

The Demon of Cup... I had been reading an ornate tale of the demon of cup. It was a story of a man and a woman who were very interested in it. I was very comfortably situated in my room, and on the table was a glass containing the remains of a sherry cobbler I had been imbibing. It never occurred to me that the same sherry cobbler was the dangerous companion for a young man, and I was in the habit of taking from three to a dozen of them per diem—three when I was going to see Lucy Sheldon, a particular friend of mine, and a dozen on the off days.

That there I stood in my chemise alone, and there on the table stood the glass from which my friend the demon of cup had been drinking. I reflected for a time and then threw the balance of the sherry cobbler in the grate. If the cup was the abode of such a wretched creature (my readers all know that it is), I determined not to meddle with it again. And I have not.—Smith's Bazar.

A Mexican Town... A recent letter-writer says that one Mexican town will generally serve as a pattern for all, though there may sometimes be individual departures from the rule. The oldest feature of Mexican houses is the spouts which carry the rain from the roof. These spouts are of clayware, are cylinders, and some two or three inches in diameter at the mouth, which projects over the side walk, or where the side walk stops, with their glazed, dark red color, these conduits look much like cannon thrusting their muzzles out some two or three feet from the front wall. The stranger who first sees these spouts can compare them to nothing so fitly as to cannon barrels, and thus as he looks he casts his eye along a block of the latter looks for all like a fort. But let him be under them when a gentle Mexican thunder shower comes on, and the discharge will be of a character that will leave no doubt in his mind as to the quality of the spouts. The roofs of houses are here made flat, generally of tiles, overlaid with tin or asphalt or other kind of material. The floors are of tiles, some two or three inches thick and about nine inches square. Some of the ceilings are the better class of houses are formed of tiles of some design or figure, and some of the floor tiles are figured in various patterns.

Remarkable Discovery of Coal... Some wonderful coal discoveries have just been made in El Dorado Canon, a few miles southeast of Dayton. A short time since there occurred a flood in the canon which swept away the toll road leading up along the canon and the rain fell generally. The road being washed away, it appears that no one tried to travel through the ravine. A day or two since, however, the Virginia City Coal Company, whose mines are well up towards the head of the canon, sent some of its employees out to examine the road in order to see if it were possible to repair it. In traveling down the canon these men came to a place where the water had torn up and swept out the whole bed of the stream, exposing an immense deposit of coal. The coal had been torn up and washed down the stream, and there remains a regular pavement of it across the canon for a considerable distance along its course. As yet they have not dug through the coal, and no one has yet seen it. —Virginia (Nevada) Enterprise.

An Indian Legend... The following is told of a beautiful sheet of water known as the Spirit Lake, in Central Wisconsin: Many years ago, ere the foot of the pale face had trod the soil which the red man claimed as his own, many tribes dwelt near this lake; for in this lake were fish, and among the bluffs and in the neighboring forest were game; while the warrior when tired of the chase, could seek pleasure and find it, bathing in the clear bright water, which he only, under his happy spirit, claimed, and with his light canoe could take his love out boating. Indeed, it seemed to the happy red man a paradise, as well as it might. As fortune would have it, a Frenchman, when on a hunting party, followed the Indians from the settlements and found the lake; he was indulged with the Indians in the pleasures and disapprobation of the chase, and lingered long among them. When first he came among the red men, they were charmed with his beauty and the quality of an Indian maiden and made love to her. She loved in return, and all went on merrily; when the autumn leaves began to fall and the feathered songsters to fly away to a southern home, the French hunter sought an interview with the aged chief, his father, to ask his consent to the hoped for marriage. But at the same time a young warrior, who had long looked with jealous eyes upon the Frenchman, the Frenchman sought in vain to win the affections of the fair maiden of his tribe, came to the old chief and asked for an account of the fact that the young man had sought in vain to win the affections of the fair maiden, and pointing to a high and rugged-looking tree upon the opposite shore, said: "He of you who shall first bring me an eagle from the nest in yonder tree shall be the successful suitor."

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