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### DON'T TAKE IT TO HEART.

There's many a trouble
Would break like a bubble,
And into the waters of Lethe depart,
Did not we rehearse it,
And tenderly nurse it,
And give it a permanent place in the heart.

There's many a sorrow
Would vanish to-morrow,
Were we not unwilling to furnish the wings,
So sadly intruding,
And quietly brooding,
It hatches out all sorts of horrible things.

How welcome the seeming
Of looks that are beaming,
Whether one's wealthy or whether one's poor,
Eyes bright as a berry,
Cheeks red as a cherry,
The groan and the curse and the heartache can cure.

Resolved to be merry,
All worry to ferry
Across the famed waters that bid us forget;
And no longer fearful,
But happy and cheerful,
We feel life has much that's worth living for yet.

### THE MAJOR'S GHOST.

It was the twelfth annual dinner of the club, and the colonel, the major, the captain and myself were seated around a table loaded with wine and fruit. We were the remainder of our club, which originally contained all the officers of our regiment who had survived the war. At first there were fifteen of us, but the hardships and wounds of these four bitter years had taken the others away. Every year there was one plate less, and we began to look on our final dissolution. But we four who had met the previous year, gladly drained a glass to the discomfort of the broken spell.

It had not been our fate to have the fame of victory without toil, for ours had been a fighting regiment. Dangers shared together had strengthened the bond of friendship, and these yearly meetings were rich in stories of old times—stories of daring, or of the kindness of some who had gone to eternal rest. None of us were old men. The colonel was just forty, the major was thirty-five, and the captain was thirty-three, and I six years his junior. We were all married except the major, and it was a wonder to us that he was not married, for the major was just the man who could have made a good and true woman's life bright and joyous.

Handsome, brave, generous, a delightful talker, an author of no common merit, and possessed of a fortune ample enough to make the world's comforts and luxuries accessible, the major was much sought in society and was ever ready to respond to the call. But while attentive to all women with whom he was thrown in contact, he was noted for the impartiality with which he bestowed these attentions. We knew that he could easily carry off a desirable prize, but he never made the attempt.

As our knowledge of his character had shown us his chivalrous devotion to women, and as we knew that during our acquaintance he had never had preference for any special one, we were puzzled to know why this was so. We had made him the point of subtle attacks regarding the matter, but the Major was a good strategist, and he turned the flank of every forward movement we essayed in this direction, diverting our talk into other channels, until at last we had dropped the matter as one that might touch on a sorrow of which we knew nothing. The talk had been lively all through the evening, centreing about reminiscences of jovial times during a raid we had made, which had been prolific of amusing adventure.

The Major had shown at his best, and we had listened to his humorous narrative with keen delight. So the dinner had passed and the dessert was before us, the servants had been dismissed and cigars were lit. Then one of those unaccountable silences that come to such assemblages fell upon us, and we puffed away at our cigars and said nothing, until the stillness grew strangely weird and powerful.

Suddenly the Major stopped smoking, and, looking at each of us in turn, said, "You have often wondered why I am not married, and now I will tell you."

"It is not a long story, but it may be of interest to you, and as we are all that is left, I have thought that the secret should be shared between us."

"When the war came I had but just graduated from the college, and, as you know, enlisted as a private. It was no easy matter for me to do this but I felt it to be my duty. I was young, strong, and able to fight. I had means to make the life of a soldier as comfortable as it could be made, and while my mind longed for literary and peaceful scenes, I still felt that I owed my country a duty. It was but a short time after I enlisted when we were ordered South. The regiment, as you know, had hard work and plenty of it, but my part was as well rewarded as I could wish, for I was soon advanced to the command of my company.

"You remember the time when we went south of the Rappahannock, and were quartered in this queer little village, where even though we were foes, the people treated us so kindly? You must also remember the large house back of the village, the one that crowned the hill on whose sides were so many orchards? Well, I had been but a day in the village when I found out that it was the native place of Harry Wayne, my college chum, and also, that the house on the hill was his home.

"For a few days I refrained from calling, thinking that my uniform might be distasteful to Harry's mother and sisters, for he had gone with his State and was an officer in Lee's army. At last my desire to know something of my old friend grew too strong to be kept down with such scruples, and one afternoon I walked to the house, and, passing up the broad carriageway running from the road to the door, went slowly up the steps leading to the pleasant and shady veranda, and just as I was about sounding the massive old-fashioned knocker the door was thrown open, and a young and beautiful woman stood before me. The laugh that had been a moment before rippling from her lips, ceased, and she started back with a slight gesture of alarm, but my doffed cap and peaceful attitude reassured her, and she stood waiting.

"Is Mrs. Wayne in?" I asked.

"'My mother is at home, who shall I say desires to see her?'"

"Charles Talbot, a class-mate of her son, and at present with the regiment quartered in the village."

"'What, are you the Charley Talbot who was Harry's chum at College?'"

"I am."

"'Then come, for we all seem to know you, and though on opposite sides are friends,' and she held out her hand."

"I took it, and its warm clasp thrilled me strangely, as did the clear glance of the bright eyes that were upturned to mine."

"'I am Mabel Wayne, Harry's sister,' she went on. 'We have heard so much from Harry concerning you, and your kindness to him, that we have often longed to meet you. Harry said that he knew you would be in the Northern army, but for us, in your case, there is no war. Please be seated and I will call mother.'"

"We had passed into a large, airy drawing-room while she had been speaking. Here she left me and soon returned with a middle-aged lady, whose beauty was of that quiet, motherly kind, so rich in the power that makes one comfortable and at ease. I found that, despite my antagonistic uniform, I was held a friend; and glad was I to know this, for the first glance of Mabel Wayne's eyes had broken down the barriers that I had raised against love—barriers of which I had made many boasts to myself—and I knew that, come what would, my future life would garner its joy from her kindness, or have no joy at all. I was invited to remain to supper, and did so; and when my duty forced me to take my leave, I was asked to make my calls as frequent as my time and inclination would permit.

"You can easily surmise that both time and inclination made the interval between my visits very short, and I soon noticed that the door was always opened by Mabel often ere I had reached the steps leading to the veranda. Who could mistake the motive of such a mark of favor? And you can know that to my soul this brought a glory that was brighter than sunshine and whose music was sweeter than the spring chorus of birds.

"I have not told you of Mabel Wayne's beauty. It was of that clear Saxon type, which denotes a bright and sunny disposition. And she was as merry as one could wish, possessing a finely cultivated mind, a sparkling wit, and a sweet, ringing voice that made it a delight to sit and listen to hear her talk. As you know, we were quartered two months in that village; but before our regiment marched south I had asked Mabel to be my wife and had heard her low voice tell of a love that I knew would bless me all through the years. Her mother gave a willing consent, and the time fixed for our union was the close of the war

"Then came our marching orders, and the raid in which I won my major's commission. During the year which followed, and the campaign of which Gettysburg was the conclusion, I heard frequently from Mabel, for the communication between her home and our lines was kept open. The last tremendous struggle southward with Grant followed this, and as you all know, we were on patrol duty and reconnoitering all the time; and when the flank movement began, kept well on the outskirts of the army, and made that last raid down the peninsula, which brought the crisis of my life.

"Do you remember the day we were expecting to meet Fitz Hugh's men? I was on picket duty that evening, and had a battalion of our regiment deployed along a road that ran through some broken country. Just after night began to deepen, and the shadows lay heavy between the trees that flanked the road, the rapid gallop of a horse sounded up from a narrow valley; and telling the men near to be ready, I rode down the sloping ground to meet the person approaching. Soon I came to a place that gave me command of a long stretch of road and halted just in the shadow. In another moment a horseman dashed into view, and came rapidly towards me. As soon as my voice could be heard I commanded a halt, but the order was unheeded.

"'Halt or I fire,' I cried, and still the horse came dashing on; and the next moment my pistol was levelled, and the sharp report rang out on the still night. With a low cry the horseman tumbled from the saddle; and then the flutter of a white robe made me spring to the ground and run to where the prostrate form was lying.

"The person I had mistaken for a foe was a woman; and as I bent over the white face, I felt my heart grow cold, for it was the face of Mabel Wayne.

"I took her in my arms, and her eyes looked up in mine, so full of love that I sobbed like a child.

"Oh, my darling, my darling,' I cried, 'what brought you here?'

"'I heard you were with the troops, Charlie, and I wished to see you.'

"'And I have killed you, and blighted my life,' I answered.

"'No, not blighted it, Charlie. You did not mean to harm me, and it was my fault.'

"Even with the chill of death making her blood grow cold, her love would not let me bear blame. I saw she was rapidly growing weaker, and, saying I would get a surgeon, was turning away, when she stopped me.'

"'No, it will be useless,' she said. 'I am visiting at a house only a short distance away, take me there.'

"Binding up the wound as well as I could, I obeyed her. And in that house, clasped in my arms, her head on my heart, she died, and there I left her lying asleep.

"I wrote an account of the affair and sent it to her mother, and one to Harry. They both answered, telling me they held me free from blame. But more comforting than this, more comforting than aught but her living for me here, is the knowledge I have that her spirit is with me; that her love is still my own, and will forever be so. I have seen her face; I have heard her voice; I have felt the pressure of her lips; and soon we will be together, and the love that was separated for a time on earth will be joined in heaven for all eternity. I can see her now, as beautiful and kind as in the old years. Yes, I can see her, and she is mine."

The Major ceased talking. A glad light grew brilliant in his eyes and suffused his face. Then he covered this with his hands. We did not say anything for a time; but at last the silence grew oppressive.

"Let us take some wine," said the Colonel. And all but the Major filled their glasses.

"Will you not join us, Major," asked the Colonel.

He did not answer, and the Colonel rose and, going to his side, touched him.

There was no response.

The Colonel took down his hands, and a chill fell upon us.

The Major was dead.

### The Rothschild Family of Millionaires.

The Rothschilds have been attracting no little attention to themselves in Paris by the announcement of the extension of the act of partnership to 1905. The Paris branch of the famous family is quite large. The dowager Baroness Rothschild, who lives in the family mansions in the Rue Lafite, had five children—Baroness Alphonse, who is at this date at the head of the family; Baron Solomon, who died a long time ago; Baron Gustave, Baron Edmond, and the Baroness Nathaniel Rothschild. The venerable dowager is a veritable fountain of charity. She gives away hundreds of thousands of francs every year. In the summer she lives in a splendid house at Bologne, where apartments of each of her sons and daughters are kept constantly in order. Baron and Baroness Alphonse Rothschild live in the old mansion in the Rue St. Florentine, where Talleyrand once resided. They are gay and are extremely fond of society, and are seen everywhere in the *monde*. The Baroness is one of the most accomplished equestriennes who frequent the Bois de Boulogne. Her husband is an enthusiastic patron of the turf. He has his stables at Meantrif and Chantilly, and lavishes millions on them. Solomon Rothschild was a delicate-minded man, fond of conversation, books, pictures and society. His widow has a daughter who will, it is said, be the richest heiress in the Paris family. Baron Gustave is the only one who has married outside the family. One of the sons of the late Nathaniel Rothschild has just purchased the splendid mansion of Count Toistol, in the Avenue de Friedland; and another named Arthur spent his life in collecting books. It is said that no one else in France, except the Duke d'Aumale, possesses such inestimable treasures of rare editions and curious binding as this young Rothschild. One of the latest additions to the delegates to Paris of this phenomenally rich family is Baron Adolphe Rothschild of Naples, who has closed out his business and retired with the serenity of conscience promoted by the knowledge of the possession of a fortune of 180,000,000 francs. He may be seen now and then in the Bois, lolling negligently in the blue carriage, which is one of the peculiarities of the house. He is a great collector, and will spent hundreds of thousands of francs upon any trifle he happens to consider he must have. There is but one Catholic in the family, and that is the young Duchess of Grammont, who, it will be remembered, was the daughter of Baron Rothschild of Frankfort-on-the-Main, one of the richest members of the group.

### A Sponge Plantation.

For many years the sponge fishers of the Mediterranean have carried on their avocation so recklessly that there is reason to fear that the supplies from the great sea (which yields the best article) will practically cease unless means are taken at once to prevent the men from destroying—as they do at present in countless numbers—the young animals while securing the full-grown victims. Meanwhile Dr. Brehm, the illustrious naturalist, has suggested a plan for raising sponges artificially. Selecting a few hundred specimens, he divided them into several thousand small pieces, fastened separately into perforated cases, which were then towed out to the bay of Socolizza.

He next attached the pieces to a wooden framework, which was then lowered in a shady spot to a proper depth. In a few months the sponges had grown to the size of good natural ones, exhibiting their distinctive black color. The authorities regarded his scheme with favor, but the fishers, with that ignorant prejudice which so often has delayed sound reform in almost every industry, attacked the plantation by night, destroyed the frames and made off with 2,000 sponges. By substituting copper wire for wood work, Dr. Brehm immediately checkmated the teredo, whose ravages in wood are notorious, and by fastening the sponges to stones, it was observed that they speedily attached themselves firmly.

—Building of the Great Eastern was begun in 1854.

### On Picket.

The relief is going out from the reserve picket. Between the reserve and the camp, where 10,000 men are slumbering, is half a mile of woods; fields and broken ground. Between the reserve and the enemy is a thin line of picket—a man stationed here and there to give advance warning of any movement.

Follow the relief and you will notice how cautiously the men tread. The dark line winds around through the trees, flits across open space, and halts here and there for a moment to relieve the old picket. Musket shot away are the pickets of the enemy, and a loud word may bring a volley of bullets. The line might pass you twenty feet away and you would hardly catch a sound.

Sit you here on this bank where you can look down upon the picket—aye, almost touch him. A little creek runs between you. There is an open space of thirty feet, and all around it are trees, stumps, logs and brush. It would be a lonely place in which to pass two long hours even in times of peace. There is a warning in the midnight breeze as it rustles the branches, and the waters of the creek have more than once been colored with blood.

The lone picket takes his station under a tree. In the dark shadow you can hardly make him out. As he finds himself alone his eyes are constantly searching the darkness in front, and his ears catch every sound. They tell of men found asleep on picket. It must be a strange man who could close his eyes in sleep with the night wind whispering in his ears: "Beware! beware! In the bushes to the left is a foe!" and the waters of the creek are plainly saying, "Keep watch to the right! right! right! right!"

That man has been in a dozen battles, and has been wounded three times. Don't call him a coward, and yet he trembles and turns pale before he has been fifteen minutes alone. The skirmish line with its deliberate murder is not as bad a place as this. If that man is dead when the relief comes again it will be worse than murder. Call that babbling creek company? Hark! hear what it is saying to him, every word as plainly spoken as if their language was the same!

"Look out! Look out! There is a fierce-faced guerrilla crawling through the bushes toward you! He has a knife in his teeth and he is coming to assassinate you!"

If the creek did not say so, and if the picket did not understand, why did he give that sudden start and change his position? Why does he kneel to get a clearer look around him? Why does he keep his eyes fastened upon that stump until the intensity of his gaze brings out every knot and splinter? If fifty men were asleep in that space and one other were awake he would feel the loneliness and danger. By daylight a school girl might weave a romance from the babble of the waters. Hark! Is there any romance in this:

"Beware! beware! That man with tangled hair, fierce eyes and savage face is still advancing! Be on your guard, watch—listen!!

Coward! count the scars on his body—look up his record! No, not a coward, and yet his pale face comes to you from the darkness almost like a candle's light. If it was fear he would crouch down. If it was cowardice he would hide, or desert his post. No, it is not fear, and yet he thinks it a feeling unworthy of him, and he braces against it. He turns a deaf ear to the whispers of the creek. He refuses to hear the warnings of the breeze. You can almost see him as he shuts his teeth hard together and tries to force his thoughts into another channel.

"Look out! look out!" whispers the creek, but he refuses to hear.

Something is moving over the ground behind him. You can see it from where you sit. It is something darker than the dark ground beneath. Now it moves—now it halts—now its fierce eyes almost light up the darkness, as it makes out the muffled form of the picket leaning against a tree.

"Murder! Murder! Murder! gurgles the creek.

You hear it, but the picket is thinking of home. A thousand miles away is a quiet farm house. If the same night wind blows there it kisses the apple blossoms and lulls the wife and children to deeper slumbers.

You see that dark something coming nearer. It is creeping up behind him. A tiger would rustle the leaves or snap a twig, and his victim would have time to call God's name before the spring. This is a human tiger. God put mercy in his heart, but it was driven out by hate.

"Save him! Save him!" cried the creek.

You start at the call, but he does not move. He is thinking of the wife whose tears wet his cheek—of the curley-heads who clung to his arms—of the miles and the dangers between him and them.

That something rises behind him. That terrible knife is transferred from mouth to hand.

"Murder! Murder! Mur——!" but it was done. Not a cry—not even a groan. The head sank down with only a sigh. The picture of wife and children was hardly hidden between earth and Heaven

"One less!" hissed the human tiger, as he peered into the blanched face, and with a gurgle in his throat, as if he had lapped at the hot blood flowing toward the creek, he crept away to seek another victim.

"This is war!" whispered the creek, as it shrunk away from the blood, "and war is murder!"

### An Important Labor-Saving Device.

In the building of railroads new-labor-saving devices are from time to time coming into use. The latest heard of is a plow now in use by several companies extending their roads in the Western States and Territories. It is designed to dig a ditch and at the same time throw dirt on the track for the purpose of raising the grade on imperfectly prepared roadbeds, upon which a track may be temporarily laid. This plow weighs 2,500 pounds and will be attached to a flat car, which is loaded down with several tons of iron, so that it cannot be thrown from the track. The plow, moved by locomotive power, cuts a furrow eighteen inches deep and three and a half feet wide, and throws the dirt on the track. One plow does the work of 2,000 men with shovels, on prairie land, while with a plow on each side of the track, if desired, double the work is done. It frequently is the case on prairies and through valleys that long stretches of track may be laid without any grading at all, and with a machine of this kind to perfect the track afterward, a wonderful amount of work can be done in a short time with a few men.

—A card of stone, three bushels of lime and a cubic yard of sand will lay 100 cubic feet of wall.

### A Vitriol Fiend.

On the morning of the 14th of November, 1878, the mutilated remains of a man were found on the bank of the River Tula, in the suburbs of the city of Panuco, Mexico. The body was clothed in coarse garments, and though authorities endeavored to solve the mystery their efforts were without success. The fact was disclosed that besides being gashed with a knife, the face, hands and body were burned beyond recognition by a strong acid. The ghastly remains were buried, and further investigation ceased.

A short time before the occurrence of the above facts there came to live on the outskirts of Panuco, one Baptiste Monzani, accompanied by his pretty Mexican wife. They lived in princely style, and were looked upon as people of fabulous wealth. Baptiste was known to absent himself from home for days and weeks, during which time the festivities at his house continued without interruption. Rich and venerable seniors seemed to be the principal guests during Baptiste's absence, but as everything passed off in the most decorous manner gossip was denied its swing.

One morning a charcoal burner while at work in a forest just up from the river noticed that his dogs were acting in a mysterious manner, and following their lead for a distance through the undergrowth came upon the mutilated body of a woman almost nude.

What little portion of the garments still remained upon her were of the finest material and her feet and hands were of a mold which indicated that the unfortunate was of a higher class of society. The face was disfigured beyond recognition by an acid, and in consequence of the intense heat, decomposition had set in. A short distance from Monzani lived Senorita Jurez, an old and wealthy widow lady, who, three mornings before the discovery by the charcoal burner, had disposed of a large portion of her city property and had drawn a large sum of money from her banker in the City of Mexico. On the night before she visited Monzani's villa, and when departing stated that she would leave for Vera Cruz the following morning, whence she would sail for Europe, to be absent some time. That was the last seen of her alive.

During an excursion to Panuco, Juan Mevannez, a young and handsome Mexican, who by the death of his father a short time before fell heir to an immense fortune, met Senorita Monzani, who, with her husband, entertained the young Mexican in a princely fashion. He became very confidential with his hosts, informing them of his intention of going abroad for a number of years, and beside giving Baptiste a letter of introduction to his banker in Mexico.

While two fishermen were in their boat on the river Tula one morning, they picked up a bag carefully sewed together and upon opening it discovered the body of a man mutilated and hacked to pieces.

This, like the others, was surrounded in a mystery, and all efforts to discover a clue proved fruitless.

The fetes at the Monzani villa continued to go on uninterrupted, and it was considered a great favor to gain admission to any of them. Baptiste had frequently absented himself, under the pretense of looking after some business matters, but his pretty senorita continued to dispense hospitality with a liberality that provoked admiration.

About this time there appeared on the scene a young Mexican named Rudigo, whose attentions to the beautiful senorita did not escape observation. Though Baptiste noticed certain acts on the part of the pair that would cause disruption in any well-regulated domestic circle, he, to all appearances, quietly winked at them, firmly believing that it was only a part being played by his wife for the consummation of a deed from which both would enjoy a harvest. This state of affairs continued for some time without any objection being raised by Baptiste, until one morning he unexpectedly returned to his home and, unnoticed, proceeded to his room, where, to his astonishment he discovered his wife and Rudigo fast asleep in each other's arms. Some noise awakened Rudigo, who, without standing upon any ceremony, made a precipitate flight, disappearing before the astonished Babtiste could fully realize the true state of affairs.

No explanation would satisfy the infuriated man, and he swore to be avenged on both.

About a week after the above occurrence the servants of the house were startled by loud shrieks coming from their mistress's room, and, on going in the direction of the sound they saw Monzani running through the corridor leading to the senorita's room and jumping from a side window on to a portico, and thence to the ground. A sportsman was riding past at the time, and, seeing a female at the window motioning to stop Monzani, whom the rider supposed to be a burglar, raised his gun and fired. Monzani, with a groan dropped to the ground, mortally wounded. After great difficulty, the senorita, despite her writhing and convulsive struggling, was placed upon her bed. A physician was at once summoned, who immediately discovered that the unfortunate woman had been frightfully burned with vitriol, her face being entirely destroyed, and her bosom and head also mutilated. Beside, she had an ugly stab wound in the left breast which had penetrated the lung. Despite the ministrations of the doctor the wounded woman tore and raved, and upon the arrival of the police denounced her murderer in awful terms.

"Our lives have been cemented for years," she said, "by crime in its very worst phases. I aided him in all his nefarious deeds, and without me he never could have succeeded. While I slept this morning he plunged a stiletto into my bosom with one hand, while with the other he covered my face with a sponge saturated with vitriol. But he has not escaped me. If he recovers from his wounds my evidence will guillotine him."

Receiving a stimulant, she continued her narration, which for pure fiendishness cannot be equaled in the annals of crime.

"Born of an opulent drover, my father had educated me in the best schools of Europe, and would have made me his heiress but for my blind love for this wretch. I had scarcely reached my majority when he seduced me. After that I lived for the gratification of his desire alone, until in Monzani I found a lover to whom my soul went out with all the fervor of my hot blood. I planned and put into execution deeds that he could never have accomplished. We lived in magnificent style, and as a consequence attracted considerable notice. When we took up our residence at Panuco our funds were nearly exhausted. Monzani, during one of his trips, made the acquaintance of a rich young Spaniard named Lapuesta, whom he invited to our home.

"One night the man became stupefied with drink and while in that condition Monzani murdered him, and having disfigured the body with vitriol, clothed it with coarse garments and threw it into the river Tula, where it was subsequently found. From this victim we obtained in money, notes and forged orders over $10,000.

"Senorita Juraz bade me farewell on the eve of her departure for Europe. I accompanied her through the forest on her way home. When about half way, Monzani, who lay in wait, felled her to the ground. Vitriol was again used to disfigure the body, which was hastily covered with leaves and left to rot. In the lining of her skirt we found over $7,000.

"Our next victim was Juan Movannez, whom Baptiste had inveigled to the house. He became smitten with my charms and went so far as to propose eloping with me. He could not be induced to drink anything but light wines and, consequently, never became intoxicated.

"One night I placed a powerful drug in his wine. As he was about to drink he suggested to change glasses. We did so, but I purposely broke mine upon the floor, though it seemed accidental. I finally succeeded in drugging him, when Monzani dispatched him with a dagger.

"Having burned the face and body beyond recognition, he sewed it up in a bag and threw it into the river, where it was subsequently found by some fishermen. I ingratiated myself into the man's confidence to such an extent that after his death I succeeded, by forged orders and letters, drawing from various banking firms over $60,000 belonging to Movannez. I was tired of Monsani, and Rudigo and myself were planning to murder him, but he was too quick for us. My only desire to live is for revenge, and should Monzani recover from his wound, I am determined to hunt him to death. What was once love for him has turned to bitter hate."

The unfortunate woman lingered a few days, and at last defeated justice by her death. Monzani died the same day he received his wounds, cursing the name of his mistress, and making the air blue with oaths. But a few hundred dollars were found upon the premises. The house was, one night after the burial of the owners, razed to the ground by an angry mob, who broke in pieces the elegant furniture before setting fire to the building,

### Graves at Culloden.

Many will be interested to learn that the graves or trenches in which the bodies of the unfortunate Highlanders were buried after the battle of Culloden are being cared for by the present proprietor of the estate of Culloden. Formerly the graves were distinguishable in the level green sward at the roadside only by the slightly-raised sod. But stones bearing the names of the clans have just been erected at the head of each trench. On one stone is inscribed the names of the clans "M'Gillivray, M'Lean and M'Lauchlan," and there are separate stones for "Clan Stuart of Appin," "Clan Cameron," and "Clan Mackintosh." Two graves are marked "Clans mixed." At the abortive "great cairn" a slab has been placed bearing the following inscription: "The battle of Culloden was fought on this moor, 16th April, 1746. The graves of the gallant Highlanders who fought for Scotland and Prince Charlie are marked by the names of their clans." The interesting prehistoric remains at Clava have also received some attention from the owner of the property. Some of the standing stones which had fallen down have been set up; unfortunately, one or two have been made to face in the reverse way from what they did originally. The place otherwise has been improved. In clearing up the ground round the largest circle, paved, or rather causewayed, paths have been discovered leading from the base of the cairn in a straight line to three of the outer standing stones. Local archæologists have also found a great number of "cup markings" on the stones in this locality. One stone discovered had cup marks upon both sides—said to be a very unusual thing.

Tuxedo ought to be a good place for double-scull practice.

Mix a little saltpetre or carbonate of soda with water, and it will preserve flowers for two weeks.

### In a Coaching Club Stable.

It is only a part of the pleasure of coaching that the public see when a shining drag dashes up the avenue, the ladies and gentlemen on its top all aglow with excitement, fresh air, and sunshine. The canter through the park, the brief trip into the country, are the reward of the gentleman who has spent a deal of his money, and a deal more of his patience, in bringing together the horses, the coach, the harness, and the servants. But there goes out with every coaching party a company of elegant gentlemen, faultless in attire, solemnly decorous in deportment, beyond criticism in dignity of bearing, whose presence is as necessary to the enjoyment of a drive as the horses or the coach are to its accomplishment. These are not the gentlemen who have been invited to occupy the front seats; indeed, they are far more gorgeous in appearance, more oppressively dignified, than any of the merry party on the front of the coach. They are the guard and the footmen, without whose services a coach could not safely be taken out. They are not merely for show, these gorgeous creatures. The horn is necessary to warn other drivers of the drag's approach; for it is not easy for so ponderous a vehicle to turn out of the beaten track, or to give even half of the road. The footmen, generally kept inside the coach, are the keepers of one of the most important parts of the turnout—the big iron clamp that must be fastened against one of the hind wheels whenever the coach is going down a steep hill. It takes a guard and at least three footmen to bring out a drag in proper English style. Then there is always an extra servant or two along to look after the luggage.

The guard and the footmen have a lively time of it when the coach is on the road. The horn must be blown at brief intervals, and if the road happens to be rough, the guard is in great danger of losing a few pieces from his front teeth. There is at least one guard in New York who has had the end of the horn jolted against his mouth so often that he has scarcely anything left to bite with. And it is not as easy work as it looks, blowing the coachman's horn. It takes an immense amount of wind, and the guard often reaches home well tired out. The footmen, too, are kept continually springing in and out; for at the slightest alarm the footman's place is at the leaders' heads, and there he must be, no matter how fast the coach is going. So the guard and the footmen are not so much to be envied when the coach is on its journey.

It is when the coach reaches home that these gentlemen of top-boots and rosettes really begin to enjoy existence. When it is put away in its elegant storeroom, and the horses are stabled, they are in their proper sphere. The stable is no ordinary stable, it must be understood. Its fittings in every way correspond with those of the elegant residence to which it is attached. Its floors are clean, it is well aired and lighted, and the horses in its stalls even understand the dignity of their position. The stable once reached, the guard is no longer a servant, but a king. Stablemen and stable-boys treat him with deference, and the footmen are glad to curry his favor, for what can he not do for them? First and foremost, he can teach them to blow that wonderful horn, so that some day they may reach the dignified position he now holds. And there are the whips to be mended, and no one knows the proper knots half so well as the guard. The whip is a constant source of trouble. It is a long thong, little thicker than twine, but very strong, and fastened to a long wooden handle. It would be difficult to do more than tickle a horse's sides with it. The coach is so high and the whip so long that it is constantly catching in limbs of trees, and winding itself around telegraph wires. American coachmen have learned to let go the handle when the lash catches, for neither the thong nor the telegraph wire will break. One of the prominent members of a club narrowly escaped a serious accident last season by holding on to his whip handle. The lash caught a telegraph wire, and he would have been thrown to the ground, but one of the footmen, ever on the alert for danger, sprang out and caught him.

In return for his instructions and his gracious smiles, the guard expects and receives all sorts of attentions. The stable-boys are proud to black his boots. Even the dog—and what stable has not its dog?—looks up to him with admiration. The artist has well pictured the interior of a coaching stable; and he has not forgotten a characteristic likeness of the aristocrat standing in the background—as great a man in his way as the owner of the coach and the horses and all the liveries.

### The Closing of Flowers.

Of a few familiar plants the hours of opening are about as follows: Morning glory, from 3 to 4 a. m.; pimpernel, 8 to 10 a. m.; marvel of Peru, 4 to 5 p. m.; night-blooming cereus, 7 to 8 p. m. The hours of closing are as definite as those of opening, and thus we may arrange quite a dial, the hours being indicated by particular plants. The plants may be confused by means of artificial light, but upon withdrawal of the unnatural conditions will, sooner or later, resume their normal record. It is curious to watch the different attitudes flowers assume in repose. In the botanic garden in Cambridge the writer used to go out toward evening to watch the changes. The movements are sometimes very quick, especially those of the foliage, which also has its time for sleep. Thus in the little marsilia, a water plant, with four obcordate leaflets, these turn in upon each other from the expanded condition so as to meet face to face. There is quite a perceptible little "click" when the movement occurs. The petals of some plants droop in slumber; others fold crosswise; still others curl up lengthwise. So with the ryflorets of composite. The whole aspect of a garden is, hence, quite changed in the evering; in fact, it does not do to allow our investigations to cease with the twilight.

### NEWS IN BRIEF.

—The rose gardens of Adrianople cover 14,000 acres.

—Coaches were first let for hire in London in 1625.

—Richmond voted $15,000 for Yorktown festivities.

—Parpyrus was used until about the seventh century.

—First gas works established at Westminster, 1810-12.

—Pliny mentions twenty-three different kinds of apples.

—A parrot in Harlem, N. Y., speaks 250 different words.

—One person out of every 246,532 is struck by lightning.

—Cotton has been used for garments in India for 3000 years.

—Of the 689 missionaries in India, 117 are from the United States.

—The profits of Mapleson's opera season in this country are $150,000.

—It is estimated that the cotton crop of 1881 will yield 7,000,000 bales.

—The value of the taxable property of Iowa increased $16,000,000 in 1880.

—A strip of land one inch wide and 300 feet long was sold in Milwaukee for $1,500

—The late Asa Packer, it has just been discovered, left an estate of $6,413,849.74.

—It is proposed to tunnel the Thames between London and Poplar at a cost of $1,000,000.

—In 1779 the British peerage contained 21 dukes, and in 1879 precisely the same number.

—The Orkney Islands have exported during the last twelve months more than 11,000,000 eggs.

—Texas expects soon to have a school fund of $100,000,000, derived from the sale of public lands.

—The coinage of the United States mints in July was 2,952,000 pieces, valued at $3,896,200.

—The amount of common salt in the sea is estimated to be about five times the bulk of the Alps.

—There are said to be 134 Baptist churches in the Indian Nation in a population of about 60,000.

—There is said to be thirty-six Methodist churches in Baltimore, with a membership of 11,500.

—Forty Indian prisoners have been sent from Vancouver barracks, W. T., to Fort Hall reservation.

—The two church of England Foreign Missionary Societies report this year a total income of $1,689,940.

—Professor Charcot, a Paris doctor, is said to have been paid $10,000 for a consultation in St. Petersburg.

—Pennsylvania now holds third place as a tobacco growing State, having advanced from the twelfth since 1870.

—The revenue collected on cigarettes the past fiscal year was $993,000—an increase of $299,000 the preceding year.

—Judge Watts, of Dallas, Texas, recently named a little daughter "Commissa Appella," in honor of his court.

—A thermometer plunged into the snow to the depth of four inches will mark nine degrees more heat than at the surface.

—Mr. George I. Seney, of New York, has recently added $50,000, to his endowment of Emony College, near Covington, Ga.

—Eight bushels of good lime 16 bushels of sand and one bushel of hair will make enough mortar to plaster 100 square yards.

—There are in Great Britain and Ireland 22,836 doctors. Of these there are 15,818; in England; in Scotland, 3,454; in Ireland, 3,564

—Concord, N. C., has organized a cotton factory and $90,000 of the stock taken. The company has the privilege to increase it to $200,000.

—It is admitted that the "Royal Irish" received the greatest amount of approbation of all the regiments recently paraded before the Queen.

—Chicago has one single rolling mill, the capital of which is $5,000,000, and the annual output is 470,248 tons of iron and steel, valued at $12,297,246.

—One thousand shingles laid four inches to the weather will cover 100 square feet of surface, and 5 pounds of shingle nails will fasten them on.

—A salmon, supposed to be the largest ever caught in the Columbia river, had a weight when dressed, of eighty-four pounds, and filled sixty-nine cans.

—California has shipped to Europe since the beginning of the present cereal year, in round numbers, 225,000 barrels of flour and 12,600,000 centals of wheat.

—From Cairo it is learned that, in a single catacomb in Upper Egypt, thirty-six wellpreserved sarcophagi of ancient royal personages have been brought to light.

—In 1870 the cost of moving a ton of bread stuffs from Chicago to New York was $16.05. In 1881 the same ton can be moved from Chicago to Liverpool, via Montreal, for $3.

—From a brick from the pyramid of Dashour, which dates between 3300-3400 B. C., remains of animal and vegetable life and of the manufacturing arts of the time have been obtained.

—The German Government have announced that, commencing from February, 1883, English will be a compulsory subject of examination for the entrance of officers into the army.

—The late Lord Hatherley was a Sunday school teacher for foity years, and the only two men now living who have been Lord Chancellors—Lord Cairns and Lord Selborne—have also been Sunday school teachers.

—Mlle. Rosa Bonheur has just presented the Jardin des Plantes with a lion about three years old and a lioness about a couple of years older, which she has lately made use of as models at her country residence, in the department of the Seine-et-Marne.

### Italian Poison Antidote.

M. Bellini, of Florence, advocates the use of iodide of starch as an antidote for poisons in general, and, as it has no disagreeable taste and is free from the irritant properties of iodine, it can be administered in large doses; also, without fear in all cases when the poison is unknown. It will be found very efficacious in poisoning by sulphuretted hydrogen gas, the alkaloids and akaline sulphides, ammonia, and especially by alkalies, with which iodine forms insoluble compounds; and it aids in the elimination of salts of lead and mercury. In cases of acute poisoning an emetic is to be given before the antidote is administered.