FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Incompatibility. since thou art all my own My love, my life, my promised bride! He murmurs sottly, sinking down Clarinda's peerless torm beside.

Let's figure, sweet, how we'll begin Our married state that is to be.' Yes, love. To cut a figure in The world is all my wish!" says she

"For house," says he, " what better than A tiny cot by ocean's flow?"
"Twould do," she says, behind her tan

"If marble fronts were scarce, you know "Ahem! And we might well engage One maid-of-all-work, stout and neat!" Y-e-e-s! and a tootman, cook and page, And coach and pair!" she murmured sweet "Why, really, dear!-but words are air-

With love for guests at home a field, Our food shall be the simplest fare. Our drink the dairy's snowy yield!" "Y-e-e-s! with otceteras rare and blest." She coyly adds: "that money brings-Fish; game in season; wines the best; Broils, stews, fruit cake, ice-cream

"In Midas' name!" he cries, with look, And tone and mien from rapture tree, "Dost deem a millionaire to hook, Ambitious girl, in wedding me?" "Why, not at all, Sir Stinginess! She quick responds, with scornful shout; But just remember none the less, As servant I'm not hiring out!"

They sever-she with angry look That never bids him pause nor stay; He clutching tight his pocketbook, And precious glad to get away. "Dissembling might have done with tact, It not too soon betrayed," says she; "How lucky that to sober fact I brought her ere too late!" says he. Fashions of the Season.

Among the new dress goods in silk and wool mixtures are found some novelties in the form of welted striped goods, the stripes running across, not lengthwise the goods, producing a corduroy effect; and upon this surface, whose ground is either gendarme blue, bronze, plum, dark green, brown, or black, bright silk threads produce a flowered design in jardiniere effects, the figures being for the most part small set designs. This stuff is intended for the paniers, back draperies, cuffs, revers, and collars of costumes whose underskirts, sleeves, and minor parts are composed of self-colored, all-wool, weited striped goods of tints and shades corresponding with the grounds of the figured goods. In the plain goods intended for the underskirts the welted stripes are also crosswise the goods.

Other fance wilk and wool mixtures.

also crosswise the goods.

Other fancy silk and wool mixtures lave narrow alternate stripes of plain wool and figured silk, the silk stripes in

wool and figured silk, the silk stripes in small bright arabesque or armure designs. Other striped cloths have particolored grounds of bronze, French gray, cherry, garnet, peacock, gendarme and navy blues, and shades of stone and ardoise or slate color.

Plaid Jacquard is a genuine novelty, the large plaids being produced in a variety of novel and striking designs and sharply contrasting colors woven in a Jacquard loom, and, while they imitate the size and colors of tartans, are very unlike them. Broken blocks, squares, and dashes of color are produced in the midst of the wool mixtures by bright threads of silk thrown in, the predominant tints being old gold, sapphire and turquoise blues, cherry and other shades of red, and bright shades of green on dark grounds.

other shades of red, and bright shades of green on dark grounds.

In plain all-wool goods, in addition to the camel's hair goods, cloths, flannels and cashmeres of last winter, we are shown a new material called toile desanglier. This is plain woven, but has a rough surface, and resembles bunting made sufficiently heavy to serve for warm winter dresses.

made sufficiently heavy to serve for warm winter dresses.

The ready-made suits, thousands of which are sold every season and sent all over the world, are shown this fall in dark cloth colors in the new shades of amaranth. Rembrandt green, gendarme or duck's breast and navy blues, dauphin and dark French grays. Burgoyne and golden browns and black, with garnitures and parts of the costumes of trimming satins, plain, plaided or striped, silk plush. Jacquard corduroys or welted stripes, wide woolen braids and Scotch and Jacquard plaids, or other trimming goods of silk and wool mixtures similar to those described above.

The greater part of these suits are made up in the form of a coat basque, with pointed waistcoat in front and a postilion back, curved shorter on the hips. When the basque has not a waistcoat it is given a stomacher like a plastron, which is pointed below the waist, and consists of two revers sewed together down the middle, extending from the neck down and tapering gradually na-

and consists of two revers sewed together down the middle, extending from the neck down and tapering gradually narrower to the waist. Under this plastron waisteoat or stomacher the basque is fastened with small flat buttons. The plastron may be either of plain cloth or satin, or it may be covered with parallel lines of zigzag braid set on crosswise in points. The postilion backs are sometimes pointed, but oftener square, and are given flat box-plaits beaded with fancy buttons. The skirts are short, trimmed with the usual flounce or flounces, in the usual variety of kilt, knife blade and box-plaitings. Paniers appear on many of these skirts, or scarfs arranged to produce panier effects. Wide bells are seen on many of the basques, beginning in the seam under the arms and fastening in front. Other basques are half double-breasted, and others again have surplice plaits or athers in front; and blouse effects are also popular in basques, fastening down with three-inch wide belts, to which the side pocket is attached. The buttons on the waistcoats are smaller than those on other parts of the costume. Few outside pockets are seen, but sometimes a long square or pear-shaped appendage of this kind is attached to the lower edge of a basque, and made very effective with trimmings. Plaid silks and silk plush of the same shade as the wool material of the dress, and self-colored Jacquard corduroys, also of the shade of the woolen stuff, are used for trimming cashmeres, told des Indes, camel's loat and foile de sanglier costumes. These ready-made suits range in price all the way from \$20 to \$75 and \$100.

Large and small bonnets, the first very large and the second very small, are seen down the middle, extending from the

Large and small bonnets, the first very arge and the second very small, are seen among the importations of millinery goods. The large bonnets are either pokes with close sides, directoire honnets with square crowns and faring brims, or Rabagas bonnets that frame the face like a halo. The small bonnets are close cottage shapes, or are square

crowns and almost brimless, such as have been worn at Saratoga and Newport during the summer, and the favorite Carmen bonnets with greater breadth in the back. Other shapes serve as either a round hat or a bonnet, and English turbans, Derbies and large Tyrolean hats are all among the new shapes. The are all among the new shapes. The Gainesboroughs and other fanciful, picturesque shapes are not by any means

discarded.

All these shapes are brought out in smooth soft felt, silk plush and fur beavers, with pill an inch long. Sometimes the crown of the hat will be of silk and the brim of beaver or the reverse, and sometimes felt brims are given fur or silk crowns, or felt crowns are seen with plush or beaver brims. The feather felts which were introduced last season appear again this season in greater numbers, and in the delicate ecru and beige tints and cream and pear

last season appear again this season in greater numbers, and in the delicate occur and beige tints and cream and pearl white, which show that they will be used tor the richest full-dress occasions. The felts, beavers and plushes come in the same variety of colors and tints this season that they did last, or even greater. The new tints of cloth shades that are seen in the dress goods appear in the bonnets and hats, showing plainly that costumes will require a hat or bonnet to match this winter, and at least an attempt will be made to revive that fashion. For the new shades, colors found in felts and other millinery goods, new names are given. Rembrandt is a a new name for a dark bluish shade of peacock green. A new red with a dash of purple in it is Ameranth, and the old Egyptian or Pompeiian reds are now vieux rouge. Japoniers is a new green blue, and gendarme blue takes the title of Douariere and duck's-breast blue, golden brown is canaque, and the most fashionable shade of plum brown is Burgoyne. Old gold is as fashionable as ever, and the ciel blues and rose pinks, the beige tints with cream. ivory and wax white, are all in demand equal to the supply.

Fancy feathers will be used to excess again in trimming bonnets and hats. Whole and half birds, tails, wings, pom-

rancy feathers will be used to excess again in trimming bonnets and hats. Whole and half birds, tails, wings, pompons, and feather fringes and ruches are all seen in the millinery stores. Long gray ostrich plumes of the natural color are also to be revived, and tips, demilong and Mercutio, and willow plumes, are all to be worn.

long and Mercutio, and willow plumes, are all to be worn.

The fall wraps are for the most part mantelet visites similar to those worn last spring, but ulsters, round cloaks and close jackets will be worn as the season advances. Most of the fall suits now in the hands of the dressmakers have a jacket of the material of the suit, and jackets of light, dark and black cloths are found in abundance in all the houses where ready-made garments are sold. When the jacket is a part of a costume it is trimmed to match the same, but the independent jackets are untrimmed, save with rows of stitching and effective buttons of ivory, horn, shell or metal.—New York Sun.

The power which rules the universe, this great, tender power, uses pain as a signal of danger. Just, generous, beautiful nature never strikes a foul blow; never attacks us behind our backs; never digs pitfalls or lays ambuscades: never wears a smile upon her face when there is concerning the property of t wears a smile upon her face when there is vengeance in her heart. Patiently she teaches us her laws, plainly she writes her warning, tenderly she graduates their force. Long before the fierce, red danger light of pain is flashed, she pleads with us—as though for her own sake, not ours—to be merciful to ourselves and to each other. She makes the overworked brain to wander from the subject of its labors. She turns the over worked brain to wander from the sub-iect of its labors. She turns the over-indulged body against the delights of yesterday. These are her caution sig-nals, "Go slow." She stands in the filthy courts and alleys that we pass daily, and beckons us to enter and realize with our senses what we allow to exist in the midst of the culture of which we brag. And what do we do ourselves? Weg. I would be a sibing horse—forceit as though it were a libing horse—forceit st hough it were a libing horse—forceit brag. And what do we do ourselves? We ply whip and spur on the jaded brain as though it were a jibing horse—force thack into the road which leads to madness, and go on full gallop. We drug the rebellious body with stimulants, we hide the original and think we have escaped the danger, and are very festive before night. We turn aside, as the Pharisee did of old, and pass on the other side with our handkerchief to our nose. At last, having broken nature's laws, and disregarded her warnings, forth she comes—drums beating, colors flying—right in front! to punish us. Then we go down on our knees and whimper about it having pleased God Almighty to send this affliction upon us, and we pray Him to work a miracle in order to reverse the natural consequences of our disobedience, or save us from the trouble of deing our duty. In other words, we put our fingers in the fire and beg that it may not hurt.—Temple Bar.

Words of Wisdom

What makes life dreary is the want of The reward of one duty is the power

to fulfill another Better be upright with poverty than

ricked with plenty.

Hope softens sorrow, brightens plain surroundings and eases a hard lot.

Know well your incomings, and your outgoings may be better regulated. How few faults are there seen by us which we have not ourselves committed

To be wise is to feel that all that is earthly is transient, and to experience misfortune is to become wise. There are some persons on whom their faults sit well, and others who are made ungraceful by their good qualities.

Have nothing to do with any man in a cassion, for men are not like iron, to be wrought out when hot, or molded into any given form. Many a man has reached the summit of fame, and then looked down into the humble valley he came from, and longed to be there again.

The keenest abuse of our enemies will not hurt us so much in the estimation of the discerning as the injudicious praise of our friends.

The violet in the shadow of the deep woods is as lovely and fragrant and precious as the violet in the conserva-tory of an avenue palace. Real value is not to be measured by notoriety.

Humility is a virtue all preach, none practice, and yet everybody is content to hear. The master thinks it good doctrine for his servant, the laity for the clergy, and the clergy for the laity.

The world is a looking-glass, and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it, and it will turn and look surly upon you; laugh at it and with it, and it is a pleasant, kind

Talmage Visits a Coal-Pit.

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage is print ing some characteristic sketches of Eng-lish scenes and life. This shows how he

ing some characteristic sketches of English scenes and life. This shows how he
came out of a coal-pit:

But we must say good-bye to these
underground workers. We get into the
"cage" and prepare for ascent. The
guides warn us that we near the top, and
the speed of the cage is slackened; the
sensation will be somewhat distressing.

Sure enough! We get aboard, throw
our arms over the iron bar with a stout
hug, the signal of "All ready!" is given,
and we fly upward. Coming near the
top, at the slackening speed, it seems as
if the rope must have broken and that
we are dropping to the bottom of the
mine. A few slight "Ohs!" and the
delusion passes, and we are in the sunlight. Bless God for this heavenly mixture! There is nothing like it. No artifice can successfully imitate it.
You need to spend a few hours deep
down in an English mine to anyregiste

You need to spend a few hours deep down in an English mine to appreciate

In the contrast it seems more yellow

it.

In the contrast it seems more yellow, more golden, more entrancing. You take off your hat and bathe in it. You feel that the world needs more of it. Sunshine for the body; sunshine for the mind; sunshine for the soul. Sunshine of earth; sunshine of heaven.

In the words of the old philosopher, "Stand out of my sunshine?" Look here! Why do we want any more of these miners' lamps? They might as well be extinguished. Their faint flicker is absurd in the face of the noon-day. They were useful to show us where to tread among the seams of coal; they were good to light up the genial faces of the miners, while we taked to them about their wages and their families.

Lamps are valuable in a mine. But blow them out now that we stand under the chandelier which at twelve o'clock noon hangs pendant from the freescoed dome of these blue English heavens. So all the tallow-dips of earthly joy will be submerged when the Old Beifry of the next world strikes twelve for celestial noon. Departure from this world for the good will only be getting out of the hard-working mine of earthly fatigue into the everlasting radiance of Edenic midsummer. Come, now! stop that moralizing and drop that lantern of the collieries.

A Leadville Washerwoman's Luck.

But it is not alone in mining opera-tions that fortunes have been made, writes a Leadville (Col.) correspondent. Mrs. Sarah Ray, an old Irish washer-Mrs. Sarah Ray, an old Irish washerwoman, who was among the earliest settlers, has a somewhat romantic history. Her stock in trade when she came consisted of a pair of tubs and a washboard. She began business under an old pine tree on the hillside, having no means of hiring a house. She soon, however, got together with her own hands a rude slab cabin, and, as business was good at \$2.50 per dozen for washing, she gradually began to provide for her wants. She got a camp stove, and, after farnishing her cabin comfortably, began to accumulate money. The town began to grow in the direction of her cabin, and after a while she employed laborers to mulate money. The town began to grow in the direction of her cabin, and after a while she employed laborers to put up a log house. As there was a great demand for miner's boarding-houses, Mrs. Ray concluded to abandon the washtub and start a boarding-house in her new edifice. In this idea she received great encouragement, and the house was opened with flattering prospects. In this venture she proved to be very successful, and made money and saved it. By the growth of the city her house finally got to be in the very center, and, as the streets were laid out, it proved to occupy a location on the corner of Harrison avenue and State street. Business was good and she continued to make money, which she invested wisely. She built another log house and rented it. make money, which she invested wisely. She built another log house and rented it. Then she put up a frame building, which was rented before it was finished. About this time some of the landgrabbers disputed her title to the land and tried to dispossess her, but the old lady had so many determined friends among the miners that the effort was given. had so many determined friends among the miners that the effort was given up. Several months ago she refused an offer of \$10,000 for her property, and since that time has built a two-story block fronting on Harrison avenue, and as desirable a piece of property as any in Leadville. She still lives in her less house, but she now intends to tear it down and erect a two-story block in its place. When her improvements are completed she will have an income of more than \$1,000 a month—a pretty good record of business success for an old washerwoman.

" Papa Wrangel's" Gift.

"Papa Wrangel's" Gift.

"Papa Wrangel," the venerable field marshal who died last year in Berlin, had more than the proverbial German thrift. A comical illustration of his economical peculiarities has just come to light at Wiesbaden, where a famous military hospital exists, named after the Emperor, and founded chiefly by army subscriptions, every officer in the German forces, from sub-lieutenant to field marshal, having contributed one day's pay to the original cost of constanction. Papa Wrangel visited and carefully inspected this institution in 1872, tut departed without making the customary contribution to its collection-box. A fortnight later, however, the hospital authorities received a large but not very heavy packet, accompanied by a letter from his excellency, stating that the package in question contained a gift for the infirmary, but must not be opened until after the death of the illustrious giver. No mention was made of the value of the present, but the size and weight of the parcel led the trusting directors to believe that it contained securities or perhaps bank notes to a considerable amount. A short time ago the packet was fermally opened in the presence of several army officers, invited to witness the ceremony, which was prefaced by an oration expatiating upon the generosity of the deceased field marshal, "the Lospital's noble benefactor." The seals were broken; first one paper covering, then another, was removed, and so on, till quite a hillock of wrappers arose upon the table. At last carse a crad-board case, and inside it a photograph of Papa Wrangel's favorite writing-table in his study at Berlin! The photograph was not even framed.

Good Fish.

"Are these good fish, boy?" said an individual to a boy at a fish stand.

"Yes, sir," quickly replied the boy, running up to the customer with a determination to make a sale at any price.

"How do you know?" questioned the old man, sharply, looking the little fellow straight in the eye, determined to get the truth from him.

"Cause, they were caught on Sunday," exclaimed the youth, as the shocked customer made four laps to the mile down the street.

THE CANYON OF NIAGARA.

More Mysterious than the Falls Them

The canyon of Niagara, says a correspondent of the Syracuse Standard, is far more mysterious than the falls themselves. Within the era of civilization in America no one was able to successfully pierce through the fierce and terrible undergraphs. ble undercurrent to the bottom, until re-cently the government itself thought it necessary, in behalf of science, to under-take the task. All the great schemes imagined to be strictly scientific were put in operation by bunglers to obtain the depth of water beneath the falls. but in operation by bungiers to obtain the depth of water beneath the falls. Bars of railroad iron, pais of stones, and all unreasonable, bulky and awkward instruments were attached to long lines and east off from the railway bridge and elsewhere, but positively refused to sink. The very bulk of the instrument was sufficient, no matter what their weight, to give the powerful undercurrent a way to buoy them upon the surface, or near it. The United States Corps of Engineers, however, with a small lead of only twelve pounds weight attached to a slender rope, or sounding-cord, casily obtained the depths from the falls to the lower bridge. As your correspondent assisted in the hydrographical operations, the facts may be given as they presented themselves.

One day he launched in a small book.

drographical operations, the facts may be given as they presented themselves.

One day he launched in a small boat not far below the falls and entered on a most exciting and perilous exploration of the canyon. The old guide, long in charge of the miniature ferry situated here, accompanied the party. With preat difficulty we approached within a short distance of the American falls which darted great jets of water on us and far out into the stream, The roar was so terrible that no voice or human sound, however near we were to one ansound, however near we were to one ansound, however near we were to one ansound. sound, however near we were to one an-other, could be heard. The leadsman sound, however near we were to one another, could be heard. The leadsman cast the line, which passed rapidly down and told off eighty-three feet. This was quite near the shore. Passing out of the friendly eddy which had assisted us up so near the falls, we shot rapidly down stream. The next cast of the lead told of 100 feet, deepening to 192 feet at the inclined railway. The average depth to the Swift Drift, where the river suddenly becomes narrow, with a velocity too great to be measured, was 153 feet. Just under the lower bridge the whirlpool rapids set in, and so violently are the waters moved that they rise like ocean waves to the height of twenty feet. At this point our corresponde. A at the time of the survey, computed the depth at 210 feet, which is accepted as approximately correct.

The terrors of the garge below this.

at the feet, which is accepted as approxi-mately correct.

The terrors of the gorge below this point are known to but few. Indeed the foot of man scarcely ever treads this infernal region, where almost perpen-dicular walls rise on each side of the verge of the river from 270 to 560 feet in verge of the river from 270 to 560 feet in height. Here the continually crumbling of the rocks has formed a precipitous pathway in places on the river's edge; elsewhere one must cling to the crevices in the rock, to justing crags, or otherwise to get along. A party of four of us made a survey of the interior of this canyon from Lewiston to Suspension Bridge.

With great difficulty we clambered along. It was a fearful yet exciting exploration. At times the river would rise suddenly some ten and even fifteen feet as if a great dam above had broken. causing a hasty retreat of the parties

rise suddenly some ter and even fifteen feet as if a great dam above had broken causing a hasty retreat of the parties up the side of the canyon. From points above, rocks and stones frequently fell, causing lively apprehension, and, to add to the catalogue of embarrassments, an occasional rattlessnake attempted to retard our progress, and one of them was killed and his rattles preserved in commemoration of the evert. Getting into the canyon at Lewiston was comparatively easy, but making one's way out was another thing. Nearly a mile below Deveaux College, which is situated half a mile north of Suspension Bridge, the possibility of making our way along the river's edge ceased. Night was just approaching, and it was a day's hard work, nearly, to make Lewiston. Above, the rock towered nearly 300 feet. We had the alternative of remaining in this abode of terrors over night and returning to Lewiston the following day, or of fighting an almost impossible passage to the steps leading down from the college. We determined to accept the latter.

After an hour's climb we made our

lege. We determined to accept the latter.

After an hour's climb we made our way to within 100 feet of the top, where just a narrow ridge formed by the crumbled debris seemed to extend. We followed this perhaps half a rod, when it came to an abrupt termination. Several rods beyond was a broad pathway leading up to the rocks but in the interim only the bare walls of rock, almost perpendicular from the top to the rushing water, 270 feet below, met the despairing gaze of our party. Just above our heads was a crevice in the rocks which seemed to cross the intervening space. With almost certain doom staring us directly in the face, we determined to try to cross by standing tiptoe in the crevice and cling to the justings of the rocks. The various implements of the try to cross by standing tiptoe in the crevice and cling to the justings of the rocks. The various implements of the party were divided up, a heavy theodolite falling to your correspondent, which was strapped on his back. The tallest clambered up to the crevice first, the others assisting and following, and the writer getting up last. Then began a perilous struggle to reach the pathway beyond. All arrived there safely, when your correspondent, with the heavy burden on his back, was but midway across. Here asharp rock just the height of the-breast impeded the way. In attempting to get around this the boot falled to find a resting place. The heavy instrument was pulling me off my balance. The fingers were loosening their slender hold; 100 feet above was the calm, safe world, 107 below the roaring of the waters. One foot slipped off and was going down—down; a mist came over the eyes when my foot caught on a slender gooseberry-bush and a hand suddenly grasped back and drew me around to a safe standing place. In a moment more the pathway was reached and the safely of all assured, but never will the frightful scene leave the senses. One of the party saw the danger and rescued the participant, or else the gooseberry-bush was the saving means—we have never quite understood which.

The Interoceanie Canal.

At the meeting of the Association for the Advancement of Science in Saratogs, Commander E. P. Lull, U. S. N., read a paper on "The Interoceanic Canal Problem," giving an account of the explorations for connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, in which he has been engaged with others. A commission had examined all the reports, and found only two practicable routes—one been engaged with others. A commission had examined all the r-ports, and tound only two practicable routes—one through Nicaragua and another by Panama. That through Nicaragua includes as an essential feature the use of Lake Nicaragua, situated ten miles from the Pacific coast, bat with a surface 107 feet above mean tide on each side. It is 119 miles from the Caribbean Sea to the lake by the river San Juan, the outlet of the lake on this side. A canal from the lake to the Pacific Ocean would be 16-3-10 miles long, only seven miles of which would be difficult. The excavation would average fifty-four feet, and ten locks of the feet lift each would be required, with a tide lock of seven teet at the seashore. An artificial harbor would be required on the Pacific side, with a breakwater, for which the materials are easy to be obtained. There are fifty-two miles of navigation on Lake Nicaragua which will need little work, except at the south end, where are some six miles of swamp. The total length from the Caribbean Sea to the Pacific is 180.7 miles—fifty-seven on the lake, 61.7 on the canal, and sixty-two slack water. The estimate makes the bottom of the canal seventy-two feet wide, and gives twenty-six feet depth of water. The locks are to be 472 feet long. Estimated cost, \$66,000,000, and it may come to \$100,000,000 as the outside cost. The Panama route, near the line of the Panama railroad, would require a

water. The locks are to be 472 feet long. Estimated cost, \$66,000,000, and it may come to \$100,000,000 as the outside cost. The Panama route, near the line of the Panama railroad, would require a feeder near the summit, which cau be had. The highest place would put the bottom of the canal seventy-eight teet above mean tide, and the surface of the water in the canal 124 feet above mean tide. Total distance, forty-one miles, with twelve lift locks on each side of the summit. The heaviest cut would be 170 feet. The feeder would require 13,000 feet of tunnel and two aqueducts. The breakwater and sea wall at Aspinwall, 1,800 feet: cost estimated at \$94,000,000. Materials are more accessible in Nica. agua, and the country is more healthy. The Nicaragua line enters the ocean at a much less distance from the United States on each side than the Panama route.

He criticised the place of the French.

United States on each side than the Panama route.

He criticised the plan of the French congress recently held and did not regard a sea-level canal a practicable. In one place the cost of the excavation of certain cuts on his plan would be \$10,500,000, and for the French plan at the sea level, \$40,000,000. He did not believe this generation would ever see a sealevel canal.

level canal.

Gen. Alvord, U. S. A., said, in the discussion, that the United States government had had the matter under consideration for thirty years, and has sent its best officers to examine and survey routes.

It is related that Gen. Scott's famous letter to Zachary Taylor, announcing the withdrawal of most of the regular troops from Taylor's command, to be placed under his own in a projected movement from Vera Gruz toward the capital of Mexico, was received when Gen Taylor was at supper with his staff near Monterey. The general asked Col. Bliss to read it to him. He had just replenished his coffee cup, and was engaged in cooling it with a spoon while he reading went on. This appeared to make no further impression upon him than that indicated by a contemptuous "sniff," but as the real import of the letter began to appear his whole manner changed, and he altistractedly dipped the spoon into abowl of mustard, which sat upon the table, and stirred it in the coffee. This he repleated until by the time the reading of the letter was finished the contents of the mustard bowl were exhausted. Without saying a word, and to Bliss' astonishment and horror, he raised the cub to his lips and gulped down the whole thominable compound. He then brok coran excited and profane harangue, one ching to everlasting infamy every don of huned a the proposed deple his peech was overtaken by a parox and stuttering, which, with him, usually followed a violent outbreak of temper. The colonel felt sure that from the amount of mustard he had swallowed, combined with the intelligence had received, it would intallibly six in him, but nothing uncommon continuation. "Ratebane, at that moment, said Bliss, "would, I am convinced, have had no more effect upon him than upon the stomach of a Mithridates." Gen. Pleasanton, who commanded the general's escort in Mexico, says that when once thoroughly aroused he was the maddest man he ever saw—mad from the crown of his hat to the soles of his boots. Mad Clear Through.

Counterfeit Eggs.

Several most staid and dignified British journals have recently been most richly sold by a ridiculous story in the San Francisco Post last Winter about the manufacture of artificial eggs in California for transportation. The pleasant squib was much enjoyed by newspaper exchange editors on this side of the water, but produced a very different effect on the other side, forming the text of grave and even indignant articles in the Pril Mail Gazette, the Mark Lane Express, the Me.bourne Australian, and even in the leading Prussian paper, the Kreuzzeitung. The latter, indeed, reviews the article in great length and concludes that the importers should be wary in the matter of American products, because a chemical study of the new egg, based upon the Post description, shows it to be rank poison. "The wooden hams and nutmegs sent from New England," says the angry Kreuzeitung, "are still fresh in memory, and now'the Americans boldy impose upon theworld a counterfeit egg.—Boston Advertiser.

Daniel Boone's Snake.

Daniel Boone's Snake.

The Cincinnati Commercial is now the country's principal reservoir of snake stories. A recent issue contains a dozen or more, among which there is one of peculiar merit. The parrator tells how he was engaged in blasting with gunpowdersome large and tough logs. From one of the logs thus split open crawled an enormous serpent, which was easily killed. The man who tells the story continues from this point as follows: "On stretching it out I found it to be thirty-one feet two inches in length, and the thickest part of its body measured twenty-nine inches in circumferance. It was a different species of serpent from any I had ever seen before. Its tail was armed with a sharp-pointed and curved horn; its body was varigated with alternate brown and dirty yellow stripes, and on close examination I discovered that it had been totally blind, its eyes seemed to have turned into a reflectionless, hard bone-like substance. This explained its undecided, hesitating movements when it first came from the log. A strange crease appeared about the neck, just back of the head, which I found to be caused by a stout thong of leather, about which the flesh of the serpent had grown until it was sunk almost out of view. Cutting the thong and removing it, I found attached to its under side a copper plate which had been heretofore hidden by the body of the snake, and on one side of which was scratched 'D. Boone, April 15, 1772.' I split the log in two, and near the lower end of the hollow I found where there had once been an opening, but long years ago it had been closed up with a plug made of oak wood, about and over which the maple had grown until it was almost concealed. The dead appearance of the small portion visible of the oak plug was all that called my attention to its existence. My theory of the matter is this: Daniel Boone, many years ago, probably on the date recorded upon this piece of copper, caught the snake, then young, and imprisoned it within the hollow of the tree by means of the oak plug, where his

Advertising.

Advertising.

The man who says that he doesn't believe in advertising is doing just what he pretends to despise. He hangs coats outside his door, or puts dry goods in his window—that's advertising. He has printed cards lying on his counter—that's advertising. He sends out drummers through the country, or puts his name on his wagon—that's advertising. He labels his articles or manufactures—that's advertising. If he has lost his cow, he puts a written notice i., the post-office, or tells his sister-in-law—and that's advertising, too. He has his name put in gilt letters over his door—and that also is advertising. He paints his shop green or red; or if a tailor, he wears the latest style; if a doctor, he has his boy call him out of church in haste; if an auctioneer, he bellows to attract the attention of passers-by; if a heavy merchant, he keeps a huge pile of boxes on his sidewalk in front of his store—and all for advertising. A man can't do business without advertising, and the question is whether to call to his aid the engine that moves the world—the printing press—with its thousands of messengers working night and day; or, rejecting these, go back to the time when newspapers, telegraphs and rail-roads were unknown. "But advertising costs money!" So does anything else that is worth having, and those who judiciously advertise—in the newspapers, and not by means of clap-trap devices which, while they may attract at first, always fail in the long run—are sure to reap rich rewards. sure to reap rich rewards

Little Johnny's Bear Story.

An' now I'll tell you a story about a bear. One day the bear, he went among a flock of sheeps and picked out a nice little lamb and cot it, and the lamb it said "Ba ba ba!" cos it knew it was a goin to be et evry little tiny bit up. But the bear took it up in his fore pos, like it was a baby, and set it up full length and rocked it and said:

"There, there; never mind, my preshus darlin. Where does it hurt you?"

preshus darlin. Where does it hurt you?"

But that lamb kept a holierin louder and louder, cos wile the bear was a smilin and singin hush a boy, he was a skaweezin titer and titer all the time. Bime by the old ramb he seen what was up, and he dropt his head, the old ramb did, and come up like he was shot out of a gun, and let him have it, and doubled him up like he was a razor, and sent him a rollin over and over without any preshous darlin. And wen the bear had puiled hisself together again and shuk the dust out of his hair, he said:

"I have observed that lambe' tails was quicker'n lightin, but I dident know they was powerfuller, too."

Jest then he seed how it was, for there stood the old ramb a holdin down his head ready to let him have it seen, and

stood the old ramb a holdin down his head, ready to let him have it again, and shaking it, like he hed.

"That little shaver wudent make more than a mouthful for a feller like you. I guess you better serve up the old man." ou. I guess you better serve up the old man." But the bear he wocked off a shakin

hisn, too, much as to say:
"I don't hanker after a dinner which
goes against my stomach like that!"

The Worsted Church.

your correspondent, with the heavy burden on his back, was but midway across. Here asharp rock just the height of the-breast impeded the way. In attempting to get around this the boot failed to find a resting piace. The heavy instrument was pulling me off my balance. The fingers were loosening their slender hold; 100 feet above was the cam, safe world, 107 belaw the roaring of the waters. One foot slipped off and was going down-down; a mist came over the eyes when my foot caught on a slender gooseberry-bush and a hand suddenly grasped back and drew me around to a safe standing place. In a moment more the pathway was reached and the safely of all assured, but never will the frightful scene leave the senses. One of the party saw the danger and rescued the participant, or clee the possebery-bush was the swing means—we have never quite understood which.

A West avenue father found Julia's lover staying so late every night, for the past two weeks, that he finally thought I best to break in upon the couple in the past two weeks, that he finally thought I best to break in upon the couple in the past two weeks, that he finally thought I best to break in upon the couple in the past two weeks, that he finally thought I best to break in upon the couple in the past two weeks, that he finally thought I best to break in upon the couple in the past two weeks, that he finally thought I best to break in upon the couple in the past two weeks, that he finally thought I best to break in upon the couple in the past two weeks, that he finally thought I best to break in upon the couple in the past two weeks, that he finally thought I best to break in upon the couple in the past two weeks, that he finally thought I best to break in upon the couple in the past two weeks, that he finally thought I best to break in upon the couple in the past two weeks, that he finally thought I best to break in upon the couple in the past two weeks, that he finally thought I best to break in upon the couple in the past two weeks, that he finally thought