

A Gray Feather.

An eagle from his flying,
Pierced with an arrow, dying,
Fell from his sky-won place;
His golden eyes fast glazing
That were wont to be gazing
Full in the sun's serene face.

Prone on the ground, so lonely,
He that to reach sought only
Height and peak for his rest,
Saw that the shaft whose speeding
Lent him tall and blooming,
Still remained in his breast.

Aye, and more cruel even.
The very force that had given
The arrow power to fling
Its sharpened death-dart thither,
Was a simple chance gray feather,
Plucked from his own gray wing.

Let fall some time, unnoted,
Perchance, as far as he floated,
A speck in the distance dim,
Yet vigilant hunter found it,
And on to his arrow bound it,
And sent it home to him.

A word thus, as a feather,
May fall, none noting whither,
An idle moment's breath;
Yet a stranger's hand may take it,
And pierce his heart who spake it,
Until it bleeds to death.

—Mrs. Clara Doty Bates.

"All's Well That Ends Well."

"A valentine!" cried Julia, coming upon the scene just as the letter fluttered to the floor, and picking it up and reading it. "A mighty queer valentine, I must say! An outrageous one—an insulting one. I can't think what Osric will say," and she turned to find two lovers in each other's arms. But let Julia or Osric say what they would, never was valentine so welcome before as the letter that came to Evelyn on that snowy February morning, and no gilded and embossed wreaths of roses and Cupids surrounding little looking-glasses, set there to show the reader the smiling face of the writer's true-love, ever told half the good news that it did, insulting and outrageous as Julia called it when she spoke of it to Mrs. Black—singular and unheard-of, as Mrs. Black called it when she spoke of it to Mrs. White.

Lovers, however, might well have sent the standard valentines in all their glory to Evelyn, for she was one of these sweet brunette beauties that they tell us to be found nowhere but in America, and that touch all hearts alike; the ten-rose-tinted skin; the hazel eyes; the hair just tinged, as one might say, from brown to chestnut by the sun; the lithe and rounded figure; the dainty little foot; the whole face lighting with its smile as if a sunset flame shone over it, and never half so lovely as in tears.

But this beauty of hers had a hard time of it in all those things that heighten and diminish effect, for a poor little teacher on half-paid lessons in a few houses, and obliged to dress herself and her mother, and pay drug-gists' and doctors' bills and other little incidents, she never had such a thing as a complete outfit at once. She had been the happy owner of but one silk dress in her life, and that had been turned and turned again, turned wrong side out, turned bottom side up, and was still doing service as her best, in a condition, she was wont to say, that would have brought her a premium for patchwork at any county fair. "There never was any one so unlucky as me," she said. "And I do like pretty things so! But always, if my bonnet is just to my mind, my shoes are sure to be shabby, and by the time I get a new cloak my gown is a sight to see. Why haven't we any rich uncle in No Man's Land, mother mine? Why doesn't the last will and testament of some old lover of yours turn up, and bless us with the wealth no longer of any use to him?"

"I never had any lover but your dear father," the mother would reply; and then, sitting in the fire-light, she would go over the old, old story of her early love, in which, although Evelyn knew it by heart, she always seemed to find something new.

"We have a pretty good time, don't we, darling little woman?" Evelyn would say, as they made ready for bed, still by the fire-light only—"we two together—if Osric is as close as a nut, and Julia doesn't dare say her soul's her own."

"Oh yes," her mother would sigh, doubtfully. "It's—it's—I don't complain. I suppose it's well enough now; but the future! Oh, Evelyn, my dear, if you should lose your classes, if you should fall ill, just think what it would be to be entirely dependent on Osric! He would make poor Julia's life a burden to her."

"He does now."

"He would make us feel the bitterness of every morsel of bread we eat."

"Well, he does that now, too."

"No; for your parlor-dusting and china-washing and brief-copying, and music and painting lessons to his children, are some equivalent. He would turn away the other girl, and you would have the whole work to do."

"Well, it wouldn't kill me. Don't let us borrow trouble, little mother. I know what you mean, and I'd rather do all the work forever than marry Mr. Bryce."

"I don't see how you can be so wrong-headed," murmured the anxious little mother. "I'm sure Mr. Bryce—"

"Weights 250."

"Well, what if he does? How foolish you are! He's very—"

"Cross-eyed"—with her worst grimace.

Not the least that ever was. It's only a little cast that is peculiar and pleasant."

And at that Evelyn went off in a peal of laughter which she suddenly checked on hearing the many foot of her brother-in-law mount the stairs, probably to inquire the cause of the commotion, for little went on in his house into which he did not inquire; and if there was one thing more than another that Mrs. Osric hated it was the sound of Evelyn's laughter. He had never liked it, in fact, since the day that he proposed to her, and his false teeth came down, and in his awkward predicament he had struck a bracket and his wig came off, and her sudden and irrepressible laughter had sent him back; and indignantly from the room, to be consoled by Julia, who met him

on the way, and accepted him, with his three little girls, out of hand.

After the marriage it was not till Julia was thought to be dying that Evelyn and her mother were invited to the house, and while they were with her her own house that had never been insured, and their few bonds that had never been registered, were burned together, and of course they had to stay. But Osric dismissed the nurse and the second girl the next day, and Evelyn did the work, and succeeded in getting her classes, and attending to them besides. At the end of every week she paid her board to Julia; she considered that her work in the house was a fair return for her mother's, in her poor health and old age; and they kept out of the way in their room together all they could. As for poor pale Julia, she was a nonentity and a shadow, sick a part of the time and with no spirit at any time; she knew that her home was not a happy place, but she could not bear to blame her husband, and gradually came to join him in blaming Evelyn, who might make things very different for everybody if she would only marry Mr. Bryce—Mr. Bryce, whose half million was at the feet of this young beauty for her to pick up and enrich them all; Mr. Bryce, who had met her at the house of one of her pupils, who had made Osric's acquaintance purposely to gain an ally in his siege, and concerning whom neither Osric nor Osric's wife, nor Osric's mother-in-law in fact, ever afterwards gave her any peace; for the one saw business opportunities for himself, the other saw peace in the house, and the third saw kindness, escape and liberty.

"Now what's the use, Julia!" Evelyn once exclaimed. "Marry the man? I can't! I won't! How can you want me to?"

"The idea," said Julia, "of letting such a chance as that slip through your fingers!"

"The idea of not selling myself!"

"Of letting that artful widow, that Kate Grey, outgeneral you and come in the mistress of those millions!"

"It's only half a million."

"Only half a million!"

"Well, we'll stick to the truth. And Mrs. Grey is his cousin, and loves him to distraction. I don't see why. But she always has. She's welcome."

"How can you be so unnatural, when you might do so much for your family? You'd marry him soon enough," cried Julia, through her angry tears, "if his name was Pierre Gillaud!"

And then Evelyn rose and left the room swiftly. But where should she go? There was no corner of the house where she could be alone for a single sob; for Osric was here, and his children were there, and one does not at all times wish even one's mother to see the tears with which she has no sympathy. There was always all out-doors; she threw her shawl over her head, and ran into the street. It was a pleasant summer night. She moved along quickly, thinking only of walking away from her trouble—the trouble of an old love for the handsome, headstrong boy who had been the friend and companion and lover of all her years, who had re-constituted with her one day when he heard that Osric was calling frequently at the house, and storming with resentment at the gales of laughter with which she met every sentence he uttered about it, had marched out, only to meet Osric in the hall, in the act of taking from his pocket a little solitaire ring, which Pierre hadn't a doubt was for Evelyn, and of which Julia, as she used to turn it on her finger, never had a doubt that it was not a real stone. And Pierre had left the town for the Pacific coast that night; and if she had wished to write to tell him of his absurd mistake, she had no address, and she only knew he was so much as alive by now and then catching a rumor of him at his work laying out some railways up under the clouds of the mountains of Peru. But she did not wish to write to him; the man who would think for a moment that she would become Osric's wife deserved nothing of her—had only made haste to seize his opportunity to leave her, she felt. And crying furiously to herself, she was hurrying along, she knew not where, when all at once she found herself stopped by an insolent man, and a couple of wretches barred the way, catching her hand, pulling her shawl, leering in her face, while her cheeks burned, and her heart stood still and her voice failed her at their ribaldry. And never was she so glad or thankful in her life as when a giant form loomed before her, and a couple of powerful blows sent the rascals spinning into the gutter, and Mr. Bryce had tucked her little arm under his, and was taking her home in safety, and no questions asked. How kind he was! How good he was! How rich he was! From that moment she knew she was going to marry Mr. Bryce.

But Mr. Bryce was very gentle about it. When he had her promise, he seemed to be content with that, and to be willing to let her learn to love him before he demanded more. But she couldn't, try as she would. The idea grew more and more repugnant; only the sight of her mother's happiness in it made her hope that the love might come when needed. Yet, although that happiness of her mother's was something very touching for her to see, nevertheless, in all her tremor and terrors, she could never help laughing at the sudden respect and deference that Osric began to pay her.

"So you are really going to marry my cousin?" said Mrs. Grey, when he brought her to call on Evelyn, and left her at the door.

"I suppose so," said Evelyn.

"You suppose so! Don't you know?" asked the pretty widow, nestling in her lace.

"I have promised to marry him," said Evelyn, then, looking up in the sudden hope of some help, some sympathy, and remembering how unreasonable that was to hope for from his cousin, who loved him herself, people said, although how she could, as Evelyn said to herself, with a sort of shudder, was a mystery.

"You have promised," repeated Mrs. Grey. "And you are the kind to keep your word, I suppose. Tell me—have you a right to know—would you marry him if he were a poor man?" said Mrs. Grey, imperiously.

"I should marry him now, rich or poor, since my word has been given," replied Evelyn.

"That is not answering my question."

"I will answer it, then, when you tell me what right you have to ask it."

Mrs. Grey hesitated. "Every right—every right," she cried then, with sudden swift emphasis. "The right of years of waiting, of patience, of hopeless devotion. I have the right at least to demand that the woman who wins where I fail shall give him some portion of the love I would have lavished."

"I am very sorry for you," said Evelyn,

lyn, simply, after a moment or two of silence had followed this outbreak. "I wish he did love you!" And then, as Mrs. Julia was coming into the room, she dashed by her and ran out, unable to control the tears she could not bear to weep before this woman.

"I came to pay my compliments to your sister," said Mrs. Grey, coolly, to Julia; but she seems to regard her approaching marriage as anything but a subject for compliments. I am sorry she is so unhappy in it. I suppose there is another attachment?"

"Oh, dear me," drawled Julia, who never had more than half-sense, as their old nurse used to say, "we don't consider her old affair with Pierre Gillaud of any consequence."

"Pierre?" asked Mrs. Grey, gently, with an air of interest in Julia's conversation. And when the carriage came round for her she knew all Julia knew.

"A very lovely girl," said Mrs. Grey, as her cousin, who had not gone in with her, took the seat beside her again in the carriage. "But I can't congratulate you, as I could not congratulate her. She is in love with another man—a young Pierre Gillaud, a civil engineer on a Peruvian railroad, who had always expected to marry her, but who left her incontinently on supposing she was going to accept the ring of that little wretch who is now her brother-in-law." Dear me, what a fool that woman is!—the sister of your pretty Evelyn. How fortunate you are not going to marry the family!"

"Humph!" said Mr. Bryce.

But when he returned that evening, and found Evelyn still excitedly ready for tears at a word, and obliged to go early to bed with a sad headache, he went round for a little comfort from his cousin Kate; and every time that Evelyn seemed to shrink from him, and show him the coldness that she could not help, he involuntarily sought with his cousin the sympathy he had found with her before.

At Christmas-time he gave Evelyn some pearls that made Julia's eyes fairly run over with drops of ecstasy, and at New Year's some diamonds, over which Osric hung gloatingly. But Evelyn gave them back, and begged him to keep them till by-and-by. "You mean," he said, "that you don't love me well enough to take them now?"

"I think," she said, "that I may care more for you if I am not so loaded with obligations. Let your cousin Kate keep them for me." And then, looking up in a sudden boldness, she added: "Why did you not marry her? She could have made a better wife than I—than anybody. And she—she is very fond of you."

"Marry my cousin Kate! Why, the thought never entered my head. A man doesn't marry the women of his family," he exclaimed. "I mean to marry you."

But the thought had entered his head now. And the next time he came into the presence of pretty Mrs. Grey, he could not avoid looking at her and remembering Evelyn's words. Yes, yes, he thought; Kate was very fond of him. And she would make any man a fine wife. If only Evelyn were as fond!

For the rest that little speech of Evelyn's was like a leaven, and leaven will work. He watched Kate when he gave her the jewels to take care of till he could give them to his wife, and it slowly began to dawn upon him that here was a woman who adored him, and he was passing her by to marry a child who adored somebody else! and sometimes then it used to occur to Evelyn that Mr. Bryce was growing a little tired of her indifference, a little vexed at her aversion. Still, truth was plighted, vows were pledged, the engagement was public and the marriage had been fixed for the first of March.

"Oh, mamma!" broke forth Evelyn, as she threw open the window to air the room one morning and looked out upon the flying snow and hail, "only a fortnight more and I am in fetters."

"You silly child," said her mother, pulling up her shawl. "Fetters, indeed! You'll have a lovely valentine to-day, I dare say, with a diamond in it, if you call that fetters."

"St. Valentine's day! So it is. Oh, what a dreary, dreary thing! As if there were any happy lovers in the world! Oh, I wish—I wish this snow were falling on my grave!"

"Well, Evelyn," said her mother then, severely, "if you are going to continue feeling this way, the sooner you put an end to things the better. I will see Mr. Bryce myself this very day."

"My word is given. I shall not break it," she said, sobbing.

"I know I shall be ill right in time, only I—I cannot help—"

And, without finishing her sentence, she thrust her head, where the hair was always breaking into sunny little rings, out into the falling snow to cool and hide her face.

"To cool her face? What sudden flames were those that swept up over throat and cheek and forehead? What was it, who was it, she saw below there? Why did she spring back, and dart from the room, and take the stairs at a bound, to throw open the front door and be clasped in a shower of snow and the embrace of a great dark fellow who would not let her go?"

"Oh, Pierre! Pierre!" she was whispering, clinging to the stranger.

"And the ring wasn't for you after all, my darling? She wrote and told me—Mrs. Grey, the trump! What a wretch I was! What a— Bless my soul! what's this?"

She had sprung from him, and was wringing her hands at a safe distance. "Oh, I mustn't! you mustn't! I can't—I mean—oh, I mean, Pierre! Pierre!" she cried, "that I am going to marry Mr. Bryce!"

"Not now!"

"Yes, yes; I have promised—"

"Mail!" cried the postman at the open door, in which the snow was driving, and which they had both forgotten, and a letter fell at her feet.

Pierre picked it up. "A valentine, I suppose," he bitterly said. "Probably from your Mr. Bryce. Evelyn! Evelyn! do you mean that I have come home to emptiness, to desolation, to—"

She had opened the letter mechanically, and had run her eyes over it, not really quite conscious of what she did. She whirled it toward him. "See!" she said, with a wide staring gaze. "Read it! I don't believe I can understand it. Perhaps I am—a little—out of my head!" And he read aloud:

"MY DEAR—I know you will not feel badly when I set you free from your obligation to me by telling you what I have not had the courage to do before, that by your advice, I shall marry my cousin Kate this evening, but married or single, shall ever remain your friend, or—"

"WALTER BRYCE."

The letter fell to the floor, for Evelyn was under the capes of that great coat, where it cleave him some portion of the love I would have lavished."

"I am very sorry for you," said Evelyn,

er? Here's the carriage at the door. They are going to be married this evening. Let us get the start of them by being married this morning. Who ever in our life before had such a glorious valentine?"—Harper's Bazar.

Diamond Making.

A New York paper says that trying to make diamonds will be—at least until they have been made—an interesting subject to the majority of men. The late effort of James Maclester, of Glasgow, to produce diamonds artificially is by no means the first that has been made. The earliest experiments of any importance were recent, however—only fifty-two years since. Latour and Berthelot, the French chemists, then presented to the academy of sciences, and caused thereby the greatest excitement, thereby supposing that the secret of making diamonds had been discovered. The result proved that the small crystals, although transparent, brilliant and harder than quartz, would neither scintillate nor refract rays of light sufficiently to render them valuable. Notwithstanding that they were composed of the same material as diamonds, they had the same beauty. They were submitted to the heat-test, they underwent crystals were, but like his, they underwent no perceptible change. Champigny, director of a celebrated diamond firm in Paris, pronounced them genuine; whereupon followed the great diamond panic (1828), which affected the whole commercial globe. A few years later the French savant, Despretz, again startled the world by announcing that he had produced artificial diamonds. His method was to fix a cylinder of pure carbon to the positive pole of a weak Daniell pile, and a platinum wire to the negative pole, and then to plunge both poles into acidulated water. In two months the negative pole was covered with a black coating, which was sent to Gaudin (Marc Antoine) to be tested on hard stones. Mixed with a little oil, the black particles would peel off rubies, and as the diamond alone will do this, Gaudin did not hesitate to declare the particles diamond-dust, a conclusion generally accepted at the time by men of science. The question, "Can diamonds be made artificially?" is still open, and many chemists feel sure that it will ere long be answered in the affirmative by experiments absolutely successful. They have already been produced in material, though not in properties, as is thought; and diamonds may be obtained by cutting the crystals differently from what they are now cut. Such a discovery would not be much more remarkable than the discovery made by Engineer (1456) in producing facets, and perfected by Coster in making planes on the Koh-i-noor. The effect of such a discovery may be conjectured by reference to the diamond panic of 1828. It would revolutionize values, and create a prodigious commotion in both hemispheres; but the commotion would abate in due time, and good would unquestionably result. The value of all the diamonds in royal treasure, in merchandise, in jewelry, in private hands, and elsewhere, is supposed to have been estimated at five billions, or according to the French nation, \$5,000,000,000. To destroy capital to that amount would upset for a time the world's commerce, were the capital active. But the capital locked up in diamonds is wholly dormant.

The Marriage of Great Men.

Robert Burns married a farm girl, with whom he fell in love while they worked together in a plowed field.

Milton married the daughter of a country squire, and lived with her but a short time. He was an austere literary recluse, while she was a rosy, ropping country lass, who could not without the restraint imposed upon her, so they separated. Subsequently, however, she returned, and they lived tolerably happily.

Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were cousins, a rare example in the long line of English monarchs, wherein the marital vows were sacredly observed and sincere affection existed.

Shakespeare loved and wedded a farmer's daughter.

Washington married a woman with two children. It is enough to say she was worthy of him, and they lived as married people should live—in perfect harmony with each other.

John Adams married the daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman. Her father objected on account of John being a lawyer.

John Howard, the great philanthropist, married his nurse. She was altogether beneath him in social life and intellectual capacity, and, besides this, was fifty-two years old while he was but twenty-five. He wouldn't take "No" for an answer, and they were married and lived happily until she died, which occurred two years afterward.

Peter the Great, of Russia, married a peasant. She was an excellent wife and a sagacious empress.

Humboldt married a poor girl because he loved her. Of course they were happy.

It is not generally known that Andrew Jackson married a lady whose husband was still living. She was an amiable woman, and was most devoutly attached to the old warrior and statesman.

A Hermit's Fight With a Bear.

A bear story, of which a hermit is the hero, is recounted in a letter from Bushkill, Pa., to the Philadelphia Press. One man Sheldon has no companions, and his lonely cave is several miles from any house in the midst of a forest. He has no weapon save a knife which he manufactures by rubbing an old file on a stone until it became sharp. A short time ago the hermit went out in search of firewood, and was absent from his cave about an hour. When he returned he was amazed to see a large black bear crouching in one corner of his underground abode. Before he could get out of the cave, however, the bear sprang toward him, dealing him a hard blow on the shoulder. Sheldon drew his knife and struck bruise in the neck, but the wound only infuriated the bear. He again attempted to retreat, but the bear renewed the attack. The hermit then endeavored to deal him another blow in the neck with the knife, but the weapon glanced and severed one of the animal's paws. Sheldon succeeded in getting out of the cave, where the struggle was renewed, the bear getting him in his embrace and nearly hugging the breath out of him; but the old man was plucky, and drove the knife into the monster's heart, killing him instantly. As the bear fell dead, Sheldon fainted and was found unconscious, several hours later, by a party who had set out from the village to visit his cave.

TIMELY TOPICS.

At Rheims is the largest champagne establishment in France. In one vast sub-cellar are deposited 1,000,000 bottles of the raw wine, and in another part of the town are some 2,000,000 bottles. The wine is treated most delicately, and thousands of men, women and children, very carefully trained, are employed in the process, to complete which requires three years.

A strange disease has appeared in the east end of London. It is an affection of the eye, known in the affected district as "the blight," and not familiar to the native oculist. It is virulent and dangerous, not seldom destroying the sight if not promptly taken in hand. Several weeks ago there were sixty-nine cases of this disease in Whitechapel alone. The epidemic is supposed to be a foreign importation.

A singular and yet very sensible gift is that of Lothar von Faber, the well-known German lead-pencil manufacturer. He has just presented the sum of 125,000 marks to the city of Nuremberg, the interest on which he requires to be paid annually to some intelligent, skillful, and in all respects worthy mechanic, for the purpose of establishing him in an independent business. The recipient must be of respectable family, a resident of Nuremberg or Stein, and must have attended the schools in one of those towns.

An idea of the condition of the United States navy is given by the report of the House naval committee, which says that of the 142 vessels of the navy forty-eight are not capable of firing a gun, eleven steamships are laid up for repairs and eight others are out of service, leaving only sixty-nine capable of doing naval duty. The navy is also short in guns, having only 250 pieces in the whole navy, of which less than forty are rifles, all the others being smooth bores, which are out of all comparison with the modern gun for effective service.

A man may be able to keep poverty from his home if he be president of a railroad company. H. J. Jewett, president of the Erie railway, has a salary of \$40,000 a year; Tom Scott, president of seven railroads, draws \$100,000 salary, \$24,000 from the Pennsylvania road alone; J. W. Garrett, president of the Baltimore and Ohio, has a nominal salary of \$4,000 a year. There are today fifteen general managers of railways in the United States whose salaries run from \$10,000 to \$15,000; nine general superintendents, with a salary of \$7,000 to \$10,000 yearly, and a number of officers in the same rank who receive over \$8,000.

It is somewhat hard to maintain a free reading-room in New York. The number of articles stolen from the Cooper Union is giving the managers a great deal of trouble. Not only are the ordinary books stolen, but it is found next to impossible to keep up the supply of Bibles on the desks, as they are stolen as fast as distributed. The brass rods that keep the papers in place are constantly stolen for the metal, and even the worthless rubber checks given at the door are stolen instead of being given up as the person passes out. Two years ago there were 2,000 checks, now there are but 450. Twenty-five hundred persons enter the free reading-room daily. Hereafter persons desiring to use this immense reading-room will be obliged to make application for admission to the librarian.

The London Building News says that the extraordinary den and for Italian marble has raised a question as to how long the quarries are likely to hold out. According to a report of the French geological commission there yet remains a considerable surface and depth of the true Petelic marble untouched, but no specific statements are given on this head. At Carrara a dreadful waste of material goes on. A late traveler was assured on the spot that hundreds of tons are needlessly thrown away through sheer carelessness and the clumsiness of workmen. Much of this exquisite material is removed in enormous masses for the decoration of some magnificent edifice. The Italians are at length becoming alive to this. The quarries have been worked almost without intermission since the days of the Roman emperors. A little community of sculptors is established around the quarries, and the artist's chisel is pried almost side by side with the marble mason's saw. The marble goes everywhere.

It is the habit in Scotland as in America to sell insurance tickets, with railroad tickets when the traveler desires them. The cost of these insurance tickets, good for one day, is but a penny, and the company agrees to pay a certain sum in case of death within the twenty-four hours, or a certain amount weekly in case of injury. It is rather remarkable that there should not be a single insured person that fated Dundee train, but so the insurance companies assert. This brings up a suggestion of improvement in the method of giving tickets for this purpose. There should be some method by which the friends of the deceased could find out whether or not he had been insured. Almost every one on the train that went into the Tay might have been insured, yet there is no way of finding it out. Many of the bodies have been swept out to sea and if they are ever found it is doubtful whether an insurance ticket on their persons would be decipherable.

A romance of mining life comes from Santa Cruz, near the Patagonia mines, on the line which cuts the United States from the Mexican province of Sonora. Since the establishment of the Patagonia it has been found necessary to protect Santa Cruz from the Apache Indians, and cavalrymen now take care that the surrounding country shall not be molested. But Santa Cruz has had a wild history. Along the Pacific coast it is known as "the indestructible Santa Cruz." There is not a family in town that has not just a father, mother, brothers or sisters. When one Eduardo Gracia saw that the place hereafter would have protection he left Santa Cruz for the Apache country to seek his brothers and sisters, who had been carried away into captivity. He found that one of the brothers and one of the sisters had died, but the others were living. Both had married among the Apaches, and in answer to the prayers of Eduardo that they should return with him to Santa Cruz they pointed toward their dusky offspring and shook their heads.

It is interesting, and to many people it may be profitable to know the comparative value of different kinds of wood for fuel. Shellbark hickory is regarded as the highest standard of our forest trees, and calling that 100, other trees will compare with it for real value as fuel for house purposes as follows: Shellbark hickory, 100; pignut hickory, 92; white oak, 84; white ash, 77; dogwood, 75; scrub oak, 73; white hickory, 72; apple tree, 70; red oak, 67; yellow oak, 60; hard maple, 59; white elm, 58; red cedar, 56; wild cherry, 55; yellow pine, 54; chestnut, 52; yellow poplar, 51; butternut and white birch, 43; white pine, 30. It is worth bearing in mind that in wood of the same species there is a great difference, according to the soil in which they grow. A tree that grows on a wet, low, rich ground will be less solid and less durable for fuel, and therefore of less value than a tree of the same kind that grows on a drier and poorer soil. To the ordinary purchaser of wood oak and pine is pine; but for house use the tree grown from dry upland, is worth a great deal more.

Although to-day there are as many beads in the House of Commons as in any assembly in the world, twenty-five years ago there was but one. It belonged to Mr. Muntz, member for Birmingham, who did the public service by persuading the government to adopt the perforating machine in the manufacture of postage stamps. Mr. Muntz shaved until he was forty, when his brother returned from Germany with a fine beard, which the M. P. determined to emulate. "H. B.," the famous caricaturist, was soon at "the man with the beard," as every one called Muntz, and represented him in a cartoon as "a Brummagen M. P." In this portrait he carries a stout stick, which has special prominence, the reason being that an irrepressible practical joker, the Marquis of Waterford, was supposed to have laid a wager that he would shave Muntz; hence the cudgel to defend himself from disbarment. Mr. Muntz died, very wealthy, in 1857.

The autopsy of the remains of the woman who started herself to death in Cincinnati did not reveal any materially diseased condition of the stomach. In fact that she lived for thirty days without using any nourishment whatever would justify the conclusion that persons possessed of strong will power, and having the hallucination or delusion that they are suffering with some organic disease or bodily disorder, may live until the body is entirely consumed. This lady was possessed of great power of will, and she had a delusion that she had no stomach, and therefore made up her mind that she would not take food or drink, and continue in this condition until there was a general exhaustion of the nerve-centers and mental faculties, when she went quietly into a calm sleep and died without a struggle. The pathological condition of the passages leading to the stomach all being normal, with no obstruction, and all the organs in a healthy state ready to perform their various offices, would warrant the conclusion that this lady would have lived a great many years if she could have been induced to partake of sufficient nourishment to sustain life.

An account of a case of clear grit, physical endurance and suffering from pain, which stands without a parallel, comes from Ontonagon county, named the story runs that a woodman, named James Irwin left Rockland for his forest home at Lac Vieux Desert, on snow shoes over an untraveled road through the woods, which was covered with two or three feet of snow. A short distance out he stopped to build a fire, and while engaged in chopping some fuel he cut one of his feet. Failing to appreciate at the time the extent of his injury, he continued on his way, and when out about twenty-five miles from Rockland he discovered that his wound was a serious one and required the offices of a surgeon, and as there was no physician at Lac Vieux Desert, he retraced his steps toward Rockland where he could get one. His foot rapidly got worse, so that he could bear his weight on it. Alone, on an unbroken trail or road, heavy with snow, with a crippled and painful foot, his horrible position can be imagined. It was a case of life or death with Irwin, so falling on his knees he commenced crawling on "all fours" and after thirty-six days he was found within three miles of Rockland, having crawled twenty-two miles in a most deplorable condition, and barely life enough left to stir. The wounded foot had to be cut off, and it was thought he would lose the other one, which was frozen. For several days he stood without eating. A man who would undertake to accomplish what Irwin did was not turned out of a common moutd.

Why He Dismally Groaned.

In this country, no matter where, reside two lawyers, no matter whom. Suffice to say these lawyers are young, genial and deep in legal lore, and as such are occasionally sought after in criminal cases of small import. A very short time ago, no matter when, professional duties called them before a certain justice of the peace in the county. One was to prosecute and the other defend. The case was conducted with skill and ability, and the court, unaccustomed to such beamed with deep admiration upon the young lawyers, and was happy. The time arrived for the prosecuting attorney to deliver his speech, and he waxed eloquent on the subject of carrying concealed weapons, and made moving appeals in the name of the law that visibly affected the court, who wept much and mentally vowed vengeance against the culprit. All at once, however, and for some unaccountable cause, his eloquence suddenly ceased. His left leg seemed to be troubling him beyond measure, and he affectionately grasped it with both hands and groaned dismally. He cast an appealing look toward the door, as if he desired above all earthly things to be on the outside. All at once the mystery was cleared up. An innocent revolver serenely glided out of the pants' leg on the floor. The young attorney was incontinently floored, and the court, who had been revolving in his mind the propriety of sending for all the doctors in the neighborhood, was astonished—wiped his eyes and shem'd ominously. The young attorney was unable to offer any excuse, and the court promptly fined him twenty-five dollars and cost, and berafter he will be more careful.—Vicksburg (Miss.) Herald.

It is said that there is one cow for every four persons in this country, and if the wells and springs were to fail some of us would be put on short allowance of milk and cream.—Northtown Herald.