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H. T. HELMBOLD'S

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SOLD EVERYWHERE

THE LITTLE GRAVE ON THE HILL.

There's a spot on the hillside far away,
Where, in summer, the grass grows green
Where, beneath a rustling elm tree's shade,
A moss-covered stone is seen.
'Tis a quiet and unfrequented spot,
A solitude, lone and wild;
Yet—somebody's hopes are buried there—
'Tis the grave of a little child.

In winter, alas! that mossy stone
Is hid 'neath a shroud of snow,
But around it, in spring time, fresh and sweet,
The daisies and violets grow;
And o'er it the summer breezes blow,
With a fragrance soft and mild,
And the Autumn's dead leaves thickly strew
That grave of a little child.

And every year there's a red-breast comes,
When the month of May is nigh,
And builds her nest in this quiet spot,
'Mid the elm tree's branches high;
While her melody sweet, by the spot, she trills,
As if by the scene beguiled.
Perhaps—who knows?—'tis an angel comes
To the grave of that little child.

Yes, somebody's hope lies buried there,
Somebody's mother is weeping in vain,
For, though years may come and years may go,
'Twill never come back again.
Yet blessed are those who die in youth,
The pure and undefiled;
Some road to heaven perchance, runs through
The grave of a little child.

A Husband's Hint.

Women, in some things, are so silly and ridiculous!"

Here John Harding laid down the magazine article he had been reading, and which had for its theme the apparently inexhaustible one—the follies and shortcomings of the sex to which he had alluded.

Mrs. Harding glanced up from the bow she was fashioning to the solemn face of the speaker.

"In some things? That is encouraging surely! I've known numbers of men that were silly and ridiculous in so many. What is it now, I wonder?"

Loftily oblivious to the quiet sarcasm in these words, Mr. Harding continued.

"Just look at the way they dress, for instance."

"Oh!"

"Not only devoid of common sense, but of all artistic elegance and beauty."

"Really, John," retorted Mrs. Harding, drawing her needle through her work with so much energy as to snap the thread, "however silly women may be in your estimation, I think they might know how and in what style to dress."

"They might, I suppose," was the cool response; "but that they don't is very evident. Have you read 'Dress, its Relation to Health and Beauty,' in the last 'Monthly?'"

"No," responded Mrs. Harding, with a toss of the head. "It is written by some man, I suppose."

"No matter who it is written by; it is sound sense, every word of it. I wish you would study that article, Mary; it would do you an immense deal of good. I don't mean to say that you haven't sense in a good many things, which surprise me all the more that you should show so little in the way you dress."

Mrs. Harding's red cheeks grew stil redder.

"John Harding!"

"There now, Mary, don't fly into a passion because I tell you the truth, and all for your own good. Just look at the trimming on the skirt of your dress, for instance; according to all artistic rule, the line should be unbroken from the waist to the feet, and here it is cut up and destroyed in half a dozen places!"

"Have you ever seen me in a dress whose skirt is entirely plain, or, as you term it, with the line unbroken from waist to feet?"

"No; but I should be glad to do so."

"You would? Have you any further complaint to make? If you have, I beg that you won't be at all backward about stating it."

"I don't mean to be. There's the hat you wear. That is what you call it, I suppose, though for any use it performs it might as well be called anything else; a mass of ribbons, feathers, and flowers piled up as high as possible, and worn upon the back of the head."

"Anything further?"

"Yes. Look at the way the hair is worn by nine-tenths of the ladies—yours among 'em. Part of it in a snarl on the forehead, and the rest braided and festooned at the back of the head."

"How would you have me arrange it, Mr. Harding?"

"Why, simply drawn back from the forehead and coiled low at the back of the head so as to preserve its classic outline. Something like it is in this picture. See?"

Mrs. Harding glanced at the picture to which her husband pointed—that of a very lovely girl, with small, regular features, and whose wavy hair was loosely knotted at the back.

"Yes, I see. But I don't think you ever saw my hair dressed in that style."

"It would be an immense improvement if you would dress it so. You'd look like quite another person."

"I think I should, but have you no further suggestions to make? Your ideas are so original that they interest me."

"Not at present," returned Mr. Harding biting off the end of a cigar he intended to light as soon as he got out on the steps.

A few minutes later he put his head back into the room where his wife was sitting.

"I shall be here with the ponies at three, Mary. Don't keep me waiting."

Mrs. Harding belonged to that large class of ladies whose attractions depend more or less on their style of dress, and no one understood this more than she. She knew her strong and weak point, and how to bring out the one and conceal the other.

Mrs. Harding spent the greater part of the morning in the attic overhauling a chest that belonged to her husband's aunt; apparently well repaid for her trouble by the garments fished up out of its dark depths, and which she carried to her own room.

Out of these she fashioned a dress similar in style to one for which her husband had expressed so much admiration.

"I hate to disfigure myself so!" she thought, as the straight folds fell lankily around the tall, thin form, making it look still more tall and thin; "but nothing else will cure John; and if he keeps on, he'll drive me frantic!"

Then she proceeded to take down the heavy braids of hair, and combing it smoothly from the forehead over the ear, arranging it in a pug low at the back of the head.

"Good gracious! I didn't suppose anything could make me look so much like a fool!" ejaculated Mrs. Harding, as she noted the change it made in her appearance. "But no matter; it's only for once, and I think I can stand it, if he can."

Taking a round, flat hat, very much in vogue a few years ago, and whose only ornament was a ribbon around the crown, Mrs. Harding went into the parlor.

She did not have long to wait. Ten minutes later John came up to the door, in an open phaeton, drawn by the well-matched grays that were the pride of his heart.

Running up the steps, he opened the door of the room where his wife sat.

He stared at her for a moment in dumb amazement.

"Heaven and earth! Mary, is it you? I thought it was—I don't known what! What have you been doing to yourself?"

"I have been trying to carry out the hints you gave me this morning in regard to dress. I hope it suits you, and that you admire its effect?"

"Well, no," responded Mr. Harding, taking a critical survey of the odd-looking figure before him; "I can't say that I do. To speak plainly, you look like a fright!"

"I must say, John," retorted his wife, with an injured air, "that you are very hard to suit and very unreasonable. I have spent the greater part of the morning in following out the suggestions you gave me at breakfast and still you find fault. What is it now, I'd like to know? Here is the unbroken sweep of skirt; the classic outline of the head—I think that is what you call it. And you surely cannot say that this hat is too high, or that its elegant simplicity—I quote your own words—is destroyed by any superabundance of flowers, feathers and ribbons."

Mr. Harding turned very red.

"That is all nonsense, Mary. I had only three hours at my disposal, and it's now half-past three. I thought I should find you all ready."

"I shall be ready in half a minute," replied his wife, tying on her hat.

Mr. Harding looked at her in horrified astonishment.

"Do you think that I am going to take you out in such a dress as that? Why, you look like an escaped lunatic!"

Just then the door-bell rang.

"It's Mr. Howe," said Mr. Harding, as he listened to the voice, in reply to the servant who answered it. For pity's sake go up stairs and put on something decent. I wouldn't have him see you in that dowdy thing for any consideration!"

"Will you promise——"

"I'll promise anything!" interposed Mr. Harding, drawing his wife towards the door which opened into the back parlor, and through which she disappeared just as their visitor was announced.

In an almost incredibly short space of time Mrs. Harding entered the parlor, where her husband and their guest were seated, looking so different that no one not intimately acquainted with her would have recognized her.

Mr Harding drew a long sigh of relief as he looked at the pretty, tastily-attired woman of whom he had often spoken to his friend Howe, and to whom he was so proud to present her.

In the gay and animated conversation that followed, and all the pleasant thoughts to which it gave rise, he forgot everything else; not so Mrs. Harding. As soon as the door closed after their visitor, she turned her laughing eyes full upon her husband's face.

"Now, John, let us have a fair and clear understanding; I want to suit you if possible. Which of these two styles of dressing do you wish to adopt?"

"I shouldn't suppose you'd ask me such a question, Mary. Seeing you once in the peculiar costume you assumed is quite enough for me I assure you."

"I assumed it to please you—don't forget that."

"You've failed in your object, then. To speak frankly, I didn't suppose it possible for you to look so downright ugly in anything."

"You are not over complimentary," she replied, laughing. "But no matter; if you are satisfied, I am. Don't look so crestfallen, John; you are not a bit more inconsistent than the rest of your sex, who give ours so much sage advice in regard to matters they know nothing about. If the wives and daughters of these modern Solomons should dress as they advise other people's wives and daughters to do, they wouldn't be seen in the street with them."

A Miraculous Escape.

Mark Quinn, a miner, employed in the El Paso mine, on Freyer Hill, Leadville, took a terrible tumble recently. He had just fired off a blast at the bottom of the shaft, 225 feet below the surface, and had started down in the bucket or tub, which was being lowered by a man named Patrick Roach. When about ten feet from the windlass the brake bolt broke and for a moment it looked as if Quinn's time had come. But Roach, with rare presence of mind, caught hold of the detached rope on the lower end of which his friend hung suspended. "Hold on there, Mark, my boy," shouted Pat, "and I'll bring ye up." Quinn held on, but Pat found it impossible to hold him. Little by little the rope slipped through his hands. He held on like grim death, but the cruel rope dragged through his grasp, tearing away skin and flesh. Finding he could not sustain the weight, he despairingly cried: "I can't hold on no longer, pard—good bye," and let go. Down went Quinn into the dark, deep abyss—a sheer fall of nearly 225 feet. Pat started off for help to take out, what he supposed to be, a mangled corpse. The surprise of the rescuers may be imagined when, going down the shaft, they found Mark Quinn almost unhurt. He was able to walk home to his cabin without assistance.

A Mean Man.

"Speaking of gall," remarked a printer in a Nevada beer saloon, "talking of solid cheek, I never saw a man who had more of it than Pete Bilvens of Kansas City. Three of us used to room together there in 1872. One night in July—it was so hot that if you'd chuck water on the side of a house it would sizz like so much hot iron—we concluded to go down and sleep on one of the timber rafts on the river. Well, we got on the rafts with our blankets. Just before turning in, Pete Bilvens said he guessed he'd cool off by taking a swim. I knew the current would snatch him right under, but didn't want to give him any advice, and he dived off the end of the raft. The undertow caught and sent him out of sight in about three seconds. As soon as we saw that he was drowned, me and the other chap went for his effects. We found $8.20 in his pants pocket and an old watch. We took 'em up town and soaked the clothes for $9 and sold the watch for $12. Then we went 'round town on a sort of a jamboree and spent the money. About 5 o'clock in the morning we were drinking up the last dollar with some of the boys at the Blue Corner, when who should walk in but Pete himself in an old suit of clothes that he'd borrowed of a man three miles down the river. And hang me if he didn't demand his clothes, and the next day he was 'round dunning us for the paltry sum of $8.50. The gall of some men's enough to paralyze a Louisiana alligator."

The Coldest Town.

This is Jakutsk or Yakootsk, chief town of the province of that name in Eartern Siberia, or the left bank of the river Lena, 44 deg. 1 min. north, longitude 119 deg. 26 min. east, and distant from St. Petersburg 5,951 miles. The ground remains continually frozen to the depth of 300 feet, except in midsummer, when it thaws 3 feet at the surface. During ten days in August the thermometer marks 85 degrees, but from November to February it ranges from 42 to 68 degrees below zero, and the river is solid ice for nine months out of the twelve. The entire industry of the place—population about 5,000—is comprised in candleworks, and yet it is the principal market of Eastern Siberia for traffic with hunting tribes of the Buriats. The former, mostly nomadic, having large herds of horses and cattle, bring to market butter, which is sent on horseback to the port of Okhotsk. The Buriats, also nomadic, bring quantities of skins of sable foxes, martens, hares, squirrels and the like, and many of them are sold at the great fair in June, which, with May, is the active period of the year. In May collected goods are conveyed to the seaports, whence they are sent in every direction. The merchandise, chiefly furs and mammoth tusks, sold at the fair amount in value 400,000 roubles ($300,000).

Wonderful Escape.

The trail leading to the Metamoras mine Nevada is both steep and narrow, and winds along the side of Prospect mountain from the base to almost the summit. In places the descent from it is very precipitous, falling off almost perpendicularly for a distance of two or three hundred feet. Several pack-mules have been killed by being pushed off at these points, but no accident has ever happened to the hardy miner and prospector who pass over it, until recently, and this fortunately was not a fatal one. The snowfall had almost obliterated the pathway, making it peculiarly dangerous, and when James Ahearn attempted to make the ascent, he was forced to grope his way blindly trusting to his knowledge of the route to carry him over safely. It was not sufficient, however, for when about half way up he slipped from the icy crust, and before he could recover himself he was traveling down the side of the mountain at a rate of speed only equaled by a meteor. While the snow was the immediate cause of Ahearn's disaster, it was also his salvation, for it not only preserved him from contact with the rocks as he plunged down, but received him in its soft embrace at his stopping place, some 250 feet from the point of departure. As it was, his clothes were rent and torn, so was his skin in sundry places, and, while no bones were broken, there were aggregate bruises that will painfully remind him of his experience for some time to come.

Superstitious About Rabbits.

In nearly all the languages the syllable *su* is the prefix of the Indian name for rabbit, while the word for white is *wab* or *wap*, indifferently. A writer mentioned many examples, as wap-me-me, "white pigeon." The Illinois name wabos was probably applied to the Lepus Americanus, whose winter coat is white, and hence the connection. The root-word wab, however, forms a porion of words of seemingly totally different meaning, but Judge Henderson thought a key was to be found to the whole diversity. White is an emblem of purity and sacred color, and with it is associated the idea of light, which is of such fructifying power in the earth, and calls forth so many beauties. With it is also associated the idea of heaven and angels of goodness. Among the Cherokees, Lenni-Lenape, and other tribes white was an emblem of peace, friendship' prosperity, and holiness; and the Iroquois sacrificed white dogs to the Great Spirit, and consecrated to Him all other albino animals. Among the Apaches of the West white birds were regarded as possessing souls of divine origin, and to the Plains Indians the white buffalo is a sacred object, like the white elephant of Siam; while some of the California tribes consider a white wolf-skin a badge of chieftainship. This was carried, to a great extent, in the robes of the High Priest of the Cherokees, and they all wrapped their dead in pure white deer-skin. Various Eastern tribes sent white wampum, feathers, and other objects as symbols of peace, just as red was a sign of war; and they had "imperial standards" of feathers from the white tail of the bald-eagle. Among the Sothern Indians the white laurel was the tree of peace, and they spoke of it as spreading its branches over the white ground. Light or white being sacred, therefore it is easy to understand why white animals should be also regarded so. The third brother of the Great Spirit, Wabosso, who fled to the north as soon as he saw the light, and who changed into a white rabbit, under that form became canonized. The name of the great central Deity Himself in many languages has the root "white" in it, as also the word for heaven, and the word for sorcery or "medicine." The sacred regard which it was known was paid to the serpent, also, is shown in the fact that in Algonquin the syllable *wa* occurs in many of the names of reptiles. The three most sacred animals to the Indian were the hare, the owl, and the serpent, and they are the ones around which cluster a host of myths in the Old World. The superstition about the evil omen of a hare crossing your path, for instance, is very ancient inhabitants of Ireland killed all the hares they found among there cattle on May day, believing them witches who had designs on the butter. A Calmuck regards the rabbits in the same light, and many primitive people used them for divination, and refused to eat their flesh. The remains of the lake dwellers of Switzerland and of the ancient Danes show no bones of the hare, for example, thus supporting Cæsar's account of the awful horror in which the animal was held by the Britons of his day. Our Eastern Indians seem not to have eaten it; but those in the West and North did so. Another curious fact is that the animal was sculptured on the sacrificial stone in ancient Mexico, and was the "sign" of the divine years in the Mexican Calender, while celebrations and sacrifices in its honor were the most numerous of all.

American Superstitions.

The following superstitions handed down by tradition, are yet fervently believed in many parts of America: White specks on the nails are luck. Whoever reads epitaphs loses his memory. To rock the cradle when empty is injurious to the child. To eat while a bell is tolling for a funeral causes toothache. The crowing of a hen indicates some approaching disaster. When a mouse gnaws a gown some misfortune may be apprehended. He who has teeth wide asunder must seek his fortune in some distant land. Whoever finds a four leaf trefoil (shamrock) should wear it for good luck. Beggar's bread should be given to children who are slow in learning to speak. If a child less than twelve months old be brought into a cellar he becomes fearful. When children play soldiers on the roadside it foreboded the approach of war. A child grows proud if suffered to look into a mirror while less than twelve months old.

Novel Dinner Decorations!

Not long ago a christening dinner was given in an uptown residence, in New York one feature of which was novel In front of each of the twelve guests at table was a miniature model of the font in Grace church with a Liliputian cradle at its base. The font was made of wood, covered with silk, and delicate painted with all the symbols, tracery and even the delicate gold lettering about the rim—"Except a man be born of water and of the spirit he cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven"—that appears upon the original. Natural flowers filled the fonts. On the front of each small silken cradle, wrought in fanciful gold letters and foliage and blossoms, appeared the name of the baby "Ethel," and the date of her birth. Attached to each cradle was a silken ribbon, upon which was painted the name of one of the guests. After dinner these pretty things were carried off by those before whom they were placed as souvenirs of the occasion. The cost of these were twenty-five dollars.

A Vampire Cat.

Mr. French, who was staying at the Virginia Hotel at Mobile, recently retired to rest at an early hour and soon fell into a deep slumber. After the lapse of an hour or two he was aroused by a feeling of overpowering oppression and suffocation, and was horrified to find that a huge cat was sitting on his breast and had its head inserted in his mouth sucking away his breath. He found himself in an almost exhausted condition; so much so that he was unable to shake off the vampire fiend attaching him. Struggle as he would the cat only fastened its claws the deeper in his chest, and went on at its horrible feast. His groans and cries of agony, however, fortunately brought some neighboring lodgers to his relief and he was rescued from his frightful position. Even then they were compelled to turn him out of bed and roll him over and over on the floor before the cat could be made to release its hold and abandon its purpose. Mr. French's face and chest bore frightful evidences of his terrible battle with the monster.

Never.

Never exaggerate.
Never point at another.
Never betray a confidence.
Never wantonly frighten others.
Never leave home with unkind words.
Never neglect to call upon your friends.
Never laugh at the misfortunes of others.
Never give a promise that you do not fulfill.
Never send a present hoping for one in return.
Never speak much of your own performances.
Never fail to be punctual at the time appointed.
Never make yourself the hero of your own story.
Never pick the teeth or clean the nails in company.
Never fail to give a polite answer to a civil question.
Never present a gift saying it is of no use to yourself.
Never read letters which you may find addressed to others.

Mystery of Scent.

No one has yet been able to analyze or demonstrate the essential action of perfume. Gas can be weighed, but not scent. The smallest known creature—the very monades of life—can be caught by a microscopic lens, and made to deliver up the secrets of their organization, but what is it that emanates from the pouch of the musk-deer that fills a whole space for years with its penetrating odor—an odor that an illimitable number of extraneous substances can carry on without diminishing its size and weight—and what it is that the warm summer air brings to us from the flowers, no man has yet been able to determine. So fine, so subtle, so imponderable; it has eluded our most delicate weights and measures and our strongest senses. If we come to the essence of each odor, we should have made an enormous stride forward, both in hygiene and in chemistry, and none would profit more than the medical profession if it could be as conclusively demonstrated that such an odor proceeds from such and such a cause, as we already know of sulphur, sulphate, hydrogen, ammonia and the like.

A Singular Defence.

A lawsuit once settled some strikingly original features. Among other articles, a lady purchased a coffee pot. But neither she nor her maid could make good coffee from it, and it was returned to the dealer. He refused to receive it, and the husband sued him. In court the defendant managed his own case. The manner of procedure was very unique, to say the least. The dealer took the coffee pot and a liberal supply of coffee, sugar and cream, a gasoline stove and a coffee mill into the court-room. The coffee was ground in the presence of the jury, the gasoline lit in the stove, water and coffee were put in the pot, and allowed to boil over the gasoline blaze. At length the concoction was pronounced complete, properly mixed with sugar and cream, and passed to the jurors and the justice. What jury could withstand such sweet blandishments! They called for more, and as there was plenty and to spare, their request was granted. At length the jury retired for consultation, and on returning, rendered a verdict for the man who made the coffee. It generally pays to appeal to the appetite of men.

The Cockney Walk.

Most Englishmen of the lower middle class and the lower class in cities have a way of walking which is a distinguishing habit of common life. They lay themselves out in their walking, as if they were doing a day's work. They walk not only with their feet and legs, but with their hips and their shoulders and their arms, not swinging the latter; but arching them out more or less from their sides and putting them forward stiffly as they step. Withal they look conscious of their walking and seem well pleased that they are doing the correct thing. This gait and carriage of body is most remarkable in the soldiers that one see about the streets of London and of garrison towns, like Canterbury, and in the vulgar creature who has come to be known by the generic name of 'Arry. You will meet two soldiers tightened up to the extreme of endurance in their scarlet shell jackets, with their little flat caps to far down the sides of their heads that you cannot see why they hesitate at coming down all the way, and these two fellows, one of whom is pretty sure to carry a rattan with a jaunty air, will take up the room of three men by the set-out of their four arms from their four sides, and will walk as if their locomotion, instead of being by human muscles, were by clock-work and steam. The number of their imitators cannot be told, but an English gentleman has none of this toilsome swagger. He walks quite easily and, generally, with a good, manly stride, just as men of corresponding condition of life in Boston, New York or Philadelphia will walk. But in those places you will not see in persons of inferior condition that strange mode of locomotion which I have endeavored to describe.

Executions by Electricity.

Dr. W. A. Hammond, of New York, says electricity would be an uncertain agent of death, and condemns the idea that it can be used in capital punishment. Even a terrific stroke of lightning does not always kill, and the spectacle of a criminal running about naked or lying with his limbs broken after a deputy sheriff had performed on him with a galvanic battery, would be even more disgraceful than the scenes which now sometimes occur at executions. What the tremendous power of nature cannot invariably do is not likely to be always accomplished by the comparitively ridiculous means for generating electricity at the command of man. Probably the most effectual kind of electricity would be that known as statical, which is identical with atmospheric lightning; but the machines for generating it will not work in wet weather, and if an instrument could be constructed powerful enough under favorable circumstances to kill a man, the execution would probably have to be deferred from day to day till the hygrometric state of the air was suitable.

A Roman Treasure.

Early in the morning of the 1st of June, a lad engaged in repairing the drain of the house No. 23 Via della Stellatta in Rome, Italy, found a little shiny piece of metal and put it in his pocket, waiting for the chance to show it to some connoisseur. In the meanwhile a good deal of the dirt from the drain was carried away in the direction of Porto Angelica. The lad had his piece examined by a goldsmith opposite, and he was just receiving twenty francs for it when the head mason and the owner of the house, who had heard somehow of the affair, came to stop the bargain at the right moment. Search was made immediately on the spot, and 142 gold coins were found scattered between the drain and the walls of the house. Policemen were sent after the carts; they overtook them just outside Porto Angelica, examined the contents, and found forty-two more coins, to the great amazement of the drivers, who had no idea they were removing gold from such an unexpected mine. The treasure numbers, consequently, 184 gold coins of the largest size, perfectly fresh, as if they had just been taken from the Mint. The period to which they belong goes from 1450 to 1550; the earliest are of Pius II., the others of Innocent VIII., Alexander VI., Julius II., Leo X., Hadrian VI., Clement VII., and Paul III. Nearly one-third belongs to Clement VII., a few coins to the Visconti's of Milan and the Wladslaws of Hungary. I am sure some were engraved by artists worthy to vie with Donatello or Benvenuto; they are of exquisite beauty. The next day Mgr. Casali, the owner, was offered 36,800 francs for the group. Of course he refused. The treasure was not concealed carefully in one single spot; the pieces lay scattered in more than 1,000 cubic feet of dirt.

A Monster Time-Piece.

The large clock at the English House of Parliament is the largest one in the world. The four dials in this clock are twenty-two feet in diameter. Every half minute the minute hand moves nearly seven inches. The clock will go eight days and a half, and will only strike for seven and a half, thus indicating any neglect in winding it up. The winding up of the striking apparatus takes two hours. The pendulum is fifteen feet long; the wheels are cast iron; the hour-bell is eight feet high, and nine feet in diameter, weighing nearly fifteen tons and the hammer alone weighs more than four hundred pounds. This clock strikes the quarter hours and by its striking the short hand reporters regulate their labors. At every strike a new reporter takes the place of the old one, while the first retires to write out the notes that he has taken during the previous fifteen minutes.

How Deeply Does the Earth Quake?

The recent earthquake at Virginia City was not noticed at all in the mining depths, but only by people on the surface. The famous earthquake of sometime ago, which shook down chimneys and fire-walls, cracked brick buildings and did other damage, was merely noticed by some of the miners working in the upper levels, but it did no damage, not even shaking down loose stones and earth. The station men in the various shafts felt it the strongest, and the deepest point where it was noticed was by the station-tender at the 900-foot level of the Imperial-Empire shaft—900 feet below the surface. He said it felt like a sudden faint throb or pulsation of the air, as though a blast had been left off at a distance above, below, or in some indefinite direction. In some of the mines the shock was not noticed at all, even by station-men.

Tastes Differ.

Some of the curious habits indulged in by distinguished artists in order to retain or strengthen themselves in their moments of rest during the exercise of the voice: The Swedish tenor Lobelt ate two salted cucumbers; Wachtel swallows the yolk of an egg, beaten up with sugar; Carl Formes drinks porter; Pasia drank porter; Mme. Sontag ate sardines; Mlle. Desparre drinks warm water; Adelina Patti takes seltzer water; Christine Nilsson, beer; Mme. Malibran, in opposition to all the customs of singers, ate supper half an hour before the performance; Miss Kellogg takes beef tea, and Miss Cary takes "Tom and Jerry" sometimes and sometimes porter.

The Helmsly Thing.

Helmsly had been a charming place in its day.

But when we found it, it had, as my little sister Jennie expressed it, "run to seed."

The beautiful grounds were overrun with weeds, covering with their rank growth statues, vases, and fountains.

But as Jennie again said, the old house was "perfectly delicious."

It was of two stories with attics.

A great rambling old place with dim corridors running hither and thither into the oddest out-of-the-way places.

Jennie and I had gone down with a retinue of servants to superintend the cleaning preparatory to the advent of the rest of the family.

Late in the evening of the second day we were sitting on the old settee, in front of a decaying fire, discussing various matters of interest.

A small lamp burned on the mantel before a large mirror had been hung a little before dark.

I had just proposed going to bed, as the servants had done so an hour before, and the bare, unscrpeted rooms and halls seemed dreadfully cheerless and lonely.

The answer that I received was a clutch on the arm.

I turned and looked at Jennie, and shocked as I was by her ghastly face, my eyes involuntarily followed her to the glass above the mantel.

To describe my terror and horror would be impossible.

Like Jennie, I sat petrified, and gazed with eyes that seemed starting from my head.

It was so ghastly a thing to confront us at that hour!

It was a small, cowering, dark object—a shapeless mass with a face of deathly pallor, from which burned two great shining eyes, a tangle of black hair falling almost to the heavy eyebrows.

It crouched just without the open door leading into one of the many corridors, eyeing us with terrible intentions.

At last I shook off the terror and sprang to my feet. I snatched the lamp from the mantel with the intention of investigating the strange object.

My hasty movement extinguished it. The fire was too low to admit of more than a fitful gleam of light, and our sense of horror for the moment was frightful.

Jennie succumbed to it utterly. With a gurgling cry she sank fainting upon the settee.

This spurred me to an effort.

Catching a paper from the settee, I tore off a piece with frantic haste, and in spite of my shaking hands, succeeded in relighting the lamp.

Then I hurried to the doorway. But nothing was there.

Lacking the courage to pursue my investigations, I returned to Jennie, first carefully closing and locking the door.

After a little attention Jennie came to her senses. She looked up at my pale face and gasped:

"Where—where is the thing?"

I told her all I knew about it, and after a little we crept timidly up to our room.

We slept little; but in the warm, sunny day that broke the "thing," as Jennie called it seemed far less terrifying.

The day went on smoothly enough till near twilight, when a piercing shriek from Jennie called us to the great stairway.

"What is the matter?" I cried, as Jennie stood gazing in white terror at the attic landing far above her head.

"The thing! the thing!" she shrieked: and again she fainted.

Leaving her in the care of one of the servants who had rushed after me, I took the others, and hurried determinedly up to the attics.

We searched from one end to the other, but found nothing.

Suddenly one of the men called out, hastily:

"There's something shaking that roll of canvas among the rafters there!"

And with the words he jerked it down, and from its folds tumbled a little misshapen creature—a dwarfed hunchback, his uncanny form rendered still more uncanny by a short cloak cast about his shoulders.

"You little imp, what are you doing here?" demanded the servant, grasping him by the shoulder before he could escape.

"No harm please?" piteously gasped the mite, lifting a pair of great soft eyes to my face. "I'm only Drat, the little beggar! I ain't no friends, an' I ain't no home."

That melted my heart.

"There, James, let him go," I interfered; "you hurt him!"

And then, addressing this singular piece of humanity, I said:

"Why have you been prowling about and frightening us half to death? Why—"

"Please'm I ain't frightened you half you've frightened me!" whined the culprit, a big tear coursing a white line over his dirty cheeks.

"But why did you not knock at the door and ask for shelter?" I asked, with difficulty restraining a smile.

"I was afeard they'd give me a pair o' cuffs."

And now a full tide poured cleansingly over his cheeks.

"A pair of cuffs!" I echoed, in amazement.

But James here burst into a laugh, explaining.

"He means, Miss, that he was afraid we'd cuff his ears."

"I es'm!" assented Drat, as I gave vent to an "Oh!"

And then he added:

"I was here fust m!"

"Oh, you were?" I laughed.

I stood a minute looking at him thoughtfully, after which I asked, slowly:

"Do you think you could work? Could you make yourself useful if I should keep you, and give you a home here?"

"Deed I kin'm!" he gasped, eagerly. "Oh, keep me'm! keep me! I ain't got nobody!"

"I will," I said, deeply touched. "James, take him down and give him a bath, and then get him something to eat. I will go and try to manufacture a clean suit of some kind."

And so the Helmsly Thing became what Jennie christened the Helmsly Page. And never did a more faithful servant and friend live than our little Drat. Heaven bless him!

Snow Two Hundred Feet Deep.

The following remarkable account of enormous snow-falls in north-western India, shows what a world of vapor is carried inland on the monsoons from the India ocean, to strike against the loftiest mountain-chain in the world and be precipitated in such snows and rains as occur on the middle slopes and foot-hills of the Himalayas. About the sources of some of the great rivers of India occur the heaviest rains ever known; and farther east, in Cashmere, it seems the snows are sometimes terrific. Some interesting details of the extraordinary snowfall in Cashmere in 1877-78 are given in a paper in the just-issued number of the Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, by Mr. Lydekker. Early in the month of October, 1877, snow commenced to fall in the valley and mountains of Cashmere, and from that time up to May, 1878, there seems to have been an almost incessant snowfall in the higher mountains and valleys; indeed, in places it frequently snowed without intermission for upwards of ten days at a time. At Dras, which has an elevation of ten thousand feet, Mr. Lydekker estimated the snowfall, from the native account, as having been from thirty to forty feet thick. The effect of this enormous snowfall were to be seen throughout the country. At Dras, the well-built traveler's bungalow, which has stood some thirty years, was entirely crushed down by the weight of snow which fell upon it. In almost every village of the neighboring mountains more or less the log houses had fallen, while at Gulmarg and Sonomarg, where no attempt was made to remove the snow, almost all the huts of the European visitors were utterly broken down by it. In the higher mountains whole hillsides have been denuded of vegetation and sod by the enormous avalanches which swept down them, leaving vast gaps in the primeval forests, and closing the valleys below with the debris of rocks and trees. As an instance of the amount of snow which must have fallen in the higher levels, Mr. Lydekker mentions the Zogi Pass, leading from Cashmere to Dras, which has an elevation of 11,300 feet. He crossed this early in August last year, and then found that the whole of the ravine leading up to the pass from the Cashmere side was still filled with snow, which he estimated in places to be at least one hundred and fifty feet thick. In ordinary seasons this road in the Zogi pass is clear from snow sometimes during the month of June. As another instance of the great snowfall, Mr. Lydekker takes the valley leading from the town of Dras up to the pass separating that place from the valley of the Kishengunga river. About the middle of August almost the whole of the first mentioned valley, at an elevation of twelve thousand feet, was completely choked with snow, which in places at least was two hundred feet deep. In the same districts all passes over thirteen thousand feet were still deep in snow at the same season of the year. Mr. Lydekker gives other instances of snow lying in places in September, where no snow had ever before been observed in June. As to the destruction of animal life in the upper Wardwan valley, large numbers of ibex were seen imbedded in snow; in one place upward of sixty heads were counted, and in another not less than one hundred. The most convincing proofs, however, of the havoc caused among the wild animals by the great snowfall is the fact that scarcely any ibex were seen during last summer in these portions of the Wardwan and Tilail valleys which are ordinarily considered as sure finds. So, also, the red bear and the marmot were far less numerous than usual. Mr. Ledekker estimates that the destruction to animal life caused by snow has far exceeded any slaughter which could be inflicted by sportsmen during a period of at least five or six years.

Electric Eels.

The gymnotus is that peculiar fish which at its pleasure gives electric discharges, and thereby stuns the animal it desires to make its prey. Its principal home is in the rivers and lagoons of South Africa, where it is the terror of all other animals, not even excepting the cayman, the American crocodile. One of these eels, two metres in length, can give a shock which will reduce to powerlessness the oxen and horses that come down to drink at the points it frequents, and thus render them an easy prey to their aquatic enemies. Man himself, although not so sensitive to the shock as other animals, is still liable to very serious inconvenience from its effects. M. Marey has found, during his investigation that a gymnotus, a metre in length has an electrical surface of about 600 square feet, equal to a very powerful battery. The animal owing to its length and aspiteness of its body, can produce different electrical effects according as it is in a straight line, convex or concave as regards its prey. Its general mode of procedure is to form a semi circle and place the fish it is intent on in the diameter of the circuit. When the discharge is delivered, the prey, as if struck by a thunderbolt, is rendered powerless; the gymnotus swims around it as if to be assured of the efficacy of the shock, and then swallows its victim. These are not the only fish which possess this singular power of launching electrical discharges on their prey or on their enemies. Many others are known, but far inferior in force to the terrible gymnotus. Among them are the torpedo fish and some species of snake which inhabit the coasts of Great Britain and France, and some species found in the Nile and Senegal.

The Queen an' the Herd Laddie.

One day, some years ago, when her Majesty was standing on the public road, near Balmoral, sketching the castle from a particular point, a flock of sheep approached. Her Majesty, being intent on her work, took little notice of the flock, and merely moved a little nearer the side of the road. A boy in charge of the sheep shouted at the top of a stentorian voice:

"Stan' oot o' the road, 'oman, and let the sheep gae by!"

Her Majesty not moving out of the way quite so fast as the shepherd wished, he again shouted:

"Pat ar ye stan' in' there for? Gang oot o' that' and let the sheep pass!"

One of her Majesty's attendents, who had been at a distance, on hearing his Royal mistress thus rudely assailed, went up to the shepherd and thus addressed him:

"Do you know whom it is you have been speaking so rudely to, boy?"

"No—I neither ken nor care; but, be she fa' she likes, she sudna be i' the sheeps' road."

"That's the Queen," said the official.

The boy looked astonished, and, after recovering his senses, said, with great simpl