A FOLK-SONG

"Behold, Satan hath desired to have you, at he may sift you as wheat."-St. Luke that he xxii. 31.

In St. Luke's Gospel we are told How Peter in the days of old Was sifted; And now, though ages intervene, Sin is the same, while time and scene

Are shifted. Satan desires us, great and small,

As wheat, to sift us, and we all Are tempted; Not one, however rich or great Is by his station or estate Exempted.

No house so safely guarded is But he, by some device of his, Can enter; No heart hath armor so complete But he can pierce with arrows fleet Its center.

For all at last the cock will crow Who hear the warning voice, but go Unheeding; Till thrice and more they have denied The Man of Sorrows, crucified And bleeding.

One look of that pale, suffering face Will make us feel the deep disgrace Of weakness; We shall be sifted till the strength Of self-conceit be changed at length To meekness.

Wounds of the soul, though healed will ache,

The reddening scars remain, and make Contession; Lost innocence returns no more:

We are not what we were before Transgression

But noble souls, through dust and heat, Rise from disaster and deteat The stronger, And conscience still of the divine Within them, lie on earth supine No longer.

H. W. Longfellow, in Harper's Magazine.

# The Romance of a Water-Color.

Pretty Marie Lawrence sat in the elegantly furnished library, dividing her attentions between the book she had in one hand and the sprightly little kitten in her lap, which playfully loyed with the trimming on her dress, when her father entered, having returned from his office intent on getting the cream of the day's news before dinner was served by a hasty scanning of the daily papers.

"By the way, Marie," he said, rather hasty scanning of the daily papers.

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"For me, did you say, pa? Why, I'm not expecting anything by express."

The matter was quickly settled by with a package about an inch and a half square. There could be no mistake about it, for there were the name and half square. There could be no mistake about it, for there were the name and the state show dethat it had come from the hall square.

"I don't see what it is or whom it is form, "she said, as she laid it down to go in pursuit of something with which to go in pursuit of something with which to go in pursuit of something with which to come form, "she said, as she laid it down to go in pursuit of something with which to come form, "she said, as she laid it down to go in pursuit of something with which to come form, "she said, as she laid it down to go in

colors and leaf frame.

leaf frame. She was not long in recognizing the locality, however, from which it was sketched, for it was perfectly familiar to der, being the old mill in the town where the security a partice of graver was to her, being the old mill in the town where she spent a portion of every sum-mer. Yes, there was the pond stretch-ing back till it was lost in the distance; and the little stream as it crossed the roadway under the single-arched stone bridge seemed true to nature. How bridge seemed true to nature. How often had she visited that old mill,made dear to her perhaps by girlhood's mem-

But who was the artist that had painted it, and why had it been sent to her? Sure enough, among her long list of acquaintances there was not a single

artist

within the package, in which she briefly but concisely stated that she could not for a moment think of her daughter keeping the wa'er-color without the ac-quaintance, by legitimate means, of its painter. Surely, Mr. Hart's letter was on its face honest in purpose, but there was no alternative; the rules of eti-quette must not be disregarded, or the lovely Marie might become connected with a yagabond adventurer.

with a vagabond adventurer. Months passed, but the circumstance would not free itself from Marie's mind, and her father and mother had spoken

and her father and mother had spoken of it more than once. One day the mail brought a letter to Miss Lawrence from Margery Lovejoy, a dear friend, who summered at the same rural town with her, and who, womanlike, pretended to be a regular correspondent; but it was only when she had some bit of news of a social na-ture to communicate that she ever wrote. wrote

Do you know. Marie," wrote Miss "Do you know. Marie," wrote Miss Lovejoy, "that I have found out the name and all about the young gentle-man with the fine, manly face and lovely physique who stopped at Dixon's up at Grosvenordale for a week last summer. You will remember him, and how we used to drive our heads almost crazy with wondering why he took such long walks every day, always carrying a portfolio under his arm. There is one thing which you will certainly remem-ber, and that is that you did nothing but rave over him, and when he caught your eye one afternoor, as we passed ber, and that is that you did nothing but rave over him, and when he caught your eye one afternoon, as we passed him while out strolling, you declared that you knew you could love him with just a little urging. Well, I won't keep you in suspense any longer. A short time ago I went to New York to visit my aunt Julia, and one evening cousin Tom took me to the theater. where almost the first face I noticed was that of our - or your -- admiration of last summer. After making sure that there was no mistake. I asked Tom if he knew who the young gentleman was, point-ing him out in au unobserved way with my fan, and he said it was young Hart -- Jerome Hart, he beliewed--and that he was the young man whose water-color paintings were exciting the ad-miration of every one who saw them, artists and connoisseurs alike. When my cousin saw that my interest was not mere curiosity he told me that Mr. Hart was received everywhere, not be-cause he was a person of wealth or famile, but because he was a person of

Hart was received everywhere, not be-cause he was a person of wealth or family, but because he was a person of rare refinement and marked genius. Everybody said that his fame would be world-wide in a few years." Marie could not deny that she had thought of the young gentleman daily since her country sojourn—so much so, in fact, that she fancied that her heart had becomed steeled against any one else, although the subject of her grow-ing affection was unknown by name. When she read the name her heart gave a jump. Yes, it was the same person a jump. Yes, it was the same person who sent her the picture a few montus previous. To think that it was the one whose image was so impressed upon her heart.

For days her brain was in whirl, and

For days her brain was in 5-whiri, and her agony was intense. "Oh!" cried she, "why were we so hasty in deciding to return Mr. Hart's picture and letter? He is gone from me forever. I shall never know him." She kept her grief to herself, not car-ing to tell her parents, and tried hard to hide her sorrow, and to appear in her accustomed joyous spirit; but it was of no use: she could never forget the young artist, and could never forgive herself

no use: she could never forget the young artist, and could never forgive herself or her mother for their haste in giving propriety its proper accord. Four years later Marie, at the age of twenty-two, found herself the wife of a moderately well-to-do country physician. She had married Dr. Ostrander, not so much that she had any love for him, but that it was the desire of her father, who had from an early period doted on the that it was the desire of her father, who had from an early period doted on the union of the Ostrander and Lawrence families, the doctor's fath r having been a college chum of Mr. Lawrence, and they had become more and more at-tached after leaving college, their homes being favorably situated for such friend-ship.

ship. Six months before her betrothal all the New York dailies and journals de-voted to art had contained lengthy notices of the departure of Jerome Hart for Europe, where he had gone to reside in furtherance of his profession, and where his ability would be accorded the attention it so richly deserved. Marie made the physician a good wife considering her regard for him ceased with admiration, and they were con-tented and happy. His practice was quite extensive, and he had accumulated some property during the three years

some property during the three years he had been there, having wedded Marie a year after entering into the active duties of his profession. It was with tender hands that she nursed him dur

At last, on a pleasant afternoon, his liv-eried establishment drew up in front of their stopping place, and a minute later the three Americans were in high glee, for their benefactor had brought the in-formation that the salon would be thrown open on the morrow, but through the kindness of a friend, a member of the academy, he had obtained permission to take his friends there on that afternoon, and he would call at three for them. To be thus favored seemed to have a noticeable effect on the whole party, and it is almost need-less to say they were in readiness some minutes before the time appointed for the start. Marie gave several expres-sions of her enjoyment during her drive to the gallery, and by the time the build-ing was reached she was the happiest of the party. An hour or more was spent in the de-

An hour or more was spent in the de-partments of sculpture and drawing, and nearly an hour in the grand gallery where the paintings were exhibited. It was understood that this was but a fly-ing visit; they would give a day to each of the departments later in the scason. It was getting late in the afternoon

It was getting late in the afternoon when M. Meunier suggested that they should go to the water-color department - his favorite room, he expressed it. - his favorite room, ne show signs of fatigue, but of course she would oblige

him Atter the pictures on one side of the room had been hurriedly examined, and the party finding they would be late for dinner unless they made haste, M. Meu-nier proposed to cross to the opposite side to see a famous picture, and then they would depart. "Why, what is the matter with Marie? See, she is ill!" came the quick words from Mrs. Lovejoy, who was the first to notice her blanched face as she stood like a monument with eyes riveted on the picture which their escort had taken them to see—the picture of a country mill with its pond at the side and a single arched bridge spanning the stream as it crossed the roadway as if in a hurry to get away from the pondereus a hurry to get away from the pondereus wheel which but a moment before had made use of it. Marie would have fallen to the floor had not the two gentlemen made haste in supporting her.

made haste in supporting her. A few minutes later she was assisted to the carriage, and the driver was told to lose no time in reaching the hotel, a mile distant. On the way Mrs. Ostrander came out of her swoon sufficiently to realize that her friends were deeply dis-tressed about her. "It was only a sudden attack of a heart trouble, son ething she was sub-ect to," she said. She was taken to her apartment im-

ect to," she said. She was taken to her apartment im-mediately on arriving at the hotel, and her friends who had accompanied her up-stairs, fearing that she was going to to be seriously ill, were told to have no alarm. "No, it was unnecessary to call a physician," she said. Mrs. Lovejoy remained with her until midnight, when her patient fell into a sound sleep. The next morping Maria was a triffe

The next morning Marie was a trifle inte at breakfast, and when she came down it was noticed that her face which had begun to have some color in it, was still quite pale, but she appeared quite cheerful, and inquired after their friend, but made no allusion to the occurrence of the day before.

Early that afternoon he called to in-quire after the health of Mrs. Ostrander, and she went alone to their private re-ception room to see him, her comception room to see him, her com-panions being absent on a shopping trip He was delighted to find her able to see him, and hoped she had fully re-covered. Had he kept them too long at

the academy? Mrs. Ostrander assured him that such was not the case, and when asked if she enjoyed the visit, aside from her illness, she replied that until they went to the water-color department it had been very pleasant. She then, in answer to a second interrogation, told him that the

second interrogation, told him that the sight of the picture of the oid mill brought up an unpleasant remembrance which, she was frank to say, was in a measure the cause of her fainting. "How peculiar," said he, "that that picture of all should tend to make one ill. On the contrary that was the most noted work of art in the entire collec-tion. Why," he continued, "that is the masterpiece of Hart, the eminent water-color artist, who was taking all Europe by storm by his brush. It had taken the grand prize, and its value in itself was a fortune. Had she never heard of Jerome Hart? He was an American, he believed." he believed.

he believed." "I have heard of him," she replied faintly, and then she asked to be ex-cused as she was afraid that she was going to have a headache, and Mr. and Mrs. Lovejoy coming in at that moment relieved the gertleman of embarrass-ment.

ment. "Is it destiny?" Marie murmured, as she threw herself upon the sofa in her room, and gave way to the tears which she had kept from the gaze of Mr. Meunier during a part of their short in-terview by only the greatest exertion.

next day, he had taken the liberty of sending her the water-color, although with the conviction that it was just a trifle improper, but he couldn't help it. For a couple of days his suspense was agonizing, and when the picture came back accompanied by the freezing letter he was almost broken-hearted. From that time he had loved her! Conveniently removed from Paris in

that time he had loved her! Conveniently removed from Paris, in a suburban district, is now a charming villa, where Jerome Hart, justly called the greatest water-color artist in the world, and his wife live the happiest of mortals. In the richly furnished draw-ing-room of the house hangs a picture of the old mill, but not the one from the royal academy. It is a smaller one, and Marie Hart thinks she likes it better.

# Lives of Two Very Old Women.

Lives of Two Very Old Women. A recent letter from Newburg, N.Y., to a New York paper says: Esther Yates, the Amazon of Plattekill, Ulster county, died a few days ago at her home, near Breakneck hill, on the mountains, in that town. She was born in the town of Plattekill in 1788, and re-sided there until the day of her death. Physically she was more like a man than a woman; her shoulders being broad and well developed. She acquired little or no education. She is credited with having been self reliant and asking no favors from any one. During the winter season Mrs. Yates cut cordwood on the mountain, and, in the language of one of the natives, "it took a good man to swing on axe alongside of her." On several occasions she cut as much as three cords of wood in one day, in ad-dition to performing the household du-ties in her home atter sunset. In the summer time this remarkable woman cut grain for the Plattekill farmers, and was rated as "a good hand." She cu-tivated a smail garden-patch of her own, the product of which she sold principally in this city. She carried her garden truck in two large baskets. Farmers, while driving to ship their hay on the boats, would offer her a ride, and her invariable reply was: "I am in a hury; take you all day to get there." She could easily outwalk any team with a load behind them. Six years ago a horse while passing her home on Break-neck, fell and became fast in the harness. The driver and several other men could not succeed in getting the animal loose. Mrs. Yates lifted the horse up boldily, but ins od oing fractured her leg. The bone never set. Her spirit, however, was not curbed, even if she was an octo-genarian and a cripple. Though suffer-ing nuch pain, her daily employment consisted in chopptrg up kindling wood on a block while she sat in a chair in front of her house. A short time pre-vious to her death her general health began failing, but she retained her fac-ulties to the last. Prior to the accident she never was sike a day in her life. Mrs. Yates was buried

a vast fund of historical reminiscences. The citizens of Plattekill and adjacent towns propose giving the old lady a banquet when she celebrates her cen-tennial.

## A Cat's Fight With a Rattlesnake.

The Americus (Ga.) Republican of a recent date has the following: About three weeks ago, during the beautiful sunny weather we have had which in-duced the trees to bud and bloom, I was duced the trees to bud and bloom, I was walking in my garden one morning, thinking about preparing for an early start for spring vegetables, when I saw a large rattlesnake sunning. My first impulse was to go to the house, get a gin, and kill it. But looking around, I saw a very large house cat cautiously creep upon the reptile. Anticipating a fight, and equally desir us of getting rid of the cat, which killed chickens, I con-cluded to witness his attack upon the snake. The cat crawled upon its stom-ach, pulling along on its feet, whisking its tail from side to side, and every now and then stretching its neck to view the snake. When about eight or ten feet off the snake suddenly coiled up, sprung its and then stretching its neck to view the snake. When about eight or ten feet off the snake suddenly coiled ub, sprung its rattle, faced the eat and darted its forked tongue out rapidly. The eat commenced a rapid circle around the snake, so fast in fact that the eye could hardly keep up with it. At last it got near enough and made a dart at its enemy, but through providential rea-sons it went high above the snake, which also struck at the eat, thus breaking its coil. The cat went too far, and by the time it had turned to face its for the reptile was again coiled and rwas adopted and carried on for four or five times, occupying at least half an hour. The cat wished to catch the snake, but scemed aware that if it missed the neck it would be certain death. At the sixth assault they met and instantly the snake, but scemed aware that if it missed is sharp claws with deadly effect. The cat had been bitten on the bead and neck several times, and both continued of fight. The snake was torn nearly to shreds, but did not unloosen its coil around its victim. The poison was swift and deadly, but before the cat died it caught the snake's head in its mouth and crushed it, and fighting they died, the snake emwrapping the cat in its coils. The snake measured four feet eight inches and had thirteen ratues.

## R ELIGIOUS NEWS AND NOTES.

There are more than sixty Protestant Episcopal bishops.

The first native Baptist missionary has just been ordained in Japan.

There will be upward of thirty colored delegates in the Methodist General Con-ference.

• The Friends have in England 827 meeting-houses, 295 recorded and 400 unrecorded ministers, and 14,500 mem-bers.

The new parish church of Haworth, England, is to cost \$50,000 and contain a memorial window to the Bronte family.

The total preaching power of the Eng-lish Methodist churches amounts to 38,-000 preachers, the great majority of 000 preachers, the whom are laymen.

The Episcopal Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews has mis-sions in eighteen dioceses. It is said 130 Jews are ministers in the Church of England.

There are sixty-four societies of Swedenborgians in England, with 4,987 members. The Mormons have eighty-two churches, and the Jews ninety synagogues and 150 ministers.

The pastor of a colored Baptist church in Nashville, Tenn., the Rev. N. G. Merry, received into his church last year 267 members, a net gain of 223, and the church raised \$4,482.

The South Carolina Methodist Conference (Northern) reports 27,044 mem-bers and 6.293 probationers, 243 churches and 347 local preachers, show-ing that it has grown rapidly. The col-lections, however, are extremely small, indicating poverty. The Rev. Burr Baldwin, believed to

The Rev. Burr Baldwin, believed to be the oidest surviving graduate of Yale coilege, died recently in Montrose, Penn., aged ninety. He graduated from Yale in 1809, and spent his life in the ministry of the Presbyterian Church.' According to one of the Lutheran al-manaes, the Lutheran communion in this country gained last year fifty-two ministers, eighty-seven congregations, and 17,917 members. According 16 an other, the gain of members was thirty-nine, and of congregations forty-eight, while there was a loss of 13,603 mem-bers. whith bers.

The superintendent of the northwestern department of the Sunday-school Union states that his missionaries report Union states that his missionaries report for the year past 400 new schools organ-ized, with 1,559 teachers and 12,610 scholars; 5,756 other Sunday-schools visited and aided, having 5,756 teach-ers and 52,045 scholars; 3,047 Bibles and Testaments distributed; 6,145 families visited 2,000 sermons and addresses visited; 2,000 sermons and address delivered.

The Church of England has two arch-bishops, twenty-eight bishops, four Suffragan bishops, fill deans, seventy-four archbishops, 610 rural deans, 23.000 elergy of all elasses, one-fifth of whom have no parochial charge. One archbishop-Canterbury-and twenty-four bishops have seats in the house of lords. The income of the prelates ranges from \$75,000 to \$12,000 a year; that of the deans, \$15,000 to \$1.025. The number of churches is about 16, 000. The gross income of the Church from all sources is \$40,000,000 per an-num. The Church of England has two archnum.

The American New Testament re-vised represent seven denominations, as follows: Dr. T. D. Woolsey (Con-gregational), New Haven, (Chairman); Prof. J. H. Thayer (Congregational), Andover, Mass.; Prot. Ezra Abbot (Unitarian), Cambridge, Mass.; Dr. J. K. Burr (Methodist), New Jersey; Dr. Thomas Chase (Friend), Pennsylvania; Dr. Howard Crosby (Presbyterian), New York; Prof. Timothy Dwight (Congregational). New Haven; Dr. A. C. Keudrick (Baptist), Rochester, N. Y.; Bishop Lee (Episcopal), Delaware; Dr. M. B. Riddle (Episcopal), Hartford; Dr. P. Schaff (Presbyterian), New York: Dr. Charles Short (Episcopal), New York; Dr. E. A. Washburn (Epis-copal), New York. The American New Testament re-

### The Greatest Danger of Railroad Travel.

Travel. The risk of sudden death is very triffing compared with the inevitable injury sustained by every individual who has to make a long journey by rail. The traveler really takes his life in his hand whenever he sets out. The danger is less from accident than de-sign, less from misplaced switches than from misplaced ventilators, less from bad roadbeds than from bad air. We are not now speaking of the barbaric nuisance of having to smell, breathe and bahe in the smoke, soot and cin-ders pouring in from the engine, which, and bathe in the smoke, soot and cin-ders pouring in from the engine, which, until some other method is found to ob-viate the difficulty, ought to be in the rear of the train, instead of the front. Of all conductors, brakemen, porters and passengers, pfobably not one in the thousand understands the vital im-portance of pure air, nor, indeed, do they know what pure air is. To the conductor's mind, as to that of the majority of his passengers, the comfort of the car depends upon the tempera-ture—it is a matter of warmth or cold entirely. A warm car, or more comture-it is a matter of warmth or cold entirely. A warm car, or more com-monly a hot car, is the one desideratum, albeit the warmth is the product of ani-mal heat from fifty bodies, many of them not very clean, and of exhalations from fifty pair of lungs, with little chance for the encape of vitiated air or the ingress of pure air-a condition of things tending to produce a state of "blue blood" not contemplated by the hautton. When the life current comes up to the lungs to be changed from blue to red, to throw off there the car-bonic acid and take in oxygen—and the whole volume of blood makes this cir-cuit once in every half minute, or over one hundred times an hour—if there is a lack of sufficient vertilation in the car or sitting-room or sleeping-room, the blood cannot undergo this vital transfor-mation. It goes back to the heart, and from thence is pumped through the ar-teries frem crown to sole, throughout the complicated mesh-work of the ca-pillaries, in a state entirely unfitted to perform its functions of supplying oxy-gen to all parts of the body, of carrying off the waste particles resulting from the "never-ceasing drath" of the atoms composing the body, and of replacing these with fresh, living atoms, or, as it is usually put, "repairing the waste."--Journal of Chemistry. one hundred times an hour-if there is a lack of sufficient ventilation in the car

# The Gold Diggings of Iceland

The Gold Diggings of feeland. A though Ireland is not generally re-garded as one of the gold producing ound there in paying quantities, espe-cially in the county of Wicklow. Tradition commonly attributes the while fishing in one of the small streams which descend from the Croglan moun-tains, picked up a piece of shining metal and having ascertained that it was gold gradually enriched himself by the suc-cess of his researches in that and the ning of the produce of his labor to a gold smith in Dublin. He is said to have which descend from the Croglan moun-tains, picked up a piece of shining metal and having ascertained that it was gold gradually enriched himself by the suc-cess of his researches in that and the ning of the produce of his labor to a gold smith in Dublin. He is said to have wife he imprudently confided his dis-vises through whose means it was made public. This was toward to produced was remarkable. Thousands of othe spot, and from the haborer who do have spot, and from the haborer who hold who scraped the rock with a reserved as a gold mine-child who scraped the rock with a function of a gold mine-diated the interval which elapsed be wealth. This was to mark the produced was remarkable. Thousands of produced was remarkable. Thousands of the spot, and from the haborer who do have have a first, and a gold mine-do have have a first, and quick fare, and the very name of a gold mine-do have built it ideas of inexhaustible. The the public announcement of the produced with it ideas of inexhaustible.

During the interval which eigsed be-tween the public announcement of the gold discovery and the taking possession of the mine by the government – a period of about two months—it is supposed that upward of two thousand five hundred ounces of gold were collected by the peasants, principally from the mud and sand of Ballinvally stream, and disposed of for about ten thousand period

peasants, principally from the mud and sand of Ballinvally stream, and disposed of for about ten thousand pounds, a sum far exceeding the produce of the mine during the government operations, which amounted to little more than three thousand five hundred pounds. The gold was found in pieces of all forms and sizes, from the smallest per-ceptible particle to the extraordinary mass of twenty-two ounces, which cold for eighty guineas. This iarge piece was of an irregular form; it measured four inches in its greatest length, and three in breadth, and in thickness it varied from half an inch to an inch; a gilt cast of it may be seen in the museum of Trinity college, Dublin. So pure was the gold generally found, that it was the custom of the Dublin goldsmiths to put gold coin in the opposite scale to it, and give weight for weight. The government works were carried on until 1798, when all the machirery was destroyed in the insurrection. The mining was renewed in 1801, but not being found sufficiently productive to pay the expenses, the scarch was aban-doned. There prevails yet, however, a lingering belief among the peasants that there is still gold in Kinsella, and only the "lucky man" is wanting.--Harper's Young People.

### **One Hundred and Eighteen Years Old**

A Washington correspondent writes: Washington now claims, besides other things, to have the oldest man in America as one of its residents. The oldest man is a colored man, Shadrach Nugent by name, a Marylander by birth, but for over sixty years a resident of Nugent by name, a Mary lander by birth, but for over sixty years a resident of Washington. He claims to have been born about 1782, and that he is now over 118 years old. Many of them in this section at least claim to have been at times servants of George Washington. Nugent makes no such claim, though he says he often saw George Washington, and that he has shaken hands with every **President that this country** has had trom and that he has shaken hands with every President that this country has had from Washington down. Whether he is 118 years old or not is not known to any-thing like a certainty, but he has docu-ments from many of the oldest and best known citizens certifying that they had known him from forty to sixty years. The gentleman who says he has known Nugent for sixty years are hows at Nugent for sixty years says he was at least forty years of age when he came to this city, and that he may have been much older. This gentleman's letter was much older. This gentleman's letter was written several years ago, which makes the proof tolerably clear that he is over 10 years. He drove a cart for the father of the Hon. W. W. Corcoran. our phil-mathropist and banker, when Mr. Cor-coran, the father, was but a young man. This is important in view of the fact that W. W. Corcoran recently cele-brated his eighty-second birthday. He has records of his birth and other papers referring to the same incidentally, which have been copied from the court records at Frederick, Md. showing undoubtedly that he is nearly that age. He "fit into" the revolutionary war as a body servant of Lieutenant Groff, who commanded an independent artillery company which independent artillery company which was organized about Frederick. In 1812

artist. In the lower right-hand corner there was a cipher which had escaped her scrutiny, and which on closer examina-tion took the form of "J. H." Mr. Lawrence regarded the picture for a minute, and as he handed it back to his daughter he said that whoever the author of it was he was far from be-ing a novice, for such blending of light and shade was rarely seen. The remainder of the household were taken into the library after dinner to

ing a lingering summer fever, but the disease seemed to baffle the skill of his attendants, and just as the sun was sinking in the west on a sultry August afternoon his soul took flight to the better world, and Marie was a widow.

ter world, and Marie was a widow. A few months were spent in the set-tlement of the estate, and when a pur-chaser for the little house had been found, Mrs. Ostrander, not caring to re-tain it, returned to her old home. Even the luxuriant abiding place of her youth seemed to have lost its charms, and she daily grew paler, until, by the advice of her physician, her parents and friends, she decided to take a foreign trip, in hopes that a change of climate and scene would rally her to her doll self.

<text>

Meunier during a part of their short in-terview by only the greatest exertion. She took her tea and breakfast with-out going down. and when Mrs. Love-ioy came to her room for the third or fourth time she was assured that it was only a headache, and that she would be down in time for lunch at noon. That afternoon she thought she did not feel well enough to go out with Mr. and Mrs. Lovejoy, and consequently hey started alone. As soon as they had departed Marie hastened to her room and dressed for going out, and in less than a half hour she entered a cab, which was in waiting for her, having i een ordered by one of the hotel stient att, and drove of alone, going direct to the academy She crowded her way through the immense throng until she stood before was the same cipher before her that she had seen six years before. To be sure it was not the same picture, but it was the same to her. As she stood there it had another in-tent admirer, she thought, although the surging column of people at her back made general expressions of comment as they passed it. It was a gentleman, she could see without raising her eyes, and when she did look up abe found that his gaze was not directed on the picture but at her. "At last!" were the only words he power, and ride, and her hands in his. Mrs. Ostrander had an escort on her homeward ride, and before her hands in his.

that red model in, Mrs. Ostrander had an escort on her homeward ride, and before he had left iven the hotel it had all been explained. as-text the hotel it had all been explained. as-text the hotel it had all been explained. as-text the hotel it had all been explained. is been to be had seen her at the little village of Grosvenordale, and from the time he had caught her glance when passing her with on the way back to his boarding place, from a short sketching trip, he had a longing for her arquaintance, and had han he Dixons before his departure the the Dixons before his departure the

# The Largest of Land Animals.

The Largest of Land Animals. In the American Journal of Science and Aris, Prof. Marsh describes the iargest and animal yet known to have existed on the globe. Its name is Atlantosaurus invinanis. The thigh boue of this creature is over eight feet long, with a thickness at the larger end of twenty-five inches, though the bone has no true head. A comparison of this bone with the fe-mur of a crocodile would indicate that the fossil saurin, if of similar propor-tions, had a total length of 115 feet. That the reptile was 100 feet long when alive is at least probable. The other bones of this animal that have been tound are proportionately gigantic; caudal vertebra has a traverse diameter of more than sixteen inches. All the bones of this reptile yet discovered are in the Yale college museum. They are in the Vale college museum. They are France has just been able, ten years after the event, to figure up the cost to her of the Franco-German war. It was, \$3,000,000,000, aside from losses to com-merce and industry.

burned by the British, though he burned by the British, though he, like many others, viewed the burning from a point in the adjoining woods, several miles distant. He is yet able to walk about the city, using a cane. Although he has lost the sight of his left eye, he can still read his Bible, which is his strongest hold. His headth, as a rule, is good and always has been. His teeth are as sound as they ever were, while his hair is now as straight as a white man's and snow white, but very thin.

#### How Lafayette's Statue Came to Wear a Frown.

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