

**Autumn.**  
The burning summer days are gone,  
And autumn's ripper fervor spent;  
But cloudless still the sun moves on,  
And azure spreads the firmament,  
Save where it bends to earth, and dips  
Into the warm and thirsty haze,  
Which tinges the horizon's lips  
On still October days.

A sober russet robes the fields,  
A gorgeous drapery decks the world,  
In all the splendor Nature yields  
Of crimson, scarlet, green and gold,  
With every nameless tint between,  
Which light's mysterious depths comprise

The hand of Industry delays—  
Deserted lies the harvest plain;  
Save where, by unfrequented ways,  
Lumbers the heavy-laden wain,  
And silent all, save here and there  
The throbbing sound of winnowing grain,  
And swelling, falling, on the air,  
The roar of distant train.

No lambs are sporting on the hill,  
The solemn herds in silent rove;  
No more the wildbird's merry trill  
Awakes the concert of the grove,  
And voices which, in evening hid,  
Kept revel all the summer long,  
Are silent now, and Katydid  
Has ceased her weary song.

Nature her hosts of lavish life  
Back to the garrison withdraws,  
And, prescient of the coming strife,  
Collects herself in tranquil pause.  
So pause my downward years before  
The final blight of child decay,  
Clinging to one fair season more—  
My own October day.

—James C. Moffat.

## A MOTHER'S SACRIFICE.

A fire burned in the low grate, but the little light it gave revealed all the grace of Mrs. Wingfield's slight form in its close-fitting robes of black. To-night, for the first time in her two years of widowhood, she laid off the widow's cap, which had for so long served to conceal the thick auburn braids so artistically coiled about the small head. Perhaps for this same reason she had dismissed the butler when he entered according to custom to light lamps, or perhaps because the slow ticking of the clock upon the mantel revealed to her sufficiently the lapse of time without compelling her to distinguish the hands upon the face of the dial drawing nearer and nearer the hour whose close approach dissipated the calmness she vainly strove to gain.

Eighteen years had passed since she and Arthur Mainwaring had met. They had been lovers in that far-off time, but he was poor then, with no whisper in the air of the rich inheritance to which he afterward fell heir, just too late for it to bring happiness to either. Not that they cared for wealth, either of them, but then there were older, wiser minds to judge for both, and so, each vowing eternal vows, they were torn apart.

Six short months later she married Edward Wingfield. He was, fortunately, not a man to look for love and sentiment in his young wife—only wifely duty and obedience. In these she never failed him, and after his death the world found proof of his esteem in the fact that to his widow reverted all his fortune, untrammelled by a single reservation.

She had married very young. She was but thirty-five now. Would he find her changed, she wondered—he for whose coming she waited here-to-day?

Simultaneously with the thought came the sound of carriage wheels and horses' hoofs on the gravelled walk. She started to her feet, pressing both hands upon her fast-beating heart. Only that morning she had received the telegram announcing Arthur Mainwaring's coming, and already he was here. She was glad, oh, so glad, that the room was dark, when she heard the quick, firm tread she had sometimes heard in her dreams during these long years of dutiful living; so glad that he could not see the quick blush, which put her matronhood to shame, when the door was thrown hastily open, and three or four swift strides brought him to her side.

"Barbara!"  
Oh, how his voice still thrilled her—half with pleasure, half with pain!  
His tall form towered far above her, as in the olden time; but he held close in his own firm, tender grasp, her two little trembling hands.

"Are you glad to see me?" he questioned. She strove to answer, but her lips quivered, and no words came.

"Barbara," he said then again, and he bowed his handsome head lower, "is it too soon to speak?"

"Oh, Arthur," she answered, "can I yet atone?"

And then the bridge of years was swept away, and she sobbed out her happiness upon his heart.

"Let me see you," he said, at last. "I have not yet seen the face for which I have hungered all these years."

He struck a light, then turned and looked at her.

"My darling!" he said. "It is still my beautiful Barbara. What have I done to deserve this hour?"

"Mamma, where are you?" called out a fresh, girlish voice at this instant.

The next moment a young girl of scarce seventeen summers sprang into the room.

brought the past and; present face to face forcing him to acknowledge the impossibility of nature's standing still.

The daughter was a fair counterpart of the mother's beauty. As she looked now shyly extending to him her hand, as if in deprecation of her unceremonious entrance, so had Barbara looked, when extending her hand in farewell, as though she would have said, "I am forced into it by a stronger will than mine."

An uncomfortable sensation rose up in his breast—a dumb warring against the inevitable—an unacknowledged desire to retrace life's pathway and conquer time.

Meantime the young girl pouted the full, red lips, as she thought her mother's friend strangely absent; and when he at last forced himself into a few words of greeting, they fell upon dull, unheeding ears.

Then she had gone. The lovers were alone again, but he no longer opened wide his arms, but instead, drew a chair to her side, that they might discuss more rationally.

"You must teach Dora to love you," she said to him next morning. "I want first to reconcile her to my second marriage before startling her with its possibility. Tell me—do you think her like me?"

"Your second self."  
"Ah, I am so glad! You will love her, then, for my sake?"

To love and be loved! Over-easy task set by frail woman in her blindness. It must be Mr. Mainwaring who must be Dora's companion in her daily ride. Mr. Mainwaring who must teach her to manage the cookie-boat—for which he had sent to town—in these first early spring days. The lovers were seldom alone now.

Dora looked up at their guest as her property. She had long ago laughingly told him how unceremonious had been his welcome to her, and he had wooed and won his absolution.

Sometimes Barbara sighed as she watched them together, while she sat alone, but she gave to the sigh no name, and thought it a tribute to the vanished years.

One day came her awaking. Dora and Mr. Mainwaring had gone for their afternoon ride, but it had extended beyond its wont, and she had grown anxious and gone out to meet them, striking into the forest path which was their favorite way. Half a mile from her home she met Dora's horse riderless. Paired with terror, she hastened on, when she suddenly stopped, rooted to the spot. Almost at her feet knelt the man her heart had loved always, and in his arms he held Dora's unconscious form.

"My love! my life!" he said, each word being borne distinctly to her ear; "speak to me once—just once! Oh, Dora, are you hurt? My darling, would that I might have given my life for yours!"

Then he stooped and pressed his lips to hers. A long fluttering sigh escaped them.

"Arthur!" she whispered; "Arthur!"  
"I am here, dear," he said.  
And then he laid her down out of his arms, as though, with returning life, he remembered the duty it brought with it.

The mother sprang forward.  
"Do not be alarmed," Mr. Mainwaring said, gently, on seeing her. "Her horse threw her. I think there is no serious injury."

No serious injury! None to Dora, but Barbara knew that her wound was past healing.

When, a few hours later, they knew that there was no need for anxiety on her account, Barbara shut herself up within her own room to fight her battle.  
"I cannot give him up," she moaned.  
"He does not know his own heart. He will forget this child, and she—she cannot love him."

But even as she reasoned came the remembrance of the one word, "Arthur!" and the tone in which she had spoken it.

"I will try her," she said, and for the first time in her life came a feeling of bitter resentment even against her child.

They were sitting together in the library as she entered.

"Arthur," she said, "I think it is time that we told Dora the truth."

The man's face paled. She could almost see him gird his soul for the conflict, and crush out his heart behind his honor. Even Dora looked up with a suspicion of coming trouble.

"It is only this, dear," Barbara said, turning to her daughter; "has not Mr. Mainwaring told you that he was an engaged man?"

Then she saw that the steel had struck home. The child answered nothing as she turned two wet, reproachful eyes to him, who dared not meet their gaze. Until this instant she had not known that she possessed a heart. She learned it now to her cruel cost.

"I must congratulate Mr. Mainwaring," she said, calling up all her woman's pride to her aid, then hastened from the room to hide the burst of tears. The two were left alone.

"Does she suspect, do you think?" she asked, gloating over his torture.

"She must know," he answered. "I am ready, Barbara, to fulfill my bond. Let there be no further delay."

"Will you not, then, plead that I asked only the pound of flesh, without a drop of blood, and that your life must pay the forfeit I demand?"

"What can you mean?" he asked, in a bewildered way.

"Only," she said, "that I plead my cause for yours. Release me, Arthur. I find I cannot marry you."

Five minutes ago she would have thought herself incapable of the sacrifice; yet here she stood, quiet and calm, giving no outward sign of the inward whirlpool, nor the torture that wrung her as she watched the weight lift from his soul at her words.

"You no longer love me?" he questioned.

"I am growing old," with a mocking laugh; and in his blindness he accepted her words as denial, and went forth content, little dreaming of the sacrifice the mother had made for her daughter's happiness.

A little later he came to her, Dora blushing, radiant with happiness, by his side.

"Will you give her to me?" he asked.  
"I loved her, Barbara, because she was your second self!"

### The Fast Trotters.

A reporter has interviewed Mr. Bonner concerning fast horses, and that gentleman is far from willing to admit that the world contains a fletcher trotter than one or two to be found in his stable. There is undoubtedly much rivalry between Mr. Vanderbilt and the proprietor of the *Ledger* as to who shall have the fastest roaster, and had Mr. Vanderbilt's offer of \$50,000 secured St. Julien, that gentleman would doubtless feel that he is the owner of a pair which no one would be able to pass on the road. And since it is generally believed that Maud's can equal if not improve the time made by St. Julien at Hartford, he no doubt considers himself the owner of the fastest roaster in the world. Mr. Bonner believes that the best time on record will yet be brought down several seconds, and he is confident that Rarus can trot in 2:10, and that Edwin Forrest, with a record of 2:15½ to wagon, is the greatest wagon horse in the world. Since Lady Suffolk trotted a mile in 2:24, and Flora Temple in 2:19, astonishing reductions in time have been made, the official record of horses that have gone below the time which made Dexter famous being as follows:

- 2:11½, St. Julien.
- 2:11, Maud S.
- 2:13, Rarus.
- 2:14, Goldsmith Maid.
- 2:14, Hopeful.
- 2:15, Lulu.
- 2:15½, Smuggler.
- 2:16½, Lucille Gold dust.
- 2:16½, American Girl and Derby.
- 2:16½, Occident.
- 2:17, Gloster.
- 2:17½, Dexter.

Mr. Bonner attributes the improvement chiefly to toe-weights, smoother tracks and lighter vehicles, and concedes that without his toe-weights Edwin Forrest would not be worth \$500 and Maud S. would be no better.—*New York Mail.*

### Hogs Killing a Jaguar.

The wild hogs of South America are very savage, and when aroused know no fear. One night a hungry party of explorers, camped in a Brazilian forest, heard an uproar of grunting, squeaking and clashing of tusks.

"Pigs!" exclaimed all, with joyfulness; "now we'll have a dinner!"

Snatching their guns, they crept cautiously toward the sounds. Coming to the edge of a clearing, they saw a jaguar standing on an ant hill, about five feet from the ground. Surrounding him were fifty or sixty wild hogs, furious in their efforts to get at their enemy. The jaguar, with his tail stuck well up in the air, and his legs close together, stood balancing himself on the hillock. As the infuriated pigs threatened one side or the other, he would turn around and face them. He was evidently uneasy, and only waited for a chance to make a rush and escape. In a moment of forgetfulness, the jaguar slightly dropped his tail. Instantly a pig seized it and pulled; then another, and another, and the beast was dragged from his perch to the ground. The battle was terrible. The yellow body of the jaguar rose up above the grunting, squealing mass of pigs, and his powerful jaws struck deadly blows. Then he fell—the uproar subsided, and the herd dispersed. The party of explorers walked to the battle ground. Fourteen dead pigs were lying on the field, but no jaguar or its remains were seen. Presently one of the party, picking up a fragment of something, exclaimed:

"Here's the tiger!"

It was a bit of the jaguar's skin. He had been torn to pieces and devoured by the savage hogs.

### What Makes the Man.

Many people forget that character grows; that it is not something to put on, ready made, with womanhood and manhood, but day by day, here a little and there a little, grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength, until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic, when do you suppose he developed all these admirable qualities? When he was a boy.

Let us see the way in which a boy of ten years gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you just what kind of a man he will make. The boy that is late at breakfast, and late at school, stands a poor chance to be a man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, "I forgot? I didn't think" will never be a reliable man. And the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of weaker things will never be a noble, generous, kindly man—a gentleman.

Plant your neighbor's cats early. One under each fruit tree will help your crop and do your neighbor a good turn besides.

### Rocking-Stones.

Scattered over certain portions of the British Isles, and here and there in other parts of the world, may be found masses of detached rock, often of great size, poised so nicely on a narrow base that they move to and fro under very slight pressure, and known in Great Britain by the name of "logans" or "rocking" stones. In some cases the action of the wind alone is sufficient to set them in motion.

Formerly, these stones, from their peculiar characteristics, were considered to be the work of human hands, and were classed among "Druidic remains"—the common belief being that they were connected with the religious rites and ceremonies of the Druids.

One of the absurd beliefs was that if a supposed culprit was brought to a rocking-stone, his guilt or innocence would be at once proclaimed—if guilty, the stone would vibrate on his approach by unseen power; while on the other hand his innocence would be proved by his remaining stationary. An opposite belief—that the stone would "rock" at the slightest touch of those pure at heart, but would withstand even a giant's power when exerted by the guilty—is thus well expressed by the poet Mason:

[Behold yon huge  
And unheaven sphere of living adamant,  
Which, poised by magic, rests its centre  
weight.

On yonder pointed rock; firm as it seems,  
Such is its strange and virtuous property,  
It moves obsequious to the gentlest touch  
Of him whose heart is pure; but to a traitor  
Though e'en a giant's prowess nerved his arm  
It stands as fixed as Snowdon.

These beliefs, like many others connected with so-called cromlechs and other remains, are, however, exploded, and it is now very generally agreed that rocking-stones are not works of art, but the result of natural causes.

There can be no doubt that in most cases the "rocking" property of these masses of stone is entirely due to weathering; disintegration having been effected through countless ages by the action of wind and rain, and sometimes by sand blown by the wind upon the masses of jutting rock of which they are composed. In some instances, too, there is little doubt the superincumbent mass has fallen or rolled from the rocks and heights above, and become accidentally poised on its present bed; and in others again they may have been deposited in their position by glaciers or icebergs. In all cases, however, we shall be safe in attributing, in one way or other, their formation to natural agency. At one of the meetings of the British association, this theory was clearly demonstrated by Mr. Grove, who stated that by artificial attrition he had himself made several miniature rocking-stones; "and thus he showed how by the action of the atmosphere on their corners, many large masses of rock, which have a tendency to disintegrate into cubical or tabular blocks might gradually become rounded into the rude spheroidal shape generally presented by the logan."—*Chamber's Journal.*

Some of the most experienced egg dealers declare that there is no profit in raising poultry to compare with producing eggs. A single hen will lay from twelve to fifteen dozen eggs per annum, selling at an average of eighteen cents per dozen, and the birds thus occupied can be housed and fed for less than fifty cents for the whole period. In the East the price per dozen is much higher. Here we buy them by the dozen. Step into an Eastern produce establishment, and they will sell you so much for a quarter of a dollar. There is no reason why the crystallizing process should not become quite general, and egg production stimulated as never before, and the food supply receive large accession from this source. The already great and increasing consumption of eggs in England and France shows growing appreciation for this kind of food compared with any other. In Lima, Peru, eggs sell at one dollar per dozen—equal to four dollars per pound crystallized. It is thought that this new process for preserving for utilization the industry of our hens and pullets may be very acceptable, as well as beneficial, in a business and domestic point of view.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

### What Children Should Read.

The greatest trouble which ensues from placing sensational literature in the hands of children is the false idea of life which it produces. Many children every year, after reading those thrilling adventures and glowing descriptions of the "golden West," have become dissatisfied with the tame and seemingly uneventful school life, and have left their homes to seek their fortunes and follow their hero. Most of these deluded fortune-hunters find their mistake and like the prodigal return, but with the taste for good reading impaired. Such literature should not be placed within the reach of children. There are plenty of good, useful books of moral tone that are suitable, pleasing and at the same time instructive. History is now gotten up in such a pleasant style that it is a source of amusement as well as instructive to read it. If novels must be read—and none can deny that a good novel occasionally does no harm his torical are preferable to those whose chief merit seems to be the excitement they may produce and the false ideas of life they may create. Every piece of a child reads should contain a grain of truth, either moral, philosophical, political or historical, that it may spring up and bear some fruit of usefulness. It is quite important, too, that the youth should be conversant with the topics of the day, which may be found in the leading papers. No one can be considered well read who knows nothing of the literature of the times.

### Words of Wisdom.

Sin has a great many tools; but a life is the handle which fits them all.

Ceremonies differ in every country; but true politeness is ever the same.

An idle reason lessons the weight of the good ones you gave before.

People are never playing the fool so much as when they think themselves extra wise.

Let your will lead whither necessity would drive, and you will always preserve your liberty.

It is with youth as with plants; from the first fruits they bear we learn what may be expected in future.

The firefly only shines when on the wing. So is it with the mind: when once we're wakened.

False shame and fear of blame cause more bad actions than good, but virtue never blushes but for evil.

Poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.

Pictures drawn in our minds are laid in fading colors, and unless sometimes refreshed, vanish and disappear.

Proud men seldom have friends. In prosperity they know nobody; and in adversity nobody cares to know them.

Nature makes us poor when we want necessities, but custom gives the name of poverty to the want of superfluities.

Envy feeds upon the living; after death it ceases—then, every man's well-earned honors defend him against calumny.

It is sad to think that so many wert meaning and naturally joyous spirits are compelled to go through life without owning a steam yacht.

Hope sticks to a man closer than anything we know of—except corn.

### CRYSTALLIZED EGGS.

A Traffic that has risen to Great Importance.

The egg traffic of this country has risen to an importance which few comprehend. The aggregate transactions in New York city alone must amount to fully \$8,000,000 per annum, and in the United States to \$18,000,000. A single firm in that line of business East handled 1,000,000 worth of eggs during the year. In Cincinnati, too, the traffic must be proportionately large. In truth, the great gallinaceous tribe of our country barnyards contributes in no small degree to human subsistence, eggs being rich in nutritive properties—equal to one-half their entire weight. Goose, duck and hen eggs are the principal kinds produced in America. We have nothing, however, like we are told used to be found in Madagascar, or have been found there, the gigantic woa egg, measuring thirteen and a half inches in extreme length, and holding eight and a half quarts. One of these birds with a single effort, might supply a modern boarding-house with omelets for a day.

The perishable nature of eggs has naturally detracted from their value as a standard article of diet. The peculiar excellence of eggs depends upon their freshness. But lately the process of crystallizing has been resorted to, and by this process the natural egg is converted into a delicate amber tint, in which form it is reduced seven-eighths in bulk compared with barreled eggs, and retains its properties for years unimpaired by any climate. This is indeed an achievement of science and mechanical ingenuity, and has a most important bearing on the question of cheaper food, by preventing waste, equalizing prices throughout the year, and regulating consumption. In this form eggs may be transported without injury, either to the equator or to the poles, and at any time can be restored to their original condition simply by adding the water which has been artificially taken away. The chief egg-densifying companies are in St. Louis and New York. No salts or other extraneous matters are introduced in the process of crystallizing, the product is simply a consolidated mixture of the yolk and albumen. Immense quantities of eggs are preserved in the spring of the year by liming. Thus treated they are good for every purpose except boiling. It is a common trick for some dealers to palm off eggs so treated for fresh, so that imposition is easily practised. In the desiccation process, however, the difference becomes apparent, as from four to five more eggs are required to make a pound of eggs crystallized than when fresh are used, and eggs in the least taint will not crystallize at all.

Some of the most experienced egg dealers declare that there is no profit in raising poultry to compare with producing eggs. A single hen will lay from twelve to fifteen dozen eggs per annum, selling at an average of eighteen cents per dozen, and the birds thus occupied can be housed and fed for less than fifty cents for the whole period. In the East the price per dozen is much higher. Here we buy them by the dozen. Step into an Eastern produce establishment, and they will sell you so much for a quarter of a dollar. There is no reason why the crystallizing process should not become quite general, and egg production stimulated as never before, and the food supply receive large accession from this source. The already great and increasing consumption of eggs in England and France shows growing appreciation for this kind of food compared with any other. In Lima, Peru, eggs sell at one dollar per dozen—equal to four dollars per pound crystallized. It is thought that this new process for preserving for utilization the industry of our hens and pullets may be very acceptable, as well as beneficial, in a business and domestic point of view.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

Some of the most experienced egg dealers declare that there is no profit in raising poultry to compare with producing eggs. A single hen will lay from twelve to fifteen dozen eggs per annum, selling at an average of eighteen cents per dozen, and the birds thus occupied can be housed and fed for less than fifty cents for the whole period. In the East the price per dozen is much higher. Here we buy them by the dozen. Step into an Eastern produce establishment, and they will sell you so much for a quarter of a dollar. There is no reason why the crystallizing process should not become quite general, and egg production stimulated as never before, and the food supply receive large accession from this source. The already great and increasing consumption of eggs in England and France shows growing appreciation for this kind of food compared with any other. In Lima, Peru, eggs sell at one dollar per dozen—equal to four dollars per pound crystallized. It is thought that this new process for preserving for utilization the industry of our hens and pullets may be very acceptable, as well as beneficial, in a business and domestic point of view.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

### Words of Wisdom.

Sin has a great many tools; but a life is the handle which fits them all.

### Words of Wisdom.

Sin has a great many tools; but a life is the handle which fits them all.

Ceremonies differ in every country; but true politeness is ever the same.

An idle reason lessons the weight of the good ones you gave before.

People are never playing the fool so much as when they think themselves extra wise.

Let your will lead whither necessity would drive, and you will always preserve your liberty.

It is with youth as with plants; from the first fruits they bear we learn what may be expected in future.

The firefly only shines when on the wing. So is it with the mind: when once we're wakened.

False shame and fear of blame cause more bad actions than good, but virtue never blushes but for evil.

Poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.

Pictures drawn in our minds are laid in fading colors, and unless sometimes refreshed, vanish and disappear.

Proud men seldom have friends. In prosperity they know nobody; and in adversity nobody cares to know them.

Nature makes us poor when we want necessities, but custom gives the name of poverty to the want of superfluities.

Envy feeds upon the living; after death it ceases—then, every man's well-earned honors defend him against calumny.

It is sad to think that so many wert meaning and naturally joyous spirits are compelled to go through life without owning a steam yacht.

Hope sticks to a man closer than anything we know of—except corn.

### Man's Brotherhood.

If any man must fall for me to rise,  
Then seek I not to climb. Another's pain  
I choose not for my good. A golden chain,  
A robe of honor, is too poor a prize  
To tempt my hasty hand to do a wrong  
Unto a fellow man. This life hath we  
Sufficient, wrought by man's satanic loe;  
And who, that hath a heart, would dare prolong  
Or add a sorrow to a stricken soul  
That seeks some healing balm to make it whole?  
My bosom owns the brotherhood of man;  
From God and truth a renegade is he  
Who scorns a poor man in his poverty,  
Or on his fellow lays his superstition ban.  
—Thomas Mackellar.

### ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A locomotive drinks forty-five gallons per mile.

Prairie chickens are game to the last.

Nice Florida rattlesnakes are worth \$5 each in New York.

Sick people relish a broth made from the hind legs of a frog more than frogs do.

France has 40,000,000 hens, with only 5,000,000 women to throw things at them.

A woman who has four sons, all sailors, compares herself with a year, because she has four seasons.

Of all the ruins in the world, the ruin of man is, most assuredly, the saddest to contemplate.

The man who doesn't know his own mind should be introduced as soon as it is big enough.—*Piscayune.*

Many a tramp would be thankful for cold ham, but none of them relish the cold shoulder.—*Salem Sunbeam.*

A great many men are cottage-built, that is to say, they have but one story. And they are forever telling it.

Woman may be skilled in preserving fruits, but it is a difficult thing for her to preserve silence.—*Philadelphia Item.*

John M. Mauger, of Pottstown, Pa., who is eighty years of age, uses a razor that has been in the family two hundred years.

In the State of Ohio there are 23,368 persons on the pension rolls, of whom 2,026 are widows of soldiers of the war of 1812.

Beans are not very largely cultivated in Russia, owing to the irreconcilable aversion that exists there to the Poles.—*Cincinnati Times.*

Corsets are said to have originated from an iron waistband, in which tyrannical husbands in early history of the human family encased their wives.

No matter how poor people are, nearly every one can afford to keep a pair of horses—one for clothes and the other for wood.—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

Dan Mace can tell almost to the fraction of a second how fast he drives a horse, without consulting a watch, and some other drivers have the same faculty.

The oldest living ex-member of Congress is John A. Cuthbert, of Mobile, Ala., who was born in Georgia in 1778. He practices law in Mobile, and is said to be still hale and hearty.

The American "professional beauties" whose movements are now so closely followed by London "society" journals, are Mrs. Cropper, Mrs. Mahlon Sands, Miss Parsons and Lady Maudeville.

"I think I'll cut across the fields," said a city belle, who was visiting her country cousin—"the wether permitting," she added, as she observed a demonstrative sheep of the masculine persuasion.

"In the hour of danger woman thinks least of herself," said Mme. de Staël. True! When the thunder roars and the vivid lightning flashes, and the big drops come down, the woman who is caught out in the storm devotes her agony to the thought that her hat and dress will be ruined.

Fashionable Galveston young lady at a social gathering remarks jestingly to Gilhooly: "I wonder how much I would bring if I was put up at auction and sold to the highest bidder?" "Just about \$3,000." "Why, my jewelry alone is worth that." "Yes; that's what I put it down in my estimate."—*Galveston News.*

An eccentric Englishman, long a resident at Paris, has just committed suicide, after having devoted twenty years to a strange mania. Every six months he had a coffin made for himself. Each was too long, too short, or uncomfortable in some way, until the last proved perfect. Having no further object in life, he killed himself.

A Toronto patent-medicine man recently ruined the sale of his "Pulmonic Balsam" by publishing a testimonial from a man who asserted that his wife who had not been able to speak above a whisper for five years, had her voice completely restored by the use of one bottle. When the Toronto man realized the effect of the publication, he wrung his hands and said: "An enemy hath done this thing."

On the slopes of Amethyst mountain, or the Yellowstone park, are exposed at different levels a large number of silicified trees, many being rooted in the position in which they grew, and from twenty to thirty feet in height. Some lying down are of immense size. The series of sandstone and conglomerates in which the trees are imbedded is more than 5,000 feet thick, forming a vertical mile of fossil forests. The woody structure is well preserved. Where cavities have formed