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Job work—cash on delivery.

For the last fifteen years, that is to say, since the siege of Paris in 1870, the consumption of horse flesh has steadily increased in the gay capital. What was then the food of necessity has now become one of the standard dishes of the table.

They have at last invented something new, albeit very gruesome, in the way of a circus performance in Europe. It appears that the latest freak of female circus riders there is to hold a living python outstretched in their hands as they swing around the sawdust. Front seats are not at a premium.

"Cranmer, of Colorado," as he is popularly called, is probably the most extensive cattle-raiser in the world. His cattle are all branded with three circles, the three-circle brand he calls it. Once he was at a cattle convention, and while conversing with a party of friends one of them happened to mention the name of Shakespeare. "Shakespeare?" observed Cranmer, "where have I heard that name before? What kind of a brand does he use on his cattle?"

The dogs are having a hard time of it. If they should rise in their might, all get mad and attack their present enemy, man, the chances would be in their favor at first. A well-known dog fancier in New York sent to a paper the following statistics concerning the number of canines in and near the metropolis: New York city, 300,000; Brooklyn, 150,000; Long Island City and Blissville, 10,000; Westchester county, 50,000; Hoboken and suburbs, 15,000; Jersey City and suburbs, 15,000; Newark and suburbs, 150,000; Staten Island, 20,000.

Speaking of how ocean steamship companies are annually defrauded, an officer of one of them says in an interview: "Every person who has ever crossed the Atlantic has noticed several elegantly attired gentlemen who at times would wander haughtily among the steerage passengers, condescend to converse with the intermediate people, and on fine days invariably promenade the hurricane deck. No one knew who they were; no one had ever seen them eat anything, and the passengers, one and all, discussed the mystery of 'where those fellers hung it out every night!' Well, these same gentlemen obtain all this freedom and luxury by simply buying a steerage ticket and boarding during the voyage in either the carpenter's or boatswain's room."

The telephone has become an indispensable means of communication between the civilized countries of the old and new world, and to show the use each country is making of the invention the following table is given:

Germany	13,000
England, over	12,000
France, about	10,000
Italy	7,000
Sweden	11,000
Switzerland	5,000
Spain, estimated	1,100
Holland	4,000
Belgium	5,000
Russia	3,000
Austro-Hungary	4,500

By way of comparison it may be of interest to add that the number of telephones now in use in the United States is estimated at 250,000.

As to the silver wedding and golden wedding most of us know about those anniversaries; but here now is something new in the same pleasant line—a bit about a crown-diamond wedding. The crown-diamond anniversary is the sixty-fifth, and such an anniversary was observed a short time ago at Macbuell, in the Island of Alsen. Having completed their sixty-fifth year of wedlock, Claus Jacobsen and his venerable spouse were solemnly blessed by the parson of their parish, and went for the fifth time in their long wedded life through the form of mutual troth-plighting before the altar at which they had for the first time been united before the battle of Waterloo was fought. The united age of the couple is 178 years.

Some interesting facts concerning the relative vitality of males and females are shown in the forty-sixth annual report of the English registar-general. In each 1,000 living persons there are 487 males and 513 females; but for every 100 females 103.5 males were born. At every age of life the death rate was lower in the females, and the difference is greater in early years. In both sexes a diminished death rate is taking place. This is more marked in females than in males, at all ages. The improvement is especially noticeable in women up to forty-five, and in men to thirty-five. The mean expectation of life of a male at birth is 41.35, and of a female 44.62 years. The annual expectation of illness is, counted by days, nearly the same in both sexes.

Aged and able old horses are the result of human care and usage. This is exemplified from an English source as follows: "A gentleman had three horses, which severally died in his possession at the ages of 35, 37 and 39 years. The oldest was in a carriage the very day he died, strong and vigorous, but was carried off by a spasmodic colic to which he was subject. A horse in use at a riding-school in Woolwich lived to be 40 years old, and a barge horse of an English navigation company is declared to have been in his 62d year when he died."

The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* has been compiling some interesting figures concerning the number of prisoners in the country now serving terms for embezzlement or forgery. These statistics reveal the somewhat surprising fact that New York prisons contain only seven. Ohio, on the other hand, has sixty-two; Kansas, forty-four; Indiana, thirty; Massachusetts, twenty-six, and New Jersey, eighteen. The natural pride that a New Yorker should take in such a condition of affairs is rudely shocked by the Troy *Times*, which says that New York "financiers" are not punished; they go to Canada.

The average man knows, perhaps, a score of insects familiarly by name; he has more or less knowledge, perhaps, of a hundred, and he sees in these a wonderful variety of forms and colors. But the resources of nature are vastly greater than any one realizes who has not made a special study of some branch of natural history. Think of Dr. Riley's collection of North American insects, which is said to contain 20,000 species, represented by more than 115,000 pinned specimens, and others preserved in alcohol or by other methods. He has given this collection to the National museum, where all who care to do so may study the fruits of his labor.

A traveler in New Mexico gives a glowing description of the country through which a new road passes, and tells of the Seven Cities of the Chico valley what almost reads like the romantic explorations of the members of the Smithsonian Institute. He says that there are to-day in that valley ruins of large buildings five stories high, and some of them in such an excellent state of preservation that the masonry and plastering are looking as new and fresh as though done but a few years instead of centuries ago. These buildings are popularly supposed to be of Aztec origin, but, strange to say, there is at present no historical account of them or of their builders.

The question of insanity and its greater or less prevalence to-day as compared with former times, appears to be far from settlement. The fact that cases which were considered hopeless fifty years ago are now often cured means that persons who would have died under the treatment then without the knowledge ever becoming general that their complaints were of the brain rather than the body are now added to the table of statistics as lunatics. The great increase in the number and perfection of asylums also swells the number of the recorded insane and aids in complicating any attempt to judge whether the brain troubles are really, as it is often asserted, on the increase among civilized nations.

The Iowa courts have made an important decision regarding the civil rights of colored people. A negro who was refused admission to a place of amusement because of his color appealed to the law, when the circuit court held that it did not appear from the averments that plaintiff had any legal right to enter the place of amusement. The supreme court affirms this ruling and says: "The act complained of by the plaintiff was the withdrawal by the defendants, as to him, of the offer which they had made to admit him, or to contract with him for admission. They had the right to do this, as to him or any other member of the public. This right is not based upon the fact that he belongs to a particular race, but arises from the consideration that neither he nor any other person could demand as a right under the law that the privilege of entering the place be accorded to him."

Bull against Buck.

A remarkable fight occurred recently on the farm of the Hon. Oscar Turner in Ballard county between a large Durham bull, belonging to Col. Turner, and a buck weighing over 200 pounds. Both were found in the forest dead, only a few feet apart. The bull had been gored three times by the buck, the last thrust entering the animal's heart, and must have killed him almost instantly. The deer was dreadfully bruised, though the skin had not been cut through. The ground where the fight occurred was cut up by the feet of the animals.—*Louisville Post.*

DISTANCE.

On softening days, when a storm was near,
At the farmhouse door I have stood in the gray,
And caught in the distance, faint but clear,
The sound of a train, passing, far away.
The warning bell when the start was made,
The engine's puffing of smoke unseen,
With the heavy rumble as wheels obeyed—
Across the miles between.

And so sometimes, on a moonless night,
When the stars shine soft and the wind is low,
To my listening soul, in the pallid light,
Come the trembling voices of long ago
The tuneful echoes when hope was young.
The tender song of love serene,
And the throbbing rhythm of passion's tongue—
Across the years between.

—*Margaret W. Hamilton.*

MY DAY.

How long is that of most people, I wonder? Some perhaps can number the full six hundred and thirteen thousand six hundred and eight hours of the allotted threescore years and ten, while others outlast the pre-Adamic day of the geologist, and cover all eternity. But mine was just the ordinary daylight one, the shortest in the year, too, for it was the 21st of December.

And even short as it was, I had already wasted some hours of it. Had I thought it would have set so soon I might have been up at its dawning, though usually I hold, with Lever, that the sun looks best—as every one else does—when he's up and dressed for the day, and that its a piece of impertinent curiosity to peep at him when he's raising and at his toilet; he has not rubbed the clouds out of his eyes, or you dared not look at him. But when one's sun shines such a little while as mine, might not one be pardoned for rushing to the levee at an unfashionable hour.

Yet it was noon before I was out in the bright glow, trudging down the lane with yesterday's fall of snow crisping under my feet, and last night's sleet clashing overhead, as the wind caught at the straggling, overgrown hedge-row boughs and sent them ringing together with such an icy jeweled flash and splendor of green and gold and red and blue as summer with all her wealth of leaves and blossoms, could not rival. The very splendor promised the glittering mockery but a short life; the sun is a traitor with his kisses, and the warmth of them would soon wither away the snow wreaths, making their delicate mimicry of the white May and the hawthorn in the hedge. But meantime they were very fair, and the snow lay light and white under the great peach orchards that had their icy sparkle too, as they swept away, with gentle undulations, right and left of the still lane. And the blue sky had the merest snowflake of a cloud drifting along, and the sun was shining full upon me, and somehow a glint of it had got into my heart, though there was nothing in particular to bring it there. Yet I did not intend to mope. Aunt Margaret and the girls were friendly and kind, and the least I could do would be to put aside the shadow of my crape, and show them a contented face. And so—

Perhaps something more than content flashed into it just then, when that thought of mine was broken short off by a clatter of those hedge-row boughs, and some one sprang down through the gap, bringing with him a little clatter of falling icicles into the road before me. For, as we shook hands, there was a pleased look in his eyes, and he said, with some abruptness:

"You are a little glad to see me? You won't mind my finishing your walk with you?"

I tried to answer carelessly, though it was not so easy, under that gaze of his. "Oh, if you are of a zoological turn this morning, I am going in search of foxtail and crowfoot. I marked a quite splendid bed down by the brook in the woods in a sheltered spot where I dare say this light snow has not covered it. The girls tell me they are not in the habit of putting evergreens about the house, but I always did it at home, and——"

He understood me at once. He said, with his rare gentleness: "And you are trying hard to keep some of the old feeling about you. You must forgive me if I cannot help seeing something of your brave struggle, and yearning to help you in it."

Yearning! It was a strong word, but his eyes made it stronger, as I could not help glancing up to see. And before, in my confusion, I could drop mine again, somehow my muff was on the snow at our feet, and both my hands were in his.

"Miss Deane—Annie—I *can* help you—with my whole life, Annie!"

And, after that, is it any wonder if the sun shone straight into my heart?

I don't think our researches would have added much to the cause of either zoology or botany that day. On the latter especially my lover would have made strange confusion, insisting that we were passing under quite a number of mistletoe boughs, if my superior knowledge of the science had not set him right. We did find the crowfoot, however, and, as I had expected, not too deep in the snow. But when he had torn up a long spray of it and flung it trailing over my shoulder, I stayed his hand. Madge and I could come another day for some—there was plenty of time—but to-day's in-gatherings I meant to keep all to myself.

At least for this one day, I told him, when we had reached the house, and paused together in the porch. For this one day we would not call in any one, however friendly, to see what it had brought me; but to-night, when he was gone, then I would tell Aunt Margaret that I was to be his wife. I said the word in a little flutter as we stood together, for already he had been asking me how long I meant to keep his own from him. As I said it, I glanced up shyly at him, and it would have discomfited me to see how his face changed, paling at that word, if his hand had not closed on mine with a tightening grasp which made me ashamed of a dawning doubt that he wanted it.

"Annie—"

The voice, full of a strange pain, startled me. Could this day have any pain in it?

Perhaps he read that thought—he was always so quick to understand—for he said: "I have a story to tell you, Annie, a story that may take some of the brightness out of this hour for you, as it has taken all the brightness out of the last seven years of my life until now. Shall I tell it you now? Or can you trust me that it is nothing which ought to part us? and would you rather wait to hear it until to-morrow?"

I could trust him; ay, rather, I could not distrust him; and I told him so. Let us live this day out without a shadow; afterward, if shadows must come, he should lead me safely through them.

"There is no danger in the shadow, Annie; there is only something for us both to forget."

"Let us forget it now, then. See, there is Aunt Margaret at the window signing to me; she is afraid I shall let her neighbor so offend against her good old-fashioned hospitality as to go away to his bachelor's hall, when it is three o'clock and our dinner hour."

The shortest day of all the year. We were watching its setting from the library window, we two left alone, for Madge and Fanny had driven into the village for the mail, and Aunt Margaret was summoned to one of those kitchen-cabinet councils which grew more and more frequent under old Lethe's administration. So we two were standing together in the bay-window, watching the crimson glow fade off from the wide snow stretch of lawn that sloped down to the lane, dotted here and there with a black-green pyramid of fir, between the naked oaks, when presently I caught sight of something moving across their shadows flung stiff and dark across the white.

"Some one is coming," I said, breaking the happy silence. "A lady, I thought—though I wonder who it could be, walking."

"What a bore!"

"Oh, she'll not be shown in here, unless you feel disposed to go to Aunt Margaret's assistance—"

Here I saw the side door of the library opening from the lawn. The visitor must have observed us at the window; some one on sufficiently unceremonious terms.

It was a stranger.

She had closed the door behind her, and had come forward into the full glow of the wood fire blazing on the hearth. A stranger, certainly; If I had ever seen her before, I should never have forgotten her.

She was standing on the hearth, and drew her slender gloved hands out of the folds of her cashmere shawl, holding them to the warmth, before she turned to us the fairest face I have ever seen—the fairest face one ever dreamed. Only that would have been a strange, Fouque-like dream in which such a vision should come.

It could not have been after-knowledge on my part, for before she spoke, while she still fronted us with that gay smile upon her perfect lips, I thought of Undine in her soulless loveliness, light-hearted, glad, careless of others' pain because she could not feel it. There is the Undine nature in a child too, for whom there exists no pain that does not bruise its own tender flesh, and that soft hardness made itself felt in every line and curve about this woman, as she stood there, white and golden, looking at us out of those great brilliant eyes, of which I have read somewhere:

"Alive in their depths, as the Kraken beneath
the sea blue"—

eyes which I would fain have followed, for they fixed themselves on Brian. Only I could not, that face so held me.

"They told me at your house that you were here; and so I came," she said, still looking at Brian.

I turned and looked at him too, then; the clear, soft, shallow, child voice broke the spell.

But he never saw me. His eyes were riveted on her—just as a man might look who sees a ghost.

And then she smiled. She had been beautiful before, but now her beauty was bewildering. She stretched out her hands to him.

"Have you never a word of welcome, Brian, for your wife?"

He drew a long, hard breath, and passed his hand heavily over his eyes. He never once glanced my way, though I felt he saw me all the while. He answered her very slowly:

"How is it you are not dead, Louise? For nearly seven years you have allowed me to believe you were."

She laughed a mocking little laugh. Though she did not turn toward me, I knew she had flashed a glance at me.

"Have you been a disconsolate widower all that time, my poor Brian? It was very wicked of me, of course. But then, you see, I always hated poverty: and you were so very impecunious at that time, I really thought it better to die off your hands."

Here she turned suddenly to me with a sweet graciousness of manner, while her eyes, alive with mocking spirits, looked me through and through.

"My husband is a little remiss at introductions, so I find I must make myself known to you, as I see you are one of his friends. Every one has a skeleton in his closet, you know, and I present you to Brian's."

She made a playful courtesy as she spoke.

"Only he fancied it was laid away underground," she added. "Perhaps he has told you of our runaway match when he was at college, and how angry poor mamma was, and hushed the matter up, and carried me away to Europe to finish my school days there. And there it was that mamma made her brilliant second marriage—a real, true German baron; and we went away to Vienna to live. But first I died; for one must die—must not one?—to get into paradise. Brian would never have let me go there alive, so I sent him a lock of my hair and a little scrawling deathbed note inclosed in a letter from mamma's maid, who had helped us to run away the year before. You remember Fifine, Brian? She has come over with me now. Such a clever soul! I can't tell how I should ever, without her, have managed to keep myself informed of your movements, and of course I had to do that, for all widowers aren't so constant, and you might have married, you know—"

He interrupted her, hoarse with passion: "And how do I know that you—"

"Oh, Brian, how can you! As if that were not just what my stepfather and I quarreled about! After dear mamma died—she died last year" (with a pretty, plaintive fall in voice and eyelids, come and gone as swiftly as a child's grave look)—"he was quite set on making a match for me; and of course that wouldn't do at all, you know. Dear mamma was content to let me enjoy life my own way; but after she was gone, the steppapa became just a little difficult. And so — Well, Brian, I knew you were no longer a poor man, and that I should not drag you down now. And so I have come back to you, if you will have me." She put out her hands then in the prettiest pleading way. If I had been a man—

But Brian did not soften in the least. He had pent up his wrath now, and had it under his control; but his voice was still hoarse as he said to her:

"I shall take pains to learn whether all this is truth. Meanwhile we will not trespass any longer upon Miss Deane's patience. I shall take you back to my house, and will set out within the hour for Vienna. Miss Deane will pardon——"

There he broke off huskily. He had not once lifted his eyes to me since first they fell upon her shadow, which the waning sunset cast between us.

But—how I had the strength I do not know—but I went straight up to her and took her hand, and kissed her on the pretty smooth white brow as she lifted up her face to mine. Is there woman born who can keep anger for a pretty child? And there are some people who never outgrow the charm and irresponsibility of childhood; if they pluck at one's heart-strings with their careless fingers until one could be stung into giving them a blow or a shake, one must kiss and be friends afterward. And then I turned to him—I must have had a vision of how it would all end: for she was wonderfully fair; she had been his first love; she would be his last. I turned to him.

"I am sure you will find all as she has said, and that you will forgive her. I don't think I shall be here still when you come back from your long journey, so you must let me give you my best wishes now."

Our hands met for an instant—not our eyes; we neither of us could bear that. Then our hands fell apart, and presently I was alone.

My day was over; twilight darkened in window, grey and blank.

And after twilight?

Just a paragraph in a book I have been turning over by my solitary fireside to-night has set me thinking of all this. It says:

"There are women who live all their lives long in the cold white moonlight of other people's reflected joy. It is not a bad kind of light to live, after all. It may leave some dark, ghostly corners in the heart unwarmed, but, like other moonlight, it lets a great deal be seen overhead that sunshine hides."—*Harper's Weekly.*

A Lucky Confectioner.

A German confectioner, while tramping through Turkey a short time ago, saluted the Sultan vigorously as the latter drove past. Unaccustomed to such an exhibition of cordiality, one of the sultan's officers thought it best to inquire if it had any significance. His explanation proving satisfactory and his innocence clear, and the avowal of his avocation, moreover, creating evident interest, the man was dismissed with a present and an injunction to turn up the next day with a clean skin and new clothes. The result of the second interview was that the confectioner was set to making pastry, and his success was so complete that he was engaged right off at a salary of 500 piasters per month. The pastry found its way to the sultan's table, and his highness was so pleased with it that he made the stranger his confectioner at once, with 1,000 piasters a month for making tarts.

Reaching Great Depths.

It has been found difficult to get correct soundings of the Atlantic. A midshipman of the navy overcame the difficulty, and shot weighing thirty pounds carries down the line. A hole is bored through the sinker, through which a rod of iron is passed, moving easily back and forth. In the end of the bar a cup is dug out and the inside coated with lard. The bar is made fast to the line and a sling holds the shot on. When the bar which extends below the ball touches the earth, the sling unhooks and the shot slides off. The lard in the end of the bar holds some of the sand, or whatever may be on the bottom, and a drop shuts over the cup to keep the water from washing the sand out. When the ground is reached a shock is felt as if an electric current had passed through the line.—*Independent.*

BE KIND.

Oh, be kind to those who love you!
Grieve no human love away!
Twine it tenderly about you,
Let it bless you day by day,
Tho' the sunlight now may dazzle,
Life has many a clouded sky;
Hoard your treasures of affection,
You will need them by and by.

Oh! be kind to those who love you!
Give them gladness while you may!
Here to-day, to-morrow's sunrise
May behold them pass away.
Lavish love on all around you;
Smiles and sunshine freely strew;
And, like bread upon the waters,
They will yet return to you.

—*Lillie Sheldon, in Inter-Ocean.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A smart boy—Just after a whipping.

Even the honest farmer will water his stock.—*Call.*

Better an empty head than one with a cold in it.—*Life.*

There is one thing that is always pretty sound about a church, and that is the bell

No man should complain about his lot—unless it be a lot of old rubbish.—*Hot Springs News.*

A philosopher says that the best way to avoid getting into debt is to die young.—*Boston Budget.*

THIRTY-TWO DEGREES.

The way to school the small boy hateth,
On learning, turns his back, and skateth.
—*Life.*

If a passion, like love, grows by what it feeds upon, there is no doubt the wish is fodder to the thought.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

It costs $10,000 to convert a South Sea cannibal to Christianity, and then he is only worth $9 a week in a dime show.—*Fall River Advance.*

IN CANADA.

The firelight dances on the walls,
My heart throbs with love's elation,
When like a cat my darling squalls—
"Ouch! Dear, don't squeeze my vaccination!"
—*Burdette.*

"I want the music of the 'Mikado,'" said a little boy, entering a New York music store. "For singing, or for the piano?" "I don't want it for either, I want it for my sister."—*Siftings.*

Dio Lewis says that we busy, high pressure "Americans should go to bed at 9 and rise at 5. Such things make us tired. How can a man get out of bed four hours before he lies down?—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

We see by the burning of a cigar store in Chicago nearly a million cigars were smoked up at one sitting. Did it make anybody sick? you ask. You bet, simple one. It made the owner of the store sick.—*Burdette.*

Another of the old settlers is gone. We had a piece of him at our landlady's table this morning. Immediately beneath the epidermic formation from his back we found a piece of eggshell, bearing the legend, "Laid 1849."—*St. Paul Herald.*

A standard target for American riflemen has just been adopted by the clubs of the United States, which have had the matter under discussion for several months. We hope it is large enough to protect the indiscreet cows and pigs that wander about the various ranges.—*Boston Post.*

A Great Hop Field.

A Tacoma (Wyoming Territory) correspondent of the Cleveland *Leader* says: "At the rear of the house appeared to me a rare scene. Here stood acres of hop-vines, wonderfully luxuriant in growth, and falling in rich brown festoons from poles eighteen or twenty feet in height. From these masses of vines not a single hop had been picked this year, and they were now laden with their scaly fruitage. From the leafy crown on each pole dripped a shower of glistening drops, producing all over the field a ringing pit-pat as they touched the ground, while above them, exhaled under the increasing heat of the sun, rose thin clouds of shining vapor. On every hand tall trees hemmed the clearing in. There were only two dwellings in sight. One of these stood across the river slightly obscured by mist. As everybody knows, the excessive dampness of the sound country is due to its position between the Great Sea and the Cascade Mountains. The vapor exhaled from the ocean, not being able, as they roll inland, to surmount these mighty summits, are turned back, condensed and precipitated to the earth in plentiful rains, fogs and mists.

"I have said that from these sixty-three acres of hops not a bale has been marketed this season, nor will be. 'Why is that?' Simply because the price of hops this year at the picking season was too low to pay for harvesting. The owner had sunk several thousand dollars in the cultivation of his crop. The picking and curing would add several thousands more to the amount, and, as he believed, from the tendency of the market, would put nothing in his pocket. So he let the acrid fruit hang. Further along the season it will fall to the ground and the money with it. Next spring both will be plowed under, the combination forming one of the most unique fertilizers ever employed. It turned out, however, when too late to harvest, that the market improved a little, enough so that something like $2,000 might have been put in bank had the ingathering taken place. Last year's crop on these same acres sold for nearly $14,000. From this statement may be formed some idea of the loss sustained the present season.

"The average yield of hops per acre in any of these extremely fertile valleys is from 1,800 to 2,000 pounds. In specially favored locations it amounts up to 3,000 pounds, while on thin soils it may drop to 1,000.