dressed and of unimposing aspect. "You! You pretend to be her superior? You indeed?"  
"I am," he replied, unmoved. "For I love her, and love nobles."

Whereat the other laughed contemptuously.  
"Just hear the fool!" cried one. "This graceless beggar dares to love!"  
"Put him out!" screamed another.

"The cut of his mantle is antique, and he has no buckles on his shoes, nor powder to his hair. Bah! It is scandalous to have him about!"  
"Let him stay," said a third with a shrug. "It is as well to have a valet at one's back."

The man at whom these sneers were cast smiled composedly. "Fortunes change," he said. "You who call me valet shall yet see me carry of the Princess to-night before your very eyes."

A murmur of derision ran through the crowd. But at that moment the palace doors were thrown open, and the court herald announced in a loud voice that her royal highness would now deign to receive offers; and that going in, suitors would please take the right hand door, and coming out the left-hand door, that thus collisions of a painful and disturbing nature might be avoided, and that, furthermore, no suicides were allowed in the royal presence. An immediate rush ensued toward the entrance, which opened directly into the great hall where the Princess sat upon her throne, with thousands of cushions lying before her over the floor, that suitors might not catch cold from kneeling too long upon the marble pavement, while huge hog-heads, filled with highly-colored and various-sized mittens, were piled up artistically in the background.

"Beautiful" is no fit word wherewith to describe this Princess. Had Webster or Worcester or any other dictionary seen her, he would certainly have invented some words on the spot more capable of expressing the charm and grace and perfect proportion of feature, form and soul which went to make up this rare and wonderful maiden.

And now, one after another, with different degrees of assurance, ecstasy, sentiment and pride, the crowd of suitors made their efforts, extolling their several excellencies and advantages over each other and everybody else, and modestly bringing into view those points wherein they bid defiance to the human race at large and aspired to be divinities. But to-day, as yesterday, none was found superior to the Princess. One after another was duly admitted and dismissed with a consolatory cigar, and the promise that his name should not be handed in to Mrs. Grundy, who, pen in hand, sat in the reporter's chair; and still the little Princess waited smiling and peerless, upon her throne, in royal but wearing single-blessedness. Yet all this while the strange young man, who had come in with the rest, said never a word to press his suit, and while the others were praying and groaning and making no end of a to-do, he alone stood upright and silent, and held his head straight and high as if in proud disdain.

The little Princess was only a woman after all, so, of course, she grew piqued at last.  
"Pray, why do you come here, you," she said, pointing her tiny ivory finger at him, with an inimitable mixture of grace and scorn, "if not to woo me with the rest?"  
"I come to wed, lady, not to woo," he answered gravely, and moved forward with unbending head.  
"To wed?" echoed the Princess, with a laugh that rang forth so deliciously sweet, that to hear it was to think only of the ripple of silver waves against shores of the purest crystal. "And pray, friend, is that your wedding garb?"  
"She whom I love will look to the heart rather than to the raiment," answered he, as unabashed and gravely as before; and the Princess felt rebuked, and bit her sweet lips.

"Yet you bring no gift in your hands," she said. "How dare you ask aught of me?"  
"He looked at her and smiled, and she saw that his smile was sweet."  
"Lady, I claim but gift for gift. I bring you my heart. Give me therefore yours."

"Yet you do not kneel in the asking," she said. "How may I listen to such a prayer?"  
"Lady," he answered—and he looked tall and noble standing upright alone, amid the sea of bowed heads around—"I do not kneel, because I come neither to beg nor to pray, but to demand my right."

"How dare you!" cried the Princess, frightened at language so strangely unsoftened to meet her delicate royal ears.  
"How dare you?"  
"Love dares all, or is no love," answered he, and smiled still.

"I have sworn that I will wed none save him who is in all my superior," said the Princess, and looked at him curiously. "Do you call yourself my superior? Are you so vain?" And she drew up her exquisite head, and laughed a low, gurgling laugh.  
"No," he answered. "For love is humble; yet as humility is superior to vanity, you are inferior to me in so far as you claim superiority."

"Am I vain, then?" asked the Princess, in a pained surprise.  
"No!" thundered the crowd of suitors behind. "No! No! No! To the death with him who affirms it! No! No! A thousand times no!"  
"Yes," said the young man who stood before her; and though he spoke so low she heard him above all the rest and hung her lovely head.

"At least," she said, "how can you vie with me in birth? I am a princess and sit upon a throne; and you—"  
"Your throne is senseless marble and cold, dead stone," said he, "and mine is a woman's heart."

"You are poor," said she, "and I am rich."  
"Nay, it is you who are poor," he replied, "since earth's sorest poverty is the having only self to love; and I am rich, for loving is wealth, and I have loved long and well."

"But I am wise and learned," said she. "I have studied much and profoundly. Can you know more than I?"  
"Yes," answered he; "for I have learned that I am ignorant, and earth's highest wisdom can teach no more."

"But I am beautiful," she said, with a blush that spread over her face like the sunset glow over a lily. "And you—"  
"A beauty that sees but self is blind," he answered, "and blindness is a deformity. It is I therefore who am beautiful, for you so fill my heart that wherever I am, you are present."

"They say I am good," stammered the little Princess as a final plea. And ears stood in her wonderful eyes.  
The young man came nearer and smiled again, and in his smile were only pity, and tenderness, and love. "Yet by your own showing, you are selfish, and vain, and weak," he said softly.

"And you?" asked the Princess, tremulously, yet smiling up at him as he spoke; "are you so much better than I?"  
"Yes," he said, "for I am Love himself, and what is there upon earth that is truer and stronger and purer and better than Love?"

And the little Princess looking at him, suddenly saw a great glory flash out in his face, and his quaint garb fell

off, and he stood before her clad in robes of scarlet and gold, and a kingly scepter was in his hand, and he had wings such as we dream angels have, and his name, "Love," stood like a jeweled crown above his forehead. And the Princess hid her face in her hands and sobbed for very shame.

"I have found Love at last," she said. "It is he for whom I have waited so long, and searched so far and wide. Only Love dared claim me. Only Love knew how to win me. Only Love could teach me to love again."

And then Love bent over her, and folded her in his close, strong arms, and flew away with her right into the far-off, wonderful Seventh Heaven, where none but those who Love have ever been. And the suitors stayed behind with their mittens and their cigars, and their promises that none should ever know their names, and were sulky, and pretended to outsiders that "they never could tell what it was so immensely superior that the Princess saw in that fellow!" Only luckily the world's echoes cannot reach so far as up to the Seventh Heaven, and the little Princess never heard what they said.

### Elephants in the Lumber Business.

Lazy and clumsy-looking as the elephant appears in our menageries, where it is merely an object of curiosity in Asia it is as useful an animal as the horse, and is, indeed, employed in a greater variety of ways.

There are few, if any, tasks which a horse can be trusted to perform without careful and constant guidance; whereas the elephant is frequently given as much independence of action as a man would have for the same work. This is notably the case in the lumber-yards of Rangoon and Maulmein, where the entire operation of moving and piling the heavy timber is performed by male elephants without any special supervision by the keepers.

The logs to be moved are teakwood, which is very heavy. They are cut into lengths of twenty feet, with a diameter or perhaps a square, of about a foot. An elephant will go to a log, kneel down, thrust his trunk under the middle of it, curl his trunk over it, test it to see that it is evenly balanced, and then rise with it and easily carry it to the pile which it is being made. Piling the log carefully on the pile in its proper place, the sagacious animal will step back a few paces and measure with his eye to determine whether or not the log needs pushing one way or another. It will then make any necessary alteration of position. In this way, without a word of command from its mahout, or driver, it will go on with its work.

To do any special task, it must, of course, be directed by the mahout; but it is marvelous to see how readily this great creature comprehends his instructions, and how ingeniously it makes use of its strength. If a log too heavy to be carried is to be moved a short distance, the elephant will bend low, place his great head against the end of the log and then with a sudden exertion of strength and weight throw his body forward and fairly push the log along; or, to move the log any great distance, he will encircle it with a chain and drag his load behind him.

As a rule, however, the work of dragging is done by the female elephants, since having no tusks, they can not carry logs as the male elephants do. A man could hardly display more judgment in the adjustment of the rope or chain around a log, nor could a man with his two hands tie and untie knots more skillfully than do they with their trunks.

**Ventriloquists Among Animals.**  
Many birds from their sounds, without opening their bills. The pigeon is a well known instance of this. Its cooing can be distinctly heard, although it does not open its bill. The call is formed internally in the throat and chest, and is only rendered audible by resonance. Similar ways may be observed in many birds and other animals. The clear, loud call of the cuckoo, according to Nicotardot, is the resonance of a note formed in the bird. The whirring of the snipe, which betrays the approach of the bird to the hunter, is an act of ventriloquism. The frog also is said not to open his mouth in croaking, but to create his far reaching sounds by the rolling of air in his intestines. Even the nightingale has certain notes which are produced internally, and which are audible while the bill is closed. So even the art of ventriloquism (if we may call it an art), but which in former times was highly esteemed, has been taught to man by the animals.

To discern light in shadows in an art.  
In order to show your grandeur don't reduce your fellow-being.  
Be content to do the things you can, and fret not because you cannot do everything.

To marry for beauty is the same as buying a piece of land for the sake of the roses growing on it. The latter is even more sensible, for the roses time returns every year.

If you wish your wife to throw the cloak of charity over your sins, beware to provide her with an expensive one.

Thoroughbred St. Bernard dogs sell at any where from \$250 to \$1000 each.

The first locomotives to be used in Palestine are of an American manufacture.

### Lincoln's Advice to a Naval Hero.

Among the inmates of the National Soldiers' Home at Togus, Me., is Richard Rowley, who was captain of the guns on the Kearsarge when she sunk the Alabama off the harbor of Cherbourg, France, and performed an act of bravery which probably saved his ship and her crew. The battle had raged for an hour and a half, when a 100-pound rifle shell from the Alabama struck the gun which Rowley was sighting and fell on the deck, with the fuse still burning, in an instant Rowley picked it up and threw it into the sea, where it exploded just as it touched the water. The sailor's beard and mustache were burned off by the fuse, but he stepped back to his gun and sent a shot into the sinking Alabama. Capt. Winslow at once gave the order to man the rigging, and gave three cheers for Quarter-master Rowley.

The latter was greatly lionized after his return to this country. Congress voted him a gold medal, he received other valuable gifts, and President Lincoln personally thanked him. For several days before his interview with the President, Rowley had accepted frequent invitations to drink champagne, and probably showed the effects. As he arose to go Mr. Lincoln gave him \$100, saying:

"Now, don't drink too much liquor; drink just a little, but not too much. I know you old sailors all like a little grog, but be careful and not drink too much."—Harper's Weekly.

### Songs of Harriet Beecher Stowe.

I was recently sitting in Mark Twain's home in Hartford waiting for the humorist to return from his daily walk. Suddenly sounds of devotional singing came in through the open window from the direction of the out-look conservatory. The singing was low, yet the sad tremor in the voice seemed to give it special carrying power.

"You have quite a devotional domestic," I said to a member of the family who came in shortly afterwards.  
"That is not a domestic who is singing," was the answer. "Step to this window, look in the conservatory and see for yourself."

I did so. There, sitting alone on one of the rustic benches in the flower-house, was a small, elderly lady. Keeping time with the first finger of her right hand, as if with a baton, she was slightly swaying her frail body as she sang, softly yet sweetly, Charles Wesley's hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," and Sarah Flower Adams' "Nearer My God to Thee."

But the singer was not a domestic. It was Harriet Beecher Stowe! There sat the once brilliant authoress like a child crooning a favorite air.—New York Letter.

### The Beaconsfield Primrose.

Lord Beaconsfield's fondness for the primrose originated when he was living in Highbury, London. Here he was much attached to a young lady residing in the same locality, who was the daughter of a gentleman of good property. At a ball given at that gentleman's house the young lady in question wore a wreath of primroses. A discussion arose between Mr. Disraeli and another gentleman as to whether the primroses were real or not. A bet of a pair of gloves was made, and on the young lady being consulted, and the primroses being examined, the bet was won by Mr. Disraeli. The primroses were real primroses, and the young lady gave two of them to the future prime minister, which he put in his buttonhole and kept, and used to show long afterwards. Some have thought that because the Queen sent a wreath of primroses to Lord Beaconsfield's funeral the flower became his badge in that way. This is a mere invention.

**A Bold Cavalry Leader.**  
A prominent Confederate once told the writer that when Sherman's army assumed the offensive there were three or four regiments of cavalry which would wheel on the Confederate flank like chain lightning and strike like a wild division. It was Gen. J. T. Wilder's brigade of mounted infantry, armed with Spencer repeating rifles. They had come down from Rosecrank's army and went back with Thomas, and those repeating rifles made music. Gen. Wilder was a New Yorker by birth, learned the iron business in Ohio, and after the war, in 1867, built two blast furnaces at Rockwood, near Chattanooga, the first furnaces ever erected in that country which used mineral fuel, and they are still running. Gen. Wilder is at the Ebbitt, a tall, vigorous man, with short, white whiskers and a bluff, hearty manner. He has disposed of his interests in Chattanooga, and is now building the Charleston, Cincinnati and Chicago Railroad. He has done many things in his eventful life.—Washington Post.

**Picturesque General Butler.**  
Gen. Butler is described on his tour through Maine as carrying the usual bright red rose and "tipping his hat on one side of his head in the saucy Butlerish fashion." It is further remarked that while the General is unable to bend over quite as easily as he used to, yet he steps along quite smartly. The country will lose one of its most picturesque features when the hero of Dutch Gap is gathered to his fathers.

**Unsatisfactory Exhibition.**  
Proud Father (showing off precocious child before visitors)—Whose 'tittle boy' is 'oo?  
Precocious Child—Mean, stingy ole 'tittle boy.  
Proud Father (in astonishment)—Why, no, Arelie; 'oo's papa's 'tittle boy!

**Precocious Child (positively)**—Well, 'at's 'ot mammy calls papa, anyhow.—From Chicago Tribune.

### A Historic Match-Box.

Yesterday I saw in the possession of a gentleman here an elegant gold match-box that once belonged to Prince Maximilian, who was shot in Mexico more than twenty years ago. Just before he was put to death he gave this box and two watches to the soldiers who were detailed to carry into execution the sentence of death which had been passed upon him. He told them that he gave them these mementos to show that he bore no ill will towards them, as they were only acting in obedience to orders. "Aim at my heart!" he said. They did so, and in a moment he was a corpse. The soldiers who were his executioners appear to have had very little sentiment, and were glad to sell the relics of the Prince for a good price. They were bought by an American travelling in Mexico and were brought to Washington, where some time later they were exposed for sale at Galt's jewelry store. One of the watches, which was beautiful and costly, was bought by the Austrian Minister then here. The match-box was picked up by a gentleman who is a connoisseur in things with a history. It is of solid Mexican gold, elaborately chased and ornamented with exquisite amatory designs, among which are a Cupid, heart, bow and arrow and altar. It is presumed to have been a gift to the Prince from some lady admirer. If it had been a present from his wife, the unfortunate Princess Carlotta, it is likely her name would have appeared on it, and he would hardly have given it away. A large diamond glistens upon the spring by which it is opened.—Washington Special.

**Walking Down Hill Makes Bow Legs.**  
"Bow-legged people are generally thought to have involuntarily deformed themselves by crawling when in infancy said a physician and surgeon to a Dispatch writer yesterday. "Not so," continued the M. D., "for in a number of years of practice I have paid attention to the many malformed people who have had their limbs 'bowed,' even after maturity."

"Why?" was the inquisitive interjection.  
"Well, it is a peculiar fact that persons residing in altitudinous houses—of which there are numberless in both Pittsburgh and Allegheny—are the ones to whom I refer. The daily ascent and descent of hills, where the horse cars or inclines do not traverse, has been the cause of more crooked limbs than was ever thought of. The ascent of a hill, of course, makes muscular development; but in the descent a person throws the entire weight of his body upon the knee and ankle joints, which relax in order to ease the strain upon the forelimb, and the main weight falls for support upon the ankles. There is a superabundance of avoirdupoise bearing down upon them, which naturally causes them to crook, thus throwing the limb from the ankle to the knee into a 'bow' shape.

"The only remedy I could suggest would be for all hill denizens to descend.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

### Where They Rear Girls in Cages.

In the report of United States Consul Griffin, stationed at Sydney, the Consul tells of a remarkable custom of the inhabitants of New Britain, as follows: "The inhabitants, it is said by Wallace, have a peculiar custom of confining their girls in cages until they are old enough to be married. This custom is said to be peculiar to the people of New Britain. The cages are made of twigs of the palm tree, and the girls are put into them when only 2 or 3 years of age. The Rev. George Brown established Wesleyan mission in New Britain in 1876, and I learn from him that these cages are built inside the houses, and that the girls are never allowed to leave the house under any circumstances. The houses are closely fenced in with a sort of wickerwork made of reeds. Ventilation under the circumstances is rendered very difficult. The girls are said to grow up strong and healthful in spite of these disadvantages.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

**Gallant Captain Raymond.**  
Captain George B. Raymond, of Bordentown, New Jersey, freight agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad in New York, has travelled between these two cities, a distance of sixty miles, every day for the past twenty-seven years. Captain Raymond is well past seventy, and is in the best of health, which he attributes largely to his daily trip on the cars. Some years ago, when he commanded a sailing-vessel, Captain Raymond picked up at sea two men who had been shipwrecked, and were clinging to a spar. Captain Raymond saved their lives by this timely rescue, and brought them to New York, where they have lived ever since, one of them being ex-Mayor Edward Cooper, then a mere lad, and the other his tutor, ex-Mayor Abram S. Hewitt. A silver pitcher, suitably inscribed, was presented to Captain Raymond by the late Peter Cooper to commemorate the gallant rescue.

**Why He Quit Courting.**  
A good story is told of a man in Bath, Me., who although a widower and pretty well along in years is as much of a gallant as ever, and has lately been paying attention to a lady in another town. This gay widower has a luxuriant beard, but it is liberally streaked with gray, and the other day when he started out to visit his new intended he went to a drug store and ordered a preparation for dyeing his whiskers black. Then he went home and proceeded to beautify himself. After a hasty and generous application of the stuff, however, he made a horrible discovery—his beard was not dyed black, but a pronounced sky blue. He made frantic efforts to remove the color, but it sticks like grim death, and he doesn't go courting any more.

### DON'T DROP YOUR PEN.

If You should You Might Lose \$100,000, as in this instance.

"The dropping of a pen about to be used for such a purpose as this," said a Philadelphia lawyer after the paper has been signed, "always makes me nervous and uncomfortable, for a case where a delay of not more than ten or fifteen seconds, caused by the dropping of a pen with which a man was to sign his name to a will, lost to a worthy purpose a legacy of \$100,000, always comes to my mind. That was the case of H. R. Rouse, one of the pioneer oil operators on Oil Creek, who made a large fortune early in the business. He was a native of Warren County, and in 1861 his wells were yielding him a daily income above the average man's daily income.

"He fell a victim to the first great oil well fire, when the famous Hawley & Merrick well began to suddenly spout oil and gas in such quantities that the oil ran to waste and flowed over the ground in all directions and gas filled the air for a quarter of a mile around. A terrible explosion and conflagration followed. The score or more people who had collected to witness the then novel sight of a flowing well were enveloped in flames, among them H. R. Rouse. He was rescued from death in the sea of flames by a man named Uriah Smith of Mercer, at the peril of his own life and at the cost of permanent and awful disfigurement.

"Rouse was so horribly burned that his recovery was impossible, and after being carried to a house near by, he insisted on making his will. His eyes were burned to a crisp in their sockets, and he was one solid blister from head to foot, but he lay, without uttering a moan or a complaint, dictating his will, a task that required several hours. When the will had been reduced to writing and read to him he was so weak that he could no longer speak, and he motioned for the pen to sign the document. When the person who had done the writing dipped the pen in the ink bottle and was about to place it in Rouse's hand, he dropped it and it rolled under the bed.

"Not more than a quarter of a minute elapsed before he had recovered it, but when it was placed in Rouse's hand the hand was powerless to use it. The brave oil prince was dead. The will he thus left unsigned bequeathed \$100,000 to the poor fund of Warren County. It also remembered the man who had torn the testator from the burning mass of oil, who was left a handsome legacy. Rouse's heirs, not being legally bound to carry out his wishes, repudiated the moral claims, and Warren County lost her legacy, as did the man who, at the risk of his own life, saved the oil prince to his family at least for Christian burial. And that is why the dropping of a pen gives me a most uncomfortable and nervous feeling."

### The Profligate Austrian Prince.

The Archduchess Stephanie of Austria is going to Belgium next month, on a visit to her parents, and it is understood that she will not return to Luxemburg, but intends to remain only the palace and island of Lacroma, in the Adriatic, which is her favorite winter residence. The Archduchess has a very large settlement in addition to the palace and island of Lacroma, and Emperor Francis Joseph has made a splendid provision for her daughter. The Crown Prince Rudolf left £400,000 of debts, which the Emperor has paid. Nobody can understand how the Prince got rid of so much money, as he had £150,000 a year, and Luxemburg and his palace in Vienna were entirely kept up for him. The Archduchess Stephanie could not leave Austria until it was certain that no posthumous heir to the throne would be born, but the prescribed period having expired, and all the formalities having been complied with, she is now at liberty to go where she pleases.—London Truth.

### A Tooth from a Man's Nose.

A peculiar piece of dentistry was performed here, by which a tooth was extracted from William Bernhardt's nose. Mr. Bernhardt was kicked by a horse sixteen years ago and some of his teeth were knocked out of place. When he was recovered from the injuries resulting from the kick he was troubled with a dull headache, which has scarcely ceased a day since that time. He also had a distressed feeling in the upper portion of his nose and supposed that he was suffering from catarrh. In course of time he discovered what he thought was an extra piece of bone and a doctor dug out one of the teeth. Since that time he had been troubled still more. There was still another tooth that had grown lonesome and longed to get out. Drs. Condon and Cook yesterday undertook the job of arresting the roving tooth, which had gathered little moss, and captured it. This is probably the first record of a tooth being extracted from a person's nose.—Ogden, (Cal.) Commercial.

### Petrifications in a Cow's Stomach.

Two years ago last November a neifer belonging to James Brown, near Constock, swallowed a pair of woollen mittens. The calf grew to be a milk cow, and was apparently doing well, until a short time ago, when Mr. Brown noticed that she was not doing as well as usual. She seemed in much distress when she moved around, and had a great desire to lie down all the time. Finally she died, and Mr. Brown cut her open to see what was the matter with her. Upon examination one of the mittens and a part of the other were found in a petrified state. When knocked against each other they rattled like stones. They are really wonderful, and many are anxious to see them. W. H. Wilson of Drain has them, and anyone can see them by calling on him. Mr. Brown values them very highly.—Drain Echo.