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Distance Lends Enchantment.

The sails we see on the ocean,
Areas white as white can be,
But never one in the harbor
As white as the sails at sea.

And the clouds that crown the mountain
With purple and gold delight,
Turn to cold gray mist and vapor
Ere we reach its height.

Stately and fair the vessel
That comes not near our beach;
Stately and grand the mountain
Whose height we may never reach.

Oh, Distance, thou dear enchantress,
Still hold in thy magic veil
The glory of far-off mountains,
The gleam of the far-off sail.

THE YELLOW ROSE.

Adele Haskell formed one of a group of girls who were spending their summer at the seaside, in a romantic little port, made thoroughly delightful by the combination of woodland and wild coast. Inland drives and shaded rambles were as accessible at choice as surf-bathing or the long strolls on the fine white beach, forever washed by the exhilarating waves.

Adele was at this place under the care of her aunt, and with her, under her own care, a younger sister just nearing the fourteenth birthday, and ceasing to be the torment and delight of immediate relatives as l'enfante terrible, only to occupy the same distinctions of concern as "a bright little piece." Georgie Haskell was an irrepressible, mischievous, wonderfully observant and wide-awake creature; and her calm and beautiful elder, Adele, whom she devoutly admired and loved, had nevertheless no light task in taking care of her.

Georgie was often in disgrace, and sometimes in punishment, and her only relief at such moments was to write long letters of complaint to her absent mother. In one of these letters, whose exaggerated tales of woe could only interest the maternal heart, there happened to be, one day in late July, a bit of description incidentally given that throws upon the seaside life at the romantic port a significant glance of comprehension, and shows how the perfect happiness of the place was utterly marred by one slight want, not taken into consideration by the mamma and aunts in their choice of a summer seaside.

"And really," wrote Georgie, "I never knew that men and boys could be of so much importance. Even bad boys would be welcome here; and as for Sam and Henry they would be petted to death by the girls. The night of the ball they had to send twelve miles for just a few; and such a set! But Miss Riley said 'Oh, anybody for partners.' Olivia H—— has perfectly beautiful dresses—all from Paris—and not a soul to dress for; for she says she won't dress for girls.

"Last night there was a great excitement. Miss Riley said she heard that five young men had engaged rooms for August in this hotel, and that rooms (on the second floor) were being fixed for them. You ought to have seen them. You ought to have seen Olivia 'They won't come to-night, will they?' she said; for she had nothing on but her plain black silk and a turned down collar. But to-day she's dressed splendidly—plum-color and salmon. I wish you could see her gown; it's lovely. They are coming in the stage to-night, and I do hope we will have some fun, and I want you, dear mamma, to write especially to Adele—because she is awfully stupid about some things—that if there are picnics I am to go, and to tea parties, for I'm fourteen," etc.

The five young men came, others were soon added to the number, and there was no more dullness that season. Drives, picnics, sails, rambles, everything that could be devised for lending wings to the summer hours, found plentiful energy to prevent dreams from losing the "name of action." All went merrily to mid-August.

In mid-August a keen observer might have noticed in the little community—outwardly all gayety and suave amity—certain ominous signs threatening the general peace in the formation of cliques. In these cliques there were whisperings and mystery, as if in disaffection or disapproval of each other. Adele Haskell with her natural reserve holding herself apart from personal confidences, and having in the seaside circle no intimate friend, was not quick to perceive this change in the daily life of her companions. All the more when the change suddenly became palpable did she feel herself alone and harshly shut out from the sympathies of those who at first had seemed anxious to establish with her the most confiding friendship. Fortunately the rapid succession of diversions gave her little time to brood over the cause of this coldness, which was confined to the girls, the young men having with admirable tact equalized their attentions, so that no one could feel the weight of masculine neglect, least of all the beautiful Adele.

One of these considerate youths was, however, unconsciously the source of disaffection; and that no other than Harvey Ellsworth, the favorite of the whole house, the manly beau-ideal of the younger girls, and the distinguished master of ceremonies in every plan devised by the elders, both of whom submitted to his judgment and direction.

"Is it not really ridiculous," said Olivia H—— to her half-dozen bosom friends, in that confidential hour when the gentlemen were not present, "the manner of Adele to Mr. Ellsworth? She is so conscious, so affectedly shy—for there is not any real shyness about her. I believe she is actually in love with him. And it is so absurd, for any one can see that he never gives her a thought. I have watched him quite closely; and although he is polite, as he has to be, of course, he never cares to talk to her or to dance with her. He never gives her an admiring glance. And the other night about the music, he was almost rude to her; that is, rude for him. Well, I never liked Adele particularly; I never could see the beauty people talk about. And now I like her less than ever, and I should think that Harvey Ellsworth would be positively disgusted."

"I have no doubt that he is disgusted," said Matilda Owens. "Of course he wouldn't like to show it. And Adele acts as much as to say, in her quiet way, 'He is secretly in love with me.' Oh, I should just like to see her vanity dampened a little. Girls, let us have some fun; let us bring Adele Haskell out."

"How do you mean 'bring her out?'"

"Why, let us make some plan to set her face to face with her folly, and give her remarkable serene dignity a good lesson."

"What plan can we make?"

They were not long in finding one; for, given the mischievous intent, and there is always a scheme ready at hand to give the mischief expression.

The plan was a bold one, and several days elapsed before it was thoroughly completed and ready for execution. It might have perished carelessly as it began but for one or two aggravating circumstances which in the mean time made Adele appear to be more than ever appropriating the desirable Mr. Ellsworth.

During these days the susceptible little Georgie found herself very kindly noticed by Olivia and Olivia's particular friends. At last one morning Matilda Owens said to her:

"Georgie, do you want to have some fun, and help us with a plan of ours that will be an excellent joke?"

Georgie declared that she was ready for anything; she loved fun and she loved jokes.

Having been bound to secrecy, she was directed to write at dictation a letter Matilda would compose, and to use in writing her extraordinary skill in imitation. They produced the handwriting she was to copy, in slips from a game of "Consequences," containing sentences written one evening by Mr. Ellsworth.

"Whom is the letter to?" asked Georgie.

"That," said Matilda, "you are not to know. Then if any questions are asked when the joke comes off you can say truly that you are ignorant."

Georgie looked thoughtful at this, and hesitated. "I think ought to know whom I am writing to," she said. The girls overruled her objection. "You will know as soon as it is best," they said. "And you can trust us that it is written to the right person."

So Matilda dictated:

"Forgive me if I address you too hastily and too boldly. You are in all my thoughts every moment, and I feel that I cannot resist the opportunity that may never occur again. May I see you for a few moments alone? If you will grant me this request—and I beg you as you value the true devotion of my heart not to refuse—please wear to-night in your hair a yellow rose."

This letter had been carefully composed, and it was dictated by Matilda from a manuscript approved by all the girls concerned in this practical joke.

"Now sign it," said Olivia.

"How shall I sign it?" asked the child, who had succeeded by sharp scrutiny of the model in making the writing quite characteristic.

"Why, 'Harvey Ellsworth,' of course. 'Tis a pity we could not get his signature for you to copy exactly, but you must make it from the letters you have. There is a capital H to begin with."

"Oh, Matilda," said Georgie, "I could not sign a man's name. That would be wrong, I am sure. No one has a right to sign another man's name. Why, that would be forgery." She was quite decided.

"Well, it must be signed," said Olivia, "or it will not be of any use. Of course no one would wear a rose for an anonymous lover. Come, don't be obstinate, Georgie; we shall lose our whole joke."

"I will tell you what she can do," said Matilda, who had some faint misgiving of conscience herself on this point; she can sign it in initials—'H. E.' That might be anybody; at least it might be any He. Come, child, don't haggle; the whole affair is nothing but a bit of fun. Ha! ha! always comes after a good joke, you know, Georgie."

So Georgie, having found in the scraps of "Consequences" the proper capitals, signed "H. E." with a modest flourish, and the note, after due inspection and admiration, was signed and sealed.

"Now please let me direct it," said Georgie. "I'll promise not to tell."

"Oh, we have a plan about the direction," Olivia said. "Now you have done your part nobly, and if there is ever anything we can do for your pleasure, be sure to let us know."

"I should like to see the fun," said Georgie. "And you need not tell me who it is, for I know it is Miss Riley. And it's almost too bad, only I suppose a real old maid—a real flirting old maid, I mean—doesn't mind whom she wears yellow roses for. She will just be wondering why he doesn't come up and ask her to take a drive or walk around the piazza by moonlight."

Success smiled upon the completion of the practical joke. When the 11 A. M. mail had arrived, and the customary application for letters was made at the hotel office, Mr. Ellsworth appeared there, looking over his own budget, as fortune would have it, quite alone. Then Olivia came sauntering gracefully along the corridor, and coming near him, paused.

"Oh, Mr. Ellsworth," said she, "can you reach that pen on the desk, and will you just direct this little note? It is only a line to Adele; I must send it to her room. Just 'Miss Adele Haskell,' please." And she turned to order a bell-boy for the errand.

The ink of its address was hardly dry when Adele received the note. There was a picnic that day at Seven-miles Falls, a drive home by early moonlight and high tea at 9. Immediately before tea the toilets were made for the evening, and a by-plot was contrived by which Georgie Haskell was detained from being present at the critical moment of the joke's denouement. When tea was nearly over she took her place at table, and glanced at Miss Riley; there was the yellow rose in her hair!

Mr. Ellsworth, perfectly unconscious, was seated nearly opposite her. Then Georgie looked cautiously at Olivia; there was a yellow rose in her hair. All the girls, even Adele, had yellow roses in their hair. Mr. Ellsworth had a yellow rose in his buttonhole. Other gentlemen had similar bontonnieres.

Georgie was slightly bewildered; but her keen appetite for supper after all her open-air exercise assuaged her curiosity, and she contented herself to await the explanation of this complication of yellow roses until after she should have devoured her oysters and salad.

The affair had taken place simply, but satisfactorily. The girls specially interested had hastened to their tea. Adele came rather late. She wore an ivory-colored gown, with gold ornaments; she looked very beautiful. In her dark hair, half hidden by the heavy braid, was a yellow rose-bud. She took her place not far from Olivia. On the table opposite Olivia was a basin of yellow roses. The young lady drew it toward her, after Adele entered, and said, in a nonchalant but distinctly audible voice, "Yellow roses seem to be the fashion to-night." With these words she took one from the vase, and stuck it jauntily in the braid of her hair. The girls near her did the same. Then Olivia ordered the basin to be passed around the table, so that all present might select a flower.

At the instant that the sentence had passed Olivia's lips Adele flushed quickly. She did not raise her eyes immediately; but when she did she looked fully into Olivia's face, then at Matilda, whose half-suppressed laugh had reached her. Then she dropped her eyes again without allowing them to transmit any expression of surprise, or anger, or suspicion. But the quick flush faded into a painful pallor. She looked for a few moments as if she were fainting; but no, her spirit rallied. She went on with her tea. She even, as the waiter, not noticing the bud in her hair, held the basin to her, took from it a rose, and placed it in her bodice. She left the table when several others left it, so as not to attract observation, and went to her own room.

The plot had succeeded. She had been set face to face with her own folly.

When Georgie rushed to Matilda to hear "how the joke went off," all Matilda said was, "Hush, don't you see her?" and glanced toward Miss Riley.

But when Georgie a few minutes later went to find her sister, whom she missed from the parlor, she had difficulty in bringing any answer to the locked door of the room which the sisters shared together. When Adele, after delay, opened it, there was no concealing the fact that her eyes were red with weeping. She had evidently been shaken with some tempest of emotion.

"Oh, Addie!" cried the child, "what is the matter? What has happened?" She caught sight of two yellow roses—a bud and a flower—tossed on the floor. "Oh, my darling Addie! my beautiful, splendid, noble sister! what have they done to you? Oh, I'll kill them every one; indeed I will," cried Georgie, for the whole truth flashed on her instantly. Adele was the victim of the plot. "And I'll kill myself too," cried Georgie.

It was now Adele's turn for exclamation. "Be still, be still my child; don't talk so wildly. Nothing has happened; no one has done anything to me. I was tired, and I cried. I felt tired, that's all. Oh, I feel so tired of all the world to-night!" And here Adele, seeing that Georgie was quite hushed, flung herself into an arm-chair, and burying her face in her hands, went on weeping.

Georgie stood pefectly still, as if petrified—petrified as to motion, but not petrified as to expression. Across her mobile child face passed a conflict of feeling—sorrow, indignation, pity, and at last resolve. From this last sentiment, resolve, her manner changed entirely; something of a womanly air took possession of her childishness. She came to Adele like a little mother.

"Come, my dearest, you are tired out, and I must see you lying down to rest before I go downstairs. We children"—here the small head gave its habitual scornful toss—"are to dance first; but you must be downstairs at 10. I know you will be rested by that time, and I want you particularly, for my sake, to come down."

All the while she talked she was caressing Adele, and between the caresses she unfastened her ornaments and unlaced her gown. She brought the robe de chambre. "For you are to be down at 10, so you cannot undress entirely, darling. But just lie down on the silk coverlet," which coverlet she proceeded to unfold and to spread on the bed.

Adele ceased crying; she was passive to Georgie's will. And Georgie having seen her sister quite in a restful attitude, and having made her solemnly promise not to shed another tear, and not to think of anything that troubled her, turned the lamp-light low, and went downstairs. She danced "the Lanciers" for which she was engaged, and then went out alone into the cool, sweet night air of the moon-lit piazza. This piazza was one of the pleasure haunts of the midsummer nights; it made, with some detours under pavilions of an ornamented court-yard, the complete circuit of the hotel.

Georgie walked slowly along the piazza past two or three groups of girls, until she came to the angle that turned upon that portion of the portico which the gentlemen used after dinner and after tea for smoking. There were a few young men there with their cigars. Among them was Mr. Ellsworth. To him the child went boldly.

"Mr. Ellsworth, please could you come with me a minute to the Blue Pavilion?"

He could not refuse; indeed, he flung away his cigar with all politeness, and put the little hand gallantly upon his arm.

She said not a word till they reached the pavilion. Then she withdrew her arm from his suddenly, and turning toward him with a face glowing intensely with the absorbing thought her heart held, took both of his hands in hers.

"Dear Mr. Ellsworth, a terrible trouble has happened."

"Not to Adele?"

"Yes, to Adele. And I have been in it. Oh, I'm a dreadful, dreadful, dreadful girl! Will you help me, dear Mr. Ellsworth?"

"To my utmost," said Harvey Ellsworth, with every appearance of sincerity, and even anxiety.

"I must tell you everything first," said the child; "and I don't know how to, but I must. Well, the girls wanted to play a joke on Adele—on Adele, just think of it! And so they wrote her a note, and pretended that you wrote it, but in reality I did it, for I copy handwriting. But oh, I never, never will copy anything again, for I believe it is breaking the Second Commandment—it is making a graven likeness. Oh, isn't it, Mr. Ellsworth?"

"Go on, my child," said that gentleman, with impatience undisguised.

"And we sent the note, saying that you adored her, and wanted to see her all alone; and if she would let you, she must come down to tea to-night wearing a yellow rose."

"And did she wear it?"

And here Georgie, petrified again—petrified this time in motion, speech, expression. There was something so intense in the way in which Harvey Ellsworth asked this question, something so like an electrical shock thrilling Georgie in every nerve upon which his voice fell. Soft as that voice was, it rang like a violin string that gives the note and breaks giving it; and his eyes shone like points of fire—at least she thought they did.

"Did she wear it?"

Oh, Georgie, you will never be a child again after to-night. The terror, the responsibility, the mingled insight and apprehension of this concentration of experience, forbid you ever to return to the reckless innocence of fate.

She paused one moment longer. She dropped his hands, and covering her eyes stood helplessly before him. Was it, then, to be either betrayal or desertion of Adele? One of these two miseries.

"It is a secret," half sobbed the child. "A good man like you would never tell it. Yes, Mr. Ellsworth, she wore it. And now"—she changed the attitude to one confiding and imploring—"and now you must help me. She must not be disgraced, my darling, noble sister, and laughed at by all the house; and I—my own hand did it."

She felt again something like an electrical shock, for she had looked up to his face; and the face of Harvey Ellsworth at that moment was in a rapture—a rapture of happiness.

Her heart lightened as she went on. "You must pretend to Adele that you did write it; she must never know that the girls made such a plan; she must think that she was mistaken; for, oh! she has been crying dreadfully. You must send her another note, and say you are so glad she wore the rose."

"And I am so glad," said Mr. Ellsworth.

"And then—for she did consent," this Georgie said regretfully—"since she did consent, you must walk around the piazza with her, and make up something to comfort her."

"I shall not have to make it up," said Mr. Ellsworth.

"Then come, quick, and write the message," cried the impetuous Georgie.

By 10 o'clock Adele, re-arrayed in her lovely costume, with the rose-bud in her hair, and the message, "Meet me in the Blue pavilion," written by his own hand, brought to her by her own Georgie—his message, with one trembling kiss upon it, safely stowed in the pocket of her ivory-colored gown—went downstairs just as the waltz music in the parlor struck up jubilantly.

And in the Blue pavilion, safe with Mr. Ellsworth, Georgie, blessed Georgie—for so she felt herself that moment—left her.

"Adele," said the manly voice, with that manliest tone in it that springs from true devotion, "I shall thank you all my life for granting me this happiness. May I spend my life—are you going to let me, dear Adele, spend my life in thanking you for it?"

These questions followed each other closely; so closely because the proud, sensitive girl, to whom all expression of that which was really sacred to her was by her very constitution most difficult, had been this night so tossed and wearied by pain and pain's misgivings that she melted at love's first touch. There was no need to ask, "Do you love me?" between the dedicatory questions. The sweet face, agitated and tender, the hands that he clasped in his, trembling, told without the asking that she loved him.

He drew her near to him there in the solitude, in the shaded moonlight, in the midsummer air, and went on with all a lover's resistless fervor: "My darling, I hardly dared—hardly dared to hope for this after our cruel separation. When we parted last year in Florence, Adele, and you said 'forever,' I knew as deeply as you could care to have me know that I never could love another—not really love another. Do you know, my darling, did you hear, that I was very ill at Paris? They called it Roman fever, but it was the fever of fate, Adele. Many weeks it consumed me. Then I was aroused myself, or when something beyond myself aroused me to the fact of living again, I took up life simply as a burden. 'If I can give a ray of happiness to those unhappy as myself, let me live,' I thought; 'but for me there is no joy in living.' And now we have met again. It was a strange accident that brought me to this place. I must tell you of it some time, darling. But we have met again, and this time it is forever. Adele—my love."

As little Georgie in her motherly treatment of her sister had mingled with her words and service her tender caresses, so Adele's lover now between his words lavished his mute endearment.

"We have met again, and this time forever."

"Well, I declare," said Olivia, when on the morrow of the unkind plot's denouement the engagement was announced of Harvey Ellsworth and Adele Haskell—"I do declare that men are the most deceitful creatures. Who could ever have dreamed that those two people had ever been anything to each other, had actually been engaged, they say, and the engagement broken off by Adele's guardian? Why, no one could have seemed more indifferent than that Harvey Ellsworth has seemed; how she can trust him or have any faith in him I cannot imagine. He certainly acted coldly enough, and as if he did not care for her."

"Perhaps he does not care for her now," said Matilda Owens.

And at the very moment that she said it Harvey Ellsworth—on the ocean shore, far up at the White Cove, where the breakers came in magnificently, and where the blue sea, far as eye could look, was spangled as if strewn with golden roses—Harvey Ellsworth was lying in the white sand at Adele's feet, with his lips seeking her hand again and again, and his eyes looking long and deep into hers, and his heart saying to his heart of hearts, "At last Heaven has given me the woman of my life, the woman of my soul."—*Harper's Weekly.*

The Mormon Temple at Nauvoo.

There are scarcely two accounts which exactly agree in every particular as to the dimensions and cost of the old Mormon temple at Nauvoo, Hancock county, Ill. We have carefully examined several of these, and give the results herewith. An English gentleman named Henry Caswell (quoted by Davidson and Stuve in their "History of Illinois") writes as follows in regard to the temple: "It is 120 feet by 100, and when completed will be fifty feet up to the eaves. Its expense is estimated at $300,000. The baptismal font is finished. It is a capacious laver, about twenty feet square, rests on the backs of twelve oxen, well-sculptured, and as large as life. The laver and oxen are wood, painted, but are to be gilded." Carpenter's "History of Illinois" speaks as follows of the temple: "The plan for this immense structure allowed no particular order of architecture, although it more prominently resembled the Egyptian. In the basement was an immense laver, in imitation of the brazen sea of Solomon. It was supported by twelve gilded oxen, hewn from the trunks of large trees, with their faces projecting outward. The temple was never finished. After the expulsion of the Mormons from Nauvoo, commissioners were permitted to remain to dispose of this and other property. Several attempts were made to sell it for educational, manufacturing and other purposes, but they all failed, and the temple stood as waste property until the torch of the incendiary reduced it to ashes." Another account describes the temple as 130 feet long, by ninety feet wide, and of polished limestone; and another gives the dimensions as 130 feet long, seventy-eight feet wide, sixty-five feet to the cornice, and 163 feet to the top of the cupola. In the year 1848 the building was set on fire, and all destroyed except the walls, which on May 27, 1850, were overthrown by a tornado. Carpenter describes the place thus: "Nature has not formed along the Great river a more picturesque or eligible site for a large city. The succession of terraces ascending from the river until the high land is reached, furnish a gradual slope of remarkable beauty; noble groves of tall oaks, interspersed by winding vistas, clothe the ground to the summit of the ridge, from whence an immense undulating prairie is visible." The town of Nauvoo, according to the census of 1880, has a population of 1,402. When the Mormons were there, in the height of their power, the city had a population estimated at from 15,000 to 18,000.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Do Your Best.

A gentleman once said to a physician, "I should think, doctor, that at night you would feel so worried over the work of the day that you would not be able to sleep."

"My head hardly touches the pillow till I fall asleep," replied the physician. "I made up my mind," he continued, "at the commencement of my professional career, to do my best under all circumstances, and, so doing, I am not troubled by any misgivings."

A good rule for us all to follow. Too many are disposed to say, "No matter how I do this work now; next time I'll do better." This practice is as bad as the reasoning, "No matter how I learn this lesson in the primary class; when I get into a higher department, then I'll study." As well might the mother, in knitting socks, say: "No matter how the tip is done; if I do drop a stitch now and then I'll do better when I get further along." What kind of a stocking would that be?

As well might the builder say: "I don't care how I make the foundation of this house; anything will do here; wait till I get to the top, then I'll do good work."

Said Sir Joshua Reynolds once to Dr. Samuel Johnson: "Pray tell me, sir, by what means have you attained such extraordinary accuracy and flow of language in the expression of your ideas?"

"I laid it down as a fixed rule," replied the doctor, "to do my best on every occasion, and in every company to impart what I know in the most forcible language I can put it."

Georgia's Curious Shaking Rock.

One of the main points of interest here is an eccentric freak of nature known as Shaking Rock, and never a stranger comes to Lexington without some of the people—proud always of their village and all about it—showing him this place. I cannot better describe it than by saying it is the oddest thing any one ever saw. In the rear of the home of the late Governor Gilmer is a huge boulder standing by itself on the edge of a stream. Upon this boulder is placed another rock, weighing about twenty tons. It rests on a pinnacle not two feet square. So evenly is it balanced that the slightest touch will cause it to rock, and yet a hundred horses could not pull it from its socket. There it has stood for ages subjected to wind and storm unmoved, a silent monument of the power of the Creator.—*Crawfordville Democrat.*

Instincts of Elephants.

If nature has not given intellect to these animals, it has given them an instinct very much as in to it. A man has only to hunt them in their wilds to learn how wonderfully Providence has taught them to choose the most favorable ground, whether for feeding or encamping, and to resort to jungles, where their ponderous bodies so resemble rocks or the dark foliage that it is very difficult for the sportsman to distinguish them from surrounding objects; while their feet are so constructed that not only can they tramp over any kind of ground, whether hard or soft, thorny or smooth, but without emitting a sound. Some of their encamping grounds are models of ingenuity—some of them perfect fortresses. I once followed up a herd and found them in a small forest surrounded on three sides by a tortuous river, impassable for ordinary mortals by reason either of the depth of water, its precipitous banks, quicksands or entangling weeds in its bed, while the fourth side was protected by a tangled thicket, further protected by a quagmire in front. To get at them without disturbing them was impossible; at last, when I did get within shot of the forest, the elephants retreated by the opposite side to that which I had approached, and after following them for several hours I did not get a shot. No one supposes elephants have the reasoning powers possessed by man; if they had, we should be their slaves, and not they ours; but their instinct is wonderful. I will give a couple of instances: When war broke out with Burmah, a lot of elephants were sent across from Bengal to Prome by land, under the charge of Captain Baugh, of the Bengal Twenty-sixth. Among them was a magnificent tusker. He took a dislike to this officer, why was not exactly known. Some said it was because he had knocked off the elephant's neck his mahout; but be the reason what it may, this brute tried to kill Baugh, and him only, several times. I have seen him thrashed for this several times by other elephants armed with chains, who wielded them much as a drummer does the lash at the halbords; but it was of no use, his dislike was inveterate, he got must, would take no food except from a pet female (he had two lashed alongside of him), and eventually died at Shoaydoung. As a rule, elephants are timid, quiet and inoffensive; but when wounded and closely followed up, or when must (periodical fits to which male adult elephants are subject), or females with young, their fury knows no bounds. They dread fire more than anything else; but one elephant belonging to the battery in Assam was an exception, and would assist in putting out a fire. This same elephant would do what I never knew any other to do, viz., when a beast's neck was cut through, all but the vertebræ (it did not matter whether the beast was a buffalo, a deer, tiger or anything else), it would, when ordered, put a foot on the neck, twine the trunk round the head, and with a wrench separate it from the body and hand it up to the mahout. I have seen one or two elephants that would hand a dead bird up; but most of them will not touch anything of the sort. Nor would they intentionally tread upon a fallen man or beast—those used for executions in the Guicor's territories—Baroda—have been taught to do so. Some foolish men teach their elephants to trample upon a dead body, and by so doing ruin them for sport. An elephant, unless vicious by nature, will only do so at first with the greatest reluctance, but after a time, if anything falls before it, it is apt to charge, and if it does not kneel down suddenly and throw the occupant out of the howdah, it gets the animal between its legs, and plays a sort of football with it, throwing it backward and forward between the front and hind legs until it is of the consistency of a jelly. Men are occasionally thrown off the back of an elephant; what would their fate be mounted on a beast who had been taught such tricks? An elephant I bought from Mr. Tye had once been cut by a rhinoceros. Nothing would induce her to enter a jungle where one of these animals was; the very slightest scent of one would send her flying. A splendid female muckna belonging to my department cared nothing for a tiger, would kick one out of her path without showing the slightest signs of uneasiness, but if she met a pony nothing could hold her.—*London Field.*

The Khedive of Egypt.

The khedive of Egypt has restored to the state the lands and palaces on which his father squandered many millions of the public money. In private and in public he is simple and economical. Married to a single wife, he sets an example of home life much needed among Mohammedans, and his short reign has been marked by great reforms, both political and religious. The taxes are now reduced to a reasonable amount, and collected at fixed seasons after service of due notice on printed forms. The regulation of the finances was, until the recent revolution which brought in Arabi Bey, wisely left in the hands of skilled European comptrollers, public salaries were paid regularly, education was everywhere encouraged, and the khedive built and endowed at his own cost a high school at Cairo for the sons of the nobles. Moreover, the slave trade was fast disappearing. Ismail, the former khedive, while dispatching Colonel Gordon to suppress the trade in Upper Egypt, was the greatest buyer of slaves in the East. As many as 100 slaves arrived for him at one time in Cairo, and for a single Circassian he once gave $125,000. On the other hand, Tewfik has none but paid servants in his household, he has never bought a single slave, and from his heart he abhors the whole system.

"It rains, ma," said Estelle. "I don't think I will attend church to-day." "It rains," said Estelle's ma a few nights subsequently; "you had better not attend the theatre to-night." "Oh, ma," said Estelle, "I can wear my rubbers and waterproof."

HEALTH HINTS.

Children who drink tea and coffee are nervous and fretful and lose their appetite for substantial food. They have less ability to resist disease and become stunted in growth.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

The light of the sun is the great purifier, scattering filth as on the wings of the wind. It is the invigorator of animal and vegetable life—indispensable. It is cheap, the cheapest medicine known, and among the most reliable. Put cold feet in it, a "creeping back," a sallow skin—the whole body, that it may imbibe electricity.

A suggestion for hoarseness worthy of trial is the use of common horse-radish prepared in sugar—one part to nine parts of sugar. A little of this mixture in the mouth, swallowed slowly, gives relief. The remedy (horse-radish) is not a new one, but, to us, the sugar way of using it seems to be a new and good one.

The Germantown *Telegraph* says that experience proves that lime-water and milk are not only food and medicine at an early period of life, but also at a later, when the functions of digestion and assimilation are feeble and easily perverted. A stomach taxed by gluttony, irritated by improper food, inflamed by alcohol, enfeebled by disease, or otherwise unfitted for its duties—as is shown by the various symptoms attendant upon indigestion, dyspepsia, diarrhea, dysentery and fever—will resume its work, and do it energetically, on an exclusive diet of bread and milk and lime-water. A bowl of cow's milk may have four tablepoonsfuls of lime-water added to it with good effect.

The Squirrel Problem.

"A squirrel is up a tree and a man on the ground with a gun is trying to shoot it; but the squirrel persists in keeping on the opposite side of the tree from the man. The man walks clear around the tree to the place of starting, the squirrel going about in the same direction and keeping the tree all the time between itself and the man. Now the problem is, 'Has the man been around the squirrel?' He has been around the tree with the squirrel on it, but has he been around the squirrel?"

The *Express* invited answers to this problem, and received twenty-seven, of which fifteen say yes, the man does go around the squirrel, and twelve say no, he does not. A few have sent us their reasons, and two send figures demonstrating the problem. The following answers are printed:

1. Of course the man goes around the squirrel. He goes around the tree and everything on it.

2. Should the squirrel have the start I am of the opinion that the man goes around it.

3. Not by a blame sight does the hunter walk around the squirrel.

4. The man does not go around the squirrel. Might as well claim that—by having a horse attached at A and another at B each describing the same circle, keeping at opposite sides of circle—the horse at A would at every time going around the ring go around the inside half of B and that B returned he compliment

A(————X————)B

to A in the same manner simply because the outside of one described a larger circle than the inside of the other. In other words a man or horse in describing any circle goes around one-half of himself.

5. The man goes around the squirrel. It is just like a wheel within a wheel.

6. The man don't go around the squirrel. I have tried it and had I got around the squirrel I would have shot it.

7. If there was no tree there and the squirrel was running around in a circle on the ground and the man was going in a larger circle I should say the man went around the squirrel. But when you put a tree there it is different. The man does not go around the squirrel on the tree.

8. The man doesn't go around the squirrel any more than the squirrel goes around the man.

9. Of course the man doesn't go around the squirrel. If I am standing on the nigh side of a horse and start to walk round him, and the horse keeps turning as I go, I am on the nigh side of him all the time, am I not? And I don't go around him if I am on the nigh side all the time, do I? The case is precisely similar to this of the squirrel on a tree.—*Buffalo Express.*

Why the Bear Has a Stumpy Tail.

The Objibaway Indians have the following legend, told by a correspondent in the *Century:* A fox was fishing one day in the depth of winter through a hole in the ice, using his tail for bait, by which means he caught a great number at first, but as the day went by he was not so successful. His tail becoming numbed, he did not perceive it getting frozen in. By-and-bye, thinking he had got a bite, he gave a smart pull and broke his tail off short, at which he began to weep. The Manitou coming along asked him why he wept. The fox told him, and begged to have his tail restored. The Manitou told him he could have it back if he could discover an animal as stupid as himself. The fox started for home, with the result of his sport in his mouth. On the road he met a bear, who asked him how he had managed to catch so many fish. The fox told him it was the easiest thing in the world; all he had to do was to use the same means he had done, which the bear begged to be taught. The fox, nothing loath, took Bruin on the ice, cut a hole for him, and told him to put his tail through and not to pull it out until he called to him, and then to take it out as quickly as possible. The fox waited until he saw it well frozen in, and shouted "Pull!" and snap went the tail. The fox's tail was restored to him, but the bear lost his forever, and this is the reason the bear has a stumpy tail to this day.

A slip of the tongue.—She (encouragingly): "Your step suits mine exactly." He (nervously): "So glad to hear you say so; I know I'm such a bad waltzer."—*Judy.*