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SOLD EVERYWHERE

FLOWERS OF MEMORY.

The drifted snow, in foldings deep
Old Winter soon shall bring;
Our dainty flowers shall go to sleep,
And will not wake till spring.

The soft blue sky he'll turn to gray,
The blossoms make to fall,
Then shall he steal them quite away—
And we forget them all?

Nay! even tho' his touch shall bring
The frost, and chill, and snow,
In memory, still, the birds shall sing,
And still the flowers blow.

The pansies, one by one,
Lift their fragrant heads,
And cooled by rain, and kissed by sun,
Shall light the garden-beds.

The summer sunlight still shall stream,
The Roses deeper glow,
The warm Nasturtiums brightly beam,
And fainting breezes blow.

The Tulips still shall plant their fires,
Tho' winter winds are high—
What long heart of beauty tires
In memory lain by?

LADY MARGERY.

Isidor Vignaux!" Lady Margery's hand trembled slightly, and her face grew colorless; but she did not glance up from her escritoire where she was writing invitations upon satiny, perfumed note-sheets, bearing the gilded crest of the honorable house of Edes.

"Who is he, my dear?" she questioned carelessly of her indolent, Saxon fair husband who lounged near, smoking fragrant cigerettes.

"A rather nice sort of fellow, Margery; French, and not very young, you know. I met him on the Continent last season.

"But is not our list full enough, Garnier? Of course, I will invite him if you wish, but do you think it well to ask people here, about whom we know so little, now that Miriam—"

"Is a baby yet," laughingly interrupted her husband. "Why, Margery, the girl will not be out for several seasons; so do not commence to worry your head about settlements for her. As for this Vignaux, he cares more for a quiet game of *ecarte* than for any pink-faced girl in Christendom. Not that I'm so particular about inviting him only he is staying with Creighton, and I can scarcely avoid it."

"Very well; as you say, of course," rejoined Lady Edes, calmly; not caring to excite the curiosity of her husband by too pointed an exhibition of dislike to this stranger's coming.

"Though, what are the odds!" she exclaimed, passionately, dashing down her pen when Lord Edes had left the room. "What have I to hope from Isidor when once he comes here and recognizes me! And yet a reprieve ever so slight, is like a spar to a drowning wretch."

Again the lady's jeweled hand moved rapidly to and fro over the paper. But when she had completed the note which summoned to her home the man who had the power to desolate, she arose and paced the floor in an agony of dread and despair.

Yet an hour later, when she sat at luncheon with the few guests already assembled, there was no trace upon her haughty face of the secret buried in her heart; no more than when she stood, handsome, cold, and proud, before the stranger her husband introduced with such careless, pleasant freedom—

"Lady Edes, allow me. Monsieur Vignaux. I have pledged myself to turn him out one of the best cross-field riders in the district."

"Ah, madam, Lord Edes has been praising me all manner of sports and pleasures, but he has not painted the half. What delight, indeed, could compare with being the guest of so charming a hostess!" and the Frenchman bowed gallantly.

Yet not the most observant watcher could have detected that these two had met before.

Only Lady Margery knew that these keen brilliant eyes held a sneering consciousness within their depth of days when their owner had not been wont to greet Garnier Edes's wife as he greeted her now.

But she did not quail before this consciousness.

No matter that the cloud overshadowing her grew darker and more threatening; she would meet her fate proud to the last.

And this haughty spirit Isidor Vignaux admired.

Knowing to the full his power over this woman he liked to feel how he could torture her; how utterly from her high and hitherto happy position he could dethrone and degrade her.

And watching her, he detected the affection and the fear, the color and the pallor, that came to her eyes and face as, with the bringing in of the dessert, a fairy figure, with eyes blue as a sunshiny sky, flitted into the room.

"Ah, ah, she loves this creature—his child it must be. Well, it is a pretty thing; but not to be compared to her dark, proud, passionate self."

Yet Vignaux kept his gaze upon Miriam and registered a vow concerning her.

Did Lady Edes fathom his thoughts?

Certainly the girl was seldom to be seen after that day.

The Frenchman merely smiled as he noted the fact.

He was in high favor with the guests, and enjoyed the spirits.

It seemed that he could well dispense with making himself agreeable to a baby-faced schoolgirl.

He even did not often put himself in direct association with the dark eyed hostess who treated him with unfathomable careless pride.

And Lady Edes?

She endured each day's suspense without the slightest betrayal of its exquisite torture.

Vignaux could not discover that she writhed under his most exalted or insinuating complements

And who should guess, who could know of the bitter night vigils she kept, when she stole softly from her dressing room to shed hot, heart broken tears at Miriam's bedside, or to bend above her husband's unconscious form in an agony of deathless and dreading love?

But still the blow that she expected had not fallen, though the guests were preparing to say farewell to their noble hosts.

Sometimes Margery drew her breath in a sudden spasm of hope.

Perhaps Vignaux meant to spare her.

But when she was dressed for dinner the last day of the Frenchman's stay, and came out into the upper corridor; she was undeceived.

Vignaux advanced to meet her.

"I will see you in the billiard-room while the gentlemen are still at table," he whispered with easy insolence, as they were joined by another guest.

Lady Edes marvelled how she lived through that dinner hour, though hers was the most brilliant repartee, the readiest laughter.

But Vignaux saw the unutterable woe that dilated her eyes as her glance, while leaving the room, rested upon her husband's face.

Ten minutes later she stepped into the billiard-room and found her enemy awaiting her.

"Pray be seated, Lady Edes," he said, gallantly, as she stopped, haughtily, a few steps from him.

She threw her head back proudly.

"No need, sir; our interview must be brief."

"For fear that you will be discovered here? It would not be nearly so unpleasant a fact as a certain truth I could reveal. However, we will be quits concerning that upon one condition, Margery."

"Name it."

"I want to marry Lord Edes's daughter, and——"

"Her forty thousand a year," suggested Lady Edes, scornfully.

"Of course I like the money: but let me tell you a truth, my black eyed beauty. I could renounce it for your sweet sake; but I know you will not come—bah! you idolize that fair effeminate husband of yours—so I will make a second choice and marry the pretty Miriam."

"You never shall!"

Lady Edes's face was full, now, of concentrated passion.

"No!" said Vignaux, with tantalising coolness. "Perhaps you are not aware that despite your little precautions, I have seen the girl daily since I came; that she is mine, soul and body, by right of the most passionate and abandoned love; that like a rash and precipitate Margery Vare, we once knew she is ready to renounce friends and the world for my sake."

Lady Edes regarded him for a minute in silent horror.

She did not doubt the man's assertions.

She knew him capable of deadly fascination and diabolical duplicity.

"I will save Miriam from you and from herself!" she cried, at last.

"But a' what cost? Have you counted that? I think it is too large a sum for you to pay. You will bring about my marriage with this girl."

"I tell you I never will! I would sooner kill her with my own hand than see her your wife."

"Nonsense! Do not waste time in heroics. How will you help yourself?"

"I will tell my husband all the truth—how a wild, romantic, and sinned against school girl was coaxed from her convent home and into a supposed marriage with an adventurer and gambler. That when he had made away with her small fortune, he discovered to her his true character and the deception he had practiced upon her, and—"

"Bah! Tell what you like! It is enough that you acknowledge that much of your past! I will add to it how readily you came to my arms, and how gladly you stayed there until you became violently jealous of a girl of high degree whom I wished to make my wife; how you interfered with that marriage, and fearful of my vengeance assumed a false name and character and angled for the proud position of 'Lady Edes' Think you your noble husband will ever forgive you the deceit which allied his high name with your disgrace? That he will take back to his arms the whilom adventuress?"

Margery's proud, pale face met his undaunted, but her lips syllabled no reply.

"Ah, you know that he will not! And yet you can hesitate to buy your present high position at the cost of wedding to me that pretty pink-faced creature, who is none of yours?"

"She is his child," Margery said, slowly. "I will not see her wronged. Go your way—do your worst—but you shall not tempt me!"

"I give you until to-morrow's dawn to accept my proposition. I am in earnest and you know yourself absolutely in my power. You know, too, how much you care to have your husband learn the history of your past; and it is only that I have yet a little lingering fancy for you that I offer you the chance to buy my silence."

Lady Edes signed the man away, imperiously, announcing—

"You shall know my decision in the morning."

And when she deemed herself alone, unconscious that her struggle with temptation was watch as keenly as her interview with her temper had been listened to, she paced the floor in intense excitement.

"Wealth, position, honor, love, heaven! To forfeit them all when I can purchase silence. Why should not I save myself? How can I be degraded in Garnier's eyes? Oh Garnier, Garnier! God alone knows how I love you—that I believed the intensity of my passion could atone for my silence to you regarding the past. We have been very happy, Garnier. Can I give you up?"

Oh, the bitterness of that struggle between right and wrong!

But, at the last pure, heroic, self renouncing love saved Margery Edes from yielding to evil.

"She is your child, Garnier," she said, at length. "I will never sacrifice her, I promised to love her as my own, and I will—yea better than myself. I will let her be your all. When you read the truth, and know how I have cared for you, and that I chose to give my life for her, and for your honor, you must at least remember me pityingly.."

And with white, set face Lady Edes sought her own rooom.

That night she dismissed her maid and sat writing till late. Then she donned a hood and long mantel, and so attired crept softly to the corridor.

But the gaunt form of her elderly servant met her there, and pushed her back, motioning her with uplifted, warning finger, and following into the dimly-lighted boudoir.

"Take off those rags, my lady," the woman whispered. "You need not sacrifice yourself, another victim to the treachery and diabolism of the man who lies in yonder chamber. You are very brave, my dear. *Mon Dieu!* I worship you—I hate him—so I have saved you! I heard his threats—you have been sinned against; but my lord shall never know. He happy. Isidor Vignaux is dead. I was his wife, his true wife, years ago. He cast me off and took my child from me; he alone knows to what fate he consigned it. When I found he held the fate of this house in his hands, and that you would sacrifice yourself, but not my lord or his child, I said, I will save her. Isidor deserves nothing at my hands. I have left a note at his side saying who I am and that I did the deed. For the rest, your safety is in your own hands."

The strange woman stole from the room, and escaped the grasp of the law when all the country side was ringing with accounts of the tragedy.

And Lady Margery Edes breathed a grateful prayer that she had been so strangely but awfully saved from temptation and death.

Washington's Pew.

Christ Church, in Alexandria, Va., some six miles below Washington, is an object of much interest. It was completed in 1773, taking the place of a chapel that could not have possessed much elegance, as it sold for £7 10s. The year prior to having the chapel Colonel George Washington, then thirty-three years of age, was chosen one of the vestrymen. His name is affixed to the contracts for the new church, which for minuteness of specification would serve as a model for modern building committees. James Parsons agreed to build the church for £660. "The shingles were to be of the best juniper, three-fourths of an inch thick, eighteen inches thick, and to show six inches." The mortar for the outside walls, which were of brick, was to be two-thirds lime and one-third sand; the mortar for the inside walls was to be one-half lime and one-half sand. "The arches and pediments to be in the Tuscan order. The altar piece, pulpit and canopy to be Ionic." But it appears that contractors even in those early days had some of the failings of modern time. James Parsons failed to fulfill his contract, and the vestry made an agreement with Col. John Carlyle for the additional sum of £320 to complete the work. On the 27th of February, 1773, the church having been formally delivered to the vestry, ten of the pews were offered for sale. Pew No. 5 was purchased by General Washington for £28,10, the highest price paid. The pews were square, with seats on three sides and the back nearly as high as the head of the occupant. But in 1816 and 1817 some of the old square pews were divided, and the remainder, in 1821, Washington's among the rest, but in 1837 it was restored to its former shape. It was again divided, but soon restored to its original form and so still remains. In 1804, George Washington Parke Custis, Mrs. Washington's grandson, whom General Washington adopted, presented to the parish Washington's Bible, published in 1772 and now in use on the altar. The building has been little by little remodelled to suit the modern tastes. The old pew of Washington is allowed to retain its original shape, except the back is lowered like the rest. Visitors to Alexandria go in large numbers to attend Sunday morning services at Christ Church, and sit in the pew where Washington worshipped.

A Monster Serpent.

One of the most intrepid wild beast tamers in Europe, Karolyi, a Magyar of colossal stature and extraordinary physical strength, has recently fallen a victim to a dread contingency of his perilous profession. He was performing before a crowded audience at Madrid, the other day, one of his most sensational feats, which consisted in allowing a huge boa constrictor, over twenty feet in length, to enfold his body in its tremendous coils, when suddenly a piercing cry escaped him, which was greeted by the public with a round of applause, under the supposition that its utterance constituted a part of the performance. It proved, however, to be the outcome of a strong man's death agony. The gigantic snake had tightened its coils and crushed poor Karolyi's life out of him with one terrific squeeze. As his head fell back and his eyes became fixed in a glassy state, the plaudits died away and were succeeded by the stillness of utter consternation. The snake and its lifeless victim swayed for a second or two of inexpressible horror, and then toppled over on the boards of the stage; but the boa did not in the least relinquish his grip upon the corpse, which remained for more than an hour imprisoned in its hideous thraldom, nobody daring to approach the lithe monster, of whose powers such appalling proof had been given. At length it occurred to one of Karolyi's attendants to place a bowl of milk in a cage within sight of the mighty serpent, which slowly unwound itself from the dead body and glided into its den, irresistibly attracted thereto by its favorite dainty. A post mortem examination of the unfortunate athlete's remains discovered no fewer than eighty-seven fractures of his bones, effected by the constriction of the serpent's coils. His death must have been instantaneous, as the spine was disarticulated in several places.

Extensive Bee Farm.

Near the village of Beeton, Ontario, Canada, there is a bee farm which is probably one of the most extensive and successful things of the kind in the world. It consists of four bee-yards situated at the angle of a square mile of country. The current year, so far, has proved favorable for honey. Mr. D. A. Jones, the owner, had at the end of July, already secured 50,000 lbs. of honey from 620 stocks of bees. The hives used are oblong pine wood boxes, with a cubic capacity of 3,240 in., the inside measure being 15x18x12. The proprietor expects a total yield for the year of 70,000 lbs. of honey from his 19,000,000 little workers, in which case he would net between $7,000 and $10,000 for the year's product, without taking into account the sale of swarms or of queen bees. This statement which we find in an exchange, as to the present being a good year for honey does not afree with some statements made on the subject.

THE Chinaman had a good grip on the idea when he spoke of the cucumber as "no belly good."

The Human Ear.

The internal ear is a wonderland, a diminutive one, it is true, but really great—astonishingly great in its very littleness—a fairy land, full of the realizations of dreams to be found in oriental story. In a space of less than one-half of a cubic inch, excavated out of the petrous portion of the temporal bone, there are to be found curiosities which the finest museum in the world can't afford. In the vestibule are miniature lakes; here, with pebbly otoconia or otolothes bathed in its depth, there, with whole forests of hair-like rods, looking like clusters of reeds, growing in the shallow water of some pond, while the whole is almost constantly tremulous with wavelets of sound transmitted from the objective world without to the subjective world within. Here in one place are to be found peculiar winding canals, each swelling at one extremity into strange, vase-like dilations, or ampullæ, while in another hangs a chain of minute bones, curious caricatures of familiar objects, all united together by the smallest ligaments, and moved by muscles so tiny that each will scarcely weigh more than a single grain. Here, in a recess of the bony cave, stands a wonderful small shell tower, with several pairs of spiral stairs, or scale, leading from the base, around a modicious of bone to the helicotremus summit. Nor does this tower lack for rooms or windows or doors. Here, with a peculiar spiral rooms, with a bony ledge for a floor, the bastar membrane for a carpet, and the membra tertoria for the ceiling, we find the most minute, and yet one of the most exquisitely formed, musical instruments in all the world—a veritable harp or piano, with no less than three thousand strings, so wonderfully formed, so delibately adjusted, that it trembles in responsive action to the slightest sound—now vibrating with tremulous delight as the incoming waves of sweet and delicious music float over its strings; then grating with tremulous disgust at the passage of hard and discordant noise. Ever faithful and true to its trust, it imitates perfectly every sound which comes to it from the outside world. Beneath the sounding board of this delicate little instrument as a nervous arrangement, which far outrivals the powers of the celebrated telephone. Here innumerable pearl-white threads or filaments, attached to the harp string or corsican fibers, bear onward in some mysterious manner, all the music of the instruments above, in all its original accuracy and distinctness, with all its variations in pitch and quality, and here by a process, imitated in the phonograph, the music is sealed up, and properly labeled, and stored away in some one of the secret recesses of the brain, to reappear again, it may be, scores of years thereafter.

An Arkansas Romance.

About twenty miles from Waldron, there lives an old man named Wayne. Aside from a hale, old style wife, there belongs to the family a beautiful girl, named Lulu. A few months ago, while the old man and lady were away from home, a young Indian named Wambo called at the house and asked for a drink of water. Lulu invited him into the house, where he remained in conversation for some time after he had received the aqueous fluid. The Indian had been well educated, and his handsome face and manly form immediately awakened in Lulu's bosom a sentimental interest, while Wambo, was pierced, as though by an arrow of his own ancient fathers, with a thrill of love. He pressed the maiden's hand when he left, and said that he would return. A week elapsed before the girl saw him again. This time the old people were at home, and, though the girl had not spoken to her parents in regard to the Indian, a suspicion was immediately awakened. However, the Indian and the girl spoke to each other sentimentally; so much so that an engagement of marriage was the result, the young Indian promising to come after the girl on the following night. The girl knew her father would be bitterly opposed to the union, and warned her lover. Next night, while the moon was shining, while the foliage was waving, the feet of the Indian brushed the dew from the grass. On his shoulder he bore a light ladder. Placing the ladder on the ground, he ascended to a window and peered into a room. In another instant he was tumbling to the ground. The old gentleman had discovered the plot, and, arming himself with a club, stood in the window. The Indian was not very badly hurt, and he had not more than gained his feet when the girl rushed from a down stairs room and joined him. Then the two began a flight through the woods, among the bushes, over the rocks. Afraid to shoot, the old man ran as rapidly as his long-used legs would allow him. In attempting to climb a ledge of rocks, the young lady's dress caught and held her fast. In trembling haste her lover tried to disengage her, but the old gentleman was upon them.

"If you love me, leave!" said the girl.

The Indian dashed away, and in another moment the girl's father stood beside her. She was marched back home. She is still there, but the young Indian, by no means slow, may make an outbreak at any moment.

A Story of the Farm.

Fifteen years ago there was a certain family of plain farmer folks working on rented land in one of the central counties north of San Francisco bay, and having been fortunate in obtaining one or two very good crops in seasons when the most of the State was a failure, they had perhaps ten or twelve thousand dollars in cash, teams and implements.

At this juncture the head of the family, being of the restless western type, concluded that it was advisable to make money faster. So happening to travel across the lower San Joaquin in early spring of a wet season, he was charmed, and forthwith rented, for a term of years, a large tract of land in that valley paying cash rent. There was a good crop the first year, but three successive failures followed. Then a half crop came, and more failures. Hoping against hope, they stayed, unable to leave, unwilling to acknowledge a mistake, until every dollar was gone.

This was in 1871, the process of losing all they had having taken seven years. There were five children, the oldest a girl capable of teaching school, three boys old enough to earn men's wages, and a little girl. The oldest daughter obtained a school in an adjoining county, and made regular remittances home. The boys sought work, but everything in the neighborhood was at a stand.still. The father, upon whom successive misfortunes had told heavily, went to the nearest town and sold his rifle, saddle and some long-treasured valuables. Then, harnessing up their only team, they left the barren place, called by courtesy a farm.

Night after night, as they sat about the roaring camp-fire, they asked each other, "What shall we do?" At last the mother spoke, with a woman's keen home-love and longing, as one night they camped in the dry bed of a stream, near a shaggy peak, above a valley of fertile farms; "We are wandering without a motive," she said. "Let us work and win a home and begin to-morrow." So she unfolded her plan.

The next morning they went into a large valley town where they had acquaintances. Within a week the father and the three boys were at work in the harvest field; the mother became housekeeper in a wealthy family, where she kept the youngest child with her; the oldest daughter was still teaching at increased salary. A family farm company was organized, it being understood that every possible dollar went toward the one purpose of buying a home which all should own. This was the mother's plan, and its effect was marvellous. It made men of the boys; it made the father forget his former losses; it brightened the whole outlook. Every cent saved was deposited where it drew interest. Before long, some leading gentlemen of the town became interested in the home-buying plan, of which they had heard, and did what they could to procure steady work for the family. This, however, was seldom needed, for their steadiness and anxiety to earn their wages were remarkable, and they were soon in constant demand.

At the end of the first year the home purchasing company made a creditable showing. The daughter, teaching at $90 a month, had sent $400. The three sons and their father had averaged $30 a month apiece besides their board, and they had spent nothing they could help, so that $1,200 represented their pile; while the mother added $150. These three items aggregate together with the interest, $1,808. The beginning was made.

Four years of steady, uncomplaining toil followed. In 1876 their accumulations, compounded semi-annually at seven per centum, amounted to $9,340.72. It would have been more but for some sickness in the family. They then chose a quarter section of good fertile land lying north of San Francisco Bay, in one of the Coast Range valleys. The price was $60 an acre, or $9,600 in all. They paid $0,000 down, bought teams, moved on the place, paid the balance in one year from crops and outside work, and are making it one of the prettiest farms in that whole region.

This is a truthful account of how a farm was lost and another gained in its place by a plucky American family, whose idea of a "home-buying company" ought to be remembered.

A Russian Legend.

There was once a young Russian prince who was as cruel as Russian princes alone can be. He made nothing of insulting and abusing any one; he would ruthlessly lead the chase across the fields of young corn which were the peasants only hope of subsistence, and make nothing of trampling down women, feeble old men or children if they were in his way.

On one occasion, being more than half-intoxicated, he saw a beautiful child playing in the road before the door of a poor peasant's hut, and rode deliberately over it, and when its mother with frantic cries rushed forth and lifted it from the ground. It was quite dead. The poor woman's grief was so great, the dead child was so beautiful, and the wrath of those who witnessed the scene was so intense, that even the cruel prince could not be quite indifferent to what he had done.

Having watched the woman for a while he drew his purse from his pocket and rode toward her.

"Here," said he, dropping it into her lap, "there is money enough to make you rich among other peasants. Doubtless you have more children, or will have. They are always plenty, one more or less, what does it matter! See, now, you are rich, stop crying."

But as he spoke, the woman lifted the purse in her hand and flung it in his face.

"Take back your blood money," she said. "My child was worth more to me than all the gold in Russia. But listen, insolent prince. A poor peasant woman can do no harm, but she can see the harm that is coming. My mother was a wise woman, I also can see into eternity. The horse that has been the death of my child will be the cause of yours ere long. Yes, he will rid the world of you—thank heaven. It is written. I read it. Go, and leave me with my dead."

As the woman spoke the prince turned pale. He was very superstitious, and the belief in prophecy was strong in those days Without making an answer, he rode away, His followers at his bidding scattered the contents of his purse amongst the crowd, who at once changed their curses into cheers, and the broken hearted woman was left alone.

As for the prince, he rode home as fast as he could, and so great was the impression made by the words the poor peasant mother had uttered, that he at once ordered his horse, a great favorite, of which he had been fonder than he ever was of any living human being, to be sent away to a distant portion of the country. The animal was to be cared for as though it were a were a human being; a house was to be built for him and he was to be closely confined therein, if he, the prince, himself, ever visited that country. Of course these orders were strictly obeyed. The favorite steed went into a sort of royal exile, and the prince used to ride other horses, when he trampled down other peasants' corn.

People remembered the prophecy, however, and many secretly hoped for its fulfilment. The unhappy mother had the reputation for a sort of second sight, believed in by those of her nation.

However, time passed on. A year went by—two—three—four. The fifth came. During all time the prince had heard no tidings of his banished favorite. At last he inquired about him and heard that he had been dead for a long while. Laziness and overfeeding had killed him

"So cried the prince, "he will not be my death at least! A dead horse can kill nobody."

And then, as though the creature were an enemy who had been thwarted in some evil intent, the desire to see his dead body and triumph over it, seized upon his master.

Attended by a great train, he set out for the place where the horse had lived and died. The remains had been laid, with respect in a sort of tomb built for the purpose.

"Let me see them," cried the prince.

His word was law. The tomb was opened. Only the skeleton of the poor beast remained, but inside this the prince stood with an absurd look of triumph upon his countenance.

"So!" cried he. "You were to be my death; were you? Ah, ah! you cannot run away with me now nor throw me. See how quietly you allow me to kick you!"

As he spoke he bestowed upon the skull of the dead animal a disdainful kick. But on the instant, his laughter turned into a cry of anguish, and his couriers saw him writhing on the ground in agony; close about his legs was twisted a black and hideous object with fierce eyes and darting head. It was a venomous serpent which had coiled itself within the hollow of the skull of the dead horse, and which kick the prince had given aroused to wrath.

The sting proved deadly. In a few hours the prince was dead. They bore him home to be buried in the tomb of his fathers. No one grieved for him; and at her door stood the peasant whose prophecy had been fulfilled. Other children now played at her knee, but she had not forgot her murdered little one.

Napoleon.

Josephine de Beauharnais was an ideal wife for a young and rising man of genius. She had everything that would appeal to a fancy like his; at once selfish and passionate. She had beauty, rank, the power of pleasing; and a certain indolent grace that promised an obedience reasonably free from jealousy. Up to the time he mounted the imperial throne and seated her by his side, she was all that his narrow heart and boundless ambition could desire. But after the marvelous victory at Wagram had opened up to his fevered imagination still wider perspectives of dominion, he looked for another style of wife, and found her in Marie Louise of Austria. Her blonde beauty, formed of pink and white color and roundly curving lines and the golden floss of a child's hair, appealed strongly to his jaded taste. He was not old, but, as he said to the Directory, "one ages fast upon the field of battle," and he wanted some such solace as this soft, unintellectual beauty (somebody has called it the Alderney style of prettiness) in his home, if such a word may be used of the Tuileries. Besides, he doubtless felt that an emperor should have an emperor's daughter to wife, and this was a young girl who had a hundred monarchs for her ancestors, and yet she would be gentle and obedient, and not argue with him or answer him, and would give him heirs. He was genuinely attached to her, and if he knew nothing about her, and had no premonition of Count Neipperg, it was all the better for him. She also was quite taken by storm with him, and for a while the novelty of being loved by an ogre—for such she had always considered him—was agreeable to her. But his tumultuous glory was quite too much for the daily food of such a human small being as the Empress, and she was doubtless relieved when the indignant soul left his body at Longwood, and she was free to follow her ignoble little heart and marry Neipperg.

Josephine would have had her revenge if she could have foreseen the course of history for even a few years. It is she, and not the pretty Austrian, who will be known forever as the wife of Napoleon. It is her statue that rises in marble in the public places of Paris. It is her name and those of her children that mark the great avenues of the metropolis—Avenue Josephene, La Reine Hortense, Boulevard du Prince Eugene. Though she was ousted remorselessly from a throne to make room for Maria Louisa, it was her children—the children of the creole proscript—who should become the tenants of palaces, and not those of her rival. The Duke of Richstadt was to pass a youth of inglorious pleasure and was to die before his prime, and leave no son to inherit his claims to empire; while the Beauharnais line was to stretch out like the swarm of Kings seen by the Thane of Cawdor in his vision. Eugene her heroic son, after the fall of the Napoleons, returned to the court of his father-in-law, the King of Bavaria, and became Prince of Eichstadt, Duke of Leuchtenberg, and first nobleman of the kingdom. His daughter united to the son of Bernadotte, became Queen of Sweden; another became a Princess of Hohenzollern, and a third Empress of Brazil. His oldest son won the hand of the Queen of Portugal, and the younger married a daughter of the Czar Nicholas of Russia. And whatever doubt might be thrown on the purity of the Napoleonic descent by which the Emperor Napoleon III, claimed the throne, he was unquestionably the son of Hortense, and was Beauharnis and Tascher-la-Pagerie beyond challenge. The grandson of Josephine, Louis Napoleon, ruled France in peace and with a sort of splendor for the space of twenty-two years while the period of the first Napoleon's reign counting Consulate and Empire together, was but fifteen—though so powerful was the personal imprint made by the uncle, and so vague was the individual character of the nephew that the shorter reign seems like an age, and the longer like an episode.

An Old Hunter.

Phin. Teeple is a Pennsylvania Hunter, seventy-five years old. He has hunted since he was eleven years old and claims to have killed 3,000 deer, over 400 bears and numberless wolves. He hunted in Wayne county when elk still roamed in the woods along the Delaware and relates many exciting adventures with that dangerous game. Panthers became extinct in Northeastern Pennsylvania since Phin. Teeple grew to manhood, and not a few of those fierce beasts have fallen before his rifle. He says that his score of bears killed could easily have been much larger, but he always considered them inferior game and never hunted them. All that he has killed were bears that came in his way voluntarily or by mistake. He has had hand-to-hand contests with brain. While the past twenty-five years game has grown too scarce in the woods of Pike and Wayne counties to render hunting either pleasurable or profitable to so impatient a hunter as Phin. So he has built a cabin in Potter county every year for a quarter of a century, where he finds sport more to his liking. He says that when he was twenty-five years old deer actually ran in herds in Wayne county as well as in Pike. He once shot six bucks in walking three miles, and he was not hunting, but returning home from a visit to a friend. When he was 14 years old he killed three deer at one shot. They stood in range and he fired at the nearest. The ball passed through it and the next one to it, and lodged in the kidneys of the third. The same season Phin. killed a panther after tracking it for ten miles through swamps. The panther had been prowling around for several days and had killed a number of cows. Phin. came up to the panther near the Susquehanna county line. It was crouching in a tree ready to spring. It did spring before the young hunter fired, but his bullet met the animal half way, and the panther fell dead, shot through the heart. The boy shouldered his victim and carried it all the way home. Phin. says he has killed deer, bear and elk where the public pack in Honesdale is now, the spot being a dense wilderness sixty years ago. A favorite reminiscence of old Phin's is the story of his adventure with a wounded deer on the border of Pike county, just above the Wallenpaupack Falls, near the present village of Hawley. He was hunting with two others, one of whom was the late Hon. Paul S. Preston, whose grandfather was an old-time Mayor of Philadelphia. Old Phin was standing on a runway, while his companions were "driving" the Paupack ridges. All at once an immense buck sprang into the creek near him. He put a ball behind its foreshoulder and the deer went down. It was up again in an instant and turned to come back out of the creek. Phin met it on the bank and a hand-to-hand fight at once commenced. The hunter saw that the deer was too much for him and turned and fled. The deer pursued. Phin took to a tree. The deer walked around the tree a few times and then lay quietly down. Phin had no gun, and as it was very cold and drawing near night his position was not enviable. He did not care to get out of the tree and fight the deer, as he knew by experience that a wounded buck is the worst thing in the world to tackle. Every move he made would cause the deer to jump to his feet and look up at the hunter in a manner that plainly said: "Come down, if you dare!" Phin hallooed for his companions, but could not get any reply. About midnight, when he was nearly dead from cold, he heard a shout. He answered, and soon his comrades came to his rescue. The buck seemed determined to see the thing out and made no move to escape. The dogs came up and it braved their attack. Paul Preston put an end to the belligerent buck by a ball from his never-failing rifle, and the tired hunter was rescued. That was fifty-five years ago, and yet old Phin will laugh for an hour over the recollection of his ridiculous and yet very unpleasant adventure. He says it was the only time a deer or any other animal ever got the best of him. Old Phin has two promising sons, Chris and Lije. They are both under twenty-five, but have been experienced hunters for years. When Lije was 19 he had hung up fourteen deer, and with his brother had killed several bears. A year or two ago, the day before Thanksgiving, they heard that a big bear had been seen around Duck Harbor pond, in the upper part of Wayne county. They resolved to go and give Bruin a tussle. Discovering his tracks along the edge of the pond they followed him to a den among the rocks. They commenced to smoke him out. He soon appeared at the mouth of his den, growling and showing his teeth. Lije was going to shoot him, but Chris said no, give the bear a chance. They smoked the den until the bear became enraged and rushed out at the hunters. He advanced on his hind feet, his forepaws ready to embrace his foe, and his red jaws distended. Lije drew his hatchet and advanced to meet the bear. When near enough he dealt it a fearful blow on the head, which dropped it to the ground. The two brothers then pitched in together, and, without firing a shot, soon dispatched the huge animal, with the loss of some clothing and the receipt of a few ugly scratches. They then dressed it and dragged it home. It weighed 300 pounds and furnished a Thanksgiving dinner for the whole neighborhood.

Danger in Powdered Starch.

The recent fire at Kansas City illustrates two things; the fact that powdered starch contains explosive qualities, and the conditions under which a starch explosion may occur. It is not essential to an explosion of this kind that the pulverized dust be distributed in explosive proportions through the whole of the air. All that is necessary is that a sufficient body of the dust be ignited to produce a volume of flame. This flame once started will fire the remaining dust scattered through the room, even if the quantity be small. The starch dust, which created an explosion in the Washburn mill, was small in quantity, but when once kindled, flashed through the dust of that entire portion of the mill. Employes in all three instances, describe a sudden flash of light preceding the explosion. An experiment in the matter may be easily made. A handful of finely powdered starch thrown bodily on the fire will not produce an explosion; there will be only ordinary combustion. But if a similar handful of starch powder be thrown upward and allowed to descend *in a cloud*, on an intensely heated furnace, there will be an instantaneous explosion; and if the whole room where the explosion occurs be filled with even a very light cloud of starch dust, the explosion occuring at the furnace will be extended throughout the room, and if there be other adjoining rooms in like manner charged with starch or flour dust and the doors be open, the explosion will extend through the whole building. These facts are quite sufficent to account for the explosion in Kansas City, and now that the matter is understood it only requires a little precaution to prevent the recurrence of such catastrophies. But it should be remembered that there is in a flour mill a danger similar to that which exists in a candy factory. In each case there is likely to be a cloud of starch dust which upon the concurrence of the proper conditions will produce a disastrous explosion. Pulverized starch and flour therefore need to be guarded against, as well as pulverized saltpetre, sulphur and charcoal.

Public Lands.

The annual report of the general land office shows that during the past fiscal year 9,333,000 acres of public lands were disposed of; 6,485,000 surveyed, in addition to 734,591,000 previously surveyed. The total number of acres of the public domain still unsurveyed is 1,081,000,000. Disposals were made as follows: Homestead entries, 3,266,000 acres; timber culture entries, 2,766,000; cash entries, 622,000; grants to railroads, 278,000; swamp lands, patented to states, 75,000; other grants to states, 186,000 acres. The amount surveyed the last fiscal year exceeds by 415,000 acres the total surveyed the previous year, while the report shows a falling off of 773,000 acres in cash sales, state selections, scrip locations and land patent'd for railroad grants. The increase in area taken up by settlers under the homestead and timber culture laws has been sufficient not only to counterbalance this falling off, but to make the aggregate disposals for the year greater by 637,000 acres than for the previous year. The increase in homestead entries was 812,000 acres, in timber culture entries, 896,000. Owing to the existing laws for the disposal of public lands for homestead and timber culture it is shown that during the last year, with a larger disposal of land, there were received from all sources $1,883,000, less by $139,000 than the amount received the previous year. Large deposits of coal and iron exist in the public lands in Alabama, far removed from the means of transportation, and it is suggested that they be disposed of on the same terms as agricultural lands.

A Relic of the Past.

At Gaza, on the 6th ult., an Arab was quarrying stone at a place about four and a half miles distant from the town, and unearthed a marble figure of a man. The following are the dimensions given by an Arab eye witness, namely: "Three feet from top of head to end of beard; 27