My Loss.

Day after day, while at my window sitting,
I see the children at their play near by;
Like butterflies in summer gardens flitting,
They hover round beneath my watchful eye.

The little girls, with flushed and merry faces,
Glance at me shyly for my answering smile,
And tempt me with their most alluring graces
To put sad thoughts away while they beguile.

Blonde hair and brown in soft confusion blending,
Black eyes and blue upturned to meet my gaze,
Roses both white and pink their contrast lending,
To add new beauty to the 'wildering maze.

But when they one by one, tired out with playing,
Steal slowly homeward through the sunset light,
Memory goes back beyond the dark years, straying
Among the days of yore that seem so bright.

I turn my head, a radiant, golden splendor
Shines from the west across the pictured wall,
And glorifies a face divinely tender,
With bronze-brown hair waved round it fall on fall;

With violet eyes so winsome in their sweetness,
That mine grow smiling spite of grief and pain,
With curved lips, the seal of love's completeness;
Oh, Heaven! could I but press them once again.

In vain I watch and wait, she will come only
When night has cast her spell on sea and shore;
Then when I sleep and dream, no longer lonely,
She comes to feed my hungry heart once more.

'Tis then and only then that I behold her;
Her dear voice floats around me soft and low;
'Tis then, and only then, my arms enfold her,
The little girl I lost so long ago.

—*Boston Transcript.*

ALMOST TOO LATE.

"I am going now, Helen."

Charles Archer stood at the door of the one room high up in a noisy tenement-house in New York, which he called "home." It was not the wedded home he had dreamed of twelve years before, when he uttered the "Valedictory" at Yale, when Helen Gordon blushed and smiled at the applause that greeted his appearance on the stage. Nor was that crouching figure beside the window, in the untidy print dress, with the pretty sullen face, and the uncombed golden hair, much like the graceful belle, of whose company he had been so proud, so happy to monopolize, upon that golden day.

His wife looked up and caught the expression of pitying regret upon his dark and handsome face. Her heart was full of angry rebellion against her fate, against herself, against him—almost against God!

"Why do you look at me like that?" she said, peevishly. "I know that the room has not been swept, and that I have not made my toilet for the day. My toilet," she laughed bitterly. "When shall I make a toilet again, I wonder? I once set the fashion in New Haven! Who would believe it now! And, oh, to think—only to think what my life might have been, if I had been wise."

Her husband's face darkened all over.

"I understand!" he exclaimed. "You mean if you had married Paul Hayden instead of me."

"How can I help such thoughts? I saw his wife early yesterday morning when I was out. She was driving to the railway station on her way to their country house for the summer. I heard the footman say so to some one when he went to buy the tickets for her. And, oh, what a difference there was between us two! No wonder she has kept her beauty. No wonder I have lost mine! Beauty and health, and youth and happiness, they are all going away from me, because we are so poor!"

"Better days may be coming, love," said the husband, after a pause. "I have heard of a good situation this time, you know. If I get it, it will be a stepping-stone to other things of more consequence. And when I am rich, you know well, my darling, that I shall refuse you nothing."

"You have thought so many times that better days were close at hand. And every time you have been disappointed, and we have lived on the same horrible life," was the discouraging reply.

"I know, my dearest; but this is really good news, I trust and hope. If you will only kiss me and wish me good luck, I have faith that it will come."

He bent down, his dark eyes wistfully searching hers for one glance of love, such as he had so often seen there in the happy days of courtship. But love, so far as she was concerned, he sometimes feared, had flown out of the window of this home when poverty entered. The heat, the dust, the discordant street-cries without, the shabby, disordered room within, the general sense of her own untidiness, and the galling memory of the freshly beautiful summer costume worn by the wife of Paul Hayden, as she lounged in her carriage on the previous day—all these things combined to banish the affectionate glance for which the husband's heart so vainly hungered, and to make the wife's parting kiss so cold and formal that it lingered like ice upon the young man's lips as he turned away.

He said nothing. But the deep sigh, that seemed to come from the very depths of a tried and overladen heart, silently reproached her.

She caught a last glimpse of his face as he closed the door. It wore a look of repressed sorrow that would haunt her to her dying day. What evil spirit had tempted her to try him so?

Was it his fault that, by the sudden failure of a bank in the great "panic," the savings of years of steady toil had been lost in a moment? Had he not labored faithfully ever since for her support? For her ungrateful sake, had he not stooped even to menial toil, when no other employment could be procured.

And now she had sent him from her, uncheered by a look or word of fondness. What if some accident should happen to the train by which he was to travel? What if he should never return?

For a moment she sat dumb, almost paralyzed by the shock of that idea. Then she sprang from her chair and rushed to the door. She would call him back, and ask him to forgive that careless, cruel parting.

She was too late. He was already in the street. A moment later she heard the shrill whistle of the train. He was gone.

The day passed on sadly enough. Thought after thought came crowding into her mind to unsettle and reprove her. They bore their fruit.

In less than an hour after Charles Archer's departure his home wore a very different aspect. By nightfall the one room was trim and clean as willing hands could make it. Before the clean windows a pair of snowy muslin curtains were drawn. The stove shone like a mirror, and from its open front a bright welcome to the absent master flashed out, flooding the very walls with warmth and light.

And summer evening though it was, both light and warmth were needed. At sunset angry clouds rose in the south and the rain came sharply down, with an accompanying wind that knew little of its own mind, and veered sharply round continually from south to east. Amid the wailing wind and dropping rain Helen Archer worked steadily on.

At nine o'clock the train which was to bring her husband home was due. Her last task was finished, when she dished up his favorite viands and set them, covered over with a basin, upon the hearth to keep warm.

She leaned from the window, looking out, through wind and rain, for some sign of his home-coming. She wore the dress he liked best. Her hair was arranged in his favorite fashion of braids and curls. She had kissed him coldly as he left her, but now, with her heart upon her lips, she waited to welcome him back, even if he returned as unsuccessful as he went. What did that matter, she thought, as she glanced at the window of her opposite neighbor, who had been left a widow only one short month ago.

"Only let him return to me safely, and I will make amends for all," she half thought, half prayed, as memory recalled the countless times in which she had grieved him during the past half year.

Nine o'clock came and passed, yet she did not hear the usual whistle of the incoming train. Half-past nine and yet no footstep on the stairs!

Her heart lay like a leaden weight in her bosom. The color faded from her lips and cheeks, and her blue eyes grew wild with silent dread. At ten o'clock she could bear the suspense no longer. She left her room and ran down the stairs, with a half-formed purpose in her mind of inquiring at the neighboring station about the laggard train.

Dimly, in the darkness, she saw a crowd of people gathered at the outer door of the tenement-house. They were all talking confusedly, but now and then some words broke plainly through the medley of sound.

"His poor wife!" said one voice, "how is she going to bear it, I wonder. It is well for her that she has no little ones to look after. She is nothing more than a child herself, anyway."

"Make way there!" said some one outside. "We must carry the body up stairs. Which room is it? And some woman ought to go up before us and tell the wife."

The crowd surged and parted. Between the ranks, six men came steadily onward, following a policeman. Helen knew him well, and when he looked up the staircase, and saw the slight figure bending forward and the pale face full of a fixed and settled horror, he turned again to the crowd, and called out:

"One of you women come up here to break the news. And take her away," he added, in a lower voice; "it is no sight for her."

Good-natured Bridget McCarthy came forward, and ran up the stairs to where Helen stood.

"You'll come back into your room wid me, my darlint," she said, putting her strong arms around Helen's slender waist. "Sure it'll destroy you intirely to look on at the likes of that!"

"Bridget, is he dead?" asked the pale lips, pitifully.

"Sorry I am to say that he is! It was the train, my dear. Off the track, they say, and ten men killed outright beside him that they are bringing up from below."

Helen fell senseless at the Irishwoman's feet.

Half an hour later she struggled slowly back to life and loneliness again. She opened her eyes to find herself lying on her own bed, with the kind old doctor of the neighborhood bending over her with rather an anxious face.

"We shall do nicely now," he said, making a warning gesture to some one in the background.

Helen gave a great sigh as he took her hand.

"Oh, why did you bring me back, doctor? I have driven my husband away to his death, and I hoped I could die, too. I blamed him because we were so poor, doctor, and I would scarcely kiss him when he went away this morning to look for another place. Oh, I have been so cruel to him! And now, just when I was sorry for it, and when I had resolved to try to be a better wife, God has taken him away from me, and he will never know how bitterly I repented."

"How do you know that he is dead, my dear?" asked the doctor.

"Oh, I saw them bringing him up the stairs. And I heard them talking about me."

"Not about you, my dear, but about poor little Mrs. Gray, who lives in the room at the back. Her husband was badly hurt on the train when it ran off the track this evening. We thought he was dead at first. But since then he has revived, and I feel sure that, by God's mercy, he will recover before long."

"But where is my husband, then?" cried Helen, starting up.

"God has been very good to you, too, my dear," said the old physician.

"Is he alive? Where is he? Oh, tell me!" her every gesture struggling between hope and fear.

"Here!"

The doctor stepped back. From a dark corner of the room a tall figure rushed forward and clasped the wondering, weeping wife in a close embrace.

"Is it you? Oh, is it really you?" she exclaimed, bursting into tears. "Oh, Charles, I have been so miserable since you went away! How could I treat you so? You never, never can forgive me or love me again!"

"As if I could help loving you as long as I live, Helen! And you shall be so happy after this. I have found a good place, I shall have a good salary, and to-morrow, if you are well enough, we will take a trip into the country together and find some pretty little cottage, where you can amuse yourself all through this beautiful summer among the birds and flowers."

"I don't want a cottage. I want nothing but you, Charles, and now God has given you back to me, that will be enough to make me happy," said his wife, giving him the tender kiss which she had refused him that morning.

Nevertheless the cottage was taken, and the summer was as happy a time as mortals may ever hope to enjoy this side of Paradise.

Once, on their journey thither, after a shopping excursion in the city, they chanced to be overtaken by the magnificent carriage of Paul Hayden, millionaire. Mrs. Hayden, resplendent in a toilet fresh from the *atelier* of Worth, sat therein. She was brown-eyed and pink-cheeked and very handsome. Yet her face looked worn and wearied. It lacked the look of true and perfect happiness that Helen's wore.

Helen caught the somewhat anxious look that her husband turned upon her, as the great lady drove slowly by.

She smiled. Under cover of her pretty silken shawl her hand stole into his.

Never for one moment had she forgotten the lesson of that long-past summer's day! Never had she ceased from thanking God that it had been given, although it came "Almost too Late."

Longevity Notes.

John Battle died in Montreal the other day, aged 112.

Robert Kidd, 105 years old, is the oldest man in Texas.

Mary Fernay died in Little Valley, N. Y., at the age of 105.

Samuel Losey recently died in Pike township, Pa., aged 107.

Margaret McMahon died in Durham, England, in her 113th year.

Aunt Sarah Hicks, in the county hospital in Flatbush, L. I., is 104.

Clara Clairs, of New Orleans, was burned to death at the age of 103.

Luke Courville, 102 years old, hanged himself in a pig-pen on a poor farm.

Thurlow Weed saw the first steamboat and rode in the first steam railway train.

A pupil in the Carsonville (Ga.) school is eighty-two years old. She is a negress.

After living more than a century, a Michigan man committed suicide by hanging.

Andrew Jung, ninety-three years old, of Columbia, Pa., served under the first Napoleon.

Lucy Kurney, of Lansing, Mich., was fifty-five years a slave and over sixty years free.

Rouns Kemp, ninety-six years old, of Galloway, Ky., married Mary Bridges, aged sixteen.

Over a century ago Ann Collins, of Paris, Ky., was born. She remembers Washington.

Diana Dorsey, of Springfield, Florida, was supposed to be 115 years of age when she died.

Mary Donohue, whose grandfather died in his 121st year, recently died in New York aged 112.

Peleg Sprague, of Maine, is ninety years old, and blind. He was a United States Senator in 1829.

James Smith, of Somerset county, N. J., now 109 years old, was sold as a slave thirty years ago for fifty cents.

Thomas Howe, of Barrington, N. H., lately made a marriage proposal to a lady eighty-five years old and fifteen years his junior.

A negro died not long ago in New Haven, Conn., leaving a family of orphans from sixty to eighty years old. The father was 108.

The eleven daughters of the late Robert Johnson, of Middletown, Conn., are alive, the youngest over fifty years old, the oldest over eighty.

Armstrong Porter, of Luzerne, Pa., died last month aged ninety-eight. He voted for Thomas Jefferson for President, and for Samuel J. Tilden for the same office.

Although 103 years of age, Jane Gilbert, who is living at 26 Vine street, Baltimore, is in excellent health. She remembers the bombardment of Fort McHenry, and saw George Washington once.

A North Carolina couple, who are each over ninety years of age, desire to die at the same hour. They have completed their funeral outfit even to their tombstones. They live in Iredell county.

Chocolate.

The (cacao) tree is about as long in attaining its growth as the orange tree; it may produce in the third year from the seed, but does not reach its full bearing period until at the age of seven or eight. It is a tender plant during the first stages of its growth, and, like the coffee, must be shaded by some broad-leaved plant like the plantain or banana, which, of quicker growth, are set out near the seed at time of planting. Heat and moisture are indispensable to its existence, but one without the other proves fatal to its growth. Once started in life with an acre or so of cacao trees, the negro asks for nothing more; his wife and children gather the harvest, and he enjoys an idle existence. The fruit of the cacao resembles somewhat an overripe cucumber about six inches in length, oval and pointed. Many of the pods grow right out of the trunk of the tree, hanging by short stems, and remind one of tailless rats. Some are green, some yellow, crimson or purple, some variegated by veins of different colors. Each pod is divided into five longitudinal cells, containing a sweetish, agreeable pulp, in which are enveloped the seeds, from twenty to thirty in number—a white, pulpy substance, in a thin shell. When the fruit is mature it is gathered, and the seeds removed and dried. Sometimes they are buried in sand or dry earth, for the purpose of absorbing the moisture and pulp. Great care is necessary in curing them, as they mold easily, and the planters generally provide large platforms on wheels on which the seeds are spread, which they run out from under a shelter on sunshiny days. * * * The native method of preparing chocolate from the seeds is to roast them and grind finely on a warm smooth stone. When well kneaded it forms a tenacious paste which, with the addition of a little sugar, is made into small rolls or sticks. —*Camps in the Caribbees.*

EDISON'S LIFE.

Sketch of the Routine Labor of the Great Inventor.

There are probably but few persons in the world outside the crowned heads whose probable length of life is canvassed by the public at large with more interest than that of Thomas Alva Edison. And the interest is not without foundation when it is remembered that although only in his thirty-second year he has made more inventions than any man living. In the patent office at Washington is a department marked "Edison," where his numerous inventions are placed side by side, forming not the least of the curiosities of that institution. Nearly 250 patents are placed to his credit, making exceedingly *apropos* the description given of him by a late commissioner of patents, who styled him "the young American who made the patent office hot with his steps." It is no wonder, then, that the frequent exclamation is made by those who reflect on the tremendous amount of labor involved in such a record, "Oh, Edison can't last much longer; he is working himself to death!" The prophecy is not a little strengthened, too, by the inventor's well-known disregard of nature's requirements. Napoleon, it is related, did not average four hours' sleep out of the twenty-four. His energy was untiring and his perseverance unconquerable. His rest was in the saddle, and his recreation in the battle field. The same is true of Edison in his sphere of life. His only pleasure is in the laboratory, where he can be found day and night from one end of the year to the other, with scarcely an intermission. He seldom seeks rest in bed. A bench or cot among his chemicals and machinery form his couch six nights out of the seven. Not that there is any real necessity, perhaps, for such self-inflicted hardship, but "roughing it" is his delight. Life in the Menlo Park laboratory partakes more of the character of a camp pitched near the battlefield than of anything else. An average daily routine of the scientist, beginning at a time when he has actually ceased work and is at home is as follows:

At 10 A. M. he starts for his office, where for about two hours he is intensely occupied in attending with his secretary to the mass of correspondence piling in upon him at the rate oftentimes of over 200 letters a day. After disposing of his correspondence he devotes his time to a perusal of the numerous papers, pamphlets, documents and books scientific and otherwise, that come to him from all parts of the world. He reads with great rapidity and yet with astonishing thoroughness, as days afterward he readily recalls what he has been over. By 2 P. M. he is in his laboratory reviewing the results of the experiments and work of his assistants performed in his absence. Consultations with Mr. Batchelor, his chief assistant, next occupy him for a considerable time. After this is over he may be said to be fairly in the midst of his labor of love. A recital of the experiments he daily tries, the plans he devises and the suggestions he offers would seem exaggerated were it not that hundreds of record books in his laboratory bearing the marks of his labor attests the same with unimpeachable accuracy. The majority of days his meals are served him at his work. The hard labor of the inventor, however, begins after dark. The work of the day is more of a preliminary character—a getting ready for the herculean efforts that one by one grow and develop, until they finally reach as a whole a perfect invention.

The midnight lunch is a striking feature of the laboratory life. At twelve o'clock every night two men and a dog enter the laboratory laden down with baskets of edibles from a neighboring caterer. The dog, a huge Newfoundland, plays as important a part in the performance as his biped companions, for with a lighted lantern hanging from his mouth he leads the way from over the railroad track and across the fields to the abode of the Wizard. He also assists at times by having strapped to his back a basket or can containing some of the lunch. The repast without the dog to participate would be barren. He seems to know his standing, and he is always to be found at his post of duty.

Around the lunch table gather the inventor and his assistants, and as the good things disappear they discuss the day's work, tell stories and gossip generally. A freer or gayer set could scarcely be found. The jovial good nature of the chief spreads to all, and fun and fancy reign supreme. After lunch once more begins the work of science, and continues until, one by one, the assistants drop off to sleep. A few retire to their homes; the larger number, however, follow the plan of the leader and utilize their benches for beds. Edison himself gives in generally about 4 A. M., selecting some unoccupied spot, with his coat for a pillow, he sleeps soundly sometimes until ten o'clock, other times until six, for his time of rising varies.

This mode of life continually repeated, while calculated to wear out most men, seems to cause Edison to thrive. At the present time he is the picture of good health. His height is five feet ten inches, and his weight 185 pounds.—*New York Herald.*

She Renewed.

One of the sanitary police was the other day wandering over a box full of dead cats in an alley off Seventh street, when he heard yells and the sounds of conflict in a house near by. As he entered the yard a man and woman burst open the side door and rolled down the steps in a heap, kicking and clawing with right good will.

"What is the trouble here?" asked the officer as he pulled them apart.

"There, I'm glad you happened along!" exclaimed the man as he jumped up. "The old woman and me have had a dispute for the last ten or fifteen years as to when Christopher Columbus discovered America. Maybe you know?"

"It was in 1492," replied the officer.

"Just what I said—just the date I had!" cried the husband as he danced around. "Now then, old woman, will you give up?"

"Never!"

"You won't?"

"Not an inch! I said 1490, and I had your neck across the edge of the step. We agreed not to bite nor scratch, and I prefer to renew the conflict rather than take a stranger's figures! Come into the house!"

The officer waited at the gate until he heard two chairs smashed down and a dozen yells, and he resumed his rounds with a growing conviction that Columbus would ultimately be two years ahead in that house.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Texas has 7,600 schools, and her school fund is apportioned equally among the children of scholastic age, regardless of color.

AN EXCITING MOUNTAIN RIDE.

A Woman's Experience in the Rocky Mountains.

We extract the following from a "Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains:"

The next wonderful adventure of the dashing rider was to take part in a grand cattle hunt, in which Evans had begged her to lend a hand. The cattle were to be driven fifteen miles at a height of 6,500 feet. On all sides mountains rose to an altitude of from 11,000 to 15,000 feet, their skirts shaggy with pitch-pine forests, and scarred by deep canyons wooded and boulder strewn. Two thousand head of half wild Texan cattle were scattered in herds throughout the canyon, living on more or less suspicious terms with the other inhabitants of the lonely and romantic region. On this occasion the herds were driven down in a body for a muster, and for the purpose of branding the calves.

After a 6.30 breakfast this morning, we started, the party being composed of my host, a hunter from the snowy range, two stockmen from the plains, one of whom rode a violent buck-jumper, and was said by his comrade to be the "best rider in North Americay," and myself. We were all mounted on Mexican saddles, rode, as the custom is, with light snaffle bridles, leather guards over our feet, and broad wooden stirrups, and each carried his lunch in a pouch slung on the lassoing horn of his saddle. Four big, badly trained dogs accompanied us. It was a ride of nearly thirty miles, and of many hours, one of the most splendid I ever took. We never got off our horses except to tighten the girths, we ate our lunch with our bridles knotted over our saddlehorns, started over the level at a full gallop, leapt over trunks of trees, dashed madly down hillsides rugged with rocks or strewn with great stones, forded deep, rapid streams, saw lovely lakes and views of surpassing magnificence, started a herd of elk with uncouth heads and monstrous antlers, and in the chase, which for some distance was unsuccessful, rode to the very base of Long's Peak, over 14,000 feet high, where the bright waters of one of the affluents of the Platte burst from the eternal snows through a canyon of indescribable majesty. The sun was hot, but at a height of over eight thousand feet the air was crisp and frosty, and the enjoyment of riding a good horse under such exhilarating circumstances was extreme. In one wild part of the ride we had to come down a steep hill, thickly wooded with pitch pines, to leap over the fallen timber, and steer between the dead and living trees to avoid being "snagged," or bringing down a heavy dead branch by an unwary touch.

Emerging from this, we caught sight of a thousand Texan cattle feeding in a valley below. The leaders scented us, and, taking fright, began to move off in the direction of the open "park," while we were about a mile from and above them.

"Head them off, boys!" our leader shouted; "all aboard, hark away!" and with something of the "High, tally-ho in the morning!" away we all went at a hand-gallop down hill. I could not hold my excited animal; down hill, up hill, leaping over rocks and timber, faster every moment the pace grew, and still the leader shouted, "Go it, boys!" and the horses dashed on at a racing speed, passing and repassing each other, till my small but beautiful bay was keeping pace with the immense strides of the great buck-jumper ridden by the "finest rider in North Americay," and I was dizzied and breathless by the pace at which we were going. A shorter time than it takes to tell it brought us close to and abreast of the surge of cattle. The bovine waves were a grand sight; huge bulls, shaped like buffaloes, bellowed and roared, and with great oxen and cows with yearling calves, galloped like racers, and we galloped alongside of them, and shortly headed them, and in no time were placed as sentinels across the mouth of the valley. It seemed like infantry awaiting the shock of cavalry, as we stood as still as our excited horses would allow. I almost quailed as the surge came on, but when it got close to us my comrades hooted fearfully, and we dashed forward with the dogs, and, with bellowing, roaring and thunder of hoofs, the wave receded as it came. I rode up to our leader, who received me with much laughter. He said I was a good "cattleman," and that he had forgotten that a lady was of the party until he saw me "come leaping over the timber and driving with the others."

It was not for two hours after this that the real business of driving began, and I was obliged to change my thoroughbred for a well-trained cattle horse, a broncho, which could double like a hare, and go over any ground. I had not expected to work like a vahnero, but so it was, and my Hawaiian experience was very useful. We hunted the various canyons and known "camps," driving the herds out of them; and, until we had secured 850 head in the corral some hours afterward, we scarcely saw each other to speak to. Our first difficulty was with a herd which got into some swampy ground, when a cow, which afterward gave me an infinity of trouble, remained at bay for nearly an hour, tossing the dog three times, and resisting all efforts to dislodge. She had a large yearling calf with her, and Evans told me that the attachment of a cow to her calf is sometimes so great that she will kill her second that the first may have her milk. I got a herd of over a hundred out of the canyon by myself, and drove them down to the river with the aid of one badly-broken dog, which gave me more trouble than the cattle. The getting over was most troublesome; a few took to the water readily and went across, but others smelt it, and then, doubling back ran in various directions; while some attacked the dog as he was swimming, and others after crossing headed back in search of some favorite companion which had been left behind, and one specially vicious cow attacked my horse over and over again. It took an hour and a half of time and much patience to gather them all on the other side. It was growing late in the day, and a snow storm was impending, before I was joined by the other drivers and herds, and as the former had diminished to three, it was very difficult to keep the cattle together. You drive them as gently as possible, so as not to frighten them, riding first on one side and then on the other to guide them; and, if they deliberately go in a wrong direction, you gallop in front and head them off. The great excitement is when one breaks away from the herd and gallops madly up and down hill, and you gallop after him anywhere, over and among rocks and trees, doubling when he doubles, and heading him till you get back again. The bulls were quite easily managed, but the cows with calfs, old and young, were most troublesome. By accident I rode between one cow and her calf in a narrow place, and the cow rushed at me and was just getting her big horns under the horse when he reared, and sprung dextrously aside. This kind of thing happened continually. There was one very handsome red cow which became quite mad. She had a calf with her nearly her own size, and thought every one its enemy, and, though its horns were well developed, and it was quite able to take care of itself, she insisted on protecting it from all fancied dangers. One of the dogs, a young foolish thing, seeing that the cow was excited, took a foolish pleasure in barking at her, and she was evidently quite infuriated. She turned to bay forty times at least; tore up the ground with her horns, tossed the great hunting dogs, tossed and killed the calves of two other cows, and finally became so dangerous to the rest of the herd that just as the drive was ending, Evans drew his revolver and shot her, and the calf for which she had fought so blindly lamented her piteously. She rushed at me several times, mad with rage, but these trained cattle horses keep perfectly cool, and nearly without will on my part, mine jumped aside at the right moment, and foiled the assailant. Just at dusk we reached the corral—an acre of grass enclosed by stout post and rail fences seven feet high, and by much patience and some subtlety, lodged the whole herd within its shelter without a blow, a shout, or even a crack of a whip, wild as the cattle were. It was fearfully cold. We galloped the last mile and a half in four and a half minutes, reached the cabin just as snow began to fall, and found strong, hot tea ready.

The Smart Turtle.

One damp afternoon the turtle came waddling out into the big room to borrow a little sand to lay his eggs in. "My friend," the elephant said, "yours is a very hard case."

"Yes," replied the turtle, "but while there's life there's soup."

The elephant was greatly astonished, for he didn't know the turtle was given to that sort of thing at all, and all the other animals grinned, because, you see, it wasn't often the elephant met anybody in the menagerie who could talk to him.

"Well," said he, after a pause, "it's a good thing your back is so broad."

"Yes, it is," replied the turtle, "because there's no telling what make comb of it."

The animals cheered softly and the elephant looked amazed.

"Well, old go-as-you-please," he said, presently, "you pay as you go, don't you?"

"Oh, yes," the turtle said, "I have to shell out every once in a while. How's hides?" he asked, cheerfully.

"Oh, they're easy," the elephant said; "a little loose, may be, but nothing to worry over. House-moving business keeps up, I reckon?"

"Yes, sir," the turtle said, "nothing rushing particularly, but I'm in and out all day. Nothing unusual in shawl straps, is there?"

The animals cheered at this delicate allusion to the trunk business, and for the first time in his life the elephant looked as though he was going to lose his temper, but he rallied and said:

"Oh, no; much the same as usual; just a kind of hand to mouth business. By the way, didn't I see your father's old overcoat up in front of the restaurant yesterday?"

"I guess you did," said the turtle; "he wasn't the kind of a man to die and make no sign. Going down into the billiard room pretty soon?"

The elephant said: "No, they'd have to excuse him, but if they'd wait till the hyena came along he'd have some native whine with them." And then the turtle said: "All right, he'd drop in about tusk."

And the menagerie went to supper that night with the greatest enthusiasm. But the elephant was very quiet and only spoke once, and that was to ask the ostrich where he supposed the turtle grew to be so cute? And the foolish bird of the desert tossed an iron bolthead down its throat and replied:

"Picked it up, I reckon."

And then, children, the elephant grinned and said there seemed to be an epidemic in the menagerie, and he leaned up against the center-pole and went to bed.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Washington's Market Cart.

On the twentieth of April Braddock left Alexandria. On the ninth of July he fell. Washington filled the mountain passes with troops, and kept off the French and Indians from the town that trembled and grew. When the French power in Virginia was broken, he married, and "society" was chagrined at its early experiences of his married life. Parson Weems tell us that "Alexandria, though small, was lovely, but had no charms for the palate. By tobacco its neighbors had made money. They began to look down on the poorer sort, and to talk about families. Of course such great people could not run market carts. Hence the Belhavenites often sat down to eat salt meat and johnny-cake. But when Washington brought the wealthy widow Custis to Mount Vernon, a market cart was constructed, and twice a week sent to Belhaven with fat things that amazed the lean market. Country gentleman dining in town wondered at the change of fare, and thus it was discovered, to the mortification of some of the little great ones, that Colonel Washington ran a market cart." "Society" then, if proud, was often plain; for Washington writes in his diary of a ball in Alexandria in 1760 where pocket-handkerchiefs served as table-cloths, and bread and butter with tea, "which the drinkers could not distinguish from hot water sweetened," made the bill of fare, and in his disgust he writes it down "a bread-and-butter ball."—*Harper's Magazine.*

Words of Wisdom.

Hope is such a bait, it covers any hook.

Conscience is the voice of the soul; the passions are the voice of the body.

All other knowledge is hurtful to him who has not honesty and good nature.

Hatred is so durable and obstinate that reconciliation on a sick bed is a sign of death.

A merry heart doeth good like a medicine; but a broken spirit drieth the bones.

Circumstances form the character; but, like petrifying matters, they harden while they form.

When one has no design but to speak plain truth, he may say a great deal in a very narrow compass.