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Philadelphia, Pa.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

BY THE SEA.

My blue-eyed pet with golden hair
Is sitting on my knee,
And gazes eagerly afar,
Across the beach, beyond the bar,
Where rolls the restless sea.

She puts her little hand in mine,
And laughs with childish glee,
To see the foaming billows splash,
As on the shore they fiercely dash,
Then glide back silently.

But while she laughs so merrily,
My heart is far away;
And as I look upon the shore,
Where loud and long the breakers roar,
My sad soul seems to say:

"The sea is like a human life;
It breaks upon the shore
Of time with a resistless might;
And when the goal is just in sight,
Dies—to return no more.

"And all along the shores of time
Full many a wreck doth lie;
The pangs of many a mad carouse,
Of blasted hopes and broken vows,
Of happy days gone by."

Yet, while I muse in mournful mood,
And gaze upon the sea,
My blue-eyed pet with golden hair,
Whose heart has never known a care,
Still sits upon my knee.

Her head is resting on my breast—
Her eyes in slumber deep;
The same rough sea whose breakers roar,
And madly, fiercely lash the shore,
Has lulled my child to sleep.

Trust and Love.

To morrow I am going to be married. I, who have been set down as an old maid for an indefinite number of years. The expected event creates quite a commotion in our hitherto quiet household. My mother says, "What can I do without you?" And my dear father, whose dark hair begins to be sprinkled with silver, says, mournfully, "I cannot spare my Caroline," though I think he is secretly pleased that his pet "Carry" is to have such a noble husband after all. My roguish brother Tom goes about the house singing—

There is no goose, however gray, but soon or late
She'll find some honest gander for her mate.

And I—all this seems very strange to me. I cannot realise it that the bridal dress of snowy stain, with the gossamer veil and wreath of orange flowers, can be for plain Caroline Hudson. But the strangest of all is, that I am to marry John Grant—John Grant whom I learned to love years ago, but all thoughts of whom I strove to put far from me.

It is six years now since that morning in early summer, when we walked together through the green wood, the leaves stirred by a gentle wind, and the birds singing their morning songs. We were a little apart from the rest of our party, and when we had gathered our hands full of wild flowers that were scattered in profusion at our feet, we set down upon a felled oak to wait for them. I was happy on that June morning, as I sat on that old tree by the side of John Grant, while he wreathed the buds and blossoms and the green leafes of the trailing convolvulons among the braids of my brown hair.

We did not talk much that morning, and we had sat in silence several moments, when John suddenly said, "Caroline, I want to tell you something." It was not the words that made my heart beat so and the hot blood rush to my cheeks and forehead, for we had known each other for a long time, and he had often made a confidant of me—but it was the low tone, full of new and strange tenderness, that thrilled my whole being. I do not know, but perhaps my voice trembled a little, as I said, "Well, what is it, John?" "Carry, dear," but the sentence was not finished—just then the rest of the party made their appearance, and effectually made an end to all confidential conversation.

The next day John Grant left Tunbridge on business, which required his presence in Devonshire for several weeks. I did not see him for some time after his return, and when he called at last, there was a something undefinable in his manner; but yet a change, a restraint, which told me that those words once on his lips would not be spoken.

Months came and went, and again he left home ostensibly for business, but it was rumored that a beautiful young girl at Ferny Coombes, whose acquaintance he had made, was the real cause of his frequent visits to Devonshire.

In a little while it was said, and upon good authority, that John Grant was engaged to be married to Mary Keating; and it was also said that she was very young and very beautiful. Never till then, till I knew he was to marry another, was the secret of my own heart revealed to me; but then I know how I had loved him—how all hope, all joy, all earthly happiness, was centered in him—even now I shudder when I think of that time, when life seemed such a heavy burden, and I longed for a time to lay it down in the grave; but I could not; a thorny path opened before me, and I was to walk in it.

John Grant returned to Tunbridge soon after his engagement, and in a few weeks Mary Keating came to Elm Wood, on a visit to his sister. Soon after her arrival I was invited to a party given during her stay. I dreaded to go, and yet I could not stay away; how plain I looked as I stood before my dressing glass that night, in a plain silk, with a few scarlet verbenas had said once they contrasted well with my dark hair? I was early, and of all the girls in the room Mary Keating was the most lovely. I do not wonder he loved you, Mary; you were beautiful, as you came floating into the room, in a dress of light muslin, your golden curls falling over your sweet childish face, and your blue eyes running over with happiness, and he—but I dared not look at him long, for I was not very strong.

In the course of the evening I was introduced to her; and strange as it was, from that moment she seemed to cling to me. She was a child in artlessness, and soon commenced talking of "John," asking if I knew him, etc. "How strange he never mentioned you—he told me of so many of his friends. John—John," she called as he passed us, "why didn't you tell me about Miss Hudson?—you spoke of so many others. Our eyes met for an instant, and then I said pitying his embarassment, "He has so many friends, it isn't at all singular that he should have forgotten one." But I knew then, as I do now that he had not forgotten me."

Just then, looking up, I saw in a mirror opposite, the reflection of our little group—and—John Grant. When I saw the contrast between Mary Keating and myself, I forgave him, if I had not before. Not that I was so very plain—I do not think I was—but she was so beautiful, so confiding and loving, no one could help being charmed with her; and I could not blame him, for he had always been a great admirer of the beautiful.

Mary Keating came to see me frequently while she staid at his sister's, sometimes, not often, accompanied by John. It was an autumn afternoon, full of clouds and sunshine, when she came to make her farewell call. He was with her watching her every momen with loving pride; and yet it seemed to me that he regarded her somewhat as a beautiful plaything, winding her yellow curls around his fingers, and calling her pet names. We went out into the garden to gather some flowers; and as she ran about, laughing and talking, picking flowers, and wreating them in her hair, she seemed a lovely and bewitching child. John had gradually lost his constrained and embarrassed manner when with me, and, excepting that we never approached personalties in our conversation, our intercourse was getting to be something as it once was.

Our tastes in many things were similar. We had read and admired the same authors, and upon most of the important subjects connected with human life, our thoughts were alike. We were speaking of some work we had lately read, and were quite interested in discussing its merrits, when Mary suddenly checked her happy play, and with a grave face, walked silently for a few moments at John's side. At last she said "You never talk in that way to me, John, but its because I don't know enough." "You know enough for me, dear," he answered; but she went on, "I shall be but a 'child wife.' Caroline would suit you much better." "Allowing you to be judge," I said laughingly, for I saw John could not answer readily. We said no more on that subject, but I think John asked himself more than once that day, "Is Mary right?"

When Mary bade me "good-bye," that afternoon, she wound her white arm around my neck and kissed me, saying in her gentle voice, "Write to me often, Caroline, and teach me to be worthy of him." And she went out of the gate, through the hop garden, leaning on his arm, the warm autumn sunlight falling on her golden hair, making her very beautiful.

Soon after this John Grant left Elmwood and took a farm on his own account in the west of the State, adjoining that of old Mr. Keating. I seldom heard and never mentioned his name then. Mary wrote frequently to me during the winter; her letters were like herself, graceful and charming, full of love and confidence. She spoke much of John—"How proud she was of him, what letters he wrote, so much better than hers, and wasn't it strange he should love such a child as she was!" She went on writing in this way for several months; but at length there was a change in her manner of speaking of John; it seemed as though she were not quite as happy as she had been; she said she began to be discouraged about ever knowing any more, and hinted that John was getting dissatisfied with her—generally ending her letters with some anecdote about her favorite cat or canary. It was not long after this, when she began to speak of her cousin "Harry Smith," who was so agreeable, and yet didn't know a bit more than she did. A month or two after this, I was not much surprised when she wrote that her engagement with John Grant was broken by mutual consent—"They were not at all suited to each other, and no doubt would both be happier," she said; for he knew so much and she so little. She concluded with a long account of her new black kitten Topsy, which seemed then to be the one object which engrossed all her attention.

Two years passed, and I seldom heard John Grant's name mentioned, and if I thought of him at all, I believed I had conquered my old attachment—my life flowed on quietly and serenely. One year ago—how well I remember the day—I was sitting quietly reading in the fading light of an October sky, when hearing a rustling among the leaves, that lay thick upon the gravel walk, I looked up and saw John Grant approaching the house.

When he last was there, she was with him, but he was alone now, and my heart's quick throbbing told me his errand.

Was I weak and wanting in self-respect when, after he had told me all—told me that although he was fascinated with a beautiful and loving child, deep down in his heart had always lain a love for me.

All my love came back to me, and with more confidence that I could have felt four years before I laid my hands in his, and said, "John Grant, I will be yours!"

John has sold his farm at Ferny Coombes, and our new home is near Ashford, as the old house at Elm Wood was taken down to make room for the railway. We neither of us expect to pass over our path of life without meeting with occasional storms; but we place our trust in One who is both willing and able to assist those to remove them who put their hand cheerfully to the work; and with us it will be both a work of trust and love.

"Dead Dress."

The Irish peasantry are very careful to make due preparations for death, particularly to provide their last garments or "death dress." This care weighs very much upon the invalid, who frequently orders those in attendance to take the shroud out of the box where it has lain in readiness and air it properly. The writer has more than once heard this command given while visiting the sick in County Donegal. That the "dead dress" is the cause of solicitude to the people of Queen's county even in another state of being, the following anecdote will show: Two old women lived at Castle Pook, a rambling old place, once magnificent, and the scene of wild revelry so long as its owners had anything to squander. But the spendthrift landlords were dead and gone, and of the Dennis family only two members, an aunt and an niece, remained, they were called the "ladies" by their poor neighbors, and were greatly looked up to on account of their ancient name; but they had not had any better education than that which a village school master could give fifty years ago. The elder Miss Dennis had a small annuity, and it was no wonder that Miss Honor was almost crushed by grief and anxiety when she became very ill, and was given up by the doctor.

"Come here, Honor," whispered the dying woman, from her pillow. "There's ten pounds in the box; you'll have that, an' my clothes an' the furniture, an' you'll be sure to wake me decent, and put my fine linen nightgown wid the frills on me. Bring it out to let me see if it's all right."

Miss Honor promised to obey, but miserliness overcame her, and she grudged the corpse so fine a dress. She happened to have some black calico covered with white spots, which she had bought at a great bargain from a country peddler, and she made the shroud of it, intending to turn the frilled nightgown into money at some future time. The villagers from Clopook who came to the wake wondered at Miss Dennis' "dead dress," but nothing was said against it.

The funeral took place; and now began a dreadful visitation for Miss Honor. As regularly as darkness fell, Miss Dennis appeared in her black and white shroud at her neice's fireside. She pointed to her dress, and never spoke a word. Miss Honor could not bear it. On the third night the coffin was taken up and opened, and the frilled nightgown puts upon its tenant instead of the black and white shroud. The ghost was now appeased; she did not again appear.

Butchering Mountain Trout.

Trout go up the Truckee river in California in schools of thousands towards their spawning beds. If unimpeded in their course they would separate into numberless crystaline trout brooks and deposite their spawn far up the stream, out of reach of sawdust or fishermen. But just at the foot of the Sierra Nevada, in the State of Nevada, close to the California line, is the Verdi dam. This dam has been constructed to supply a fine sawmill with water power, and great precaution was taken to arrange a suitable fishway at one end. The water is made to flow over a sort of apron, or plank floor, which has such a gradual incline that any fish can ascend. This fishway is further improved by means of the rocks and earth of the river bank. There is a large pool or eddy just at the foot and lower side of the apron, where the fish collect in great numbers to rest preparatory to making the final leap, or struggle, which carries them over the dam. The fishermen, however, fastened two or three heavy planks just along the upper edge of the apron, and so the trout find an impassable wall at the place where they should enter the reservoir above the dam. Thus the fish are imprisoned. Such restless, impatient, struggling prisoners as are these mountain trout cannot be found elsewhere. They attempt to leap over the main dam, only to be hurled back by the falling water. They spring fully five feet in the air, and strike the main apron of the dam with terrific and frequently fatal force. They bruise their bodies and heads until oftentimes they die. They learn nothing from experience, but continue to jump against the dam, until, worn out and nerveless, they drift, completely exhausted, into the eddies formed by the piers of the dam. One can watch for hours these poor, desparate things in their brave struggles to get over the dam, without having a moment elapse in which some trout is not leaping through the air and against the dam. Generally from one to a dozen fish are visible at the same time. It is a grand but a pitiful sight to watch the great speckled beauties in their vain endeavors to get over the dam. But the pitiful merges into the horrible when one sees the merciless grabhooks let down into the struggling, quivering, exhausted masses of trout gathered in the eddies below the piers. By means of the short, unyielding rod, a succesion of quick upward jerks is given to the four hungry points of the grabhook. The water is full of foam from the cascade, and circles in blinding whirl around the pool. The fish are crazed and blinded by their fruitless, frantic leaps, and readily drift against the sharp, needle-like points of the barbed hooks. Once impaled, the struggle begins. The hook may have entered underneath the head, or the body, or it may have pierced the side or the fins, or the tail. At the first moment of its fright the startled fish darts away with a fury of strength that is marvelous. A large fish is almost ungovernable during the first frenzy of its death struggle. The fisherman's only plan is to let the trout weary itself with its maddened plunges, and leaps, and struggles, and then by a dextrous twitch lands it on the pier. More than half the time the fish makes some terrible bound and tears himself from the hook, only to float with the current, torn, mangled, and dying.

Calling a Moose.

It was a most lovely evening. It wanted but about half an hour to sundown, and all was perfectly still. There was not the slightest sound of anything moving in the forest except that of the unfrequent flight of a moose bird close by. And so I sat watching that most glorious transformation scene—the change of day into night; saw the great sun sink slowly down behind the pine trees; saw the few clouds that hovered motionless above me blaze into the color of bright burnished gold; saw the whole atmosphere become glorious with a soft yellow light, gradually dying out as the night crept on, till only in the western sky there lingered a faint glow fading into a pale, cold apple-green, against which the pines stood out as black as midnight and as sharply defined as though cut out of steel. As the darkness deepened a young crescent moon shone out pale and clear, with a glittering star a little below the lower horn, and above her another star of lesser magnitude. It looked as though a supernatural jewel—a heavenly pendant, two great diamond solitaires and a diamond crescent—were hanging in the western sky. After a while the moon, too, sank behind the trees, and darkness fell upon the earth. I know of nothing more enchanting than a perfectly calm and silent autumnal sunset in the woods unless it be the sunrise, which to my mind is more lovely still. Sunset is beautiful, but sad; sunrise is equally beautiful, and full of life, happiness and hope. I love to watch the stars begin to fade, to see the first faint white light clear up the darkness of the eastern sky, and gradually deepen into the glorious coloring that heralds the approaching sun. I love to see nature awake shuddering, as she always does, and arouse herself into active, busy life, to note the insects, birds and beasts shake off slumber and set about their daily tasks. Still the sunset is inexpressibly lovely, and I do not envy the condition and frame of mind of a man who cannot be as nearly happy as man can be, when he is lying comfortably on a luxurious and soft couch, gazing in perfect peace on the glorious scene around him, rejoicing all his senses, and saturating himself with the wonderful beauties of a Northern sunset.

So I sat quietly below, while the Indian called from the tree-top. Not a sound answered to the three or four long-drawn-out notes with which he hoped to lure the bull; after a long interval he called again, but the same perfect, utter silence reigned in the woods, a silence broken only by the melancholy hooting of an owl, or the imagmary noises that filled my head. It is extraordinary how small noises become magnified when the ear is kept at a great tension for any length of time, and how the head becomes filled with all kinds of fictitious sounds; and it is very remarkable also how utterly impossible it is to distinguish between a loud noise uttered at a distance and a scarcely audible sound close by After listening very intently amidst the profound silence of a quiet night in the forest for an hour or so the head becomes so surcharged with blood, owing, I presume, to all the faculties being concentrated on a single sense, that one seems to hear distant voices, the ringing of bells and all kinds of strange and impossible noises. A man becomes so nervously alive to the slightest disturbance of the almost awful silence of a still night in the woods that the faintest sound—the crackling of a minute twig or the fall of a leaf, even at a great distance—will make him almost jump out of his skin. He is also apt to make the most ludicrous mistakes. Toward morning, about daybreak, I have frequently mistaken the first faint buzz of some minute fly, within a foot or so of my ear, for the call of a moose two or three miles off.

About ten o'clock the Indian gave it up in despair and came down the tree; we rolled ourselves up in our rugs, pulled the hoods of our blanket coats over our heads, and went to sleep. I awoke literally shaking with cold. It was still the dead of night; and the stars were shining with intense brilliancy, to my great disappointment, for I was in hopes of seeing the first streaks of dawn. It was freezing very hard, far too hard for me to think of going to sleep again. So I roused the Indian and suggested that he should try another call or two. Accordingly we stole down to the edge of the little point of wood in which we had ensconced ourselves, and in a few minutes the forest was re-echoing the plaintive notes of the moose. Not an answer, not a sound—utter silence, as if all the world were dead, broken suddenly and horribly by a yell that made the blood curdle in one's veins. It was the long, quavering, human, but unearthly scream of a loon on the distant lake. After what seemed to me many hours, but what was in reality but a short time, the first indications of dawn revealed themselves in the rising of the morning star, and the slightest possible paling in the eastern sky. The cold grew almost unbearable. That curious shiver that runs through nature—the first icy current of air that precedes the day—chilled us to the bones. I rolled myself up in my blanket and lighted a pipe, trying to retain what little caloric remained in my body, while the Indian again ascended the tree. By the time he had called twice it was gray dawn. Birds were beginning to move about, and busy squirrels to look out for their breakfast of pine buds. I sat listening intently, and watching the blank emotionless face of the Indian as he gazed around him, when suddenly I saw his countenance blaze up with vivid excitement. His eyes seemed to start from his head, his muscles twitched, his face glowed, he seemed transformed in a moment into a different being. At the same time he began with the utmost celerity, but with extreme caution to descend to the ground. He motioned to me not to make any noise, and whispered that a moose was coming across the barren and must be close by. Grasping my rifle, we crawled carefully through the grass, crisp and noisy with frost, down to the edge of our island of woods, and there, after peering cautiously around some stunted juniper bushes, I saw standing, about sixty yards off, a bull moose. He looked gigantic in the thin morning mist which was beginning to drift up from the surface of the barren. Great volumes of steam issued from his nostrils, and his whole aspect, looming in the fog, was vast and almost terrific. He stood there perfectly motionless, staring at the spot from which he had heard the cry of the supposed cow, irresolute whether to come on or not. The Indian was anxious to bring him a little closer, but I did not wish to run the risk of scaring him, and so, taking aim as fairly as I could, considering I was shaking all over with cold, I fired and struck him behind the shoulder. He jumped forward on his knees, jumped up, rushed forward for about two hundred yards, and then fell dead at the edge of the heavy timber on the far side of the barren.

Food at Saratoga.

At Meyer's and Moon's on the lake, they are famous for game dinners. A regular game dinner for one, without wine, costs $5, and with wine it often runs up to $12 and $15, and even $20. The $5 game dinner consists of five courses. Soup, black bass and stewed potatoes, chicken, partridge and fried potatoes, woodcock and salad, and ending with coffee. A plain game dinner of black bass and stewed potatoes, and woodchuck and fried potatoes, costs, without wine, $4. The $25 dinners that Pierre Lorillard, Belmont and Traverse take are produced by an indiscriminate slaughter of Johannisberger, champagne, old Burgundy and dollar cigars. The Saratoga black bass are caught early in the morning in deep water. They weigh from a pound to a pound and a half. They are very juicy and delicious. No one ever touches brook trout in Saratoga after having been once spoiled by eating black bass. Mr. Belmont says the Saratoga black bass are the best fish in the world. We have, also, what is called the Saratoga white bait, which really tastes better than the white bait caught at Manhattan Beach. Saratoga white bait are produced thus: Sunfish an inch and a half and two inches long are caught in shallow water. They are placed in salt water which causes them to disgorge their entrails. Then they are fried whole in butter. Saratoga white bait are an improvement on the genuine article.

Silk Raising in the United States.

Parties in North Carolina have found it sufficiently profitably even with present drawbacks, to raise silk-worms and ship the cocoons to France. One gentleman in Raleigh, Mr. E. Fasnach, has shipped two bales to Marseilles, each containing over 100 lbs. of choked cocoons. They have been sold at Marseilles for as high as 32 francs (or over $6) per kilogramme (not quite 2 1-2 lbs), and the freight from Raleigh to Marseilles did not exceed $3 per cwt. The cocoons were raised by the children of the family; and aside from the silk product, Mr. Fasnach also produced a number of eggs for which there is now a ready market abroad at $3.50 to $4 per ounce of 26 grammes. Several other persons in different parts of the country have also reared sufficient cocoons to warrant New York brokers in offering from $1.50 to $2 per lb. for the same. When parties find it profitable to raise silk under these adverse circumstances, there can be no question as to the growth of the industry whenever a home market is furnished for the raw material, and that when once it shall have been demonstrated that there can be offered and paid for cocoons some stated sum that will yet allow a fair profit on the reeling, the industry will be fairly established, and private capital will not be wanting to seek profitable investment therin."

Red Spider on Fruit-Trees.

Among the insect enemies of the fruit-grower it is singular that no one has referred much to the spider. It is a small enemy to be sure, but one by no means to be despised. It makes up by its immense number for its diminutive appearance. They appear larger than those we find in greenhouses on roses, fuchsias, and other tender plants; but whether or not they are a different species from these, are natives to the soil, or are introductions from some other parts, are questions which may perhaps interest the entomologist, but will hardly aid in the destruction of the foe. We suppose on large trees the labor would be too great to attempt any means for their eradication, but for young trees which are easily reached, it might be well worth while to keep them down. The popular receipt in garden books is to mix flour of sulphur in greasy water and then syringe with it, of course keeping the mouth of the syringe near the surface of the water while drawing up the liquid, as the oily and sulphury water floats only on top, and is drawn into the syringe only in that way. This greasy liquid causes the sulphur to adhere to the leaves, and it is said the red spider abandons these leaves in disgust. The hot dry atmosphere of our country is peculiarly favorable to the existence of the red spider; and when we know how great a pest it is to the fruit-growers under glass, it seems to us well worth looking after him, when he undertakes to fasten on our fruit trees in the open air.

Washington at Valley Forge.

In the latter part of the summer of 1796, when his second term as President of the United States had nearly expired, and he was about to retire to private life, Washington concluded to see Valley Forge once more, the scene of so many toils and struggles. The particulars respecting this visit an old farmer living near there at the time related to his son, who made a record of them. it was in the afternoon, he said, as he was engaged ploughing on his farm in the vicinity of the encalupment grounds that he observed an elderly man of dignified appearance on horseback, dressed in a plain suit of black, accompanied by a colored servant, ride to a place in the road nearly opposite, when he alighted from his horse and came into the field and cordially took his hand. He told him he had called to make some inquiries concerning the owners and occupants of the different places about there, and also in regard to the country; the system of farming practiced in that part of the country; the kinds of grain and vegetables raised; the time of sowing and planting; the best method of tilling the ground, and numerous other questions relating to agriculture. He also made inquiries after certain families in the neighborhood. As answers were given he noted them down in a book, the farmer informing him that he could not give as correct answers as he wished, for he had not been brought up to farming, and besides had only moved into the vicinity since the war, thought he had been in the army when it was encamped there. This gave a new turn to the conversation. The stranger informed him that he had been in the army and at the camp, and as he expected to leave the city in a few months, with the prospect of never returning, he had taken this journey to visit the place which had been the scene of so much suffering and distress, and see how far the inhabitants had recovered from its effects. On being informed that his name was George Washington he told him that his appearance was so changed that he did not recognize him, or else he would have paid more respect to his late commander and now the chief magistrate of the nation. He replied that to see the people happy, and the desolate fields recovering from the disasters they had experienced, and to meet with any of his old companions now peaceably engaged in the most useful of all employments afforded him more satisfaction than all the homage that could be paid to his person or station. He then said that pressing engagements rendered it necessary for him to be in the city that night, and taking him by the hand bade him an affectionate farewell, and this was Washington's last visit to Valley Forge.

Iowa Rattlesnakes.

"I see," said Judge Smith Acker, as he mopped his bald head with a red and black silk handkerchief, "that some papers devote a good deal of space to snake stories. It's a good plan, for people like to read about snakes. There is a curious fascination about the creatures, whether in the body or in print. Now, I have had some experience with snakes, principally rattlesnakes, and it was not in Pike county, Pa., either. Iowa used to be no bad place for snakes, and I'll tell you a little experience I had one summer and fall, a good many years ago, in Iowa. I went out to Milleray, late in August, to shoot prairie chickens. Ten or twelve miles from Dubuque is a regular young Ireland. The towns are called Garryowen, and Terry, and Ballyclough, and Milleray. The people are, most of them, Irish, and in Milleray there is a big monastery, where an Irish order of the monks of La Trappe have a colony. They own thousands of acres of land, and are receiving as inmates or 'Brothers,' as they call them, a great many of the young men around there. Well, to get back to my snakes. I went out to shoot chickens and put up at the Twelve-mile house. It was then a well-known inn, right on the road to Pike's Peak, and kept in good style by Lem Litton, a mighty good fellow. I remember he had a couple of pretty daughters and a bright son, and I hear one of the girls has become a nun and the boy is a 'Brother.' Well—snakes? Oh, yes. It was my first season there, and Litton said to me, 'Judge, you must look out for snakes on the prairie. Wear boots always, keep your flask filled with whisky; and, look here: See this weed,' and he pointed to a small plant about ten inches high, of a pale green color, and evidently a species of cactus, for the leaves were smooth, with little thorns on the edges. 'That is the snake weed, and if a rattler does get his tooth into you, just fill up with whisky, chew some of that weed, swallow the juice, and put the pulp on the bite. That'll fix you.'

"Well, sir, I did find snakes, rattlesnakes, lots of 'em. My pointer usually let me know where they were, and sometimes they'd let me know by their shrill rattle. I'd seen snakes in Steuben county, Ohio, spotted fellows, but these were unlike any I'd seen, being almost perfectly black, not very large, but very active. I killed seventeen snakes and three chickens the first day I was out—not that the chickens weren't thick, but the snakes were thicker and attracted more attention.

"The next day, while working over a wheat stubble where a gang of men were shocking wheat that had just been bound, I heard a yell. One of the irishmen had been bitten by a rattler that was under a sheaf of wheat, and had fastened in his arm as he picked it up. The poor fellow was scared to death 'most. I out with my flask (it held a plump pint), and he put it to his lips, and when he took it down it was empty. Then we started him on a run for the hotel. I looked for snake weed, but not a blade could I find. I believe that's usually the way—you can't find it when you want it. We got the man, whose name was Martin something or other, to the house, and there filled him up with more whisky. At first it didn't seem to affect him, and the arm kept swelling and got black. But by'mby Martin began to get happy; then he got hilarious; then fighting drunk, and finally he fell off his chair, dead drunk. He was saved. The next day he was out with his arm in a sling, and I found him over in that same wheat stubble slowly walking around, and gazing intently at the ground. 'What are you looking for, Mart?' I asked. He looked up, winked slyly, and drawled out: 'Faith, sur, Oi'm looking for the bolt of a shnake.' I took the hint, and gave him a good swig of whisky, without putting him to the trouble of getting bitten by a rattlesnake in order to secure it.

"The children around there used to kill the snakes and pull off their rattles. By tying a thread around the centre of the rattles, making a loop at each end of the thread, and twisting it slowly around the fingers, so that the thread would rub hard against the flesh, the rattles would vibrate and sound a remarkably natural manner. In the district school on the prairie there was a young woman just from the east who was dreadfully afraid of snakes, and it was a cheerful habit of the young ones, when they wanted a holiday, to get out their rattles behind their desks and set them whirring. Why, they used to scare the life out of that poor girl, who would gather up her skirts and scoot for home at the first rattle. The little devils used to vary their performance and render it more realistic by leaving dead snakes around the school house, and giving it out that there was a nest under the floor.

"There was a little Irishman, named Tom Clancey, who worked for Litton, and who had a reputation as a snake catcher. His plan was to pin the snake's head to the ground with a forked stick, then to slip a loop over the head, fasten it to his stick, and thus drag his captive, squirming, home. I wanted a live specimen of the timber rattler, which is usually much larger than his prairie cousin, and, instead of being black, is orange and black, and a decidedly venomous-looking beast. One day Tommy succeeded in capturing a big yellow fellow, with fifteen rattles, and was dragging him home in high glee at the prospect of the $5 I had offered for the reptile, when a fellow driving a breaking team as he passed, struck the snake across the back with his ten-foot ox-whip. You know a light blow will kill a rattler, and this blow killed Tommy's captive. Well, you'd better believe that Irishman was mad. Whirling around, he lifted his stick, and, using the big snake for a lash, walloped the teamster lustily. At first the fellow returned the compliment with his ox-goad, but when he felt that clammy snake flap around his face and neck once or twice his nerve went back on him, and he turned and ran, pursued by the little Irishman, who whipped him with the rattler as long as his breath held out. Tommy afterward caught me another big snake, but not so big as the first, and I had had the pleasure of bringing him east and presenting him to my brother-in-law, who has a weakness for that sort of pet."

Imagination on the Weather.

A citizen doing business on Griswold street, Detroit, has given this weather question a great deal of thought, and recently he began a series of experiments to ascertain whether imagination hasn't as much to do with a hot day as a thermometer. At 9 o'clock in the morning he entered his office, built a brisk fire in the stove, closed the door, and sat down to his newspaper, having his chair close to the stove. In a few minutes one of his customers opened the door, and before he could express his surprise the official called out:

"Come in! What change in the weather since last night! I hated to build a fire, but it was positively like November in here. Come over by the stove."

"Has—has the weather changed?" hesitatingly inquired the caller.

"Changed! Why there's a difference of 31 degrees since 10 o'clock last night. Hear what the weather report says: Northerly winds, great change in temperature, with indications of a severe frost at night! I wish I had brought down my spring overcoat."

"Well, I felt the change, but I didn't realise the full power of it," said the otner as he edged over to the stove and rubbed his hands.

"You should watch these things and dress accordingly. I wouldn't dare come out in that thin coat. First you know you'll have a chill."

"I—I know I'm rather careless, but I must look out for myself in the future. This fire feels rather good."

"Yes, it does; you'd better get thoroughly warmed up before you go out in the raw air."

The caller remained there at least 10 minutes, all the time standing beside the hot stove and yet when the thermometer marked 100 degrees he made no complaints and went out saying that he would go home and get on a thicker coat.

They All Lifted.

Several brethren were sitting in a South street store, and somehow they got to talking about lifting weights.

"I lifted a barrel once," said a lean man in the corner, "that weighed over 200 pounds.

None of the rest seemed to care a bit about what he had lifted.

"And I," said a tall, lanky man sitting on a bag of corn, "I lifted a woman once who weighed over 500 pounds. She was going to faint, but I caught her."

The proprietor of the store opened his eyes a little and looked at the man, but no further interest was displayed.

"When I was down at Sandy," said a small, fat man, "I carried off a ton of ore to the cars."

Several of the men shifted their positions at this big one, and the proprietor looked cautiously out of the window to see if anybody was listening.

The last man, who was sitting with his feet dangling down in a box of eggs—an awful small man—who looked as if one waft of wind would finish him, at last spoke:

"I suppose you remember when the Walker House was building. Well, one morning the boss came to me and said, 'Jimmie, there is something the matter with the back foundation of the hotel; get under and see what it is.' I got under, and the two men lifted the hotel off its foundation, and the fabric came down on me."

Silence fell upon the crowd and the men passed out one by one; the proprietor heaved a sigh, wiped away a tear, and went up to Jimmy and said:

"Jimmy, you may have recovered from it, but you must remember our church is full of liars, and you, in your commendable zeal to eclipse them all, may be so busy hatching monsters when Gabriel blows his golden horn that you will forget to buy your ticket. Take something for your bruises, Jimmi, and leave the big ones for Brother Cannon."

Taking the Edge Off.

Recently a sort of slouchy-looking hungry-eyed, cadaverous fellow stepped into a restaurant and said he wanted a cup of coffee and a piece of bread and butter. The waiter told him that the place sold nothing short of a complete dinner, and the price was fifty cents. Said the stranger, "Well, you see, I ain't real hungry, and I only want a little coffee and a bit of bread."

Waiter—"It makes no difference; we sell a whole dinner for fifty cents, and nothing else."

Stranger—"You give a full dinner for fifty cents?"

Waiter—"Yes, a whole dinner; roast meat, potatoes, succotash, bread, butter, pie, pudding, coffee and tea."

Stranger—"Well, I s'pose you give a man all he wants to eat?"

Waiter—"Oh, yes; we fill you up for 50 cents, and give you a solid, good, plain meal."

Stranger—"Well, I've half a mind to eat with ye. The fact is the ole' woman give me a half a loaf of bread and a piece of corn beef for a bite, and I eat it up at Carpenter's just now with a glass of beer. I thought I'd like a cup of coffee and a little bread and butter to kind o'er wash the thing down but ye say ye can't gim'e that?"

Waiter—"No sir. We'll give you, as I've said, a solid, square meal for fifty cents. You can eat as little or much as you please.

The English Admiral.

Duncan, lying off the Texel with his own flag-ship, the Venerable; and only one other vessel, heard that the whole Dutch fleet was putting out to sea. He told Captain Hotham to anchor alongside of him in the narrowest part of the channel, and fight his vessel till she sank. "I have taken the depth of the water," added he, "and when the Venerable goes down, my flag will still fly." And you observe this is no Viking in a prehistoric period, but a Scotch member of parliament, with a smattering of the classics, a telescope, a cocked hat of great size, and flannel underclothing. In the same spirit, Nelson went into Abouklr with six colors flying; so that even if five were shot away, it should not be imagined he had struck. He too, must needs wear his four stars outside his Admiral's frock, to be a bait for sharpshooters. "In honor I gained them," he said to objectors, adding with sublime illogicality, "In honor I will die with them." Capt. Douglas, of the Royal Oak, when the Dutch fired his vessel in the Thames, sent his men ashore, but was burned along with her himself rather than desert his post without orders. Just then the Merry Monarch was chasing a moth around the supper table with the ladies of his court. When Raleigh sailed into Cadiz, and all the ships opened fire on him at once, he scorned to shoot a gun and made answer with a flourish of insulting trumpets. I like this bravado better than the wisest dispositions to insure victory; it comes from the heart and goes to it. God has made nobler heroes but he never made a finer gentleman than Walter Raleigh. And as our admirals were full of heroic superstitions and had a strutting and vain glorious style of fight, so they discovered a startling eagerness for battle, and courted war like a mistress. When the news came to Essex, before Cadiz, that the attack had been decided, he threw his hat into the sea it is in this way that a school boy hears of a half holiday; but this was a bearded man, of great possessions, who had just been allowed to risk his life. Benbow could not lie still in his bunk after he had lost his leg; he must be on deck in a basket to direct and animate the fight. I said they loved war like a mistress; yet I think there are not many mistresses we should continue to woo under similar circumstances. Trowbridge went ashore with the Culloden, and was able to take no part in the battle of the Nile. "The merits of that ship, and her gallant captain," wrote Nelson to the Admiralty, "are too well known to benefit by anything I could say. Her misfortune was great in getting aground, while her more fortunate companions were in the full tide of happiness." This is a notable expression and depicts the whole great-hearted big-spoken stock of the English Admirals to a hair. It was to be "in the full tide of happiness" for Nelson to destroy 5,525 of his fellow creatures, and have his own scalp torn open by a piece of langridge shot. Hear him again at Copenhagen: "A shot through the main mast knocked the splinters about; and he observed to one of his officers with a smile